

SHOCKING SUICIDE.

State Senator Sparks, of Missouri, Cuts His Throat.

CAUSED BY POLITICAL CHAGRIN.

Was Not Himself Since He Failed to Get the Democratic Nomination for Attorney-General—Was Author of a Well Known Law.

WARRENSBURG, Mo., Sept. 17.—Senator S. P. Sparks committed suicide at his home in the northern suburbs of this city yesterday. The news was brought to town in a few minutes, and friends went out immediately. They found the senator in a panic and his wife prostrated.

The senator was lying on the floor in a pool of blood with his throat cut from ear to ear, his head nearly severed from his body. In his hand was a razor with which he had committed the deed. He was not yet dead but was just passing away. His contortions were most painful to witness. His life blood was flying in all directions, and bespattered his friends, who were doing everything in their power to ease him.

The news was received here with the profoundest sorrow, for he was beloved by all who knew him. Many of the senator's friends have been fearful for some time that he would do something desperate, for he has never been quite himself since he failed to get the nomination for attorney-general at the democratic state convention last July. This, with the loss of one eye and financial troubles, is supposed to have so depressed his mind that he thought death the only relief.

The members of the Johnson county bar met at 2 p. m. and passed resolutions of sympathy and respect and also appointed committees to present the matter before the supreme court and the Kansas City court of appeals, before which he had an extensive practice. The funeral will take place from the residence at 1 p. m. Sunday. The service will be in charge of the Knights Templar.

Hon. S. P. Sparks was born in Surry county, N. C., January 1, 1844. His father, William W. Sparks, came to Missouri the same year; was attending school at Chapel Hill when the war broke out and he enlisted in the Fifth Missouri cavalry and served three years, and afterwards served on the non-commissioned staff until he was mustered out in May, 1865. He then entered McKendree college, Lebanon, Ill., where he graduated in June, 1870. Returning home he was that fall elected county clerk of Johnson county, which office he filled four years.

In 1875 he was admitted to the bar and at once acquired a large practice. He was elected representative to fill out a vacancy in 1883. In 1887 he was elected state senator to fill out the unexpired term of Senator Harman, resigned, and in 1888 he was elected to a full term of four years. While in the senate he was chairman of the judiciary committee. He was also author of the "Sparks election law," which is now in force in all towns and cities in the state. He spent much time and money to secure the nomination for attorney-general last July at the democratic state convention at Jefferson City, but failed.

GOV. WATTS DEAD.

He Was Attorney-General in the Confederate Government.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., Sept. 17.—Thomas H. Watts, attorney-general of the confederacy from 1862 to 1863, and then governor of Alabama until the close of the rebellion, died suddenly at his home here this morning of heart disease. He was on the street Thursday apparently in good health.

Gov. Watts was born in Butler county, Virginia, in 1819. He graduated from the university of Virginia in 1840 and began practicing law in Greenville the next year. In 1842 he was elected to the legislature and re-elected in 1844 and 1845. In 1847 he removed to Montgomery county, and in 1849 was elected to the legislature and in 1853 to the state senate. In 1861 he and W. L. Yancy represented Alabama in the secession convention, and in the same year he went into the field as colonel of the Seventeenth Alabama regiment. In April, 1862, he was called by Jefferson Davis to act as attorney-general, and the next year was elected governor of Alabama. Since the war he had lived in retirement.

Stewart Goes to Weaver.

WINNEBAGO, Nev., Sept. 17.—At the convention of the silver party last evening for the purpose of instructing its electors to vote for Weaver and Field, Senator Stewart declared that both Presidents Cleveland and Harrison had disregarded their respective platforms after election and used their power to demoralize silver. He said a vote for either Harrison or Cleveland was a vote for the enemy of the paramount industry of Nevada. Weaver was the only presidential candidate whose position on silver harmonized with Nevada's interests. He declared he would vote for Weaver and advocate his election on the stump throughout the state.

Expelled From China.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 17.—Advice by the steamship China, which has arrived from China and Japan are that Mason, who was arrested for a conspiracy to introduce arms and ammunition into China and who was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment for his connection with the Kaloua Hin secret society, has completed his term of imprisonment, and being unable to find bonds for his future good behavior has been deported to England.

Missouri's board of health has ample power to enforce quarantine regulations against any city or section of the country, and will not hesitate to use it.

Serious floods occurred in north China in August, resulting in considerable loss of life and property.

DESPERATE ROBBERS.

