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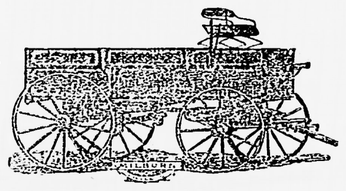

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OPPORTUNITY.

The key of yesterday
I threw away.
And now, too late,
Before to-morrow's close locked gate
Helpless I stand—In vain to pray!
In vain to sorrow!
Only the key of yesterday
Unlocks to-morrow!

—Priscilla Leonard, in the Outlook.

A ROAD RACE.

BY LUKE SHARP.

It was generally called old Scudamore, but the adjective was put there not on account of his advanced years, but probably because his temper was so bad. It was true that Scudamore had a daughter nineteen years of age, but a man may still be in the prime of life and possess such a luxury.

Old Scudamore made things lively wherever he was, and the people of his neighborhood were usually afraid of him. When the bicycle came to its present state of perfection, pneumatic tires, and all the rest of it, Old Scudamore invested in one. He soon became as fleet a wheelman as any man of his age. It was said that Old Scudamore did not ride the bicycle for the pleasure of it, but merely because the machine allowed him to get over his estate swiftly and silently. Silence and speed were said to be the great attraction the bicycle had for Scudamore, because he could drop down suddenly upon any group of workmen on his place and find instantly whether they were attending to the business he paid them for, or whether they were "soldiering." A horse usually gave notice of its approach, while a bicycle did not. Scudamore's speed on his wheel soon resulted in an abbreviation of his name, and they called him "Old Scud," or sometimes "The Flying Scud."

Perhaps Scudamore's greatest triumph on his bicycle was his discovery of the lovers. He had taken a secluded path which ran through his estate. It was bordered on each side by trees which effectually screened the footway from all observation. He took this unaccustomed route, though the cycling was none to good on it, so that he might be more certain of coming unawares upon a group of laborers who were working at a drain beyond the further end of the path. As he came to a turn in the foot-way he was surprised to see ahead of him two young persons walking together—young persons of opposite sex. As he approached silently, he was amazed to find one of them was his own daughter, and the other the impecunious young cashier of the County Bank. He remembered that Wednesday afternoon was a half holiday at the bank, and thus the young fellow had had an opportunity of quitting the counting of cash, that was not his own, for the courting of the daughter of the man who was the largest depositor in the bank.

Old Scudamore gnashed his teeth in rage and nearly fell off his bicycle as he realized that the young man was probably there because his knowledge of the affairs of the bank gave him an indication of the wealth of the girl's father. He could think of no other reason for a young man coming from town to walk in a secluded spot with a pretty girl.

Old Scudamore cycled slowly and silently behind them for some time, listening to their conversation, and he was alongside the young man before either of them noticed his presence. The great value of a cycle is, that it can keep its own counsel. The girl gave a slight shriek when she realized that her father was beside her, but the young man kept admirably cool.

"Are you aware, sir," said Scudamore, "that you are trespassing?"

"I'm afraid I am, Mr. Scudamore," said the young fellow, "in more senses than one."

"You are a scoundrel!" cried Scudamore, "and if I ever catch you on this place again I will have you horsewhipped to the village. Meanwhile I will see the manager of the bank and have you discharged. I suppose you know enough of the affairs of the bank to be aware that I have sufficient influence for that purpose."

"Yes," said the young man. "I know that you have; still, I had thought of retiring from the bank on becoming your son-in-law. I thought you might perhaps want an energetic young man to look after your estate, for everybody says that if you keep on the way you are going, you won't have a man left on the place."

"You impudent villain!" cried old Scud, in a rage. "I'll teach you to talk to your betters in that fashion. Edna, you go home, I'll talk to you later on."

The girl was very much afraid of her father, and, though she looked appealingly at him and cast a frightened glance at the young man, she obeyed, and walked toward the house.

"Now, you young jack-a-napes," said old Scud, "do you know what I am going to do? I'm going to hand you over to the police for trespassing on these grounds."

"I believe," said young Sherwin, that you are just idiot enough to do a thing of that sort. Of course, you can't make yourself the talk of the country-side more than you are now, but you can, at least, raise a scandal by handing me over to the police, and mixing your daughter's name up in it."

