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#### THE STREAM'S SOLILOQUY.

on my way, O'er the sands through many lands with

heart of stone.

But there's music in my babble, and my And the plowboy gets a hatfull of the water chatter is a lay, That I love to sing when quiet and

alone.

Oh, the woodlands are my playgrounds and the dales my sweet delight,

And the shaded nooks my rapture as I steal and a coat as red and glossy as the sunlight

along from sight.

Some say I'm never quiet; that I always fret If a stream can fall in love then I have surealong, Through the glades and in the shades,

with discontent, comes to the wood.

But because I like to ramble is it such an ar- From the banks she looks with laughter rant wrong-Must I fret in some secluded channel,

pent?

But I have my dreaming hours, and the bab- But I'm just a restless fellow, and my love treasures to the throng.

clear and cool, Standing where the summer postes blos-

in the skies.

ly lost my heart

where the light and shadows part, And I'd tell her of my passion if I

ble of my song must go unknown, Brings its pleasure to the flowers and its So I chatter on forever just a little stream,

### \* TOO CAUTIOUS.

chair her sweet face clouded, her tender heart sore; while her two nieces, May and Bessie Joyce, twin sisters of 18, blue-eyed and pretty as rosebuds, sat one each side. The three ladies all wore mourning and bore in their of recent sorrow; but while Aunt Mat-May and Bessie gave voice to considerable inward indignation.

"I don't care for ourselves," said Bessie, using the plural that meant the inseparable twinship; "we are young and can work, but it is too hard to have Aunt Mattie turned out of house and home after all she has done for Mr. William Oldfield."

"Don't blame your uncle, dear," began Aunt Mattie.

'We wasn't our uncle," snapped out May. "He did what he promised to do,"

continued Aunt Mattie. "And then undid it," said Bessie,

anguily. "We are not sure of that, dear."

"Now, auntie! He made a will, leaving you this house and \$10,000 and \$10,000 apiece to Bessie and me, said May; "but afterward, if he did not destroy it, where is it?"

"Yes, where is it?" echoed her sister. "If it was in the house, surely it would have been found in the general turning out of our household posses

sions today." "Well, dear, it can't be found, and we must go back to our old rooms and try to re-establish the little school I left five years ago. We have had a comfortable home for that time."

For the facts of the case were these William Oldfield, a widower of many years, possessing large means, had been attacked late in life with a painful, incurable sickness, trying to nurse, distressing to witness and having an irritating effect on the nerves of the sufferer. After enduring the trials of dishonest servants and nurses, incompetent housekeepers and careless attendants for a time he had persuaded his dead wife's maiden sister to give up a small but flourishing school, by which she supported herself and her brother's orphan girls, and keep house

In default of regular salary, he gave a home to the aforesaid nieces, who supported themselves by sewing, and promised a legacy to Miss Mattie, who, however, hardly expected and never demanded it. Yet, most assuredly, she had earned it, for her brother-inlaw, by reason of pain and bad temper, made her a slave to his sick whims, keeping her actively employed as nurse, as he grew worse and worse, till, during the last year of his life, she rarely left his room.

Faithfully and patiently she endured the monotony of her life, the caprices of her patient's temper, the fatigue of nursing, till death claimed the invalid and released her. The promised legacy had been left to her and the girls in a will made a year before William Oldfield died; but the lawyer said the document was not intrusted to his care. Failing to find it in the house, the ladies were notified that William Oldfield, Jr., the nephew and heir-at-law of the dead man, would take possession of the entire property at once.

It was well known in Topham that this heir was by no means the one to whom the uncle desired to leave his property, as the remainder of his estate, after the legacies mentioned, passed, by the terms of the last will, to the town to endow a hospital.

The young heir-at law had been on ill terms with his uncle for years, being a spendthrift, a gambler and a man addicted to drinking, heartlessly indifferent to his uncle's sufferings and laughing boisterously when the lawyer proposed to him to make some compensation to Miss Mattie for her services.

