THE MIRROR

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

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STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

At the edge of the quarry and beneath the summit there is a small platform upon which stands a wooden hut for the use of the labourers. It was into this, then, that he had darted. Perhaps he had thought, the fool, that, in the darkness, I would not venture to follow him. He little knew Etienne Gerard. With a spring I was on the platform, with another I was through the doorway, and then, hearing him in the corner, I hurled myself down upon the top of him.

He fought like a wild cat, but he never had a chance with his shorter weapon. I think that I must have transfixed him with that first mad lunge, for, though he struck and struck, his blows had no power in them, and presently his dagger tinkled down upon the floor. When I was sure that he was dead, I rose up and passed out into the moonlight. I climbed up on to the heath again, and wandered across it as nearly out of my mind as a man could be. With the blood singing in my ears, and my naked sword still clutched in my hand, I walked aimlessly on until, looking round me, I found that I had come as far as the glade of the Abbot's Beech, and saw in the distance that gnarled stump which must ever be associated with the most terrible moment of my life. I sat down upon a fallen trunk with my sword across my knees and my head between my hands, and I tried to think about what had happened and what would happen in the future.

The Emperor had committed himself to my care. The Emperor was dead. Those were the two thoughts which clanged in my head, until I had no room for any other ones. He had come with me and he was dead. I had done what he had ordered when living. I had revenged him when dead. But what of all that? The world would look upon me as responsible. They might even look upon me as the assassin. What could I prove? What witnesses had I? Might I not have been the accomplice of these wretches? Yes, yes, I was eternally dishonoured—the lowest, most despicable creature in all France. This then was the end of my fine military ambitions—of the hopes of my mother. I laughed bitterly at the thought. And what was I to do now? Was I to go into Fontainebleau, to wake up the palace, and to inform them that the great Emperor had been murdered within a pace of me! I could not do it—no, I could not do it! There was but one course for an honourable gentleman whom Fate had placed in so cruel a position. I would fall upon my dishonoured sword, and so share, since I could not avert, the Emperor's fate. I rose with my nerves strung to this last piteous deed, and as I did so, my eyes fell upon something which struck the breath from my lips. The Emperor was standing before me!

He was not more than ten yards off, with the moon shining straight upon his cold, pale face. He wore his grey overcoat, but the hood was turned back, and the front open, so that I could see the green coat of the Guides, and the white breeches. His hands were clasped behind his back, and his chin sunk forward upon his breast, in the way that was usual with him.

"Well," said he, in his hardest and most abrupt voice, "what account do you give of yourself?"

I believe that, if he had stood in silence for another minute, my brain would have given way. But those sharp military accents were exactly what I needed to bring me to myself. Living or dead, here was the Emperor standing before me and asking me questions. I sprang to the salute.

"You have killed one, I see," said he, jerking his head towards the beech.

"Yes, sire."

"And the other escaped?"

"No, sire, I killed him also."

"What!" he cried. "Do I understand that you have killed them both?" He approached me as he spoke with a smile which set his teeth gleaming in the moonlight.

"One body lies there, sire," I answered. "The other is in the tool-house at the quarry."

"Then the Brothers of Ajaccio are no more," he cried, and after a pause, as if speaking to himself: "The shadow has passed me for ever." Then he bent forward and laid his hand upon my shoulder.

"You have done very well, my young friend," said he. "You have lived up to your reputation."

He was flesh and blood, then, this Emperor. I could feel the little, plump palm that rested upon me. And yet I could not get over what I had seen with my own eyes, and so I stared at him in such bewilderment that he broke once more into one of his smiles.

"No, no, Monsieur Gerard," said he, "I am not a ghost, and you have not seen me killed. You will come here, and all will be clear to you."

He turned as he spoke, and led the way towards the great beech stump.

The bodies were still lying upon the ground, and two men were standing beside them. As we approached I saw from the turbans that they were Roustem and Mustafa, the two Mameluke servants. The Emperor paused when he came to the grey figure upon the ground, and turning back the hood which shrouded the features, he showed a face which was very different from his own.

"Here lies a faithful servant who has given up his life for his master," said he. "Monsieur de Goudin resembles me in figure and in manner, as you must admit."

What a delirium of joy came upon me when these few words made everything clear to me. He smiled again as he saw the delight which urged me to throw my arms round him and to embrace him, but he moved a step away, as if he had divined my impulse.

