THE OMEMEE MIRROR.

"OH. WAD SOME POWER THE GIFTIE GIE US, TAE SEE OORSELS AS ITHERS SEE US."

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******** An Old Man's Darling.

By MRS. MoV. MILLER.

"Then tell it me yourself," said Bonnibel. "Do not keep me in suspense, my good girl."

"May I ask you a question first, Miss Bonnibel?" "As many as you please, Lucy?" "You remember the night poor old

master was murdered?" said the girl as if reluctant to recall that painful subject.

"As if I could ever forget it," shud dered the listener.

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"You were down at the shore until late that night," pursued the girl, "and when you got back you found your uncle dead-murdered! Miss Bonnibel, was Mr. Dane with you that night on the sands? I have sometimes been a thinkin' he might a been."

"Lucy, what are you trying to get at?" gasped the listener.

"I only asked you the question," "And I cannot understand why you ask it, Lucy, but I will answer it truly. Leslie Dane was with me every moment

"I thought so," said Lucy, fervently.

"Thank God!" "Lucy, please explain yourself," said Bonnibel anxiously. "You frighten me with your mysterious looks and words.

What has gone wrong?" "I am going to tell you as fast as I can, my dear young mistress. Try and bear it as bravely as you can, for you

must go back to America to right a "A great wrong!" repeated the listener, helplessly.

"You were so sick after Mr. Arnold died," said Lucy, continuing her story, "that the doctors kept the papers and all the news that was affoatin' around. away from you; so it happened that we never let you know that your friend, Mr. Leslie Dane, was charged with the murder of your uncle."

There was a minute's shocked silence: then, with a smothered moan of horror, Bonnibel slid from her place and fell on the floor in a helpless heap at Lucy's

"Oh! Miss Bonnibel rouse yourselfoh, for God's sake don't you faint! Oh, me! oh me! what a born fool I was to tell you that before I got you away frem this place!" cried Lucy in terror, kneeling and lifting the drooping head

upon her arm. "Oh! Miss Bonnibel, please don't you faint now!" she reiterated, taking a bottle of smelling salts from her pocket and applying it to the young lady's nostrils.

Thus vehemently adjured, Bonnibel opened her blue eyes and looked up into the troubled face of her attendant. "We have got to be going now." urg-

ed the girl, "you must keep all your strength to get away from here." "I will," said Bonnibel, struggling to a sitting posture in Lucy's supporting arms. "I am quite strong, Lucy, I shall not faint. I give you my word, I will not! Go on with your story!"

"I mustn't-you can't stand it." anav ered the gir, hesitating. "Go on," Bonnibel said, with a certain little authoritative ring in her voice that Lucy had always been wont to obev.

"If I must then," said Lucy, refuctantly, "but there's but little more to tell. Mr. Dane got away and they never caught him till the night of your grand a moment," cried Bonnibel, full of womasquerade ball when Colonel Carlyle manly pity, and forgetting her dread of recognized him. The next day he had him arrested and put in a French prison on the charge of murder."

"And now?" asked Bonnibel, in horror-struck accents.

"And they all sailed for the United | there." States more than two weeks ago." answered Lucy sadly. "Mr. Dane to his trial, and Colonel Carlyle, Mrs. Arnold and Miss Felise Herbert to testify against him."

"More than two weeks ago," repeated Bennibel like one dazed. "I heard some men talking about it"

Lucy went on, "and they said that if Mr. Dane couldn't prove his absence at the time of the murder he would certainly get hung." "So you see, my dear young mistress,

that his only chance rests on your evidence, and we must start right away if we are to get there to save him!" Bonnibel sprang to her feet, tremb-

ling all over. "Let us go this moment," she said, feverishly: "oh, what if we should be

Wild with horror she set about her to save Leslie Dane though the whole world should know the shameful secret she tried so hard to keep from its on you, old woman.' knowledge.

CHAPTEER XXXVII.

