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REV. DR. TALMAGE PREACHES On Paul's Conversion to the Christ He Persecuted. Hope For Those Who Have Fallen.

TEXT: "And as he journeyed he came near Damaseus, and suidenly there shined round about him a light from heaven, and he fell to the earth and heaven and the fell to the earth and heaven thou. Lord' And the And he said, Who art thou, Lord' And the Lord said, J am Jesus whom thou perse-cutest."-Actist., 3-5. The Damaseus of Bible times still stands, with a population of 135,000. It was a gay with of white and glistening architecture, its matarets and creaseents and domes playing with the light of the morning sus : embow-and pomegranate: a famous river plunging and pomegranate: a famous river plunging the tricktness into the scene; a city by the ancients styled "a pearl surrounded by em-erats." There is no shight errantry in religion, no fringed trappings of repentance, but an utter prostration before God, a going down in the dust, with the cry, "Unclean, un-clean,"—a bewailing of the soul, like David from the belly of hell-a going down in the dust until Christ shall by His grace lift us up as He lifted Paul. Oh, proud 'bearted hearer, you must get off that horse! May a light from the throne of God brighter than the sun throw you! Come down into the dust and cry for pardon and life and heaven.

its brightness into the seence is dry by the endics." A group of horssene are advancing spon that dity. Let the Christians of the phees hilde, for that cavalede coming over the spide, for that cavalede coming over the hills is made up of persecutors ; their leader small and unattractive in some respects, as leaders sometimes are insignificant in per-son-witness the Duke of Wellington and Dr. Archibaid Alexander. But there is something very intent in the eye of this man of the text, and the horse he rides is lathered with the foam of a long and quick travel of 135 miles. He argos on his steed, for those Christians must be captured and silences, and that religion of the cross must be annihilated. Suddenly the horses shy off and plunge un-til the riders are precipitated. Freed from the riders, the horses shy off and plunge un-til the riders are precipitated. Freed from the riders, the horses sho off and plunge un-til the riders are precipitated. Freed from the riders, the horses sho off and plunge un-til the riders are precipitated. Freed from the riders are precipitated. Freed from the riders are noreclipitated. Freed from the glories of heaven wrapped about Him, looked out from a cloud, and the splendor was insuffrable, and no wonder the horses sprang and the equestrians dropped. Tug to evered and bruised, Saultempts to for esvere luster of the heavens, but musucess-tuly, for he is struck stone blind as he crise out, "Whe art thou, Lord?" and Jesus an-wared him. "I am the one you have been chasing. He that whips and acourges Ma. It is no their heaven that is break-tion. This will, esseiting and overget heading it is not there related that is break-tion. The source there frees un the reserver-tes the struct. Tam Jesus whom thou per-secutes." the sun throw you! Come down into the dust and ery for pardon and life and heaven. Again, 1 learn from this scene of the text that the grace of God can overcome the per-secutor. Christ and Paul were boys at the same time in different villages, and Paul's antipathy to Christ was increasing. He hated everything about Christ. Ho was go-ing down then with writs in his pockets to have Christ's disciples arrested. Ho was not going as a sheriff goes to arrest a man against whom he had no spite, but Paul was going down to arrest those people because he was glad to arrest them. The Bible says, 'He breathed out slaugh-ter.' He wanted them captured, and he wanted them butchered. I hear the elick, and clash and clatter of the hool's of the gal-loping steeds on the way to Damasous. Oh, do you think that proud man on horesback can ever become a Christian? Yes! There is a voice from heaven like a thunderclap utering two words, the second word the same as the first, but utered with more em-phasis, so that the prout equestrian may have no doubt as to whom is meant : "Saul' Saul'? That man was aved, and he was a persecu-tor, and so God can, by His grace, overcomo any persecutor. The days of sword and fire for Christian S

mix persecutor.
The days of sword and fire for Christians seem to have gone by. The bayonets of Napoleon I, pried open the "inquisition".
and let the rotting wretches out. The ancient dungeons around Rome are to-day mere curiosities for the travelers. The Collseum, where will bensts used to suck up the life of the martyrs while the emperor watched and Loils Paulina sat with emerald adornments worth 60,000,000 sesterces, clapsing her hands as the Christians Seems to have gone by. But has the day of persecution ceased? No. Are you not carciatured for your religion? In proportion as you try to serve 60 and be faithful to Him, are you not sometimes maltreated?
That woman finds it hard to be a Christian sher husband talks and jeers while she is trying to say her prayers or read the Bible. That daughter finds it hard to be a Christian sher husband talks and jeers while she is trying to say her prayers or read ands ther.
Ather, mother, brother and sister making her the target of ridoule. That young man finds it hard to be a Christian with the whole family arrayed against herating ther places of inquity.
On, no, the days of persecution have not ceased a will not pray for your persecutors? They are no prouder, no factory or store when his contrades jeer at him because he will not go to the gambling hell or other places of inquity.
Mo, no, the days of persecution have not cease at a will not park of youry persecutors? They are no prouder, no facter, no more set in helievo in the divinity of Jesus and a Tyndall in the worth of prayer. Robert Newton stamped the shifty is deck in drisive indignation at Christianily only a liftle while before he became a Christian.
"Out of my house," said a father to his daughter, if you will keep prays. The shore many months passed the tather kneit at the same altar with the child. And the Lord Jesus Christ is willing to look out from heaven upon that derisive opponent of the Words the approperime who have an upon the d

To the set of the second secon

while his horse is flying wildly away. Then ask your skeptic what it was that frightened the one and threw the other. Oh, no, it is no weak gospel. It is a glorious cospel. It is an all conquering gospel. It is an omal-potent gospel. It is the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation. Arain, I learn from the text ama cannot the toolde is, we want to ride into the king-dom of God just as the knight rode into eastle gate on palfrey, beautifully caparisoned. We want to come into the kingdom of God in fine style. No kneeling down at the altar, no sitting on "anxio" seats," no crying over sin, no begging "Door of God's meroy. Clear the rode and we some in all prane-ing in the pride of our soul. No, we will never get into beaven that way. We must dismont.

