WALLS ABOUT ZION

BISHOP FOWLER'S ELOQUENT SERMON ON THE DEFENSES OF THE CITY.

CHURCH MILITANT USEFUL.

HE DISPARAGES THE CRITICISMS OF THE MILITARY IDEAS OF THE CHURCH.

BULWARKS OF CHRISTIANITY.

In Figurative Language the Methodist Prelate Eloquently Pictures the Celestial City.

Bishop Fowler preached yesterday morning at the First Methodist church of this city from Psalm xlii, 12: "Walk about Zion, and go round about her; tell the towers thereof." He said: "The figure of the text brings before me a walled city in a turbulent time, a city that has been constructed for the defense of the citizens, in a country overrun by marauders and freebooters and invaded by hostile armies. It is an easy step to the application of this figure to our spiritual conditions. There are people—I have seen some emanations from them in the public press—who criticize anything like the use of military terms in the organization of the young people into Epworth bands and leagues for marching and organizing after that fashion, saying that it is all carnal and all of the devil and that this is a time of peace and that we are to preach the gospel of peace. I don't wish to criticize them any farther than to say that, as I see it, they are a good deal wiser than that which is written. If you want to knew whether there is any current in the stream you swim against it and not with it and you will find it. Start out for righteousness in a square, manly way, and you will find that the matter of going to heaven is not all goody-goody, but you have got to receive as well as to give blows. And when I come back, in my last analysis of the question of our strifes, I am compelled to that conviction that I have very little faith in any path leading to heaven that is not thickly planted with crosses. So we have in the text a figure of strife and war against a kingdom of righteousness, a revolting of the human race against God, a rebellion in which self is set up in the place of the Almighty, and we have, in the spirit and tenor of the book, that chart by which we are to navigate the sea of our probation, suggestions about Christ as the captain of our salvation, and we are told to put on the whole armor of oGd and to endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ; and without further defense or apology I wish to put out before you this morning the defenses, somewhat, of our Zion.

"We have in this country no walled cities. We have the remnant of a gate in one city yonder on the St. Lawrence the authorities have patched up from time to time to retain the shadow of the old wall when once it was a walled city; but in the bosom of heathenism you can hardly travel at all without coming against the walled cities, they are everywhere. They have the high wall about the city and a moat outside the wall, usually deep and filled with water, that embarrassses the approach of the enemy in the old

METHODS OF ATTACK.

"They have also the draw-bridge, that makes it possible for friends to come in and for themselves to go out at will, which they pull out of the way.

"I want to show you the moat that is made abou our Zion, to begin with, and I will make it out of our bodies. I mean this physical body. Marvelous structure! Let me say before touching it more, that the purpose of this part of the argument is to show that the emphasis placed upon our bodies has been so great that any intelligent man has a right to expect more, so much pains has been taken with this body that we have a right to expect more attention to that which is in the body. It is a marvelous body, the finest mechanism found in animal life. More mysterious marvels in your single hand than in all the machinery invented by all the Yankees, and all the Parsees and all the Jews, and all put together, for all the ages, or that they ever will invent. The body itself is a wonderful machine, erect, solid, firm, poised, jointed, pliable, supple, corded by thongs girded round here and there by other cords, kept in handsome shape, padded by muscles, covered over with cuticle, laced about with nerves—marvelous body. The passages inside the hard iron walls, where some of the great resources of nerve-power are stored, passagewaysfor the currents of life outside this framework, carried up in safe quarters free from possible peril; channels cut through by the joints where there are enlargements so that they may not be accidentally cut open or opened; solid shell to hold this brain—the worse dynamite that was ever cased anywhere in the universe—a great stout trunk, ribbed about to hold these vitals that they may keep on that marvelous pumping and not interfered with; the best known machine in all animal life.

More than that, mark you, not only the best known, but the best possible machine. They tell us that the first type of life was in the fish, the next type in the bird, the next type in the quadruped, and the last in man. Now mark the development of the body and you will see that what I have said is true—the best possible body. Take the lines that mark the growth. The spinal of the fish lies parallel with the earth's surface and that type of life is in the water, and that is the best for the weakest sort of life to continue its existence. If one of these ladies is going to skeletonize the plant she will do it in the water because it wont hold together in the air, and then when it is skeletonized she will carefully lift it out and dry it and it will stiffen up again so it will hold itself in the air. It is a little like carrying incipient human life on a pillow—a little baby, you know how carefully you have to carry it. A father taking up his first born, you know there is a sort of a dread lest the little thing's head should tumble off or something happen to it of that sort. But this is the type of life of the smallest and weakest which lives in the water whose spinal column is parallel to the earth's surface. Notice that the line of the face in the fish is identical with the line of the back; that the back brain of the fish is large and the front brain little. Now step up to the bird. He has his spinal column making an acute angle with the surface of the earth. It is not flat down, it is up a little, a little advanced. The brain is out yonder on the loose swaying neck and unsteady and the line of the face makes an obtuse angle with the line of the back. The back brain of the bird is much larger than the front brain, but relatively the front brain is larger than in the fish—a little advance. Next take the quadruped, his spinal column is pushed back, again, parallel with the earth's surface, but it is above it, independent of it, and stands on four solid columns; the line of the face makes a right angle with the line of the back, the front brain larger than in the bird, but still much smaller than the back brain of the bird—still an advance. Next comes man, the spinal column is perpendicular to the earth's surface, and that is

