# Juniata Sentinel and Republican.

B. F. SCHWEIER, THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS. Editor and Proprietor.

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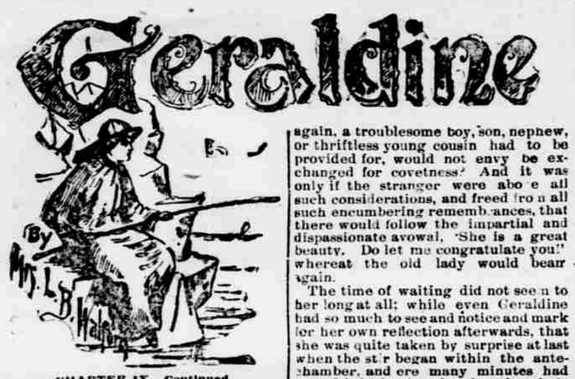


CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

Granny did not see many old friends indeed, she only recognized here and there a face among the walkers and riders, who now began to lounge along on either side the line, peeping in at the carriage windows, and making a halt now and again when hailed by their occupants.

Cecil Raymond had promised to look up his grandmother and cousin, and cheer and chat with them during this weary waiting time but they saw nothing of him, though Geraldine kept a look out with an eagerness at which she was herself surprised.

She had seen Cecil only the evening before, and he was coming to Mount street after their return from the palace, so why should she care about meeting him again in the interval?

She did not know that she was experiencing, even in the midst of her splendor, a touch of that forlornness which only those can understand who having been brought up in a confined and limited sphere where every object has been from childhood familiar, are suddenly transported into a vast, seething, restless mass of human beings.

The past fo tnight had almost made Geraldine imagine that she had outlived the feeling. The first shock had been got over; she had been up and down Bond street and Regent street and had fancied herself at home in sundry resorts of fashion but this pageant so completely and entirely unlike any thing she had ever before been a witness of, threw her back again.

Such endless numbers of fine folks, fine equipages, fine everything! Such wonderfully beautiful young faces such proud old patrician ones; such lovely children!

Somehow or other, as she gazed another face and figure, one she had known once, came back upon her so vividly that she almost started now and again, so sure was she that the head or profile of which she had caught a glimpse among the crowd must have been that of Bellenden This happened more than once. It was, it could be but most foolish of fancies, and she was annoyed with herself that what must perforce only be the cold ashes of an old association should have had the power to stir the blood in her little finger, but she could not help it. She thought she would have liked to see him, and would have liked him to see her—and that was all.

As for Cecil, he was watched for more eagerly than he had ever been before, and even granny was annoyed by the inattention—since it would have been pleasant to have had their mat to talk to as other people had. The carriage in front and the carriage behind had each a little group surrounding its windows, and Cecil, who should have saved his grandmother from the ignominy of being altogether unsought and unattended, was nowhere to be seen. He had made a mistake, as was fully and satisfactorily explained afterwards when the explanation did no good to any one, but, in the meantime, the ladies had nobody.

She had seen the palace gates, however, and rushing up the broad staircase and through the great vacant rooms, granny forgot everything else in the exhilaration of discovering and pointing out to Geraldine their good fortune in being early enough to secure chairs in the very front row of the only room in which chairs at all were to be had.

It was quickly filled, and then granny bade her young charge note the crush, the heat, and the discomfort of those who, shut back by the inflexible barrier, now poured faster and faster into the great saloon behind, till it looked a mere surging mass of heads and plumes.

Furthermore, granny explained that the ante-chamber in front, at present empty, who e recesses she and Geraldine could view at their ease, although they in their turn were debarred from entering therein, would presently be full of the happy people who possessed the coveted entree—the right of entrance by a special door, and of priority of presentation and that as these assembled, it would be an amusing little pantomime to watch them tripping hither and thither, greeting each other, and displaying their finery—"And looking at us, my dear, as they would at inferior things," proceeded the old lady, nodding her head merrily. "They are not in reality any very great people at all—principally officials and their wives—although, of course, there are a few noteworthy folks among them, such as the ambassadors and foreign princes; but they think a great deal of themselves on these days. My Aunt Catherine, your great aunt, had the entree; and I remember so well what a point she made of never ordering her carriage on Court days before 2 o'clock. A little piece of bravado, my dear. She liked the neighbors to see, that was all." So the old lady prattled on.

