# THE SIOUX COUNTY JOURNAL.

## VOLUME VII.

Land on the set

# HARRISON, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1895.

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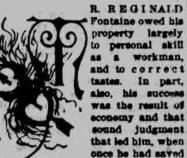
#### BESIDE THE STAIR.

Said Polly (ah! how sweet she was As all alone, beside the stair We stood a moment, while I held Her hand and told her she was fair)-

Said Polly (ab, I'll ne'er forget Her rose-red cheeks, her drooping eyes And tempting lips; I see them yet, As well her pretty, sweet surprise)

Said Polly (we were all alone, The hour was late, and dim the light)-Baid Polly, and in earnest, too: Stop that! How dare you, sir? Good night!"





a little money, to rent a good corner shop in town and to advertise briskly. And part was due to his name, which had an aristocratic sound.

Fontaine was a young man of fine address, with a knack of apt apparel, and he quickly became the leading jeweler. His credit was excellent from the start. He bought discreetly of the manufac-turers, won and held a popular retail trade, and in five years rose to a good commercial position.

One September morning a stranger inquired for Mr. Fontaine at the shop; a gentleman of foreign accent and appearance, handsomely attired, and with a shrewd, energetic face. He was traveling for a French manufacturing firm. His prices seemed high, although his wares were original in pattern, and the stones of superior purity and luster. Indeed, they were a class of jewels more costly than Fontaine had yet kept in stock, and it appeared doubtful if his quiet town would justify such expensive investments. Accordingly, he declined to buy.

The stranger retired, but in half an hour returned again. He made inquiries at the banks and satisfied himsaif of the jeweler's responsibility. He now offered to leave a few articles on commission, for the purpose of intro-ducing his style. Fontaine welcomed this proposal and gave the required receipts, obtaining a dosen very handsome gold breast-pins, bearing rubles, supphires and emeralds in unique settings, and a costly locket. He exulted over the brilliant addition to his ex-

streets, wearing a heavy ulster, with collar and cuffs and pocket-laps of seal fur, and clad throughout with deference to fushion. His watch was heavily chased and very valuable. He was particular to take a receipt in the name of F. F. Barton, and departed abruptly

without so much as recognizing in Reginald Fontaine the proprietor of the premises At the appointed time Mr. Barton returned for his watch. Fontaine in person waited on him, and noticed the mansive signet ring worn by his custom the onyx monogram of which seemed cracked. Mr. Barton threw down a

ten-pound note with an indifferent air. and gathered up the change without appearing to take count of it, booked the golden loop of his heavy chain into R. REGINALD his button-hole, restored the watch to Fontaine owed his his pocket with an air of estisfaction,

and turned away. "I see that your signet is broken," said Reginald Fostaine, respectfully. "A little," replied Mr. Barton, draw-

"Should you wish to have the stone replaced at any time, I can have it duplicated with precision at reasonable cost."

The visitor bowed as he pulled on his other glove, and replied: "It is an heirloom in my family, and

was cracked a century ago. Nothing could ever replace it."

"In that case, of course not," rejoined Fontaine.

He drew from a drawer a ring tray. "If you are interested in rings. examine these. I have some odd forms here. I don't expect you to buy, sir; but I am an enthusiast in my trade, and if anyone likes to look, I like to show the goods."

In fact, it was a feature of Fontaine's sagacious policy that he tried to have every customer see as many of his wares as possible.

Mr. Barton glanced incuriously over the tray.

"I've seen acres of rings," he replied, with a curling lip. And he continued to button his gloves.

"Is there anything I can show you that you are interested in 7" continued Fontaine, politely, replacing the tray. "Family plate, tableware, children's or ladies' ornaments---"

Mr. Barton had faced toward the door. He turned about with a feeble curiosity to ask: "What have you in the way of ladies"

ornaments?" Fontaine led his customer to a showcase glittering with bracelets, combs, pins, and so on.

"The variety has been a little broken by our Christmas sales," he began. "No matter; I need not trouble you, interrupted Mr. Barton. "There is nothing here that I care for."

"It is the best assortment in town," returned Fontaine.

# the from which he had just powred a TALMAGE'S SERMON. John.

"You are from the jeweller's?" "Yes, sir."

"Step forward, if you places." The porter went out and closed the door. John handed forth the locket, which Mr. Barton passed to his wife. "How beautiful!"

She held it to the light and examined it critically.

