The National Republican.

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LATEST FOREIGN NEWS.

ANNOUNCEMENT THAT THE FENIANS INTEND TO BURN HULL.

Sharp Shocks of Earthquake Yesterday—Rioting in Belfast—National Irish Tribute to Mr. Gladstone—Clericals and Liberals Scuffling.

LONDON, Sept. 26.—The *Eastern Morning News* of Hull has received a letter bearing the London postmark, and signed "One of Them," announcing that the Fenians intend to burn Hull, and will set fire to the town at twenty different points simultaneously. The writer says he is disgusted with his brother Fenians. He enjoins secrecy upon the editor of the *News*, saying that he, the writer, will be murdered if the Fenians discover that he divulged the plot.

RIOTING IN BELFAST.

BELFAST, Sept. 27.—Soon after midnight this morning a crowd assembled and stoned the police in Shankhill district. The police were re-enforced and soon dispersed the mob. The attack upon the police was subsequently renewed and the police fired upon the rioters. A young man named David Moore was shot through the lung and was conveyed to a hospital in a dying condition. Twelve constables were seriously wounded with stones. Many arrests were made.

AN EVICTED TENANT FORCED TO RESUME POSSESSION.

DUBLIN, Sept. 26.—A body of men at Riddleston forced an evicted tenant to resume possession of his holding in spite of his protests against returning.

One of the arrested Feale bridge moonlighters was seriously wounded with a revolver, and is too ill to be moved.

CLERICALS AND LIBERALS SCUFFLING.

NAPLES, Sept. 26.—An anti-clerical meeting here to-day resulted in a scuffle between clericals and liberals and the arrest of twenty participants.

NATIONAL IRISH TRIBUTE TO MR. GLADSTONE.

DUBLIN, Sept. 26.—The Gilin board of guardians has adopted a resolution declaring that the time has come to present a national Irish tribute to Mr. Gladstone, and calling upon Mr. Parnell to support a movement with that object.

Two moonlighters have been committed for trial at Listowell.

SHARP SHOCKS OF EARTHQUAKE YESTERDAY.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Sept. 26.—Sharp shocks of earthquake were felt here and at Smyrna to-day. Slight damage was done.

CHARLESTON CROWDED.

What the Signal Office at Washington Says About Wiggins's Predicted Earthquake.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Sept. 27.—No shocks occurred here last night. The weather is fine to-day, and most of the city congregations attended services in their own churches. The open-air worship on the Battery continued, and was largely attended. The city is crowded with excursionists.

A thorough examination shows that the damage to the venerable and beautiful Huguenot church is about $6,000, and the congregation contemplate sending their pastor, Rev. Dr. Vedder, to the north to appeal to the Huguenots throughout the country for contributions to make the necessary repairs. This congregation was among the heaviest sufferers by the earthquake.

WIGGINS'S PREDICTED EARTHQUAKE.

The signal officer here applied to the weather bureau at Washington for indications covering the period of Wiggins's predicted earthquake. To-night the following dispatch was received from Gen. Hazen:

"There are at present no indications of any severe atmospheric disturbance between now and the 30th. Timely notice will be given you should any change appear."

ST. LOUIS, MO., Sept. 26.—A dispatch from Ottawa, Ont., states that Prof. Wiggins is now claiming that he has been misrepresented by the American press. He denies that he ever related to correspondents the character of horrors which has been given as incidental to the fulfillment of his prediction for the 29th instant. "I simply stated," the professor said to a reporter yesterday, "that earthquake forces would be to the south of the 30th parallel of latitude. I never ventured any predictions regarding the destructive nature of the storm on that parallel at all."

RELIEF FUNDS.

BOSTON, Sept. 26.—The concert at the Boston theater this evening in aid of the Charleston relief fund by the artists of the Boston Ideal Opera Company, assisted by the Music Hall promenade orchestra, netted $2,576.

PRESENTED FOR MURDER.

The Crime Committed Within the Court's Jurisdiction.

Biscoe, the alleged murderer of Capt. R. R. Dixon, was presented for murder on last Friday by the grand jury of the circuit court of St. Mary's county, Md. Several days were spent by them in examining witnesses as to where the murder was committed, and sufficient evidence was obtained to satisfy the jury that it was committed in the jurisdiction of that court. It is now probable that the trial will begin about the last of this week. A number of witnesses have been summoned for the state, and they will be present when the trial begins.

