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"IS THINE HEART RIGHT?"

Continued from page two.

\$10 per day, or \$10,000 a year, because you expect it to be \$20,000 a year, but about heavenly things, the more we think the better. Those castles are not in the air, but on the hills, and we have a deed of them in our possession. I like to see a man all full of heaven. He talks heaven. He sings heaven. He prays heaven. He dreams heaven. Some of us in our sleep have had the good place open to us. We saw the pinnacles in the sky. We heard the click of the hoofs of the white horses on which victors rode, and the clapping of the cymbals of eternal triumph. And while in our sleep we were glad that all our sorrows were over, and burdens done with, the throne of God grew whiter, whiter and whiter, till we opened our eyes and saw that it was only the sun of the earthly morning shining on our pillow. To have a right heart you need to be filled with this expectancy. It would make your privations and annoyances more bearable.

In the midst of the city of Paris stands, or did stand, a statue of the good, but broken hearted Josephine. I never imagined that marble could be smitten into such tenderness. It seems not lifeless. If the spirit of Josephine be disinterred, the soul of the empress has taken possession of this figure. I am not yet satisfied that it is stone. The puff of the dress on the arm seems to meed but the pressure of the finger to indent it. The figure at the bottom of the robe, the ruffle at the neck, the fur lining on the dress, the embroidery of the satin, the cluster of lily and leaf and rose in her hand, the poise of her body as she seems to come sailing out of the sky, her face calm, humble, beautiful, but yet sad—attest the genius of the sculptor and the beauty of the heroine he celebrates. Looking up through the rifts of the coronet that encircles her brow, I could see the sky beyond, the great heavens where all woman's wrongs shall be righted, and the story of endurance and resignation shall be told to all the ages. The rose and the lily in the hand of Josephine will never drop their petals. The children of God, whether they suffer on earth, in palaces or in hovels, shall come to that glorious rest, oh, heaven, sweet heaven! at thy gate we set down all our burdens and griefs. The place will be full. Here there are vacant chairs at the hearth and at the table, but there are no vacant chairs in heaven. The crowns all worn; the thrones all mounted.

Some talk of heaven as though it were a handsome church, where a few favored spirits would come in and sit down on finely cushioned seats all by themselves and sing psalms to all eternity. No, no. "I saw a great multitude that no man could number standing before the throne. He that talked with me had a golden reed to measure the city and it was 12,000 furlongs—that is, 1,500 miles in circumference. Ah! heaven is not a little colony at one corner of God's dominion where a man's entrance depends upon what kind of clothes he has on his back and how much money he has in his purse, but a vast empire. God grant that the light of that blessed world may shine upon us in our last moment.

The roughest time we had in crossing the ocean was at the mouth of Liverpool harbor. We arrived at nightfall and were obliged to lie there till the morning waiting for the rising of the tide before we could go up to the city. How the vessel pitched and writhed in the water! So sometimes the last illness of the Christian is a struggle. He is almost through the voyage. The waves of temptation toss his soul, but he waits for the morning. At last the light dawns and the tides of joy arise in his soul and he sails up and casts anchor within the veil.

Is thy heart right? What question can compare with this in importance? It is a business question. Do you not realize that you will soon have to go out of that store; that you will soon have to resign that partnership; that soon among all the millions of dollars' worth of goods that are sold in New York you will not have the handling of a yard of cloth, or a pound of sugar, or a pennyworth of anything; that soon if a conflagration should start at Central park and sweep everything to the Battery, it would not disturb you; that soon if every cashier should abscond, and every insurance company should fail, it would not affect you? What are the questions that stop this side the grave compared with the questions that reach beyond it? Are you making losses that are to be everlasting? Are you making purchases for eternity? Are you jobbing for time when you might be wholesaling for eternity? What question of the store is so broad at the base and so altitudinous and so overwhelming as the question, "Is thy heart right?"

