

DISASTROUS WRECK.

Occurred at Harrisburg at an Early Hour.

THIRTEEN BODIES RECOVERED.

Number of Injured Placed at Forty—Mangled Bodies in Several Instances Unrecognizable—An Operator Said to Be Responsible.

HARRISBURG, Pa., June 25.—The most disastrous wreck that has ever occurred in this city took place this morning at 12:30 o'clock at Dock street.

The second section of the western express ran into the first section, completely telescoping two cars.

Among the killed are:

Richard Adams and wife, a furniture man of this city; an unknown man from Altoona; a man from New York.

A lady on the train, who was uninjured, missed her infant and it has not been found. Five dead bodies have been sent to the morgue. The number of injured is placed at forty, but at this hour, 3:30, it is impossible to authenticate this report.

It is raining hard, which greatly retards the work of rescue. Robert Pitcairn and Mr. Westinghouse and family, of Pittsburgh, were on the ill-fated train, but escaped unhurt. Thirteen bodies have been recovered, including that of the infant mentioned.

The first section of the train was stopped on Dock street tower for orders. When it was about to start the second section crashed into it, wrecking five cars and the locomotive of the second section. One car fell on its side and the fire department was called out, it being reported that the wreck was on fire. This proved false, however.

Surgeons of the city were aroused and all hurried to the hospital, where the wounded and dying were taken as fast as recovered from the wreck.

The accident occurred shortly before 1 o'clock and the workmen at the industrial plants in South Harrisburg at once responded to the call for help. The passengers were hemmed in the broken cars and many were assisted to places of safety by those who first reached the scene.

Superintendent Clelland of the middle division and the Pennsylvania officials were at once summoned and the wrecking crews are at work clearing the tracks which have been blocked since the wreck.

The operator at Steelton is alleged to have been responsible for the accident in having given Engineer Kelly the wrong signal. The sharp curve at Dock street also made the disaster more serious than it would otherwise have been.

The baggage car next to the engine was the only one in the second section wrecked. None of the trainmen were hurt.

The private car of George Westinghouse was the last on the first train and its weight crushed the day coaches ahead of it into kindling wood.

Nobody in the Westinghouse car was hurt, except the porter, and he was but slightly injured. A drenching rain made the work of rescue exceedingly difficult, and owing to the excitement it is almost impossible to obtain names of the dead and injured.

The city hospitals are full of the injured, and their moans and cries can be heard a square away.

Raymond, one of the three brothers, horse dealers of this city, is among the dead. At the morgue nobody was admitted, and the names of the dead could not be obtained.

Hugh Kelley and Harry Nell, the engineer and fireman of the section, are both from Philadelphia. They stuck to their posts, the fireman explaining after the accident that they had not even time to think or jump, it all came so suddenly. The mangled bodies were in several instances unrecognizable.

A FREIGHT WRECK.
MEXICO, Mo., June 25.—A fast Wabash freight was wrecked a mile and one-half west of here at 6 o'clock yesterday morning. Eight cars of wheat and three empty oil cars went down in the creek. The cars were smashed into splinters.

The train was a fast one from Kansas City, loaded with grain, meat, California fruit and one car of fancy horses. Two horses were killed and several badly hurt. J. W. Duncan, of Chillicothe, was badly hurt. The Wabash trains ran over the Chicago & Alton track to Centralia from here. A loose truck on one of the cars caused the wreck.

Death of a Noted Indian.

VINCENNES, Ind., June 25.—Thomas R. Cobb died yesterday, aged 65 years. He was a member of the Indiana legislature from 1858 to 1866; was a delegate to the national convention that nominated Tilden; was a member of congress from this district from 1876 to 1888, and as a member of the Forty-seventh congress attained considerable fame as chairman of the committee on public lands by introducing a bill forfeiting the lands of railroad corporations for non-fulfillment of contracts, thus saving to the people many million dollars.

An Expressman and \$70,000 Missing.
WASHINGTON, June 25.—Edwin J. Ragan, of the United States Express Co., has left the city, taking with him three packages of bank notes, amounting in all to about \$70,000. No clew has yet been found as to his whereabouts.

