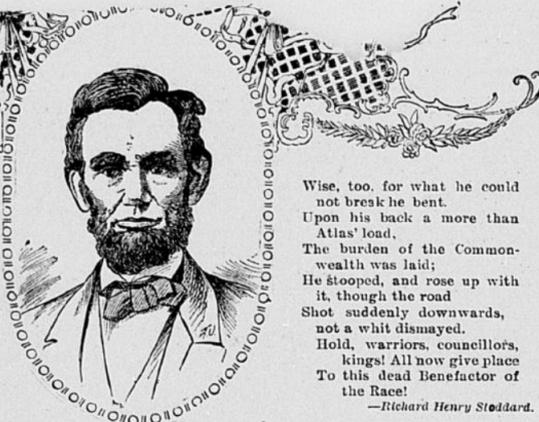


This man whose homely face you look upon, Was one of Nature's masterful, great men; Born with strong arms, that fought victories won, of speech, and cunning with the pen, Chosen for large designs, he had the art Of winning with his humor, and he went Straight to his mark, which was the human heart;



Wise, too, for what he could not break he bent. Upon his back a more than Atlas' load, The burden of the Commonwealth was laid; He stooped, and rose up with it, though the road Shot suddenly downwards, not a wince dismayed. Hold, warriors, councillors, kings! All now give place To this dead Benefactor of the Race! —Richard Henry Stoddard.

LINES ON LINCOLN.

on this east and know the hand that bore a nation in its hold, this mute witness understand it. Lincoln was—how large of mold. man who sped the woodman's team, deepest sunk the plowman's share, shed the laden raft astray, te before him unaware. is the hand that knew to swing ax—since thus would Freedom gain. and made the forest ring, drove the wedge and tolled vain. d, that loftier office took, us leader's will obeyed, us sought his word and steadfast might the gathering eyed. ler's toying with the sword, steel's laid across the lute; piled to the Lord the kings of earth were a. . . . . er than this voiceless cast if such a one as he, ough its living semblance ad it that bade a race be free. —E. C. Stedman.



century, which shows through the lowlands of Eastern England, was known as the Lincoln. The town which the Romans built on the bank of the stream received the name of Lindum. When the made themselves masters d hill that overlooks and changed the name in the course of years it me of a family, possibly families bearing the and Lincoln coun-

the such family had Hingham, and that Sam- was an infant on that when s, in December, 1620, es- government of the people in We also know that there older brother, Thomas; but it is tain that we shall ever learn about their parents. It seems le that they were obliged to hard to obtain a living for them- ives and children. We may conclude at their home was a cottage, tatch- 1 with straw. We may think of the rothers as playing in the streets, or ing in to the green fields and gather- g daisies, listening to the larks and whistlings. They could look across meadows and see the tall spire of wlich Cathedral, and in the bush- 1 stillness hear the great bell send- 4rth its music.

Quite likely they heard their parents that King James had died, and that son, Charles I, was king. Then the was about troublesome times. The maintained that he was ordained to rule the Nation and that it e duty of the people to obey. hop preached that the king op wrong. Charles wanted and levied taxes without consult- ing parliament. The Puritans who would not pay, together with those who would not accept the ritual prepared by the bishop, were arrested so many times that the fall and the Guildhall in Norwich were filled. When the officers undertook to collect the tax in Lincoln the people pelted them with stones. The Puritans all over England were resisting the demands of the king. Possibly it was the desire of Charles to get rid of them that led him to grant a charter for a government of their own in America. The persecution of the bishop and the arbitrary acts of the king made life so bitter that thousands of Puritans were re- ave England forever.

Many of the people in counties had others ships we

for lack of wool, did not do much weaving in the town of Ipswich, where his master settled.

The only sheep in Massachusetts were a few which were pastured on the islands in Boston harbor, where the wolves could not get at them.

When the apprentice became of age he joined his brother Thomas in Hingham. He had learned a trade; it is not certain that he followed it, but probably he became a farmer. A maiden named Martha became his wife; her parental name is not known. Their children were Samuel, Daniel, Mordecai, Mary, Martha, Sarah and Rebecca.

