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WILLIAMS & BROTHER,
Attorneys - at - Law.
WOODSTOCK, VA.
Practice in the Courts of Shenandoah, Rockingham, Page, Frederick and Warren counties, also in the Court of Appeals of Virginia and in the United States District Court.
☞ Special attention given to the collection of claims. May 15, '84-tf

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Attorneys-at-Law,
WOODSTOCK, VIRGINIA.
(Office in Court house yard.)
☞ Prompt attention to all legal business.
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feb 23 '94—1

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WALTON & WALTON
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Practice in all the Courts of Shenandoah and adjoining counties, in the Supreme Court of Appeals, and in the Circuit and District Courts of the United States.
Special attention to collection of claims. Oct. 29, t.

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TAVENNER & BAUSERMAN,
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WOODSTOCK, VA.
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Practice in all the Courts and can meet clients for consultation at Woodstock, on Court day or at any time parties may wish.
REFERENCES: Front Royal National Bank, and Bank of Warren.
jan. 4—1y.

DR. J. B. RUSH,
Dentist.
WOODSTOCK, VA
Established in 1889. Office near Court House. Terms Cash. May 2-1y.

DR. T. F. LOCKE,
Resident Dentist,
Office, Main St., WOODSTOCK, Va.
☞ Chloroform, ether and cocaine used for painless extraction of teeth. Dec. 26-1y.

DR. J. M. BROWN,
Has resumed his practice at
TOM'S BROOK, VIRGINIA.
Prompt attention will be given to all calls, from his old patrons in the Fort, on Cedar Creek or nearer home.
mar. 26—tf.

ESTABLISHED 1872.
J. F. Saum & Co.
WHOLESALE
Produce Commission Merchants
925 Louisiana Avenue,
Washington, : D. C.
Solicit shipments of every marketable product—no matter what—of the Farm, Dairy, Poultry and Stock Yard. Shippers paid daily the highest wholesale price.
27 years (over 20 in this city) of successful experience is guarantee of our business ability to handle shipments satisfactorily.
Refer to proprietor of HERALD and Citizens' National Bank of Washington city D. C. 120 mar. '95 1y.

Shenandoah Female Institute
WOODSTOCK, VIRGINIA.
Mrs. J. H. WILLIAMS, Principal.
Fourteenth annual session. Term begins SEPTEMBER 15th, 1896.

R. Wesley Burtsfield,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Woodstock, Va.
is prepared to do all work in his line, at short notice. Piece goods and a full line of samples always on hand. Your patronage solicited. Room in the Haas building formerly occupied by Isaac Haas. (aug 27—6m.

McA'FEE AND LOVETT
Barbers,
Main street, opposite the closing of Horsey & Atwell.
☞ Prompt and polite attention and reasonable prices.
ov. 13—

For sale by
T. B. RICHY
6-41

HUMPHREYS'

No. 1 Cures Fever.
No. 2 " Worms.
No. 3 " Infants' Diseases.
No. 4 " Diarrhea.
No. 8 " Neuralgia.
No. 9 Cures Headache.
No. 10 " Dyspepsia.
No. 11 " Delayed Periods.
No. 12 " Leuchorrea.
No. 14 " Skin Diseases.
No. 15 Cures Rheumatism.
No. 16 " Malaria.
No. 20 " Whooping Cough
No. 27 " Kidney Diseases.
No. 30 " Urinary Diseases
No. 77 " Colds and Grip.

Sold by Druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price, 25c., or 5 for $1.
DR. HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC MANUAL OF DISEASES MAILED FREE.
Humphreys' Med. Co., 111 William St., N. Y.

THE BRAKEMEN AT CHURCH.

The Burlington Hawkeye gets of the following good thing on "The Brakemen at Church.

On the road once more, with Lebanon fading away in the distance, the fat passenger drumming idly on the window pane, the cross passenger sound asleep, and the tall, thin passenger reading the Shenandoah HERALD. To me comes the brakeman and seating himself on the arm of the seat, says:

'I went to church yesterday.'

