"HEAVENLY RECOGNITION."

The Bible Describes Heaven as Great Home Circle, and We Shall Know Each Other Better.

speculation into the region of positive evitanty. People say: "It would he very pleasant if that doctr ne were true. I hop if may be true. Pernaps it is true. I wish it was true." But I believe that I can bring an accumulation of argument to bear unon this matter which will prove the doctries of future recognition as plainty as that there is any heaven at all, and that the kass of reunion at the dy ang kies at the door of the sepulcher. Now, when you are going to build a ship you must get the right kind of timber. You lay the keel and make the fearmwork of the very best materials—the fearmwork of the very best materials—the keelson, stanchious, leak feel and make the fearmwork of the very best materials—the keelson, stanchious, leak feel and many beautiful theoles about the future world out. You may build a ship of lighter m trial, but when the eyelone comes on it will go stown. Now, we may have a great many beautiful theoles about the future world built out of our own faney, and they may do very well as long as we have amooth as lang in the world, but when the storms of sorrow ocas upon us, and the harriesme of death, we will beswamped—wo will be loundered. We want a theory built out of God's eternal word. The doctrine of future recombition is not so often positively stated it his word of God as implied, and you know, my friends, that that is, after all, the strongest mode of affirmation. You friend travels in foreign han 'a. He commended to go to have the first and Dresden and Stockholm and Farls and Dresden and Stockholm sand Farls and Dre

good eyesight and as good capacity? What old Christ mean in His conversation with Mary and Martha when He mid, "Thy brother shall rise again?" It was at much as to say: "Don't cry. Don't wear yourselves out with this trouble. You will see Him again. Thy brother shall rise again."

The Bible describes heaven as a great home circle. Well, now, that would be a very queer home circle where the memorated not know each other. The Bible describes neath as a sleep. If we know each other before we go to sleep, shall we not know each other before we go to sleep, shall we not know each other a great deal better then than now, "Nor now," says the apostle, "we see through a glass darkly, but then tace to face." It will be my partified, eathroned and glorified body gazing on your purified, enthroned and glorified body gazing on your purified, enthroned and glorified body gazing on your purified, enthroned and glorified body.

Now, I demand, if you believe the Bible, that you take this theory of future recognition out of the region of positive certainty, and no more knep saying: "I hope it is so. I have an idea it is so. I guess it is so." Be able to say with all the contracted energy of body, mind and soul, "I know it is so!"

There are in addition to these Bible ar coments other reasons why I accept this theory. In the first pives, because the rejection of it implies the entire obliteration of our memory. Can it be possible that we shall forget forever those with whose walk, look, manner we have been so long familiar? Will death come and with a sharp, keen blade hew away this faculty of memory? Abraham said to Dives, "Son, remember," If the exided and the lust remember, will not the enthroned remember?

You know very well that our joy in any

The ministry of the control of the c

Yestenburch preached for a great many years. He fet that his ministry was a failure, aithough he was a faithful minister preaching the cospel all the time. He died, and dies amid discourary-ments, and wont home to God, for no one ever doubted that John Vredenburgh was a good Christian minister. A little while after h's death there came a "reat awakeming in Somevile, and one Sabbath 200 souls stood up at the Ch istian siture espous ng the cause of Girrst, among them my own father and mother. And what was peculiar in regard to nearly all of those 200 souls was that they dated their religious impression from the ministry of John Vredesburch. Will that good Christian man before the throne of God never meet those souls brought to Christ through his instrumentality? Oh, of course he will know them. I semsember one Sabbath afternoon, borne down with the sense of my size and know ing not God. I took up Doddelders "Rise and Progress." Oh, what a dark alternoon it was, and I read the chapters, and I read the payers, and I tried to make the prayers my own. Oh, I must see Philip Doddridge. A glorious out book he wrote! It is out of fashion now.