By-and-by she had another pleasure. As the assembled groups settled themselves down, and had time to look around and take note of their surroundings, one after another came up from behind, pleased to recognize an old friend or acquaintance in the handsome, stately form which sat so erect in front of all, and with whom the lovely girl at her side was so evidently associated.

Then it would be all joyful greetings, and renewal of old ties, and eager inquiries.

What had she been about all these years? Taking charge of her orphan grandchild.

What had brought her back into the world? Whereupon the orphan grandchild would be presented with an air not unmistakably meant. "Here is sufficient for everything."

Perhaps granny had never been happier in her life than during that hour. She was quick enough to note the effect in every instance, and to have, moreover, a shrewd suspicion as to the cause of the various differences in the reception of her intelligence.

If it chanced, for instance, that the recipient were the luckless chaperon of half a dozen plain and portionless damsels, could she forbear to look upon Geraldine, beautiful, wealthy, fortunate, without a momentary envy? If, again, a troublesome boy, son, nephew, or thriftless young cousin had to be provided for, would not envy be exchanged for covetness? And it was only if the stranger were above such considerations, and freed from all such encumbering remembrances, that there would follow the impartial and dispassionate avowal, "She is a great beauty. Do let me congratulate you!" whereat the old lady would beam again.

The time of waiting did not seem to her long at all; while even Geraldine had so much to see and notice and marker her own reflection afterwards, that she was quite taken by surprise at last when the stir began within the ante-chamber, and ere many minutes had passed it had thinned so fast that their own barrier was withdrawn, and she found herself being greatly but irresistibly urged forward.

"Keep by me, love; keep by me," whispered her grandmother with superfluous caution, for the two could hardly have parted company if they would: and in the excitement of the moment Geraldine had no time to feel tashful or nervous ere she found herself moving on in single file close behind granny, and aware that some one else was equally close behind her.

Beneath an arched doorway in front, it seemed to her that within every few seconds a halt was made, causing a series of jerks to the fair procession, and the first idea that occurred to her inexperienced mind was that at this point the great event of the day took place; but drawing nearer, the notion was dispelled. No; the gorgeous, peacock-like trains were only being spread beneath that doorway, and a sea of heads all at once became visible beyond, while a monotonous voice rose ever and again, as one and another passed in and was lost to view. But what was it, then, that attracted every eye, and turned every head, as each fair creature sailed along over the polished floor towards that goal beyond? Alack-aday: it was but a mirror and the merry-hearted little Jerry of old all at once sprang to life again within the bosom of the elegant debutante, and she had enough ado not to laugh outright at the cunning little trait of human nature.

The laugh, however, had to be postponed to a more convenient season, for now granny was making her grand, old-fashioned curtesy, and taking her full time over it, ere she was hurried along by the unsympathizing officials, who would scarce permit her to make a reverent exit in what she considered a seemly manner and next it was Geraldine's own turn.

It was said that the Queen smiled upon her. Perhaps Her Gracious Majesty had heard something of the young girl's story and remembered it. for it is well known how conscientiously the presentation lists are scanned and inquired into in the highest quarter; but, at any rate, many others looked, and noticed, and whispered, to one another that day. Jerry might very well have had her young head turned, had she given heed to it all.

She did not. She was full of the fun of the thing when she got home at five o clock, very full of how this one had looked, and how she could have wished for another view of her Sovereign, and had been so confused and anxious at the supreme moment that, indeed, she could scarcely say she had had a distinct view at all; but with the sprightly chatter there was no word that was not pleasant to hearken to—natural, lovable, innocent.

The Raymond girls, the Ethel and Alicia of old, were in the drawing-room, waiting, all impatience to hear how Geraldine had fared, to see how she looked, and next, to tell of their own presentation days, to compare experiences, or note alterations. They had not a word to say against their cousin afterwards. She had been neither elated nor self-important, nor self-conscious—she had been just her own self, and even her Aunt Charlotte owned that Geraldine was wonderfully little spoilt, all things considered.

What Cecil had thought he kept to himself.

He had also been in waiting, full of explanations and apologies, which, as we have said, fell now somewhat flat.

It had been the new liveries which had upset his calculations. His grandmother had omitted to tell him either about them, or her smart new carriage, and never having seen the full dress livery of the Campbells before, he had forgotten that it would be sure to be in use on the present occasion.

