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

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CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

"It is the magnanimous trick, then! Magnanimity which I suspect does not cost you much," said Marsden, bitterly.

"Clifford," said Nora, determined to be brave and honest, feeling her courage reviving with the sincerity of her resolution, "I will be true, though it hurts me horribly to speak the truth to you. You ought not to throw away consideration of prudence, perhaps duty, for the sake of a girl who does not, can not, love you as you ought to be loved for making such sacrifices. I ought not to have promised what I did. Can you ever forgive me, if I beg of you to give up the idea of marrying me? I should disappoint you, I fear I should?"

"Forgive you!" repeated Marsden quietly, "never!" His hand, which lay on the sofa cushions, clinched itself tight. "If you persist in breaking with me, if you attempt to juggle me—but you are too wise, too kindly! My sister talks of what she does not understand. I certainly will not attempt to reside at Evesleigh, and throw open my house to the country for some time, but I am by no means in the straits she imagines or invents; and even if I were, no amount of fortune, no advantages would atone to me for you—I love you—I want you—and nothing shall separate us."

"But, Clifford, shall you be happy with me, if I cannot love you as you do me?"

"Love as I do?" cried Marsden, starting up to take a hasty turn, and throwing himself on the sofa again. "That you never can! Nature forbids it! But you shall be my wife, and give me what tenderness you can!"

Nora began to feel indignant at his tone.

"If you really loved me, you should think of my happiness as well as your own."

"I do! I only care to make you happy! But I don't want any one else to make you happy. Nora! it cannot be possible that after your solemn promise to me, you want to draw back? There is something I do not understand here; something more than Isabel's letter."

"Her letter brought on a climax; but I have been uneasy for some time, frightened at the responsibilities I was going to undertake; frightened at my own want of affection for you; though I do like you, and I am miserable at making you unhappy."

"Then save your misery and my unhappiness! Marry me; marry me willingly—for marry me you must!"

"Are you so resolved?" asked Nora, changing color and feeling alarmingly faint.

"I am; even though I think I have hit on the solution of the riddle," said Marsden, rising and confronting her. "You may not love me; but you love some one else?"

Nora was silent. Falsehood in every shape was abhorrent to her, yet truth in this case was terrible; how could she confess her weakness! Marsden's eyes, full of deadly rage, were fixed on her. "I am right? You do not reply!" Then Nora, with a sudden flash of courage, determined that all concealment should be swept away. "You are right, Clifford," she said, coloring crimson, throat and cheeks and ears. "But I thought I had got over it all, that it would trouble me no more; and I do humbly pray you to forgive me for deceiving you, as well as myself."

"Forgive you! Of course, I forgive you, my sweetest, my darling!" he exclaimed. "I only want you to love me now. If you will but give me the fragments which remain, I am satisfied! I will even bless that solemn rectangular prig Winton, for trampling the divine pearl of your tenderness under his feet, so that it may come to me in any shape."

"Why do you imagine—what makes you think of Mr. Winton?" faltered Nora, vaguely distressed by his tone, and shocked beyond description at the notion of having betrayed herself.

"Who else could it be? Unless, indeed, some very juvenile affair, with a Teutonic baron or graf aboard," he laughed, harshly. "I do not mind Winton. He never could love as I do. He has a sort of chilled-shot detachment to your pretty step-mother, which may——"

"There you are mistaken," interrupted Nora, quickly. "Which of the two Wintons did you believe her engaged to?"

Marsden turned and looked sharply at her. "You have been exchanging confidences with Mrs. L'Estrange?" he said.

"I have received hers."

"It was Black Winton who was for a while engaged to her; but your friend was attached to her, too!" returned Marsden.

"You told me—you implied—he was engaged," murmured Nora.

"Oh, I see. You mean I deceived you! I really cannot remember what I said—only what I believed. But that is of no consequence. I want you to understand me, Nora. I will not give you up. I hold you to your promise. Keep it, and I'll gladly devote my life to you. Break it—no, I will not believe that! I'll not think of it! Nora, do not desert me! All the good that's left in me, clings round you. If you shake me off, I know I shall go to the devil, and it will be the worse for you. I know what I am capable of I could be damnably cruel."

"Do not suppose you can frighten me," cried Nora, roused to anger by the shadow of a threat. "I care too much for you not to feel infinite pain in disappointing you but I will not submit to be bullied!"

"Great heavens! You misunderstand me. I do not know what I am saying, Nora! You must not be faithless. Look here, I am utterly dependent on you for my future. I have no hope, no life, apart from you, and I hold you to your promise, as I cling to salvation. On your head be it whatever becomes of me without you! My love! my soul! do not turn from me. I will never give you up. I claim you whatever happens.'"

