COT THE BLESSING.

I set Sunday there was preachin, an' we all went out to hear;
The Hitle church was crowded, for the rich an' poor was there;
It was jet a splennid sermon an the singin' full an free"Amazing grace, how aweet the sound that saved a wretch like me."

When I call the cormon splendid, I mean it was the kind.
To take deep root an hear good fruit in every sinner's mind;
It was full of consolation for weary hearts that 'Twas full of invitation to Christ, and not to

The text was bont the prodigel who spent his livin neat.
Until he came at last to want the husks the awne old est.
But a sweet th oight gave him comfort when he "I will go unto my father for my father will forgive."

"I'm talkin' to you follors," said the preacher, The Makin to you follows, and the preacher, "here to day,
Who spent the Master's livin in a country for away,
You've got to go where that feller was you can't fell why or how.
But come back to the Father he's waintin for you now!

From the amen corner to the door the people gathered n a.

An "Pray for us" they shouted in it seemed the Lord was there.

An sich a great han isbakin't well, the precious time is past.

But the old church in the lackwoods got a

IN BYGONE DAYS.

The day was in July, and the hour mid-afternoon.

The situation is a frontier town in the shadow of grim old mountainsa collection of shanties, tents, and logouts, and facing the one long and narrow street up and down which the mail-coaches travel as they come and go.

The typical frontier town, as it type of town that has vanished with the herds of buffalo and the countless acres of uncla med land. In the sixties and seventies the town came tirst-law and order next. In the eighties law and order began to take the place of the gan and the terror. In the sixties men who refused to drink with a stranger were shot dead and the bartender dragged the corpse clear of the door. In those days each towa had its terror, and it was a matter of pride with him to see his victims burand headboards erected with his tally-mark. In the eighties the terrors disappeared from sight, and the cowboys held up the town at intervals. To day both terror and cowboy are but names, and law and order rules. Law is king, and his heavy hand is respected. Order means progress and civilization, and therefore there is order.

"Whoop! Hurrah! Pop!" The yells and the pistol shots startle the whole tows, for an instant, but only for an instant. At night the noise would not have ex-



TOO CHOKED NICH TO DELIVE WITH THIS THROSED.

ited remark, but now some one carefessly inquires the cause, and he is as carelessly answered:

"Oh! Big Jack has bored another man. Just got out of bed and is feeling ugly. He'll soon cheer up now, That one makes the seventh, I be-

The typical town terror is no more nor less than a burly, big ruffian-an ex-miner, ex-prospector-a gambler, adventurer, and outlaw. He has set himself up as "the boss" of the town, of saloons and gambling hells. Some bad men are bluffers and duffers. This one isn't. They "tried him out" several weeks ago and found him game. Two or three men who tried to make him "take water" are buried over there in the gully. He brags and he blusters, but he is no coward. The vig lance committee sent him warning, and he sent back the ears of their messenger. Other terrors resented his taking possession and reaping the honors and he paid a Chinaman a dollar apiece to dig their

Yes. Big Jack was drunk last night and has slept later than usual. He awoke with a headache and a parched throat, and while stumbling across the street to a bar some one ran against him. Draw-level-pull trigger, and Big Jack, swearing like a pirate, doesn't even pause to see who his victim is. It is a stranger to the place-some one on the railroad sur-

"Dig a grave and plant him with the others?" says Big Jack to the smirking Chinaman, and that ends It. The lody is dragged away to the guich and the murderer, feeling more like himself for the drink and the shooting, slouches up the street to the "Happy-Go-Lucky" saloon. This is his head warters. He has killed two men in here, but has promised the proprietor not to kill any more if he can restrain himself. Not that a murder hurts the proprietor's feelings in the least, but that makes him extra labor and paralyzes business for ten or fifteen minutes. There are a dozen or more men in the saloon waiting to fawn upon "the boss" and bask in the sunlight of his smiles. An emperor has his following: so has the meanest ruttian. When Big Jack laughs, all laugh; when he asserts and declares, all agree. He pulls the string and the swored.

puppets dance, and yet all bate and despise him and would like to see him wiped out.

