track through the may have been a javelin; it may have been only a knife. But what Benaiah lacks in weapons he will make up in strength of arm and skill of stroke. But where is the lion. We must not get off his track in the snow. The land has many cisterns, or pits, for catching rain, the rainfall being very scarce at certain seasons, and hence these cisterns, or reservoirs, are digged here and there and yonder. Lions have an instinct which seems to tell them when they are pursued, and this dread monster of which I speak retreats into one of these cisterns which happened to be free of water and is there panting from the long run and licking its jaws after a repast of human flesh and after quaffing the red vintage of human blood.

alert and comes cautiously
ing place of this terror of
g to the verge of the pit, he
ne lion, and the lion looks
What a moment it was when
shed! But while a modern Du
lon Cumming or Sir Samuel
avid Livingstone would have
t the gun to the shoulder, and
eye against the barrel, and
way into the depths, and finished
st, Benaiah, with only the old
weapon, can do nothing until he
on a level with the beast,
so he jumps into the pit, and the lion,
shining teeth of rage and claws lifted to
to shreds the last vestige of human life,
ngs for the man, while Benaiah springs
he beast. But the quick stroke of the
edge flashed again and again and again
il the snow was no longer white and the
ght foot of triumphant Benaiah is half
covered with the tawny mane of the slain
horror of Palestine.

Now you see how emphatic and tragic nd tremendous are the words of my text, 'He went down and slew a lion in a pit in a snowy day." Why put that in the Bible? Why put it twice in the Bible, once in the book of Samuel and here in the book of Chronicles? Oh, the practical lessons are so many for you and for me! What a cheer in this subject for all those of you who are in conjunction of hostile circumstances. Three things were against Benaiah of my text in the moment of combat, the snow that impeded his movement, the pit that environed him in a small space, and the lion, with open jaws and uplifted paw. And yet I hear the shout of Benaiah's victory. Oh, men and women of three troubles, you say, "I could stand one, and I think I could stand two, but three are at least one too many."

There is a man in business perplexity and who has sickness in his family, and old age is coming on. Three troubles—a lion, a pit and snowy day. There is a good woman with failing health and a dissipated husband and
wayward boy—three troubles. There
young man, salary cut down, bad
frowning future—three troubles.
is a maiden with difficult school
s she cannot get, a face that is not
ractive as some of her schoolmates', a
ect that through hard times she must
school before she graduates—three trou-
There is an author, his manuscript re-
d, his power of origination in decadence,
mbness in forefinger and thumb, which
tens paralysis—three troubles. There
reporter of fine taste sent to report a
ism instead of an oratorio, the copy
ands in rejected because the paper
ull, a mother to support on small
me—three troubles. I could march
t off these seats and across this platform,
they would come at my call, 500 people
with three troubles. This is the opportunity
to play the hero or the heroine, not on a
small stage, with a few hundred people to
clap their approval, but with all the galleries
heaven filled with sympathetic and ap-
ing spectators, for we are "surrounded
y a great cloud of witnesses." My brother,
ny sister, my father, my mother, what a
chance you have! While you are in the
strug le, if you only have the grace of
listen, a voice parts the
z, "My grace is sufficient
om the Lord loveth He chast-
hall be more than conquerors."
ads me of a letter on my table
e one whom I suppose to be at
resent, saying, "My dear, dear
ill please pardon the writer for
t some time when you feel like
dly preach from the thirtieth
verse, 'Weeping may endure for
oy cometh in the morning,' and
a downtown business man."
downtown business men and to
business men I say: If you have
goods that you cannot sell and
who will not or cannot pay, and you
also suffering from uncertainty as to
at the imbecile American Congress will do
out the tariff, you have three troubles, and
ough to bring you within the range of the
solation of my text, where you find the
umph of Benaiah over a lion, and a pit
d a snowy day. If you have only one
uble I cannot spend any time with you
day. You must have at least three,
d then remember how many have tri-
phed over such a triad of misfortune.
ul had three troubles: Sanhedrin de-
ncing him—that was one great trouble;
al infirmity, which he called "a thorn
flesh," and although we know not what
orn was, we do know from the figure
ed that it must have been something
stuck him—that was the second trouble;
roaching martyrdom—that made the three
ubles. Yet hear what he says, "If I had
nly one misfortune, I could stand that, but
hree are two too many?" No. I misinterpret.
He says: "Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing.
Poor, yet making many rich. Having noth-
yet possessing all things." "Thanks be
God, who giveth us the victory through
our Lord Jesus Christ."

