

Thrilling War Stories.

A Tale of the Santiago Campaign, Written Exclusively For This Paper by OSCAR HATCH HAWLEY, Late Corporal 10th Infantry, U. S. A.

"UTTER—POWDER MONKEY."

"So he's goin' to turn us into powder monkeys," growled Lem, as he unbuckled his ammunition belt and threw it into the tent. "Well, I'd rather carry a gun."

"Better a live monkey as a dead hero," granted Utter, digging his elbows deep into the soft sand and smoking away in complacent laziness.

"Is that so? Well, I'll have you understand, you big, lazy Dutchman, that I didn't enlist to carry either ammunition or gun, and if I've got to take the one, I'd just as soon have the other. As for this idea of turnin' the hand into powder monkeys, it's somethin' entirely new. In case of battle it's generally the rule for us to go with the doctor as hospital corps."

"No, dot iss no rule. Ve is supposed to go mit companies and carry guns, dot is vot ve iss supposed to do. I am well satisfied mit dis arrangements. It gives me longer to live."

"I wish he'd put me in a company, then. This is such a rotten job."

"You better shut up or te Adjutant will see dot you carry all te guns you like."

And after that very little was said. It was the 30th of June, the day before the big battle of Santiago. The 4th Regiment was encamped at La Guasimas, and muster was just over. The members of the band had been wondering what disposition was to be made of them, hoping all this while they would be attached to the hospital corps. But the Adjutant had set their minds at rest this day by giving them each one hundred and fifty rounds of ammunition and telling them that their duty in case of battle would be to stay near their regiment and replenish any companies which might run short of shells. While they outwardly scorned the idea of carrying a belt of cartridges without a gun, they were inwardly thankful that they had not been given their rifles and ordered to companies.

It was 4 o'clock the next afternoon that an orderly on horseback came tearing down the road from the front with orders for the 4th band to join their regiment at once. Some companies were already without ammunition and others were very short.

San Juan Hill had been taken. El Caney also was no longer in possession of the Spanish. From early morn the din of shrieking shot and shell had been something beyond description. The 4th band had no desire to approach the firing line after having seen the thousands of dead and wounded, some of them horribly mangled, brought back from the front. When the order came to take their ammunition to the regiment they were thrown into a temporary panic.

"Well, what are we to do?" said Lem, ducking his head as a shell shrieked past.

For a moment no one answered. All stood with blanched faces listening to the roar of the battle a mile away and wishing they were a mile further in the rear. Utter had been lying on the ground smoking in his usual lazy fashion, when the orderly came up. With an apparent effort, he rose to his feet, and buckling on his belt of ammunition said:

"Do? Ve obey orders, dot's vot ve do. Ve go up at voice und give 'em our ammunition. Und ve got no time to monkey round. You see dot cavalry officers go by mit his troops shust now? Vell, he comes back in five minutes und takes us all up in front; und how you likes dot? Come on, now, und make double time, too."

And Utter started off the road at a good trot. He was immediately followed by the other men, who did not know what to make of this speech from the lazy, cowardly Dutchman.

"Maybe ve git a chance to come back voice," said Utter, as the others overtook him. "Some men git wounded und ve bring him to te hospitals. Dat takes time und so ve may have vome more day to live."

Suddenly a shower of bullets whistled about the men's ears, and they dropped to the ground and crawled into the chapparal beside the road with one accord.

Zip, zip, zip, came the bullets into the bush incessantly.

"I say, fellows," shouted Lem, "this is gettin' a little too hot, don't you think so?"

"You bet," came the hearty reply from a dozen men.

"The sharpshooters are pluggin' at us," continued Lem, "and I think we'd be justified in skippin' out, if we can git out without bein' killed."