AS FAR AS IT CAN GO,

because if it goes any further it will go back toward where it was in the first place. Not only the best, but the best possible. The line of the face is swung around from the back until it is now in line with the breast—the best and the best possible, for if it goes further it will go back toward where it was in the first place. The back brain large, but the front brain larger. It looks as if we could not go further, for without the back brain we lose the force that drives the machinery and we lose the power that perpetuates our kind. So it means to me we are safe in the conclusion and inside the facts when we say that this body is the best possible body in the whole range of human thought.

Now then, the conclusion I think is fair that God has put so much emphasis upon this body of ours that I have a right to stand here on my two feet on this open platform and confidently expect that he will do more for me; more than that, I think I have a logical right to stand on ground where I can impeach the administration of it does not do more for me.

I saw over in Germany a clock so made and wound up—they said to run a thousand years with one wind. I didn't see anybody that had seen it run down. But it had been running half a century, and it told off all the changes of the moon and the changeable feasts of the church and the leap years, and put in the extra time for every century and took out the surplus for every 400 years—marvelous machine. It felt a little like taking off my hat to the "old" thing, but when I saw how it was only a machine I said to myself: "I will take off my hat to the man that made it—if I can find him." What would you say to the man that made that clock if after he had made it so perfect that it could run this thousand years with one winding, if it made one single solitary kick, he knocked it to pieces. You would say he ought to be sent to the insane asylum for safe-keeping. So it seems to me, that after the almost infinite emphasis has been placed by the supreme powers of the universe upon this body of mine, if there is not to be something to come out of it worthy of such work and emphasis, then what shall be done?

This trench has taken a little longer to dig out than I intended, but if you sit quiet and I don't jump around much and get hot, we will go

ON TO THE DRAW-BRIDGE.

And I will make the draw-bridge out of our intellectual faculties, I mean this in which we are distinguished from the animals. Some people tell me that animals can reason. I don't know but what some of them are in sympathy with reason, they do some things that look like the shadow of real reason. They tell us in the old text-books about an old elephant that had a film growing over his eyes; they threw him down and chained him, and the physician came and cauterized his eyes, which improved the sight a little, and he came back and cauterized them again. The elephant could see a little after the first operation, and a little better after the second, and when the doctor came the third time, the elephant laid himself down and held still without any chain, and received the operation. I have seen a good many human people that would not do as well as that under treatment. A horse that goes through a bridge and hurts himself, a year afterward will shy at that bridge and don't want to go over it. Yet I have seen men that would drop into a deadfall or a saloon and damage themselves badly, who didn't know enough not to drop into it again the next day or the next week. I am not wholly persuaded that these animals haven't some incipient reason, but I am satisfied that they have not that particular department of reason that distinguishes us as men. I will make it very short, but I don't know any small Saxon words that I can fit into the place. I do not like big words, they are usually the tombs of small ideas and of not much use. We have in our makeup something that is known as original intuitive concepts, that is, ideas that come up out of the structure of the mind itself, not from any of the senses; we do not taste them or smell them or see them or feel them, or come in contact with them in any way through our senses, but we have them. They are not many

The idea of time, the idea of space, no man ever smelt or tasted or heard or felt either of these. The idea of right and wrong, the idea of power, the idea of cause and effect, these no man ever touched by his senses, but they spring up in the mind on occasion. You see your little brother, perhaps, skipping about on the floor, wabbling his head, hardly able to sit up, get hold of a ball, roll it and hit another ball, and then he sits and watches it and runs his tongue out into the side of his mouth and wiggles his clumsy fingers and thumbs and after a little he makes a plunge for the ball again. He is going to try it over again. He has gotten the idea of cause and effect. He thinks if he hits that ball against that other ball again it will make it roll as it did before. He has the idea of power and has it just as perfectly as he will have it after a million experiments. These are our ideas, they distinguish us, they are the abstract, intuitive elements of the pure reason, and in this we are peculiar. It is a short list, but it is a valuable one. That little check of Jay Gould's, that carried on its surface ten millions of dollars, was a short check, but it had a big fortune. This is a short list but it lifts us into citizenship with Almighty God and makes us heirs of the eternal ages and subjects of the moral government. This is the draw-bridge and if we hold it up I think it will be difficult for the enemy to get over it.