David had three troubles, a bad boy, a temptation to dissoluteness and dethronement. What does he say? "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble. Therefore will not we fear.

n a bank of
n the cold New England rock, and
a ship that might have been more appropriately called after a December hurricane than after a "Mayflower" they took possession of this great continent. And amid more chilly worldly circumstances many a good man or a good woman has taken possession of a whole continent of spiritual satisfaction, valleys of peace and rivers of gladness and mountains of joy. Christ landed in our world not in the month of May, but in the stormy month of December, to show that we might have Christ in winter weather and on a snowy day.

Notice everything down in the pit that snowy day depended upon Benaiah's weapon. There was as much strength in one muscle of that lion as in all the muscles of both arms of Benaiah. It is the strongest of beasts, and has been known to carry off an ox. Its tongue is so rough that it acts as a rasp tearing off the flesh in licks. The two great canines at each side of the mouth make escape impossible for anything it has once seized. Yet Benaiah puts his heel on the neck of this "king of beasts." Was it a javelin? Was it a dagger? Was it a knife? I cannot tell, but everything depended on it. But for that Benaiah's body under one crunch of the monster would have been left limp and tumbled in the snow. And when you and I go into the fight with temptation, if we have not the right kind of weapon, instead of our slaying the lion the lion will slay us. The sword of the Spirit! Nothing in earth or hell can stand before that. Victory with that, or no victory at all. By that I mean prayer to God, confidence in His rescuing power, saving grace, almighty deliverance. I do not care what you call it. I call it "sword of the Spirit." And if the lions of all the jungles of perdition should at once spring upon your soul by that weapon of heavenly metal you can thrust them back and cut them down, and stab them through and leave them powerless at your feet. Your good resolution wielded against the powers which assault you is a toy pistol against an Armstrong gun; is a penknife held out against the brandished sabers of a Heintzelman's cavalry charge. Go into the fight against sin on your own strength, and the result will be the hot breath of the lion in your blanched face, and his front paws one on each lung. Alas! for the man not fully armed down in the pit on a snowy day, and before him a lion!

All my hearers and readers have a big fight of some sort on hand, but the biggest and the wrathiest lion which you have to fight is what the Bible calls "the roaring lion who walketh about, seeking whom he may devour." Now, you have never seen a real lion unless you have seen him in India or Africa, just after capture. Long caging breaks his spirit, and the constant presence of human beings tames him. But you ought to see him spring against the iron bars in the zoological gardens of Calcutta and hear him roar for the prey. It makes one's blood curdle, and you shrink back, although you know there is no peril. Plenty of lions in olden time. Six hundred of them were slaughtered on one occasion in the presence of Pompey in the Roman amphitheater. Lions came out and destroyed the camels which carried the baggage of Xerxes' army. In Bible times there were so many lions that they are frequently alluded to in the Scriptures. Joel, the prophet, describes the "cheek teeth" of a great lion, and Isaiah mentions among the attractions of heaven that "no lion shall be there," and Amos speaks of a shepherd taking a lamb's ear out of the mouth of a lion, and Solomon describes the righteous as "bold as a lion," and Daniel was a great lion tamer, and David and Jeremiah and St John often speak of this creature.

But most am I impressed by what I have quoted from the Apostle Peter when he calls the devil a lion. That means strength. That means bloodthirstiness. That means cruelty. That means destruction. Some of you have felt the strength of his paw, and the sharpness of his tooth, and the horror of his rage. Yes, he is a savage devil. He roared at everything good when Lord Claverhouse assailed the Covenanters, and Bartholomew against the Huguenots one August night when the bell tolled for the butchery to begin, and the ghastly joke in the street was, "Blood letting is good in August," and 50,000 assassin knives were plunged into the victims, and this monster has had under his paw many of the grandest souls of all time, and fattened with the spoils of centuries he comes for you.

But I am glad to say to all of you who have got the worst in such a struggle that there is a lion on our side if you want him, Revelation v., 5, "The lion of Judah's tribe." A Lamb to us, but a lion to meet that other lion, and you can easily guess who will beat in that fight, and who will be beaten. When two opposing lions meet in a jungle in India, you cannot tell which will overcome and which will be overcome. They glare at each other for a moment, and then with full strength of muscle they dash against each other like two thunderbolts of colliding stormclouds, and with jaws like the crush of avalanches, and with a resounding voice that makes the Himalayas tremble, and with a pull and tear and clutch and trample and shaking of the head from side to side until it is too much for human endurance to witness, and, though one lion may be left dead, the one which has conquered crawls away lacerated and gashed and lame and eyeless to bleed to death in an adjoining jungle. But if you and I feel enough our weakness in this battle of temptation and ask for the divine help against that old lion of hell, described in St. Peter, will go to the stronger lion described in Revelation, and it will be no uncertain grapple, but under one omnipotent stroke the devouring monster that would slay our soul shall go reeling back into a pit 10,000 times deeper than that in which Benaiah slew the lion on a snowy day.

