HARMONY AND MELODY LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

Strong Influence in After Years of Hymns Heard and Committed Memory in Early Life-The Old Fashioned Pulpit.

[Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch.] Text, Phann exvin, 14: "The Lord is her little prayer and then died."

my strength and song." The most fascinating theme for a heart properly attuned is the Saviour. There is something in the morning light to suggest Him and something in the evening shadow to speak His praise. The flower breathes Him, the stars shine on Him, the cascade proclaims Him, all the voices of nature chant Him. Whatever is grand, bright and beautiful, if you only listen to it. will speak His praise. So when in the summer time I pluck a flower I think of Him who is "the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley." When I see in the fields a lamb, I say, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." When in very hot weather I come under a projecting cliff, I say:

Rock of ages, cleft for me,

Let me hide myself in thee! Over the old-fashioned pulpits there was a sounding board. The voice of 4.10 minister rose to the sounding board and then was struck back again upon the ears of the people. And so nations the praises of Christ. The thrills with one great story of redemption. Upon a blasted and faded paradise it poured a light of glorious redriven down to Jerusalem for sacrifice. It put infinite pathos into the speech of uncouth fishermen. It lifted Paul into the third heaven, and it broke upon the ear of St. John with the the elders and the rushing wings of the seraphim.

and worn out before you sing the gray haired minister leaning over the praise of Christ, while your heart is pulpit and sounding the good tidings happiest and your step is lightest and your fortunes smile and your pathway blossoms and the overarching heavens drop upon you their benediction, speak the praises of Jesus.

The old Greek orators, when they naw their audiences inattentive and slumbering, had one word with which they would rouse them up to the greatest enthuslasm. In the midst of their orations they would stop and cry out "Marathon!" and the people's enthuslasm would be unbounded. hearers, though you may have been borne down with sin, and though trouble and trials and temptation may have come upon you, and you fee! today hardly like looking up, methicks there is one grand, royal, imperial word that ought to rouse your soul to infinite rejoicing, and that word is "Jegus."

Power of the Bymn.

Taking the suggestion of the text, I shall speak to you of Christ our Song. I remark, in the first place, that Christ ought to be the cradle song. What our mothers sang to us when they put us to sleep is singing yet. We may have forgotten the words; but they went into the fiber of our soul and will forever be a part of it. It is not so much what you formally teach your children as what you sing to them. hymn has wings and can fly everywhither. One hundred and fifty years after you are dead and "Old Mortality" has worn out his chisel recutting your name on the tombstone your great-grandchildren will be singing the song which last night you sang to your little ones gathered about your knee. There is a place in Switzerland, where if you distinctly utter your voice there come back ten or fifteen distinct echoes, and every Christian song sung by a mother in the ear of her child shall have 10,000 echoes coming back from all the gates of heaven. Oh. mothers only knew the power of this sacred spett, how much oftener the little ones would be gathered, and all our homes would chime with the songs of Jesus!

We want some counteracting influence upon our children. The very moment your child steps into the street spirit, with restored eyesight, stands he steps into the path of temptation. There are foul-mouthed children who would like to besoil your little ones. It will not do to keep you boys and girls in the house and make them air and recreation. God save your children from the scathing, blasting. damning influence of the street! know of no counteracting influence but the power of Christian culture and example. Hold before your little ones the pure life of Jesus. Let that name be the word that shall exorcise evil from their hearts. Give to your instruction all the fascination of music morning, noon and night. Let it be Jesus, the cradle song. This is important if your children grow up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the dwelling and the youthful pulse will begin to flutter and little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pinch at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the nursery will be empty; and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No quick following from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face with laughing blue eyes come for a kiss, but only a grave and to me and all an account at the feet a mount

Oh, if I could gather up in one paragraph the last words of the little ones Christian circles, and I could picture And then she was gone! no cradle song more beautiful than Jesus.

Songs for the Old.

I next speak of Christ as the old man's song. Quick music loses the 10,000 voices of earth rising up charm for the aged ear. The schooland the heavens a sounding board girl asks for a schottisch or a glee, which strikes back to the ear of all but her grandmother asks for "Balerma" or the "Portuguese Hymn." Fifty heavens tell His glory, and the earth | years of trouble have tamed the spirit, shows His handlwork. The Bible and the keys of the music board must have a solemn tread. Though the voice may be tremulous, so that grandfather will not trust it in church, still storation. It looked upon Abraham he has the psalm book open before from the ram caught in the thicket. It him, and he sings with his soul. He spoke in the bleating of the herds bums his grandchild asleep with the same tune he sang forty years ago in the old country meeting house. Some day the choir sings a tune so old that the young people do not know it, but it starts the tears down the cheek of brasen trumpets and the doxology of the aged man, for it reminds him of the revival scene in which he participated and of the radiant faces that Instead of waiting until you get sick long since went to dust and of the of great joy.

