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### THE THREE PREACHERS.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

There are three preachers, ever preaching,
Filled with eloquence and power.
One is old, with locks of white,
Skinny as an anchorite,
And he preaches every hour
With a shrill fanatic voice
And a bigot's fiery scorn
'BACKWARD! ye presumptuous nations,
Man to misery is born!
Born to drudge and sweat and suffer—
Born to labor and to pray
BACKWARD! ye presumptuous nations—
Back! be humble and obey!'

The second is a milder preacher;
Soft he talks as if he sung
Sleek and slothful is his look,
And his words, as from a book,
Issue glibly from his tongue
With an air of self content
High he lifts his fair white hands
'STAY ye, STAY ye restless nations,
[illegible]
Fate is law and law is perfect,
[illegible]
Change is rash and ever was so,
We are happy as we are.'

Mightier is the younger preacher;
Genius flashes from his eyes;
And the crowds who hear his voice
Give him, while their souls rejoice,
Throbbing bosoms for replies.
Awed they listen, yet elated,
While his stirring accents fall
'FORWARD! ye deluded nations,
Progress is the rule of all;
Man was made for healthful effort;
Tyranny has crushed him long;
He shall march from good to better,
And do battle with the wrong.

Standing still is childish folly,
Going backward is a crime
[illegible]

# Lost Lina;

—OR,—

## THE BITTER AND THE SWEET.

### A Tale of Two Continents.

BY MRS. NINA LAWSON

CHAPTER X

In [illegible] the unknown left Jonesborough for Springfield about the [illegible] that Noll arrived at his home in Chicago.

After the two [illegible] left the little town, two poor, honest-hearted creatures returned to their lone home. The [illegible] days had passed and they [illegible] again return to their home only to find it still empty [illegible] the light of their old [illegible] had been stolen from them.

[illegible] like the [illegible] that [illegible] had been thrown [illegible] home but to the [illegible] the farmer and wife [illegible] as they had left it.

[illegible] on for them in the [illegible] manner as [illegible] the two or three [illegible].

[illegible] would [illegible] be upon them, [illegible] think of their great loss [illegible] would fill their dull sunken eyes while [illegible] sigh would escape their lips.

Christmas that year would not be the merry Christmas of the past for them and what would it be for their lost darling? Altogether different from [illegible] had ever spent before.

In the afternoon of the same day that the unknown left Jonesborough he arrived safely in Springfield. His luggage was soon comfortably lodged in one of the best hotel.

That night a message was sent over the wires to a certain party at Leadville, Colorado.

The Leadville party was a leader of a desperate band of thieves that secreted themselves among the mountains waiting for a chance to rob some poor honest fellow of his hard earned money.

The telegram ran thus

Geo. Hatchinson, Leadville, Colorado
Meet me at [illegible] Nebraska on the 20th [illegible] T. T. I.
[illegible] Nov. 3 1875.

* * * *

As Noll's carriage dashed up to his front gate he glanced up at Lenora's windows.

The curtains were drawn and no one was to be seen about the house.

"My beautiful bird has escaped again?"

He was so anxious and agitated that he scarcely knew what he was doing, but he soon found himself in the library ringing for a servant.

"Ah! I must calm myself a little for I do not want any of the servants to suspect there is anything wrong."

"Oh! you here so soon, master? I was afraid you would be kept away so long as you usually are. Something wanting?"

"No, nothing in particular. I only wanted to know how your mistress is feeling and how Madam Grimdam is."

"They seem to be enjoying themselves, for they are now in the dining-hall at luncheon."

"Very well, that will do, you may go now and see that my lunch is ready in thirty minutes. Remember, and be off with you now."

The servant, Henry returned to the dining-hall and reported that his master had just returned.

Lenora's knife and fork dropped to her plate with a loud ring, and Gertana looked up with a somewhat surprised look

Both ladies gazed at each other for a moment, when Gertana, as if she could read Lenora's thoughts, said:

"Do not be surprised nor afraid, nor heed what he may say to you. He shall not injure you in any way, if I can prevent it. You remain here, and I will slip to the library door, hide behind the curtains, and see what I can discover."

In an instant Gertana was behind the curtain where she had hid one night nearly six months ago when Lenora had so bravely defended herself

The anxious spy stood for a few moments, peeping breathlessly through a small space between the curtains

She could plainly see Sylvester's face and read from the expression his almost every thought

A look of triumph rested in his expressive dark eyes. Gertana knew that some long sought victory had been won. She then and there mentally decided to solve the mystery if possible which she was now convinced, surrounded the beautiful little prisoner.

She waited there a few moments in breathless silence when thanks to the bright sunshine in the room she saw Noll hastily take from a deep inside pocket a large roll of old yellow papers and lock them in a drawer of his desk.

Gertana was the flushed with the thought of her great discovery

"Oh gracious heaven! You this day have provided me with more means to have revenge upon that heartless man. Some unaccountable power tells me those papers are in some way connected with Lenora.

