REVISION OF CREEDS.

BERMON OF DR. TALMAGE, DELIV-ERED SUNDAY, MARCH 2, 1890.

"Loose Him, and Let Him Go," John zi, 44, the Text of the Discourse, Which Is Here Reported in Full-The New Tabernacle to Be Ready in September.

BROOKLYN, March 2 .- At the Tabernacle this morning the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., said he thought the new Brooklyn Tabernacie would be dedicated in September, and that the idea would be carried out of building the church by subscription to The Christian Herald, of which he has become editor, all the subscriptions up to a hundred and fifty thousand to be paid to Mr. John Wood, treasurer of the Tabernacle, Fulton street, near Concord, Brooklyn, N. Y. The subject of his discourse was "Revision of Creeds," and he took for his text John xi, 44: "Loose him, and let him go." Dr. Taimage

My Bible is, at the place of this text, written all over with lead pencil marks made last December at Bethany on the ruins of the house of Mary and Martha and Lazarus. We dismounted from our horses on the way up from Jordan to the Dead sea. Bethany was the summer evening retreat of Jesus. After spending the day in the hot city of Jerusalem he would come out there almost every evening to the house of his three friends. I think occupants of that house were orphans, for the father and mother are not mentioned. But the son and two daughters must have inherited property, for it must have been, judging from what I saw of the foundations and the size of the rooms, an opulent home. Lazarus, the brother, was now the head of the household, and his sisters depended on him and were proud of him, for he was very popular and everybody liked him, and these girls were splendid girls. Martha a first rate housekeeper and Mary a spirituelle, somewhat dreamy, but affectionate and as good a girl as could be found in all Palestine. But one day Lazarus got sick. The sisters were in consternation. Father gone and mother gone, they feel very nervous lest they lose their brother also. Disease did its quick work. How the girls hung over his pillow! Not much sleep about that house, no sleep at all. From the characteristics otherwhere developed I judge that Martha prepared the medicines and made tempting dishes of food for the poor appetite of the sufferer, but Mary prayed and sobbed. Worse and worse gets Lazarus until the doctor announces that he can do no more. The shrick that went up from that household when the last breath had been drawn and the two sisters were being led by sympathizers into the adjoining room all those of us can imagine who have had our own hearts broken. But why was not Jesus there as he so often had been? Far away in the country districts preaching, healing other sick, how unfortunate that this omnipotent Doctor had not been at that domestic crisis in Bethany. When at last Jesus arrived in Bethany, Lazarus had been buried four days and dissolution had taken place. In that climate the breathless body disintegrates more rapidly than in ours. If, immediately after decease, that body had been awakened into life, unbelievers might have said he was only in a comatose state, or in a sort of trance, and by some vigorous manipulation or powerful stimulant vitality had been renewed. No! Four days dead. At the door of the sepulcher is a crowd of people, but the three most memorable are Jesus, who was the family friend, and the two bereft sisters. We went into the traditional tomb in December, and it is deep down and dark, and with torches we explored it. We found it all quiet that afternoon of our visit, but the day spoken of in the Bible there was present an excited multitude. I wonder what Jesus will do? He orders the door of the grave removed and then he begins to descend the steps. Mary and Martha close after him and the crowd after them. Deeper down into the shadows and deeper! The hot tears of Jesus roll over his cheeks and plash upon the back of his hands. Were ever so many sorrows compressed into so small a space as in that group pressing on down after Christ, all the time bemoaning that he had not come before? Now all the whispering and all the crying and all the sounds of shuffling feet are stopped. It is the silence of expectancy. Death had conquered, but now the vanquisher of death confronted the scene. Amid the awful hush of the tomb the familiar name which Christ had often had upon his lips in the hospitalities of the village home came back to his tongue, and with a pathos and an almightiness of which the resurrection of the last day shall be only an echo, he cries: "Lazarus, come forth!" The eyes of the slumberer open, and he rises and comes to the foot of the steps and with great difficulty begins to ascend, for the cerements of the tomb are yet on him and his feet are fast and his hands are fast, and the impediments to all his movements are so great that Jesus commands: "Take off these cerements; remove these hindrances; unfasten these grave clothes; loose him, and let him go!" Oh, I am so glad that after the Lord raised Lazarus, he went on and commanded the loosening of the cords that bound his feet so that he could walk, and the breaking off of the cerement that bound his hands so that he could stretch out his arms in salutation, and the tearing off of the bandage from around his jaws so that he could speak. What | all there is of it. He need not believe in elecwould resurrected life have been to Lazarus if he had not been freed from all those cripplements of his body? I am glad that Christ commanded his complete emancipation, saying: "Losse him, and let him go."