Gov. Boies Offers Congratulations.
WATERLOO, Ia., June 25.—Gov. Boies has sent the following telegram:

To Grover Cleveland, Buzzard's Bay, Mass.: Accept hearty congratulations of all Iowa democrats and be assured none will be more devoted to you than myself and those I am proud to number among my friends in this state.

HONORABLE BOIES.

Colorado's Silver League Very Nore.
OMAHA, June 25.—The president of the Colorado State Silver League has telegraphed from Chicago to secure suitable headquarters for the league in this city during the national convention of the people's party. It was answered favorably.

NEBRASKA STATE NEWS.

Well Up in Cereals.

From the bulletin received by Commissioner Andrea recently it is noted that Nebraska stands well up to the top in the list of western cereal producing states. In the state the total number of acres devoted to the cultivation of cereals was 7,961,009, an increase in ten years of more than 4,000,000 acres. The increase in the acre of corn lands alone amounted to 3,849,619 acres. Every county in the state increased its acreage during the decade. The average yield of corn per acre is 39.40; barley, 22.06; buckwheat, 7.51; oats, 39.10; rye, 13.33; wheat, 13.23. In the production of corn Gage county leads, with 188,370 acres, while Saunders county comes next with 187,189 acres. The other big counties having a corn acreage of over 100,000: Lancaster, 171,073; Saline, 134,881; Fillmore, 131,929; Clay, 123,390; Cass, 125,879; Hamilton, 121,578; Otoe, 125,080; York, 125,847. The estimated area of Nebraska, available for cultivation is, according to the last report of Secretary Furnas, of the state board of agriculture, 24,231,907. The area actually cultivated last year was only about one-third of this amount.

State School Apportionment.

State Superintendent Goudy has issued the annual state apportionment of school moneys. From the report it is noted that the entire amount to be apportioned among the several counties is \$319,288.67. Of this amount \$111,326.80 is derived from interest on county bonds, \$105,247.39 from interest on unpaid principal school lands, \$31,859.39 from school land leases, \$57,409.40 from state taxes, \$13,050.69 from interest on state bonds. The total amount is apportioned among the several counties of the state in proportion to the number of school children in each. There are in the state 553,115 children of school age, and the apportionment gives a fraction over 95 cents to each scholar. Douglas county receives \$31,731.83 and Lancaster \$17,066.

Nebraska Grand Lodge.

The grand lodge of Nebraska masons met in Omaha on the 16th. A member of the order asked to be reinstated, having previously been expelled for selling intoxicating liquors. The committee on grievances recommended that the petition be not granted, on the ground that the brother had been notified that if he engaged in the sale of liquors his masonic relationship would be endangered. He persisted in the traffic, and it was the committee's unanimous finding that masons could not engage in the sale of liquors and retain their masonic standing. The report was received with applause and adopted without a dissenting vote.

A Dowry Collected By Law.

A curious case came up in the district court at Lincoln. Two years ago Rachel Madowlink, a well-to-do Bohemian, had a wayward daughter whom she desired married. Among her acquaintances was Max Coonsky, to whom she offered \$2,500 if he would marry Freda. Max was willing, so was the pretty Freda, and a contract was entered into for the payment of the money. The wedding took place, but the dowry was not paid. Max thereupon entered suit. The mother claimed that it was contingent upon the sale of certain property, but the court found for plaintiff.

Miscellaneous.

STROMBURG was much damaged recently by a hailstorm.

The Sons of Veterans have been in encampment at David City.

The canning factory and new depot at Grand Island are much talked about.

The grand chapter of the Eastern Star has been in session at Grand Island.

W. HARDY had both legs and an arm broken falling down a well fifteen miles north of Columbus.

OLD MR. BETHE, aged 78, came near killing himself at Tecumseh by drinking carbolic acid in mistake for brandy.

The Metropolitan hotel at Sidney has been destroyed by fire. Oberfelder's clothing house, next door, was also much damaged.

The state board of equalization has assessed the fifty-nine Pullman cars in use on Nebraska roads at \$3,000 each, making a total of \$177,000.

