THE ROANOKE BEACON.

PUBLISHED BY ROANOKE PUBLISHING CO. "FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY AND FOR TRUTH." THOMAS HUSON, BUSINESS MANAGER.

VOL. 1. PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, MARCH 14, 1890. NO. 44.

THE NEWS.

President Joseph Stanley, of the Broadway and Newberg Railway in Cleveland, was killed by jumping from one of his own electric motors.——An English syndicate has bought the business of the four firms controlling the manufacture of soda water and beer apparatus in the United States.——$50,000 damage was done by a fire at Thomas Maddock's sanitary ware factory in Trenton, N. J.——Engineer Tom Walters and Brakeman William Carleton were killed on the railroad, near Washburn, Wis.——Henry D. Lecato is held in Philadelphia, on the charge of stealing diamonds and jewelry.——A number of shawls concealed among macaroni were seized by customs officers in New York.——There are fourteen cases of small-pox in Meriden, Ct.——State Treasurer Noland, of Missouri, is short in his accounts over $30,000.——Senators Barlow and Dodds, of the North Dakota legislature, were censured by their colleagues for substituting a report in which they called other Senators dead beats.——Andrew Alexander was burned to death in his saloon in Brazil, Ind.——Patrolman Shoemaker, of Detroit, Mich., was shot and mortally wounded by burglars.——James Leonard was fatally injured, and Thomas Owens crippled for life by the premature explosion of rock in Wilkesbarre, Pa.

The Exchange Hotel, at Middletown, N. Y., was burned, and a young woman fatally injured by leaping from a window.——Chalkley Leooney was acquitted at Camden, N. J., of the murder of his niece.——The fruit prospects in Lancaster, Pa., are said to have been ruined by the recent frosts.——Ex-Postmaster William H. Bennett, of Long Branch, was held for the action of the United States grand jury, charged with being $1,600 short in his accounts.——Charles A. Wise, of South Greenfield, N. Y., committed suicide on a railroad train, at Roanoke, Va.——Mayor Elyson, of Richmond, Va., reports that the accounts of A. R. Woodson, late city collector, show a deficit of $38,080.——Mt. Joy, Lutheran Church, near Gettysburg, Pa., was burned.——Three young Catholic women of Daybrook, Ill., have become insane upon the question of Christian science.——The First Methodist Episcopal Church of Keithsburg, Ill., was burned. Loss $15,000.——In the wreck of a freight train near Massillon, Ohio, several train men were killed, an oil tank exploding.——Colonel E. E. Briant's stock barn near Huntingdon, Ind., was burned, and thirty-five thoroughbred polled Angus cattle perished.——Another attempt to pass a lottery bill through the North Dakota legislature will be made.——The renegade Apaches are stealing horses and committing other depredations in Sonora, Mexico.——The Beedle House, at Keene Valley, in the Adirondack Mountains, was burned. Loss $60,000.

The dead bodies of a man named Holmes, his wife and two children, were found near Shawnee, I. T., and it is supposed the whole family were murdered by the outlaws that infest that locality.——Frank McGowan, who risked his life in the interest of science to find a rare fiber of bamboo in South America for Edison, has disappeared from his home in Orange, N. J.——Whitecaps whipped three women and two men near Rockingham, N. C.——President Chauncey Depew, of the New York Central Railroad, denies the report that he will resign his position, in view of his possible nomination by the Republicans for the presidency.——The Whittier memorial building, on the Hampton Normal School grounds, Fort Monroe, Va., was burned.——The rubber shoe manufacturers' combine propose to advance the price fifteen per cent.——The loss of life by the breaking of the big dam near Prescott, Arizona, is not so great as first reported. In all thirty-nine bodies have been recovered.——Frank Formenich, manager, and W. S. Smith, superintendent of the Formenich Glucose Works, near Marshalltown, Iowa, have been indicted for polluting the Iowa river and maintaining a nuisance.——Fire at Kensington, Ill., destroyed the hotel and a number of buildings. Loss, $16,000.

