



one spark of brilliance. They who start life without bright hopes and inspiring ambitions might as well not start at all, for every step will be a failure. Rather would I add to the bundle, and if I open it now it will not be because I wish to take anything from it, but that I may put into it more coronets and hosannas.

The Power to Think.
Bundle of faculties in every man and every woman! Power to think—to think of the past and through all the future, to think upward and higher than the highest pinnacle of heaven, or to think downward until there is no lower abyss to fathom. Power to think right, power to think wrong, power to think forever, for, once having begun to think, there shall be no terminus for that exercise, and eternity itself shall have no power to bid it halt. Faculties to love—filial love, conjugal love, paternal love, maternal love, love of country, love of God. Faculty of judgment, with scales so delicate and yet so mighty they can weigh arguments, weigh emotions, weigh words, weigh heaven and hell. Faculty of will, that can climb mountains or tunnel them, wade seas or bridge them, accepting eternal enthronement or choosing everlasting exile. Oh, what it is to be a man! Oh, what it is to be a woman! Sublime and infinite bundle of faculties! The thought of it staggers me, swamps me, stuns me, bewilders me, overwhelms me. Oh, what a bundle of life Abigail in my text saw in David, and which we ought to see in every human, yet immortal being!

Now, I have to tell you that this bundle of life is well put together—the body, the mind, the soul. Who but the omnipotent God could bind such a bundle? Anatomists, physiologists, physicists, logicians, metaphysicians, declare that we are fearfully and wonderfully made. That we are a bundle well put together I prove by the amount of journeying we can endure without damage, by the amount of rough handling we can survive, by the fact that the vast majority of us go through life without the loss of an eye, or the crippling of a limb, or the destruction of a single organ of body or faculty of mind. I subpoena for this trial that man in yonder view 70 or 80 years of age and ask him to testify that after all the storms and accidents and vicissitudes of a long life he still keeps his five senses, and, though all the light-houses as old as he have been reconstructed or new lanterns put in, he has in under his forehead the same two lanterns with which God started him, and, though the locomotives of sixty years ago were long ago sold for old iron, he has the original powers of locomotion in the limbs with which God started him, and, though all the electric wires that carried messages twenty-five years ago have been torn down, his nerves bring messages from all parts of his body as well as when God strung them seventy-five years ago. Was there ever such a complete bundle put together as the human being? What a factory! What an engine! What a mill race! What a lighthouse! What a locomotive! What an electric battery! What a furnace! What a masterpiece of the Lord God Almighty! Or, to employ the anti-climax and use the figure of the text, what a bundle!

Is Properly Directed.
Now also that this bundle of life is properly directed. Many a bundle has missed its way and disappeared because the address has dropped and no one can find by examination for what city or town or neighborhood it was intended. All great carrying companies have so many misdirected packages that they appoint days of vendue to dispose of them. All intelligent people know the importance of having a valuable package plainly directed, the name of the one to whom it is to go plainly written. Baggage master and expressman ought to know at the first glance to whom to take it.

This bundle of life that Abigail, in my text, speaks of is plainly addressed. By divine penmanship it is directed heavenward. However long may be the earthly distance it travels, its destination is the eternal city of God on high. Every mile it goes away from that direction is by some human or infernal fraud practiced against it. There are those who put it on some other track, who misplace it in some wrong conveyance, who send it off or send it back by some diabolic miscarriage. The value of that bundle is so well known all up and down the universe that there are a million dishonest hands which are trying to detain or divert it, or to forever stop its progress to the right direction. There are so many influences abroad to ruin your body, mind and soul that my wonder is not that so many are destroyed for this world and the next, but that there are not more who go down irremediably.

Every human being is assailed at the start. Within an hour of the time when this bundle of life is made up the assault begins. First of all, there are the infantile disorders that threaten the body just launched upon earthly existence. Scarlet fevers and pneumonias, and diphtherias and influenzas, and the whole pack of epidemics surround the cradle and threaten its occupant, and infant Moses in the ark of bulrushes was not more imperiled by the monsters of the Nile than every cradle is imperiled by ailments all devouring. In after years there are foes within and foes without. Evil appetite joined by outside allurements. Temptations that have utterly destroyed more people than now inhabit the earth. Gambling saloons and razzmatties, and places where dissoluteness reigns supreme, enough in number to go round and round and round the earth. Discouragements, jealousies, revenges, malevolences, disappointments, swindles, arsons, confagurations and cruelties which make continued existence of the human race a wonderment. Was any valuable bundle ever so imperiled as this bundle of life? Oh, look at the address and get that bundle going in the right way! "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and soul, and mind and strength." Heaven with its twelve gates standing wide open with invitation. All

the forces of the Godhead pledged for our heavenly arrival if we will do the right thing. All angelic ready for our advance and guidance. All the lightnings of heaven so many drawn swords for our protection. What a pity, what an everlasting pity, if this bundle of life, so well bound and so plainly directed, does not come out at the right station, but becomes a lost bundle, cast out amid the rubbish of the universe!