"Ah! I shall know the contents of those papers before they leave this house. I have vowed to protect Lenora from this pitiless soul-persecutor. And now Sylvester Noll beware, you have crushed my spirit of love and turned it to bitter hatred."

[illegible] his [illegible] other card with [illegible] hands to tower [illegible] you villain [illegible]

She [illegible] to [illegible] dining-hall [illegible] Lenora

"[illegible] all [illegible] Noll [illegible] Gertana? I was [illegible] that it was [illegible]"

"[illegible]"

"Oh [illegible] I [illegible] wish [illegible] to get [illegible] Now [illegible] I shall [illegible]"

"Oh, the [illegible] of it all! Death would be more welcome than he!"

"Well Lenora I would not pay much attention to him for he certainly is not worthy it"

The beautiful prisoner looked up, rather surprised, into Gertana's face. This was the first time she had ever said anything for or against Noll

The sad little heart now leaped with joy as she realized that her friend was no friend of her enemy

"I [illegible] it and [illegible] suggest that his presence is so hateful to me. I wish I could get away again and rather than he should recapture me I would throw myself in that muddy river or the lake."

Gertana shuddered at the thought of what might happen should Lenora escape again

It must not be. Should she escape again Sylvester would dive to the bottom of the lake in order to find her, if he thought she were there, and she knows he would follow her, and in order to get away from him I believe she would do as she says.

Oh! It must not be. Merciful Heaven, deal justice before such a horrible catastrophe should happen!

"No, Lenora, I would not advise you to do that. It would be certain death and you, who are so young and fair, there must be some happiness in this world."

Death, death welcome [illegible] any thing rather than his hateful presence

Her [illegible] was pinched and pale with pain at the thought of her foe so near

Just then the door opened and Noll entered

"Ah ladies I see you are surprised to see me back so soon—but the fact is, I could not remain away longer from such good society

"Ha, ha! You're looking lovely to-day, my beauty; your sickness only seems to have increased your beauty. Well in fact it seems that neither of you grieve very much over my absence, for you both are decidedly improved."

Lenora was, indeed exceedingly attractive just at that moment for her proud handsome face was slightly flushed with anger at the words Noll had said

She simply greeted him with a "Good afternoon Mr Noll" in a very cold unfriendly manner and did not say another word during the luncheon Gertana and Sylvester talked a little upon indifferent subjects. As they left the hall Noll said

"Ladies can't we have a little music My ears tingle for a song or two"

"Of course if you desire it," replied Gertana but Lenora made no reply and only followed them into the parlor Gertana took her place at the piano but the little beauty did not take her place by the side of her friend and sing the sweet, pathetic songs as she did in Noll's absence

"Won't you relieve me Lenora?"

"Thanks, Gertana I am not feeling very well to-day. Please excuse me."

"All right. I know you are not very strong yet."

Noll then suggested a game of croquet, to which both beauties mechanically consented

The day was exceedingly fine, and Lenora enjoyed the game more than she had anticipated

It was the first time she had been out any length of time, and the fresh air and exercise made her feel better than she had for months.

The game lasted some time; finally they returned to the house, but Noll reluctantly went in, for the very sight of Lenora's fair face was sunshine to him

The trio were seated in the large, beautiful, airy drawing-room. Lenora pleaded weariness and soon retired to her room, not to come down any more that day

"Sylvester, I suppose you have some letters to write and business to attend to. I will not intrude on your precious time any longer." And the beautiful Italian left the drawing-room to enter her own, but not to remain there.

Noll then went to the library, and was reading over the different letters that had been delivered in his absence. Among them was one of considerable importance to him

"Ah, confound the business! Just my blasted luck! I thought that I had everything fixed, so that I would not be compelled to leave the city until I was ready to go to Springfield, and then you may be assured I shan't remain a moment longer than is positively necessary. My! but won't I be a lucky dog if that girl will relent and marry me, without any more trouble. She was more civil to-day than I ever saw her before, by Jove! That Gertana is having an influence over her, in my behalf."

The poor, blind fool in his greedy joy, sprang from his chair and began pacing up and down the room, little suspecting that his supposed well wisher, Gertana was just outside of the room, peeping in at him, between the heavy curtains, divining his almost every thought and noting his every movement. Had he been so fortunate to have discovered this fair eavesdropper his chagrin would have been considerable, but fate ordered different

Gertana stood there, undiscovered, for two long hours determined in her iron will to discover all concerning Noll's future movements that was possible

Suddenly he seemed to awaken from his pleasing dream, and returning to his desk he took up the unwelcome yet welcome letter to reread which ran as follows

MILWAUKEE WIS. NOV. 1 1875.
[illegible] S. E. N., Chicago, Ill
Need your assistance here on important business. Close case. Come immediately.
T. B. A.