"Had you not better take this now?" said Mr. Barton, proffering her the tess of wine.

She took it and looked toward John. "Perhaps this gentleman-" aba aid, suggestively.

"Certainly," replied Mr. Barton. He poured out two more giasses, and push-ed one toward John. "Will you try this? It is port. Do you like sweet wine 7'

John was very temperate and unuse to liquors. But here were a couple acned, no doubt, to the use of wine. It might give offense to refues, and bargains often hang on triffes. He responded courteously, and drank the west port to the bottom of his glass. "Take a seat," said the lady.

John accepted a distant chair. Bhe turned her bright, dansling eyes upon

"You are sure these are real diamonds

"Warranted gesuine, madam," turned John.

His voice sounded thick to his own ears, a strange oppression rose to his brain, the world seemed rocking upon endless waves, and the lady and the locket appeared to fost away-away! When John awoke, twilight illed the room with fantastic shadows, and mys from the street lamps fell flickering on the walls. He knew that he was in a place that he had seen before, but all was so unwonted, and the languor that hay upon him was so delicious and enchanting, that he felt sure he was in a dream from which he would hate to awaken. Even the loud knocking at the door failed to aronan him to reality, and when he heard his inothers voice crying out in alarm, "John! John!" it only stirred his wrath.

Then followed allence, and be mai marveling at the luxurious surroundings and the mystery of his presence. The turning of a key was followed by the quick entrance of the hotel pro-prietor and Regiand Fontaine. The leweler darted forward to his brother and clasped his arm; he looked into his dilated eyes and bewiktered face, and cried:

"John! John! What is the matter! Where is the locket?"

The locket! John sprang up. Hi senseless at his fact.

THE PREACHER'S ELOQUENT UALL TO OUTSIDERS.

Thousand Paragas Turned Three Away from the Academy of Music is New York-"Other theep I Have Which Are Not of This Fold."

#### More than One Fold.

Three thousand persons were tushed away from the New York Academy of Music last Sunday afternoon, being un-able to gain admittance. A few minutes after the doors were opened the audi-torium and galleries were densely crowd-ed. Rev. Dr. Taimage's sermon for the day was "A Call to Outsiders," the taxt chosen being John x., 16, "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

There is no monopoly in religion. The grace of God is not a little property that we may fence off and have all to our-selves. It is not a king's park, at which solves. It is not a king's park, at which we look through barred gateway, wish-ing that we might go in and see the deer and fruits in the royal conservatory. No, it is the Father's orchard, and every where there are bars that we may lot form

where there are bars that we may let down and gates that we may swing open. In my boyhood, next to the country school house, there was an orchard of apples owned by a lame man, who, si-theugh there were apples in the place perpetually decaying and by scores and scores of bushels, never would allow any of us to touch the fruit. One day in the infolmer of neuros inberind from four sinfniness of nature inherited from our first parents, who were ruined by same temptation, some of us invaded that erchard, but soon retreated, for the man came after us at a speed rackless of making his ismenses worse and cried out, "Boys, drop those apples, or I'll set the dog on you!"

Well, my friends, there are Christian men who have the church under severe

guard. There is fruit in this orchard for the whole world, but they have a rough and unsympathetic way of accosting outsiders, as though they had no business bere, though the Lord wants them all to come and take the largest and ripest fruit on the premises. Have you an idea, because you were baptized at 13 months of age and because you have all your life been under hallowed influences, that therefore you have a right to one whole side of the Lord's table, spreading your-self out and taking up the entire room? I tell you no. You will have to haul in your elbows, for I shall place on either side of you those whom you never exto His favored people long ago, so He says to you and to me, "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

MacDonald, the Scotchman, has four or five dosen head of sheep. Some of them are browsing on the heather, some of them are lying down under the trees, some of them are in his yard. They are lethargy departsd. He understood, scattered around in eight or ten different and, tottering toward his brother, fall places. Cameron, his neighbor, comes over and says: "I see you have 30 sheep. "No." says

announcement to make in regard to you-you are not only going to become one of the Lord's sheep, but you will become one to day. You will stay after this service to be talked with about your soul. Peo-ple of God, pray for that man. That is the only use for you here. I shall not through them all. I the break off so much as a crumb for you. Christians, in this sermon, for I am going to give it all to the outsiders. "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

Beaking the Lost.