"Vot's dot? Sharpshooters? Rot!" and Utter jumped to his feet quicker than any one had ever seen him move before. "Dot iss only spent bullets. Come on quick, now, or dot cavalry troops—"

"It don't make any difference about that cavalry troop, or whether those bullets are from sharpshooters or not," interrupted the Sergeant of the band, suddenly coming out of his dazed condition. "You lie down und shut your trap or I'll put a few holes into your trap myself, just for practice," and he toyed carelessly with his revolver.

"No one iss afraid of dot pistols," "shut up!"

"Lie down!"

"Go hang yourself!"

These and like expressions were shouted by indignant members of the band who were anxious to follow Lem and the Sergeant to the rear.

"See here, Utter," said Lem in an exasperated voice, "what's the use of

us riskin' our lives to carry this little ammunition up there. What good will it do five hundred men? Why, they ain't 's rounds apiece!"

"Vot's te use, you say? Vot's te use?" Utter was snorting with rage now.

"If Custer hadt dthose few ammunition's te Little Big Horn would have made different histories, dot's vot's te use!"

Up on the firing line, the Colonel of the 4th was racing along from one trench to another, sweeping the enemy's lines with his glasses and swearing vigorously to himself.

"See here, Hume," he called excitedly to the Adjutant, meeting that officer on a little crest of ground. "Do you see what those Greasers are up to over there?"

"I have not looked at the enemy's line for the past few minutes," replied Hume, "but I guess they are still diggin'—"

"Thunderation, Colonel!" and his glasses dropped to the ground with a smash. "They are going to try to re-take this hill!"

"Exactly, and unless our ammunition train comes up inside of five minutes the thing will be an accomplished fact. We never could stand them off with bayonets. It will be a terrible disaster; terrible, terrible."

"But it may yet be averted, Colonel. The pack train is on the way, and I expect the band to arrive at any minute with three thousand rounds—"

"The band, that will be our salvation if it only gets here in time. Three thousand rounds are not a great deal, but enough to withstand their attack."

A minute later the Spaniards were pouring from their trenches down the hillsides in columns of fours at double quick time. As they neared the center of the field, the head of the column halted in line of the skirmishers, right and left, immediately opening a hot fire on the American works. They advanced rapidly, and as they came, the 4th fixed bayonets, and prepared to give them a warm reception.

"Where's the pack train? Where's your band? Where's anything that will stop 'em?" shouted the Colonel, hopping up and down in rage, as he watched the advance.

"Why, there's the band now," returned Hume, excitedly, pointing to the foot of the hill in the rear.

And sure enough, there they were, just emerging from the tall grass of the bottom, charging along with Utter in the lead, as if pursued by the whole Spanish army. When they reached the top of the hill they were told to get rid of their ammunition quickly, and then get under cover.

It was a dangerous piece of work, distributing shells on top of that hill, with bullets flying over the crest thick as hail, but it was done some way or other in an incredibly short space of time.

The Spaniards had approached to within fifty yards and were yelling like madmen as they came rushing up the hill, confident of victory, when—

Crash!

A volley flashed from the American trenches.

Crash!

The Spanish line wavered.

Crash! Crash!

Two volleys in quick succession, and the enemy fled helter skelter, leaving dead and wounded on the field.

"Well, that band of yours is some good, after all, Hume," said the Colonel, after the last volley. "Let's go and see if any of 'em got hurt while saving the day."

The band boys were found near the foot of the hill under a mango tree, all uninjured, save Utter, who had a first aid bandage around his chest.

"Hello, Utter, you hurt?" asked the Adjutant.

"No, not hurt, only wounded," replied Utter, who was in no pain.

"Here, boys, fix up a litter and get him back to the hospital," commanded the Adjutant.

"Dot's where I gets te best of you fellows," said Utter with a ghastly grin. "I go to te hospitals und stay until I gets vell."

He stopped to cough, and spit out a mouthful of blood, then continued:

"By dot time te war iss over und I got no more dangers of bein' killed. I have so much longer to live."

"What a coward," sneered the Adjutant, as he and the Colonel moved off.

