

# DISREGARDED.

The President's Proclamation Carries No Force at New York.

JENKINS WILL USE HIS DISCRETION.

The Powers of the General Government Secondary to the Local Government in Matters of Health and Quarantine.

New York, Sept. 3.—Health Officer Jenkins declares that he shall continue to quarantine vessels and to release them from quarantine according to his view of the requirements of the special cases, without regard to President Harrison's proclamation. In the absence of Attorney-General Rosewell, Deputy Attorney-General John W. Hogan, in response to a request from Dr. Jenkins asking him to define his powers in connection with the circular approved by President Harrison, ordering a quarantine detention of twenty days on all vessels destined for United States ports, wrote an opinion in which he particularly holds that the health officer of the port of New York may use his discretion as to how long a vessel shall be detained at quarantine independent of any proclamation of the president.

Mr. Hogan in the course of his opinion says: "I have read the opinion of the attorney-general of the United States as published in the public press of this date and agree with that portion of his opinion wherein he states that the act of congress of April 30, 1878, may be considered in full force and effect at the present time."

The act of 1878 referred to prohibits the entry of any vessel from any foreign port or country where contagious or infectious diseases may exist, contrary to quarantine laws of any state into or through which said vessel may pass or to which it is destined except in the manner and subject to the regulations to be prescribed as in the act contained.

The act further requires the consular officer or other representatives of the United States at or near any foreign port to immediately give information to the supervising surgeon-general of the marine hospital service whenever any infectious or contagious disease shall appear in any foreign port or country, or in case of the departure of any vessel from any infected foreign port bound for any port in the United States. The facts to be reported in such cases are stated in detail, and a like report is required to be made to the health officer of the port of destination in the United States. The consular officer is further required to make weekly reports to the health officer of the sanitary condition of the ports where they are respectively stationed.

The surgeon-general of the marine hospital service under the direction of the secretary of the treasury is charged by the act with the execution of the provisions of the act and of framing rules and regulations for that purpose, which rules are to be subject to approval by the president. The two important provisions of the same act should be considered in determining how far this act of congress is applicable to the port of the city of New York. The rules and regulations to be prescribed are, by the act itself, limited by the provisions:

First—That such rules and regulations shall not conflict with, or impair any sanitary, or quarantine laws, or regulations of any state or municipal authorities now existing, or which may hereafter be enacted.

Second—Provided that there shall be no interference in any manner with any quarantine laws or regulations as they now exist, or may hereafter be adopted, under state laws.

The act of congress, as will be seen, therefore, recognizes the right of the states to enact quarantine laws and rules and regulations, and when such laws, rules and regulations shall have been enacted, the act of congress, or any rules or regulations established thereunder in conflict with, or that may in any manner impair, or interfere with such quarantine laws, or regulations as exist in the states, must give way to the laws and regulations adopted by the various states.

The act of congress, therefore, in view of the fact that the state of New York has adopted the laws and regulations in reference to quarantine, does not give the supervising surgeon-general of the United States any authority to make any rules or regulations that conflict with or impair any law of the state of New York, or any rule or regulation of the quarantine commissions or health officer of this state.

Small Boys Mangled by a Train.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 3.—On the Reading railroad at Laurel station, on the outskirts of the city, four little boys, James Powers, 12 years old, his brother Thomas Powers, 10 years, John Duffy, 12 years and Garret Dollard, 11 years, were sitting on the track talking when an express train suddenly shot around a curve, and before the children could gain their feet the engine was upon them. The two Powers boys were killed and the other two lads were badly injured.

Gloom at Hamburg.

HAMBURG, Sept. 3.—The anniversary of the victory of Sedan, a day which is usually marked by great public rejoicings, passed here in the gloomiest manner. Except for the decorations seen on the post office and the railway station not a flag was displayed. The churches were filled with people praying that the cholera epidemic might cease.

Cholera at Dieppe.

PARIS, Sept. 3.—Cholera has made its appearance at Dieppe. Two cases of disease and one death were reported there to-day. In Rouen twenty fresh cases of cholera and three deaths from the disease occurred to-day.

