

THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

T. E. HARTER, Editor and Prop'r. MIDDLEBURGH, PA., JUNE 8, 1893.

KEYSTONE STATE COLLINGS.

THREE CHILDREN CREMATED. CAUGHT IN A FIRE AT THEIR FATHER'S HOUSE.

CANONSBURG—Fire completely destroyed the farm house of Samuel Skiles in Charlestown township, two miles west of this place, and in the conflagration Skiles' three youngest children lost their lives.

THE HOY FAMILY BURIED.

EVIDENCE THAT HOY CONTEMPLATED DROWNING HIMSELF IN THE RIVER. CONNELSVILLE—The bodies of John Hoy, wife and two children, who were murdered Sunday night, were buried in Hill Grove cemetery Thursday.

FOUR MINERS FATALY BURNED.

TRIMONT—Through the carelessness of one of their number, six miners employed at Middle Creek Colliery, of the Reading Company, were seriously burned by an explosion of gas this morning.

MONSTROSITY OF ANIMAL NATURE.

OHIO CITY—A ewe owned by a farmer living near De Peyton's cave birth to a monstrosity which lived two days. It had two perfect bodies, except that they had but one neck and one head, one heart, four lungs and two livers, all apparently healthy.

MANGLED TO DEATH.

ERIE—Mrs. Antonio Cuslerbeski, a lady of 69, undertook to cross the Lake Shore tracks by crawling under a train. The cars started, and the old lady was mangled to death.

WOMAN KILLED BY TRAIN.

WHEELING—A woman was killed Tuesday afternoon at night eight minutes men forced an entrance through the Burgess' office and locked up the woman in the cell door in which the speak-easy queen was and released her. A carriage was waiting outside and she was driven off toward Mt. Pleasant.

WOMAN KILLED BY TRAIN.

Mrs. Nancy M. Carragher was struck and instantly killed by a train on the Erie railroad near Pittsburgh. Her daughter, Ellen, 18 years old, was also struck and was probably fatally hurt.

CHARRED REMAINS OF ENGINEER WALLACE.

The charred remains of Engineer Wallace who was killed on February 10 in an accident at Williams station on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, have been found in the debris. The gold watch he carried had melted and was unrecognizable in the hip bone.

THE BIG NEW MILL OF THE MEDIX RUN LUMBER COMPANY.

The big new mill of the Medix Run Lumber Company in Elk county has begun operations. The mill will saw 70,000 feet of lumber a day. The company has 200,000,000 feet of timber, chiefly hemlock. About 150 men will be employed.

TWO CHILDREN OF FRANCIS SHOWERS.

A section foreman on the Valley road at Logan's Ferry, were drowned while fishing and their bodies have not yet been recovered. They were aged 10 and 12 years.

ALBION COLE AGED 80, WAS FOUND DEAD UNDER A TREE IN UNBURNED, WHERE HE HAD BEEN THROWN BY AN ENGINE WHICH RAN OVER HIM DURING THE NIGHT. HE HAD BEEN REDUCED TO PUTREFACTION BY DRINK.

ROBERT GALES, AN EMPLOYEE OF THE RAILROAD COMPANY, WHILE EMPLOYED IN HELPING TO CLEAR THE WRECK OF MAIA'S CIRCUS, NEAR TYRONE, WAS INSTANTLY KILLED BY A TANK FALLING UPON HIM.

THE WIFE OF HENRY KUHN, OF LANCASTER, NEGLECTED TO CALL HIM IN TIME FOR DINNER. WHEN HE AWOKE HE WAS ANGRY THAT HE CUT HIS THROAT. YET HE WAS OLD ENOUGH TO KNOW BETTER, BEING 63.

THE HOUSE OF WILLIAM DONALDSON IN CLINTONVILLE WAS STRUCK BY LIGHTNING AND BURNED. A DAUGHTER OF DONALDSON, AGED 19 YEARS, WAS SO BADLY BURNED THAT SHE DIED.

MAY 31 WAS THE FOURTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE JOHNSTON FLOOD, BUT NO PUBLIC DEMONSTRATION WAS MADE FURTHER THAN TO DECORATE THE GRAVES WITH FLOWERS.