"The old maid was fishing for my uncle's money, of course," he said, "though she is not even a relative. Let her go back to her proper place and learn to keep her busy fingers out of other people's pies.

so the lawyer, Mr. O'Byrne, of kindly heart and great legal knowledge, spend the old man's money. was obliged to give Miss Mattie notice

Some say that I'm a bubbler and I chatter Where I glide along at evening softly o'er the shallow pool.

As they go, cattle low and quench their

To a maiden, sunshine laden, who each day

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* There was a sad group of ladies to quit the house she had been promgathered in the parlor of a pretty ised should be her own, giving vent house on the outskirts of the town of as he did so to some opinions of his Topham. Miss Martha Joyce, spinster, own in the matter, not strictly profesof uncertain age, sat in a low rocking | sional. "You are sure you have searched faithfully for the will?" he asked. "Quite sure," "He certainly had it," said the law-

"I drew it up myself-ten thousand apiece and the house and personpale faces and heavy eyes the traces al effects and furniture to Miss Martha; the rest of the estate for the use tie meekly folded her hands and sighed of the Topham hospital. Dear! dear! why won't clients gut such papers in proper keeping instead of clinging to them as if they were life-preservers? I am very sorry, Miss Mattie. I have represented matters to the heir, but he

fails to see them in a proper light." So the ladies . packed their trunks and gathered in the little parlor to spend their last evening, preparatory to an early start in the morning. And while they sat, mournfully conversing, a strange event occurred. A shockheaded boy rang the bell and handed in a note, which ran in this wise:

"Miss Martha Joyce: I do not know that the disease of which my uncle died was contagious, but I have a horror of illness in any shape or form. I therefore beg of you, before you leave his house, to burn the bedstead and bedding he used, that I may not find it when I take possession.

Yours, very truly, "WILLIAM OLDFIELD." "Well!" cried Bessie, "if impudence can reach a sublimer height than that

I am mistaken. "Burn the bedstead! that splendid black walnut bedstead that matches the chamber suit!" said Miss Mattie.

'It really seems a pity!" "Let him do it himself," said May; 'we are not his servants.'

"I'll tell you what I will do, dears, said gentle Aunt Mattie; "I have had everything washed but the tickings; I'll just empty the mattresses and have those washed, too. But I really cannot reconcile it to my conscience to burn up things that are perfectly harmless,

"Oh, Aunt Mattie, give the bedding to old Peggy! She will be delighted. The blankets are soft and fine and the sheets all clean. The young sinner only wants them out of his way."

So old Peggy, an aged woman, pensioner to all the charitable folks in Topham, was sent for and told of this

stroke of good fortune. "We will go with you," Bessie said,

'and nelp you carry them." The four women ascended one flight of stairs to the room where William Oldfield died. Everything was in order there, and over the mattresses was spread a white Marseilles quilt that Bessie put with the rest of the bedding, while Aunt Mattie and May dragged the mattresses to the floor.

"They are all stuffed with hair, Peggy," Aunt Mattie said. "I ordered them myself."

"Yes, marm," said the old woman, feeling them carefully and nodding her head; "I'm thinking I'll sell the hair. Husk stuffing will do for my old bones, and I can buy some flour and coal, likely, with the price of the hair.

"Just as you please," said Aunt Mattie, tying the mattresses securely with a stout cord. "Now, girls, are you ready? Hannah will help Peggy with this bundle, and we will carry the sheets, blankets and spreads."

So when William Oldfield took possession the next day he found the bedstead bare and a note from Bessie tied to it, respectfully declining to make a bonfire of the furniture and stating the fact that the bedding had been given away for a charitable use.

"If he doesn't like it he is welcome to dislike it," that young lady said, graciously, as she signed the dainty epistle in her finest handwriting.

The heir said a bad word, locked up the room and occupied another apartment, where there had been no 'confounded sickness," as he said, and there reigned in the house where Aunt Mattie had kept dainty neatness the confusion of a young bachelor's household, the disorder following frequent late suppers, when the city friends of young Oldfield came down to "make a night of it and help him

Quiet Topham was scandalized and

sighed over the days when the dissipated nephew was a far-away disgrace for mild gossip, but there seemed to be no help for the trouble.