TOWER OF DEFENSE.

Over on this corner I put a tower for the defense of the walls around these two flanks of the city. You may call it, if you please, "Some Revelation." I don't say this book, but some revelation. Here I am, on a plane of time, in an experiment of life, feeling my way to better things. I come from somewhere. I am going somewhere, I want to know where I am going and what manner of land it is and in what strange orbit my being will be finally in motion and along what strange orbit my being will be finally in motion and along what strange shores these feet of mine will wander forever and ever. I want to know something about it. I do find that He has put into the little brain of the bee such a compass that he will make his way straight back to his home for miles. But if you will move that hive twenty inches he will miss the entrance and starve to death; he will come back for miles to the old spot, but he cannot find the new. He has a strange compass. Who gave it to him? Won't He guide me? Am I not worth as much as the bee? You have seen it—so have I—going above us in the autumn and in the spring time, hunting for everlasting spring and abounding harvest, the flocks, drag-shaped, above the cities and towns and forests and rivers and lakes, sweeping on and on, croaking and singing as they go. I have wondered who was talking to them and who was guiding them. Am I not worth as much as a wild goose? Won't He guide me? Haven't I a right to expect it? He puts into the little head of the squirrel such a sort of construction that he knows when winter is coming, and in the abundance of the autumn he will gather in a store for the coming winter. But you take that squirrel to the sunny South where the winter does not come and he never puts up any store. Who tells him about it? Queer, how does he know? Am I not worth as much as a squirrel? Have I not a right to expect that He will do somewhat for me and help me out in the mysteries of the problems of my being? Now, I think this tower will guard this corner and it will be difficult to take it from the outside or from the in.

Over on this side I will put another tower. You may call it, if you please, this Book. I will not put it down as the book of God, simply as a book. Come and feel of it if you doubt; put your clumsy hand upon it and know that it is a book. But whence came it, and what is it for, and what nature of book is it? I will take just some of the things it touches. Not its greatest spiritual revelations, not its prophesies and miracles and its great internal and everlasting argument, but simply a book. Do you want poetry? I will agree that out of this single book I will discount all the books out of all the languages in all the races throughout all centuries known among men forever, a hundred to one, on any of the great lines it touches. So if you want poetry you need not go away yonder to the blind old bard who sang of paradise lost and regained; but if you come into this book, into these identical Psalms, and listen to the singer of Israel, in the beauty of the conception, in the purity of the thought, in the breadth of the view, in the system that takes hold upon the great idea of God beyond all measure, tested by every measurement of greatness in the composition, this poetry of the old singer will discount beyond all measure any other poetry known among men. Do you want history? I turn back into these pages here. I can give you an edition which you can put in your vest pocket and yet unfold from that little pocket edition the history of forty centuries, mingled wiht biography and social development and with touches of social life and home interests and a great variety that makes valuable history, all there. Do you want logic? Go with me into these epistles of that brown-haired, hooken-nosed Jew of Tarsus, and with his logic I will tie Aristotle, hand and foot. Do you want imagery? You need not go to Ossian, or anywhere else, outside of these figures of Isaiah. Marvelous book! Do you want oratory? You need not go to Demosthenes with his pebbles in his mouth by the side of the sea, nor yet to "old Black Dan," of Massachusetts, that still greater orator, but if you will turn back to these pages of Genesis and read the simple story of one of Jacob's sons pleading before this unrecognized brother for his father you will find touches of eloquence and power of oratory that are not a parallel with any man's. Marvelous book! But whence came it? How came I by it, where did I pick it up? Why, down yonder at the foot of the Meditteranean, in the care of a bigoted and most oxlike of all the history-making peoples, who had never touched the great lines of power or of culture; knew nothing about the cultivation and genius of grace and nothing about the power and commerce of the people of Rome except to feel their heels; down thre I found this book. And this tower will hold this corner

AGAINST ALL COMERS.

