SWINBURNE'S ODE.

The following is the ode suggested by the forthcoming Chicago Exposition written by A. C. Swinburne, of England.

EAST TO WEST

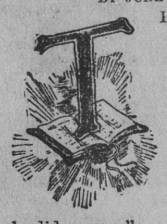
Sunset smiles on sunrise; east and west are one,
Face to face in heaven before the sovereign sun.
From the springs of the dawn everlasting a glory renews and transfigures the west,
From the depths of the sunset a light as of morning enkindles the broad sea's breast.
And the lands and the skies and the waters are glad of the day's and the night's work done.

Child of dawn, and regent on the world-wide sea,
England smiles on Europe, fair as dawn and free.
Not the waters that gird her are purer, nor mightier the winds that her waters know.
But America, daughter and sister of England, is praised of them, far as they flow;
Atlantic responds to Pacific the praise of her days that have been and shall be.

So from England westward let the watchword fly,
So for England eastward let the seas reply
Praise, honor and love everlasting be sent on the wind's wings, westward and east,
That the pride of the past and the pride of the future may mingle as friends at feast.
And the sons of the lords of the world-wide seas be one till the world's life die.

BETTIE THE SEXTON.

BY JUNE C. HUNT.



"THAT'S a good girl, Bettie, wake up!"

Mrs. Burke stood beside the rude single bed and waited for the slow breaking-up of her daughter's morning slumbers.

"Your pa didn't get home till after midnight, and when he did come—"

"Oh mother! had he been drinking again?" asked the girl, now wide awake and sitting up in bed.

"Yes," sighed Mrs. Burke, despondently. "You'll have to go over and get Ben Haynes to do the church work to-day. It's snapping cold, and the fire'll have to be made early to get the church warm enough, so you must hurry."

"Yes, mother. Get me the keys. I'll be down stairs in a minute."

Bettie dressed herself quickly and with a serious face. Hurrying down stairs to the kitchen she tarried long enough to don hood and cloak, declining meanwhile the "bite o' breakfast" that her mother urged upon her, and only half heeding the direction that Deacon McNeill should be called upon if Ben Haynes could not be found. Then, taking a bunch of keys from the table she started, pausing at the door to say: "I won't be back till after Sunday-school, mother. Don't worry about me. I'm going to do pa's work to-day; he'll lose the job if they find out he's been drinking." And Bettie was away before her mother could utter a word of protest.

When Jim Burke's wife was disabled by rheumatism some months before, her earnings as laundress to some of the more thrifty families of the community ceased. The loss was a serious matter, for since Jim, as a day laborer, was not noted for special dexterity, and his usefulness was further impaired by the unfortunate drinking habit that occasionally caused his prolonged absence from duty, his work was not a source of regular or abundant supply. And though the simple needs of the family did not exceed his income, the unfinished payment for their little cottage demanded a persistent effort of which poor weak Jim seemed incapable.

The family council held to consider this unfavorable state of affairs was a brief one. Mr. Burke tersely explained that Bettie's succession to her mother's work and earnings was the most reasonable solution of the difficulty; that at fourteen years a girl ought to be something more than a child, and he took occasion to denounce Bettie's desire to stay at school until she could "keep storemen's books for 'em" as the fruit of that indulgence which his own experience convinced him was inevitable in parents of an only child.

Matters might have gone according to this decision, had Mrs. Burke's energy declined with her health, or had the loss of her wage-earning power exhausted her virtues as Jim's "better half."

Favored by circumstances, she soon found for him a "new job" in the vacant office of sexton in the Presbyterian Church.

The committee were won over to his cause by the lack of other candidates, and their apparent readiness gave him some warrant for his frequent boast that this was a rare example of "the office seeking the man."

So great a mark of favoritism moved him to unwonted fidelity in the discharge of his work, and to concession to Bettie's ambitious desires. Their treasury was replenished, and Bettie had been making uninterrupted progress in her school work, when this chilly Sunday morning in March found the sexton temporarily disqualified for his duties.