The funeral had been over nearly three months, and Miss Mattie had collected a goodly number of little folks once more around her, when one morning, while Bessie was busy in the little kitchen baking pies and May was running a sewing machine in the sitting room, there came hobbling up to the door old Peggy.

"Come in, Peggy," Bessie said, cheerily. "You are just in time for an apple pie I baked for you.'

"Bless your kind heart and sweet face," said the old woman. "You are never so poor yourself but you remember those who are worse off. But it's Miss Mattie I want to see.

"You are just in time, then. There's the noon bell ringing, and here comes Aunt Mattie and May to help about "Miss Mattie," said old Peggy,

'did you ever lose a paper when you were at the old house? "A paper!" screamed Bessie and

May in chorus. "Oh, Peggy, did you find one?" "Yes, dears. I can't read myself,

but here it is." And from the folds of her shawl Peggy drew forth a large folded document, indorsed in round legal hand

on the back: "Last will and testament of William Oldfield.'

Aunt Mattie sat down and cried softly. Bessie danced around like an iusane Indian, and May, seizing a hat, darted off to Lawyer O'Byrne.

"How did you find it?" Bessie cried at last, when she was exhausted with her solitary dance.

"Well, dears," said the old woman, T've been waiting till the warm days to empty the mattresses, for they were wonderfully comfortable for my old bones in the winter, and so today I ripped them open, as Mick Calloran said he'd give a fair price for the hair and fill them up again with husk, And pushed in one of them, near the middle, in a little slit cut with a knife, I found the paper. And it's thankful I am this day that's it's good news I bring, if your face tells the truth, honey.

"Good news! the best of news!" said Bessie. "You shall have the warmest shawl next winter to be found in Top-

ham, Peggy, and the softest bed." And here May entered with Mr. O'Byrne, and the whole story had to

be told again. "It is the will, sure enough," said the lawyer. "And so Mr. Oldfield butter and lard, which naturally did wanted you to burn the bed and bedding! H'm! I shouldn't wonder if he was afraid of this very discovery and was too great a coward to risk hunting for it himself. It is my opinion that he will burn the whole house down yet if he keeps possession long.

Topham never heard such rioting.' The will was given to Mr. O'Byrne's keeping and in due time proved and executed. The heir-at-law made a great bluster, but knowing his rage was useless left the house once more, considerably the worse for his brief sojourn in it. The fact that even the temporary enjoyment of his uncle's money was an altogether unexpected event probably aided his acquiescence in the legality of the will.

The house was cleaned and purified and once more given over to Aunt Mattie's quiet rule and the happy occupancy of the twin sisters, who gladly gave up sewing and teaching to join in the social pleasures of Topham. The hospital flourishes, and old Peggy never tires of relating how she found the fortunes of the Joyce ladies in the hair mattresses William Oldfield ordered to be burned on the day when fear made him too cautions.

The Secret of the Dreyfus Case. The fact that Dreyfus is a Jew furnishes a key to the mysteries of the cause celebre which is connected with his name. It is impossible to understand how the French nation-an impulsive, generous people, who, although blind in their anger, are temperamentally incapable of remaining deaf to the appeal of justice after the initial fury of their wrath has spent itself-can persist in withholding from the condemned officer an opportunity to justify himself before the courts of his country. The paradox may be understood when it is remembered that, after the memory of Sedan, the greatest passion of the French is a deep and enduring hatred of the Jews as a race. The cry, "A bas les juifs!" is almost as potent in France today as was that other cry at the close of the last century-the cry that gave utterance to the hot resentment of more than a hundred years and drove the disdainful Marie Antoinette to the guillotine-"A bas le roi!"-S. Ivan Tonjoroff, in The Arena.

The One Who Didn't Dodge.

A woman evangelist is converting many sinners in Missouri. In one of her addresses the other day she said: "There is a man in this house who is untrue to his wife! I am going to throw this hymn book at him." raised the book as if she was going to throw it, and every man but one in the house ducked his head to avoid the book. Then she blistered the dodgers and lauded the one true man, It was afterward learned that he was deaf and dumb.