Value of the Bundle.
Know also that a bundle may have in it more than one invaluable. There may be in it a photograph of a loved one and a jewel for a caracant. It may contain an embroidered robe and a Dore's illustrated Bible. A bundle may have two treasures. Abigail, in my text, recognized this when she said to David, "The soul of my lord is bound in the bundle of life with the Lord thy God," and Abigail was right. We may be bound up with a loving and sympathetic God. We may be as near to him as ever were emerald and ruby united in one ring, as ever were two deeds in one package, as ever were two vases on the same shelf, as ever were two valuables in the same bundle. Together in time of sorrow. Together in time of joy. Together on earth. Together in heaven. Close companionship of God. Hear him, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." "For the mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee." And when those Bible authors compared God's friendship to the mountains for height and firmness they knew what they were writing about, for they well knew what mountains are. All those lands are mountains, Mount Hermon, Mount Gilboa, Mount Gerizim, Mount Engedi, Mount Horeb, Mount Nebo, Mount Pisgah, Mount Olivet, Mount Zion, Mount Moriah, Mount Lebanon, Mount Sinai, Mount Golgotha. Yes, we have the divine promise that all those mountains shall weigh their anchorage of rocks and melt away from the earth before a loving and sympathetic God will move away from us if we love and trust him. Oh, if we could realize that according to my text we may be bound up with that God, how independent it would make us of things that now harass and annoy and dispose and torment us. Instead of a grasshopper being a burden a world of care would be as light as a feather, and tombstones would be marble stairs to the king's palace, and all the giants of opposition we would smite down hip and thigh with great slaughter.

A God away up in the heavens is not much consolation to us when we get into a life's struggle. It is a God close by, as near to us as any two articles of apparel were near to each other in that bundle that you sent the other day to that shivering home, through whose roof the snow sifted and through whose broken window pane the night winds howled. It was sacrificed irony and holy sarcasm that Elijah used when he told the idolaters of Baal to pray louder, saying that their god might be asleep, or talking, or on a journey, or gone a hunting, but our God is always wide awake, and always hears, and is always close by, and to him a whisper of prayer is as loud as an archangel's trumpet, and a child's "Now I lay me down to sleep" is as easily heard by him as the prayer of the great Scotchman and the highlands when pursued by Lord Claverhouse's mercenaries. The covenant said, "O Lord, cast the lap of thy cloak about these children of the covenant," and a mountain fog instantly hid the pursued from their bloodthirsty pursuers. I proclaim him a God close by. When we are tempted to do wrong, when we have questions of livelihood too much for us, when we put our darlings into the last sleep, when we are overwhelmed with physical distress, when we are perplexed about what next to do, when we come into combat with the king of terrors, we want a God close by. How do you like the doctrine of the text, "Bound in the bundle of life with the Lord thy God?" Thank you, Abigail, kneeling there at the foot of the mountain uttering consolation for all ages, while addressing David. No wonder that in after time he invited her to the palace and put her upon the throne of his heart as well as upon the throne of Judah.

Will Be Welcomed in Heaven.
Now also that this bundle of life will be gladly received when it comes to the door of the mansion for which it was bound and plainly directed. With what alacrity and glee we await some package that has been foretold by letter; some holiday presentation; something that will enrich and ornament our home; some testimony of admiration and affection! What glow of expectation we untie the knot and take off the cord that holds it together in safety, and with what glad exclamation we unroll the covering and see the gift or purchase in all its beauty of color and proportion. Well, what a day it will be when your precious bundle of life shall be opened in the "house of many mansions" and saintly and angelic and divine inspection! The bundle may be spotted with the marks of much exposure, to tell through what ordeal it has passed. Perhaps splashed with wave and scorched of flame, but all it has within undamaged of the journey. And with what shouts of joy the bundle of life will be greeted by all the voices of the heavenly home circle!

Oh! I cannot tell you how I feel about it, the thought is so glorious. Bound up with God. Bound up with infinite mercy. Bound up with infinite joy. Bound up with infinite purity. Bound up with infinite might. That thought is more beautiful and glorious than was the heroic Abigail, who at the foot of the crags uttered it—"Bound in the bundle of life with the Lord thy God!"

