The Bossier Banner.

Established July 1, 1859. "A Map of Busy Life; Its Fluctuations and Its Vast Concerns." Subscription, $1.00 a Year, in Advance.

VOL. XXXIX. BENTON, LOUISIANA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1900. NO. 34.

THE ONE-PRICE HEIFER.

Yew wanter buy thet heifer, Zeb? I don't
believe yew can;
I wouldn't sell thet heifer, sir, to any livin'
man.
No, sir, if yew should come an' lay a fifty
in my hand
I'd go an' shet the stable door an' let thet
heifer stand.
I'd let her stand right where she is till she is
old an' gray
Afore I'd sell one side of her, thet's all I've
got to say.
Yew heerd I wanted to dispose? Yew must
hev heerd it wrong;
I'd buy a dozen like her, Zeb, if yew'd bring
them along.

Of course I've got a lot of stock, more stock
'en what I need,
An' I am short of stable room, an' some-
what short of feed;
But ez for sellin' thet there beast I
wouldn't, no siree!
Let forty dollars come between thet heifer,
Zeb, an' me.
I am a one-price critter, Zeb, no man kin
beat me down;
She's wuth a heap more'n forty, Zeb, ask
any man in town.
Hi Hunker wants her purty bad, an' so does
Deekin Hale,
But ez I said before, of course, the heifer
ain't for sale.

She's gentle an' she's good an' kind, an'
slicker then an eel;
A child could milk her any time, she'd never
raise a heel.
She never hooks nor jumps the fence, she
never runs away,
An' comes around at milkin' time ez reg'lar
ez the day.
You'd orter see the milk she gives, it's
yaller, thick an' sweet,
An' ez for quantity, by gum, thet heifer
can't be beat!
They's junks of butter floatin' round inside
the milkin' pail,
An' speakin' of her butter, Zeb—but then,
she ain't for sale.

Yew say yew're bound to hev her, Zeb?
Yew want her purty bad?
The slickest piece of cow-flesh, sir, a farm-
er ever had!
Wuth thirty dollars ez she stands, an' not
a dollar less;
For I'm a one-price critter, Zeb, yew'll find
thet out, I guess.
Wuth thirty dollars ez she stands. I'll tell
yew what I'll dew:
I'll swap her now for twenty-five—'twixt
me an' her an' yew.
Jest twenty-five, no more or less, for I'm a
one-price man,
An' if yew'd want to swap her back, why
durn it, Zeb, yew can.

—Joe Cone, in N. Y. Sun.

Finders and Losers

BROADLY speaking, girls are divided into two great classes—the ones who find and the ones who lose.

Meta is a girl who finds. Ownerless earrings and brooches and shirt studs are scattered along her pathway, entreating her to pick them up, whichever way she strolls, and little things like horseshoes and four-leaved clovers seem to leap up in the most unlikely places at the first sound of her step.

"Guess what I found to-day?" is her regular form of greeting; so no one was surprised when the question came that day at Georgia's tea.

"Oh, I don't know," said Lilian, indifferently. "Probably a cotton handkerchief or somebody's other glove." Lilian is one of the girls who couldn't find anything if they would. Possibly that's the reason she assumes the manner of one who wouldn't if she could.

Meta gave a withering glace at the scoffer. Then she removed her Ladysmith hat and extracted from its crown a roll of money, which she spread upon her lap. A $50, a $20 and a $10 bill stared out.

"Counterfeit!" gasped Lilian.

"No, sir. Uncle Mac says they're as good as any ever made."

"You didn't find them, Meta; you're joking," protested Georgia.

"No joke about it. I was walking down Wabash avenue, and stacks of people were passing in both directions, too, but suddenly there was an open place about a yard square right in front of me, and straight in the middle of it lay this money, all rolled up. It just seemed as though the crowd parted, and everybody looked the other way on purpose to let me have it."

"Well, I never!" sung the chorus.

"What are you going to use it for, Meta?" somebody asked, but Lilian, whose interest had revived wonderfully, didn't give her time to answer.

"Use it for?" she cried. "Do you s'pose Meta would spend that money? Think of the poor woman who lost it!"

"Woman, indeed!" retorted Meta.

