"FIVE PICTURES." THE SUBJECT OF A THRILLING DISCOURSE.

"Behold I See the Heavens Opened"-Acts vil : 56-60 Delivered at Academy of Binole, New York, Sunday, Sept. 15, 1395.



TEPHEN HAD been preaching rousing sermon and the people could not stand it They resolved to do would like to do in this day, if they dared, with some plain preacher of r!ghteousness- 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 beliew, they brought him to the cliff, as was the custom when they wanted to take away 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, looking up, he makes two prayers-one for himself and one for his murders. "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 pict-

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 this lower room where we stop there are many adornments; tessellated floor amethyst, and on the winding cloudstairs are stretched out canvas 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 highest exhibarations, St. John says of it: "The kings of the earth hall bring their honor and glory into 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 acciamation 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 their.

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 dimpse of them since the night we kissed them good-bye, 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 | alive. go with such tedium that they break your heart, and the vipers of pain, and sorrow, and bereavement keep gnawing at your vitals, you will stand, like Stephen, gazing into heaven. You wonder first thought was about his spirit. 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 head before execution, may grimace 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 shoulder under your burolder; and sometimes in the evening- eyes to-day, and I see it irradiating your 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 cause I realize the truth that I stand the experiment, and when no one but God and yourself are there you distinctir call their names, and listen, and sit gasing into heaven.

Pass on now, and see Stephen looking upon Christ. My text says he saw God. Just how Christ looked in this under the maple, or the Norway spruce,

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 nearing 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.

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. Benold 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

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

way, gazing on Jesus.

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 were 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 any one who is doing all his duty to state or church, and I will show you scores of men who utterly abbor 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 voice, and money, and influence all on the right side, and some caricature him, and some speer at him, and some denounce him, and men who pretend to be actuated by right motives conspire to cripple him, to east him out, to destroy him, I say "Stephen stoned," When I see a man in some great

moral or religious reform battling against grog shops, exposing wickedness in high places, by active means trying to purify the church and better the world's estate, and I flud 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 can not kill him. On the day of his death, Stephen spoke before a few people in the Sanhedrim; this 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 schoolgiri. To-day he talks to all the millions of Christendom about the wonders of instification and the glories of resurrection. John Wesley was howled down by the mob to whom he preached, and they threw bricks at him, and they denounced him, and they jostled him, and they spat upon bim, and yet today, 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

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 "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." The murderer standing on the trap-door, the black cap being drawn over his 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 wonder if they look any you a soul, I see it gleam from your countenance. Sometimes I am abashed before an audience, not because I come under your physical eye-sight, but bebefore so many immortal spirits. The probability is that your body will at least find a sepulchre in some of the cemeteries that surround this city. There is no doubt but that your obsequies will be decent and respectful, he Son of Man at the right hand of and you will be able to pillow your head

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, Look! There he is! Behold the Lamb | 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 the least, and that 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 fifty worlds at a bound. And have I no anxlety about it? Have you no anxiety about it?

We may be too feeble to employ either of these familiar forms; but this prayer of Stephen is so short, is so conif that prayer is answered, how sweet enough to us. Perhaps it has treated us a great deal better than we deserve for, whose fascinating Old World asto be treated; but if on the dying pillow there sha!! break the light of that better world, we shall have not more re- the old-time records for their famous gret than about leaving a small, dark, names and early beginnings. Such damp house for one large, beautiful, quaint old town is Inswich, basking on and capacious. That dying minister in the silvery curves of its river near the Philadelphia, some years ago, beauti- open sea. fully depicted it when, in the last mo- I love to think of old Ipswich town, ment, 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 sandalled, how many cots of sickness and distress he had blessed with ministries 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 has 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 sen driven with the hurricane until 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 tempest drop, and the waves crouch, and everything become smooth and burnished as though a camping place for the glories of heaven. So I have

I saw such an 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 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. 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 charlots 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 peacelong, deep, everlasting peace. Stephen asleep!

Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep, From which none ever wake to weep; A calm and undisturbed repose, Uninjured by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus, far from thee Thy kindred and thy graves may be: But there is still a 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 heaven; Stephen looking at Christ; Stephen stoned; Stephen in his dying prayer; Stephen asleep.

There are about 600 birds in the Michigan state prison, each convict being world, fust how he looks in heaven, we or the cypress, or the blossoming fir; allowed to keep a feathered songster.

QUAINT IPSWICH.

FORMER HOME OF FAMOUS BAY STATE FAMILIES.

Interesting Paritan Beginning - First Mayer of the Place-Rev. Manageh Cutter of Sepwish Hamlet - Picturesque Characters of the Old Burgh.

(Special Correspondence.)



