D, white is the sail in the far away, And dirty the sail at the dock ; And fair are the cliffs across the bay And black is the near-by rock. Phough glitters the snow on the peaks afar, At our feet it is only white . And bright is the gleam of the distant star, Though a lamp were twice as bright!

The rose that nods beyond our reach Is redder than rose of ours ; Of thought that turns our tongues to speech Our fellows leave greater dowers. The waters that flow from the hidden springs Are sweeter than those by our side-

So we strive through life for the distant things

And never are satisfied !

So we strive through life for these distant things

But ever they hold their place Fill teats life a drum and death doth come And we look in his mocking face. And the distant things crowd near and ele And faith! They are dingy and gray!

For the charm is lost when the line is drossed "Twixt here and for away.

For the charm is lost when the line is errosent. And we see things as they are;

And know that as clean is the sail at the doek As the sail on the sea afar .

As bright the rays of the near-by lamp. As the gleam of the distant star. -Elwyr L Hoffman, in Pittsburg Disputch

AN EASTER OFFERING.

BY ANNA SHIELDS.



stitching busily, and at the same time building aireastles, the innocent air castles of a girl of eighteen, who is just wakening to the consciousness of a heart to be

won and given. She would have blushed with indignation and wounded feeling, had any one told her she was actually in love, and there would have been no falsehood in her denial. Yet, since the Rev. James Castleton had come to Rosedale, and taken the church under his care, life had seemed brighter to Susie.

The Rev. James Castleton was a quiet, rather reserved man of thirtyfive, not handsome, not especially gifted with eloquence. But in his soft gray eyes, in the curves of his gravely set mouth lay an expression of goodness, of unostentations, true piety, that made his simple language more effective than the most elaborate oratory. Old women brought their sorrows to Mr. Castleton, and went away comforted, blessing him for an unaffeeted sympathy that doubled the ralue of his counsels. Children clustered at at him wherever he called, and loooked eagerly for his coming into the Sunday-school. The young people liked him and trusted him. wondering a little sometimes that one hons of youth.

He had shown an interest in Susie Barelay for many reasons. She was an orphan and had lost both parents and a sister within a fortnight, vietims of a malignant fever raging in Rosedale, four years before. She was poor, having taken a position as household teacher in a seminary, and been aousehold drudge as well, to earn an education. At the time Mr. Castleton came to Rosedale, Susic was teaching music, was organist at St. Mark's, and in leisure time at home earned many an odd dollar by embroidery.

And it was upon embroidery she was busy on the week preceding Easter-Mr. Castleton's first Easter in Rose dale. As organist, Susie was compelled to take part in all the services at St. Mark's, but beside this regular attendance, she was a devout, sincere member of the church, and gave her time, little as she could spare it, to the work in the missionary society, sewing pircles and festivals of the

And the work upon which she was sewing so steadily Susic called, in her her heart, her Easter offering. Mrs. Stacey, the richest woman in Rosedale, often employed Susie's busy fingers, and it only made the gentle girl smile scornfully when she heard Bessie Stacey praised for the exquisite embroidery her own active fingers wrought:

Mrs. Stacey intended to make an Easter offering, at St. Mark's, of a new set of church linen, and she had engaged Susie to hemstitch and embroider it, promising her ten dollars three times that sum in any city store.

And Susie had already appropriated that sum, in her mind. She would ony a large cross of white flowers, such as she had seen in her visits to the city, and present it to St. Mark's. Not one penny of those ten dollars would she use for her own expenses; and if Bessie Stacey let it be understood that she had embroidered the inen her mother presented, why, Susie could give her cross, and so balance matters.

For, somewhere in the depths of her heart, so far down she had never called it to the surface, Susie knew that there was rivalry between Bessie Stacey and herself. She knew that Mr. Castleton was frequently at Mrs. Stacey's, to luncheon, to dinner, to arrange various church matters in which Mrs. Stacey suddenly wakened to an interest she had never felt when good old Mr. Murray presided in the

And Bessie were the most becoming dresses right under the minister's eyes, while Susie's modest dresses were hidden behind the curtains of the organ-loft.