A word to all who are in a snowy day. Oh, fathers and mothers who have lost children, that is the weather that cuts through body and soul. But drive back the lion of bereavement w [illegible] the thought which David [illegible] got from the Scotch

never to
when the sea g
under most powerful
ship was seen limping this way over the waters. Then we all began to hope that it might be the missing French liner. Three hours of tedious and agonizing waiting and two continents in suspense. When will the eyeglasses at Fire Island make revelation of this awful mystery of the sea? There it is! Ha, ha! The Gascogne! Quick! Wire the news to the city! Swing the flags out on the towers! Ring the bells! Sound the whistles of the shipping all the way up from Sandy Hook to New York Battery! "She's safe! She's safe!" are the words caught up and passed on from street to street. "It is the Gascogne!" is the cry sounding through all our delighted homes and thrilling all the telegraphic wires of the continent and all the cables under the sea, and the huzza on the wharf as the gangplanks were swung out for disembarkation was a small part of the huzza that lifted both hemispheres into exultation. The flakes of snow fell on the "extra" as we opened it on the street to get the latest particulars.

Well, it will be better than that when some of you are seen entering the harbor of heaven. You have had a rough voyage. No mistake about that. Snowy day after snowy day. Again and again the machinery of health and courage broke down, and the waves of temptation have swept clear over the hurricane deck, so that you were often compelled to say, "All Thy waves and Thy billows have gone over me," and you were down in the trough of that sea and down in the trough of the other sea, and many despaired of your safe arrival. But the great Pilot, not one who must come off from some other craft, but the one who walked storm swept Galilee and now walks the wintry Atlantic, comes on board and heads you for the haven, when no sooner have you passed the narrows of death than you find all the banks lined with immortals celebrating your arrival, and while some break off palm branches from the banks and wave them those standing on one side will chant, "There shall be no more sea," and those standing on the other side will chant, "These are they which came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." Off of the stormy sea into the smooth harbor. Out of leonine struggle in the pit to guidance by the Lamb, who shall lead you to living fountains of water. Out of the snowy day of earthly severities into the gardens of everlasting flora and into orchards of eternal fruitage, the fall of their white blossoms the only snow in heaven.

Insanity in Connecticut.

The report of the Connecticut Hospital for the Insane just issued contains memoranda of the first quarter-century of the existence of the institution, from which can be deduced striking indications of the increase of insanity in the State. A report of a legislative commission in the year 1865 showed that in that year there were 706 insane persons in the State, of whom 202 were in a private retreat at Hartford, 204 in the almshouses and 309 outside of both. At that time the population of the State was approximately 493,800. Now, with a population in the State of approximately 790,000, there are 1580 patients in the State Hospital alone. During the last fifteen years, while the population of the State has risen from 622,700 to about 790,000, the number of patients in the hospital has risen from 608 to 1580, and it is now greatly overcrowded.

A Cherokee Strip Romance.

A novel "Cherokee Strip" romance was ended by the marriage the other day of Albert Jones and Miss Clara L. George, at Arkansas City, Kan. Both Mr. Jones and Miss George claimed the same piece of land and were prepared to fight for it until doomsday, when Jones fell ill. Miss George, womanlike, went over to his cabin to look him up and stayed to nurse him back to health. By this time they had decided to divide the claim between them, but it was not long before they solved the problem in a better way and resorted to matrimony instead of the land office.

The Oil Output.

Pennsylvania produced 30,000,000 barrels of oil last year, and the price was twenty cents a barrel better than it was in 1893.

—Professor Bailey of Missouri is said to have obtained more than 1,000 types of pumpkins by crossing the flowers of one kind with the pollen of another.

—Recent experiments at the great Krupp Gun Works, Escen, Germany prove that the discharge of large caliber cannons can be heard twice as far as the loudest thunder.

—A very faint comet has been d
covered in the constellation Aquar
by Professor Edward Swift, of
Lowe Observatory, Echo Mou
California.

—The hedgehog, badger
and some kinds of mice lay r
lar store of provisions for

—Platinum has been drawn
smooth wire so fine that it could
be distinguished by the naked
even when stretched across a
white cardboard.