"You are unhurt?" he asked.

"I am unhurt, sire. But in another minute I should in my despair——"

"Tut, tut!" he interrupted. "You did very well. He should himself have been more on his guard. I saw everything which passed."

"You saw it, sire!"

"You did not hear me follow you through the wood then? I hardly lost sight of you from the moment that you left your quarters until poor De Goudin fell. The counterfeit Emperor was in front of you and the real one behind. You will now escort me back to the palace."

He whispered an order to his Mamelukes, who saluted in silence and remained where they were standing. For my part, I followed the Emperor with my pelisse bursting with pride. My word, I have always carried myself as a hussar should, but Lasalle himself never strutted and swung his dolman as I did that night! Who should clink his spurs and clatter his sabre if it were not I—I, Etienne Gerard—the confidant of the Emperor, the chosen swordsman of the light cavalry, the man who slew the would be assassins of Napoleon? But he noticed my bearing and turned upon me like a blight.

"Is that the way to carry yourself on a secret mission?" he hissed, with that cold glare in his eyes. "Is it thus that you will make your comrades believe that nothing remarkable has occurred? Have done with this nonsense, monsieur, or you will find yourself transferred to the sappers, where you would have harder work and duller plumage."

That was the way with the Emperor. If ever he thought that anyone might have a claim upon him, he took the first opportunity to show him the gulf that lay between. I saluted and was silent, but I must confess to you that it hurt me after all that had passed between us. He led on to the palace, where we passed through the side door and up into his own cabinet. There were a couple of grenadiers, at the staircase, and their eyes, started out from under their fur caps, I promise you, when they saw a young lieutenant of hussars going up to the Emperor's room at midnight. I stood by the door, as I had done in the afternoon, while he flung himself down in an armchair, and remained silent so long that it seemed to me that he had forgotten all about me. I ventured at last upon a slight cough to remind him.

"Ah, Monsieur Gerard," said he, "you are very curious, no doubt, as to the meaning of all this?"

"I am quite content, sire, if it is your pleasure not to tell me," I answered.

"Ta, ta, ta," said he impatiently. "These are only words. The moment that you were outside that door you would begin making inquiries about what it means. In two days your brother officers would know about it, in three days it would be all over Fontainebleau, and it would be in Paris on the fourth. Now, if I tell you enough to appease your curiosity, there is some reasonable hope that you may be able to keep the matter to yourself."

He did not understand me, this Emperor, and yet I could only bow and be silent.

"A few words will make it clear to you," said he, speaking very swiftly and pacing up and down the room. "They were Corsicans, these two men. I had known them in my youth. We had belonged to the same society—Brothers of Ajaccio, as we called ourselves. It was founded in the old Paoli days, you understand, and we had some strict rules of our own which were not infringed with impunity."

A very grim look came over his face as he spoke, and it seemed to me that all that was French had gone out of him, and that it was the pure Corsican, the man of strong passions and of strange revenges, who stood before me. His memory had gone back to those early days of his, and for five minutes wrapped in thought, he paced up and down the room with his quick little tiger steps. Then with an impatient wave of his hands he came back to his palace and to me.

"The rules of such a society," he continued, "are all very well for a private citizen. In the old days there was no more loyal brother than I. But circumstances change, and it would be neither for my welfare nor for that of France that I should now submit myself to them. They wanted to hold me to it, and so brought their fate upon their own heads. These were the two chiefs of the order and they had come from Corsica to summon me to meet them at the spot which they named. I knew what such a summons meant. No man had ever returned from obeying me. On the other hand if I did not go, I was sure that disaster would follow. I am a brother myself, you remember, and I know their ways."

Again there came that hardening of his mouth and cold glitter of his eyes.

"You perceive my dilemma, Monsieur Gerard," said he. "How would you have acted yourself, under such circumstances?"

"Given the word to the 10th Hussars, sire," I cried. "Patrols could have swept the woods from end to end; and brought these two rascals to your feet."

He smiled but he shook his head.