Startling news came that the Indians were murdering the settlers of Swanzy. It was the beginning of the war with the Pequots, under their chief, Philip, Samuel, the oldest son, seized his father's gun and powder horn and became a soldier. A year passed, in which more than six hundred of the settlers were killed; but the chief was dead, and his head was hanging on a gibbet in Plymouth. The captured Indians were sold as slaves to the Spaniards.

Mordecai Lincoln, the white, was blowing the bellows and making the anvil ring in a blacksmith's shop. When he became of age he set up his own forge in Hull. Perhaps Sarah Jones may have influenced him in settling there, for she soon became his wife.

The year 1686 was a memorable one to the blacksmith, for a son was born to him—Mordecai, Junior. Just before his birth the frigate Rose sailed into Boston harbor, bringing Sir Edmund Andros, who had been appointed governor of Massachusetts, Plymouth, Rhode Island and Connecticut. He had brought over two companies of troops to aid him in upsetting the government of the people. It seems that Mordecai Lincoln could look from his shop door and see the frigate running out its guns and firing a salute, and the cannon of the castle replying. He had determined to overthrow Puritan commonwealth. The people were no longer to assemble in town meeting or make their own laws. We may be sure that the farmers who came to have their horses shod or their ploughshares sharpened, or fishermen who wanted work done, expressed their minds freely upon public affairs, and that the blacksmith had something to say while making the anvil ring by his sturdy blows. Three years passed, and Sir Edmund Andros saw the streets of Boston suddenly swarming with armed men, who came from Cambridge, Roxbury, Hingham, Hull and other towns, put an end to his government and re-establish their own.

Blacksmith Lincoln thought the time had come when the people of Massachusetts should no longer be dependent on England for iron. There was an abundant supply of ore in the bogs and meadows of Scituate and Hingham. Through his efforts a furnace was constructed and the ore dug from a bog and smelted. It was the beginning of an industry which lasted many years. His enterprise went further. He built a mill on Bound Brook, where the water tumbled over the rocks to the sea. The brook at the falls was the boundary between the colonies of Plymouth and Massachusetts. It was of great service for a large section of the country in both colonies.

Mordecai Lincoln helped build the Hingham meeting-house. The elders decided just what seats people should occupy, and they assigned an honorable seat to him in the front gallery.

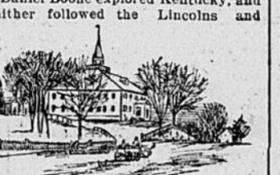
He wanted his grandchildren to be well educated, and in his will be-



NORWICH CATHEDRAL. (Where the Ancestors of Lincoln Worshipped.)

athed £10 to aid them in Harvard lege. We do not know in what the blacksmith's eldest son, Morai, Junior, married, neither is the maiden name of his wife to be found on any record. We only know that after the birth of a son the husband became a widower. Although Massachusetts was sparsely settled, people were emigrating from the province. Mordecai Lincoln, with his son John, made his way to Freehold, Monmouth County, N. J. The

citizens of that county regarded him as worthy of their esteem. Hannah Salter, daughter of Richard and Sarah Bowne Salter, gave him her hand in marriage. Mr. Salter was a lawyer, judge and member of the Provincial assembly. Hannah's uncle, Captain John, Bower, was rich. He remembered Hannah Salter Lincoln in his will, giving her £250. Her husband was so greatly esteemed that in title-deeds he was styled "gentleman." He was thrifty, and purchased several hundred acres of land. He wanted more, and visited the valley of the Schuylkill, in Pennsylvania to see for himself whether or not the lands there were as fertile and beautiful as reported. He was so well pleased that he resolved to become a citizen of Pennsylvania, and remove to Amity township. It seems conclusive that John did not go with his father, but remained in Freehold, and married there. It was on the Schuylkill that the Lincolns, Hanks and Boone families became associated. When Mordecai Lincoln died he left George Boone, father of the more celebrated Daniel Boone, to look after his will. The lands were equally divided between the sons, Mordecai, Jr., Thomas, John and Abraham. John and Thomas Lincoln later went to Virginia. The Boones moved to Wilkesborough, N. C. The Hanks family also moved farther west. This was about 1748. France had just driven England out of Canada and the American colonies were beginning to feel unrest.



THE AMERICAN MEETING HOUSE. (Where the American Ancestors of Lincoln Worshipped.)

