The empty room where long thy haunt hath Think that the lane, the meadow, and the

wood. And mountain summit feel thy feet no more, Ner the loud thoroughfare, nor sounding

shore; All mere blank space where thou thyself hath

*tood. Amid this thought-created silence say To thy stripped soul, what am I now, and

where? Then turn and face the petty, narrowing care Which has been gnawing thee for many a

And it will d'e as dies a wailing breeze

Lost in the solemn roar of bounding seas. -- [James Smetham.

THE MUSICIAN'S STORY.

Yes, I don't know but what the colonel is right; we see some very curious often tempted to think that it would would some time simply write out an acthat it must be delightful to be behind

Now, it is right there that I take issue with what the colonel has just said. It is not well to have everything laid bare. I would rather have some of the gilt left on my gingerbread. I want a little romance in mine. I would like to go all sions of youth left when I get through: and here I am not yet thirty, not by several years, and the few ideals that I thought I ought to write what I have to when it was too late.

such a big funeral. The papers gave it was not all. a good deal of space to it at the time, I remember for his family amount to a good deal, even if he didn't, peace to his ashes. He growing into womanhood, and I was one say that the way he made the paternal given in honor of her first appearance in young hearts if they but beat in unison, ducats fly was a caution to fathers, and society. Yes, she was what they call a I turned part way round and watched since he left us. He set a fast pace and low others. Well born, rich and beauti-every one knew he couldn't keep it up ful, life must have looked very fair to tions of his many orders pinned upon his story was a very natural one.

it a good write up, you know.

"He never did anything particular," pot, "but his father was a friend of the governor's so I guess we can stand about enough. The ceremony is at 2 o'clock. down in time for the second edition. There's nothing on the book for you this evening, so you needn't come back

It was a great show, and I flatter myself that we had a fairly good account of it that afternoon. Pretty much all of the West End was there, and I could have filled a half column with the names of prominent people in the congregation if I had wanted to.

I was through my work and had my work on its way to the office long before the ceremony was over, but I stayed on the departed brother. De mortuis and think they carry it too far sometimes. only pleasure and solace in life.

it, but it touches me in some sensitive grown stiff and cold. place, and makes me feel sure that there always played his best at weddings. He does not often talk much, but that day, after every one had gone I got him started by asking him if he had known anything about the young man who was dead. At first he did not seem inclined dead. At first he did not seem inclined to talk, but, finally, after he had been of an eye," said the minister.

But I am wandering from his story.

finished the church was almost dark, and lost some of its girlish frankness. Think that the grass upon thy grave is green; all the light there was came through the had been too popular and the result was Think that thou seest thine own empty chair; stained glass windows and gave a melan- she was spoiled. The empty garments thou wast wont to choly tinge to it all. One ray from the He was very young, and a certain honsetting sun as it broke through the clouds i est boyish look in his face made him look fell fair upon the old man's head and younger than he was. As you probably gilded his snow-white hair until he know yourself, he was better built for looked almost young again. The lines books and works than for the ways of in his face seemed to fade away as he society, but his pleasant manner and his talked along in his low, sweet voice. sincerity I suppose must have made him For a time I almost forgot the reality of hosts of friends. the world outside and was lost in the | And so they met. I remember it was enthusiasm and fervor of the old musi during an interval between the dances. cian's story. I can give you a pretty They were standing close to our corner good idea of what the old man said, for when a mutual friend went through that it made a deep impression on me at the curious formality that is necessary in a time; I thought then that I would write civilized society before any two of God's

> he told it to me. he is dead-poor boy-so full of life and though it could not be.

onel is right; we see some very curious I never knew him, never spoke to him. thing. It may all be true enough that the things in this profession of ours. I am He was a young man, while my youth world loves a lover, but it's equally true make a very interesting story if a reporter as though I never had been young. He ing for a man who has given his all in count of a single day's experiences and friends, and what am I but a poor, old No man dies of love nowadays, they say, tell all he sees without adding even a tired-out musician, living by adding what and perhaps they did not die when I was tinge of romance. First of all the very little I can to the pleasure of others? I young; they just lived on and tried to variety of the life has a certain charm have looked upon his face for the last forget it. for the uninitiated, who have an idea time. He is dead, and they have carried One night late in the same winter I the scenes in everything, as they like to his friends were gathered together to was quite the event of the year. She put it. As though it was always pleas- show as best they could the love and re- was the gayest of the gay, and no one ant to see things stripped of all romance. spect they bore him. We heard the else was half so fair as she, with a great could he have said?