THE STOREKEEPERS OF GUAM. An Interesting Report from the Surgeon

of the Bennington.

The navy department has received an interesting report made by Surgeon Ward of the cruiser Bennington, at Port San Luis d'Apra, Island of Guam, in the Ladrones, just before that vessel left there to join Admiral Dewey the last of January.

Surgeen Ward had been ashore investigating the commercial products and mercautile establishments during the stay of the Bennington in the harbor, with a view to determining what dependence could be placed on the local markets for maintaining the force to be kept there hereafter by the United States. He says he found eight so-called stores in Agana, the chief town, besides a number of small huts, where the native aguardiente, made of fermented cocoanut milk, is sold, but he did not ascertain whether or not these bars were licensed. He classed the stores under five heads, according to the nationality of the men owning them. In the Manila stores, conducted by men from Mauila, three in number, it was possible to buy cotton clothes of various hues and dyes, embroideries, a few ready-made articles of apparel, buttons, shoes, paper, peus, ink, matches, and a small assortment of canned goods of poor quality and expensive, as well as soap, candles and aguardiente. In one of the Manila stores cigars made of native tobacco, which was of poor quality, were purchasable. The Japanese store is the largest and best in the town. It contained all the goods to be had in the Manila stores, and in addition sugar, Japanese beer and imitations of imported wines. It also sold eggs and bread, the latter baked every other day, of exceedingly poor quality. The Chinese store was a poor one, and was patronized only by Chinese. In the chamorro (native) store Dr. Ward found native coffee of fair quality, excellent chocolate and a few cheap cotton dyed stuffs, pipes,

matches, etc. The single American store, though a more pretentions establishment than any of the others, was inferior in many respects to the Japanese. A greater variety of goods was kept, including a large assortment of canned vegetables, meats, kerosene, oil, rice, accordions, hats, stockings, lamps, lamp shades, crockery, trunks, paints and nails. Dr. Ward says that shoes of fair pattern could be made to order by native shoemakers, and the natives could also make comfortable furniture. Flour, which was difficult to find, and not keep well in such a warm climate, were expensive. Milk could be purchased in small quantities, chickens and eggs were plentiful, but the beef was poor, and there were no sheep in

Pigsare abundant. Yams and sweet potatoes grow freely, as well as corn, the latter being used by the natives to make bread. Bananas, cocoanuts and bread fruit are the chief sources of native food. Fishing is but little attempted. A good clam is found, and a small oyster of sweet taste. Deer and goats abound, and wild turkey, plover, ducks and other edible birds are plentiful.

## Chinese Enterprise.

"I happen to have a dress coat," said a man about town, "that was made by Poole, the famous London tailor, and I've preserved it with a good deal of care. To tell the truth, attached less value to the garment itself than I did to the sign manual of the house, emblazoned on a strip of white silk and stitched inside the collar. It was a trifle snobbish, I dare say, but if so I've received my punish-

"A few weeks ago I took the coat along with me on a trip to Florida, and while at a small coast resort I noticed the buttons were getting worn. The only tailor in town was a Chinaman, and I gave him the coat with instructions to repair the damages, which he did, very neatly. I had forgotten all about the incident, and one evening during Carnival was at the club chatting with some visitors from Detroit, when somehow or other the conversation turned on high art tailoring. One of the strangers sang the praises of a chap at his home, and I like a fool, couldn't resist the temptation of remarking that my suit was made by Poole. Thereupon the other fellow expressed curiosity as to how the English tailors inserted the shoulder reinforcements of dress coats, and I obligingly slipped mine off to allow him to examine it. He looked it over and when he handed it back I noticed that he wore a peculiar smile. It was no wonder, for, by Jove! in place of the signed silk strip below the collar was a great hideous pink tab bearing the legend: "Charley One-Lung, Merchant Tailor, Wayback, Fla. New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Population of Japan.