Hankes. Abraham, son of Mordecai Lincoln, married Mary Shipley before pushing into the wilderness of the territory. They had three children, Mordecai, Thomas and Josiah. Thomas Lincoln grew up and married Nancy Hanks. They settled in a log cabin at Elizabethtown. Here Sarah Lincoln was born to them. Later they moved to Rock Spring, where on February 12, 1809, he who was destined to become one of the grandest men of history was born—Abraham Lincoln.

Lincoln could be stern. During the War many pathetic scenes were witnessed in the White House. One day a woman came to Lincoln and asked for a pardon for her son. He had been court-martialed for carrying percussion caps, camphor and such articles across the Potomac to the rebels, and sentenced to be shot. Among other papers presented by his mother was a letter. The president commenced reading it aloud. A gentleman seated by my side said to me that was his usual method; he would read a paper in such cases aloud. He read the first page, and then turned to the signature, and said, "Why, this is from Mr. —." "Yes," was the response. A man standing by said, "That can't be so, for he is dead." Mr. Lincoln laid the letter on his knee, and with a very slight flash of humor on his face said, "Well, suppose he is dead; wouldn't a letter from a dead man be worth more than one from a living one?" After listening very patiently to the plea of the mother and some friends, who had evidently brought her along to help them, he said to her: "Now, madam, I do not think you are treating me fairly. Your son has been tried by a sworn court, and convicted upon the testimony of sworn witnesses of giving aid and comfort to the rebels by furnishing them with percussion caps and other things, which they must have and can't make, and has been found guilty; and now you ask me to set that verdict aside without any evidence at all, but just as a matter of humanity and kindness to you. I do not think that fair, and while I would do so to gratify you I suspect if I should do so it would not be two weeks before he would be doing the same thing again, and I am not at all sure but that is just what you would like to have him do."

Aliens in France. France is still much troubled over the strangers within its gates. It is now found that Paris is not a city of Parisians, or even of Frenchmen. Only 36 per cent of the inhabitants were born within its walls, and 75 in every 1,000 was born outside of France—a total of 181,000 aliens. Of these latter no fewer than 26,823 are Germans, while in Berlin there are only 397 Frenchmen. While Paris has 75 foreigners to the 1,000, London has only 22, St. Petersburg, 24, Vienna 22, and Berlin 11.

ext: "Go Home to Thy Father and Tell Them How Great Things the Lord Hath Done for Thee—From Book of Mark, Chapter 5, Verse 19.



HERE are a great many people longing for some grand sphere in which to serve God. They admire Luther at the Diet of Worms, and only wish that they had some such great opportunity in which to display their Christian prowess. They admire Paul making Felix tremble and they only wish they had some such grand occasion in which to preach righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. All they want is an opportunity to exhibit their Christian heroism. Now the apostle comes to us and he practically says: "I will show you a place where you can exhibit all that is grand and beautiful and glorious in Christian character, and that is the domestic circle."

If one is not faithful in an insignificant sphere he will not be faithful in a resounding sphere. If Peter will not help the cripple at the gate of the Temple, he will never be able to preach three thousand souls into the kingdom at the Pentecost. If Paul will not take pains to instruct in the way of salvation the sheriff of the Philippian dungeon, he will never make Felix tremble. He who is not faithful in a skirmish would not be faithful in an Armageddon. The fact is, we are all placed in just the position in which we can most grandly serve God, and we ought not to be chiefly thoughtful about some sphere of usefulness which we may after awhile gain, but the all-absorbing question with you and with me ought to be: "Lord, what wilt thou have me (now and here) to do?"

There is one word in my text around which the most of our thoughts will to-day revolve. The word is HOME. Ask ten different men the meaning of that word and they will give you ten different definitions. To one it means love at the hearth, it means plenty at the table, industry at the workstand, intelligence at the books, devotion at the altar. To him it means a greeting at the door and a smile at the chair. Peace hovering like wings. Joy clapping its hands with laughter. Life a tranquil lake. Pillowed on the ripples sleep the shadows. Ask another man what home is, and he will tell you it is want, looking out of a cheerless fire-grate and kneading hunger in an empty bread-tray. The damp air shivering with curses. No Bible on the shelf. Children, robbers and murderers in embryo. Vile songs their lullaby. Every face a picture of ruin. Want in the background and sin staring from the front. No Sabbath wave rolling over that dooryill. Vestibule of the pit. Shadow of infernal walls. Furnace for forging everlasting chains. Faggots for an unending funeral pile. Awful word! It is spelled with curses, it weeds with ruin, it chokes with woe, it sweats with the death-agony of despair.