February winds blew coldly over the sea at Cape May, the day was bleak and sunless, a misty, drizzling rain fell dict. You see we must hurry if we slowly but continuously, chilling the | would save him." very marrow of one's bones. No one who could have helped it would have called | man to die in the rain, and hurry on,' to venture out in such dreary, uncomfortable weather. But up and down the beach, before the closed mansion of Sea | you under shelter at least," Bonnibel View, walked a weird, strange figure, answered gently. bareheaded in the pitiless war of the elemnts bowed and bent by age, clothgray locks flying elfishly in the breeze; the shore. that blew strongly and cruelly enough to have lifted the little, witch-like form still seaworthy, rocked at her moorings and cast it into the sea.

stormy weather!" this odd creature mut- and the little namesake shot swiftly fortered to herself. "What is it that ward through the rough waves to Brandrives me out of my sick bed to wander | don. here in the rain and wind before Francis Arnold's house? There is a thing they call remorse, ha, ha-is that the haunting devil that pursues me?"

She looked at the lonely mansion, and turned back to the sea with a shudder. "Whose is the sin?" she said, looking weirdly out at the wild waves as if they had a human voice to answer her query. "She tempted me with her gold-she had murder in her heart as red as if she had dyed her hands in his life-blood! Ugh!" she wrung her hands and shook them from her es if throwing off invisible

drops, "how thick and hot it was when it spurted out over my hands! Yet was that planned, mine but the hand that

struck the blow!" "Gold, gold!" she went on, after a shuddering pause, "what a devil it is to tempt one! I never harmed human being before, but the yellow glitter was so beautiful to my sight that it betrayed me. Strange, that when it had made the murder of Mr. Arnold and the disme do her will, it should have grown hateful to my sight, and burned my hands, till I came here and cast every golden piece of my blood-bought trea-

sure into the sea." She drew nearer to the waves, peeping into them as if perchance the trea- dark eye, and calm, pale brow, listening sure she had cast into their bosom to the damning evidence against him

might yet be visible. "There was a man named Judas," she muttered; "I have heard them tell of him somewhere-he sold a man's life for some pieces of silver-but when it was done he went and cast the treasure back to those who had bought his soulthat I feel-remorse, repentance, or a

be taking into the dark?" Walking wildly up and down she did annihiliation-of death! not see two figures coming towards her | And accordingly he had begun with through the mist of the rain-two female figures shrouded in long water-

proof cloaks and their thick veils. "Miss Bonnibel," said one to the other, "'tis the wicked old witch-the fortuneteller-Wild Madge. Sure the old thing must be crazy, tramping out in such

wild weather!"

the weird old creature. "Cannot we avoid her notice?" she inquired, shrinking from contact with

At that moment Wild Madge turned and saw them. Directly she came up to them with her fortune-teller's whine: "Cross my palm with silver and I will tell your fortune, bonny ladies."

"No, no, Wild Madge, we haven't got time to hear our fortunes told," said Lucy Moore. "Don't try to detain us. We are on a mission of life and death." "So am I," mocked the sibyl with her strange, discordant laugh. "Death is on my trail to-day; but I know you, Lucy Moore, and you, too, lovely lady," she added, peering curiously under Bonnibel's veil. "I told your fortune once, pretty one-did the prophecy come true?"

"Yes, it came true," she answered, new and important witness." tremblingly.

"Yes, I see, I see," said the sibyl, peering into the little hand; "you have silk, glided into the witness-box. suffered-you suffer still! But, lady, listen to me! The clouds are breaking, what I tell you, ha! ha!

