PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, AUGUST 19, 1898.

NO. 48.

THE RED CROSS.

They too have heard the drum-beat, They follow the bugie's call, These who are swift with pity On the field where brave men fail.

When the battle-boom is silent And the echoing thunder dies They haste to the plain red sodden With the blood of sacrifice.

The flag that floats above them Is marked with a crimson sign, Pledge of a great compassion And the rifted heart Divine.

That once for man's redemption Knew earth's completest loss. These to the field of valor Bring love's immortal cross.

And so they follow the bugle,
And heed the drum-beat's call,
But their errand is one of pity—
They succor the men who fall.

Old . Ginger's Chloroform. BY MANTIE L. HUNTER.

"I guess before the season's over," said Farmer Jones, "I'll have to shoot old Ginger; he's nigh unto twelve years old and so crippled up that he ain't good for shucks."

Ginger, when he heard his name * mentioned, thumped the floor with his stumpy tail in lazy recognition; but when the shooting part came he rose to a sitting posture and his battle-lringed ears pointed "attention." Shoot him! Ginger! The dog that for ten years had barked the rats and weasles away from the chicken coops and treed the corn-thieving coons for the farmer and his boys? It was inpredible! His age-dulled hearing must have played him false.

"It seems too bad to shoot the poor old fellow," said Mrs. Jones. there ever was a faithful dog he's been one. But he's so crippled up I suppose it would be a mercy to put him out of the way; but if I were you, I'd chloroform him instead of shooting

"I expect that would be a better way to get rid of him," replied her husband. "When I go to town in the morning I'll get the chloroform and put lam out of his misery tomorrow.'

Ginger got onto his feet with un usual nimbleness and slunk off into a corner behind the stove, where he could meditate unseen. Put him out of his misery indeed! Did Farmer Jones think because a dog was old and had a few rheumatic twinges he didn't enjoy sleeping on a piece of old carpet beside the warm stove, where he could blink at people and sniff the savory dinner odors? Would he want some one to put him out of the way when he got so old that he couldn't chop wood or milk the cows? And then to be chloroformed! What the awful thing was he hadn't the faintest idea, but he was sure it was some ingenious, newfangled way of executing criminals,

He had heard the children read out of their histories about the French guillotine, and Mr. Jones often read aloud about men being hanged on the gallows, and electrocated in a terrible chains but chloroform was a new contrivance. He wouldn't mind so much going out amid the flash and thunder of a gun, surrounded by the smell and smoke of powder, as he had seen many a brave coon and timid rabbit do; but to leave this pleasaut earth by some awful unknown route-the very thought sickened him with terror.

He crouched down on the floor too utterly miserable to notice the children when they romped in, or to snift the blue smoke from the fryingpan, as he usually did, to see whether it was beefsteak or pork that was on the fire for supper. When Mrs. Jones gave him his plate of scraps-and they were unusually good because it happened to be chicken that she had been frying-he hadn't the heart to taste them. Mrs. Jones noticed this, and said:

"Poor old dog! I guess it's time he was chloroformed; his teeth have got

so poor that he can't eat a bite." Thereupon Ginger fell to with such voracity to vindicate his teeth that he choked and came near ending his troubles by the strangulation route, which caused Mrs. Jones to say:

"Just see, he's trying to swallow his food without chewing it. Father, don't you forget the chloroform in the

That night as Ginger lay on his piece of carpet in the darkened kitchen his heart was sore troubled. Only that night in which to listen to the tick tock of the big old wooden clock; only that night in which to watch, he round, mica-covered holes

of the stove, the glowing to little specks of ker out; only the lich to listen for mary in its dow; only

the chil-

was pursued by the threatened disaster. He dreamed that he saw Mr. Jones coming into the kitchen carrying that terrible chloroform in his arms. It was a fearful affair com-

posed of ropes and knives and wires. What should he do? He knew; he had never turned tail yet, and he never would; he would fight the thing. He would die game as he had seen many a trapped coon do in the brave old Thereupon the grizzly bristles along his spine rose straight up, his lips curled back from his few yellow teeth, and, growling and barking and snapping, he flew at the mouster.