"I'll show you, you dog," said old Scud. "Of course, it would be a scandal to have her name mixed up with yours, but I'll take very good care that her name is not so mixed. If my daughter's name is mentioned it will be because you mention it, and if you do so, fool as the girl is, she will have nothing more to say to you."

The young man realized the force of this, and he walked along the path silent, while old Scudamore cycled slowly along by his side. When they were still some distance from the gate that led into the main road Sherwin made a sudden dash into the bushes, and drew forth a cycle which was concealed there. The old man, thinking the dash was made to escape him, jumped from his machine, and so the young fellow got a perceptible advantage in the race. He pushed the cycle before him to the path and sprang on it.

"Now, old Scud," he shouted, "let's see who reaches the highway first?"

Although Scudamore was not old, his powers on the bicycle were nothing to those of the cashier. The young man reached the gate a long way ahead of him, and when Scudamore passed into the high road his speedy opponent was no where to be seen. Old Scudamore knew the young man must have taken the road to the village, for the other way led directly to his own house, and it was not likely the cashier would have taken that direction. The truth was, however, that Sherwin had not gone out into the main road at all, but had concealed himself behind the porter's lodge. The porter, being under notice of dismissal, was reckless. He hated old Scud, and was friendly to the lovers. The moment Scudamore entered the high road young Sherwin sprang on his bicycle and went like lightning up the path again, until he overtook the girl. He quickly explained to her what had happened and said:

"You see, my dear Edna, life for you will be perfectly unbearable, now that he has found it out. There is nothing for us but to escape to the Scottish border as quickly as we can and get married. We must go at once, or as your father said, there is no chance of my ever seeing you again, if we don't."

"But," persisted the girl, "how are we to go? You can't take me on your cycle, and I haven't one of my own, and I couldn't ride if I had. If we walk, father will surely overtake us, and he will certainly inquire for me the moment he gets home."

"I'll tell you what to do," said the young man, who was a person of resource. "You go to the house as quickly as you can. I'll go back to the porter's lodge, conceal my cycle, and wait for you there. Order out the dog cart, and put what things you urgently need in it. Have the fastest horse in the stables harnessed to the dog cart. Drive down to the lodge. I will join you there, and after that we will chance it."

"But," said the girl, "we are sure to meet father between the town and here."

"Not if we turn down Durwood's lane. If we can get that far we are all right. He will never think of looking in that direction. The great thing is speed, so get down to the porter's lodge as quickly as you can. You see, nobody at the house suspects anything, and it will not be difficult, but after to-day you will find you will be kept a close prisoner. It is now or never, Edna, if you care anything for me."

Edna protested that she cared everything. The young man went back to the porter's lodge. He concealed his bicycle, and then waited with much impatience for the girl. At last the came, driving a horse that was celebrated for its speed. Young Sherwin sprang up behind her.

"Let me have the reins," he said.

"No, no," protested the girl, "I'm sure I can drive ever so much better than you can, and besides, if we meet father he cannot accuse me of stealing the horse, while it is just possible he might make such a charge against you, if we are caught."

They reached the turning and got into the lane without being observed, and so felt reasonably certain of success. But, alas! they had counted not on the uncertain ways of Old Scud. He had cycled down into the town and found nothing of the man he was pursuing. He had learned, from passers by, that no one had passed on a cycle for more than an hour, so he made up his mind that the young man would come by the lane, which, though the longest way round, was the safest from observation. Accordingly, old Scud, without waiting in the town, cycled out through the place to where the lane joined the main road. He felt sure he would meet his enemy there, and his prediction was indeed verified, but in a way he little imagined. He was looking for a cyclist, and so paid little attention to the traps he met.

"There is just one chance in a million," said young Sherwin to Edna, when she, with terror, recognized her father on his wheel, "and that is he may not recognize us. Anyhow, there will be a race for it. It's too late to turn back, Edna, so whip up the horse and let us win if we can."

