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#### CONSECRATION,

Though Fate my own name had decreed Imperishable, high enrolled, The human heart is one indeed,

My own heart's throbbing life hath told; And while that heart beats free and bold, To thre, O sorrowing world, I'll live, Leaving the laurel-leaf and gold! All, all is thine I have to give!

Though Pove with measureses rich mee! Of West and warmth my life enfold, Could I forget thy bitter need,

and world, whose unkissed lips are cold? Poor world, like unkinged Lear of old, Can Love thy shameful state retrieve, Thy daughter's heart shall nought with

All, all is thine I have to give! -Grace E. Channing, in Youth's Companion

# A LEGAL MORTGAGE.

DT MARY B. SERIGHT.



it, Jason?"

question, though her." past her girlhood, was still young, and there had been a time when Jason Sands, in the infatuation of youth, had thought her pret-

ty; but her mouth to-day had a shrewish Book, and there was a vindictive snap in her small black eyes. Her hair was twisted so tightly that the wind was powerless to ruffle it, and in her starched calico gown and gingham apron there was a grim tidiness unrelieved by collar or ribbon. She had been to the garden, and she held in her hand a stalk of rhubard, from which she was pulling in a preoccupied way the silky red peel.
"Oh, I've got a sort of a lien on it,
but that ain't ownin' it," said the man,

without looking up. He was raking the front yard.

"You hol' the mortgage, den't you?" said the woman, biting off a bit of the rhubarb

"S'pose I do?"

Why, the int'res' ain't b'en paid for three years. You know that thout my

"Well!" said the man, indifferently. "Well!" repeated his wife, sharply, "how long you goin' to let it run on so?"

Jason stopped raking, and looked at her uneasily. "You don't mean, Mirandy, that you want me to foreclose on my own father and mother?"

"Why not? Business is bu lation or no relation; an' if you did that, the place'd be ours to do as we please

"I ain't so sure about that. It's down in black an' white that, whether the int'res' is paid or not, father's al'ays to have a home here. Uncle Richard use' to hol' the mortgage; an' when he died, some five or six years ago, father got me to take it, so's it wouldn't go out o' the family; but 'tain't ever be'n changed." "Then 'twas made out 'for he married agin?" said Miranda.

"Well, what o' that?"

"Nuthin', only in that case she ain't counted in. An'she ain't your mother,

"She's the only mother I ever knew anything about, Mirandy. She's be'n a mother to me ever since I was three year ol'-a right-down good one, too; an' as for her not bein' counted in, she's jus' as much right here as if she was: 'cause after father got hurt in the brickkiln, there was a good many years that he wasn't able to do much, an' all that time she kep' the int'res' paid up out of her own pocket. Uncle Richard tol' me so." Miranda, who had stood nervously nibbling the rhubarb stalk, made haste to change her tactics. "Oh, of course, Jason, I'd al'ays expect you to be good to her. But you know yourself 'tain't very pleasant havin' two heads to a house; an' so long as Mother Sands thinks she owns it all, I dasn't say a word even if everything goes to rack an' ruin. Besides, she's gittin' too ol' to have the care.'

Jason listened with a sort of helpless patience. He was an easy-tempered man, ready to yield almost any point for the sake of peace, and his wife was well aware of his weakness. It was to please her that he had sold his farm; and though at the time he fully intended to buy another, before he could decide on one she had persuaded him to take a place that had been offered him by a city friend as drummer in a wholesale grocery store. It was a business that seemed to her much more "genteel" than farming. Meanwhile he had accepted his mother's invitation to bring his family home for a visit. "Jus' till I can get time to look up a house," he said.

But Miranda had always coveted the pretty cottage, and before they had been in it a week she had determined to get possession of it. Jason bad never told her of the mortgage. Knowing that the place would eventually belong to him, he had not been troubled by the fact that the interest was not always promptly that unless Miranda herself brought up paid; neither did he want the old folks the subject they would not mention it had chanced to find the papers. But her

she would only consent to let "Mirandy" take charge of things for a while.

"I wish you'd speak to her 'bout it, said Miranda. "She'd be a good deal more likely to do it if you perposed it 'an if I did."