Oscar Evans, in his second trial at Romney, W. Va., for the murder of Jacob Kirby, was acquitted.——Mrs. Gerard Perkins, wife of a farmer of Amsterdam, N. Y., had a terrible struggle with a tramp who attempted to assault her.——Leroy Jones, of Hanover county, Va., was thrown from a jumper wagon, and his head crushed between the spokes of the revolving wheel.——Three large moonshiners' distilleries have been seized on No Man's Land, forty miles from Clayton, N. M.——Colonel J. Mervyn Donahue, president of the San Francisco and Northern Pacific Railroad, died in San Francisco.——The accounts of Town Collector John Chalbourne, of Oxford, Me., have been found $4,000 short.——W. H. Pope, teller of the Louisville National Bank, has disappeared and so has $50,000 from the Bank vaults.——Edwin Cowles, editor of the *Leader*, of Cleveland, Ohio, died, aged sixty-five years.——The Columbia and Port Deposit Railroad was sold to the Pennsylvania Company for $1,800,000.——The switchmen of the Pittsburg and Lake Erie Road have determined to continue the strike, and the yards at Pittsburg are blockaded with freight cars.——Thomas Bishop was arrested in Petersburg, Va., charged with beating his wife and causing her death.——The Illinois state convention of miners, opened at Springfield, and P. H. McBryde, of Pennsylvania, president of the national executive board, advised the miners to stand by the scale adopted by the Ohio convention.——Vice President Morton and party arrived at St. Augustine, Fla.——The West Jersey Presbytery decided for revision of faith.——United States Senator Allison was re-elected by the Iowa legislature.——Judge Daniel R. Tilden, who was a member of Congress during the Mexican war, died at Cleveland, Ohio, aged eighty-four years.——A big building on Broadway, New York City, occupied by M. & C. Mayer, importers of hosiery and gloves, and Bacon & Eaton, umbrella manufacturers, was burned. Losses $300,000.

REVISION OF CREEDS.

REV. DR. TALMAGE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Preached at the Brooklyn Academy of Music.

TEXT: *"Loose him, and let him go."*—John xi., 44.

My Bible is, at the place of this text, written all over with lead pencil marks made last December at Bethany on the ruins of the house of Mary and Martha and Lazarus. We dismounted from our horses on the way up from Jordan to the Dead Sea. Bethany was the summer evening retreat of Jesus. After spending the day in the hot city of Jerusalem He would come out there almost every evening to the house of His three friends. I think the occupants of that house were orphans, for the father and mother are not mentioned. But the son and two daughters must have inherited property, for it must have been, judging from what I saw of the foundations and the size of the rooms, an opulent home. Lazarus, the brother, was now the head of the household and his sisters depended on him and were proud of him, for he was very popular and everybody liked him, and these girls were splendid girls. Martha a first rate housekeeper and Mary a spirituelle, somewhat dreamy, but affectionate, and as good a girl as could be found in all Palestine. But one day Lazarus got sick. The sisters were in consternation. Father gone and mother gone, they feel very nervous lest they lose their brother also. Disease did its quick work. How the girls hung over his pillow? Not much sleep about that house, no sleep at all. From the characteristics otherwhere developed, I judge that Martha prepared the medicines and made tempting dishes of food for the poor appetite of the sufferer, but Mary prayed and sobbed. Worse and worse gets Lazarus, until the doctor announces that he can do no more. The shriek that went up from that household when the last breath had been drawn and the two sisters were being led by sympathizers into the adjoining room, all those of us can imagine who have had our own hearts broken.

But why was not Jesus there as He so often had been? Far away in the country districts preaching, healing other sick, how unfortunate that this omnipotent Doctor had not been at that domestic crisis in Bethany. When at last Jesus arrived in Bethany Lazarus had been buried four days and dissolution had taken place. In that climate the breathless body disintegrates more rapidly than in ours. If, immediately after decease, that body had been awakened into life, unbelievers might have said that he was only in a comatose state, or in a sort of trance, and by some vigorous manipulation or powerful stimulant vitality had been renewed. No! Four days dead. At the door of the sepulcher is a crowd of people, but the three most memorable are Jesus, who was the family friend, and the two bereft sisters. We went into the traditional tomb in December, and it is deep down and dark, and with torches we explored it. We found it all quiet that afternoon of our visit, but the day spoken of in the Bible there was present an excited multitude. I wonder what Jesus will do. He orders the door of the grave removed, and then He begins to descend the steps. Mary and Martha close after Him, and the crowd after them. Deeper down into the shadows and deeper! The hot tears of Jesus roll over His cheeks and plash upon the back of His hands. Were there ever so many sorrows compressed into so small a space as in that group pressing on down after Christ, all the time bemoaning that He had not come before? Now all the whispering and all the crying and all the sound of shuffling feet are stopped. It is the silence of expectancy. Death has conquered, but now the vanquisher of death confronted the scene. Amid the awful hush of the tomb the familiar name which Christ had often had upon His lips in the hospitalities of the village home came back to His tongue and with a pathos and an almightiness of which the resurrection of the last day shall be only an echo, He cries: "Lazarus! come forth!" The eyes of the slumberer open and he rises and comes to the foot of the steps and with great difficulty begins to ascend, for the cerements of the tomb are yet on him and his feet are fast and his hands are fast and the impediments to all his movements are so great that Jesus commands: "Take off these cerements; remove these hindrances; unfasten these grave clothes, loose him and let him go!" Oh, I am so glad that after the Lord raised Lazarus He went on and commanded the loosening of the cords that bound his feet so that he could walk, and the breaking off of the cerement that bound his hands so that he could stretch out his arms in salutation, and the tearing off of the bandage from around his jaws so that he could speak. What would resurrected life have been to Lazarus if he had not been freed from all those cripplements of his body? I am glad that Christ commanded his complete emancipation, saying: "Loose him, and let him go."