CHRISTIANS BUT HALF LIBERATED. The unfortunate thing now is that so many Christians are only half liberated. They have been raised from the death and burial of sin into spiritual life, but they yet have the grave clothes on them. They are like Lazarus, hobbling up the stairs of the tomb, bound hand and foot, and the object of this sermon is to help free their body and free their soul, and I shall try to obey the Master's command that comes to me and comes to every minister of religion: "Loose him, and let him go." First, many are bound hand and foot by religious creeds. Let no man misinterpret me as antagonizing creeds. I have eight or ten of them; a creed about religion, a creed about art, a creed about social life, a creed about government and so on. A creed is something that a man believes, whether it be written or unwritten. The Presbyterian church is now agitated about its creed. Some good men in it are for keeping it because it was framed from the belief of John Calvin. Other good men in it want revision. I am with neither party, Instead of revision I want substitution. was sorry to have the question disturbed at all. The creed did not hinder us from offering the pardon and the comfort of the Gospel to all men, and the Westminster Confession has not interfered with me one minute. But now that the electric lights have been turned on the imperfections of that creed and everything that man fashions it imperfectlet us put the old creed respectfully aside and get a brand new one. It is impossible that people who lived hundred of years ago should John Calvin was a great and good man, but he

The best centuries of Bible study have come size: then, and explorers have done their wors, and you might as well have the world go back and stick to what Robert Fulton knew about steambeats, and reject the subsequent improvements in navigation; and go back to John Guttenburg, the inventor of the art of printing, and reject all modern newspaper presses; and go back to the time when telegraphy was the elevating of signals or the burning of bonfires on the hill tops, and reject the magnetic wire which is the tongue of nations, as to ignore all the exegetes and the philologists and the theologians of the last three hundred and twentysix years and put your head under the sleeve of the gown of a Sixteenth century doctor. could call the names of twenty living Pres byterian ministers of religion who could make a better creed than John Calvin. The Nineteenth century ought not to be called to sit at the feet of the Sixteenth.

THE SAME. BUT USED DIFFERENTLY.

"But," you say, "it is the same old Bible,

and John Calvin had that as well as the pres-

ent student of the Scriptures." Yes; so it is

the same old sun in the heavens, but in our

time it has gone to making daguerreotypes

and photographs. It is the same old water.

