1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

"FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY, AND FOR TRUTH."

AN EXCELLENT! ADVERTISING MEDIUM

Circulates extensively in the Countles of

Washington, Martin, Tyrreli and Beaufort

SINGLE COPY, 5 CHATS.

NO. 31.

VOL. X.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, APRIL 21, 1899.

A SONG

Sing me a sweet, low song of night Refere the moon is risen. A song that tells of the star's delight Escaped from day's bright prison.

And then when the song is ended, love, Bend down your head unto me, Whisper the word that was born above Ere the moon had swayed the sea. Ere the oldest star began to shine, Or the farthest sun to burn, The oldest of words, O heart of mine, A song that croons with the cricket's voice, That sleeps with the shadowed trees, A song that shall bid my heart rejoice At its tender mysteries!

Yet newest, and sweet to learn!
-Hildegarde Hawthorne, in Harper's Magazine.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

By Charles S. Hathaway.

My diploma (dated 1878) four years old, and from one of the best medical colleges in the land, had maintained its prominent position on the wall of my little country office for nearly three years, and as I sat musing before the great box stove and its roaring wood fire one wintry day, mentally covering a fair countryside drive, I concluded that those three years had been reasonably prosperous.

As I dreamed along in this fashion my office door was opened with a rush, and Darius Robison plunged before me, very scant of breath, with the news that his little boy was critically ill of croup and that Dr. Squiers, who had been attending him, had recommended that I be called to "put a tube or something in the child's throat; that it was a new but sure cure with which Squiers was unacquainted, so far as his own practice was concerned, but that he had heard of several successful operations I had performed. "Will you come, doctor?" asked Robison in tones and manner indicating doubt and the gravest anxiety.

"Certainly, Mr. Robison," I replied; "I will be there within half an hour," at which with a "Thank you, doctor," Darius bounced out of the office, and the next instant he was running across the street to the general store-a combination of postoffice, drug store and

all kinds of merchandise. Within five minutes I was ready with my instruments and medicine case, and a minute or two later the stable boy brought my horse and cutter over from the country tavern, where I boarded, and I was off. The two-mile drive over good sleighing with a fresh horse was a short one, so that within 20 minutes I was at the side of the suffering child with the grief-stricken parents and good old Dr. Squiers, very dignified but interested, watching my movements with the closest scrutiny.

found the boy, about four years old suffering from acute membraneous laryngitis. He was creeping about over the bed, pursing his lips, opening his mouth, gasping and reaching out with his hands, as if to pull the air down to his little lungs; his face was blue, the chest was flattened and depressed between the ribs and above the clavicles, and the pitch and character of his very difficult breathing indicated the presence of membraneous obstruction in the larynx and glottis.

Dr. Squiers administered the chloroform, and I performed the operation of tracheotomy, inserting a tube. The breathing of the child improved so suddenly and so well that the shock caused the father, who had watched the operation, to fall in a fainting condition, thus adding to the terror of the mother and wife, who was waiting in an adjoining room. Dr. Squiers promptly attended to this side incident, however, and in a short time the respirations of the child were easy and reqular, the natural color had returned to its face, and he had taken a small portion of food. Meanwhile the father and mother had acquired a condition of self-control and happiness, so that when I started home it was in the midst of one of those dense and wholly beautiful halos of gratitude and adulation which come so frequently to all practitioners of medicine and which go al ng way toward wiping out the fatique and disappointments so common to the profession.