Bettie began her work at the church with much confidence in herself as a substitute official. She found a delightful demonstration of her power in the atmosphere of the audience room steadily growing warm after her vigorous efforts with the furnace. But her courage ebbed as she entered the chapel in the rear of the church. Jim's Saturday afternoons were always given to restoring Sabbath order there, and now the silent wall clock, the darkened windows and the dust and disarrangement from the mid week sessions betokened the depth of his neglect.

The time was too short for the floor to be swept before Sunday-school, which convened after the morning service, comparative neatness was all she could achieve; she would come back after dinner and restore the room to its wonted cleanliness before the 6 o'clock chapel service.

Ten o'clock found the sturdy Betty in the tower room under the belfry, both hands clinching the thick rope, and her heart beating so loudly that she wondered whether she could hear the Methodist bell.

It was the only other church bell in the little town, and it must be her signal, in want of a time piece.

Suddenly it rang. Bettie pulled her rope, but without producing a sound.

Desperation gave her strength. She bent forward in a mighty effort.

Cl—ang! Cl—ang! Cl—ang!

Bettie bent her head in terrified certainty that the sonorous metal had left its yoke and was descending upon her.

Clung! sounded the distant bell.

Bettie essayed a responsive stroke that resulted in a strange and uncertain sound. She grew hot and dizzy, but she had no thought of giving up.

Again her guide—Clang! Clang!

And now a slow and steady pull brought out a tone more powerful and sustained.

"I hope our friend James is not wrestling with his old adversary this morning," meditated Parson Brownell, carefully placing his manuscript in his breast pocket as he stood by his study window. At the same time Brother Wentz was preparing a few pungent remarks upon the "shiftlessness" of a board that could appoint Jim Burke as sexton, these to be delivered to his first appreciative hearer. And in a neighboring house a certain member of the fire company, super-sensitive to alarms, threw down his razor in the midst of his Sunday morning shave, at Bettie's first onset.

But she soon began to catch the time and motion, and, save some capriciousness, her bell swung in usual fashion.

Then, after the other had ceased, a few more peals for a show of independence, and Bettie, dropping the rope, rested against the wall and clasped her burning and blistered palms together upon her forehead. But if the Presbyterian worshipers failed to assemble, it was not for want of summons.

The morning wore on. Bettie grew calm down in the furnace-room as she heard the service proceeding in customary order, while the atmosphere up stairs evinced no puny handling of shovel and tongs, and inspired the trite witticism, as friend greeted friend after service, that "Jim must have been trying to give a clincher to some points of the doctrine."

The last attendant at Sunday-school departed, and Bettie locked the doors and hurried home to a dinner whose digestion was aided by a comforting sense of relief.

Following her determination of the morning and early afternoon hour found the sexton pro tem. back in the chapal, surrounded by the clouds of dust that rose at the swift motions of her broom.

Standing against the back wall of the room was an old-fashioned cupboard donated to the uses of a library, when, years before, the Sunday-school needs demanded such a piece of furniture.

It was disturned only on rare occasions, such as the removal of carpets, and being raised but a few inches from the floor, to sweep under it was a matter of some difficulty.

Jim was not scrupulous in his notions of cleanliness, and the spot was often neglected for weeks, but Bettie, impelled by womanly instincts, included it in her dirt-expelling round, thrusting her brush with vigor into the space.

Out rolled the collected lint, and with it a rounded, dust-coated leather wallet.

She picked it up, dreading the outcome of a new surprise, and opened it. The sight of the bulky rolls of bills inside made her breath come fast.

Written in ink upon the inside of the flap was the name and address of Caspar Marlow.

The mystery began to clear. The town had been agog for weeks over the disappearance of this money and the reward offered for its recovery.

Caspar Marlow, a wealthy farmer, was also a metaphorical pillar of the Presbyterian Church, further fancied by an admiring member as "the pillar supporting the pulpit"—a frequent supply of arrears in the pastor's salary furnishing the analogy.