For the land's sakes," said Mrs. Jones' voice from the bedroom, "whatever ails that dog? Get up quick, father, and let him out; something must be at the chickens."

Before Ginger was fairly awake be found himself out in the chill air, with the farmer's "Sick 'em! Sick 'em, Ginger!" ringing in his ears. He shivered and whined for a moment; then all at once a thought struck him. He'd "sic" himself! He would run away from the fate which awaited him on the morrow. Why hadn't he thought of that before? Warmed into suppleness by a glow of hope, and barking for joy, he loped across the yard and started up the road.

Before he had gone very far he discovered that something was running ahead of him. What it was his dim old eyes could not discern; but 'evidently fear of him was the cause of its flight. The thought that anything on earth was afraid of him aroused the old hunting spirit, and he leaped forward in eager pursuit. He could feel that he was gaining on the fleeting object; he could hear labored breathing ahead of him, and was sure that in the next two or three bounds he would fasten his teeth in whatever it

But just then the pursued swerved to one side and leaped onto a black object that stood beside the fence. Ginger heard the hiss of a whip through the air and a crack as it struck; then the thudity-thud of ironshod hoofs on the frozen ground. He had lost his prey, and somehow he couldn't seem to breath-and the black road was lifting up-and the stars were coming down-and-

"See that ear quiver; I believe he's alive," said a voice that sounded like Mrs. Jones'.

"I hope so. I wouldn't take \$50 for that dog," said another voice, "Give him a little hot milk and put a warm blanket over him. I thought he eas dond sure when I tound him in the road. Hadn't he grit, though, to follow that thief a full mile? The scoundrel had the buggy out of the barn and gray Bess all harnessed, and would have got away with her in five minutes more. They stole Ed Walker's horse and carriage and Jim Bates' black saddle mare last night. I'd advise Bates and Walker to invest in a

"Poor old Ginger," said the first voice, while somebody's hand patted his draggeld coat. "He must have heard them open the barn door. Only think how we had planned to put him out of the way today. He shall never be chloroformed now if he loses all his teeth and I have to feed him with a Spoon.

Could it be possible he had heard aright? Was that Mrs. Jones speaking, or was it an angel's voice he heard? Was he on earth or had he been translated to a cozy nook in some beautiful dog heaven? He cautiously opened a little slit in one eye and peeped out. No, it wasn't heaven, but it was the next thing to it; it was the dear familiar kitchen. He could see the bottom of the bird cage and a corner of the clock, and he recognized the dotted blue calico sleeve that was fluttering over him. He closed his eye, wagged his feeble tail in approval, then settled back into blissful slumber.

By evening he was almost himself again, was able to give a little skip of delight when he found minced meat and soft crumbled cake on his plate, and at bedtime he breathed a long sigh of contentment when he curled himself up on a feather cushion that

had been tucked under his carpet bed. But they never can understand why he sneaks off in a shamed way whenever any one refers to his acute hearing, or why he trembles when chloroform is mentioned. - Chicago Record.

Schley's Fun With the Signals. When the big battleship Iowa oined Schley's fleet off Cienfuegos, the commodore showed he could make some fun with the signal flags, limited as they are in expression. He ran up

on the Massachusetts the question: "Have you any news?" The Iowa answered "No," and then every watching sailor and officer grouped or hurried away disappointed. But the flagship was spelling out another question, and the fleet watched 1:

"Are you ready for-" This looked like news. Everybody was very serious. Then it ended:

"--- a fight?" The crew of the Iowa yelled, the other ships answered, and then the whole fleet laughed. Commodore Schley was or his way below before the Iowa got up its forward signal "You." It was unnecessary; the uswer was in before it, -New York umercial Advertiser.

HIS COFFIN A BOAT.