—There were two total ecli
sun in the year 1712 and
This rare phenomenon wil
again until the yea

—Durable artificia
both neat and dress
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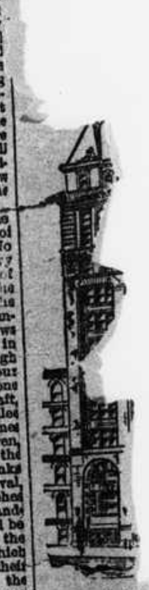

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AY, FEBRUARY 22, 1895.

AGE.

N DIVINE'S SUN-
Y SERMON.

Subject: "The Glorious Gospel."

TEXT: "According to the glorious gospel of the blessed God, which was committed to my trust."—I Timothy i., 11.

The greatest novelty of our time is the gospel. It is so old that it is new. As potters and artists are now attempting to fashion pitchers and cups and curious ware like those of 1900 years ago recently brought up from buried Pompeii, and such cups and pitchers and curious ware are universally admired, so anyone who can unshovel the real gospel from the mountains of stuff under which it has been buried will be able to present something that will attract the gaze and admiration and adoption of all the people. It is amazing what substitutes have been presented for what my text calls "the glorious gospel." There has been a hemispheric apostasy.

There are many people in this and all other large assemblages who have no more idea of what the gospel really is than they have of what is contained in the fourteenth chapter of Zend-Avesta, the Bible of the Hindoo, the first copy of which I ever saw I purchased in Calcutta last September. The old gospel is fifty feet under, and the work has been done by the shovels of those who have been trying to contrive the philosophy of religion. There is no philosophy about it. It is a plain matter of Bible statement and of childlike faith! Some of the theological seminaries have been hotbeds of infidelity because they have tried to teach the "philosophy of religion." By the time that many a young theological student gets half through his preparatory course he is so filled with doubts about plenary inspection, and the divinity of Christ, and the questions of eternal destiny, that he is more fit for the lowest bench in the infant class of a Sunday-school than to become a teacher and leader of the people. The ablest theological professor is a Christian mother, who out of her own experience can tell the four-year-old how beautiful Christ was on earth, and how beautiful He now is in heaven, and how dearly He loves little folks, and then she kneels down and puts one arm around the boy, and with her somewhat faded cheek against the roseate cheek of the little one consecrates him for time and eternity to Him who said, "Suffer them to come unto Me." What an awful work Paul made with the D. D.'s, and the LL.D.'s, and the F. R. S.'s, when he cleared the decks of the old gospel ship by saying, "Not many wise men, not many noble, are called, but God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty."

There sits the dear old theologian with his table piled up with all the great books on inspiration and exegesis and apologetics for the Almighty and writing out his own elab-
wn the philosophy of religion, and
child coming up to him for a
kiss he accidentally knocks off
t book from the table, and it falls
of the child, of whom Christ Him-
"Out of the mouths of babes and
thou hast perfected praise." Ah,
the Bible wants no apologetics.
throne of the last judgment wants no
logetics. Eternity wants no apologetics.
entists may tell us that natural light is
"propagation of undulations in an elastic
lium, and thus set in vibratory motion by
action of luminous bodies," but
one knows what gospel light is
l his own blind eyes by the touch
Divine Spirit have opened to
oonday of pardon and peace. Scien-
ay tell us that natural sound is "the
t of an impression made on the organs
earing by an impulse of the air, caused
a collision of bodies, or by other means,"
those only know what the gospel sound
who have heard the voice of Christ direct-
saying: "Thy sins are forgiven thee;
in peace." The theological dude unrolls
n the plush of the exquisitely carved pul-
a learned discourse showing that the
den of Eden was an allegory, and Solo-
's Song a rather indelicate love ditty,
the book of Job a drama in which satan
the star actor, and that Renan was three-
rters right about miracles of Jesus, and
t the Bible was gradually evoluted and
best thought of the different ages, Moses
d David and Paul doing the best they
ld under the circumstances, and therefore
be encouraged. Lord of heaven and
th, get us out of the London fog of higher
iticism!

