"FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY AND FOR TRUTH."

W. FLETCHER AUSBON, EDITOR. C. V. W. AUSBON, BUSINESS MANAGER.

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He led the van of Progress till he stood Upon the height he oft had hoped to gain, While far below him rolled the human

So far below he feared his labor vain; Yet slowly onward poured the mighty stream

While he, the leader, sat him down to dream. "The world is slow," he said, "the pathway

Yet I have reached the goal; the path is

I am weary, bruised, torn, and Then closed his eyes within the pleasant

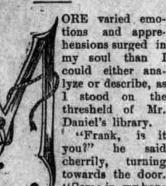
and as the world's great arth, confer crapt.

Vere spread the tents and shadows of the

Alone he stood-bereft of Love and Hope-For far beyond him, on a distant height, he army upward toiled. His work was

While he had slept had greater heights been -Flavel S. Mines, in Harper's Weekly.

## AN INCURABLE HOYDEN.



tions and apprehensions surged in my soul than I could either analyze or describe, as stood on the thresheld of Mr. Daniel's library. "Frank, is it

he said cherrily, turning towards the door. "Come in, my boy; very glad to see you, for it gives me an opportunity to

congratuiate you upon your brilliant de-"Thank you, Mr. Daniels," I managed to respond. "I did my best at college, and now I hope to succeed as well in

my profession."
"Why, of course you will; you know I always said you would make your mark. But why do you not sit down, my boy? Have a cigar?"

Mr. Daniels said, almost as much to member the time when you and Elsie were little children. Now she is a young lady, somewhat of a hoyden still, certainly; but she will get over that before Hoyt, whom I saw, but a few short years ago, playing your part as her little beau, in your short trousers and shorter jacket, are now a man and have obtained your diploma as a civil engineer. All the prizes of Queen's College! The Gold Frank-he abrubtly interrupted himself, "I presume I shall have to call you Mr.

Hoyt now." "I hope not, sir," I answered, "I cerns us all-me particularly."

"Ah," he said, interrogatively. anxious to obtain your consent to Elsie's becoming my wife."

He was silent for what appeared to me a long time. Then he took off his his successor; and Elsie, my darling, for glasses, and, and striking them gently upon his knee as if to accentuate his

his words, said: "Frank, I believe I told you that I deem you a man. And I also expressed my pleasure at the auspicious manner in which you begin your career; begin your career, mind you. But," his manner grew more formal, "what have you, sir, that warrants thoughts of marriage? taken shape. Your little property yielded enough to pay your expenses while at college, for you were a steady young man. Now you have a profession, but to marry with nothing else-and to marry a girl like Elsie, accustomed to himself. luxury-it is out of the question."

"But, Mr. Daniels-" "I know what you would say," he continued. "You have confidence in your ability, and doubtless you will succeed, provided nothing untoward hapnens to you. But in your profession there are many difficulties to contend with; however, you are too young to consider them. Another thing, too, Elsie is still a child; a girl of seventeen hardly knows her mind. Mr. Hoyt, to sum it all up in a few words, I am

obliged to refuse my consent." I bit my lips. "Mr. Daniels," I finally found courage to say, "are there no con-

ditions, no-.Well, Frank," he said, "I should peremptorily dismiss you, but I like you too well for that. I'll tell you what I will do. I will secure you an appointment as assistant engineer on the Tehusntepec Railroad, of which you know I | rector. am a director. If you succeed in becoming the chief engineer with a salary of at least a thousand Mexican dollars, Our good chief cordially shook my

and Elsie then wishes it, I will withdraw my opposition."

"Mr. Daniels!" I exclaimed, grateful-

ly clasping his hand.
"But let me finish," he said. "Dur ing the time that you strive to achieve your purpose, there shall be no engagement between you, and furthermore you shall not communicate with each other. want Elsie to be entirely free."