'Yes?' I said, with that interested inflection that asks for more. 'And what church did you attend?'

'Which do you guess?' he asked.

'Some union mission church?' I hazarded.

'No,' he said, 'I don't like to run on these branch roads very much. I don't often go to church, and when I do, I want to run on the main line, where your run is regular and don't have to wait on connections. I don't like to wait on a bench. Good enough, but I don't like it.'

'Episcopa.' I guessed.

'Limited express,' he said, 'all palace cars, and two dollars extra for a seat, and only stops at the big stations. Nice line but too expensive for a brakeman. All trainmen in uniform, conductor's punch and lantern silver plated, and no train boys allowed. Then the passengers are allowed to talk back to the conductor, and it makes them too free and easy. No, I couldn't stand the palace cars. Rich road, through. Don't often hear of a receiver being appointed for that line. Some mighty nice people travel on it, too.'

'Universalist?' I guessed.

'Broad gauge,' said the brakeman 'does too much complimentary business. Everybody travels on a pass. Conductor doesn't get a fare once in fifty miles. Stops at all flag stations, and won't run into anything but a union depot. No smoking car on the train. Train orders are rather vague through, and the trainmen don't get along well with the passengers. No, I don't go to the Universalists though I know some awful good men who run on that road.'

'Presbyterian?' I asked.

'Narrow guage, eh!' said the brakeman, 'pretty track, straight as a rule, tunnel right through a mountain rather than go around it, spirit level grade; passengers have to show their tickets before they get on the train. Mighty strict road, but the cars are a little narrow; have to sit one in a seat and no room in the isle to dance. Then there is no stop overs tickets allowed; got to go straight through to the station you are ticketed for or you can't get on at all. When the car's full, no extra coaches; cars are built at the shops to hold just so many, and nobody else allowed on. But your don't often hear of an accident on that road. It's run right up to the rules.'

'Maybe you joined the Free Thinkers?' I said.

'Scrub road,' said the brakeman, 'dirt roadbed and no ballast, no time card no train dispatcher. All trains run wild, and every engineer makes his own time, just as he pleases. Smoke if you want to; kind of a go as you please road. Too many side tracks, and every switch wide open all the time, with the switchmen sound asleep and target lamp dead out. Get on as you please and off when you want to. Don't have to show your tickets, and the conductor isn't expected to do anything but to amuse the passengers. No, sir I was offered a pass, but I don't like the line. I don't like to travel on a road that has no terminus. Do you know, sir I asked a division superintendent where the road ran to, and he said 'he hoped to die if he knew.' I asked him if the general superintendent could tell me, and he said he 'didn't believe they had a general superintendent, and if they had, he didn't know anything more about the road than the passengers.' I asked him whom he reported to and he said 'Nobody. I asked the conductor who he got his orders from and he said he didn't take orders from any living man or dead ghost.' And when I asked the engineer who he got his orders from he said, 'he'd like to see anybody give him orders; he'd run that train to suit himself, or he'd run her in the ditch.' Now you see sir, I'm a railroad man, and I don't care to run on a road that has no time, or makes no connections, runs nowhere, and has no superintendent. It may be all right but I've railroaded too long to understand it.'

'Maybe you went to the Congregational church?'

'Popular road,' said the brakeman, 'an old road, too; one of the very oldest in this country. Good roadbed and comfortable cars. Well managed road, too, directors don't interfere with division superintendents and train orders. Road's mighty popular, but it's pretty independent, too. Yes, didn't one of the division superintendents down East discontinue one of the oldest stations on this line two or three years ago? But it's a mighty pleasant road to travel on. Always has such a splendid class of passengers.'

'Did you try the Methodist?' I said.