The night is dark, and the way is rough,
we have a lantern which God has put in
hands, but instead of employing that
tern to show ourselves and others the
ht way we are discussing lanterns, their
ape, their size, their material, and which is
better light—kerosene, lamp oil or can-
—and while we discuss it we stand all
and the lantern, so that we shut out the
m the multitudes who are stumbling
dark mountains of sin and death.
hundred dead birds were found one
around Bartholdi's statue in New
arbor. They had dashed their life
the lighthouse the night before.
And the great lighthouse of
ow many high soaring thinkers
all their religious life out
while it was intended for only one
g, and that to show all Nations the way
the harbor of God's mercy and to the
alline wharves of the heavenly city,
e the immortals are waiting for new
als. Dead skylarks, when they might
been flying seraphs.
e also come, covering up the old gos-
ome who think they can by law and ex-
e of crimes save the world, and from
and, Me., across to San Francisco, and
again to New Orleans and Savannah,
of the ministers have gone into the de-
e business. Worldly reform by all
s, but unless it be also gospel reform
be dead failure. In New York its chief
has been to give us a change of bosses.
d a Democratic boss, and now it is to
Republican boss, but the quarrel is,
hall be the Republican? Politics will
he cities the same day that satan evan-
s perdition.
glorious gospel of the blessed God as
of in my text will have more drawing
and when that gospel gets full swing
have a momentum and a power
r than that of the Atlantic Ocean
der the force of the September equi-
trikes the Highlands of the Navesink.
aning of the word "gospel" is "good
and my text says it is glorious good
d we must tell it in our churches,
our dry goods counters, and in our
and over our threshing machines,
ind our plows, and on our ships'
d in our parlors, our nurseries and
as though it were glorious good news,
with a dismal drawl in our voice,
mal look on our faces, as though re-
as a rheumatic twinge, or a dyspep-
or a malarial chill, or an attack of
prostration. With nine "blesseds"
ys," Christ began His sermon on
nt—blessed the poor; blessed the
; blessed the meek; blessed the hun-
ssed the merciful; blessed the pure;
he peacemakers; blessed the perse-
lessed the reviled; blessed, blessed,
happy, happy, happy. Glorious
ws for the young as through Christ
y have their coming years ennobled,
lifetime all the angels of God their
rs, and all the armies of heaven
lies. Glorious good news for the
aged as through Christ they may
ir perplexities disentangled, and their
rallied, and their victory over all
and hindrances made forever sure.
good news for the aged as they may
sympathy of Him of whom St. John
is head and His hairs were white
as white as snow," and the de-
e everlasting arms. Glorious good
he dying as they may have minis-
rits to escort them, and opening
ceive them, and a sweep of eternal
ncircle them, and the welcome of a
to embosom them.
xt is right when it speaks of the
spel. It is an invitation from the
t Being that ever trod the earth
the heavens, to you and me so
e made happy, and then take af-
oyal castle for everlasting resi-
ngels of God our cup bearers.
aid for all of this on the cliff of
bout as high as this house, about
tes' walk from the wall of Jerusa-
with an agony that with one
own the rocks, and with the other
ght blackness over the heavens,
us forever free. Making no
y one of the million sins of our
sing all of them, we can point
mstone and say, "There was

paid our indebtedness, and God never collects a bill twice." Glad am I that all the Christian poets have exerted their pen in extolling the matchless one of this gospel. Isaac Watts, how do you feel concerning Him? And he writes, "I am not ashamed to own my Lord." Newton, what do you think of this gospel? And he writes, "Amazing grace, how sweet the sound!" Cowper, what do you think of Him? And the answer comes, "There is a fountain filled with blood." Charles Wesley, what do you think of Him? And he answers, "Jesus, lover of my soul." Horatius Bonar, what do you think of Him? And he responds, "I lay my sins on Jesus." Ray Palmer, what do you think of Him? And he writes, "My faith looks up to Thee." Fannie Crosby, what do you think of Him? And she writes, "Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine." But I take higher testimony: Solomon, what do you think of Him? And the answer is, "Lily of the valley." Ezekiel, what do you think of Him? And the answer is, "Plant of renown." David, what do you think of Him? And the answer is, "My shepherd." St. John, what do you think of Him? And the answer is, "Bright and morning star." St. Paul, what do you think of Him? And the answer comes, "Christ is all in all." Do you think as well of Him, O man, O woman of the blood bought immortal spirit? Yes, Paul was right when he styled it "the glorious gospel."

And then as a druggist, while you are waiting for him to make up the doctor's prescription, puts into a bottle so many grains of this, and so many grains of that, and so many drops of this, and so many drops of that, and the intermixture taken, though sour or bitter, restores to health. So Christ, the Divine Physician, prepares this trouble of our lifetime, and that disappointment, and this persecution, and that hardship, and that tear, and we must take the intermixture, yet though it be a bitter draft. Under the divine prescription it administers to our restoration and spiritual health, "all things working together for God." Glorious gospel!

