"CONSOLATION FOR PARENTS" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

Following Text: Is Taken Away from to Come"-Isulah, Chapter LVII., Verse 1.



E all spend much time in panegyric of longevity. We consider it a great thing to live to be an octogenarian. If any one dies in youth we say, "What a pity!" Dr. Muhlenbergh, in old age, said that the hymn

written in early life by his own hand, no more expressed his sentiments when it said:

I would not live alway.

If one be pleasantly circumstanced, he never wants to go. William Cullen Bryant, the great poet, at 82 years of age, standing in my house in a festal group, reading "Thanatopsis" without spectacles, was just as anxious to live as when at 18 years of age he wrote that immortal threnody. Cato feared at 80 years of age that he would not live to learn Greek. Monaldesco, at 115 years, writing the history of his time, feared a collapse. Theophrastus, writing a book at 90 years of age, was anxious to live to complete it. Thurlow Weed, at about 86 years of age, found life as great a de- ty or thirty years of age. sirability as when he snuffed out his Do you know the reason why the first politician. Albert Barnes, so well prepared for the next world at 70, said he would rather stay here. So it is all the way down. I suppose that the last time that Methuselah was out of doors in a storm he was afraid of getting his feet wet, lest it shorten his days. Indeed. I some time ago preached a sermon on the blessings of longevity, but I now propose to preach to you about the blessings of an abbreviated earthly existence. If I were an Agnostic would say a man is blessed in proportion to the number of years he can stay on terra firma, because after that he falls off the docks, and if he is ever picked out of the depths it is only to be set up in some morgue of the universe to see if anybody will claim him If I thought God made man only to last forty or fifty or a hundred years, and then he was to go into annihilation, would say his chief business ought to be to keep alive, and even in good weather to be very cautious, and to carry an umbrella and take overshoes, and life preservers, and bronze armor and weapons of defense, lest he fail off

But, my friends, you are not Agnostics. You believe in immortality and the eternal residence of the rightcous in heaven, and, therefore, I first remark that an abbreviated earthly existence is to be desired, and is blessing, because it makes one's lifework very compact.

into nothingness and obliteration.

Some men go to business at seven o'clock in the morning and return at seven in the evening. Others go at eight o'clock and return at twelve. Others go at ten and return at four. I have friends who are ten hours a day in business; others who are five hours; others who are one hour. They all do their work well; they do their entire work and then they return. Which position do you think the most desirable? You say, other things being equal, the man who is the shortest time detained in business, and who can return home the quickest, is the nost blessed.

Now, my friends, why not carry that good sense into the subject of transference from this world? If a person die in childhood, he gets through his work at nine o'clock in the morning, If he die at forty-five years of age, he gets through his work at twelve noon. If he die at seventr years of age, he gets through his work at five o'clock in the afternoon. If he dle at ninety, he has to toil all the way on up to eleven o'clock at night. The sooner we get through our work the better. The harvest all in barrack or barn, the farmer does not sit down in the stubble-field, but, shouldering his scythe, and taking his pitcher from under the tree, he makes a straight line for the old homestead. All we want to be anxious about is to get our work done, and well done; and the quicker the better.

Again: There is a blessing in an abbreviated earthly existence in the fact that moral disaster might come upon the man if he tarried longer. Recently, a man who had been prominent in churches, and who had been admired for his generosity and kindness everywhere, for forgery was sent to state prison for 12 years. Twenty years ago there was no more probability of that man's committing a commercial dishonesty than that you will commit commercial dishonesty. The number of men who fall into ruin between fifty and seventy years of age is simply appalling. If they had died thirty years before, it would have been better for them and better for their famflies. The shorter the voyage, the less chance for a cyclone.

There is a wrong theory abroad, that If one's youth be right, his old age will be right. You might as well say there is nothing wanting for a ship's stafety except to get it fully launched on the Atlantic Ocean. I have sometimes asked those who were schoolmates or college-mates of some great defaulter, "What kind of a boy was What kind of a young man was he?" and they have said, "Why, he was a splendid fellow; I had no idea he could ever go into such an outrage." The fact is, the great temptation of life sometimes comes far on in mid-life, or in old age.