"I had very excellent reasons why I did not wish them taken alive," said he. "You can understand that an assassin's tongue might be as dangerous a weapon as an assassin's dagger. I will not disguise from you that I wished to avoid scandal at all cost. That was why I ordered you to take no pistols with you. That also is why my Mamelukes will remove all traces of the affairs and nothing more will be heard about it. I thought of all possible plans, and I am convinced that I selected the best one. Had I sent more than one guard with De Goudin into the woods, then the brothers would not have appeared. They would not change their plans or miss their chance for the sake of a single man. It was Colonel Lasalle's accidental presence at the moment when I received the summons which led to my choosing one of his hussars for the mission. I selected you, Monsieur Gerard, because I wanted a man who could handle a sword, and who would not pry more deeply into the affair than I desired. I trust that, in this respect, you will justify my choice as well as you have done in your bravery and skill."

"Sire," I answered, "you may rely upon it."

"As long as I live," said he, "you never open your lips upon this subject."

"I dismiss it entirely from my mind, sire I will efface it from my recollection as if it had never been. I will promise you to go out of your cabinet at this moment exactly as I was when I entered it at four o'clock."

"You cannot do that," said the Emperor, smiling. "You were a lieutenant at that time. You will permit me, Captain, to wish you a very good-night."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Of what consequence is it that anything should be concealed from man? Nothing is hidden from God; he is present in our minds and comes into the midst of our thoughts. Comes, do I say?—as if he were ever absent!—Seneca.

THE NEWS IN A NUTSHELL

THE VERY LATEST FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD.

Interesting Items About Our Own Country, Great Britain, the United States, and All Parts of the Globe. Condensed and Assorted for Easy Reading.

CANADA.

Hamilton now proposes to terrace part of the mountain.

Typhoid fever is reported to be on the increase in Chatham, Ont.

Mayor Stewart of Hamilton, is expected home from Florence at the end of next month.

Orders have been issued to have the Sault Ste. Marie Canal kept open on Sundays until the end of the season.

Over four hundred of Winnipeg's citizens attended the farewell reception at Government House given by Sir John and Lady Schultz.

The Queen's Hotel property at Montreal was sold by the Sheriff to Mr. William Hanson, acting on behalf of some of the creditors, for $21,000.

Forty-four cents a bushel is the price buyers have fixed for Manitoba wheat at points where the eighteen cent rate to Fort William afloat exists.

Lord Dufferin has acceded to the request for his portrait for the National Gallery at Montreal, accompanying it with a very complimentary letter.

A sharper who gave his name as Fred Wilson of Montreal was arrested at London after he had buncoed Mr. James Blakie, a White Oak farmer, out of $50.

The C. P. R. is opening new stations, putting on night operators and employing additional train crews to handle the big wheat crop in Manitoba and the North-West.

Two of the women employees of the W. C. McDonald tobacco works at Montreal who were injured in the recent fire have entered actions for damages against Mr. McDonald.

The services of Rev. Prof. B. Warfield, D. D., of Princeton University, have been secured by Knox College, Toronto, for a course of lectures on the general subject of systematic theology during the month of October.

The Montreal Company contemplates holding a grand fair in Montreal next year, covering between May 24 and October 12. The exposition will be called the British Empire Exposition and International Display of All Nations.

An agitation is being worked up amongst the Germans of the Northwest Territories to have the use of the German language allowed in the schools. Mr. Peter Gianssen of Rosthern has written a strong letter in support of the movement.

The Toronto City Council at a special meeting held on Thursday afternoon by a vote of 13 to 8 decided to engage Mr. Mansergh, the eminent water works expert, of London, Eng., to come to Toronto to report on the best system of water supply for the city.

A memorial service to the Rev. Robert Stewart and his wife, who were murdered recently in China, was held on Sunday evening in St. George's church, Ottawa, when the Rev. G. O. Troop, of Montreal, declared that Robert Stewart is as nearly a martyr as Stephen, who prayed for his murderers, and as much deserves to wear the martyr's crown.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Mr. Sims Reeves is reported to have married again at the age of 73.

The British Association for the Advancement of Science has decided to meet in Toronto in 1897.

Forty thousand pounds' worth of jewels belonging to Mrs. Langtry were taken from the Union Bank, London, on a forged order.

Geoffrey Perkins, an American, who represented himself to be a lawyer and journalist, was sentenced in London on Tuesday to ten years' penal servitude on the charge of levying and collecting blackmail.

The news that an American sugar planter has obtained the exclusive right to land a submarine cable in Hawaii is the occasion of much discussion in London among the advocates of a British cable to the island.

