remed to-dily; a and horse and While the di

O'er and o'er up and down, every town.

Oh! well may the dead march sound to-day once were brave for the

frav. Who once would have led in the flercest charge. With hearts that were true and with hopes that

But they rest from strife. They have given their life, And the Nation to-day will march to their

As the ocean-tides march with their sounding At God's command:

As the cloud-billows march, in silence grand. So the graves to-day through the breadth of

As in by-gone years, Shall be rich with showers Of the Nation's tears And the Nation's flowers.

Comrades! soon our forms must slumber Underneath the sod. For our souls are swiftly marching To the birouse of God, But the day shall still be honored At its worth,

By the soldiers' sons and daughters Through the earth. They shall carry drooping banners, They shall march in s:lence all With no bugle call, While the drum-corps O'er and o'er As before, Beats the dead-march up and down,

For this day is set apart By the grateful Nation's heart. -Rev. Charles S. Newhall, in Chicago Advance.

Through the streets of every town.

SERGEANT SAM'S STORY

How He Was Sared by a Woman's Love and Devotion.



Dress! Salute!" and the click of heels followed as I looked up. The man I knew at once, but who was the boy? In line they stood, immovable as graven images, with right hands, palm outward, at the visors of their forage "Why, Sam!" "Colonel! shake It does me as much

good to see you as it did when we run up the old flag at Vicksburg. Thirty-eight, come here and shake hands with your Colonel He knows you, sir, and all about you used to say when the fight was hot; and when I see you coming, I says: Thirty-eight, get into line, mind your drill and salute your Colonel like a man and soldier. didn't he just do it, eh?"

I took the hand of the great-eyed, brave boy in my own and watched him while he intently studied my face.

"Now, Thirty-eight, run on ahead and tell them I'm coming back with our Colonel. You got to ration with me this one time, sir, if I carry you to my quarters. I've wanted long to see you and I can't and

won't let you go." It was on the evening of Memorial Day that this meeting occurred. I had visited the town by invitation of the G. A. R., and certain matter I had written for the occasion was read during the ceremonies. After dinner I had again stolled toward the church-yard and it was just outside the gate that I encountered Sergeant Sam and

the boy. Sam Shingle was about the bravest, mor reckless man in the old Thirty-eighth regiment — volunteers, which for three years of the late war I had the honor to

Brave they all were, but Sam was th leader, and color-sergeant also, but he was likewise the most troublesome man; in the discharge of his duty none excelled him, but his profanity was fearful, he would drink to excess, and when drunk was a

During one of our assaults upon Vicksburg, Lieutenant Sidney Foster, a slight, delicate young officer, was left in front of the enemy's works when we were driven back and the gigantic color-sergeant had resigning his flag for a time, rushed be tween cross-fires, picked Foster up and car-ried him, as a mother would a child, back into safety. The act was so noble, so daring, that even the gallant foe, those who could see it, cheered for the brave fellow and exulted in seeing him succeed.

But he was terribly wounded before he did reach our lines, and shortly after received his discharge for disability resulting from wounds received in action. Together with Foster, mustered out for the same reason, he had gone to the Western home of the Lieutenant, and here it was I met him



AS A MOTHER WOULD A CHILD.

The boy had started ahead, as order ough it was evident he would have glad-

brough and through, that boy is—and I'm raining him for a soldier, I am. See how se obeys orders? I tell you when Uncle lam gets Thirty-eight Foster for a soldier, ald glory won't wave over a better or

Then that is the son of your great friend, Lieutenant Foster, is it?"

on dr and her's " "That's his son, sir, and ser's."

I looked more closely than ever at Sam—
Show his voice trembled as he spoke the last father could put his lips against the baby hawkshaw.

Word, How changed he was. There was check when I see it was all over with my

no trace of the old riotous living, no touch or hant of profesity in his language; not a taint of the beast about him.

Why do you call that fine little fellow

Thirty-eight?" I saked.