Over yonder on the corner I will put another tower. You may remember it, if you please, as the Unity of the Book. It is a little difficult to tell you exactly what I mean by unity. You can't weigh it in your scales, you can't digest it in your stomachs. It is a little more subtle and yet all the more powerful. To make unity in a composition you need certain steady and fixed and advantageous conditions in the producer. But if I mean beginning at the beginning of something, going on through the argument, spreading out to right and left as you come to the principal points in the case, not going too far on them, pushing on to the end, and when you come to the end, stop. That is the hard thing to do—to stop—the hardest thing anybody does. Now to have that perfect symmetry and proper end, there is something in that that holds what I call unity, and for it I say you need harmonious conditions; you need to be at the top of each condition, uninterrupted, same surroundings, same environment, then work on at your best. Undertake to make a sermon, and that I think will illustrate most any mental operation. You are working away at your sermon the best you know how. You are in your study, the door is locked, you are writing ahead at the top of your speed, the head is hot, the feet are cold, you are pushing on sorry you can't write faster; the room is full of light and everything you ever saw or knew comes out and looks at you and wants to be used by way of illustration or argument or emphasis and you are going ahead hardly conscious that you are going. And there comes a rap on the door, and a voice that you have long ago learned to obey says, "Husband, Bro. Jones is out here and wants to speak to you!" You shrug your shoulders and think something you would not repeat and put your paper weight down upon the manuscript and papers, to hold everything perfectly steady, get up, unlock the door, step out, speak to Bro. Jones, talk to him fifteen minutes, come back, shut the door. It is all dark, the light has gone, everything has fled, nothing within reach, and you wish Bro. Jones had staid at home. You lock the door, sit down, not going to be interrupted any more; it won't do, because you unlock it again when that rap comes. But it is some comfort to feel that you are shut in. And then you read over your little outline, just to kindle your thoughts again and get some little idea of the track you were on, and then you take up your manuscript as far as you have written, and read it over aloud and in that way get up a little motion to jump the bridge and go on. To change the figure, you have tied the thread that was broken, and that is enough. You take it up ten years afterwards and it slips through your fingers and you feel that knot and you say: "Bad luck to Bro. Jones!" Now that sets out a little what I mean by unity in the book.

Now, here is a book that begins with the creation of a being by another being, and he creates exactly such a being as the almighty and all-wise and infinitely loving God could be supposed to create; and this being, without experience, plunges into the experiment of sin, plunges on in his disadvantage, is followed, encouraged, held up, checked, admonished, given promises and instructions, by prophets and patriarchs and law-givers, and lines of service, age after age, unfolding, developing, maturing, giving to him the best possible outgrowth, by mouth and spiritual instruction, until you come to the Son of God, and the planting of the church, and the outpouring of the Holy Ghost, and the revelation of the church triumphant, and the opening of the endless ages, and the throne of judgment of Almighty God poised yonder, and the salvation of human destiny with heaven and the consequences of transgression beyond. Tell me, whence this unity? By one man, set down in his quiet study, with the heat at 72 and digestible food within reach and nobody to interrupt him, and at the top of his condition, and the inspiration of the greatest genius, guided on and on until he made this book and this plan? Yes, that is exactly what was done; but it was not the little man that held the pen that did it. It was written by more than forty different writers, scattered through 1,500 years of time, every writer under every possible condition of life, the king on his throne, the beggar by the wayside, the tramp, the wanderer, the lawyer, the judge, the doctor, the priest, men, women, children, prisoners, freemen, rulers, every kind, scattered through fifteen centuries, and yet this unity. You can't help but believe that up above all these minds was one great, sleepless, unresting mind, guiding all the pens and working out this marvelous book. Surely this tower will stand forever and forever.

I will put another tower over on this other corner. You may call it, if you please, the contents of the book. And I do not mean its miracles and its prophecies, but I mean some of the things that it touches and unfolds, up to which we have struggled in later years. Take one little item, some of the unfoldings of Genesis. I remember when I began the work of the ministry, back in the days when we had the first strifes about geology, and I thought if they had only left out those statements of Genesis about the order of creation, it would have been all right, that we could have floated the book on its moral power, and we could have defended Christianity against all comers, but by the putting in of those statements about geology we were brought into conflict with scholars in that great field of investigation and thought, and put at disadvantage, and I was sorry there was anything in the book about the order of creation. The short of it is, that I thought if God had only known as much as I did about it, it would have been a good, easy thing to have gotten along with it. That is exactly what it comes to. But I have learned "a more excellent way," and I think I can construct out of the elements of this very old objection and the very difficulties that confronted us a generation ago a raft on which I am perfectly willing to go to sea for eternity. Let me briefly put the two cases, and I will make it just as short as I can and get the idea. Science—

HOW SCIENCE GOES AT IT.