HENDRIS' circus, while giving an exhibition at Dunbar, was closed and taken possession of by the sheriff of Lancaster county on a chattel mortgage of \$5,000.

DURING a thunder storm at Warsaw lightning struck a barn belonging to Oscar Larson, killing three head of horses, two mules and one cow and damaging a lot of machinery.

S. L. MERRILL, editor of the Alliance Boomerang, at Crawford, was assaulted by two masked men as he was returning from the Maple school house, where he had attended a meeting.

F. A. BARTON, who was recently appointed superintendent of the educational department of Nebraska's world's fair exhibit, has left for Chicago on business connected with the exhibit.

OMAHA voted by an overwhelming majority \$850,000 in bonds to aid the Nebraska Central road build a bridge across the Missouri river, a union depot in Omaha and 100 miles of railroad northeast from Council Bluffs.

The great sham battle at the camp of the National Competitive Drill association at Omaha proved almost a complete failure, owing to lack of organization. Twenty thousand people witnessed the maneuvers, which lasted for only twenty minutes.

F. A. BARTON, of Pawnee City, who has been appointed superintendent of the Nebraska educational exhibit at the world's fair, has established headquarters in the office of the state superintendent of public instruction at Lincoln.

A TERRIFIC hail storm struck the vicinity of Doniphan lately, destroying all fruit and growing crops in its track and breaking every window in town exposed to the fury of the storm. Hail fell as large as hens' eggs and banked up in some places to the depth of two feet.

FRANK DAREMUS has been seriously injured by falling from a high scaffold at Hastings.

CONGRESS.

Epitomes of the Proceedings of Both Houses the Past Week.

THE senate was not in session on the 17th... There was an unusually large attendance in the house. The republicans had returned from Minneapolis and a large number of democrats were attracted to the capital by the information that the river and harbor conference report would be submitted. This was done, and as the report was a disagreeing one a further conference was ordered. The remainder of the day was consumed in filibustering over the Sibley claim bill without action.

THE senate was not in session on the 18th... The house, having disposed of all the appropriation bills, except the general deficiency bill, decided that when it adjourned it be to meet on Wednesday. The senate joint resolution authorizing the president to issue a proclamation recommending the observance of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America was passed. The remainder of the session was spent in committee of the whole on the tin plate question.

THE attendance at the session of the senate on the 20th was small. Mr. Call spoke at some length in support of a resolution offered by him some time since for an investigation of railroad corporations and their interference in politics and elections. Without final action on the resolution it went over and the senate adjourned until Wednesday... The house was not in session.

IN the senate on the 23d Mr. Davis, prompted by the recommendation of the president in his message sent to congress, introduced a resolution, which was referred to the finance committee, proposing retaliation upon Canada for the discrimination practiced against American vessels passing through Canadian canals. The senate soon after adjourned... The house, after agreeing to hereafter meet at 12 o'clock and passing the bill extending to the port of St. Augustine, Fla., the provisions of the act for the immediate transportation of dutiable goods, went into committee of the whole on the general deficiency bill, which was considered until adjournment.

THE senate disposed of the agricultural bill on the 23d, except one amendment in regard to the publication of monthly reports, and then adjourned until Monday... In the house Mr. Hitt (R.) introduced a resolution on the subject of the inspection of merchandise transported in bond through the United States. The resolution instructs the foreign affairs committee to inquire whether further legislation on the subject is necessary, and especially whether a careful inspection of such merchandise should be had at the frontier of the United States upon the departure and arrival of such merchandise, and whether the interests of the United States do not require that each car of such merchandise while in Canadian territory shall be in the custody and under the surveillance of an inspector of the customs department.

NATIONAL TURNERBUND.

A Protest Against Closing the World's Fair on Sunday.

WASHINGTON, June 23.—At yesterday's session of the convention of the national turnerbund a committee consisting of Hugo Muench, of St. Louis; George W. Spier, of Washington, and H. Metzner, of New York, was appointed to present to congress resolutions which were adopted by the bund protesting against closing the world's fair on Sunday, and also protesting against the probable action of congress prohibiting the sale of beverages on the fair grounds. The committee on platform recommend that the principles of the bund be left unchanged, and that the vorort prepare and submit to the next convention to be held in Denver a new division of districts. These recommendations were agreed to.