Saving from Bartholomew's Wreck.

CHICAGO, Sept. 26.—In the superior court yesterday O. R. Tyler, insurance commissioner for Connecticut, filed a bill to have a receiver appointed in this state for the Charter Oak Life Insurance Company, of Hartford, whose president, Bartholomew, is now a fugitive in Canada. The company has not done any business in Illinois for years, but it owns real estate in this (Cook) county valued at $30,000 and has claims on citizens for $17,000. J. M. Hammond, the company's agent in Illinois, was appointed receiver, and placed under $5,000 bond.

HARTFORD, CONN., Sept. 26.—Letters from Mr. Bartholomew, in Montreal, say that he always believed he could pay all of his own obligations, and that he thought the corporations he was indorsing for would eventually make themselves good. Meanwhile he loaned them his credit. He offers to do all he can to help his creditors to realize on his assets.

A. W. Brooks and E. A. Stedman have each qualified as receivers of the Charter Oak Life Insurance Company, for $250,000 each. The statement of the Hartford Silk Company shows its hopeless bankruptcy. The statement of the Union Manufacturing Company is not yet ready. The receivers of the Schuyler Electric Light Company will meet here on Tuesday next to agree on a plan for carrying the company along.

Explosion of a Locomotive.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 26.—The Baltimore and Ohio train which left Philadelphia at 5 o'clock this afternoon met with a serious accident near Bay View about 8 o'clock. The engine exploded, causing the second passenger car to telescope the smoker and make a bad wreck. The engineer escaped with a scalded hand, but the fireman was more seriously injured. Two passengers were buried under the wreck, but were fortunate in getting off with bruises. There was considerable excitement, and some of the lady passengers fainted. Messrs. Kennedy, Dempsey, and Conroy, of a theatrical company on the train, rendered valuable assistance. The engine was only three weeks old, and no cause can be assigned for the explosion.

G. A. R. Commendation of Kate Field.

SALT LAKE CITY, Sept. 26.—At a meeting of the James B. McKean Post, Grand Army of the Republic, here last night, a preamble and resolutions were adopted expressing appreciation of the thorough work done by Kate Field investigating Mormonism, and closing as follows: "With gratitude to her we cordially and earnestly commend Kate Field to our commander-in-chief as the one especially fitted to present the facts in the case through the Grand Army of the Republic to the country, and respectfully request that he commend her in her good work to our comrades everywhere."

AT THE FOOT OF THE LIST.

Where the United States is Placed With Its Naval Power.

Chief Constructor Wilson estimates the active life of the wooden war ships of our present navy as follows: The Tennessee (the only one classed as first rate) six months; the Trenton, Omaha, and Vandalia, second rates, and the Mohican, third rate, ten years; the Lancaster and Brooklyn, second rates, and the Adams, Alliance, Essex, Enterprise, Nipsic, Tallapoosa, and Yantic, third rates, six years. The Hartford, Richmond, and Pensacola, second rates, and the Juniata, Ossipee, Quinnebaug, Swatara, Galena, Marion, Iroquois, and Kearsarge, third rates, five years. These, together with the iron ships Monocacy, Alert, and Ranger, third rates, and the Michigan, Palos, and Pinta, fourth rates, constitute the available fighting force of the present navy.