When the Atlantic went to pieces on Mars rock and the people clambered upon the beach, why did not that heroic minister of the gospel, of whom we have all read, sit down and take care of those men on the beach, wrapping them in finness, kinding fire for them, seeing that they got pienty of food? Ah, he knew that there were others who would do that. He says: "Yonder are men and women freeeays: "Yonder are men and women frees-ing in the rigging of that wrock. Boys, is unch the boat." And now I see the car blades bend under the strong pull, but before they reached the rigging a woman was frozen and dead. She was washed of, poor thing! But he says, "There is a man to save," and he cries out: "Hold on five minutes longer, and I will save you. Steady! Steady! Give me your hand. Leep into the lifeboat. Thank God, he is swed!" So there are those hers to-day who are asfe on the shores of God's merwho are safe on the shores of God's mer-cy. I will not spend any time with them at all, but I see there are some who are freezing in the rigging of sin and sur-freezing in the rigging of sin and sur-rounded by perilous storms. Pull away, my lads! Let us reach them. Alas, one is washed off and gone. There is one more to be saved. Let us push out for that was flucture the data of data of the that one. Clutch the rope. Oh, dying man, clutch it as with a death grip! Beady, now, on the slippary places! Steady! There! Saved! Saved! Just as I thought, for Christ has declared that there are some still in the breakers who shall come ashore. "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold." Free to All Who Accept.

I remark again, the beavenly Shepherd s going to find a great many of his sheep among those who are positive rejectors of Christianity. I de not know how you came to reject Christianity. It may have been through hearing Theodore Parker proach, or through reading Renan's "Life of Jesus," or through the infidel talk of some young man in your store. It may have been through the trickery of some professed Christian man who disgusted you with religion. I do not ask you how you became so, but you frankly tell me that you do reject it. You do not believe that Christ is a divine being, although you admit that he was a very good man. You do not believe that the Bible was inspired of God, although you think there are some very fine things in it. You be-lieve that the Scripteral description of Eden was only an allegory. There are 50 things that I believe that you do not believe. And yst you are an accommo-dating man. Everybody that knows you says that of you. If I should ask you to do a kindness for me, or if anyone else should ask of you a kindness, you would do it. Now, I have a kindness to ask of you to-day. It is something that will cost you nothing, and will give me great delight. I want you by experiment to try the power of Christ's religion. If I should come to you, and you were

very sick, and the doctors had given you

np and said there was no chance for you

and I should take out a bottle and say

"Here is a padicine that will cure you. It has cured 50 people, and it will cure you," you would say, "I have no confi-

dence in it." I would say, "Won't you take it to oblige me?" "Well," you would

say, "if it's any accommodation to you,

as accommodating in matters of religion?

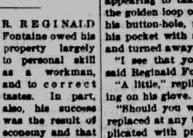
There are some of you who have found

I'll take it." My friend, will you be

respectable laymen. O, men, she and stuck through with unrest, you not like to have some of the you not like to have some of the pea-which broads over our souls to day? know all about your doubts. I have be through them all. I have gone throug all the curriculum. I have doubt whether there is a God—whether Ohr is God. I have doubted whether the Bible was true. I have doubted the in marting of the soul I have doubted the in mortality of the soul. I have doubted my own existence. I have doubted everything, and yet out of that hot depert of doubt I have come into the broad, kurn-riant, sunshing land of gospel and peace and comfort, and so I have confidence in preaching to you and asking you to come in. However often you may have spoken against the Bible, or however much you may have caricatured religion, stap ashare from that rocking and tumultuous mea. If you go home to day adhering to your infidelities, you will not also one wink. You do not want your children to come up with your skepticism. You cannot af-ford to die in that midaight darkness, can you? If you do not believe in anything else, you believe in love a father's love, a mother's love, a wife's love, a oblid's love. Then let me tall you that God loves you more than them all. Oh, you must come in! You will come in. The great heart of Christ aches to have you come in, and Jesus this very mo-ment-whether you sit or stand-looks into your eyes and says, "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