The first time I crossed the Atlantic Ocean it was as smooth as a millpond, and I thought the sea captains and the voyagers had slandered the old ocean, and I wrote home an essay for a magazine on "The Smile of the Sea," but I never afterward could have written that thing, for before we got home, we got a terrible shaking up. The first voyage of life may be very smooth; the last may be a euroclydon. Many who start life in great prosper-

ity do not end it in prosperity. The great pressure of temptation comes sometimes in this direction; at about forty-five years of age a man's nervous system changes, and some one tells him he must take stimulants to keep himself up, and he takes stimulants to keep himself up, until the stimulants keep him down; or a man has been going along for thirty or forty years in unsuccessful business, and here is an opening where by one dishonorable action he can lift himself and lift his family from all financial embarrassment. He attempts to leap the chasm and he falls into it.

Then it is in after life that the great temptation of success comes. If a man makes a fortune before thirty years of age, he generally loses it before forty. The solid and the permanent fortunes for the most part do not come to their climax until in midlife, or in old age. The most of the bank presidents have white hair. Many of those who have been largely successful have been flung of arrogance or wordliness or dissipation in old age. They may not have lost their integrity, but they have become so worldly and so selfish under the influence of large success that it is evident to everybody that their success has been a temporal calamity and an eternal damage. Concerning many people, it may be said it seems as if it would have been better if they could have embarked from this life at twen-

vast majority of people die before thirty? It is because they have not the moral endurance for that which is beyond the thirty, and a merciful God will not allow them to be put to the fearful strain.

Again: There is a blessing in an abbreviated earthly existence in the fact that one is the sooner taken off the defensive. As soon as one is old enough to take care of himself he is put on his guard. Bolts on the doors to keep out the robbers. Fire-proof safes to keep off the flames. Life insurance and fire insurance against accident. Receipts lest you have to pay debt twice. Lifeboat against shipwreck. Westinghouse atr-brake against railroad collision, and hundreds of hands ready to overreach you and take all you have. Defence against cold, defence against heat, defence against sickness, defence against the world's abuse, defence all the way down to the grave, and even the tombstone sometimes is not a sufficient barricade.

If a soldier, who has been on guard, shivering and stung with the cold, pacing up and down the parapet with shouldered musket, is glad when some one comes to relieve guard and he can go inside the fortress, ought not that man to shout for joy who can put down his weapon of earthly defence and go into the king's eastle? Who is the more fortunate, the soldier who has to stand guard twelve hours or the man who has to stand guard six hours? We have common sense about everything but religion, common sense about everything but transference from this world.

What fools we all are to prefer the circumference to the center. What a dreadful thing it would be if we should be suddenly ushered from this wintry world into the May-time orchards of heaven, and if our pauperism of sin and sorrow should be suddenly broken up by a presentation of an emperor's castle surrounded by parks with springing fountains, and paths up and down which angels of God walk two and two. We are like persons standing on the cold steps of the national picture gallery in London, under umbrella in the rain, afraid to go in amid the Turners and the Titians and the Raphaels. I come to them and say, Why don't you go inside the gallery?" "Oh," they say, "we don't know whether we can get in." I say, "Don't you see the door is open?" "Yes," they say, "but we have been so long on these cold steps, we are so attached to them we don't like to leave." "But," I say, "it is so much brighter and more beautiful in the gallery, you had better go in." "No." they say, we know exactly how it is out here. but we don't know exactly how it is in-

So we stick to this world as though we preferred cold drizzle to warm habitation, discord to cantata, sackcloth to royal purple—as though we preferred a piano with four or five of the keys out of tune to an instrument fully attuned-as though earth and heaven had exchanged apparel, and earth had takon on bridal array and heaven had gone into deep mourning, all its waters stagnant, all its harps broken, all chalices cracked at the dry wells, all the lawns sloping to the river plowed with graves, with dead angels under the furrow. Oh, I want to break up my own infatuation, and want to break up your infatuation with this world. I tell you, if we are ready, and if our work is done, the sooner we go the better, and if there are blessings in longevity I want you to know right well there are also blessings in an abbreviated earthly existence.