As she worked in the passion-flowers encircling her cross, Susie thought of the order she would send to her Aunt Mary in the city for the cross she meant to buy. She had steadily put away the temptation to buy a new spring hat or one new dress, resolving to make over her gray poplin once more and have her old hat cleaned and pressed. And, really, one must be eighteen, with a very limited, hard-earned wardrobe and a strong desire to appear attractive in the eyes of one person, to appreciate the sacrifice Susie was making. Ten dollars, with her economical habits, her skill in sewing, would go so far toward

girlish adornment! But it was to be her Easter offering; and if there lurked a thought of Mr. Castleton's words of praise or his grave eyes looking approvingly upon her tasteful gift, was she so very much

to blame? She had finished her work before sunset, and took it home. Mrs. Stacy was in the sitting room, where Bessie was opening the parcel containing a new silk suit for Easter Sunday, and Sasie was called upon to admire the color, the style, the general effect.

"It is dark for spring," Bessie said, fretfully.

"You know very well you cannot bear light colors," said her mother. 'Your eyes and hair are all you can desire; your teeth are good, your features regular and your figure is simply perfect; but your complexion is thick and sallow, and always will be until you stop eating such rich food. Now, here is Susie without one really good feature in her face, with an insigniticant figure, eyes of no color in particular, a sort of bluish-gray, but with a complexion like a miniature painting. She can wear blue and softly tinted fabrics, but you cannot"

She might have added that Susie's hair was the color of corn-silk and one ger. mass of golden waves and soft ringlets; that Susie's mouth was like a baby s in its tender curves and sweet expression; that Susie's eyes were full of intelligence and gentle, womanly sweetness; but she forgot to mention these points, and Susie was crushed, as she intended her to be, in spite of her complexion.

But Mrs. Stacey took out her pocketbook and from it a ten-dollar gold-

"You can buy a new hat," she said, in a patronizing way indescribably irritating.

"No," Sasie said, quietly; "this is to be my Easter offering. "Oh! And speaking of Easter, would you mind, on your way home, taking this linen to Mrs. Byrne's to wash and iron. Tell her I must have

It was growing dark, and Susie remembered that so far from being "on her way home," Mrs. Byrne lived at the other end of Rosedale, but she was to shy too refuse, and rolled the linen up again.

it on Friday at the very latest!"

Mrs. By, was a hard-working woman with seven chrishusband, after subjecting her to all the miseries of a drunkard's wife, had released her by pitching head-first off so grave and quiet could so thoroughly the bridge below Rosedale, into the anderstand the troubles and tempta- river. Womanlike, she grieved for him, as if he had made her life a bed of roses, and turned to her wash-tubs for a living, patiently and industriously. A very sunbeam of a woman she was, in spite of her troubles, and Sucie was amazed to find her sitting on the d door-steps sobbing like a child, She rose to receive Mrs. Stacey's message, and promised to do the work, and then, in answer to Susie's gentle, "You are in trouble, I am

afraid," her grief broke out in words. "I've no right to complain, miss," she said, "for the Lord 's been very good to us since poor Tim was drownded, but indeed it's a chance

lost I'm fretting for." "A chance lost?" said Susie, her voice still full of gentle sympathy.

"It's Nora, miss. She's been delicate, miss, iver since she was born, and the air here is bad for her intirely. The docther save her lungs is wake, and it's a bad cough she's got, and we're too near the say here in Rosedale. And me sister, who lives at B-, she's wrote she'll take Nora for her own, an' give her schooling and not let her work till she's stronger, She's not much of her own, hasn't sister Mary; but she's no childer since she put four in the church-yard, and she'll be good to Nors, an' the child just dying here by inches, for she will help me, an' sloppin' in the washing's bad for her. She coughs that bad at night, miss, and the doctor says the air in B- would be the makin' of her.' "Ent, surely, you will send her,"

"There it is, miss! Mary, she can't sind money out an' out, and it costs for work she well knew would cost her six dollars to go to B -. I was up to Mrs. Stacey's, to ax the loan of it, and work it out a little at a time on the washin'; but she told me she could not spare it. An' she rich! I'm thinkin', miss, perhaps she'd be servin' the Lord as well as savin' a girl's life, you may say, instead of buyin' all this embroid ered linen to show off at St. Mark's.