"'Tis the sunset of life gives me mysti-And coming events cast their shadows

Uttering the quotations with the air of a prophetess, she released Bonnibel's hend and suddenly sank upon the wet ground with a stifled groan of pain. "Oh! Lucy, she is ill-her hands are as hot as fire, her eyes are quite glassy, exclaimed Bonnibel in alarm as she bent

over the fallen form. "We can't help that, Miss Bonnibelwe are compelled to hurry on to Brandon," said the girl, for though ordinarily the softest-hearted of human beings her patience to be gone made her rather in different to the visible weakness and ill-

ness of the sibyl. "Oh! but, Lucy, we must spare her the sibyl at sight of her sufferings; "she must not die out here in the cold and rain. Let us take her between us and lead her to the house, and leave her in care of the old houskeeper if she is

"We must hurry, then," said Lucy; "Mr. Leslie Dane's life is worth more then this old witch's if she lived two hundred years to follow her trade of

She stooped very gently, however, and helped the poor creature to her feet; supporting the frail form between them. the mistress and maid walked on to-

ward the house. "What threatens Leslie Dane's life?" inquired the old sibyl suddenly, as she walked between them with drooping

"They are trying him for the murder of Mr. Arnold, more than three years ago, if you must know," said Lucy. "Is he innocent?" inquired the old

creature in a faltering voice-"Innocent? Of course he is-as in nocent as the angels," answered Lucy, "but he can never prove it unless me and Miss Bonnibel can get the witnesses at Brandon to prove an alibi for him. So you see we are wasting time

"Yes, yes," faltered Wild Madge, humbly. "But where are they trying him, Lucy Moore? "At Cape May Court House, old wo-

man-and the evidence will be summed up to-day, the jurors will give their ver-"Yes, yes; better to leave the old wo-

whined the sick woman. "We are here now. We will leave

They led her in, and consigned her to the care of the wondering old house ed in rent and tattered finery, with scant, keeper at Sea View, and went back to

The Bonnibel, battered and worn, but yet. They loosened the little craft. "I am a fool to come out in such sprang in, Bonnibel took up the oars,

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

thing to say why the sentence of death | tioned the old man closely for a few shall not be pronounced against you?" The solemn words of the judge echo

The case has excited much interest for the murdered man had been widely not the sin hers? Hers was the brun krown, and as for the man accused of the murder his native land had but just commenced to hear of him as a son whose brow was crowned with laurels in the world of art But almost simultaneously with the announcement of his brilliant success abroad had followed the dreadful tidings of his arrest, for

> tinguished position of the murdered man and the fame of the gifted young artist accused of the crime had drawn thousends to the trial. It was all over now. Day after day the prisoner had sat with his flashing

From first to last, despite the entreaties of his lawyer and friends, he had resolutely declined to attempt proving ar allbi-the only thing that could have saved him. Now, the trial was over, the evidence had been summed up and given to the jury, and they had returned their He must have felt as I do. What is it | verdict of willful murder. Nothing now remained but the dreadful duty of the horror of that dreadful leap I shall soon judge-to pronounce upon that young handsome, gifted man the sentence of

> "Have you anything to say why the sentence of death should not be pro-

nounced against you?" And the eager crowd surged forward for a nearer view of Leslie Dane's face. Colonel Carlyle was there, sitting with Mrs. Arnold and Felise Herbert. There kingly height and stateliness, and con- good highways are most needed. fronted the judge.

"I have nothing to say, your honor, except that I am not guilty!" A low murmur of approbation, from some, and of dissent from others instant

ly arose, and was immediately hushed by the crier of the court. At that moment, when the judge rose to the performance of his duty, a mes

senger brought a tiny slip of paper and placed it in the hands of Leslie Dane's lawyer. As he read it his gloomy face brightened marvelously. He rose in his she inquired, seizing hold of Bonnibel's seat flushed and radiant. reluctant hand, and drawing off her "May it please your honor to suspend

the sentence of the court .. There is a The next moment a graceful, veiled

figure, clad in heavy, soundless black She was sworn, and lifted her veil to kiss the book. A perfectly beautiful there is a silver lining to every one that | face, blanched to the pallor of marble, droops over you now. You may believe | was revealed by the action. A murmur of admiration arose from the spectators, blent with subdued exclamations horror from three who were nearly stricken by her unexpected advent. "Silence in the court!" thundered the

"What is your name?"

of the prisoner at the bar!"

bereath her long lashes at the face of the year.

marble, staring like one frozen into a statue of horror at the beautiful witness in the box, whose blue eyes took no note of his presence.

