IF THE SHADOWS FELL NOT. If the shadows fell not-Oh! where were the

The gems of the sky and the night? If the shadows fell not, would the pale, gold-

en moon Flood the earth with its rich, mellow light? Oh! where were the sunsets unblazoned in

glory-Wrought vivid in nature, in song, and in

If the shadows fell not?

If the shadows fell not-Oh! where were the tears.

The crystals of love and of woe? They would vanish with smiles born of sym-

pathy sweet. And its words whispered softly and low: Oh! where were the heroes, the martyrs and

The deeds of the noble, the wisdom of ages,

If the shadows fell not?

-Mary Emelyn McClure.

AS IT OFTEN HAPPENS.

BY W. J. LAMPTON.



and pretty Lois may be other the sand. Sweet Sixteens, but the comparative degree of the adjective in this connection has grown rusty from

And Lois Tanner was sixteen. From the first day of our meeting -we were the children of wealthy parents and were summering by the sea-some intangible influence, some inexplicable force seemed to draw us to each other and to run the lines of lenly. our lives parallel. For two years we had known each other, and one daymeeting-we sat on the rocks by the fluffy hair. shore and as the waves beat in rhythinto her sweet blue eves and knew that | could. Lachesis as she drew two threads from Clotho's spindle was twisting them into one cord, forever indivisible.

In early youth, how far the eyes, future, and how keen is young love to decipher the handwriting on the watl.

"Lois," I said as we sat there in the fading twilight, "do you know how long we have known each other?" "Does it seem long, Mr. Belden?" she replied with a coy little smile.

"It has been two entire years, Miss Tanner," said 1, falling into her mock know it. formality of manner.

"And one learns a great deal in two years," she added.

rection I have learned nothing Lois," I said with a quietness, I did not feel.

"Why, Jack," she exciaimed, don't see how you could stand still."

guilelessness.

In loving you, Lois," I broke forth our first meeting." "Oh, Jack," she cried nervously,

"what made you say that?"

"Why shouldn't I say it?" I anbe put down by any woman's whim.

'Eccause, Jack," she said very earnestly, "papa has been saying all along that you and I were together too much.

"Did your father say that?" I asked with the anger showing in my face. "He did, Jack, and he says-

"Well, I don't want to hear what he says, or has said or will say," I interrupted. "If he says anything like that he doesn't know what he is talking about and hasn't the most remote the one woman in all the world for him, feels.

"He ought to know something about it," Lois said hesitatingly. "You know, Jack, he has been married three times.

"That's just it," I growled; "he's know my own heart and am irresponsible into the bargain. If it weren't with jealousy when you spoke of Verfor you, Lois," I added, ameliorating my wrath to a slight extent, "i wouldn't have a man like he is for my father-in-law under any circum-

"Papa isn't so awfully bad, Jack," she said in extenuation of the paternal you have always called me."

"I never thought he was, either, numitted. "But, Lois," and I grew ate title. hard again. "you must know that no father who regards the future happiness of his daughter can take the position he does and assume to dictate the course of two lives which in the nature of things must be independent of his."

"Papa says your papa said the same thing and agreed with him thoroughly," she replied, arguing as women do.

"Lois," I said in my firmest tone, "don't speak to me of your father again. If you do I shall be tempted to do him some bodily injury.

The dear little woman laid her hand on my arm restrainingly and smiled with such irresistible sweetness that I even forgot the wound my father had given me.