The profound supplication of his voice, the entreaty of his speaking eyes, shook Nora's heart. Had she, indeed, any right to turn from one to whom she seemed so essential?

"Do not decide anything to-day, Clifford," she said in a low voice. She was beginning to feel quite exhausted "Think over all I have said, and so will I of what you have urged."

"I will do anything you like, save one thing," he interrupted, "but no reflection will change me. I see all this has been too much for you. I will leave you for the present, and in a day or two I trust to find you reconciled to the dreadful alternative of keeping your promise to me."

Nora bent her head in silence, and after looking at her for a minute or two with a glance of mingled anger and admiration, Clifford said with a short laugh:

"Curiously enough, I am summoned to-morrow to see the rival to whom you would fain hand me over—on business she says. I wonder if she could invent a bribe big enough to induce me to give you up, Nora?"

He took and kissed her hand, pressing it painfully hard.

"If I did not love you so madly, how I could hate you!" he said between his teeth, and hastily left the room.

CHAPTER XV.

Despite his cool indifference to the opinions and interests of others, Marsden felt that he should be as well pleased that his interview with Mrs. Ruthven was over. It is true that she seemed a mere frivolous, fanciful trifler, much taken up with the outside of things; but instinct rather than any deliberate thought impressed him with the conviction that beneath her pretty draperies was a heart of steel, which would never melt, though you might strike fire from it and an iron will, tenacious to carry out her purpose, great or small. He knew better than any one else that a short time ago he had only to ask and he would have been accepted; and, thinking that such might have been his destiny, he had done his best to prepare and smooth the way. From this, his supreme good luck had delivered him.

Even if he had not fallen headlong in love with Nora L'Estrange, there was much in Mrs. Ruthven which dimly displeased him. She was carefully well-bred, yet her manners had not the indescribable ease or grace of one born in the purple, there was an under-tone of animalism in her tastes and looks; moreover, he shrewdly suspected that fidelity to a husband would be with her very much a matter of accident, though he did her the justice to believe that she would always keep up appearances.

In fact, she was an admirably composed morsel of Paris paste, excellently set and pleasant to the eye, until placed beside a brilliant of the purest water, like Nora.

However, the visit had to be paid, so Marsden made a careful toilet, and set out to keep his appointment.

It was some time since they had met, indeed, since their encounter in Paris the previous spring, they had not been so long apart.

Mrs. Ruthven was fully dressed in black silk and velvet, with a handkerchief of creamy lace knotted round her neck, and a dainty cap of the same on her thick, short hair. Her costume seemed to indicate that the business on hand was too serious for the easy negligence of a morning gown.

Marsden thought her looking better than he had ever seen her before. The debility and languor of slow convalescence had spiritualized her expression, and given more refinement to her movements. He could even understand how some men might think her charming, a charming toy. There was something unusual, too, in the earnestness with which she looked into his eyes, something pained and reproachful in the expression of her own.

"I hope she is not going to make a scene," thought Marsden, as he greeted her cordially.

"You are very good, for an unpunctual man, to be so punctual," she said, graciously, but gravely.

"I was eager to see with my own eyes how you were progressing," he returned, smiling sweetly upon her. "You know you were cruel enough to reject my prayer for an interview at Chedworth."

"Yes, it was cruel considering how anxious you were about me." Marsden did not quite like her tone. "I want to speak to you about Evesleigh; there are one or two little matters you and I can settle better between ourselves than through our lawyers."

"More agreeably, I am sure!"

"Before I go into my own affairs, however, Mr. Marsden, I must congratulate you on your engagement with Miss L'Estrange. I always admired her. But your taste is unimpeachable." There was a kind of deadly composure in her manner that struck him as ominous.

"It's coming," he thought, while he said aloud, "You are very good! I am sure Nora has the highest appreciation of you; she has often spoken of you most warmly."

"She will appreciate me much more deeply and justly later on," returned Mrs. Ruthven, with a slight laugh. "Pray when does the marriage take place?"

"That is not settled yet."

"And I suppose your fair, inexperienced fiancee is desperately in love with you! You have quite distanced Mr. Winton."

"Well, I hope so," carelessly, feeling more and more uncomfortable.

"I should think you had, you are rather a fascinating sinner. I had a fancy for you at one time myself." And she glanced quickly at him, a glance fiery enough, half admiration and half anger.

"Is it possible?" cried Marsden, with an exaggerated air of regret. "And how was I such an idiot as not to see it?"

"That unconsciousness and modesty for which you are celebrated, no doubt, preserved you," she returned in a peculiar tone. "However, it is too late to talk of the past; besides, I have a curious story to tell you, in which, I am sure, you will be interested. Do you know I have found a trace of my rubies at last, and the day you marry Nora L'Estrange I will give her one of the best for a wedding present!"