This letter was folded and laid away. He then read the rest that were lying on his desk and then did some writing which occupied about an hour. Gertana still remained silent behind the curtains mentally noting all she saw. Noll then took from his vest pocket a small key and opened the drawer that contained the mysterious papers

Without the least suspicion of a keen eye behind the curtain he carefully took the seals and began to read while his eyes were devouring the wonderful secret two great dark bright eyes peering through the space between them and the papers were also eagerly scanning the page. Though unable to read them word by word, Gertana was able to see sufficiently to understand partly what they were

"Ah! Sylvester Noll I fancy I am now beginning to see through this strange mystery!

"If I am not much mistaken those papers are Lenora's, and that they mean much to you, a purse providing [illegible] providing that she becomes your wife

"Ah! now I have it. Am I much mistaken, you heartless persecutor? And more than that, I wager my last cent that that innocent unsuspecting girl is not aware of the existence of such papers.

"No wonder that she instinctively shrinks from so contemptible a person as you. No you shall not harm her in that manner. Those papers shall be given to her Lenora Churchill Lina Rice, or whatever her name may be. I believe she is the proper person to possess them and she shall have them, if it costs me my life."

Gertana then disappeared up the long stairway to her own room, where she remained in deep thought for some time

"There is the dinner bell Nisson, be quick and dress me for I want to see Miss Lenora a few moments before dinner."

In a very short time Gertana appeared in the drawing-room, with a lovely close fitting evening dress. She was looking radiant and very beautiful while her great dark eyes sparkled with the fire of triumph. Her dress was a rich sea-green silk beautifully trimmed with costly beads and silk ornaments. It was low, square cut, with fine white fluffy lace, flowing, zigzag overdress, and the throat bare. A diamond cross rested on her marble-like bosom, now rising, now falling the cross was fastened by a fine gold chain about the throat. In her hair were carelessly placed a few white rosebuds

To the lady's chagrin, Lenora was not in the drawing-room and, in fact, she had not left her own room. Gertana then started to go there, but as she neared the front parlor she heard male voices.

To her great surprise Sylvester and two of his city friends, Colonel Mull and Captain Hates, both members of the best society, were seated in the parlor, gayly chatting upon society topics. By means of stratagem Noll had succeeded in working his way into the best and wealthiest circles of the city

To the world Gertana was his half-sister and an heiress.

Noll was possessor of considerable lands in the Southwest but, because of a peculiar attachment for the North, he remained there in preference to the hot South

Lenora was a cousin of theirs, also a great heiress who had come to pay them a long visit

No one as yet had seen this cousin, because unfortunately, on her arrival in the city she was suddenly taken ill, consequently there had been no parties or receptions at the "Noll Cottage."

But, now, they were planning a fine reception or party to introduce this fair cousin into society. This dinner party was the subject under discussion when Gertana entered the parlor on her way to Lenora's room.

"Good-evening, Gertana, you see, I have given you a little surprise—not intentionally, in fact, for I intended to tell you that our friends were coming to dinner, but forgot it."

"Good-evening, gentlemen, I am very agreeably surprised. A treat of this kind is very acceptable; as it is, I am much better pleased than if I had been expecting you, and then been disappointed by your non-appearance."

After a few minutes' conversation, Gertana left the parlor and went to Lenora's room

"Your sister looks beautiful to-night, Colonel."

"Thanks, gentlemen," replied Noll.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## REV. DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

### SINKING TO THE LEVEL OF BRUTES

The Sermon as Delivered by the Brooklyn Divine.

TEXT: *"All this came upon the King Nebuchadnezzar."*—Daniel iv., 28.

Colonel Rawlinson, the oriental traveler, says that the exhumed bricks, not only of Babylon, but of a hundred towns in an area of one hundred miles in length and thirty in breadth, are inscribed with the name of Nebuchadnezzar. He was a great warrior and at the glance of his sword nations prostrated themselves. He was a great king and built a city reservoir ninety miles in circumference and one hundred and twenty feet deep, and constructed a hanging garden four hundred feet square and seventy-five feet high, some say to please Amuhia, his wife, who had been born among the hills, and others say to get a pleasure ground free from the mosquitoes, which afflict the levels.

I think from his character the latter reason may have impelled him as much as the former. When he conquered King Zedekiah, so as to have no more trouble with him, he put his eyes out—a most barbarous way of incapacitating an enemy. But Babylon was a great place, the houses surrounded by gardens and the housetops were connected with each other by bridges, and one day Nebuchadnezzar walked out on those suspension bridges and showed, perhaps to a royal visitor, the vastness of his realm as the sun kindles the domes with glistenings almost insufferable and the great streets thunder up their pomp into the ear of the monarch, and armed towers stand around adorned with spoils of conquered empires.

Nebuchadnezzar waves his hand above the stupendous scene and exclaims, "Is not this great Babylon that I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of my power and for the honor of my majesty?" In other words. "What a great man I am. Babylon was not anything until I adorned it. See those water works, see those gardens, see those forts. I did all this. I shall never be forgotten. Why, my name is on every brick in all those walls. Just look at me. I am more than a man."