but in our century it has gone to running steam engines. It is the same old electricity, but in our time it has become a lightning toted errand boy. So it is the wid Bible, but new applications, new uses, new interpretations. You must remember that during the last three hundred years words have changed their meaning and some of them now mean more and some less. I do not think that John Calvin believed, as some say he did, in the damnation of infants, although some of the recent hot disputes would seem to imply that there is such a thing as the damnation of infants. A man who believes in the damnation of infants himself deserves to lose heaven. I do not think any good man could admit such a possibility. What Christ will do with all the babies in the next world I conclude from what he did with the babies in Palestine when he hugged them and kissed them. When some of you grown people go out of this world your doubtful destiny will be an embarrassment to ministers officiating at your obsequies, who will have to be cautious so as not to hurt surviving friends. But when the darling children go there are no "ifs" or "buts" or guesses. We must remember that good John Calvin was a logician and a metaphysician and by the proclivities of his nature put some things in an unfortunate way. Logic has its use and metaphysics has its use, but they are not good at making creeds. A gardener hands you a blooming rose, dewy fresh, but a severe bo tanist comes to you with a rose and says: "I will show you the structure of this rose. and he proceeds to take it apart, and pulls off the leaves and he says: "There are the petals," and he takes out the anthers and he says: "Just look at the wonderful structure of these floral pillars," and then he cuts the stem to show you the juices of the plant. So logic or metaphysics takes the aromatic rose of the Christian religion and says: "I will just show you now this rose of religion was fashioned;" and t pulls off of it a piece and says: "That is he human will," and another piece and says: 'This is God's will," and another piece and says: "This is sovereignty," and another piece and says: "This is free agency," this is this and that is that. And while I stand looking at the fragments of the rose pulled apart, one whom the Marys took for a gardener comes in and presents me with a crimson rose, red as blood, and says: "Inhale the sweetness of his, wear it on your heart and wear it forever." I must confess that I prefer the rose in full bloom to the rose pulled apart. What time we have had with the dogmatics, the apologetics and the hermeneutics. The defect some of the creeds is that they try to tell us all about the decrees of God. Now the only human being that was ever competent to handle that subject was Paul, and he would not have been competent had he not been inspired. I believe in the sovereignty of God and I believe in man's free agency, but no one can harmonize the two. It is not nece sary that we harmonize them. Every sermon that I have ever heard that attempted such harmonization was to me as clear as a London fog, as clear as mud. My brother of the Nineteenth century, my brother of the Sixteenth century, give us Paul's statement and leave out your own. Better one chapter of Paul on that subject than all of Calvin's institutes, able and honest and mighty as they are. Do not try to measure either the throne of God or the thunderbolts of God with your little steel pen. What do you know about the decrees? You cannot pry open the door of God's eternal counsels. You cannot explain the mysteries of God's government now, much less the mysteries of his government five hundred quintillion of years ago. I move for a creed for all our denominations made out of Scripture quotations pure and simple. That would take the earth for God. That would be impregnable against infidelity and Apollyonic assault. That would be beyond human criticism. The denomination, whatever its name be, that can rise up to that will be the church of the millennium, will swallow up all other denominations and be the one that will be the bride when the Bridegroom cometh. Let us make it simpler and plainer for people to get into the kingdom of God. Do not hinder people by the idea that they may not have been elected. Do not tag on to the one essential of faith in Christ any of the innumerable nonessentials. A man who heartily accepts Christ is a Christian, and the man who does not accept him is not a Christian, and that is tion or reprobation. He need not believe in the eternal generation of the Son. He need not believe in everlasting punishment. He need not believe in infant baptism. He need not believe in plenary inspiration. Faith in Christ is the criterion, is the test, is the pivot, is the indispensable. But there are those who would add unto the tests rather than subtract from them. There are thousands who would not accept persons into church membership if they drink wine, or if they smoke cigars, or if they attend the theatre, or if they play cards, or if they drive a fast horse. Now I do not drink wine or smoke or attend the theatre, never played a game of cards and do not drive a fast horse, although I would if I owned one. But do not substitute tests which the Bible does not establish. There is one passage of Scripture wide enough to let all in who ought to enter and to keep out all who ought to be kept out: "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Get a man's heart right and his life will be right. But now that the old creeds have been put under public scrutiny, some thing radical must be done. Some would split them, some would carve them, some would elongate them, some would abbreviate I them. At the present moment and in the present shape they are a hindrance. Lazarus alive, but hampered with the old grave lothes. If you want one glorious church, ree and unencumbered, take off the cereients of old ecclesinstical vocabulary. Loose ier, and let ber go!

DOCBTS AND FEARS.

Again, there are Christians who are under epulchral shadows and hindered and hoppled by doubts and fears and sins long ago repented of. What they need is to underashion an appropriate creed for our times. stand the liberty of the sons of God. They spend more time under the shadow of Sinai died three hundred and twenty-six years ago. | than at the base of Calvary. They have been

singing the only poor hymn that Newton

"The a point I long to know. Oft it causes anxious thought-Do I love the Lord or no.

Am I his or am I not? Long to know, do you! Why do you not find out! Go to work for God, and you will very soon find out. The man who is all the time feeling of his pulse and looking at his tongue to see whether it is coated is morbid. and cannot be physically well. The doctor will say; "Go out into the fresh air and into active life, and step thinking of yourself, and you will get well and strong." So there are people who are watching their spiritual symptoms, and they call it self examination, and they get weaker and sicklier in their faith all the time. Go out and do something nobly Christian. Take holy exercise and then examine yourself, and instead of Newton's saturnine and billious hymn that I first quoted, you will sing Newton's other hymn: Amazing grace, how sweet the sound