Sam laughed. "Well, you see, Colonel, right after he came here I took the old figures off my old cap and polishes 'em up and put 'em onto a little blue cap that the ther made for him. You never see any thing or anybody so tickled in your life as he was, and he uster cry for that cap, and then put his hand up to make folks see them figures and so we got to calling him 'Thirty-eight,' and he knows that name best and is best known by that name, and, don't you fear, Colonel, he don't nowise, noway disgrace the old Thirty-eight, he don't; he never picks a fight, but he fights any thing, and there ain't no squealing when he gets licked. I'm first sergeant over that boy, I am, and I known him all

I had promised to go to supper with Sam, and as he approached his home, which he pointed out in advance, I noticed a tavern



ONE NIGHT WE WERE SITTING RIGHT HERE." near by; this gave me the chance to

"I suppose over there is your headquarters most of the time, Sam? "No, sir! There's just where you don't

hit it. There has not been a drop of that go into my mouth since the day I promised It was a neat house, with a good, old col-

ored servant, I was taken to and I enjoyed my supper with the old sergeant and the boy, and then, in the moonlight, on that Memorial Day, he and I sitting alone, enjoying our pipes, old Color-Sergeant Sam

told me his story:
"When we left the service, Colonel, I having neither kith nor kin, came out here with Leftenant Foster, he needed me to help hold him up in one way, and I surely needed him to hold me off from some of my

Well, he'd been married, as you may remember, on his leave of absence about a year before we left, so we both went to work to fix up this place for the wife and little one, and I worked square and honest, though I still took my grog mighty regular, and was mighty fond of it, too.

"When we got all things here ready for inspection and review, then the Leftenant back pay and final settlements and to bring the wife and baby home. He had some money of mine, and before he started he gave it to me, and all that money and most of my time I spent at that tavern you see

"You know what I am, Colonel, when I'm on the loose, and I guess I got that time worse than ever, having no commanding officer whatever, and I kept it up, day and night, until I was crazy as a hose in a barn

"I didn't have any idea just when the Leftenant was coming home, and so one night as I came rolling back here, full as I could hold to my back teeth, I spied through the window a man moving about in the front room: 'twasn't an instant before I was in there and had him in my grip. I raised him up and was just about to bring him in one smash on the floor when something—somebody all in white kind of floated to my side and laid a hand on my arm.

"Sam, Sam, it is your Leftenant!" that is what I heard, and a child could have finshed me then.

"You've heard men say, sir, how they sometimes wished the earth could swallow them -that's how I felt. So little, so brave, so quiet-I didn't dare to look at her. I just laid the Leftenant down and turned to

go away forever. "'Sam, come here with me—come to your room,' she said. I obeyed better than ever I did even your orders, sir; but I didn't dare to look at her. You see she knew me from what he had told her, and her grand heart

could forgive all that. "I went to my bed and she brought me my tea, and soup, made by her own hands, and she sat by me and talked to me as no one else ever talked, nor could talk to me neither preach nor scold it wasn't-honest friendly, loving talk-and she told me how had saved her husband for her, and how he loved me and she loved me-and, Colonel, it fetched me bad, fetched me every way, and she went and brought in wee bit of a babby, and she says: 'Sam, I want you to look after and care for this little Sidney as you did for his father, and you

must promise me that you will, for I trust you, Sam.' "And, sir, I did promise her then and there, and I put myself on special duty to carry the colors before that boy, to carry them up and square to the front-anthat promise I have kept, and will keep to the end of my life, so help me, God!

"We were very happy and well-content here—all but me. I see that she was wearing her life out for her boy and husband, but what could I do? It was not for me to speak. Love her? I did love her-but not in the way that men talk of loving women. What could I be to her, but Sam? I never touched even the skirt of her dress. 'Love' was not

the name for it. "She was fading and fading away: no one but me seemed to notice it, but I could see it every day and hour, and I did not know if I'd feel glad or sorry. She did not be-long here, she was kin to God and to Hia, and her place was above.

"One night we were sitting right here, where we are now, and she heard little Sid give a whimper from his cot.
"'I'm called,' she said, and got up as

"An hour after I heard the Leftenant cry, and jumped; we found her white and lovely as ever, with the baby in her arms, stched upon her bed; but she had gone me to the God that loved her—to the God

"It wasn't long before he went, too; he didn't seem to care to want to live after that and nothing could rally him, not even the tricks of little Sid, that was the peart-est baby you ever see, just as he's the brightest boy in the world now.