An Iceland Fisherman Buried in His Little Dory,

Herbert D. Ward writes in the Century of the "Heroes of the Deep," one of the series of articles on "Heroes of Peace." Mr. Ward says:

On April 25, 1895, a fishing-vessel came out from the harbor of Dyre Flord, Iceland, to bait up and set his trawls. It became calm at night, but in the morning, when the dories went out to haul, it began to breeze up. The gale came up so rapidly that the head dories, in order to save themselves at all, cut their gear and made for the vessel, which was drifting astern, so that the men could get aboard. Soon all the dories were in but one, and the skipper was in the rigging, looking for it anxiously. It was not long before he discovered it to windward, bottom up, with the two men on top.

Volunteers offered instantly. By this time the gale was a hurricane, and the sea had made rapidly. The great danger was apparent. One of the men who went to the rescue as a matter of course, at the peril of his life, was Carl Eckhoff, an indomitable Swede. I have been unable to discover the names of the other two.

The wind as well as the tide was against the rescuers. Again and again they were almost swamped; but rapid bailing and skilful handling carried them on in the white hell. At last, well-nigh spent, they reached the dory just in time to save one man alive. But the other was dead. His head was fouled in the gear where he had fallen over, benumbed by the icy water. They carried him back to the vessel, and worked three hours in vain trying to resuscitate him. Then they made for the harbor.

On the following day a procession of the crews of three vessels wended its way to the churchyard. Uplifted upon the stalwart arms of mourning mates, the dory led the way. It was the assassin dory, and in it, in simple

state, lay the man it had killed. Up through the churchyard, into the plain church, the man was carried in this strange bier. There he was laid before the pulpit while the minister said over him the prayer for the dead. The freezing grave was ready. In it John Jacobsen was buried. No longer will he risk the gale or the ice. The dory that had slain him was his coffin; and the cold earth of warmhearted Iceland has covered both man and boat in an eternal peace.

The Warrior Ants.

In every ant colony, whatever the species, there is usually a distinct class of citizens who constitute a sort of warrior cast, being provided with huge head and jaws. no work whatever, apparently, their business being to fight. However, there is a South American species, not at all warlike, which live in trees, and the big-headed fellows are employed as living stoppers to close up the small holes of entrance to the nest, One of the most remarkable engineering works of ants is a tunnel that has been made by a tribe of the leaf-cuting species under the bed of the Parahyba river, near Rio, at a place where the steam mentioned is as broad as the Thames at London Bridge. Not far from Para ants of this kind pierced the embankment of a large reservoir, and the great body of water which it contained escaped before the damage could be repaired. These ants have been known to carry off the contents of a two-bushel basket of mandioce meal in a single night, taking it grain by grain .- New York Tribune.

Queen's Expensive Vacation. Queen Victoria's recent trip to the Continent was beneficial to her gen eral health and is said even to have improved her eyesight, but these improvements involved a cost of \$75,000. She paid something like \$12,000 a month for her "apartments," and although she was in Cimiez for less than two months, she was charged for the full time. There was also the cost or maintaining a suite of some 60 to 70 persons. A heavy item was the charge for her special trains between Nice and Cherbourg, for which the French companies charge exorbitantly. Some idea of this amount may be gathered from the fact that the lowest charge to a private person for a special train iv France is \$5 a mile. The cost of the trip came entirely out of the Queen's privy purse, which is held by Sir Fleetwood Edwards.

Beaconsfield and the Princess.

Once, while Lord Beaconsfield was sitting at dinner by the Princess of Wales, he was trying to cut a hard dinner roll. The knife slipped and cut his finger, which the princess, with her natural grace, instantly wrapped up in her handkerchief. The old gentleman gave a dramatic groat and exclaimed: "I asked for bread and they gave me a stone, but I had s princess to bind my wounds."-New York Tribune.

Thinese Passports.

A Chinese traveler applying for s passport must have his pair brushed over with fine oil paint, and then press it on thin, damp paper, which retains an exact impression of the lines of his Transference of the passpor is then impossible, for no two persons have the same lines in their palms,

THE MARCH OF THE DEAD BRIGADE.

