Don't grieve over friends departed, If lost or living or dead; Be jolly and bright and happy And you'll find many more instead.

And the world is full of beauty For those who can suffer and smile, While the sweetest task is duty, Though adrift on a barren isle.

If you're worthy of love, you'll get it, And there never was yet a day That I couldn't see some beauty As I traveled my worldly way. -John A. Joyce, the Washington Post.

BY HOWARD C. WARREN.

"Apropos of this repeating a day. Mr. Prescott, where does the extra day come from, anyhow?"

Laura Marcy and a vast array of rugs and wraps were joint occupants of a steamer chair in a secluded corner of the deck of the Pacific liner City of Pekin; her voice came from the interstices between several pillows, a veil and a hood. Perry prescott's chair stretched over a considerable portion of the deck in her neighborhood. They were gazing out at the sea and talking fitfully.

"Why, we pick it up out here in mid ocean," answered Perry; "we carry it along a way, and drop it where the steamer going the other way can't find

"Oh, yes, of course; but where does the extra time come from? I really don't understand it at all."

"It's simply taken from the boats that we pass going westward. Some time tonight, you know," said Perry, gravely, "we meet a freight steamer. They have plenty of time to spare on board. We heave to, send out a boat, ask for an extra day, pay well for it, and ship it aboard. In the morning you and I wake up, and it is today again. That's the way they manage it, Miss Marcy."

"Mr. Prescott, I think you are very rude. I really wanted to find out about it. If you don't know yourself, don't be ashamed to confess your ig-

norance." "Pardon me, Miss Marcy," said Perry; "I was speaking in parables, of course; but there is an element of truth in what I said. The boats going westward lose a day, and we gain one; that's the truth. I was just putting the transaction on a commercial basis, that's all."

"But how can it be so?" "Easily enough. We drop an hour here and there, when we don't especially need it; and today, when the voyage beings to grow tedious, we call them all in and paste them on today,

so we can get in a day earlier." "Thank you for alluding to the tedium of the voyage. For my part, I think it rather pleasant, except that I cannot always enjoy my meditations without interruption.'

"If that is all, I will see the voyage is one grand round of pleasure for you in the future.'

There was a long pause. Prescott moved about uneasily in his chair; he started to rise once or twice, thought better of it each time, and finally settled down to a silent contemplation of the ccean and the extension end of his companion's chair. A little tan shoe swung nervously to and fro in the line of his gaze.

"Of course, I can take my chair to the other end of the deck, if you wish," he said softly, at length. "But as your pillows and wraps constitute all your landscape in this direction, possibly my mere presence here will not interfere with your enjoyment." "It is quite immaterial to me what

you do," was the haughty reply. Another long pause. The little tan shoe had worked itself clear of the wrap, a bit of black stocking and blue

skirt appeared. "Let me obscure your view for an instant," said Prescott, as he stooped

over to tuck in the wrap. "What time is it?" was the evasive

"Half past four; no, half past five. I forgot to omit the last hour we dropped overboard."

"Why don't you drop overboard after it, and secure it for your own private use? You would spend it in very amiable company."

The shoe had struggled loose from its moorings again. "You are very gracious today," said Prescott, meekly.

"You are very gallant, sir, I'm sure. No!" she burst out, as he stooped over again; "don't touch that shoe!

I want it just so." The silence was awful. The little shoe waved furiously. At length Lau-

"I am going down to mother," she said abruptly. "No, thank you, those wraps will be all right there. Good-

She steadied herself by the rail, and passed quickly along to the companway. Prescott was left standing beside her chair.

The evening passed away without his seeing here. The next morning was stormy, and she stayed below with her mother. Then it cleared and in the afternoon she appeared on deck again. Prescott had set her chair next to his own in the same secluded corner and carefully placed the rugs and pillows upon it.