"But I heard you had been there all right," he concluded. "I met a man who had seen you. Your old friend, Bellenden, Geraldine. Oddly enough, I stumbled across him to-day, though we had not met for ages."

"Indeed!" said his grandmother, somewhat coldly. "We did not see him, nor any one we knew while outside, did we, Geraldine?"

"He saw you, however," replied Cecil, intercepting his cousin's reply. "He was on horseback, and could not get near enough to catch your eye; but he had a good look at you, and said he should have known Geraldine anywhere."

"She is a good deal changed, nevertheless," said Geraldine's grandmother, still reserved and stately, and the tone in which the remark was made conveyed this: "If any person now thinks to find in my granddaughter an unsophisticated, impulsive child, to be safely talked nonsense to and played with, that person is very much mistaken."

Meanwhile the subject of discourse had affected in the prettiest manner possible to hear nothing of it.

To Cecil's opening sentence she had, indeed, accorded the proper tribute of attention, since he had directly appealed to her; but presently she had found herself obliged to turn aside, and found a seat for her Aunt Charlotte and answer her inquiries, and show her the lace upon her train and on her bodice, and neither Cecil nor his grandmother had supposed she had caught a word of their colloquy.

Of course she had, and it had been music in her ears.

She now just cared enough about the memory of Bellenden, on e so deeply, passionately beloved, to rejoice that he had witnessed her hour of triumph, and had not shared it.

She wanted no more of him.

He had seen her, and seen her as she could not help knowing, at her radiant best, and had been compelled to behold only from afar, unable even to claim recognition.

What booted it to reason out the matter? She would not stop to bothe nk herself that this view of it was scarcely plain and matter-of-fact one, that there had in reality been no possible reason why Bellenden should not have made his way to her side had he taken the pains to do so. No, no, no: it had been the omen of the fut re in store for both.

She should be seated aloft on her throne of youth and beauty, with all the world at her feet—and he—he who had despised and deserted her should be the outcast who could not even draw near to bask in the sunlight of her presence.

It was a pretty little vista, was it not?

CHAPTER X.

GERALDINE BEGINS TO PAY BACK.

'In London how easy we visit, and meet,
Say pleasure's the theme, and sweet smiles are our treat;
Our morning's a round of good-humored delight,
And we rattle, in comfort, to pleasure at night.'

The presentation day had been a Thursday.

Cecil Raymond declined to lunch in Mount street on the following Sunday as he had done on the two previous ones, alleging an engagement: and it presently transpired that the engagement was to breakfast with Sir Frederick at his club, after which he proposed bringing Bellenden to call or his grandmother and cousin.

From the speaker's manner it was evident that a few civil words from a man with whom it was creditable to be on good terms, had undone all the past: and the way in which he referred to Bellenden and quoted Bellenden during the next five minutes recalled the old time when no one had stood on a higher pinnacle in his good graces. The very air with which he made his further proposition showed that he felt secure of its being accepted.

Now, poor old granny did not altogether like this: and for two reasons would fain that nothing of the kind had been suggested. She wished to have nothing further to do with the guest who she could but feel had been ingrateful and neglectful, and she had old-fashioned views on the subject of Sunday afternoon calls.

Cecil was himself of course welcome; but she would have preferred his not beginning to bring friends with him.

As for Geraldine, the word "bringing" was enough for her. A man that required to be "brought." A man, who, even after knowing that his former friends and hostesses were within a few streets of him, could not of himself step across the way, as it were, but required to be "brought!"

An indignant sense of this was on the verge of escaping, when she, however, recollected herself: and recollected as Cecil's face told her, only just in time.

Yes, her cousin was certainly on the watch—actually looking out to see whether any traces of the old flame remained. Foolish, absurd boy. Did he not know her better than that? Did he imagine that because he could be won over by the first soft sentence she was to be equally poor-spirited?

She burned with shame for him. How easily he had pardoned everything: how pleased he now looked to sit and chatter there about his friend, and his friend's club, and his Sunday breakfast! Granny was gently demurring to the Sunday breakfast, well knowing what it meant; and Cecil, ever ready to coaxed, was explaining and excusing, and, moreover, assuring the old lady that it was not his fault to accept such invitations, that he did so, in fact, very seldom indeed, but that he had not liked to refuse on the present occasion, in case it might have looked as if—she would understand—as if some resentment were still harbored which should be alike beneath a Raymond and a Campbell.