ILGRIM PLYvisitor has guide book and reprinted annals with every famous local-

ity and landmark plainly noted ready cise, is so earnest, is so comprehensive, to hand-colonial history on tap. But we surely will be able to say that: just off the line of the tourist, a little "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Oh, back among the hills and sea marshes, tians" was Anne Dudley Bradstreet, the are the ancient hamlets of Essex counit will be to die! This world is clever ty of subtler charm, with seventeenth century homesteads that must be sought sociations only reveal themselves to the student who loves to delve into

all the distinctive characteristics and the meeting house, were all one, mouth and Puritan and that one the church. In 1661 the Salem-old colony Ipswich selectmen were ordered to sell aristocrats - are the farm of a man and his wife who fairly ostentatious made the distance an excuse for their forth absence from the sanctuary. A pertheir claims to his- son could not be a hogreeve till he extoric renown, and perienced a change of heart. To make the town a theocracy and to keep the devil out of its corn by putting the Lord into the fences-that was the aim." It was stern, hard living, but who shall deny that it laid rock foundation for

> One of these "illuminated Chrisfriend and ship companion of the illfated Lau, Arbella Johnson, who died so soon after her arrival in Salem. This Anne Bradstreet was New England's first writer of verse who made old poetry. She was the wife of Governor High street, near the Burlal Hill. The ship of Ipswich-New Meadows, now Topsfield—was the one given by Gov.

Puritanism in its pastor and teacher, its descons and tithing men, the stacking of arms at the door, the separation of the men and women, its timing of the preaching by the hour glass, and its long sermons-the minister's salary being shortened if he shortened his discourse. It whipped the Quakers at the pillory on Meeting House Green, jailed the witches, and fined Anthony Potter's wife for wearing a silk bonnet to meeting. One chronicler says: "The town and the parish, the town house, this Nation?

CHOATE BRIDGE, IPSWICH.

Old Ipswich town in the East countree.

wailing sea.

Between John Endicott's first Puritan settlement at Salem and sea-blown and hills-"the bald Ipswich Hunhush of heaven's lullaby. Stephen John Winthrop, Jr., and his twelve associates in 1633 for £20. It was a sorry bargain for the cheftain, for he ended his days dependent upon the colonists. But for the gentlefolk who came from England with Gov. Winthrop's son John it was an attractive and strategic point to be appropriated-"being the best place for tillage and cattle," and, as the old record has it, "lest an enemy finding it should possess and take it from us." So did these determined Puritans head off a mission, which it was proposed to plant here. Johnson, in his "Wonder-Working Providence," wrote that "the peopling of this towne is by men of good ranke and quality, many of them having the yearly revenue of large lands in England before they came to this wilderness."

Thus it comes to pass that in this

REV. MANASSEH CUTLER. Of Ipswich Hamlet,

quiet, comely town, where there are more ancient houses than in any other single village in New England, there the American Academy of Arts and are associations of the earliest learn- Sciences," 1785. Many species of flowing, wit, and dignity of the country. Cotton Mather said of Ipswich that bere was a renowned church, consisting mostly of such illuminated Christians that their pastors had not so much disciples as judges." No need to record that the organizing of the church was the first act of Puritan John and his apostolic number of associates! Gov. Winthrop himself one occasion walked the whole distance from Boston "to exercise the pirit of prophecy" in this Ipswich danger. Rooms all lighted by ele web. Which from the first maintained i tricity

Bradstreet to his son Simon, whose descendants bearing the name of Brad-Whence on the tide you can float down street occupy an old-fashioned home-Through the long salt grass to the stead close to the original one of 1635. It is said that while Anne Dudley, the poet wife of Gov. Bradstreet, has transmitted her genius to some of her de-Newburyport, of ancient lineage, but a scendants, among whom are Oliver daughter of Ipswich, are the meadows Wendell Holmes and Richard H. Dana, the benevolent features and amicable port was good. Miss O'Neill surprised seen a man, whose life has been tossed dreds"—that made the fair hunting characteristics of her husband, the old her admirers by the strength she disand driven, coming down at last to an grounds of Masconomet, Sagamore of colonial governor, can be easily traced infinite calm, in which there was a the Agawam Indians, which he sold to in some of his descendants in the village. She was the daughter of that rigid old Puritan, Gov. Thomas Dudley, and every generation since her time has had a Dudley Bradstreet, even to the present occupant of the hill farm on old

Ipswich river.

There is remance in old Ipswich, traditions, and tragedy, too. Cella Thaxter sings of the Indian maiden of Heartbreak Hill, and all the New England poets have crystallized its legendary material. The young wife of young John Winthrop was death's first victim in the colony, and was borne out of that old house on the Essex road, in the farming district. John Winthrop's wife's mother married the celebrated Hugh Peters, Cromwell's chaplain, who suffered death as a regicide, and his residence in this locality probably accounts for its being the retreat of the regicides Goffe and Walley. Their shelter in the handsome and interesting old Appleton house (now Mrs. Wilde's) is still shown—a secret chamber connected with the chimney by cavernous fireplace.