Again I remark that the heavenly shep-herd is going to find a great many sheep among those who have been flung of evil habit. It makes me and to see Christian people give up a prodigal as lost. There are those who talk as though the grace of God were a chain of 40 or 50 links, and after they had run out there was nothing to bouch the depth of a very had case. If they were hunting and got off the track of the deer, they would look longer among the brakes and bushes for the lost game than they have been looking for that lost soul. People tell us that if a man have delirium tremens twice he cannot be reclaimed; that after a woman cannot be reclaimed; that arter a woman has sacrificed her integrity she cannot be restored. The Bible has distinctly inti-mated that the Lord Almighty is ready to pardon 490 times—that is, 70 times 7. There are men before the throne of God who have wallowed in every kind of sin; but, saved by the grace of Jesus and washed in his blood, they stand there radiant now. There are those who plunged into the very lowest of all the hells in New York who have for the tenth time seen lifted up, and finally by the grace of God they stand in heaven gloriously rescued by the grace premised to the chief of sinners. I want to tell you that God loves to take hold of a very had case. When the church casts you off, and when the club room casts you off, and when society casts you off, and when business associates cast you off, and when father casts you off, and when mother casts off, and when everybody casts you off, your first cry for help will bend the eternal God clear down into the ditch of your suffering and shame.

There are in this house those whose hands so tremble from dissipation that they can hardly hold a book, and yet I have to tell you that they will yet preach



the stock and add to his repute.

The locket, especially, was a notable accession, and he gave it a conspicuous place on the plate glass shelf of his corner show window. It was oval in form, of solid gold, adorned with delicate bas-relief work and dainty enamel. It was studded with a cluster of diamonds on each side. These diamonds were clear and vivid, uniform in size and quality, and of radiant depth. "We ought to give that locket a

name," said John Fontaine, as he stood by the window admiring it. John was Reginald's brother and

chief clerk, a skillful and competent ansistant

"Suppose we label it 'Formerly property of Marie Antoinette? " sugges Reginald, who was wont to make use of his imagination.

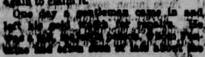
"No, no!" replied the more promate "We can't ascribe historical qualities. It looks too new. We might call it 'A Congo Bouvenir,' or "The Tonquin Trophy."

Reginald demurred.

"Not one in ten of our customers will know that it is French, or even under stand such a name. They will think it was made in Birmingham unless we state the contrary. I will have a little placard printed naming it the 'Versailles Locket,' and anouncing myself as importer.

Accordingly, next day appeared a delicate advertisement in black and white:

"The Versailles Locket. Our Own Importation. Direct from France. Genuine Diamonda. Fine Gold. Hand Graven. Price, Six Hundred Pounds." Time passed. The indies of the town came, examined and admired the locket. Christmas went by, and still the jewel lay in its satin bed upon the plate glass shelf unsold. The breast-pins were taken, but the locket proved too expensive for Fontaine's patrons. Five hundred pounds was the sum he stood accountable for to the French manufacturer in payment for this locket should he make a sale, and although in confidential moments he offered it to special customers at five hundred and thirty pounds, no one profited by this liberal discount from the set price. Every night the locket was carefully put away in the burglar-proof compartment of the huge steel vault, and every morning its plush box was restored to the show shelf; but the jews! men likely to remain as an advertise until the ravellag sales



"Very likely. But I came from Paris only a few months since, and shall return in the spring. I think that I can afford to wait until that time before I buy.

With some warmth Fontaine flew to the show window and caught up the locket. He put this before his scornful visitor

"Here is something you have never cen excelled in Paris or else where." Mr. Barton looked at the locket in silence. He drew off his gloves and took up the jewel. He examined it minutely, and said, at last:

"A very handsome affair-very hand some. This came from France?"

"Versailles. It is a masterpiece, sir; known as the Versailles lockst." "What is the price?"

"Six hundred pounds."

Mr. Barton inspected it closely, and laid it down at last with manifest change of bearing. He looked at Fontaine more cordially, and said, in an insinuating tone:

"I presume you would reduce that price a little for cash?"

"I might, a very little," returned the jeweller, now speaking coldly in his turn.

"Well, I'll see. T'll send my wife round to look at it. Bhe likes such toys. but whether she will buy or not is guite uncertain. Luckily for me, she has money of her own. For my part six hundred pounds is too much to put into a jewel."

He laid down a card neatly engraved with his name, and sauntered out.

Three days later a messenger cam to Reginald Fontaine with this note: "Sir: Please bring the locket to the Castle Hotel at 2 o'clock this afternoon. My wife wishes to see it and is unable to leave the hotel. I can't promise you that she will buy, but, as you like to show your wares, I shall be pleased for you to submit your locket to her F. F. BARTON."