"One night, the little chap was in the cot with me, and I heard the Leftenant call in his weak voice:

Leftenant-he'd got his discharge -a detail at headquarters where he and she wend meet and know no more sorrow, or pain, or

"And since then, so far as in me lays, I've en a father to Thirty-eight-I mean little Sid. He loves me, I know he does, and there is no use on earth for me but for him I'm strict as I ought to be with him, orders is orders, and I see that he obeys 'em; but he knows how old Sam loves him.

"Out where you were to-day, Colonel-out at that graveyard, they are both buried. I dug his grave, and I dug her's. No hands but mine would I let make ready the last home on earth of these two, and there is where I found you, and there and here is where any one can find me. The Leftenant left enough for the boy, and I have my pension from Uncle Sam, and I live happy, intent and a clean man."

"Do you go to church, Sam?" I asked. "Well,no, sir, I don't," he replied. "To tell the truth, I don't take kindly to their articles of war; there's two of 'em here and each talks directly opposite to the other and each says that if I don't go their way I'm booked for eternal and everlasting roasting. 'Tain't that way she talked, there was nothing but the lose of God in all she ever told me, and I'm more than willing to risk all my chances on her teaching. The boy roes to the church and Sunday-school tain't for me to keep him from them, but I'm too old a dog to learn new tricks when they try to whip 'em into me.

"I did go to church once or twice, but the men grinned at the idea of old Sam being there, and the women smiled, the girls sniggered, and that kind of told me that I had to keep away from there er get into a fight, and so, when little Sid goes there, I just sit out by the graves yonder, by his grave and h r's, and I hear enough to do me all the good that can be done me here on earth.

"You never expected to hear this talk from old Sam, did you, Colonel? Well, I wouldn't say the same to any other man on earth, but I have just been aching for years to ask some one that I could trust if I am right or not, and you 're the man I most wanted to see. I want to know if I am wrong in doing as I try to do. What do you think?

"She left me her boy, he left the boy in my care. I know I try to do the best for him, and I believe she sees how honestly I work to do it. "I could no more do what would shame

me before her than I could have deserted my colors. I am not crazy or one of your Spiritualists, but I do seem to hear her, do feel that she is always near me and satisfied with what I do-or try to do. Do you think I am right, or do you think I am a fool?"

"This is Memorial Day for all, and all hearts are tender - but it is 'Memorial Day' me for every day of my life. Memory of my duty to her boy, of my gone Leftenant and of her who saved me, whose words made a real man of me and who went home to God and left me something to live and hope for-am I a fool for all this, Colonel?'

l answered him "No"-and in my soul I believe that the sweet spirit of the gentle wife and mother must hover over, control and guide the glorious efforts of the old soldier, so strangely changed in nature, who continually strives to do as she would have him do, to bring her boy into all the paths of manly truth and nobility of life. who has so far subdued his own nature as from a loving, beautiful reverence, keeps and will keep while he lives one unend ing, sacred and ever-remembered "Me-ALEX. DUKE BAILIE. morial Day."

THE CHIVALROUS COLONEL.



crosses the Louisville & Nashville at Docatur, Ala., and as the train approached the place a woman who had been very nervous for some time past suddenly began to weep. The Colonel, who is big of heart as well as of stature, asked the cause of her trouble, and

after a bit she explained: "I-I have a presentiment of trouble. man who has vowed to make me trouble comes to Decatur very often, and I feel that shall meet him here."

"But he wont't dare speak to you?" "Oh, yes, he will. He dares do any

thing."
"Well, I'll see you over to the other train, and if he's around he'd better look out for himself." "Thank you ever so much. I'm really

afraid of my life." The other train was waiting for us, and the Colonel took the lady and started across the platform. They were suddenly con fronted by a man who made a grab at and as she screamed the Colonel shot out with his right and knocked him clean over a baggage-truck. He put the woman into a car, dropped off as the bell rang, and got back to the truck just as his victim was getting up.

"Who struck me?" asked the man as looked around him. "I did," replied the Colonel. "No m can insult a lady under my protection."

"Do you know her?" "Never spoke to her until a quarter of an hour ago."

"Read this." And he handed out a telegram sent to him at Huntsville from Nashville. It read: "George Blank-Your wife is running away with John Doe. They will change for Memphis at Decatur."