No sound disturbs the drowsy dawn, As forms the dead brigade; Its silent ranks, in serried lines, Glide onward toward the springing pines, All phantoms in parade,

Their steps bend not the drooping corn, These warriors all are ghosts. In rank and file, with solemn tread, Their captains marching at the head. Move on those silent hosts. From out the tented camp of death,

Their flag of peace displayed,

With footfall soft as dew at morn,

These cohorts sweep the bending corn, Where battle once was laid. The mark of God's eternal peace Their countenances bear: And freed from all unholy hate, They shine with that exalted state Which heaven's angels share.

—Thomas S. Denison; in the Century.

HUMOROUS.

He-I travel "incog." She-I lidn't know you rode a chainless

wheel Fond Parent-That child is full of music. Sarcastic Visitor - Yes. What

pity it is allowed to escape. "Oh, Bridget; I told you to notice when the apples boiled over." "Sure did, mum; it was quarter-past eleven.'

She-And would you go to the end of the world with me? He-Which end? Now she treats him as a stranger. Jimmy (reading)-Then his father

ooked at him more in sorrow than in anger- Tommy-Gee! I wish my old man was built that way. Wooley-Snithers says he makes no

acquaintances among medical students. Kotton-Why not? Wooley-He says he's afraid they'll cut him dead. Teacher--Now, Bobby, spell "nee-

dle." Bobby - N-e-i-d-l-e. Teacher - Wrong. There is no "i" in needle, Bobby - Well, 'tain't a good needle,

Mamma (to her little girl)-You needn't be afraid of that barking dog, Ellie. See, he is wagging his tail, Ellie-Yes, but it's the other end I am afraid of.

"Hear me, dearest!" implored the young man at the door; "I'm all on fire!" "Well," replied the sweet girl, "I'll call papa down stairs to put you out. "Mrs. Miffin," said a visitor, "Em-

ma has your features, but I think she has her father's hair." "Is that why father wears a wig?" asked young precocious. Mistress-Have you cracked those

nuts for dessert, Sarah? Maid-Fve gracked the small 'uns all right, mum but the big 'uns will take stronger jaws than mine to do. "How did Fakem, the hypnotist,

get along on his last trip?" rate, until he tried the impossible. He hypnoticed a tramp one day, and tried to make him saw wood.

An Irishman who had blistered his fingers by endeavoring to draw on a pair of new shoes, exclaimed, "I shall never get them on at all until 1 wear them a day or two."

She-Supposing you were going to propose to a girl, what would you say: He-Oh, something simple and direct. like, "Will you be my wife?" posing you were the girl, what would your answer be? She-Yes.

"Papa's mind is full of business al the time." "How does that trouble you?" "Well, when Harry asked him for me he said: 'Yes, take her along, and if she isn't up to our advertise ment bring her back and exchange

Mistress-How is it one never hears a sound in the kitchen wher your sweetheart is with you of as evening? Servant Girl - Please, ma'am, the poor fellow is so bashfu' yet. For the present he does nothing but eat.

"Prisoner," said the court, "you have been arrested as a suspicious character. You appear to have no visible means of support." Then his wife stepped forth and held up her hands, after which there was nothing to do but discharge him.

She was boasting of her latest conquest. "The first thing I knew," she said, "he was at my feet." "Whe threw him?" asked her dearest friend Of course it is well known that these little pleasantries are not unusual be tween feminine friends.

The facetious boarder has the train all laid for a killing joke. 'It's a wonder," he said, "that you didu't serve up this hen feathers and all.' "The next time," said the landlada with marked emphasis, "I'll serve he up bill and all." And the joke was ruined.

A Tangle of Thirteens,

The Thirteen club has been inves tigating the Harper deal, which wrecked the Fidelity bank, and the Leiter deal, which wrecked Leiter and it arrives at the following result, which has been added to its statistics

Edward L. Harper-thirteen letters Joseph V. Leiter-thirteen letters Harper wheat corner collapsed Jun.

Leiter wheat corner collapsed June 13, 1898,

It is a little remarkable that the elub did not also place on its books; Philip D. Armour, who handled the holdings-thirteen letters,-Chicage Tribune.

DR. TALMAGES SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

"Sectarianism" is the Subject - The Church of God Divided Into a Great Number of Denominations—The Cause of Bigotry-Evils of Intolerance.