"Let it go, dear," she pleased. "They have forgotten they were ever young.

deeper purple and the waves took on was not visible. I looked and saw the mellower shades of the evening Verder and Miss Swann, very close tosky. The night wind, just rising, gether and talking earnestly.

tossed Lois's golden hair about her smooth, white forehead, and the pink of the sunset brought a rosier glow to her cheeks. I brushed my hand across

my eyes and looked into her face.
"Do you remember what I said a few moments ago?" I asked, returning to the previous subject.
"What did you say?" she replied, trembling a little, I thought, for she

soon. "I said, darling"-it was the first time I had ever called her that, and it almost frightened me—"I said that there was one thing I had not learned in the last two years, and that was to love you better than I did when I first met you. Do you think I should have

"Perhaps, Jack," she blushed, "if you had, you would have gone ahead | Free Press.

of me in the class." "Oh, Lois," I began to say, and then began to stammer and grow red in the face. I could feel the blood fly along my neck, and my hands shook so I could not have put them out to her if she had asked me to. I had never spoken of love to a woman, and now my inexperience was painful to Tanner was three me. I knew that the brave man could years my junior. win a triumph now, but I was not Sweet sixteen! Is brave. On the contrary, I was a cowthere in all this ard, an arrant coward, and in my fear world anything I slipped down off the rock, where we sweeter? There had been sitting, and walked out upon

> "Where are you going, Jack?" she called to me. "I don't want to be left here all alone. I'm sure Charlie Verder wouldn't treat me like that."

That was enough to set me wild. Verder was the one fellow I dreaded, long disuse and Sweet Sixteen remains and he hadn't known her six months, positive in kind and superlative in de- either. I went back to the rock and stood at the foot of it, just near enough to touch the hem of her gown -such a sweet, white gown, with a bit of blue showing through it as the blue say peeps in and out from the fleecy white clouds.

"Do you like him?" I asked, sul-

"Not any more, I guess, than you like Mattie Swann," she retorted, with it was the third summer after our a perk of her nose and a shake of her

"Then you like him pretty well," I mic measures upon the silver sands said, in worse humor than ever, and stretching out at our feet, I looked quite insistent upon nagging her ail I

> "Perhaps I do," she snapped, "and if I do, I'm sure he's a very nice fellow."

"Not any nicer fellow than Mattie undimmed by years, can see into the Swann is a girl," I put in as mean as I knew how.

"Well, I don't care," she said, as she slipped off of the rock and touched the sand as lightly as a thistle down. 'I'm going home, and when you get me to come away off down here in this lonesome place again at this time of day, or any other time, I think you'll

Then she started off along the beach toward the row of cottages. It was a mile or more, and I thought I would keep within call, so I let her get some distance ahead of me. I poked along behind, gazing out to sea and wondering where all the beauty of the purple shadows had gone, and why it was the waves looked so cold and cruel two years.—Harper's Weekly. "But I have," I insisted. the waves looked so cold and cruel "How?" and her eyes looked her and clammy. They were the same shadows and the same waves, and there I was, and-but where was Lois? A Man Who Dives Sixty Feet Inte "I couldn't love you any more in a Fifty yards up the shore and hurrying thousand years, than I loved you after | along as if she were afraid of twilight ghosts or other strange inhabitant of the crepuscular air. I looked over my shoulder nervously, and all around, and shivered. What it was I swered with a dogged resolve not to don't know, but on the instant, I called to her and went after my call

as fast as I ever ran after a football. "Lois, Lois," I kept on calling, but she gave no heed. Her face was set and the first thing the family knew away from me and she was going with there would be a case of puppy love it rapidly. But not so fast that I could not catch her in the next fifty yards or so.

"Oh, Mr. Belden," she said in a tone of pretty surprise as I came up panting by her side, "how you trightened me. I had no idea you

were on the beach this evening. Think of that, and still her father having the temerity to talk about idea of what a man truly in love with puppy love. If that wasn't full grown mastiff sarcasm. I'd like to know what it was. But I was not to be thwarted by a woman's whim now, any more

tuan I was in the beginning. "Oh, Lois, Lois," I pleaded, though I puffed as I did so. "We are not children to let a trifle come between grown callous. He thinks because I us and our love. You know I love am not a hundred years old I don't you and I know I love you. It was because I love you so that I grew wild der. I don't care a rap of my finger for Mattie Swann, even if you do like

Charlie Verder.' "Mr. Belden," she began vey stiffly -"Call me Jack," I cried with all my feeling come again. "Call me Jack, as

"Perhaps I'd better," she said cold-"You have acted so childishly til you told me what you have," I ad. that Mr. seems scarcely an appropri-

> "You shan't talk that way to me, Lois Tanner," I exclaimed as I stepped in front of her and blocked her path. 'I have done wrong and I apologize humbly for it. Now as a lady you cannot do otherwise than accept it."