These details told today, in the light of new instruments, new methods and new operations, sound commonplace, but 20 years ago they were unusual and dramatic, and besides, at the time of which I speak, Darius Robison was a county supervisor and was the supervisor whose vote defeated my desire to serve the county. Moreover, he had shown an unaccountable antipathy toward myself ever since I had

located in the county. Robison was raised a farmer and had a district school education, but he was of an observing, investigating turn of mind, and, being industrious, frugal and correct as to his habits, he was recognized as a valuable citizen who was well informed, interested in current affairs and sincere in his devotion to the prosperity of his township. Among other things he had made a special study of the tramp problem and by extensive reading upon philosophical subjects, and the causes which are supposed to lead to mendicacy and itineracy, had views quite in advance of those held by his neigh-

However, he was appreciative and grateful, as were his wife and boy, over the service I had performed, so that while I enjoyed hearing the words of praise, sometimes quite fulsome, I did occasionally grow weary over the same details of the same story and the same commendations which I was certain to | this I saw, in the hand farthest from

hear each time I met him or any mem-

ber of his family.

Therefore when I learned, about a year later, that the Robisons were going to move to the northern part of Wisconsin to engage in the lumber business, I felt some regret and some satisfaction in that while I might be losing a local friend, my reputation would be carried into the outer world possibly to my own advantage. They had been gone a year or more when I received a letter telling me as to the good health of the family, that Robison was making money and urging me, when I took a vacation, to pay them a visit. I made proper acknowledgment of the receipt of the letter and forgot the matter until a year later I received another letter of similar import, adding that the deer hunting in their vicinity was fine. Agaia I was obliged to decline the invitation with thanks. Then, for a couple of years, I heard nothing further until one day I received a telegram summoning me to a small lumber town but a few miles from Robison's mill to perform an op-

That evening I took the train, and on the following afternoon I reached the place, performed the operation and was asking the proprietor of the hotel where I was stopping as to a midnight train I might take on my way home, when I was very much astonished to see my old friend Robison enter the hotel. He was cordial to enthusiasm, told me how, hearing of my coming, he had driven into town especially to get me and take me to his home for a visit, told what a fine lad his boy had grown to be and all about the prosperity and happiness of himself and wife. He would not be put off, so that finally I agreed to go, and we retired for the night.

The following morning I visited my patient to find him doing nicely and returned to the hotel just as my friend drove up to the office door with a fine dark bay horse hitched to an open buggy. As I put my foot on the step to climb to my seat I noticed, under the seat partly covered by robes, two or three large stones netted with ropes like the stone anchors improvised sometimes by fishermen. These anchors did not excite especial curiosity at the time, but, as we drove along, my friend very exuberant and talkative, those anchors would flash into my mind every little while so that between listening to my companion and musing as to the stones I had little else to do.

I was surprised at Robison's volubility at first, and then I was puzzled by the variety of topics he discussed and the unusual energy and excitement he showed as he talked. He was still interested in the tramp question and said he was about to solve it by erecting two large treadmills which he was going to turn in opposite directions by tramp power. The shafts of these treadmills were joined together at an angle so that they would press against each other, the ends of the shafts when they came together being protected by plates of iron and a universal joint. The friction resulting from the opposite movement of the two treadmills and the plates of iron would generate heat sufficient to boil water and produce steam with which to warm his mill, run his electric lights and grind wood into pulp for paper making purposes.

Then I was certain I was driving with a madman, and the enriously covered stones under the seat recurred to my mind.

At this point Robison turned his horse from the main road into a little wood road, remarking as he did so that he wanted to leave the highway and take a look at some shingle timber which he had skidded on the bank of a lake nearby, preparatory to floating it over to his mill.

I was not frightened because physically I felt far superior to my madman. Reaching a point quite a distance from the main road, my friend stopped his horse, and as he jumped from the buggy I observed that while his face was covered with a strange pallor his eyes were weirdly bright, while a neryous twitching kept his lips in a restless state. Surely the climax was at

hand, but what was it? Jumping from the buggy I saw, over a slight eminence a very pretty little lake, and on the bank in the foreground was a small boat-a scow made of rough pine boards. I remarked the presence of the boat and asked what it

"It is for you to ride in if you wish," he answered in a quivering, shrill voice at which I stepped more closely to him. Then he said, as he stepped upon a log, "let's get up on the logs; we'll get a better view." As he did

me, the handle of a revolver, and with a powerful spring I leaped up at him, seized the hand holding the pistol and speaking with all the calmness I could command said: "My dear Robison, you do not want to shoot me; it would be the mistake of your life to commit such a crime.