The unfortunate thing now is that so many Christians are only half liberated. They have been raised from the death and burial of sin into spiritual life, but they yet have the grave clothes on them. They are like Lazarus, hobbling up the stairs of the tomb, bound hand and foot, and the object of this sermon is to help free their body and free their soul, and I shall try to obey the Master's command that comes to me and comes to every minister of religion: "Loose him, and let go." First, many are bound hand and foot by religious creeds. Let no man misinterpret me as antagonizing creeds. I have eight or ten of them; a creed about religion, a creed about art, a creed about social life, a creed about government, and so on. A creed is something that a man believes, whether it be written or unwritten. The Presbyterian Church is now agitated about its creed. Some good men in it are for keeping it because it was framed from the belief of John Calvin. Other good men in it want revision. I am with neither party. Instead of revision I want substitution. I was sorry to have the question disturbed at all. The creed did not hinder us from offering the pardon and the comfort of the Gospel to all men and the Westminster Confession has not interfered with me one minute. But now the electric lights have been turned on the imperfections of that creed—and everything that man fashions is imperfect—let us put the old creed respectfully aside and get a brand new one. It is impossible that people who lived hundreds of years ago should fashion an appropriate creed for our times. John Calvin was a great and good man, but he died three hundred and twenty-six years ago. The best centuries of Bible study have come since then, and explorers have done their work, and you might as well have the world go back and stick to what Robert Fulton knew about steamboats and reject the subsequent improvements in navigation; and go back to John Guttenberg, the inventor of the art of printing, and reject all modern newspaper presses, and go back to the time when telegraphy was the elevating of signals or the burning of bonfires on the hilltops and reject the magnetic wire, which is the tongue of nations, as to ignore all the exegetes and the philologists and the theologians of the last three hundred and twenty-six years and put your head under the sleeve of the gown of a sixteenth century doctor. I could call the names of twenty living Presbyterian ministers of religion who could make a better creed than John Calvin. The Nineteenth century ought not to be called to sit at the feet of the Sixteenth.

"But," you say, "it is the same old Bible, and John Calvin had that as well as the present student of the Scriptures." Yes; so it is the same old sun in the heavens, but in our time it has gone to making daguerreotypes and photographs. It is the same old water, but in our century it has gone to running steam engines. It is the same old electricity, but in our time it has become a lightning footed errand boy. So it is the old Bible, but new applications, new uses, new interpretations. You must remember that during the last three hundred years words have changed their meaning and some of them now mean more and some less. I do not think that John Calvin believed, as some say he did, in the damnation of infants, although some of the recent hot disputes would seem to imply that there is such a thing as the damnation of infants.