'New you're shouting,' he said with some enthusiasm. 'Nice road, eh? last time and plenty of passengers. Engines carry a power of steam, and don't you forget it; steam gauge shows a hundred and enough all the time. Lively road; when the conductor shouts 'all aboard,' you can hear him to the next station. Every train light shines like a headlight. Stop over checks are given on all through tickets; passengers can drop off the train as often as he likes, do the station two or three times and hop on the next train as it comes thunderingalong. Good, wholesouled companionable conductors; ain't a road in the country where the passenger pays full traffic rates for his ticket. Wesleyan air brakes on all trains, too, pretty safe road but I didn't ride over it yesterday.

'Perhaps you tried the Baptist?' I guessed once more.

'Ah, ah,' said the brakeman,' 'she's a daisy, ain't she? River road, beautiful curves; sweeps around everything to keep close to the river, but it's all steel rail and rock ballast, single track all the way and not a side track from the round-house to the terminus. It takes a heap of water to run it, though: double tanks at every station, and there isn't an engine in the shops that can pull a pound or run a mile with less than two gauges. But it runs through a lovely country; these river roads always do; river on one side and hills on the other, and it's a steady climb up the grade all the way till the run ends where the fountain head of the river begins. Yes, sir. I'll take the river road every time for a lovely trip, sure connections and good time, and no prairie dust blowing in at the windows. And yesterday when the conductor came around for the tickets with a little basket punch, I didn't ask him to pass me by, I paid my fare like a little man; twenty-five cents for an hour's run and a little concert by the passengers assembled. I tell you, Pilgrim, you take the river road and when you want'

But just here the loud whistle from the engine announced a station and the brakeman hurried to the door shouting:

'Zionville: This train makes no stops between here and Indianapolis!'

Alphabet of Proverbs.

A grain of prudence is worth a pound of craft.

Boasters are cousins to liars.

Confession of a fault makes half amends.

Denying a fault doubles it.

Envy shoots at others and wounds herself.

Foolish fear doubles danger.

God teaches us good things by our own hands.

He has hard work who has nothing to do.

It costs more to revenge wrongs than to suffer them.

Knavery is the worst trade,

Learning makes a man fit company for himself.

Modesty is a guard to virtue.

Not to hear conscience is the way to silence it,

One hour today is worth two tomorrow.

Proud looks make foul work in fair faces.

Quiet conscience is quiet sleep.

Richest is he that wants least.

Small faults indulged are little thieves that let in greater ones.

The boughs that bear most hang lowest.

Upright walking is sure walking.

Virtue and happiness are mother and daughter.

Wise men make more opportunities than they find.

You never lose by doing a good act.

Zeal without knowledge is fire without light.

A Good System.

The young postmaster of a village was hard at work in his office when a gentle tap was heard upon the door and in stepped a blushing maiden of sixteen with a money order which she wished cashed. She handed it with a bashful smile to the official who after closely examining it, gave her the money it called for. At the same time he asked her if she had read what was written on the margin of the order.

'No, I have not,' she replied, 'for I cannot make it out. Will you please read it for me?'

The young postmaster read as follows: 'I send you $10 and a dozen kisses.'

Glancing at the bashful girl he said: 'Now, I have paid you the money and I suppose you want the kisses?'

'Yes,' she said, 'if he has sent me any kisses I want them too.'

It is hardly necessary to say that the balance of the order was promptly paid and in a scientific manner.

On reaching home the delighted maiden remarked to her mother:

'Mother, this postoffice system of ours is a great thing, developing more and more every year, and each new feature seems to be the best. Jimmy sent me a dozen kisses along with the money order, and the postmaster gave me twenty. It beats the special delivery system all hollow.'

It Was a Good Sermon.

Ian Maclaren, during his tour of this country, frequently eulogized Rev. Norman MacLeod as the ideal Scotch preacher. This anecdote concerning him we find in Light and Life.

Norman MacLeod was once preaching in a district in Ayrshire where the reading of a sermon is regarded as the greatest fault of which a minister can be guilty. When the congregation dispersed, an old woman, overflowing with enthusiasm, addressed her neighbor.

'Did you ever hear anything sae grand! Wasna that a sermon?'