I was one Thanksglving day in my pulpit in Syracuse, and Rev. Daniel Waldo, at 98 years of age, stood beside me. The choir sang a tune. I said, I am sorry they sang that new tune; nobody seems to know it." "Bless you, my son," said the old man, "I heard that seventy years ago."

There was a song today that touched the life of the aged with holy fire and kindled a glory on their vision that your younger eyesight cannot see. It was the song of salvation-Jesus, who fed them all their lives long; Jesus, who wiped away their tears; Jesus, who stood by them when all else failed; Jesus, in whose name their marriage was consecrated and whose resurrection has poured light upon the graves of their departed. The you know me?" said the wife to her aged husband, who was dying, his mind atready having gone out. He said, "No." And the son said, "Father, do you know me?" He said, "No." The daughter sald, "Father, do you know me?" He said, "No." The minister of the gospol, standing by, said, "Do you know Jesus?" "Oh, yes," he said, "I know Him, 'chief among 10,000, the one altogether lovely!" Blessed the Bible in which spectacled old age reads the promise, "I will never leave you never forsake you!" Blessed the staff on which the worn out pilgrim totters on toward the welcome of his Redeemer! Blessed the hymn book in which the faltering tongue and the failing eyes find Jesus, the old man's song! When my mother had been put away for the resurrection, we, the children, came to the old homestead, and each one wanted to take away a memento of her who had loved us so long and loved us so well. I think I took away the best of all the mementoes; it was the old-fashioned round-glass spectacles through which she used to read her Bible, and I put them on, but they were too old for me, and I could not see across the room. But through them I could see back to childhood and forward to the hills of heaven, where the ankles that were stiff with age have become limber again, and the in rapt exultation, crying, "This is heaven!"

Words of Peace.

I speak to you again of Jesus as the night son. Job speaks of Him who house plants. They must have fresh | giveth songs in the night. John Welch, the old Scotch minister, used to put a plaid across his bed on cold nights, and some one asked him why he put that there. He said, "Oh, sometimes in the night I want to sing the praise of Jesus and to get down and pray. Then I just take that plaid and wrap it around me to keep myself from the cold." Songs in the night! Night of trouble has come down upon many of you. Commercial losses put out one star, slanderous abuse puts out another star, domestic bereavement has put out 1,000 lights, and gloom has been added to gloom and chill to chill and sting to sting, and one midnight has seemed to borrow the fold from another midnight to wrap itself in more unbearable darkness, but Christ has spoken peace to your heart, and you sing:

Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high; Hide me, O my Saviour! Hide Till the storm of life is passed, Safe into the haven guide;

Oh, receive my soul, at last. Songs in the night! Songs in the min she and he reger to see the stripes and hope

of it and bitter desolation and a sigh- to turn the hot pillow, no one to put ing at nightfall with no one to put to the taper on the stand, no one to put bed. The heavenly shepherd will take ice on the temples or pour out the that lamb safely anyhow, whether you soothing anodyne or utter one cheerhave been faithful or unfaithful, but ful word. Yet songs in the night! would it not have been pleasanter if For the poor, who freeze in the winyou could have heard from those lips | ter's cold and swelter in the summer's the praises of Christ? I never read heat and munch the hard crusts that anything more beautiful than this bleed the sore gums and shiver under about a child's departure. The ac- blankets that cannot any longer be count said, "She folded her hands, patched and tremble because rent day kissed her mother good-bye, sang her is come and they may be set out on hymn, turned her face to the wall, said | the sidewalk and looking into the starved face of the child and seeing famine there and death there, coming home from the bakery and saying in who have gone out from all these the presence of the little famished ones "Oh, my God, flour has gone up!" Yet the calm looks and the folded hands songs in the night! Songs in the and sweet departure, methinks it night! For the widow who goes to would be grand and beautiful as one get the back pay of her husband, slain of heaven's great doxologies! In my by the "sharpshooters," and knows it parish in Philadelphia a little child is the last help she will have, moving was departing. She had been sick all out of a comfortable home in desolaher days and a cripple. It was noon- | tion, death turning back from the exday when she went, and, as the shad- hausting cough and the pale cheek and ow of death gathered on her eyelid the lusterless eye and refusing all reshe thought it was evening and time lief. Yet songs in the night! Songs to go to bed, and so she said, "Good in the night! For the soldier in the night, papa! Good night, mamma:" | field hospital, no surgeon to bind up It was the gunshot fracture, no water for the "good night" to pain and "good night" | hot lips, no kind hand to brush away to tears and "good night" to death the flies from the fresh wound, no day. and "good night" to earth, but it was one to take the loving farewell, the "good morning" to Jesus—it was "good | greaning of others poured into his own morning" to heaven. I can think of groan, the blasphemy of others plowing up his own spirit, the condensed bitterness of dying away from home among strangers. Yet songs in the night! Songs in the night! "Ah," said one dying soldier, "tell my mother that last night there was not one cloud between my soul and Jesus," Songs in the night! Songs in the honors.