"Uncle Mac doesn't think that. He says there's a little pocket just inside the waistband of his trousers where he keeps a wad of bills—whenever he has one—and that it's the easiest thing in the world to slip the money in back of the pocket instead of into it. And I asked him if that ever happened to him. You ought to have seen how guilty he looked when he said: 'Once—but don't tell Ellen!' That's my aunt, you know. Well, we think—Uncle Mac and I—that some rich club fellow lost it, and that he'd put it to some extravagant use even if he had it again."

"But I can't help thinking about some poor old washerwoman who hadn't another cent in the world," murmured the blue-eyed innocent.

"Washerwomen without another cent are so likely to go strewing $80 rolls around!" said Meta.

"More likely 'twas a school-teacher with her month's salary—and teaching is such nervous work!" suggested Lilian.

"Or a fagged-out woman clerk," added Georgia.

"Well, I wouldn't take it from a woman any sooner than you would," declared Meta. "Of course I wouldn't mind so much if it belonged to a man. But I intend to advertise it, anyway."

"Certainly!" exclaimed Lilian as if she'd been thinking of that all the time. "That's the proper thing to do," and blue-eyed innocent added: "I should just use that money for advertising every day in every paper until there wasn't a cent left."

Meta pursed her lips. "Well, I'm taking Uncle Mac's advice about this," she said. "He says to study the papers a day or two and see if the loser advertises. Then, after that, he says to advertise: 'Found—Sum of money, at such a place, at such a time.' Not a word to give a false claimant any help in identifying the bills, you see. But he doesn't think I'll ever find the owner, and, say, girls, if he shouldn't turn up, what do you say to a lake trip together or some kind of a regular spree with this money?"

"I couldn't enjoy it," said the righteous Lilian.

"Not unless you gave half to a hospital," amended another.

"Oh, I don't know," dissented Georgia. "I think my conscience would take in a trip to Mackinac."

"Good for you!" replied Meta, as she rolled up her wealth and put on her hat. "We'll spend it all for gum if we want to, Georgia; and we won't treat them, either—see if we do!"

They didn't see her again for three weeks, and then she came flying into luncheon at Lilian's with a look in her eyes as if she'd just fallen heir to a million in gold.

"I've had the loveliest experience in the world!" she announced. "You remember that money I found? Well, I waited a few days, as Uncle Mac said, and no one advertised the loss; so I put one in myself. Told them to address X, the newspaper office, you know—the way they do. Next morning I went down to get the returns. There were nine answers, and of all the pathetic things! Not one of the people who wrote had lost their money on the day or at the place I found mine, but they were just as hopeful, for all that, and they actually made me feel responsible for their losses.

"First there was a man who had dropped a small, flat, black book, with a pawn ticket, a laundry bill and two two-dollar bills in it. And distressed over it! You'd think he'd lost a gold mine. And he was so sure 'twas his money I'd found—poor fellow! Then a woman poured out a whole sheetful of her heart, and drew a picture of the purse she'd lost, and told me how the money in it belonged to her sister, who was in the hospital and who needed it dreadfully, and how I'd be blessed forever if I only restored it. Next there was an old man who had dropped two $20 bills, and he went on in a shaky, feeble hand to explain that the reason he was carrying it was because he couldn't trust the banks; and then another girl, who told about an alligator-skin pocketbook containing a latchkey and a time pass over the Cincinnati, Jackson & Mackinac road. When I showed that to Uncle Mac afterward he said that road was a regular joke, because it didn't run to any of the places mentioned in its name, and he just shouted over the pass, because it had expired September 30, 1897. But it wasn't funny to me. I thought the girl must be in a sad way to be hanging on to an expired pass over a road like that for three whole years. Besides, she mentioned in a postscript that there was a five-dollar bill in her purse.

"I got awfully worked up over those letters. Then, suddenly, I had a brilliant idea. I just made up my mind to wait a week and then, if no one claimed that $80, to send for all those forlorn people and pay them what they had lost out of what I had found. I didn't dare tell Uncle Mac the scheme until the week had passed and I had really written notifying them all to be at his office at ten o'clock this morning. Then I just gave him the news all in one piece. I don't believe in breaking things, especially when you've set your heart on doing them. Oh, he thought I was crazy, of course, and wished he'd answered my 'ad.' himself and claimed the money. Said he could have done it through some one else so I would never have suspected, and then could have kept the money for me until this fit of sentimental foolishness had passed off—and all that sort of talk. But the end of it was that he took a chair over by the window in his office and let me have things all my own way with the people I had sent for. They all came, mind you, and of all the surprised-looking beings! Each one was expecting to find the identical purse he had lost, and at first everyone looked suspicious of everyone else. They couldn't seem to grasp the situation.

