## THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

GEO. W. WAGGENSELLER, Editor and Proprietor.

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The whole English press is full of ridicule for Post Laurente Austin.

Balticore as well as Brooklyn is a city of churches, each having a greater number in proportion to the population than any other cities in the United States.

The New Orleans Ficayune announces that "the Keeley motor is moting again, but in the fine of its former wenderful achievements in moting cash out of its stockholders' pockets."

The late Congressman Lawler, of Chicago, once told a Chicago audience that the majority of the people of this country constituted the bulk of the population and was vaciferously ap-

A London weekly paper recalls the fact that at the breaking out of the Napoleonic wars, which Insted, in all, twenty two years, England had about 16,000 mercantile seagoing vessels. During the wars no less than 10,871 of them were destroyed or captured by the enemy.

The Southern States Magazine, of Ealtimore, publishes reports from over 590 correspondents in all parts of the South as to the financial condition of farmers. "These reports show that the Southern farmers as a class are less burdened with debt than they have been at any previous time since the war."

"In a hundred years," said Napo-Icon the Great at St. Helena, "Europe will be Cossack or Republican." Russia has been doing her part to realize the preliction for the Cossack, observes the Chicago Times-Herald. The Russian trontier has been moved toward Berlin, Dresden, Munich, Vienna and Paris about 700 miles. It has been moved a thousand miles in the direction of Teheran, 1300 miles nearer British India and 500 miles on the road to Constantinople.

Professor Becker, of the United States Geological Survey, who has just returned from the Alesta - 11 ' 'de s that although

ads in Awerent pars of a gold seekers should take into accthe hardships and chances of ill-fortune that they will encounter. Food and other necessaries are very expensive. Notably rich mines already developed are the Treadwell, on Douglas Island, which produces \$500,000 worth of ore yearly, and the Apolle mine, near Delaroff Bay, with a yearly output of \$300,000.

Mutual fire insurance among farmtrs has proven wonderfully successful, remarks the American Agriculturist. The Legislatures of the Midale States have done much to aid this novement by passing about all the laws they have been asked to. The hundreds of farmers' mutuals in New York and Pennsylvania represent many millions of dollars' worth of property and without exception the members report adequate protection and a great saving in premiums. Actual losses and the necessary operating expenses are very small. The money is retained in the community and does not go to fill the coffers of those already rich. It is a practical demonstration of co-operation which can be practiced in other lines where farmers are honsst and can trust themselves and each other.

Dr. Jameson is reported to have said in an interview that "our Maxims could have knocked the spots out of them, but we had no ammunition." That is going to be the trouble with the machine guns, especially for armies of invasion, predicts the Atlanta Constitution. No ammunition train, no matter how long, can carry cartridges enough to feed these greedy cornpoppers which shoot away in a minute as many rounds as a soldier can carry. The Maxims and Gatlings are all right in their place, but they will not lessen the importance of accurate small arm fire. A beleaguered fortress with big magazines might be able to fill the air so full of lead that no living thing could approach, but an army in the field will still find it necessary to shoot to hit, and it will take sharp oversight to keep the soldiers from wasting too much lead even with a magazine rifle, to say nothing of a machine gun spitting from 630 to 1000 bullets a minute.

> "Tis sweet to love; And It's just honey To love a girl With lots of money.

A Bile time for labor, A little time for play, And then there comes eternal night Or else eternal day!

A little time for joying, A little time for grief, And then we fall into the grave, As falls the autumn leaf i

A little time for laughter, A little time for tears, And then an ocean gathers up The measure of our years!

A little time for loving. A little time for hate, And then, with swift and shidd'ring feet,

We open an unknown gate! A little time for singing, A little time for wall, And then our sails are torn to shree

Before an unknown gale! A little time for meeting, A little time to part, And then a cruel hand tears away

The flowers born in the heart! A little time to waken, A little time to nod. And then, in glee, worms feed up.

The image of the God!