Three Officers Killed and Others Badly Wounded by the California Desperados—They Will Be Shot on Sight.

FRESNO, Cal., Sept. 14.—A posse encountered Evans and Sontag at Sampson Flats yesterday and an exchange of shots took place. The robbers made a desperate defense and killed three men and wounded others.

Those killed are United States Marshal McGinnis, L. Olson and Dick Wilson.

George Witty, who wounded before, was again shot, and the horse ridden by Constable Warren Hill was shot from under him.

The news caused great excitement and additional officers are going in pursuit.

Additional information concerning the encounter between train robbers and the posse has been obtained by telephone from Moore & Smith's mill at Sequoia. The affair happened on Young's place at Sampson Flat.

The posse had tracked the robbers from Dunlap to Sampson Flats, about forty-five miles east of here in the mountains. The posse was coming down the trail, and when opposite Young's house the door was violently thrown open and Evans and Sontag appeared. Before the officers could recover from their surprise the two robbers opened a deadly fire on the posse with their guns and Winchester.

The posse was so demoralized by the sudden attack that they could make no effectual resistance. Four men fell under the deadly fire of the robbers.

Immediately afterwards the robbers escaped. The whole country in the neighborhood of the encounter is aroused, and it is said no further attempt to take the robbers alive will be made. They will be shot on sight, if discovered.

MRS. HARRISON'S CONDITION.

Said to Be Suffering From a Malignant Abscess.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 14.—Friends of the presidential household are much alarmed over the latest reports from Loon lake in reference to Mrs. Harrison's condition. She is said to be suffering with the same ailment that resulted in the death of her sister, Mrs. Scott Lord. A friend of the family said yesterday:

"Mrs. Harrison is believed to be suffering from a malignant pelvic abscess and it has been known ever since the disease developed that little hope existed for her recovery. The serious nature of the lady's illness has been fully realized from the first, but her true condition has not been made public because it was desired to keep from her the true facts."

The president has been exceedingly anxious from the outset and the long drawn out session of congress, after he had made all preparations to hasten to the bedside of his suffering wife, told upon him frightfully. Relatives of the family here and in Indiana are prepared for the worst news at any moment.

It is understood that the president will return to Washington on Friday next. Mrs. Harrison will accompany him if she is able to travel. She will not remain in Washington, but will go south for the winter.

CHOCTAW TROUBLES.

Anarchy Urrups the Peace of Law and Order in the Choctaw Nation.

CADDO, I. T., Sept. 14.—News has reached here that seven men had been murdered since Sunday morning in the Choctaw nation, incidental to the political war feeling. It is learned that the worst has not come yet. Among the number reported killed is Hon. Green McCurtain, treasurer of the Choctaw nation. Gov. Jones came to town and wired for United States Indian Agent Leo Bennett, who came in on a freight train at 6 o'clock last evening, and was in consultation with Gov. Jones, Lieut.-Gov. J. H. Bryant, Senator Hodges, National Agent Wright and a number of prominent Indians. What they have decided on has not been made public. Agent Bennett suggested that he call out a troop of United States cavalry to arrest all parties engaged in the riot and to keep the troops in readiness to go to the national council meeting when the governor is to take his seat. It seems that a plot has been laid to kill all the prominent Indians on the Jones side, each squad of assassins to have its own county to work in. The men in Gaines county have carried out their instructions. As the other men have not carried out their part of the plot the leaders appear to be perplexed and don't know what to do. They are to have another secret meeting at Antlers on September 21, for what purpose is only known to themselves. Gov. Jones sent twelve armed men from this place to the seat of trouble. He is in constant fear of being killed, and keeps a heavy guard around him all the time.

Gould Gets the Wabash.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 14.—The stockholders of the Wabash railway held their annual meeting at the general office of the company here this afternoon and elected the following board of directors: Francis Pavy, C. C. Macrae, Edgar T. Wells, Harry K. Mellarg, T. H. Hubbard, C. J. Lawrence, George J. Gould, Russell Sage, John T. Terry, S. C. Reynolds, P. B. Wyckoff, Jay Gould and D. Ashley. The new directors elected were Messrs. Jay Gould, Macrae and Pavy, the two latter of London England. Messrs. Joy, How and Hays declined re-election on learning that the English security holders desired a larger representation on the board.

A Gallery Gives Way.