through life and have some of the illu- and the memories of other years that some time, and then I saw them coming managed to bring with me through col-lege have been escaping ever since so dreary place. Not one of all that crowd sadder to me than tears. He slipped fast that I have hardly been able to see that was so lately here ever gave a thought away later without being observed, and them go. That's why I am tempted to to the old musician, and yet it seems to I saw him no more for many a day. quit journalism-thanks, I mean the me that I knew him better than any of So time passed on and they had well newspaper business, of course. Now I them. I knew his hopes and fears and nigh gone from my thoughts, until one have a story to tell that illustrates the I knew what the sorrow was that spoiled night, a couple of years later, this old point I am making. Talking is not much his life and made him glad to die. church was brilliantly lighted and filled in my line, however, and I have often There was one other, but she learned it with all the wealth and fashion of the

Well, to begin with, I suppose you sloft the words of that sweet hymn of called it a wonderfully fine match. She boys all remember that fellow Harrington hope, "And is this all?" I felt somehow had come home to marry a foreigner of who died a couple of weeks ago and had that she was weeping and that she knew rank and title she had met and won in

I saw her. She was but a girl then, just doubt that night envied her success. not become a young girl and that made come. half a column if you can get it in early her look older than she really was. She though I was but a lonely old musician. it all.

I often wonder whether the people at because I wanted to see just how far the interested spectators. A queer life is about as much out of her life as she had minister would go in his remarks about this of ours, going from house to house, been taught to do. A butterfly would from reception to ballroom, playing our do but poorly in harness, you know. the rest of it is all well enough, but I parts in scenes in which we really have Then, you know, up at that church they ing the gay season we may see the same have an organist who can fairly make faces again and again, day after day, fairly forgets that there is anyone else in people meeting for the first time. They the church. After the congregation is talk idly for a while, dance together all gone he sits there by the hour and and, perhaps, never see one another plays to himself as though it was his again. Or the following winter stay there for hours and hear him talk more. So the world wags, and so it church to-day. to me with his music. There is hardly will continue to wag on long after my ever anything lively or hopeful about fingers have lost their cunning and in a dark corner of the church, where no

How often have I played right merrily is some story in his life. If only one could get at it. It would make a good special, I know, and I am going to try to get it, sometime. He has no family, all-have played above her body music of that I am certain, but somehow he that she did not hear and that would seems to take the greatest interest in have sounded weak and poor compared young people, and I've noticed that he to the sweet strains she was perhaps my own poor way to bring comfort to always played his best at weddings. He already hearing. Ah, me, what a deal one saddened heart and to tell to the two

making music that was indefinitely sad, as if it were full of tender memories, he met. From the first she had been what as if it were full of tender memories, he turned part way about on his stool and told me a story that I shall never forget. I do not know whether it was true, but at any rate it was worth the hearing, for it taught me a lesson that was worth the learning. It showed me that there are two ways at least of looking at the same thing; and who can say which is the better way?

met. From the first she had been what they call a success. I could tell that even from my point of view. She was courted, sought after and admired. At every ball it seemed to me she held a little court. Men flocked to her side, and I heard it whispered that one or two had reason to wish that they had never met her. I did not like her as well as I did when I first me. I am old, better way?

There was something very impressive and I may have been a little cynical, but in the scene to me. By the time he had | it seemed to me as though her face had

it up some time. But I haven't. It creatures may even recognize the fact of would seem almost a sacrilege to treat his each other's existence. They stayed toideal any less carnestly than he did. I gether for an hour and it was evident couldn't write that sort of a story, any- they liked each other very well. That way, but I'll try to tell it to you just as | was but the first of many meetings. He was evidently fascinated and he never lost an opportunity of being with her. Yes, I can tell you his story, now that I do not tuink she was ever in earnest; perhaps she did not realize how far hope and promise that it seems almost as along they were drifting with the tide. At any rate it was not long until it must I must have grown to love him more have been clear to the dullest onlooker than I knew, for now that he is dead, I | that he had lost his heart to her; and he feel indeed that I have lost a friend. Yet | was the sort of man to win or lose everyhas gone so far into the past that it seems | that it has but little sympathy and feelwas a man of the world, with many love and has received nothing in return,

him forth from this great church, where saw them together at a great ball that minister say those words of consolation red rose almost buried in the wealth of and hope, old, yet ever new, "I am the her dark hair, and another on the breast resurrection and the life." What more of her white gown. I watched them with a closer attention than usual that Now all are gone and you and I are night, but later on I missed them from left alone up here, I with my thoughts the throng of dancers. They were gone come flooding over me. The light from in from the great conservatory beyond. those rich-colored windows is already She had his arm, but they were not beginning to fade away and these evening speaking, and there was a hard, strained

town. It was with a dull heart, however, say. Still, if somebody will stand a mug of ale, I'll tell it anyway. Thanks, Judge, here's to you, and here goes.