A man who believes in the damnation of infants himself deserves to lose heaven. I do not think any good man could admit such a possibility. What Christ will do with all the babies in the next world I conclude from what He did with the babies in Palestine when He hugged them and kissed them. When some of you grown people go out of this world your doubtful destiny will be an embarrassment to ministers officiating at your obsequies, who will have to be cautious so as not to hurt surviving friends. But when the darling children go there are no "ifs" or "buts" or guesses. We must remember that good John Calvin was a logician and a metaphysician and by the proclivities of his nature put some things in an unfortunate way. Logic has its use and metaphysics has its use, but they are not good at making creeds. A gardener hands you a blooming rose, dewy fresh, but a severe botanist comes to you with a rose and says: "I will show you the structure of this rose." And he proceeds to take it apart and pulls off the leaves and he says: "There are the petals," and he takes out the anthers and he says: "Just look at the wonderful structure of these floral pillars," and then he cuts the stem to show you the juices of the plant. So logic or metaphysics takes the aromatic rose of the Christian religion and says: "I will just show you how this rose of religion was fashioned;" and it pulls off of it a piece and says: "That is the human will," and another piece and says: "This is God's will," and another piece and says: "This is sovereignty," and another piece and says: "This is free agency," this is this and that is that. And while I stand looking at the fragments of the rose pulled apart, one whom the Marys took for a gardener comes in and presents me with a crimson rose, red as blood, and says: "Inhale the sweetness of this, wear it on your heart and wear it forever." I must confess that I prefer the rose in full bloom to the rose pulled apart.

What a time we have had with the dogmatics, the apologetics and the hermeneutics. The defect in some of the creeds is that they try to tell us all about the decrees of God. Now the only human being that was ever competent to handle that subject was Paul, and he would not have been competent had he not been inspired. I believe in the sovereignty of God and I believe in man's free agency, but no one can harmonize the two. It is not necessary that he harmonize them. Every sermon that I have ever heard that attempted such harmonization was to me as clear as a London fog, as clear as mud. My brother of the nineteenth century, my brother of the sixteenth century, give us Paul's statement and leave out our own. Better one chapter of Paul on that subject than all of Calvin's institutes, able and honest and mighty as they are. Do not try to measure either the throne of God or the thunderbolts of God with your little steel pen. What do you know about the decrees? You cannot pry open the door of God's eternal counsels. You cannot explain the mysteries of God's government now, much less the mysteries of His government five hundred quintillion of years ago. I move for a creed for all our denominations made out of Scripture quotations pure and simple. That would take the earth for God. That would be impregnable against infidelity and Apollyonic assault. That would be beyond human criticism. The denomination, whatever its name be, that can rise up to that will be the church of the millennium, will swallow up all other denominations and be the one that will be the bride when the Bridegroom cometh. Let us make it simpler and plainer for people to get into the kingdom of God. Do not hinder people by the idea that they may not have been elected. Do not tag on to the one essential of faith in Christ any of the innumerable nonessentials. A man who heartily accepts Christ is a Christian and the man who does not accept Him is not a Christian, and that is all there is of it. He need not believe in election or reprobation. He need not believe in the eternal generation of the Son. He need not believe in everlasting punishment. He need not believe in infant baptism. He need not believe in plenary inspiration. Faith in Christ is the criterion, is the test, is the pivot, is the indispensable. But there are those who would add unto the tests rather than subtract from them. There are thousands who would not accept persons into church membership if they drink wine or if they smoke cigars or if they attend the theater or if they play cards or if they drive a fast horse. Now I do not drink wine or smoke or attend the theater, never played a game of cards and do not drive a fast horse, although I would if I owned one. But do not substitute tests which the Bible does not establish. There is one passage of Scripture wide enough to let all in who ought to enter and to keep out all who ought to be kept out: "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Get a man's heart right and his life will be right. But now that the old creeds have been put under public scrutiny, something radical must be done. Some would split them, some would carve them, some would elongate them, some would abbreviate them. At the present moment and in the present shape they are a hindrance. Lazarus is alive, but hampered with the old grave clothes. If you want one glorious church free and unencumbered take off the cerements of old ecclesiastical vocabulary. Loose her, and let her go!

Again, there are Christians who are under sepulchral shadows and hindered and hoppled by doubts and fears and sins long ago repented of. What they need is to understand the liberty of the sons of God. They spend more time under the shadow of Sinai than at the base of Calvary. They have been singing the only poor hymn that Newton ever wrote:

> 'Tis a point I long to know.
> Oft it causes anxious thought—
> Do I love the Lord or no,
> Am I His or am I not?

Long to know, do you? Why do you not find out? Go to work for God and you will very soon find out. The man who is all the time feeling of his pulse and looking at his tongue to see whether it is coated is morbid and cannot be physically well. The doctor will say: "Go out into the fresh air and into active life, and stop thinking of yourself and you will get well and strong." So there are people who are watching their spiritual symptoms, and they call it self-examination and they get weakliier and sickliier in their faith all the time. Go out and do some thing nobly Christian. Take holy exercise and then examine yourself, and, instead of Newton's saturnine and bilious hymn that I first quoted, you will sing Newton's other hymn:

> Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
> That saved a wretch like me!
> I once was lost, but now am found;
> Was blind, but now I see.