The highest speed ever attained upon the water is credited to the new Russian torpedo boat Sokol (Russian for hawk), just launched in England, which went thirty-five miles an hour on her trial trip. At that rate an Atlantic liner would cross the ocean in three or four days.

Discussing the revival of the rumour that Italy may be induced to sell a small territory to the Pope, a Paris correspondent telegraphs to London that the project for the Pope's ransom by the Catholic world is no secret in the Cabinets of Europe.

The prompt denial of the Dominion Government that Canadian filled cheese were placed on the English market has had the desired effect. The editor of the North British Agriculturist admits and regrets the grave error made in using the word Canadian instead of American, and promises an editorial explanation, and the publication of evidence showing the purity of the Canadian product.

UNITED STATES.

Mrs. Vanderbilt, denies that Miss Vanderbilt is engaged to the Duke of Marlborough.

There are twenty-four creameries in Maine that do nothing but manufacture butter the year round.

A Wabash, Ind., jury has decided that kissing a woman against her will does not constitutean assault.

A true bill has been returned against Mrs. Mack at Buffalo for uttering counterfeit American stamps.

Steps are being taken to hold an Occidental and Oriental Fair in Tacoma, Wash., in the summer of 1900.

A man in Gilsum, N. H., while cleaning out a raceway recently found a gold ring which his wife had lost seven years ago.

About 1,000 Grammar school graduates of Brooklyn are unable to find places in the High schools, so crowded are thos buildings.

A herd of 7,000 horses was bought on a Washington ranch the other day by the Portland Horse Meat Canning Company at $3 a head.

Boston is said to have spent $75,000 to entertain the Knights Templar, and the knights left behind $1,000,000 in the city of baked beans.

A movement has been projected at Vincennes looking to the establishment of a university at Lincoln City, Ind., on the site where Lincoln spent his boyhood.

The record of attendance at the Public schools of the United States during the last year gives a total of 15,530,268 pupils, a figure larger than that of any other nation.

The battle-field of Chickamauga, in Tennessee, where, thirty-two years ago, thirty thousand dead and wounded lay, was on Thursday dedicated as a pleasure park.

The Kansas City Board of Education has promulgated an order forbidding the smoking of cigarettes by pupils during school hours (on penalty of expulsion) and instructing teachers to rigidly enforce the rule.

The Cotton States Exhibition at Atlanta, Georgia, opened on Wednesday with much ceremony. President Cleveland started the machinery at a set time by touching the electrical connection at his residence, "Grey Gables."

Daniel Spraker of Fonda, N.Y., is the only president the Mohawk River National Bank has ever had. He has held the office for forty years, and although he is 97 years old, goes to the bank daily and attends to business.

General Greely who has been interviewed on the proposed balloon polar expedition of Mr. Andree, does not believe the plan is feasible or likely to be successful. Engineer Melville is of a like opinion and regards Mr. Andree's scheme as foolish.

GENERAL.

Fifty houses and the Dominican Monastery at Friesach, Carinthia, Austria, were burned.

A second Chinese loan guaranteed by France and Russia will be undertaken in November.

There are indications that the powers may be invited to interfere in the affairs of Belgium and the Congo Free State.

A lot of rifles and military stores intended for the Cuban insurgents have been discovered on the British island of Andros.

Two gunboats have been ordered to Kucheng, China, to enforce punishment of the rioters who attacked the missionaries there.

In the Province of Volhynia, Russia, during one week towards the close of August there were 5,849 cases of cholera, with 2,134 deaths.

A Spanish warship was sunk in collision near Havana. Admiral Parejo, Captain Banez, three other officers and 30 of the crew were drowned.

A St. Petersburg despatch says that from a good source it is learned the Porte has accepted the demand of the powers with regard to reforms in Armenia.

It is reported that a rebellion has broken out on the border of the Province of Fo-Kien. A detachment of imperial troops are advancing to give battle to the insurgents.

The Brazilian Government has decided to present the British Minister at Rio Janeiro with his passport if England establishes a cable station on Trinidad Island.

During a review of the Sultan's troops at Fez the soldiers made an attack upon the tribesmen who were among the spectators, killing nine and making prisoners of seventy.