Instantly his eyes filled with tears. he released his hold upon the weapon and auswered: "Doctor, I did intend to shoot you; I have wanted to do it for years, but I am very thankful I have been prevented. As soon as heard you were coming up this way I resolved to kill you and end my suf ferings.

"Sufferings?" I exclaimed in amaze

"Yes. They have been dreadful for years," he answered. "Shortly after we moved up here and when my boy became old enough to talk in a mature, reasonable way, he would engage his mother in conversation about his ill ness, about the operation, about your skill and about my opposition to you when you desired the county appoint ment. It was their chief recreation, the one topic in which they seemed to find perfect happiness, and at last it became almost unbearable. Why, I have had that boy and his mother tell me over and over again that they loved you better than they loved me.'

"And you have brooded over this delusion," I said, "until at last you enticed me to this spot to shoot me, to fasten the stone anchors in your buggy to my body, take me out into this lake and put me out of sight forever.

With a face instantly lighted by a sort of fiendish glee and yet in a voice decidedly normal and commonplace he confessed that I had made a perfect forecast of his designs. I continued the ordinary demeanor, talked moderately and gently and at once realized I was master of the situation. The result was we re-entered the buggy, drove to his home and received a most cordial welcome. There was not, so far as Robison was concerned, the slightest evidence of the dreadful tragedy he had planned, and I fancy there was no sign given by myself. In fact, save upon the single topic-and I had that well under control-my friend was not only wholly sane, but he was exceptionally intelligent and interesting. I met the foreman of his mill and his chief machinist, I walked through the mill and about the entire premises with Robison and his wife and child as my companions, learning all the details large and small of their prosperity and comfort; but during the entire time I think I saw and noted every article my friend touched and every time he put his hand into his pocket. did not propose to be caught napping. We had a superb dinner, the wife seeming to outdo herself and her resources in the result, and when we-Robison and myself-entered the buggy for the return trip to the town on the railway, I was fully determined to notify the local physician with whom I was acquainted as to the weak spot in my friend's condition.

During the ride I kept my hand on Robison's revolver-I still have it in my possession-and by great good fortune so retained my control upon his understanding that the ride was without incident. At the hotel I parted with him in the most friendly way possible. After he had started home I ascertained that the physician I desired to consult was away on his drive, and so, resolving to write to him a complete history of the case as soon I reached home, I boarded the

For one reason and another it was nearly two weeks before I got my letter off to the Wisconsin physician, and the day after it left my hands I read the following in the general news col-

umn of a Chicago paper: "Darius Robison, a wealthy mill owner and one of the most enterprising, public-spirited citizens in the state, committed suicide on the 10th inst, by shooting himself through the head in his mill at ----. Temporary insanity is believed to have been the cause."-Detroit Free Press.

Just a Hint. "Father," asked Tommy, the other day, "why is it that the boy is said

to be the father of the man?' Mr. Tompkins had never given this subject any thought and was hardly prepared to answer offhand. 'Why, why," he said, stumblingly,

'it's so because it is, I suppose.' "Well," said Tommy, "since I'm your father, I'm going to give you a ticket to a theatre and half a crown besides. I always said that if I was a tather I wouldn't be so stingy as the rest of them are. Go in and have a

good time while you're young. never had a chance myself. "Mr. Tompkins gazed in blank astonishment at Tommy. Slowly the significance of the hint dawned upon him. Producing the silver coin, he

"Take it, Thomas. When you really do become a father ! hope it won't be your misfortune to have a son who is smarter than yourself."-Tit-Bits.

Highly Accomplished, He-Yes, Miss Wilder is a very sharp girl.