Laura greeted his pleasantly enough. and allowed him to tuck her in the chair without a word. When they spoke again it was about the storm and her mother's illness. There was no allusion to their quarrel; each was ostentatiously friendly, yet there was a marked constraint about the conversation, which soon died away. Both watched the storm-swollen waves in silence for a time.

Suddenly Laura broke the spell. "Apropos of this repeating a day, Mr. Prescott," she said mischievously, "where does the extra day come from

anyhow?" Quick as a flash Perry responded: "Why, we pick it up in the middle of the ocean;" and an amused smile played over his countenance. Evidently their thoughts had taken the same road and reached the same destination at about the same time.

"But where does the extra time come from? I really don't understand it

at all." "We drop an idle hour, here and there, don't you know, all the way around the world; and then, when we find we have done something we are sorry for, we pick them all up, paste them together, and live the same day over again. And I'm glad it's so," added Prescott, with feeling, 'for never wanted to live a day over again so much as yesterday, I mean today."

There was a pause. A little tan shoe, the mate of the one that had appeared before, was tapping the chair nervously. A flushed face peered witchingly out from among the pillows. Laura broke the silence.

"What time is it?" she said demure-

"You mean it is time for me to apol-" he began. "No, no, no. Listen, what time is

A light began to dawn on Pres cott's face.

"Oh, let me see; half-past four." A pause followed.

"Go on," urged Laura. "Go on how?" he queried.

"Finish your remark. You forgot something." "Oh, yes; I forgot the last hour we

dropped overboard." "I wish I had been dropped overbeard instead of the hour," remarked Laura, candidly. "It would have

served me right." "Absurd!" remarked Perry, with a warmth hardly called for by the demure statement. The little tan shoe fairly danced about on the chair.

"Let me obscure your view for an instant," quoth Perry, eagerly; and he stooped over to replace the wrap. "Laura," he murmured, earnestly; "dear Laura," and observing that the deck was deserted he pressed his lips | are prohibited. yes, actually-to the tanned leather. "Perry! How utterly absurd!" cried Laura, blushing furiously. "Don't

touch that shoe! I want it so!" Her own lips were pursed with scorn perhaps-as she said it; and the "so" might have referred to them. Certainly Perry interpreted the remark in that way .- New York Home Journal.

LANE WAS READY.

Witty Retort Which He Made to Thomas A. Hendricks.

"Henry S. Lane was one of the best stump speakers that Indiana ever produced," said a gentleman the other day who has resided in this state for over 60 years. "He was essentially a stump speaker, using that term in the old time sense of the word, and I am sure that sending him to the United States senate was equivalent to putting him in a coffin, as far as display of his peculiar oratorical ability was concerned. He was especially brilliant at repartee, and his ability in this respect might me likened to the play of a master with the rapier.

"I shall never forget the time that I heard him make one of those apt replies to Thomas A. Hendricks. It was back in 1857 or '58, while I was teaching school down at Leavenworth, in Crawford county. Lane and Hendricks had been stumping the state and holding a series of joint debates that roused the interest of all the people. Their stay at Leavenworth was limited to the time between two boats, and it was agreed that the debate should be governed by this fact. Hendricks spoke first and made a very plausible argument for his side of the question. Lane arose to reply only a short time before the boat was due, but he pitched into th argument of his opponent with such a vigorous attack that in a very few i minues Hendricks became uneasy, and | to our shores in an increasing ratio, appeared to be very uncomfortable. I looking for relief from unbearable was well down toward the front of the home conditions. If any nation can audience, where I could see every expression of the two orators' faces. Presently, as Lane was in the midst of one Most surely in the squeeze of a tariff of his most scorching and sarcastic periods, the whistle of the approaching steambat was heard.

"At the sound. Mr. Hendricks, who was seatd on the platform immediately behind Mr. Lane, leaned forward, and in a whisper that could be plainly heard by most of the auditors, said: "'Mr. Lane, the boat is coming.