What many of you Christians most need is to get your grave clothes off. I rejoice that you have been brought from the death of sin to the life of the Gospel, but you need to get your hand loose and your feet loose and your tongue loose and your soul loose. There is no sin that the Bible so arraigns and punctures and flagellates as the sin of unbelief, and that is what is the matter with you. "Oh," you say, "if you knew what I once was and how many times I have grievously strayed, you would understand why I do not come out brighter." Then I think you would call yourself the chief of sinners. I am glad you hit upon that term, for I have a promise that fits into your case as the cogs of one wheel between the cogs of another wheel or as the key fits into the labyrinths of a lock. A man who was once called Saul but afterward Paul declared: "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." Mark that—"of whom I am chief." "Put down your overcoats and hats and I will take care of them while you kill Stephen"—so Saul said to the stoners of the first martyr—"I do not care to exert myself much, but I will guard your surplus apparel while you do the murder." The New Testament account says: "The witnesses laid down their clothes at a young man's feet whose name was Saul." No wonder he said: "Sinners, of whom I am the chief." Christ is used to climbing. He climbed to the top of the temple. He climbed to the top of Mount Olivet. He climbed to the top of the cliffs about Nazareth. He climbed to the top of Golgotha. And to the top of the hills and the mountains of your transgression He is ready to climb with pardon for every one of you. The groan of Calvary is mightier than the thunder of Sinai. Full receipt is offered for all your indebtedness. If one throw a stone at midnight into a bush where the hedgebird roosts, it immediately begins to sing; and into the midnight hedges of your despondency these words I hurl, hoping to awaken you to anthem.

Drop the tunes in the minor key and take the major. Do you think it pleases the Lord for you to be carrying around with you the debris and carcasses of old transgressions? You make me think of some ship that has had a tempestuous time at sea, and now that it proposes another voyage, keeps on its davits the damaged life-boats, and the splinters of a shivered mast, and the broken glass of a smashed skylight. My advice is: clear the decks, overboard with all the damaged rigging, brighten up the salted smokestacks, open a new book, haul in the planks, lay out a new course and set sail for heaven. You have had the spiritual dumps long enough. You will please the Lord more by being happy than by being miserable. Have you not sometimes started out in the rain with your umbrella and you were busy thinking and you did not notice that the rain had stopped, and though it had cleared off you still had your umbrella up, and when you discovered what you were doing you felt silly enough? That is what some of you are doing in religious things. You have got so used to sadness that though the rain has stopped you still have your umbrella up. Come out of the shadow. Ascend the stairs of your sepulcher. Step out into the broad light of noonday. We come around you to help remove your grave clothes, and a voice from the heavens, tremulous but omnipotent, commands: "Loose him, and let him go."

Again, my text has good advice concerning any Christian hampered and bothered and bound by fear of his own dissolution. To such the book refers when it speaks of those who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage. The most of us, even if we have the Christain hope, are cowards about death. If a plank falls from a scaffolding and just grazes our hat, how pale we look. If the Atlantic Ocean plays with the steamship, pitching it toward the heavens and letting it suddenly drop, how even the Christian passengers pester the steward or stewardess as to whether there is any danger, and the captain, who has been all night on the bridge and chilled through, coming in for a cup of coffee, is assailed with a whole battery of questions as to what he thinks of the weather. And many of the best people are, as Paul says, throughout their lifetime in bondage by fear of death. My brothers and sisters, if we made full use of our religion we would soon get over this. Backed up by the teachings of your Bible, just look through the telescope some bright night and see how many worlds there are and reflect that all you have seen compared with the number of worlds in existence are less than the fingers of your right hand as compared with all the fingers of the human race. How foolish then for us to think that ours is the only world fit for us to stay in. I think that all the stars are inhabited and by beings like the human race in feelings and sentiments and the difference is in lung respiration and heart beat and physical conformation, their physical conformation fit for the climate of their world and our physical conformation fit for the climate of our world. So we shall feel at home in any of the stellar neighborhoods, our physical limitations having ceased. One of our first realizations in getting out of this world, I think, will be that in this world we were very much pent up and had cramped apartments and were kept on the limits. The most even of our small world is water, and the water says to the human race: "Don't come here or you will drown." A few thousand feet up the atmosphere is uninhabitable, and the atmosphere says to the human race: "Don't come up here or you cannot breathe." A few miles down the earth is a furnace of fire, and the fire says: "Don't come here or you will burn." The caverns of the mountains are full of poisonous gases, and the gases say: "Don't come here or you will be asphyxiated." And, crossing a rail track, you must look out or you will be crushed. And, standing by a steam boiler, you must look out or you will be blown up. And pneumonias and pleurisies and consumptions and apoplexies go across this earth in flocks, in droves, in herds, and it is a world of equinoxes and cyclones and graves. Yet we are under the delusion that it is the only place fit to stay in. We want to stick to the wet plank 'mid ocean while the great ship, "the City of God," of the Celestial line, goes sailing past, and would gladly take us up in a life boat. My Christian friends, let me tear off your despondencies and frights about dissolution. My Lord commands me regarding you, saying: "Loose him, and let him go."