The Weekly Intelligencer, a publication whose prosperity sprung from the knowledge possessed by its editor of the kind of news its readers desired, had recently chronicled "An Unfortunate Accident" as follows:

"Our fellow townsman, Mr. Caspar Marlow, was the victim of a painful accident Wednesday night of last week, which was attended with a serious loss. As he was passing out from the chapel door of the Presbyterian church at the close of prayer-meeting, he missed his footing and fell with great force upon the icy pavement. He was severely bruised, and though he walked that night the distance of one and a half miles to his home, he has been confined to the house since by the severity of his injuries. Upon reaching home, he discovered the loss of $800 in cash, the partial payment for a carload of his famous fat cattle, sold in the Chicago market. He had arrived home that evening after banking hours, and was thus obliged to retain the money upon his person.

"The liberal reward offered for its restoration ought to be sufficient inducement to the finder of the valuable wallet. There can be no question that the wallet was lost in his fall, since it was in the breast pocket of his frock coat, and his overcoat was unbuttoned; and there is no doubt that it was found by some bystander at the time, or by some traveler in the vicinity within the succeeding twelve hours."

The aggrieved Mr. Marlow was remembering, with growing irritation, the discomfiting courtesy of the onlookers that night, who restored to him his hat, and the fragments of his shattered set of false teeth, as the dishonesty of some one of them became more and more evident. And the locality about the church door was still haunted in all out-of-school hours by searching boys who extended the radius of their explored territory as time passed and the pocket book was still missing.

Bettie was filled with dismay at the discovery, fearing that it might involve her in some culpable way. Here was a new responsibility, and she was already overburdened with such. There was but one thing to do, so, abandoning broom and brushes, she seized her wraps and hurriedly left the church.

"Under the bookcase in the chapel! Well! Well!" reiterated Mr. Marlow in the hallway of his house, pausing thoughtfully in his colloquy with the almost breathless Bettie, who had "not time to go in, or sit down." "Now it must have been when I went back for my rubbers; the room was dark, Jim—that is—your father had the lights 'most out when I went back, and I had a bad time hunting around for my overshoes.

"You know I always wedge my chair in that angle the bookcase makes with the wall; won't trust my weight to an ordinary chair since one broke down under me at Kitty Wilson's wedding.

"Easy enough for it to slip out from my pocket when I was feeling 'round for my overshoes, and for me to knock it under there myself. I had mighty good reasons for not thinking about losing my pocket-book or anything else just then. But I tell you, Bettie, I meant what I said about getting it back," and standing his cane against the wall, Mr. Marlow counted out $100 from the contents of the wallet and thrust the bills into the girl's hand, adding, heartily: "And I'm glad you're the one to find it, Bettie. You're a good girl!"

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Bettie did not bring about her father's reformation at once, as some of her over hopeful admirers prophesied she would. The old habit still occasionally swayed him, but at such times Bettie assumed the sexton's duties, and, so secured, Jim's re-election to the position was certain.

"Jim or Bettie, one of 'em will get the work done, and done well enough for us," was the ruling sentiment of the church board, and Bettie and "her Sunday," as it came to be called, supplied the theme for many subsequent stories, some of which gained a little on the facts whenever they were retold.

"I don't know," Brother Wentz used to say whenever the matter was referred to, "whether that slip of a girl would have gone into the pulpit or not, if anything had ailed the preacher, but she run the rest of the meetin', bell ringin' and all, and did it just as well as Jim could have done it, or any one else for that matter."—Worthington's Magazine.

Music at the World's Fair.

The Bureau of Music of the Columbian Exposition has issued a list of that portion of the special musical demonstrations to take place during the World's Fair, for which dates have been absolutely fixed, beginning with May and ending in July. Although concerts by American artists have been arranged, and the programme, as given out, shows a notable representation of American singing associations, it does not contain the name of any work by any American composer, nor any hint of any arrangements for the production of any such works during the duration of the exposition. It is not, surely, enough that American music should be represented by its native executants; it should also be represented by native producers, and the apparent failure to provide opportunities for such representation will certainly leave both American and foreign visitors to the fair in doubt whether we as a Nation possess any capacity for musical productiveness at all. Where the American architect, so to speak, has been glorified, the American artist has been given ample opportunity of showing his capabilities and attainments, and the American handicraftsman and inventor encouraged to the greatest possible extent, it certainly seems hard that, so far as one can learn, nothing has been done for the American composer. During September, M. Saint-Saens, Dr. MacMackenzie, and other foreign composers of eminence will visit the exposition, conducting several programmes of their own choral and instrumental works, as well as works of other composers of their respective countries. It would certainly seem only fair that in an exposition presumably intended to encourage American art and industry in all its branches, a like opportunity should be extended to some American composer. Americans may not yet have attained any commanding eminence as musicians, but certainly something has been done in this direction, and that something is as certainly entitled to representation at the World's Fair.—Harper's Weekly.