"My dear Mrs. Ruthven, I am astonished and interested!" cried Marsden, struck by her tone and looking full at her. "Nor shall I——"

"Pray listen to me," she interrupted, leaving her seat by the fire, and drawing a chair to a writing table at a little distance, where a number of closely written sheets fastened together with a clip, lay beside her blotting book. "It is a long story, and I do not want to occupy your time more than I need."

"You rouse my curiosity," cried Marsden, placing himself opposite her.

Mrs. Ruthven turned over a page or two of the manuscript before her, and resting her clasped hands on it, fixed her eyes on her companion.

"I had," she began, "a clew, a mere trifle, which no one knew save myself, and when I came up from Evesleigh, I sent for a man of whom I had heard, no matter how, a man of keen, trained intelligence, for I saw that the regular solemn English detective, with his heavy precaution and transparent devices, was merely announcing to the criminal world, 'I have a secret inquiry to conceal.' I sent for this man. I gave him, and him only, my clew."

"And why did you not give it at least to me," cried Marsden, "when I was tearing my heart out in fruitless efforts to recover your jewels?"

"I will tell you presently. Well, this employe of mine, led by my—my suggestions, fixed upon an individual whom he thought might possibly have been the robber or agent of the robber and shadowed him" (she emphasized the word with cruel bitterness). "For days he followed the unconscious thief, in various disguises; at last, after keeping him in sight with infinite difficulty, he watched him leaving a country house not far from St. Germain."

Marsden's expression changed from polite attention to deep gravity.

"At a station midway to Paris he got out, a small valise in his hand. The detective followed. It was early afternoon, and few passengers were traveling; the suspected thief went into a first-class carriage, with a small dark mustache, a low-crowned brown hat such as Englishmen wear in the country, and a long loose overcoat. He came out at a station some ten miles off in a sort of frock coat; rather shabby, braided and fitting badly, a soft black felt hat pulled over his eyes and large light mustache; his overcoat was hanging on his arm, and he still carried his valise. Here he waited some time, reading a paper, which he held before his face, and finally, as it began to grow dusk, he took a third-class ticket to Paris; my employe traveled in the same carriage," she turned a page. "It is too long to tell how he tracked him that night to an obscure street in the Marais, to the shop of a Polish Jew dealer in precious stones, where he held a long parley, and then back to a shabby cafe, where he engaged a room for the night—he went to it, after partaking of some wine and food When his pursuer had ascertained that he was locked in for the night, he returned to the shop—I ought to have told you, that this man was himself the son of a Polish Jew, and spoke the language well. He made himself known to the owner of the shop, told some story of having been on the outlook for jewels, and, in short, persuaded his compatriot to let him hide in a corner, where he could witness the interview arranged for next day. I am dwelling too much on details, perhaps! Ultimately my employe witnessed the sale of ten large unset rubbies for a price, which, though high, was not enough for their value, and he saw the face of the man who sold them."

"Indeed!" with a slightly contemptuous accent; "and may I ask what was your clew?"

"There it is," cried Mrs. Ruthven, raising her voice for the first time above the level tone at which she had kept it, drawing her breath in a deep sob, as she took out a small leather case, and threw to him, a diamond stud. He had grown perfectly colorless, but the hand with which he took up the stud was steady.

"And what does this prove?" he asked.

"That Clifford Marsden, of Evesleigh Manor, is a felon!" she answered, fierce exultation lighting up her face and gleaming in her eyes. "Do you think I did not recognize the peculiar setting of the diamond which caught my hair in that waltz—that waltz——"

She stopped, her breast heaving.

(To be continued.)

The Tenor High C.

There is a question in music which I have heard debated often and one upon which musical people, even singers, disagree. As the question is such a fundamental one, it seems strange there should be any difference of opinion concerning it among those at all educated in music. The question is this: Is the range of the male voice an octave below that of the female voice? In other words, is the tenor high C and the low G of the baritone an octave lower than the low G of the contralto? If this be so, why is the music for a tenor written on the same clef as for a soprano, showing apparently in the same pitch, instead of indicating in some way that there is an octave difference between the two? A clear explanation of the question will be gratefully received.

Answer: The tenor high C is an octave below the soprano high C, and the low G of the baritone is an octave lower than the low G of the contralto. All "opinions" to the contrary belong in the same category as the alleged "proofs" of the exact squaring of the circle which continue to be put forth from time to time.