I knew that to ask for any modification of his conditions would prove futile; therefore, I thanked him as pleasantly as I could, and bowed myself out.

My poor little sweetheart's eyes swam in tears when I told her what her father's decision was. Her hands upon my shoulders, her little form close to me, her lovely hair approaching and receding with each breath I drew, made me appreciate with all its terrible force, the mport of a separation from her.

"But, darling," my brave Elsie said, smiling encouragement through her tears, "I dare say father has forgotten his youth; he does not understand how he rends our souls."

I held her in my firm ombrace. "Darling," she continued, "I want you to go and work hard; the time will come when papa will be as proud of you

as I am." I kissed her. "And then I shall grow older and more sensible, more dignified. My pride in you will make me more worthy to be your wife. This severe trial will make it unnecessary for you to scold me any

ness; and we shall go through life, so happy, so—"

Conclusive tears rendered her speechless. She lay sobbing in my arms.

more for my unconventional boisterous-

I was tempted to broach an elopement, but the thought was quelled by her re gaining composure. Darling," she said, "I want to be

worthy of you; and this is not doing it. I'll tell you, dear, what we will do. We, must not communicate with each other, but we will keep a diary, and when our over, we will exchange our little books."

I will not recite the agony we suffered in the weeks that followed; nor can I even now think with equanimity of the heart-rending farewell.

Daily I wrote her impassioned letters; for five years these letters were penned in my diaries; and I felt that she was doing the same. My work, first with the chain and then with the theodolite, was appreciated; but our chief engineer My host's cordiality gave me courage; ami I took a cigar from his case and sat down more at ease than I had felt all the long day. But as I smoked and reflected by doubts returned; I had come to ask for so much, and could offer ab no hope of attaining the advancement for which I longed. Then suddenly we little "Well, well, well, to think of it!" heard that the railway was about to be sold to a syndicate, and that the celehimself as to me. "How easily I can re. brated expert, Mr. Selden-Jones, was coming to examine the work.

"Humph!" snorted our chief, "Jones was a classmate of mine. I dure say, he thinks he knows all about railway conlong, I have no doubt. And you, Frank struction, and will condemn our work. I'll be hanged if I dance attendance upon him. Hoyt, when he comes, you do the graceful, as per instructions from home. Here is the letter."

The document contained a private note to our chief in which he was in-Medal of the Royal University: I say, formed that the great expert was a most affable gentleman, but objected to being addressed otherwise than as Mr. Seldon-Jones.

"Yes," sneered the chief-engineer, want to be always Frank to you, and to "I presume he now parts his hair in the be frank with you," I continued in an middle as he does his name. If he don't attempt at pleasantry, "I came to like Jones, let him buy a handsomer speak with you about a matter that con- name. As far as I'm concerned, I shall write home that I'm an engineer and not a diplomatist. If they don't like it, "Yes, sir," I answered, determined they can have my resignation as soon as quickly to bring our conversation to a they please. In fact, I'm beginning to decisive point. "The fact is, I am yearn for the fog of dear old London again; and I'm getting old and lazy."

My heart beat violently at his words. If he resigned, I should probably become whom I had suffered so much, would be

mine. About a fortnight later Mr. Selden-Jones arrived, and our chief received him courteously yet bluntly. Do what I would, I could not induce him to address the well know expert save as Mr. Jones: but I followed our instructions, and found Mr. Seldon-Jones courteous in manner, thorough in his work, and not at all What prospects? None, as yet, that have overbearing; and he had a pleasant way of giving information or instruction. speaking as if he supposed that I knew as much as himself about our profession, and yet teaching me much that I could never have learned from any one except

Two months after he had left us, the sale was completed; and all the staff. recommended by our chief, were retained. After this there was a satisfied smile on the chief's face for several weeks, till one day, while we were at work in the office, a cablegram was

handed him. He opened it and burst into a roar of laughter.

"What's the matter, chief?" I asked in alarm, fearing he had suddenly become demented.