Spoony and Didn't Care Who Knew It.

The newly wedded couple boarded the train at a village station and a crowd of about a hundred people saw them off. The groom was a strapping young fellow with sunburned face and hands and bear's grease on his hair, while the bride might have been the "hired gal" on the same farm. They had no sooner taken a seat than he put his arm around her and began to caress one of her hands. A voice in rear of them cried out "Spoons!" but the bridegroom gave no sign. Pretty soon he pulled her head over on his shoulder and there was a titter from the rear of the car. The head staid right there, however, and Josh got both her hands in his one paw. Three or four voices cried out "Oh!" and "Ah!" but it was fully two minutes before he tenderly pushed her away and rose up and looked around and said: "We are married. It was a case uv love. We sparked for seven years. She's my violet and I'm her towerin' oak. We've got 180 miles to go and we are goin' to spoon every rod of it and if thar's any critter here who thinks he can't stand it he can git out and walk!"—Chicago Herald.

An interesting subject of discussion in traffic circles is whether a bicycle can be considered baggage.

A SERMON TO MANKIND

REV. DR. TALMAGE TALKS

To Persons of All Ages in Life's Warfare.

TEXT: *"The days of our years are threescore and ten."*—Psalm xc., 10.

The seventieth milestone of life is here planted as at the end of the journey. A few go beyond it; multitudes never reach it. The oldest person of modern times expired at 169 years. A Greek of the name of Stravaride lived to 132 years. An Englishman of the name of Thomas Parr lived 152 years. Before the time of Moses people lived 150 years, and if you go far enough back they lived 500 years. Well, that was necessary, because the story of the world must come down by tradition, and it needed long life safely to transmit the news of the past. If the generations had been short lived, the story would so often have changed lips that it might have got all astray.

But after Moses began to write it down and parchment told it from century to century it was not necessary that people live so long in order to authenticate the events of the past. If in our time people lived only twenty-five years, that would not affect history, since it is put in print and is no longer dependent upon tradition. Whatever your age, I will to-day directly address you, and I shall speak to those who are in the twenties, the thirties, the forties, the fifties, the sixties, and to those who are in the seventies and beyond.

First, then, I accost those of you who are in the twenties. You are full of expectation. You are ambitious—that is, if you amount to anything—for some kind of success, commercial or mechanical or professional or literary or agricultural or social or moral. If I find some one in the twenties without any sort of ambition, I feel like saying: "My friend, you have got on the wrong planet. This is not the world for you. You are going to be in the way. Have you made your choice of poorhouses? You will never be able to pay for your cradle. Who is going to settle for your board? There is a mistake about the fact that you were born at all."

But supposing you have ambition, let me say to all the twenties: Expect everything through divine manipulation, and then you will get all you want or something better. Are you looking for wealth? Well, remember that God controls the money markets, the harvests, the droughts, the caterpillars, the locusts, the sunshine, the storm, the land, the sea, and you will get wealth. Perhaps not that which is stored up in banks, in safe deposits, in United States securities, in houses and lands, but your clothing and board and shelter, and that is about all you can appropriate anyhow. You cost the Lord a great deal. To feed and clothe and shelter for a lifetime requires a big sum of money, and if you get nothing more than the absolute necessities you get an enormous amount of supply.

Expect as much as you will of any kind of success; if you expect it from the Lord, you are safe. Depend on any other resource and you may be badly chagrined, but depend on God and all will be well. It is a good thing in the crisis of life to have a man of large means back you up. It is a great thing to have a moneyed institution stand behind you in your undertaking. But it is a mightier thing to have the God of heaven and earth your coadjutor, and you may have Him. I am so glad that I meet you while you are in the twenties. You are laying out your plans, and all your life in this world and the next for 500,000,000 years of your existence will be affected by those plans. It is about 8 o'clock in the morning of your life, and you are just starting out. Which way are you going to start? Oh, the twenties!