Jason did not covet the task, but he knew the penalty of refusing. "She's in the kitchen," Miranda re

marked, with another nibble at the rhubarb stalk.

"No hurry about it," grumbled Jason. But presently, with an air of forced surrender, he laid down his rake and went into the house. He found his mother making bread.

"You see, mother, you're gettin' kinder along in years," he argued, "an' you'd ought to let somebody else do the heft of the work. Why don't you let Mirandy, long as she's here? She's a firs'-rate housekeeper, au' she'd ruther do it 'an not."

The little old lady lifted her head with a troubled look. "Why, I shouldn't know what to do with myself, Jason, if I O doubt the hadn't something to keep me busy. I've place is yours by al'ays be'n use' to it, you know. But," good rights, ain't she added, drawing in her lip, and slowly patting the loaf she was kneading, "if Mirandy wants to take a turn at that asked this it for a while, she can. I won't hinder

The daughter-in-law accepted this concession with secret triumph, and she so soon managed to get entire control of the kitchen that the deposed housewife, missing the homely cares that for so many years had occupied her hands and thoughts, would have been in a sad strait had it not been for the children.

"I loves gramma," said little Delia one day, as she mounted her grandmoth-

"Me do, too," chimed the baby, clambering up beside her sister. "Makes me think, Hesba," said her husband, a sudden mist dimming his

glasses, "of the times you use" to sit holdin' Jany an' Ruth.' Hesba's eyes also grew misty, for there were two little graves in the far corner

of the garden; but the prattling children on her lap left her no time for reminis-"Do put 'em down, an' let 'em 'muse

emselvas. You coddle 'em too much,' fretted Miranda. "Oh, I like to have 'em 'round me,'

said Hesba.

But Miranda frowned. "They're gittin' 'mos' as bad as Jason," she com-plained to herself. "They think there's nobody like that ol' woman."

Jason's new business often took him from home for weeks at a time, and it was while he was off on one of these expeditions that Miranda improved the opportunity to carry out a long cherished project.

"Seems to me, gran'ma," she began, warily, baving joined her mother-in-law in the sitting room, armed with her knitting work, "you're lookin' kinder peaked. If I's you, I'd take a little trip somewheres. Jason says you've got a brother livin' over in Connecticut. I should think it 'd be nice for you to go an visit him. Why don't you, now?"

"Well, I don' know. I never was much of a han' to go visitin'," said Hesba, as unsuspicious as a baby. "And though I don't doubt brother William 'd be glad to see us; he's got such a family of his own, I should feel as if we's imposin on him."

"Might as well impose on bim as on folks that's no relation to you." And Miranda's needles clicked viciously.

Hesba looked at her in wonder. What do you mean, Mirandy. I didn't know's I was imposin' on anybody."

"I don' know what else you can call it," said Miranda, with merciless deliberation. 'You know well enough that the int'res' on the mortgage 'ain't be'n paid for years, an' Jason could turn you out to-morrer if he wanted to."

"Turn us out!" repeated Hesba. "Oh no, Mirandy, he couldn't do that, 'cause father's to have a home here as long as he lives; he's got that down in writin'!'

"Yes; but you an' father's two different persons. Your name ain't put down on the paper, an' I's on'y sayin' what we could do if we wanted to. But I'm expectin' comp'ny from the city next week, 'twould obleege me consid'rable if you'd jus' go over to your brother's an' stay a spell, 'cause while you's away father could sleep on the cot in the hall

bedroom." "Go an' leave father! Is that what you mean, Mirandy?" "It was pitiful to see how white and

tremulous she grew. "Why, you wouldn't want to take him with you when your brother's got such a family already? What'd be the use?' said Miranda. She was very willing to have the old man stay; she depended on him to bring all the wood and water.

Hesba turned to the window to catch her breath. Outside, gray clouds were lowering, and spiteful gusts were sending little coveys of brown leaves scurrying through the air. But Hesba saw only the tall gaunt figure in the potato patch, and throwing a shawl over her head she hurried out. The old man dropped his hoe and went to meet her.

"If you go, Hesba, I go too, you can depend on that," he said notly, when she had told her trouble.