If the spirit of this sermon is true, how consoled you ought to feel about and run up on the springtime hills of warfare comparatively humane. this world and see how it looked, and then they started for a better stopping in at St. Helena, staying there long | country.

enough to let passengers go up and see the barracks of Napoleon's captivity. and then hoist sail for the port of their own native land. They only took this world in transitu. It is hard for us, but it is blessed for them.

And if the spirit of this sermon is true, then we ought not to go around sighing and groaning when another year is going; when we ought to go down on one knee by the milestone and see the letters and thank God that we are three hundred and sixty-five miles nearer home. We ought not to go around with morbid feelings about our health or about anticipated demise. We ought to be living not according to that old maxim which I used to hear in my boyhood. that you must live as though every day were the last; you must live as though you were to live forever, for you will. Do not be nervous lest you have to move out of a shanty into an Alham-

One Christmas day 1 witnessed something very thrilling. We had just distributed the family presents Christmas morning, when I heard a great cry of distress in the hallway. A child from a neighbor's house came in to say her father was dead. It was only three doors off, and I think in two minutes we were there. There lay the old Christian sea captain his face upturned toward the window, as though he had suddenly seen the headlands, and with an illuminated countenance, as though he were just going into harbor. The fact was he had already got through the "Narrows." In the adjoining room were the Christmas presents, waiting for his distribution. Long ago, one night, when he had narrowly escaped with his ship from being run down by a great ocean steamer, he had made his peace with God, and a kinder neighbor or a better man than Captain Pendleton you would not find this side of heaven. Without a moment's warning, the pilot of the heavenly harbor had met him just off the lightship.

He had often talked to me of the goodness of God, and especially of a time when he was about to enter New York harbor with his ship from Liverpool, and he was suddenly impressed that he ought to put back to sea. Under the protest of the crew and under their very threat he put back to sea, fearing at the same time he was losing his mind, for it did seem so unreasonable that when they could get into harbor that night they should put back to sea. But they put back to sea, and Captain Pendleton said to his mate, "You call me at ten o'clock at night," At twelve o'clock at night the captain was aroused and said, "What does this mean? I thought I told you to call me at ten o'clock, and here it is twelve." "Why," said the mate, "I did call you at ten o'clock, and you got up, looked around, and told me to keep right on the same course for two hours. and then to call you at twelve o'clock." Said the captain, "Is it possible? have no remembrance of that."

At twelve o'clock the captain went on deck, and through the rift of a cloud the moonlight fell upon the sea and showed him a shipwreck with one hundred struggling passengers. He helped them off. Had he been any earlier or later at that point of the sea he would have been of no service to those drowning people. On board the captain's vessel they began to band together as to what they should pay for the rescue and what they should pay for provisions. "Ah," says the captain, "my lads, you can't pay me anything; all I have on board is yours. I feel too greatly honored of God in having saved you to take any pay." Just like him. He never got any pay except that of his own applauding conscience.

Oh, that the old sea captain's God might be my God and yours! Amid the stormy seas of this life may we have always some one as tenderly to take care of us as the captain took care of the drowning crew and the passengers. And may we come into the harbor with as little physical pain and with as bright a hope as he had, and if it should happen to be a Christmas morning, when the presents are being distributed, and we are celebrating the birth of Him who came to save our shipwrecked world, all the better, for what grander, brighter Christmas present could we have than heaven?

Founder of Red Cross Society.

