

An Old Man's Darling.

By Mrs. M. V. MILLER.

"Then let me myself," said Bonnie. "Do not keep me in suspense, my good girl."

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

"I thought so," said Lucy, fervently. "Thank God!"

"Lucy, please explain yourself," said Bonnie anxiously. "You frighten me with your mysterious looks and words. Why 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 fight a great wrong."

drops, "how thick and hot it was when it spouted out over my hands! Yet was not the sin hers? Hers was the brain that planned, mine but the hand that struck the blow."

"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 soul. He must have felt as I do. What is it that I feel—remorse, repentance, or horror of that dreadful leap I shall soon be taking into the dark?"

"I have nothing to say, your honor, except that I am not guilty!"

"The next moment a gravel, veiled figure, wearing a black and white dress, slipped into the witness-box."

"We are here now. We will leave you under shelter at least," Bonnie answered gently.

"Prisoner at the bar, have you anything to say in your own defense?"

The case had excited much interest, for the murdered man had been widely known, 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—the world of art. But almost simultaneously with the announcement of his brilliant success abroad had followed the dreadful tidings of his arrest, for the murder of Mr. Arnold and the distinguished position of the murdered man and the fame of the gifted young artist accused of the crime had drawn thousands to the trial.

It was all over now. Day after day the prisoner had sat with his flashing dark eyes and calm, pale brow, listening to the damning evidence against him. From first to last, despite the entreaties of his lawyer and friends, he had resolutely declined to attempt proving a thing—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 verdict of guilty murder.

"I have nothing to say, your honor, except that I am not guilty!"

"The examination of the witness began."

"The gate shown in the illustration I have used and find it the most durable I have ever had," says Frank Hummel in Orange Judd Farmer.

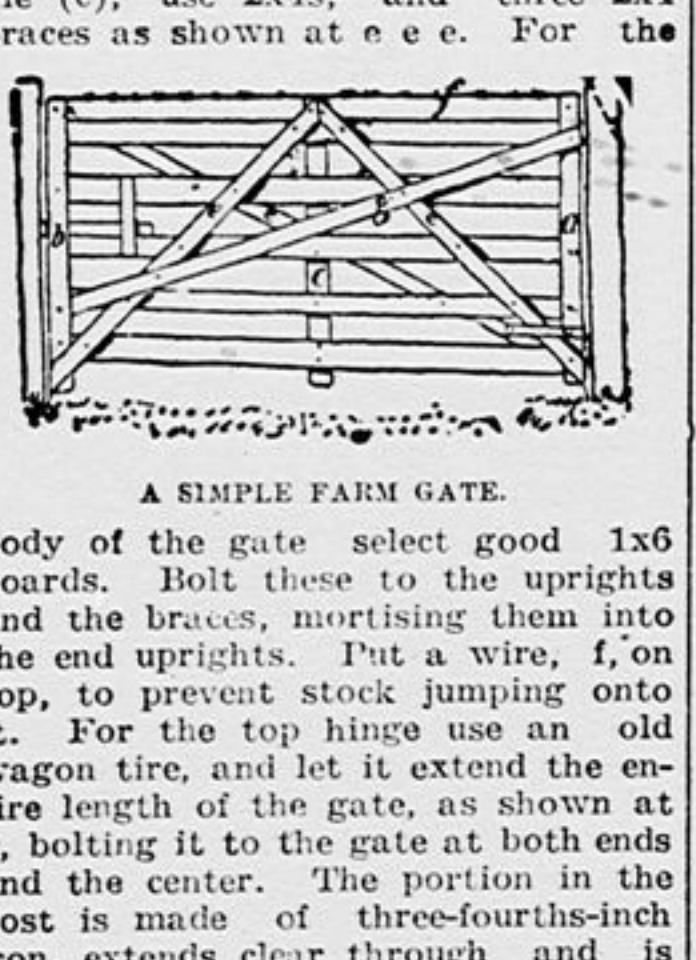
haste and agitation that night, and to the culpable forgetfulness and carelessness of the aged minister here, there was no license procured for the authority of the marriage ceremony. Her former marriage, therefore, has no legality in the eyes of the law, and she still remains, as she has been known the last three years, the wife of Colonel Carlyle."

As the lawyer resumed his seat, amid a breathless hush of excitement, a loud shriek pierced the air of the courtroom—a wild, horrible, blood-curdling, maniacal cry. Every eye turned on Felice Herbert, who had risen in her seat, 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 in disorder and foam flecks on her livid, writhing lips.

"The subject has not been given the attention and support it deserves, as yet for the simple reason that private capital cannot become interested in the building of a road."

"The argument offered in favor of the improved roads is that they lessen the cost of repairs, make it possible to haul heavy loads, and save time and increase property valuations."

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body of the gate select good 1x6 boards. Bolt these to the uprights and the braces, mortising them into the end uprights. Put a wire, 1/8 in. top, to prevent stock jumping onto it. For the top hinge use an old wagon tire, and let it extend the entire length of the gate, as shown at a, holding it to the gate at both ends and at the center. The portion in the post is made of three-fourths-inch iron, extends clear through and is secured by means of a tap (b). This can be tightened if the gate should sag.

WAR AGAINST SATAN.

Rev. Dr. Talmage's Sermon on the Lost Weapons.

TOO WILLING TO SURRENDER.