But after talking it over, they decided that unless Miranda herself brought up troubled, and it vexed him that Miranda again. Perhaps before the week was out Jason would be home. And byreasoning in regard to the housekeeping | and-by Miranda, who had taken Hesba's | Delia. seemed very plausable. His mother was place at the window, saw them coming past seventy, it was time she had a rest. up from the potato patch hand in hand, hers, and she could have it as well as not if the oin man walking very erect, his hoe face.

across his shoulder, and the little old wife clinging to him like a child.

"I s'pose they think they've got it all fever." settled," muttered the woman; "but, we'll see '

Two days later a letter came to Hesba from her brother.

"She's ben a writin' to him." blurted the old man, clinching his fist.

Hesba took no notice of the remark. 'He says," she began, following the lines slowly with her dim eyes, he'd like very much to have a visit from me, an' he hopes I'll come right away, 'fore cold weather sets in. But he's 'fraid I'll have to put up with sleepin' with one o' the children, they're so short o' room.'

"Then o' course that puts an end to father's goin'," said Miranda, coming in noiselessly from the kitchen, the door having been lett ajar.

"An' to her goin', too, I guess," answered the old man.

"Oh, you shouldn't say that, father," said Miranda. "It 'll be a real nice little trip for her, and do her lots o' good." The old man scowled, and thumped the floor with his cane. "She ain't goin' to stir a step, not with my consent,

he cried, angrily. "'Sh-sh, father," whisper his wife. 'Don't let's have any words about it." Miranda put her apron to her eyes. "I'm sure I don't want to have no

words," she whimpered. Hesba stood up with her hand on her husband's shoulder. "We won't say William's as soon as I can get my things ready, an' stay till your company's

Miranda walked out of the room without answering. She had gained the day, and there was nothing more to be said, but she still held her apron to her

The old people bad seldom been senarated even for a day, and during the time that intervened they would sit, hand in hand, by the hour, trying forlornly to find some way of escape from Miranda's plan.

"It's no use, father," sighed Hesba. "She's made up her mind to have me go, an' to go 'fore Jason comes home. an' she won't res' till she gets me out o' the house.'

"Well, she'll repent it," said the old man, shaking his head.

"Don't, father," entreated his wife. "Tain't for us to make her repent it." It was not until the time came to say good-by that the children began to com-

prehend that she was going away.
"Gramma mustn't do," cried little Delia, clinging to Hesba's skirts, and then the baby set up a wail, and refused to be comforted.

Hesba strained the little creatures for a moment to her bosom. "I don't want ny harm to come to you Mirandy " she said, turning to her daughter-in-law, "but I can't help fearin' that separatin' father an' me as you're doin', the Lord may see fit to separate you from some o' them you love.' That was her farewell word.

When Jason came home the following week, it was an easy matter for Miranda to make him believe that his mother had gone of her own free will to visit her

brother, the old man, obedient to his wife's entreaty, keeping silent. She took much credit to herself for having managed it so well. Her visiters came and went, but she said not a word about Hesba's coming home. Not even the old man's pleading eyes could move her.

One morning in November, while Miranda was busy in the kitchen, little Nan wandered into the yard, and amused herself for half an hour chasing the chick The ground was covered with slush, and that night the child was

seized with diphtheria. For three days she lay tossing and moaning, and almost the only words that passed her lips wera, "Gamme! I ont

"Baby can't have gran'ma. Gran'ma's gone," said Miranda. "Mommer's here to take care o' Nan." But she was not skilful at nursing.

Nan grew rapidly worse, still moaning for "gamma;" and death came with the suddenness characteristic of the disease. Jason reached home the day before the funeral. He was almost heart-

broken. "You'd ought to sent for mother," he said at once. "I don't know what for," Miranda protested, in an injured voice. "The doctor an' me did everything that could be done, an' there wouldn't be any

earthly use sendin' for her now," A day or two later little Delia came and leaned against her knee as she sat sewing. "I want my gramma," said the child, with a long-drawn sigh. I want foot in diameter. These treasures are her to tell me stories."