Well to begin with I suppose you. some European capital. It was a bril-I remember so well the first time that | liant affair, and many a young girl no

As I played the old familiar strains of was a pretty lively youth, and they do of the musicians who played at the ball the march, old, yet ever new for two I've no doubt he has furnished the text society girl, but she looked to me like them coming down the aisle. They for many a sermon to wayward youth one who was able to lead and not to fol. made a handsome pair, he in his gorlong, but he had a good time while it her. I remember she was spoken of as breast, and she-well, she was radiant, lasted. The way I came to get onto his the most successful debutante of the sea- and she had that night a proud and satson. She was beautiful, of that there isfied smile that added to her grace and The day after he died our editor called was no doubt, with dark hair and eyes beauty, if not to her womanly sweetness. me into his room and told me he that would start a man to improvising Once I thought she gave a hasty glance wanted me to do the funeral and to give wild and noble music, with passionate up into the organ loft, and as she did so and tender strains, but with here and I saw her face grow strangely white and there a jarring note, for there was some- a look of pain come into her eyes. It remarked the man of the shears and paste | thing about her eyes that seemed out of | was for a moment, however, and then place-a proud, ambitious look that did it passed away as suddenly as it had

I turned once more to my keyboard, was that sort of woman that might in and as I glanced around I caught a You can write your stuff up in the organ | spire a man to noble deeds if she would, hasty glimpse of a young man's figure loft, and if you have one of the boys or else to wreck all beside rather than and a sad, white face almost hidden come up there after your copy you to lose her; whom a man might love, away among the palms that filled the orought to be able to get a good story and, losing, die for. I knew that even gan loft. I knew then, and understood

Two years later she came back alone, receptions and balls in the great world I saw her one bright spring morning ridever give a thought to the musicians ing in the park. She was not in mournsitting off by themselves and playing ing, but she looked tired and worried for their pleasure. Do they ever realize and anything but a hap-ny woman. I for a moment that we see all that goes on | imagine she had not found life much to about us and are the unseen audience of her liking. Perhaps she had but herself many a farce and comedy and tragedy. to blame for it, but was she any the less Many a ball room is the scene of events to be pitied for that? She had done as that may make or mar a life, and we many another young girl has done, and musicians, left out of account and as they will continue to do through all screened, perhaps, behind flowers and time. She had but lived up to the teachfoliage, are often the closest and most ings of her little world, and had made

I saw him, too, not long ago-no, not no part. Yet we are always there. Dur. her husband, but the other one. I heard that he had been off in the mountains in the far west, working hard in that open, that big organ of his talk, and cry, too. night after night, until we get to know free life that is so close to the heart of when he feels that way; and I like noth- them well. New faces come, familiar Mother Nature, and striving, I suppose, ing better than to sit up there in the faces disappear from our view, yet many's to forget. But there are some gh sta loft when he is playing away so that he the one we follow with interest. We see that will not be laid. To me the fact that he had nursed a poor sheep herder through a long illness, and then had fallen ill himself and had been vainly knocking at death's door for weeks, did we see them together everywhere not altogether account for his pitiable He's a queer old chap. I don't sup-ose he ever had much fun out of life, well we will see the other not far away. the rest, but it is my opinion that he did but somehow I like him, and every time | One can tell a great deal if one only sees | not care very much to live. And so I I am sent up there to report the Bishop's a person's eye light up as if it sees a was not much surprised last night when sermons, I make it a point to stay awhile afterward with my old friend. I could all, or the friendship may ripen into that my services would be needed at the

She, too, was here, and I saw her, off one could have notice! that solitary figure, clad all in black and at times

blood-red roses You say that I played with unusual feeling to-day? Ah, but I was trying in

And that, boys, is the old musician's story, just as he told it to me. You can have it for what it is worth. At any rate,

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Helpful Churches."