Mrs. DAVID LOVIE AND TWO DAUGHTERS, OF ALBERTON, WERE DANGEROUSLY INJURED IN A RUNAWAY YESTERDAY. THE OLDER DAUGHTER IS PROBABLY FATALY INJURED.

THE 16-YEAR-OLD SON OF GEORGE LOVIE OF KECKSBURG, WESTMORLAND COUNTY, FELL FROM A TREE AND STRUCK ON A SNAG, FRIGHTFULLY INJURING HIMSELF.

REPORTS RECEIVED AT THE OFFICE OF THE STATE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE INDICATE A BOUNTIFUL CROP OF ALL KINDS AND OF STONE FRUITS EXCEPT CHERRIES.

Mrs. GEORGINA FREEMAN, OF Mt. Holly, left her baby at home alone for a few hours. When she returned the child had crept itself to death.

CHARLES SALYARDS, who killed Policeman George Martin in April at Carlisle has been found guilty in the first degree.

The Morgan tunnel on the State Line railroad, near Sunfield, caved in Saturday. It will take two weeks to clear it.

The Visible Supply of Grain.

The statement of the visible supply of grain in store and afloat on last Saturday as compiled at the New York produce exchange is as follows: Wheat, 70,157,000 bu; decrease 1,369,000 bu; Corn, 5,628,000 bu; decrease 418,000 bu; oats, 3,342,000 bu; increase 158,000 bu; rye, 590,000 bu; decrease, 16,000 bu; barley 393,000 bu; decrease 110,000 bu.

TWILIGHT.

A golden glory in the sky, Mirrored in waves which strive no more; The cry of night birds, flitting by, And lo! the day is o'er.

The Sword and the Altar.

BY WALKER Y. PAGE.



MONG the almost innumerable incidents of our Civil War, heroic, pathetic and otherwise, which from time to time have found a place in the columns of the leading magazines and newspapers of the country, I have failed to see any mention of the simple story which I am about to relate.

In was in the early spring of 1862, when the Federal forces, under Major-General B—, were advancing on that memorable campaign in the valley of Virginia. Every foot of ground, from the Potomac to Staunton, had already been fought over—at one time occupied by Federal hosts, at another by Confederate.

General B— had advanced his lines as far as Middletown, in the upper valley and beyond, while the Confederate army, under General J—, was occupying the Luray valley, near Staunton and Harrisonburg—made famous in history by the not far distant battle field of Port Republic.

It was one of those calm, quiet Sunday mornings, suggestive rather of peace on earth and good will to men than of the fiery passions born of war and bloodshed, when General B— rode out from his headquarters in the town, accompanied by his personal staff, on a short tour of reconnaissance.

An hour's rapid ride through field and wood brought them in sight of a small country church, nestled away just within the vestibules of a forest, with its modest spire still pointing heavenward, having not yet had the opportunity of being shrouded in smoke.

As the cavalcade approached they became aware of the fact that a congregation had assembled, and that the services had already commenced. Concluding that he was still by several miles within his picket lines, General B— ordered a halt, and after a brief consultation with his officers, and the stationing of four sentries commanding all the approaches to the building, the whole cavalcade dismounted, and leaving their horses in charge of their orderlies, proceeded in a body to the church.

The beautiful morning service—the distinguishing feature of Episcopal worship—was just ending as this unexpected accession to the congregation entered.

The organ was pealing forth its almost human cry of "Jesus, Saviour of my soul, let me to Thy bosom fly," as, quietly and with most respectful solemnity, this small but distinguished band of officers took their seats.

Small as was that little country church, there were numbers of empty pews, and those that were occupied were occupied mostly by women and children, with a small contingent of gray-haired men.

There was a most noticeable absence of men worshippers—only two or three old men with whitened locks, and three others, two young men and a manly boy who had seen scarcely fourteen summers, all three dressed in Confederate uniform.

The momentary ripple of excitement occasioned by so unlooked-for a presence soon gave way before the spell of pious devotion which pervaded that little sanctuary as though some angel had whispered to their hearts: "Peace, be still!"

And now came from the chancel the voice of the aged pastor, as he announced his text—a voice deep, sonorous, and pathetic. Standing there, with his long white hair and flowing beard, his very presence seemed a sermon in itself; but from the moment he announced his text: "Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest," every eye was riveted upon him, every ear was strained to catch his holy utterances.