But all her expressions of admiration being met by a stolid glance, she shouted; 'Speak, woman, wasna that a sermon?'

'Oo, ay,' replied her friend sulkily, 'but he read it,'

'Read it!' said the other with indignant emphasis; 'I wadna hae cared if he had whistled it.'

He Waited His Turn.

'Doctor, just an instant, please, exclaimed a caller at the office of a man of physic, as he caught sight of the physician disappearing in his private office.

'I'll see you shortly, sir,' was the curt reply.

'But a second is all I want,' persisted the caller.

'I'll see you directly sir,' with sternness.

The visitor took a seat in the general reception-room read the afternoon paper through, looked at the pictures, played with the dog and took a nap. After 30 minutes or more had passed the medicine man came out of his den, and with an air of condescension said to the visitor;

'Well now, my man, I am at your service. Your turn has come. What can I do for you?'

'Oh, nothing in particular, was the reply. 'I just dropped in to tell you that your neighbor's three cows have escaped from the barn, and are having a picnic in your garden and flower beds.'

Don't Neglect Your Liver.

Liver troubles quickly result in serious complications, and the man who neglects his liver has little regard for health. A bottle of Browns' Iron Bitters now and then will keep the liver in perfect order. If the disease has developed, Browns' Iron Bitters will cure it permanently. Strength and vitality always follow its use. For sale by all Dealers

Father Hugh Lagan, of San Rafael, is a pious priest and an excellent recounteur. His reverence relates that he was called in recently to administer the last rites of the mother church to a dying sinner, who, like himself, was a native of the Emerald Isle.

'I have but one request to make father,' grasped the dying penitent

'What is it, my son?' inquired the priest.

'That when I am dead, father, you will put me to rest in the Hebrew cemetery.'

'And what for?' asked Father Logan.

'Because your reverence,' moaned the sick man, 'it is the last place on the face of the earth where the devil would look for an Irishman.'

How to Prevent Pneumonia

At this time of the year a cold is very easily contracted, and if left to run its course without the aid of some reliable cough medicine is liable to result in that dread disease, pneumonia. We know of no better remedy to cure a cough or cold than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. We have used it quite extensively and it has always given entire satisfaction.—Olagah, Ind. Ter. *Chief.*

This is the only remedy that is known to be a certain preventive of pneumonia. Among the many thousands who have used it for colds and la grippe, we have never yet learned of a single case having resulted in pneumonia. Persons who have weak lungs or have reason to fear an attack of pneumonia, should keep the remedy at hand. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by L. R. Irwin.

Willie—Ma, can people leave parts of themselves in different places?

Ma—No: don't be so ridiculous.

Willie—Well, *Mr. Jiggs* said he was going to Arizona for his lungs.

Everybody Says So.

Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, act gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispel colds, cure headache, fever, habitual constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. to-day; 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

Grandpa—'Don't get scared, Willie, the tiger is about to be fed; that's what makes him jump up and roar so.'

Willie (easily)—'Oh I ain't afraid of him, grandpa; papa's the same way when his meals ain't ready.'

Tetter, Salt-Rheum and Eczema.

The intense itching and smarting, incident to these diseases, is instantly allayed by applying Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment. Many very bad cases have been permanently cured by it. It is equally efficient for itching piles and a favorite remedy for sore nipples, chapped hands, chilblains, frost bites and chronic sore eyes. 25 cts. per box.

Dr. Cady's Condition Powders, are just what a horse needs when in bad condition. Tonic, blood purifier and vermifuge. They are not food but medicine and the best in use to put a horse in prime condition. Price 25 cents per package.

Friend—Well, Ethel, how do you like married life. Ethel enthusiastically—It's simply delightful. We've been married a week, and have had eight quarrels, and I got the best of it every time.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

'Mein Fraulein, I love you!' said an impecunious German youth at a Hamburg ball. 'Excuse me—yonder is my business manager,' replied the young lady pointing with her fan to her father.

'And did you have any trouble catching the cable car?'

'No; the conductor did't see me till it was too late.'