The examination proceeded. Bonnibel told her story calmly, dearly, bravely When she concluded and left the witness-stand she was succeeded by the old minister and his wife, whom she had brought from Brandon.

They corroborated her testimony and left no flaw in the evidence. The clouds which had hung over Leslie Dane's fair name so long were dissipated by the feetly vindicated. And then, to the surprise of all and the utter consternabox, pale, wrinkled, cadaverous, the image of hideous old age and approaching death. Breathless silence pervaded the multitude while the dying woman told her story, interspersing it with many expressions of remorse and horror. Briefly told, her confess on amounted to this: Felise Herbert had sought her humble cabin the night that Mr. Arnold and Leslie Dane had quarreled and bribed her to murder the milliquaire. Tempted by the large reward, she had stolen upon Mr. Arnold as he slept in his arm-chair on the piazza and stabbed him to the heart with a large

Leslie Dane and Miss Bonnibel Vere. His request was granted, and the aged, white-haired preacher was again placed on the witness-stand, while the curiosity was on the qui vive for further

minutes; then he turned to the judge. "I am bound, your honor," he said, to where he has remained throughout the the youth and inexperience of the young hund'd ontell aftah I had finished de they must be overthrown.

haste and agitation that night, and to the culpable forgetfulness and carelessness of the aged minister here, there was no license procured for the authority of the marriage ceremony. Her former marriage, therefore, has no legal- Rev. Dr. Talmage's Sermon on ity in the eyes of the law, and she still remains, as she has been known the last three years, the wife of Colonel

Carlyle." As the lawyer resumed his seat, amid a breathless hum of excitement, a loud shriek pierced the air of the court-room -a wild, horrible, blood-curdling, mania cal cry. Every eye turned on Felisa Herbert, who had risen in her sett. and with distorted features, livid lips and burning eyes, was wildly beating the air with her hands. Her appearance was appalling to behold as she stood there with her hat falling off, her hair in disorder, and foam flecks on her livid. writhing lips.

(To be continued).

IMPROVED HIGHWAYS.

Facts Showing the Economy of Hard Roads to the Farmer. movement, as advocated by League of American Wheelmen, is ax, and his mattock. Yet they had that the common roads of the coun- a file for the mattock, and for the systems, the statement being made coulters, and for the forks, and for by them and being easily understood | the axes, and to sharpen the goads." that there is not an ounce of any What a galling subjugation for the commodity hauled over the railroads Israelites! The Philistines had that is not first transported by wag- carried off all the blacksmiths ons over country roads or city torn down all the blacksmiths' shops Bonnibel shuddered as she looked at was an ill-concealed expression of relief streets. It does not matter if the and abolished the blacksmiths' trade and satisfaction upon the faces of the commodity is manufactured articles in the land of Israel. The Philisthree. They had pursued an innocent that are loaded on cars at the fac- tines would not even allow these parman to the death, but no twinge of re- tory. The raw material has first to ties to work their valuable mines of morse stirred their hard hearts as he be hauled to the factory. But the brass and iron, nor might they make rose in his seat, pale, proud and hand- greatest hauling is done in the farm- any swords or spears. There were some, towering above the crowd in his ing districts, and there it is that only two swords left in all the land. The subject has not been given the they had taken all the grindstones

attention and support it deserves, as from the land of Israel, so that if an yet for the simple reason that private! Israelitish farmer wanted to sharpen capital cannot become interested in his plow or his ax he had to go over the building of common roads, since to the garrison of the Philistines to there would be no income from the get it done. There was only one investment, such as there is in rail- sharpening instrument left in the ways. Municipal, county, state and land, and that was a file, the farmthe national governments have not ers and mechanics having nothing to had the issue brought directly before whet up the coulter, and the goad, them in its full significance, because and the pickax, save a simple file. it is necessary to first educate the Industry was hindered and work people to the necessities of the move- practically disgraced. The great ment. This is what is being done by idea of these Philistines was to keep the wheelmen at the present time, the Israelites disarmed. They might and it must be said to their credit get iron out of the hills to make that they have enlisted the sympathy swords of, but they would not have and support of all the prominent far- any blacksmiths to weld this iron. If mers' organizations in the movement. | they got the iron welded, they would With the two classes working to- have no grindstones on which to gether it is only a question of time bring the instruments of agriculture until the movement will be made a or the military weapons up to an political issue, and then will come edge.