He stood within the chancel rail, without manuscript or note. He said: "I come to you this Sabbath morning, my beloved brethren, with a gracious message from heaven. I come as the ambassador of Christ, to offer rest to the weary, and relief to the heavy-laden—rest, sweet abiding rest, to earth's toil-worn and sin-laden sufferers."

"Let us first consider, my brethren, who it is that makes this gracious offer. When I tell you it is Christ Himself, mighty to save all who come unto God through Him, you will recognize not only the ability, but the willingness of the gracious offerer. We all know, my brethren, what rest means to the hungry and thirsting soul. It is this He offers you on the sole condition that you will come. His invitation is: 'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat—yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. Incline your ear and come unto Me, and your soul shall live.'"

"This gracious Saviour offers a balm for every wounded heart in Divine presence this morning—the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. There are many of you, I know, who greatly need this Divine Comforter. Those habiliments of woe (the ladies of the congregation were all in mourning) speak to me of bleeding hearts beneath them. To you my text commends itself with special emphasis. The grave has shut forever from your eyes the loved forms and faces of those who were once your joy and pride. Did I say 'forever'? Oh, no! not forever! Hear the righteous Job, and let his holy confidence be your abiding consolation: 'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself.'"

"Yes, my beloved brethren, be assured there will come a time when all these tears shall be wiped away, when our loved and lost ones shall be restored to us, when reunited we shall sing together the song of the redeemed. 'Come! This is the only condition He imposes. Come just as you are. Weary and heavy-laden, it may be, with the burden of your sins, heavily oppressed with sorrows manifold, many of you, like Rachel, weeping for her children, and who would not be comforted because they were not. Come to the only Fountain that can wash away sin, the only true balm and consolation for wounded hearts; come, for earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot heal."

"'Tis Jesus bids you come. Will you slight His gracious invitation? Come, my beloved brethren, to the table of your Lord, which is spread for you this day; come with your bruised and broken hearts. He has said: 'I will refresh you.' Come to the foot of the cross this morning. View your crucified Redeemer agonizing there. See in His feet and hands the nail prints, and the spear thrust in His side. Behold that crown of thorns, and hear that mocking cry of 'Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews.' Was ever other king so crowned?"

"Let us commemorate, my brethren, that scene in our hearts this day. Let us feed on Him in our hearts by faith with thanksgiving."

The above is but a meagre sketch of the sermon of that eloquent old man. When he closed, there were but few dry eyes in that hushed and awed congregation. Perhaps it was expected that the visitors would retire quietly at the close of the discourse. But no! they remained and participated in the sacrament of communion, and when the communicants were invited to approach the sacred table, the church presented a scene as rare as it was impressive; eight Federal soldiers, together with their general, and three Confederate officers, including the boy, knelt together around that holy table and partook of the broken body and shed blood of a common Lord and Saviour.

Not until all had communed, and the old pastor had invoked a blessing upon all, did these Christian soldiers offer to retire; and when they arose to go, it seemed as though they were loath to quit the sacred precincts of that old country church where they had doubtless been brought nearer to God and nearer to their loved ones, worshippers of the same Almighty Father, in temples far away.

With bowed heads and deeply reverent manner, they filed two and two out of the church, led by the commander, the congregation remaining in their pews until all had passed out. This soldierly cavalcade, once more in the saddle, formed an imposing group to look upon; the general, a man of rare personal presence, seated on a magnificent charger, and surrounded by his staff officers, each of whom was but second to his commander.

The spell of the sanctuary was still upon them, for as yet not a word had been spoken, and they waited in silence for the command "Forward." It did not come. Their leader seemed pondering upon some thought which had taken possession of his mind to the exclusion, for the moment, of the soldier's instinct of mental alertness.

Suddenly he spoke. "Call an orderly," he said. "When the soldier came forward, he thus addressed him: 'Orderly, go to the church and present General B—'s compliments to the three gentlemen dressed in Confederate uniform, and say that he would be glad to see them for a moment.'"