A Flag of Warning.

Beware of the dry, tickling, hacking, morning cough, for it warns you that consumption lurks near. The famous Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will cure it. "I had a very bad cough. One doctor pronounced it consumption. I used Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup and was completely cured; the cough left me and has never come back. Simon Smasal, 375 31st Street, Chicago, Ills." Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup costs but 25 cents. Ask for Bull's, take only Bull's.

He (cautiously)—If I should propose would you say 'yes?'

She (more cautiously)—If you know I would say 'yes' would you propose?

After hearing some friends continually praising Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, Curtis Fleck, of Anaheim, California, purchased a bottle of it for his own use and is now as enthusiastic over its wonderful work as anyone can be. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by L. R. Irwin.

IN PERFECT ACCORD.

DR. TALMAGE ON AN INTERESTING SUBJECT.

Geologists and the Bible Agree—Scripture Confirms the Researches of Scientists. Story of the Deluge and Sinking of the Mountains.

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WASHINGTON, Dec. 19.—The throngs coming to Dr. Talmage's preaching services at the First Presbyterian church are all the time increasing and far beyond the capacity of his church to hold. In this sermon he discusses a subject interesting to all—viz, "The Geology of the Bible; or, God Among the Rocks." The text is II Samuel vi, 6, 7: "And when they came to Nachon's threshing floor Uzzah put forth his hand to the ark of God and took hold of it, for the oxen shook it. And the anger of the Lord was kindled against Uzzah, and God smote him there for his error, and there he died by the ark of God."

A band of music is coming down the road, cornets blown, timbrels struck, harps thrummed and cymbals clapped, all led on by David, who was himself a musician. They are ahead of a wagon on which is the sacred box called the ark. The yoke of oxen drawing the wagon imperiled it. Some critics say that the oxen kicked, being struck with the driver's goad, but my knowledge of oxen leads me say that if on a hot day they see a shadow of a tree or wall they are apt to suddenly shy off to get the coolness of the shadow. I think these oxen so suddenly turned that the sacred box seemed about to upset and be thrown to the ground. Uzzah rushed forward and laid hold of the ark to keep it upright, but he had no right to do so. A special command had been given by the Lord that no one save the priest under any circumstances should touch that box. Nervous and excited and irreverent, Uzzah disobeyed when he took hold of the ark, and he died as a consequence.

In all ages, and never more so than in our own day, there are good people all the time afraid that the Holy Bible, which is the sacred ark of our time, will be upset, and they have been a long while afraid that science, and especially geology, would overthrow it. While we are not forbidden to touch the holy book, and, on the contrary, are urged to fondle and study it, any one who is afraid of the overthrow of the book is greatly offending the Lord with his unbelief. The oxen have not yet been yoked which can upset that ark of the world's salvation. Written by the Lord Almighty, he is going to protect it until its mission is fulfilled and there shall be no more need of a Bible, because all its prophecies will have been fulfilled and the human race will have exchanged worlds.

Perfect Accord.

A trumpet and a violin are very different instruments, but they may be played in perfect accord. So the Bible account of the creation of the world and the geological account are different—one story written on parchment and the other on the rocks, and yet in perfect and eternal accord. The word "day," repeated in the first chapter of Genesis, has thrown into paroxysms of criticism many exegetes. The Hebrew word "yom" of the Bible means sometimes what we call a day and sometimes it means ages. It may mean 24 hours or 100,000,000 years. The order of creation as written in the book of Genesis is the order of creation discovered by geologists' crowbar. So many Uzzahs have been nervously rushing about for fear the strong oxen of scientific discovery would upset the Bible that I went somewhat apprehensively to look into the matter, when I found that the Bible and geology agree in saying that first were built the rocks, then the plants greened the earth, then marine creatures were created, from minnow to whale, then the wings and throats of aerial choirs were colored and tuned, and the quadrupeds began to bleat and bellow and neigh. What is all this fuss that has been filling the church and the world concerning a fight between Moses and Agassiz? There is no fight at all. But is not the geological impression that the world was millions of years building antagonistic to the theory of one week's creation in Genesis? No.