Now, my hearer and reader, appreciate the value of that bundle. See that it is bound up with nothing mean, but with the unsullied and immaculate. Not with a pebble of the shifting beach, but with the kohinor of the palace, not with some fading regalia of earthly pomp, but with the robe washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. Pray as you never prayed before, that by divine chirography written all over your nature, you may be properly addressed for a glorious destination.

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Charity.—The church is not a charitable institution. Charity is incidental, not fundamental, in the church. Its business is to help people to help themselves by developing in them the best; working out their salvation, i. e., their character, according to the laws of development, and saving them and their world, not from anything necessarily, but to all that is good and true.—Rev. Wm. Rader, Congregationalist, San Francisco, Cal.

SOLDIERS AT HOME.

THEY TELL SOME INTERESTING ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

How the Boys of Both Armies Waded Away Life in Camp—Foraging Experiences, Tireless Marches—Thrilling Scenes on the Battlefield.

COL. CHARLES MARSHALL, who was chief of staff to General Robert E. Lee, contributes to the Sunday Inter Ocean the following version of the famous surrender to Grant on April 9, 1865, which he calls "The True Story of Appomattox." It is the first authoritative account of the historic event written by a Confederate officer of high rank having confidential relations with Lee:

There is one very important matter I wish settled at the outset. It is this: General Lee did not meet General Grant in the McLean house on the morning of April 9, 1865, for the purpose of then and there effecting a surrender of his army. On the contrary, it was simply for the purpose of hearing Grant's terms. As a matter of fact, if he had not suited General Lee he would not have accepted them, but Grant's offer was so liberal, so magnanimous, and so chivalrous that it was accepted forthwith.

I wish to have another matter understood before beginning a consecutive narrative of the surrender. This is in regard to General Horace Porter's statement, made repeatedly, orally and in writing, that General Lee offered his sword to General Grant. I take exception to this statement. Lee never offered his sword to Grant and the latter never refused it. I was with the great Southern chieftain from the time he greeted Grant in the McLean house until he rode away, and the only time the mention of a sword was made was when Grant apologized to Lee for his dress, explaining that it was not possible for him to get access to his baggage and at the same time keep the appointment. The terms of capitulation expressly excepted side arms, and in view of that fact it would have been a most unusual procedure for General Lee to have offered his sword to Grant. These matters are unimportant in themselves, but it is well for the sake of history to have them cleared up.

After the disaster of Sailor's creek, in April, 1865, the army, reduced to two corps under the command of General Longstreet and General Gordon, moved through Farmville, where rations were issued to some of the starving troops. A close pursuit by the overwhelming army of General Grant made it necessary to remove the wagon trains before all the men could be supplied, and the remnant of the great army of Northern Virginia, exhausted by light and starvation, moved in the road to Appomattox courthouse.

On the afternoon of April 7, 1865, General Grant wrote to General Lee stating that the hopelessness of further resistance was apparent, and asking a surrender of the army of Northern Virginia. When this letter was received there was some difference of opinion among the general officers as to the nature of the reply to be made to General Grant's letter, some thinking it was yet possible to save the remnant of the army. Finally, however, General Lee decided to meet Grant, and I was directed to draw up a communication to that effect. This is the letter General Lee signed:

"April 7, 1865.—General: I have received your note of this date, though not entertaining the opinion you express of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia; I reciprocate your desire to avoid useless effusion of blood, and therefore, before considering your proposition, ask the terms you will offer on condition of surrender. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE, General."

It was not until the next day that a reply was received to this letter. Grant stated that he would insist upon but one condition; this was that the men and officers surrendered should be disqualified to take up arms against the United States, until properly exchanged.

Even after this correspondence General Lee did not abandon hopes of successfully extricating himself from the dilemma. The army had been in straits almost as deplorable. The march was continued April 8, with little interruption from the enemy. In the evening we halted near Appomattox courthouse, General Lee intending to march, by way of Campbell courthouse, through Pittsylvania county, toward Danville, with a view of opening communication with the army of General Joseph E. Johnston, then retreating before General Sherman through North Carolina. General Lee's purpose was to unite with General Johnston to attack Sherman or call Johnston to his aid in resisting Grant, whichever might be found the better. The exhausted troops were halted for rest near Appomattox courthouse, and the march was resumed at 1 a. m.

We made our simple toilet, consisting mainly of putting on our caps and saddling our horses. Somebody had a little cornmeal, and somebody else had a tin can, such as is used to hold water for shaving. A fire was kindled and each man in his turn, according to rank and seniority, made a can of oatmeal gruel and was allowed to keep the can until the gruel became cool enough to drink. General Lee, who reposed as we had done, not far from us, did not, as I remember, have even such refreshments as I have described.