He had come down to intercept them been knecked out by the Colonel, and the train was ten miles away before he opened his eyes. We had not noticed John Doe but he was probably in one of the other cars.-Detroit Free Press:

The Way of Insurance Mon. "John," said the accident agent, "be sur and drop in at old Curmudge's as you pass this morning and express your sympathy over the loss of his brother in the railway cident recently. Express mine to hi

also."
"But old Curmudge had no brother in the accident," said the patient solicitor.
"Well, what in all that's unboly has th

got to do with it!" said the agent, cheerily,
"all he can do is to tell you so." "But it might unnecessarily alarm him, ersisted the solicitor.

"That's the point; that's exactly the point," returned the accident agent, cheerily. "Alarm him as much as possible. His own policy runs out next month, and it is that in the midst of life we are surrou

"And John," he added, as the paties solicitor departed on his errand, "take this banana peel and put it carefully on the front steps. It is by attention to details that the symmetry of perfect business is built up."—Insurance Herald.

WIGHTA, Kan., boasts of a Mohawk de

HUMAN UNCLEANNESS.

Dr. Talmage Discourses on Original Sin in Man.

Natural Foulness of the World-No Good Apologies For Sin-There is No Pardon Without Repentance-Christ Ready to Cleanse All.

In a late sermon at Brooklyn Rev. T. De Witt Talmage took for his text: "If I wash myself with snow water and should cleanse my hands in alkali, yet shalt thou plunge me in the ditch, and mine own clothes shall abhor me."-Job ix. 30-3L The preacher said: Albert Barnes-honored be his name on

earth and in Heaven-went straight back to the original writing of my text, and translated it as I have now quoted it, giving substantial reasons for so doing. A!though we know better, the ancients had an idea that in snow water there was a special power to cleanse and that a garment washed and rinsed in it would be as clean as clean could be; but if the plain snow water failed to do its work, then they would take lye or alkali and mix it with oi', and under that preparation they felt that the last impurity would certainly be gone. Job, in my text, in most forceful figures sets forth the idea that all his attempts to make himself pure before God were a dead failure, and that, unless we are abluted by something better than earthly liquids and chemical preparations, we are loathsome and in the ditch." "If ! wash myself with snow water, and should I cleanse my hands in alkali, yet shalt thou plunge me in the ditch, and mine own clothes shall abhor me."

You are now sitting for your picture. turn the camera obscura of God's word full upon you, and I pray that the sunshine falling through the skylight may enable me to take you just as you are Shall it be a flattering picture or shall it be a true one? You say: "Let it be a true one." The first profile that was ever taken was taken, 330 years before Christ, of Antigonus. He had a blind eye, and he compelled the artist to take his profile so as to hide the defect in his vision. But since that invention, 33) years before Christ, there has been a great many profiles. Shall I to-day give you a one-sided view of yourselves, a profile, or shall it be a full length portrait, showing you just what you are? If God will help me by His almighty grace, I shall give you that

last kind of a picture. When I first entered the ministry I used to write my sermons all out and read them, and run my hand along the line lest I should lose my place. I have hundreds of those manuscripts. Shall I ever preach them? Never; for in those days I was omewhat overmastered with the idea I heard talked all around about, of the dignity of human nature, and I adopted the idea, and I evolved it, and I illustrated it, and I argued it; but coming on in life, and having seen more of the world, and studied better my Bible, I find that that early teaching was faulty, and that there is no dignity in human nature until it is about vessels going to pieces on the Skerries, off Ireland! There never was such a shipwreck as in the Gibon and the Hiddetel rivers of Eden, where our first parents foundered. Talk of a steamer going down with five hundred passengers on board! What is that to the shipwreck of fourteen hundred million souls? We are by nature a mass of uncleanness and putrefaction, from which it takes all the omnipotence and infinitude of God's grace to extricate us. "If I wash myself with snow water, and should I cleanse my hands in alkili, yet shalt thou plunge me in the ditch, and my own ciothes shall