Another cause of misconception on this point is, however, the very different impression made upon the ear by notes in a male or a female voice. High tenor A, for instance, is in unison with the medium A of a contralto; but somehow it seems to sound higher. That is, everyone immediately recognizes the high A of a tenor voice as a "high note;" no one thinks of the medium A of a contralto as a "high note." And yet both notes are of exactly the same pitch. The reason for this difference of impression is that this A really is a high note for a tenor—it lies very near the extreme limit of his compass, and its production is associated with a certain amount of effort to "sing high;" but this same note lies in the medium of a contralto voice, and no sort of physical effort or straining is associated with its production. Thus it is difficult for ears of no more than ordinary acoustical keenness to realize that high tenor A is really no higher than medium contralto A; the ordinary ear is the victim of an "acoustical illusion."

That some singers, even professional ones, are still victims of this illusion, is unfortunately true; but they are to be considered as cranks, at least on this subject.—Boston Transcript.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free, and all are slaves beside

Education is our only political safety. Outside of this ark all is deluge.

The candidate who shakes hands is not necessarily in touch with people.

Never try to find your friend out; it will make you both mad if you succeed.

No matter how things are going down, remember the sun is sure to rise.

Wit may raise admiration, but good nature has a more powerful effect.

It is a good plan to say as little as possible about that of which one knows nothing.

The fruit of ambition is seldom so sweet when tasted as it had been leasing to the eye.

Some folks are so full of human nature that there is no room left in them for principle.

To rejoice in others prosperity is to give content to your own lot.

People who spend their energies in getting even seldom get ahead.

Sooner or later (probably later) things have got to come right.

Man can live by bread alone if a little of the milk of human kindness goes with it.

He is young enough who has health, and he is rich enough who has no debts.

NOTES OF THE DAY

In Ohio one in every ten voters is a soldier.

The school children of Delaware have, by vote, selected the peach blossom as the floral emblem of the State.

Chief of Police Janssen, of Milwaukee, has begun a crusade against dance halls in his city. He says that they are among the worst of evils.

A game protective law just passed in Missouri provides severe punishment for any one convicted of killing a doe deer in the next five years.

Los Angeles is having a new boom. The superintendent of buildings there reports $600,000 put into buildings during the month of July, following $336,000 in June.

Red tape is driving shipping from the new Baltic canal. It causes so much unnecessary delay that the old way around Denmark is preferred, and besides the pilots and officials are impolite.

A dog belonging to George Wilcox of Canton, Conn., met a porcupine in his wanderings a few days ago, and came home so full of quills that it took a long time to pick them out, and two men to hold him during the process.

Brussels, where the vilest books in the world are openly published and sold, is appropriately selected as the meeting place for an international congress for the suppression of immoral literature next October, of which Jules Simon will be president.

The Paris Figaro calls attention to the fact that three of the principal interpreters of "Tannhaeuser" at the Paris opera house were born in 1861, the very year when Wagner's work was produced for the first time in the French capital with such disastrous results.

In the River Tay, opposite Errol, an ancient Caledonian canoe was recently discovered and is now in the Dundee museum. It is formed from a single oak trunk, hollowed out, probably by fire, is 29 feet long and 4 feet wide at the stern, narrowing to 2 feet at the bow.

A woman named Butler is the first of her sex to vote at a general election in England. Her name was put by mistake on the voting list at Barrow, and the presiding officer at the polls held that he had no authority to inquire into her sex when the name was once on the list.

A census of centenarians recently taken in France gives 213 persons of 100 or over, 147 of them women and 66 men. The oldest was a woman who had just died at 150, in a village of the department of Haute Garonne. Nearly all the centenarians belonged to the lowest ranks in life.

There is said to be only one settlement in Massachusetts located more than a dozen miles from a railroad. Cummington is thirteen miles from the nearest line, but is only a little further away from three other railroads, being near the center of a square formed by four roads.

The bluejay is proving a decided pest in California by eating the eggs of other birds, particularly quail and game birds. So the Olympic Club of San Francisco has appointed a St. Bartholomew's day on which every one who can buy or beg or borrow a shotgun is to join in the slaughter.

A Yorkshire plasterer, who was up for bigamy before the West Riding assize court, explained that he had sold his first wife to another man some years before for 3 shillings and 6 pence, and as she had gone off willingly he had decided to have nothing more to do with her. He was found guilty, however.

When the mahdi died, reports Slatin Pasha, he appointed three Khalifas who were to succeed him in turn. The present Khalifa was the first to inherit the power, and though the other two are still living he is intriguing to pass it on to his son. He has 500 wives. Among his female slaves many are nearly white.

Slatin Pasha has just recovered the sword that was taken from him when he was captured. It was the one he had when he first entered the Austrian army. Five years ago Mr. Cook of the tourist agency bought the sword of an Arab at Luxor, and when Slatin attended the geographical congress in London he restored it to him.

A new solar physics observatory is to be erected in India at Kodaikanal, in the Palani hills, 300 miles south of Madras. It will photograph the sun daily and will undertake a systematic spectroscopic examination of the sun. The temperature of the station is very even, and the number of cloudless hours each day unusually great.