"Don't call me chief, sir!" he said. "Read this." The words swam before my eyes; I could hardly believe the evidence of my

"Resignation regretfully accepted; Frank Hoyt appointed chief engineer; please request him to take charge immediately. Selden-Jones, managing di-

"Elsie!" I could not restrain the cry

hand. "Aha! my bcy," he laughed. "so there is an Elsie in the case. Well, murder and love will out. Let me doubly congratulate you."

The following mail brought me the information that my salary would be ten thousand dollars a year, and I was ordered to proceed at once to London for further instructions.

I naturally thought but little of expense, and sent a long cablegram to Mr. Daniels, requesting that he would cable me permission to claim my bride. His answer was pithy. "If Elsie is

willing-I consent.' "If Elsie is willing!" What a preposterous doubt! Could my little Elsie

be anything but willing? As I see it now, I made an extraordinarily fast trip to London; but at that time the mules, the trains, and the steamer, seemed to sport with love's ardor that was consuming me.

The ship's barber made my hair presentable. Still, my garments were not of the latest cut; yet what would Elsie care for aught but me?

The journey between Liverpool and Euston was indeed tedious, and the very worst cab horse in London drew the hansom which took me to the house. A strange servant admitted me.

"Yes, sir, Miss Daniels is in. Your card, please."

The old reception-room seemed to have changed; its furniture was newer, more elegant; it breathed an air of conventionality that oppressed me; and like premonition of some impending misfortune, it made my heart beat a funeral knell.

The door opened. I threw wide open my arms. "Elsie!" I cried.

A stately woman, wearing a long flowing dress, walked slowly toward me; and, with a calm, courteous voice and manner, plainly ignoring my emotion, she

"Why, Mr. Hoyt, I am very glad to see you. Do be seated. Did you have probation," she suppressed a sob, "is a pleasant trip home, and do you find me much changed in these-let me see-oh, yes, five years or so? But do take a

"Elsie," I managed to gasp, as I sat down, "is this the manner in which you receive me? Is this the requital for my devotion? Have I recorded each throb of my heart-to-to-?" I do not know whither my impassioned indignation would have led, had she not interrupted me with a bright merry peal of laughter, such as the had often greeted me within the past.

Then drawing herself up to her full height-she was only a little woman, but she sat on a high chair-she looked down at me, and said:

"Dear, dear me! surely you have not continued to think of that childish folly. Why, Mr. Hoyt, we followed up a baby notion; we spoke of interlacing our lives, as if they were toys. But now you must be-let me see"-she feigned to meditate-"yes, you must be fully thirty, and I am a woman of twenty-two. We are different persons-"

I do not know what else she said. I remember only that after hearing her voice for a long time, I rose to go. My

heart was broken. "You will not take it amiss, Mr. Hoyt, that I have spoken so frankly; will you? I really wish to count you among my friends and hope you will visit us often. I am at home Thursdays, and you will meet very many pleasant-yes, charming people here. And do you recall, when I was your little -sister, Mr. Lloyt, how you chided my boisterousness? I feel sure you will have no occasion now to even deplore my lack of conventionality -indeed, I flatter myself that I do not need a mentor any more."

This last stab aroused my indignation. "I am quite sure of that, Miss Daniels," I said stiffly. "My only regret is that I may not be able to attend your At Homes, as I do not expect I shall be in England next Thursday."

"Oh!" she responded, quite as stiffly, "I shall very much regret it."

"Good day, Miss Daniels." "Good day, Mr. Hoyt."

My hand was on the door-knob as I made my last bow. Before I could raise my head again, however, Elsie had come to me, and clasped her arms tightly about my neck; and whilst tears of joy were raining down her face, she pressed burning kisses upon my lips.

"Oh! Frank, Frank, what a bad, naughty darling you are to mistrust your Elsie, the same hoydenish, unconventional Elsie to you that she ever was, no matter how dignified and proper she may be to the would."