"I accept the apology, and pray, let that end the matter. "No, it shall not. I insist upon

your accepting the apology and the apologizer as well. I want you Lois, and that's what I started to tell you down there on the rocks. Answer me now with only the sea and the sky and the sweet twilight as witnesses.

I was about to take her hand and more tenderly urge my claim to an answer, when she gave a slight scream and sprang to one side as if she had

stepped on a mouse in the sand. "Look there," she whispered, pointing to a couple seated on an old spar The shadows were growing into a baif in the sand, and which until then

"Let them be witnesses also, if they will, darling," I said bravely, and this time I took her hand in mine.

But it was too dark for them to see, and when Lois and I walked by them in the duskier shadows of the later evening, she had promised to be my wife, and though the great sun of the heavens had set over the world and the earth was full of shadows, the surely could not have forgotten so greater sun of love had risen in our hearts and they were filled with the

light inextinguishable. That was a dozen years ago, and today Lois is the proud and happy mother of three of the prettiest and sweetest children in the world except four that I am the proud and happy

She is Mrs. Charles Verder and Mrs. Belden was Miss Swann. - Detroit

Resignations From Presidents' Cabinets

From the beginning of the Government until 1876 there had been 207 cabinet officers appointed by the Presidents of the United Siates, and of these seventy-seven had resigned their offices. Eight of the twenty-seven Secretaries of State had retired from office prematurely, twelve of the thirtyone Secretaries of the Treasury, twelve of the forty Secretaries of War, therteen of the thirty Secretaries of the Navy, eleven of the twenty-seven Postmasters-General, fifteen of the thirty-eight Attorneys-General, six of the fourteen Secretaries of the Interior. There was no Secretary of Agriculture before 1876, but that office would not enter into consideration anyway, for no one yet has resigned it.

Of the Postmasters-General, two resigned because of the death of a President. Whenever the Vice-President of the United States has succeeded to the Presidency by the President's death, the members of the cabinet have tendered their resignations to give him an opportunity to select his own advisers. In rare cases the new President has asked some of the old cabinet officers to remain. As a rule, he has chosen his heads of depeartments from his own political friends and advisers.

Montgomery Blair resigned the Postmaster-Generalship in Lincoln's cabinet because he was not entirely in accord with the President's policy. William Dennison, an appointee of Lincoln's, resigned because he did not get on with Lincoln's successor. Marshall Jewell went out with Secretary Bristow, whom he had supported

vigorously in his attack on the Whisky Ring. R. J. Meigs, Jr., resigned because of failing health after a service of nine years. Samuel Osgood gave up office because the seat of Federal Government was moved from New York City.

Men soon tire, as a rule, of the labor demanded by the Government, with came out."-Tit-Bits. its accompaniment of nervous anxiety over the distribution of offices and the question of party policy in little things and great. Dissatisfaction with the drudgery of the office and its meagre rewards has led many men to retire from cabinet positions. Mr. Cleveland has been singularly fortunate in holding his cabinet together for

Seven Feet of Water.

There is a pool of black water twenty-four feet in diameter and seven feet deep in the middle, tapering to two feet of depth at the edges. Before the diver appears a party of clowns play around the pool. A stream (of water gushes up from a pipe standing in the middle, and the fountain is radiant in greens and reds and blues. The pipe falls over, and three men drag it away. Louis Golden marches confidently to the edge of the pool. He watches the men with a great deal of care as they take away the pipe. If they should forget to remove it the consequences might be serious. A boat lies at one side of the little lake and a cance rocks at the other. There is a log floating near by. The diver thrusts one foot into a sling at the end of a long tackle, and a gang of men walk away with the rope. Up, up, up he goes, as if his journey would never end.

