AN EXCELLENT

Washington, Martin, Tyrrell and Baaufort.

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WHAT THE BULLET SANG,

O, joy of creation, To be! O, rapture to fly And be free! Be the battle lost or won, Though its smoke shall hide the sun, I shall fird my love—the one Born for me

I shall know him where he stands, All alone, With the power in his hands Not o'erthrown.
I shall know him by his face. By his godlike front and grace, I shall hold him for a space All my own!

It is he-0, my love! So bold! It is I—all thy love Foretold! It is I. O. love what bliss! Dost thou answer to my kiss? Ah, sweetheart, what is this? Lieth there So cold!

-Bret Harte, in Harper's Weekly, 1861.

BY HELEN BEERMAN.

The north-bound train on the Philadelphia & Erie was in the midst of the wilderness of hills and forests that is so picturesque and even grand in the summer season.

It was Saturday afternoon, and the fifty emigrants and travelers-men, women and children-expected to get into Erie and make a connection with the Shore road early on the

It had been shedding snow feathers all day from a sky of leaden gray, that grew more sombre as night approached.

At midnight the train came to a stop. The dozing people started up, rubbed the glass and looked out. The faint light from the windows revealed snow, and only snow, rising up to the black sky.

"Are we at the station?"

This que-tion was asked of the conductor by a low, sweet voice, and stopping he saw a beautiful girl. He had noticed her frequently during the day, and resting against her shoulder was an elderly lady, evidently an invalid.

The conductor stroked his brown beard nervously, and bending over, as if he did not wish the passengers to hear, he said:

"There's something of a drift shead, miss, but we hope to get

As he went off with his wire-bound lantern swinging from his arm, the train began to back and kept backing till it had gone some distance. Then came another stop, then another forward movement. The puffing grew louder, the speed greater, and the engine, like a desperate charger under the spurs of a daring rider, plunged into the drift that filled the long cut.

Again the train was brought to a stand, and still in ceaseless descent the snow came down on all sides.

A tall, muffled man, with a dark mustache and large, bright eyes, rose from the seat behind Mrs. Paulding and her daughter, Julia, and as he passed them Julia asked:

"Would you please, sir, to let us know if there is any danger?" "Certainly, miss," replied the stranger, and as he spoke lifted his

hat and went to the front of the car and out on the platform. Here he met the conductor and the

angineer talking in anxious tones. "Try it again, Jim," urged the con-

"But where's the use? We have so fuel, and the steam is down to 20 pounds and still a-sinking."

"Can't you back out of the cut?" asked Martin Reynolds, the young stranger.

"Back out of the cut, sir?" repeated the engineer as he drew his blue sleeve across his swarthy brow. "Why, bless you, the cut runs back for six miles, and the snow in parts of it is high as the smokestack by this Time.

"How far does the cut extend hahead?" asked Martin Reynolds, who

was the coolest of the three. "About two miles, and after that the road gets worse and worse." "Are there any farmhouses near

"No, sir; I doubt if there's a human being outside of the train within ten miles of us," replied the conductor. "It is now midnight," said Martin Reynolds, "and I presume nothing

can be done till morning." "I doubt if we'll be able to do anything in the morning. We must wait till they find us, and heaven only

knows when that will be." Martin Reynolds went back to where Julia Paulding was sitting, supporting her mother, and not wishdig to tell them the worst, he said:

"We can't get on till morning, so we might as well make the best of a bad bargain by being as comfortable as possible.

As the car was by no means full, he arranged two seats, and some wraps of his own, which with those of Mrs. Paulding made a comfortable bed, and then he insisted that they should both lie down and sleep.

He was one of those men whose presence begets confidence, and whose roice cagries with it an authority that melts registance and makes obedience a pleasure.

Having made the invalid and her daughter as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. Martin Reynolds went off and did the same for emigrant women and children in the other car. And so it was that by morning even the conductor and engineer-having exhausted their own native resources-obeyed him as if he had a commission to direct.

All the remaining fuel-it was not much-was taken back to the two passenger cars and orders were given to use it economically.

When daylight came a number of men, Martin Reynolds in the advance. succeeded in cutting a track to the top of the embankment. From this point the train was nearly hidden, and before and behind, far as the eye could reach, was one vast snow-level.

Martin Reynolds had learned that there was food enough on the train to last the people for that day; now he saw that many days must clapse before they could be reached, if indeed their whereabouts be learned by those anx-

ious for their safety.
"I wish we only had a telegraph operator and instruments on board, we might send word where we are and how we're fixed," said the conductor.