"Don't mention it," was the reply. When the improvised litter was finished, a dead man was carried in it to the bottom of the hill, and there laid in an unmarked grave.

That dead man was Utter, powder monkey and coward.

On the Shelf.

A New England woman is the owner of a hen which appears to choose her surroundings with a discriminating eye.

Soon after her present owner acquired the hen she discovered the creature's fondness for stepping into the house whenever she could effect an entrance, and laying an egg on the down coverlet which ornamented the bed in the "best chamber."

One day the hen managed to get in unobserved during a season of sweeping, and her presence was only discovered as she made her way nastily out of the side door, clucking with triumph, some time later.

As the best room coverlet had been out of the way during the sweeping, the mistress of the house looked about for the egg which she felt sure had been laid somewhere. She found it, after an hour's search, on the plush mantle-covering in the parlor, where the hen must have sat in state before a china shepherdess and a glass vase.

Nothing on the mantle shelf had been disturbed, although just how the hen had managed the delicate business will never be known. —Youth's Companion.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"THE WORLD AS IT WILL BE" SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

Text: II. Peter 3: 13.—A New Earth, Wherein Dwelleth Righteousness—Story of the New Earth as It Will Be in Centuries to Come.

Down in the struggle to make the world better and happier we sometimes get depressed with the obstacles to be overcome and the work to be accomplished. Will it not be a tonic and an inspiration to look at the world as it will be when it has been brought back to paradisaical condition? So let us for a few moments transport ourselves into the future and put ourselves forward in the centuries, and see the world in its rescued and perfected state, as we will see it if in those times we are permitted to revisit this planet, as I am sure we will. We all want to see the world after it has been thoroughly gospelized and all wrongs have been righted. We will want to come back, and we will come back, to look upon the refulgent consummation toward which we have been on larger or smaller scale toiling. Having heard the opening of the orchestra, on whose strings some discords traveled, we will want to hear the last triumphant bar of the perfected oratorio. Having seen the picture as the painter drew the first outlines on the canvas, we will want to see it when it is as complete as Reuben's "Descent from the Cross," or Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment." Having seen the under the gleam of the star of Bethlehem, we will want to see it when, under the full shining of the Sun of Righteousness, the towers shall strike twelve at noon.

There will be nothing in that coming century of the world's perfection to hinder our terrestrial visit. Our power and velocity of locomotion will have improved infinitely. It will not take us long to come here, however far off in God's universe heaven may be. The Bible declares that such visitation is going on now. "Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation?" Surely, the gates of heaven will not be bolted, after the world is Edenized, so as to hinder the redeemed from descending for a tour of inspection and congratulation and triumph.

You know with what interest we look upon ruins—ruins of Kenilworth castle, ruins of Melrose abbey, ruins of Rome, ruins of Pompeii. So this world in ruins is an enchantment to look at, but we want to see it when rebuilt, repopulated, retowered, realtered, rededicated. The exact date of the world's restoration I cannot foretell. It may be that through mighty awakenings it may take place in the middle of the near-by twentieth century. It may be at the opening of the twenty-first century, but it would not be surprising if it took more than 100 years to correct the ravages of sin which have raged for 6,000 years. The chief missionary and evangelistic enterprises were started in this century, and be not dismayed if it takes a couple of centuries to overcome evils that have had full swing for sixty centuries. I take no responsibility in saying on what page of the earthly calendar it will roll in, but God's eternal veracity is sworn to it that it will roll in; and as the redeemed in heaven do as they please, and have all the facilities of transit from world to world, you and I, my hearer or reader, will come and look at what my text calls "A new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."