She-Yes I notice she cuts you whenever you meet .- New York

WHY SNAKES FASCINATE. They Are Symbols of Everything Loath-

some and Hence Cause Dread. "Ever since William Gilmore Simms gave to the world that remarkable yarn about the rattlesnake's fascinating the maiden with its 'rich, starlike glance,' tales of other persons similarly affected have been circulated, and in many instances have been accepted at their face value," says a naturalist in The Sun. " The acceptance involves a deal of gullibility, for a rattler will never remain long enough in the human presence to exert the 'charm' if it is possible to get away. When driven into a corner if may prepare to defend itself, as will the most timorons animal, but it is seldom that it is the aggressor. Poisonous snakes have no more courage than the non-poisonous reptiles. They go on and on in a straight line and attack no creature unless prompted by hunger, in which event they seek animals no larger than they can stow away.

"The fact of the whole matter is that the snake, and more particularly the poisonous snake, has stood so long as the symbol of all that is loathsome and diabolical that its presence fills us all with dread. In some of us this is a cowardly dread. In the very bravest of usit is a vague, unacknowledged, but none the less real dread. Even if we know the snake to be harmless, even if we go prepared and determined to slay or capture it, the sight of the creeping wirthing thing causes an inward convulsion impossible to suppress. Walk into a museum of natural history, and even a glimpse of the dead and pickled coils, while causing no physical fear, will excite in your bosom a vague, palpitating uneasiness which I term a sort of psychological, emblematic or symbolic fear-probably because I know not what else to call

'The very men who are most indefatigable in their herpetological investigations experience this, and fail to explain it because it involves neither physical dread nor moral repulsion. In fact, it's beyond human ken. I have seen many examples of this mysterious dread. You know that if you decapitate a snake and then pinch its tail the stump of the neck will return and with more or less accuracy strike your hand provided you have nerve enough to hold on. When this experiment was made some time ago in the laboratory of a herpetologist of my acquaintance one young man, who was skeptical of the possibility of this movement, was so horrified at receiving a blow from the bloody stump that Several old he swooned dead away. experimenters repeated the feat, but each confessed that nausea succeeded shortly after. Now, the majority of these men were physicians, some of them blessed with an extensive practice, and accustomed, perhaps hardened, to the sight of terrible mutilations. Nevertheless, that mysterious dread of the snake and the spectacle of a headless reptile in action were sufficient to overcome them. Odd, wasn't it?"

A Romance of the Railway.

Passengers on the Woodlawn trains of the Illinois Central are enjoying a little romance which is being enacted before their eyes. A certain young man is a confidential employe in a downtown bank. A pretty girl who lives next door to his home is private secretary in a wholesale house on Lake street. Every evening the two ride together on the 5.30 train. Their appearance is such a regular thing that the conductors feel something is wrong if they fail to come, and if one boards the train without the other. Staid old fellows lay down their newspapers for a minute to cast an eye up and down the car to see whether they are aboard. If by any chance the young man passes through the gate without the girl the turnstile man smiles reassuringly and says:

"She's on the car, sir," or "She ain't been by this evening." This, however, is not often, because the young fellow goes past the window of the girl's office every morning. He gets down a half hour later than she does. There is nearly always a tiny card inconspicuously placed in the corner of the window. It reads, "5.15 train," or "5.30 train," as the case may be. The passengers on the Illinois Central are sure there is going to be a wedding some day. So there is, two of them. The man is engaged to another girl, and the girl to another

man. Curious, but true!-Chicago Times-Herald. Triffes.

A friend once called upon Michael Angelo, who was finishing a statue. Some time after, he called again, and, looking at the figure, said: "You have been idle since I last saw you."

