

Build For Eternity

[Continued from First Page.]

composite, scientists, Christians and infidels have demonstrated that the building which is the world's splendor, and that its motion was rotatory, and how many miles it was in diameter and circumference, and how many tons the world weighs, and know at what point in the heavens certain stars would appear at certain periods of time.

Not in the four thousand years since the putting up of that pyramid have the sciences in astronomy or mathematics been found to contradict the wisdom of that structure. Yet they had not at the age when the pyramid was started an astronomer or an architect or a mathematician worth mentioning. Who, then, planned the pyramid? Who superintended its erection? Who from its first foundation stone to its capstone erected everything that must have been God. Isahai was right when he said in my text, "A pillar shall be at the border of the land of Egypt and it shall be for a sign and a witness." The pyramid is God's first bible. Hundreds, if not thousands of years before the first line of the Book of Genesis was written, the lesson of the pyramid was written.

THE SIGN AND SYMBOL OF ETERNITY.

Well, of what is this Cyclopean masonry a sign and a witness? Among other things, of the prolongation of human work compared with the brevity of human life. In all the four thousand years this pyramid has only lost eighteen feet in width, one side of its square at the base changed only from seven hundred and sixty-four feet to seven hundred and forty-six feet, and the most of that eighteen feet taken off by architects to furnish stone for building in the city of Cairo.

The men who constructed the pyramid worked at it only a few years and then put down the trowel, and the compass, and the square and lowered the derrick which had lifted the ponderous weights; but forty centuries has their work stood, and it will be good for forty centuries more. All Egypt has been shaken by terrible earthquakes and cities have been prostrated or swallowed, but that pyramid has defied all volcanic procyonisms. It has looked upon some of the greatest battles ever fought since the world stood. Where are the men who constructed it? Their bodies gone to dust and even the dust scattered. Even the sarcophagus in which the king's mummy may have slept is empty.

So men die, but their work lives on. We are all building pyramids, not to last four thousand years, but forty thousand, forty million, forty trillion, forty quadrillion, forty quintillion. For while we wield the trowel, or pound with the hammer, or measure with the yardstick, or write with the pen, or experiment with the scientific battery, or plan with the brain, and for awhile the foot walks and the eye sees, and the ear hears, and the tongue speaks. All the good words or bad words we speak are spread into one layer for a pyramid. All the kind deeds or malicious ones are spread into another layer. All the Christian or un-Christian example we set is spread out in another layer. All the indirect influences of our lives are spread out in another layer. Then the time comes when we put down the implement of toil and pass away, but the pyramid stands.

The Twentieth century will not rock it down, nor the Thirtieth century, nor the One Hundredth century. The earthquake that rocks the world to pieces will not stop our influence for good or evil. You modestly say, "That is true in regard to the great workers for good or evil, and of gigantic genius, Miltonian or Tellerian, but not of me, for I live and work on a small scale." My hearer, remember that those who built the pyramids were common workmen. Not one of them could lift one of those great stones. It took a dozen of them to lift one stone, and others just wielded a trowel clicking it on the hard edge, or smoothing the mortar between the layers. One hundred thousand men toiled on those sublime elevations.

If one of those granite blocks that I just touch with my feet on this December morning in 1885, as the two Arabs pull me and my mule over the rough path, could speak out and tell its history, it would say: "The place of my nativity was down in the great stone quarry of Mokattam or Asswan. Then they began to bore at my sides, and then to drive down great iron wedges, crushing against me till the whole quarry quaked and thundered. Then I was piled out with crowbars and levers, scores of men putting their weight on the leverage. Then chains were put around me, and I was hoisted with wheels that groaned under the weight, and many workmen had their hands on the cranks and turned until the muscles on their arms stood out in ridges, and the sweat rolled from their dusky foreheads.

"Then I was drawn by long teams of oxen, yoke after yoke, yoke after yoke. Then I was put on an inclined plane and hauled upward, and how many from tools and how many human arms, and how many beams of burden were employed to get me to this place no one can tell. Then I had to be measured and squared and compassed and fitted in before I was left here to do my silent work of thousands of years. God only knows how many hands were needed in getting me from my geological cradle in the quarry to this enthrone of innumerable ages.

AWFUL RESULTS OF LITTLE SINS.