But in an instant all that splendor is gone from his vision, for a voice falls from heaven, saying, "O King Nebuchadnezzar, to thee it is spoken: the kingdom is departed from thee, and they shall drive thee from men and thy dwelling shall be with the beasts of the fields, they shall make thee to eat grass as oxen, and seven times shall pass over thee, until thou know that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men and giveth it to whomsoever He will."

One hour from the time he had made the boast he is on his way to the fields a maniac, and rushing into the forests he becomes as one of the beasts, and is after awhile covered with eagles' feathers for protection from the cold, and his nails grow to look like birds claws, in order that he may dig the earth for roots and climb the trees for nuts.

The mental disaster that seized him was what the Greeks called lycanthropy, by which a man imagines himself a beast and prefers to go out and mingle with brutes. He who had been eating pomegranates and apricots off of plates of gold inlaid with amethyst and diamond, and drinking the richest wines from the royal vats, now browsing on grass, and struck by the horn of the ox as he contends for a better tuft of the pasturage, and instead of an orchestra on benches of ivory playing the national airs, now listening to the moan and bellow and grunt of the beasts. This is not hard for me to believe, for the forms of dementia are innumerable.

A few years ago, arriving in a city on a summer afternoon, while waiting for my engagement in the evening I sauntered forth into what seemed to be a park in front of a large public building, the use of which I knew not. I met a gentleman, with whom I fell into delightful conversation, and he seemed intelligent on all subjects. After awhile I said, "Let us sit down on this bench and rest awhile and enjoy the scene of verdure and fountains." "No," said he. "You sit down, but I cannot. I am made of glass, and if I should sit down I would break to pieces." Then I saw that he was insane and belonged to the large building just behind us.

After such an interview as that I can easily believe this account of my text. Here is Nebuchadnezzar on all fours. He once prided himself on being more than a man, and now he turns out less than a man. The courtiers look out of the windows upon him as he moves among the royal herds and cry, 'A beast!' Seven years pass when suddenly his reason returns and he comes back to Babylon a humble worshiper of the God of heaven.

What must have been the excitement in the royal court as this restored maniac emperor walks into the palace. What a time they had in cutting his nails and his hair, which had grown for seven years without being interfered with by any shears. What a scrubbing down must have taken place in the imperial baths. What a transformation necessary in order that he who had been herding with camels and goats and swine may be made fit to associate with princes. What a change from sty to throne room!

While walking from his Babylonian palace down to the pasture field, and from the pasture field back to the palace, the first thing that impresses me is what an incongruous thing it is for a king to be eating grass. It is good for cattle, but not fit for man. And then for one to prefer it to a royal table toward whose bounty the orchards and paddocks and streams and vineyards in all the earth might contribute—what an amazement! And yet the scene is as common as the daylight.

When I see a man of regal nature, made to rule in realms of thought, capable of all moral elevation, bestowing his faculties, attempting out of low sensualities to satisfy his immortal energies, coming down off of his throne of power into brutalities, sacrificing his higher nature to his lower nature, stooping and stooping, coming down and coming down until all his influence for good is gone, I cry out, "There is a king eating grass like an ox."

And there are tens of thousands of such Nebuchadnezzars. So there are queens who dedicate themselves to the same humiliation. What power for good God gave that woman. Magnetism of personal presence. Influence more than imperial. By her intelligence, by her tenderness, by her charm of smile and manner, capable of soothing so much sorrow, and reforming so much waywardness, and wielding so much elevated power; yet at the call of worldliness, coming out of the throne room of good influence where God would have her reign, coming down over the ivory stairs of mortal power, coming down and coming down until she has no more soul than the dead bird transfixed in her millinery or the chinchilla that was slain to afford her warmth, or the kid that furnished her the glove, and finding her only delight in flatteries of brainless men and midnight schottische and debauched novelettes. I say, "There is one who might have been a queen unto God forever, yet eating straw like an ox."

I look over the pasture fields of folly and sin and find many groveling who ought to be erect. Oh, men and women, go back to your thrones! A young man ran away from home and broke his widowed mother's heart. Fourteen years passed, and he returned and came to the window at which his old mother was sitting. She looked up and immediately recognized him and said: "Oh, Robert, Robert! Come in!" "No!" said he. "Mother, I shall never come in till I hear you say you forgive me." Her answer was: 'Robert, I have forgiven you long ago. There is nothing to forgive now except that you stayed away so long."

My hearers, forgiveness has been ready for you a good while. With more than a mother's tenderness God will take you back. They are waiting for you up in the palace. Nebuchadnezzar was the son of Nabopolassar, who ruled before him, and you are the child of a King!