TEXT: "Send thee help from the sancluary."-Psaims xx., 2.

If you should ask fifty men what the church If you should ask fifty men what the church is, they would give you fifty different answers. One man would say, "It is a convention of hypocrites." Another, "It is an assembly of people who feel themselves a great deal better than others." Another, "It is a place for gossip, where wolverine disposi-tions devour each other." Another, "It is a place for the cultivation of superstition Another, "It is an arsenal where theologians go to get pikes and muskets and shot." Another, "It is an art gallery, where men go to admire grand arches and exquisite fresco, and musical warble and the Dantesque in gloomy imagery." Another man would say, "It is the best place on earth except my own home." If I forget thee, O Jerusalem! let my right hand forget her cuning."

Now, my friends, whatever the church is, my text tells you what it ought to be-s great, practical, homely, omnipotent help. "Send thee help from the sanctuary." The pew ought to yield restfulness to the body. The color of the upholstery ought to yield pleasure to the eye. The entire service ought to yield strength for the moil and struggle of everyday life. The Sabbath ought to behared to all the six days of the week, drawnessed to all the six days of the week, drawing them in the right direction. The church ought to be a magnet, visibly and mightily affecting all the homes of the worshipers. Every man gets roughly jostled, gets abused, gets cut, gets insulted, gets slighted, gets exasperated.

By the time the Sabbath comes, he have

By the time the Sabbath comes he has an ecumulation of six days of annoyance, and that is a starveling church service which has not strength enough to take that accumulated annoyance and hurl it into perdition. The business man sits down in church headachey from the week's engagements. Perhaps he wishes he had tarried at home on the lounge with the newspapers and the slippers. That man wants to be cooled off and graciously diverted. The first wave of the religious service ought to dash clear over the hurricane decks and leave him dripping with holy and glad heavenly emotion. "Send thee help

from the sanctuary."
In the first place, sanctuary help ought to come from the music. A woman dying in England persisted in singing to the last mo-The attendants tried to persuade her to stop, saying it would exhaust her and make her disease worse. She answered: "I must sing. I am only practicing for the heavenly choir." Music on earth is a re-hearsal for music in heaven. If you and I are going to take part in that great orchestra, it is high time that we were stringing and thrumming our harps. They tell us that Thalberg and Gotts shalk never would go into a covert until they had first in private rehearsed, although they were such masters of the instrument. And can it be that we exect to take a part in the great oratorio heaven if we do not rehearse here? am not speaking of the next world. Sabbath song ought to set all the week to music. We want not more harmony, not more artistic

Now I am no worshiper of noise, but I be-lieve that if our American churches would, with full heartiness of soul and full emphasis of voice, sing the songs of Zion this part of sacred worship would have tenfold more power than it has now. Why not take this part of the sacred service and lift it to where it ought to be? All the annoyances of life might be drowned out of that sacred song. Do you tell me that it is not fashionable to sing very loudly? Then, I say, away with the fashion. We dam back the great sissippi of congregational singing and let a lew drops of melody trickle through the dam. I say, take away the dam and let the billows roar on their way to the oceanic heart of God. Whether it is fashionable to sing loudly or not, let us sing with all posemphasis.

expression, but more volume in our church

We hear a great deal of the art of singing. of music as an entertainment, of music as a recreation. It is high time we heard some-thing of music as a help—a practical help. In order to do this we must only have a few hymns. New tunes and new hymns every Sunday make poor congregational singing, Fifty hymns are enough for fifty years. The Fifty nymns are enough for fifty years. The Episcopal Church prays the same prayers every Sabbath, and year after year and century after century. For that reason they have hearty responses. Let us take a hint from that fact, and let us sing the same songs Sabbath after Sabbath. Only in that way but we come to the full force of this exercise. Twenty thousand years will not wear out the hymns of William Cowper and