AN ITALIAN HEROINE.

J. Working in the Mines to Fetch Her

Parents Over. at the summer of 1890, a bright lian girl came to New York and secured employment as a servant, having in view the saving of money

having in view the saving of money enough to pay the passage of her par-ents from Italy to this more favored land. A brie' experience showed her that at the low wages she was able to obtain it would be a long time be-fore she could hope to see her parents here, and she decided to adopt the garb of a man, in order that she might obtain a man's wages. She did so and readily found employment on a railroad which was being built in Pennsylvania. Despite the blistering of her hands and the hardships of the labor, she

and the hardships of the labor, she toiled faithfully for months, living by herself in a small hut not far from Hazelton, and as much as possible avoiding association with her fellow laborers, by whom the supposed effeminate young man was not held in high esteem.

effeminate young man was not held in high esteem. She had nearly accumulated the amount of money necessary to bring the arents to America, when a former neighbor of the family in the old country was given employment on the railroad, and placed in the same gang with the strong-hearted young woman. He immediately rec-ognized her, and the fact of her dis-guise was re orted to the foreman: but the latter, on hearing her pa-thetic story, did not order her dis-charge. He simply consented that she should go on with the work she had been pursuing, and at last rehad been pursuing, and at last re-ports she was merrily wielding the pick and shovel, happy in the assur-ance that her parents would soon be with her.—Good Housekeeping.

The Right Kind of Heroism.

The Hight Kind of Heroism. The 'Historical Records of the Forty-third Light Infantry,' that famous regiment which played a roost important part in English warfare during the last quarter of the eight-centh century and the early part of the nineteenth, contains a stirring incident of prompt action which averted a tragedy. Worn out with a hard march, the brigade under Capt. averted a tragedy. Worn out with a hard march, the brigade under Capt. Lloyd approached the convent at Benevente, where the cavalry and re-serve still remained, hoping for shelter. They were disappointed. The con-vent was occupied by several thou

HANDLING FOREIGN MAILS. tion and the central offices in this SOLDIERS' COLUMN

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<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text> The Vladivostock, a newspaper pub-lished in Eastern Siberia, gives a ter-rible account of the sufferings of the Russian convicts of the penal settle-ments on the island of Saghalien. It says: "A warder named Khanoff and some of his assistants, who at one time ware convicts themselves and had hear



not think that the religion that could dup-ture such a man as that must have some prevent in? He was a logician; he was a metaphysician; he made it tremble. He learned all that he could get in the gene to a higher school and there mastered the Greek and the Hebrew and perfected himsoff in belles lettres, until in after years he astonished the Cretans, and the Coriath-ians; and the Athenias by quotations from their own authors. I have never found any-thing in Carlyle or Goeth or Herbert Speacer that could compare in strength or beauty with Paul's epistles. I do not think there is anything in the writings of Sir William Har-ilton that shows such mental dissipilian as you find in Paul's argument about justifica-tion and the resurrection. I have not found anything in Milton finer in the way of imag-ination than I can find in Paul's likestrations drawn from the amphithear. There was nothing it Nobert Billstrations drawn from the amphithear. The was nothing in Signed a strength or beauty was not heaven by a strength base of the dual was not heaven by a strength or beauty different ages of the work of Christians. Paul that and the heaven by the strength of the brain of the world were opposed to Christian thy. Where Paul leads, we can afford to follow. Tangiato to know that Christ has in the different ages of the world had in His disci-leashing hozart and a Handel in music, a maphel and a Reynolds in painting, an An-geio and a Canova in soulpure, a Tash and a Harky in medici

you stopped talking as though all the brain of the world were opposed to Christianity.
Where Paul leads, we can afford to follow.
Tam glad to know that Christ has in the fidence of the world had in His discipleship a Mozart and a Handel in music, a Raphael and a Reynolds in paintinz, an Anta Handel in music, a farotius and a Washington in statesmanship : a Blackstone, and Harde to the file of the state of the world had the time of the state of the world had the time of the state of the world had the time of the state of the world had the time of the state of the world had the time of the state o

and helped in the execution of that good man. When the rabble wanted to be unimpeded in their work of destroying Stephen and wanted to take off their coats, but did not dare to lay them down lest they be stolen. Paul said, "I'll take care of the coats," and they put them down at the feet of Paul, and he watched the coats, and he watched the horrid mangling of glorious Stephen. Is it a wonder that when he fell from the horse he did not break his neck-that his foot did not eatch somewhere in the trappings of the saddle, and he was not dragged and kicked to death? He deserved to die miserably, wretchedly and forever, notwithstanding all his metaphysics, and his eloquence, and his logic.

his metaphysics, and his eloquence, and his lock. His metaphysics, and his eloquence, and his lock. His true when he said that. And yet the wratee of God saved him, and so it will you. If there is any man In this house who thinks his too bad to be saved and savs. "I have wandered vory griverously from God. I do not believe there is any hope for me," I tell you the story of this man in the text who was brought to Jesus Christ In spite of his sins and opposition. There may be some here who are as stoutly opposed to Christ as Paul was. There may be some here who are cap-iive of their sins as much so as the young man who said in regard to his dissipating habits: "I will keep on with them. I know I am breaking my mother's heart, and I know I am killing myself, and I know that when I die I shall go to hell, but it is now too late to stop."