The most powerful of their weapons are the converted guns having a range of perhaps two miles—excellent arms for operations against wooden ships and ancient fortifications or for shelling towns, but inefficient against modern armor. The very best of these ships is held by our naval authorities to be far behind the times as a reliance for offense or defense in actual warfare. The list of ironclads comprises more than a dozen monitors, but none of them are in condition for service at this time. With this showing the United States is placed by her own authorities at the foot of the list of naval powers in the essential matters of ships and guns, there being three South American, two Asiatic, and fifteen or sixteen European powers which outrank us. That portion of our prospective "new navy" whose construction has already been sanctioned by Congress numbers eighteen ships of all classes, to cost an aggregate of something more than $20,000,000, and the last of which, barring accidents or the failure of appropriations, is expected to be afloat four years hence. They are required to be built entirely of metal, and no device known and approved at the date of their planning, to secure efficiency as fighting machines, has been or is to be omitted in their construction. Their armament throughout will be of the modern high powered guns, the largest weapons at present contemplated being the 12-inch breech-loading rifle, carrying a missle which weighs more than 800 pounds and requiring more than 400 pounds of powder for each discharge. The theoretical range of such weapons is about twelve miles, but difficulties in the matter of elevation and otherwise serve to reduce this somewhat in practice. Seven of these ships are to be armored, the heaviest probably carrying sixteen inches of steel as a protection. Three will be "protected cruisers"—that is, vessels whose thick lower decks of steel dip their edges below the water line and serve as a protection to the machinery, magazines, and other vital parts of the vessels. The others will be four steel cruisers, two gunboats, one first-class torpedo boat, and one dynamite-gun cruiser.

With all these vessels afloat the United States, as a naval power, will outrank Brazil, Chili, the Argentine Republic, China, Japan, Greece, Norway, Portugal, and Sweden, and will be abreast of Turkey, Spain, Holland, and Denmark. She will still be outranked by England, France, Germany, Austria, Italy, and Russia.

THE KNIGHTS RETURN HOME.

A Glorious Pilgrimage Made by Washington Commandery.

The Washington Knights Templar and part of the Virginia delegation, escorting Excellent Past Grand Master R. E. Withers and Grand Commander Reed, arrived at 8:15 p. m. last night on the Pennsylvania railroad's special excursion train from Chicago, under charge of Sir Knight R. A. Parke. The train left Chicago at 5 p. m. Saturday. The round trip from Washington to St. Louis and back via Chicago was made and every detail carried out according to programme. Much praise is due to General Passenger Agent Parke for his unceasing and courteous efforts in behalf of the welfare and enjoyment of the party. Sir Knight A. T. Curran had entire charge of the Pullman arrangements, which gave every satisfaction, and Mr. F. French had supervision of the commissary car which was attached to the train during the whole journey. Many friends and relatives of the fraters were at the depot to welcome them home.

A pleasant feature of the return trip was a subscription taken up on the cars by Sir Knight F. K. Ward to purchase a fitting testimonial to be presented to General Passenger Agent Parke by the Washington and Virginia sir knights, as a token of esteem for his generous efforts in their behalf.

MYSTIC NOTES.

The "thirty-fifth" degree was taken at the St. James Hotel by a number of Washington knights. The following is a description of the card of credentials presented to each candidate: On one side was the figure "35," and on the reverse side were pictures of four maskers and the following mystic words: "And he hooped 'em up—Ella Wheeler." "The Benevolent and Protective Order of Hoopers, Instituted by Adam. Date Forgotten."

Another card seen had on its face the significant motto, "We never sleep," and the picture of a man with one eye closed up with a patch. There were any number of humorous cards gotten up for the conclave.

A feature of the trip was the fast time made by the special train. At times the speed reached a mile a minute.

Sir Knight W. E. Colloday, the baby member, left the excursionists at Chicago. He was taken in charge by the Saginaw, Wis., knights. He will spend some time in Stoughton, Wis.

Sir Knight John A. Joyce, the poet and philosopher, remained over at St. Louis. He got left in the hands of Gens. Sherman and Beauregard, and each of the aforesaid were trying to fix up the battle of Shiloh. Col. Joyce proposes to knock out the people of Missouri with his "Anvil Sparks."

Senators Ingalls, Vest, and Logan were the triennial senators who visited the conclave.

Sir Knight Jos. Gawler did much by his pleasant conversational powers to make the trip a success. One of the Washington knights purchased a full Templar uniform for his 7-year old son, who wore it and marched in the parade with as much knightly bearing and pleasure as any of his seniors.

Influx of Actors From Europe.

NEW YORK, Sept. 26.—There was an influx of actors and actresses from Europe to-day.