I was astonished beyond expression. "Kiss me, Frank," she pleaded contritely. "Kiss me to show that you forgive me, or,"—she again became the hoydenish Elsie—"I'll tell papa to withdraw his consent."

## Plate Glass.

The cast plate glass of which mirrors, shop windows, etc., are made, is prepared from the whitest sand, broken plate glass, soda, a small proportion of lime and a much smaller amount of manganese and cobalt oxides. The glass when perfectly melted is poured upon an iron table of the size required, and the thickness is regulated by a strip of iron placed down each of the four sides of the table. Immediately after it is poured out the molten substance is flattened down by an iron roller, which lowers the glass to the thickness of the strips at the sides. It is then annealed or tempered for several days, after which it is ground perfectly level and relighed to transparent brilliancy. ent brilliancy.-

# REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Selah."

TEXT: "Selah." -Psalms Ixi., 4. Tae majority of Bible readers look upon his word of my text as of no importance. Tae majority of Bible readers look upon this word of my text as of no importance. They consider it a superfluity, a mere filling in, a meaningless interjection, a useless refrain, an undefined echo. Selah! But I have to tell you that it is no Scriptural accident. It occurs seventy four times in the Book of Psalms and three times in the Book of Habakkuk. You must not charge this perfect book with seventy-seven trivialities, Selah! It is an enthroned word. It, according to an old writer, some words are battles, then this word is a Marathen, a Thermopylem, a Sedan, a Waterloo. It is a word de-

Seian! It is an enthroned word. It, according to an old writer, some words are battles, then this word is a Marathon, a Thermopylæ, a Sedau, a Waterloo. It is a word decisive, sometimes for poetic beauty, sometimes for grandeur, and sometimes for eternal import. Through it roll the thundering charlots of the Omnipotent God.

I take this word for my text because I am so often asked what is its meaning, or whether it has any meaning at all. It has an ocean of meaning, from which I shall this morning dip up only four or five bucketfuls. I will speak to you, so lar as I have time, of the Selah of peetic significance, the Selah of intermission, the Selah of emphasis and the Selah of peetic significance, the Selah of poetic significance? Surely the God who sapphired the heavens and made the earth a rosebud of beauty, with oceans hanging to it like drops of morning dew, would not make a Bible without rhychm, without redolence, without blank verse. God knew that eventually the Bible would be read by a great majority of young people for in this world of malaria and cavality God knew that eventually the Bible would be read by a great majority of young people, for in this world of malaria and casualty an octogenarian is exceptional, and as thirty years is more than the average of human life, if the Bible is to be a successful book it must be adapted to the young. Hence the procedy of the Bible—the drama of Job, the pastoral of Ruth, the epic of Judges, the dithyrambic of Habakkuk, the threnody of Jeremiah, the lyric of Solomon's Song, the Jeremiah, the lyric of Solomon's Song, the oratorio of the Apocalypse, the idyl, the strophe and antistrophe, and the Selah of the Psalms.

Wherever you find this word Selah it means that you are to rouse up to great stanza, that you are to open your soul to great analogies, that you are to spread the wing of your imagination for great flight. "I answered thee in the secret place of thun-der; I proved thee at the waters of Meribah. Selah." "The earth and all the inhabitants thereof are dissolved; I bear up the pillars of it. Selah." "Who is the King of Glory? The Lord of Hosts, He is the King of Giory. Selah." "Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance. Selah." "Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. Selah." "The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge.

with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah." "Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth. Selah." "I will hide under the covert of Thy wings. Selah." "Oh, God, when Thou wentest forth before Thy people, when Thou didst march through the wilderness. Selah."