It is a curious thing that impressions are sometimes left on the brain as a photograph is left on an undeveloped plate. The young people at first thought they had passed the old man unrecognized. He was bending his head over his work, and putting his best licks on the treadles. He merely glanced at the cart, and would have asked if they had seen a cyclist, only he noticed it was a lady who was driving. So without paying any attention to the pair he rang his bell sharply to warn them to keep to their own side of the road, and passed them like a cyclone. But as the old man worked his way along, the picture, or snap-shot as it were, left on his brain began to develop, and he recognized a familiarity in the horse and trap he had passed. He was half a mile beyond them when it flashed into his mind that it was his own horse and vehicle he had met. He got off his bicycle and looked after them. The girl was urging the horse to greater speed, and at that moment the young man was looking over his shoulder up the lane. Instantly the truth of the situation was borne in upon old Scudamore. The advantages and disadvantages of the position passed before him. It was useless to go back and get another horse, for they would be in Scotland long before he could hope to overtake them. On the other hand his already sharp ride had tired him, while their horse was fresh. The road to Scotland was anything but level. It was up hill and down dale all the way, and old Scudamore knew that going up hill they would out-distance him, for he would have to get off and walk, but going down hill at full speed and risking everything, he would very likely overtake them. Then he remembered with joy that the last three miles of the race was a long incline to the bridge at the border. If he could not overtake them before, he was sure to do so at that stage of the race.

"By all the gods," cried young Sherwin at that moment, "he's after us. Give me the reins and the whip, Edna, we must get over the bridge first, if we kill the horse in doing so."

The young girl, with a cry of fear, gave the reins into her lover's hands. In spite of all efforts of the horse they could not once shake off old Scudamore, nor yet could he overtake them, but young Sherwin realized, as did old Scudamore, that on the long decline to the bridge he would come up with them, even if they kept their horse on the gallop.

When the eloping couple reached the top of the hill where the Border-er's Arms stand, three miles from the bridge that leads into Scotland, the old man was but a mile behind them trudging up the hill as stubbornly, and apparently as fresh as ever.

The young man stopped the horse at the door of the public house.

"Good gracious!" said the girl, "you are not going to stop here?"

"Yes," said young Sherwin. "Don't say a word. I will explain it all later," and he dashed into the public house, where he astonished the bar-maid by asking if she sold empty bottles.

"Yes, sir," she said.

"Then give me an armful quickly," he cried, flinging down a gold piece. "Never mind the change, but be quick about it."

Three arm loads the young man took out to the trap and flung under the seat. The girl not knowing the bottles were empty, thought the critical situation had turned her lover's brain, but he sprang into the cart, and looking over his shoulder saw that the old man was only half way up the hill.

"Now, my darling," he said, "you take the reins and drive as fast as you can."

When they were above 300 yards from the tavern, Sherwin took a bottle by the neck and smashed it against the road, then another, and another, and another.

"Why, my poor Reginald, what are you doing that for?" cried the girl.

"This is for the benefit of the old man's pneumatic tires," answered Reginald, as with crash after crash the broken glass scattered over the queen's highway.

The girl continued driving, while Reginald, looking backward, had the full benefit of the old man's disaster. He did not stop at the top of the hill, but sprang at once on his machine, and came down the incline like a lightning express. Reginald gazed anxiously at the area of broken glass which, he knew, began at the milestone on the northern side of the hotel. The old man came sweeping on without seeming to notice anything, and Reginald's heart stood still, as he saw how the infuriated cyclist was gaining on them.

"The tires must be cut to pieces by this time," he muttered through his clinched teeth, and he began again vigorously to smash bottles. No pneumatic tire that was ever made can stand a roadway of broken glass very long, and Reginald, with a sigh of relief, saw the old man wobble first from one side of the road and then to the other, and at last slow up and dismount.

The excited young man gave a yell of triumph and waved an empty bottle over his head as he saw old Scudamore let his machine drop in despair to the ground, while he himself sat down on the second milestone to mop his heated brow.

They had been married more than half an hour when the dejected man, trundling a bicycle whose tires hung in ribbons, entered the Scottish village. A smiling young man went forth to meet him.