"While you're wishing," said the engineer. "it costs no more to wish us out of this scrape. Can't you see that the telegraph lines are all down?" "Come men, help me to dig up one of the wires-all of the wires," said Martin Reynolds, himself setting the

example. "What good will that do?" asked the conductor, working like a beaver, nevertheless.

"I am a telegraph engineer, and understand operating," replied Martin Reynolds

"But you have no instrument to send or receive a message?" "Trust me," was the reply.

After much shoveling the wires were found where they had fallen with the Quick as a flash Martin Reynolds

cut one wire, and kneeling down placed an end in each corner of his mouth and against his teeth. He waited for a few seconds; no current passed through, so he cast it away. Another and another wire was tried

with the same result, till only one remained. So far Martin Reynolds had been very calm, but as he raised the broken ends of the last wire to his lips-the

wire on which the fate of so many people depended-his strong hands trembled. The others watched eagerly. The

wires had been in his mouth but a few seconds when they saw his face flush and a glad light come into his handsome eves.

Holding the wires against his teeth, he read:

"Who calls?"

"Lock Haven; who are you?" was the answer. "Cleveland; all the wires to the

sontheast are down but this.' "Have you any news of the P. & E. train that left here Saturday morn-

'No, and don't expect to have for a week. Good-bye.

Quick as thought Martin Reynolds brought both wires together. If the batteries were not shut off he might

Rapidly the edges clicked the alarm. "Who calls?" asked Cleveland, "The P. & E. train."

"In deep cut north of Kane. Women and children in danger. For God's sake send hel"-

"Where are you?"

At this instant the circuit was broken, but the news was flashed of their whereabouts. Cleveland was two hundred and

fifty miles away, but the people there were told that human beings were in danger of perishing, and soon a mil-

lion brave men would know it." Martin Reynolds went down and made the people give him all their food. This he divided into rations, and locked up what he did not serve

at once. He took care of the poor invalid, cheering her with the hope of a speedy rescue, and promising Julia to stand

Cleveland. With the two dull train axes he made the men cut fuel and carry it down to the cars, so that when another night came there was no danger of

freezing. Sunday passed; Monday came and passed, and the last scrap of food had been dealt out to the bungry children. Tuesday came, and the men who were famishing proposed to make their way through the snow mountains to some settlement, but Martin Reynolds

prevailed on them to wait. It was late in the afternoon when a shrill whistle was heard far up the road, but it sounded like music and gave the people heart.

It was near dark when men reached the train laden with supplies. And it was another day before the train got through to Erie. The people blessed their deliverer,

but he replied that he had done nothing that any other man with his knowledge would not have done. Julia Paulding refused to believe this. The man had come a hero to

her, all the more of a hero for his gentleness and modesty. Martin often blesses the storm that

him such a blessing. He thinks the invalid, now restored to health, a model mother-in-law, and he has won the legal right to protect Julia under all circumstances.-New York Led

JUST AS GOOD AS MOTHER'S JELLY. In Fact It Was His Mother's the Soldier Bought in Honolulu.

The friends of a certain Albany boy, who is a private in the First New York in Honolulu, are much amused and at the same time incensed over an experience of his which he relates in a recent letter.

After telling how poor the food was, he went on to say he had just recovered from a slight illness and felt an irresistible longing for dainties of some kind. After some thought he concluded that he wanted a jar of jelly more than anything else that he could think of. He remembered the current jelly which his mother used to make and his mouth watered at the recollection. So he took some money out of his small store and went into the city to buy. He picked out a confectioner's shop, and, going in, asked for a glass of jelly-current jelly preferred if they had such a thing. his surprise and delight the man behind the counter produced a glass of the very kind that he wanted. It looked almost exactly like some that he had catenat home, and he paid the high price charged without hesitation. When he came out into the street he was still more struck with its similarity to that which he had seen at home. He examined the jar, turning it upside down. On the bottom was pasted a piece of white paper with some writing on it. What was his surprise when he saw that the writing, which was somewhat blurred, was the name of his own mother. The mystery of the strange resemblance

was explained. A few days later he received a letter from home in which his mother spoke of a box of dainties which she had sent him some time before. "I know you will enjoy the jelly particularly,' she said. The only explanation of the presence of the jelly in the shop is that it had been appropriated on its arrival by some one in authority and sold. The young man has complained through his captain, but it is not probable that he will gain any satis-

A Ruler's Desk.