The name of the man who was the actual cause of the foundation of the Red Cross society, which has done so much to mitigate the horrors of war, is little known to the present generation. However, he is still alive, and unfortunately, it is said, in bad circumstances. His name is Dunant, and he was born in Geneva in 1828. A man of means, he appears to have devoted a large portion of his wealth to works of charity in connection with his native city. The admirable labors of Florence Nightingale, which attracted the attention of all Europe, made a strong impression on M. Dunant, which was further increased by his own participation in the war of Napoleon III against the Austrians in 1859. There he witnessed war in all its horrors. and it resulted in his publishing a book on the subject which at the time attracted much attention. In 1863 he started on a pilgrimage, at his own expense, to various countries, to stir up members of your family that went men into influencing the various govearly. "Taken from the evil to come," ernments into a conference which this book says. What a fortunate es- should have for its object the formacape they had! How glad we ought to | tion of some means for the mitigation feel that they will never have to go of the horrors of war. The result was through the struggles which we have the historic conference in 1864 at Gehad to go through. They had just neva, the outcome of which was the time enough to get out of the cradle convention which has made modern

place. They were like ships that put words for their life rule-God and

・プラララッテララララララララララララ Story of the Late Henry George. PEEFFEEFFEEFFEEFFE

Philadelphia on Sept. 2, 1839. His grandfather, Captain Richard George, born in England, was brought to this country as a child, and lived to fight for the United States in the war of 1812. His mother's father was John Vallance, born in Glasgow, and was a noted engraver in revolutionary times.

Heary George was a clerk in a mercantile house for a short time after he left school. When he was 16 years old he shipped on a schooner for San Francisco.

He tried prospecting for gold, and went as far as British Columbia in his search for the precious metal, without success. He was back in San Francisco in 1858, trying to get work, but was unable to find any endployment he liked.

He was on the point of looking for a ship when he obtained employment as a printer. After a few years he get a chance to do occasional reporting. About this time he married Miss Annie C. Fox. Mr. George, with two partners, founded the San Francisco Post in 1871, and became the editor of it. He retired from the paper in

Progress and Poverty. Then he began work on his first book, "Progress and Poverty," which was not published until 1879. he experienced in finding a publisher | 68,110, for the book. His own version of it

"My book, flually entitled 'Progress and Poverty,' was finished about August, 1879, and I sent the manuscript copy east, asking a friend, Mr. Hallidle, an associate director in the free public library that had been started in San Francisco, to see about its publication. He submitted it, but no one would touch it. My old partner, Mr. Hinton, who had got himself a printing office, thereupon said he had faith enough in anything I should do to make the plates, and I put the manuscript into his hands, and the first plates were printed in the fall of that year, I closely supervising it and doing some little composition myself. I



THE LATE HENRY GEORGE. then brought it out in an author's edition, of which I sold to friends at the rate of \$3 a copy enough to pay for the cost of printing. I then sent some copies without binding to publishers both in America and in England, offering to put the plates at their disposal for printing. I received but one acceptance, that of Appleton & Co., who had been previously seen by Mr. Hallidle. They offered to take it and bring it out in January, 1889. I acceded to this and Appleton & Co. published the book in the following year.'

That book made Henry George known. It attracted a great deal of attention, and Mr. George received many invitations to lecture. He went about telling that under our civilization the strong have seized that which belongs to the weak. He was an ardent believer in free trade.

Leaves California. In 1880 Mr. George left California and reached New York, which has ever since been his home. By that time about 1,000 copies of "Progress and Poverty" had been sold. In 1881-83 he wrote letters from Ireland and England to the Irish World, delivering addresses in the principal towns and cities. In 1881 an English edition of "Progress and Poverty" was issued A sixpenny edition followed and had an extraordinary sale, whereupon the London Times came out with a page review, saying that the book of the Californian economist, bitherto unnoticed by the English press, could no longer be ignored. The supplies of the booksellers were exhausted in a single day, and the entire world soon became acquainted with "Progress and Poverty."