Now the diver stands upon a plank stretched between two of the iron trusses that support the roof of the building. He looks no bigger than a ten-year-old boy. One of the clowns looks up at him and yells through his curved hand, "All clear below!" voice has the sound of a dirge.

The diver then poises himself on tiptoe. Twice he bends his knees swiftly, as if trying their suppleness. Then he stretches his arms horizontally and moves them with the movement of flying. He leans far forward-further -:urther-further--and then launches himself from his foothold. His body seems to lie flat upon the air. Swifter and swifter it flies. Within a few yards of the water the hands meet above the man's head. He bends forward a tride. In this position he crashes into the pool, just at the middle of it, plunges to the bottom, and goes to the furthest wall. Suddenly doubling, he comes to the surface, swimming in the opposite direction, and the crowd makes up for its lost hearts by clapping hands furiously. -Harper's Weekly.

The Good That Onions Do.

One of the healthrest vegetables, if not the healthiest grown, is the onion; yet, strange to say, but few people use it as liberally as they should. Boiled onions used frequently in a family of children will ward of many of the diseases to which the little ones are subject. The principal objection to the promisenous use of this vegetable is that the odor exhaled after eating is so oftensive. A cup of strong coffee taken immediately after eating is claimed to be excellent in counteracting the odor.

FORGOTTEN.

The world moves on and yet you are away: There is the lustre of the stars each sun mer night.

The glory of the sky and sea each dawning day. While every noontide wears its crown of

radiant light; And only in my heart the gray ghost of dospair

Sits with folded wings and broodeth there. If through the darkness of my soul's eclipse One ray of amber brightness could have

It would have been to see your smileless lips And know the gladness from your eyes had flown:

might have been content to walk apart, Knowing the same unrest was in your heart. Unseen, forlorn, I stood and saw you pass, And as the last glimpse of your form and

face Vanished like frosty tracery on glass, The dark of midnight seemed to fill the place-

That last glimpse I had meant to prize Revealed the warm, glad laughter in your

-Lillian W. Carter, in Boston Transcript.

PITH AND POINT.

It's tough luck when a man has insomnia and his foot goes to sleep .-Philadelphia Record.

"She is a bachelor girl, isn't she?" "Yes, and she has a brother who is a spinster man. "-Detroit Free Press,

A South street haberdasher announces: "Our handkerchiefs are not to be succeed at."-Philadelphia Record. "Do you think the new boarder is

permanent?" "Yes, indeed. He threatens continually to leave."—Chicago Inter-Ocean. Noah Count-"Well, Hedison, any

new conceit on hand?" Inventor—
"Yes; my son's home from school."—
Cleveland Plain Dealer. "What reason has she for thinking Mr. Staylate regards her so highly?" "Well, he went home at 10 o'clock last

night."-Chicago Inter-Ocean. A Jersey City undertaker advertises that he furnises "every requisite for a funeral." He must be a doctor as well as an undertaker.-Texas Sift-

Invalid-"I'm getting tired of this monotonous state of things. Even a new symptom would be a relief. Doctor - "Well, then, why not pay ma something on account?"-New York

Spratt-"Miss Elder is much older than I thought," Hunker-"Impossible." Spratts-"Well, I asked her if she had read 'Æsop's Fables,' and she said she read them when they first

The doctor had presented his bill, and it was large. "Hump!" said Skinflint. "This is a pretty big charge." "No doubt," said the doctor, "considing the value of the life I saved; but it goes."-Harper's Bazar. Little Ethel (horrified) - "We've in-

vited too many children to our tea party. There isn't enough for them to get more'n a bite each." Little Dot (resignedly)-"That's too bad. We'll have to call it a reception."-Good

"No," said Smallwort, "I hardly feel justified in saying that Peppers is inordinately vain, but when a fellow has a music box in his room arranged to play 'Hail to the Chief' as soon as he opens the door what is one to think of him?"-Cincinnati Tribune.