The words struck Susie like a stab. Was it to serve the Lord or for her own vanity she wanted to give the white cross to St. Mark's? Saving a human life! The thought almost took her breath.

dollars?" she asked. "Yes, miss; but it might as well be hundred. I can't get it."

"You can send Nora if you have ten

"Yes, for I will give it to you; and you can ask the Lord to bless my Easter offering.'

And before the astonished woman could reply, the shining gold piece lay in her hand and Susie was speeding homeward.

"The Lord be good to her! The saints bless her bed!" cried Mrs. Byrne. "An' she t'aching for her own bread and butter an' trudging about in all weathers to earn a dollar!"

"You seem surprised at something, Mrs. Byrne," said a quiet, deep voice at her elbow, and she looked up to see Mr. Castleton standing beside her. "I came over to see if you could come up to the parsonage and help Mrs. Willis to-morrow. She has some extra work

on hand." "Yes, sir! I'll come, and be thankful to you, dazed like." And out came the whole story from the grateful woman's lips, ending with :

"And it's workin' she is as hard as meself in her own way, while Mrs. Stacey, that's rollin' in money couldn't spare jest the loan of it, for it's not begging I'd be!"

Easter services were over, and Mrs. Stacev had invited Mr. Castleton to dinner. She had told no direct lie, but certainly had given the impression that the lovely embroidery upon the new linen was the work of Bessie's fingers. As they drove home, she asked Mr. Castleton sweetly.

"Don't think me impertment, but which of the offerings was Miss Earciav's?

"None that I know of!"

"Was there one offering of ten dollars in the collection?" "No-a five-dollar bill was the lar-

"Such hypocrisy!" sneered Bessie. "It was not necessary for Miss Barelay to tell you, mamma, she was going to give ten dollars for an Easter offering, but she need not have told a falsehood about it!

"Nor did she," said Mr. Castleton. 'Her Easter offering was ten dollars.' But he made no further explanation; nor did Susie, when summer time brought her a letter, asking her to share his life and labors, know that Mrs. Byrne had told him the story of her charity. - New York Led-

A Deadwood Lynching.

Leander Richardson gives, in the New York Sun, the following vivid description of the lynching of a murderer at Deadwood in the seventies:

When the preparations were complete the prisoner's hands were manacled behind him, and he was led outside. The crowd cheered and then hooted as they saw him. The yellow of his skin had changed to an ashen hue, and his one active little eye swept the horizon with a venomous glitter. But he did not wince. He clutched his half-smoked weed convulsively with his teeth, pulled himself together and stood firmly on his feet, with his chin elevated defiantly. He was lifted to the back of the horse, and sitting there, bolt upright, was led away across the gulch to where a long rope dangled from a limb of a gaunt dead tree. In one end of this rope there was a running noose. The other end, after passing over the limb, was held by several men further up the side of the guich. The horse was led under the tree, two quards, with rifles ready, walking on ither side. The ereb

onward like an angry river, panteo | with excitement that broke out in

curses and vile exclamations. The noose was adjusted, the horse was led out from under the murderer's form, and at the same moment the men holding the opposite end of the rope ran up the hill with it for a few paces. The body of the tall Missourian, writhing horribly in agony, flew upward. A dozen shots from pistols and rifles rang sharply out. The malefactor's ungainly feet, which had been drawn up in the first contortion of suffering. fell back. The bony hands, which had clutched desparately at the back of his shirt, relaxed and hung down, limp and pulseless. The teeth, which had been clinched in the final and supreme effort of self-control, parted, and the remnant of the last black eigar came floating to the ground. The artificial eye, now not more sightless than its furtive companion, cast a coldly sinuster stare out over the throng below, a throng hushed with the spending of its fury. The body, twisting with the strain upon the rope, swayed to and fro in the freshening breeze. The people, who were sobered and reflective, turned slowly away and dispersed.

The World Growing Better.

It may sound a little slangy, but the popular expression, "we're getting there," seems to fit the times exactly. The world is growing better because the people are better than they ever were before. The sun may not shine any brighter, but we appreciate the light more highly. There may be as dark places as ever there were, but we are able to avoid them.