"By no means, "replied the sculptor. "I have retouched this part, polished that; I have softened this feature, and given more expression to this lip. "Well, well," said the friend; "but

these are mere trifles. "It may be so," answered Angelo, "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle

The average height of Americans has been about five feet seven for men, five feet four for women. The average has unquestionably been lowered by itamigration of small races, like the Italian.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: "Significance of the Flowers"-They Bear Messages of Cheer to the Heart-sick and Despairing-Their Appropriateness at Obsequies.

Texr: "If then God so clothe the grass which is to-day in the field, and to-mor-row is cast into the oven, how much more will He clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

The lily is the queen of Bible flowers. The rose may have disputed her throne in modern times and won it, but the rose orig-inally had only five petals. It was under the long continued and intense gaze of the world that the rose blushed into its present beauty. In the Bible train, cassia and hyssop and frankincense and myrrh and spikenard and camphor and the rose follow the lily. Fourteen times in the Bible is the lily mentioned; only twice the rose, The rose may now have wider empire, but the lily reigned in the time of Esther, in the time of Solomon, in the time of Christ. Casar had his throne on the hills. The illy had her throne in the valley. In the greatest sermon that was ever preached there was only one flower, and that a lily. The Bedford dreamer, John Bunyan, entered the house of the interpreter, and was shown a cluster of flowers and was told to consider the lilles."

We may study or reject other sciences at our option—it is so with astronomy. It is so with chemistry, it is so with inris-prudence, it is so with physiology, it is so with geology—but the science of botany Christ commands us to study what He says, "Consider the lilies." Measure them from root to tip of petal. Inhale their breath. Notice the gracefulness of their poise. Hear the whisper of the while lips of the Eastern and the red lips of the American 100. American lily.

Belonging to this royal family of lilles are the lily of the Nile, the Japan lily, the Lady Washington of the Sierras, the Golden band lily, the Giant lily of Nepaul, the band filly, the Giant filly of Nepaul, the Cupe of Good Hope. All these lilles have the royal blood in their veins. But I take the lilles of my text this morning as typical of all flowers, and their voice of floral beauty seems to address us, saying, "Consider the lilles, consider the azaleas, consider the rochias, consider the geraniums, consider the rivies, consider the hyacinths. consider the ivies, consider the hyacinths consider the heliotropes, consider the oleanders." With deferential and grateful and intelligent and worshipful souls con-sider them. Not with insipid sent mental ism or with sophomoric vaporing, but for grand and practical and everyday and, if

need be, homely uses, consider them.

The flowers are the angels of the grass They all have voices. When the clouds speak, they thunder; when the whirlwinds speak they scream, when the cataracts speak they roar, but when the cataracts speak they always whisper. I stand here to interpret their message. What have you to say to us, O ye angels of the grass? This morning I mean to discuss what flow-

flowers seem to address us to-day, saying,
"God will give you apparel and food." We
have no wheel with which to spin, no loom
with which to weave, no sickle with which
to work to weave, no sickle with which
banners eagle and lion and put on lily and to harvest, no well sweep with which to draw water, but God slacks our thirst with the dew, and God feeds us with the bread with more than Solomonic regality. We are prophetesses of adequate wardrobe. "If God so clothed us, the grass of the field, will He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" Men and women of worldly anxieties, take this message home with you. How long has God taken care of you? Quarter of the journey of life? Half the journey of life? Three-quarters the jour-Can you not trus! Him there t of the way? God does not promise you anything like that which the Roman omperor had on his table at vast expense-500 nightingales' tongues—but He has promised to take care of you. He has promised you the necessities, not the luxuries-bread, not cake. If God so luxuriantly clothes the grass of the field, will He not provide for you, His living and immortal children?

No wonder Martin Luther always had a flower on his writing desk for inspiration!

Through the cracks of the prison floor a they must come out. Husbands and wive —they must come out. Brothers and sister flower grew up to cheer Picciola. Mungo Park, the great traveler and explorer, had his life sayed by a flower. He sank down in the desert to die; but, seeing a flower near by, it suggested God's merciful care, and he got up with new courage and traveled on to safety. I said the flowers are the angels of the grass. I add now they are evangels of the sky.