# The Minister's Surprise.

-Hamilton Jay, in Florida Times-Union



ARLY one charp, cold snow lay upon the ground, a portly, comfortable sort of a man overcoat opened the cabbage-her gate of Parson Rowe's the barrel.

It was Squire Glover, one of the "pillars of the church," and he was coming to consult his pastor concerning some church matter. Just as he was about rapping at the door it opened, and Willie Rowe came out.

"Just walk right in, squire, and sit down," says Willie. "Pa'll be in di-Away he ran, and the squire stepped in, and sat down in the little parlor,

waiting the appearance of his pastor. Presently he heard steps and voices in the adjoining room, and then a child's voice said:

"Pa, just look at my shoe. It's all

"I think it is, Laura," answered the parson's tones. "Let me see-perhaps-no, it is too worn to be mended

"Well, pa, please, I'd like to have a new pair. Won't you get 'em for

"As soon as pa can, he surely will, daughter," said the father, in sad tones. "Be good and wait a little, tones. Laura."

"I have waited ever so long," said Laura, "and Willie's shoes ere worse than mine, and he hasn't go ther.

'a," interent od -

"run and feed your t don't worry papa now."

The child ran out, and the parson, never dreaming who was in the next cended from the little circle in the room, hearing every word through parson's cottage that happy winter the crack of the door, said :

"They can't worry me more than I am worried, Mary. I don't say much, but I feel all our needs, not for myself, but for you and the children. It made my heart ache, a little while ago, to hear Willio ask if we could never have meat for breakfast any more, and know there wasn't a pound of meat in the house.

"Nor any sugar, either, and hardly any flour, and not a dime in the purse. John, but for all that we won't starve,' said the little woman's cheery voice. "Have you lost your faith, John?"

"No, Mary, I hope not," came the answer. "But it does seem hard, when my salary is so small it can't be paid, so we could have a few comforts at least. Sometimes I think I must give up here, and try somewhere else. "Oh, no, no, John!" pleaded the wife. "Not yet, anyway. We've got such a pleasent home here, and our people are so kind, don't give up yet. Let's try on a little longer, and maybe help will come."

"Well, I don't know from whence, to preach. If the Lord don't help us, and that soon, I don't know who will!" | the mule's testimony was reliable and in favor of Stark.—New York Recorder. Mary. I'm sorry to say so, but I've Then there was a sound of a man's rising, and Squire Glover, feeling as if he didn't want to see his pestor just now, up and slipped out before Parson Rowe came in.

And when the good squire got safely out of the gate his face was red. and he was puffing for breath.

"Well! well! God bless my soul!" "Here's he panted, as he trotted on. "Here's a pretty state of things! No meat, no money, no shoes-why. God bless my soul! This must be looked after. Shall be, too! I'll see the deacons, and if they won't, I will, out of my own pocket, too, God bless my soul! That brave little woman shall have some help to keep up her husband's heart, or I'll know the reason

Racing along, flushed and excited, he met Descon Jones. He had the deacon by the buttonhole in a minute, and after a short consultation they both went off to Deacon Robinson's.

And that afternoon there was much etir in Glenville, little groups constantly meeting and consulting in every store, and on every corner. While the day seemed to close in dark and cheerless in the parson's little

A fresh snow fell that night and dwelling were all sleeping soundly,

day broke clearly and the villagors

The weary parson and his true-tearted little wife had lain awake late the night before, for heavy hearts make sleepless eyes, and they slept a little later than usual this morning.

But at last they were all up and dressed. The simple breakfast, consisting of coffee, warm biscuits and butter, was nearly ready when Willie and Laura took a notion to run to the front door and see how deep the snow was on the front porch.

Through the little parlor they trotted, Willie first, and Laura following, to the front door, which, with some little trouble, they pulled open. And the next minute the cottage

rung with their hasty shouts.