Certainly there never was a time when gentleness and purity, human love and human sympathy were more respected or more generally appreciated. Coarseness and vulgarity, rudeness and riot will melt away before these mild influences, until finally this old world will be so bright and so lovable that even the good will regret

having to leave it. We are becoming more human, which means that the savage in our nature is being eliminated. - Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

A Studio Trick.

In the corner of an artist's studio in this city is an ingenious arrangement of screens, upon one of which, over an aperture about the size of a face, is an inscription: "Likenesses taken instanteously." The innocent visitor peeks through the hole and is astonished to behold an exact likeness of himself as a hump-backed jailer in a scarlet cost, opening a prison door. The secret of this effect is simple. The jailer is a life-size painting strongly rendered. The place for the face is cut out and a mirror inserted, reflecting the features of the spectator. The conception of the amusing fantasy is not entirely original. It was imported from the studio of Wiertz, the Relgian artist - Philadelphia Record

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S AUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "From Conquest to Con quest."

TEXT: "Behold the days come, soth fie Lord, that the plowman shall overtage reaper."-Amos ix., 13.

Picture of a tropical clime, with a staso so prosperous that the harvest reachesclea over to the planting time, and the swirth busbandman swinging the sickle in the thick cusbandman swinging the sickle in the thick grain almost feels the breath of the horse on his shoulders, the horses hitched to the plow preparing for a new crop. "Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that the plowman shall overtake the reaper." Whin is that? That is now. That is this day, when hardly have you done reaping one bryest before the plowman is getting ready

another, I know that many declare that Christianity has collapsed; that the Bible is an obsolete book; that the Carlstian church is of the

retrest. I will here and now show that the opposite of that is true.

An Arab guide was leading a Frenct infidel across a desert, and ever and anot the Arab guide would get down in the sand and pray to the Lord. It disgusted the Finnen infidel, and after awhile as the Arab get up from one of his prayers the infidel said, "How do you know there is any God?" and "How do I know that a man and a camel passed along our tent last night? I know it by the footprints in the sand. And you want to know how I know whether there is any God? Look at that sunset. Is that the footstep of a man?" And by the same process you and I have come to understand that this book is the footstep of

But now let us see whether the Bible is a last year's almanuc. Let us see whether the church of God is in a Bull Run retreat, muskets, canteens and haversacks streving all the way. The great English historian. Sharon Turner, a man of vast learning and of great accuracy, not a clergyman, but an attorney as well as a historian, gives this overwhelming statistic in regard to Caristianity and in regard to the number of Carislians in the different centuries: In the first century, 500,000 Christians; in the second century, 2,000,000 Christians; in the third century, 5,000,000 Christians; in the fourth century, 10,000,000 Christians; in the lith century, 15,000,000 Christians; in the sixth century, 20,000,000 Christians; in the seventh century, 24,000,000 Christians; in the eighth century, 30,000,000 Christians; in the ninth century, 40,000,000 Christians; in the enth century, 50,000,000 Christians; the eleventh century, 70,000,000 Christians: in the twelfth century, 80,000,000 Christians; in the fairteenth century, 75,000,000 Christians; in the fourteenth century, 80,000,000 Christians; in the fifteenth century, 100,000,000 Christians; in the sixteenth century, 125,000,000 Christians; in the sixteenth century, 125,000,000 Christians; in the seventeenth century, 155,000,000; in the eight-centh century, 200,000,000 Christians—a decadence, as you observe, in only one century and more than made up in the following cen turies, while it is the usual compu-tation that there will be, when the record of the nineteenth century is made up.

at least 300,000,000,Christians.