If you ask me the question, What are flowers good for? I respond, they are good for the bridal day. The bride must have them on her brow, and she must have them in her hand. The marriage nitar must be covered with them. A wed-ding without flowers would be as inappropriate as a wedding without music. At such a time they are for congratulation and prophecies of good. So much of the pathway of life is covered up with thorns, we ought to cover the beginning with orange blossoms.

Flowers are appropriate on such occasions, for in ninety-nine out of 100 cases it is the very best thing that could have The world may criticise and pronounce it an inaptitude and may its eyebrows in surprise and think it might suggest something better, but the God who sees the twenty, forty, lifty years of wedded life before they have begun ar-ranges for the best. So that flowers, in almost all cases, are appropriate for the marriage day. The divergences of disposition will become correspondences, reck-lessness will become prudence, frivolity will be turned into practicality.

There has been many an aged widowed soul who had a carefully locked bu-reau and in the bureau a box and in the box a folded paper and in the folded paper a half blown rose, slightly fragrant, discolored, carefully pressed. She put it there forty or fifty years ago. On the discolored, carefully pressed. She put it there forty or fifty years ago. On the anniversary day of her wedding she will go to the bureau, she will lift the box, she will unfold the paper and to her eyes will be exposed the half blown bud, and the memories of the past will rush upon her and a tear will drop upon the flower and suddenly it is transfigured, and there is a stir in the dust of the anther and there is a stir in the dust of the anther and battalion, nation after nation. Up, it rounds out and it is full of life and it On, on! / Forward, ye ranks of God begins to tramble in the procession up the church aisle, and the dend music of a half intury ago come a throbbing through the air, and vanished faces reappear and right hands are joined and a manly voice promises, "I will for better or for worse," and the wedding march thunders a salvo of by at the departing crowd, but a sigh on at anniver ary day scatters the scene, nder the deep fetched breath the altar, Under the deep fetched breath the altar, the flowers, the congratulating groups are scattered, and there is nothing left but a trembling hand holding a faded resebud, which is not fine the accordance to the covenant method to the the covenant method to the the covenant method to the covenant metho which is put into the paper and then into | will

the box and the box carefully placed in the bureau, and with a sharp, sudden click of

the lock the scene is over.

Ab, my friends, let not the prophecies of the flowers on your wedding day be false prophecies! Be blind to each other's faults. Make the most of each other's excellences. Remember the vows, the ring on the third finger of the left hand and the enediction of the calla lilles.

If you ask me the question, What are flowers good for? I answer, they are igood to honor and comfort the are good to honor and comfort the observies. The worst gash ever made to the side of our poor earth is the gash of the grave. It is so deep, it is so expel, it is so incurable, that it needs something to cover it up. Flowers for the casket, flowers for the hearse, flowers for the cemetery. What a contrast between a grave in a country churchyard, with the fence broken down and the tombstone asiant and the neighboring cattle browsing amid the mullen italks cattle browsing amid the mullein talks and the Canada thistles, and a June men ing in Greenwood, the wave of roseas bloom rolling to the top of the mounds and then breaking into foaming crests of white flowers all around the billows of dust. It is the difference between sleeping under rags and sleeping under an embroidered blanket. We want old Mortality with his chisel to go through all the graveyards in Christendom, and while he carries a chisel in one hand we want old Mortality to have some flower seed in the palm of

he other hand. "Oh," you say, "the dead don't know; it makes no difference to them." I think you are mistaken. There are not so many steamers and trains coming to any living city, as there are convoys coming from heaven to earth, and if there be instananeous and constant communication be-ween this world and the better world, do you not suppose your departed friends know what you do with their bodies? Why had God planted "geldenrod" and wild flowers in the forest and on the prairie, where no human eye eyer sees them. He planted them there for invisible intelligences to look at and admire, and when invisible intelligences come to look at the wild flowers of the woods and the table-lands, will they not make excursion and see the flowers which you have planted in affectionate remembrance of them?