The official census statistics for Japan, exclusive of Formosa, have just been published, showing a total population exceeding forty-three millions. That of Tokio is nearly two millions, and two other cities, Kobe and Osaka, each exceed a million. The increase since 1896 is about half a million. There were 365,000 marriages in the same period, and 134,000

### DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: "Hold Fast to the Bible"-Lessons Drawn From the Sword of Eleazar -As He Grasped His Weapon So Should

We Cleave to the Old Gospel. Text: "And his band clave unto the sword."-II Samuel xxiii., 10.

What a glorious thing to preach the Gospell Some suppose that because I have resigned a fixed pastorate I will cease to preach. No, no. I expect to preach more than I ever have. If the Lord will, four times as much, though in manifold places. I would not dare to halt with such opportunity to declare the truth through the ear to audiences and to the eye through the printing press. And here we have a stirring theme put before

us by the prophet. A' great general of King David was Eleazar, the hero of the text. The Philis-tines opened battle against him, and his troops retreated. The cowards fled. Eleazar and three of his comrades went into the battle and swept the field, for four men with God on their side are stronger than a whole regiment with God against them. "Fall back!" shouted the commander of the Philistine army. The cry ran along the host, "Fall back!" cry ran along the host, "Fall back!" Eleazar, baving swept the field, throws himself on the ground to rest, but the muscles and sinews of his hand had been so long bent around the bilt of his sword that the bilt was imbedded in the flesh, and the gold wire of the hilt had broken through the skin of the palm of the band, and he could not drop this sword which he had so gallantly wielded. "His hand clave unto the sword." That is what I call magnificent fighting for the Lord God of Israel. And we want more of it. I propose to show you how Eleazar took

I propose to show you how Eleazar took hold of the sword and how the sword took hold of Eleazar. I look at Eleazar's hand, and I come to the conclusion that he took the sword with a very tight grip. The cowards who fled had no trouble in dropping their swords. As they fly over the rocks I hear their swords clanging in every direction. It is easy enough for them to dron their swords that Eleazar's hand along drop their swords. but Eleazar's hand clave unto the sword. In this Christian conflict we want a tighter grip of the Gospel weap-ons, a tighter grasp of the two edged sword of the truth. It makes me sick to see these Christian people who hold only a part of the truth and let the rest of the truth go, so that the Philistines, seeing the loosened grasp, wrench the whole sword away from them. The only safe thing for us to do is to put our thumb on the book of Genesis and sweep our hand around the book until the New Testament comes into the palm and keep on sweeping our hand around the book until the tips of the fingers clutch at the words "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." I like an infidel a great deal better than I do one of these namby pamby Christians who hold a part of the truth and let the rest go. miracle God preserved this Ribie just as it is, and it is a Damascus blade. The severest test to which a sword can be put in a sword factory is to wind the blade around a gun barrel like a ribbon, and then when the sword is let loose it files back to its own So the sword of God's truth has been fully tested, and it is bent this way our time the average sale of this book is more than 20,000 copies every week and more than 1,000,000 copies a year! I say now that a book which is divinely inspired and divinely kept and divinely scattered is a weapon worth holding a tight grip of. Bishop Colenso will come along and try to wrench out of your hand the five books of Moses, and Strauss will come along and try to wrench out of your hand the miracles, and Renan will come along and try to wrench out of your hand the entire life of the Lord Jesus Christ, and your associates in the office or the factory or the banking house will try to wrench out of your hand the entire Bible, but in the strength of the Lord God of Israel and with Eleazar's grip hold on to it. You give up the Bible, you give up any part of it, and you give up par-don and peace and life in heaven.