Charles Wesley and Isaac Watts, Suppose now each person in this audience as brought all the annoyances of the last 365 days. Fill this room to the ceiling with 365 days. Fill this room to the ceiling with sacred song, and you would drown out all those annoyances of the 365 days, and you would drown them out forever. Organ and cornet are only to marshal the voice. Let the voice fall into line, and in companies, and in brigades, by storm take the obduracy and sin of the world. It you cannot sing for yourself, sing for others. By trying to give others good cheer you will bring good cheer to your own heart. When Londonderry, Ireland, was besieged, many years ago, the people inside the city were famishing, and a ressal came up with propagation. vessel came up with provisions, but the ves sel ran on the river bank and stuck fast. The enemy went down, with laughter and de-rision, to board the vessel, when the vessel gave a broadside fire against the emeny, and by the shock was turned back into the stream

and all was well. Oh, ye who are high an I dry on the rocks of melancholy, give a broadside fire of song against your spiritual enemies, and by holy rebound you will come out into the calm waters. If we want to make ourselves happy, we must make others happy. "Mythology tells us of Amphian, who played his lyre until the mountains were moved and "Mythology tells us of Amphian, who played his lyre until the mountains were moved and the walls of Thebes arose, but religion has a mightier story to tell of how Christian song may build whole temples of eternal joy and lift the round earth into sympathy with the skies. I tarried many nights in London, and I used to hear the bells—the small bells of the city—strike the hour of night—one, two, three, four, and after they were done striking the hour of night, then the great St. Paul's Cathedral would come in to mark the hours, making all the other sounds seem utterly insignificant as with mighty tongue it terly insignificant as with mighty tongue it announced the hour or the night-every

stroke an overmastering boom.

My friends, it was intended that all the lesser sounds of the world should be drowned out in the mighty tongue of congregational song beating against the gates of heaven. Do you know how they mark the hours in heaven? They have no clocks, as they have no candles, but a great pendulum of halleluiah swinging across heaven from eternity. luiah swinging across heaven from eternity

Let those re'use to sing
Who never knew our God,
But children of the heavenly king
Should apeak their joya abroa i.

Should apeak their joys abroad.

Again I remark that sanctuary help ought to come from the sermon. Of a thousand people in this or any other audience, how many want sympathetic help? Do you guess a hundred? Do you guess 500? You have guessed wrong. I will tell you just the proportion. Out of a thousand people in this audience there are just 1000 who need sympathetic help. These young people want it just as much as the old. The old people sometimes seem to think they have a monopoly of the rheumatism, and the neuralgias, and the headaches, and the physical disorders of the world. But I tell you there are no worse heartaches than are felt by some of these young people.

young people.

Do you know that much of the work is done by the young? Raphael died at thirty-seven, Richard III at thirty-three, Gustavus Adolphus died at thirty-eight! Innocent III came to his mightiest influence at thirty-seven; Cortez conquered Mexico at thirty;

tius was Attorney General at twenty-nve; Gro-tius was Attorney General at twenty-four, and I have noticed amid all classes of men that some of the severest battles and the toughest work comes before thirty. There-fore we must have our sermons and our ex-horitation in prayer meeting all sympathetic

with the young.

And so with these people further on in life.

What do these doctors and lawyers and merchants and mechanics care about the abstraction. tions of religion? What they want is help to bear the whimsicalities of patients, the browbeating of legal opponents, the unfairness of customers, who have plenty of fault finding for every imperfection of handiwork, but no praise for twenty excellences. What does that brain racked, hand blistered man care for Zwingle's "Doctrine of Original Sin," or Augustine's "Anthropology?" You might as

well go to a man who has the pleurisy and put on his side a plaster made out of Dr. Parr's "Treatise on Medical Jurisprudence." While all of a sermon may not be helpful alike to all if it be a Christian sermon preached by a Christian man, there will be help for every one somewhere. We go into an apothecary store. We see others being waited on. We do not complain because we do not immediately get the medicine. We know our turn will come after awhile. And so, while all parts of a sermon may not be appropriate to our case if we wait wait. appropriate to our case, if we wait prayer-fully before the sermon is through we shall have the divine prescription. I say to these young men who come here Sabbath by Sabbath, and who are going to preach the gos-pel—these theological students—I say to them, we want in our sermons not more metaphysics, nor more imagination nor more logic, nor more profundity.

What we want in our sermons and Christian exhortations is more sympathy. When Father Taylor preached in the Sailors' Bethel at Boston, the jack tars felt that they had help for their duties among the ratiines and the forecastles. When Richard Weaver preached to the operatives in Oldham, England, all the workingmen felt they had more grace for the spindles. When Dr. South preached to kings and princes and princesses all the mighty men who heard him felt prep-aration for their high station.