I imagine that we are descending at that period of the world's complete gospelization. There will be no peril in such a descent. Great heights and depths have no alarm for glorified spirits. We can come down through chasms between worlds without growing dizzy, and across the spaces of half a universe without losing our way. Down and farther down we come. As we approach this world we breathe the perfume of illimitable gardens. Floralization that in the centuries past was here and there walled in, lest reckless and dishonest pluck or despoil it, surges its billows of color across the fields and up the hillsides, and that which was desert blossoms as the rose. All the forageheads of crag crowned with flowers; the feet of the mountains slipped with flowers. Oh! this perfume of the continents, this aroma of the hemispheres! As we approach nearer we hear songs and laughter and hosannas, but not one groan of distress, not one sob of bereavement, not one clank of chain.

Alighted on the redeemed earth, we are first accosted by the spirit of the twenty-first century, who proposes to guide and show us all that we desire to see. Without his guidance we would lose our way, for the world is so much changed from the time when we lived in it. First of all, he points out to us a group of abandoned buildings. We ask this spirit of the twenty-first century, "What are those structures whose walls are falling down, and whose gates are rusted on the hinges?" Our escort tells us: "Those were once penitentiaries filled with offenders, but the crime of the world has died out. Theft and arson and violence have quitted the earth. People have all they want, and why should they appropriate the property of others, even if they had the desire? The murderers, the assassins, the buccaners, the Herods, the Nana Sahibs, the ruffians, the bandits are dead, or, transmuted by the power of the Christian religion, and are now upright and beneficent and useful. Prisons are of no more use in this world except as places to be visited by curiosity seekers, as farther

back in the annals of time tourists visited the fortress where the prisoner of Chillon was incarcerated, or Devil's Island, where Dreyfus endured four years of cruelty."

After passing on amid columns and statues erected in memory of those who have been mighty for goodness in the world's history, the highest and the most exquisitely sculptured are those in honor of such as have been most effectual in saving life or improving life, rather than those renowned for destroying life, we come upon another group of buildings that must have been transformed from their original shape and adapted to other uses. "What is all this?" we ask our escort. He answers: "Those were almshouses and hospitals, but accuracy in making and prudence in running, machinery of all sorts have almost abolished the list of casualties, and sobriety and industry have nearly abolished pauperism, so that those buildings, which once were hospitals and almshouses, have been turned into beautiful homes for the less prospered; and if you will look in you will see the poorest table has abundance, and the smallest wardrobe luxury, and the harp, waiting to have its strings thrummed, leaning against the piano, waiting for its keys to be fingered. Yes, we have on the shelves of our free libraries the full story of dispensaries, and crutches, and clinics, and surgery, and what a time of suffering there must have been on those battlefields of Sedan and Gettysburg and South Africa one or two hundred years ago. We can hardly believe now that the science of wholesale murder and multi-form assassination was so popular that in the United States in four years 500,000 men on one side went forth to put to death 500,000 men on the other side.

"Hospitals and almshouses must have been a necessity once, but they would be useless now. And you see all the swamps have been drained. The sewerage of the great towns has been perfected. And the world's climate is so improved that there are no pneumonias to come out of the cold, or rheumatism out of the dampness, or fevers out of the heat. Consumptions banished. Pneumonias banished. Diphtheria banished. Ophthalmia banished. Neuralgia banished. As near as I can tell from what I have read, our atmosphere of this century is a mingling of the two months of May and October of the nineteenth century."

And we believe what our escort says, for as we pass on we find health glowing on every cheek and beaming in every eye, and springing in every step, and articulating in every utterance, and you and I whisper to each other as our escort has his attention drawn to some new sunrise upon the morning sky, and we say to each other, "Who would believe that this is the world that we lived in over a hundred years ago? Look at those men and women as we pass on the road! How improved the human race! Such beauty! Such strength! Such gracefulness! Such geniality! Faces without the mark of one sorrow! Cheeks that seem never to have been wet by one tear! A race sublimated! A new world born!"