A great house is to be built. A man takes years to draw to the spot the foundation stone and the heavy timbers. The house is about done, but it is not finished for comfortable residence. Suddenly the owner calls in upholsterers, plumbers, gas fitters, paper hangers, and in one week it is ready for occupancy. Now, it requires no stretch of imagination to realize that God could have taken millions of years for the bringing of the rocks and the timbers of this world together, yet only one week more to make it inhabitable and to furnish it for human residence. Remember also that all up and down the Bible the language of the times was used—common parlance—and it was not always to be taken literally. Just as we say every day that the world is round when it is not round. It is spheroidal—flattened at the poles and protuberant at the equator. Professor Snell, with his chain of triangles, and Professor Varin, with the shortened pendulum of his clock, found it was not round, but we do not become critical of any one who says the world is round. Let us deal as fairly with Moses or Job as we do with each other.

Geology and Scripture.

But for years good people feared geology, and without any imploration on their part apprehended that the rocks and mountains would fall on them until Hugh Miller, the elder of St. John's Presbyterian church in Edinburgh and parishioner of Dr. Guthrie, came forth and told the world that there was no contradiction between the mountains and the church, and O. M. Mitchell, a brilliant lecturer before he became brigadier general, dying at Beaufort, S. C., during our civil war, took the platform and spread his map of the strata of rock in the presence of great audiences, and Professor Alexander Winchell of Michigan university and Professor Taylor Lewis of Union college showed that the "without form and void" of the first chapter of Genesis was the very chaos out of which the world was formulated, the hands of God packing together the land and tossing up the mountains into great heights and flinging down the seas into their great depths. Before God gets through with this world there will hardly be a book of the Bible that will not find confirmation either in archæology or geology. Exhumed Babylon, Nineveh, Jerusalem, Tyre and Egyptian hieroglyphics are crying out in the ears of the world, "The Bible is right—all right—everlastingly right!" Geology is saying the same thing, not only confirming the truth about the original creation, but confirming so many passages of the Scriptures that I can only slightly refer to them.

But you do not really believe that story of the deluge and the sinking of the mountains under the wave? Tell us something we can believe. "Believe that," says geology, "for how do you account for those seashells and sea weeds and skeletons of sea animals found on the top of some of the highest mountains? If the waters did not sometimes rise about the mountains, how did those seashells and seaweeds and skeletons of sea animals get there? Did you put them there?"

But now you do not really believe that story about the storm of fire and brimstone whelming Sodom and Gomorrah and enwrapping Lot's wife in such saline incrustations that she halted a sack of salt? For the confirmation of that story the geologist goes to that region, and after trying in vain to take a swim in the lake, so thick with salt he cannot swim it—the lake beneath which Sodom and Gomorrah lie buried—one drop of the water so full of sulphur and brimstone that it stings your tongue, and for hours you cannot get rid of the nauseating drop—the scientist then digging down and finding sulphur on top of sulphur, brimstone on top of brimstone, while all round there are jets and crags and peaks of salt, and if one of them did not become the sarcophagus of Lot's wife they show you how a human being might in that tempest have been halted and packed into a white monument that would defy the ages.

But now you do not really believe that New Testament story about the earthquake at the time Christ was crucified, do you? Geology digs down into Mount Calvary and finds the rocks ruptured and aslant, showing the work of an especial earthquake for that mountain, and an earthquake which did not touch the surrounding region. Go and look for yourself and see there a dip and cleavage of rocks as nowhere else on the planet, geology thus announcing an especial earthquake for the greatest tragedy of all the centuries—the assassination of the Son of God.

The World on Fire.