abhor me." I remark, in the first place, that so people try to cleanse their soul of sin in the snow water of fine apologies. Here is one man who says: "I am a sinner; I confess that; but I inherited this. My father was a sinner, my grandfather, my greatgreat-grandfather, and all the way back to Adam, and I couldn't help myself." My brother, have you not, every day in your life, a ded something to the original estate of sin that was bequeathed to you? Are you not brave enough to confess that you have sometimes surrendered to sin which you ought to have conquered? I ask you whether it is fair play to put upon our ancestry thing: for which we ourselves are personally responsible? If your nature was askew when you got it, have you not sometimes given it an additional twist? Will all the tombstones of those who have preceded us make a barricade high enough for eternal defenses? I know a devout man who had blasphemous parentage. I know an honest man whose father was a thief. I know a pure man whose mother was a waif of the street. The hereditary tide may be very strong, but there is such a thing as stemming it. The fact that I have a corrupt nature is no reason why I should yield to it. The deep stains of our soul can never be washed out by the snow water of such in-

sufficient apology. Still further, says some one: "If I have gone into sin, it has been through my companions, my comrades and associates; they ruined me. They taught me to drink. They took me to the gambling hell. They plunged me into the house of sin. They ruined my soul." I do not believe it. God gave to no one the power to destroy you or me. If a man is destroyed he is self destroyed, and that is always so. Why did you not break away from them? If they had tried to steal your purse you would have knocked them down; if they had tried to purloin your gold watch you would have riddled them with shot; but when they tried to steal your immortal soul you placidly submitted to it. Tuose bad fellows have a cup of fire to drink; do not pour your cup into it. In this matter of the soul every man for himself That those persons are not fully responsi-ble for your sin, I prove by the fact that you still consort with them. You can not get off by blaming them. Though you gather up all these apologies; though there were a great flood of them; though they should come down with the force of

stand up columnar in your integrity, and look down upon those who are prostrate in their habits and crimes. What of that, my brother? If I failed through recklessmy brother? If I failed through recklessness and wicked imprudence for \$10,000, is
the matter alleviated at all by the fact
that somebody else has failed for \$100,000,
and somebody else for \$200,000? O, no, if
I have the neuralgia, shall I refuse medical attendance because my neighbor has
virulent typhoid fever? The fact that his
disease is worse than mine—does that
cure mine? If I, through my foolhardi-

sees, leap off into rule, does it break the | will be safer and happier there." The capfall to know that others leap off a higher tain would look down with indignation matter at all that instead of two or three people being hurt there were seventy-five mangled and crushed? Because others are deprayed, is that any excuse for my depravity? Am I better than they? Perhaps they had worse temptations than I have had. Perhaps their surroundings in life were more overpowering. Perhaps, O man, if you had been under the same stress of temptation, instead of being here to-day you would have been looking through the bars of a penitentiary. Perhaps, O woman, if you had been under the same power of temptation, instead of sitting here to-day you would be tramping the street, the laughing stock of men and the grief of the angels of God, dungeoned, body, mind and soul, in the blackness of despair.

Some winter morning you go out and see snow bank in graceful drifts, as though by some heavenly compass it had been curved: and as the sun glints it the luster is almost insufferable, and it seems as if God had wrapped the earth in a shroud with white plaits woven in looms celestial. And you say: "Was thereever any thing so pure as the snow, so beautiful as the snow?" But you brought a pail of that snow and put it upon the stove and melted it; and you found that there was a sediment at the bottom, and every drop of that snow water was riled; and you found that the snow bank had gathered up the impurity of the field, and that after all it will be if you try to gather up these contrasts and comparisons with others, and with the apologies attempt to wash out the sins of your heart and life. It will be an unsuccessful ablution. Such snow water will never wash away a single stain of an immortal soul. But I hear some one say: "I will try

comething better than that. I will try the force of good resolution. That will be more pungent, more caustic, more extirpating, more cleansing. The snow water has failed and now I will try the alkali of the good strong resolution." My dear brother, have you any idea that a resolution about the future will liquidate the past? Suppose I owed you \$5,000 and I should come to you to-morrow and say:
"Sir, I will never run in debt to you again; if I should live thirty years I will never run in debt to you again;" will you turn to me and say: "If you will not run in debt in the future I will give you the \$5,000." Will you do that? No! Nor will God. We have been running up a long score of indebtedness with God. If for the future we should abstain from sin that would be no defrayment of past indebtedness. Though you should live from this time forth pure as an archangel before the throne that would not redeem the past. God, in the Bible, distinctly declares that He "will require that which is past"-past opportunities, past neglects, past wicked words, past impure imaginations, past every thing. The past is a great cometery. and every day is buried in it. And here is a long row of 365 days. They are the dead days of 1888. Here is a long row of days of 1886. It is a vast cemetery of the past. But God will rouse them all up with resurrectionary blast, and as the prisoner stands face to face with juror and judge, so you and I will have to come up and look upon those departed days face to face, exulting in their smile or cowering in their frown.