There is a mother before the throne of God. You say mer joy is full, Is H? You say there can be no sugmentation of ft. Cannot there by flet son was a wanderer and a vagabond on the earth when that good mother died. He broke her old heart, She died leaving him in the wilderness of sin. She is before the inrone of God now. Years pass, and that son repeats of his crimes and given his heart to God and becomes a useful Christian and dies and solvers the gates of heaven. You tell me that that mother's joy cannot be anomented? Let them confront each other, the son and the woher. "The Blole says Nations are to be born in a day. When China comes to God, will it not know Dr. John Scudder? When Indians come to God, will it not know Dr. John Scudder? When Indians come to God, will the not here." And another says: "You for get the body and the soul. I was that one," And another volved in the soul is the one of the says of the soul of brand and told of the heavenly brand. I was that my in their last hour on earth

persons who have been delirious in their last moment and knew not what they were about, but of persons who died in cammes and pissidity, and who were not naturally superstitious. Often the glories of heaven have struck the dying pillow, and the departing man has said he saw and heard those who had gone away from him. How often it is in the dying moments pervats see their departed children and children see their departed parents! I came down to the banks of the Mohawi River. It was evening, and I wanted to go over the river, and so I waved my hat and shouted, and after a while I saw some one waving on the opposite bank, and I heard him shout, and the boat came across, and I got in and was transported. And so I suppose it will be in the evening ... our life. We will come lown to the river of death and give a signal to our friends on the other shore, and they will give a signal back to us, and the boat comes, and our departed kindred are the oarsmen, the fires of the setting day tinging the tops of the paddles.

Heav n is not a stafely, formal place, as I sometimes hear it de-cribed, a very frightly of splendor, where people stand on cold formalities and go around about with heavy drowns of gold on their heads. No, that is not my idea of heaven. My idea of heaven is more like this: You are seated in the evening tide by the fireplace, your whole iamily there, or nearly all of them there. While you are seated talking and enjoying the evening hour there is a knock at the door and the door opens, and there comes in a brother that has been long absent. He has been long absent, for years you have not seen him, and no sooner no you mike up your mind that it is corrately he than you leap up, and the question is. Who shall give him the first embrace? That is my idea of heaven — a great home circle where they are waiting for us. Oh, will you not know your mother's volce there? She who had always called you by your first mane long after others had given you the formal "mister?" You were never suything but James or Joun, or G

out. If that little one should stand on the other side of some heavenly hill an I call to you, you would hear her voice above the burst of heaven's great orchestra. Know it! You could not help but know it.

Now I bring you thus glorious consolation of future recognition. If you could get this theory into your heart, it would lift a great many shadows that are stretching across it. When I was a lad, I used to go out to the railroad track and put my ear down on the track, and I could hear the express tran rumbling miles away and coming on, and to-day, my friends, if we only had laith enough we could put our ear down to the gray- of our dead an I listen and hear in the distance the rumbling on of the chariots of resur ection victory.

distance the rumbling on of the chariots of resur ection victory.

O heaven! Sweet heaven! You do not spell heaven as you used to spell is—heaven. But now when you want to spell that word, you place side by side the face sof the loved ones who are gone and in that irradiation o' light an I love and beauty and joy you spell it out as never before, in songs and helicials. Oh, ye whose hearts are down under the sod of the cemelery, heer up at the thought of this reunion! Oh, how much you will have to tell them when once you meet them!

O how diff rent it is on earth from the way it is in heaven when a Christiah dies!

O how diff rent it is on earth from the way it is in heaven when a Christiah died. We say, "Close his eyes," In heaven they say, "Give h m a pain." On earth we say, "let him down in the ground." In heaven they say, "Hoist him on a throne." On earth it is, "Welcome, we come." And so I see a Christian soul coming down to the river of death, and he steps into the river, and the water comes up to the ankle. He says, "for I Jesus, is this death?" "No," says Christ, "the is not death." And he wates still deeper down into the waters until the flood comes to the knee, and he says, "Lor i Jesus, tell me, te'l me is this death?" And Ohrist says. "No, no; this is not death." And he wates still farther down until the wave comes to the girlle, an i the soul says, "Lor I no was said farther down unit the was comes to the girlle, and the soul says, "Lord J aus, is this death?" "No," says Christ, "the is not." And deeper in wades the soul till the billow strikes the lip, and the departing one cries, "Lord Jesus, is this death?" "No," says Christ, "this is not." But when Carist had lifted this soul on a throne of Christ had lifted this soul on a throne of glory, and all the pomp and joy of heaven came surging to its feet, then Christ s.id, "This, O transported soul, this is death!"

BIG GOLD BELT IN ALASKA. The Precious Metal Found in a Large Tract of Territory.

Director Walcott, of the Geological Survey, recorts to the Secretary of the Interior that there is an enormous gold belt in Alaska. The report tells of an expedition that was sent out by the Geological Survey to determine the gold and coal deposits along the line of the Alaskan coay. A second expelition followed in Kly, 1896, going to the cold fields of the Yukon River to investigate the report that there were large placer deposits along the stream bels.