But I say to our escort: "Did all this merely happen so? Are all the good here spontaneously good? How did you get the old shipwrecked world afloat again, out of the breakers into the smooth seas?" "No, no," responds our twenty-first century escort. "Do you see those towers? Those are the towers of churches, towers of reformatory institutions, towers of Christian schools. Walk with me, and let us enter some of these temples." We enter, and I find that the music is in the major key, and none of it in the minor. Gloria in Excelsis rising above Gloria in Excelsis. Tremolo stop in the organ not so much used as the trumpet stop. More of Ariel than of Naomi. More chants than dirges. Not a thin song, the words of which no one understands on the lip of the soloist, but mighty harmonies that roll from outside the door to chancel, and from floor to groined rafter, as though Handel had come out of the eighteenth century into the twenty-first, and had his foot on the organ pedal, and Thomas Hastings had come out of the early part of the nineteenth century into the twenty-first and were leading the voices. Music that moves the earth and makes heaven listen.

But I say to the twenty-first century escort: "I cannot understand this. Have these worshippers no sorrows, or have they forgotten their sorrows?" Our escort responds: "Sorrows! Why, they had sorrows more than you could count, but by a divine illumination that the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries never enjoyed, they understand the uses of sorrow, and are comforted with a supernatural condolence, such as previous centuries never experienced."

I ask again of the interpreter: "Has death been banished from the world?" The answer is: "No, but people die now only when the physical machinery is worn out, and they realize it is time to go, and they are certainly and without doubt going into a world where they will be infinitely better off and are to live in a mansion that awaits their immediate occupancy." "But how is all this effected?" I ask our escort. Answer: "By floods of gospel power. You who lived in the nineteenth century never saw a revival of religion to be compared with what occurred in the latter part of the twentieth and the early part of the twenty-first century. The prophecy has been fulfilled that 'a nation shall be born in a day'; that is, ten or twenty or forty million people converted in twenty-four hours. In our church history we read of the great awakening in 1857, when 500,000 souls were saved; but that was only a drop of the coming showers that since

then took into the kingdom of God everything between the Atlantic and Pacific, between the Pyrenees and the Himalayas." The evils that good people were in the nineteenth century trying to destroy have been overcome by celestial forces. What human weaponry failed to accomplish, has been done by omnipotent thunderbolts. . . .

The good work was helped on by the fact that it became a general habit among millionaires and multi-millionaires to provide churches and schools and institutions of mercy, not to be built after the testators were dead, but so that they might be present at the laying of the corner-stone, and at the dedication, and leave less inducement for the heirs at law to prove in orphans' court that when the testators made their last will and testament they were crazy. The telegraphic wires in the air, and the cables under the sea, thrill with Christian invitation. Phonographs charged with gospel sermons stand in every neighborhood. The 5,000,000,000 of the world's inhabitants in that century are 5,000,000,000 disciples.

"But," I say to our escort, the spirit of the twenty-first century, "you have shown us much; but what about international conditions? When we lived on earth it was a century that bled with Marengo and Chalons, and Lodi, and Bridge, and Lucknow, and Solferino, and Leipsic, and Waterloo, and San Juan." Our escort replies: "Come with me to this building of white marble and glittering dome." As we pass up and on we are taken into a room where the mightiest and best representatives of all nations are assembled to settle international controversies. As we enter I hear the presiding officer opening the council of arbitration, reading the second chapter of Isaiah: "They shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." Questions which in our long-past nineteenth century caused quarrel and bloodshed, as when Germany and France were deciding about Alsace and Lorraine, as when the United States and Spain were deciding about Cuba—such questions in this twenty-first century settled in five minutes, one drop of ink doing more than once could have been accomplished by a river of blood. . . .