I mean by that, the teachings of the scholars on this subject, and I am very far from wanting to give the slightest left-handed stroke at science—it has as good a right to think as we have to breathe or to pray, and it is a part of our business, and God wants to save us, not to frighten us, and He wants us to think all we can, and He ain't afraid of our thinking. We have got a big farm that we are trying to keep; God told us to keep it, but we have gotten each other by the ears and we haven't kept it very well. We have let it grow up to thistles and thorns. There is a company out yonder stumping and pulling out snags and digging ditches and draining them so it will be arable and of value; they will not come near enough to the mansion to hear any of the music or come to the feast, and I am sorry. I wish they would come into the mansion and know how much the King has for them, but they are stumping the place, and when they have gotten the stumps pulled up, if we have got any kind of spirit we will out and scatter the good seed of the kingdom and raise a crop for the King; we will not club them off, let us not be afraid of them. Now, science tells us this, that in the beginning, the first thing in the order of making the universe, was diffused light; and that this cooled, under the laws now existing, and as it cooled it condensed; as it condensed it broke off into great masses; that those masses folded in and rolled together, under the law of gravitation, and got down into globes and spheres and condensed until by and by it was cooled down to vast stretches of mist, vast stretches of shoreless sea; and still later, cooling under the crust, as well as above, created vacuums, because it broke in; threw up the mountain ranges, threw up the continents; that the crust of this earth wrinkled as it shriveled—just like an orange which you put away in the bureau and left where the children would not get it and forgot it yourself, until dried up and shriveled, and as it shrinks it wrinkles; and this orange of the earth wrinkled and the wrinkles are mountain ranges. And then they had vegetable life in the sea and on the land, and then they had successive types of life, and last of all they had man. That is science. I rather think that is about it. And I think so because it coincides so nearly with what Moses said about it. Now let us run a parallel between the two and you will see whether they are about the same things or not. The Book says, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." Science doesn't say anything about that because it can't get back to the beginning. Science says, "Diffused light." Voltaire said, "What kind of a god have you got here, any way?" He took the old statement and ran on, "when God said, 'let there be light and there was light,' what kind of a god do you say you have got, to have light two or three whole days before there is any sun or moon to give the light?" and the scientists tried to read it some other way, but they couldn't do it; there it was, "light." And poor old Voltaire has been dead and lost a century, and

SCIENCE COMES OVER TO MOSES,

foot and dragoon, the whole business, and says, "First, diffused light and days afterward he appointed the sun and the moon to govern the day and the night." Then, friends, you had better stick to the book of God, even if you don't understand all its mysteries; when you have missed your track and squandered your probation, that people that come after you will find that the Book, after all, holds. Science tells us about this "vast stretch." The Book says: "It was without form and void." Science tells us of this vast outspreading of the "shoreless sea." The book says, "And the spirit of the Lord brooded upon the face of the deep." Science tells us that these masses broke off and folded together and finally formed into shape and there came to be an atmosphere about these masses. The Book tells us about the time when God separated between the waters which were above the firmament and the waters beneath the firmament. Science tells us that this earth shrank and it got its crust and then it shrank under the crust and wrinkled so the mountain ranges appeared and the continents were brought out. The Book says, "And the dry land appeared." Science gives us the succession of vegetable life in the water and on land and animal life in the water and on land. The Book follows the order. Science goes on to man and puts him forth as the great and triumphant production of nature. The Book says, "And God said let us make man in our likeness and image." Science says it has not found anything since man; the Book makes no reference to anything since man.

Now tell me, when for all ages, among all classes of men, everywhere, poets, thinkers, speculators, men who followed their imagination, all sorts of writers and thinkers, throughout all ages, not one of the ever ventured upon a detailed order of creation only this old man Moses, wandering yonder in the desert, with a band of contraband slaves at his heels, without colleges or universities or telescopes or accumulated observation, this old man Moses, the only man in all the ages, ventures upon an order of creation—who told him? Somebody that knew. God told him. And the eternal silence has been broken, God has come out to us. We are not worms, but we have His word and His Fatherly care and He is watching over us, walking with us by his resistless providence, step by step. Behind this tower and within it the troops of Israel can stand forever.

And over the gateway I find a tower at the right of the gate. You will call it what science calls it, if you please, "Altruism," or, what the Book calls it, "sacrifice," the giving of self for others. I look out on the races of mankind and I see a long and endless train of men coming out of all lands and out of all races, from the islands of the sea and from every continent, thronging into their great procession and marching on and on and on, beating on their breasts, wailing out after God, coming from their victims and sacrifices, offering the flocks of the field and the fruit of the orchard and vintage of the grape vine, offering everything within their reach, crying out, "Oh, that I knew where I could find Him!" And I say, "That is my race, I belong to that company, that is what I want." The vulture of my guilt is perched upon my own heart and with his red-hot beak he is beaking and beaking upon the core of my heart and I am crying out with the multitude, "Oh, that I could find Him!" And I wind my fingers into the locks of my first born and trample him beneath my feet, and as the warm blood spurts up into my face I cry out, "I will give the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul!" and in my distress hunting and crying after Him.