Yours. Fontaine thought for a moment. Then his dignity asserted itself. He called his trusty brother and showed him the note.

"John, I'll let you wait on these peo ple. Sell the locket if you can. Get five hundred and thirty pounds if you can't do any better. Take good care of the locket."

A servant led John that afternoon to room twenty-four, and knocked at the

e in." maid a voice within "Co

John west in. A lovely young we d, with gale dare and Mard. in an teary chair.

appeared. In vain Reginald Fontaine recounted the facts and urged delay until the swindlers could be captured and the locket recovered The Frenchman only shragged and listened, and at the end reposted:

"I must have a settlement."

Fontaine at 'ast drew a check for the amount of his indebtedness, and the Frenchman disappeared.

Time passed. No trace was found of Barton and his lovely wife. One day, in London, Reginald visited the rogree gallery at Scotland Yard. He row many faces there, and among them these of F. F. Barton and the French man who had left the locket.

Although the police could not ex plain the coincidence, and scouted his conclusions, Fontaine always believed himself the victim of a double conspiracy; that the knaves traveled the globe with ample capital, one placing jewels stolen abroad in the nands of responsible dealers in small English towns, the other following to recapture the prises, and the original con spirator returning to demand payment for the loss.

But while he never placed hands or eyes again upon the French traveler. testimony to the catalogue of evidence against Mr. Barton at a later day, and seeing him consigned to prison. The Versailles locket, however, never appeared; but Mr. Reginald Foutaine concluded that his experience was worth the five hundred pounds which it cost him. He deals no more with unknown, foreign manufacturers; neither does he trust valuable jewels among strangers.-Yankee Blade.

#### Moon Blindness.

The possibility of this affliction has been strenuously affirmed and as strennously denied. Many experts in discases of the eye have brushed the ques tion aside as the merest superstition of imorance. On the other hand, thousands of old soldiers attribute their loss of defect of sight to sleeping in the moonlight. So firmly was this belief stablished in the army during the late war that where the exigencies of the mes permitted, the utmost care was taken to shield the face from the perciens infinence of the moon. A case very well. You have not been accustom-ed to come into religious assemblage, but I have a surprising announcement, to make to you-you are sping to become one of the Loci's shopp. "As" you say. is now reported of the captain of a eping on the dock of his the is the full mays of the moon, be-The report is the result of the report is the the second states the the second states is a solution of the second se

I have just counted them." "No," says MacDonald, "I have a great many more sheep than that. Some are here, and some are elsewhere. They are scattered all around about. I have \$,000 or 5,000 in my flocks. Other sheep I have which are not in this fold."

#### The Text Explained.

Bo Christ says to us. Here is a knot of Christians, and there is a knot of Christians, but they make up a small part of the flock. Here is the Episcopal fold, the Methodist fold, the Lutheran fold, the Congregational fold, the Lutheran fold, the Congregational fold, the Pres-byterian fold, the Baptist fold and the Pedobaptist fold, the only difference be-tween these last two being the mode of abeep washing, and so they are acattered all ever, and we come with our statistice and say there are so many thousands of the Lord's sheep, but Ohrist responds: "No, no. You have not seen more than one out of a thousand of my flock. They are scattered all over the earth. Othe sheep I have which are not of this fold. Christ in my text was prophesying the conversion of the gentiles much confidence as though they were already converted, and he is now, in the words of my text, prophesying the com-ing of a great multitude of outsiders that you never supposed would come in, say-ing to you and saying to me, "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold." In the first place, I remark that the heavenly shepherd will find many of his he had the satisfaction of adding his sheep among the nonchurchgoers. There testimony to the catalogue of evidence are congregations where they are all Christians, and they seem to be complete-ly finished, and they remind one of the skeleton leaves which by chemical preparation have had all the greenness verdure taken off them and are left cold and white and delicate, nothing wanting but a glass case to put over them. The minister of Christ has nothing to do with such Christians but to come once a week, and with ostrich feather dust off the accumulation of the last six days, leaving them bright and crystalline as before. But the other kind of a church is an ar mory, with perpetual sound of drum and fife, gathering recruits for the Lord of Hosts. We say to every applicant: you want to be on God's side, the safe side and the happy side? If so, come in the armory and get equipped. Here is a bath in which to be cleansed. Here are

mandals to put upon your feet. Here is a

heimet for your brow. Here is a breast plats for your heart. Here is a sword for your right arm, and yonder is the bat-tiefield. Quit yourselves like men."