The word "Home" in the one case means everything bright. The word "Home" in the other case means everything terrific.

I shall speak to you of home as a test of character, home as a refuge, home as a political safeguard, home as a school, and home as a type of heaven.

And in the first place I remark that home is a powerful test of character. The disposition in public may be in gay costume, while in private it is in dishabille. As play-actors may appear in one way on the stage and may appear in another way behind the scenes, so private character may be very different from public character. Private character is often public character turned wrong side out. A man may receive you into his parlor as though he were a distillation of smiles, and yet his heart may be a swamp of nettles. There are business men who all day long are mild and courteous and genial and good-natured in commercial life, keeping back their irritability and their petulance and their discontent; but at nightfall the dam breaks, and scolding pours forth in floods and freshets.

Reputation is only the shadow of character, and a very small house sometimes will cast a very long shadow. The lips may seem to drop myrrh and cassia, and the disposition to be as bright and warm as a sheaf of sunbeams, and yet they may only be a magnificent show window to a wretched stock of goods.

There is many a man who is affable in public life and amid commercial spheres, who, in a cordially way, takes his anger and his petulance home and drops them in the domestic circle. The reason men do not display their bad temper in public is because they do not want to be knocked down. There are men who hide their petulance and their irritability just for the same reason that they do not let their notes go to protest; it does not pay. Or for the same reason that they do not want a man in their stock company to sell his stock at less than the right price, lest it depreciate the value. As at sunset the wind rises, so after a sunny day there may be a tempestuous night. There are people who in public act the philanthropist, who at home act the Nero, with respect to their slippers and their gown.

Audubon, the great ornithologist, with gun and pencil, went through the forests of America to bring down and to sketch the beautiful birds, and after years of toil and exposure completed his manuscript and put it in a trunk in Philadelphia for a few days of recreation and rest, and came back and found that the rats had utterly destroyed the manuscript; but without any discomposure and without any fret or bad temper, he again picked up his gun and pencil and visited again all the great forests of America and reproduced his immortal work. And yet there are people with the ten-thousandth part of that loss who are utterly irreconcilable, who, at the loss of a pencil or an article of raiment, will bend as long and sharp as a northeast storm.

Now, that man who is affable in pub-

lic life and in all that country there is not a single grave. How glad parents are in holiday time to gather their children home again! But I have noticed that almost always there is a son or daughter absent—a blot sent from home, perhaps absent from the country, perhaps absent from the world. Oh, how glad our heavenly Father will be when He gets all His children home with Him in heaven! Add how delightful it will be for brothers and sisters to meet after long separation! Once they parted at the door of the tomb; now they meet at the door of immortality. Once they saw only "through a glass, darkly"; now it is "face to face," corruption, incontinence; mortality, immortality. Where are now all their sins and sorrows and troubles? Overwhelmed in the Red Sea of death while they passed through dryshod.

Gates of pearl, capstones of amethyst, thrones of dominion do not stir my soul so much as the thought of home. Once there, let earthly sorrows howl like storms and roll like seas. Home! Let thrones rot and empires wither. Home! Let the world die in an earthquake struggle and be buried amid procession of planets and dirge of spheres. Home! Let everlasting ages roll in irresistible sweep. Home! No sorrow, no crying, no tears. No death. But home, sweet home; home, beautiful home, everlasting home, home with each other, home with angels, home with God.