"We must take the world as we find it," the young man was philosophically arguing, "we should simply make ourselves ridiculous if we appeared to have thought so much of a trifle. Bellenden is a careless fellow, and after he had left us he had so much to do and to think of that we passed out of his memory. But he meant no harm, and he was as friendly as possible to me to-day. You would not have me appear uncharitable as well as unsophisticated?" he wound up.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### American Stories.

Robert Barr, the "Luke Sharp" of The Detroit Free Press, and the dignified associate editor of a London magazine, says that Americans have all the ideas, but Englishmen have all the finish. He says that the American who goes to London must guard his stories, if he ever expects to use them, as they will be taken out of his mouth and made into copy before he knows it.

Over here a literary man tries all of his ideas upon his friends before he thinks of printing them on paper. They are polished by being knocked about.

Hopkinson Smith made up "Col Carter of Cartersville" out of stories he had been telling for ten years. An American would as soon have thought of stealing his spoons as his stories to make money out of. But in England they are not so squeamish.

Mr. Barr says that an American author came to him one day and said "Well, Barr, I've told you that yarn of mine that I meant to work into a novel once too often. One of the men you introduced me to has just brought it out in a magazine."—Philadelphia Press.

### Perfectly Fresh.

Milk frozen solid in cans is now sold in France. It has been discovered that milk can be kept perfectly fresh in a frozen condition for more than a month. It is frozen by means of an ordinary ice-making machine, and dispatched by road, rail, or steamer to its destination. The customer who purchases the frozen milk has simply to thaw it when it is required for use.

Some men are born great, some achieve greatness and some stand well with both factions.

There are plenty of people who are very pleasant while they can have their own way.

A Christian is in a dangerous place when he does not feel that he needs the help of God.

This is the age when women are making every effort to do what men have done.

One of the suprising things of this world is the respect a worthless man has for himself.

A business seldem amounts to enough to give all the employes the credit they claim.

The people who have the softest carpet to kneel on often do the least praying.

Kind words can never die, but they get very tired when they are not appreciated.

A lie is like a brush heap on fire; it is easier to let it burn out than try to extinguish it

The man who strikes it rich nowadays generally strikes it early and strikes all day long.

## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON IN THE NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Subject: "Points of Compass."

TEXT: "They shall come from the East and from the West, and from the North, and from the South, and shall sit down."—Luke xiii., 29.

The man who wrote this was at one time a practicing physician, at another time a talented painter, at another time a powerful preacher, at another time a reporter—an inspired reporter. God bless and help and inspire all reporters! From their pens drop the health or poison of Nations. The name of this reporter was Lucanus. For short he was called Luke, and in my text, although stenography had not yet been born, he reports verbatim a sermon of Christ which is one paragraph bowls the round world into the light of the millenium. "They shall come from the East, and from the West, and from the North, and from the South, and shall sit down."

Nothing more interested me in my recent journey around the world than to see the ship captain about noon, whether on the Pacific or the Indian or Bengal or Mediterranean or Red Sea, looking through a nautical instrument to find just where we were sailing, and it is well to know that, though the captain tells you that there are thirty-two points of division of the compass card in the mariner's compass, there are only four cardinal points, and my text hails them—the North, the South, the East, the West. So I spread out before us the map of the world to see the extent of the gospel campaign. The hardest part of the field to be taken is the North, because our gospel is an emotional gospel, and the Nations of the far North are a cold-blooded race. They dwell amid icebergs and eternal snows and everlasting winter. Greenlanders, Laplanders, Icelanders, Siberians—their religion is the sledge drawn by reindeer, their apparel the thickest furs at all seasons, their existence a lifetime battle with the cold. The winter charges upon them with swords of icicle and strikes them with bullets of hail and pounds them with battling rams of glacier.