That saved a wretch like me

Was blind, but now I see. What many of you Christians most need is to get your grave clothes off. I rejoice that you have been brought from the death of sin to the life of the Gospel; but you need to get your hand loose and your feet loose and your tongue loose and your soul loose. There is no sin that the Bible so arraigns and punctures and flagellates as the sin of unbelief, and that is what is the matter with you. "Oh," you say, if you knew what I once was and how many times I have grievously strayed, you would understand why I do not come out brighter." Then I think you would call yourself the chief of sinners. I am giad you hit upon that term, for I have a promise that fits into your case as the cogs of one wheel between the cogs of another wheel, or as the key fits into the labyrinths of a lock. A man who was once called Saul but afterwards Paul declared: "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." Mark that—"of whom I am chief." "Put down your overcoats and bats and I will take care of them while you kill Stephen"-so Saul said to the stoners of the first martyr-"I do not care to exert myself much, but I will guard your surplus apparel while you do the murder. The New Testament account says: "The witnesses laid down their clothes at a young man's feet whose name was Saul." No wonder he said: "Sinners, of whom I am the chief." Christ is used to climbing. He climbed to the top of the temple. He climbed to the top of Mount Olivet. He climbed to the top of the cliffs about Nazareth. He climbed to the top of Golgotha. And to the top of the hills and the mountains of your transgression he is ready to climb with pardon for every one of you. groan of Calvary is mightier than the thunder of Sinai. Full receipt is offered for all your indebtedness. If one throw a stone at midnight into a bush where the hedge bird roosts, it immediately begins to sing; and into the midnight bedges of your despondency these words I burl, hoping to awaken you to anthem. Drop the tunes in the minor key and take the major. Do you think it pleases the Lord for you to be carrying around with you the debris and carcass of old transgressions? You make me think of some ship that has had a tempestuous time at sea, and now that it proposes another voyage keeps on its davits the damaged lifeboats and the splinters of a shivered mast and the broken glass of a smashed skylight. My advice is: Clear the decks, overboard with all the damaged rigging, brighten up the salted smoke stacks, open a new log book, haul in the planks, lay out a new course and set sail for heaven. You have had the spiritual dumps long enough. You will please the Lord more by being happy than by being miserable. Have you not sometimes started out in the rain with your umbrella and you were busy thinking, and you did not notice that the rain had stopped, and though it had cleared off you still had your umbrella up, you discovered what you were doing you felt silly enough? That is what some of you are doing in religious things. You have got so used to sadness that though the rain has stopped you still have your umbrella up. Come out of the shadow. Ascend the stairs of your sepulcher. Step out into the broad light of noonday. We come around you to help remove your grave clothes and a voice from the heavens, tremulous but omnipotent, commands: "Loose him, and let him

MORE GOOD ADVICE. Again, my text has good advice concerning any Christian hampered and bothered and bound by fear of his own dissolution. To such the Book refers when it speaks of those who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage. The most of us, even if we have the Christian hope, are cowards about death. If a plank fall from a scaffolding and just grazes our hat how pale we look. If the Atlantic ocean plays with the steamship, pitching it toward the heavens and letting it suddenly drop, how even the Christian passengers pester the steward or stewardess as to whether there is any danger, and the captain, who has been all night on the bridge and chilled through, coming in for a cup of coffee, is assailed with a whole battery of questions as to what he thinks of the weather. And many of the best people are, as Paul says, throughout their lifetime in bondage by fear of death. My brothers and sisters, if we made full use of our religion we would soon gci over this. Backed up by the teachings of your Bible, just look through the telescope some bright night and see how many worlds there are and reflect that all you have seen, compared with the number of worlds in existence, are less than the fingers of your right hand as compared with all the fingers of the human race. How foolish, then, for us to think that ours is the only world fit for us to stay in. I think that all the stars are inhabited and by beings like the human race in feelings and sentiments, and the difference is in lung respiration and heart beat and physical conformation, their physical conformation fit for the climate of their world and our physical conformation fit for the climate of our world. So we shall feel at home in any of the stellar neighborhoods, our physical limitations having ceased. One of our first realizations in getting out of this world, I think, will be that in this world we were very much pent up and had cramped apartments and were kept on the limits. The most even of our small world is water, and the water says to the human race: "Don't come here or you will drown." A few thousand feet up the atmosphere is uninhabitable, and the atmosphere says to the human race: "Don't come up here or you cannot breathe." A few miles down the earth is a furnace of fire, and the fire says: "Don't come here or you will burn," The caverns of the mountains are full of poisonous gases, and the gases say: "Don't come here or you will be asphyxiated." And, crossing a rail track, you must look out or you will be crushed. And, standing by a steam boiler, you must look out or you will be blown up. And pneumonias and pleurisies and consumptions and apopiexies go across this earth in flocks, in droves, in herds, and it ts a world of equinoxes and cyclones and graves. Yet we are under the delusion that