Advanced Woman-"What makes you think that woman will never be the equal of man?" Patson (explosively)-"Rats!" (And the advanced woman demonstrated the truth of his assertion by climbing the nearest chandelier.) -St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

"Let me see," said Bobbs to Dobbs, "isn't this Dobbs that we were just talking about a relative of yours?" "A distant relative," said Dobbs.
"Very distant?" "I should like so. He's the oldest of twelve children in our family and I'm the youngest."-London Tit-Bits.

An Indian's Mistake.

They say that two Indians belonging to one of the large American shows of life in the wild West while visiting London were much interested in the sights to be seen in the London streets. Day after day they would walk up and down the most crowded streets and gaze on the people and into the shop windows like a pair of children at the circus. One day they stopped before the shop window of a wig-maker and stared at the many varieties of wigs on exhibition there until their eyes nearly fell out. Finally one of them nudged the other, and with a shake of his head remarked: "Ugh! mighty brave man! Big fighter; much scalp!"---Harper's Voung People.

Daniel Boone's Tree Antograph.

found in the bark of a large beech tree knew the stain would never be on a farm in Allen County, Kentucky, the right hand or the left hand, and paril the From appearances the name was at day of his death, though he might washin first cut by a single stroke of the all the layers of the Roman empire, there would be still eight fingers and two chumbs knife in the bark, but now the letters have grown until they are at least two inches in wilth. On one side of the tree is a place so shaped as to furnish an excellent place for taking a graveyard, but of one's mind not at rest. It is supposed that Boone once the tree is a place so shaped as to furnish an excellent place for taking a graveyard, but of one's mind not at rest. The supposed that Boone once the first place is supposed that Boone once the first pl sat upon that seat while hunting in Startled with Casar's stalwart ghost.

Macbeth looked at his hand after the midthe hills of Allen County more than a night assessination, and he says hundred years ago and cut his name Will all great Neptune's occan wash the and the date upon the tree. - New York Sun.

Gas For Locomotive Headlights.

On twenty-five suburban engines now being built by the Brooks locomotive works for the Central Railway of Brazil compressed gas is being applied for the headlights.—Philadelphia Record.

Browledge of God, has a reproof, more or less emphatic. Charles IX, responsible for St. Bartholomew massacre, was chased by the bitter memories, and in his declored to his dector. An prose Parry: "Doctor, I don't know what's the matter with me. I am in a fever of body and

At about 7 o'clock in the morning, up the marble stairs of a palaze and across the floors of richest mosaic and under ceilings dyed with all the splendors of color and between snowbanks of white and glistening sculpture, passes a poor, pale, sick young man of thirty-three, already condemned to death, on His way to be condemned again. Jesus of Nazareth is His name.

Coming out to meet Him on this tessellated

Coming out to meet Him on this tessellated pavement is an unscrupulous, compromispavement is an unscrupulous, compromis-ing, timeserving, cowardly man, with a few traces of sympathy and fair dealing left in his composition—Governor Pontius Pilate. Did ever such opposites meet? Luxury and pain, selfishness and generosity, arrogance and humility, sin and holiness, midaight and midneon.

midneon.

The bloated lipped governor takes the cushioned seat, but the prisoner stands, His wrists manacied. In a semicircle around the prisoner are the sauhedrists, with flashing eyes and brandished fists, presecuting this case in the name of religion, for the bitterest persecutions have been religious pros-ecutions, and when satan takes hold of a good man he makes up by intensity for brevity of occupation. If you hav never seen an ecclesiastical court trying man, then you have no idea of the forming in-fernalism of these old religious samedrists. Governor Pilate cross questions the prisoner and finds right away He is innocent and wants to let Him go. His caution a also increased by some one who comes to the governor and wispers in his ears. The governor nuts his hand belief his nor puts his hand behind his ear so as to catch the words almost inaudible. It is a message from Claudia Procula, his rife, who has had a dream about the innocency of this has not a dram about the innocency of this prisoner and about the danger of ejecuting Him, and she awakens from this norning dream in time to send the message to her husband, then on the judicial bench. And what with the protest of his wife and the entire failure of the sanbedrists to make out their case. Governor Pilate resolves to dis-

charg the prisoner from custody.