"Delie seems to think she hot's a mortgage on mother," said the old man; 'an' I guess it's legaler 'an the one some other folks hol'.' Miranda winced, but she was too wise

to make him any answer. "Go to gran'oa," she said to Delia. "He'll tell you bout Jack the Giant-killer." "I doesn't want to hear 'bout Jack 'e Giant-killer," said the child, perversely.

little chillen love one anuver." Her grandfather took her on his knee. That was said for grown-up folks as well as for little children," he remarked. looking furtively at Miranda, "an' it means that everybody ought to be lovin'

an' kind to each other.' " Gramma was lovin' an' kind," said

The old man laid his cheek against hers, but he drew back with a startled

"Why, Mirandy, this child's sick!" he exclaimed. "She's got a ragin"

Miranda threw down her sewing, and snatched the child away from him. Celia was her idol.

"I want gramma," repeated the little one, drowsily.

Just then Jason came in. "Go telegraph for mother," cried Miranda. "Tell her not to wait for anything."

When the doctor came the next afternoon, he found his little patient nestled in Hesba's lap, while close beside them, his chin on his cane, and his face beaming like a lover's, sat the old man. "Ab, she is better," said the doctor.

'She is getting on finely." "We're all better," piped the old man, blinking behind his glasses.

"We've got our gramma back," said the child, contentedly. - Harper's Bazar.

#### SELECT SIFTINGS.

Arabs never eat catfish.

Arsenic is extensively used in making

The pendulum was first attached to the clock in 1656 by Huygner.

India has a priest who is drawing a pension and is in his 152d year.

The "heaviest" woman in Europe has just died in Bavaria. She weighed 550 The number of Government employes

anything more, Mirandy. I'll go to in all department is said to be about 150,000. The Burmese, Karens, Hangere and

Ghans use lead and silver in bullion for currency. A man in Sydney, New South Wales, has \$250,000 invested in city property,

all of which was made out of pigs. Hundreds of fish are still alive in the royal aquarium in St. Petersburg, Russia, that were placed there more than 150 years ago.

Carriages were first introduced in England in 1380, and were for a long time used only for the conveyance of the sick and of ladies.

A fall caused the heart of Mrs. Ann Barr, of Vincennes, Ind., to shift from the left to the right side. This is the opinion of her physicians.

A young woman in Philadelphia, Penn., is said to be able to address letters faster than anybody alive. She can moisten with her tongue and affix 3000 stamps an hour. Should a man in China be unfortunate

enough to save the life of another from drowning, he is at once saddled with the expense of supporting the survivor for the remainder of that person's life. John W. Wise, a grandson of John Wise, a miser who lived in Kansas and

died without revealing his hoard, found

\$35,000 while digging a foundation for a house, also a will leaving him all the property. A Kings City (Col.) man recently, after a severe illness, entirely forgot the combination of his safe. None of his clerks knew it, and after a long delay he

was finally obliged to send to a distance

for a man who had been formerly in his employ to open the safe. Det Lunn is the name applied to Heligoland by the natives of that island. It s a small island in the North Sea, about thirty-six miles northwest of the mouth of the Elbe, fifty-four degrees eleven minutes north latitude and seven degrees fifty-one minutes east longitude.

A local reporter on the Chico (Cal.) Chronicle-Record got into trouble by making a wrong heading over a marriage notice. The groom's name was Avery and the bride was a Miss Small. The heading was set up "A Very Small Wed-The groom, who is a muscular ding." young rancher, is now looking for the reporter, who is absent from home on a

A blacksmith in Belfast, Me., relates that forty years ago, when he was an apprentice, his employer bought a superannuated horse for fifty cents, ordered him to shoe the animal, and sold it, with its four new shoes, for seventy-five cents. The apprentice was so incensed at having his work valued at only twenty-five cents that he took an oath then and there never to shoe another horse, and he never has, although he has been in the blacksmith business ever since.

The Bongo people of Africa have an iron currency having the shape of a spade, with a handle and an anchor-like end to it. This they call loggo colluti. The largest iron coin circulating there is of size and shape of a large plate, being one piled up in the warerooms of native merchants just as the silver or gold bars in other lands. For ten iron plates of two pounds weight each the love-lorn Bongo swain buys his inamorata of her papa. When he can't get ten of such iron plates he has to be satisfied with an elderly beauty.