The Aurania brought over Augustin Daly's company and Violet Cameron and her troupe, also T. H. French, Miss Cameron's manager, and Lord Lonsdale, her treasurer. Miss Cameron's husband arrived ten minutes ahead of her on the Alaska. Mrs. Langtry and Mr. Charles Coghlan, her leading support, came over with their company on the Alaska, as did Dion Boucicault. President Robert Carrett arrived on the Aurania. Mr. Garrett repaired at once to the Brevoort House. When called upon for an interview he returned word that he was very sorry, but was too tired to meet press representatives to-night. Mr. Daly said to-night that the success of his company abroad was most satisfactory.

Nevada Republican Convention.

CARSON, NEV., Sept. 26.—The Republican state convention yesterday nominated George Tufty, for treasurer; J. M. Dormer, for secretary of state, and J. F. Hallock, for comptroller. The platform adopted arraigns President Cleveland for vetoing pension bills, for not protecting the persons and property of Americans in foreign countries, and for his action on the silver question; favors a tariff to protect wage workers and American industries; demands the restoration of the wool tariff of 1867; opposes further immigration of Chinese, and favors the unlimited coinage of gold and silver, and the passage of the Cullom railroad bill by Congress.

President Cleveland's Aged Relative.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., Sept. 26.—Mrs. O. Cleveland Clarke, a relative of President Cleveland, to-day celebrated her 101st birthday, receiving calls from many relatives, friends, and neighbors. Mrs. Clarke is a well-preserved old lady, reads easily and has full control of her various faculties. She expects to exceed her mother's age, which was 105.

THE TALMAGE SERMON.

"TWO YOUNG MEN WHO CAME TO LIVE IN THE CITY."

From the Proverb, "Ponder the Path of Thy Feet," the Distinguished Preacher Portrays "An Awful Tragedy of Human Life."

BROOKLYN, Sept. 26.—The opening hymn at the Brooklyn Tabernacle to-day begins:

Amazing grace—how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see."

After expounding a passage of the Scriptures the Rev. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., took for his text Proverbs iv, 26: "Ponder the path of thy feet," and preached the following sermon on the subject—"Two Young Men Who Came to Live in the City:"

Is was Monday, Sept. 20, at a country depot. Two young men are to take the cars for the city. Father brought them in a wagon with two trunks. The evening before at the old home was rather a sad time. The neighbors had gathered in to say good-by. Indeed, all the Sunday afternoon there had been a strolling that way from adjoining farms, for it was generally known that the two boys the next morning were going to the city to live, and the whole neighborhood was interested, some hoping they would do well, and others, without saying anything, hoping for them a city failure. Sitting on the fence talking over the matter the neighbors would interlard their conversation about the wheat crop of last summer and the apple crop yet to be gathered with remarks about the city prospects of Edward and Nicholas, for those were the names of the two young men—Edward, 17, and Nicholas, 19, but Edward, although two years younger, being a little quicker to learn, knew as much as Nicholas. They were both brown faced and hearty, and had gone through all the curriculum of hearty sports by which muscle is developed and the chest filled out.

Father and mother on Monday morning had both resolved to go to the depot with the boys, but the mother at the last moment backed out, and she said that somehow she felt quite weak that morning, and had no appetite for a day or two, and so concluded to say good-by at the front door of the old place. Where she went and what she did after the wagon left I leave other mothers to guess. The breakfast things stood almost till noon before they were cleared away. But little was said on the way to the railroad station. As the locomotive whistle was heard coming around the curve, the father put out his hand—somewhat knotted at the knuckles and one of the joints stiffend years ago by a wound from a scythe—and said: "Good-by, Edward; good-by, Nicholas. Take good care of yourselves, and write as soon as you get there, and let us know how they treat you. Your mother will be anxious to hear."

Landed in the city they sought out, with considerable inquiry of policemen on street corners and questioning of car drivers, the two commercial establishments to which they were destined, so far apart that thereafter they seldom saw each other, for it is astonishing how far apart two persons can be in a large city, especially if their habits are different. Practically a hundred miles from Bowling Green to Canal street, or from Atlantic avenue to Fulton.