One night, lying on my lounge, when very tired, my children all around about me in full romp and hilarity and laughter—on the lounge, half awake and half asleep, I dreamed this dream: I was in a far country. It was not Persia, although more than Oriental luxuriance crowned the cities. It was not the tropics, although more than tropical fruitfulness filled the gardens. It was not Italy, although more than Italian softness filled the air. I wandered around looking for thorns and nettles, but I found that none of them grew there, and I saw the sun rise, and I watched to see it set, but it sank not. And I saw the people in holiday attire, and I said: "When will they put off this and put on workmen's garb and again delve in the mine or sweater at the forge?" But they never put off their holiday attire. And I wandered in the suburbs of the city to find the place where the dead sleep, and I looked all along the line of the beautiful hills, the place where the dead might most blissfully sleep, and I saw towers and castles, but not a moleculon or a monument or a white slab could I see. And I went into the chapel of the great town and I said: "Where do the poor worship and where are the hard benches on which they sit?" And the answer was made me: "We have no poor in this country." And then I wandered out to find the hovels of the destitute, and I found mansions of amber and ivory and gold, but not a tear could I see, not a sigh could I hear, and I was bewildered and I sat down under the branches of a great tree and I said: "Where am I? And whence comes all this scene?" And then out from among the leaves, and up the flowery paths, and across the bright streams there came a beautiful group, thronging all about me, and as I saw them come I thought I knew their step, and as they shouted I thought I knew their voices; but then they were so gloriously arrayed in apparel, such as I had never before witnessed, that I bowed as stranger to stranger. But when they again clasped their hands and shouted, "Welcome, welcome!" the mystery all vanished, and I found that time had gone and eternity had come, and we were all together again in our new home in heaven. And I looked around and I said: "Are we all here?" and the voices of many generations responded, "All here!" And while tears of gladness were raining down our cheeks, and the branches of the Lebanon cedars were clapping their hands, and the towers of the great city were chiming their welcome, we all together began to leap and shout and sing: "Home, home, home!"

There is the place where we may talk of what we have done without being charged with self-adulation. There is the place where we may lounge without being thought ungraceful. There is the place where we may express affection without being thought silly. There is the place where we may forget our annoyances and exasperations and troubles. Forlorn earth-pilgrim! no home? Then die. That is better. The grave is brighter and grander and more glorious than this world with no tent from marchings, with no harbor from the storm, with no place to rest from this scene of greed and gouge and loss and gain. God pity the man or woman who has no home!

Get you no hint of cheerfulness from grasshopper's leap and lamb's frisk, and quail's whistle, and garrulous streamlet, which, from the rock at the mountain-top clear down to the meadow ferns under the shadow of the steep, comes looking for the steepest place to leap off at, and talking just to hear itself talk? If all the skies hurled with tempest, and everlasting storm wandered over the sea, and every mountain stream went raving mad, frothing at the mouth with mad foam, and there were nothing but simoons blowing among the hills, and there were neither lark's carol nor hummingbird's trill, nor waterfall's dash; only bear's bark, and panther's scream, and wolf's howl, then you might well gather into your homes only the shadows. But when God has strewn the earth, and the heavens with beauty and with gladness, let us take unto our home circles all innocent hilarity, all brightness, and all good cheer. A dark home makes bad girls, in preparation for bad men and bad women.

Above all, my friends, take into your homes Christian principle. Can it be that in any of the comfortable homes of my congregation the voice of prayer is never lifted? What! No supplication at night for protection? What! No thanksgiving in the morning for care? How, my brother, my sister, will you answer God in the day of judgment with reference to your children? It is a plain question, and therefore I ask it. In the tenth chapter of Jeremiah God says he will pour out his fury upon the families that call not upon His name. O, parents, when you are dead and gone, and the moss is covering the inscription of the tombstone, will your children look back and think of father and mother at family prayer? Will they take the old family Bible and open it and see the mark of tears of contrition and tears of consoling promise, wept by eyes long before gone out into darkness? Oh, if you do not inculcate Christian principles in the hearts of your children, and do not warn them against evil, and do not invite them to holiness and to God, and they wander off into dissipation and into infidelity, and at last make shipwreck of their immortal souls, on their deathbed and in the day of judgment they will curse you! Seated by the register or the stove, what if on the wall should come out the history of your children? What a history—the mortal and the immortal life of your loved ones! Every parent is writing the history of his child. He is writing it, composing it into a song or tuning it into a groan.