But already the huts of the arctic hear the songs of divine worship. Already the snows fall on open New Testaments. Already the warmth of the sun of righteousness begins to be felt through the bodies and minds and souls of the Hyperboreans. Down from Nova Zembla, down from Spitzbergen seas, down from the land of the midnight sun, down from the palaces of crystal, down over realms of ice and over dominions of snow and through hurricanes of sleet Christ's disciples are coming from the North. The inhabitants of Hudson Bay are gathering to the cross. The Church Missionary Society in those polar climes has been grandly successful in establishing twenty-four gospel stations, and over 12,000 natives have believed and been baptized. The Moravians have kindled the light of the gospel all up and down Labrador. The Danish mission has gathered disciples from among the shivering inhabitants of Greenland. William Duncan preaches the gospel up in the chill latitudes of Columbia, delivering one sermon nine times in the same day to as many different tribes who listen, and then go forth to build school houses and churches.

Alaska, called at its annexation William H. Seward's folly, turns out to be William H. Seward's triumph, and it is hearing the voice of God through the American missionaries, and will be delivered from all arctic hardships as the old Scottish [illegible] when camping out in a winter's night knocked from under his son's head a pillow of snow, saying that such indulgences in luxury would weaken and disgrace the clan. The Jeannette went down in latitude seventy-seven, while DeLong and his freezing and dying men stood watching it from the crumbling and crackling polar pack, but the old ship of the gospel sails as unhurt in latitude seventy-seven as in our own forty degrees, and the one starred Bay State shows the topgallants in Baffin's Bay and Hudson's Strait and Melville Sound. The heroism of polar exploration, which has made the names of Sebastian Cabot and Scoresby and Schwatka and Henry Hudson immortal, is to be eclipsed by the prowess of the men and women who wield the frosts of highest latitudes are this moment taking the upper shores of Europe, Asia and America for God. Scientists have never been able to agree as to what is the aurora borealis, or northern lights. I can tell them. It is the banner of victory for Christ spread out in the northern night heavens. Partially fulfilled already the prophecy of my text, to be completely fulfilled in the near future, "They shall come from the North."

But my text takes in the opposite point of the compass. The far South has, through high temperature, temptations to lethargy and indolence and hot blood which tend toward multiform evil. We have through my text got the North in, notwithstanding its frosts, and the same text brings in the South, notwithstanding its torridity. The fields of cactus, the orange groves and the thickets of magnolia are to be surrendered to the Lord Almighty. The South! That means Mexico and all the regions that William H. Prescott and Lord Kingsborough made familiar in literature; Mexico, in strange dialect of the Aztecs; Mexico conquered by Hernan Cortes, to be more gloriously conquered; Mexico, with its capital more than 7000 feet above the sea level looking down upon the entrancement of a land and valley and plain; Mexico, the home of nations yet to be born—all for Christ. The South! That means Africa, which David Livingstone consecrated to God when he died on his knees in his tent of exploration. Already about 750,000 converts to Christianity in Africa. The South! That means all the islands strewn by omnipotent hand through tropical seas—Malayan, Polynesia, Melanesia, Micronesia and other islands more numerous than you can imagine unless you have voyaged around the world. The South! That means Java for God, Sumatra for God, Borneo for God, Siam for God.

A ship was wrecked near one of these islands, and two lifeboats put out for shore, but those who arrived in the first boat were clubbed to death by the cannibals, and the other boat put back and was somehow saved. Years passed on, and one of that very crew was wrecked again with others on the same rocks. Crawling up on the shore, they proposed to hide from the cannibals in one of the caverns, but mounting the rocks they saw a church and cried out: "We are saved! A church, a church!" The South! That means Venezuela, New Granada, Ecuador and Bolivia. The South! That means the torrid zone, with all its bloom and all its fruitage, and all its exuberance, the redolence of illimitable gardens, the music of boundless groves, the lands, the seas, that night by night look up to the Southern Cross, which, in stars, transfigures the midnight heaven as you look up at it all the way from the Sandwich Islands to Australia. "They shall come from the South."