The party traversed the valley of the Yukon from the British boundary on the east to the mouth of the river on the west. All of the well-known placer deposits were examined and the origin of the gold in them was traced to the quartz veins along the heal waters of the various streams entering the Yukon. Sufficient data were secured to establish the presence of a gold belt 300 miles in length in Alaska, which enters Alaska near the month of Forty Mile Creek, and extends westward across the Yukon valley at the Bamparis.

TREASURE TROVE

A New Jersey Carpenter Finds a Fortune of Nearly \$25,000 to an Old Sex.

ot Nearly \$35,000 in an Old Sex.

While working on an old building of the Hayes property, two miles from Port Elizabeth, N. J., Somers Cole, a carpenter of the latter place, found a fortune secreted in the caves of the atructure. The fortune was found in a long box and was in the shape of bonds, mortrages, gold and silver coin and large roils of paper money, and amounted to nearly \$25,000.

Cole was garremely happy over the find, but it will probably not benefit him much, as Lawyer H. O. Newcomb, of Millville, says he was the administrator of the Hayes estate and will take charge of the box.

The fortune will be claimed by Lorenze Hayes, of Millville, who mates that he is the oldest living her. He says that he and his sizer searched for the money up to ten years ago, and then gave it up in diagust.

THEATRE HATS MUST GO. Chicago imposes a Five of 83 Each Millinery Exhibits.

Herenster it will cos? \$3 to obstruct the view of the stage during a theatrical performance in Coleago with a floral or soological exhibit or the "sweetcal" millinery confection that ever got away from Paris.

Mayor Swift vetoed Alderman P.othe's ordinance taboo'ng all kinds of bats during theatrical performances, and suggested the 23 substitute which Corporation Counsel Beal and the various theatrical managers of the city agreed upon. The ordinance was passed by an almost unanimous vote in the City Council.

BILL ARP'S WEEKLY LETTER.

WILLIAM IS HORRIFIED AT THE INCREASE OF SUICIDES.

A PRACTICAL REMEDY SUGGESTED

Wicked Deeds Lead to Remorse of Conscience Which in Turn Leads to Contemplation of Belf-Murder.

I was ruminating about these suicides that seem to be on the increase all over the last, and are not confined to any class or condition. Several have occurred during the instew days in Georgia and the adjoining states. Two were young men, two past middle are and one was a girl in her teens. None had good cause for the rash deed, and it seems like this generation has more nerve and less fear of the hereafter than their fathers. I cannot imagine any condition or peril that requires as much courage and will power as the deliberate taking of one's life. I would rather take my chances in battle or ship-wreck or pestilence. To be weary of life is a common misfortune, and thousands there are who can excisin with David: "Oh, that I was ruminating about these suicides t' wreck or pestilence. To be weary of life is a common misfortune, and thousands there are who can exclaim with David: "Oh, that I had the wings of a dove, that I might ity away and be at rest." But to the average man "the wearlest life that age, ache, penury and imprisonment can lay on nature is a paradise to what we fear of death." It must be a fearful leap to commit suicide—"to die and go we know not where," and yet it has become almost as common as murder—murder that has the excuse of gratifying some passion as hate, revenge, avarice, desire or ambition. The suicide leaves no blood behind him save his own—no nothing but pity and domestic grief. There is no sherif to pursue, no court to try, and in this country no attainder or confiscation or burial without benefit of clergy.

A little more than a century ago, when George IV was king of England, the law was in force that the body of a suicide should have a stake throat through it and be buried by the highway, so as to intimidate others from self destruction. His goods and chattles were forleited to the crown. This law was repealed during King George's reign, but a new law declared that the body should be huried at night, without the performance of religious ceremonies. Such was the detestation of

at night, without the performance of religious at night, without the performance of religious ceremonies. Such was the detestation of our English ancestors for what they called the crime of suicide. I know of but one crime that would justify a man taking his own life, and that is remorse—such remorse as Judas Iscariot felt when he went out and hanced himself. There are but three in

own life, and that is remorse—such remorse as Judas Iscariot felt when he went out and hanged himself. There are but three instances of self murder mentioned in sacred history, and they were all bad men. But in our day, suicides are generally good-hearted people—Shakespeare says of Othello, that he was great of heart, but it was remorse for killing his innocent wife that nerved him to the deed. Nowadays the most of suicides are caused not from remorse, but from disappointments, faltures in business, domestic unhappiness, or grief over lost lovers or dead kindred. Sometimes the unhappy man tries to drown trouble in drink, and this birings a depression that ends in self murder.