Whoever you find this word it is a signal of warning hung out to tell you to stand off the track while the rushing train goes by with its imperial passengers, Poetic word, charged with sunrise and sunset, and tempest and earthquake, and resurrections and

Next I come to speak of the Selah of intermission. Gesenius, Tholuck, Hengstenberg and other writers agree in saying that word Selah means a rest in music; the Greeks call a diapsalma, a pause, a halt in the solemn march of cantillation.

Every musician knows the importance of it. If you ever saw Julien, the great musical leader, stand before five thousand singers and players upon instruments, and with one stroke of his baton smite the multi-tudinous hallelujah into silence, and then, soon after that, with another stroke of his baton rose up the full orchestra to a great outburst of harmony, then you know mighty effect of a musical pause. It gives more power to what went before; it gives

power to what is to come after. God thrusts the Selah into His Bible and into our lives, compelling us to stop and think, stop and consider, stop and admire, stop and pray, stop and repent, stop and be sick, stop and die. It is not the great num-ber of times that we read the Bible through that makes us intelligent in the Scriptures. We must pause. What though it take an hour for one word? What though it take a week for one verse? What though it take a year for one chapter? We must pause and measure the height, the depth, the length, the breadth, the universe, the eternity of meaning in one verse.

I should like to see some one sail around

one little adverb in the Bible, a little adverb of two letters, during one lifetime—the word "so" in the New Testament passage, "God so loved the world." Augustine made a long pause after the verse, "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ," and it converted him. Matthew Henry made a long pause after the verse, "Open Thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth Thy praise," and it converted him. William Cowper made a long pause after the verse, "Being freely justified by His grace," and it converted him. What God tells us seventy-seven times meditatively to pause in reading two books of the Bible, He leaves to our common sense to decide how often we should pause in reading the other sixty-four books of the Bible.

We must pause and ask for more light. one little adverb in the Bible, a little adverb

We must pause and ask for more light. We must pause and weep over our sins. We must pause and absorb the strength of one, promise. I sometimes hear people boasting about how many times they have read the Bible through, when they seem to know no more about it than a passenger would know about the State of Pennsylvania who should be a state of Pennsylvania who should the State of Pennsylvani go through it in a St. Louis lightning express train and in a Pullman 'sleeper," the two characteristics of the journey, velocity and somnolence. It is not the number of of times you go through the Bible, but the number of times the Bible goes through you.

Pause, reflect. Selah! So also on the scroll of your life and mind. We go rushing on in the song of our pros-perity from note of joy to note of joy, and it is a long drawn out legato, and we become indifferent and unappreciative when sud-denly we come upon a blank in the music. There is nothing between those bars. A pause. God will fill it up with a sick bed, or a commercial disaster, or a grave. thank God, it is not a breaking down. only a pause. It helps us to appreciate the blessings that are gone. It gives us higher appreciation of the blessings that are to

The Selah of Habakkuk and David is a dividing line between two anthems. David begins his book with the words, "Blessed is the man," and after seventy-four Selahs he closes his book with the words, "Praise ye the Lord." So there are mercies behind us, and there are going to be mercies before us. It is good for us that God halts us in our for-It is good for us that Good hants us in our tunes, and halts us at the graves of our dead. More than once you and I have been halted by such a delah. You wrung your hands and said: "I can't see any sense in this Providence, I can't see why Cod gave me that

child, if He is so soon going to take R away.
Oh, my desolate home! Oh, my broken heart!" You could not understand it. But it was not a Selah of overthrow. It gave you greater appreciation of the blessings that have gone; it will yet give you greater appreciation of the blessings that will come.

When the Huguenots were being very much persecuted in France a father and mother were obliged to fly from the country, leaving their child in the possession of a comparative stranger. They did not know whether they would ever return, or returning, if they would be able to recognize their child, for by that time she might be grown. The mother was almost frenzied at the thought of leaving the child, and then, even if coming back again, not being able to know her. Before they lett the father drew his sword and he marked the wrist of that

her. Defore they left the lather drew missered and he marked the wrist of that child with a deep cut. It must have been a great exigency to make a father do that.