Paris proposes to put an end to the complaint that a policeman can never be found, by establishing seventy police kiosks in different parts of the city. A policeman will be always on duty there, who will communicate with the nearest station by telephone, and at night will have another policeman with him to send out at once in case of need.

Moltke's strategy at Gravelotte and St. Privat is severely criticised by a person called Fritz Hoenig. He neglected to reconnoiter the ground personally before the battle; he was injudicious in his choice of headquarters and consequently lost control of his subordinate commanders. The mistakes were due probably to his extreme age and the excessive deference paid to him. The old man got there all the same.

Robert Ross, Eli Lucas, Lucian Adkins and John Albright, members of prominent and respected Cabell County families, have been lodged in jail at Huntington, W. Va., charged with disturbing public worship. The charge is that they went to the country church on Madison creek on Sunday morning and practically took possession of the place. During prayer, it is alleged, they cursed the preacher, and during the progress of the sermon produced a pack of cards and played poker on one of the benches till the service was over. The preacher and members of the congregation tried to induce the young men to leave, but they defied them, and went on with the game. There was great excitement after services, and some members of the church wanted to visit summary punishment upon the offenders, but the preacher prevailed upon the hot-headed ones to let the law takes its course.

SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings That Are Cheerful to the Old or Young—Funny Selections That Everybody Will Enjoy Reading.

Severe.

He (smoking)—And what is your opinion of the deadly cigarette?

She (looking him over)—They are no half so deadly as they ought to be.—Exchange.

The Joys of Collecting.

Amateur—Now, that was a bargain, if you like; I picked it up for—he! he—sixpence.

Artist—Nonsense! It's worth double—The Sketch (London).

The Inevitable Hero.

Billigs—Who is that man the crowd is cheering so vociferously?

Coddington—Why, that's Commodor Starboard, who is going to rescue Palin's arctic expedition.

Billings—And who is the little man a his side?

Coddington—Why, that's Palin; he' just about to start.—New York World

It Made Him Happy.

Johnnie (surveying his small piece o pie)—I'm blamed glad I'm not twins.

Mamma—Why?

Johnnie—Cause there's not enough pie even for half a twin.—Lewiston Journal.

Invariably.

Fuddy—What a fellow to brag Gal is! He is all the time blowing about the persons he has saved from drowning.

Duddy—That's all right. A life-preserver, you know, is full of wind.—Boston Transcript.

The Last Resort.

James—I wonder how I can win an heiress?

Dicks—You might dress up as a heathen Chinee and join a Sunday school.—New York World.

Genuine.

"Are you sure this is a genuine Rubens?" asked the customer.

"Sure!" cried the picture dealer. "I'll prove it. Rubens!"

"Yes, sir!" said the clerk at the back of the store.

"Who painted this old master?"

"Me, sir," said the clerk

But the customer was not satisfied and went away without buying.—Harper's Bazar.

Up To.

"What're ye up to?" asked a crook as his pal lifted a handful of coin out of the money drawer.

"S-h-h. Don't say a word. It's a free silver movement of me own."—Washington Star.

Surprise for Wandering Willie

B'gosh, them bees is swarming, and here's my chance to bag a whole hive full. I'll jest throw this 'ere coat over 'em while I've got 'em.

The jay that left his coat on that old stump will wish he'd taken it with him. I shall be obliged to exchange garments wid him, and I hope it will afford him as much pleasure as——

! ! ! !—New York World

Expressive.

He—French enables one to express such delicate shades of meaning, you know.

She—Yes, I know. And such indelicate ones, too.—Life.

That Will Give Him Exercise.

Man on Horseback—Hallo! old man, given up riding?

Man on Foot—Well, the fact is, my doctor says that I'm getting too fat and advises me to take short, quick runs during the day. But I want some object to run for.

Man on Horseback—Buy a straw hat.—London Sketch.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Five Pictures."

TEXT: "Behold, I see the heavens opened."—Acts vii., 56-60.

Stephen had been preaching a rousing sermon, and the people could not stand it. They resolved to do as men sometimes would like to do in this day, if they dared, with some plain preacher of righteousness—kill him. The only way to silence this man was to knock the breath out of him. So they rushed Stephen out of the gates of the city, and, with curses and whoop and bellow, they brought him to the cliff, as was the custom when they wanted to take away life by stoning. Having brought him to the edge of the cliff, they pushed him off. After he had fallen they came and looked down, and seeing that he was not yet dead they began to drop stones upon him, stone after stone. Amid this horrible rain of missiles Stephen clambers upon his knees and folds his hands, while the blood drips from his temples, and then, looking up, he makes two prayers—one for himself and one for his murderers. "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." That was for himself. "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." That was for his murderers. Then, from pain and loss of blood, he swooned away and fell asleep.