At a rough table in a corner of the room sits an undersized man, about thirty years old. He wears his hair long, his sombrero is one of the largest, and in his belt are his two Colts and a knife. No one knows h m. His mustang is at the door, and he is inside to break his fast. It is Charlie White, a Government scout, who has served with Crook and Custer and others on the plains, and who has stood in the shadow of death a hundred times. A good-looking man,



HE STOOD PORFIVE SECONDS SWATING AND

was, but never will be again. The with a calm, blue eye, aquiling nose, thin lips and a quiet voice. The browd had sized him up: 'Quiet, but dangerous." The estimate was correct.

Big Jack swa gers into the saloon to receive the salutations and congratulations of the crowd. He is Letter-natured than he was, but there is a look in his eyes which forebodes langer. Three or four men stip quietly out of the back door, while the others fawn and flatte and press "the boss" to drink with them. He is willing enough: that is a part of the homage he demands. As he stands at the bar, glass in hand, his eye lights on the stranger for the first time. Instinct tells him the man's occupation and warns him not to pick a quarrel. Brute strength and bull dog courage overpower his instinct. It is a golden opportunity to make a man "crawl" for the amusement of the crowd. It is "all hands take a dr nk," but the stranger has not left his seat. That is an expression of contempt and deflance.

"Dila't ye hear!" bellows Big Jack as he raps on the bar with his knuckles and eyes the stranger.

The stranger looked up. He knew with whom he had to deal, and he knew what was camine Those dy lant

tame mo ms eyes, and compressed. Big Jack turned his back to the bar, rested both ellows upon it, and there was a leer on his face as he ontinued:

Too cussed nice to drink with this crowd. I expect! Mebbe ye ar' lookin' fur champagne and a whiteshirt gang. Mebbe ye want a carpet spread down to walk on as ye move

The stranger looked Big Jack straight in the eyes. The lines on his face hardened and there was a langerous tlash in his eyes. The ruthan noted these signs, and realized that the scout was a had man to stir up He had gone too far to retreat, however. The crowd had failen back to right and leit, and the two had a clear fleid. To turn from the stranger was to lose prestige. Loss of prestige meant death to him. Two kinds of courage were opposed to each other-that coarse-grained fearlessness which is born with brute strength, and which delights in giving and receiving blows, and that quiet but dangerous characteristic which men call 'sand," and whi h is never cruel nor brutal. For a long minute the two faced each other, and Big Jack's adherents saw him change color. He was figuring on his chances. He might bluff the stranger down, but failing in this he hoped to get the drop on him.

The man who won't drink with me insults me, and the man who insults me has got to crawl outdoors on his hands and knees or git a bullet in his head!"

So growled the ruffian. It was his bluff. He looked his fiercest as he spoke the words, but in his own heart he knew that they would have no weight with the man whose blue eyes had the gleam of a new bowle knife, but who had not st rred a fin-

"Git down and crawl-git down, will ye, or I'll riddle yer carcass with

lead! The bluff had failed. Now for the drop. Of a suiden Big Jack dropped his right hand to the butt of a revolver hardly six inches away and pulled the gun and fired. Two or three men started to cheer, but almost as the sound left their lips, and following the other report like the stroke of a bell, came a second discharge. The giant did not fall to the right or to the left. He stood for five seconds, swaying and tottering, eyes wide open and fixed on the stranger, and then without a moan or a sound he sank down in a heap on the floor, shot plumb through the heart. His bullet had passed through the brim of the stranger's sombrero-a poer shot for any sort of marksman only fourteen feet away.

"Is his pardner here?" asked the scout as he looked over the awestricken and silent crowd, while from the muzzle of his revolver a thin streak of blue smoke curled lazily up-

wards. All looked at him but no one au-

"Has be any friends who wish to take it up?"

"He had no pardner-no friends:" said one who had cringed and fawned and dattered without stint.