A 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 discourse 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. But all the Israelites went down to the Philistines, to sharpen every man his share, and his coulter, and his axe, and for the axes, and to sharpen the goads."

Oh, you poor, weaponless Israelites, reduced to a file, how I pity you! But these Philistines were not forever to keep their heels on the neck of God's children. Jonathan, on his high and knees, climbed up a great rock, beyond which were the Philistines, and his armor bearer, on his hands and knees, climbed up the same rock, and these two men, with their swords, her knives, the Philistines, the Lord throwing a great terror upon them. So it was then; so it is now. Two men of God on their knees mightier than a Philistine host on their feet!

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 captured the schools and the colleges and the arts and the sciences and the literature and the printing press. Infidelity is making a mighty attempt to get all our weapons in its hand, and then to keep them in its hand, as these Israelites, without any sharpening instruments, looked upon the superintendents of literary 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 Tyndallian thinkers of our times are trying to get all the intellectual weapons in their own grasp. We want scientific Christians to capture the science, and scholastic Christians to capture the scholarship, and philosophic Christians to capture the philosophy, and lecturing Christians to take back the lecturing platform. We want to send out against Schenckel and Strauss and Roman Catholicism and the other side, a Theodore Christlieb of Bonn and against the infidel scientists of the day a God worshipping Silliman and Hitchcock and Agassiz.

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 one-half 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 under the yoke of the United States 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 of sloth. Now, is it not time for the mining to begin, and the pick-axes to plunge, and for this buried metal to be brought out and put into the furnaces and be turned into howitzers and carbines for the Lord's host?

The vast majority of Christians in this day are useless. The most of the Lord's battalion belong to the reserve corps. The most of the crew are asleep in the hammocks. The most of the metal is under the hills. Oh, is it not time for the church of 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 want to see a name that the English soldiers gave to Blucher, the commander. They called him "Old Forward." We have had enough retreats in the church of Christ; let us have a glorious advance. And I say to you that the general said when his troops were affrighted—rising in his stirrups, his hair flying in the wind, he lifted up his voice until 20,000 troops heard him crying out, "Forward, the whole line!" We want all the laymen enlisted. Ministers are numerically too small. They do the best they can. They are the most overworked class on earth. Many instances of dyspepsia because they cannot get the right kind of food to eat, or getting the right kind, are so worried that they take it down in chunks. They die from early and late exposure.

If a novelist or a historian publishes a book a year, he is considered industrious, but every faithful 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 the thought of all sorts of sermons in drafts at funerals and poisoned by the unventilated rooms of invalids and waited upon by committees who want addresses made up like a boomerang, and let all hands hold on to the pulpit. It is the infinity of interruptions and boisterous to which they are subjected. Numerically too small it is no more the work of the pulpit to convert and save than it is that of the work of the pew. If men go to ruin, there will be as much blood on your skirts as on mine.

Let us quit this grand farce of trying to save the world by a few dergymen, and let all hands hold on to the work. Give us, in all our churches, two or three aroused and qualified men and women to help. In most churches to-day five or ten men are competent to do the work. A vast majority of churches are at their wits' end how to carry on a prayer meeting if the minister is not there, when there ought to be enough pent-up energy and religious force to make a meeting go on with such power that the minister would never be missed. The church stands working the pumps of a few ministerial clerics until the buckets are dry and choked with rust, and 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 goods and their plows sharpened. The Bible distinctly states it—the text which I read at the beginning of the service—that they had no other instrument now with which to do this work, and the Israelites did right when they went over to the Philistines to use their grindstones. My friends, is it not right for us to employ the world's grindstones? If there be art, if there be logic, if there be business acumen 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 give over among sharp business men and among sharp literary men and find out what their tact is and then transfer it to the cause of Christ. If they have science and art, it will do us good to rub against it.

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, surrender to me and I will give you all you want—rest, small allowance of rest, small allowance of peace, small allowance of comfort. Cold hard, rough, nothing but a file. So it was with Voltaire, the most applauded man of his day.

The Scripture was his jestbook, whence he drew Bonnets to gail the Christian and the Jew. An infidel when well, but what when sick? Oh, when a text would touch him to the quick!

Seized with hemorrhage of the lungs in Paris, where he had once been crowned as the idol of all France, he sends a messenger to a priest, that he may be reconciled to the church before he dies. A great terror falls upon him. Philistine iniquity has taken hold of the best of the world's garlands, but in the last hour of his life, when he needed a soothing, sent tearing across his conscience and his nerves a file, a file. So it was with Voltaire; 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 name "Childe Harold," and "Sardanapalus," and "The Prisoner of Chillon," and "The Siege of Corinth," reduced to nothing but a file. Oh, what a great grief for making prompt use of the file, as a great file for breaking them!

I learn from this subject what a sad thing it is when the church of God loses its metal! These Philistines saw that if they cut off 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. The church 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 iron. It is so weak 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, and all persecution, and all criticism. The church of the Israelites was more backbone, more defiance, more consecrated bravery, more metal. How often you see a man start out in some good enterprise, and at the first blow he receives he has collapsed, and all his courage has gone, getting the fact that if a man be right all the opposition of the earth pounding away at him cannot do him any permanent damage. It is only when the man is so weak that he can be damaged. Why, God is going to vindicate his truth, and he is going to stand by you, my friends, in every effort you make for Christ's cause and the salvation of men.