"Pa! pa! mamma! mamma! do come here! Come quick! Run here to the porch, quick, both of you!" Greatly surprised, and slightly triphtonal mathematical part of the porch. frightened, not knowing what had happened to the children, the good parson and his wife rushed to the front door, upsetting the cat and the coffee-

pot in their haste to reach it. What a sight met their eyes! No wonder the children shouted! The snow had been carefully swept from the front porch, which was set out with a tempting array of various articles. Right before the door stood a barrel of flour, on top of the barrel were laid two juicy hams, and astride the hams sat a great, fat turkey, all dressed ready for cooking, at which morning when a heavy Willie and Laura set up a great shout.

An open barrel beyond was running over with plump red apples, and a second barrel full of big, comfortable. in a chocolate brown looking potatoes and a row of crisp cabbage-heads kept guard all around

Then there was a box, packed with papers of sugar, coffee, tea and rice, a ack of dried peaches and several cans of fruit. And another box, when opened, displayed two new pairs of shoes, just the right size for Willie and Laura; sundry rolls of flannel, muslin and calico, warm stockings and mittens, and several small articles, not forgetting a well filled basket of nuts and candies, which proved that somebody knew what children love, and which set Laura and Willie to danging, like little Indians.

In the bottom of the box was a thick, warm gray shawl, with Mrs. Rowe's name pinned in it. And when the shawl was unfolded, there dropped out an envelope directed to Parson Rowe, inside of which they found the amount of the delinquent salary in good, new greenbacks, and a card upon which was written:

"Will our pastor accept the little surprise ift which accommunies his salary, with the eye of a grateful people?" "Oh, what a pleasant, pleasant sur-prise!" cried Willie and Laura to-

gether. "What a wonderful mercy, rather!"

sail the mother; "John, didn't I tell 

And in the little parlor they all reverently knelt, and never a more fervent thanksgiving went up than as-

### A Mule as a Witness.

When the witnesses for the prosecution were through, in the case of the State of Ohio against Philip Stark, for erucity to animals, recently tried in Cincinnati, Squire Tyreil asked for the witnesses for the defense. Stark replied that he had disliked to bring his witness into court, but he was

"Where is he?" inquired the Magis-

trate, sharply. There he is, looking in the window at you," answered the defendant.

Source Tyrell looked at the window, and saw a big-faced, pleasuntlooking mule gazing into the room.

"Til bring him in," said Stark.
"No; I'll go out." said the 'Squire. They went out, and a great throng gathered and laughed uprogriously as Tyrell went over the animal. It was churged that Stark had built a fire under the mule and burned it shamefully. Not a trace of fire or heating was found on the mule. The 'Squire said

### Arizona's Natural Bridge.

Arizona's bridge in the Tonto basin is a marvelous piece of natural architecture. The rock spans have been laid by nature with all the nicety of human handiwork. The structure is of solid rock and the surface is as level as a floor. It is 550 feet in length and 200 feet below rans the rippling river, limpid and cool and sparkling in the andioht.

Interspersed about the walls of the canyon are many caves which are wonders in themselves. One may find an entrance at one end of the canyon and an exit far away from the starting point. Suspended from the ceilings of the caves are beautiful prismatic stalactites. Tapping upon them produces a pretty musical effect and notes not unlike the tones of a dulcimer echo along through the gloomy caverns urtil the waves of sound are lost in space. -Flagstaff (Arizona) Democrat.

### Legend on a "Prairie Schooner,"

The old legend, "Pike's Peak or Bust," which used to adorn the canvas covers of emigrant wagons in the old days, has been succeeded by variserved to make noiseless the sleds ous signs appropriate to the changed which drove softly up to the minister's and changing location of the boomers' cottage with the very first faint streak paradise. A big prairie schooner of dawn. The inmates of the little passed through Osborne, Kan., bound east from Oklahoma last week bearing but one awake and listening might the inscription: "Oklahoma for have heard muffled footsteps, whispers, and cautious shoving and pushing of, heavy articles. These, however, soon ceased, and all was quiet until the on wife's relations."

Oklahoma for the inscription: "Oklahoma for desolation, have heard muffled footsteps, whispers, and cautious shoving and pushing of damnation. Toling to Ohio to sponge on wife's relations."