Do not beashamed, young man, to have the world know that you are a friend of the Rible. This book is the friend of all that is good, and it is the sworn enemy of all that An eloquent writer recently gives an incident of a very bad man who stood in a cell of a Western prison. This criminal had gone through all styles of crime, and he was there waiting for the gallows. The convict standing there at the window of the cell, this writer says, "looked out and declared, 'I am an infidel.' He said that to all the men and women and children who happened to be gathered there, 'I am an infidel.' 'And the eloquent writer says, "Every man and woman there be-leved him." And the writer goes on to say, "If he had stood there would a Christian," every man and woman would "If he had stood there saying, 'I am

ave said, 'He is a liar!'" This Bible is the sworn enemy of all that is wrong, and it is the friend of all that is good. Oh, hold on it! Do not take part of it and throw the rest away. Hold on to all of it. There are so many people now who do not know. You ask them if the soul is immortal, and they say: "I guess it is; I don't know. Perhaps it is; perhaps it isn't." Is the Bibletrue? "Well, perhaps it is, and perhaps it isn't. Perhaps it may be, figuratively, and perhaps it may be partly, and perhaps it may not be at all. They despise what they call the apostoli creed, but if their own creed were written it would read like this: "Thelieve in nothing, the maker of heaven and earth and in nothing which it hath sent, which nothing was born of nothing and which nothing was dead and buried and descended into nothing and rose from nothing and ascended to nothing and now sitteth at the right hand of nothing, from which it will come to judge nothing. I bewhich it will come to judge nothing. I be-lieve in the holy agnostic church and in the communion of nothingarians and in the forgiveness of nothing and the resurrection of nothing and in the life that never shall be. Amen!" That is the creed of tens of thousands of people in this day. If you have a mind to adopt such a theory, I will not. "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ and in the holy catholic church and in the communion of saints and in the life everlasting. Amen!" Ob, when I see Eleazar taking such a stout grip of the sword in the battle against sin and for righteousness, I come to the con-clusion that we ought to take a stouter of God's eternal truth-the sword of

righteonsness. As I look at Eleazar's hand I also notice his spirit of self forgetfulness. He did not notice that the hilt of the sword was eating through the palm of his hand. He did not know it burt him. As he went out into the conflict he was so anxious for the victory he forgot himself, and that hill might go never so deeply into the paim of his t could not disturb him. "His hand clave anto the sword." Oh, my brothers and sisters, let us go into the Christian conflict with the spirit of self abusgation. Who cares whether the world praises us or de- sword.

nonnees us? What do we care for misrepresentation or abuse or persecution in a conflict like this? Let us forget ourselves, That man who is afraid of getting his hand That man who is afraid of getting his hand burt will never kill a Philistine. Who cares whether you get hurt or not if you get the victory? Oh, how many Christians there are who are all the time worrying about the way the world treats them! They are so tired, and they are so abused, and they are so tempted, when Eleazar did not think whether he had a hand or an

arm or a foot. All he wanted was victory.
We see how men forget themselves in
worldly achievement. We have often seen
men who, in order to achieve worldly success, will forget all physical fatigue and all an noyance and all obstacle. Just after the battle of Yorktown in the American Revolution a musician, wounded, was told Revolution a musician, wounded, was told he must have his limbs amputated, and they were about to fasten him to the surgeon's table, for it was long before the merciful discovery of annestheties. He said: "No; don't fasten me to that table. Get me a violin." A violin was brought to him, and he said, "Now, go to work as I begin to play," and for forty minutes during the awful nangs. for forty minutes, during the awful pangs of amputation, he moved not a muscle nor dropped a note, while he piayed some sweet tune. Oh, is it not strange that with the music of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and with this grand merch of the church militant on the way to become the church triumphant, we cannot forget ourselves and forget all pang and all sorrow and all

persecution and all perturbation?
What have we suffered in comparison with those who expired with suffocation or were burned or were chopped to pieces for the truth's sake? We talk of the persecution of olden times. There is just as much persecution going on now in various ways. In 1849, in Madagascar, eighteen men were put to death for Christ's sake. They were to be hurled over the rocks, and before they were hurled over the rocks, in order to make their death the more dreadful in anticipation, they were put in baskets and swung to and fro over the precipice that they might see how many hundred feet they would have to be dashed down, and while they were swinging in these baskets over the rocks they sang:

Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly. While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high.