The desk used at the White House by the president of the United States is interesting in itself, apart from its connection with the ruler of a nation. for it is a token of the good will exist ing between two peoples. Although occupying so prominent a place in the official residence of America's chosen governor, it is not of American manufacture.

It was fashionable in England, says Youth's Companion, and was the present from the queen to a former president. It was made from the timbers of H. M.S. Resolute, which was sent in search of Sir John Franklin in 1852. The ship was caught in the ice and had to be abandoned. It was not destined to go to peices in frozen waters, however. An American whaler discovered and extricated it in 1855, and it was subsequently purchased and sent to her majesty by the president and people of the United States as a token of good-will and friendship.

In an English dockyard the Resointe was at last broken up, and from her timbers a desk was made, which was sent by her majesty "as a memorial of the courtesy and loving kindness which dictated the offer of the gift of the Resolute."

London and Its Fire Department.

Everybody knows that the brigade work is done better in America than in England, and a foreign office report on the fire department of Boston enables us to judge how much better. It is a little startling to find that a city of the size of Boston has a larger and a far more costly fire service than London. The metropolitan fire brigade last year numbered 842 officers and men, as against 849 in Boston. In by her till he saw her safely landed in London the yearly expenditure amounts to about \$775, in Boston to \$1175. Thanks to the great fire in the city, the London force is to be strengthened, and the ontlay will be

> be enormous. - London Chronicle. A Superstition Sustained.

considerably increased. But when

everything is done that the county

tween the two fire services will still

council have plauned the disparity be-

Science sometimes develops facts in rather unexpected ways and places. The old idea that people should sleep with their heads to the north seems to have a verification. It is contended that each human system is an electric battery, the head being one electrode, while the feet are the other. The French Academy of Science experimented on the body of a gallotined man. The instant it fell the body was placed on a pivot, with free action in every direction. After slight vacillation the head turned to the north and the body remained stationary. It was turned half-way round, and again it resumed its original position, the head pointing to the north as truly as the magnetic needle, and the same results continued until the final arrest of all promised such disaster and brought organic movement

HORRORS OF SOUDAN WARFARE.

After the Battle Wounded Dervishes Are Slain-Tragic Incidents.

Now, there is no braver, kinder may in the world than the army doctor, writes the correspondent of the London Saturday Review from the scene of the British victory in the Soudan, In his extemporized field hospital, often under a heavy fire, with a hastily thrown up screen of commissariat cases, packsaddles, water tanks or whatever came handy, he performed miracles; he was ready to minister to the wants of all wounded men. He was anxious to tend the wounded Dervish whenever one might be brought

in. But no wounded Dervish ever was. It was as much as any one's life was worth to go near a wounded Dervish. He would lie on the ground glaring about him like a wild beast, Approach him, and out came his curved ham-stringing knife. Withit he would make vicious sweeps, any one of which

would maim you for life. It is not possible in the terrific stress of Soudan warfare to detail fatigue parties to overcome the resistance of wounded men and beat them to the field hospital. Hundreds died of their wounds as they lay on the battlefield, and those that did not die of their wounds had to be put out of their misery. Terrible stories are told of this dire necessity. Those know best who have been engaged in battle with the Dervish what happened after the fighting was over, and how the problem of dealing with the enemy's wounded was solved. In the cam-paign of 1855, parties of English soldiers, commanded by English officers, used to go out to kill the wounded. One private prodded the helpless body between the shoulders with his bayonet. If there was no movement the party went on; if the Dervish proved alive and squirmed, another private instantly blew his brains out.

In one case, remarkable for its inevitable cold-blooded horror, it is said, the troops inside a zereba, the night after one of the most desperate of battles, were driven to madness by the voice of a wounded warrior who lay outside amidst heaps of slain. All night a groaning cry of "Allah! Allah!" rose into the silent night. Not the fierce sharp ring of the word when it is the war cry for headlong charge, but an imploring, despairing moan; hour after hour that one word only. "For God's sake silence that man"-that was the feeling of all. Council was held as to how it could be done. Soon three men were told off to get upon the sandbags of the little redoubt at the corner of the zereba, and when the moon came out from behind the clouds, to fire volleys in the direction from which the cry came. The volleys were fired but the cry went on. Finally it ceased. Whether the man was thus silenced or not it was not ascertained, but in the morning there were only dead men in that part of the field. There were others, however, still alive. These could not be tended. Another story was current in those terrible days of how an officer, going up to a group of surgeons found a wounded Dervish, and inquiring what was the matter, was told that nothing could be done with him, no one could approach him. He lay there with his knife out, ready with one of those sweeping ham-stringing cuts for any one who dared to come near. Whereupon the officer, still under the blood madness of the fight, and "seeing red," whipped out his own knife, avoided the rapid sweep of the wounded man's weapon, and drove his own to his heart.