And there in another part of the house is a defaulter, and he has gone astray. And there is an impure person, and he has gone astray. Sit down, my brother, and look at home. My text takes us all in. It starts behind the pulpit, sweeps the circuit of the room, and comes back to the point where it started, when it says, All we, like sheep, have gone astray.

astray.

I can very easily understand why Martin Luther threw up his hands after he had found the Bible and cried out, "Oh, my sins, my sins!" and why the publican, according to the custom to this day in the East, when they have any great grief, began to beat himself and cry, as he smote upon his breast, "God he merciful to me, a sinner." I was, like many of you, brought up in the country, and I know some of the habits of sheep, and how they get astray and what my text means and I know some of the habits of sheep, and how they get astray and what my text means when it says, "All we, like sheep, have gone astray." Sheep get astray in two ways— either by trying to get into other pasture, or from being seared by dogs. In the former way some of us got astray. We thought the religion of Jesus Christ put us on short commons. We thought there was better pasturage somewhere eise. We thought if we could only lie down on the banks of a distant stream, or under great oaxs on the other side of some hill, we might be better fed. We wanted other pasturage than that which God, through Jesus Christ, wave our soul, and we wandered on and we wandered on and we were last. We wanted bread, and we found garbage. The farther we wandered, found garbage. The farther we wandered, instead of finding rich pacturage, we found blasted heath and sharper rocks and more stinging notiles. No pastare. How was it in the club house when you lost your child? Did they come around and help you very much? Did your worldly associates console you very much? Did not the plain Christian man who came into your house and sat up with your darling child give you more com-fort than all worldly associates? Did all the convivial songs you ever heard comfort you in that day of bereavement so much as the song they sang to you?-perhaps the very song that was sung by your little child the last Sabbath afternoon of her life:

> There is a happy land Far, far away, Where saints immortal reign Bright, bright as day.

Did your business associates in that day of darkness and trouble give you any especial of darkness and trouble give you any especial condolence? Business exasperated you, business were you out, business left you limp as a rag, business made you mad. You get dollars, but you got no peace. God have merey on the man who has nothing but husiness to comforthim! The world afforded you no buxuriant pasturage. A famous English actor stood on the stage impersonating, and thunders of appliance came down from the galleries, and many thought it was the proudest moment of all his life, but there was a man asleep just in front of him, and the fact that that man was indifferent and sommelent spoiled all the occasion for him, and the reled, "Wake up, wake up!" So one little annoyance in life has been more pervaling to your mind than all the brilliant congratulations and success. Poor pasturage for your so a list world. The we'" has belies, you, the works misinterpreted the work the work the world has persecuted you. If

belies you, the world misinterpreted you, the world has persecuted you. It never comforted you. Oh, this world is a good rack from which a horse may pick his food. It is a good trough from which the swine may crunch their mess, but it gives but little food to a soul blood bought and immortal. What is a soul? It is a hope high as the throne of God. What is a man? You say, "It is only a man." It is a many man gone overboard in sin. It is only a mangone overboard in business life. What is a man? The battleground of three worlds, with his bands taking hold of desworlds, with his hands taking hold of destinies of light or darkness, A man! No line can measure him. No limit can because him. No limit can be archanged before the throne cannot outlive him. The stars shall die, but he will watch their extinguishment. The world will bara, but he will gaze at the conflagration. Entless ages will march on. He will watch the procession. A man! The masterpiece of God Almighty. Yet you say, "It is only a man." Can a nature like that be fed on husks of the will-terness?

Substantial comforts will not grow On nature's barron soil: All we can boast till Christ we know Is varity and toll.