And then the royal castle into which we step out of this life without so much as soiling our foot with the upturned earth of the grave. "They shall reign forever." Does not that mean that you are, if saved, to be kings and queens, and do not kings and queens have castles? But the one that you are offered was for thirty-three years an abandoned castle, though now gloriously inhabited. There is an abandoned royal castle at Amber, India. One hundred and seventy years ago a king moved out of it never to return. But the castle still stands in indescribable grandeur, and you go through brazen doorway after brazen doorway, and carved room after carved room, and under embellished ceiling after embellished ceiling, and through halls precious stoned into wider halls precious stoned, and on that hill are pavilions deeply dyed and tasseled and arched, the fire of colored gardens cooled by the snow of white architecture; birds in the arabesque so natural to life that while you cannot hear their voices you imagine you see the flutter of their wings while you are passing; walls pictured with triumphal procession; rooms that were called "Alcove of Light" and "Hall of Victory;" marble, white and black, like a mixture of morn and night; alabaster, and mother of pearl, and lacquer work.

Standing before it the eye climbs from step to latticed balcony, and from latticed balcony to oriel, and from oriel to arch, and from arch to roof, and then descends on ladder of all colors, and by stairs of perfect lines to tropical gardens of pomegranate and pineapple. Seven stories of resplendent architecture! But the royal castle provided for you, if you will only take it on the prescribed terms, is grander than all that; and, though an abandoned castle while Christ was here, achieving your redemption, is again occupied by the "chief among ten thousand," and some of your own kindred who have gone up and waiting for you are leaning from the balcony. The windows of that castle look off on the King's gardens where immortals walk linked in eternal friendship, and the banqueting hall of that castle has princes and princesses at the table, and the wine is "the new wine of the kingdom," and the supper is the marriage supper of the Lamb, and there are fountains into which no tear ever fell, and there is music that trembles with no grief, and the light that falls upon that scene is never beclouded, and there is the kiss of those reunited after long separation. More nerve will we have there than now, or we would swoon away under the raptures. Stronger vision will we have there than now, or our eyesight would be blinded by the brilliance. Stronger ear will we have there than now, or under the roll of that minstrelsy, and the clapping of that acclamation, and the boom of that halleluiah we ould be defeated.

Glorious gospel! You thought religion was a straitjacket; that it put you on the limits; that thereafter you must go cowed down. No, no, no! It is to be castellated. By the cleansing power of the shed blood of Golgotha set your faces toward the shining pinnacles. Oh, it does not matter much what becomes of us here—for at the longest our stay is short—if we can only land there. You see there are so many I do want to meet there. Joshua, my favorite prophet, and John among the evangelists, and Paul among the apostles, and Wyclif among the martyrs, and Bourdaloue among the preachers, and Dante among the poets, and Havelock among the heroes, and our loved ones whom we have so much missed since they left us so many darlings of the heart, their absence sometimes almost unbearable, and, mentioned in this sentence last of all because I want the thought climacteric, our blessed Lord, without whom we could never reach the old castle at all. He took our place. He purchased our ransom. He wept our woes. He suffered our stripes. He died our death. He assured our resurrection. Blessed be His glorious name forever! Surging to His ear be all the anthems! Facing Him be all the thrones!

Oh, I want to see it, and I will see it—the day of His coronation. On a throne already. Methinks the day will come when in some great hall of eternity all the Nations of earth whom He had conquered by His grace will assemble again to crown Him. Wide and high and immense and upholstered as with the sunrise and sunsets of 1000 years, great audience room of heaven. Like the leaves of an Adirondack forest the ransomed multitudes, and Christ standing on a high place surrounded by worshipers and subjects. They shall come out of the farthest past led on by the prophets; they shall come out of the early gospel days led on by the apostles; they shall come out of the centuries still ahead of us led on by champions of the truth, heroes and heroines yet to be born.

And then from that vastest audience ever assembled in all the universe there will go up the shout: "Crown Him! Crown Him! Crown Him!" and the Father who long ago promised this His only begotten Son, "I will give Thee the heathen for Thine inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for Thy possession," shall set the crown upon the forehead yet scarred with crucifixion bramble, and all the hosts of heaven, down on the levels and up in the galleries, will drop on their knees, crying: "Hail, King of earth! King of heaven! King of saints! King of seraphs! Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and to Thy dominions there shall be no end! Amen and amen! Amen and amen!"

Big Lumber Combine.

The lumber manufacturers of the East and North and the forest owners of the same sections met in Boston, Mass., and organized the Northeastern Lumbermen's Association.

Those present represented over $75,000,000 invested in forest lands, saw-mills, wood-working manufactories and the manufacture of lumber generally.

Food for Thought.