The National Zeitung has authority for declaring that the rumours that Prince Hohenlohe is about to retire from the post of Imperial Chancellor are utterly devoid of foundation

A Paris inventor named Turpin claims to have authority from the Porte to fortify the Dardanelles, and to be able to make the straits impassable to the united fleets of the world.

After a suspension of fifteen years the meteorological observatory on the Brocken, in the Hartz mountains, where witches hold their Sabbath on May day night, is to be re-established this fall.

A Spanish court-martial in Havana has condemned the captain of an American vessel to eight and the firemen to ten years' imprisonment at hard labour for landing cartridges in Cuba for the insurgents.

The uprising among the natives in Morocco is spreading and assuming a much more serious aspect. Three great tribes have made a combined attack upon the stronghold of a chief who is one of the principal adherents of the Sultan, and routed his forces.

Captain Maurice Vermont, a member of a French mission on the Upper Ubangi, who has returned to France, penetrated into Emin's province of Equatoria, and exploded the watershed between the Welle, the rivers flowing into Lake Tchad, and the tributaries of the White Nile.

The manoeuvers of the French army in the Vosges closed on Thursday with a grand review at Mirecourt, which was made remarkable by the presence of the Russian General Dragomiroff and Prince Lobanoff, the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs. The Russian officials were received with immense enthusiasm.

Although the more humble among those concerned in the massacre of missionaries at Ku-Cheng have been punished, the utmost efforts of the British Consul have been unavailing to induce the authorities to deal with the Viceroy of the province and other high officials who are alleged to have been responsible for the riots.

Love at a Cottage.

Mrs. McCue—Biddy, shtop thot kissin' at th' front dore, an' send Paddy Molles off about his business.

Biddy (innocently)—An' did ye hear any kissin', mother?

Mrs. McCue—I heard what sounded as much loike a kiss as wan pig's squeal is like another.

Paddy (gallantly)—Sure, mum, it waz only me a-spittin' on me hands t' get ready fur me long walk home.

A DAY WITH STEPHEN.

REV. DR. TALMAGE PRESENTS FIVE LIVING PICTURES.

Stephen Gazing Into Heaven—Stephen Looking at Christ—Stephen Stoned—Stephen in His Dying Hour—Stephen Asleep—A Picturesque Sermon.

NEW YORK, Sept. 15.—In his sermon for to-day Rev. Dr. Talmage has chosen a theme as picturesque as it is spiritually inspiring. He groups his discourse into "Five Pictures." The text selected was, "Behold, I see the heavens opened"—Acts vii, 56 60.

Stephen had been preaching a rousing sermon, and the people could not stand it. They resolved to do as men sometimes would like to do in this day, if they dared, with some plain preacher of righteousness—kill him.—The only way to silence this man was to knock the breath out of him. So they rushed Stephen out of the gates of the city, and with curse and whoop and bellow they brought him to the cliff, as was the custom when they wanted to take away the life by stoning. Having brought him to the edge of the cliff, they pushed him off. After he had fallen they came and looked down, and seeing that he was not yet dead they began to drop stones upon him, stone after stone. Amid this horrible rain of missiles Stephen clambers up on his knees and folds his hands, while the blood drips from his temples, and then, rising up, he makes two prayers, one for himself and one for his murderers, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," that was for himself. "Lord lay not this sin to their charge," that was for his murderers. Then, from pain and loss of blood he swooned away and fell asleep.

I want to show you to-day five pictures—Stephen gazing into heaven, Stephen looking at Christ, Stephen stoned, Stephen in his dying prayer, Stephen asleep.

First look at Stephen gazing into heaven Before you take a leap you want to know where you are going to land. Before you climb a ladder you want to know to what point the ladder reaches. And it was right that Stephen, within a few moments of heaven, should be gazing into it. We would all do well to be found in the same posture. There is enough in heaven to keep us gazing. A man of large wealth may have statuary in the hall, and paintings in the sitting room and works of art in all parts of the house, but he has the chief pictures in the art gallery, and there hour after hour you walk with catalogue and glass and ever increasing admiration. Well, heaven is the gallery where God has gathered the chief treasures of his realm. The whole universe is his palace. In the lower room where we stop there are many adornments, tessellated floor of amethyst, and on the winding cloud stairs are stretched out canvases on which commingle azure and purple and saffron and gold. But heaven is the gallery in which the chief glories are gathered. There are the brightest robes. There are the richest crowns. There are the hightest exhilarations. St. John says of it, "The kings of the earth shall bring their honor and glory into it." And I see the procession forming, and in the line come all empires, and the stars spring up into an arch for the hosts to march under. They keep step to the sound of earthquake and the pitch of the avalanche from the mountains, and the flag they bear is the flame of a consuming world, and all heaven turns out with harps and trumpets and myriad voiced acclamation of angelic dominions to welcome them in, and so the kings of the earth bring their honor and glory into it. Do you wonder that good people often stand, like Stephen, looking into heaven? We have many friends there.