Some of you got astray by looking for better pasturage; others by being seared by the dogs. The hound gets over into the pasture field. The poor things fly in every direc-tion. In a few moments they are torn of the hedges and they are splashed of the ditch, and the lost sheep never gets home unless the farmer goes after it. There is nothing so thoroughly lost as a lost sheep. It may have been in 1857, during the financial panic, or during the financial stress in the fail of 1873 when you got astray. You almost became an atheist. You said, "Where is God that honest men go down and thieves pros that honest men go down and thieves pros-per?" You were dogged of creditors, you were dogged of the banks, you were dogged of worldly disaster, and some of you took to strong drink and others of you fied out of Christian association, and you got astray. Oh, man, that was the last time when you ought to have forsaken God. Standing amid the foundering of your early failures, amid the foundering of your early failures, how could you get along without a God to comfort you and a God to deliver you and a God to help you and a God to save you? You tell me you have been through enough business trouble almost to kill you. I know it. I cannot understand how the boat could live one hour in that chopled sea. But I do not know by what process you got astray some in one way and enough business trouble almost to kill you. I know it. I cannot understand how the boat could live one hour in that process you got astray; some in one way and some in another, and if you could really see the position some of you occupy before God your soul would burst into an agony of tears and you would pelt the heavens with the cry. "God have more?" your soul would burst into an agony of tears and you would pelt the heavens with the cry, "God have merey!" Sinal's batteries have been unlimbered above your soul, and at times you have heard it thunder, "The wages of sin is death." "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." When Sevastopol was being bombarded, two Russian frigates that sinneth, it shall die. When Sevastopol was being bombarded, two Russian frigates burned all night in the haroor, throwing a glare upon the trembling fortress, and some of you, from what you have told me yourselves, some of you are standing in the night of your soul's trouble, the cannonade, and the conflagration, and the multiplication, and to the multiplication, and the multiplication, and to the multiplication and the multiplic

DR. TALMAGE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

A GOSPEL MESSAGE.

Subject: "All Men Are Astray."

Text: "All we, like sheep, have gone astray. We have turned every one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."—Isaiah lift. 6.

Once more I ring the old gospel bell. The first half of my next text is an indictment. All we, like sheep, have gone astray. Some one says: "Can't you drop that first worl? That is too general; that sweeps too great a circle." Some man rises in the audience, and he looks over on the opposite side of the house and says: "There is a blasphemer, and I understand how he has gone astray. And there in another part of the house is a defaulter, and he has gone astray. And there in another part of the house is a defaulter, and he has gone astray. And there is an impure person, and he has gone astray. Sit down, my brother, and look at home. My text takes us all in. It starts behind the pulpit, sweeps the circuit of the room, and comes back to the point where it started, when it says, all we, like sheep, have gone.

Text: "All we, like sheep, have gone astray."

I down the sit; seet—both hale, hearty —I ask you to carry me, you say "Walk on y, lur own feet!" But sup; and I were in a regiment, and I was ed in the lattle, and I fell unconsour feet with gunshot fractures an eations, what would you do? You call to your comrades, saying: "Co help: this man is helpless. Bring the lames. Let us take him to the hospital in your own feet!" But sup; and I were in a regiment, and I were in a regiment, and I were in a regiment, and I we would be a dead lift in your arms, as would be a dead lift in your arms, as would be a dead lift in your arms, as would be a dead lift in your arms, as would be a dead lift in your arms, as would be a dead lift in your arms, as would be a dead lift in your arms, as would be a dead lift in your arms, as would be a dead lift in your arms, as would be a dead lift in your arms, as would be a dead lift in your arms, as would be a dead lift in your arms, as would be a dead