TEXT: "Then said they unto him, Say, now Shibboleth, and he said Sibboleth; for he could not frame to pronounce it right. Then they took him and slew him at the passages of Jordan."—Judges xii., 6. Do you notice the difference of pronun-

siation between shibboleth and sibboleth? ciation between shibboleth and sibboleth? A very small and unimportant difference, you say. And yet, that difference was the difference between life and death for a great many people. The Lord's people, Gilead and Ephraim, got into a great fight, and Ephraim was worsted, and on the retreat came to the fords of the river Jordan to cross. Order was given that all Ephraimites coming there be slain. But how could it be found out who were Ephraimites? They were detected by their pronunciation. Shibboleth was a word that stood for river. The Ephraimites had a brogue ciation. Shibboleth was a word that stood for river. The Ephraimites had a brogue of their own, and when they tried to say "shibboleth" always left out the sound of the "h." When it was asked that they say shibboleth they said sibboleth, and were slain. "Then said they unto him, say now shibboleth; and he said sibboleth, for he shibboleth; and he said sibboleth, for he could not frame to pronounce it right. Then they took him and slew him at the passages of Jordan." A very small difference, you say, between Gilead and Ephraim, and yet how much intolerance about that small difference? The Lord's tribes to out the beautiful to the said of the in our time—by which I mean the different denominations of Christians—sometimes magnify a very small difference, and the only difference between scores of denominations to-day is the difference between shibboleth and sibboleth

shibboleth and sibboleth

The Church of God is divided into a great
number of denominations. Time would
fall me to tell of the Calvinists, and the Arminians, and the Sabbatarians, and the
Baxterians, and the Dunkers, and the
Shakers, and the Quakers, and the Methodiets and the Batter and the Taileand dists, and the Baptists, and the Episcopal-lans, and the Lutherans, and the Congregationalists, and the Presbyterians, and the Spiritualists, and a score of other denominations of religionists, some of them founded by very good men, some of them found ed by very egotistic men, some of them founded by very bad men. But as I de-mand for myself liberty of conscience, I must give that same liberty to every other man, remembering that he no more differs from me than I differ from him. I advofrom me than I differ from him. I advo-cate the largest liberty in all religious be-lief and form of worship. Iff art, in poli-tics, in morals, and in religion, let there be no gag iaw, no moving of the previous question, no persecution, no intolerance. You know that the air and the water keep pure by constant circulation, and I think there is a tendency in religious dis-cussion to murification and moral health

cussion to purification and moral health. Between the fourth and the sixteenth centuries the church proposed to make people think aright by probibiting discussion, and by strong censorship of the press, and rack, and gibbet, and hot lead down the throat, tried to make people orthodox; but it was discovered that you cannot change a man's belief by twisting off his head, nor make a man see differently by putting an make a man see differently by putting an awl through his eyes. There is something in a man's conscience which will hurl off the mountain that you threw upon it, and unsinged of the fire, out of the flame will make red wings on which the martyr will

mount to glory. _____ In that time of which I speak, between the fourth and sixteenth centuries, peo-ple went from the house of God into the most appalling iniquity, and right along by consecrated altars there were tides of drunkenness and licentiousness such as the world never heard of, and the very sewers of perdition broke loose and flooded the church. After awhile the printing press was freed, and it broke the shackles of the buman mind. Then there came a large number of bad books, and where there was one man thostlie to the Christian religion, there were twenty men ready to advocate it; so I have not any nervousness in regard to this battle going on between Truth and Error. The Truth will con-quer just as certainly as that God is stronger than the Devil. Let Error run if you only let Truth run along with it. Urged on by skeptic's shout and transcendentalist's spur, let it run. God's angefs of wrath are in hot pursuit, and quicker than eagle's beak clutches out a hawk's heart, God's vengeance will tear it to

I propose to speak to you of sectarian-ism—its origin, its evils, and its cures, There are those who would make us think There are those who would make us think that this monster, with horns and hoofs, is religion. I shall chase it to its hiding place, and drag it out of the caverns of darkness, and rip off its hide. But I want to make a distinction between bigotry and the lawful fondness for peculiar religious beliefs and forms of worship. I have no admiration for a nothingarian.