A Christian woman, the wife of a minister of the gospel, was dying in | Boers at Karee Siding and drove them the parsonage near the old church, back; British lost one killed and 109 where on Saturday night the choir | wounded. Advance in force predicted used to assemble and rehearse for the following Sabbath, and she said: "How strangely sweet the choir rehearses tonight. They have been rehearsing there for an hour." "No," said some one about her, "the choir is not rehearsing tonight." "Yes," she said, "I know they are. I hear them singing. How very sweetly they sing! Now, it was not a choir of earth that she heard, but the choir of heaver. think that Jesus sometimes sets ajar the door of heaven, and a passage of that rapture greets our ears. The minstrels of heaven strike such a tremendous strain the walls of jasper

cannot hold it. I wonder-and this is a question I have been asking myself all the service-will you sing that song? Will I sing it? Not unless our sins are pardoned and we learn now to sing the praise of Christ will we ever sing it there. The first great concert that I ever attended was in New York when Julien in the Crystal palace stood before hundreds of singers and hundreds of players upon instruments. Some of you may remember that occasion. It was the first one of the kind at which I was present, and I shall never forget it. I saw that one man standing and with the hand and foot wield that great harmony, beating the time. It was to me overwhelmingly. But, oh, the grander scene when they shall come from the east and from the west and from the north and from the south 'a great multitude that no man can number," into the temple of the skies, host beyond host, rank beyond rank, gallery above gallery, and Jesus will stand before that great host to conduct the barmony with His wounded hands and wounded feet! Like the voice of many waters, like the voice of mighty thunderings, they shall cry. Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive blessing and riches and honor and glory and power, world without end. Amen and amen!" Oh, if my ear shall hear no other sweet sounds

may I hear that! If I join no other glad assemblage, may I join in that. I was reading of the battle of Agincourt, in which Henry V. figured, and it is said after the battle was won, gloriously won, the king wanted to acknowledge the divine interposition and he ordered the chaplain to read the Psalm of David, and when he came to the words, "Not unto us, O Lord, but to Thy name be the praise," the king dismounted, and all the cavalry dismounted, and all the great host, officers and men, threw themselves on their faces. Oh, at the story of the Saviour's love and the Saviour's deliverance shall we not prostrate ourselves before Him today, hosts of earth and hosts of heaven, falling upon our faces and crying, "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy name be the glory!" "Until the day break and the shadows flee away turn our beloved and be thou like a roe or a

young hart upon the mountains of Be-

Freakistiness of Boar Bullata. The freakish performances of the Mauser bullets, as reported by surgeons from South Africa, are almost unbelievable. Letters received from Mr. Frederick Treves, the eminent London surgeon now at the front, speak of one bullet which entered the top of the head, passed down through the brain into the mouth and finally out at the side of the neck. A little headache and a slight squint in one eye were the only perceptible effects, and recovery was complete and rapid. In many cases the abdomen, bowels and liver have been penetrated almost without inconvenience. Wounds piercing the lungs often give rise to nothing more than a little blood-stained expecoration. In one phenomenal instance a bullet entered just below the collar bone, traversed the whole length of the chest and body, emerging from the inner side of the left thigh, without effecting more than a little temporary

A convict is extremely familiar with

shock.

Boers Show Signs of Regaining Former Prestige.

THEY WIN SMALL VICTORIES.

Capture Six British Guns Near Bloom fontein-The Empire's Losses at War rentown Prove Twice as Great as Was at First Reported.

Wednesday, March 28.

Joubert, Boer commander-in-chief, died at Pretoria of a stomach complaint. Kruger will be his nominal successor, but Louis Botha will have actual command. Cape Colony loyalists complain of

leniency to Boer sympathizers. Roberts began his advance north.