There are some here who say, "I stop-ped going to church 10 or 20 years ago." My brother, is it not strange that you should be the first man I should thik to

to-day? I know all your case. I know it

out that this world cannot satisfy your soul. You are like the man who told me one Sabbath after the service was over: "I have tried this world and found it as insufficient portion. Tell me of something You have come to that. You better." are sick for the need of divine medica ment. Now I come and tell you of a phy sician who will cure you, who has cured hundreds and hundreds who were sick as you are. "Oh," you say, "I have no confidence in him." But will you not try him? Accommodate me in this mat-ter. Oblige me in this matter. Just try him. I am very certain he will cure you. You reply, "I have no especial confidence in him, but if you ask me as a matter of accommodation, introduce him." So I do introduce him-Christ, the physician who has cured more blind eyes, and healed more ghastly wounds, and bound up more broken hearts than all the doctor since the time of Aesculapius. That divine physician is here. Are you not ready to try him? Will you not as a pure matter of experiment try him and state your case before him this hour? Hold nothing back from him. If you cannot pray, if you do not know how to pray any other way, say: "O, Lord Jesus Christ, this is a strange thing for me to do. I know nothing about the formulas of religion These Christian people have been talk-ing so long about what thou canst do for me I am ready to do whatever thou commandest me to do. I am ready to take whatever thou commandest me to take. If there be any power in religion, as these people say, let me have the advantage of it." A Clarion Call. Will you try that experiment now? do not at this point of my discourse say that there is anything in religion, but I simply say try it-try it. Do not take my counsel or the counsel of any clergyman if you despise clergymen. Perhaps we may be talking professionally. Perhaps we may be prejudiced in the matter. Perhaps we may be hypocritical in our utterances. Perhaps our advice is not worth taking. Then take the counsel of some very respectable laymen, as John Milton, the post; as William Wilberforce,

the statesman; as Isaac Newton, the astronomet; as Robert Boyle, the philos-opher; as Locks, the metaphysician. They

never preached or pretended and yot posting down, one his and another his parliaments and another his clostrician's all deciare the scopicinase, o

the gospel, and on co around consecrated bread, acceptable to everybody, because of their holy life and their consecrated behavior. The Lord is poing to save you. Your home has got to be rebuilt. Your physical health has got to be restored. Your worldly husiness has got to be reconstructed. The church of God is going to rejoice over your dis-cipleship. "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

Hope for Ontsiders. I While I have hope for all prodigals, here are some people in this house whom I give up. I mean those who have been churchgoers all their life, who have maintained outward morality, but who, notwithstanding 20, 30, 40 years of Christian advantages, have never yielded their heart to Christ. They are gospel har-dened. I could call their names now, and if they would rise up they would rise up in scores. Gospel hardened! A sermon has no more effect upon them than the shining moon on the city pavement. As Christ says, "The publicans and harlots will go into the kingdom of God before them." They have resisted all the importunity of divine mercy and have gone during these 80 years through most pow-erful carthquakes of religious feeling, and they are farther away from God than ever. After awhile they will lie down sick, and some day it will be told that they are dead. No hope!

But I turn to outsiders with a hope that thrills through my body and soul. "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold." You are not gospel hardened. You have not heard or read many sermons during the last few years. As you came in to-day everything was novel, and all the services are suggestive of your early days. How sweet the opening hymn sounded in your ears, and how blessed is this hour! Everything suggestive of heaven. You do not weep, but the show-er is not far off. You sigh, and you have noticed that there is always a sigh in the wind before the rain falls. There are those here who would give anything if they could find relief in tears. They say: 'Oh, my wasted life! Oh, the bitter past! Oh, the graves over which I have stum-bued! Whither shall I fy? Alas for the future! Everything is dark so dark, so dark. God help me! God pity me!". Thank the Lord for that last utterance. You have begun to pray, and when a man begins to petition that sets all heaven fying this way, and God steps in and beats back the hounds of temptation to their kennel, and around about the poor wounded soul puts the covert of his par-doning mercy. Hark, I hear something fall! What was that? It is the bars of fall! fail! What was that? It is the bars of the fence around the sheep-fold. The shepherd lets them down, and the hunted sheep of the mountain bound in, some of them their Seere form with the branchles, some of them their feet hads with the dogs, but broading in. Think Godl "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."