Yonder, just outside the city wall, on the knoll, I see one standing with his arms outstretched, aye, hanging as on a cross, and he cries to me, "Come unto me and I will receive you." "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." And in this, the supreme sacrifice, shadowed beneath me, harbored about me, revealed before me, I find the test and hope by which I can stand; and this tower the gate of the city shall not give way.

PLACE OF DEATH.

On the other side of the city gate is another tower—watch well that easiest place of access. It has on the front the skull and cross-bones. I know we do not like to look at it, for death is a monster. The shadow is before us, we shudder at it. He pursues us, we tremble in his presence, and the mother looks over into the cradle at her smiling, dreaming, helpless babe. That horrid thing, with no flesh on his bones and no eyes in his sockets, no brain in his skull and no heart under his ribs, crawls up and looks over into the cradle on the other side and he keeps even step with us all down the journey of life. Just outside the hedge we know he will spring upon us and we watch thinking perhaps at that corner or from behind that tree or beyond this stone he may leap upon us, and we hope by alertness to carry his blow and continue our journey. He is a monster. We are afraid of him—I am. If he should come up here after me, you would see me go out that door as quick as I could go.

And yet I have taken him by the neck an loked him in the eye and looked him out of countenance, and I know he will come back to the last strugle. I am not afraid of him and I will tell you why. I went once in my thought, with that little company of women, out through the Damascus gate, out to that little place called Galgotha, and I saw that little squad of German soldiers that came down from the castle of Antonio with that Simon from Africa bearing the cross on his shoulders dragging it up that little summit, and I saw him pitch down the cross on the rock, and the centurion beckon to the executioner and his men down there, and I saw him go and I heard the spikes rattle in his hand, and I saw him take hold of this unsandaled peasant from Galilee and seat him on the beam of that cross and then bend him over until his shoulders touched the cross-beam, and I saw him take his hand and put it down on the cross-beam, and as it went down I noticed that not a muscle stiffened, it went easily down, and something whispered in my ear, "He laid down his life for the sheep." "No man took his life from him." Then I saw the executioner put the spike in the palm of his hand, and I turned away for I could not see him drive. And then he put down the other hand and fastened that. Then I saw one of those stout Germans come up and take hold of the corner and tip it up on its edge and slip his arm under it and straighten it up and push it around on his shoulder and get it poised upon him and then slide it along on the ground until the foot went down into the chiseled rock, and I saw him as it struck the bottom settle on the spikes, and I turned away sick and went yonder with the women far off, to watch.

And I went with them out yonder and saw a great company, sixty stout Germans from that castle of Antonio, and they came around his sepulchre and there came the Roman authority and rolled this stone that stood on its edge right in front of the door of the sepulchre rolling it over until it filled the place and put in the wedge back of it and sealed it so it might not be taken out. And then I watched and they sat about there all that night. After a few hours there came down from the castle of Antonio sixty fresh Germans and they guarded these out and sat them down there. A while later sixty more came and guarded these out and in their freshness watched—they watched that stone and that dead man there, through all that next day and on into the second night till after midnight. And then as I watched I saw a gleam from the heavens, beams of light here and there, flashing, darting out of the sky, centering itself on that stone. And this stout German by my side, cowering behind his shield said, "See! see that stone! It seems to move! But, sir, I am not afraid to die. I saw that man on yonder cross and he looked into my eyes and it seemed as if my dying mother were looking into my very heart. Oh, sir, I am not afraid to die, but to watch this dead man here!" I have marched beneath the eagles from Pontus unto Gaul, I have faced death on a thousand fields, I am not afraid to die. Once upon the plains of Lydia, I slept beside the camp-fire and the tiger's teeth met in this forearm, but he instantly met his death, and then I laid me down with my head upon his side and slept as a babe in its mother's arms. I am not afraid to die! But, to watch this dead man here, oh, sir, if he would come out!" And my poor soul cried out, "Oh, if he should not come out!" The stone turned to life, rolled itself back, out of the way, and I heard on the steps of the sepulchre the footsteps of Almighty God, and He came forth with face like the sun and raiment like the light, and He wrote over the entrance to the sepulchre, "I am the resurrection and the life," and ever since I saw that, I have not been afraid to go into that grave. Dear friends, this power will defend this gate for ever and ever.

And over the great dome of the city that innumerable company may be seen, the company that have gone before, the loved and the departed, that we have slipped under the sod, yonder in the East and yonder in the West, that have twined their fingers about our heart-strings and sung their songs in our ears, that beckon to us in the twilight and call to us in the dawning of the day—this company yonder, in the city of our God we shall find them.

Brother, this Zion or ours will stand. Count her towers and trust her God!

July 10, 1896.