#### A Novel House Stove. One of the most recent novelties is a

house stove introduced in England. The 'Gramma she telled me stories 'bout grate is swung on trunnions and can be reversed. After fresh coal has been added at the top, the reversal is made, and the green coal is thus brought to the bottom in an easy manner, to answer the purpose in question, namely, the gases from the coal, passing upward by means of this arrangement, through the red portion of the fire, previously at the bottom, are almost consumed before reaching the chimney .- Brooklyn Citi-

## REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Religion's Refuge."

TEXT: "A goodly cedar, and under it shall dwell all fawl of every wing."-Ezekiel xvii., 23.

kiel xvii., 23.

The cedar of Lebanon is a royal tree. It stands six thousand feeet above the level of the sea. A missionary counted the concentric circles and found one tree thirty-five hundred years old—long rooted, broad branches, all the year in luxuriant foliage. The same branches that bent in the hurricane that David saw sweeping over Lebanon, rock to-day over the head of the American traveler. This monarch of the forest, with its leafy fingers, plucks the honors of a thousand years and sprinkles them upon its own uplifted brow, as though some great hallelujah of heaven had been planted upon Lebanon and it were rising up with all its long armed strength to take hold of the hills whence it came.

Oh, what a fine place for birds to nest in! In hot days they come thither—the eagle, the dove, the swallow, the sparrow and the raven. There is to many of us a complete fascination in the structure and habits of birds. They seem not more of earth than heaven areas recilibric in the structure and habits of birds. They seem not more of earth than heaven areas recilibric in the structure and habits of birds.

birds. They seem not more of earth than heaven—ever vacillating between the two. No wonder that Audubon, with his gun, tramped through all of the American for-

heaven—ever vacillating between the two. No wonder that Audubon, with his gun, tramped through all of the American forests in search of new specimens. Geologists have spent years in finding the track of a bird's claw in the new red sandstone. There is enough of God's architecture in a snipe's bill or a grouse's foot to confound all the universities. Musicians have, with clefs and bars tried to catch the sound of the nightingale and robin. Among the first things that a child notices is a swallow at the eaves, and grandfather goes out with a handful of crumbs to feet the snow birds.

The Bible is full of ornithological allusions. The birds of the Bible are not dead and stuffed, like those of the museum, but living birds, with fluttering wings and plumage. "Behold the fowls of the air," says Christ. "Though thou exait thyself as the eagle, and though thou exait thyself as the eagle, and though thou set thy nest among the stars, thence will I bring thee down," exclaims Obadiah. "Gavest Thou the goodly wings unto the peacock?" says Job. David describes his desolation by saving, "I am like an owl of the desert; I watch and am as a sparrow alone upon the housetop." "Yea, the stork in the heaven knowth her appointed time; and the turtie, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord"—so says Jeremiah.

Ezekiel in my text intimates that Christ is the cedar, and the people from all quarters are the birds that lodge among the branches. "It shall be a goodly cedar, and of him are flying all kinds of people—young and old, rich and poor, men high scaring as the eagle, those fierce as the raven, and those gentle as the dove. "All fowl of every wing."

First, the young may come. Of the eighteen hundred and ninety-two years that have passed since Christ came, about sixteen hundred have been wasted by the good in misdirected efforts. Until Robert Raikes came there was no organized effort for saving the young. We spend all our strength

came there was no organized effort for sav-ing the young. We spend all our strength trying to bend old tress, when a little pres-ure would have been sufficient for the sap-ling. We let men go down to the very bottom of sin before we try to lift them up. It is a great deal easier to keep a train on the track than to get it on when it is off. The experienced reinsman checks the flery steed at the first jump, for when he gets in full swing, the swift hoofs clicking fire from the pavement and the bit between his teeth, his momentum is irresistible.

It is said that the young must be allowed to sow their "wild oats." I have noticed to sow their "wild oats." I have noticed that those who sow their wild oats seldom try to raise any other kind of crop. There are two opposite destinies. If you are going to heaven, you had better take the straight road, and not try to go to Boston by way of New Orleans. What is to be the history of this multitude of young people around manday? I will take you by the hand and show you a glorious sunrise. I will not whine about this thing, nor groan about it, but come, young men and maidens, Jesus wants you. His hand is love, His voice is music, His smile is heaven. Religion will put no handcuffs on your wrist, no hopples on no handcuffs on your wrist, no hopples on your feet, no brand on your forehead.