The next thought that passes into my mind from the contemplation of this incident is that conviction is not conversion. Who is this monarch that makes the boast about Babylon? The very man who, under the revelation of dreams that Daniel made from heaven, deeply humbled himself, while he confessed that God is a God of Gods and a Lord of Lords, yet behold that that humbling and arousing which he before felt did not result in a radical change.

There is no mistake more frequent than of supposing conviction a synonym for conversion. Conviction is merely a sight of sin; conversion is a view of pardon. Conviction is merely alarm; conversion is confidence. Conviction is dissatisfaction with depravity; conversion is a turning away from it. Conviction is a sword wound, conversion is the healing. Conviction is the fever of thirst; conversion is the slaking of that thirst. Conviction is the pain, conversion is the medicine that cures it. Thousands have experienced the former and never experienced the latter

There are multitudes who think that as soon as a man is serious he is fit for profession of religion. What if a man should only think seriously of being a merchant; would that make him a merchant? What if a man should only think seriously of being a lawyer; would that make him a lawyer? What if a man should only think seriously of being a Christian; would that make him a Christian? Felix was convicted but not converted. The jailer was convicted before he got out of bed, but not converted till at the advice of Paul he believed in Christ. Are you convicted but not converted?

I tell you what you make me think of. You have made up your mind for proper consideration to deed away a property. You have drawn the deed. The seal is affixed opposite where you are to write your name. The commissioner of deeds is present to witness. You have your pen in hand. There is ink in the pen. There is only one thing for you to do, and that is to sign your name. Suppose you stop now without signing your name, what does it all amount to? Nothing.

So you have resolved to give yourself up to God. You propose to sign off to Him your body, your mind, your soul. You have all things necessary for the transfer. The angels of God are here to witness the eternal transfer. Why do you not now with your will complete the work? Halt where you are and all goes for nothing. Sign your name to this spiritual transfer

Professor Arago, the mathematician, got woefully discouraged in his work and was about to give it up, when he saw some words on the paper which had been used to stiffen the cover of his book, and the words being indistinct he dampened the cover until he could take it off and see the words plainly and he found they were words of advice given by D'Alembert to a student, and the words were, "Go on, sir; go on!" O ye who are convicted, "Go on!" You must take one more step or all the steps you have taken will amount to nothing. Go on!

Again learn from the misfortune of the king of Babylon what a terrible thing is the loss of reason. There is no calamity that can possibly befall us in this world so great as the derangement of intellect—to have the body of a man and yet to fall even below the instinct of a brute. In this world of sad sights the saddest is the idiot's stare. In this world of awful sounds the most awful is the maniac's laugh. A vessel on the rocks, when hundreds go down never to rise, and other hundreds drag their mangled and shivering bodies up the wintry beach, is nothing compared to the foundering of intellects full of vast hopes and attainments and capacities. Christ's heart went out to those who were epileptic, falling into the fire, or maniacs cutting themselves among the tombs.

We are accustomed to be more grateful for physical health than for the proper working of our mind. We are apt to take it for granted that the intellect which has served us so well will always be faithful. We forget that an engine with such tremendous power, when the wheels have such vastness of circle and such swiftness of motion and the least impediment might put it out of gear, could only be kept in proper balance by a divine hand. No human power could engineer this train of immortal faculties.

How strange it is that our memory, on whose shoulders all the successes and misfortunes and occurrences of a lifetime are placed, should not oftener break down, and that the scales of judgment, which have been weighing so much and so long, should not lose their adjustment, and that fancy, which holds a dangerous wand, should not sometimes maliciously wave it, bringing into the heart forebodings and hallucinations the most appalling. It is not strange that the expectations of this intellect should not be dashed to pieces on its disappointments?

Though so delicately attuned, this instrument of untold harmonies plays on, though fear shocks it, and vexations rack it, and sorrow and joy and loss and gain in quick succession beat out of it their dirge or draw from it their anthem. At morning and at night, when in your prayer you rehearse the objects of your thanksgiving, next to your salvation by Jesus Christ, praise the Lord for the preservation of your reason

How many fine intellects are being destroyed by anodynes and anæsthetics, which were given by Providence for occasional use in alleviation of pain or insomnia, but by being employed continuously after awhile capture and destroy. Chloral, cocoaine, bromide of potassium, opium and whole shelves of seductive etceteras that help turn Nebuchadnezzars into imbecility into madness. Do not trifle with opiates that benumb the brain. If you cannot live without the perpetual and enslaving use of them, you had better die. Better die a sane man than live a fool. What right have you to kill your brain and put in wild jangle your nervous system? But rum is the cause of more insanity than anything else. There is nothing like rum to put a man, like Nebuchadnezzar, down on all fours.

Again, learn how quickly turns the wheel of fortune, from how high up to how far down went Nebuchadnezzar. Those now in places of position and power, even though they should live, will in a few years be disregarded, while some, who this day are obscure and poverty stricken, will ride up on the shoulders of the people to take their turn at admiration and the spoils of office. Oh, how quickly the wheel turns! Ballot boxes are the steps on which men come down as often as they go up. Of those who were a few years ago successful in the accumulation of property how few have not met with reverses of fortune, while many of those who then were straitened in circumstances now hold the bonds and the bank keys of the nation and win the most bows on the exchange.