Abuse is no argument.

Merit seldom fails to win.

No liar can be a true hero.

Criticism is one form of conceit.

A man's will is a woman's wont.

Truth to be effective needs no ornament.

Expect the best, but get ready for the worst.

A woman's brain doesn't empty into her heart.

Man, if you will sell out, don't sell for a song.

You can make money with one hand, but it takes both to hang on to it.

"BE STRONG."

Be strong to bear, O heart of mine!
Faint not when sorrows come,
The summits of these hills of earth
Touch the blue skies of home.
So many burdened ones there are,
Close journeying by thy side;
Assist, encourage, comfort them,
Thine own deep sorrow hide.
What though thy trials may seem great,
Thy strength is known to God;
And pathways steep and rugged lead
To pastures green and broad.

Be strong to love, O heart of mine!
Live not for self alone,
But find, in blessing other lives,
Completeness for thine own.
Seek every hungering heart to feed,
Each sadder heart to cheer,
And where stern justice stands aloof,
In pity, draw thou near.
Kind, loving words and helping hands
Have won more souls for heaven
Than all the dogmas and the creeds
By priests and sages given.

Be strong to hope, O heart of mine!
Look not on life's dark side;
For just beyond these gloomy hours
Rich, radiant days abide.
Let hope, like summer's rainbow bright,
Scatter thy falling tears;
And let God's precious promises
Dispel thy anxious fears.
For every grief a Lethe comes;
For every toil a rest.
So hope, so love, so patient bear,
God doeth all things best.
—Womankind.

JOHN SMITH, DYSPEPTIC.

It makes no difference if John Smith was born with indigestion, acquired indigestion or had indigestion thrust upon him, he was what the world calls a dyspeptic.

The widow Jamison had told more than once how Mr. Smith, when he came first to her boarding-house, wore only a stiff, bristle-like mustache, and did not then appear with the iron-gray side whiskers which distinguished him, and which he literally kept trimmed to a hair. She told, too, how her feelings had been hurt when first her oldest boarder began to grow the whiskers. It was some time after he came to her house, a year or more, perhaps. She had got so she thought she understood him pretty well. At any rate, she knew just how brown he wanted his apples baked, and just what apple he preferred to have baked. She knew too, that he would eat only the prunes that were distinguished for their plumpness after they had been stewed. She knew just how he wanted his bread toasted, and she knew, too, that he would not eat the toast if he knew the bread was less than two days old. She knew how rare he wanted roast beef, and what part of it he preferred. And she had ground indelibly in her memory the only kind of oatmeal he would eat, how long he wanted it cooked, how warm the milk must be which he put with it, the exact number of seconds which his eggs must be boiled and how fresh they must be.

She understood further how he wanted his knife and fork and his napkin placed on the table. He ha
that it was better to have th
and forks lie north and south b
of the electrical influences at work all the time, and she remembered it. Mrs. Jamison never considered him a crank; she said only—he was much younger than she—that "he suffered so much from dyspepsy." So she humored him in all his whims, and pleased him, as she thought; for he had told her in a burst of good feeling one Christmas morning that he had never enjoyed such good cooking anywhere as he had at her boarding-house. And that Christmas Day seemed more merry to her than any other. And if she had told it all she would have confessed that his few words had made her more happy than anything she had heard since the dear, good man Jamison had died and left her to make her way in the world as well as she might. But the impression which Mr. Smith had created at the time did not last long. He began to grow the whiskers, the widow had told her intimates, and she had asked him why. He snapped out to her that he was growing them because his looking glass, which he consulted daily, had told him that he was getting thinner, and he wanted to hide that fact from his friends and fellow-employes in the office.

"And really," Mrs. Jamison had declared, and always in a tone of sorrow, "he was gittin' fatter all the time. Of course, he wus never what yu'd really call fat, but he wusn't thin then, though he was thinner when he first came to my house. I felt dreadful cut up about it."

In the mental distress caused by that incident Mrs. Jamison actually got one of the baked apples too brown, and, strange as it may appear, kept the eggs in the water all of twelve seconds too long, both of which lapses were discovered on the instant by Mr. Smith.

That night he informed Mrs. Jamison that he would be compelled to leave her house, that he could not remain longer in her establishment and sacrifice himself as a martyr to bad cooking. He took longer to say it than that, and seized the opportunity to point out in just what way the offenses had been committed. He had saved the baked apples and the eggs and, during the course of his remarks, produced them as evidence of what he termed in his own mind the "vicious carelessness, or worse," of his boarding mistress.