But the intimation of such a thing brings but the intimation of such a thing brings upon the governor an equinoctial sorm of indignation. They will report him to the emperor of Rome, they will have him recalled, they will send him up home, and he will be hung for treason, for the emperor at Rome has already a suspicion in regard to Pilate, and that suspicion does not ease until Pilate is banished and commits suicide. So Governor Pontius Pilate compromises the So Governor Pontius Pilate compronises the matter and proposes that Christ be vhipped instead of assassinated. So the prioner is fastened to a low pillar, and on His tent and bared back come the thongs of leather, with pieces of lead and bone intertwisted, so that every stroke shall be the more awful. Christ lifts flimself from the scourging with flushed cheek and torn and quivering and nangled flesh, presenting a spectacle of suffiring in which Rubens, the painter, found the theme

which Rubens, the painter, found the theme for his greatest masterpiece.

But the sanhedrists are not yet satisfied. They have had some of His nerves lacerated; they have had some of His blood; they want all of it, down to the last corpuscle. So Governor Pontius Pilate, after all this mereiful hesitaton, surrenders to the demoniacal cry of "Crucify Him!" But the governor sends for something. He sends a slave out to get semething. Although the constables are in laste to take the prisoner to execution and the thing. Although the constables are in baste to take the prisoner to execution and the mob outside are impatient to glare upon their victim, a pause is necessitated. Yoider it comes—a wash basin. Some pure, bight water is poured into it, and then Governor policies out his white, delicate hands into the Pilate put his white, delicate hands into the water and rubs them together and then lifts them dripping for the towel fastened at the slave's girdle, while he practically says "I wash my hands of this whole homicidal transwash my hands of this whole homicidal transaction. I wash my hands of this entireire, sponsibility. You will have to bear it." That is the meaning of my text when it says: He took water and washed his hands before he multitude, saying: I am innocent of the blood of this just person. See ye to it."

Behold in this that ceremony amount to nothing if there are not init correspondenies of heart and life. It is a reconstitution.

of heart and life. It is a good thing to wash the hands. God created three-quarter of the world water and in that commacled leanliness, and when the ancients didnot take the hint He plunged the whole wrld inder water and kept it there for some tine. Handwashing was a religious ceremony among the Jews. The Jewish Mishna avparticular direction how that the hads must be thrust three times up to the wists in water, and the paim of the hand mus be rubbed with the closed fist of the other. All that is well enough for a symbol, but her in the text is a man who proposes to wish away the guilt of a sin which he does not quit and of which he does not make anyrentance. Pilate's wash basin was a dad

Ceremonies, however beautiful and appropriate, may be no more than this hypociti-cal ablution. In infancy we may be sprinled from the baptismal font, and in manhood we may wade into deep immersion, and yet never come to moral purification. We say kneel without prayer and bow without refer ence and sing without any acceptance. All your creeds and liturgies and sacraments and genufications and religious convocations amount to nothing unless your heart lifego into them. When that bronzed slave bok from the presence of Pilate that wash bain, he carried away none of Pilate's cruelty or

Pilate's wickedness, or Pilate's guilt.

Nothing against creeds; we all have thus either written or implied. Nothing against remonies; they are of infinite important Nothing against sacraments; they are divine commanded. Nothing against a resary; there be as many heartfelt prayers as be d counted. Nothing against incense floating up from censer amid Gothic arches, if the prayers be as genuine as the aroma is swar Nothing against Epiphany or Lent or Am Wednesday or Easter or Good Friday of Whitsuntide or Palm Sunday, if these synbols have behind them genuine repentants and holy reminiscence, and Christian conration the sword, it is only the shell to the kerne the body to the spirit. The outward mast be symbolical of the inward. Wash for hands by all means; but, more than all, wish the heart.