"Then let his Chinaman plant him!" said the scout; and throwing a silv r dollar on the table he rose up, returned his gun to its holster and walked out without another look around. Three minutes later he had galloped out of sight on his way to Fort Custer.

SKELETONIZING LEAVES.

A Pleasant Pastime for the Fall and One Protific of Beautiful Results.

There will be found an interesting pastime during the month of September. The leaves chosen must be quite perfect and not too young, or gathered oo late in the season. Rain water is best for the soaking process. Expose the tub to the sun and replenish the water as required. Place the leaves in the water and let them remain until partially decayed, until the skin becomes decomposed; but remove them before the fibrous veins of the leaves are atta ked.

The time usually needed to carry the process of decomposition to the right point is about a fortnight, after which they should be examined twice a week, or daily if the weather is warm. When thoroughly soft and pulpy remove them to a basin of clean water. They will be too tender to touch with the hand, and must be lifted gently on cards into the clean water. Have two brushes at hand, an old toothbrush and one of camel's hair, soft, but thick as a

Having lifted a leaf out of the water on a card, brush tenderly with the soft brush until the whole of the skin is removed, then dip into water, and having reversed the leaf under the water, repeat the process on the other side. If the skeleton is not by this time quite clear of the pulpy matter, use the toothbrush, not with a sweeping motion, but with a few gentle taps. Give the skeleton another washing in clear water the same way as before, then immerse in the bleaching solution, made by pouring water on chloride of lime, and pouring off the clear water when the sediment has quite settled.

Delicate leaves, such as the ivy, will be thoroughly bleached in a couple of hours, but others take longer. They will be spoiled if allowed to remain too long. Then immerse in several clean waters, and leave for half an hour in the last. After this, float the sk-leton on a card, in as natural a position as possible, and drain preparatory to the drying, which should follow quickly. An oven not too hot is best.

The skeletons will now be strong enough to bear delicate handling, Leaves like the oak, which contain tannin, resist decomposition and are unmanageable. The best leaves for ske"

orange, lemon, walnut, willow, chestnut, white hawthern and vine. The
petals of the hydrangea are excellent
for the purpose, the roots of the hem
lock, the calvx of Winter cherry.

The sun 886,000 miles in diameter.

The sun 886,000 miles in diameter.

The sun 886,000 miles in diameter.

Turning their backs on home and etvitization been accomplished has been accomplishe the seed vessels of the thorn apple, henbane, canterbury bell, and columbine.

It will be wise to interest the children in this work, and thus create an tacerest in the study of botany.

Hospitais.

Hospitals, as we now understand the term, are of modern growth. True it is, as Mr. Burdette tells us in the historical section of "Hospitals and Asylums of the Word." that in the records of Egypt and ancient India we find allusions to institutions that foreshadow the hospitals of later times, and even our asylums for sick animals are borrowed from the East.

An inscription engraved on a rock near the city of Surat tells how Asoka, a King who reighed in Gujerat in the third century B. C. commanded the establishment of hospitals in all his dominions, and placed one at each of the four gates of the royal city of Patns. Six hundred years after this, FaHian. an intelligent Chinese traveler who visited India in 399 A. D., records that Asoka's hospitals still existed and flourished, but the successive floods of conquest swept all away, and by the beginning of this entury only a hospital for animals remained of all the plous King's foundations.

Ancient Egyptian records are more vague in their allusions to the treatment of the sick; but it seems likely, from a legend which is given in the Papyrus Ebers, . that a clinic exist d connection with the temple of Heliopolis. It is equally probable hat, if the h story of the temples of Aesculapious could be unveiled, was should find that in them also a hospital supplemented the shrine, and that the sick who o ered sacrifices there found something more than of a th healing" within their walls. But from none of these are our hospitals derived; they were destroyed or forgotten in the barbarian conquests, and so utter is the oblivion into which they fell that it is now an article of the popular creed that it is to Chr stianity we owe the first idea of care for the sick and afflicted .-The Quarterly Review.

No Mules Mentioned.