"It is all right, father-in-law," he said: "I have made inquiries and find that they can put new tires on bicycles in this place, which one wouldn't have expected. I have sent back a lot of men with brooms to sweep the broken glass off the road. You must be somewhat fatigued with your long ride, so let me offer you a lift to the hall. My wife will be pleased to drive you, and I will see the new tires put on the machine and will ride it up there this evening. Although your temper is said to be bad, I have always admired your common sense, and assure you that it is the only thing to do. As Edna is your only daughter, and as you and I will have to settle up our little difficulties some time, let us do it now, for two grown men like ourselves don't want to furnish gossip and scandal for this gossipy neighborhood."

"I suppose it's the only thing to do, you villian," said old Scudamore.

"It is, indeed," replied the villain. "Now go to the parlor on the first floor of the hotel and talk real nicely to my wife, while I take the bicycle to the shop."—Detroit Free Press.

Catching a Boa Constrictor.

"To catch a boa constrictor is a very dangerous and difficult task," says a man who makes it his business to capture wild animals and reptiles for menagerie purposes. "Briefly, it is accomplished by means of a labyrinthian tangle, embracing sixty square feet of ground. The labyrinth is made by joining together, and on end, pieces of matting. This web is eight feet high usually, and placed so that the opposing walls will be two feet apart. All sorts of criss-cross and diverging combinations are made with the matting—it is supported here and there by stakes—making when it is set a geometrical puzzle that might well challenge the ingenuity of man.

"The trap is baited with a live pig, which is placed in a pen in the center of the labyrinth. By and by along comes the boa constrictor. It is easy enough to get in. He scents the prey; he is hungry; the pig is devoured, and there is where the boa constrictor comes to grief. For hours he tries to release himself from the tortuous passages which rise about him, but finally he grows tired and stretches out for a nap. Then is our time. We enter the labyrinth and capture him."—Popular Science News.

Church Hatched From an Egg.

A Mahanoy City (Penn.) chicken flew into a church and laid an egg on one of the seats. A Pottsville young lady found the egg and took it home, used it in baking a cake, and thus started a fund for the building of a new Methodist Episcopal church at that place, which fund is growing to large proportions.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Flour is to be made of bananas.

Scotland boasts of portable hospitals.

Paving blocks of pulp are among recent novelties.

Electricity is being introduced into the mines in Hungary.

Two hundred and fifty miles of telegraph material, weighing over four hundred tons, has just been sent to Central Africa.

Professor Kirkland, of Amherst, estimates that in eight years the unrestricted increase of a single pair of gypsy moths would devour all vegetation in the United States.

Among the recent patents is one for an aluminum horseshoe having finely divided particles of hard metal imbedded in the wearing face of the shoe. This forms a very light shoe, of considerable durability.

The Chicago Drainage Canal has added to the engineering devices of the world important new machines and developed novel practical applications of the principles of physics, reducing the cost of great canals twenty-five per cent.

The result of meteorological tests with balloons at immense heights is announced from Bremen. One balloon, carrying self-registering instruments, reached a height of twelve miles. The thermometer could not register the temperature, sixty-seven degrees below zero being marked at a lower height. Many tests show that the temperature sinks gradually up to two and a half miles. Above that the fall is much more rapid.

The old fashioned but very effectual way of toughening glass or china consists in placing the articles to be toughened in a large kettle of copper (of course folding cloths, etc., round the things to keep them from knocking together), in enough cold water to cover them entirely; bring this water to a boil, let it boil for some time, then lift the pan off the fire and do not touch its contents until the water is perfectly cold.

Polished steel surfaces, as saws, chisels, bits, etc., can be rendered rust proof by making a preparation as follows: Take half an ounce of camphor and dissolve it in one pound of melted lard; remove the scum, and mix in as much black lead—graphite—as will give it an iron color. Clean the tools, and smear with this mixture. After twenty-four hours rub clean with a soft linen cloth. The tools will keep clean for months in ordinary circumstances.

Hard steel, states Dr. R. H. Thurston, weighs 490 pounds per cubic foot, and a rod one inch square sustains 78,000 pounds; cast iron weighs 444 pounds, and supports 16,500 pounds per square inch; and aluminum weighs 168 pounds and has a tenacity of 26,000 pounds. Ordinary woods are ten or twelve times as bulky as steel, a bar of pine just as heavy as a bar of steel one inch square holding up 125,000 pounds, the best ash 175,000, and some hemlock 200,000 pounds.