FOUR IN THE PARTY.

And Three of Them Drowned in the James River South of Springfield, Mo.

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., June 21.—Mrs. Ella Brady, her 3-year-old son and her cousin, Miss Kingston, aged 17, were drowned while attempting to cross the James river 10 miles south of this city yesterday afternoon.

The party drove into the river and one of the hack wheels went into a deep washout, upsetting the vehicle. The four occupants were thrown into deep water. Millard Brady, husband of Mrs. Brady, narrowly escaped and was unconscious when rescued.

Inspection of Merchandise.

WASHINGTON, June 24.—Representative Hitt, of Illinois, yesterday introduced in the house a preamble and resolution on the subject of the inspection of merchandise transported in bond through the United States. The resolution instructs the foreign affairs committee to inquire whether further legislation on the subject is necessary, and especially whether a careful inspection of such merchandise should be had at the frontier of the United States upon the departure and arrival of such merchandise, and whether the interests of the United States do not require that each car of such merchandise while in Canadian territory shall be in the custody and under the surveillance of an inspector of the customs department. The cost of such surveillance to be paid by the foreign carriers transporting such merchandise.

Nine Drowned in a Sinking Schooner.

BELEZE, Honduras, June 24.—The schooner Ringdove left Belize last Thursday morning bound for Truxillo. At 11:30 the same night, when fourteen miles south of Half Moon cove, she was struck by a whirlwind and sank in a few moments. Nine of thirteen persons on board were drowned. Fortunately the schooner's dory was loose on deck and in this the four survivors reached Half Moon cove.

Fuel Famine in an Iowa Town.

STUART, Ia., June 20.—Pocahontas Center, the only county seat in Iowa without a railroad, the nearest station being fifteen miles away, is still having a fuel famine. The roads there are still impassable and no freight has been hauled in since April 14. Anything that will burn is now being used for fuel. The coal supply was exhausted a month ago. It is likely the town will have railroad facilities before winter.

Fell Five Stories.

CHICAGO, June 25.—Fred E. Blacher, a member of the Joel Packer democratic club, of Newark, N. J., fell out of a fifth-story window at the Tremont house and was instantly killed. His remains were sent east last night, the body being escorted to the train by the club.

Oklahoma Democrat.

OKLAHOMA CITY, Ok., June 20.—The territorial democratic central committee met here and issued a call for a congressional convention to meet in Oklahoma City, August 17, to nominate a delegate to congress.

HIS DEPARTURE.

Dr. Talmage Leaves a Message to His People.

He Sails for Europe But Dictates a Sermon to Be Read in the Tabernacle—The People Advised to Be Ready for the Final Departure.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage sailed for Europe on the 25th but previously dictated a sermon to be read in his church at Brooklyn on the succeeding Sunday. He took his text from II. Timothy, iv. 6: "The Time of My Departure is at Hand." He said:

Departure! That is a word used only twice in all the Bible. But it is a word often used in the court room and means the desertion of one course of pleading for another. It is used in navigation to describe the distance between two meridians passing the extremities of a course. It is a word I have recently heard applied to my departure from America to Europe for a preaching tour to last until September. In a small and less significant sense than that implied in the text I can say: "The time of my departure is at hand." Through the printing press I address this sermon to my readers all the world over, and when they read it I will be mid-ocean, and unless something new happens in my marine experiences I will be in no condition to preach. But how unimportant the word departure when applied to exchange of continents as when Paul wrote: "The time of my departure is at hand."