Don't you think you had better stop?' "Mr. Lane paused and looked down over his shoulder for a moment at his interrupter with a look of utmost scorn on his face, then, turning to the audience with a smile, remarked: 'I thought that it was about time that the gentleman would want to take to water.' This witty turn, of course, caught the fancy of the crowd, and it was many a day before Hendricks heard the last of the incident."-Indianapolis News.

Alaska's Rich Copper Deposits.

The rich copper deposits of Alaska are beginning to be developed, the first shipment from the White Horse belt having been dispatched to Tacoma already. This belt, traversing a tributary of the Yukon, is 25 miles long and four miles wide. The ore is said to range from 25 to 75 percent copper, and carries from \$6 to \$10 per ton

Family Pride.

Wood-I notice Sawyer is very proud of his family tree. Slabb-Well, he ought to be. His father got his start in the lumber in the production of that commodity. business .- Detriot Free Press.

NO TARIFF RETALIATION

FICTITIOUS ALARMS CONJURED UP BY FREE TRADERS.

No Basis in Fact or in Probability For Against the United States.

Those who so confidently prophesy foreign tariff combinations against the United States may be rightly suspected of allowing their wishes to influence their judgment. Apparently they would like to see what they expect to see. The dire possibilities of international trade are conjured up by free traders and former protectionists as the strongest possible argumentindeed, the only possible argumentin favor of the abandonment by the United States of the protective policy. So we are told nearly every day that European countries are conducting secret negotiations looking toward a trade combine against this country, and that our only safety in this emergency is to repeal the Dingley law and get right down to an unrestricted trade basis.

First of all, there is no evidence whatsoever of the existence of a plot to form a Continental tariff alliance against the United States. Still less evidence is there of the contemplation of a European alliance. It a European combine should be at tempted, Great Britain would have to be left out of it, and Great Britain is very much the best customer the United States has among European countries. England must have have our foodstuffs and raw materials, and she is not going to join anybody in a scheme whose object is to make those commidities cost more in the British

Coming to the possibility of a Continental combine, we find little more likelihood of it being on the Continent than in Great Britain. Germany has been making some experiments along the line of discrimination against American products, and her experience is instructive. Consul Diedrich writes from Bremen to our State Department some pertinent facts relative to the operation of the inspection law whereby importations of American corned beef and other beef products

Not long ago Dr. Karl Frankel, pro fessor of hygiene in the University of Halle, declared that this law is nothing more than a cloak, faded and worn, hung over the agrarian idol. He showed that, while the Government had declared that the passage of the law was required in the interests of public health, "nothing suffered more from said law than did the public health of the nation. The prevailing high prices of meat necessarily lessened its consumption, while the health of the nation demanded an increase." As a matter of fact, fully one-half of Germany's population is to-day suffering hardships by reason of such tariff discrimination as Germany has thus far seen fit to impose against American foodstuffs in obedience to the demands of the German agricultural interests, and it does not seem probable that the situation will be subjected to

any additional strain of the same sort. Excepting Russia, all the Continental countries of Europe are more or less dependent upon the United States for their food supplies and raw materials; while Russia, albeit independent of us in the matter of subsistence, must either buy a considerable line of manufactured products from us, or else pay a higher price for them elsewhere. The situation and outlook as to a European trade alliance of any kind against the United States are well summed up by the Baltimore

Herald, as follows: "When it comes to building universal tariff walls, this country might suffer a depression in trade, a slackening in industrial progress; but Europe would sustain from such a course not stagnation alone, but utter prostration. In any case, we would have an abundance of all things for the home supply. Another result would soon ensue-the underfed millions of Europe would begin to swarm stand alone and depend entirely upon her own resources, this nation can. war we should not be the first to ery quits."

The Scepter of Power. Over and above the excess of ex-Germany and a balance the other way for the British islands. The great American trade balance stimulates home industry, protects its money supplies and is steadily making the world of the nation's account with the rest and financial power, so long in the hands of England, is being transferred to this nation, which, from all present indications, will hold it for generations to come.-Topeka Capital.