take us up in a lifeboat. My Christian HARD TIMES IN THE CONFEDERACY: friends, let me tear off your despondencies and frights about dissolution. My Lord commands me regarding you, saying: "Loose him, and let him go.

HEAVEN! HEAVEN!

hour of life is involuntary and no distress at south. all. And I agree with the doctors, for what they say is confirmed by the fact that persons who were drowned or were submerged until portation is not now adequate, from whatall consciousness departed and were afterwards resuscitated declare that the sensation of passing into unconsciousness was pleasurable rather than distressful. The cage of the body has a door on easy hinges, and when that door of the physical eage opens the soul samply puts out its wings and soars. "But," you say, I fear to go because the future is so full of Well, I will tell you bow to treat the mysteries. The mysteries have ceased bothering me, for I do as the judges of your courts often do. They hear all the arguments in the case and then say: "I will take these ranks, which aione would have encouraged papers and give you my decision next week." So I have heard all the arguments in regard to the next world, and some things are uncer tain and full of mystery, and so I fold up the papers and reserve until the next world my picions that were awakened by their action decision about them. I can there study all the mysteries to better advantage, for the light will be better and my faculties stronger, and I will ask the Christian philosophers, the end to come soon; that only the leaders who have had all the advantages of who feared for their heads were holding heaven for centuries, to help me, and out; that the friends of the soldiers in I may be permitted myself humbly to the field encouraged them to desert, ask the Lord, and I think there will and that all of them would desert be only one mystery left, that will be as soon as opportunity offered, except propan enraptured place. Come up out of the sepulchral shadows. If you are not Chris-adrift; that men who remained in the ranks tians by faith in Christ come up into the would not fight any more, and that all of the light; and if you are already like Lazarus, reanimated, but still have your grave clothes done under the orders and direction of the on, get rid of them. The command is: "Loose officers, and they in some cases handled the him, and let him go." The only part of my recent journey that I really dreaded, although I did not say much about it beforehand, was the landing at Joppa. That is the port of entrance for the Holy Land, and there | Circumstances might compel them to remain are many rocks, and in rough weather people in the ranks, but nothing could induce them cannot land at all. The boats taking the peo- to do battle with their old time ardor. The ple from the steamer to the docks must run between reefs that looked to me to be about fifty feet apart, and one misstroke of an of all that was told over the lines of the foroarsman or an unexpected wave has sometimes been fatal, and hundreds have perished serter's first act on finding himself in the along those reefs. Besides that, as we left Port Said the evening before an old traveler said: "The wind is just right to give you a themselves boldly upon the mercy of an anrough landing at Joppa; indeed, I think tagonist, but their famished faces, and their you will not be able to land at all." The fact bungry eyes, wandering wistfully to the was that when our Mediterranean steamer dropped anchor near Joppa and we put out for shore in the small boat, the water was nstill is though it had been sound asleep a hun- Often these men were barefoot and some of dred years, and we landed as easily as I came on this platform. Well, your fears have pictured for you an appalling arrival at the end of your voyage of life, and they say that the seas will run high and that the breakers will swaliow you up, or that if you reach Canaan at all it will be a very rough landing. The very opposite will be true if you have the eternal God for your portion. Your disembarkation for the promised land will be as smooth as was ours at Palestine last Decem-Christ will meet you far out at sea and pilot you into complete safety, and you will land with a hosanna on one side of you and a hallelujah on the other.

"Land ahead:" its fruits are waving O'er the hills of fadeless green, And the living waters laving

Rocks and storms I'll fear no more When on that eternal shore; Drop the anchor: furl the sail: I am safe within the veil!