Such are some of the incidents of Soudan warfare.

Billy.

Sydney Smith was very happy in his country life and his children caught his spirit of delight over common things. They loved animals, and spent long hours in training them. One little beast, a baby donkey, became, under their tuition, perhaps the most accomplished of his species, and unconsciously gave rise to a quatrain which now belongs to the fame of Sydney Smith. The donkey was a well educated chap; he would walk upstairs, follow the family in their rambles like a dog, and when they entered his meadow run to meet them with ears down and tail erect, braying

One day, when Billy's head was crowned with flowers, and he was being trained with a handkerchief for a bridle, Mr. Jeffrey unexpectedly arrived. He joined in the sport, and to the children's infinite delight, mounted

Thus he was proceeding in triumph, when Sydney Smith and his wife, with three friends, returned from a walk and took in the festal scene. The great man advanced with extended hands and greeted his old friend in an imprompta which has become familiar to the reading public:

Witty as Horatius Flaceus, As great a Jacobin as Gracehus, Short, though not as fat as Bacchus, Seated on a little jackass!

Unappreciated Diligence. Jeweler (excusing a heavy charge) -That watch was in an awful condi tion. Why, sir, two hands have been

constantly on it ever since you left it, Customer (dryly) - That's apparent on the face of it,-The Jewelers' Weekly.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: "Divine Direction" - Advice Aimed to Cheer Those Who Feel They Have No Especial Mission in the World -Follow God's Guidance.

TEXT: "To this end was I born."-John

After Pilate had suicided, tradition says that his body was thrown into the Tiber, and such storms ensued on and about that river that his body was taken out and thrown into the Rhone, and similar disturbances swept that river and its banks Then the body was taken out and moved to Lausanne, and put in a deeper pool, which immediately became the centre of similar atmospheric and aqueous disturbances. Though these are fanciful and false traditions, they show the execution with which the world looked upon Pilate. It was before this man when he was in full life and power that Christ was arraigned as in a court of oyer and terminer. Pilate said to his prisoner, "Art thou a king, then?" and Jesus answered, "To this end I was born." Sure enough, although all earth and hell arose to keep Him down, He is to-day empalaced, enthroned and coroneted King of earth and King of heaven That is what He came for, and

that is what He accomplished.

By the time a child reaches ten years of age the parents begin to discover that child's destiny, but by the time he or she reaches fifteen years of age the question is on the child's lips: "What shall I do? What am I going to be? What was I made It is a sensible and righteous question, and the youth ought to keep asking it until it is so fully answered that the young man, or young woman, can say with as much truth as its author, though on a less expansive scale, "To this end was I born."

There is too much divine skill shown in the physical, mental and moral constitu-tion of the ordinary human being to suppose that he was constructed without any divine purpose. If you take me out of some vast plain and show me a pillared temple surmounted by a dome like St. Peter's, and having a floor of precious stones and arches that must have taken the brain of the greatest draftsman to design and walls scrolled and niched and paneled and wainscoted and painted, and I should ask you what this building was put up for and you answered, "For nothing at all," how could I believe you? And it is impos-sible for me to believe that any ordinary human being who has in his muscular, nervous and cerebral organization more wonders than Christopher Wren lifted in St. Paul's, or Phidias ever chiseled on the Acropolis and built in such a way that it shall last long after St. Paul's Cathedral is as much a ruin as the Parthenon-that such a being was constructed for no other purpose and to execute no mission and without any divine intention toward some end. The object of this sermon is to help you find out what you are made for and help you find your sphere and assist you

netp you and your spaces and assist you into that condition where you can say with certainty and emphasis and enthusiasm and triumph, "To this end was I born." First, I discharge you from all responsibility for most of your environments. You are not responsible for your parentage or grandparentage. You are not responsible for any of the cranks that may have lived in your ancestral line and who, 100 years you were born, may have lived a style of life that more or less affects you to-day. You are not responsible for the fact that your temperament is sanguine or melancholic or billous or lymphatic or nervous. Neither are you responsible for the place of your nativity, whether among the granite hills of New England or the cotton plantations of Louisiana or on the banks of the Clyde or the Duciper or the Shannon or the Seine. Neither are you responsible for the religion taught in your father's house, or the irreligion. Do not bother yourself about what you canbother yourself about what you can-not help or about circumstances that you did not decree.