Or is it a domestic question? Is it something about father, or mother, or companion, or son, or daughter, that you think is comparable with this question in importance? Do you not realize that by universal and inexorable law all these relations will be broken up? Your father will be gone, your mother will be gone, your companion will be gone, your child will be gone, you will be gone; and then this supernal question will begin to harvest its chief gains, or deplore its worst losses, roll up into its mightiest magnitude, or sweep its, vast circles. What difference now does it make to Napoleon III whether he triumphed or surrendered at Sedan? whether he lived at the Tuileries or at Chislehurst? whether he was emperor or exile? He laid him out in his coffin in the dress of a field marshal. Did that give him any better chance for the next world than if he had been laid out in a plain shroud? "And soon to us what will be the difference whether in this world we rode or walked, were bowed to or maltreated, were applauded or hissed at, were welcomed in or kicked out, while laying hold of every moment of the great future and burning in all the splendor of grief and overreaching and undergoing all time and all eternity is the plain, simple, practical, thrilling, agonizing, overwhelming question, "Is thy heart right?"

Have you within you a repenting heart, an expectant heart? If not I must write upon your soul what George Whitefield wrote upon the window pane with his diamond ring. He tarried in an elegant house over night, but found that there was no God recognized in that house. Before he left his room in the morning with his ring he wrote upon the window pane, "One thing thou lackest." After the guest was gone the housewife came up and looked at the window and saw the inscription and called her husband and her children, and God, through that ministry of the window glass, brought them all to Jesus. Though you may today be surrounded by comforts and luxuries, and feel that you have need of nothing, if you are not the children of God, with the signet ring of Christ's love, let me inscribe upon your souls, "One thing thou lackest." I pray you that, whatever else you may miss, you may not miss heaven. It is too bright a home to lose. Your soul has been bought at too dear a price. I preach to you of the blood that cleanseth from all sin. Casting all your sins behind you, I beg of you to start this morning for the kingdom. "Yes," you say, "I will start, but not now." William III made proclamation, when there was a revolution in the north of Scotland, that all who came and took the oath of allegiance by the 31st of December should be pardoned. MacLan, a chieftain of a prominent clan, resolved to return with the rest of the rebels, but had some pride in being the

very last one that should take the oath. He postponed starting for this purpose until two days before the expiration of the term. A snow storm impeded his way, and before he got up to take the oath and receive a pardon from the throne the time was up and past. While the others were set free, MacLan was miserably put to death. He started too late and arrived too late. In like manner some of you are in prospect of losing forever the amnesty of the Gospel. Many of you are going to be forever too late. Remember the irreparable mistake of MacLan!

How Ocean Wrecks Are Destroyed.

The almost daily reports by arriving vessels of passing derelict and abandoned vessels at sea might lead the landsman to suppose that wrecks are more numerous than is actually the case. But, in fact, a single wreck is reported many times, and frequently in a wide change of position. It may be seen today on one part of the coast and tomorrow may be many miles from that position, as it drifts about with the current of the Gulf stream or is driven a long distance by the winds.

It is only a few weeks ago that the cruiser Atlanta towed into the capes of Delaware a dangerous derelict which had been drifting about off the coasts for weeks, and though special attention had been given by passing vessels to report this wreck, in order that the information might lead to finding and destroying it, it was a long time before it could be placed. Often the wrecks that are reported as the hydrographic office lead to an extensive and unavailing search only because they have been carried so far from the reported position by winds and currents that the searching vessel could not find them. When it is possible to tow them into port this is done; otherwise they are blown up with gun cotton torpedoes. One wreck, seen on the lower edge of the banks of Newfoundland on Aug. 28, in latitude 45 degs. north, longitude 55 degs. east, had drifted to latitude 39 degs. north, longitude 64 degs. west, on Oct. 7, a distance of 600 miles, and had been reported four times.—New York Tribune.

The Silver Mines of Kentucky.