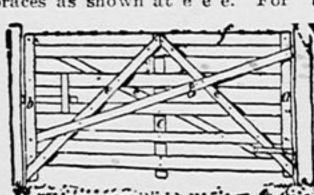
the desired improvements. lyle, but I am Bonnibel Dane, the wife that is what the farmers and others tine host on their feet! using the common roads are doing I learn, first, from this subject. As the words left her lips she glanced in a comparative way every day in that it is dangerous for the church

Leslie Dane. In her swift look there They make the most impracticable in the hands of its enemies. These was shame, abnegation, self-sacrifice, attempts at road building and repair- Israelites might again and again have curiously blended with uncontrollable ing and then wonder why there is no obtained a supply of swords and pity and almost tenderness. The face profit in their products, which have weapons, as, for instance, when they that looked back at her was so radiant been hauled over bad roads at the took the spoils of the Ammonites, greatest expense. It has been esti- but these Israelites seemed content to dropped swiftly, and she never looked mated that in the States where the have no swords, no spears, no blackstone roads have been built the cost | smiths, no grindstones, no active iron Many eyes turned upon Colonel Car of transportation has been decreased mines, until it was too late for them lyle to see how he bore the stroke of to 20 per cent. of the former figures to make any resistance. I see the fate. He sat perfectly still, white as and that the roads pay for themsel- famers tugging along with their pickves within a few years. It has been | exes and plow, and I say, "Where are further shown that the amount lost you going with those things?" They in the different ways mentioned will say, "Oh, we are going over to the more than pay for the building and garrison of the Philistines to get repairs of these roads on the annual | these things sharpened." I say, assessments made for them or that it | "You foolish men, why don't you costs no more each year to have good | sharpen them at home?" roads than it does to have bad ones. | they say, "the blacksmiths' shops

SIMPLE FARM GATE.

Wherever Introduced It Has Been Found

Satisfactory and Very Durable. The gate shown in the illustration sunlight of truth. His alibi was trium- I have used and find it the most durphantly established, his innocence per- able I have ever had, says Frank Hummel in Orange Judd Farmer. Make it any desired length. Use 4x4 tion of Felise Herbert, Wild Madge, the pine, six feet long, for end upright, sibyl, hobbled weakly into the witness- a, to which the hinges are attached. dle (c), use 2x4s, and three 2x4



A SIMPLE FARM GATE. knife. Then, ere long, remorse had body of the gate select good 1x6 fastened upon her, and she had cast the boards. Bolt these to the uprights golden price of her dreadful crime into and the braces, mortising them into ture the science, and scholastic Christhe engulting waves of the ocean, Finish the end uprights. Put a wire, f, on tians to capture the scholarship, and it. ing her story with a last labored effort, top, to prevent stock jumping onto philosophic Christians to capture the and throwing up her arms wildly into it. For the top hinge use an old philosophy, and lecturing Christians the air, Wild Madge, the feared and wagon tire, and let it extend the en- to take back the lecturing platform. dreaded sibyl of Cape May fell forward tire length of the gate, as shown at on the floor of the court-room-dead! g, bolting it to the gate at both ends kel, and Strauss and Renan a Theo-As soon as her body had been removed and the center. The portion in the dore Christlieb of Bonn and against from the place the lawyer who had pro- post is made of three-fourths-inch the infidel scientists of the day a secuted Leslie Dane rose hastily in his iron, extends clear through and is God worshipping Silliman and Hitchseat. It might be out of order, he said, secured by means of a tap (h). This cock and Agassiz. tory and very durable.

From the Darktown Point of View. tieth century begins, in 1900 or 1901?" man, perhaps partly attributable to his nineteen hund'dth."-Chicago Tribune. | Again. I learn from this subject and greatness of the Lord, until, for Jesus Christ!"

the Lost Weapons.