I went through the heaviest snowstorm I have ever known to see a dying girl. Her cheek on the pillow was white as the snow on the casement. Her large, round eye had not lost any of its luster. Loved ones stood all around the bed trying to hold her back.

all around the bed trying to hold her back. Her mother could not give her up, and one nearer to her than either father or mother was frantic with grief. I said: "Franny, how do you feel?" "Oh?" she said, "happy, happy! Mr. Talmage, tell all the young folks that religion will make them happy."

As I came out of the room, louder than all the sobs and wailings of grief. I heard the clear, sweet, glad voice of the dying girl, "Good night; we shall meet again on the other side of the river." The next Sabbath we buried her. We brought white flowers and laid them on the coffin. There was in all that crowded church but one really happy and delighted face, and that was the face of and delighted face, and that was the face of Fanny. Oh, I wish that now my Lord Jesus would go through this audience and take all these flowers of youth and garland them on His brow. The cedar is a fit refuge for birds of brightest plumage and swiftest wing. See, they fly! they fly! "All fowl of every

Again, I remark that the old may come. You say, "Suppose a man has to go on crutches; suppose he is blind; suppose he is deaf; suppose that nine tenths of his life has been wasted." Then I answer: Come with crutches. Come, old men, blind and deaf, come to Jesus. If you would sweep your hand around before your blind eyes, the first thing you would touch would be the cross. It is hard for an aged man or woman to have grown old without religion. There taste is gone. The peach and the grape have lost their flavor. They say that somehow fruit does not taste as it used to. Their hearing gets defective, and they miss a great deal that is said in their presence. Again, I remark that the old may come that is said in their presence.

Their friends have all gone and everybody

seems so strange. The world seems to go away from them and they are left all alone. They begin to feel in the way when you come into the room where they are, and they move their chair nervously and say, "I hope I am not in the way." Alast that father and mother should ever be in the way. When you were sick and they sat up all night rocking you, singing to you, administering to you, did they think that you were in the way? Are you tired of the old people? Do you suap them up quick and sharp? You will be cursed to the bone for your ingrati-

tude and unkindness! Oh, how many dear old folks Jesus has put to sleep! How sweetly He has closed their eyes! How gently folded their arms! How He has put His hand on their silent hearts and said; "Rest now, tirei pilgrim, It is all over. The tears will never start again. Husb! hush!" So He gives His beloved sleep. I think the most beautiful object on earth is an old Christian—the hair

white, not with the frosts of winter, but the blossoms of the tree of life. I never feel sorry for a Christian old man. Why feel sorry for those upon whom the glories of the eternal world are about to burst? They are going to the goodly cedar. Though their wings are heavy with age, God shall renew their strength like the eagle, and they shall make their nest in the cedar. "All fowl of every wing."

Again, the very bad, the outrageously sinful, may come. Men talk of the grace of God as though it were so many yards long and so many yards deep. People point to the dying thief as an encouragement to the sinner. How much better it would be to point to our own case and say, "If God saved us He can save anybody." There may be those here who never had one extract word aid to them about their souls. Consider me as putting my hand on your shoulder and looking in your eye. God has been good to you. You ask, "How do you know that? He has been very hard on me."

"Where did you come from?" "Home."

"Then you have a home. Have you ever thanked God for your children? Who keeps them safe? Were you ever sick?" "Yes." "Who made you well? Have you been feed every day? Who feeds you? Put your band on your pulse. Who makes it throb? Listen to the respiration of your lungs. Who helps you to breathe? Have you a Bible in the house, spreading before you the future life? Who gave you that Bible?"

Oh, it has been a story of goodness and mercy all the way through. You have been one of God's pet children. Who fondled you and caressed you and loved you? And when you went astray and wanted to come back, did He ever refuse? I know of a father who, after his son came back the fourth time, said, "No; I forgave you three times, but I will never forgive you again." And the son went off and died. But God takes back His children the thousandth time as cheerfully as the first. As easily as with my handkerchief I strike the dust off a book, God will wipe out all your sins.

Again, all the dying will find their nest in this goodly cedar. It is cruel t

God will wipe out all your sins.