A Colossal Failure.

The talk during the campaign of 1900, about the danger of imperialism in the event of McKinley's election, was the worst kind of political demathe intelligence and information of William J. Bryan knew it to be merely a fabrication, a scheme to deceive the people, but, as such, it was a colossal failure.-Hermitage (Mo.) Index Ga-

In recent years Great Britain has lost her supremacy among the nations of the world in the manufacture of hardware. The United States now leads

FREE TRADE STRINGENCY.

The British Money Market in Great Dread of a Government Loan.

It seems to be the universal opinion among bankers that there is not the slightest possibility of stringency in the money market in this country for Their Predictions Regarding the For- some time to come. In the words of mation of a European Trade Alliance | an officer of one of the national banks in New York City:

"There will be no dear money. To the contrary, it will continue easy. Present conditions are exceptional. There is more money in the country than ever there was before, and if rates should go up even temporarily, it would result in a veritable flood of money here from out of town banks and automatically relieve the situation almost instanter."

This is the situation under the operation of the Dingley law, that "robber tariff" law, which, according to the free traders and tariff reformers, is swindling the American people and is putting a cleg on American industry. From free trade England comes another story. The special London correspondent of the New York Times financial review writes:

"Our money market is completely overshadowed by the dread of a large Gow unent loan."

good of money" over there, it Is it too much to ask that the

ders run over their logic, socalled, again and see if they can find out where the flaw in their reasoning is? Perhaps they can explain how it is that the protective tariff system, which, according to their theories, impoverishes and handicaps a country, has produced in the United States a plethora of money both in private pockets and in public purse, while the blessings of "free commerce" in Eng land have had such results as to make the London market "dread" a Government loan.

Things Are Different Now.

Mr. Jerry Simpson, some time a member of Congress from the State of Kansas, according to a Kansas dispatch, has just sold cattle to the cash. It was Mr. Simpson who, as the Kansas City Journal recalls, stated that statement was made during the time when we were trying the experiment of a "change" from protection to free trade. Things are different now in Kansas, as in the rest of the country. Free trade no longer paralyzes the industries of the country, and Mr. Simpson is no longer a member of Congress. It was the return of economic sanity, which Kansas shared in common with the rest of the country, which retired Mr. Simpson to private life. Yet Mr. Simpson cannot consider this change of view on the part of his constituents and others as wholly unkind to him, for, while it resulted in his retirement to private life, it at the same time, as now appears, made his private life a prosperous one. And probably down deep | Words. in his heart Mr. Simpson prefers the | Olivet? actualities of protection prosperity even to the opportunity of making sensational speeches in Congress conents, such as was afforded to him in free trade days.



A Great Export Surplus. The most sanguine American must have been astonished at the succession of changes in the foreign commerce of this country which have kept ports which our own country shows the surplus of exports altogether bein comparison with Great Britain and | youd precedent for the past three Germany, it has this great advantage- | years. When the foreign demand for namely, a large balance of trade in its | American breadstuffs is only fair therefavor, as against a small balance for is a great boom in the cotton market and the European sales of that staple swell to imposing figures. When neither grain nor cotton makes abnormal contributions to the credit side its debtor. The scepter of commercial of the world, the steady expansion of the export trade in machinery and manufactures accounts for enormous margins in favor of the United States.

Whatever changes and currents may be noted in the foreign commerce of this republic, it seems that nothing can prevent an immense excess of its sales over its purchases. That sort of thing is fast paying all American indebtedness in Europe, and it will soon make this country a great creditor gogy. Some people may have believed nation. Foreigners know this, but such silly twaddle, but men possessing they are not able to stop the process, however much they might like to do. so.-Cleveland Leader.

> Always at Fearful Co There are some sincere think the protective tariff now, and ough to be same idea has brevail experiments in the lip always been of national industr of which they Times.