Of all fickle people in the world Fortune is the most fickle. Every day she changes her mind, and woe to that man who puts any confidence in what she promises or proposes. She cheers when you go up and laughs when you come down. Oh, trust not a moment your heart's affections to this changeable world. Anchor your soul in God. From Christ's love gather your joy. Then come sorrow or gladness, success or defeat, riches or poverty, honor or disgrace, health or sickness, life or death, time or eternity, all are yours and we are Christ's and Christ is God's.

Learn also from my subject the comforting truth that afflictions are arrested as soon as they have accomplished their mission. For seven years did Nebuchadnezzar dwell among the beasts of the field, but at the expiration of that time his reason returned, and as soon as with proper humility he acknowledged the God of heaven he was brought back to his palace and reinstated in his former affluence and power. Now it does seem that when heavy trials come upon us it is as though they had no limit. We exclaim, "All thy waves and thy billows have gone over me," but forget that the depth of that sea and the power of that billow are definitely determined.

God sees how much our pride is and He sends just enough adversity to humble it. He sees just how worldly minded we are and pulls us just hard enough to detach us from our follies. He sees how hard our heart it and smites just hard enough to break it. He sees how our eyes have been blinded and He cuts only just enough to remove the scales from our spiritual vision. As soon as Abraham's faith is sufficiently tried the lamb is provided. As soon as Pharaoh consents to let the children of Israel depart the plague pauses. As soon as the Israelites have been sufficiently disciplined by their wanderings they find their way into Canaan. But to some the limit is not set in this life. Their whole pilgrimage is through the wilderness and the world is to them a valley of tears.

But perhaps God has a special throne in heaven that no ordinary saint can occupy, and by extraordinary trials He has prepared that Christian soul for extraordinary glory. God will not keep you in the furnace one moment too long. Just as soon as Paul had met with enough imprisonment and scourgings he reached up and plucked his eternal crown. God will keep us no longer under the hammer and on the stocks than is necessary to fit us for entrance into the haven of eternal rest. Glory be to the divine grace that, as soon as our afflictions have accomplished their mission, they are arrested.

The defeats and sorrows of life have sometimes been the greatest advantage. It was because Dante failed as a statesman that he gave up politics and wrote his immortal "Divinia Commedia." It was a violent thunderstorm that first set Martin Luther seriously thinking, and the thunder of this world's disaster has started a reformation. James Y. Simpson went from a surgeon's operating table to experiment and see if he could not find something that would alleviate human pain, and he kept on until he had discovered chloroform as an anæsthetic, and the story of distress has almost always been followed by the story of rescue.

For many years after Shakespeare's death his work was so little appreciated that in 1666 there was only one edition of his works, and that of only three hundred copies, in existence, and that edition was nearly all burned in the great London fire. But forty-eight copies had been sold out of the city, and those forty-eight copies saved Shakespeare for all nations and all time. Your suppression on a smaller scale may last a good while, but for all you are worth you will yet shine out on earth or in heaven

Again, learn from my subject that connected with the most distressing judgments of God there are displays of divine mercy. God might justly have left Nebuchadnezzar in the field, but infinite compassion brought him back to the palace. No sooner was Eden blasted than a blessing followed on the heels of the curse promising the coming of One who would destroy sin and make the whole world a paradise. The deluge descends, but not until Noah had invited the people into the ark. The destroying angel comes upon Egypt for the smiting of the first born, but left unmolested every house whose door was sprinkled with the blood of sacrifice.

Fiery tempests bear down upon Sodom, but not until two angels have warned Lot and his family to flee from the destruction. Jerusalem was utterly destroyed, but not until Jeremiah had sounded an alarm, bidding them turn from their abominations. On the darkest cloud of wrath their is a rainbow of mercy. Zechariah in his prophetic vision beheld four chariots, symbolical of God's government.

The first chariot was drawn by red horses. They indicated the wars that were coming. The second chariot was drawn by black horses. They indicated the coming of a famine and pestilence. The third chariot was drawn by white horses. They indicated the spotless purity of His conquests. But, mark well that the fourth chariot was drawn by horses "grisled and bay," denoting that mercy was mixed with all the desolating judgments of God. Sinai cannot thunder so loud as to drown the invitations of Calvary. The Lord utters the admonition, "The wages of sin is death," but exhaustless mercy responds, "Deliver him from going down to the pit, for I have found a ransom."

Hide Thee quick in the rock, Christ Jesus. Let not this insignificant "Now" absorb Thee more than the great hereafter. The path leading to this side of the grave is only a few furlongs, but the path which commences at the other side of it is without end. The powers of darkness gather about your soul, and the temptations of an evil heart and the allurements of the world I know are trying to drown the voice of the preacher, but taking hold of the silver trumpet of the Gospel which made Felix tremble, and at the Pentecost brought three thousand souls out of their sepulcher, I would blow one long, loud blast, crying, "Whosoever will, let him come."