Mr. George continued to write in advocacy of his land theory. Late in 1883 he received an invitation from the Land Reform Union of England again to visit that country. He was received at a great meeting in St. James' hall,

Henry Labouchere presiding. In 1884 "Protection or Free Trade" was written and the manuscript lost. Then it had to be written all over again. In the same year, at the invitation of the Scottish Land Restoration League, Mr. George made his third trip abroad, addressing great audiences throughout Scotland. "All the landlords were hostile, but the poor people and the workers everywhere turned out to hear my lectures."

Mr. George went to Ireland as corpect and held prisoner for ten hours, the prime virtue of ideas and methods

The late Henry George was born in | but was not molested after his release. He delivered many lectures in Ireland and England. His book and his lectures brought him a fair income.

In 1881 he wrote "The Irish Land Question," which in later editions appeared as "The Land Question." also published "Social Problems" and "Protection or Free Trade?"

Nominated for Mayor.

In 1886 Mr. George was nominated for mayor of New York by the laboring men and was indorsed by a mass meeting of professional men. He had able assistance from Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn, Rev. Dr. Kramer, Louis V. Post, Rev. Father Huntington, Prof. Daniel De Leon and many other speak-

Rev. Dr. McGlynn, in taking the stump for him, disobeyed Archbishop Corrigan, who ordered him to confine himself to his duties as pastor of St. Stephens church, at 149 East Twentyninth street. Dr. McGlynn was excommunicated practically, and a long controversy among the leading Catholics of America followed, which was settled only when Archbishop Satolli was sent to America as the apostolic delegate. Dr. McGlynn was restored to the church, and was sent to a pastorate in Newburg, N. Y. On election day Mr. Hewitt received 90,552 votes, are many stories about the difficulty | Mr. Roosevelt 60,435, and Mr. George

> Not in the least cast down by his defeat at the polls Mr. George resumed his labor as editor. Henry George supported and helped William J. Bryan last year. He was an enthusiastic silver man and he fervently believed in all the other principles of the platform adopted at Chicago. The acceptance of the nomination for mayor in 1897 interrupted Mr. George in what he believed would be his most exhaustive and greatest work, "The Science of Political Economy." Mr. George lived for the last few years at Fort Hamilton, L. I., near the home of his enthusiastic friend and admirer, Tom L. Johnson, formerly of Ohio.

> > BENRY GEORGE'S FUNERAL

Thousands of Admirers Pay Tribute to the Dead Leader. Thousands of disciples of Henry George and thousands of others who

did not agree with his teachings but admired his honesty and manhood, heard the public funeral services in the Grand Central Palace at New York Oct. 31. Another multitude viewed the body during the early hours of the day. No such impressive funeral has ever been known in New York in bonor of a private citizen.

While the body of the dead philosopher lay in state 30,000 people reverently passed the casket and looked upon his face. From 9 in the morning till 3 in the afternoon a stream of men, women and children poured into the hall. The immense throng was composed of representatives of all classes, of all shades of life and all religious opinion.

Views of London Papers, London Cablegram: The newspapers are devoting much attention to of hard soap and two quarts of boilthe death of Henry George, publishing | ing water, is more economical for launlong sketches of his career and philo- dry purposes than ordinary washingsophical and economical theories. The Daily Chronicle says:

"The news of the death of Heney George will come with deep sadness to millions throughout the civilized world. He died in the harness, a victim to a herculean effort to raise New York from the slough of corruption and misrule. He could himself have hardly chosen a better death.

"No better or sweeter man has lived for many a long year. Few will dispute that he was one of the most remarkable figures among modern reformers. We doubt whether his political group in America will survive. It will probably be merged in the great party of social discontent, the formation of which is, perhaps, the most startling portent of our time,"

The Daily Mail thinks the nomination of Mr. George's son will "quickly repented."

The Daily Graphic thinks it "easily possible that New York may get a worse mayor than Mr. George, with all his ill-considered doctrines, would have

The Times, after alluding to the "rarity of such a dramatic death,"

"Mr. George's influence was largely personal, and even if he had been elected he would probably have disappointed his devotees. He was sincere but he would have had no opportunity of carrying into effect his fiscal and social theories; while he would have been unable, through inexperience, to resist the steady pressure of the 'workers' and 'bosses.'"