But it does not take a great misfortune to cause stielde now. Only last week a clever young man killed himself on hearing that his mother was dead, and a young girl hanged herself because she did not like her step-mother. How many traveling men have been found dead in the Atlanta hotis during the past few years with no extraordinary cause for self destruction—just tired of life—couldn't make money fast enough; couldn't square their accounts with their employers or some such reason. Job suffered great tribulations, but didn't dare to destroy himself. In the greatest anguish he said: "My soul is weary of my life, oh, that it would please God to destroy me, that He would loose His hand and cut me off."

What is the cause of this growing mental malady in this happy land? Are these suicides all skeptices, or infidels, or universalists, that they should have no fear of death, Now dread of something after death, Naybe there is a hereafter and a judgment.

ists, that they should have no fear of death, no dread of something after death! Playbe there is a hereafter and a judgment to come, and if so, a murderer has a better chance than a suicide, for he has time to the chance than a suicide, for he has time to the company of the c to come, and if so, a murderer has a better chance than a suicide, for he has time to repent and be forgiven, as David was. Then, again, it is such a selfish act, for it brings grief to kindred and leaves a shadow over the household that never passes away. A few years ago I met a young man whom I had not seen since he was a lad. He was doing well in a distant state, where his mother and sisters lived, but I could see the lines of a never forgotten sorrow in his face. His father hung himself in a barn, and the heart-broken family moved far away. A few months ago I met an old friend who had always greeted me cheerfully, but I hardly knew him. He was prematurely gray, and the lines of sadness were in every lineament of his intellectual features. He had ceased to smile. His only son, on whom his love and his hope was centered, had killed himeelf—had placed the fatal pistol to his temple and fired it. What makes our young men do so? If it comes from remorse, is it not cheaper and safer to repent and reform? What does a man kill, anyhow? Nothing but his body. His soul goes marshing on and the remorse goes with it. But even his body is sacred, and he has no right to mutilate or destroy it. The scripture says that our hodies are tomples of the living Goo—created destroy it. The scripture says that our bodies are temples of the living God—created in His image and but a little lower than the angels. Oh, it is horrible to think of. It becomes no one but murderers and assasins, and they don't do it. If the butcher, sins, and they don't do it. If the butcher, Flanagan, should kill himself in his cell, it would be a fit ending of his life, whether be be sane or insane, but for a young man of woman who have been tenderly raised and have parents or children or kindred who love them, there is no excuse. Better to bear the ills we have than to plunge in a gulf of dark despair. Get up and try again. If you have nerve enough to pull the fatal trigger, you surely can make another effort to reform or to suffer and endure whatever troubles you. Get up and do somathing—work for your board if you can't do better. Work at anything—dig, hoe, chop wood, be fireman on a locomotive, keep going—don't stop to think and brood over troubles. Con-Work at anything—dig, hoe, shop wood, be dreman on a locomotive, keep going—don't stop to think and brood over troubles. Constant employment will stifle grief. If you can't get work, go to the woods and hear the birds sing, and see the giad water flowing in the little branches. Life is worth living and the faithful wag of your dog's tail is worth living for—much more, is the love of kindred and friends. I believe that idleness is not only the devil's workshop and the chief cause of crime, but it produces that morbid melancholy state of mind that begins with drink and ends in suicide. Who ever heard of an engineer, or a conductor, or a gardener, or a hard-working farmer committing suicide. They haven't got time to think about it. If domestic trouble or family discord haunts you, work it off. Socrates married Xantippe, the most aggravating woman he could find, and he says he did it for self-discipline and humiliation. Some women marry aggravating men, but not for the like reason, but women rarely commit suicide. They prefer to suffer and to live for their children. Don't nume your wrath to keep it warm. There are thousands

who are unfortunately worse off than you are. Suffer and be strong, for death will some after a while and relieve you.

I was ruminating about the difference between now and then—between the old times and the new. There were no suicides them. A crazy woman threw herself into a well and it created a great sensation, We heard of many cases in Paris and we wondered and had pity, but I can't recall any in Georgia. Now the daily papers have to keep a space open for them. Our children are raised wrong or educated wrong. They don't love to work or to study or to read good books or go to church. They want to frolic and te sport or to find short cuts to fortune. Suppose we look for some of the old landmarks and travel along the old roads and see if we can't stop this self-destruction that is self-enrfully increasing in our southern land.—Bill Abp in Atlanta Constitution.