Woes of a Dentist.

"A man might as well be a hangman as a dentist, as far as expecting any gratitude for his services," remarked an aggrieved member of that unappreciated profession. "I have worked for hours over a back filling in a woman's mouth, where I had to nearly dislocate my neck and tie my backbone into a bowknot, and at the end, if I ventured to straighten up with a sigh of relief. I have been rewarded with a stony glare of indignant condemnation

"A woman will stand more pain than man, for a woman has an inborn instinct of showing herself to the best advantage," he continued. "A rubber dam or a mouth stretched to its utmost capacity is not conducive to personal beauty, and therefore a woman will not add the further disfigurement of lack of courage.

"I had rather a funny experience the other day with an old darky who wanted a tooth pulled. His face was elaborately tied up in red flannel, and his expression was the embodiment of woe. The tooth was a hard one to handle, and just as I gave it the fine! yank he gave a prolonged howl and fairly shot himself through the open window onto the shed roof beneath. He rolled over this roof, still howling, and finally dropped from it to the ground all doubled up like a black rubber ball. All this, instead of hurting him, served to help his case, for he picked himself up and walked off apparently sound in wind and limb, and quite regardless of the fact that he had not paid me.

"I had a man once give me mere than I wanted for pulling his tooth. He was a big. strapping fellow, and I thought the tooth would never come. The forceps slipped off three times, but the fourth time I clinched it. The man never moved nor made a sound until the tooth came out, when he doubled up his fist and landed a blow on my chest that slapped me up against the wall as flat as a lump of putty. Then he took his hat and stalked out without waiting to see whether I ever got my breath again or not."-Boston Globe.

The Star of Bethlekem. Astronomical calculations show that we shall witness a most interesting phenomenon in the course of 1800 A sixth star will be added to the five fixed stars forming the constellation of Cassiopeia. If this star appears in 1800, it will have been seen seven times since the beginning of the Christian era. It was discovered last time by Tycho de Brahe in 1572, who described it as a star of extraorlinary brightness, which outshone the stars of first magnitude, and could be seen in the light of day. But after three weeks the rightness faded, and after having been visble for seventeen months it disappeared as suddenly as it had come. The star is on record in the annals of 1264 A. D., and of 945 A. D., during the Emperor Otto's reign. It it is the only place fit to stay in. We want to stick to the wet plank midocean while the identical Star of Bethlehem, and it seems great ship "The City of God," of the Celesto appear once in about 815 years. -- Cor. Lontial line, goes sailing past and would gladly | don News.

Striking Picture of the Exhausted Condi-

tion of the Troops. In his book, "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," Mr. Davis makes the Heaven is nanety-five per cent, better than statement that owing to a surplus of cash this reorio, a thousand per cent, better, a unused from previous appropriations and on million per cent, better. Take the gladdest, hand in the fall of 1864, no appropriations brightest, most jubilant days you ever had | were deemed necessary to carry the treasury on earth and compress them all into one hour, over until the spring of 1865. The matter of and that hour would be a requiem, a fast lack of supplies was investigated during day, a gloom, a horror, as compared with the the winter, and in a secret session of conpoorest hour they have had in heaven since gress at Richmond the following exhibit its first tower was built or its first gates was made of the condition of Lee's subswung or its first song carolled. "Oh," you sistence department: "That there is not say, "that may be true, but I am so afraid of meat enough in the Southern Confederacy crossing over from this world to the next, for the armies in the field. That there and I fear the snapping of the cord between is not in Virginia meat and bread enough for soul and body." Well, all the surgeons and the armies within her limits. That the supphysicians and scientists declare that there is ply of bread for those armies to be obtained no pang at the parting of the body and soul, from other places depends absolutely upon and all the seeming restlessness at the closing keeping open the railroad connections of the

"That the meat must be obtained from abroad through a seaport. That the transever cause, to meet the necessary demands of the service.