I want to show you to-day five pictures: Stephen gazing into heaven, Stephen looking at Christ, Stephen stoned, Stephen in his dying prayer, Stephen asleep.

First, look at Stephen gazing into heaven. Before you take a leap you want to know where you are going to land. Before you climb a ladder you want to know to what point the ladder reaches. And it was right that Stephen, within a few moments of heaven, should be gazing into it. We would all do well to be found in the same posture. There is enough in heaven to keep us gazing. A man of large wealth may have statuary in the hall, and paintings in the sitting room, and works of art in all parts of the house, but he has the chief pictures in the art gallery, and there hour after hour you walk with catalogue and glass and ever increasing admiration. Well, heaven is the gallery where God has gathered the chief treasures of His realm. The whole universe is His palace. In this lower room where we stop there are many adornments, tessellated floor of amethyst, and on the winding cloud stairs are stretched out canvases on which commingle azure and purple and saffron and gold. But heaven is the gallery in which the chief glories are gathered. There are the brightest robes. There are the richest crowns. There are the highest exhilarations. St. John says of it, "The kings of the earth shall bring their honor and glory into it." And I see the procession forming, and in the line come all empires, and the stars spring up into an arch for the hosts to march under. They keep step to the sound of earthquake, and the pitch of avalanche from the mountains, and the flag they bear is the flame of a consuming world, and all heaven turns out with harps and trumpets and myriad voiced acclamation of angelic dominions to welcome them in, and so the kings of the earth bring their honor and glory into it. Do you wonder that good people often stand, like Stephen, looking into heaven? We have many friends there.

There is not a man here so isolated in life but there is some one in heaven with whom he once shook hands. As a man gets older the number of his celestial acquaintances very rapidly multiplies. We have not had one glimpse of them since the night we kissed them goodby, and they went away, but still we stand gazing at heaven. As when some of our friends go across the sea, we stand on the dock, or on the steam tug, and watch them, and after awhile the hulk of the vessel disappears, and then there is only a patch of sail on the sky, and soon that is gone, and they are all out of sight, and yet we stand looking in the same direction. So when our friends go away from us into the future world we keep looking down through the Narrows and gazing and gazing as though we expected that they would come out and stand on some cloud and give us one glimpse of their blissful and transfigured faces.

While you long to join their companionship, and the years and the days go with such tedium that they break your heart, and the vipers of pain and sorrow and bereavement keep gnawing at your vitals, you will stand, like Stephen, gazing into heaven. You wonder if they have changed since you saw them last. You wonder if they would recognize your face now, so changed has it been with trouble. You wonder if, amid the myriad delights they have, they care as much for you as they used to when they gave you a helping hand and put their shoulders under your burdens. You wonder if they look any older, and sometimes in the evening tide, when the house is all quiet, you wonder if you should call them by their first name if they would not answer, and perhaps sometimes you do make the experiment, and when no one but God and yourself are there you distinctly call their names and listen and sit gazing into heaven.

Pass on now and see Stephen looking upon Christ. My text says he saw the Son of Man at the right hand of God. Just how Christ looked in this world, just how He looks in heaven, we cannot say. The painters of the different ages have tried to imagine the features of Christ and put them upon canvas, but we will have to wait until with our own eyes we see Him and with our own ears we can hear Him. And yet there is a way of seeing Him and hearing Him now. I have to tell you that unless you see and hear Christ on earth you will never see and hear Him in heaven.

Look! There He is! Behold the Lamb of God! Can you not see Him? Then pray to God to take the scales off your eyes. Look that way—try to look that way. His voice comes down to you this day—comes down to the blindest, to the deafest soul—saying, "Look unto Me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved, for I am God, and there is none else." Proclamation of universal emancipation for all slaves. Tell me, ye who know most of the world's history, what other king ever asked the abandoned, and the forlorn, and the wretched, and the outcast to come and sit beside him? Oh, wonderful invitation! You can take it to-day and stand at the head of the darkest alley in all this city and say, "Come! Clothes for your rags, salve for your sores, a throne for your eternal reigning." A Christ that talks like that and acts like that and pardons like that—do you wonder that Stephen stood looking at Him? I hope to spend eternity doing the same thing. I must see Him. I must look upon that face once clouded with my sin, but now radiant with my pardon. I want to touch that hand that knocked off my shackles. I want to hear the voice that pronounced my deliverance. Behold Him, little children, for if you live to threescore years and ten you will see none so fair. Behold Him, ye aged ones, for He only can shine through the dimness of your failing eyesight. Behold Him, earth. Behold Him, heaven. What a moment when all the Nations of the saved shall gather around Christ! All faces that way. All thrones that way, gazing on Jesus. His worth if all the Nations knew

Sure the whole earth would love Him too,

I pass on now and look at Stephen stoned. The world has always wanted to get rid of good men. Their very life is an assault upon wickedness. Out with Stephen through the gates of the city. Down with him over the precipices. Let every man come up and drop a stone upon his head. But these men did not so much kill Stephen as they killed themselves. Every stone rebounded upon them. While these murderers are transfixed by the scorn of all good men Stephen lives in the admiration of all Christendom. Stephen stoned, but Stephen alive. So all good men must be pelted. "All who will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution." It is no eulogy of a man to say that everybody likes him. Show me any one who is doing all his duty to state or church, and I will show you scores of men who utterly abhor him.