My hearer, that is the autobiography of one block of the pyramid. Cheops didn't build the world's twilight didn't build the pyramid. One hundred thousand men built it, and perhaps from first to last two hundred thousand men. So with the pyramids now rising, pyramids of evil or pyramids of good. The pyramid of drunkenness rising ever since the time when Noah got drunk on wine, although there was at his time such a superabundance of water. All the saloonists of the ages adding their layers of ale and wine pitchers and rum jugs until the pyramid overshadows the great Sahara desert of dissipated homes and broken hearts and destroyed eternities. And as the pyramid still rises, layers of human skulls piled on top of human skulls and other mountains of human bones to whiten the peaks reaching unto the heavens, and the peaks reaching unto the heavens of hundreds of thousands of people are building that pyramid.

With the pyramid of righteousness. Multitudes of hands are toiling on the stone, hands infantile, hands

georgian, masculine hands, some hands strong, some weak hands. Some clanging a trowel, some pulling a rope, some measuring the sides. Layers of palm books on top of layers of layers of holy sacrifices. And hundreds of thousands coming down to sleep their last sleep, but other hundreds of thousands going up to take their places, and the pyramids will continue to rise until the millennial morning glids the completed work, and the toilers on these heights shall take off their aprons and throw down their trowels, crying, "It is finished."

Your business and mine is not to build a pyramid, but to be one of the hundreds of thousands who shall ring a trowel or pull a rope or turn the crank of a derrick or cry "Yo, heave!" while lifting another block to its elevation. Though it be seemingly a small work and a brief work, it is a work that shall last forever. In the last day of the world, whose work has never been recognized on earth will come to a special honor. The eccumenical council, now in session at Washington, its delegates the honorable representatives of fifty million Methodists in all parts of the earth, will at every session do honor to the memory of John Wesley, but I wonder if any of them will think to twist a garland for the memory of humble Peter Bohler, the Moravian, who brought John Wesley into the kingdom of God.

I rejoice that all the thousands who have been toiling on the pyramid of righteousness will at last be recognized and rewarded—the mother who brought her children to Christ, the Sabbath teacher who brought her class to the knowledge of the truth, the unpretending man who saved a soul. When the trowel will be more honored than the scepter. As a great battle was going on, the soldiers were ordered to the front and a sick man jumped out of an ambulance in which he was being carried to the hospital. The surgeon asked him what he meant by getting out of the ambulance when he was sick and answered: "Doctor, I am going to the front. I had rather die on the field than die in an ambulance." Thank God, if we cannot do much we can do a little.

REMEMBERED—AND FOR WHAT?

Further, carrying out the idea of my text, the pyramid is a sign and a witness that big tombstones are not the best way of keeping one's self affectionately remembered. This pyramid and the sixty-nine other pyramids still standing were built for sepulchres, all this great pile of granite and limestone by which we stand today, to cover the memory of a dead king. It was the great king who built this pyramid, but it is uncertain. Who was Cheops, anyhow? All that the world knows about him could be told in a few sentences. The only thing certain is that he was bad and that he shut up the temples of worship and that he was hated so that the Egyptians were glad when he was dead.

This pyramid of rock, seven hundred and forty feet each side of the square base, and four hundred and fifty feet high, wins for him no respect. If a bone of his arm or foot had been found in the sarcophagus beneath the pyramid, it would have excited no more veneration than the skeleton of a camel bleaching on the Libyan desert; yea, less veneration, for when I saw the carcass of a camel by the roadside on the way to Memphis, I said to myself, "Poor thing, I wonder of what it died." We say nothing against the marble or the bronze of the necropolis. Let all that sculpture and florescence and arborescence can do for the places of the dead be done, it means will allow it. But if after one is dead there is nothing left to remind the world of him but some pieces of stone, there is but little left.

Some of the finest monuments are over people who amounted to nothing while they lived, while some of the worthiest men and women have not had above them a stone big enough to tell their name. Joshua, the greatest warrior the world ever saw, no monument; Moses, the greatest lawyer that ever lived, no monument; Paul, the greatest preacher that ever lived, no monument; Christ, the Saviour of the world and the rapture of heaven, no monument. A pyramid over scoundrelly Cheops, but only a single with a lead pencil epitaph over many a good man's grave. Some of the finest obituaries have been printed about the worst rascals. Today at Brussels there is a pyramid of flowers on the grave of Boulanger, the notorious libertine. Yet it is natural to want to be remembered.