Quaint homesteads crown the river banks; on "Turkey Shore" lived the ancestor of Raiph Waldo Emerson, and Capt, Ebenezer Caldwell, grandfather of Mrs. James G. Blaine, who has the blood of two of the original colonists of Ipswich in her veins. Down in Ipswich Hamlets (now known as Hamilton and the home of "Gail Hamilton," whose mother, Hannah Stanwood Dodge, came of a prominent loswich family) lived the genial Manasseh Cutler, minister, statesman, pioneer, reformer, diarist, lawyer, doctor and scientist. The study of botany in New England began with him; he knew every growing plant between Ipswich and Salem. In 1783-4 he prepared "an account of the vegetable production growing in this part of America, botanically arranged." It was published in the first volume of the "Memoirs of ering plants were described, and several important scientific points suggested, which have since been adopted in botanical treatises.

Farmer Hayseed (registering)-I don't want yer ter think, young man, that I've come ter N' York fer any blow-

Room Clerk-That's all right, sir. No

CHICAGO THEATERS.

AMUSEMENT ATTRACTIONS FOR COMING WEEK

What the Managers of the Various City Play-Moness Offer Their Patrons Drame, Vanderille and Operativ En-Engoments.

Chicago Opera House.—The current attraction at this beautiful theater is Edward E. Rice's company of comedians, presenting the "Globe Trotter," Louis DeLange's new comic play. Mr. Rice, who is acknowledged to be the foremost manager of buriesque and comedy, has on this occasion gotten together a company of rare excellence, headed by that unctuous comedian, William Hoey, and including M. A. Kennedy, Lorimer Stoddard, Frederick Perry, R. D. Abbey, Mrs. Dion Boucicault, (Louise Thorndyke) Gerome Edwardy, Ada Alexandra and Aubrey Bouckault. The "Globe Trotter" is pronounced a success, having the elements that make success. The plot is a popular one, the story being founded on the Paul Jones' wager to circle the globe with'n a given time, leaving Boston without a cent and returning with Ipswich the birthplace of American \$5,000. This particular "Globe Trotter" would have failed ignominiously in his Simon Bradstreet, and they lived on effort if it were not for the assistance of "Buttsy" a tramp, impersonated by first farm laid out in the early town- William Hoey, who not only plays the part of the tramp but incidentally disguises himself as a deaf and dumb old woman and an English Lord, causing no end of merriment by his original diplomatic methods of advancing his employer's interests throughout the play.

> McVicker's Theater .- An audieace that was effusive in its greeting to Comedian Crane and likewise effusive in its acknowledgement of the good points in Martha Morton's comedy. "His Wife's Father," filled McYicker's Theater to the doors on Monday night and forgot the heat in its thorough enjoyment of the play. In "His Wife's Father" Miss Morton has written a very wholesome little comedy, which one cannot see without feeling the better for it. She made her people those of respectability and after the immoral plays which the public has been surfeited with for some time the little comedy had a most refreshing effect. While the story used is a very simple one still it is cleverly handled. It is a story of domesticity and, thank Heaven, the mother-in-law, that much abused, but necessary member of most households, is not made a butt for backneyed funnyisms. It is the fatherin-law who is the mischief maker, and It is about time that he was presented to the public in a light to which he is not at all times a stranger. The old Biblical saw that a daughter must leave father and mother and cling to her husband is very strongly brought forth. Mr. Crane made all that was possible out of the meddlesome old father-inlaw and was unctique in his humor. Many another actor would have made the old man thoroughly disliked by his audience, but Crane handled the character with such feeling that one easily forgave him for all the trouble be caused on account of the great love he bore his only child. The actor's supplayed as the daughter who is torn by the love of a worshipping father and a dutiful husband and who has to chose between them. Arden played the part of the young husband with discretion. Miss Barry, in the part of a buxom widow who opens the old man's eyes to the fool he has made of himself in interfering in his daughter's happiness, lent a charm to the scenes in which she was one of the participants. Mr. Crane's engagement at McVivker's is for four weeks.

Other Amusements for Next Week. columbiaJohn a' Dreams. Hooley's Charley's Aunt. Grand The Bostonians. Haymarket Charles A. Gardner. Alhambra Shenandoah, Academy of Music.... A Bowery Girl. Lincoln Conroy and Fox. Masonic Temple...... Vaudeville. Casino......Continuous performance. Hopkins' (West Side).....

Continuous performance.

Hopkins' (South Side)..... Continuous performance Olympic Continuous performance. Tennis......Continuous performance. Havlin's Vaudeville. The Chutes...... Daily 2 to 11 p. m. Sam T. Jack's......Burlesque. SchillerKellar the Magician.

RELIGION AND REFORM.

Over 250,000 persons have signed the special appeal to the house of commons in favor of woman suffrage.

Andrew Carnegle has subscribed \$400 to the testimonial to Dr. S. F. Smith. the author of "America," making the desired total of \$2,000.

The City Park Mission of the First Presbyterian church, Brooklyn, will erect a new building to cost \$50,000. It will be built on the institutional

The Catholic Total Abstinence union now numbering 63,500 members in 365 societies, celebrated its silver jubilee recently at Carnegie Music Hall, New York city.

Andrew Murray, the well-known au ther of religious books, recently spen two weeks at the Bible Institute, Chiso, delivering lectures and addresses almost daily.

One of the beneficent works of the the past year is the