GUTHRIE, Ok., Sept. 14.—An accident occurred at the opera house which resulted in the serious injury of three and the bruising and battering up of a score of others, yet the wonder is that the results were not more serious. The republican county convention was in session and just as the committee on credentials was reporting, a gallery, which was swung above the main floor by iron rods, gave way in the center and fell upon the crowd below. One of the iron rods remained intact and so checked the descent of the gallery as to allow part of the crowd to escape.

DISGRACEFUL SCENES.

A Fire Island Mob Keeps the Passengers of the Ill-Fated Normanna From Landing at the Haven Prepared For Them.

QUAINTANCE, S. I., Sept. 13.—Yesterday will probably be looked on in future years as one of the most horrible episodes on American civilization that has ever occurred in American history. Federal government on one side, state government on the other—both anxious to be the rescuing party—and in front local authorities and private people forcing back the victims from their haven of refuge.

To go back to the beginning of the story the Normanna cabin passengers, who had been for eight days confined to a cholera stricken ship were greeted on Saturday with the promised and long hoped for relief in the shape of the Stonington, to which vessel they were transferred Sunday evening. For the first night for days they slept in peace and satisfaction. Sunday they were to go to Fire Island, which, through Gov. Flower's generosity, had been secured with all its houses and the Surf hotel for the accommodation of the ill-fated Normanna. On Saturday night they slept on the Stonington, but in the morning it was discovered that she had no means for cooking, was too deep draught to cross the bar and, according to statements made, she was too old and unseaworthy to venture so far in the open ocean.

The iron steamboat Cepheus was then hired and the first and second class cabin passengers started for their promised land. The weather was rough and many were seasick, but they cared little for that, happy in their escape from the prison ship Normanna. After a voyage of about thirty-six miles the captain weakened and said he was afraid to take the Cepheus over the bar without a pilot. In consequence of this the iron steamboat started back to the horseshoe bend and the first-class passengers were once more put on board the rickety old Stonington liner. The second class passengers were kept on board the Cepheus without bed or even a pillow on which to lay their heads. They were strewn about the settees and carpeted decks of the steamer.

A storm had been brewing, however, around Babylon and Islip since the first rumor of Fire Island being turned into a quarantine station had been heard. The Babylonians and their near neighbors cared not for the sufferings of their fellow countrymen and women. They did not care if they died of cholera, starved or were drowned. All they thought of in their craven hearts was the totally improbable proposition of their being attacked by the pestilence, owing to the proximity of a number of ladies, gentlemen and children who never had cholera in their midst, who have lived for a fortnight on board a plague stricken ship without being touched and who were returning to their own homes.

The craven hearted creatures, trembling from their own imaginary fears rather than from any real danger, not only invoked the arm of the law, by means of an anomalous legal stay entitled an injunction, but had assembled as an armed mob a hundred strong to drive these helpless women and children back to the cholera ship and to at all events a possible death.

The governor begged and implored. Dr. Jenkins prayed these cowardly men to allow the passengers to land. Telegram after telegram was flashed over the wire assuring the men of Islip and those of Babylon that they ran no risk. They were obstinate. They would not give in and the passengers of the Normanna are now lying in the inlet by Fire Island.

The passengers appointed a committee, with Senator McPherson as chairman, to confer with the mob of violence. The latter refused to withdraw the injunction and so for last night at least they can claim the victory, a victory gained over 471 helpless women and children and the equally unoffending husbands.

A newspaper man conveyed to Gov. Flower the knowledge that Judge Barnard, of Brooklyn, had issued an injunction to prevent any of the people from the cholera ship from landing at Fire Island. The governor was much nettled and expressed surprise.

THE MAINE ELECTION.

Carried By the Republicans With Reduced Plurality.

PORTLAND, Me., Sept. 13.—The state elections for the choice of the four congressmen and members of the legislature occurred yesterday under the Australian ballot law and, as far as learned, everybody appears satisfied with the working of the system. In 1888 the republicans had a plurality in the state of 18,033 for governor and in 1890 their plurality was 18,809.

Comparison this year will be made with the vote of the latter year. Ninety towns give Cleaves 17,179; Johnson, 15,149; Hussey, 283; scattering, 542. Same towns in 1880—Barleigh, 17,343; Thompson, 12,470; Clark, 612; scattering, 470. Republican plurality now 2,739; against, 4,863 then.

State Chairman J. H. Manley has telegraphed Chairman Carter at New York as follows: "The total vote will be 12,000 less than in 1888. We will elect all four congressmen, carry fourteen of the sixteen counties, have two-thirds of the members of the legislature and elect our governor by 11,000 majority over the democratic candidate." In 1888 the republican majority was 18,038.