Edward, being the youngest, we must look after him first. He never was in so large a store in all his life. Such interminable shelves, such skillful imitation of real men and women to display goods on, such agility of cash boys, such immense stock of goods, and a whole community of employees. His head is confused, as he seems dropped like a pebble in the great ocean of business life. "Have you seen that greenhorn from the country?" whispers young man to young man. "He is in such and such a department; we will have to break him in some night." Edward stands at his new place all day so homesick that any moment he could have cried aloud if his pride had not suppressed everything. Here and there a tear carelessly dashed off, as though it were from influenza or a cold in the head. But some of you know how a young man feels when set down in a city of strangers, thereafter to fight his own battles, and no one near by seeming to care whether he lives or dies. The center of a desert, a month's journey to the first settlement, is not much more solitary.

But that evening as the hour for closing has come there are two or three young men who slide up to Edward and ask him how he likes the city, and where he expects to go that night, and if he would like them to show him the sights. He thanks them and says he shall have to take some evenings for unpacking and making arrangements as he has just arrived, but says that after awhile he will be glad to accept their company. After spending two or three evenings in his boarding house room walking up and down, looking at the bare wall or an old chromo hung there at the time that religious newspapers by such prizes advanced their subscription lists, and after an hour toying with the match box and ever and anon examining his watch to see if it is time to retire, and it seems that 10 o'clock at night or even 9 o'clock will never come, he resolves to accept the chaperoning of his new friends at the store.

The following night they are all out together. Although his salary is not large he is quite flush with pocket money, which the old folks gave him after saving by for some time. He cannot be mean, and these friends are doing all this for his pleasure, and so he pays all the bills. At the door of places of enchantment his companions cannot find the change, and they accidentally fall behind just as the ticket office is approached, or they say they will make it all right, and will themselves pay the next time. Edward, accustomed to farm life or village life, is dazed and enchanted with the glitter of spectacular sin. Plain and blunt iniquity Edward would have immediately repulsed, but sin accompanied by bewitching orchestra; sin amid gilded pillars and gorgeous upholstery; sin arrayed in all the attractions that the powers of darkness in combination can arrange to magnetize a young man, is very different from sin in its loathsome and disgusting shape.

But after a few nights being very late out, he says: "I must stop. My purse won't stand this. My health won't stand this. My reputation won't stand this." Indeed, one of the business firm one night from his private box, in which he applauded a play, in which attitudes and phraseology occurred, which if taken or uttered in his own parlor would have caused him to shoot or stab the actor on the spot—from this high-priced box sees in a cheaper place the new clerk of his store, and is led to ask questions about his habits, and wonders how, on the salary the house pays him, he can do as he does. Edward, to recover his physical vigor and his finances, stopped a while and spent a few more evenings examining the chromo on the wall and counting the matches in the match box, or goes down into the boarding house parlor to hear the gossip about the other boarders or a discourse on the insufficiency of the table fare considering the price paid—the criticism severe in proportion as the fault-finder pays little or is resolved to leave uncreminiously and pay nothing at all.

"Confound it!" cried the young man, "I cannot stand this life any longer, and I must go out and see the world." The same young man and others of a new larger acquaintance are ready to escort him. There is never any lack of such guidance. If a man wants the whole round of sin, he can find plenty to take him, a whole regiment who know the way. But after awhile Edward's money is all gone. He has received his salary again and again, but it was spent before he got it, borrowing a little here and a little there. What shall he do now? Why, he has seen in his rounds of the gaming tables men who put down a dollar and took up a ten, put down a hundred and took up a thousand. Why not he? To reconstruct his finances he takes a hand and wins; is so pleased he takes another hand and wins; is in a frenzy of delight and takes another hand—and loses all.

When he first came to the city Edward was disposed to keep Sunday in quietness, reading a little, and going occasionally to hear a sermon. Now, Sunday is a day of carousal. He is so full of intoxicants by 11 o'clock in the day he staggers into one of the licensed rum holes of the city.

Some morning, Edward, his breath stenchful with rum, takes his place in the store. He is not fit to be there. He is listless, silly, or impertinent, or in some way incompetent, and a messenger comes to him and says: "The firm desires to see you in their private office."

The gentleman in the private office says: "Edward, we will not need you any more. We owe you a little money for services since we paid you last, and here it is."

"What is the matter?" says the young man. "I cannot understand this. Have I done anything?"

The reply is: "We do not wish any words with you. Our engagement with each other is ended."