Buller is nearly ready.

from Ladybrand. Boers destroyed several Natal coal

Mateking was bombarded on Mon-

Thursday, March 29. Boers concentrating near Glen, fifeen miles north of Bloemfontein. Roberts sent 10,000 men to reinforce 10,000 already there. Kruger boasted he would retake Bloemfontein within a week. Leyds' recall because he deceived Boers as to attitude of powers rumored. As Joubert had requested, be will be buried without military

Friday, March 30.

French's men met advance guard of within two weeks, with largest army yet concentrated against Burghers, Buller likely to join Roberts. Michael Davit welcomed to Pretoria by Secretary of State Reitz. Boers bombarded Mafeking Tuesday.

March 31 and April 1.

Six guns and a convoy returning from Thaba Nchu to Bloemfontein were ambushed and captured by Boers. Colville's division sent to scene and shelled Boers. British loss at Warren ton was twice as great as originally reported. Hoer retreat was orderly, despite British strength, Hudson Maxim said diminished casualties in Boer war are due to long-range fight ing. Transvaal state attorney denied any intention of Boers to destroy gold mines. Boers raiding vicinity of Paardeberg. Boer force near Cronje's old laager.

Monday, April 2. Fighting supposed to be in progress near Thaba Nehu between Boers and force sent to recapture guns and men Reichman, a German-American, com-

water supply and appear to be closing in to attack Roberts.

MAGNETIC POLE IS LOCATED. Southern Cross Arrives with the Borch

grovink Party. The exploring steamer Southern Cross, bearing C. E. Borchgrevink and the survivors of the south polar expedition fitted out in 1898 by Sir George Newnes of London, arrived at Campbell Town, near Bluff Harbor, New Zealand, Sunday. Mr. Borchgrevink reports that the magnetic pole has been located. N. Hansen, one of the zoologists who started with the expedition, died on the voyage.

The Borchgrevink expedition left Hobart, Tasmania, for the antarctic region on Dec. 19, 1898. During the latter part of February, 1899, the members landed from the Southern Cross near Cape Adair, Victorialand, it hav-Boers claim to have driven British ing been arranged that the steamer should leave them there with full equipment of every kind and should return for them early in 1900.

TO TAX PUERTO RICO COFFEE.

The senate on Thursday adopted

Senate Adopts an Amendment to the Puerto Rican Bill.

the amendment to the Puerto Rico bill, imposing a tariff of 5 cents a pound on all coffee imported into the island, and defeated an amendment to strike out the clause levying a tax of 15 per cent of the Dingley rates on all imports from Puerto Rico. The vote on the coffee amendment was 13 to 32, and the vote on the motion to strike out the tariff section was 16 to 23. Senator Wellington was the only republican who voted for it. None of the other republican senators who have declared their hostility to the tariff were recorded as voting. They let their general pairs stand, and in that way were counted against the motion, hence it is not regarded as a test vote.

Fire on a Ship at Sea.

The steamer Manchester Commerce had a narrow escape from being burned at sea. The fire started on Saturday among a lot of cotton wool stowed away with the other cargo. It was a hard fight all night, but in the morning the blaze was sufficiently checked to allow the sailors to go below and jettison the damaged freight,

Goebel-Brekham Case Monday. Judge Hazlerig, chief justice of the Kentucky court of Appeals, announced Wednesday that the court would meet in Louisville Monday to consider the case of Taylor and Beckham, involving the governorship, which was appealed from the city court of Jefferson county.

DEATH OF GENERAL PIETRUS JACOBUS JOUBERT.



Plet Joubert, or "Sliem Piet" (Slim "woonplaats" he founded almost joins Peter), was 68 years old, of an old Natal at its northernmost post. But French Huguenot family, and, like it was not long after he became President Rruger, was been in Cape burgher of the South African Repub-Colony. When seven years old he was lic before he was known as a useful taken by his parents to the Orange man and a daring fighter. Free State. Of ordinary schooling he It was said that he could lead a had little. In those days the nearest body of men more successfully against homestead to his father's farm was hostile natives than any other man in many miles away. With the aid of the Transvaal, so it came about that the few books he was able to obtain whenever there was an ugly uprising he succeeded in obtaining a fair against the burghers Joubert was knowledge of history and languages, called upon to lead a detachment of Joubert's hatred of the British was by Boers. The natives soon learned to no means lessened when, as a young fear him and the knowledge that he man, he moved from his farm in con- was at the head of a punitive expedisequence of the acquisition of Natal tion usually resulted in the surrender by his hereditary foes. He decided to of the Kaffirs,

Sells' Circus Stock Said to Be Sold. J. A. Bailey of Barnum & Bailey fame is reported to have purchased all of Peter Sells' stock in the Sells-Forepaugh circus, which opens its season this week in the Madison Square Gar-

Red Men Insist on Dancing.