There is not a man here so isolated in life but there is some one in heaven with whom he once shook hands. As a man gets older, the number of his celestial acquaintances very rapidly multiplies. We have not had one glimpse of them since the night we kissed them good-by and they went away, but still we stand gazing at heaven. As when some of our friends go across the sea we stand on the dock or on the steam tug and watch them, and after awhile the hulk of the vessel disappears, and then there is only a patch of sail on the sky, and soon that is gone, and they are all out of sight, and yet we stand looking in the same direction, so when our friends go away from us into the future world we keep looking down through the Narrows and gazing and gazing as though we expected that they would come out and stand on some cloud and give us one glimpse of their blissful and transfigured faces.

While you long to join their companionship, and the years and the days go with such tedium that they break your heart, and the vipers of pain and sorrow and bereavement keep gnawing at your vitals, and you will stand like Stephen, gazing into heaven. You wonder if they have changed since you saw them last. You wonder if they would recognize your face, now, so changed has it been with trouble. You wonder if, amid the myriad delights they have, they care as much for you as they used to when they gave you a helping hand and put their shoulders under your burdens. You wonder if they look any older, and sometimes in the evening tide, when the house is all quiet, you wonder if you should call them by their first name if they would not answer, and perhaps sometimes you do make the experiment, and when no one but God and yourself are there you distinctly call their names and listen and sit gazing into heaven.

Pass on now and see Stephen looking upon Christ. My text says that he saw the Son of Man at the right hand of God. Just how Christ looked in this world, just how he looks in heaven, we cannot say. The painters of the different ages have tried to imagine the features of Christ and put them upon canvas, but we will have to wait until with our own eyes we see him and with our own ears we can hear him. And yet there is a way of seeing him and hearing him now. I have to tell you that unless you see and hear Christ on earth, you will never see and hear him in heaven.

Look! There he is! Behold the Lamb of God! Can you not see him? Then pray to God to take the scales off your eyes. Look that way—try to look that way. His voice comes down to you this day—comes down to the blindest, to the deafest soul, saying, "Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth and be ye saved, for I am God, and there is none else." Proclamation of universal emancipation for all slaves. Tell me, ye who know most of the world's history, what other king ever asked the abandoned and the forlorn, and the wretched, and the outcast to come and sit beside him? Oh, wonderful invitation! You can take it to-day and stand at the head of the darkest alley in all this city and say: "Come! Clothes for your rags, salve for your sores, a throne for your eternal reigning." A Christ that talks like that and acts like that and pardons like that—do you wonder that Stephen stood looking at him? I hope to spend eternity doing the same thing. I must see him; I must look upon that face once clouded with my sin, but now radiant with my pardon. I want to touch that hand that knocked off my shackles. I want to hear the voice that pronounced my deliverance. Behold him, little children, for if you live to three score years and ten you will see none so fair. Behold him, ye aged ones, for he only can shine through the dimness of your failing eyesight. Behold him, earth. Behold him, heaven. What a moment when all the nations of the saved shall gather around Christ, all faces that way, all thrones that way, gazing on Jesus!

His worth if all the nations knew
Sure the whole earth would love him too.

I pass on now and look at Stephen stoned. The world has always wanted to get rid of good men. Their very life is an assault upon wickedness. Out with Stephen through the gates of the city. Down with him over the precipices. Let every man come up and drop a stone upon his head. But these men did not so much kill Stephen as they killed themselves. Every stone rebounded upon them. While these murderers are transfixed by the scorn of all good men Stephen lives in the admiration of all Christendom. Stephen stoned, but Stephen alive. So all good men must be pelted. "All who will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution." It is no eulogy of a man to say that everybody likes him. Show me anyone who is doing all his duty to state or church, and I will show you scores of men who utterly abhor him.