"Out of employment." What does that mean to a good young man? It means opportunity to get another and perhaps a better place. It means opportunity for mental improvement and preparation for higher work. "Out of employment!" What does that mean to a dissipated young man? It means a lightning express train on a down grade on the Grand Trunk to Perdition. Al Borak was a winged horse on which Mahomet pretended to have ridden by night from Mecca to Jerusalem, and from Jerusalem to the seventh heaven, with such speed that each step was as far as the eye could reach. A young man out of employment through his dissipations is seated on an Al Borak, riding as fast in the opposite direction.

It is now only five years since Edward came to town. He used to write home once a week at the longest. He has not written home for three months. "What can be the matter?" say the old people at home. One Saturday morning the father puts on the best apparel of his wardrobe and goes to the city to find out.

"Oh, he has not been here for a long while," say the gentlemen of the firm. "Your son, I am sorry to say, is on the wrong track."

The old father goes hunting him from place to place, and comes sudden y upon him that night in a place of abandonment. The father says: "My son, come with me; your mother has sent me to bring you home. I hear you are out of money and good clothes, and you know as long as we live you can have a home. Come right away," he says, putting his hand on the young man's shoulder.

In angry tone Edward replies, "Take your hands off me! You mind your own business! I will do as I please! Take your hands off of me or I will strike you down! You go your way and I will go mine."

That Saturday night, or rather Sunday morning—for it is by this time 2 o'clock in the morning—the father goes to the city home of his son Nicholas, and rings the bell, and rings again and again, and it seems as if no answer would be given; but after a while a window is hoisted and a voice cries, "Who's there?"

"It is me," says the old man.

"Why, father, is that you?"

In a minute the door is opened and the son says: "What in the world has brought you to the city at this hour of the night?"

"Oh! Edward has brought me here. I feared your mother would go stark crazy not hearing from him, and I find out that it is worse with him than I suspected."

"Yes," says Nicholas, "I had not the heart to write you anything about it. I have tried my best with him and all in vain. But it is after 2 o'clock," says Nicholas to his father, "and I will take you to a bed."

On a comfortable couch in that house the old father lies down coaxing sleep for a few hours, but no sleep comes. Whose house is it? That of his son Nicholas. The fact is that Nicholas soon after coming to the city became indispensable in the commercial establishment where he was placed. He knew, what few persons know, that while in all departments of business, and mechanism, and art there is a surplus of people of ordinary application and ordinary diligence, there is a great scarcity, and always has been a great scarcity, of people who excel. Plenty of people to do things poorly or tolerably well, but very few clerks, or business men, or mechanics who can do splendidly well. Appreciating this Nicholas had resolved to do so grandly that the business firm could not do without him. Always at his place a little after everybody had gone. As extremely polite to those who decline purchasing as to those who made large purchases. He drank no wine, for he saw it was the employment of multitudes, and when any one asked him to take something he said "No" with the peculiar intonation that meant no. His conversation was always as pure as if his sisters had been listening. He went to no place of amusement where he would be ashamed to die. He never bet or gambled, even at a church fair! When he was at the boarding house, after he had got all the artistic development he could possibly receive from the chromo on the wall, he began to study that which would help him to promotion—study penmanship, study biographies of successful men; or went forth in places of innocent amusement and to Young Men's Christian Associations, and was not ashamed to be found at a church prayer meeting. He rose from position to position, and from one salary to another salary.

Only five years in town, and yet he has rented his own house or suite of rooms, not very large, but large enough in its happiness to be a type of heaven. In the morning as the old father with handkerchief in hand comes crying down stairs to the table there are four persons, one to each side; the young man, and opposite to him the best blessing that a God of infinite goodness can bestow, namely, a good wife; and on another side the high chair filled with dimpled and rollicking glee that makes the grandfather opposite smile outside while he has a broken heart within.

Well, as I said, it was Sabbath, and Nicholas and his father, knowing that there is no place so appropriate for a troubled soul as the house of God, find their way to church. It is communion day, and what is the old man's surprise to see his son pass down the aisle with one of the silver chalices, showing him to be a church official.* The fact was that Nicholas from the start in city life honored God, and God had honored him. When the first wave of city temptation struck him he had felt the need of divine guidance and divine protection, and in prayer had sought a regenerated heart, and had obtained that mightiest of all armor, that mightiest of all protection, that mightiest of all re-enforcements, the multipotent and omnipotent grace of God, and you might as well throw a thistle down against Gibraltar, expecting to destroy it, as with all the combined temptations of earth and hell try to overthrow a young man who can truthfully say: "God is my refuge and strength."