Dr. TALMAGE SERMON THE GREAT DIVINE'S ELOQUENT MESSAGE.

Subject: In Praise of the World's Redeemer-Portraits of Some of His Great Disciples and Exponents-The Love of

[Coypright 1901.]

Christ Set Forth.

WASHINGTON, D. C .- In this discourse Dr. Talmage sounds the praises of the world's Redeemer, and puts before us the portraits of some of His great disciples and exponents; text, John iii, 31, that cometh from above is above all." The most conspicuous character of history steps out upon the platform. The finger which, diamonded with light, pointed down to Him from the Bethlehem sky was only a ratification of the finger of prophecy, the finger of genealogy, the finger of chronology; the finger of events -all five fingers pointing in one direction. Christ is the overtopping figure of all time. He is the vox humana in all music, the gracefullest line in all sculpture, the most exquisite mingling of lights and shades in

peroration of all splendid language. The Greek alphabet is made up of twenty-four letters, and when Christ compared Himself to the first letter and the last letter, the alpha and omega, He appropriated to Himself all the splendors that you can spell out with those two letters and all the letters between them. am the alpha and omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last." if you prefer the words of the text,

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

First, Christ must be above all else in our preaching. There are so many books on homiletics scattered through the world that all laymen, as well as all clergymen, amount of \$7223, and has received have made up their minds what sermons every cent but \$200 cf this amount in | ought to be. That sermon is most effectual which most pointedly puts forth Christ as the pardon of all sin and the correction of all evil, individual, social, poupon the floor of Congress, not so litical, national. There is no reason why many years ago, that the men of his | we should ring the endless changes on a district were selling their honor and that if an exhortation or a discourse have death. the women their virtue for bread. But | frequent mention of justification, sanctifievangelical, while they are suspicious of a discourse which presents the same truth. but under different phraseology. Now, I say there is nothing in all the opulent realm of Anglo-Saxonism or all the word treasures that we inherited from the Latin and the Greek and the Indo-European, but we have a right to marshal it in religious discussion. Christ sets the example. His illustrations were from the grass, the flowers, the spittle, the salve, the barnyard fowl, the crystals of salt, as well as from the seas and the stars, and we do not propose in our Sunday-school teaching and in our pulpit address to be put on the limits.

I know that there is a great deal said in our day against words, as though they were nothing. They may be misused, but they have an imperial power. They are the bridge between soul and soul, between Almighty God and the human race. What did God write upon the tables of stone? What did Christ utter on Mount Words. Out of what did Christ strike the spark for the illumination of the universe? Out of words. "Let there be light," and light was. Of course thought is the cargo and words are only the ship, cerning the poverty of his constitu- but how fast would your cargo get on without the ship? What you need, my friends, in all your work, in your Sunday-school class, in your reformatory institutions, and what we all need is to enlarge our vocabulary when we come to speak about God and Christ in heaven. We ride a few old words to death when there is such an illimitable resource. Snakespeare employed 15,000 different words for dramatic purposes. Milton employed 8000 different words for poetic purposes; Rufus Choate employed over 11,000 different words for legal purposes, but the most of us have less than a thousand words that we can manage, less than 500, and that makes us

> When we come to set forth the love of Christ, we are going to take the tenderest phraseology wherever we find it, and if it has never been used in that direction before all the more shall we use it. When we come to speak of the glory of Christ the conqueror, we are going to draw our similes from triumphal arch and oratorio and everything grand and stupendous. The French navy has eighteen flags by which they give signal, but those eighteen flags they can put into 66,000 different combinations, combinations infinite and varieties everlasting. And let me say to young men who are after a while going to preach Jesus Christ, you will have the largest liberty and unlimited resource. You only have to present Christ in your own way. Jonathan Edwards preached Christ in the severest argument ever penned, and John Bunyan preached Christ in the subimest allegory ever composed. Edward Payson, sick and exhausted, leaned up against the side of his pulpit and wept out his discourse, while George Whitefield with the manner and the voice and the art of an actor, overwhelmed his auditory. It would have been a different thing i Jonathan Edwards had tried to write and dream about the pilgrim's progress to the celestial city or John Bunyan had at-