A Costly Fire.

ALBANY, N. Y., Sept. 13.—Shortly after 2 o'clock this morning fire broke out in the old Reformed church building occupied by the printing establishment of James G. Lyons, who has the contract for the state work, the Russell shirt and collar factory, Hughes & Simpson's box factory, the Albany Caramel Co., F. G. Mix, agent for the Columbus Wagon Co.; W. C. Gell, umbrella; John H. Ingham, paper hanging, and H. H. Walsh, saddlery, and even before the firemen arrived the building was all in flames. The loss will reach \$500,000.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

Dr. Talmage Continues His Discourses in England.

Many Roads Open to the Bewildered Traveler, But There is But One That Leads in the Right Direction—Choose That.

The sermon selected for publication for the current week was preached to a large audience by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage during his visit to England, and was entitled "The King's Highway," the text chosen being Isaiah xxxv. 8-10: "And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it, but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein. No lions shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go thereon, it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there: And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." Dr. Talmage said:

There are thousands of people here this morning who want to find the right road. You sometimes see a person halting at cross roads, and you can tell by his looks that he wishes to ask a question as to what direction he had better take. And I stand in your presence this morning conscious of the fact that there are many of you here who realize that there are a thousand wrong roads, but only one right one; and I take it for granted that you have come on to ask which one it is. Here is one road that opens widely, but I have not faith in it. There are a great many expensive toll-gates scattered all along that way. Indeed, at every road you must pay in tears, or pay in flagellation. On that road, if you get through it at all, you have to pay your own way; and since this differs so much from what I have heard in regard to the right way, I believe it is the wrong way.

Here is another road. On either side of it are houses of sinful entertainment and invitations to come in and dine and rest; but from the looks of the people who stand on the piazza I am very certain that it is the wrong house and the wrong way. Here is another road. It is very beautiful and macadamized. The horses' hoofs clatter and ring, and they who ride over it and spin along the highway, until suddenly they find that the road breaks over an embankment, and they try to halt, and they see the bit in the mouth of the fiery steed, and cry "Ho! ho!" But it is too late, and—crash!—they go over the embankment. We shall turn this morning and see if we can't find a different kind of a road.

You have heard of the Appian Way. It was three hundred and fifty miles long. It was twenty-four feet wide, and on either side of the road was a path for foot passengers. It was made out of rocks cut in hexagonal shape and fitted together. What a road it must have been! Made of smooth, hard rock, three hundred and fifty miles long. No wonder that in the construction of it the treasures of a whole empire were exhausted. Because of invaders, and the elements, and time—the old conqueror who tears up a road as he goes over it—there is nothing left of that structure excepting a ruin. But I built this morning to tell you of a road built before the Appian Way, and yet it is as good as when first constructed. Millions of souls have gone over it. Millions more will come.

The prophets and apostles, too. Pursued the road while here below: We therefore walk, without dismay, Still walk in Christ, the good old way.

"An highway shall be there and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools shall not err therein. No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there: And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away!"

First, this road of the text is the king's highway. In the diligence you dash over the Bernard pass of the Alps, mile after mile, and there is not so much as a pebble to jar the wheels. You go over bridges which cross chasms and make you hold your breath; under projecting rocks; along by dangerous precipices; through tunnels adrip with the meltings of glaciers; and, perhaps for the first time, learn the majesty of a road built and supported by government authority. Well, my lord, the King decided to build a highway from earth to Heaven. It should span all the chasms of human wretchedness, it should tunnel all the mountains of earthly difficulty; it should be wide enough and strong enough to hold fifty thousand millions of the human race, if so many of them should ever be born. It should be blasted out of the "Rock of Ages," and cemented with the blood of the cross, and be lifted amid the shouting of angels and the execration of devils.

The King sent His Son to build that road. He put head and hand and heart to it and after the road was completed waved His blistered hand over the way, crying: "It is finished!" Napoleon paid 15,000,000 francs for the building of the Simplon road that his cannon might go over for the devastation of Italy; but our King, at a greater expense, has built a road for a different purpose, that the banners of heavenly dominion might come down over it and all the redeemed of earth travel up over it.