Now, departure implies a starting place and a place of destination. When Paul left this world, what was the starting point? It was a scene of great physical distress. It was the Tullianum, the lower dungeon of the Mamertine prison, Rome, Italy. The top dungeon was bad enough, it having no means of ingress or egress but through an opening in the top. Through that the prisoner was lowered, and through that came all the food and air and light received. It was a terrible place, that upper dungeon; but the Tullianum was the lower dungeon, and that was still more wretched, the only light and the only air coming through the roof, and that roof the floor of the upper dungeon. That was Paul's last earthly residence. I was in that lower dungeon in November, 1889. It is made of volcanic stone. I measured it, and from wall to wall it was fifteen feet. The highest of the roof was seven feet from the floor, and the lowest of the roof five feet seven inches. The opening in the roof through which Paul was let down was three feet wide. The dungeon has a seat of rock two and a half feet high, and a shelf of rock four feet high. It was there that Paul spent his last days on earth, and it is there that I see him now, in the fearful dungeon, shivering, blue with cold, waiting for that old overcoat which he had sent for up to Troas, and which they had not yet sent down, notwithstanding he had written for it.

If some skillful surgeon should go into that dungeon where Paul is incarcerated, we might find out what are the prospects of Paul's living through the rough imprisonment. In the first place he is an old man, only two years short of 70. At that very time when he most needs the warmth and the sunlight and the fresh air, he is shut out from the sun. What are those scars on his ankles? Why, those were gotten when he was fast, his feet in the stocks. Every time he turned, the flesh on his ankles started. What are those scars on his back? You know he was whipped five times, each time getting thirty-nine strokes—195 bruises on the back (count them) made by the Jews with rods of elmwood, each one of the 195 strokes bringing the blood. Look at Paul's face and look at his arms. Where did he get those bruises? I think it was when he was struggling ashore amidst the shivered timbers of the shipwreck. I see a gash in Paul's side. Where did he get that? I think he got that in the tussle with highwaymen, for he had been in peril of robbers and he had money of his own. He was a mechanic as well as an apostle, and I think the tents he made were as good as his sermons.

There is a wanness about Paul's looks. What makes that? I think a part of that came from the fact that he was twenty-four hours on a plank in the Mediterranean sea suffering terribly before he was rescued; for he says positively: "I was a night and a day in the deep." Oh, worn out, emaciated old man! surely you must be melancholy; no constitution could endure this and be cheerful. But I press my way through the prison until I come up close to where he is, and by the faint light that streams through the opening I see on his face a supernatural joy, and I bow before him, and I say: "Aged man, how can you keep cheerful amidst the darkness of the place as he cries out: 'I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand.' Hark! what is that shuffling of feet in the upper dungeon? Why, Paul has an invitation to a banquet, and he is going to dine to-day with the king. Those shuffling feet are the feet of the executioners. They come, and they cry down through the hole of the dungeon: 'Hurry up, old man. Come, now, get yourself ready.' Why, Paul was ready. He had nothing to pack up. He had no baggage to take. He had been ready a good while. I see him rising up and straightening out his stiffened limbs, and pushing back his white hair from his creviced forehead, and see him looking up through the hole in the roof of the dungeon into the face of his executioners, and hear him say: 'I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand.' Then they lift him out of the dungeon, and they start with him to the place of execution. They say: 'Hurry along, old man, or you will feel the weight of our spear. Hurry along.' 'How far is it,' says Paul, 'we have to travel?' 'Three miles.' Three miles is a good way for an old man to travel after he has been whipped and crippled with

maltreatment. But they soon get to the place of execution—Acqua Salva—and he is fastened to the pillar of martyrdom. It does not take any strength to tie him fast. He makes no resistance. O Paul! why not strike for your life? You have a great many friends here. With that withered hand just launch the thunderbolt of the people upon those infamous soldiers. No! Paul was not going to interfere with his own coronation. He was too glad to go. I see him looking up in the face of his executioner, and, as the grim official draws the sword, Paul calmly says: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand." But I put my hand over my eyes. I want not to see that last struggle. One sharp, keen stroke, and Paul does dine with the King.

What a transition it was! From the malaria of Rome to the finest climate in all the universe—the zone of eternal beauty and health. His ashes were put in the catacombs of Rome, but in one moment the air of heaven bathed from his soul the last ache. From shipwreck, from dungeon, from the biting pain of the elmwood rods, from the sharp sword of the headman, he goes into the most brilliant assemblage of Heaven, a king among kings, multitudes of the sainthood rushing out and stretching forth hands of welcome; for I do really think that as on the right hand of God is Christ, so on the right of Christ is Paul, the second great in Heaven.