Behold, also, as you see Governor Pontius Pilate thrust his hand into this wash bash, the power of conscience. He had an idea there was blood on his hand—the blood of an Daniel Boone's Tree Antograph. innocent person, whom he might have in quitted if he only had the contage. Property of a large beach tree.

Clean from my hand? No; this my hand

will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine, Making the green, one red.

THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

A Vivid Word Picture of the Trial of the Savior.

Text: He took water and washed his hands be ore the multitude, saying: I am innocent of the blood of this just person. See ye to it."—Matthew xxvii., 24.

At about 7 o'clock in the morning, up the marble stairs of a palace and across the floors of richest mosaic and under ceilings dyed with all the splendors of color and between snowbanks of white and glistening sculpture, passes a poor, pale, sick young man of thirty-three, already condemned to Thomas Oliver was one of John Wesley and the important of the wall. It was the voice of his own conscience. voice of his own conscience.
Thomas Oliver was one of John Wesley a

Thomas Oliver was one of John Wesley's preachers. The early part of his life had been full of recklessness, and he had made debts wherever he could borrow. He was converted to God, and then he went forth to preach and pay his debts. He had a small amount of property left him, and immediately set out to pay his debts, and everybody knew he was in earnest, and to consummate knew he was in earnest, and to consummate the last payment he had to sell his horse and saddle and bridle. That was conscience. That is converted conscience. That is relig-ion. Frank Tiebout, a converted rumseller. That is converted to the converted rumseller, ion. Frank Tiebout, a converted rumseller, had a large amount of liquor on hand at the time of his conversion, and he put all the kegs and barrels and demijohns in a wagon and took them down in front of the old church where he had been converted and had everything emptied into the street. That is religion. Why the thousands of dollars sent to the United States Treasury at washington as "conscience money?" Why, it simply means there are postmasters and there are officials who sometimes retain that which does not who sometimes retain that which does not belong to them, and these men are convert-ed, or under powerful pressure of conscience, and make restitution. If all the moneys out of which the State and the United States treasuries have been defrauded should come back to their rightful exchaquers, there would be enough money to pay all the State debts and all the United States debt by day after Conversion amounts to nothing unless the

Conversion amounts to nothing unless the heart is converted, and the pocketbook is converted, and the eash drawer is converted, and the ledger is converted, and the fireproof safe is converted, and the pigeonhole containing the correspondence is converted, and his improvement is noticed even by the canary bird that sings in the parlor, and the cat that lie'ze the platter after the meal, and the dog that comes bounding from the kannel to greet him. A man half converted or quarter converted, or a thousandth part converted is not converted at all. What will be the great book in the day of judgment? Conscience. Conscience recalling misimproved science. Conscience recalling misimproved opportunities. Conscience recalling unforgiven sins. Conscience bringing up all the past. Alas, for this governor, Pontius Pilate! That night after the court had adjourned, and the sunhedrists had gone home, and nothing was heard outside the room but the step of the sentinel, I see Pontius Pilate arise from his tapastried and steepless couch and go to the layer and begin to wash his hands, crying: Out, out, crimson spot!
Tellest thou to me, and to God, and to the night, my crime? Is there no alkali to remove these dreadful stains? Is there no chemistry to dissolve this carrange? Must I to the day of my death carry the bleed of to the day of my death carry the blood of this innocent man on my heart and hand? Out, thou crimson spot! The worst thing a man can have is an evil conscience, and the best thing a man can have is what Paul calls a good conscience.