"I had the money, all changed into the right amounts and lying in tempting little heaps on Uncle Mac's desk. First I made a little speech and then I served gold and silver refreshments. It took every cent of the money, and I had to put in a dollar besides, so there goes our gum, Georgia; but you wouldn't grudge it if you'd been there. Such larks! I never felt so much like a beneficent fairy in my life. Oh, dear—fun! Vaudevilles are nowhere—and, say, the man who lost the pawn ticket will never get over his grudge against me because I couldn't give that back. He thinks I've lost him a fortune! But the rest were more than sweet. Girls, I've been blessed and hugged, and the old man with the two $20 gold pieces actually kissed my hand. Think of that—will you? And the woman with the sister in the hospital was so happy! And I cried. Me crying—can you see it? And Uncle Mac needn't pretend he wasn't wiping his own eyes, either! But when they were gone he squared around at me, stern as stern, and said, in a disgusted way:

"'Well, of all the girly-girly performances!'

"I looked straight back at him and just said: 'How would you have a girl, Uncle Mac, if not girly? Do you want me manny?' And honest fact, he didn't know a single thing what to say."—Chicago Daily Record.

EELS AT A QUILTING PARTY.

Remarkable Manner in Which the Meeting Was Broken Up by These Slippery Creatures.

The Rockland (Me.) Opinion tells a story of the way in which a quilting party was recently broken up. The ladies were plying their needles and talking in the sitting-room of the house where the quilting-bee was held. Meantime the husband and son of the hostess, who had been fishing for eels, returned home.

The two men repaired to the kitchen and dumped their heavy catch into the sink. Then, leaving the eels to thaw out in hot water, they repaired to the barn to attend to the cattle. Soon the eels, which had appeared to be frozen stiff and lifeless, began to feel the effect of the warmth and to writhe and twist in the full vigor of life. They flopped out upon the floor and, so to speak, pervaded the room.

The sitting-room about this time had become very warm, and some one opened the door leading into the kitchen. Suddenly a lady saw one of the eels, screamed, rose from her chair and shrieked:

"There's a snake!"

In an instant the wildest excitement prevailed. A glance into the kitchen and there was a cry: "Oh, the kitchen is full of snakes!"

The quilters rushed out into the hall and up the stairs to the dressing-room.

At this juncture the men came in from the barn, and there was some lively work before the eels were slaughtered. The shock and the fright which the ladies had received effectually broke up the quilting party.

Birds in Oom Paul's Hat.

The poetry of practical people is apt to be queerly mixed with prose, but it is original. All accounts of President Kruger's wife represent her as a very matter-of-fact woman, who would never sacrifice the useful to the beautiful. On one occasion, however, she seems to have combined the two—owing to her love for dumb creatures. The story is told in Animal Friends.

Some time ago the Boers wished to raise a statue of their president, and the sculptor who was to make it brought some drawings to Mrs. Kruger to see which she liked best.

The pictures showed him in his everyday clothes, with the tall hat which he always wears. When Mrs. Kruger saw this she asked that the top of the crown of the hat should be made hollow, so that after rain the birds might be able to drink out of it.

This was done, and now whenever a welcome shower has fallen a little cloud of birds may be seen fluttering round the top of the Kruger statue, drinking and bathing in the crown of the hat.

An Amiable Examiner.

Matthew Arnold's freedom from austerity when it came to the ordinary happenings of life has been the subject of many anecdotes. As a school examiner he was especially amiable, perhaps too much so. Once he had a class of girls to examine, and gave them all good marks. A fellow inspector noticed it, and objected that some of the girls must have been more clever than others. "Perhaps that is so," said Arnold, "but what could I do? You see, they are all such very nice girls!"—Golden Days.

Quite Enough.

Weary Willie—W'ot would I do if I hed a million a year? Why, I'd spend it, uv course.

Rev. Dobetter—But how?