Foor Christianity! What a pity it has no friends! How lonesome it must be! Who will take it out of the poorhouse? Poor Christianity! Three hundred millions in one century. In a few weeks of the year 1881 2,500,600 copies of the New Testament dis-tributed. Why, the earth is like an old castle with twenty gates and a park artiflery ready to thunder down every gate. Lay tside all Christendom and see how heathen-dom is being surrounded and honeycombed and attacked by this all conquering gospel At the beginning of this century there were

only 150 missionaries; now there are 25,000 ssionaries and native helpers and evan there were only 50,000 heathen converts; now there are 1,750,000 converts from heathen-

There is not a seacoast on the planet but the battery of the gospel is planted and ready to march on -north, south, east, west. You know that the chief work of plant the batteries. It may take many days to plant the batteries, and they may do all their work in ten minutes. These batteries are being planted all along the seacoasts and in all nations. It may take a good while to plan; them, and they may do all their work in one day. They will. Nations are to be in one day. They will. Nations are to be born in one day. But just come back to Christendom and recognize the fact that during the last ten years as many people have connected themselves with evangelien hurches as connected themselves with thurches in the first fifty years of this cen-

So Christianity is falling back, and the Bible, they say, is becoming an obsolete book. I go into a court, and wherever I find a judge's bench or a clerk's desk I find a Bible. Upon what book could there be uttered the solemnity of an oath? What book is apt to be put in the trunk of the young man as he leaves for city life? The What shall I find in nine out of every The Bible, In nine ten homes in Brooklyn? out of every ten homes in Christendom? The Voltaire wrote the prophecy that the Bible in the nineteenth century would become extinct. The century is nearly gone, and as there have been more Bibles published in the latter part of the century than in the former part of the century, do you think the Bible will become extinct in the

I have to tell you that the room in which Voltaire wrote that prophecy not long ago was crowded from floor to ceiling with was crowded from noor to ceiling with Bibles from Switzerland. Suppose the Con-gress of the United States should pass a law that there should be no more Bibles printed in America and no more Bibles read. If there are 40,000,000 grown people in the United States, there would be 40,000,000 peo-ple in an army to put down such a law and defend their right to read the Bible. But suppose the Congress of the United States should make a law against the reading or the publication of any other book, how many people would go out in such a crusade?

Could you get 400,000,000 people to go out on a verdict?" asis the court or the clerk of and risk their lives in defense of Shakespeare's tragedies or Gladstone's tracts or Macaulay's "History of England?" You know that there are 1000 men who would die in defense of this book where there is not more than one man who would die in defense of any other book. You try to insuit my common sense by telling me the Bible is fading out from the world. It is the most popular book of the century. How do I know it? I know it just as I know

in regard to other books. How many vol-umes of that book are published? Weil, you say, 5000. How many copies of that book are published? A hundred thousand. are published? A hundred thousand. Which is the more popular? Why, of course the one that has 100,000 circulation. And if this book has more copies abroad in the world, if there are five times as many Bibles abroad as any other book, does not that show you that the most popular book on the planet to-day is the word of God?

planet to-day is the word of God?

"Oh," say people, "the church is a collection of hypocrites, and it is losing its power, and it is fading out from the world." Is it? A bishop of the Methodist church told me that that denomination averages two new churches every day of the year. There are at least 1500 new Christian churches built in America every year. Decethat look asthough the church were fading out, as though it the church were fading out, as though it were a defunct institution? Which instituwere a defunct institution? Which institution stands nearest the hearts of the people
of America to-day? I do not care in what
village, or in what city, or what neighborhood you go. Which institution is it? Is it
the postoffice? Is it the hote!? Is it the
lecturing hall? Ab, you know it is not. You
know that the institution which stands nearest to the hearts of the American people is
the Christian church. If you have ever seen
a church burn down, you have seen thousands of people standing and looking at it
—people who never go into a church—the

tears raining down their cheeks. The whole

story is told.

You may talk about the church being a collection of bycocrites, but when the diph-therla sweeps your children off whom do you send for? The postmaster, the attorneygeneral, the hotel-keeper, alderman? No you send for a minister of this Bible region. you send for a minister of this Bible region.
And if you have not a room in your house
for the obsequies, what building do you solielt? Do you say, "Give me the finest room
in the hotel?" Do you say, "Give me that
theatre?" Do you say, "Give me a place in
that public building, where I can lay my
dead for a little while until we say a prayer
over it?" No. You say, "Give us the house
of God."