But the fact is we have failed in the by we have gone down under the hot fire of transgressions, we have been wounded the sabers of sin, we are helpless, we are done. Christ comes. The loud clang hinthe sky on that Christmas night was the bell, the resounding bell of the at lance. Clear the way for the Son of the comes down to bind up the wounds, to scatter the darkness, and to save the Clear the way for the Son of God? Clear the way for the so comes down upon his knee, and then will dead lift He raises us to honor and glory immortality. 'The Lord hath laid on I the iniquity of us all.' Why, then, wi man carry his sins? You cannot carry cessfully the smallest sin you ever comitted. You might as well put the Applices of one shoulder and the Alps on the starty all. other. How much less can you carry all sins of your lifetime? Christ comes a looks down in your face and says: "I he looks down in your face and says: "I had come through all the lacerations of the days, and through all the tempests of the mights. I have come to bear your burder and to pardon your sins, and to pay you debts. Put them on My shoulder, put the on My heart." "On Him the Lord nath in the iniquity of as all." Sin has almost posered the life out of some of you. At time it has made you cross and unreasonable, and it has spoiled the brightness of your day and the peace of your nights. There are men who have been riddled of sin. The world gives them no solace. Gossamery and yolatile the world, while eternity, as they look forward to it, is black as midnight. They writhe under the stings of a conscience which proposes to give no rest here and no which proposes to give no rest here and no rest hereafter, and yet they do not repent, they do not repent, they do not realize that just the position they occupy is the position occupied by scores, hundreds and thousands of men who never found any hour

hundreds and thousands of men who never found any none.

If this meeting should be thrown open and the people who are here could give their testimony, what thrilling experiences we should hear on all sides! There is a man who would say: "I had brilliant surroundings; I had the best education that one of the best collegiate institutions of this country could give and I observed all the moralities of life, and I was self-rightness, and I thought I was all right before God as I am all right before man, but the Holy Spirit came to me one day and said, 'You are a sinner;' the Holy Spirit persuaded me of the fact. While I had escaped the sins against the law of the land. I had really committed the worst sin a man ever commits, the the worst sin a man ever commits, the driving back of the Son of God from a heart's affections, and I saw that my har were red with the blood of the Son of G

misinterpretec | home; my children cowered when I enter it the house; when they put up their lip to be a a kissed, I struck them; when my wife proher into the street. I know all the brui and all the terrors of a drunkard's woe. I know all the bruises

and all the terrors of a drunkard's woe. I went on farther and farther from God until one day I got a letter, saying:

"My Dear Husband—I have tried every way, done everything and prayed earnestly and fervently for your reformation, but it seems of no avail. Since our little Henry died, with the exception of those few bappy weeks when you remained solver. It Henry died, with the exception of those lew happy weeks when you remained sober, my life had been one of sorrow. Many of the nights I have sat by the window, with my face bathed in tears, watching for your coming. I am broken hearted, I am sick. Mother and father have been here frequently and begged me to come home, but my love for you and my hope for brighter days have always made me refuse them. That hope seems now beyond realization, and I have returned to them. It is hard, and I battled turned to them. It is hard, and I battled long before doing it. May God bless and preserve you, and take from you that accursed appetite, and hasten the day when we shall be again living happily together. This will be my dally prayer, knowing that He has said, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' From your loving wife. Many. "And so I wandered on and wandered on," are that man, "until one night I passed a

says that man, "antil one night I passed a Methodist meeting house, and I said to myelf. 'I'll go in and see what they are doing, and I got to the door, and they were singing

"All may come, whoever will-This man receives poor sinners still.

"And I dropped right there where I was, and I said, 'God have mercy!' and He had mercy on me. My home is restored, my wife sings all day long during work, my children come out a long way to greet me home, and my household is a little heaven. I will tell you what did all this for me. It was the you what did all this for me. It was the truth that you this day proclaim, "On Him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all." Yonder is a woman who would say, "I wan dered off from my father's house, I hear the storm that pelts on a lost soul. My feet were blistered on the hot rocks. I went on and on, thinking that no one cared for my soul, when one night Jesus met me and He said, 'Poor thing, go home! Your father is

on Him the iniquity of us all."