Arkansas has 100,000 farms which produce 600,000 bales of cotton, 900,-000 bushels of sweet potatoes, 1,000. 000 pounds of tobacco, 42,000,000 bushels corn and 2,000,000 bushels of wheat. From the Arkansas forests are cut over 20,000,000 feet of lumber every year.

Nice Cilmate.

At Great Falls, Moutana, the mercury has been known to drop 25 de-grees inside of five minutes.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUX-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Bare Arm of God."

Text: "The Level hath made bare His saly

It almost takes our breath away to read some of the Bible imagery. There is such boldness of metaphor in my text that I have been for some time getting my courage up to been for some time getting my courage up to preach from it. Isainh, the evangelistic prophet, is sounding the jubilate of our planet redeemed and cries out, "The Lord hath made bare His holy arm." What overhath made bare His holy arm. What some of whelming suggestiveness in that figure of speech, "The bare arm of God!" The people of the bare arm of God!" The people of the bare arm of the bare speech. The bars arm of God!" The peo-ple of Palestine to this day wear much hinder-ing apparel, and when they want to run a special race, or lift a special burden, or fight a special buttle, they put off the outside apparel, as in our land when a man proposes a special exertion he puts off his cost and rolls up his sieeves. Walk through our foundries, our machine shops, our mines, our factories, and you fill find that most of the toilers have their coats off and their seves rolled un.

Issiah saw that there must be a tremendous amount of work done before this world becomes what it ought to be, and he fore-sees it all accomplished, and accomplished by the Almighty, not as we or linarily think of Him, but by the Almighty with the sleeve of His robe rolled back to His shoulder, "The Lord hath made bare His holy arm." Nothing more impresses me in the Bible than the case with which God does most things. There is such a reserve of power. He has more thunderboits than He has ever flung, more light than He has ever distribblue than with which He has overarched the sky, more green than that with which He has emeraided the grass, more crimson than that with which He has burnessed the sunsels. I say it with reverence, from all I can see, God has never half

You know as well as I do that many of the most eighorate and expensive industries of our world have been employed in creating artificial light. Half of the time the world is dar.. The moon and the stars have their glorious uses but as instruments of illumination they are fatiures. They will not allow you to read a book or stop the ruffianism of your great cities. Had not the dark-ness been persistently lought back by artificial means, the most of the world's enter prises would have halted half the time, while prime of our great municipalities would for half the time run rampast and unre-based: hence all the inventions for creating artificial light, from the flint struck against steel in centuries past to the dynamo of our electrical manufactories. What uncounted numbers of people at work the year round in making chandetiers and lamps and fixtures and wires and batteries where light shall be made, or along which light shall run, or where light shall poise! How many bare arms of human toil—and some of those bare arms are very tired—in the creation of light and its apparatus, and after all the work the greater part of the continents and hemispheres at night have no light at all, except erhaps the fireflies flashing their small lan-

terns across the swamp.

But see how easy Go I made the light. He did not make bare His arm: He did not even put forth His robed arm: He did not Hit so much as a fluger. The flint out of which He struck the noonday sun was the word, "Light," "Let there be light!" Adam did not see the sun until the fourth day, for, though the sun was created on the first day, it took its rays from the first to the fourth day to work through the dense mass of fluids by which this earth was compassed. Did you ever hear of anything so easy as that? So unique? Out of a word came the biaziriz sun, the father of flowers, and warmth and resist decomposition and are light! Out of a word building a fire-place largeable. The best leaves for for alithe Nations of the earth to warm themsizing are those of the ivy, selves by! Yea, seven other worlds, five

The sun 886,000 miles in diameter, I do not know how much grander a solar sys tem God could have created if He had put forth His robed arm, to say nothing of an arm made hare! But this I know, that our noonday sun was a spark struck from the anvil of one word, and that word "Light."

"But, says some one, "do you not think that in making the machinery of the uniparatively a small wheel working into mightier wheels, it must have cost God some ex-ertion? The upheaval of an arm either robed or an arm made bare?" No; we are distinctly told otherwise. The machinery of a universe God made simply with His fingers, David, inspired in a night song, says so-"When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers.