TOO WILLING TO SURRENDER

Warning to the Christian Church to Protect Itself Against the Assaults of Unrighteousness and Unbelief - We Must Do Our Whole Duty.

Washington, Feb. 4. - In this dis

course Dr. Talmage shows how the

cause of righteousness has lost many

of its weapons and how they are to be recaptured and put into effective operation; text, I Samuel xiii, 19-21: "Now there is no smith found throughout all the land of Israel, for the Philistines said, Lest the Hebrews make them swords or spears. the his share, and his coulter, and his itzers and carbines for the Lord's groan. The fruits burst the rind Yea, these Philistines went on until

Oh, you poor, weaponless Israel-The argument offered in favor of ites, reduced to a file, how I pity the improved roads is that they less- you! But these Philistines were not en the cost of repairs, make it pos- forever to keep their heels on the sible to haul the largest amount of neck of God's children. Jonathan, goods with the smallest animal pow- on his hands and knees, climbs up er, save time and increase property a great rock, beyond which were the valuations. No railroad company | Philistines, and his armor bearer, on The examination of the witness began. would expect to do business if its his hands and knees, climbs up the tracks and roadbed were in such con- same rock, and these two men, with And clear and sweet as silver bell the dition as to make it either impossi- their swords, hew to pieces the Philli dy's voice arose in answer, penetrating ble to use the tracks at long seasons istines, the Lord throwing a great every strained ear in the densely-packed of the year or in using them have to terror upon them. So it was then: lose a great deal of time and have so it is now. Two men of God on "I have been known as Bonnibel Car immense repairs to make, and yet their knees mightier than a Philis-

> of God to allow its weapons to stay are all torn down, and we have nothing left us but a file."

> So it is in the church of Jesus Christ to-day. We are all willing to give up our weapons to the enemy. The world boasts that it has gobbled up the schools the colleges and the arts and the sciences and the literature and the printing press. Infidelity is making a mighty attempt to get all weapons in its hand, and then to keep them. You know it is making this boast all the time, and after awhile, when the great battle between sin and righteousness has op-

without any sharpening instruments. L call upon the superintendents of literary institutions to see to it that institutions to see to it that the men who go into classrooms to stand beside the Leyden jars and the electric batteries and the microscopes and telescopes be children of God,

not Philistines. The Tyndallean thinkers of our times are trying to get all the intellectual weapons in their own grasp. is and then transfer it to the cause We want scientific Christians to cap- of Christ. If they have science and We want to send out against Schen-1

but he should be glad to ask a few can be tightened if the gate should Let me of God go out and take questions of the minister who had pe sag. The lower hinge may be short. possession of the platform. Let any formed the marriage ceremony between Use large oak post, securely set. I printing presses that have been caphave used ten of these gates on my tured by the enemy be recaptured for That was what made Paul such a farm, and find them most satisfac- God and the reporters, and the typesetters, and the editors, and the publishers swear alle lance to the Lord Gamaliel, but afterwards, standing rymen tossing in the air. The arch-God of truth. Ah, my friend, that on Mars hill and in crowded thor- angel before the throne has already day must come, and if the great body oughfare, quoted their poetry and burnished his trumpet, and then he "Uncle Gabe," said the inquisitive of Christian men have not the faith white man, "when do you think the twen- or the courage, or the consecration to do it, then let some Jonathan on "Well," replied Uncle Gabe after the his busy hands and on his praying through the crowded court-room, and the inform those most interested that, though slow, assured manner of a man accustom- knees climb up on the rocks of Hindsea of human faces turn curiously and the lady's evidence has completely vindi- ed to grappling with complicated prob- rance and in the name of the Lord with one accord towards the spot where cated Leslie Dane, she has utterly failed lems and throwing them three times out God of Israel slash to pieces these the prisoner sits with his friend, the to establish the legality of her marriage of five. "ef hit wuz watahmillions, I literary Philistines! If these men handsome German artist, by his side, with him. On the contrary, owing to know I wouldn't begin on de twentieth will not be converted to God, then