Then they were dashed down to death. Oh, how much others have endured for Christ, and how little we endure for Christ! We want to ride to heaven in a Christ! We want to ride to heaven in a Pullman sleeping car, our feet on soft plush, the bed made up early, so we can sleep all the way, the black porter of death to wake us up only in time to enter the golden city. We want all the surgeons to fix our hand up. Let them bring on all the lint and all the bandages and all the salve, for our hand is hurt, while Eleazar doer not know his hand is hurt, "His hand clave unto the sword."

As I look at Eleazar's hand I come to the conclusion that he has done a great deal of hard hitting. I am not surprised when I see that these four men-Eleazar and his three companions drove back the army of Philistines—that Eleazar's sword clave to his hand, for every time he struck an enemy with one end of the sword the other end of the sword wounded him. When he took hold of the sword, the sword took hold of

Oh, we have found an enemy who cannot been fully tested, and it is bent this way and that way and wound this way and that way and wound this way and that way, but it always comes back to its own shape. Think of it! A book written nearly nineteen centuries ago, and some of it and there is fraud, and there is gambling, and there is lust, and there are 10,000 batthousands of years ago, and yet in talions of iniquity, armed Philistine iniquity. How are they to be captured and overthrown? Soft sermons in morocco cases laid down in front of an exquisite audience will not do it. You have got to call things by their right name. You have got to expel from our churches Christians who eat the sacrement on Sunday and devour widow's houses all the week. We have got to stop our indignation against the Hittites and the Jebusites and the Girgashites and let those poor wretches go and apply our indignation to the modern transgressions which need to be dragged out and slain. Ahabs here, Herods here, Jezebels here, the massacre Ahabs here, of the infants here. Strike for God so hard that while you slay the sin the sword will adhere to your own hand. I tell you, my friends, we want a few John Knoxes and John Wesleys in the Christian church today. The whole tendency is to refine on Christian work. We keep on refining on it until we send applogetic word to iniquity we are about to capture it. And we must go with sword silver chased and presented by the ladies, and we must white palfrey under embroidered hous-ing, putting the spurs in only just enough to make the charger dance gracefully, and then we must send a missive, delicate as a wedding card, to ask the old black giant of sin if he will not surrender. Women saved by the grace of God and on glorious mission sent, detained from Sabbath classes be-cause their new hat is not done. Churches that shook our cities with great revivals sending around to ask some demonstrative worshiper if he will not please to say "Amen" and "halleluiah" a little softer. It seems as if in our churches we wanted a baptism of cologne and balm of a thousand flowers when we actually need a baptism of fire from the Lord God of Pentecost. But we are so afraid somebody will criticise our sermons or criticise our prayers or criticise our religious work that our anxiety for the world's redemption is lost in the fear we will get our hand hurt while Eleazar went into the conflet, "and his hand clave unto the sword.'

But I see in the next place what a hard thing it was for Eleazar to get his hand and his sword parted. The muscles and the sinews had been so long grasped around the sword he could not drop it when he proposed to drop it, and his three comrades, I suppose, came up and tried to help him, and they bathed the back part of his hand, hoping the sinews and muscles would relax. But no. "His hand clave unto the Then they tried to pull open the fingers and to pull back the thumb, sooner were they pulled back than they closed again, "and his hand clave unto the sword." But after awhile they were successful, and then they noticed that the curve in the palm of the hand corresponded exactly with the curve of the hilt.

You and I have seen it many a time, There are in the United States to-day many aged ministers of the Gespel. They are too feeble now to preach. In the church records the word standing opposite their name is "emeritus," or words are "a minister without They were a heroic race. charge," had small salaries and but few books, and they swam spring freshets to their appointments, but they did in their day a mighty work for God. They took off more of the heads of Philistine iniquity than you could count from noon to sundown. You put that old minister of the Gospel now into a prayer meeting or occasional pulpit or a sick room where there is some one to be comforted, and it is the same old ring to his voice and the same old story of pardon and peace and Christ and heaven. His hand has so long clutched the sword in Christian conflict be cannot drop to "His hand clave unto the

hand clave unto the sword.