A Chinese Blockade-Runner.

Among the passengers who arrived on the steamer Coptic from Hong Kong was Captain Webber, who commanded the Zelanda, that for many years ran out of this port. He has recently been in the employ of Man-lell & Co., who operate a line of steamers along the Chinese coast. When the recent war between China and Japan broke out the steamship company's vessels were turned over to the Chinese Government for transports. Captain Webber was placed in command of the Irenie, of shallow draught, but the fleetest boat in the service, and he was intrusted with landing troops at ports blockaded by the Japanese between Canton and Tientsin. He made half a dozen voyages with the steamer filled with Chinese soldiers and supplies for the army, and in every one of them the Japanese cruisers and gunboats vainly endeavored to capture the vessel. A special telegraph system was arranged along the coast, and by it the position of Japanese vessels could be learned in advance along the route, and plans were made to avoid them as much as possible. Pilots well acquainted with the coast and the shore line were constantly on board, and with the light draught of the vessel the Irenie was able to hug the shore and shove over reefs that the heavy cruisers of the Japanese would be obliged to steer clear of, and on every occasion she managed to escape.

At the close of the war the Emperor personally congratulated Captain Webber for his services, and decorated him with the order of the Double Dragon.---San Francisco Examiner.

Fire Fell Into the Frying Pan.

From the frying pan into the fire was reversed on Saturday at a frying shop, where the fire fell into the frying pan with alarming results. In a stall off the Rue Vilin, Belleville, Paris, a man named Desmet was culling his fish from a pan of boiling grease when, a drop having fallen on the coals, the pan (containing five gallons of grease) caught fire. The neighbors, hearing shrieks, came running up, and found M. Desmet lying on the floor in a cloud of stifling smoke, seriously burned on the face and hands. While he was being conveyed to a chemist's, one of the neighbors set about extinguishin the caldron. Sand or earth was the proper material to use. Instead of this, the man threw into the pan a bucket of water. Pan, fireplace, windows and furniture were blown to pieces. The boiling grease was scattered over the shop, burning all the persons present and injuring some seriously. The shop was set on fire, which was promptly extinguished with sand by the firemen.—London News.

The Barber's Doom Is Sealed.

Shaving by machinery has been rendered easy by the construction of a machine reported to have been made by one Melchoir Farkas, a convict in the penitentiary of the city of Szegedin, in Hungary. Farkas was put to labor in the cabinet-making shop of the prison, and, taking to his work with a will, he soon displayed great inventive ingenuity. With his shaving machine he is said to have shaved all the inmates of the prison, nearly 150 in number, within less than an hour's time.—Chicago Times Herald.

REV. DR. TALMAGE

The Eminent New York Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Chieftain."

TEXT: "The chiefest among ten thousand."—Canticles v., 10.

The most conspicuous character of history steps out upon the platform. The finger which, diamond with light, pointed down to Him from the Bethlehem sky was only a ratification of the finger of prophecy, the finger of genealogy, the finger of chronology, the finger of events—all five fingers pointing in one direction. Christ is the overtopping figure of all time. He is the "rose humana" in all music, the gracefulest line in all sculpture, the most exquisite mingling of lights and shades in all painting, the nerve of all climaxes, the dome of all cathedrated grandeur and the peroration of all language.

The Greek alphabet is made up of twenty-four letters, and when Christ compared Himself to the first letter and the last letter, the Alpha and the Omega, He appropriated to Himself all the splendors that you can spell out either with those two letters or all the letters between them. "I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end."

What does that Scripture mean which says of Christ, "He that cometh from above is above all?" It means that after you have piled up all Alpine and Himalayan altitudes, the glory of Christ would have to spread its wings and descend a thousand leagues to touch those summits. Pelion, a high mountain of Thessaly; Ossa, a high mountain, and Olympus, a high mountain; but mythology tells us when the giants warred against the gods they piled up those three mountains, and from the top of them proposed to scale the heavens; but the height was not great enough, and there was a complete failure. And after all the giants—Isaiah and Paul, prophetic and apostolic giants; Raphael and Michael Angelo, artistic giants; cherubim and seraphim and archangel, celestial giants—have failed to climb to the top of Christ's glory they might all well unite in the words of Paul, and cry out, "Above all!" "Above all!" But Solomon in my text prefers to call Christ "the Chieftain," and to-day I hail Him.