Without a moment's hesitation, the three came forward, accompanied by the orderly. After the salute, which was gracefully acknowledged by the general and his entire staff, the general, addressing them as "soldiers," said: "I requested your presence, gentlemen, because I suppose you cannot possibly be aware that you are several miles within our lines, which have been very recently moved forward. I do not know how you propose to get back to your command, but this I do know, that any way you may choose will be attended with much risk and perhaps capture as prisoners of war. After what has transpired to-day, I feel anxious that you should get back without being subjected to the danger and annoyance of arrest and probably indefinite detention." Then, tearing a leaf from his pocket portfolio, he wrote:

"Give the bearers safe escort beyond the Federal lines. Signed B—. Major-General Commanding."

This he repeated three times; only when he wrote the boy's passport, he said: "Confederate boy soldier." He bowed gracefully as he handed each one his passport. As he handed the boy his, he said: "My son, you are young to be a soldier; I hope you may live through this terrible conflict to be a blessing and a comfort to your mother." The boy's heart was touched, for as he turned away, unbidden tears were in his eyes.

The general continued: "Gentlemen, please present our thanks to your worthy pastor for his sermon to-day." So, saying, "Forward! double quick!" and almost before the three Confederates had rejoined their friends in the church, the Federals were out of sight in the distance.

When five or six minutes had elapsed in discussing the event of the day, and before the congregation had dispersed to their respective homes, they were startled by the appearance of a horseman in their midst, riding a noble steed, black as a raven's wing, except where his glowing hide was flecked with foam.

The rider, who, at the head of his command, sat like a centaur, as he drew rein in front of the church, was recognized at once by all the congregation as the famous commander of the "Black Horse Cavalry." When informed of the character of their distinguished visitors, the part they had taken in the services of the day, and the generous manner in which the Confederate soldiers had been treated, he made no comment, but merely remarked: "We knew they were here, and rode hard to capture them, and should have done so, but for the time consumed in a skirmish with their picket line."

"After what has happened," continued the famous chief of the "Black Horse," "I am glad that we did not arrive in time. Even now we might cut them off before reaching Middletown; but let it pass! We will return to our headquarters empty-handed, as we came."

The Confederate horsemen disappeared as suddenly as they had come, leaving the congregation standing in that old church-yard dazed and uncertain whether it had not all been a Sunday morning's waking dream, the baseless fabric of some distorted vision.—Blue and Gray.

After hanging on the limb of a tree all winter, exposed to the rain and snow, a valuable gold watch and chain belonging to O'Hara Darlington, who lives a short distance above Sharpsburg, Penn., has been discovered, and to-day is keeping time just as it did before it was lost early in last November. Mr. Darlington owns the old Darlington mansion with its broad acres at Guyanuta, where the noted Indian chieftain bearing the same name is supposed to be buried. Last fall he was in the woods superintending the burning of some brush.

The day was warm and sultry, and on his way home he carried his coat and vest over his arm. At the supper table he had occasion to look at his watch, but it was not in the accustomed pocket, neither was there any trace of the heavy gold chain with which the watch had been attached to the vest. A careful search failed to reveal the missing valuables. Hastily leaving the supper room, Darlington called his hired men, six in number, who in turn gathered together a large number of neighbors.

Procuring lanterns and rakes, the party went to the woods and spent the entire night in searching for the missing watch and chain. Early the next morning Mr. Darlington was back in the woods again, and the search was kept up for two weeks. The entire woodland was raked from one end to the other, but no trace of the watch and chain was found. The search was finally abandoned and Mr. Darlington gave up his watch for lost.

One afternoon recently Fred and Frank Stout, sons of Harry A. Stout, manager of Tibb's glass house, Sharpsburg, went to the wood for a stroll. The two boys had not gone far till one of them had his hat knocked for his head by the overhanging branch of a tree. Glancing up to see what he had run against, he was astonished to see right before his eyes and within easy reach a gold watch and chain.