The attention of the public is called to the fact that the above date is the last day to deposit money in The Savings Bank of St. Paul to secure six months interest Jan. 1, '97. One dollar deposits received. 5th and Jackson streets.

LOCAL NOTICES.

101 East Fourth.

Adam Fetsch's New Cigar Store.

Primer No. 41.

Just issued by the "Soo" Line, giving full particulars to Rocky Mountain Tour. Only $50.00 to Banff and return, including all meals and double berth in sleeping car en route. Call at "Soo" Line Ticket Office, 398 Robert street (Ryan Hotel) and get a copy.

Fairy, Sea-Girt Isle,

Is what the Americans call Mackinac Island. The round-trip rate to this popular summer resort is only $12.50 via the Soo Line. Tickets on sale every Tuesday and Friday in July and August. 398 Robert street, Hotel Ryan, St. Paul.

The Teachers' Annual

Excursion this summer will be to Buffalo, N. Y., where the National Educational Association will hold its annual meeting July 7th to 11th. Chicago Great Western Railway (Maple Leaf Route) will sell on July 4th and 5th excursion tickets at greatly reduced rates, good returning until July 13th. Apply at ticket office, corner Robert and Fifth streets.

Homeseekers' Excursions.

The Northern Pacific railroad will on July 7 and 21, sell homeseekers' excursion tickets for one fare plus $2 for the round trip to points between Wadena, Minn., and Milnor, Pembina, Leeds, Jamestown, Oakes and Edgeley, N. D. Call at 162 East Third street, St. Paul.

Another Chance

For homeseekers to get to North Dakota and Minnesota cheap via the Northern Pacific. Only one fare plus $2 for the round trip. See notice elsewhere, and call at 162 East Third street, St. Paul.

The Great Glacier.

Of the Selkirks, a vast plateau of gleaming ice, extending as far as the eye can reach, to the left of which rises an acute pyramid of naked rock shooting up 8,000 feet—Mount Sir Donald; to the left, Grizzley, Cheops, Ross Peak, the Hermit Range; below in the valley, glacier-fed Illecillewaet glistening through the trees—form a panorama once seen, never forgotten. The great glacier has its foot a few hundred feet above the station, and extends one mile and a half. The glacier can be explored quite easily. To enable you to see this wonderful, awe-inspiring scene, the Soo Pacific Line has arranged from St. Paul and Minneapolis a $50.00 return rate, including a double berth in first-class sleeping car and all meals en route, leaving St. Paul at 9:05 a. m., Minneapolis, 9:35 a. m., every Tuesday in July and August. 398 Robert street, Hotel Ryan.

New Cigar Store.

See Adam Fetsch's New Cigar Store, 101 E. Fourth.

Y. P. S. C. E. CONVENTION, Washington, July 7-13.

"Big Four Route." One fare for the round trip. Best Line, via Chicago and Chesapeake & Ohio Railway.

Tickets on sale July 4, 5, 6 and 7, good returning until July 15th, with privilege of extension until July 31st.

Silver or Sound Money

Will be the issue at the National Democratic Convention at Chicago, July 7th. Chicago Great Western Railway (Maple Leaf Route) makes an open rate of one fare for the round trip. Tickets on sale July 4th, 5th and 6th, good returning until July 12th. Apply at ticket office, corner Robert and Fifth streets.

All Smokers

Go to Adam Fetsch's New Cigar Store.

THE BUCKINGHAM.

Corner Smith Avenue and Ninth Street.

Nice, bright, sunny, five, six and nine-room flats for rent. Building now complete, having just been refinished. We invite the public to call and inspect these flats. Popular prices. Apply at office in the building from 8 a. m. to 12 noon. George H. Hurd, Manager.

"Hiawatha."

Longfellow's great epic poem was written about one of the hundredths of pretty legends that cluster around Mackinac, to which the Soo Line, with its usual enterprise, are running an excursion every Tuesday and Friday during July and August at the low rate of $12.50 from St. Paul and Minneapolis. 398 Robert street, Hotel Ryan, St. Paul.

For Rent.

In the Albion, beautiful two-room suites, furnished; a fine six-room flat, furnished or unfurnished, for housekeeping or otherwise. Apply at office from 1 to 8 p. m. George H. Hurd, Manager.

Primer No. 43.

Just issued by the "Soo" Line about the "Fairy Isle MacKinac." Only $12.50 for return ticket, good for ten days. Tickets on sale every Tuesday and Friday during July and August. Leave on the Steamboat Express at 6:45 p. m. daily, arriving at Mackinac next morning. Call at "Soo" Line Ticket Office, 398 Robert street (Ryan hotel) and get copy.

Primer No. 42.