In a world of such tremendous vicissitude and temptation, and with a soul that must after awhile stand before a throne of insufferable brightness, in a day when the

insufferable brightness, in a day when the rocking of the mountains and the flaming of the heavens and the upheaval of the seas shall be among the least of the excite-ments, to give account for every thought, word, action, preference, and dislike—that man is mad who has no religious prefer-ence. But our early education, our physi-cal temperament our mental constitution eal temperament, our mental constitution, will very much decide our form of wor-

A style of psalmody that may please me may displease you. Some would like to have a minister in gown and bands and surplice, and others prefer to have a min-ister in plain citizen's apparel. Some are most impressed when a little child is pro-sented at the altar and sprinkled of the waters of a holy benediction "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," and others are more impressed when the penitent comes up out of the river, his garments dripping with the waters of a baptism which signifies the washing away of sin. Let either have his own way. One man likes no noise in prayer, not a word, not a whisper. Another man just as good prefers by gasticother man, just as good, prefers by gesticulation and exclamation to express his devotional aspirations. One is just as good "Every man fully persuaded as the other. "E

in his own mind."

George Whitefield was going over a Quaker rather roughly for some of his religious sentiments, and the Quaker said: "George, I am as thou art: I am for bringi men to the hope of the Gospel; fore, if thou wilt not quarrel with me my broad brim, I will not quarrel thee about thy black gown. George, thy hand.

ive me thy hand."
In tracing out the religion of sectorianis or bacotry I find that a great deal of it
omes from wrong education in the home
irole. There are parents who do not think caricature and Juer the peculiar forms of religion in the world, and do nounce other sects and other denoming. cunce other sects and other denoming ions. I could mention the names of prom inent ministers of the Gospel who spent. German achool boys Study their whole lives bombarding other de- play less than those of any of

nominations and who lived to see their children preach the Gospel in those very denominations. But it is often the case that bigotry starts in a household, and that the subject of it never recovers. There are tens of thousands of bigots ter

years old.

Bigotry is often the child of ignorance. You seldom find a man with large intellect who is a bigot. It is the man who thinks he knows a great deal, but does not. That man is almost always a bigot. The whole tendency of education and civilization is to bring a man out of that kind of state of

mind and heart.
So I have set before you what I consider So I have set before you what I consider to be the causes of bigotry. I have set before you the origin of this great evil. What are some of the baneful effects? First of all, it cripples investigation. You are wrong, and I am right, and that ends it. No taste for exploration, no spirit of investigation. From the glorious realm of God's truth, over which an archanged might fly from eternity to eternity and not reach the limit, the man shuts himself out and dies, a blind mole under a corn-shock. Another great damage done by the second

and dies, a blind mole under a corn-shock.

Another great damage done by the sectorianism and bigotry of the church is that it disgusts people with the Christian religion. Again bigotry and sectorianism do great damage in the fact that they hinder the triumph of the Gospel. Oh, how much wasted ammunition! How many men of splendid intellect have given their whole tild to controversial disputes when it there. life to controversial disputes when, if they had given their life to something practical, they might have been vastly useful! Suppose, while I speak, there were a common enemy coming up the bay, and all the forts around the harbor began to fire into each other—you would sry out "National suicide! Why don't those forts blaze away in one direction, and that against the common enemy?"

enemy?" Besides that, if you want to build up any denomination, you will never build it up by trying to pull some other down. Intolerance never put anything down. How much has intolerance accomplished, for in-stance, against the Methodist Church? For long years her ministry were forbidden the pulpits of Great Britain. Why was it that so many of them preached in the fields? Simply because they could not get in the churches. And the name of the church was given in derision and as a sarcasm. The critics of the church said, "They have no order, they have no method in their worship;" and the critics, therefore, in irony, called them "Methodists."