When I am dead I would like to have a

When I am dead, I would like to have a handful of violets—any one could plack them out of the grass, or some one could lift from the edge of the pond a water lily—nothing rarely expensive, no insane display, as sometimes at funeral rites, where the display takes the bread from the children's mouths and the clothes from their backs, but something from the great de-mocracy of flowers. Rather than imperit catafalque of Russian Czar, I ask some one whom I may have helped by gospel sermon or Christian deed to bring a sprig of arbutus or a handful of China asters.

Flowers also afford mighty symbolism of Christ, who compared Himself to the ancient queen, the lily, and the modern queen, the rose, when He said: "I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley." Redo-lent like the one, humble like the other. Like both appropriate for the sad who want sympathizers and for the rejoicing who you to say to us, O ye angels of the grass?
This morning I mean to discuss what flowers are good for. That is my subject,
"What are flowers good for?"
I remark, in the first place, they are good for lessons of God's providential care.
That was Christ's first thought. All these thowars seem to address us to address us to address us to address us to address the transparent but of the control of the dead. Oh, Christ, let the perfume of Thy name be waited all around the earth wilderness crimson into a garden and the wilderness crimson into a garden and the

rose, Illy and rose. But, my friends, flowers have no grander use that when on Easter morning we celeof the sunshine, and God has appareled us brate the reanimation of Christ from the cathcombs. The flowers spell resurrection There is not a nook or corner in all the building but is touched with the incense The women carried spices to the tomb o Christ, and they dropped spices all around about the tomb, and from these spice have grown all the flowers of Easter morn The two white robed angels that hurled the stone away from the door of the tom hurled it with such violence down the hil that it crashed in the door of the world' sepulcher, and millions of dead shall com

> However labyrinthine the mausoleum however costly the sarcopagas, architecturally grand the necropolis, how ever beautifully parterred the family grounds, we want them all broken up by the Lord of the resurrection. The form -they must come out. Our darling chi dren-they must come out. The eyes tha with trembling fingers we closed must open in the lustre of resurrection morn The arms that we folded in death must joi ours in embrace of reunion. voice that was hushed must be returne The beloved form must come up without its infirmities, without its fatigues—it must ome up. Oh, how long it seems for som you! Waiting—waiting for the resu rection! How long! How long! I make for your broken hearts to-day a cool bandage of illies. I comfort you this da with the thought of resurrection.

When Lord Nelson was buried in S Paul's Cathedral in London, the heart all England was stirred. The processi passed on amid the sobbing of There were thirty trumpeters stationed the door of the cathedral with instrumer of music in hand waiting for the sign and when the illustrious the gates of St. Paul's Cathedral the thirty trumpeters gave one united blas and then all was silent. Yet the trumpe did not wake the dead. He slept right o But I have to tell you what thirty trump ers could not do for one man one tru peter will do for all nations. The ag have rolled on and the clock of the worl destiny strikes 9, 10, 11, 12, and time sh be no longer! Behold the archangel hove ing! He takes the trumpet, points it the way, puts its lips to his lips, and the one long, loud, terrific. thundero reverberating and resurrectionary bla Look, look! They rise! The dead, t dead! Some coming forth from the fa ily vault, some from the city cemete a spirit is joined to its body, and there other spirit is joined to another body, millions of departed spirits are assor the bodies, and then reclothing themselv in forms radiant for ascension.

The earth begins to burn, the bonfire a great victory. All ready no now for Upward and away! Christ leads and the Christian dead follow, battalion a Christ leads and mightyl Lift up your heads, ye everling gates, and let the conquerors come Resurrection! Resurrection

And so I twist all the festal flowers the chapels and catnedrals of all Christ dom into one great chain, and with t with the closing Easter of the world's tory-resurrection! May the God of pi