And if there is a song to be sing at the obsequies, what do you want? What does anybody want? "The Marseillaise" hymn? anybody want? "The Marseillaise" hymn?
"God Save the Queen?" Our own grand
national air? No. They want the hymn
with which they sang their old Caristian
mother into her last sleep, or they want sung
the Sabbath-school hymn which their little with which they sang their old Christian mother into her last sleep, or they want sung the Sabbath-school hymn which their little girl sang the last Sabbath afternoon she was out before she got that awful sickness which broke your heart. I appeal to your common sense. You know the most endearing institution on earth to-day is the church of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The infidels say, "Infidelity shows its sencesses from the fact that it is everywhere accepted, and it can say what it will." Why, my friends, infidelity is not half so blatant in our days as it was in the days of our fathers, Do you know that in the days of our fathers, Do you know that in the days of our Christian man:

fathers, Do you know that in the days of our fathers, there were pronounced infidels in public authority and they could get any political position? Let a man to-day declare himself antagonistic to the Christian religion, and what city wants him for mayor, what State wants him for governor, what nation wants him for president or for king? Let a man openly proclaim himself the enemy of our glorious Christianity, and he cannot get a majority of votes in any in any city, in any county, in any ward of

Do you think that such a scene could be enacted now as was enacted in the days of Robespierre, when a shameless woman was elevated as a goddess and was carried a a golden chair to a cathedral, where or was burned to her and people bowed own before her as a divine being, she taking the place of the Bible and God Almighty, while in the corrider of that cathedral were en-acted such scenes of drunkenness and debauchery and obscenity as has never been witnessed? Do you believe such a thing could possibly occur in Christendom to-day? No, sir! The police, whether of Paris or New York, would swoop on it.

I know infidelity makes a good deal of talk in our day. It is on the principle that if a man jump overboard from a Cunard steamer he makes more excitement than all the 500 people that stay on the decks. But the fact that he jumps overboard—does that stop the ship? Does that wreck the 500 passengers? It makes great excitement when a man jumps from the lecturing platform or from the pulpit in fidelity, but does that keep the Bible and the Church from carrying their millions of passengers into

They say, these men, that science is overcoming religion in our day. They look through the spectacles of the infidel scien-tists, and they says "It is impossible that this book can be true. People are finding it out. The Bible has got to go overboard. Science is going to throw it overboard." Do you believe that the Bible account of the origin of life will be overthrown by infidel scientists who have fifty different theories about the origin of life? If they should come up in solid phalanx, all agreeing upon one sentiment and one theory, perhaps Christian-ity might be damaged, but there are not so many differences of opinion inside the church as outside the church.

People used to say, "There are so many different denominations of Christians -that shows there is nothing in religion." to tell you that all denominations agree on

to tell you that all denominations agree on the two or three or four radical doctrines of the Coristian religion. They are unanimous in regard to Jesus Christ and they are religious to the safety of the corptures. How is it on the other side?

All split up—you cannot find two of them alike. Oh, it makes me sick to see these literary for a corpture along with a corpture of the corp. erary fops going along with a copy of Dar-win under one arm and a case of transfixed grasshoppers and butterflies under the other arm, telling about the "survival of the fit-test," and Huxley's protoplasm, and the

The fact is that some naturalists just as soon as they find out the difference between the feelers of a wasp and the horns of a beetle begin to patronize the Almighty, while Agassiz, glorious Agassiz, who never made any prefensions to being a Christian, puts both his feet on the doctrine of evolution and says, "I see that many of the naturalists of bear observation or have not passed under observation." These men warring against each other Darwin warring against Lamarche, Wallace warring against Cope, even Herschel denouncing Ferguson.

They do not agree about anything. They do not agree on embryology, do not agree on the gradation of the species. What do they agree on? Herschel writes a whole chapter on the errors of astronomy, Place declares that the moon was not put in the right place. He says that if it had been put four times farther from the earth than it is now there would be more harmony in the universe, but Lionville comes up just in time to prove that the moon was put in the right