tempted an essay on the human will. Brighter than the light, fresher than the fountains, deeper than the seas, are these gospel themes. Song has not melody, flowers have no sweetness, sunset sky has no color, compared with these glorious These harvests of grace spring up quicker than we can sickle them. Kindling pulpits with their fire and producing revolutions with their power, lighting up dying beds with their glory, they are the sweetest thought for the poet, and tense scene for the artist, and they are to leled. And then, after each one has recited they are the most thrilling illustration for the embassador of the sky all enthusiasm. his peculiar deliverances and peculiar mer-Complete pardon for direct guilt. Sweet est comfort for ghastliest agony. Bright- will come together in a great chorus est hope for grimmest death. Grandest resurrection for darkest sepulcher.

"Oh, what a gospel to preach! Christ over all in it, His birth, His suffering, His miracles, His parables, His sweat, His fears, His blood, His atonement, His intercess on—what glorious themes! Do we exercise faith? Christ is its object. Do we have love? It fastens on Jesus. Have we a fondness for the church? It is be cause Christ died for it. Have we a hope of heaven? It is because Jesus went ahead, the herald and the forerunner.

The royal robe of Demetrius was so costly, so beautiful, that after he had put it off no one ever dared put it on. But orest and wannest and the worst may "Where sin abounded grace may

> my sins, my sins," said Martin to Staupitz; "my sins, my sins!" et is that the brawny German stu-nad found a Latin Bible that had quake, and nothing else ever did

make him quake, and when he found ho saved he wrote to a friend, saying: over and join us, great and awful sinners saved by the grace of God. You seem to be only a slender sinner, and you don't much extol the mercy of God, but we who have been such very awful sinners praise His grace the more now that we have been redeemed." Can it be that you are so desperately egotistical that you feel yoursell in first rate spiritual trim, and that from the root of the hair to the tip of the too you are scarless and immaculate? What you need is a looking glass, and here it is in the Bible. Poor and wretched and miserable and blind and naked from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, ful of wounds and putrefying sores. No health in us. And then take the fact that Christ gathered up all the notes against us and paid them and then offered us the receipt. And how much we need Him in our sorrows! We are independent of circumstances if we have His grace. Why, He made Paul sing in the dungeon, and under that grace St. John from desolate Patmos heard the blast of the apocalyptic trumpets. After all other candles have been snuffed out this is the light that gets brighter and brighter unto the perfect all painting, the aeme of all climaxes, the day, and after, under the hard hoofs of donie of all cathedraled grandeur and the calamity, all the pools of worldly enjoy-ment have been trampled into deep mire, at the foot of the eternal rock, the Christian, from cups of granite, lily rimmer and vine covered, puts out the thirst o his soul. Again I remark that Christ is above all

> nation the stonemason should come as consult him about his tombstone that after a while he would need, and there are men who are monomanical on the subject of departure from this life by death, and the more they think of it the less prepared Borthy of you, nor worthy of me. Saladin, the greatest conqueror day, while dying ordered on him to be carried after his death on a spear at the head of his army, and then the soldier ever and anon should stop and say: "Behold all that is left of Saladin, the emperor and conqueror! Of all the states he conquered, of all the wealth he accumu-

in dying alleviations. I have not any sym-

pathy with the morbidity abroad about our demise. The Emperor of Constantino-

ple arranged that on the day of his coron-

lated, nothing did he retain but this I have no sympathy with such behavior or such absurd demonstration, or with much that we hear uttered in regard to departure from this life to the next. There is a common-sensical idea on this subject that you and I need to consider - that

there are only two styles of departure. A thousand feet under ground, by light of torch toiling in a miner's shaft, a ledge of rock may fall upon us, and we may die a miner's death. Far out at sea, falling from the slippery ratlines and broken on the halyards, we may die a sailor's death. On mission of mercy in hospital, amid broken bones and reeling leprosies and raging