Take things as they are and decide the

question so that you shall be able safely to say, "To this end was I born." How will you decide it? By direct application to the only Being in the universe who is competent to tell you-the Lord Almighty. Do you know the reason why He is the only one who can tell? Because He can see everything between your cradle and your grave, though the grave be eighty years off, and besides that He is the only Being who can see what has been happening in the last 500 years in your ancestral line, and for thousands of years clear back to Adam, and there is not one person in all that ances tral line of 6000 years but has somehow affeeted your character, and even old Adam himself will sometimes turn up in your disposition. The only Being who can take all things that pertain to you into consid-eration is God, and He is the one you can Life is so short we have no time to experiment with occupations and profes sions. The reason we have so many dead failures is that parents decided for children what they shall do, or children themselves, wrought on by some whim or fancy decide for themselves, without any im-ploration of divine guidance. So we have now in pulpits men making sermons who ought to be in blacksmith shops making plowshares, and we have in the law those who instead of ruining the cases of their clients ought to be pounding shoe lasts, and doctors who are the worst hindrance to their patients' convalescence, and artists trying to paint landscapes who ought to be whitewashing board fences, while there are others making bricks who ought to be remodeling constitutions or shoving planes who ought to be transforming litera tures. Ask God about what worldly business you shall undertake until you are so positive you can in earnestness smite your hand on your plow handle, or your carpenter's bench, or your Blackstone's "Commentaries," or your medical dictionary, or your Dr. Dick's "Didactic Theology," saying, "For this end was I born." There are children who early develop natural all ini-ties for certain styles of work. When the father of the astronomer Forbes was going to London he asked his children what present he should bring each one of them

present he should bring each one of them. The boy who was to be an astronomer cried out, "Bring me a telescope!"

And there are children whom you find all by themselves drawing on their slates, or on paper, ships, or houses, or birds, and you know they are to be draftsmen or architects of some kind. And you find others elphering out difficult problems with rare interest and success and you know they interest and success, and you know they are to be mathematicians. And others making wheels and strange contrivances, and you know they are going to be mach And others are found experimenting with hoe and plow and sickle, and you know they will be farmers. And others are always swapping jackknives or balls or bats, and making something by the bargain, and they are going to be increbants. When Abbe de Rance had so advanced in studying Greek that he could translate Anacreon at twelve years of age, there was atellation, buil, home of light, and no doubt left that he was intended for a blessedness! Through the aton scholar. But in almost every ind there of Christ, may we all get there!

comes a time when he does not know what he was made for, and his parents do not know, and it is a crisis that God only can know, and it is a crisis that God only can decide. Then there are those born for some especial work, and their fitness does not develop until quite late. When Philip Doddridge, whose sermons and books have harvested uncounted souls for glory, began to study for the ministry, Dr. Calamy, one of the wisest and best men, advised him to turn his thoughts to some other work. Isaac Barrow, the eminent clergyman and Christian row, the eminent clergyman and Christian scientist—his books standard now, though he has been dead over 200 years—was the disheartenment of his father, who used to say that if it pleased God totake any of his children away he hoped it might be his son Isaac. So some of those who have been characterized for stupidity in boyhood or girlhood have turned out the mightiest benefactors or benefactoreses of the human the study of th race. These things being so am I not right in saying that in many cases God only in saying that in many cases God only knows what is the most appropriate thing, for you to do, and He is the one to ask? And let all parents and all schools and all universities and all colleges recognize this, and a large number of those who spent their best years in stumbling about businesses and occupations, now trying this and now trying that, and failing in all, would be able to go ahead with a definite, de-cided and tremendous purpose, saying, "To this end was I born.'