If all men speak well of you it is because you are either a laggard or a dolt. If a steamer makes rapid progress through the waves, the water will boil and foam all around it. Brave soldiers of Jesus Christ will hear the carbines click. When I see a man with voice and money and influence all on the right side, and some caricature him, and some sneer at him, and some denounce him, and men who pretend to be actuated by right motives conspire to cripple him, to cast him out, to destroy him, I say, "Stephen stoned."

When I see a man in some great moral or religious reform battling against grogshops, exposing wickedness in high places, by active means trying to purify the church and better the world's estate, and I find that the newspapers anathematize him, and men, even good men, oppose him and denounce him because, though he does good, he does not do it in their way, I say, "Stephen stoned." But you notice, my friends, that while they assaulted Stephen they did not succeed really in killing him. You may assault a good man, but you cannot kill him. On the day of his death Stephen spoke before a few people in the sanhedrin. This Sabbath morning he addresses Christendom. Paul, the apostle, stood on Mars hill addressing a handful of philosophers who knew not so much about science as a modern schoolgirl. To-day he talks to all the millions of Christendom about the wonders of justification and the glories of the resurrection. John Wesley was howled down by the mob to whom he preached, and they threw bricks at him, and they denounced him, and they jostled him, and they spat upon him, and yet to-day, in all lands, he is admitted to be the great father of Methodism. Booth's bullet vacated the Presidential chair, but from that spot of coagulated blood on the floor in the box of Ford's Theatre there sprang up the new life of a Nation. Stephen stoned, but Stephen alive.

Pass on now and see Stephen in his dying prayer. His first thought was not how the stones hurt his head, nor what would become of his body. His first thought was about his spirit. "Lord Jesus receive my spirit." The murderer standing on the trapdoor, the black cap being drawn over his head before the execution, may grimace about the future, but you and I have no shame in confessing some anxiety about where we are going to come out. You are not all body. There is within you a soul. I see it gleam from your eyes to-day, and I see it irradiating your countenance. Sometimes I am abashed before an audience, not because I come under your physical eyesight, but because I realize the truth that I stand before so many immortal spirits. The probability is that your body will at last find a sepulcher in some of the cemeteries that surround this city. There is no doubt that your obsequies will be decent and respectful, and you will be able to pillow your head under the maple, or the Norway spruce, or the cypress, or the blossoming fir, but this spirit about which Stephen prayed, what direction will that take? What guide will escort it? What gate will open to receive it? What cloud will be cleft for its pathway? After it has got beyond the light of our sun will there be torches lighted for it the rest of the way?

Will the soul have to travel through long deserts before it reaches the good land? If we should lose our pathway will there be a castle at whose gate we may ask the way to the city? Oh, this mysterious spirit within us! It has two wings, but it is in a cage now. It is locked fast to keep it, but let the door of this cage open the least, and that soul is off. Eagle's wing could not catch it. The lightnings are not swift enough to come up with it. When the soul leaves the body it takes fifty worlds at a bound. And have I no anxiety about it? Have you no anxiety about it?

I do not care what you do with my body when my soul is gone, or whether you believe in cremation or inhumation. I shal sleep just as well in a wrapping of sackcloth as in satin lined with eagle's down. But my soul—before I close this discourse I will find out where it will land. Thank God for the intimation of my text that when we die Jesus takes us. That answers all questions for me. What though there were massive bars between here and the City of Light Jesus could remove them. What though there were great Saharas of darkness, Jesus could illume them. What though I get weary on the way, Christ could lift me on His omnipotent shoulder. What though there were chasms to cross His hand could transport me. Then let Stephen's prayer be my dying litany, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." It may be in that hour we will be too feeble to say a long prayer. It may be in that hour we will not be able to say the Lord's Prayer, for it has seven petitions. Perhaps we may be too feeble even to say the infant prayer our mothers taught us, which John Quincy Adams, seventy years of age, said every night when he put his head upon his pillow:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.