On the field of battle, serving God and our country, slugs through the heart, the gun carriage may roll over us, and we may die a patriot's death. But, after all, there are only two styles of departure—the death of the righteous and of the wicked, and

we all want to die the former. What did the dving Janeway say? "I can as easily die as close my eyes or turn my head in sleep. Before a few hours have passed I shall stand on Mount Zion with the one hundred and forty and four thousand and with the just men made perfect and we shall ascribe riches and honor an giory and majesty and dominion unto Goo and the Lamb." Dr. Taylor, condemne to burn at the stake, on his way thithe broke away from the guardsmen and went bounding and leaping and jumping towa the fire, glad to go to Jesus and to die for Him. Sir Charles Hare in his last moment had such rapturous vision that he cried "Upward, upward, upward!" great was the peace of one of Christ's d ciples that he put his finger upon th pulse in his wrist and counted it and served its halting beats until his life ! ended here to begin in heaven. I grander than that was the to the wornout first missionary when in Mamartine dungeon he cried: "I am n ready to be offered, and the time of departure is at hand! I have fought the good fight. I have finished my course. have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteous which the Lord, the righteous judge, will give me in that day, and not to me only, out to all them that love His appearing Do you not see that Christ is above all in

dying alleviations? Toward the last hour of our earthly redence we are speeding. When I spring blossoms scattered, I say, "Another season gone forever." When I close the Bible on Sabbath night, I say, "Another Sabbath departed." When I bury a friend, say, "Another earthly attraction gone What nimble feet the years forever.'

The roebucks and the lightnings run not so fast. From decade to decade, from sky to sky, they go at a bound. There is a place for us, whether marked or not, who you and I will sleep the last sleep, and the men are now living who will with solemn tread carry us to our resting place So, also, Christ is above all, in heaven The Bible distinctly says that Christ is the chief theme of the celestial ascript all the thrones facing His throne, all the palms waved before His face, all the crowns down at His feet. Cherubim to cherubim, seraphim to seraphim, redeen

spirit to redeemed spirit, shall recite the

aviour's earthly sacrifice Stand on some high hill of heaven, and in all the radiant sweep the most glorious object will be Jesus. Myriads gazing on the scars of His suffering, in silence first, afterward breaking forth into acclamation. The martyrs, all the purer for the flame through which they passed, will say, "This is Jesus, for whom we died." The apostles, all the happier for the shipwreck and the scourging through which they went, will say, "This is the Jesus whom we preached at Corinth, and in Cappadocia, and at Antioch, and at Jerusalem." Little children, clad in white will say, "This is the Jesus who took us in His arms an blessed us, and when the storms of the world were too cold and loud brought us into this beautiful place." The multitudes of the bereft will say, "This is the Jesus who comforted us when our heart by Many who had wandered clear off from God and plunged into vagabondism, were saved by grace, will say: "This is the Jesus who pardoned us. We were lost on the mountains, and He brought us home. We were guilty and He made us white as snow." Mercy boundless, grace unparalcies, recited them as by solo which shall make the arches re-echo with the eternal reverberation of gladness and

peace and triumph. Edward I. was so anxious to go to the Holy Land that when he was about to expire he bequeathed \$160,000 to have his day whose hearts are already in the holland of heaven. Where your treasures are there are your hearts also. John Buny of whom I spoke at the opening of of whom I spoke at the opening discourse, caught a glimpse of the and in his quaint way he said heard in my dream, and, lo, the city rang again for joy. At opened the gates to let in the looked in after them, and, lo shone like the sun, and there wo of gold, and men walked on the in their hands to sing praises

in their hands to sing praises
And after that they shut up
which when I had seen I wish among them."