Again, I remark that home is a type of heaven. To bring us to that home Christ left his home. Far up and far back in the history of heaven there came a period when its most illustrious citizen was about to absent himself. He was not going to sail from beach to beach; we have often done that. He was not going to put out from one hemisphere to another hemisphere; many of us have done that. But he was to sail from world to world, the spaces unexplored and immensities untraveled. No world had ever hailed heaven, and heaven had never hailed any other world. I think that the windows and the balconies are thronged; and that the pearly beach was crowded with those who had come to see him sail out of the harbor of light into the oceans beyond. Out and out and out, and on and on, and down and down and down he sped, until one night, with only one to greet him, he arrived. His disembarkation so unpretending, so quiet that it was not known on earth until the excitement in the cloud gave intimation that something grand and glorious had happened. Who comes there? From what port did He sail? Why was this the place of His destination? I question the shepherds. I question the camel drivers. I question the angels. I have found out. He was an exile. But the world has had plenty of exiles. Abraham, an exile from the Chaldees; John, an exile from Ephesus; Kosciusko, an exile from Poland; Mazzini, an exile from Rome; Emmet, an exile from Ireland; Victor Hugo, an exile from France; Kossuth, an exile from Hungary. But this one of whom I speak today had such resounding farewell and came into such cheering reception—for not even an angel went out with his lantern to illumine—that He is more to be cele-

brate the door of that mansion, and in all that country there is not a single grave. How glad parents are in holiday time to gather their children home again! But I have noticed that almost always there is a son or daughter absent—a blot sent from home, perhaps absent from the country, perhaps absent from the world. Oh, how glad our heavenly Father will be when He gets all His children home with Him in heaven! Add how delightful it will be for brothers and sisters to meet after long separation! Once they parted at the door of the tomb; now they meet at the door of immortality. Once they saw only "through a glass, darkly"; now it is "face to face," corruption, incontinence; mortality, immortality. Where are now all their sins and sorrows and troubles? Overwhelmed in the Red Sea of death while they passed through dryshod.

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Get you no hint of cheerfulness from grasshopper's leap and lamb's frisk, and quail's whistle, and garrulous streamlet, which, from the rock at the mountain-top clear down to the meadow ferns under the shadow of the steep, comes looking for the steepest place to leap off at, and talking just to hear itself talk? If all the skies hurled with tempest, and everlasting storm wandered over the sea, and every mountain stream went raving mad, frothing at the mouth with mad foam, and there were nothing but simoons blowing among the hills, and there were neither lark's carol nor hummingbird's trill, nor waterfall's dash; only bear's bark, and panther's scream, and wolf's howl, then you might well gather into your homes only the shadows. But when God has strewn the earth, and the heavens with beauty and with gladness, let us take unto our home circles all innocent hilarity, all brightness, and all good cheer. A dark home makes bad girls, in preparation for bad men and bad women.

Above all, my friends, take into your homes Christian principle. Can it be that in any of the comfortable homes of my congregation the voice of prayer is never lifted? What! No supplication at night for protection? What! No thanksgiving in the morning for care? How, my brother, my sister, will you answer God in the day of judgment with reference to your children? It is a plain question, and therefore I ask it. In the tenth chapter of Jeremiah God says he will pour out his fury upon the families that call not upon His name. O, parents, when you are dead and gone, and the moss is covering the inscription of the tombstone, will your children look back and think of father and mother at family prayer? Will they take the old family Bible and open it and see the mark of tears of contrition and tears of consoling promise, wept by eyes long before gone out into darkness? Oh, if you do not inculcate Christian principles in the hearts of your children, and do not warn them against evil, and do not invite them to holiness and to God, and they wander off into dissipation and into infidelity, and at last make shipwreck of their immortal souls, on their deathbed and in the day of judgment they will curse you! Seated by the register or the stove, what if on the wall should come out the history of your children? What a history—the mortal and the immortal life of your loved ones! Every parent is writing the history of his child. He is writing it, composing it into a song or tuning it into a groan.

Again, I remark that home is a type of heaven. To bring us to that home Christ left his home. Far up and far back in the history of heaven there came a period when its most illustrious citizen was about to absent himself. He was not going to sail from beach to beach; we have often done that. He was not going to put out from one hemisphere to another hemisphere; many of us have done that. But he was to sail from world to world, the spaces unexplored and immensities untraveled. No world had ever hailed heaven, and heaven had never hailed any other world. I think that the windows and the balconies are thronged; and that the pearly beach was crowded with those who had come to see him sail out of the harbor of light into the oceans beyond. Out and out and out, and on and on, and down and down and down he sped, until one night, with only one to greet him, he arrived. His disembarkation so unpretending, so quiet that it was not known on earth until the excitement in the cloud gave intimation that something grand and glorious had happened. Who comes there? From what port did He sail? Why was this the place of His destination? I question the shepherds. I question the camel drivers. I question the angels. I have found out. He was an exile. But the world has had plenty of exiles. Abraham, an exile from the Chaldees; John, an exile from Ephesus; Kosciusko, an exile from Poland; Mazzini, an exile from Rome; Emmet, an exile from Ireland; Victor Hugo, an exile from France; Kossuth, an exile from Hungary. But this one of whom I speak today had such resounding farewell and came into such cheering reception—for not even an angel went out with his lantern to illumine—that He is more to be cele-