"Murder will out" is a proverb that stops too short. Every sin, however small, as well as great, will out. In hard times in England, years ago, it is authentically stated that a manufacturer was on the way with a bag of money to pay off his hands. A man infuriated with hunger met him on the road and took a rail with a nail in it from a paling fence and struck him down, and the nail entering the skull instantly slew him. Thirty years after that the murderer went back to that place. He passed into the grave yard where the sexton was digging a grave and while he stood there the spad of the sexton turned up a skull, and, lo! the murderer saw a nail protruding from the back part of the skull; it seemed with hollow eyes to glare on the murderer, and he, first petrified with horror, stood in silence but soon cried out, "Guilty! guilty! O God!" mystery of the crime was soon over. The man was tried and executed. My friends. all the unpardoned sins of our lives hough we may think they are buried out of sight and gone into a mere skeleton of memory, will turn up in the cemetery of the past, and g ower upon us with their misdoings. I say all of our unpardoned s ns. O, have you done the preposterous thing of supposing that good resolutions for the future will wipe out the past?

You see from the last part of this text that Job's idea of sin was very different from that of Eugene Sue, or George Sand, or M. J. Michelet, or any of the hundreds of writers who have done up iniquity in mezzotint and garlanded the wine cup with eglantine and rosemary, and made the path of the libertine end in bowers of ease instead of on the hot flagging of eternal torture. You see that Job thinks is not a tableland of fine prospects; that it is not music, duicimer, violoncello, castanet and Paucean pipes, all making music together. No. He says it is a ditch. long, deep, loathsome, stenebful and we are all plunged into it, and there we wallow and sink and struggle, not able to get out. Our robes of propriety and robes of worldly profession are sat-urated in the slime and abomination, and our soul, covered with transgression, hates its covering and the covering hate the soul until we are plunged into the ditch and cur own clothes abbor us.

I know that some modern religionists caricature sorrow for sin, and they make out an easier path than the "Pilgrim's Progress" that John Bunyan dreamed of. The road they travel does not stop where John's did, at the city of Destruction, but swiftest of the Inmana, coming across the Atlantic. The wind is abaft, so that she

cliff into deeper darkness? When the and say: "Get out of the way, or I will Hudson rail train went through the bridge run you down." And then I would back at Spuyten Duyvil, did it alleviate the oars, amidst the jeering of two or three hundred people looking over the taffrail. But the Umbrie and the City of Paris most under different circumstances after awhile. The City of Paris is coming out of a cyclone; the lifeboats are smashed; the bulwarks gone; the vessel rapidly going down. The boatswain gives his last whistle of despairing command. The passengers run up and down the deck, and some pray, and all make a great outcry. The captain says: "You have about fifteen minutes now to prepare for the next world." "No hope!" sounds from stem to stern and from the ratlines down to the cabin. I see the distress. I am let down by the side of the Umbria. I push off as fast as I can toward the sinking City of Paris. Before I come up the people are leaping into the water in their anxiety to get to the boat, and when I have swung up under the side of the City of Paris, the frenzied passengers rush through the gang-way until the officers, with axe and club and pistols, try to keep back the crowd, each wanting his turn to come next. There is lut one life boat and they all want to get into it, and the cry is: "Me next! me next!" You see the application before I make it. As long as a man going on in his sins feels that all is well, that he is coming cut at a beautiful port, and has all sail set, he wants no Christ, he wants no help, he wants no rescue; but if under the flash of God's convicting spirit he shall see that by reason of sin he is dismasted was not fit to wash in. And so I say it and waterlogged, and going down into the trough of the sea where he can not live, how soon he puts the sea glass to his eye and sweeps the hor zon, and at the first sign of help cries out: "I want to be saved. I want to be saved now. I want to be saved forever." No sense of danger,

no application for rescue. O, that God's eternal spirit would flash upon us a sense of our sinfulness! The Bible tells the story in letters of fire, but we get used to it. We joke about sin. We make merry over it. What is sin? Is it a trifling thing! Sin is a vampire that is sucking out the life blood of your immortal nature. Sin? It is a Bastile that no earthly key ever unlocked. Sin? It is expatriation from God and Heaven. Sin? It is grand larceny against the Almighty, for the Bible asks the question: "Will a man rob God?" answering it in the affirmative. This gospel is a writ of replevin to recover property unlawfully detained from God.