"Twenty" is a great word in the Bible. Joseph was sold for 20 pieces of silver. Samson judged Israel 20 years. Solomon gave Hiram 20 cities. The flying roll that Zechariah saw was 20 cubits. When the sailors of the ship on which Paul sailed sounded the Mediterranean Sea, it was 20 fathoms. What mighty things have been done in the twenties! Romulus founded Rome when he was 20. Keats finished life at 25. Lafayette was a world renowned soldier at 23. Oberlin accomplished his chief work by 27. Bonaparte was victor over Italy at 26. Pitt was prime minister of England at 22. Calvin had completed his immortal "Institutes" by the time he was 26. Grotius was attorney general at 24.

Some of the mightiest things for God and eternity have been done in the twenties. As long as you can put the figure "2" before the other figure that helps describe your age I have high hopes about you. Look out for that figure "2." Watch its continuance with as much earnestness as you ever watched anything that promised your salvation or threatened you demolition. What a critical time, the twenties! While they continue you decide your occupation and the principles by which you will be guided. You make your most abiding friendships. You arrange your home life. You fix your habits. Lord God Almighty, for Jesus Christ's sake, have mercy on all the men and women in the twenties!

Next I accost those in the thirties. You are at an age when you find what a tough thing it is to get recognized and established in your occupation or profession. Ten years ago you thought all that was necessary for success was to put on your shutter the sign of physician or dentist, or attorney or broker or agent, and you would have plenty of business. How many hours you sat and waited for business and waited in vain three persons only know—God, your wife and yourself. In commercial life you have not had the promotion and the increase in salary you anticipated, or the place you expected to occupy in the firm has not been vacated. The produce of the farm, with which you expected to support yourself and those depending on you, and to pay the interest on the mortgage, has been far less than you anticipated, or the prices were down, or special expenses for sickness made drafts on your resources that you could not have expected.

In some respects the hardest decade of life is the thirties, because the results are generally so far behind the anticipations. It is very rare indeed that a young man does as did the young man last Sunday night, when he came to me and said: "I have been so marvelously prospered since I came to this country that I feel, as a matter of gratitude, that I ought to dedicate myself to God." Nine-tenths of the poetry of life has been knocked out of you since you came into the thirties. Men in the different professions and occupations saw that you were rising and they must put an estoppel on you or you might somehow stand in the way. They think you must be suppressed.

From 30 to 40 it is an especially hard time for young doctors, young lawyers, young merchants, young farmers, young mechanics, young ministers. The struggle of the thirties is for honest and helpful and remunerative recognition. But few old people know how to treat young people without patronizing them on the one hand or snubbing them on the other. Oh, the thirties! Joseph stood before Pharaoh at 30. David was 30 years old when he began to reign. The height of Solomon's temple was 30 cubits. Christ entered upon His active ministry at 30 years of age. Judas sold himself for 30 pieces of silver.

Oh, the thirties! What a word suggestive of triumph or disaster! Your decade is the one that will probably afford the greatest opportunity for victory, because there is the greatest necessity for struggle. Read the world's history and know what are the thirties for good or bad. Alexander the Great closed his career at 32. Frederick the Great made Europe tremble with his armies at 33. Cortes conquered Mexico at 30. Grant fought Shiloh and Donelson when 38. Raphael died at 37. Luther was the hero of the reformation at 35. Sir Philip Sydney got through by 32.

The greatest deeds for God and against Him were done within the thirties, and your greatest battles are now and between the time when you cease expressing your age by putting first a figure "2" and the time when you will cease expressing it by putting first a figure "3." As it is the greatest time of the struggle, I adjure you, in God's name and by God's grace, make it the greatest achievement. My prayer is for all those in the tremendous crises of the thirties. The fact is that by the way you decide the present decade of your history you decide all the following decades.