But I must not forget that my text takes in another cardinal point of the compass. It takes in the East. I have to report that in a journey around the world there is nothing so much impresses one as the fact that the missionaries divinely blessed are taking the world for God. The horrible war between Japan and China will leave the last wall of opposition flat in the dust. War is barbarism always and everywhere. We hold up our hands in amazement at the massacre at Port Arthur, as though Christian Nations could never go into such diabolism. We forget Fort Pillow! We forget the fact that during our war both North and South rejoiced when there were 10,000 more wounded and slain on the opposite side. War, whether in China or the United States, is hell let loose. But one good result will come from the Japanese-Chinese conflict. These regions will be more open to civilization and Christianity than ever before. When Missionary Carey put before an assembly of ministers at Northampton his project for the evangelization of India, they laughed him out of the house. From Calcutta on the east of India to Bombay on the west there is not a neighborhood but directly or indirectly feels the gospel power. The Juggernaut, which did its awful work for centuries, a few weeks ago was brought out from the place where it has for years been kept under shed as a curiosity, and there was no one reverentially to greet it. About 3,000,000 of Christian souls in India are the advance guard that will lead on the 250,000,000. The Christians of Amoy and Pekin and Canton are the advance guard that will lead the 400,000,000 of China. "They shall come from the East."

The golden pagoda of Oolooloo and the golden pagoda of Oolooloo shall come from the East. The Kaaba mosque of Mohammedanism will be turned into a Christian church. The last Buddhist temple will become a fortress of light. The last idol of Hindooism will be pitched into the fire.

The Christ who came from the East will yet bring all the East with Him. Of course there are high obstacles to be overcome, and great ordeals must be passed through before the consummation, as witness the Armenians under the butchery of the Turks. May that throne on the banks of the Bosphorus soon crumble! The time has already come when the United States Government and Great Britain and Germany ought to intome the indignation of all civilized Nations. While it is not requisite that arms be sent there to avenge the wholesale massacre of Armenians, it is requisite that by cable under the seas, and by protest that shall thrill the wires from Washington and London and Berlin to Constantinople, the Nations anathematize the diabolism for which the Sultan of Turkey is responsible. Mohammedanism is a curse whether in Turkey or New York. "They shall come from the East." And they will come at the call of the loveliest and grandest and best men and women of all time. I mean the missionaries. Dissolute Americans and Englishmen who have gone to Calcutta and Bombay and Canton to make their fortunes defame the missionaries because the holy lives and the pure houses holds of those missionaries are a constant rebuke to the American and English libertines stopping there, but the men and women of God there stationed go on gloriously with their work. People just as good and self denying as was Missionary Moffat, who, when asked to write in an album, wrote these words:

My album is in savage breasts,
Where passion reigns and darkness rests
Without one ray of light.
To write the name of Jesus there
To point to worlds both bright and fair,
And see the pagan bow in prayer,
Is all my soul's delight.

In all those regions are men and women with the consecration of Melville B. Cox, who, embarking for the missionary work in Africa, said to a fellow student, "If I die in Africa, come and write my epitaph." "What shall I write for your epitaph?" said the student. "Write," said he, "these words: 'Let a thousand fall before Africa be given up.'"

There is another point of the compass that my text includes. "They shall come from the West." That means America redeemed. Everything between Atlantic and Pacific Oceans to be brought within the circle of holiness and rapture. Will it be done by wordly reform or evangelism? Will it be law or gospel? I am glad that a wave of reform has swept across this land, and all the cities are feeling the advance of the mighty movement. Let the good work go on until the last municipal evil is extirpated. About fifteen years ago the distinguished editor of a New York daily newspaper said to me in his editorial room: "You ministers talk about evils of which you know nothing. Why don't you go with the officers of the law and explore for yourself, so that when you preach against sin you can speak from what you have seen with your own eyes?" I said, "I will," and in company with a commissioner of police and a captain of police and two elders of my church I explored the dens and hiding places of all styles of crime in New York and preached a series of sermons warning young men and setting forth the work that must be done lest the judgments of God whelm this city with more awful submergement than the volcanic deluge that buried Herculaneum and Pompeii. I received, as nearly as I can remember, several hundred columns of newspaper abuse for undertaking that exploration. Editorials of denunciation, double leaded, and with sentences as sweet, pungent and [illegible] as the defiance of arctic tempests, cried out: "The Fall of Talmage," "Talmage Makes the Mistake of His Life," or "Down With Talmage," but I still live and am in full sympathy with all movements for municipal purification.