First, Christ must be chief in our preaching. There are so many books on homilies scattered through the country that all laymen, as well as all clergymen, have made up their minds what sermons ought to be. That sermon is the most effectual which most pointedly puts forth Christ as the pardon of all sin and the correction of all evil—individual, social, political, national. There is no reason why we should ring the endless changes on a few phrases. There are those who think that if an exhortation or a discourse have frequent mention of justification, sanctification, covenant of works and covenant of grace, therefore it must be profoundly evangelical, while they are suspicions of a discourse which presents the same truth, but under different phraseology. Now, I say there is nothing in the opulent realm of Anglo-Saxondom of all the word treasures that we inherited from the Latin and the Greek and the Indo-European, but we have a right to marshal it in religious discussion. Christ sets the example. His illustrations were from the grass, the flowers, the barnyard fowl, the crystals of salt, as well as from the seasons of the years; and we do not propose in our Sunday-school teaching and in our pulpit address to be put on the limits.

I know that there is a great deal said in our day against words, as though they were nothing. They may be misused, but they have an imperial power. They are the bridge between soul and soul, between Almighty God and the human race. What did God write upon the tables of stone? Words. What did Christ utter on Mount Olivet? Words. Out of what did Christ strike the spark for the illumination of the universe? Out of words. "Let there be light," and light was. Of course thought is the cargo and words are only the ship, but how fast would your cargo get on without the ship? What you need, my friends, in all your work, in your Sabbath-school class, in your reformatory institutions, and what we all need, is to enlarge our vocabulary when we come to speak about God and Christ and heaven. We ride a few old words to death, when there is such illimitable resource. Shakespeare employed 15,000 different words for dramatic purposes; Milton employed 8000 different words for poetic purposes; Rufus Choate employed over 11,000 different words for legal purposes, but the most of us have less than a thousand words that we can manage, and that makes us so stupid.

When we come to set forth the love of Christ, we are going to take the tenderest phraseology wherever we find it, and if it has never been used in that direction before all the more shall we use it. When we come to speak of the glory of Christ the conqueror, we are going to draw our similies from triumphal arch and cataract and everything grand and stupendous. The French navy have eighteen flags by which they give signal, but those eighteen flags they can put into 66,000 different combinations. And I have to tell you that these standards of the cross may be lifted into combinations infinite and varieties everlasting. And let me say to the young men who come from the theological seminaries into our services, and are after awhile going to preach Jesus Christ, you will have the largest liberty and unlimited resource. You only have to present Christ in your own way.

Brighter than the light, fresher than the fountains, deeper than the seas, are all these gospel themes. Song has no melody, flowers no sweetness, sunset sky no color compared with these glorious themes. These harvests of grace spring up quicker than we can sickle them. Kindling pulpits with their fire, and producing revolutions with their power, lighting up dying beds with their glory, they are the sweetest thought for the poet, and they are the most thrilling illustration for the orator, and they offer the most intense scene for the artist, and they are to be ambassador of the sky all enthusiasm. Complete pardon for direst guilt. Sweetest comfort for ghastliest agony. Brightest hope for grimmest death. Grandest resurrection for darkest sepulcher. Oh, what a gospel to preach! Christ the Chief. His birth, His suffering, His miracles, His parables, His sweat, His tears, His blood, His atonement, His intercession—what glorious themes! Do we exercise faith? Christ is its object. Do we love? It fastens on Jesus. Have we a fondness for the church? It is because Christ died for it. Have we a hope of heaven? It is because Jesus went there, the herald and the forerunner. The royal robe of Demetrius was so costly, so beautiful, that after he had put it off no one ever dared to put it on, but this robe of Christ, richer than that, the poorest and the weakest, and the worst may wear. "Where sin abounded, grace may much more abound."