When I was in Russia I was disappointed in not seeing the battlefield of Borodino. Why was there fought such a battle at that small village? It was 70 miles from Moscow. Why that desperate struggle, in which 125,000 Frenchmen grappled with 150,000 Russians, and 30,000 dead Frenchmen and 52,000 dead Russians were left on the field? It was because the fate of Moscow, the sacred city of Russia, was decided there—decided 70 miles away. And let me tell you, people of the thirties, you are now at the Borodino, whence will resound its successes or its moral disasters clear on into the seventies if you live to the threescore and ten of the text.

Next I accost the forties. Yours is the decade of discovery. I do not mean the discovery of the outside, but the discovery of yourself. No man knows himself until he is 40. He overestimates or underestimates himself. By that time he has learned what he can do or what he cannot do. He thought he had commercial genius enough to become a millionaire, but now he is satisfied to make a comfortable living. He thought he had rhetorical power that would bring him into the United States senate, now he is content if he can successfully argue a common case before a petit jury.

He thought he had medical skill that would make him a Mott or a Grosse or a Willard Parker or a Sims; now he finds his sphere is that of a family physician, prescribing for the ordinary ailments that afflict our race. He was sailing on in a fog and could not take a reckoning, but now it clears up enough to allow him to find out his real latitude and longitude. He has been climbing, but now he has got to the top of the hill, and he takes a long breath. He is half way through the journey at least, and he is in a position to look backward or forward. He has more good sense than he ever had. He knows human nature, for he has been cheated often enough to see the bad side of it, and he has met so many gracious and kindly and splendid souls he also knows the good side of it.

Now calm yourself. Thank God for the past and deliberately set your compass for another voyage. You have chased enough thistledown. You have blown enough soap bubbles. You have seen the unsatisfying nature of all earthly things. Open a new chapter with God and the world. This decade of the forties ought to eclipse all its predecessors in worship, in usefulness and in happiness. "Forty" is a great word in the Bible. God's ancient people were 40 years in the wilderness. Eli judged Israel 40 years. David and Solomon and Jehoash reigned 40 years. When Josepa visited his brethen, he was 40 years old.

Oh, this mountain top of the forties! You have now the character you will probably have for all time and all eternity. God, by His grace, sometimes changes a man after the forties, but after that a man never changes himself. Tell me, oh men and women who are in the forties, your habits of thought and life, and I will tell you what you will forever be. I may make a mistake once in a thousand times, but not more than in that proportion.

My sermon next accosts the fifties. How queer it looks when in writing your age you make the first of the two figures a "5." This is the decade which shows what the other decades have been. If a young man has sown wild oats and he has lived to this time, he reaps the harvest of it in the fifties, or if by necessity he was compelled to overtoil in honest directions he is called to settle up with exacting nature some time during the fifties.

Many have it so hard in early life that they are octogenarians at 50. Sciaticas and rheumatisms and neuralgias and vertigos and insomnias have their playground in the fifties. A man's hair begins to waiten, and, although he may have worn spectacles before, now he asks the optician for No. 14 or No. 12 or No. 10. When he gets a cough and is almost cured, he hacks and clears his throat a good while afterward. Oh, ye who are in the fifties, think of it! A half century of blessing to be thankful for, and a half century subtracted from an existence which in the most marked cases of longevity hardly ever reaches a whole century.

By this time you ought to be eminent for piety. You have been in so many battles you ought to be a brave soldier. You have made so many voyages you ought to be a good sailor. So long protected and blessed you ought to have a soul full of doxology. In Bible times in Canaan every 50 years was by God's command a year of jubilee. The people did not work that year. If property had by misfortune gone out of one's possession on the fiftieth year it came back to him. If he had fooled it away, it was returned without a farthing to pay.

If a man had been enslaved, he was in that year emancipated. A trumpet was sounded loud and clear and long, and it was the trumpet of jubilee. They shook hands, they laughed, they congratulated. What a time it was, that fiftieth year! And if under the old dispensation it was such a glad time, under our new and more glorious dispensation let all who have come to the fifties hear the trumpet of jubilee that I now blow. That was the allusion made by Mr. Toplady, the great hymnologist, when he wrote:

Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return ye ransomed sinners home.

Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above
Shall have it back unbought—
The gift of Jesus's love.
The year of jubilee has come.
Return ye ransomed sinners home.

My sermon next accosts the sixties. The beginning of that decade is more startling than any other. In his chronological journey the man rides rather smoothly over the figures "2" and "3" and "4" and "5," but the figure "6" gives him a big jolt. He says: "It cannot be that I am 60. Let me examine the old family record. I guess they made a mistake. They got my name down wrong in the roll of births." But, no; the older brothers or sisters remember the time of his advent, and there is some relative a year older, and another relative a year younger, and, sure enough, the fact is established beyond all disputation.

Sixty! Now your great danger is the temptation to fold up your faculties and quit. You will feel a tendency to reminisce. If you do not look out you will begin almost everything with the words, "When I was a boy." But you ought to make the sixties more memorable for God and the truth than the fifties, or the forties, or the thirties. You ought to do more during the next ten years than you did in any 30 years of your life because of all the experience you have had. You have committed enough mistakes in life to make you wise above your juniors. Now, under the accumulated light of your past experimenting, go to work for God as never before.

When a man in the sixties folds up his energy and feels he has done enough, it is the devil of indolence to which he is surrendering, and God generally takes the man at his word and lets him die right away. His brain, that under the tension of hard work was active, now suddenly shrivels. Men, whether they retire from secular or religious work, generally retire to the grave. No well man has a right to retire. The world was made for work. There remaineth a rest for the people of God, but it is in a sphere beyond the reach of telescopes. The military charge that decided one of the greatest battles of the ages—the battle of Waterloo—was not made until 8 o'clock in the evening, but some of you propose to go into camp at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

My subject next accosts those in the seventies and beyond. My word to them is congratulation. You have got nearly if not quite through. You have safely crossed the sea of life and are about to enter the harbor. You have fought at Gettysburg, and the war is over. Here and there a skirmish with the remaining sin of your own heart and the sin of the world, but I guess you are about done.

There may be some work for you yet on small or large scale. Bismarck, of Germany, vigorous in the eighties. The prime minister of England strong at 84. Haydn composing his oratorio, "The Creation," at 70 years of age. Isocrates doing some of his best work at 74. Plato busy thinking for all succeeding centuries at 84. William Blake at 67 learning Italian, so as to read Dante in the original. Lord Cockburn at 87 writing his best treatise. John Wesler stirring great audiences at 85. William C Bryant, without spectacles, reading in my house "Thanatopsis" at 83 years of age.

Christian men and women in all departments serving God after becoming septuagenarians and octogenarians and nonagenarians prove that there are possibilities of work for the aged, but I think you who are passed the seventies are near being through. How do you feel about it? You ought to be jubilant, because life is a tremendous struggle, and if you have got through respectably and usefully you ought to feel like people toward the close of a summer day seated on the rocks watching the sunset at Bar Harbor or Cape May or Lookout Mountain.

I am glad to say that most old Christians are cheerful. Daniel Webster visited John Adams a short time before his death and found him in very infirm health. He said to Mr. Adams: "I am glad to see you. I hope you are getting along pretty well?" The reply was: "Ah, sir, quite the contrary. I find I am a poor tenant occupying a house much shattered by time. It sways and trembles with every wind, and what is worse, sir, the landlord, as near as I can make out, does not intend to make any repairs."

Dr. Beman, after passing into the seventies, was asked by my friend, Rev. Dr. Spear, "Dr. Beman, how is your health now?" and he replied, "I have on me an incurable disease." "What is that?" asked my friend, and the septuagenarian replied, "Old age." Both of the old men I have mentioned intended their remarks for facetiousness, and old people have a right to be facetious. An aged woman sent for her physician and told him of her ailments, and the doctor said: "What would you have me do, madam? I cannot make you young again." She replied: "I know that, doctor. What I want you to do is to help me grow old a little longer."

The young have their troubles before them. The old have their troubles behind them. You have got about all out of this earth that there is in it. Be glad that you, an aged servant of God, are going to try another life and amid better surroundings. Stop looking back and look ahead. Oh, ye in the seventies, and the eighties, and the nineties, your best days are yet to come; your grandest associations are yet to be formed; your best eyesight is yet to be kindled; your best hearing is yet to be awakened; your greatest speed is yet to be traveled; your gladdest song is yet to be sung.