How many colors woven into the light? Seven, says Isane Newton. Three, says David Brewster. How high is the aurora borealis? Two and a half miles, says Lins. One hundred and sixty-eight miles, says Twining. How far is the sun from the earth? Seventy-six million miles, says Lacalle. Eighty-two million miles, says Humboldt. Ninety million miles, says Headerson. One hundred and four million miles, says Mayer —only a little difference of 28,000,000 miles! All split up among themselves—not agreeing on anything. They come and say that the churches of Jesus Christ are divided on the great doctrines. All united they are, in Jesus Christ, in the divinity of the Scrip-While they come up and propose to render their verdict, no two of them agree "Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed on a verdict?" asks the court or the clerk of

the whole night in deliberating. If the jury says, "Yes, we have agreed," the verdict is says, "I'es, we have agreed, the verdict is recorded, but suppose one of the jurymen says, "I think the man was guilty of mur-der," another says, "I think he was guilty of manslaughter in the second degree," and another man says, "I think he was guilty of assault and battery, with intent to kill," the judge would say: "Go back to your room judge would say: "Go back to your room and bring in a verdict. Agree on something.

That is no verdict."

Here these infidel scientists have impaneled themselves as a jury to decide this trial between infidelity, the plaintiff, and Christianity, the defendant, and after being out for centuries they come in to render their verdict. Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed on a verdict? No, no. Then go back agreed on a verdict? No, no. Then go back for another 500 years and deliberate and agree on something. There is not a poor, miserable wretch in the Tombs court to-morrow that could be condemned by a jury that did not agree on the verdict, and yet you ex-pect us to give up our glorious Christianity to please these men who cannot agree on anything.

Ah, my friends, the church of Jesus Christ instead of falling back, is on the advance! I am certain it is on the advance. O Lord God, take Thy sword from Thy thigh and ride

take Thy sword from Thy thigh and ride forth to the victory!

I am mightly encouraged because I find among other things that while this Christianity has been bombarded for centuries infidelity has not destroyed one church, or crippled one minister, or uprooted one verse of one chapter of all the Biule. The church all the time getting the victory, and the shot and shell of its enemies nearly exhausted.

I have been examining their ammunition lately. I have looked all through their cartridge boxes. They have not in the last twenty years advanced one new idea. They

have utterly exhausted their ammunitions have utterly exhausted their ammunitions the battle against the church and against the Seriptures, while the sword of the Lori Almighty is as keen as if ever was. We say just getting our troops into line. They are coming up in companies, and in regiment, and in brigades, and you will hear a should after awhile that will make the earth quais and the heavens ring with "Alledual" I will be this, "Forward, the whole line".

And then I find another most encouraging thought in the fact that the secular printing press and pulpit seem harnessed in the same team for the proclamation of the gossel Every Wall street banker to-morrow in New York, every State street banker to-morrow in Boston, every Third street banker to-morrow in Boston, every Third street banker to-more

in Boston, every Third street banker to-row in Philadelphia, every banker in United States, and every merchant w call to repentence, ten, twenty or t passages of Scripture in the reports of slon preached throughout these cities

everywhere.

I know the tract societies are dolargrand and glorious work, but I tell your is no power on earth to day equal to fact that the American printing press is ing up the sermons which are preached few hundred or a few thousand people he morning and evening papers, scatter What an encouragement for e

bristian man Besides that, have you noticed that during the past few years every one of the doctring of the Bible came under discussion the secular press? Do you not remember few years ago, when every paper United States had an editorial on th et, "Is There Such a Thing as Future ishment?" It was the strangest thing there should be a discussion in the aspapers on that subject, but every pa-the United States and in Christendo on?" I know there were small wits made sport of the discussion, but there not an intelligent man on earth who, a result of that discussion, did not ask his the question, "What is going to be my s nal destiny?" So it was in regard to Tynh

prayer gauge,
About 'welve years age, you re the secular papers discussed that, and we just as much earnestness as the religion papers, and there gas not a man in Christ dom who did not ask himself the question is there anything in prayer? May "Is there anything in prayer? May creature impress the Creator?" Oh, wi mighty fact, what a glorious fact—the so lar printing press and the pulpit of church of Jesus Christ harnessed in the so