But my subject now mounts into the momentous. Let me say that you are made for usefulness and heaven. I judge this from the way you are built. You go into a shop where there is only one wheel turning and that by a workman's foot on a treadle, and you say to yourself, "Here is something good being done, yet on a small scale," but if you go into a factory covering many acres and you find thousands of bands pulling on thousands of wheels and shuttles flying and the whole scene bewildering with activities, driven by water or steam or electric power, you conclude that the factory was put up to do great work and on a vast scale. Now, I look at you, and if I should scale. Now, 1 look at you, and it should find that you had only one faculty of body, only one muscle, only one nerve, if you could see but not hear or could hear and not see, if you had the use of only one foot or one hand, and, as to your higher nature, if you had only one mental faculty and you had managery but no indement or indement. had memory but no judgment or judgment but no will, and if you had a soul with only one capacity, I would say not much is expected of you. But stand up. O man, and let me look you squarely in the face! Eyes capable of seeing everything. Ears capable of hearing everything. Hands capable of grasping everything. Minds with more wheels than any factory ever turned more power than any tory ever turned, more power than any Coriss engine ever moved. A soul that will outlive all the universe except heaven, and would outlive all heaven if the life of the other immortals were a moment short of the eternal. Now, what has the world a right to expect of you? What has God a right to demand of you? God is the great-What has God a est of economists in the universe, and He makes nothing uselessly, and for what purpose did He build your body, mind and soul as they are built? There are only two beings in the universe who can answer that question. The angels do not know. The schools do not know. Your kindred cannot certainly know. God knows, and you ought to know. A factory running at an expense of \$500,009 a year and turning out goods worth seventy cents a year would not be such an incongruity as you. such semi-infinite equipment doing nothing, or next to nothing, in the way of usefulness! "What shall I do?" you ask. My brethren, my sisters, do not ask me. Ask God. There's some path of Christian usefulness open. It may be a rough path or it may be a smooth path, a long path or a short path. It may be on a mount of con-spicuity or in a valley unobserved, but it is a path on which you can start with such faith and such satisfaction and such certainty that you can ery out in the face of earth and hell and heaven, "To this end I was born.

You have examined the family Bible and explored the family records, and you may have seen daguerreotypes of some of the kindred of previous generations, you have had photographs taken of what you were in boyhood or girihood, and what you were ten years later, and it is very interesting to any one to be able to look back upon pictures of what he was ten or twenty or thirty years ago. But have you ever had a picture taken of what you may be and what you will be if you seek after God and shall I plant the camera to take the pic-ture? I plant it on this platform. I direct ture? I plant it on this platform. I direct it toward you. Sit still or stand still while I take the picture. It shall be an instan-taneous picture. There! I have it. It is done. You can see the picture in its imperfect state and got some idea of what it will be when thoroughly developed. There is your resurrected body, so brilliant that the noonday sun is a patch of midnight compared with it. There is your soul, so pure that all the forces of diabolism could not spot it with an imperfection. There is your being, so mighty and so swift that flight from heaven to Mercury or Mars or Jupiter and back again to heaven would not weary you, and a world on each shoulder would not crush you. An eye that shall never shed a tear. An energy that shall never feel a fatigue. A brow that shall never throb with pain. You are young again, though you died of decrepttude. You are well again, though you coughed or shivered yourself into the tomb. Your everyday associates are the apostles and prophets and martyrs, and the most exalted souls, masculine and feminine, of all the centuries. The archangel to you no embarrassment. God Himself your present and everlasting joy. That is an instantaneous picture of what you may be and

what I am sure some of you will be.
If you realize that it is an imperiect picture my apology is what the apostic John said, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." "To this end was I born." If I did not think so I would be overwhelmed with melancholy. The world does very well for a little while, eighty or 100 or 150 years, and I think that human longevity may yet be improved up to that prolongation, for now there is so little room between our cradle and our grave we cannot accomplish much; but who would want to dwell in this world for all eternity? Some think this earth will finally be turned into a heaven. Perhaps it may, but it would have to undergo radical repairs and thorough eliminations and evolutions and revolu-tions and transformations infinite to make it desirable for eternal residence. All the east winds would have to become west winds, and all the winters changed to springtides, and all the volcances extinguished, and the occans chained to their beds, and the epidemies forbidden entrance, and the world so fixed up that I think it would take more to repair this old world

which take more to repair this old works
than to make an entirely new one.

What a poor farthing is all that this
world can offer you compared with pardon
here and life immertal beyond the stars
ucless this side of them there be a place
large enough and beautiful enough and
crand enough for all the reasoned! Whengrand enough for all the ransomed! ever it be, in what world, whether near by or far away, in this or some other con-stellation, hall, home of light, and love and blessedness! Through the atoning meroy