Weary Willie—Oh, in a thousand ways. In de first place, I should git married, an'—

Rev. Dobetter—You needn't mention the other nine hundred and ninety-nine. That would settle it.—Judge.

A Hostess on Parade.

"What was it Myrtilla did that was so dreadful?"

"Why, our literary club met at her house, and she wanted to show her new hat, so she wore it."—Puck.

Better.

"You contend that oleomargarine is just as good as butter, don't you?"

"It's better," answered the dealer without hesitation. "It pays several times the profit."—Washington Star.

Quite the Proper Thing.

Nell—Why is Madge wearing half-mourning now?

Belle—Why, didn't you hear? Her half-brother is dead.—Town Topics.

THE THREE CROSSES.

Dr. Talmage Discourses on Redemption of the Race.

Topic Suggested by Famous Paintings of Munich—Types of Humanity Represented by the Two Malefactors.

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Washington, ...

The famous paintings in the picture galleries of Munich seem to have suggested the topic of this discourse, which Dr. Talmage sends from the quaint Bavarian town, but the theme which inspired the painters awakens in the great preacher thoughts of the redemption of the human race, which was the supreme design of that scene of suffering and death. The text is Luke xxiii., 33: "There they crucified Him and the malefactors, one on the right hand and the other on the left."

Just outside of Jerusalem is a swell of ground, toward which a crowd are ascending, for it is the day of execution. What a mighty assemblage! Some for curiosity to hear what the malefactors will say and how they will act. The three persons to be executed are already there. Some of the spectators are vile of lip and bloated of cheek. Some look up with revenge, hardly able to keep their hands off the sufferers. Some tear their own hair in a frenzy of grief. Some stand in silent horror. Some break out into uncontrollable weeping. Some clap their hands in delight that the offenders are to be punished at last. The soldiers, with drawn swords, drive back the mob which presses on so hard. There is fear that the proceedings may be interrupted. Let the legion, now stationed at Jerusalem, on horseback dash along the line and force back the surging multitude. "Back with you!" is the cry. "Have you never before seen a man die?"

Three crosses in a row—an upright piece and two transverse pieces, one on the top, on which the hands are nailed, and one at the middle, on which the victim sat. Three trees just planted, yet bearing fruit—the one at the right bearing poison and the one at the left bitter aloes, the one in the middle apples of love. Norway pine and tropical orange and Lebanon cedar could not make so strange a grove as this orchard at Calvary. Stand and give a look at the three crosses.

Just look at the cross on the right. Its victim dies scoffing. More awful than his physical anguish is his scorn and hatred of Him on the middle cross. This wretched man turns half around on the spikes to hiss at the One in the middle. If the scoffer could get one hand loose and he were within reach, he would smite the middle sufferer in the face. He hates Him with a perfect hatred. I think he wishes he were down on the ground that he might spear Him. He envies the mechanics who with their nails have nailed him fast. Amid the settling darkness and louder than the crash of the rocks hear him jeer out these words: "Ah, you poor wretch! I knew you were an imposter! You pretended to be a God, and yet you let these legions master you!" It was in some such hate that Voltaire in his death hour, because he thought he saw Christ in his bedroom, got up on his elbow and cried out: "Crush that wretch!" What had the middle cross done to arouse up this right hand cross? Nothing. Oh, the enmity of the natural heart against Christ! The world likes a sentimental Christ or a philanthropic Christ, but a Christ who comes to snatch men away from their sins — away with Him! On His right hand cross today I see typified the unbelief of the world. Men say: "Back with Him from the heart! I will not let Him take my sins. If He will die, let Him die for Himself, not for me." There has always been a war between this right hand cross and the middle cross, and wherever there is an unbelieving heart there the fight goes on. Oh, if when that dying malefactor perished the faithlessness of man had perished, then that tree which yields poison would have budded and blossomed with life for all the world!

That right hand cross—thousands have perished on it in worse agonies. For what is physical pain compared to remorse at the last that life has been wasted and only a fleeting moment stands between the soul and its everlasting overthrow? O God, let me die anywhere rather than at the foot of that right hand cross! Let not one drop of that blood fall upon my cheek. Rend not my ear with that cry. I see it now as never before—the loathsomeness and horror of my unbelief. That dying malefactor was not so much to blame as I. Christianity was not established, and perhaps not until that day had that man heard the Christ. But after Christ has stood almost 19 centuries, working the wonders of His grace, you reject Him.