Again, all the dying will find their mist in this goodly cedar. It is cruel to destroy a bird's nest, but death does not hesitate to destroy one. There was a beautiful nest in the next street. Lovingly the parents brooded over it. There were two or three little robins in the nest. The scarlet fever thrust its hands into the nest, and the birds are gone. Only those are safe who have their nests in the goodly cedar. They have over them "the feathers of the Almighty." Oh, to have those soft, warn, eternal wings Oh, to have those soft, warm, eternal wings stretched over us! Let the storms beat and the branches of the cedar toss on the wind-no danger. When a storm comes, you can see the birds flying to the woods. Bre the storm of death comes down, let us fly to the

storm of death comes down, let us fly to the goodly cedar.

Of what great varieties heaven will be made up. There come men who once were hard and cruel and desperate in wickedness, yet now, soft and changed by grace, they come into glory, "All fowl of every wing." And here they come, the children who were reared in loving home circles flocking through the gates of life, "All fowl of every wing." These are white and came from northern homes; these were black and ascended from southern plantations; these were copper colored and went up from Indian reservacolored and went up from Indian reserva-tions—"All fowl of every wing." So God gathers them up. It is astonishing how easy it is for a good soul to enter heaven. A prominent business man in Philadelphia went home one afternoon, lay down on the lounge and said: "It is time for me to go."

He was very aged. His daughter said to him, "Are you sick?" He said: "No; but it is time for me to go. Have John put it in two of the morning papers, that my friends may know that I am gone. Good-by," and as quick as that God had taken him.

as quick as that God had taken him.

It is easy to go when the time comes. There are no ropes thrown out to pull us ashore; there are no ladders let down to pull us up. Christ comes and takes us by the hand and says, "You have had enough of this; come up higher." Do you hurt a lily when you pluck it? Is there any rudeness when Jesus touches the cheek, and the red rose of health whitens into the lily of immoral purity and gladness? moral purity and gladness?

moral purity and gladness?

When autumn comes and the giant of the woods smites his anvil and the leafy sparks fly on the autumnal gale, then there will be thousands of birds gathering in the tree at the corner of the field, just before departing to warmer climes, and they will call and sing until the branches drop with the melody. There is a better clime for us, and by and by we shall migrate. We gather in the branches of the goodly cedar, in preparation for departure. You heard our voices in the opening song; you will hear them in the closing song—voices good, voices bad, voices happy, distressful—"All fowl of every wing." By and by we shall be gone. If all this audience is saved, as I hope they will be, I see them entering into life. Some have had it easy. have had it hard; some have had it easy Some were brilliant; some were dull. Some were rocked by pious parentage; others had their infantile cheeks scalded with tears of woe. Some crawled, as it were, into some seemed to enter in chariots of flaming fire. Those fell from a ship's mast, these were crushed in a mining disaster. They are God's singing birds now. No gun of huntsman shall shoot them down. They gather on the trees of life and fold their wines on the branches.

til the hills are flooded with joy, and the skies drop music, and the arches of pearl send back the echoes—"All fowl of every wing." Behold the saints, beloved of God, Washed are their robes in Jesus's blo Brighter than angels, lo! they shipe, Their glories splendid and sublime.

wings on the branches, and far away i frosts and winds and night they sing

Through iribulation great they came: They bore the cross and scorned the shan Now, in the heavenly temple blest; With God they dwell; on Him they rest,

While everiasting angels roll Eternal love shall feast their soul. And scenes of bilss, forever new Riso in succession to their view.

### Street Merchants.

It is a noticeable fact that street

merchants, better known as "fakirs," are steadily increasing in number, not only in the large cities, but in the smaller towns. The term "fakir," by the way, with its suggestion of knavery, is a most unfortunate designation for this class of men, a large proportion of whom are reputable and honest men, doing a perfectly legitimate business. Many of them have become identified with certain locations, and are known and respected by all the business men in the neighborhood. But it must be admitted that a good many of the venders are frauds of the first water, who do only a fake business. And this suggests an etymological question. Why do we call such men "fakirs," when we really ought to call them "fakers," that is men who "fake?" The "fakir" of the Orient is a religious ascetic or begging monk .-- New York Tribune.