brate the door of that mansion, and in all that country there is not a single grave. How glad parents are in holiday time to gather their children home again! But I have noticed that almost always there is a son or daughter absent—a blot sent from home, perhaps absent from the country, perhaps absent from the world. Oh, how glad our heavenly Father will be when He gets all His children home with Him in heaven! Add how delightful it will be for brothers and sisters to meet after long separation! Once they parted at the door of the tomb; now they meet at the door of immortality. Once they saw only "through a glass, darkly"; now it is "face to face," corruption, incontinence; mortality, immortality. Where are now all their sins and sorrows and troubles? Overwhelmed in the Red Sea of death while they passed through dryshod.

Gates of pearl, capstones of amethyst, thrones of dominion do not stir my soul so much as the thought of home. Once there, let earthly sorrows howl like storms and roll like seas. Home! Let thrones rot and empires wither. Home! Let the world die in an earthquake struggle and be buried amid procession of planets and dirge of spheres. Home! Let everlasting ages roll in irresistible sweep. Home! No sorrow, no crying, no tears. No death. But home, sweet home; home, beautiful home, everlasting home, home with each other, home with angels, home with God.

One night, lying on my lounge, when very tired, my children all around about me in full romp and hilarity and laughter—on the lounge, half awake and half asleep, I dreamed this dream: I was in a far country. It was not Persia, although more than Oriental luxuriance crowned the cities. It was not the tropics, although more than tropical fruitfulness filled the gardens. It was not Italy, although more than Italian softness filled the air. I wandered around looking for thorns and nettles, but I found that none of them grew there, and I saw the sun rise, and I watched to see it set, but it sank not. And I saw the people in holiday attire, and I said: "When will they put off this and put on workmen's garb and again delve in the mine or sweater at the forge?" But they never put off their holiday attire. And I wandered in the suburbs of the city to find the place where the dead sleep, and I looked all along the line of the beautiful hills, the place where the dead might most blissfully sleep, and I saw towers and castles, but not a moleculon or a monument or a white slab could I see. And I went into the chapel of the great town and I said: "Where do the poor worship and where are the hard benches on which they sit?" And the answer was made me: "We have no poor in this country." And then I wandered out to find the hovels of the destitute, and I found mansions of amber and ivory and gold, but not a tear could I see, not a sigh could I hear, and I was bewildered and I sat down under the branches of a great tree and I said: "Where am I? And whence comes all this scene?" And then out from among the leaves, and up the flowery paths, and across the bright streams there came a beautiful group, thronging all about me, and as I saw them come I thought I knew their step, and as they shouted I thought I knew their voices; but then they were so gloriously arrayed in apparel, such as I had never before witnessed, that I bowed as stranger to stranger. But when they again clasped their hands and shouted, "Welcome, welcome!" the mystery all vanished, and I found that time had gone and eternity had come, and we were all together again in our new home in heaven. And I looked around and I said: "Are we all here?" and the voices of many generations responded, "All here!" And while tears of gladness were raining down our cheeks, and the branches of the Lebanon cedars were clapping their hands, and the towers of the great city were chiming their welcome, we all together began to leap and shout and sing: "Home, home, home!"

There is the place where we may talk of what we have done without being charged with self-adulation. There is the place where we may lounge without being thought ungraceful. There is the place where we may express affection without being thought silly. There is the place where we may forget our annoyances and exasperations and troubles. Forlorn earth-pilgrim! no home? Then die. That is better. The grave is brighter and grander and more glorious than this world with no tent from marchings, with no harbor from the storm, with no place to rest from this scene of greed and gouge and loss and gain. God pity the man or woman who has no home!

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