As soon as we all had our turn at the shaving can we rode toward Appomattox courthouse, when the sound of guns announced that Gordon had already begun to attempt to open the way.

He forced his way through the cavalry of the enemy, only to encounter a force of infantry far superior to his own weary and starving command. He informed General Lee that it was impossible to advance further, and it became evident that the end was at hand.

General Lee had written Grant, stating that he would meet him at 10 o'clock the morning of April 9, on the old stage road to Richmond. Attended by myself and one orderly, Lee proceeded down this road to meet General Grant. General Lee, with an orderly in front bearing a flag of truce, had proceeded but a short distance after passing through our rear guard, when he came upon the advancing enemy. I rode forward to meet a Federal officer, who turned out to be Lieutenant Colonel Whittier of General Humphrey's staff, and who delivered to me General Grant's reply to General Lee's letter, declining to discuss terms of a general pacification. I took this letter to General Lee, who at once dictated to me a letter to Grant, asking an interview for the purpose of discussing terms of surrender. Colonel Whittier took this letter to Grant.

General Lee then returned to the front, and with General Longstreet proceeded to a small orchard and there waited for Grant's reply. As he was much fatigued, a rude couch was prepared under an apple tree, upon which he reclined until the appearance of a flag of truce and Grant's affirmative reply. Colonel Babcock, who brought the reply, told General Lee that he had been sent to make any arrangements for the meeting that General Lee desired within the Federal or Confederate lines.

General Lee directed me to accompany him with one orderly, and immediately mounting his horse, rode with Colonel Babcock toward Appomattox courthouse. We passed through an infantry force in front of the village, and General Lee directed me to find a suitable place for the meeting. I rode forward and asked the first citizen I met to direct me to a house suitable for the purpose. I learned afterward that the citizen was Mr. McLean, who had lived on the battlefield of Bull Run, but had removed to Appomattox courthouse to get out of the way of the war. McLean conducted me to a room in his own house, and I sent back the orderly who had accompanied me to direct General Lee and Colonel Babcock to the house. They came in presently, and Colonel Babcock said that, as General Grant was approaching on the road in front of the house, it would only be necessary for him to leave an orderly to direct him to the place of meeting.

General Lee, Colonel Babcock, and myself sat in the parlor for about half an hour, when a large party of mounted men arrived, and in a few minutes General Grant came into the room, accompanied by his staff and a number of Federal officers of rank, among whom were General Ord and General Sheridan.

General Grant greeted General Lee very civilly, and they engaged in a conversation for a short time about their former acquaintance during the Mexican war. Some other Federal officers took part in the conversation, which was terminated by General Lee saying to General Grant that he had come to discuss the terms of the surrender of his army, as indicated in his note of that morning, and he suggested to General Grant to reduce his opposition to writing.

General Grant assented, and Colonel Parker of his staff moved a small table from the opposite side of the room and placed it by General Grant, who sat facing General Lee. When General Grant had written his letter in pencil he took it to General Lee, who remained seated. General Lee read the letter and called General Grant's attention to the fact that he required the surrender of the cavalry as if they were public horses. He told General Grant that Confederate cavalrymen owned their horses, and they would need them for planting a spring crop. General Grant at once accepted the suggestion.

The terms of the letter having been agreed to, General Grant directed Colonel Parker to make a copy of it in ink; and General Lee directed me to write its acceptance. Colonel Parker took the table upon which General Grant had been writing to the other side of the room, and I accompanied him, and after he had finished copying the letter I sat down at the same table and wrote General Lee's acceptance.

When General Grant had signed the copy of his letter made by Colonel Parker and General Lee had signed the answer, Colonel Parker handed to me General Grant's letter and I handed to him General Lee's reply, and the work was done.

When General Lee returned to his lines a large number of men gathered around him, to whom he announced what had taken place and the causes that had rendered the surrender necessary. Great emotion was manifested by officers and men alike, but Lee maintained admirably his self-control. Although the surrender was a fearful blow to him, he did not wince.

Mark Twain's Search for a Word.
A little story about Mark Twain. The humorist gives exceeding care to composition. He sometimes rewrites an article a dozen or more times, studying the whole range of syntax to give precision and lucidity to a thought, says M. A. P. For some fourteen numbers he lived at Quarry Farm, near Elmira the home of his sister-in-law Mrs. Crane. One day he disappeared and no trace of him was found until at dinner-time he reappeared at the house. "Where in the world have you been all day?" he was asked. "I—have—been—hunting—for—a—word," replied Mr. Clemens in that drawl peculiar to him. "And—what's—more,—I've—found—it,—too," he added.