Now, why cannot all the old people have the same holy glee as that aged man had? Charles I, when he was combing his head, found a gray hair, and he sent it to the queen as a great joke; but old age is really no joke at all. For the last forty years you have been dreading that which ought to have been an exhilaration. You say you most fear the struggle at the moment the soul and body part. But millions have endured that moment, and may not we as well? They got through with it and so can we. Besides this all medical men agree in saying that there is probably no struggle at the last—not so much pain as the prick of a pin, the seeming signs of distress being altogether involuntary. But you say: "It is the uncertainty of the future." Now, child of God, do not play the infidel. After God has filled the Bible till it can hold no more with stories of the good things ahead, better not talk of uncertainties. But you say: "I cannot bear to think of parting from friends here." If you are old, you have more friends in heaven than here. Just take the census. Take some large sheet of paper and begin to record the names of those who have emigrated to the other shore; the companions of your school days, your early business associates, the friends of middle life, and those who more recently went away. Can it be that they have gone so long you do not care any more about them, and you do not want their society? Oh no. There have been days when you have felt that you could not endure another moment away from their blessed companionship. They have gone. You say you would not like to bring them back to this world of trouble, even if you had the power. It would not do to trust you. God would not give you resurrection power. Before to-morrow morning you would be rattling at the gates of the cemetery crying to the departed: "Come back to the cradle where you slept! Come back to the hall where you used to play! Come back to the table where you used to sit!" And there would be a great burglary in Heaven. No, no. God will not trust you with resurrection power; but He compromises the matter and says: "You cannot bring them where you are, but you can go where they are." They are more lovely now than ever. Were they beautiful here they are more beautiful there.

Besides that, it is more healthy there for you than here, aged man; better climate there than these hot summers and cold winters and late springs; better hearing; better eyesight; more tonic in the air; more perfume in the bloom; more sweetness in the song. Do you not feel, aged man, sometimes as though you would like to get your arm and foot free? Do you not feel as though you would like to throw away spectacles and canes and crutches? Would you not like to feel the spring and elasticity and mirth of an eternal boyhood? When the point at which you start from this world is old age, and the point to which you go is eternal juvenescence, aged man, clap your hands at the anticipation, and say, in perfect rapture of soul: "The time of my departure is at hand."

I remark, again, all these ought to feel this joy of the text who have a holy curiosity to know what is beyond this earthly terminus. And who has not any curiosity about it? Paul, I suppose, had the most satisfactory view of Heaven and he says: "It does not appear what we shall be." It is like looking through a broken telescope. "Now we see through a glass darkly." You tell me anything about that heavenly place? You ask me a thousand questions about it that I can not answer. I ask you a thousand questions about it that you can not answer. And do you wonder that Paul was so glad when martyrdom gave him a chance to go over and make discoveries in that blessed country?

I hope some day, by the grace of God, to go over and see for myself; but not now. No well man, no prosperous man, I think, wants to go now. But the time will come, I think, when I shall go over. I want to see what they do there, and I want to see how they do it. I do not want to be looking through the gates afar forever. I want them to swing wide open. There are about 10,000 things I want explained—about you, about myself, about the government of this world, about God, about everything. We start in a plain path of what we know, and in a minute come up against a high wall of what we do not know. I wonder how it looks over there. Somebody tells me it is like a paved city—paved with gold, and another man tells me it is like a fountain, and it is like a tree, and it is like a triumphal procession; and the next man I meet tells me it is all

figurative. I really want to know, after the body is resurrected, what they wear and what they eat; and I have an immeasurable curiosity to know what it is, and how it is, and where it is. Columbus risked his life to find this continent, and shall we shudder to go out on a voyage of discovery which shall reveal a vaster and more brilliant country? John Franklin risked his life to find a passage between icebergs, and shall we dread to find a passage to eternal summer? Men in Switzerland travel up the heights of the Matterhorn with alpenstock and guides, and rockets, and ropes, and getting half way up, stumble and fall down in a horrible massacre. They just wanted to say they had been on the tops of those high peaks.