There is a young man who would say: "I had a Christian bringing up; I came from the country to eity life; I started well; I had a good position—a good commercial position—but one night at the theater I met some young men who did me no good. They dagged me all through the sewers of iniquity, and I lost my morals, and I lost my position, and I was snabby and wretched. I was going down the street, thinking that no one cared for me, when a young man tapped one cared for me, when a young man tapped me on the shoulder and said: 'George, come with me, and I will do you good.' I looked me on the shoulder and said: 'George, come with me, and I will do you good.' I looked at him to see whether, he was joking or not. I saw he was in earnest, and I said, 'What do you mean, sir?' 'Well,' he replied, 'I mean that if you will come to the meeting tonight I will be very glad to introduce you. I will meet you at the door. Will you come? Said I, 'I will.' I went to the place where I was tarrying. I fixed myself up as well as I could. I buttoned my coat over a ragged vest, and I went to the door of the church, and the young man met me, and we went in and But the last part of my text opens a door wide enough to let us all out and to let all heaven in. Sound it on the organ with all the stops out. Thrum it on the harp with all the strings atune. With all the melody postations and the strings atune. With all the melody postations and they were all around, so kind the stops out. In the narp with all the strings at time. With all the melody possible let the heavens sound it to the earth and it to the earth tell it to the heavens. "The Lord hath laid on Him the injusty of usall."

Lord hath laid on Him the injusty of usall." Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." I am glad that the prophet did not stop to explain whom he meant by "Him." Him of the manger, Him of the bloody sweat, Him of the resurrection throne, Him of the crucifixion agony. "On Him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all." "Oh!" says some the iniquity of us all." "Oh!" says some the iniquity of us all." Oh, my brother, without stopping to look whether your hand trembles or not, without stopping to look whather your hand is bloated with sin or not, put it in my hand and let me give you one warm, brotherly, Christian grip and invite

You right up to the heart, to the companto the sympathy, to the pardon of His whom the Lord hath laid the iniquity all. Throw away your sins. Carry the longer. I proclaim emancipation to all are bound, pardon for all sin and eternator all the dead.

for all the dead.

Some one comes here to-day and I is aside. He comes up three steps. He esto this place. I must stand aside. Ta that place He spreads abroad His hands, they were bruised. He pulls uside the robe shows you His wounded heart. I say. Thou wears?" Yes," He says, "weary the world's woe." I say, "Whence con Thou?" He says, "I came from Calve I say, "Who comes with Thee?" He and "No one; I have trodden the wings alone," I say, "Why comest Thou it "Oh," He says, "I came here to carry the sins and sorrows of the propalone," I say, "I came here to carry the sins and sorrows of the propalone," I say, "I came here to carry the sins and sorrows of the propalone," I say, "And, conscious of my owns first, I take them and put them on the shaders of the Son of God. I say, "Canst Takes them and put them on the shaders of the Son of God. I say, "Canst Takes them and put them on the shaders of the Son of God. I say, "Canst Takes them and put them on the shaders of the Son of God. I say, "Canst Takes them and put them on the shaders of the Son of God. I say, "Canst Takes them and put them on the shaders of the Son of God. I say, "Canst Takes them and put them on the shaders of the Son of God. I say, "Canst Takes them and put them on the shaders of the Son of God. first, I take them and put them on the shear of the Son of God. I say, "Canst T bear any more, O Christ?" He says, "more," And I gather up the sins of all who serve at these altars, the office the church of Jesus Christ—I gup all their sins and I put on Christ's shoulders, and I say, "Thou bear any more?" He says, "Yes, m Then I gather up all the sins of a hus people in this house and I put them of shoulders of Christ, and I say, "Canst bear more?" He says, "Yea, more," gather up all the sins of this assembly put them on the shoulders of this assembly put them on the shoulders of the Son of put them on the shoulders of this ascending put them on the shoulders of the Son of and I say, "Canst Thou bear them?" he says, "more." But He is departing the way for Him, the Son of God. On door and let Him pass out. He is ear our sins and hearing them away. We never see them again. He throws down into the abysm, and you hear the reverberating esho of their fall, "O the Lord hath laid the iniquity of new control of the contr will you let Him take your sins to la do you say. "I will take charge of the saif. I will flait my own battles, I will eternity on my own second?" I know how hear some of you have come to co-