If all men speak well of you, it is because you are either a laggard or a dolt. If a steamer makes rapid progress through the waves, the water will boil and foam all around it. Brave soldiers of Jesus Christ will hear the carbines click. When I see a man with a voice and money and influence all on the right side, and some caricature him, and some sneer at him, and some denounce him, and men who pretend to be actuated by right motives conspire to cripple him, to cast him out, to destroy him, I say, "Stephen stoned."

When I see a man in some great moral or religious reform battle against grogshops, exposing wickedness in high places, by active means trying to purify the church and better the world's estate, and I find that the newspapers anathematize him, and men, even good men, oppose him and denounce him, because, though he does good, he does not do it in their way, I say, "Stephen stoned." But you notice, my friends, that while they assaulted Stephen they did not succeed really in killing him. You may assault a good man, but you cannot kill him. On the day of his death, Stephen spoke before a few people in the sanhedrin; the Sabbath morning he addresses all Christendom. Paul the apostle stood on Mars hill addressing a handful of philosophers who knew not so much about science as a modern school girl. To-day he talks to all the millions of Christendom about the wonders of justification and the glories of resurrection. John Welsey was howled down by the mob to whom they preached, and they threw bricks at him and they denounced him, and they jostled him and they spat upon him, and yet to-day, in all lands, he is admitted to be the great father of Methodism. Booth's bullet vacated the presidential chair, but from that spot of coagulated blood on the floor in the box of Ford's theater there sprang up the new life of a nation. Stephen stoned, but Stephen alive.

Pass on now and see Stephen in his dying prayer. His first thought was not how the stones hurt his head nor what would become of his body. His first thought was about his spirit. "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." The murderer standing on the trapdoor, the black cap being drawn over his head before the execution, may grimace about the future, but you and I have no shame in confessing some anxiety about where we are going to come out. You are not all body. There is within you a soul. I see it gleam from your eyes to-day and I see it irradiating your countenance. Sometimes I am abashed before an audience, not because I come under your physical eyesight, but because I realize the truth that I stand before so many immortal spirits. The probability is that your body will at last find a sepulcher in some of the cemeteries that surround this city. There is no doubt but that your obsequies will be decent and respectful, and you will be able to pillow your head under the maple, or the Norway spruce, or the cypress, or the blossoming fir, but this spirit about which Stephen prayed, what direction will that take? What guide will escort it? What gate will open to receive it? What cloud will be cleft for its pathway? After it has got beyond the light of our sun will there be torches lighted for it the rest of the way?

Will the soul have to travel through long deserts before it reaches the good land? If we should lose our pathway, will there be a castle at whose gate we may ask the way to the city? Oh, this mysterious spirit within us! It has two wings, but it is in a cage now. It is locked fast to keep it, but let the door of this cage open in the least and the soul is off. Eagle's wing could not catch it. The lightnings are not swift enough to come up with it. When the soul leaves the body, it takes 50 worlds at a bound. And have I no anxiety about it? Have you no anxiety about it?

I do not care what you do with my body when my soul is gone or whether you believe in cremation or inhumation. I shall sleep just as well in a wrapping of sackcloth as in satin lined with eagle's down. But my soul—before I close this discourse I will find out where it will land. Thank God for the intimation of my text, that when we die Jesus takes us. That answers all questions for me. What though there were massive bars between here and the City of Light, Jesus could remove them. What though there were great Saharas of darkness, Jesus could illume them. What though I get weary on the way, Christ could lift me on his omnipotent shoulder. What though there were chasms to cross, his hand could transport me. Then let Stephen's prayer be my dying litany, "Lord Jesus receive my spirit." It may be in that hour we will be too feeble to say a long prayer. It may be in that hour we will not be able to say the Lord's Prayer, for it has seven petitions. Perhaps we may be too feeble even to say the infant prayer our mothers taught us, which John Quincy Adams, 70 years of age, said every night when he put his head upon his pillow:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.

We may be too feeble to employ either of these familiar forms, but this prayer of Stephen is so short, is so concise, is so earnest, is so comprehensive, we surely will be able to say that. "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Oh, if that prayer is answered, how sweet will it be to die! This world is clever enough to us. Perhaps it has treated us a great deal better than we deserve to be treated, but if on the dying pillow there shall break the light of that better world we shall have no more regret than about leaving a small, dark, damp house for one large, beautiful and capacious. That dying minister in Philadelphia some years ago beautifully depicted it when in the last moment he threw up his hands and cried out: "I move into the light!"