Heaven is ninety-five per cent. better than this world, a thousand per cent. better, a million per cent. better. Take the gladdest, brightest, most jubilant days you ever had on earth and compress them all into one hour, and that hour would be a requiem, a fast day, a gloom, a horror, as compared with the poorest hour they have had in heaven since its first tower was built or its first gates swung or its first song caroled. "Oh," you say, "that may be true, but I am so afraid of crossing over from this world to the next, and I fear the snapping of the cord between soul and body." Well, all the surgeons and physicians and scientists declare that there is no pang at the parting of the body and soul, and all the seeming restlessness at the closing hour of life is involuntary and no disease at all. And I agree with the doctors, for what they say is confirmed by the fact that persons who were drowned or were submerged until all consciousness departed and were afterward resuscitated declare that the sensation of passing into unconsciousness was pleasurable rather than distressful. The cage of the body has a door on easy hinges, and when that door of the physical cage opens the soul simply puts out its wings and soars. "But," you say, "I fear to go because the future is so full of mystery." Well, I will tell you how to treat the mysteries. The mysteries have ceased bothering me, for I do as the judges of your courts often do. They hear all the arguments in the case and then say: "I will take these papers and give you my decision next week." So I have heard all the arguments in regard to the next world, and some things are uncertain and full of mystery, and so I fold up the papers and reserve until the next world my decision about them. I can there study all the mysteries to better advantage, for the light will be better and my faculties stronger, and I will ask the Christain philosophers, who have had all the advantages of heaven for centuries, to help me, and I may permit myself humbly to ask the Lord, and I think there will be only one mystery left, and that will be how one so unworthy as myself got into such an enraptured place. Come up out of the sepulchral shadows. If you are not Christians by faith in Christ come up into the light; and if you are already like Lazarus, reanimated, but still have your grave clothes on, get rid of them. The command is: "Loose him, and let him go." The only part of my recent journey that I really dreaded, although I did not say much about it beforehand, was the landing at Joppa. That is the port of entrance for the Holy Land, and there are many rocks, and in rough weather people cannot land at all. The boats taking the people from the steamer to the docks must run between reefs that looked to me to be about fifty feet apart, and one mis-stroke of an oarsman or an unexpected wave has sometimes been fatal, and hundreds have perished along those reefs. Besides that, as we left Port Said the evening before an old traveler said: "The wind is just right to give you a rough landing at Joppa; indeed, I think you will not be able to land at all." The fact was that when our Mediterranean steamer dropped anchor near Joppa and we put out for shore in the small boat, the water was as still as though it had been sound asleep a hundred years, and we landed as easily as I came on this platform. Well, your fears have pictured for you an appalling arrival at the end of your voyage of life, and they say that the seas will run high and that the breakers will swallow you up, or that if you reach Canaan at all it will be a very rough landing. The very opposite will be true if you have the eternal God for your portion. Your disembarkation for the promised land will be as smooth as was ours at Palestine last December. Christ will meet you far out at sea and pilot you into complete safety, and you will land with a hosanna on one side of you and a hallelujah on the other.

> "Land ahead!" its fruits are waving
> O'er the hills of fadeless green.
> And the living waters laving
> Shores where heavenly forms are seen.

> Rocks and storms I'll fear no more
> When on that eternal shore;
> Drop the anchor! furl the sail!
> I am safe within the veil!

DISASTERS AND CASUALTIES.

The dwelling of Hunt Bead, in Augusta, Georgia, was burned a few days ago, and his three children, aged, six, four and two years, perished in the flames.

It is reported from Wood River, Oregon, that cattle and horses are dying in large numbers in that section, and that "many bands will be wiped out entirely unless a thaw comes."