Come, let us measure Nicholas around the head. As many inches of brain as any other intelligent man. Let us measure him around the heart. It is so large it takes in all the earth and all the heavens. Measure him around the purse. He has more resources than nine-tenths of those who on that Monday, Sept. 20, came in on any of the railroads, from north or south or east or west.

But that Sabbath afternoon, while in the back room Nicholas and his father are talking over an attempt at the reclamation of Edward, there is a ringing of the door bell, and a man with the uniform of a policeman stands there, and a man, with some embarrassment, and some halting, and in a round-about way, says that in a tight in some low haunt of the city Edward had been hurt. He says to Nicholas: "I heard that he was some relation of yours, and thought you ought to know it."

"Hurt? Is he badly hurt?"

"Yes, very badly hurt."

"Is the wound mortal?"

"Yes, it is mortal. To tell you the whole truth, sir," says the policeman, "although I can hardly bear to tell you, he is dead."

"Dead!" cries Nicholas. And by this time the whole family are in the hallway. The father says: "Just as I feared. It will kill his mother when she hears of it. Oh, my son, my son! Would to God I had died for thee. Oh, my son, my son!"

"Wash off the wounds," says Nicholas, "and bring him right here to my house, and let there be all respect and gentleness shown him. It is the best we can do for him."

Oh what obsequies! The next door neighbors hardly knew what was going on; but Nicholas and the father and mother knew. Out of the Christian and beautiful home of the one brother is carried the dissolute brother. No word of blame uttered. No harsh things said. On a bank of camellias is spelled out the word "brother." Had the prodigal been true and pure and noble in life and honorable in death he could not have been carried forth with more tenderness, or slept in a more beautiful casket, or been deposited in a more beautiful garden of the dead. Amid the loosened turf the brothers who left the country for city life five years before now part forever. The last scene of the fifth act of an awful tragedy of human life is ended.

What made the difference between these two young men? Religion. The one depended on himself, the other depended on God. They started from the same home, had the same opportunities of education, arrived in the city on the same day, and if there was any difference, Edward had the advantage, for he was brighter and quicker, and all the neighbors prophesied greater success for him than for Nicholas. But behold and wonder at the tremendous secret. Voices come up out of this audience and say: "Did you know these brothers?" "Yes, I knew them well." "Did you know their parents?" "Yes, intimately." "What was the city, what the street, what the last names of these young men? You have excited our curiosity; now tell us all."

I will. Nothing in these characters is fictitious except the names. They are in every city, and in every street of every city, and in every country. Not two of them, but ten thousand. Aye, aye! Right before me to-day, and on either side of me, and above me, they sit and stand, the invulnerable through religious defense and the blasted of city allurements. Those who shall have longevity in beautiful homes, and others who shall have early graves of infamy. And I am here to-day in the name of Almighty God to give you the choice of the two characters, the two histories, the two experiences, the two destinies, the two worlds, the two eternities.

Standing with you at the forks of the road, something makes me think that if today I set before the people the termini of the two roads they will all of them take the right one. There are before me in this house and in the invisible audience back of this—for journalism has generously given me every week full opportunity to address the people in all the towns and cities of Christendom—I say, in the visible and invisible audience there are many who have not fully made up their minds which road to take. "Come with us!" cry all the voices of righteousness. "Come with us!" cry all the voices of sin.

Now, the trouble is that many make disgraceful surrender. As we all know, there is honorable and dignified surrender, as when a small host yields to superior numbers. It is no humiliation for a thousand men to yield to ten thousand. It is better than to keep on when there can be no result except that of massacre. But those who surrender to sin make a surrender when on their side they have enough reserve forces to rout all the armies of perdition, whether led on by what a demonographer calls Belial, or Beelzebub, or Apollyon, or Abaddon, or Ariel. The disgraceful thing about the surrender at Sedan was that the French handed over 419 field guns and mitrailleuses, 6,000 horses, and 83,000 armed men. And it is base for that man to surrender to sin when all the armaments of Almightiness would have wheeled to the front to fight his battle if he had waived the earnest signal. But, no! He surrendered body, mind, soul, reputation, home, pedigree, time, and eternity, while yet all the prayers of his Christian ancestors were on his side and all the proffered aid—supernal, cherubic, seraphic, angelic, deific.