Being a king's highway of course it is well built. Bridges splendidly arched and buttressed have given way and crushed the passengers who attempted to cross. But Christ the King, would build no such thing as that. The work done, He mounts the chariot of His love, and the multitudes mount with Him, and He drives on and up the steep of Heaven amid the plaudits of gazing

world! The work is done—well done—gloriously done—magnificently done.

Still further, this road spoken of is a clean road. Many a fine road has become miry and foul because it has not been properly cared for, but my text says the unclean shall not walk on this one. Room on either side to throw away your sins. Indeed, if you want to carry them along, you are not on the right road. That bridge will break, those overhanging rocks will fall, the night will come down, leaving you at the mercy of the mountain bandits, and at the very next turn of the road you will perish. But if you are really on this clean road of which I have been speaking, then you will stop ever and anon to wash in the water that stands in the basin of the eternal rock. Ay, at almost every step of the journey you will be crying out: "Create within me a clean heart!" If you have no such aspirations as that it proves that you have mistaken your way, and if you will only look up and see the finger board above your head you may read upon it the words, "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is death." Without holiness no man shall see the Lord, and if you have any idea that you can carry along your sins, your lusts, your worldliness and yet get to the end of the Christian race, you are so awfully mistaken that, in the name of God, I shatter the delusion.

Still further, the road spoken of is a plain road. "The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein." That is, if a man is three-fourths of an idiot he can find this road just as well as if he were a philosopher. The imbecile boy, the laughing stock of the street, and followed by a mob hooting at him, has only just to knock once at the gate of Heaven and it swings open; while there has been many a man who can lecture about the pneumatics, and chemistry, and tell the story of Faraday's theory of electrical polarization, and yet has been shut out of Heaven. There has been many a man who stood in the observatory and swept the heavens with his telescope, and yet he has not been able to see the morning star. Many a man has been familiar with all the higher branches of mathematics, and yet could not do the simple sum. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Many a man has been a finder of tragedies and poems, and yet could not "read his title clear to mansions in the skies." Many a man has botanized across the continent, and yet did not know the "Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley." But if one shall come in the right spirit, asking the way to Heaven, he will find it in a plain way. The pardon is plain. The peace is plain. Everything is plain.

He who tries to get on the road to Heaven through the New Testament teaching will get on beautifully. He who goes through philosophical discussion will not get on at all. Christ says: "Come to me, and I will take all your sins away, and I will take all your troubles away." Now what is the use of my discussing it any more? Is not this plain? If you wanted to go to London, and I pointed you out a highway thoroughly laid out, would I be wise in detaining you by a geological discussion about the muscles you will pass over, or a physiological discussion about the muscles you will have to bring into play? No. After this Bible has pointed you the way to Heaven, is it wise for me to detain you with any discussion about the nature of the human will or whether the atonement is limited or unlimited? There is the road—go on it. It is a plain way.

"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." And that is you and that is me. Any little child here can understand this as well as I can. "Unless you become as a little child, you cannot see the Kingdom of God." If you are saved, it will not be as a philosopher, it will be as a little child. "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Unless you get the spirit of little children, you will never come out at their glorious destiny.

Still further: This road to Heaven is a safe road. Sometimes the traveler in those ancient highways would think himself perfectly secure, not knowing there was a lion by the way, burying his head deep within his paws, and then, when the last moment came, under the fearful spring, the man's life was gone and there was a mangled carcass by the roadside. But, says my text, "No lion shall be there." I wish I could make you feel this morning your security. I tell you plainly that one minute after a man has become a child of God he is as safe as though he had been 10,000 years in Heaven. He may slip, he may slide, he may stumble, but he cannot be destroyed. Kept by the power of God, through faith, unto complete salvation. Everlastingly safe.

The severest trial to which you can subject a Christian man is to kill him, and that is glory. In other words, the worst thing that can happen to a child of God is Heaven. The body is only the old slippers that he throws aside just before putting on the sandals of light. His soul, you cannot hurt it. No fires can consume it. No floods can drown it. No devils can capture it.

Firm and unmoved are they Who rest their souls on God; Fixed as the ground where David stood, Or where the ark abode.

His soul is safe. His reputation is safe. Everything is safe. "But," you say, "suppose his store burns up?" Why, then, it will only be a change of investments from earthly to heavenly securities. "But," you say, "suppose his name goes down under the hoof of scorn and contempt?" The name will be so much brighter in glory. "Suppose his physical health fails?" God will pour into him the floods of everlasting health, and it will not make any difference. Earthly subtraction is heavenly addition. The tears of earth are the crystals of Heaven. As they take rags and tatters and put them through the paper mill, so, often, the rags of earthly destitution, under the cylinders of death, come out a white scroll upon

which shall be written eternal emanation.