But is there no such thing as moral purifi-

cation? If a man is a sinner once, must be always be a sinner, and an unforgiven sinnery We have all had conscience after us. Or do you tell me that all the words of your iffe have been just right, and all the thoughts of your heart have been just right, and all the actions of your life just right? Then you do not know yourself, and I take the respon-sibility of saying you are a pharisee, you are a hypocrite, you are a Pontius Pilate, and do not know it. You commit the very same sin that Pilate committed. You have crucified not know it. You commit the very same sin that Pilate committed. You have crucifled the Lord of Giory But if nine-tenths of this audience are made up of thoughtful and earnest people, then nine-tenths of this audience are saying within themselves: Is there no such thing as moral purification? Is there no such thing as moral purification? Is there no laver in which the soul may wash and be clean? Yes, yes, yes. Tell it in song, tell it in sermon, tell it in prayer, tell it to the hemispheres. That is prayer, tell it to the hemispheres. That is what David cried out for when he said, "Wash me thoroughly from my sin, and cleanse me from mine infrom my sin, and cleanse me from mine in-iquities." And that is what, in another place, he cried out for when he said. "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow." Behold, the layer of the gospel, filled with living the layer of the gospel, filled with living fountains. Did you ever see the picture of the laver in the ancient tabernacle or in the ancient temple? The laver in the ancient tabernacle was made out of the women's mestallic looking glasses. It was a great basin, standing on a beautiful pedestal, but when the temple was built, then the layer was an immense affair, called the brazen sea, and, oh, how deep were the floods there gathered. And there were ten lavers besides—five at the right and five at the left-and each laver had 300 gallons of water. And the outside of these layers was carved and chased with paim trees so delicately cut you could al-most see the leaves tremble, and lions so true to life that you could imagine you saw the nostril throb, and the cherubim with outspread wings. That magnificent inver of the old dispensation is a feeble type of the more glorious layer of our dispensation—our sun-

lit dispensation.

Here is the laver holding rivers of salvation, having for its pedestal the Rock of Ages, carved with the figures of the lion of Judah's tribe, and having paim branches for victory and wings suggestive of the soul's flight toward God in prayer and the soul's flight heavenward when we die. Come ye suditory, and wash away all your sins, however aggravated, and all your sorrows, how-ever agenizing. Come to this fountain, open for all sin and uncleanness, the furthest the worst. You need not half a second. Come an earry your sins Come and wash in this glorious gospel layer. Why, that is an opportunity enough to swallow up all nations. That is an opportunity that will yet stand on the Alps and becken to Italy. and yet stand on the Pyrenees and beckon to Spain, and it will yet stand on the Ural and becken to Russia, and it will stand at the gate of heaven and beekon to all nations. Pardon for all sin, and pardon right away, through the blood of the Son of God. A little child that had been blind, but through skillful surgery brought to sight, said: "Why mother, why didn't you tell me the earth and sky are so beautiful? Why didn't you tell me?" "Oh," replied the mother. "my child, I did tell you often. I often told you how beautiful they are, but you were blind, and

you couldn't see!"
Oh, if we could have our eyes opened to sae the glories in Jesus Christ we would feel that the half had not been told us, and you would go to some Caristian man and "Why didn't you tell me before of the glories in the Lord Jesus Christ?" and that friend would say, "I did tell you, but you were blind and could not see, and you were deaf and could not hear,"

History says that a great army came to capture ancient Jerusalem, and when this army got on the hills so that they saw the turrets and the towers of Jerusalem they gave a shout that made the earth tremble antradition, whether false or true, says that so great was the shout eagles fiving in the air dropped under the atmospheric percussion. Oh, if we could only catch a glimpse of the towers of this gospet temple into which you are all invited to come and wash there would be a song jubilant, and wide resound-ing at New Jerusalem seen, at New Jerusa-lem taken, the hosannas of other worlds flying midair would fold their wings and dr into our closing doxology. Against the disappointing and insufficient layer of Pilate's vice and Pilate's cowardies and Pilate's sin I place the brazen sea of a Saviour's pardon-

County Treasurer C. W. Rowe, of Monte-zums, Iows, has disappeared, and with him about \$80,000 of the county's money.