Martin Starrow jammed a bar into a hole containing a dynamite cartridge at the Lackawanna Iron Company's stone quarry at Scranton, Pa. He was blown high into the air and decapitated.

During a runaway accident, near Newark, New Jersey, Miss Mary E. Tyler was killed and Lottie Tyler, her sister, was injured internally. Two other women who were in the carriage were slightly injured.

Stockdale Jackson, a wealthy resident of East Liverpool, Ohio, while suffering from an attack of la grippe, took a large dose of corrosive sublimate in mistake for his medicine. He died in a short time.

A despatch from Prescott, Arizona, says that the death list has grown until now it is known that no less than 150 persons lost their lives in the dam disasters. Wickenburg was destroyed, every building falling before the awful assault. Seymour, 12 miles further on, was also wrecked.

Charles Hanley and William Dodson were asphyxiated in a street crossing watch box of the Vandalia Railroad, in Terre Haute, Indiana. Hanley was dead when found, and Dodson is thought to be beyond recovery. They entered the watch box during a heavy rain.

A train on the Evansville and Terre Haute Railroad went through a bridge at Kelso creek, near Vincennes, Indianna. Engineer A. Lyons and fireman Louis Howden are missing, and are supposed to be under the engine, which was totally wrecked. Several passengers were injured, but not fatally.

Michael McDonough, aged 50 years, discovered that a railroad rail had been placed across a track just outside Akron, Ohio. A train being in sight, he had only time to take one end of the obstruction and drag it from the track when the engine struck the other end and the rail was dashed again his head, crushing his skull like an egg shell. The engine and cars did not leave the track.

George Dowell set a shot gun trap for a thief in his barn in Spring Hill, Missouri. The trap was so set that the gun would be discharged when the barn door was opened. Mrs. Dowell did not know the trap had been set and when she went to the barn and opened the door the trap was sprung and she received the whole charge full in the breast. She died instantly. Mr. and Mrs. Dowell had been married only two months.

Mail advices from Hong Kong and Yokohama, received in San Francisco, report that the storm along the Bashu coast on January 24th was very disastrous. About 1,000 fishing boats, with between 2500 and 3000 fishermen, drifted out to sea. Nine hundred of these boats, with all the men aboard, were lost. Most of the bodies drifted up on the beach. The same day 11 boats were wrecked in the sea off Tobisham, and 50 fishermen were drowned. On January 25th 33 fishermen were drowned on the coast of Maschawa.

IN A BLAZING MINE.

Eight Men Imprisoned Behind a Wall of Flame in Pennsylvania.

A disaster occurred at the South Wilkesbarre Colliery of the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Company which will probably involve the lives of eight men. During the process of timbering one of the gangways, the woodwork took fire from an explosion of gas. Beyond the working, eight men are entombed by the flames, and, as all efforts to rescue them have proved unavailing, it is feared that suffocation must ensue, if the men are not already dead. The names of the men are Thomas Williamson, Hugh Duggan, Thomas Jameson, Michael Ferry, Frank Coal, Thos. McDonald, James O'Donnell and a man whose name is unknown.

TRADE OF THE WEEK.

No Improvement in the State of Trade.

Grain Stocks Continue to Show a Decrease—Exports of Wheat and Flour have Increased—Cotton Dull.

Special telegrams to *Bradstreets* do not report any material or widespread improvement in the state of trade. The slight gain in wheat prices is more than off-set by the dullness in iron, while unfavorable weather, heavy wagon roads and floods in the Ohio Valley, all tend to further restrict the distribution of general merchandise, already less than that reported one year ago. The decline in petroleum results from the discovery of three flowing wells. Cattle are 15 to 20c. higher, and live hogs off 5c. per hundred. Drugs and chemicals are steady and in fair demand, as are wholesale groceries.

Reports to *Bradstreets* of grain stocks, East of the Rocky Mountains, continue to show a decrease, the total decrease during January and February promising to equal 9,500,000 bushels, against 8,000,000 bushels decrease last year, which will reduce wheat stocks, March 1, to about what they were one year ago. The average decrease during three weeks of February has been nearly 1,250,000 bushels per week, against 700,000 bushels during like weeks of 1889.

Exports of wheat (and flour as wheat) from both coasts have increased again, and are now noticeably full, particularly from San Francisco. The week's reported shipments equal 2,300,725 bushels, against 2,272,849 bushels last week, and 1,384,594 bushels in the last week of February, 1889. The total foreign shipments July 1st to date is 70,124,646 bushels, against 62,755,496 bushels in a like port on of 1888-89.