But you do not really believe that story of the burning of our world at the last day? Geology digs down and finds that the world is already on fire and that the center of this globe is incandescent, molten, volcanic, a burning coal, burning out toward the surface, and the internal fires have so far reached the outside rim that I do not see how the world is to keep from complete conflagration until the prophecies concerning it are fulfilled. The lava poured forth from the mouths of Vesuvius, Mount Etna and Cotopaxi and Kilauea is only the regurgitation from an awful inflammation thousands of miles deep. There are mines in Pennsylvania and in several parts of the world that have been on fire for many years. These coal mines burning down and the internal fires of the earth burning up, after awhile these two fires, the descending and the ascending, will meet, and then will occur the universal conflagration of which the Bible speaks, when it says, "The elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also, and the works that are therein shall be burned up." Instead of disbelieving the Bible story about the final conflagration, since I have looked a little into geology, finding that its exploration are all in the line of confirmation of that prophecy, I wonder how this old craft of a world can keep sailing on much longer. It is like a ship on fire at sea, the fact that the hatches are kept down the only reason that it does not become one complete blaze—masts on fire, ratlines on fire, everything from cutwater to taffrail on fire. After geology has told us how near the internal fires have already burned their way toward the surface it ought not to be a surprise to us at any time to hear the ringing of the fire bells of a universal conflagration. Oh, I am so glad that geology has been born! Astronomy is grand because it tells us about other worlds, but I must say that I am more interested in our world than in any other world, and geology tells us all about what it was, its cradle and what will be its grave, and this glorious geology is proving itself more and more the friend of theology. Thank God for the testimony of the rocks, the Ten Commandments announced among the split rocks of Sinai, the greatest sermon of Christ preached on the basaltic rocks of the mount of beatitudes, the Saviour dying on the rocks of Golgotha and buried amid the limestone rocks of Joseph's sepulcher, the last day to be ushered in with a rending of rocks and our blessed Lord suggestively entitled the "Rock of Ages." I this day proclaim the banns of a marriage between geology and theology, the rugged bridegroom and the fairest of brides. Let them join their hands, and "whom God hath joined together let not man put asunder."

History of the Earth.

If anything in the history or condition of the earth seems for the time contradictory of anything in geology, you must remember that geology is all the time correcting itself and more and more coming to harmonization with the great book. In the last century the French Scientific association printed a list of 80 theories of geology which had been adopted and afterward rejected. Lyell, the scientist, announced 50 theories of geology that had been believed in and afterward thrown overboard. Meanwhile the story of the Bible has not changed at all, and if geology has cast out between 100 and 200 theories which it once considered established we can afford to wait until the last theory of geology antagonizing divine revelation shall have been given up. Now, in this discourse upon the geology of the Bible or God among the rocks I charge all agitated and affrighted Uzzahs to calm their pulses about the upsetting of the Scriptures. Let me see. For several hundred years the oxen have been jerking the ark this way and that and pulling it over rough places and trying to stick it in the mud of derision and kicking with all the power of their hoofs against the sharp goads and trying to pull it into the cool shade away from the heats of retribution from a God "who will by no means clear the guilty." Yet have you not noticed that the book has never been upset? The only changes made in it were by its learned friends in the revision of the Scriptures. The book of Genesis has been thundered against by the mightiest batteries, yet you cannot today find in all the earth a copy of the Bible which has not the 50 chapters of the first copy of the book of Genesis ever printed, starting with the words, "In the beginning God" and closing with Joseph's coffin. Fierce attack on the book of Exodus has been made because they said it was cruel to drown Pharaoh and the story of Mount Sinai was improbable. But the book of Exodus remains intact, and not one of us, considering the cruelties which he would have continued among the brick kilns of Egypt, would have thrown Pharaoh a plank if we had seen him drowning. And Mount Sinai is today a pile of tossed and tumbled basalt, recalling the cataclysm of that mountain when the law was given. And as to those Ten Commandments, all Roman law, all German law, all English law, all American law worth anything are squarely founded on them.