what a large amount of the church's resources is actually hidden and buried and undeveloped. The Bible intimates that that was a very rich land, this land of Israel. It says, "The stones are iron, and out of the hills thou shalt dig brass," and yet hundreds and thousands of dollars' worth of this metal was kept under the hills. Well, this is the difficulty with the church of God at this day. Its talent is not developed. If onehalf of its energy could be brought out, it might take the public iniquities of the day by the throat and make them bite the dust. If human

eloquence were consecrated to the Lord Jesus Christ, it would in a few years persuade this whole earth to surrender to God. There is enough undeveloped energy in this city to bring all the United States to Christ-enough of undeveloped Christian energy in the United States to bring the whole world to Christ, but it is buried under strata of indifference and under whole mountains the mining to begin, and the pickaxes to plunge, and for this buried But all the Israelites went down to | metal to be brought out and put into The principle of the good roads the Philistines, to sharpen every man the furnaces and be turned into how-

The vast majority of Christians in this day are useless. The most of the Lord's battalion belong to the re- of rest, small allowance of peace, serve corps. The most of the crew small allowance of comfort. Cold, are asleep in the hammocks. The hard, rough-nothing but a file. So most of the metal is under the hills, it was with Voltaire, the most ap-Oh, is it not time for the church of plauded man of his day. God to rouse up and understand that We want all the energies, all the talent and all the wealth enlisted for Christ's sake? I like the nickname that the English soldiers gave to Blucher, the commander. They called him "Old Forwards." We have had enough retreats in the church of Christ; let us have a glorious advance. And I say to you as the general said when his troops were affrighted-rising up in his stirrups, his hair flying in the wind, he lifted worked class on earth. Many eat, or, getting the right kind, are so worried that they take it down in chunks. They die from early and late exposure.

lishes a book a year, he is considered industrious, but every faith ful pastor must originate enough thought for three or four volumes a year. Ministers receive enough calls in a year from men who have maps and medicines and lightning rods and pictures to sell to exhaust their vitality. They are bored with agents of all sorts. They are set in drafts at funerals and poisoned by the unventilated rooms of invalids and waited upon by committees who hard study that makes ministers look are subjected. Numerically too small It is no more the work of the pulpit to convert and save the world than it is the work of the pew. If men go to ruin, there will be as much Let us quit this grand farce of try-

If a novelist or a historian pub-

clergymen, and let all hands lay hold churches, two or three aroused and qualified men and women to help. In most churches to-day five or ten men are compelled to do all the are at their wits' end how to carry enough pent up energy and religious never be missed. The church stands terial cisterns until the buckets are thousands of fountains from which might be dipped up the waters of eternal life.

Again, I learn from this subject that we sometimes do well to take advantage of the world's grindstones. These Israelites were reduced to a file, and so they went over to the garrison of the Philistines to get their axes and their goads and their plows sharpened. The Bible distinctly states it-the text which I read at the beginning of the service world's grindstones? If there be art, if there be logic, if there be business faculty on the other side, let us go over and employ it for Christ's sake. The fact is we fight with too dull implements. We hack and we maul when we ought to make a clean stroke. Let us go over among sharp business men and among sharp literary men and find out what their tact art, it will do us good to rub against

In other words, let us employ the world's grindstones. We will listen to their music, and we will watch their acumen, and we will use their grindstones and will borrow their philosophical apparatus to make our experiments, and we will borrow their printing presses to publish our Bibles, and we will borrow their rail trains to carry our Christian literature, and we will borrow their ships to transport our missionaries. master in his day. He not only got all the learning he could get of Dr. grasped their logic and wielded their eloquence and employed their mythology until Dionysius the Areopagite. learned in the schools of Athens and Heliopolis, went down under his tre- Hark! I hear the falling thrones mendous powers.

quered the world's astronomy and iah, the kingdoms of this world are compelled it to ring out the wisdom become the kingdoms of our Lord

the second time, the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy. That was what gave to Jonathan Edwards his influence in his day. He conquered the world's metaphysics and forced it into the service of God, until not only the old meeting house at Northampton, Mass., but all Christendom, felt thrilled by his Christian power. Again, my subject teaches us on

what a small allowance Philistine iniquity puts a man. Yes, these Philistines shut up the mines, and then they took the spears and the swords; then they took the blacksmiths, then they took the grindstones, and they took everything but a file. Oh, that is the way sin works; it grabs everything!