Years of absence passed on and after awhile the parents returned, and their first anxiety was to find their lost child. They looked up and down the land, examining the wrists of the young records when led there wrists of the young people, when lo! after awhile the father found a maiden with a scar upon her wrist. She knew him not, but he knew her. And oh, the joy of the reunion! So it is now. "Whom the Lord loveth He chastepeth." He cutteth, He marketh and when He comes to claim His own the Lord will know them that are His; know them by the scar of their trouble, know them by the stroke of their desolation

stroke of their desolation.

Oh, it is good that the Lord sometimes halts us. David says, "It is good that I have been afflicted. Before I was afflicted.I want astray, but now have I kept Thy word." Indeed, we must all soon stop. Scientists have improved human longevity, but none of them have proposed to make terrene life perpetual. But the Gospel makes death a Selah between two beatitudes—between dying triumph on the one side of the grave and celestial escort on the other side of the grave. Going out of this life to the unprepared is a great horror.

horror.

"Give me more laudanum," said dying Mirabeau; "give me more laudanum that I may not think of eternity and what is to come." And dying Hobbes said, "I leave my body to the grave and my soul to the great perhaps." It was the discord of an infidel's life breaking down into the jargon of despair; but the Gospel makes the death of the Christain a Selah between redemption and enthronement. "Almost well," said dying Richard Baxter, "almost well," "Play those notes over again—those notes which have been so great a delight and solace to wave been so great a delight and solace to me," said the dying Christian Mozart. "None but Christ, none but Christ," exclaimed dy-

Richard Cameron, the Scotch covenanter, went into the battle three times praying: "Lord, spare the green and take the rip?. This is the day I have longed for. This is the day I shall get my crown. Come, let us fight it to the last. Forward!" So you see there is only a short pause, a Selah of intermission, between dying consolations on the one side and overstopping raptures on the other.

My flesh shall slamber in the ground Till the last trumpet's joyful sound; Then burst the chains with sweet surprise, And in my Saviour's image rise.

I next speak of the Selah of emphasia Ewald, the German orientalist and theolo-Ewald, the German orientalist and theologian, says that this word means to ascending the says and wherever you find it, he says, you must look after the modulation of the voice and you must put more force into your utterance. It is a Selah of emphasis. Ah! my friends, you and I need to correct our emphasis. We not too much amphasis on the world we have the correct our emphasis. put too much emphasis on the world and not enough on God and the next world. People think these things around us are so important, the things of the next are not worthy

of our consideration.

The first need for some of us is to change our emphasis. Look at wretchedness on our emphasis. Look at wretchedness on a throne. Napoleon, while yet emperor of France, sat down dejected, his hands over his face. A lad came in with a tray of food and said, "Eat, it will do you good." The emperor looked up and said, "You are from the country?" The lad replied, "Yes." "Your father has a cottage and a few acres of ground?" "Yes." "There is happiness," said the dejected emperor. Ah! Napoleon never put the emphasis in the right place uptil he was expiring at St. Helene.

until he was expiring at St. Helena.
On the other hand, look at Satisfaction amid the worst earthly disadvantage. "I never saw until I was blind," said a Christian man. "I never knew what content-ment was while I had my eyesight as I know what content is now that I have lost my eyesight. I affirm, though few would credit it, that I would not exchange my present position and circumstances for my circumstances before I lost my eyesight." That man put the emphasis in the right place. We want to put less stress upon this world and more stress upon our Gol as our ever-

David had found out the nothingness of this world and the all-sufficiency of God. Notice how he interjects the Selaus. "Trust in the Lord at all times; ye people, pour out your heart before Him. God is a refuge for us. Selah." "Blessed be the Lord who daily loads us with benefits, even the God of daily loads us with benefits, even the God of our salvation. Selah." "The Lord shall count, when He writeth up the people, that this man was born there. Selah." Let the world have its honors, and its riches, and its pomp. Let me have the Lord for my light, my neares my chrises my partion, my horse. my peace, my fortress, my pardon, my hope

6Vhat sinuers value I reaten; Lordi 'tis enough that Thou art mine. I shall behold Tny blissful (acc, And stand complete in rightsousness.