Take this goodly religion which has done so much for me that I can commend it to all. Without it I should have gone the whole downward career. Stolid and phlegmatic natures going astray do not go so far, but natures like mine, sanguine, intense, emotional, optimistic, social to the last degree and echoing to all the heights and depths of mirth, if they get off the track they go with one wild leap to hell. As to the restraining power of this religion upon a mercurial temperament, I testify. This is not abstraction or something gotten from books. I speak of what I know. Go out and ask all who have tried this religion and ask them how it works.

Three young men in a factory came out on the Lord's side, but two of them, overcome by the jeers of their comrades, went back and joined the scoffers. The one held on to his Christian hope, and one day when they pressed him hard and were telling how much infidelity had done for the world, and that Cristianity had done nothing, the persecuted Christian turned upon them, and pointing to Henry and George, who had for a little while followed Christ and then turned back, he said,

"You have tried your principles on them and know what they have done for them. When they tried to serve Christ they were civil, good tempered, kind husbands and fathers. They were cheerful, industrious and ready to oblige. What have you made them? Look and see. They are cast down and cross, their mouths are full of cursing and filthiness, they are drunk every week; their children half clothed, their wives broken hearted, their homes wretched. That is what your principles have done. Now I have tried Christ and His religion and what has it done for me? You know well what I used to be. There was none of you that could drink so much, swear so desperately and fight so masterly. I had no money and nobody would trust me. My wife was ill used, I was ill humored, hateful and hating. What has religion done for me? Thank God, I am not afraid to put it to you. Am I not a happier man than I was? Am I not a better workman and a kinder companion? Would I once have put up with what I now bear from you? I could beat any of you as easily now as ever. Why don't I? Do you ever hear a foul word from my mouth? Do you catch me at a public house? Has anybody a score against me? Go and ask my neighbors if I am not altered for the better. Go and ask my wife. Let my house bear witness. God be praised, here is what Christianity has done for me, there is what infidelity has done for Henry and George."

Out of this audience I could gather a thousand men and women who could tell you as thrilling a story as that as to what religion has done for them. Yea, if times of persecution should come as of old, and they may come, they are a thousand here who would for Christ's sake as cheerfully walk into the furnace of fire as though it were an arbor of thyme and honeysuckle, and face the lions as though they were lambs of frisking of the hillside, and wade down into the deep waters which are to submerge them as happily as ever at Narragansett beach they took the surf at a summer bathing.

Come up and join those on the way to a palace. What an absurd thing for a king to be eating grass. Instead of living on the poor fodder that the world affords come and sit among the princes of God at the royal banquet and hear the bands play: "Eat, O Friends! Drink, O Beloved!" Here is a crown, wear it. Here is a scepter, sway it. Here is a throne, mount it. This is your hour, improve it.

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THURSDAY, June 2d, is the day fixed for the dedication of the High Water Mark Monument at Gettysburg. The President and members of his Cabinet have accepted an invitation to be present, and the Governors of all States that have contributed to mark the field, veterans of the Army of the Potomac, State monument committees, members of Congress and others of distinction will be invited

## SUNDAY SCHOOL

### LESSON FOR SUNDAY, FEB. 21ST

Jehaiakim's Wickedness, Jeremiah xxxvi, 19-31 Commentary.

19. "Then said the princes unto Baruch, Go hide thee, thou and Jeremiah, and let no man know where ye be." Baruch was Jeremiah's scribe, and had just been reading in the ears of the people, in the Lord's house, upon the fasting day, the words of the Lord, which he had written from the mouth of Jeremiah (verses 6, 8). The Lord gave these words to Jeremiah in the hope that the people might turn and be forgiven (verses 3, 7), for He is ever seeking to save. Baruch having read to the people is sent for to read the words to the princes, which, having heard, they are afraid, inquire further, and then give counsel as in this verse, being friendly to the prophet.

20. "And they went into the king and told all the words in the ears of the king." Jehoiakim was the son of Josiah the good king, but was very different from his father. He was preceded by his brother Jehoahaz, who reigned only three months, and was then carried captive into Egypt (II Chron. xxxvi., 1-5)

21. "So the king sent Jehudi to fetch the roll, and Jehudi read it in the ears of the king, and in the ears of all the princes." This is the will of God, that kings, princes and people in all the world should hear His word. This is the responsibility of all who have the word that they should give it or read it to others, and if we are only willing He will set before us open doors. All results are with Him. He will see to it.