And now you and I have left our escort as we ascend, for the law of gravitation has no power to detain ascending spirits. Up through immensities, and by stellar and lunar and solar splendors, which cannot be described by mortal tongue, we rise higher and higher, till we reach the shining gate as it opens for our return, and the questions greet us from all sides: "What is the news? What did you find in that earthly tower? What have you to report in this city of the sun?" Prophetic, apostolic, saintly inquiry. And standing on the steps of the house with many mansions, we cry aloud the news: "Hear it, all ye glorified Christian workers of all the past centuries! We found your work on earth was successful, whether on earth you toiled with knitting needle, or rung a trowel on a rising wall, or smote a shoe last, or endowed a university, or swayed a scepter; whether on earth you gave a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple, or at some pentecost preached 3,000 souls into the kingdom. In that world we have just visited the deserts are all abloom, and the wildernesses are bright with fountains. Sin is extirpated. Crime is reformed. Disease is cured. The race is emancipated. The earth is full of the knowledge of God, as the waters cover the sea. The redeemed of the Lord have come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads." The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, and the kingdoms of the world have become the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ. Let the harpers of heaven strike the glad tidings from the strings of their harps, and the trumpeters put them in the mouth of their trumpets, and the orchestras roll them into the grand march of the eternities, and all the cathedral towers of the great capital of the universe chime them all over heaven.

And now I look up and see the casting down of the bejeweled and radiant crowns at the sacred feet of the enthroned Jesus. Missionary Carey is casting down before those feet the crown of India saved. Missionary Judson is casting down the crown of Burmah saved. Missionary Abel casting down the crown of China saved. David Livingstone casting down at those feet the crown of Africa saved. Missionary Brainerd casting down the crown of this country's aborigines saved. Souls that went up from all the denominations in America in holy rivalry, seeking which could sooner cast down the crown of this continent at the Savior's feet, and America saved.

But often you and I who were companions in that expedition from heaven to earth, seated on the green bank of the river that rolls through the paradise of God, will talk over the scenes we witnessed in that parenthesis of heavenly bliss, in that vacation from the skies, in our terrestrial visitation— we who were early residents in the nineteenth century, escorted by the spirit of the twenty-first century, when we saw what my text describes as "a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." "Glory to the Father, and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen."

The sin of pride is the sin of sin; in which all subsequent sins are included, as in their germ; they are but the unfolding of this one.—Archbishop Trench.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XIII, DECEMBER 24: ISAIAH 9: 2-7.

Christ's Coming Foretold in These Words: "Unto You Is Born This Day in the City of David a Savior Which Is Christ the Lord"—Luke 2: 11.

2. "The people that walked in darkness." The people of Judah at this time were under the twofold darkness described above. "The land of the shadow of death." "Deadly shade, properly a title of the Hebrew Hades; right like that of Hades."—Cheyne. They dwell where death cast its shadow over them as a great mountain hides the light, and brings chill and darkness into the valley. The influence of death is felt before death itself comes. "This darkness is a shadow of death because it leads to perdition, just as the darkening of sight in the dying is a prelude to the night of death."—Gode. "Coming events cast their shadows before." "Have seen a great light." There came to Judah in Ahaz's time the light of great promises: "First, That before a young woman could have a child, and the child grow up to know enough to choose between good and evil—that is, within three years—both the allied kings they feared would be destroyed; as they were by the Assyrians. The child was named Immanuel (God with us), and was a living proof, a continual sign, a growing sermon to the people that God was with them in unceasing love and salvation. This Immanuel was the sign and type of a greater Immanuel, who was to bring a greater dawn of light. The government would forever be the assurance that God is with us; as a dawning ray is the sign and the type of the rising sun (Isa. vii: 7-16). Second, The promise of the child, probably the same Immanuel referred to in the latter part of this lesson. Third, The promise of Isa. xli: 1-10, that as out from the stump of an oak that has been cut down there often springs up a new shoot that becomes a great tree, so there should arise from the humiliated condition of Judah a larger, wider kingdom. In David's greater son and the kingdom he should found.

3. "Thou hast multiplied the nation." So he saw it as he looked upon it in later days. "And not." Most interpreters think, with the R. V., that the "not" should be "to it," the Hebrew letters being very nearly the same, and some transcribers have made a mistake. In this case the whole sentence is a prophecy of the good times referred to in v. 2. "They joy before thee," the giver of the joy. "According to the joy in harvest," when men see the fruits of their labors and promise of plenty. They had sown in tears, but reap in joy. As men rejoice when they divide the spoil, triumphant over enemies and rich in goods.