A Scottish clergyman told me a few weeks ago of dyspeptic Thomas Carlyle walking out with a friend one starry night, and as the Iriend looked up and said, "What a splendid sky!" Mr. Carlyle replied as he glanced upward, "Sad sight, sad sight" Not so thought David as he read the great Scripture of the night heavens. It was a sweep of embroidery, of vast tapestry, God manipulated. That is the allusion of the psalmist to the woven hangings of tapestry as they were known long before David Far back in the ages what enchantment of thread and color, the Florentine velvets of silk and gold and Persian carpets woven of goats' hair! If you have been in the Gobelin manufactory of tapestry in Paris —alas, now no more!—you witnessed wondrous things as you saw the wooden needle or broach going back and forth and in and out; you were transfixed with admiration at the patterns wrought. No wonder that Louis bought it, and it became a possession of the throne, and for a long while none but when in epileptic fits, and resuscitated from thrones and palaces might have any of its these fits he dictated it to scribes. Yet it is work! What triumphs of loom! What victory of skilled fingers! So David says of the heavens that God's fingers wove into them the light; that God's fingers tapestried them with stars; that God's fingers embroidered them with worlds.

How much of the immensity of the heavens I avid understood I do not know. Astronomy was born in China 2800 years before Christ was born. During the reign of Hoang-Ti astronomers were put to death if they made wrong calculations about the heavens. Job Job understood the refraction of the sun's rays and said they were "turned as the clay to the The pyramids were astronomical ob servatories, and they were so long ago built that Isaiah refers to one of them in his nineteenth chapter and calls it the "pillar at the border." The first of all the sciences here The first of all the sciences born was astronomy. Whether from knowledge already abroad or from direct inspiration, it seems to me David had wide knowledge of he heavens. Whether he understood the full force of what he wrote. I know not, but the God who inspired him knew, and He would not let David write anything but truth, and therefore all the worlds that the tele scope over reached or Copernicus or Galilei or Kepler or Newton or Laplace or Herschel or our own Mitchell ever naw were so easily made that they were made with the fingers. wax, or the clay, or the dough to particular shapes, so he decided the shape of our world, and that it should weigh six sextillion cons and appointed for all worlds their orbits and decided their color—the white to Sirius, the ruidy to Aldebaran, the reliev to Polluy the biast of Aldebaran. yellow to Pollux, the bine to Altair, marrying some of the stars, as the 2400 double stars that Herschel observed, administering to the whims of the variable stars as their giance becomes brighter or dim, preparing what astronomers called, "the girdle of Andromeda," and the nebula in the aword handle of Orion. Worlds on worlds! Worlds under worlds! Worlds above worlds! Worlds beyond worlds! So many that arithmatics are of no use in the calculation! But He counted them as He made them, and He made them

His fingers! Reservation of power! Su pression of omnipotence! Resources as yet intouched! Almightiness yet undemon-strated! Now, I ask, for the benefit of all distensioned Christian workers, if God ac-

te do when He puts out all His strength hen He unlimbers all the batteries of nnipotence? The Bible speaks again gain of God's outstretched arm, but nee, and that in the text, of the bare

text makes it plain that the rectificaf this world is a stupendous under-it takes more power to make this er again than it took to make it at wor er again than it took to make it at first word was only necessary for the first creation, but for the new creation the unsleeved and unhindered fore arm of the Abelighty! The reason of that I can under-

Almighty! The reason of that I can under-stand. In the shippards of Liverpool or Glasgow or New York a great vessel is con-structed. The architect draws out the plan. the length of the beam, the capacity of ton-nage, the rotation of wheel or screw, the cabin, the masts and all the appointments of this great palace of the deep. The architect fluishes his work without any perplexity, and the carpenters and the artisans toil on the craft so many hours a day, each one do ug his part, until with flags flying, and the usands of people huzzaing on the docks, the vessel is launched. But out on the sea that steamer breaks her shaft and is limping slowly along toward harbor, when Caribi whirly along toward narbor, when Carlblean whirly winds, those mighty hunters of the deep, looking out for prey of ships, surround that wounded vessel and pitch it on a rocky coset, and she lifts and falls in the breakers ungit every joint is loose, and every spar is down, and every wave sweeps over the hurricane deek as she parts midships.