We have had prohibition in Autrim fwenty We have had prohibition in Antrim Iwamy five years, says ex-Governor Goodel, of New Hampshie. Our police force costs about \$10 a year on an average. Our pampurs cost the town about \$20 per year. Ne dranken person has been seen, to my knowledge, on cur streets for aix months. Prohibition prohibits always. A law written on the statute books does not prohibit unless it is used, any more than a shovel shows any less there is man attached to it.

Were intemperance stripped of every evil attribute save its crueity to children alone, how could it then be tolerated even for a day by any truly Christian people? queries Horace Mann. The condition of the children of intemperate parents seems of itself an argument of sufficient power to revolutionise a world. Maternal mature has filled the hearis of children foll of happy promises. A presentiment of love is a divine instinct in their bosoms. They are created expectant of joy, awaiting it as the newly arrung collan awaits the suphyr. Nature enjoins no obligation upon us with more examest and articulate voice than when she commands and impores no through the INTEMPERANCE CHUEL TO THE TOUNG commands and imp ores us through the helplessa as and trustingues of infancy and bill-hood. Who needs an interpreter to read in their feebleness the duty of protec-

ALCOHOL CURES NOTHING.

Doctor R. N. Bucke, Medical Superintendent of the Asylum for the Instite, London, Canada, in a report, said: "As we have given up the use of alcohol we have needed and used less opinza and chloral, and as we have discontinue i the use of alcohol, opinza and chloral, we have needed and used less seclusion and restraint. I have, during the year just closel, carefully watched the effect of the alcohol given and the progress of cases wherein former years it would have been given, and I am morally certain that the alcohol used during the last year did me good.

good, "With humiliation I am forced to admit

death? Thu., Jan. 28. Shown in earnestness 62: 1-7.

62: 1-7. Fri., Jan. 29. Shown in toll. Ex. 18: 18-24. Sat., Jan. 80. Shown in praise. Ps. 147: 1-11.

Somprone Verres -- Matt. z. 38; Mark viii. 34; Luke iz. 23; xiv. 27; xxiii. 26; John xiz. 17; Acts xiv. 22; Phil. ii. 5-7; Heb. xii. 2, 3; 1 Cor. xii. 4.19; 27-31; xiv. 12, Eph. iii. 16-31;

LESSON THOUGHTS.

Christ is represented by his children here, and loyalty to Christ demands loyalty to his children. If we entertain unkind feelings toward them, instead of loving one another, Christ takes it as unloyalty to himself.

God takes no account of words if they do not correspond with the expressions of the heart, nor of vain, boasting promises that cannot be fulfilled. With him as with us, actions speak louder than words, and the loyal endeavorer most be faithful in both. SELECTIONS.

If thou dost love me, to my own be loving, By service done unto my weak once proving The love thou bearest him who strengthens

The love thou bearest him who strengthens thee.

Lovest thou me?

Christ's dominion over winds and waves was absolute; demons and disease were subject to his bidding, but Is m his disciples he asks and accepts no allegiance that is not willing and loving. That love must give proof of its presence by obedience, "If ye love me, ye will keep my commandments." Hathan Hale, when about to be hanged as a spy, regretted that he had but one life to give for his country. Many of us do not give even the whole of one life to our Lord. No nation is content to share with another the allegience of its humblest aubject. A man may live in a country a large part of his life, and enjoy much of its liberty and advantages; but, if he wishes to be a citizen, he must wholly break any ties that bind him to another government. No disciple can be true to the Master, and still give half his heart to the world.

Assuredly in the approaching flay of universal judgment it will not be incurred what

Assuredly in the approaching lay of universal judgment is will not be inquired what we have read, but what we have done; not how eloquently we have spoken, but how hollly we have lived.

A large percentage of the million of Canadians who have emigrated to the United States are French, as distinctly so as were their accestors when they settled in Canada, although their language has lost something of its original purity. Not less than 55,000 of these immigrants are domiciled in the State of Maine, and they are there to stay. They are regarded in Maine as a permanent, important and valuable element of the population. It is probable that Kaine's loss by the emigration of pating story native stock to the West will be offset, so far as numbers go, by this clas-