That right hand cross, with its long beam, overshadows all the earth. It is planted in the heart of the race. When will the time come when the spirit of God shall, with its ax, hew down that right hand cross until it shall fall at the feet of the middle cross, and unbelief, the railing malefactor of the world, shall perish from all our hearts? Away from me, thou spirit of unbelief! I hate thee! With this sword of God I thrust thee back and thrust thee through. Down to hell; down, most accursed monster of the earth, and talk to those thou hast already damned! Talk no longer to these sons of God, these heirs of Heaven.

"If Thou be the Son of God." Was there any "if" about it? Tell me, thou star, that in robe of light did run to point out His birthplace. Tell me, thou sea, that didst put thy hand over thy lip when He bade thee be still. Tell me, ye dead who got up to see him die. Tell me, thou sun in midheaven, who for Him didst pull down over thy face the veil of darkness. Tell me, ye lepers who were cleansed, ye dead who were raised, is He the Son of God? Aye, aye, responds the universe. The flowers breathe it; the stars chime it; the redeemed celebrate it; the angels rise on their thrones to announce it. And yet on that miserable malefactor's "if" how many shall be wrecked for all eternity?

Away, then, from this right hand cross. The red berries of the forest are apt to be poisonous, and around this tree of carnage grow the red, poisonous berries of which many have tasted and died. I can see no use for this right hand cross, except it be used as a lever with which to upturn the unbelief of the world.

Here from the right-hand cross I go to the left-hand cross. Pass clear to the other side. That victim also twists himself upon the nails to look at the center cross, yet not to scoff.

He says: "I am a guilty wretch. I deserve this. There is no need of my cursing. That will not stop the pain. There is no need of blaspheming Christ, for He has done me no wrong. And yet I cannot die so. The tortures of my body are undone by the tortures of my soul. The past is a scene of misdoing, the present a crucifixion, the future an everlasting undoing. Come back, thou hiding midday sun! Kiss my cheek with one bright ray of comfort. What, no help from above—no help from beneath? Then I must turn to my companion in sorrow, the One on the middle cross. I have heard that He knows how to help a man when he is in trouble. I have heard that He can cure the wounded. I have heard that He can pardon the sinner. Surely in all His wanderings up and down the earth He never saw one more in need of His forgiveness. Wilt thou turn for the moment away from Thy own pangs to pity me? Lord, it is not to have my hands relieved or my feet taken from the torture—I can stand all this—but, oh, my sins, my sins, my sins! They pierce me through and through. They tell me I must die forever. They will push me out into the darkness unless Thou wilt help me. I confess it all. Hear the cry of the dying thief: 'Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom.' I ask no great things. I seek for no throne in Heaven, no chariot to take me to the skies, but just think of me when this day's horrors have passed. Think of me a little—of me, the one now hanging at Thy side—when the shout of Heavenly welcome takes Thee back into Thy glory. Thou wilt not forget me, wilt thou? 'Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom.' Only just remember me."

This left hand cross was a believing cross. There was no guesswork in that prayer, no "if" in that supplication. The left hand cross flung itself at the foot of the middle cross, expecting mercy. Faith is only just opening the hand to take what Christ offers us. The work is all done; the bridge is built strong enough for us all to walk over. Tap not at the door of God's mercy with the tip of your fingers, but as a warrior with gauntleted fists at the castle gate. So with all the aroused energies of our souls let us pound at the gate of Heaven. That gate is locked. You go to it with a bunch of keys. You try philosophy. That will not open it. A large door generally has a ponderous key. I take the cross and place the foot of it in the lock, and by the two arms of the cross I turn the lock, and the door opens.

This left hand cross was a pardoned cross. The crosses were only two or three yards apart. It did not take long for Christ to hear. Christ might have turned away and said: "How darest thou speak to me? I am the Lord of Heaven and earth. I have seen your violence. When you struck down the man in the darkness, I saw you. You are getting a just reward. Die in darkness—die forever." But Jesus said not so, but rather, "This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise," as much as to say: "I see you there. Do not worry. I will not only bear my cross, but help you with yours."