So mighty assault for centuries has been made on the book of Joshua. It was said that the story of the detained sun and moon is an insult to modern astronomy, but that book of Joshua may be found today in the chapel of every university in America, in defiance of any telescope projected from the roof of that university. The book of Jonah has been the target of ridicule for the small wit of ages, but there it stands, with its four chapters inviolate, while geology puts up in its museums remains of sea monsters capable of doing more than the one which swallowed the recreant prophet. There stand the 1,089 chapters of the Bible, nothwithstanding all the attacks of ages, and there they will stand until they shrivel up in the final fire, which geologists say are already kindled and glow hotter than the furnaces of an ocean steamer as it puts out from New York narrows for Hamburg or Southampton. I should not wonder if from the crypt of ancient cities the inspired manuscripts of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, in their own chirography, would be taken, and the epistles which Paul dictated to his amanuensis as well as the one in the apostle's own handwriting. At the same ratio of archæological and geological confirmation of the Scriptures, the time will come when the truth of the Bible will no more be doubted than the common almanac, which tells you the days and the months of the year, and the unbelievers will be accounted harmless lunatics. Forward the telescope and the spectroscope and the chemical batteries and critically examine the ostracoids of the ocean depths and the bones of the great mammals on the gravely hilltops, and the mightier, and the grander, and the deeper, and the higher the explorations the better for our cause. As sure as the thunderbolts of the Almighty are stronger than the steel pens of agnostics, the ark of God will ride on unhurt, and Uzzah need not fear any disasters upsetting. The apocalyptic angel flying through the midst of heaven, proclaiming to all nations and kindred and people and tongues the unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ are mightier than the shying off of a yoke of oxen.

No Dilettante Religion.

The geology of the Bible shows that our religion is not a namby pamby, nerveless, dilettantish religion. It was projected and has been protected by the God of the rocks. Religion a balm? Oh, yes. Religion a soothing power? Oh, yes. Religion a beautiful sentiment? Oh, yes. But we must have a God of the rocks, a mighty God to defend, an omnipotent God to achieve, a force able to overcome all other forces in the universe. Rose of Sharon and Lily of the Valley is he, combination of all gentleness and tenderness and sweetness? Oh, yes. But if the mighty forces now arrayed for the destruction of the nations are to be met and conquered we must have a God of the rocks—the "Lion of Judah's tribe" as well as the "Lamb who was slain." One hundred and thirty times does the Bible speak of the rock as defense, as armament, as refuge, as overpowering strength. David, the psalmist, lived among the rocks, and they reminded him of the Almighty, and he ejaculates: "The Lord liveth. Blessed be my rock." "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I." And then, as if his prayer had been answered, he feels the strength come into his soul, and he cries out: "The Lord is my rock." "He shall set me up upon a rock." Would the Bible present a sublime picture of motherly desperation in defense of her children, it shows us Rizpah on the rock for three months, with disheveled hair and wild screams, fighting back vultures and jackals from the corpses of her sons. Would the Bible set forth the hardness of the heart and the power of Gospel to overcome it, it tells us of the "hammer that breaketh the rocks in pieces." Would our Lord represent the durability of his church against all assault, he says, "Upon this rock will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Would he close his sermon on the mount with a peroration that would resound through centuries, standing on a rock so high that it overlooks Lake Galilee to the right, and on a clear day overlooks the Mediterranean to the left, I hear him stamp his foot on the rock beneath him as he cries to the surging multitudes at the base of that rock, "Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock, and the rain descended and the floods came and the winds blew and beat upon that house, and it fell not, for it was founded upon a rock."

Ah, my friends, we want a swarthy, a stalwart, a brawny religion! We have a great many people who can sit and gently rock the cradle of their infantile hopes, and can faintly smile when good is accomplished, and walk softly through a sickroom, and live inoffensive lives, and manage to tread on no one's prejudices, and their religion is at the best when the wind is from the northwest and the thermometer at 70 degrees F., and they have their spheres and may God prosper them. But we want in this great battle for God against the allied forces of perdition some John Knoxes, some Martin Luthers—men of nerve and faith and prowess like the Huguenots and the pilgrim fathers and the Dutch at Leyden keeping back the

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