We have talked so much the last few weeks about the abdication of Alexander of Bulgaria, but what a paltry throne was that from which the unhappy king descended compared with the abdication of that young man, or middle aged man, or old man, who quits the throne of his opportunity and turns his back upon a heavenly throne, and tramps off into ignominy and everlasting exile. That is an abdication enough to shake a universe. In Persia they will not have a blind man on the throne, and when a reigning monarch is jealous of some ambitious relative he has his eyes extinguished, so that he cannot possibly ever come to crowning. And that suggests the difference between the way sin and divine grace takes hold of a man. The former blinds him so he may never reach a throne, while the latter illumes the blind that he may take coronation.

Why this sermon? I made up my mind that our city life is destroying too many young men. There comes in every September and October a large influx of those between 16 and 24 years of age, and New York and Brooklyn damn at least a thousand of them every year. They are shoveled off and down with no more compunction than that with which a coal-heaver scoops the anthracite into a dark cellar. What with the wine cup, and the gambler's dice, and the scarlet enchantress, no young man, without the grace of God, is safe ten minutes.

There is much discussion about which is the worst city of the continent. Some say New York, some say New Orleans, some say Chicago, some say St. Louis. What I have to say is, you cannot make much comparison between the infinities, and in all our cities the temptation seems infinite. We keep a great many mills running day and night. No rice mills or cotton mills; not mills of corn or wheat, but mills for grinding up men. Such are all the grog shops, licensed and unlicensed; such are all the gambling saloons; such are all the houses of infamy; and we do the work according to law, and we turn out a new grist every hour, and grind up warm hearts and clear heads, and the earth about a cider mill is not more saturated with the beverage than the ground about all these mind-destroying institutions is saturated with the blood of victims. We say to Long Island neighborhoods and villages, "Send us more supply!" and to Westchester and Ulster and all the other counties of New York: "Send us more men and women to put under the wheels." Give us full chance and we could grind up in the municipal mill 500 a day. We have enough machinery; we have enough men who can run them. Give us more homes to crush! Give us more parental hearts to pulverize! Put into the hopper the wardrobes and the family Bibles and the livelihoods of wives and children. Give us more material for these mighty mills, which are wet with tears and sulphurous with woe, and trembling with the earthquakes of an incensed God, who will, unless our cities repent, cover us up as quick and as deep as in August of the year 79 Vesuvius avalanched Herculaneum.

Oh, man and woman, ponder the path of thy feet! See which way you are going. Will you have the destiny of Edward or Nicholas? On this sacramental day, when the burnished chalices stand in the presence of the people, start from the foot of the cross for usefulness and heaven. Plutarch tells us that after Cæsar was slain and his twenty-three wounds had been displayed to the people, arousing an uncontrollable excitement, and the body of the dead conqueror, according to ancient custom, had been put upon the funeral pile, and the flames arose, people rushed up, took from the blazing mass torches, with which they ran through the city crying the glory of the assassinated ruler and the shame of his assassinators. On this sacramental day, when the five bleeding wounds of Christ your King are shown to you, and the fires of His earthly suffering blaze before your imagination, each one of you take a torch and start heavenward—a torch with light for yourself and light for others; for the race that starts at the cross ends at the throne. While the twenty-three wounds of Cæsar wrought nothing but the consternation of the people, from the five wounds of our Conqueror there flows a transforming power to make all the uncounted millions who will accept it forever happy and forever free.

*The Greek word for deacon means "servant," and the deacons are the servants of the church in the distribution of the sacrament. The word is used in the Bible in the sense of "servant" in the 12th verse of the 2d chapter of John, where it is said that the servants knew where the water was made wine. The deacons are the servants of the church in the distribution of the sacrament, and in the 19th century they are called officers of the church. In the 3d century they were called servants of the church. In the 1st century they were called servants of the church. In