Mrs. R. C. Timmons, of Compton, Wolfe county, Ky., was in Frankfort the other day. Her mission was to visit the state geologist. She is an advocate of the great Swift silver mine theory, and was loaded down with specimens of various ores coming from what is supposed to be the locality of the once famous Swift mine. The mine referred to was worked somewhere in the mountains of Kentucky by a man named Swift a century ago, who converted the ore extracted from the mine into silver dollars. He was arrested in Virginia for passing what was supposed to be counterfeit money, but upon being subjected to a test his dollars proved to have more genuine silver embodied in them than did the Spanish dollars then in general use in Virginia. He was cleared in the courts of Virginia of the charge of counterfeiting and again returned to his mine in the mountain fastness of Kentucky. After his death the mine was lost sight of in some unaccountable manner and has never since been located. Mrs. Timmons explained her theories pretty clearly and made several converts to her views in this city, among the number being Buck Keenan and Sam Shea. Mr. Shea has an old map with directions said to be a key to the location of the mine. There is much interest manifested in the concern, and there is talk of organizing a company to scour the mountains and find the mine.—Frankfort (Ky.) Journal.

The Latest in Weddings.

The latest thing in weddings is for the bride and groom to keep as a profound secret the direction of the bridal trip. They give out that they are going to Washington or Niagara. Then they go to some hotel and leave at a convenient time the next morning on their journey. Sometimes, in the spirit of fun, mischievous friends find out the destination of the bridal couple and send their congratulations to their hotel. A case of the kind occurred recently in Brooklyn. The groom had been a party to wedding jokes himself, and he took, as he supposed, every precaution to prevent his being traced. All inquiries were baffled. He got a driver who could not read. He drove over the bridge and dismissed the driver, and then drove in another coach to an up town hotel. He thought he had evaded all the fun makers. The next morning the bridal couple started for Washington by the Pennsylvania route. What was their astonishment to find a family delegation at the depot to bid them good morning and to wish them joy on their wedding trip. But how the secret leaked out is a mystery that the groom has been unable to solve.—New York Sun.

An Intelligent St. Bernard.

Talk about the intelligence of dogs, here is an example: A well known shopkeeper on Sixth avenue owns a superb St. Bernard as big as a Shetland pony. He has been suffering from an abscess of the ear, a not uncommon trouble with big dogs that are kept indoors without sufficient exercise. His master sent him up to Dr. Liaturari's veterinary hospital to be operated on, and the operation hurt him. Next day, when he was sent up for further treatment, he stopped short a couple of blocks away from the hospital and refused to budge. Neither coaxing nor commands moved him. He was entirely too big to be carried, so a hack was hired and he was lifted in and driven by a roundabout course into the hospital. He fought hard and howled like mad when he found himself at the scene of his first day's sufferings, and on the third visit had to be put in the hack at his own house door, as he positively refused to go out. I may add that, like the voracious Col. Tom Ochiltree, I can vouch for this story myself.—Alfred Trumble in New York News.

Finger Pulling as a Sport.

Years ago the sport or test of strength known as finger pulling was no uncommon contest among so called athletes in Michigan. One man at Saginaw had never known defeat, and was cock of the walk in the northwest. The contests were conducted by each man gripping the other's fingers in the manner known to children as "butcher's grip," the winner being he who pulled out his adversary's fingers to their natural position. Finally some one imported a Canadian Indian to strive against the Saginaw champion, and he was a redoubtable antagonist, for he had met with an accident that crippled his right hand, the tendons of the fingers being contracted so that they could not be opened without breaking them. Well, the struggle ensued, but the Indian did not win, for the Saginaw man braced himself and pulled so hard that he actually pulled out the Canadian's fingers by the roots.—Chicago News.

Food for Consumptives.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, is a most marvelous food and medicine. It heats the irritation of the throat and lungs, and gives flesh and strength quicker than any other remedy known. It is very palatable, having none of the disagreeable taste of the crude oil. Put up in 50c. and \$1 size.

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