Would it not require more skill and cower

Would it not require more skill and power

to get that splintered vessel off the and reconstruct it than it required originally to build her? Aye! Our world that God built so beautiful, and which started out with all the flags of Edenie foliage and with sixty centuries pounding in the skerries of sixty centuries pounding in the skerries of sin and sorrow, and to get her out, and to get her off, and to get her on the right way again will require more of omnipotence than it required to build her and launch her. So I am not surprised that though in the dry-dock of one word our world was made, it will take the unsleeved arm of God to lift her from the rocks and put her on the right course again. It is evident from my text and its comparison with other texts that it would not be so great an undertaking to make a whole constellation of worlds, and a whole galaxy of worlds, and a whole astrono my of worlds, and a whole astrono-my of worlds, and swing them in their right orbits as to take this wounded world, this stranded world, this bankrupt world, this destroyed world, and make it as good as

when it started. Now, just look at the enthrone I difficulties in the way, the removal of which, the over-throw of which, seem to require the bare right arm of omnipotence, There stands heathenism, with its 860,000,000 victims. I do not care whether you call them Brahmans or Buddhists, Confucians or fetich idolaters At the World's Fair in Chicago last summer those monstrosities of religion tried to make themselves respectable, but the long hair and baggy trousers and trinketed robes of their representatives cannot hide from the world the fact that those religions are the authors of funeral pyre, and juggernaut crishing, and Ganges infanticide, and Chi-ness shoe torture, and the aggregated mas-sures of many centuries. They have their heels on India, on China, on Persia, on Borneo, on three-fourths of the acreage of

I know that the missionaries, who are the most sterificing and Christlike men and women on earth, are making steady and gicrious inroads upon these built up abomi-nations of the centuries. All this stuff that you see in some of the newspapers about the missionaries as living in luxury and idleness is promulgated by corrupt American or Englist or Scotch merchants, whose loose be-havior in heathen cities has been rebuked by the missionaries, and these corrupt mer-chants write home or tell innocent and un-suspecting visitors in India or China or the tarkened islands of the sea these falsehoods

or England or Scotland and stay for a few years in the ports of heathenism while they are making their fortunes in the tea or rice or opium trade, and while they are thus ent from home give themselves to orgies of dissoluteness such as no pen or tongue could, without the abolition of all decency, attempt to report. The presence of the missionaries, with their pure and noble house-holds, in those heathen ports is a constant rebuke to such debauchees and miscreants. If satan should visit heaven, from which he was once roughly but justly expatriated, and he would write home to the realms pandemoniac, his correspondence published in Diabolos Gazette or Apollyonic News, about what he had seen, he would report the temple of God and the Lamb as a broken down church, and the house of many mansions as a disreputable place, and the cherubin cherubim as suspicious of mor-Sin never did like holiness, and you had better not depend upon satanic report of the sublime and multipotent work of our missionaries in foreign lands. But notwithstanding all that these men and women of that if the idolatrous lands are to be Christinnized there needs to be a power from the heavens that has not yet condescended, and we feel like crying out in the words of Charles

Wesley: Arm of the Lord, awake, awake! Put on Thy strength, the Nations shake! Aye, it is not only the Lord's arm that is needed, the holy arm, the outstretched arm,