A Chinaman's Invention. Ding Cle Sul, of Foo Chow, China, who is said to be the greatest Chinese inventor, has recently invented a machine for spinning cotton, and has filed an application for a patent before the United States Patent Office through his attorneys. He will shortly file a second application for additional improvements on his invention. The machine marks a departure in methods of cotton spinning, and is said to give evidence of great ingenuity on the part of the Chinaman, who has developed respondent of several American news- a large "bump of originality" in spite papers in 1881, during the Land League of being born and reared in a nation agitation. He was arrested as a sus- of imitators, where age is regarded as

A southern man says the dainy w never known in the south until after the war. Now every part of the south visited by the Union army is covered with daisies. "Sherman brought them to us," he said, "and the march to the sea can be followed in the summer time by keeping where the daisy grows. The seed seems to have been transported in the hay that was brought along to feed the horses. That is the only explanation that has ever been made of it."

FUNNYGRAPHS.

Jasper--- Well, there is one thing that the new tariff will give a big boom to." Jumpuppe-"What is that?" "To the manufacture of imported goods."-

"Here's a check indorsed J. R. Tompkins'-who is Tompkins, a man or woman?" "A woman, of course." "Why of course?" "It's indersed at the wrong end."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

She-"What are these missing links we hear so much about?" He-"Oh, they were some golf links that were located in a certain western town before the cyclone struck it."-Yonkers Statesman."

Sounding the Depth of Knowledge.-"He knows much that knows enough to know that he knows nothing." "True; but he knows more that knows enough to look as if he knew everything."--Brooklyn Life.

She-Tell me truly, now, is your heart wholly mine? He-As nearly as it is possible, I being a loyal patriot. George Washington, you know, is first in the hearts of his countrymen. - Boston Transcript.

Norton-"Everybody seems to know me in this city. A moment ago a young chap holiered after me and wanted to know if I didn't want my shoes blacked." Winder-"That would seem to indicate that he didn't know you, wouldn't it?"-Boston Transcript.

A kindergarten teacher was recently reviewing her little class on the instruction given the day previous, The following are a part of the questions and answers: Teacher-"Now, children, I told you yesterday about the various materials from which your dresses are made-silk, wool, and cotton. Let me see how well you remember. Maggie, where did the material come from of which your dress is made?" Maggin-"It once grew upon the back of a sheep." Teacher-"Very good; and yours, Blanche?" Blanche -"My dress once grew upon the back of a sheep and a part of it was spun by the silk worm." Teacher-"Correct! And yours, Lucy?" Lucy (with evident embarrassment)-"My dress was made out of an old one of mamma's."-Union Signal.

KITCHEN ECONOMY.

Husks taken from green corn may be torn in narrow strips, dried and used to stuff veranda or hammock pillows.

A stationary wire soap dish attached to the side of the scrubbing pail will prevent bits of soap wasting in the

Some heavy unbleached muslin should always be placed over the flour barrel, under the lid, to keep out dust and insects.

Soft soap, made from half a pound

A variety of bags in assorted sizes, labeled and fastened to the pantry door to hold kitchen towels and dish cloths, prepared and ready for use, is a feature in kitchens where the cook's convenience is attended to.

The yolks of eggs dry almost as soon as they come in contact with the air, but if dropped at once into a cup of cold water will keep in good condition in the refrigerator for three or four

The boy at ten, wants to rule the house; at twenty, he wants to rule the state; at thirty, he tries to rule his offspring, and at forty, he has some serlous thoughts of trying to rule himself.

DOCKASH Stoves and Ranges.



Two Tons of Coal Will Last All Wie Nickel all detaches without bolts. Takes cold air from room, heats it, same as furns. Cut this out and bring it to us and it will take you to this

\$30.00 Heater for \$