"That the supply of meat to Lee's army is precarious, and if the army fall back from Richmond and Petersburg there is every probability that it will cease altogether." The hard times in the Confederacy were known to every Union soldier who came in contact with the enemy on the Petersburg lines. 'There was regular communication be tween the opposing pickets, and there was an epidemic of desertions from the Confederate the Union troops to believe that the bottom was dropping out of the Confederacy. The stories which these men told of the state of affairs in Dixie more than confirmed the susin deserting their colors. Their stories briefly were that the whole population of the south had given up all hope of success and wanted the end to come soon; that only the leaders Palace Bath & Shaving how one so unworthy as myself got into such erty owners; that the property of deserters Ladies - and - Children's - Hair - Cutting adrift; that men who remained in the ranks firing, or nearly all, on the picket line was guns themselves; that many soldiers when compelled to shoot were careful not to hit the target. They laid great stress upon the fact that the southerners would not fight again, condition of the men who came into the Union camps as deserters attested the truth lorn aspect of things in Lee's camps. A dehands of the enemy was to appeal for food. Occasionally they were too modest to throw tagonist, but their famished faces, and their camp chests and sometimes resting upon a refuse bone, led their captors to offer food the moment they had secured their prisoners. them had worn their trousers legs off half way up to the knees. Such absolute distress among so large a number of men is seldom witnessed. And this was not confined to the men who came in as deserters. Every night Confederates came to the Union camps, wading through swamps and risking their lives

Anna Dickinson's Bravery.

where the pickets' bullets flew, in order to

get bread and meat which their generous

foemen kindly gave out of an abundance.-

It was in one of the coal mining towns, nd a crowd of rude. gathered to prevent Miss Dickinson from speaking. At she stepped upon the platform she was greeted with hisses and screams, and as she advanced to the front the tumuit increased. She did not shrink nor show one sign of fear; her eyes burned with a new light and her face paled a little, not from fear, but from excitement. With an undaunted air she stood there, with her head thrown back, her eyes blazing, one arm behind her, in the attitude all her admirers knew to be her own characteristic, stood waiting for the tumult to cease. Suddenly one man, more reckless or more inflamed with anger than the rest, drew a pistol from his pocket and fired. The shot cut off a lock of her curly hair, but still she never flinched. The look of contempt deepened on her face, and the firm lips closed more tightly. For a moment there was a dead silence, then a voice cried out:

"Ah! but she's a brave lassie; let's hear what she has to say, boys,"

In a second the tide was turned. There was a responsive cheer, that was given with as much heartiness as had characterized the bisses before. She stood conqueror in this curious and

dangerous conflict of wills. One who heard her says that she spoke as though she was inspired, and she carried that audience of men with her. - Boston Heraid.

Say Well and Do Wellf

A short time before Dean Stanley's death he closed an eloquent sermon with a quaint verse, which greatly impressed his congregation. On being asked about it afterward, he said it was doubtful whether the lines were written by one of the earliest Deans of Westminster, or by one of the early Scotch Reformers.

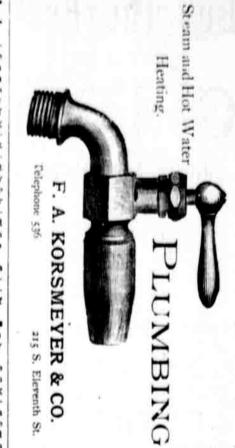
The dean had come upon it by accident, and feeling that it expressed with singular felicity the true Christian proportion between doctrine and character, between good words and good works, he used it to point and adorn his sermon. Readers of The Companion may be glad to add it to their collections of good

words: Say well is good, but do well is better. Do well seems spirit, say well the letter. Say well is godly, and helpeth to please; But do well lives godly, and gives the world case. Say well to silence sometimes is bound, But do well is free on every ground. Say well has friends, some here, some there, But do well is welcome everywhere. By say well to many God's word cleaves But for lack of do well it often leaves If say well and do well were bound in one frame,

Then all were done, all were won, and gotten were -Youth's Companion.

A Quick Witted Boy.

Loss of life was doutaless prevented by the prompt action of a little it year-old lad. Norman Smith, at Kingston recently. While playing near the West Shore railway track he discovered a mass of rock which had slid down over the south bound track in Fitch's cut, just after the watchman had passed. Seeing the Hudson River express rounding the curve some distance above, he made frantic efforts to warn the engineer of danger. The train was stopped just to time and was switched at the north track. Other trains were decained for a time. A private car, with F. W. Clement and family on board, was attached to the train. A purse of money was quickly made up for the little fellow. - New York Tribune.



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