Oh, "the way of the transgressor is hard!" His cup is bitter. His night is dark. His pangs are deep. His end is terrific. Philistine iniquity says to that man: "Now, surrenin baskets of golden filigree." He lies. The music turns out to be a with rank poison. The filigree is made up of twisted reptiles. The couch is a grave. Small allowance

whence he drew Bonmots to gall the Christian and An infidel when well, but what when

Oh, then a text would touch him to

Seized with hemorrhage of the lungs in Paris, where he had gone to be crowned as the idol of all France, he sends a messenger to a priest, up his voice until 20,000 troops that he may be reconciled to the heard him crying out "Forward, the church before he dies. A great terwhole line!" We want all the lay- ror falls upon him. Philistine iniquity had promised him all the ically too small. They do the best world's garlands, but in the last they can. They are the most over- hour of his life, when he needed a solacing, sent tearing across his conof them die of dyspepsia because they science and his nerves a file, a file. cannot get the right kind of food to So it was with Lord Byron; his uncleanness in England only surpassed by his uncleanness in Venice, then going on to end his brilliant misery in Missolonghi, fretting at his nurse Fletcher, fretting at himself, fretting at the world, fretting at God, and he who gave the world "Childe Harold," and "Sardanapalus," and "The Prisoner of Chillon," and "The Siege of Corinth," reduced to nothing but a file. Oh, sin has a great facility for making promises, but it has just as great facility for breaking them!

I learn from this subject what a tines saw that if they could only get all the metallic weapons out of the hands of the Israelites, all would be well, and therefore they took the swords and the spears. They did not want them to have a single metallic weapon. When the metal of the Israelites was gone, their strength was gone. This is the trouble with the church of God to-day. It is surrendering its courage. It has not enough metal. How seldom it is that you see a man taking his position in pew or in pulpit or in religious society and holding that position against all oppression, and all trial. of the work. Give us, in all our and all persecution, and all criticism. The church of God to-day wants first blast of opposition he has collapsed, and all his courage gone, forgetting the fact that if a man be right all the opposition of the earth to vindicate his truth, and he is godry and choked, while there are ing to stand by you, my friends, in every effort you make for Christ's

> and do your whole duty. You have one sphere. "The Lord of Hosts is with us, and the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah." We wnat more of the determination of Jonathan. I do not suppose he was a very wonderful man, but he got on his knees and clambered up the rock, and with the help of his armor bearer he hewed down the Philistines, and a man of the general who went into the tle his knees knocked together, his physical courage not quite up to his moral courage, and he looked down at his knees and said: "Ah, if you knew where I am going to take you you would shake worse than that!" There is only one question for you to ask and for me to ask, What does the anvil? Where is the prayer meeting? Where is the pulpit? And finding out what God wants us to do, go ahead and do it, all the energies of our body, mind and soul enlisted in the undertaking.

cause and the salvation of men.

Go forth in the service of Christ

Church of God, lift up your head at the coming victory! The Philistines will go down, and the Israelites will go up. We are on the winning side. I think just now the king's horses are being hooked up to the chariot, and when he does ride down the sky there will be such a hosanna among his friends and such a wailing among tremble and the heavens sing. I see now the plumes of the Lord's cavalwill put its golden lips to his own and he will blow the long, loud blast that will make all the nations free. Clap your hands, all ye people! and the dashing down of demolished That was what gave Thomas Chal- iniquities. "Halleluiah, the Lord mers his power in his day. He con- God omnipotent reigneth! Hallelu-