A elergyman said in his pulpit on bath, "Before next Saturday night this audience will have passed out of A gentleman said to another seated A gentleman said to another scatch to him: "I don't believe it. I mean to und if it doesn't come true by next Saidshi I shall tell that clergyman his acod." The man scated next to him "Perhaps it will be yourself." "On the other replied. "I shall live to be man." That night he breathed his last but the Saston the iny the Saviour calls. All may come, never pushes a man off. Got never do mybody. The man jumps off, he jum it is suicide—soul suicide—if the mashes, for the invitation is, "whosever et him come," whosoever, whosever,

Thile God invites, now blest the day, How sweet the gospel's charming one, sinner, baste, oh, haste away While yet a pardoning God is found In this day of mercitul visitation, may are coming into the kingdom of

in the procession heavenward. Seated in my church was a man wh who said, "I den't know that there who said, "I den't know that there is cd." That was on Friday night. I we will kneet down and find out wis era is any God." And in the second on the nulpit we kneit. He said: "Is und Rim. There is a God, a purior d. I feel Him here." He kneit in rkness of sin, He arose two minutes and in the liberty of the gospel. While her sitting under the gallery on Frith said: "My opportunity is gone, sek I might have been saved. Note a door is shut." "Behold the Lam d who taketh away the sin of the we low is the necepted time. Now is the salvation." "It is appointed unto all ce to die, and after that the judgment

WEATHER WARNINGS HELPFUL

Saved Millions of D

rofessor Moore of the Weather Bu made a special report to the Secret griculture in rekard to the actual more of cold wave warnings to the people country, with special reference to wave of January 2 to 5, 1893.

That was a wave of unusual so Books Mountains, with the exception southern portion of Florida. At Weather Bureau station throughou region the cold wave flag was disp and warnings were distributed, a twenty-four hours before the cold w

Reports received from 102 station cate that these warnings were direct strumental in saving from destr property exceeding \$3,500,000 in value estimate takes no account of property as the result of warnings distributed the Weather Bureau stations to these

of small towns and etties from which been impossible to obtain reports. The largest saving reported was by and shippers of perichable produces. and shippers of perishable produces, pipes were protected in factories, resigned public buildings, and the size of was regulated by railroad officials, florists and agriculturists protected not-houses. Reports of direct benofit reserved from fuel dealers, owners narvestors, farmers and stock raisers men and business men generally, the latter declares the Weather Burgactive partner in every man's business. Another benefit widely reported, but sarily not expressed in fleures, was the testion to health and the increase comfort of the public generally on a comfort of the public generally on of these timely warnings.

BOAR KILLS A BOA CONSTRIC Ravenous Snake Escapes From Its Only to Meet Beath.

In an animal store in New York Cit by Donald Burns, two boa const furious with hunger after a fast of weeks, escaped from their cage. O through the bars and into a cage of by two Texas wild boars. The a from the South did not walt to be at but jumped and began stamping ou tile. The boa enwrapped each of the and endeavored to crush their lives the little animals were too strong at to permit this. One of them select snake by the neck and almost by bones that answer for its spine. T succeeded in tearing itself loose, or again seized by the neck, and this peccary succeeded in crushing the its adversary. Both the boars were hurt, and one will probably die. Those constrictor crawled to the cage by a fine young leopard, but a fight the two was prevented by Burns and his assistants, who succeeded in with ing the reptile from the cage.

#### EDICT AGAINST DEATH DANG Osage Indians Ordered to Cease the tom by Their Chief.

Chief Deboit, the head medicine of the Osage tribe of Indians, and the politician, has issued, from Pawhusha homa, an imperative order discon-death dances in the Nation. When an dies, according to a long-established e the death dance, which occurs thirt after the fatality. This custom of naked has played have with them, them subject to colds that invariably in consumption. Seven per cent. adults of the tribe are now in the last of consumption, and it is this plerrol that called forth the edict. I had im of the measure is so great the it death will be treason against the N affon.

England to Strengthen Her N. It is stated that \$35,0.0,0; 10 will b ed to naval work in this year 's budge