This world is all an empty show,
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there?

O glorious hour! O blest shode! I shall be near and like my God, And sin and sense no more control The endless pleasures of my soul. But when I speak of the Selah of empha I must notice it is a startling, a dramstic emphasis. It has in it the Hark, the Hist of the drama. That wakening and arousin emphasis we who presch or instruct nee

to use more frequently. The sleeplest audiences in the world are religious You Sabbath-school teachers ought to have more of the dramatic element in you have more of the dramatic element in your instructions. By graphic Scripture scene, by anecdote, by descriptive gesture, by impersonation urge your classes to right action. We want in all our schools and colleges and prayer meetings, and in all our attempts at reform, and in all our churches to have less of the state didnetic and more of the state.

of the style didactic and more of the style Fifty essays about the sorrows of the noor could not affect me as a little drama of acci-dent and suffering I saw one slippery morn-ing in the streets of Palladelphia. Just ad of me was a lad, wretched in apparel, ahead of me was a lad, wretched in apparel, his limb amputated at the knee; from the pallor of the boy's cheek the amputation not long before. He had a package of broken foot under his arm—food he had begge i, I supposed, at the doors. As he passed on over the slippery pavement cautiously and carefully, I steaded him until his crutch slipped and he fell. I helped him up as well as I could, gathered up the fragments of the package as well as I could, put them under one arm and the crutca under the other. one arm and the grutes under the other arm; but when I saw the blood run down his pale cheek I was completely overcome. Fifty essays about the suffering of the poor could not touch one like that little drams of accident and suffering.

On, we want in all our different depar On, we want in all our discrent departments of usefulness—and I address hundreds of people who are trying to do good—we want more of the dramatic element and less of the didactic. The tendency in this way is to drone religion, to moan religion, to croak religion, to sepulcuriza religion, when we ought to present it in animated and spectacular manner.

Sabbath morning by Sabbath morning I

Sabbath morning by Sabbath morning I address many theological students who are preparing for the ministry. They come in here from the different institutions. I say address many theological students who are preparing for the ministry. They come in here from the different institutions. I say to them this morning: If you will go home and look over the history of the church you will find that those men have brought most souls to Christ who have been dramatic—Rowland Hill, dramatic; Thomas Chalmers, dramatic; Thomas Guthrie, dramatic; John Knox, dramatic, Robert McCheyne, dramatic; Christmas Evans, dramatic; George Whitefield, dramatic; Robert Hall, dramatic; Robert South, dram &; Fenelon, dramatic; When you get into the ministry, if you attempt to culture that element and try to wield it for God you will meet with mighty rebuff and caricature, and ecclesiastical counsel will take your case in charge, and they will try to put you down, but the God who starts you will help you through, and great will be the eternal rewards for the assiduous and the plucky.

What we want, ministers and laymen, is to get our sermons, and our exhortations, and our prayers out of the old rut. I see a

to get our sermons, and our exhortations, and our prayers out of the old rut. I see a great deal of discussion in the religous pa-

great deal of discussion in the religous papers about why people do not come to church. They do not come because they are not interested. The old hackneyed religious phrases that come moving do wn through the centuries will never arrest the masses. What we want to-day, you in your sphere and I in my sphere, is to freshen up. People do not want in their sermons the sham flowers bought at the millinery shop, but the japonicas wet with the morning dew; nor the heavy bones of extinct megatherium of past ages, but the living reindeer caught last August at the edge of Schroon lake.