At San Francisco the appointment of a receiver for the trust refinery finds the Pacific coast sugar market in the hands of Mr. Claus Spreckels, but granulated is only ⅛c. higher. There is a light business in raw sugars East, owing to lack of demand, foreign advices being rather stimulating. Refined sugar is stronger. Coffee is about steady on restricted offerings.

Dry goods jobbers report trade fairly active. Cotton and woolen domestic and foreign dress goods are most active. Agents report leading styles of cotton well sold up, and a fair re-order business in Spring specialties. Prices are generally firm, with bleached cottons showing greatest strength. Raw wool is dull. Carpet wools are active, and prices are weak but not quotably lower. Raw cotton is dull in all markets. The crop movement continues light but firm; prices discourage the consumptive demand.

NOT SO SLICK AFTER ALL.

The Boldness of a Bank Robber Costs Him His Life.

"I'm a slick 'un" Telegraph Operator Taylor heard these words addressed to him by a stranger while he was receiving messages at the railway station in Meriden, Ks. He paid no attention to the remark until he had completed a message from Valley Falls, which read as follows:

"*To the Sheriff, Meriden, Ks.:*

"Hicks & Gephart's Bank robbed this evening of $3,000. Robber unknown. Description as follows; Blonde; light hair and moustache; blue eyes; five feet eleven inches tall; medium weight. "SHERIFF."

The operator looked up, and nearly lost his breath when he saw standing before him the man described in the dispatch. He did not reveal the fact of the recognition, but merely agreed with the stranger that he was a "slick 'un." The stranger inquired the time of the next train for Atchison, and asked where he could put up for the night. The operator directed him to a hotel, where the man took a room without registering, requesting that he be called at five o'clock in the morning in time for the Atchison train. Local Police Officers Smith and Summerfield, who had also received instructions from Valley Falls to arrest any suspect, were informed by the operator of the presence of the stranger at the hotel.

Arming themselves with Winchester rifles, they went to the hotel, waited under the "slick 'un's" window until twelve o'clock, and then going to the office, acquainted the proprietor with their intention of arresting his guest. A bell-boy was sent to the stranger's room with a message that it was time to get up to catch the Atchison train. When the stranger descended to the office he was confronted with police-officers, with Winchester rifles pointed squarely at his breast. He never quivered, but looked inquiringly around. "Throw up your hands," Officer Smith said. The stranger seemed to realize his situation then; but instead of obeying, he thrust a hand in either side pocket of his overcoat, to draw revolvers which only a few hours before had intimidated Cashier Cohn, of the Valley Falls Bank. As the stranger made the motion toward his weapons both Winchesters were discharged instantly at his breast. The stranger fell dead with one bullet through his heart and another through the right lung. The coroner was notified, and before noon the verdict was returned exonerating the officers of any criminality in having caused the death of the bank robber, self-defense being their excuse. Up to this time no search of the dead outlaw's person had been made, but at Cashier Cohn's request a search was made and the stolen money recovered. In his boots were found two packages of greenbacks of $500 each. The balance of the money had been distributed among his various pockets. The outlaw was positively identified from a registered receipt dated at Burlington, Kansas, as one Robertson. The money receipted for had been payable to one R. C. Smith, at Ottawa, Kansas. In Robertson's pocket was a watch with the initial "R" engraved upon it and a foot-rule bearing the same initial.

ENDED HIS LIFE'S JOURNEY.

A New York Man Shoots Himself on a Railroad Train.

Just as the brakeman of the east-bound Norfolk and Western train called out "Roanoke, change cars for the Shenandoah Valley," a well-dressed man was observed by passengers in one of the first-class coaches to deliberately rise from his seat, take his gripsack from the rack overhead, open it and take therefrom a large Colt's revolver. Before anyone realized what he intended doing he placed the revolver to his forehead, fired, and fell dead between the seats. The body was removed to an undertaking establishment, and an examination of papers found on it revealed that the suicide was Charles A. Wise, of South Greenfield, N. Y., en route from Jacksonville, Fla., to his home. A through ticket check for baggage and $102 in money were found on his person. He was faultlessly dressed, and his fellow passengers say he did or said nothing during the day to indicate he contemplated self-destruction. He was about forty-five years old. The authorities at Roanoke were notified.