But a movement which ends with crime exposed and law executed stops half way. Nay, it stops long before it gets half way. The law never yet saved anybody, never yet changed anybody. Break up all the houses of iniquity in this city, and you only send the occupants to other cities. Break down all the policemen in New York, and while it changes their worldly fortunes it does not change their heart or life. The greatest want in New York to-day is the transforming power of the gospel of Jesus Christ to change the heart and the life and uplift the tone of moral sentiment and make men do right not because they are afraid of Ludlow Street Jail or Sing Sing, but because they love God and hate unrighteousness. I have never heard, nor have you heard, of any thing except the gospel that proposes to regenerate the heart, and by the influence of that regenerated heart rectify the life. Execute the law most certainly, but preach the gospel by all means in churches, in theatres, in homes, in prisons, on the land and on the sea. The gospel is the only power that can revolutionize society and save the world. Advise is half and half work and will not last. In New York it has allowed men who got by police bribery their thousands and tens of thousands and perhaps hundreds of thousands of dollars to go scot free, while some who were merely the cat's paw and agents of bribery are struck with the lightnings of the law. It reminds me of a scene in Philadelphia when I was living there. A poor woman had been arrested and tried and imprisoned for selling molasses candy on Sunday. Other lawbreakers had been allowed to go undisturbed, and the groceries were open on the Lord's Day, and the law, with its hands behind its back, walked up and down the streets declining to molest many of the offenders, but we all rose up in our righteous indignation, and calling upon all powers, visible and invisible, to help us, we declared that though the heavens fell no woman should be allowed to sell molasses candy on Sunday.

A few weeks ago, after I had preached in one of the churches in this city, a man staggered up on the pulpit stairs, maudlin drunk, saying, "I am one of the reformers that were elected to high office at the last election." I got rid of that "great reformer" as soon as I could, but I did not get rid of the impression that a man like that would cure the abominations of New York about as soon as smallpox would cure typhoid fever or a buzzsaw render Haydn's "Creation." Politics in all our cities has become so corrupt that the only difference between the Republican and Democratic parties is that each is worse than the other. But what nothing else in the universe can do the gospel can and will accomplish. "They shall come from the West," and for that purpose the evangelistic batteries are planted all along the Pacific coast, as they are planted all along the Atlantic coast. All the prairies, all the mountains, all the valleys, all the cities are under more or less gospel influence, and when we get enough faith and consecration for the work this whole American continent will cry out for God. "They shall come from the West."

The work is not so difficulty as many suppose. You say, "There are the foreign populations." Yes, but many of them are Hollanders, and they were brought up to love and worship God, and it will take but little to persuade the Hollanders to adopt the religion of their forefathers. Then there are among these foreigners so many of the Scotch. They or their ancestors heard Thomas Chalmers thunder and Robert McCheyne pray. The breath of God so often swept through the heather of the highlands, and the voice of God has so often sounded through the Trossachs, and they all know how to sing Dundee, so that they will not have often to be invited to accept the God of John Knox and Bothwell Bridge.

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But what will they do after they comes Here is something gloriously consolatory that you have never noticed, "They shall come from the East, and the West, and the North, and the South, and shall sit down." Oh, this is a tired world! The most of people are kept on the run all their lifetime. Business keeps them on the run. Trouble keeps them on the run. Rivalries of life keep them on the run. They are running from disaster. They are running for reward. And those who run the fastest and run the longest seem best to succeed. But my text suggests a restful posture for all God's children, for all those who for a lifetime have been on the run. "They shall sit down!" Why run any longer! When a man gets heaven, what more can he get? "They shall sit down." Not alone, but picked companionship of the universe; not embarrassed, though a seraph should sit down on one side of you and an archangel on the other.

There is that mother who, through all the years of infancy and childhood, was kept running amid sick trundle beds, now to shake up the pillow for that flaxen head, and now to give a drink to those parched lips, and now to hush the frightened dream of a little one, and when there was one less of the children, because the great lover of children had lifted one out of the group into the easy breathing of celestial atmosphere, the mother putting all the more anxious care on those who were left, so weary of arm and foot and back and head, so often crying out: "I am so tired! I am so tired!" Her work done, she shall sit down, and that business man for thirty, forty, fifty years has kept on the run, not urged by selfishness, but for the purpose of achieving a livelihood for the household. On the run from store to store, or from factory to factory, meeting this loss and discovering that inaccuracy and suffering betrayal or disappointment, nevermore to be cheated or perplexed or exasperated, he shall sit down, not in a great armchair of heaven, for the rockers of such a chair would imply one's need of soothing, of changing to easy posture or semi-invalidism, but a throne, solid as eternity and radiant as the morning after a night of storm. "They shall sit down."