While there seems to be no practical use for post mortem consideration later than the time of one's great-grandchildren, yet no one wants to be forgotten as soon as the obsequies are over. This pyramid which Isahai says is a sign and a witness demonstrates that neither limestone nor red granite is competent to keep an affectionately remembered. Neither can bronze, neither can Parian marble, neither can Aberdeen granite do the work. But there is something out of which to build an everlasting monument, and that will keep one freshly remembered four thousand years—yea, forever and ever. It does not stand in marble yards. It is not to be purchased at mourning stores. Yet it is to be found in every neighborhood, plenty of it, inexhaustible quantities of it. It is the greatest stuff in the universe to build monuments out of. I refer to the memories of those to whom we can do a kindness, the memories of those whose struggles we may alleviate, the memories of those whose souls we may save.

All around Cairo and Memphis there are the remains of pyramids that have gone down under the wearing away of time, and this great pyramid of which Isahai in the text speaks will vanish if the world lasts long enough; and if the world does not last, then with the earth's dissolution the pyramid will also dissolve. But the memories of those with whom we associate are indestructible. They will be more vivid the other side of the grave than this side of the field, and all the stars overhead added together, and that aggregate multiplied by all the figures that all the bookkeepers of all time ever wrote.

"THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM."

That desire to be remembered after we are gone is a divinely implanted desire and not to be crushed out, but I implore you, seek something better than the immortalization of rock or bronze or book. Put yourself into the eternity of those whom you help to

own works, this man remember. Comfort a hundred souls and there will be through all the cycles of eternity at least a hundred souls that will be your monuments. A prominent member of this church was brought to God by some one saying to her at the church door at the close of service, "Come again!" Will it be possible for that one so invited to forget the inviter?

A minister passing along the street every day looked up and smiled to a baby in the window. The father and mother wondered who it was that thus pleasantly greeted their child. They found out that he was the pastor of a church. They said, "We must go and hear him preach." They went and heard him and both were converted to God. Will there be any power in fifty million years to erase from the souls of those parents the memory of that man who by his friendliness brought them to God? Matthew Cranwick, an evangelist, said that he had the names of two hundred souls saved through his singing the hymn, "Arise, my soul, arise!" Will any of those two hundred souls in all eternity forget Matthew Cranwick? Will any of the four hundred and seventy-nine women and children imprisoned at Lucknow, India, waiting for massacre by the Sepoys, forget Havelock and Outram and Sir David Baird, who broke in and effected their rescue?

To some of you who have loved and served the Lord heaven will be a great picture gallery of remembrance. Hosts of the glorified will never forget you. Ah, that is a way of building monuments that shall never feel the touch of decay. I do not ask you to suppress this natural desire of being remembered after you are gone, but I only want you to put your monuments into a shape that shall never weaken or fade. During the course of my ministry I have been intimately associated in Christian work with hundreds of good men and women.

My memory is hung with their portraits more accurate and vivid than anything that Rembrandt ever put on canvas—Father Grier, De Witt C. Moore, Father Voorhes, E. P. Hopkins, William Stephens, John Van Rensselaer, Gabriel De Witt, Dr. Ward and hundreds of others, all of them gone out of this life, but I hold the memory of them and will hold them forever. They cannot escape from me. I will remember them just as they looked on earth, and I will remember many of you after the earth has been an extinct planet for ages infinite. Oh, what stuff the memory is for monument building!

THE SOUL TO OUTLAST THE PYRAMIDS.

As in Egypt that December afternoon, 1885, exhausted in body, mind and soul we mounted to return to Cairo, we took our last look at the pyramid at Gizeh. And you know there is something in the air toward evening that seems productive of solemn and tender emotion, and that great pyramid seemed to be humanized and with lips of stone it seemed to speak and cry out: "Hear me, man, mortal and immortal! My voice is the voice of God. He designed me. Isahai said I would be a sign and a witness. I saw Moses when he was a lad. I witnessed the long procession of the Israelites as they started to cross the Red sea and Pharaoh's host in pursuit of them. The falcons and the eagles of many centuries have brushed my brow. I stood here when Cleopatra's barge landed with her sorceries, and Hypatia, for her virtues was slain in yonder streets. Alexander the Great, Sesostris and Ptolemy admired my proportions. Herodotus and Piny sounded my praise. I am old, I am a very old man, and I have watched the coming and going of generations. They tarry only a little while, but they make everlasting impression. I bear on my side the mark of the trowel and chisel of those who more than four thousand years ago expired. Beware what you do, oh man, for what you do will last long after you are dead! If you would be affectionately remembered after you are gone, trust not to any earthly commemoration. I have not one word to say about any astronomer who studied the heavens from my heights, or any king who was sepulchred in my bosom. I am slowly passing away. I am a dying pyramid. I shall set its down in the dust of the plain and the sands of the desert shall cover me, or when the earth goes I will go. But you are immortal. The feet with which you climbed my sides today will turn to dust, but you have a soul that will outlast me and all my brotherhood of pyramids. Live for eternity! Live for God! With the shadows of the evening now falling from my side, I pronounce upon you a benediction. Take it with you across the Mediterranean. Take it with you across the Atlantic. God only is great! Let all the earth keep silence before him. Amen!"