Amour Plant Amalgamation.

CHICAGO, Sept. 3.—The entire interests of the world known Amour family, representing a capital of perhaps \$50,000,000, will, it is reported on excellent authority, be united October 1.

## A LONE SHARPSHOOTER.

He Causes a Sensation in a Religious Week.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Aug. 30.—While the militiamen on duty at Coal Creek were gathered upon the grass underneath the trees Sunday listening to a sermon by Rev. Dr. Ramsey, chaplain of the First regiment, the sharp crack of rifles on the mountain side above and the hissing of several bullets as they passed close to the heads of the crowd caused a sensation.

A lone sharpshooter in dark clothes and a slouch hat was seen for a moment and then disappeared behind the rocks. Col. Clark at once dispatched an order to Capt. Roach, of the First regiment, to send a volunteer company after the sharpshooter. The captain himself hurried up the mountain side and soon sighted the man, but he was then disappearing away up on the mountain, and three shots from the captain's gun failed to bring him down.

The appearance of this scout of the militia immediately after the return of part of the militia may have a great deal of significance, for there are well-founded reports of large numbers of miners hidden away in the mountain fastnesses. The officers are studying whether or not to send a squad on a scout over into the mountains, where the mountaineer miners would have such a tremendous advantage over the troops. Reinforcements are now on their way and will arrive to-morrow.

It has been decided to transfer several companies to Clinton, the county seat, where all the trials will take place during the first week in September. There is still a scouting squad at Oliver Springs capturing prisoners.

## A NEW POLICY.

No More Reservations to Be Leased to Cattlemen.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 30.—William A. Snyder, of Arkansas City, has applied to the Indian bureau for a lease of the Tonkawa reservation. His application was answered yesterday, and was very short statement to the effect that it had been decided not to lease it.

This of itself might be considered rather unimportant, but it is the first step in the line of a new policy which has an important bearing on the Cherokee strip. Special report to the bureau shows that the cattle in the strip got there through the Ponca and Otoe reservations as the reservations were leased for grazing purposes.

It has been concluded that these simply serve as a door to let cattle into the strip and much trouble can be prevented by refusing to lease these lands. For this reason it is refused to lease the Tonkawa country, as it would be used as an open door to the strip. The present leases for the Ponca and Otoe reservations expire next March and it is believed it has been decided not to lease them next year and in this way shut cattle out of the strip.

## SMUGGLING FRAUDS.

Custom House Officers Unearth Huge Frauds in Sugar.

New York, Aug. 30.—The custom house officers have succeeded in unearthing some old frauds by which the government has been cheated out of thousands of dollars in the importation of sugar. The special agents and surveyor general have been at work on the case for some time. They have not yet finished their investigations, but have gone far enough to know the nature and extent of the frauds and will lay the facts before the United States district attorney and as soon as proper legal evidence can be secured a number of prosecutions will be begun.

Eight importers are involved in the frauds, as well as several employees in the weigher's department. The officers will not at present reveal the names of the persons implicated in the fraudulent transactions.

## THE EIGHT-HOUR LAW.

The Attorney-General is Constrained in View of Existing Difficulties to Hold That a Limitation Exists.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 30.—In response to a request from the acting secretary of war, the attorney-general has rendered an opinion as to the application of the eight-hour law to certain work and employees under the war department. The attorney-general in his opinion says that in view of the previous legislation upon the subject, of the alleged evils sought to be corrected and in deference to the legislative understanding and purpose apparent in debate and reports of committees, he is constrained to hold that the law, as to laborers and mechanics in the direct employment of the government and of the district of Columbia, is general, and that the limitation as to public works applies only to such persons as are in the employ of contractors and sub-contractors.

## HEAD MONEY.

Malay Hordes' Troops Being in Heads of Rebels For Reward.