I notice that the most of the styles of toil require an erect attitude. There are the thousands of girls behind counters, many such persons through the inhumanity of employers compelled to stand, even when because a lack of customers there is no need that they stand. Then there are all the carpenters, and the stonemasons, and the blacksmiths, and the farmers, and the engineers, and the ticket agents, and the conductors. In most trades, in most occupations, men are feeling the advance of the mighty movement. Let the good work go on until the last municipal evil is extirpated. About fifteen years ago the distinguished editor of a New York daily newspaper said to me in his editorial room: "You ministers talk about evils of which you know nothing. Why don't you go with the officers of the law and explore for yourself, so that when you preach against sin you can speak from what you have seen with your own eyes?" I said, "I will," and in company with a commissioner of police and a captain of police and two elders of my church I explored the dens and hiding places of all styles of crime in New York and preached a series of sermons warning young men and setting forth the work that must be done lest the judgments of God whelm this city with more awful submergement than the volcanic deluge that buried Herculaneum and Pompeii. I received, as nearly as I can remember, several hundred columns of newspaper abuse for undertaking that exploration. Editorials of denunciation, double leaded, and with sentences as sweet, pungent and [illegible] as the defiance of arctic tempests, cried out: "The Fall of Talmage," "Talmage Makes the Mistake of His Life," or "Down With Talmage," but I still live and am in full sympathy with all movements for municipal purification.

But a movement which ends with crime exposed and law executed stops half way. Nay, it stops long before it gets half way. The law never yet saved anybody, never yet changed anybody. Break up all the houses of iniquity in this city, and you only send the occupants to other cities. Break down all the policemen in New York, and while it changes their worldly fortunes it does not change their heart or life. The greatest want in New York to-day is the transforming power of the gospel of Jesus Christ to change the heart and the life and uplift the tone of moral sentiment and make men do right not because they are afraid of Ludlow Street Jail or Sing Sing, but because they love God and hate unrighteousness. I have never heard, nor have you heard, of any thing except the gospel that proposes to regenerate the heart, and by the influence of that regenerated heart rectify the life. Execute the law most certainly, but preach the gospel by all means in churches, in theatres, in homes, in prisons, on the land and on the sea. The gospel is the only power that can revolutionize society and save the world. Advise is half and half work and will not last. In New York it has allowed men who got by police bribery their thousands and tens of thousands and perhaps hundreds of thousands of dollars to go scot free, while some who were merely the cat's paw and agents of bribery are struck with the lightnings of the law. It reminds me of a scene in Philadelphia when I was living there. A poor woman had been arrested and tried and imprisoned for selling molasses candy on Sunday. Other lawbreakers had been allowed to go undisturbed, and the groceries were open on the Lord's Day, and the law, with its hands behind its back, walked up and down the streets declining to molest many of the offenders, but we all rose up in our righteous indignation, and calling upon all powers, visible and invisible, to help us, we declared that though the heavens fell no woman should be allowed to sell molasses candy on Sunday.

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Oh, men and women of the frozen North, and the blooming South, and from the realms of the rising or setting sun, through Christ get your sins forgiven and start for the place where you may at last sit down in blissful recovery from the fatigues of earth, while there roll over you the raptures of heaven. Many of you have had such a rough tussle in this world that if your faculties were not perfect in heaven you would some time forget yourself and say, "It is time for me to start on that journey," or "It must be time for me to count out the drops of that medicine," or "I wonder what new attack there is on me through the newspapers?" or "Do you think I will ever anything of those [illegible] or "I wonder how times I have lost in that last bargain?" or "I must hurry lest I miss the train." No, no! The last volume of direful, earthly experiences will be finished. Yea, the last chapter, the last paragraph, the last sentence, the last word.

Frederick the Great, notwithstanding the mighty dominion over which he reigned, was so depressed at times he could not speak without crying, and carried a small bottle of quick poison with which to end his misery when he could stand it no longer. But I give you this small vial of gospel anodyne, one drop of which, not hurting either body or soul, ought to soothe all unrest and put your pulses into an eternal calm. "They shall come from the East, and from the West, and from the North, and the South, and shall sit down."

### How Time Tables Are Distributed.

Many people must have noticed a big wagon, built after the fashion of a United States mail wagon, only the front and rear being wide open, the outside covered with time t