I am told that in Astor Library, New

York, kept as curiosities there are seven hundred and seven books and pamphlets against Methodism. Did intolerance stop that church? No; it is either first or second amid the denominations of Christendom, her missionary stations in all parts of the

world, her men not only important in religious trusts, but important also in secular
trusts. Church marching on and the more
intolerance against it the faster it marched.
What did intolerance accomplish against
the Baptist Church? If laughing scorn and
tirade could have destroyed the church it
would not have to-day a disciple left. The
Baptists were hurled out of Boston in olden
times. Those who sympathized with them times. Those who sympathized with them were imprisoned, and when a petition was offered asking leniency in their behalf, all the men who signed it were indicted. Has intolerance stopped the Baptist Church? The last statistics in regard to it showed forty-four thousand churches and four million communicants. Intolerance never put down anything.

In Engli Jew. England thrust back the Jew and thrust down the Jew, and declared that no Jew should hold official position. What came of it? Were the Jews destroyed? Was their religion overthrown? No. Who became Prime Minister of England? Who was next to the throne? Who was higher than the throne because he was counsellor and adviser? Disraeli, a Jew. What were

and adviser? Disraeli, a Jew. What were we celebrating in all our churches as well as synagogues only a few years ago? The one hundredth birthday of Monteflore, the great Jewish philanthropist. Intolerance never yet put down anything.

I think we may overthrow the severe sectarianism and bigotry in our hearts, and in the church also, by realizing that all the denominations of Christians have yielded noble institutions and noble men. There is nothing that so sitrs my soul as yielded noble institutions and noble men. There is nothing that so stirs my soul as this thought. One denomination yielded a Bobert Hall and an Adoniram Judson; another yielded a Latimer and a Melville; another yielded John Wesley and the blessed Summerfield, while our own denomination yielded John Knox and the Alexanders—men of whom the world was not worthy. Now, I say, if we are honest and fair-minded men when we come up in the presence of such churches and such denominations, although they may be different from our own, we ought to admire them, and we ought to love and honor them. Churches which can produce such men, and such large hearted charity, and such magnificent martyrdom, ought to win our affection—at any rate, our respect. So come on, ye six hundred thousand Episcopalians in this country, and ye four-teen hundred thousand Presbyterians, and ye four million Baptists, and ye five mil-lion Methodists—come on; shoulder to shoulder we will march for the world's conshoulder we will march for the world's con-quest; for all nations are to be saved, and God demands that you and I help. For-ward, the whole line! In the Young Men's Christian Associations, in the Bible So-clety, in the Tract Society, in the Foreign Missionary Society, shoulder to shoulder all denominations

Perhaps I might forcibly filustrate this

truth by calling your attention to an inci-dent which took place twenty-five years ago. One Monday morning at about two o'clock, while her nine hundred passeno'clock, while her nine hundred passen-gers were sound asleep in her berths dreaming of home, the steamer Atlantic crashed into Mars' Head. Five hundred souls in ten minutes landed in eternity! Oh, what a scene! Agonized men and wo-men running up and down the gangways, and clutching for the rigging, and the plunge of the helpless steamer, and the slapping of the hands of the merciless sea over the drowning and the dead, throw elapping of the hands of the merciless sea over the drowning; and the dead, threw two continents into terror. But see this brave quartermaster pushing out with the life-line until he gets to the rock; and see these fishermen gathering up the ship-wrecked and taking them into the cabins and wrapping them in flannels sang and warm; and see that minister of the Gospel with three other men getting into a life-boat and pushing out for the wreck, pulling away across the surf, and pulling away until they had saved one more man and then getting back with him to the shore. Can those man ever forget that night? And can they forget their companionship in perll, companionship in get that night? And can they forget their companionship in peril, companionship in struggle, companionship in awful catastrophe and rescue? Neverl Neverl In whatever part of the earth they meet, they will be Iriends when they mention the story of that night when the Atlantic struck Mars' Head. Well, my friends, our world has gone into a worse ship-wreek. Sin drove it on the rocks. The old ship has lurched and tossed in the tempests of six thousand years. Out with the life-line! I do not care what denominathe life-line! I do not care what denomination rows it. Side by side, in the menory of common hardships, and common trials, common prayers and common tears,

let us be bacchers forever. German school boys