We want to drive out the drowsy, and the prosaic, and the tedious, and the humdrum, and introduce the brightness and vivacity, and the holy sarcasm, and the sanctifial wit, and the epigrammatic power, and the blood red earnestness, and the fire of religious zeal and I do not know of any way of doing it as well as through the dramatic. Attention! Behold! Hark! Selah!

Next I speak of the Selah of perpetuity. The Targum, which is the Bible in Chaldee, renders this word of my text "forever." Many writers agree in believing and stating that one meaning of this word is "forever."

Many writers agree in believing and stating that one meaning of this word is "forever." In this very verse from which I take my text Seiah means not only poetic significance and intermission and emphasis, but it means eternal reverberation—forever! God's goodness forever, the gladness of the righteous forever, the gladness of the righteous forever. Of course you and I have not surveyor's chain with enough links to measure that domain of meaning. In this world we must build everything on a small scale. A hundred years are a great while. A tower five hundred feet is a great height. A journey of four thousand miles is very long. But eternity! If the archangel has not strength of wing to fly across it, but flutters and drops like a wounded seaguil, there is no need of our trying in the small shallow of human thought to voyage across it.

across it.

A skeptic, desiring to show his contempt for the passing years and to show that he could build enduringly, had his own sepulcher made of the finest and the hardest marble, and then he had put on the door the words, "For time and for eternity," but it so happened that the seed of a tree somehow got into an unseen crevice of the marb That seed grew and enlarged until it beca a tree and split the marble to pieces. The can be no eternalization of anything earth But forever! Will you and I live as long as that? We are apt to think of the grave as the terminus. We are apt to think of the hearse as our last vehicle. We are apt to think of seventy or eighty or ninety years, and then a constitute.

and then a cessation.
Instead of that we find the marble slab of the tomb is only a milestone, marking first mile, and that the great journey is youd. We have only time enough in world to put on the sandals and to clasp world to put on the sandals and to clasp our girdle and to pick up our staff. We take our first step from cradle to grave, and then we open the door and start—great God, whither? The clock strikes the passing away of time, but not the passing away of eternity. Measureless, measureless! This Selah of perpetuity makes earthly inequalities so insignificant, the difference between sceptar and needle, between Alhambra and hut, between charjot and cart, between throng and guch.

needle, between Alhamora and hut, between chariot and cart, between throne and curbstone, between Axminster and bare floor, between satin and sackcloth, very trivial.

This Selah of perpetuity makes our getting ready so important. For such prolongation of travel what outfit of guidebooks, of casports and of escort? Are we putting out on a desert, simeom swept and ghoul heats, or into regions of sun lighted and spray sprinkled gardens? Will it be Elysium or Gehenna? Once started in that world, we cannot stop. The current is so swift that once in no car can resist it, no helm can steer out of it, no herculean or titanic arm can baffle it. Hark to the long resounding echo, "forever?" Oh, wake up to the interecho, "forever!" Oh, wake up to the inter-est of your deathless spirit! Strike out for heaven. Rouse ye, men and women for whom Jesus died. Selah! Selah! Forever!

## He Insisted On Being Shot.

A case of very uncommon nature is o come before the Council of State in Paris. Some time ago a soldier hamed Gugel tried to kill an officer against whom he bore a grudge, and having been tried by court-martial was condemned to death. The President of the Republic, on all the circumstances of the case being laid before him, used his prerogative of mercy, and the sentence of death was changed to one of twenty years' penal servitude. The prisoner. upon being informed of the fact, however, flatly refused to profit by this blemency, and maintained his right to be shot, arguing that such a death does not dishonor a soidier, whereas benal servitude is degrading. He how appeals to the Council of State to annul the President's decree and order the execution of the original sentence. There is some doubt as to the jurisdiction of the Council, and the general opinion is Gugel will be obliged to overcome his prejudice against life coupled with hard work.

Teacher of Physiology-What Ingredient which is highly essential it the composition of the human body does sugar Ixissess?

Pupils (in one voice)-Sund Pharmaceutical Era.