"Oh, my sins, my sins!" said Martin Luther to Staupitz, "my sins, my sins!" The fact is that the brawny German student had found a Latin Bible that made him quake, and nothing else ever did make him quake, and when he found how, through Christ, he was pardoned and saved he wrote to a friend, saying, "Come over and join us great and awful sinners saved by the grace of God. You seem to be only a slender sinner, and you don't much extol the mercy of God, but we that have been such very awful sinners praise His Grace the more now that we have been redeemed." Can it be that you are so desperately egotistical that you feel yourself in first rate spiritual trim, and that from the root of the hair to the tip of the toe you are scarless and immaculate? What you need is a looking glass, and here it is in the Bible. Poor and wretched and miserable and blind and naked from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, full of wounds and putrefying sores. No health in us. Am I then to the fact that Christ gathered up all the notes against us and paid them and then offered us the receipt! And how much we need Him in our sorrows! We are independent of circumstances if we have His grace. Why, He made Paul sing in the dungeon, and under that grace St. John from desolate Patmos heard the blast of the apocalyptic trumpets. After all other candles have been snuffed out, this is the light that gets brighter and brighter unto the perfect day, and after, under the hard hoofs of calamity, all the pools of worldly enjoyment have been trampled into deep mire at the foot of the eternal rock the Christian, from cups of granite lily-rimmed, puts out the thirst of his soul.

Again, I remark that Christ is chief in dying alleviations. I have not any sympathy with the morbidity abroad about our demise. The Emperor of Constantinople arranged that on the day of his coronation the stone-mason should come and consult him about the tombstone that after awhile he would need. And there are men who are monomaniacal on the subject of departure from this life by death, and the more they think of it the less they are prepared to go. This is an unmanliness not worthy of you, not worthy of me.

Saladin, the great conqueror of his day, while dying, ordered that the tunic he had on him be carried after his death on his spear at the head of his army, and that then the soldier, ever and anon, should stop and say: "Behold all that is left of Saladin, the emperor and conqueror! Of all the states he conquered, of all the wealth he accumulated, nothing did he retain but this shroud." I have no sympathy with such behavior, or such absurd demonstration, or with much that we hear uttered in regard to departure from this life to the next. There is a commonsensical idea on this subject that you need to consider—there are only two styles of departure. A thousand feet underground, by light of torch, toiling in a miner's shaft, a ledge of rock may fall upon us, and we may die a miner's death. Far out at sea, falling from the slippery rattlines and broken on the bulwarks, we may die a sailor's death. On mission of mercy in hospital, amid broken bones and racking leprosies and raging fever, we may die a philanthropist's death. On the field of battle, serving God and our country, shot through the heart, the gun carriage may roll over us, and we may die a patriot's death. But, after all, there are only two styles of departure—the death of the righteous and the death of the wicked—and we all want to die the former.

God grant that when that hour comes you may be at home. You want the hand of your kindred in your hand. You want your children to surround you. You want the light on your pillow from eyes that have long reflected your love. You want your room still. You do not want any curious strangers standing around watching you. You want your kindred from afar to hear your last prayer. I think that is the wish of all of us. But is that all? Can earthly friends hold us up when the billows of death come up to the girdle? Can human voice charm open heaven's gate? Can human hand pilot us through the narrows of death into heaven's harbor? Can any earthly friendship shield us from the arrows of death and in the hour when satan shall practice upon us his infernal archery? No, no, no, no! Alas, poor soul, if that is all! Better to die in the wilderness far from tree and shadow and fresh fountain, alone, vultures circling through the air waiting for our body, unknown to men, and to have no burial, if only Christ could say through the solitudes, "I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee."

From that pillow of stone a ladder would soar heavenward, angels coming and going, and across the solitude and the barrenness would come the sweet notes of heavenly minstrelsy.

Gordon Hall, far from home, dying in door of a heathen temple, said: "Glory to Thee, O God!" What did dying Wilberforce say to his wife? "Come and sit beside me, and let us talk of heaven. I never knew what happiness was until I found Christ." What did dying Hannah More say? "To go to heaven, think what that is! To go to Christ, who died that I might live! Oh, glorious grave! Oh, what a glorious thing it is to die! Oh, the love of Christ, the love of Christ!" What did Mr. Toplady, the great hymn maker, say in his last hours? "Who can measure the depths of the third heaven? Oh, the sunshine that fills my soul! I shall soon be gone, for surely no one can live in this world after such glories as God has manifested to my soul!"