4. "For thou hast broken the yoke of his burden." First, of the Assyrians, who had "stretched out their wings"—great armies, and oppressed the land. Second, the yoke of sin, the oppressor Satan. "The staff of his shoulder," the part of the yoke which rested on the back of the neck and shoulders. "As in the day of Midian" (Judg. vii: 1-23).

5. "For every battle," etc. Read as in R. V. The old version misses the full sense and mars the exquisite beauty of this verse. All that belongs to the soldier, armor and the weapons of the soldier, and the garments drenched in the blood of the slain, shall be swept away with fire; the war itself shall die!

6. "For unto us a child is born." Only through this child can war cease, and Israel's redemption be made permanent. "The prophet is unrolling a picture of the future."—Cheyne. In the far distance the prophet foresees a child, who should be Immanuel, and the Redeemer of the world. With the circumstances of his birth we are well acquainted. It is interesting to notice how this prophecy gradually dawned upon the world through the prophets. "The government shall be upon his shoulder." That is, he should be the ruler, the king. "And his name." A name stands for all that is in the man, his character, his principles and his property. When we hear certain names the person to whom they belong rise up before our minds. "Wonderful" because his nature was wonderful, being human and divine; his coming at all was a wonderful manifestation of love; his deeds were wonderful, miracles, full of marvelous meaning, as well as power; his words were wonderful, and his loving love was wonderful; the kingdom he set up was wonderful. "Counselor." One who has the wisdom to guide himself and others. Jesus was the embodiment of the wisdom of God. "The mighty God." The word for "God" here is not the usual "Elohim," which is sometimes used metaphorically, as for angels, we use "divine"; but it is "El," which, whenever it denotes (as it generally does, and in Isaiah always) divinity, does so in absolute sense; it is never used hyperbolically or metaphorically.—Cheyne. "The everlasting father," expressing the divine love and pity for men, a love that can never fail, for it is everlasting. "The prince of peace." The prince who rules in such a way that peace and prosperity abide in his kingdom.

7. "Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end." It shall increase in numbers, in power, in the completeness of its rule. It shall increase in the blessings it bestows. It is like the powers of nature, which are exhaustless. There is no limit to their application to the uses of man. With all our marvelous inventions and discoveries of what nature can do, we have yet gathered but a few rays from the world of light, a few sprays from the ocean of blessings God has in store for man. "Upon the throne of David," on which Jesus sits. All these blessings come from his rule in the hearts of men and in the community. "To order it," govern, manage, rule it. "Establish it," make it firm and enduring. "With judgment," just decisions, and justice, all manner of right between all classes and all individuals. "From henceforth even forever." Only such a kingdom can endure. Nothing is really settled till it is settled in right. The powers of evil seem very strong, but every one is doomed to fall before Christ. The forces of intemperance shall be destroyed, organized oppression shall be broken, heathenism shall fall, intemperance, slavery, slavery cease. The prime of darkness in the darkest England, darkest Africa, and darkest America shall be torn from his throne, and the light shall scatter the darkness, and the Sun of Righteousness with healing in his wings shall change winter into spring, and night into day. "The seal of the Lord." His earnestness, the intensity of his desire. "The Lord of hosts, who has all created beings, the unnumbered multitudes of angels, the forces of nature, all organized like an army—a host—to do his will."

Solemnity of Builders.

When, now, he had asked her to be his wife, and she had answered, so that could never be he was utterly crushed. "I shall never smile again!" he protested. "In that event, I believe papa would be glad to employ you as his butler!" she exclaimed, with the utmost kindness. Since she chose not to accept him as her husband, her sensitive conscience was rejoiced to suggest to him other employment which, if less lucrative, would at least afford him a livelihood.—Detroit Journal.