Maj. Stough, now agent for the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians, has ordered the Indians to stop dancing and the medicine men to quit practicthis, but they refuse to obey.

Pletrus Joubert, better known as settle in the Transvasi, and the

Thirty Drowned Og Gippsland.

The British coasting steamer Glenels foundered off the coast of Gippsland, Southearstern Australia, last Sunday Thirty persons were drowned. Only three lives were saved.

Wales May Go to Denmark.

The prince and princess of Wales have décided to go to Denmark for King Christian's birthday on April 8 They will start next week, and remain over Master.

RECORD OF HAP

Stalpad in the Osse of W Droyer-The Threatened Paus May He Worded Off.

Chicago.-On the decision of Dunne in regard to the contention the attorneys of former Banker Dreyer, now under a penitentiary tence for embezzlement of \$316,000 the funds of the West park board, a depend the liberty of every convict at to Joliet from Cook county since preyer's attorneys claim that the mus in their client's case which vided that he should be confined t released by the state board of pi -was an error in that the parole la of 1895 provided that the state board pardons had no authority to rel but only to recommend such action the governor, constituted an error au ficient to warrant his release. Dreve. attorneys have also raised the tech cal point that Dreyer was twice pl in jeopardy by the dismissal of the jury in a former trial before a decis had been reached. When Attorn Mayer fluished his argument Jun Dunne asked the state's attorneys the mittimi were printed forms. Upo receiving the reply that all prison were sent to Joliet on this form mittimus, the court replied:

"If Mr. Mayer's contention is true, there will not be many men from Cool county left in Joliet."

Benjamin F. Coffman Captured. Harrisburg .- Deputy Sherit Andrew Reynolds arrested Benjamin F. Col man, a pominent citizen of Lincoln, Ill at Grayville, Ill., and brought him this city on a warrant sworn out W. S. Mitchell charging him working a confidence game in of ing a signature to a deed under pretenses. Reynolds had chused Con man to Evansville, Ind. Comma learned the officers were on his to and he boarded a Peoria, Decatur Evansville train for Chicago. A tele gram was sent to Grayville to hold th train, and on the arrival of the office he was found secreted in a tollet ro Upon his refusal to open the door to bolt was broken, the prisoner armed and placed in the holds When brought here he was placed un der a bond of \$1,200 until the preliminary trial, which will be held

Islands Parmers' factionia Greenup.-The farmers' conference of the Nineteenth congressional dis trict met here. Olney was selected as a place for holding the district in Jan. 2 and 4. The following we places and dates selected for the various county institutes: county, Paris, Dec. 18 to 20; Cole county, Charleston, Dec. 20 to 23; Cum berland county, Greenup, Dec. 6 to 1 Richland county, Olney, Jan. 2 to Lawrence county, Lawrenceville, Des 11 to 13; Stark county, Marshall, Nov 21 to 23; Jasper county, Newton, Dec 13 to 14; Crawford county, Rout Nov. 20 to 22; Effingham county, Mc fingham, Dec. 5 to 6.

Concession to Pana Minera

Pana. -- An agreement between the

state officials of the United Min-Workers of America, and the local coal operators has been reached. The m ers received every concession asket for, and the scale price will be cents, the scale fixed for the Pourt district. All top men and workers will feceive a substantial advance wages. All mines will shut down April 1, for one month for repairs, and the miners will then receive steady work for the ensuing year. The coal companies will advance all grades of coal 25 cents per ton May 1.

Andrew Jackson's Neighbon Alto Pass,-Mrs. Polly Sanders aled here, aged 84 years, She was born in Rockingham county, N. C., and was acquainted with Andrew Jackson during her girlhood. She lived on a farm adjoining his. She boarded Union sol diers at Cape Girardeau, Mo., durin the civil war, and frequently sinded the guards. She crossed the Miss river and walked to Carbondale, III. distance of thirty miles. She could neither read nor write, but was one of the shrewdest and strongest characters in southern Illinois. She lived here about thirty-five years.

Hon. David H. Priable in David Galesburg.-Hon. David H. Fris one of the oldest residents of this is dead, aged 85 years, of pr He was a member of the first a an state convention, in 1866, in ington, and that fall was member of the state legislatur was a personal friend of Abraham I coin. During the civil was he was partment provost marshal of this d

Renogar Givan a Life Torm Wankegan - The trial of Krueger for the murder of his her mother has come to the jury, after being out all ment for life. Krues verdict with his usual attorneys secured leave t tion for a new trial heard in May. On the