WHEN AN AXLE BREAKS.

How Damaged Vehicles Got to the Repair Shop.

The common way of getting a vehicle to the repair shop when an axle breaks close to the hub, as it usually does, is in the case of a rear axle, to get a piece of jolt or other timber from the nearest convenient place, make the forward end of it fast to the front axle, and let the other end trail under the broken axle, which rests upon it, the end of the jolt dragging on the pavement behind. Thus supported, says the New York Sun, the broken end of the axle is kept clear of the pavement, but not so high as it would be if in order and with a wheel on it, and so the vehicle thus drawn off to the shop has a decided sag.

A better way of getting the vehicle with a broken axle to the shop, and one often used on heavier vehicles, such as coaches and large wagons, is to make fast to the broken axle a short section of axle with a wheel turning on it, such as repair shops keep ready for such use; wheels of different sizes, as front wheels and rear wheels, turning on a short length of axle, which is secured to the broken axle by means of clips. This temporary wheel may perhaps be of a different color from the other three, but it holds the vehicle up to its usual level, keeps it from racking, and by this means it is drawn easily and safely to the shop.

It may be, however, that for the very largest vehicles such spare wheels and axles are not kept; and, in that case, this vehicle would be got to the shop in the same way as the lightest vehicles, but with the use of rather heavier materials. Thus, when the rear axles of one of those long four-wheel trucks, such as are now used for the transportation of ponderous iron beams, was broken off at the wheel, the axle was supported on a long, square, heavy stick of timber, the forward end of which was secured to the front axle. To raise the rear axle up to about its ordinary level, blocks were placed between its under side and the top side of the timber. From the under side of the end of the timber, as it dragged over the paving stones, little smoke wreaths now and then floated out. Even with no load at all the weight of the massive truck was so great and bore so heavily upon the supporting timber that the end of the timber, where it dragged upon the ground, had been worn down almost to a point and it was almost set afire by the friction as it was dragged along.

Mountain Railroads.

There has been no State in the Union as fortunate in the matter of accidents as Colorado, so far as her passenger traffic is concerned. This is something marvelous, too when one takes into consideration the fact that there is more crooked, winding roads in the State than in any other in the Union. There are more up-grades and down-grades and lapping over than on all the rest of the lines of the country combined.

Away back in the past, when the projectors and promoters of the Union Pacific suggested to Congress that it would be possible to climb over the mountains and band the continent with rails of steel, the members of Congress laughed and told in long speeches of the folly of such an undertaking. Not very far back in the history of Colorado, when the Rio Grande proposed to pierce the mountain fastnesses, many of the citizens derided the idea and suggested that others could ride in a train up over mountains if they wished to, "but not me."

But the Union Pacific found its way safely through the mountains, and so did the Rio Grande, and so have several other roads. They carry the traffic across the backbone of the continent and do not report as large a percent. of loss of life as the air lines on the broad prairies. The secret of the safety of mountain roads lies in the fact that the best equipment is used, and the greatest care exercised in the running of trains, two facts which guarantee safety.—Denver Times.

Flag that Flo ts Over Morro.

Few American flags have a more interesting history than attaches to the banner which was hung to the breeze over Morro castle, Havana, on New Year's Day. It first flew over the Coin Exchange National Bank, Philadelphia, when the famous Corn Exchange regiment of volunteers was organized for the war of the States. It flew over the bank during nearly the whole of the war and was then secured by the late ex-United States Senator Alexander G. Cattell, then an officer of the Merchantsville, N. J., and stored it away as a sacred thing. While President Grant was visiting Senator Cattell he raised the historic banner to a pole over the Senator's mansion—an act that added materially to the historic value of the stately emblem. After that the flag was again stored away as a prized relic. When ex-Senator Cattell died it was practically forgotten until George W. Alger pronounced it from the estate and presented it to the government for the purpose to which it was put at Havana.

Unique Verdicts of Coroners.

A correspondent sends the London Chronicle the following unique certificate, given by a Welsh coroner on the death of a woman: "Fell into the Glamorganshire canal, whereby she died, and, being of unsound mind, did kill herself." This is nearly as good as the verdict once rendered by an old-time Buffalo coroner, who found that his "subject" died "from intemperance, chronic asthma and the visitation of God."

It is the experience of the women that it is easier to have the grip twice than to stay well, and nurse a man who has it once.