Just issued by the "Soo" Line, giving time and connections of "Lake Fleet" from Sault Ste. Marie. This is a cool, delightful trip for July. The Steamboat Express leaves at 6:45 p. m. daily, making close connections with steamers. You have choice of steamer from the "Soo." Call at "Soo" Line Ticket Office, 398 Robert street (Ryan hotel) and get a copy.

One Hundred and One East Fourth.

Adam Fetsch's New Cigar Store.

Rocky Mountain Tour.

During July and August the "Soo-Pacific" Line will have on sale round-trip ticket to Banff Hot Springs for $50.00, including double berth in first-class sleeper both ways, also all meals en route in dining car. It is expected that a large number will make this incomparable trip this season, and on this account have ararnged for through sleeping car service. Call for itinerary and full particulars at 398 Robert Street (Hotel Ryan.)

Lake Fleet.

You can take the Steamboat Express, "Soo" Line, at 6:45 p. m. daily, making close connections at Sault Ste. Marie for all points East. You have choice of any steamer. This is a quick trip to Buffalo, cool and delightful. Engage your accommodations at once. "Soo" Line Ticket Office, 398 Robert street (Ryan hotel).

DIED.

YOERG—In St. Paul, Minn., July 5, 1896, at family residence, No. 215 West Isabel street, Anthony Yoerg Sr., aged seventy-nine years. Funeral from residence Tuesday, the 7th inst., at 8:30 a. m. Services at St. Matthew's church, corner Hall avenue and Robie street, 9 o'clock a. m.

PARLOU—Nellie, eldest daughter of Sarah and the late George Parlou, Saturday, July 4, at residence, 342 East Eighth street. Boston and Irving, Mass., papers please copy. Funeral today at 2:30 p. m. from St. Paul's church. Friends invited.

WOMAN'S STRUGGLE.

All women work.

Some in the homes.

Some in church, and some in the whirl of society.

Many in the stores and shops, and tens of thousands are on the never-ceasing treadmill earning their daily food.

All are subject to the same physical laws; all suffer alike from the same physical disturbances; there is

serious derangement in the womb. Lydia E. Pinkham's "Vegetable Compound" is the unfailing cure for this trouble. It strengthens the proper muscles, and displacement with all its horrors will no more crush you.

Backache, dizziness, fainting, "bearing-down," disordered stomach, moodiness, dislike of friends and society—all symptoms of the one cause—will be quickly dispelled, and you will again be free.

RELIABLE PATTERNS.

Guaranteed to Fit if Proper Size is Given.

We have made an arrangement with one of the oldest and most reliable Paper Pattern houses in New York, which enables us to offer our readers standard and perfect-fitting patterns of the very latest and newest designs.

These patterns are retailed in stores at from 20 to 40 cents. We have made arrangements whereby we can offer them at the extremely low price of 10 cents.

A paper pattern of any size, of this illustration, may be obtained by sending your name and address, number and size of pattern desired, together with 10 cents for each pattern, to the Pattern Department of

THE GLOBE, St. Paul, Minnesota

PLEASE OBSERVE THE FOLLOWING MEASUREMENTS.

For Waists: Measure around fullest part of bust, close under arm; raise slightly in the back, draw moderately tight.

For Skirts: Measure around the waist, over the belt; draw moderately tight.

Printed directions accompany each pattern, showing how the garment is to be made.

When ordering patterns for children please also state age of child.

20632

LADIES' COSTUME—An extremely stylish gown of figured taffeta is here represented. The handsome bodice displays surplice fronts crossing from left to right and adorned with huge draped revers edged with full ruffles of grass linen embroidery. A jaunty vest of allover embroidery fills in the space between the revers. The back of the bodice is cut in one piece and moulded to the figure. It has its slight fullness confined by plaits at the waist line. The sleeves are the very latest style, being made with short puffs at the top and tight fitting from waist to elbow.

The handsome skirt is sure to hang perfectly. It possesses five gores and has its two back gores gathered. Almost all the fashionable materials are adopted to this design.

20633—Ladies' Basque Waist (with surplice front) requires for medium size 4¾ yards material 22 inches wide, 4 yards 30 inches wide or 2¾ yards 44 inches wide. Lining required, 1½ yards; lace represented, 4¾ yards. Cut in 5 sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.

20632—Ladies' Five-Gored Skirt (having its two back gores gathered) requires for medium size 7¾ yards material 22 inches wide, 5¾ yards 26 inches wide or 5 yards 44 inches wide. Lining required, 7 yards. Length of skirt in front, 41 inches; width around bottom, 5 yards. Cut in 6 sizes, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure.

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair,

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.

40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

The Oldest and Best Appointed Studio in the Northwest.

1850 C. A. Zimmerman 1893

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