but the bare arm There, too, stands Mohammedanism, with its 176,000,000 victims. Its Bible is the Koran, a book not quite as large as our New Testa-ment, which was revealed to Mohammed read to-day by more people than any other book ever written. Mohammed, the founder of that religion, a polygamist, with superfluity of wives, the first step of his religion on the body, mind and soul of woman, and no wonder that the heaven of the Koran is an everlasting Sodom, an infinite saraglio, about which Monammed promises that each follower shall have in that place seventy-two wives, in addition to all the wives he had on earth, but that no old woman shall ever enter heaven. When a bishop of England recently proposed that the best way of saving Mohammedans was to let them keep their religion, but engraft upon it some new principles from Christisnity, he perpetrated an ecclesiastical joke, at which no man can laugh who has ever seen the tyranny and domestic wretchedness which always appear where that religion gets footbold. It has marched across continents and now proposes to set up its fiithy and accursed banner in America, and what it has done for Turkey it would like to do for our Nation. A religion that brutally treats womanhood ought neverto be fostered in our country. But there never was a re-ligion so absurd or wicked that it did not get disciples, and there are enough fools in America to make a large discipleship of Mohammedanism. This corrupt religion has been making steady progress for hundreds of years, and notwithstanding all the splendid work done by the Jessups, and the Goodells, and the Bisses, and the Van Dykes, and the Posts, and the Misses Bowens, and the Misses Thompsons, and scores of other men and wo-men of whom the world was not worthy, there it stands, the giant of sin, Mohamme-danism, with one foot on the heart of wo-man and the other on the heart of Christ, man and the other on the heart of Christ, while it mumbles from its minarets this stupenduous blasphemy: "God is great, and Molammed His is prophet." Let the Christian printing press at Beyroot and Constantinople keep on with their work and the men and women of God in the mission fields toil until the Lord crowns them, but what we are all hoping for is some supernatural from the heavens, as yet unseen, something

stretched down out of the skies, somethic like an arm uncovered, the bare arm of

God of Nations!

There stands also the arch demon of alcoholism. Its throne is white and made of bleached human skulls. On one side of that throne of skulls kneels in obeleance and worship democracy, and on the other side republicanism, and the one that kisses the cancerous and gangrened foot of this despot the oftenest gets the most benedictions. There is a Hudson River, an Ohio, a Missispip of strong drink rolling through this Nation, but as the rivers from which I take my figure of speech empty into the Atlantic or the Guif this mightier flood of stekness and insanity and domestic ruin and crime insanity and domestic ruin and crime and bankruptey and were empties into the hearts, and the homes, and the churches, and the time, and the eternity of a multitude beyond all statistics to number or describe All Nations are mauled and scarified with baleful stimulus, or killing narcotic. The pulque of Mexico, the cashew of Brusil, the hasheesh of Persia, the opium of China, the guavo of Honduras, the wedro of Russia, the soma of India, the aguardiente guavo of Morocco, the arak of Arabia, the mastic of Syria, the raki of Turkey, the beer of Ger-many, the whisky of Scotland, the ale of England, the all drinks of America, are do-ing their best to stupely, inflame, dement, impoverish, brutalize and slay the human from the heavens, can never extirpate the evils I mention. Much good has been accomplished by the heroism and fidelity of Christian reformers, but the fact remains that there are more splendid men and mag-nificent women this moment going over the Niagara abusm of insbriety than at any time since the first grape was turned into wine and the first head of rye began to soak in a brewery. When people touch this subject, they are apt to give statistics as to how many millions are in drunkards' graves, or with quick read marching on toward them. The land is full of talk of high tariff and low tariff, but what about the highest of all tariffs in this country, the tariff of \$900,000,000 which rum put upon the United States in 1891, for that is what it cost us? You do not tremble or turn pale when I say that. The fact is we have become hardened by statistics, and they make little impression. But if some one could gather into one mighty lake all the tears that have been wrung out of orphanage and widowhood, or into one organ diapason all the groans that have been uftered by the suffering victims of this holocaust, or into one whirlwind all the sighs of centuries of dissipation, or from the wicket of one immense prison have look upon us the glaring eyes of all those whom strong drink has endungeoned, we might perhaps realize the appalling desolation. But, no, no, the sight would forever blast viston, the sound would forever stun souls. Go on with your temperance our sonis. literature: go on with your temperance plat-forms: go on with your temperance laws. But we are all hoping for something from above, and while the bare arm of suffering, and the bare arm of invalidism, and the bare arm of poverty, and the bare arm of domes-tic desolation, from which rum hath toruthe sleeve, are lifted up in beggary and suppli-cation and despair, let the bare arm or God strike the braweries, and the liquor stores, and the corrupt politics, and the license laws, and the whole inferno of grogshops all around the world. Down, thou accursed bottle, from the throne! Into the dust, thou king of the demijohn! Parched be thy lips, thou wine cup, with dres that shall naver quenched! But I have no time to specify the manifold