22. Now the king sat in the winter house in the ninth month, and there was a fire on the hearth burning before him. Winter and summer houses, and houses of ivory are spoken of to indicate the luxury and self indulgence of the people (Amos iii., 15). If the fasting day of verse 6 was the fast of atonement, in the seventh month (Lev xvi., 29), then some little time (over a month) elapsed between Baruch's first reading and this reading before the king

23. He cut it with the penknife and cast it into the fire that was on the hearth, until all the roll was consumed in the fire that was on the hearth. This was his treatment of the word of the God of Israel upon whose throne he sat (I Chron., xxix., 23) and whose representative he ought to have been. Contrast his father's treatment of the word of God (II Kings, xxii, 11). And Jehoiakim did not do worse than the professors and preachers of our day who in the name of "higher criticism," or "science," or something else, penknife the Bible, cutting out what they please refusing us anything supernatural, and assuring us that even Jesus Christ was not an infallible authority in all things. All such had better heed Isa., viii, 20, R V

24. Yet they were not afraid, nor rent their garments." And no more are these unbelieving critics of our times, who are thus hastening on to their own destruction and leading multitudes with them.

25. Nevertheless Elnathan made intercession to the king that he would not burn the roll, but he would not hear them." If any one will not receive the truth God will let them believe a lie (II Thess. ii., 10-12), but fearful will be the result (chapter xlii., 15-17). Elnathan and the others did well to plead for the word, even though they pleaded in vain. God will not forget it

26. But the king commanded to take Baruch the scribe, and Jeremiah, the prophet but the Lord hid them." Not only did he not fear to destroy the Word of the Lord, but he feared not to kill His servants, also if he could lay hands on them. Rebellion fearfully hardens heart. How safe are those whom God hides. see how securely He hid Elijah I Kings xviii., 10). Compare Ps xxvii 5, xxxii., 7, and give good heed to Zeph. ii., 3, Luke xxi., 36 that you may rejoice in Col. iii 3.

27. Then the word of the Lord came to Jeremiah after that the king had burned the roll. The Lord had seen it all and observed it. He had now more work for Jeremiah and knew just where to find him. The prophet had only to hold himself ready for anything that Jehovah might require, either to appear or to be hidden, to speak or to be quiet, to do or to suffer

28. "Take thee again another roll, and write it in all the former words that were in the first roll." In verse 32 it is said that many more words were added. It is impossible to destroy the word of God. All efforts to do so have only increased the number of copies. The Bible has been compared to a man who has been shot and hung and drowned and burned in the fire and scattered to the winds, and yet in some wonderful way is more alive than ever

29. "Thus saith the Lord, Thou hast burned this roll, saying, Why hast thou written therein, saying." The king hated the book because it told of a coming judgment, so the Bible is now hated by many because it tells of a lake of fire for the ungodly, and of everlasting punishment, and of coming judgments. But though many may penknife these things out of their Bibles, and hate those who preach them, yet the facts stand.

31, 32. "Therefore thus saith the Lord of Jehoiakim, king of Judah, I will punish him, and his seed, and his servants, for their iniquity, but they hearkened not." His miserable death and wretched treatment of his body, with evils upon his seed and kingdom are here foretold, and all came to pass. The beliver not only has a redeemed soul now, but will have a renewed body, too, just like the body of his Lord, and shall sit with Him on His throne, and no evil can befall him (I John iii., 2, 3, Phil. iii., 20, 21; Rev. iii., 21, Ps. xci., 9, 10). But the prospect before the unbeliever is as indescribably awful as the other is glorious. (See I Thess. i., 7-10, Math xxv., 41, Rev. xiv., 9, 11.) God has provided salvation for all and is not willing that any should perish, but how shall any escape who neglect so great a salvation? And what a fearful responsibility rests upon all who in any way add to or diminish the word of God (Rev. xxii., 18, 19; Deut. iv., 2, xii., 32, Prov xxx., 6). With many today the whole book of Revelation is completely set aside, and preachers tell their hearers not to read it, whereas in this book all the other books of the Bible end and meet, and in it is the consummation of all previous prophecy. It is the only book of all the sixty-six that contains a special blessing upon reader and hearer (Rev. i., 3). I myself have heard one of the most popular preachers and Bible teachers of to-day say that he would not think of taking a text from either Daniel or Revelation if he could help it. I do not wonder that the same man said that the Jews were no more to God than the Indians of our country. What difference is there between such a man and the king of Judah who cut and burned the word of God? Is not this man the worst of the two.—Lesson Helper.

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A gang of strikers in Queensland insisted on a hotel keeper discharging his Chinese cook, who was excellent. When he was turned out the local police engaged him. The leading striker was soon arrested for sedition, and the first thing he was set to work at in the prison was choppiing wood for the Chinese cook.

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One of the most successful ranchers in the West is a young widow, slight in stature, refined in manner and fair of face. She is also a clever conversationalist, intellectual in her tastes and very fond of painting, to which she devotes the leasure she can secure after attending to the large estate she manages entirely herself.

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There is no use in turning over a new leaf unless you have something sensible to write on the page.—Puck.