On that occasion Mrs. Jamison was so taken aback at first that she hardly knew what to say in reply to his announcement. She tried to speak, but could not. She could feel the breath passing through her throat, but she could make no sound. Her agitation was extreme. She put one hand to the back of her head and felt of her switch in order to see if it w
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Her mother invited him to tea one Sunday evening and had told him her daughter would bake him a couple of apples. He went to tea, he sat at the table, the apples were placed before him. One glance, and the matter was settled in his mind forever. The apples were not half brown enough. If Miss Moore could be so careless now, was the thought which flashed through his mind on the instant, when she had everything to gain by exercising care in cooking for him, what it would be later when she had hooked him? He shuddered at the thought, and shuddered as he ate the apples out of common politeness. He left the home of the Moores early in the evening and never went back there again.

Smith was discouraged for a time, but tried again, this time with a Miss Brown. The result was about the same. While Miss Brown baked the apples just to his liking, she made him toast from fresh bread. Fresh bread! The very thought caused a perspiration to break out on him. He had visions of writhing and groaning and pale features as he ate it. He decided on the instant that Miss Brown would never do for him.

There is no necessity for recounting all the experiments Smith made with the cooking of different young women. One did not cook his eggs long enough, another cooked them too long, the oatmeal prepared by another was simply raw. One offered him tomatoes without straining the seeds from them when she knew as well as he that appendicitis was now a common ailment! So it went on from one to another, until Smith was in despair. What should he do—what could he do? he asked himself. In all there was not one woman who could cook for him!

Smith groaned and went down to the supper table. He found Mrs. Jamison there, smiling as usual, and everything
ble that he wanted and just
Mrs. Jamison seemed
he thought, and then a
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his supper hurriedly. Then
d his hat and overcoat. He
out and to the grocery on the
r. "I just want to weigh myself,"
said to the grocer. He was two
unds heavier than he had been be-
fore!

"Any increase?" asked the grocer, pleasantly.

"Yep, two pounds," answered Smith, with something like joy ringing in his tones.

"You're looking well," commented the grocer, as Smith hurried out again. He made his way to the parlor. Mrs. Jamison was there. He had made up his mind as to what he would do.

"Mrs. Jamison," said he, hurriedly "I find I'm two pounds heavier than I have ever been before. Will you marry me?"

Mrs. Jamison recovered from the shock sufficiently to say yes and Smith was happy, for he was sure that thereafter he need not worry about his food.—New York Evening Sun.

An Unconsidered Remedy.

He stood on the dock looking at the water and the policeman, noticing him, became suspicious and walked over that way.

"What's up?" he asked, touching him on the shoulder.

"All," was the utterly despondent reply.

"What do you mean?"

"All's up between me and my girl."

"What did you do to bring it on?"

"Asked her."

"And wouldn't she have you?"

"That's what she said."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"How deep's the water off this platform?"

"Twenty-five or thirty feet, perhaps."

"Would I strike bottom pretty hard if I jumped off?"

"Not hard enough to hurt, I guess."

"What would you do if I jumped in?"

"Hitch a boat hook in your collar and fish you out."

"And tear my clothes?"

"Likely."

"They cost $15."

"Well, I couldn't stand on price at such a time."

"You wouldn't let me drown if I wanted to?"

"Certainly not."

"You don't sympathize with me in my misery, you don't."

"Yes I do. I've been through it myself, but that's no way to remedy it."

"Do you know any better way?"

"Of course I do."

"What is it?"

"Brace up and ask her again."

The victim of woman's wavering shook himself, straightened up, and pulled himself down with a jerk.

"By George," he exclaimed, "I never thought of that. Much obliged. Good-by." And he hustled off the dock and up the street in a hurry.—Detroit Free Press.

Ha! Ha!

A Dallas, Texas, woman calls her children stars because they do not know how to act.—Texas Siftings.

Early Monday Morning.

Hubby—Why are you dressed so early? And Monday morning, too!"

Wifey—The first one at the bargain counter has the pick of the 25-cent gloves.—Cincinnati Tribune.

Deep-Laid Plan.

Flannigan—"Say, Moike, this won't do. Paple say you are shawate on Mrs. Flaherty—and she a married woman."

Mike—"Whisht! Not a word. That's only so Oi con go on borryin' terbacky av old Flaherty. He's in hopes I'll elope wid her."—New York Weekly.

Preparing for the Fray.

Clara—Do you enjoy your exercises at the gymnasium?

Ethel—Not particularly; but I think it the duty of every woman to cultivate muscle, especially at this time of year.

Clara—Why at this time more than any other?

Ethel—Why, my

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