What did the dying Janeway say? "I can as easily die as close my eyes or turn my head in sleep. Before a few hours have passed I shall stand on Mount Zion with the one hundred and forty and four thousand and with the just men made perfect, and we shall ascribe riches, and honor, and glory, and majesty, and dominion unto God and the Lamb." Dr. Taylor, condemned to burn at the stake, on his way thither broke away from the guardsmen, and went bounding and leaping and jumping toward the fire, glad to go to Jesus, and to die for Him. Sir Charles Hare, in his last moments, had such rapturous vision that he cried, "Upward, upward, upward!" And so great was the peace of one of Christ's disciples that he put his finger upon the pulse in his wrist and counted it and observed it; and so great was his placidity that after awhile he said, "Stopped!" and his life had ended here to begin in heaven. But grander than that was the testimony of the worn out first missionary, when, in the Mamertine dungeon, he cried, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me in that day, and not to me only, but to all them that love His appearing!" Do you not see that Christ is chief in dying alleviations?

Toward the last hour of our earthly residence we are speeding. When I see the sunset, I say, "One day less to live." When I see the spring blossoms scattered, I say, "Another season gone forever." When I close the Bible on Sabbath night, I say, "Another Sabbath departed." When I bury a friend, I say, "Another earthly attraction gone forever." What nimble feet the years have! The rockets and the lightnings run not so fast. From decade to decade, from sky to sky, they go at a bound. There is a place for us, whether marked or not, where you and I will sleep the last sleep, and the men are now living who will, with solemn tread, carry us to our resting place. Aye, it is known in heaven whether our departure will be a coronation or a banishment. Brighter than a banqueting hall through which bright feet of the dancers go up and down to the sound of trumpeters will be the sepulcher through whose rifts the holy light of heaven streameth. God will watch you. He will send His angels to guard your slumbering dust until, at Christ's behest, they shall roll away the stone.

So, also, Christ is chief of heaven. The Bible distinctly says that Christ is the chief theme of the celestial ascription, all the thrones facing His throne, all the palms waved before His face, all the crowns down at His feet. Cherubim to cherubim, seraphim to seraphim, redeemed spirit to redeemed spirit shall recite the Saviour's earthly sacrifice.

Stand on some high hill of heaven, and in all the radiant sweep the most glorious object will be Jesus. Myriads gazing on the scars of His suffering, in silence first, afterward breaking forth into acclamation. The martyrs, all the purer for the flame through which they passed, will say, "This is the Jesus for whom we died." The apostles, all the happier for the shipwreck and the scourging through which they went, will say, "This is the Jesus whom we preached at Corinth, and Cappadocia, and at Antioch, and at Jerusalem." Little children clad in white will say, "This is the Jesus who took us in His arms and blessed us, and when the storms of the world were too cold and loud brought us into this beautiful place." The multitude of the hereft will say, "This is the Jesus who comforted us when our hearts broke." Many who wandered clear off from God and plunged into vagabondism, but were saved by grace, will say: "This is the Jesus who pardoned us. We were lost on the mountains, and He brought us home. We were guilty, and He has made us white as snow." Mercy boundless, grace unparalleled. And then, after each one has recited his peculiar deliverances and peculiar mercies, recited them as by solo, all the voices will come together into a great chorus, which will make the arches echo and re-echo with the eternal reverberation of triumph.

Edward I was so anxious to go to the Holy Land that when he was about to expire he bequeathed £160,000 to have his heart, after his decease, taken to the Holy Land in Asia Minor, and his request was complied with. But there are hundreds to-day whose hearts are already in the Holy Land of Heaven. Where your treasures are, there are your hearts also. Quaint John Bunyan caught a glimpse of that place, and in his quaint way he said: "And I heard in my dream, and, lo! the bells of the city rang again for joy, and as they opened the gates to let in the men I looked in after them, and lo! the city shone like the sun, and there were streets of gold, and men walked on them, harps in their hands, to ring praises with all, and after that they shut up the gates, which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them!"

The United States Consul at Mozambique shot a Kaffir mercy because he was robbing the Consul's house, and the Portuguese authorities take this severity of the Consul in an unkindly spirit.