I have shown you the right hand cross and the left hand cross; now come to the middle cross. We stood at the one and found it yielded poison; we stood at the other and found it yielded bitter aloes. Come now to the middle cross and shake down apples of love. Uncover your head. You never saw so tender a scene as this. You may have seen father or mother or companion or child die, but never so affecting a scene as this. The railing thief looked from one way and saw the left side of Christ's face. But to-day, in the full blaze of Gospel light, you see Christ's full face. It was a suffering cross. If the weapons of torture had gone only through the fatty portions of the body, the torture would not have been so great, but they went through the hands and feet and temples, the most sensitive portions. It was not only the spear that went into His side, but the sins of all the race—a thousand spears—plunge after plunge, deeper and deeper, until the silence and composure that before characterized Him gave way to a groan, through which rumbled the sorrows of time and the woes of eternity. Human hate had done its worst, and hell had buried its sharpest javelin, and devils had vented their hottest rage when, with every nerve of His body in torture and every fiber of His heart in excrutiation, He cried out: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" It was a vicarious cross. The right hand cross suffered for itself, but the middle cross for you. When a king was dying, a young man cried: "Pour my blood into his veins, that he die not." The veins of the young man were tapped and the blood transferred, so that the king lived, but the young man died. Christ saw the race perishing. He cried: "Pour my blood into their veins, that they die not." My hand is free now because Christ's was crushed; my brow is painless now because Christ's was torn; my soul escapes because Christ's was bound.

To this middle cross look, that your souls may live. I showed you the right hand cross in order that you might see what an awful thing it is to be unbelieving. I showed you the left hand cross that you might see what it is to repent. Now I show you the middle cross that you may see what Christ has done to save your soul.

Oh, that I may engrave on your souls ineffaceably the three crosses, so that if in your waking moments you will not heed, then in your dreams at night you may see on the hill back of Jerusalem the three spectacles—the right hand cross showing unbelief, dying without Christ; the left hand showing what it is to be pardoned, while the central cross pours over your soul the sunburst of Heaven, as it says: "By all these wounds I plead for thy heart. I have loved thee with an everlasting love. Rivers cannot quench it. Floods cannot drown it." And while you look the right hand cross will fade out of sight, and then the left will be gone, and nothing will remain but the middle cross, and even that in your dream will begin to change until it becomes a throne, and the worn face of Calvary will become radiant with gladness, and instead of the mad mob at the foot of the cross will be a worshipful multitude, kneeling. And you and I will be among them.

But, no; we will not wait for such a dream. In this our most aroused mood we throw down at the foot of the middle cross sin, sorrow, life, death—everything. We are slaves; Christ gives deliverance to the captive. We are thirsty; Christ is the river of salvation to slake our thirst. We are hunghy; Jesus says: "I am the bread of life." We are condemned to die; Christ says: "Save that man from going down to the pit; I am the ransom." We are tossed on the sea of trouble; Jesus comes over it, saying: "It is I; be not afraid." We are in darkness; Jesus says: "I am the bright and morning star." We are sick; Jesus is the "balm of Gilead." We are dead; hear the shrouds rend and the grave hillocks heave as He cries: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." We want justification; "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." We want to exercise faith: "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." I want to get from under condemnation: "There is now, therefore, no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus." The cross; he carried it. The flames of hell; He suffered them. The shame; He endured it. The crown; He won it. Heights of Heaven sing it, and worlds of light to worlds of light all round the heavens cry: "Glory! Glory!" Let us go forth and gather the trophies for Jesus. From Golconda mines we gather the diamonds, from Ceylon shores we gather the pearls, from all lands and kingdoms we gather precious stones, and we bring the glittering burdens and put them down at the feet of Jesus and say: "All these are thine. Thou art worthy." We go forth again for more trophies, and into one sheaf we gather all the scepters of the Caesars, and the Alexanders, and the czars, and the sultans, and of all royalties and dominions, and then we bring the sheaf of scepters and put it down at the feet of Jesus and says: "Thou art King of kings. All these thou hast conquered." And then we go forth again to gather more trophies, and we bid the redeemed of ages, the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty, to come. And the hosts of Heaven bring crown and palm and scepter and here by these bleeding feet and this riven side and by this wounded heart cry: "Blessing and honor and glory and power unto the Lamb forever and ever."