There was one passage of scripture, the force of which I never understood until one day at Chamonix, with Mount Blanc on one side and Montanion on the other, I opened my Bible and read: "As the mountains are around about those that fear him." The surroundings were an omnipotent commentary.

Though troubles assail, and dangers affright; Though friends should all fall and foes all unite; Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide, The Scriptures assure us the Lord will provide.

Still further: The road spoken of is a pleasant road. God gives a bond of indemnity against all evil to every man that treads it. "All things work together for good to those who love God." No weapon formed against them can prosper. That is the bond, signed, sealed and delivered by the president of the universe. What is the use of your fretting, O, you child of God, about food? "Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them." And will He take care of the sparrow, and will He take care of the hawk and let you die? What is the use of your fretting about clothes? "Consider the lilies of the field. Shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" What is the use of worrying for fear something will happen to your home. "He bleareth the habitation of the just." What is the use of fretting lest you will be overcome of temptations? "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it."

O, this King's highway! Trees of life on either side, bending over until their branches interlock and drop midway their fruit and shade. Houses of entertainment on either side the road for poor pilgrims. Tables spread with a feast of good things, and walls adorned with apples of gold in pictures of silver. I start out on this King's highway and I find a harper, and I say: "What is your name?" The harper makes no response, but leaves me to guess, as with his eyes toward Heaven and his hand upon the trembling strings, this tune comes rippling on the air: "The Lord is my light and my salvation. Whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?" I go a little further on the same road and meet a trumpeter of Heaven and I say: "Haven't you got some music for a tired pilgrim?" And wiping his lip and taking a long breath, he puts his mouth to the trumpet and pours forth this strain: "They shall hunger no more, neither shall they thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." I go a little distance further on the same road, and I meet a maiden of Israel. She has no harp, but she has cymbals. They look as if they had rusted from sea spray; and I say to the maiden of Israel: "Have you no song for a pilgrim?" And like the clang of victor's shields the cymbals clap as Miriam begins to discourse: "Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and the rider hath He thrown into the sea." And then I see a white robed group. They come bounding toward me, and I say: "Who are they? The happiest, and the brightest, and the fairest in all Heaven—who are they?" And the answer comes: "These are they who came out of great tribulations, and had their robes washed and made with the blood of the Lamb."

I pursue this subject only one step further. What is the terminus? I do not care how fine a road you put me on, I want to know how it comes out. My text declares it: "The redeemed of the Lord come to Zion." You know what Zion was. That was the King's palace. It was a mountain fastness. It was impregnable. And so Heaven is the fastness of the universe. No howitzer has long enough range to shell those towers. Let all the batteries of earth and hell blaze away; they cannot break those gates. Gibraltar was taken; Sebastopol was taken; Babylon fell; but those walls of Heaven shall never surrender either to human or Satanic besiegement. The Lord God Almighty is the defense of it. Great capital of the universe! Terminus of the King's highway.

Dr. Dick said that, among other things, he thought in Heaven we should study chemistry and geometry and conic sections. Southey thought that in Heaven we would have the pleasure of seeing Chaucer and Shakespeare. Now, Dr. Dick may have his mathematics for all eternity, and Southey his Shakespeares. Give me Christ and my old friends—that is all the heaven I want, that is heaven enough for me. O, garden of light, whose leaves never wither and whose fruits never fall! O, banquet of God, whose sweetness never palls the taste and whose graces are kings forever! O, city of light, whose walls are salvation and whose gates are praise! O, palace of rest, where God is the Monarch and everlasting ages the length of His reign! O, song leader than the surf beat of many waters, yet soft as the whisper of cherubim!

When my last wound is healed, when the last heart break is ended, when the last tear of earthly sorrow is wiped away, and when the redeemed of the Lord shall come to Zion, then let all the harpers take down their harps, and all the trumpeters take down their trumpets, and all across Heaven there be chorus of morning stars, chorus of white robed victors, chorus of martyrs from under the throne, chorus of angels, chorus of worlds, and there be but one song sung and but one name spoken, and but one throne honored—that of Jesus only.

Comparisons.

Rufus—I'd like to go on a voyage around the world.
Sam—I wouldn't; it's hard enough to go around the block sometimes when mamma wants something.—Harper's Young People.