The boys approached the limb to which the watch was hanging, cautiously, lest by some awkward movement a pretty optical illusion should be dispelled. However, they soon became convinced that they had not been made the victims of a trick, and a few moments later they were flying homeward, with the watch and chain safely stowed away in one of their pockets. When Mr. Stout came home in the evening and was shown the watch he, too, was greatly surprised, for along with a party of other neighbors he had gone on an all-night search for that watch five months before. How the watch came to be in the position in which it was found is a mystery.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

There was an oculist performing a very difficult operation on the human eye. A young doctor stood by and said: "How easily you do that. It doesn't seem to cause you any trouble at all." "Ah," said the oculist, "it is very easy now, but I spoiled a hatful of eyes to learn that. For years I was a man to moral eyeght and bring them to a vision of the cross. Left handed men to the work! Take the gospel for a sling and faith and repentance for the smooth stone from the brook, take your aim, God's discipline, and great Goliath will tumble before you."

I learn also from this subject that the danger of worldly elevation. This Egion was what the world called a great man. There were hundreds of men who would have considered it the greatest honor of their life just to have him speak to them. Yet, although he is so high up in worldly position, he is not beyond the reach of Ehu's dagger. I see a great many people trying to climb up in social position, having an idea that there is a safe place somewhere far above, not knowing that the mountain of fame has a top like Mount Blanc, covered with perpetual snow.

We laugh at the children of Shinar for trying to build a tower that could reach to the heavens, but I think if our eyesight were only good enough we could see a Babel in many a dooryard. Oh, the struggles there! It is store against store, house against house, street against street, Nation against Nation. The goal for which men are running is chairs and chandeliers, mirrors and houses and lands and presidential equipments. If they get what they anticipate, what have they got? Men are not safe from what they are not safe after they are dead. One day a man goes up into publicity, and the world does him honor, and people climb up into eyemore trees to watch him as he passes, and as he goes along on his shoulders of the people there is a waving of banners and wild hurrahs. To-morrow the same man is caught between the jaws of the printing press and mangled and bruised, and the very same persons who applauded him before cry: "Down with the traitor! Down with him!"

Belshazzar sits at the feast, the mighty men sparkle like the wine and the wine like the wit. Music rolls up among the chandeliers, the chandeliers flash down on the deacons. The band of hanging gardens floats in on the right air; the voices of revelry float out. Amid wreaths and tapestry and folded banners a finger writes. The march of a host is heard on the stairs. Laughter catches in the throat. A thousand hearts stop beating. The blood is struck. The blood on the floor is richer than the wine on the table. The kingdom has departed.

Belshazzar was no worse perhaps than hundreds of people in Babylon, but his position was different. He was content with his position as God has placed you in! It may not be said of us, "He was a great general," or "He was an honored chieftain," or "He was mighty in worldly attainments," but this thing may be said of us and you, "He was a good citizen, a faithful Christian, a true friend of Jesus." And that in the last day will be the highest of all eulogiums.

There are no native kangaroos except on the continent of Australia.

ABOUT LEFT-HANDED MEN.

REV. DR. TALMAGE PREACHES On the Power of Those Who Strive Perseverance the Sure Road to Success in Religion.

TEXT: "But when the children of Israel cried unto the Lord the Lord said there up a deliverer, Ehu, the son of Gerah, Benjamin, a man left handed."—Judges III, 15.

Ehu was a ruler in Israel. He was left handed, and what was peculiar about the tribe of Benjamin, to which he belonged, there were in it 700 left handed men, and yet so dexterous had they all become in the use of the left hand that the Bible says they could sling stones at a hair's breadth and not miss.

Well, there was a king of the name of Egion who was an oppressor of Israel. He imposed upon them a most outrageous tax. Ehu, the man who was left handed, had a divine commission to destroy that oppressor. He came, pretending that he was going to pay the tax, and asked to see King Egion. He was told he was in the summer house, the place to which the king retired when it was too hot to sit in the palace. This summer house was a place surrounded by flowers and trees and springing fountains and warbling birds.

Ehu entered the summer house and said to King Egion that he had a secret errand with him. Immediately all the attendants were waved out of the royal presence. King Egion rises up to receive the messenger. Ehu, the left handed man, puts his left hand to his right side, pulls out a dagger and thrusts Egion through until the haft went in after the blade. Egion falls. Ehu comes forth to blow a trumpet of rejoicing and the mountains of Ephraim, and a great host is marshaled, and proud Moab submits to the conqueror, and Israel is free. So, O Lord, let all Thy enemies perish! So, O Lord, let all Thy friends triumph!