The most of your friends have gone over the border, and you are going to join them very soon. They are waiting for you. They are watching the golden shore to see you land. They are watching the shining gate to see you come through. They are standing by the throne to see you mount. What a glad hour when you drop the staff and take the scepter; when you quit the stiffened joints and become an immortal athlete! But hear! hear! a remark pertinent to all people whether in the twenties, the thirties, the forties, the fifties, the sixties, the seventies, or beyond. What we all need is to take the supernatural into our lives.

Do not let us depend on brain and muscle and nerve. We want a mighty supply of the supernatural. We want with us a divine force mightier than the waters and the tempests, and when the Lord took two steps on bestormed Galilee, putting one foot on the winds and the other on the waves, He proved Himself mightier than hurricane and billow. We want with us a divine force greater than the fires, and when the Lord cooled Nebuchadnezzar's furnace until Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego did not even have to fan themselves He proved Himself mightier than the fire.

We want a divine force stronger than wild beast, and when the Lord made Daniel a lion tamer He proved Himself stronger than the wrath of the jungles. There are so many diseases in the world we want with us a divine physician capable of combating ailments, and our Lord when on earth showed what He could do with catalepsy and paralysis and ophthalmia and dementia. Oh, take this supernatural into all your lives! How to get it? Just as you get anything you want—by application. If you want anything, you apply for it.

By prayer apply for the supernatural. Take it into your daily business. Many a man has been able to pay only 50 cents on the dollar, who if he had called in the supernatural could have paid 100 cents on the dollar. Why do 98 men out of 100 fail in business? Because there are not more than two men out of a hundred who take God into their worldy affairs. "Behind the great, unknown standeth God within the shadows keeping watch upon His own."

A man got up in a New York prayer meeting and said: "God is my partner. I did business without Him for twenty years and failed every two or three years. I have been doing business with Him for twenty years and have not failed once." Oh, take the supernatural into all your affairs! I had such an evidence of the goodness of God in temporal things when I entered active life I must testify. Called to preach at lovely Belleville, in New Jersey, I entered upon my work. But there stood the empty parsonage, and not a cent had I with which to furnish it. After preaching three or four weeks the officers of my church asked me if I did not want to take two or three weeks' vacation. I said "Yes," for I had preached about all I knew, but I feared they must be getting tired of me.

When I returned to the village after the brief vacation, they handed me the key of the parsonage and asked me if I did not want to go and look at it. Not suspecting anything had happened, I put the key into the parsonage door and opened it, and there was the hall completely furnished with carpet and pictures and hatrack, and I turned into the parlors, and they were furnished, the softest sofas I ever sat on, and into the study and found it furnished with book-cases, and I went to the bedrooms, and they were furnished, and into the pantry, and that was furnished with every culinary article, and the spiceboxes were filled, and a flour-barrel stood there ready to be opened, and I went down into the dining room, and the table was set and beautifully furnished, and into the kitchen, and the stove was full of fuel, and a match lay on the top of the stove, and all I had to do in starting housekeeping was to strike the match. God inspired the whole thing, and if I ever doubt His goodness, all up and down the world, call me an ingrate. I testify that I have been in many tight places, and God always got me out, and He will get you out of the tight places.

But the most of this audience will never reach the eighties, or the seventies, or the sixties, or the fifties, or the forties. He who passes into the forties has gone far beyond the average of human life. Amid the uncertainties take God through Jesus Christ as your present and eternal safety. The longest life is only a small fragment of the great eternity. We will all of us soon be there.

Eternity! how near it rolls;
Count the vast value of your souls.
Beware and count the awful cost
What they have gained whose souls are lost.

Two great Corsican families, the most powerful in the island, the Gavinis and the Casabincas, have just been reconciled after a political hostility of more than thirty years. During this entire period the politics of the island centered about the heads of these two houses.

Italy expends every year $96,000,000 for her soldiers, and less than $4,000,000 for schools.