In the Shetland islands there is a man with leprosy. The hollow of the foot has swollen until it is flat on the ground. The joints begin to fail away. The ankle thickens until it looks like the foot of a wild beast. A stare unnatural comes to the eye. The nostril is constricted. The voice drops to an almost inaudable hoarseness. Tubercles blotch the whole body, and from them there comes an exudation that is unbearable to the beholder. That is leprosy, and we have all got it unless cleansed by the grace of God. See Leviticus. See Second Kings. See Mark. See Luke. See fifty Bibie allusions and confirmations.

The Bible is not complimentary in its 365 more graves, and they are the dead language. It does not speak mineingly 365 more graves, and they are the dead ically. There is no vermilion in its style. It does not cover up our trangressions with blooming metaphor. It does not sing about them in weak falsetto; but it thunders out: "The imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth " "Every one has gone beck. He has altogether become filthy. He is abominable and filthy, and drinketh in iniquity like water." And then the Lord Jesus Christ flings down at our feet this humiliating catalogue: "Out of the heart of men proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornication, murders, thefts, blasphemy." There is a text for your rationalists to preach from O, the dignity of human nature! There is an element of your science of man that the anthropologist never has had the ccu age yet to tcuch, and the Bible, in all the ins and cuts of the most forceful style, sets forth our natural pollution, and represents iniquity as a frightful thing, as an exhausting thing, as a loathsome thing. It is not a mere befouling of the hands; it is going down, head and ears under, in a di ch, until our clothes abhor us.

My brethren, shall we stay down where sin thrusts us? I shall not if you do. We can not afford to. I have to-day to tell you that there is something more pungent than alkali, and that it is the blood of Jesus Christ that cleanseth from all sin. Ay, the river of salvation, bright, crystaline and Heaven born, rushes through this audience with billowey tide strong enough to wash your sins completely and forever away. O. Jesus, let the dam that holds it back now break and the floods of salvation roll over us.

Let the water and the blood, From thy side a healing flood, He of sin the double cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

Let us get down on both knees and bathe in that flood of mercy. Ay, strike out with both hands and try to swim to the other shore of this river of God's grace. To you is the word of this salvation sent. Take this largest of the divine bounty. Though you have grown down in the deepest ditch of libidinous desire eternal torture. You see that Job thinks and corrupt behavior, though you have that sin is not a flowery parterre; that it sworn all blasphemies until there is not one sinful word for you to speak, though you have been submerged by the transgressions of a lifetime, though you are so far down in your sin that no earthly help can touch your case—the Lord Jes Christ bends over you to-day and offers you His right hand proposing to lift you up, first making you whiter than snow. and then raising you to glories that never die. "Billy," said a Christian bootblack to another, "when we come up to Heaven it won't make any difference that we've been bootblacks here, for we shall get in, not somehow or other, but, Billy, we shall get straight through the gate " O, if you only knew how full and free and ten is the offer of Christ this day you would all take Him without one single exception; and if all the doors of this house were locked save one and you were compelled at the gate of the university; and I am very certain that it will not come out where John's did, under the shining ramparts of the celestial city. No repentance, Still further, some persons apologize for their sins by saying: "We are a great deal better than some people. You see people all around about us that are a great deal worse than we are."

If you do not, my brother, would answer me as you went out, one do you want of Christ to lift you out? If you have no appreciation of the fact that you are astray, what do you want of Him pel marsh. The is not a great deal worse than we are."

If you do not, my brother, would answer me as you went out, one do you want of the fact that you are astray, what do you want of Him pel marsh. grants and buccaneers; it is the highly polished and educated and the refined as well. cent a man be born again he can not see has not only her engines at work, but all sails up. I am on board the Umbria of the Cunard line. The boat davits are your associations, and whatever may be your associations, and whatever your worldly refinements I must tell you as to fore God I expect to answer in the last