that challenge Christianity. And I think I have seen in some Christians, and read in some newspapers, and heard from some pulpits a disheartenment, as though Christianity were so worsted that it is hardly worth while to attempt to win this world for God, and that all Christian work would col-lapse, and that it is no use for you to teach a Sabbath class, or distribute tracts, or exhort in prayer meetings, or preach in a pulpit, as satan is gaining ground. To rebuke that pessimism, the gospel of smashup, I preach this sermon, showing that you are on the winning side, Go ahead! Fight on! What want to make ort to-day is that our ammu

rider on the white horse has yet taken the field ; that what God has done yet has been with arm folded in flowing robe, but that the time is coming when He will rise from His throne, and throw off that robe, and come out of the palaces of eternity, and come down the stairs of heaven with all conquer-ing step, and halt in the presence of expec-tant Nations, and flashing His omniscient eyes across the work to be done will put back the sleeve of His right arm to the shoulder, and roll it up there, and for the world's final and complete rescue make bare His Who can doubt the result when ac cording to my text Jehovah does best : when the last reserve force of omnipotence takes the field, when the last sword of eternal might leaps from its scab-bard? Do you know what decided the battle of Sedan? The hills a thousand feet high. Eleven hundred cannons on the hills. Artillery on the heights of Givonne Eleven hundred cannons on the and twelve German batteries on the heights of La Moncello. The Crown Prince of Sax-ony watched the scene from the heights of Mairy. Between a quarter to 6 o'clock in the morning and 1 o'clock in the afternoon of September 2, 1870, the hills dropped the shells that shattered the French host in the vailey. The French Emperor and the 86,000 of his army captured by the hills. So in this conflict now raging between holiness and

in "our eyes are unto the hills." Down here in the valleys of earth we must on valuant soldiers of the cross, but the Commander of our host walks the heights and views the scene far better than we can in the valleys, and at the right day and the right hour all heaven will open its batteries on our side, and the Commander of the hosts of unrighteousness with all his followers will surrender, and it will take eternity to fully cale brate the universal victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. "Our eyes are unto the hills." it is so certain to be accomplished that Isalah in my text looks down through the field glass of prophecy and speaks of it as already ac-complished, and I take my stand where the prophet took his stand and look at it as all done, "Halleluiah, 'tis done." See! Those cities without a tear! Look! Those continents without a pang. Behold! Those bemispheres without a sin! Why, those deserts, Abrabian desert, American des-ert, and Creat Sahara desert, are all irrigated into gardens where God walks in the cool of the day. The atmosphere that encircles our globe floating not one groan All the rivers and lakes and oceans dimpled All the rivers and lakes and oceans dimpled with not one falling tear. The climates of the earth have dropped out of them the rigors of the cold and the blasts of the heat, and it is universal spring! Let us change the old world's name. Let it no more be called the earth, as when it was reeking with everything pestiferous and malevolent, scar-leted with battlefields and gashed with graves, but now so changed, so aromatic with gardens, and so resonant with song, and so rubescent with beauty, let us call it Immanuel's Land or Beulah or millennial gardens or paradise regained or heaven! And to God, the only wise, the only good, the only great, be glory forever. Amen.

Domestic Diamonds.

That the United States numbers the diamond amongst its many precious stones is an undoubted fact, and, although none of any size to compare with those from India, Brazil and South Africa have been found, yet from the many evidences of finds of undoubted specimens of merit, there is reason to hope that some gem of exceptional value may be eventually discovered, either accidentally or through systematic search.-New Orleans