We may be too feeble to employ either of these familiar forms, but this prayer of Stephen is so short, is so concise, is so earnest, is so comprehensive, we surely will be able to say that, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Oh, if that prayer is answered, how sweet it will be to die! This world is clever enough to us. Perhaps it has treated us a great deal better than we deserved to be treated, but if on the dying pillow there shall break the light of that better world we shall have no more regret than about leaving a small, dark, damp house for one large, beautiful and capacious. That dying minister in Philadelphia, some years ago, beautifully depicted it when, in the last moment, he threw up his hands and cried out, "I move into the light!"

I have seen the sea driven with the hurricane until the tangled foam caught in the rigging, and wave rising above wave seemed as if about to storm the heavens, and then I have seen the tempest drop, and the waves grouch, and everything become smooth and furnished as though a camping place for the glories of heaven. So I have seen a man whose life has been tossed and driven coming down at last to an infinite calm in which there was a hush of heaven's lullaby. Stephen asleep!

I saw such a one. He fought all his days against poverty and against abuse. They reduced his name. They rattled at the loorknob while he was dying with duns for lents he could not pay. Yet the peace of God brooded over his pillow, and while the world faded heaven dawned, and the deepening twilight of earth's night was only the opening twilight of heaven's morn. Not a sigh. Not a tear. Not a struggle. Hush! Stephen asleep.

I have not the faculty as many have to tell the weather. I can never tell by the setting sun whether there will be a drought or not. I cannot tell by the blowing of the wind whether it will be fair weather or foul on the morrow. But I can prophesy and I will prophesy what weather it will be when you, the Christian, come to die. You may have it very rough now. It may be this week one annoyance, the next another annoyance. It may be this year one bereavement, the next another bereavement. But at the last Christ will come in, and darkness will go out. And though there may be no hand to close your eyes, and no breast on which to rest your dying head, and no candle to lift the night, the odors of God's hanging garden will regale your soul, and at your bedside will halt the chariots of the king. No more rents to pay, no more agony because flour has gone up, no more struggle with "the world, the flesh and the devil," but peace—long, deep, everlasting peace. Stephen asleep!

Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Uninjured by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus, far from thee
Thy kindred and thy graves may be,
But there is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep.

You have seen enough for one day. No one can successfully examine more than five pictures in a day. Therefore we stop, having seen this cluster of divine Raphaels—Stephen gazing into heaven, Stephen looking at Christ, Stephen stoned, Stephen in his dying prayer, Stephen asleep.

True prosperity depends upon true labor.

The never pardon who commit they wrong.

Life is but a poor one that is without ambition.

If man had never sinned he would live forever.

Constant success shows but one side of the world.

When the judgment is weak the judice is strong.

There never was a house big enough for two families.

Speak no more of the "coming woman;" she is here.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

NINE Christians out of ten work and pray too little.

The Christian who does not walk by faith will have many falls.

Don't work too late at night to get alone with God early in the morning.

Only that is well which ends well.

When love works, it always does its best.

The wisest men have never in any age been the best men.

Everything we do will be great when it is what God wants done.

Before Jesus offered rest to men, he showed that he had rest to give.

Christ went without sleep to pray, but he never lost any sleep in worry.

Saul, the son of Kish, was a big mule driver, but he made a very small king.

The man who talks to the biggest crowd is not always doing the most for God.

The man who begins by trying to deceive God, will end by deceiving himself.

Numbers weighed nothing with Christ. His concern was for the individual.

The devil would never get another soul if he couldn't make black look white.

Making an idol of Christian work is no better than making an idol of Chemosch.

The first man fell when he was tempted, because he didn't have the help of Christ.

Little duties are the greatest duties, when they are the ones God chooses for us.

When the preacher knows his Bible well, he won't have to pound it to keep people awake.

Telling a child the story of Jesus may be a greater thing than building a church steeple.

No matter where Christ went into a synagogue, he found that the devils had got there first.

The man who talks to the biggest crowd is not always being watched the closest by the angels.

Planting a grain of mustard seed may be more far-reaching in its results than finding the north pole.

There are little duties that must not be neglected, no matter how much great ones may seem to press upon us.

If God gives us a good deal to do, it means that he will also give us a good deal of grace with which to do it.

If putting on our plug hats would only make us all as big as we want to be, the world would be full of giants.

The teacher of the infant class in a small Sabbath school has a bigger audience than the chaplain of Sing Sing prison.

When a preacher spends more time in preaching than he does in praying, he is not doing God's work as he wants it done.

It is hard to find a man who will preach the same gospel on a salary of five thousand a year that he did on five hundred.

The difference between a wise man and a fool is that the wise man knows that he knows little and the fool thinks he knows much.

Praying on the run may be better than not praying at all, but the deep things of God are only for those who will take time to hear them.

No man ever made Christ welcome to the highest seat in his heart without being himself established in