I learn first from this subject the power of left handed men. There are some men who by physical organization have as much strength in their left hand as in their right hand, but there is something in the writing of this text which implies that Ehu had some defect in his right hand which compelled him to use the left. Oh, the power of left handed men! Genius is often self-observant, careful of itself, not given to much toil, burning incense to its own aggrandizement, while many a man with no natural endowments, actually defective in physical and mental organization, has an earnestness for the right, patient industry, an all-consuming perseverance which achieve marvels for the kingdom of Christ. Though left handed as Ehu, he can strike down a sin as great and imperial as Egion.

I have seen men of wealth gathering about them all their treasures, stuffing at the end of a world lying in wickedness, roughly ordering Lazarus of their doorstep, sending their dogs, not to lick his sores, but to hound him off their premises, catching all the pure rain of God's blessing into the stagnant, rofy, frog-inhabited pool of their own selfishness, while many a man with large heart and little purse has out of his limited means made poverty leap for joy and started an influence that overtops the grave and will swing round and round the throne of God, world without end, amen.

Al, me, it is high time that you left handed men who have been longing for this gift and that eloquence and the other man's wealth should take your left hand out of your pocket. Who made all the railroads? Who set up all these cities? Who started our churches and schools and asylums? Who has done all the tugging and running and pulling? Men of no wonderful endowments, thousands of them acknowledging themselves to be left handed, and yet they were earnest, and yet they were determined, and yet they were triumphant.

But I do not suppose that Ehu the first time he took a sling in his hand could throw a stone a hair's breadth and not miss. I suppose it was practice that gave him the power to strike the center. The first time that a man rings his trousers and his shirt and his shoes and his hat and his coat and his vest up all these cities? Who started our churches and schools and asylums? Who has done all the tugging and running and pulling? Men of no wonderful endowments, thousands of them acknowledging themselves to be left handed, and yet they were earnest, and yet they were determined, and yet they were triumphant.

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I learn further from this subject that death comes to the summer house. Ehu did expect to die in that fine place. And if a flower leaves that drifted like snow in a window; in the tinkle and dash of the rain, in the sound of a thousand leaves rustling on one tree branch, in the cool breeze that came up to shake feverish brows, in the king's looks, there was nothing that he could do, but there he died! In the when the snow is a shroud, and when the wind is a dirge, it is easy to think of mortality, but when the weather is pleasant and the surroundings are agreeable, it is difficult it is for us to appreciate the fact that we are mortal! And yet my text tells that death does sometimes come to the summer house.

He is blind and cannot see the leaves, he deaf and cannot hear the fountain, he dead and cannot see the people who point him to hundreds of people who would rejoice to have him come. Push open the door of that hovel. Look at that little old and sick and hungry. It has heard the name of God but in blasphemy. He is not content with staggering around a straw bed. Oh, death, death, death, death! Up with it into the light! Push these little feetestible on life's pathway, them rest.

Here is an aged man. He has done work. He has done it gloriously. The pangs of his youth are all gone, his dream is dead. He longs to be at rest, wearily he looks around for people who will say, "Come, Lord Jesus, take him up." Oh, death, there is a mark for thee from him the staff and give him the rest. Up with him into the light, where eyes grow dim, and the hair whitens not through the long years of eternity. Ah, death, do not do that. Death turns back from the straw bed and from the people who point to the skies and comes to the summer house. What doest thou here, thou body, thou monster, amid this waving grass and this sunlight sifting through the branches? Children are at play. How quickly they would crowd about the feet of the Father and mother stand in the room looking on, enjoying their time, does not seem possible that the world ever break into that fold and carry a lamb. Meanwhile an old archer stands at the bright of the group—his is a marksmanship—the bow bends, the arrow flies, Hush, now! The quick feet have stopped and the locks toss no more in the laughter has gone out of the hall, it is in the summer house.

Here is a mother in midlife. Her children rush to the door, and there are on the evening stand, and the boys are away on glad feet. Religion is there, and you think you are at the altar morning and night. You look in that household and you do not think of anything happier, but you really believe the world is so sad a place, some people describe it to be. These changes, Father is sick, the doors are shut on the world. The children walk and walk softly where once they ran. Passing the house late at night, you see quick glancing of lights from room to room. It is all over. Death in the summer house.