Pass on now, and I will show you one more picture, and that is Stephen asleep. With a pathos and simplicity peculiar to the Scriptures the text says of Stephen, "He fell asleep." "Oh," you say, "what a place that was to sleep! A hard rock under him, stones falling down upon him, the blood streaming, the mob howling. What a place it was to sleep!" And yet my text takes that symbol of slumber to describe his departure, so sweet was it, so contented was it, so peaceful was it. Stephen had lived a very laborious life. His chief work had been to care for the poor. How many loaves of bread he had distributed, how many bare feet he had sandaled, how many cots of sickness and distress he had blessed with ministrice of kindness and love, I do not know. Yet from the way he lived, and the way he preached, and the way he died, I know he was a laborious Christian. But that is all over now. He had pressed the cup to the last fainting lip. He has taken the last insult from his enemies. The last stone to whose crushing weight he is susceptible has been hurled. Stephen is dead! The disciples come! They take him up! They wash away the blood from the wounds. They straighten out the bruised limbs. They brush back the tangled hair from the brow, and then they pass around to look upon the calm countenance of him who had lived for the poor and died for the truth. Stephen asleep!

I have seen the sea driven with the hurricane till the tangled foam caught in the rigging, and wave rising above wave seemed as if about to storm the heavens, and then I have seen the temptest drop, and the waves crouch and everything become smooth and burnished as though a camping place for the glories of heaven. So have I seen a man, coming down at last to an infinite calm, in which there was a hush of heaven's lullaby. Stephen asleep.

I saw such a one. He fought all his days against poverty and against abuse. They traduced his name. They rattled at the door knob while he was dying with duns for debts he could not pay; yet the peace of God brooded over his pillow and while the world faded, heaven dawned and the deepening twilight of earth's night was only the opening twilight of heaven's morn. Not a sigh. Not a tear. Not a struggle. Hush! Stephen asleep.

I have not the faculty as many have to tell the weather. I can never tell by the setting sun whether there will be a drought or not. I cannot tell by the blowing of the wind whether it will be fair weather or foul on the morrow. But I can prophesy, and I will prophesy, what weather it will be when you, the Christian, come to die. You may have it very rough now. It may be this week one annoyance, the next another annoyance. It may be this year one bereavement, the next another bereavement. But at the last Christ will come in and darkness will go out. And though there may be no hand to close your eyes and no breast on which to rest your dying head, and no candle to lift the night, the odors of God's hanging garden will regale your soul and at your bedside will halt the chariots of the king. No more rents to pay, no more agony because flour has gone up, no more struggle with "the world, the flesh and the devil," but peace—long, deep, everlasting peace. Stephen asleep!

Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unmjured by the last of foes.
Asleep in Jesus, far from thee
Thy kindred and thy graves may be.
But there is still the blessed sleep.
From which none ever wake to weep.

You have seen enough for one day. No one can successfully examine more than five pictures in a day. Therefore we stop. having seen this cluster of divine Raphaels—Stephen gazing into the heavens, Stephen looking at Christ, Stephen stoned, Stephen in his dying prayer, Stephen asleep.

Two Brave Men.

An exhibition of courage was given by an infantryman at the storming of the Gemmun Gate at Ping-Yang. Here the thick stone walls proved impervious to Japanese shot and shell, and after two fruitless assaults it was decided to try some other method. Lieutenant Mimura volunteered to open the gate single-handed, but Private Harada stepped out and said he would follow along and help. Both men then ran for a corner of the gateway, while their comrades diverted the attention of the Chinese defenders by keeping up a hot fusilade. Mimura and Harada clambered quickly up the face of the wall by placing their hands and feet in the chinks between the stones. They succeeded in reaching the top without being seen by the Chinese who were busy blazing away at the main body of the enemy, and then jumped down and rushed for the inside of the gate. They had to cut their way through a horde of Chinamen as soon as they had gotten inside the town; but they finally beat them off, and threw the bolts of the heavy gates, that were at once shoved in by the attacking force outside. Both Lieutenant Mimura and Private Harada were promoted the next day.