Again I remark that sanctuary help ought to come through the prayers of all the peo-ple. The door of the eternal storehouse is of prayer—and when the whole audience lay hold of that door, if must come open. There are here many people spending their first Sabbath after some great bereavement. What will your prayer do for them? How will it help the tomb in that man's heart? Here are people who have not been in church be-fore for ten years. What will your prayer do for them by rolling over their soul holy memorles?

Here are people in crises of awful temptation. They are on the verge of despair or wild blundering or theft or suicide. What will your prayer do for them this morning in the way of giving them strength to resist: Will you be chiefly anxious about the fit of while on prayed? Will you be chiefly critical of the rhetoric of the pastor's petition? No. No. A thousand people will feel, "That prayer is for me," and at every step of the prayer chains ought to drop off, and temples of sin ought to crush into dust, and jubilees of deliverance ought to brandish their tru upsis. In most of our churches we have three prayers—the opening prayer, what is called the "long prayer," and the

closing prayer.

There are many people who spend the first prayer in arranging their apparel after enrance, and spend the second prayer—the "long prayer"—in wishing it were through, and spend the last prayer in preparing to start for home. The most insignificant part of every religious service is the sermon. The more important parts are the Scriptural lesson and the graver. son and the prayer. The sermon is only a man talking to a man. The Scripture lesson is God talking to man. Prayer is man talk-ing to God. Oh, if we understood the grandeur and the pathos of this exercise of prayer, instead of being a duli exercise, we would imagine that the room was full of divine and

But, my friends, the old style of churc will not do the work. We might as well not try to take all the passengers from New Yor to Buffalo by stage coach, or all the passer gers from Albany to Buffalo by canalboat, o to do all the battling of the world with bor and arrow, as with the old style of church t meet the exigencles of this day. Unless the church in our day will adapt itself to the time it will become extinct. The people reading newspapers and books all the week, it alert, picturesque and resounding style, will have no patience with Sabbath humdrum.

We have no objections to bands and sur-plice and all the paraphernalia of clerica-life, but these things make no impression— make no more impression on the great masses of the people than the ordinary busi-ness suit that you wear in Wall-street. A tailor cannot make a minister. Some of the tailor cannot make a minister. Some of the poorest preachers wear the best clothes, and many a backwoodsman has dismounted from the saddlebags and in his linen duster preached a sermon that shook earth and heaven with its Christian eloquence. No new gospel, only the old gospel in a way suited to the time. No new church, but a church to be the asylum, the inspiration, the practical sympathy and the eternal help of the people.

But while half of the doors of the churc are to be set open toward this world the other half of the doors of the church must be se open toward the next. You and I tarry her only a brief space. We want somebody to teach us how to get out of this life at the right time and in the right way. Some right time and in the right way. Some fall out of life, some go stumbling out of life, some go cursions out of life. We want to go singing, rising, rejoicing, triumphing. We want half the doors of the church set in that direction. We want half the prayers that way, half the sermons that way. We want to know how to get ashore from the tumult of this world into the land of everlasting peace. We do not want to stand doubting and ship-We do not want to stand doubting and shiv-ering when we go away from this world. We want our anticipations aroused to the high-

want our anticipations aroused to the highest pitch.

We want to have the exhilaration of a dying child in England, the father telling me the story. When he said to her, "Is the path narrow?" she answered: "The path is narrow. It is so narrow that I cannot walk arm in arm with Christ, so Jesus goes ahead and He says, 'Mary, follow." Through these church gates set heavenward how many of your friends and mine have gone? The last time they were out of the house they came to church. The earthly pilgrimage ended at the pillar of public worship, and then they marched out to a bigger and brighter assemblage. Some of them were so old they could not walk without a cane or two erutches. Now they have eternal juvenescence. Or they were so young they could not walk except as the maternal hand guided them. Now they bound with the hilarities celestial.

The last time we saw them they were wasted with malarial or pulmonic disorder, but now they have no fatigue and no difficulty of respiration in the pure air of heaven. How I wonder when you and I will cross over! Some of you have had about enough of the thumping and flailing of this life. A draft from the fountains of heaven would do you good. Complete release, you could stand very well. If you got on the other side and had permission to come back, you would not come. Though you were invited to come back and join your friends on earth, you would say, "No, let me tarry here until they come. I shall not risk going back. If a man reaches heaven, he had better stay there."

Oh, I join hands with you this morning in

Oh, I join hands with you this morning in that uplifted spiendor!

Who will count the billows past?