And then the lips of granite hushed, and the great Gizeh of Masorah wrapped himself again in the silence of ages, and as I rode away in the gathering twilight this course of sermons was projected.

Wondrous Egypt! Land of ancient pomp and pride.
Where Beauty walks by heavy Bala's side,
Where plenty reigns and still the seasons smile,
And rolls a gift of God—channeled Nile.

MORE THAN THAT.

Since the war the Republican party repaid over \$200,000,000 of taxes; but what kind of taxes? Taxes paid by capital. It repaid the internal taxes on the products of manufacturers; it repaid the taxes on the sale of stocks and bonds; it repaid the taxes on incomes. The Republican party has put on the free list sugar, that costs a dollar a drop, and put a tremendous tax on castor oil. It taxes at a low rate the stockings, and taxes at a high rate cotton stockings. It taxes at a low rate diamonds, and at a high rate horse shoes. And so on through the list. The McKinley bill is a rich man's law and a poor man's tax. If every farmer in this Union would get a copy of the McKinley bill, read it, ponder it, digest it, at the next election for President the Democratic party would be put in complete control with orders to do absolutely nothing but let the tariff taxation should be for revenue only. And until tariff taxes are for revenue only the farmers of America will get no relief. Depend on that.—N. Y. World.

Wrong! From the present indications when the Democratic party get into power it will have orders to reform the leasing and distributing of money as well as the collection of money.

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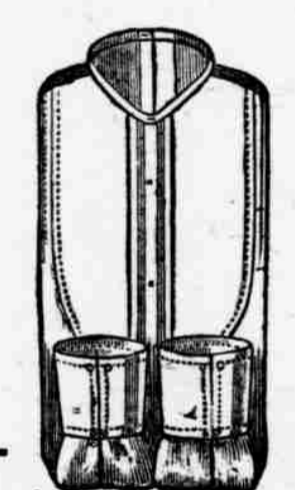
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By calling on us you can readily see that we are not at all boasting in our claim to be the cheapest Clothing Shoe and Hat dealer. We buy cheap and sell cheap.

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In mixtures and small effect suitings, the latest are Relief Stripes, Zig Zag Suitings, Chevron Mixtures, Serpentine Effects and Scotch Tweeds and Chevrons.

A nice line of Plaids and Stripes in subdued and refined combination.

I also show a splendid selection of all-wool domestic Dress Goods in Plaids, Stripes and Mixtures. These goods were selected with the greatest care, and I have made prices so low they will astonish you. Come and see.

SILKS, SILKS,
I carry the largest and most elegant line of Silks of any merchant in the State, and my stock this fall surpasses any of my previous purchases. I offer the following Special Bargains: All Silk round cord Paille Francaise at 79c. All Silk extra fine Faille Francaise at 99c. All Silk very heavy America Gros Grain at 99c. All Silk Catchemie finish, America Gros Grain at \$1.25. 25 Pieces Black Silk very fine quality, worth everywhere \$1.25, I offer at 95c.

COLORS SILKS.
I also show a very liberal assortment of Colored Silks, consisting of Surahs, China Silks, Foulards, Colored Brocades, all in the latest styles, and at prices at which the customer is surprised.

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Nothing adds more to the appearance of a lady's dress than nice and suitable trimmings. I am prepared to meet the wants of the fair ones in this line I have the nicest and most stylish line of trimmings ever shown in this market. I will not attempt to describe them, but simply say: "COME AND SEE."

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40 Pieces Velvet Carpet, regular price \$1.25 per yard at \$1.50 Pieces Brussels Carpet, regular price \$1 per yard at 49c. In addition to above I offer a large lot of Floor Oil Cloth at astonishingly low prices.

KID GLOVES.
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Are always welcome, and for the benefit of ladies, and especially those living at a distance, I have a nicely furnished ladies waiting room, a luxury which cannot be enjoyed in any other store in the city.

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The Only Exclusive Dry Goods and Shoe House in Clinton.

And see the large and complete stock of DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, FANCY GOODS, SHOES and NOTIONS now on exhibition. A full line of

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