team ! Then look at the international series Sunday-school lessons. Do you know every Sabbath, between 3 and 5 o'clock, t are 5,000,000 children studying the sam son—a lesson prepared by the leading m of the country and printed in the pape and then these subjects are discussed given over to the feathers, who give the overto the children? So, whereas, once, a within our memory, the children nibb here and there at a story in the Bible, n they are taken through from Ganesia to velation, and we shall have 5,000,000 cdren forestalled for Christianity. My soufull of exultation. I feel as if I could shall full of exultation. I feel as if I could sho —I will shout, "Alleluin, the Lord God o

nipotent reigneth " Then you notice a more significant fact you have talked with people on the subjithet they are getting dissatisfied with philosophy and science as a matter comfort. They say it does not amount anything when you have a dead child in house. They will tell you, when they we sick and the door of the future seem opening, the only comfort they could fly was in the Gospel. People are have demonstrated all over the land that selen and philosophy cannot solace the trou and woes of the world, and they want so other religion, and they are taking the tianity, the only sympathetic religion to ever came into the world.

and they do not believe it is everdone. The is a group of men who say they have new heard the voice of Christ; they have new heard the voice of God. They do not believe the say they have not believe the say they have not believe the say they have not believe the say they do not believe they are say they it ever transpired or was ever heard—the anything like it ever occurred. I point 20.000.000 or 1.000.000 people who 'Christ was erowned in our tions ; we have seen Him and felt Him in souls, and we have heard His voice; we heard it in storm and darkness; we he heard it again and again." Whose testime will you take? These men who say th have not heard the voice, have not seen coronation, or will you take the thousan and millions of Christians who testify what they saw with their own eyes and he

Yonder is an aged Christian after fi with their own ears? years' experience of the power of godlinin his sou!. Ask this man whether, when buried his dead, the religion of Jesus Chr was not a consolation. Ask him if throutine long years of his pligrimage the Leever forsook him. Ask him if, when he los forward to the future, if he has not a per and a joy, and a consolation the world of not take away. Put this testimony of with he has seen and what he has felt opposite the testimony of a man who says he has a seen anything on the subject or felt anythion the subject. Will you take the testimon of people who have not seen or people w have seen?

You say morphia puts one to sleep, say in time of sickness it is very useful. deny it. Morphia never puts anyhody sleep; it never alleviates pain. You a me why I say that. I have never took it. I de me why I say that. I have not tried it. I never took it. I do that morphia is any soothing to nerves or any quiet in time of sickness. deny that morphia ever put anybody sleep, but here are twenty persons who they have all felt the soothing effects physician's prescribing morphine. restimony will you take? Those who to ing taken the medicins? Here is the Gos of Jesus Christ, an anodyne for all troub the mightiest medicine that ever came do to earth. Here is a man who says: don't believe in it. There is no power in it Here are other people who say: "We ha found out its power and know its soothii influence. It has cured us." Whose tes mony will you take in regard to this heali

I feel that I have convinced every man this house that it is utter folly to take i testimony of those who have never tried i Gospel of Jesus Christ in their own heart a life. We have tens of thousands of wn nesses. I believe you are ready to take th testimony. Young man, do not be asham to be a friend of the Bibie. Do not put yo thumb in your vest, as young men sometim do, and swagger about taking of the glo ous light of the nineteenth century and there being no need of a Bible. They ha the light of nature in India and China and all the dark places on earth. Did you ev hear that the light of nature gave them con fort for their trouble? They have lancets cut and juggernauts to crush, but no co fort. Ah, my friends, you had better st your skepticism. Suppose you are put this crisis: Oh, father, your child is dyi.

what are you going to say to her?
Colonel Ethan Allen was a famous infid in his day. His wife was a very consecrat woman. The mother instructed the daug ter in the cruths of Christianity. The daug ter sickened and was about to die, and s said to her father: "Father, shall I tai your instruction, or shall I take mother's its truction? I am going to die now. I was struction? your instruction, or shall I take mother's istruction? I am going to die now. If nu have this matter decided." That man whad been loud in his infidelity, said to be dying daughter. "My dear, you had bett take your mother's religion." My advice the same to you—oh, young man, you better take your mother's religion. You know how it comforted her. You know how it comforted her. You know hat she said to you when she was dyin You had better take your mother's religion.

The spring, or bundle of reed pipe is the prototype of the bagpipe.