In Freybourg, Switzerland, there is the trunk of a tree 400 years old. That tree was planted to commemorate an event. About ten miles from the city the Swiss conquered the Burgundians, and a young man wanted to take the tidings to the city. He took a tree branch and ran with such speed the ten miles that when he reached the city waving the tree branch he had only strength to cry "Victory!" and dropped dead. The tree branch that he carried was planted, and it grew to

Don Juan won Lepanto at twenty-five : Gro- | be a great tree, twenty feet in circumference. and the remains of it are there to this day.

My hearer, when you have fought your last battle with sin and death and hell, and they have been routed in the conflict, it will be a joy worthy of celebration. You will fly to the city and cry "Victory!" and drop at the feet of the Great King. Then the palm branch of the earthly race will be planted, to become the outreaching tree of everlasting reloicing. rejoiding.

When shall these eyes Thy heaven-bufft walls And pearly gates behold; Thy bulwarks with savation strong And streets of shining gold?

CABLE SPARKS.

FRANCE intends to send an expedition to Africa.

A dynamite bomb was exploded in Pisa Italy, causing great excitement in the city. DRAGOONS charged a mob of rioting French mine strikers and twelve men and women were injured.

A death occurred in Lambeth, a port of London, which it is suspected was caused by Asiatic cholera.

EVERYTHING in Rio Janiero tends to the restoration of the monarchy, according to dispatches received in London.

CIRCASSIAN brigands attacked a train in the trans-Caucasion region and killed three guards. An army pay chest was plundered. A d.spatch from Tangier says that in view of the fighting in Melila, Spain has withdrawn her military attaches from the Sultan's

THE Matabele warriors are said to be confused by the advance being made against them and they are falling back toward the Zambesi river.

HAMBURG has established a censorship over dispatches relating to cholera. In Russia the disease spems to be abating, though it is yet severe.

A mail boat plying between Rausay and Eday, in the Orkney Islands, was upset in a squall and the two boatmen, a woman and her three children were drowned.

LIEUTENANT HOFFMEISTER, who was tried in Germany for having violated his oath of allegiance by advocating socialism, was discharged by the court. The charges against

him were held not to have been proven. THE opening of the Austrian Reichsrath was attended with a great socialist demonstration in Vienna in favor of universal suffrage. Exciting scenes are expected during the session owing to the attitude of the

THE International Parliamentary Peace League has urged Mr. Gladstone to introduce a bill in Parliament pledging the British government to favor the establishment of a permanent international court of arbitra-

Nine thousand miners returned to work in Derbyshire at the rate of wages prevailing before the strike. The men are everywhere jubilant at the condition of affairs. In London the price of coal has fallen. Claims for damages amounting to £10,(00 have been presented against the county council for the West Riding of York for property destroyed by strikers.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE.

h w k l- w o ie ie ie i- n iii	FLOUR—Balto, Best Pat. \$ 4 60
r.	CANNED GOODS.
al .	TOMATOES-Stnd. No. 8.\$ 65 @ \$ 1'0
ıt	No. 2 70 75
i- A	PEAS—Standards 120 169
A	Seconds
d	Moist 58
m	HIDES.
E	
d w	City Cows 43/2 3 53
d	Southern No. 2 51/2 53
h	POTATOES & VEGETABLES.
)- Ø	POTATOES-Burbanks. \$ 70 @ 3 75
	ONIONS 70 8)
h	Yams 160 175
T.	PROVISIONS.
rt o	HOGS PRODUCTS-shids.\$ 81/@\$ 9
0	Clear ribsides 9 91
B	Hams 13V 13V
B	Mess Pork, per bar 18 75 LARD—Crude 115
	Best refined
-	
	BUTTER,

BUTTER-Fine Crmy....\$ 29 @\$ Under fine..... Boll.... CHERRE. CHEESE-N.Y. Factory.\$ 11% @ \$

EGGS. EGGS—State......\$ 1914@\$ North Carolina...... 18 CHICKENS-Hens......\$ 11

Ducks, per fb..... TOBACCO. TOBACCO-Md. Infer's.\$ 150 @ \$ 150 Sound common..... 8 00 Middling...... 6 00 Fancy 12 00

MUSKRAT..... 10 Red Fox.....

NEW YORK.

CHEESE_St

PHILADELPHIA.

FLOUR—Southern.....\$360
WHEAT—No. 2 Red..... 67
CORN—No. 8 46
OATS—N. 2 36
BUTTER—State...... 27