Here is an aged mother—aged, but still firm. You think you are at the joy of being for her want a good wife and a good son goes from house to house, to children, grandchildren, her coming is a dropping of sunlight in the dwelling. Your children are coming through the lane, and they are "Grandmother's face." Care for you, grand up, he has come with many a wrinkle and a hair back stooped with a very quiet. She says she is sick, but something tells you she will not much longer have mother. She sits with you no longer at the table nor in the garden, and she goes out so gently, you do not exactly know the moment she is gone. Fold the hands that have done so many kindnesses for you right over the heart that beat with love for you since before you were born. Let the pilgrim rest. She is dead in the summer house.

Gather about the bed a bill of cost and luxury, when the pale messenger comes he does not stop to look at the architect of the house before he comes in, nor enters does he wait to examine the pictures wretched on the wall, or bending over the patient, and then they open their eyes, and the birds are singing, and the sun is a color in the cheek, or intelligence in the brow. But of that? Must we stand for ever mourning among the graves of our dead. No! No! people in Bengal bring cages of birds to the grave, and they sing and then they open their eyes, and the birds are singing, and the sun is a color in the cheek, or intelligence in the brow. But of that? Must we stand for ever mourning among the graves of our dead. No! No! people in Bengal bring cages of birds to the grave, and they sing and then they open their eyes, and the birds are singing, and the sun is a color in the cheek, or intelligence in the brow. But of that? Must we stand for ever mourning among the graves of our dead. No! No! people in Bengal bring cages of birds to the grave, and they sing and then they open their eyes, and the birds are singing, and the sun is a color in the cheek, or intelligence in the brow. But of that? Must we stand for ever mourning among the graves of our dead. No! No! people in Bengal bring cages of birds to the grave, and they sing and then they open their eyes, and the birds are singing, and the sun is a color in the cheek, or intelligence in the brow. But of that? Must we stand for ever mourning among the graves of our dead. No! No! people in Bengal bring cages of birds to the grave, and they sing and then they open their eyes, and the birds are singing, and the sun is a color in the cheek, or intelligence in the brow. But of that? Must we stand for ever mourning among the graves of our dead. No! No! people in Bengal bring cages of birds to the grave, and they sing and then they open their eyes, and the birds are singing, and the sun is a color in the cheek, or intelligence in the brow. But of that? Must we stand for ever mourning among the graves of our dead. No! No! people in Bengal bring cages of birds to the grave, and they sing and then they open their eyes, and the birds are singing, and the sun is a color in the cheek, or intelligence in the brow. But of that? Must we stand for ever mourning among the graves of our dead. No! No! people in Bengal bring cages of birds to the grave, and they sing and then they open their eyes, and the birds are singing, and the sun is a color in the cheek, or intelligence in the brow. But of that? Must we stand for ever mourning among the graves of our dead. No! No! people in Bengal bring cages of birds to the grave, and they sing and then they open their eyes, and the birds are singing, and the sun is a color in the cheek, or intelligence in the brow. But of that? Must we stand for ever mourning among the graves of our dead. No! No! people in Bengal bring cages of birds to the grave, and they sing and then they open their eyes, and the birds are singing, and the sun is a color in the cheek, or intelligence in the brow. But of that? Must we stand for ever mourning among the graves of our dead. No! No! people in Bengal bring cages of birds to the grave, and they sing and then they open their eyes, and the birds are singing, and the sun is a color in the cheek, or intelligence in the brow. But of that? Must we stand for ever mourning among the graves of our dead. No! No! people in Bengal bring cages of birds to the grave, and they sing and then they open their eyes, and the birds are singing, and the sun is a color in the cheek, or intelligence in the brow. But of that? Must we stand for ever mourning among the graves of our dead. No! No! people in Bengal bring cages of birds to the grave, and they sing and then they open their eyes, and the birds are singing, and the sun is a color in the cheek, or intelligence in the brow. But of that? Must we stand for ever mourning among the graves of our dead. No! No! people in Bengal bring cages of birds to the grave, and they sing and then they open their eyes, and the birds are singing, and the sun is a color in the cheek, or intelligence in the brow. But of that? Must we stand for ever mourning among the graves of our dead. No! No! people in Bengal bring cages of birds to the grave, and they sing and then they open their eyes, and the birds are singing