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**REV. DAVID M'KINNEY,**

into a spiritual world without spirits in it—  
where, blimitable, clear, cold and desolate.  
"Flowers bring you back. You look up, and  
long and sigh." You look down, and smile  
into happiness, again. Again, and again  
you bless them. You talk to them. They  
are many of them your own home familiar  
flowers. With one and another of them,  
friends are associated inseparably. You  
almost hear them speak. There comes over  
you, at times, a feeling as if they were  
dropped there by those whom you love,  
and that in a turn you will surely meet  
those whose signals and souvenirs march  
with you all the day long!"—H. Ward.

**Strange Incongruities.**

BY REV. D. W. OLARK, D. D.

There we, indeed, strange incongruities in the human mind.—In the midst of our worldly joys—when the sky is bright above, and the genial sunshine glows along our pathway—we become oblivious to the fact that any other world exists, save the one we live in. Our world seems all brightness. The smiling and decaying beauties of nature—the type of man's mortal and dying estate—speaks to us in vain. The grassy mounds, where slumber the dead—voiceless monuments of what the living shall ere long be—hardly occasion a ripple on the waves of our thoughts. The living drop from our midst; youth and beauty, health and manhood, wealth and power, sink into the grave. And yet, what impression does it make

able beings—panting for every pleasure as  
before, thirsting for riches and preëmi-  
nence—as if the all-devouring tomb had  
 relinquished its claim upon us forever.  
 We stand as if we had struck down into  
 the earth an imperishable root, and had  
 thrown off the dominion of death. So true  
 is it that  
 "All men think all men mortal but themselves."  
 And then, on the other hand, when afflic-  
 tions come high unto us; when the unerr-  
 ing archer strikes the deadly shaft into the  
 very centre of the home group, and we feel  
 as quivering in our own vitals, when we

the dying convulsions of one dear to our  
 cheeks; when we look upon the sunken  
 cheek; the fading eye, the quivering lips,  
 and he cold death-dew upon the brow, and  
 none witness the quick, unsteady breath-  
 ing, growing fainter and shorter, till  
 the final gasp parts the department of the  
 ethereal spirit from the tenement of clay—  
 and we realize ourselves to be *alone*, with  
 our dead—all life's brightness darkened,  
 all joys withered, its hopes blighted—oh!  
 how apt are we then to feel as though all  
 were over!—and then, when stored in us  
 are all our own sorrows, overwhelmed  
 by our own calamities, we feel, for  
 the moment, as though the reign of death  
 has become local, and that its one work is  
 to *make desolate our once happy home*, "to  
 make waste and desolate our hearts!"

A Test of Character.

The use of money has come in modern  
 society to be a test of character. As men  
 see money, they use everything and every-  
 body. If they are honest and equitable in  
 what they will be honest and equitable in  
 their things. If not, not. The intense  
 and universal pursuit of society, it follows

which they pursue "the main chance," abridges all other feelings and desires: "Even the eternal laws and ordinances of God, which have been established as a bulwark against the mad assaults of human passions, are no barrier to this master passion. It may be that, the test comes in a matter of millions, or of millions; but whenever it comes, and however large or small the transaction is, how few comparatively out of the immense multitude engaged in business can resist their hand on their heart and say, 'I have not overreached or taken advantage. I put a cent into my pocket that was not a cent and a half, and a half more.' Hem for

honesty, that they would no more overreach the Government than their own brother!—or besides the amazing ambition to get rich, another feeling comes 'into play.' To obtain the better of a man in a bargain is accounted smartness. The fillip of a greater intellectual keenness is added to the love of money. There is something peculiarly fascinating in being quicker, earlier, brighter, faster than your neighbor. It is not that you care so much about the "filthy lucre," oh; no, but you are resolved not to be beaten in a trial of wits. Thus it is that false intellectual pride often joins with

But in spite of all solicitations, how  
 precious beyond compare is unswerving  
 brightness.—*Inquirer.*

The Soul Set Free.

Happily is that soul which, freed from its  
 earthly prison, at liberty, seeks the sky  
 which sees thee, its Lord, face to face;  
 which is touched by no fear of death, but  
 rejoices in the incorporation of eternal glo-  
 ry. At rest and secure, it no longer dreads  
 the death and the flesh and the worm. O Lord, it  
 possesses thee, whom it has long sought  
 and always loved. Now it is joined to the  
 company of those who sing to thee praise,  
 and forever it sings, to thy glory the sweet  
 sounds of never-ending blessedness. For  
 as if the fatness of thy house, and the rivers  
 of thy pleasure, thou givest it to drink.  
 And thou shalt and the heavenly citizens,  
 and thou shalt know the fellowship of  
 coming back to thee from the seat of  
 our pilgrims to the joy of beauty,  
 and the loveliness of universal splendor,  
 and the majesty of all grace. There shall  
 be the eyes of thy people see thee face to  
 face; there nothing at all that can trouble  
 the mind is permitted to the eyes. And  
 thou shalt know the fellowship of  
 harmonious instruments! What sweetly  
 flowing chorals! What music arises there  
 without end! There sounds continually  
 the voice of hymns and pleasant chants,  
 which are sung to thy glory by the heav-

of bitterness have no place in thy kingdom, for there is no wicked one, nor is wickedness found therein. There is no adversary nor any deceitfulness of sin. There is no want, no disgrace, no wrangling, no turmoil, no quarrelling, no fear, no disquietude, no punishment, no doubting, no violence, no discord; but there is the

who sit beside some cottage, low grinding  
at the mill; in an old, strong fortalice,  
perched on a rock, whence it looks across  
the brawling torrent to the ruined and roofless  
laid table of a house swept away by moon-  
tain floods.—Jesus found texts. From the  
birds that flung above his head, and the  
lilies that blossomed on his feet, he  
gathered the care of God; from these his text,  
and providence his theme."—*Dr. Guthrie*