And shall we fear to go out for the ascent of the eternal hills which start one thousand miles beyond where stop the highest peaks of the Alps, when in that ascent there is no peril? A man doomed to die stepped on the scaffold and said in joy: "Now in ten minutes I will know the great secret." One minute after the vital functions ceased, the little child that died last night knew more than Jonathan Edwards, or St. Paul himself, before he died. Friends, the exit from this world, or death, if you please to call it, to the Christian is glorious illumination. It is demonstration. It is illumination. It is sanburst. It is the opening of all the windows. It is shutting up the catechism of doubt and the unrolling of all the scrolls of positive and accurate information. Instead of standing at the foot of the ladder and looking up, it is standing at the top of the ladder and looking down. It is the last mystery taken out of botany, and geology, and astronomy, and theology. O, will it not be grand to have all questions answered? The perpetually recurring interrogation point changed for the mark of exclamation. All riddles solved. Who will fear to go out on that discovery, when all the questions are to be decided which we have been discussing all our lives? Who shall not clap his hands in the anticipation of that blessed country, if it be no better than through holy curiosity crying: "The time of my departure is at hand?"

I remark, again, we ought to have the joy of this text, because, leaving this world, we move into the best society of the universe. You see a great crowd of people in some street, and you say: "Who is passing there? What general, what prince is going up there?" Well, I see a great throng in Heaven. I say: "Who is the focus of all that admiration? Who is the center of that glittering company?" It is Jesus, the champion of all worlds, the favorite of all ages. Do you know what is the first question the soul will ask when it comes through the gate of Heaven? I think the first question will be: "Where is Jesus, the Saviour that pardoned my sins; that carried my sorrows; that fought my battles; that won my victories?" O radiant one! how I would like to see thee! thou of the manger, but without its humiliations; thou of the cross, but without its pangs; thou of the grave, but without its darkness.

The Bible intimates that we will talk with Jesus in Heaven just as a brother talks with a brother. Now, what will you ask him first? I do not know. I can think what I would ask Paul first if I saw him in Heaven. I think I would like to hear him describe the storm that came upon the ship when there were 275 souls on the vessel, Paul being the only man on board cool enough to describe the storm. There is a fascination about a ship and the sea that I never shall get over, and I think I would like to hear him talk about that first. But when I meet my Lord Jesus Christ, of what shall I first delight to hear him speak? Now I think what it is I shall first want to hear the tragedy of his last hours; and then Luke's account of the crucifixion, and Mark's account of the crucifixion will be nothing, while from the living lips of Christ the story shall be told of the gloom that fell, and the devil that arose, and the fact that upon his endurance depended the rescue of a race; and there was darkness in the sky, and there was darkness in the soul, and the pain became more sharp, and the burdens became more heavy, until the mob began to swim away from the dying vision of Christ, and the cursing of the mob came to his ear more faintly, and his hands were fastened to the horizontal piece of the cross, and his feet were fastened to the perpendicular piece of the cross, and his head fell forward in a swoon as he uttered the last moan and cried: "It is finished!" All Heaven will stop to listen until the story is done, and every harp will be put down, and every lyre closed, and all eyes fixed upon the divine narrator, until the story is done; and then, at the tap of the baton, the eternal orchestra will rouse up; fingers on string of harp, and lips to the mouth of trumpet, there shall roll forth the oratorio of the Messiah: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive blessing, and riches, and honor, and glory, and power, world without end!"

What He endureth O who can tell! To save our souls from death and hell! When there was between Paul and that magnificent Personage only one thinness of the sharp edge of the sword of the executioner, do you wonder that he wanted to go? O, my Lord Jesus, let one wave of that glory roll over us! Hark! I hear the wedding bells of Heaven ringing now. The marriage of the Lamb has come and the bride hath made herself ready. And now for a little while good-by! I have no morbid feelings for the future. But if anything should happen that we never meet again in this world let us meet where there are so partings. Our friendships have been delightful on earth, but they will be more delightful in Heaven. And now I commend you to God and the word of His grace which is able to build us up and give us an inheritance among all of them that are sanctified.

Gens. Boynton and Fullerton are locating the towers which are to be erected on the Chickamauga battlefield.