TANGIER, Aug. 30.—The sultan's cavalry and infantry started on an expedition into the country of the rebellious Anghers this morning. After burning four villages they met the main body of insurgents. A brisk exchange of musketry shots followed, but in a short time the majority of the rebels fled. Many of the fugitives made their way to the shore, whence they escaped in fishing boats. A few of the insurgents fought desperately until Haman, their leader, seeing that the battle was lost, mounted his horse and fled. The troops then returned to Tangier with the heads of the rebels they had killed, for which they will receive \$8 per head from the sultan's treasury.

## Iron Hall Dry Bones.

BOSTON, Aug. 30.—Insurance Commissioner Merrill was seen yesterday in relation to the latest statements made by Supreme Justice Somerby, of the Iron Hall, wherein the latter criticizes the court's action and expressed belief that the order would be revived. The commissioner said that it was sheer nonsense and amounted to nothing. "There is no chance of his, or anybody else, resurrecting the Iron Hall. It is dead now as a door nail. The fact is the people who have been and now are identified with it have lost confidence in it by its latest showing as an order."

## THE CHOLERA ARRIVES.

A Plague-Infected Ship Reaches New York From Hamburg—Twenty-two Passengers Die on the Voyage.

New York, Sept. 1.—Asiatic cholera reached the port of New York on board the steamship Moravia. Twenty-two deaths occurred during the ten days she was on the ocean. Two patients, both adults, are recovering from the disease on board ship. Dr. Jenkins is hopeful that he will be able to keep the cholera away from the city of New York.

The Moravia, which arrived Tuesday night from Hamburg, had twenty-two deaths on board during the passage. The ship's surgeon called the disease cholera, but that is only another name for the dreaded Asiatic cholera. Dr. Jenkins said the results were serious and he was fearful that more deaths would follow. On August 18 the Moravia sailed. On the following day the cholera broke out and the first death took place within twenty-four hours. The disease spread rapidly among the ship's 230 steerage passengers. There were no cabin passengers. The children suffered most and by August 29 the number of deaths had reached the total of twenty-two. Of these two were adults and twenty children. They suffered much pain and their deaths were those which are peculiar to cholera. The death list was made up of thirteen natives of Poland, three natives of Hesse, one native of Austria and five of Prussia. They were all buried at sea.

Notwithstanding the condition of her passengers the captain of the Moravia steamed into port through the fleet of vessels anchored off the boarding station. When boarded by health officers she was ordered to quarantine and within five minutes was under way. The action of the captain in bringing the plague to this country will be thoroughly investigated.

## HAMBURG'S FLIGHT.

HAMBURG, Sept. 1.—There is no questioning the fact that the present cholera epidemic is the worst that has ever visited this city, and every hour the situation becomes worse. The people are dying like sheep and the plague is spreading.

It was thought early Tuesday that the epidemic was abating in virulence, the number of cases and deaths reported for Monday being far below those of the day preceding. Unfortunately, this was not the case. It was only a temporary halt in the onward march of the plague and now it is again marching forward, mowing down its victims by the score. A fearful feeling of apprehension hangs over the whole city and the belief that the doctors are helpless to fight the scourge grows in strength. The people feel that they are helpless in the face of the terrible visitation that has come on them and many of them have given up hope of escaping the disease. This itself is a calamity, for courage is one of the essential factors in fighting the epidemic.

## STRIKERS YIELDING.

The Carnegie Mills Gradually getting the Upper Hand.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Sept. 1.—Secretary Madden, of the Amalgamated association, announced a new signature to the scale. It was that of the iron and steel company of Irondale, Ind., employing 200 men.

The strike is practically broken. Many of the Amalgamated men have deserted their union and are at work as non-union men. The extent of the break is shown at the Blooming mill, where the old crew, with only two exceptions, one of which was a shears man, are at work to-day doing their usual good work. The situation in the Carnegie strike district shows some radical changes. Though the Amalgamated association still declares the strike on, some of the strikers have yielded to the strain upon them, and have applied for their positions in the mill. About eighteen men are said to have deserted the ranks of the Thirty-third street strikers. Among them was a heater on the eighteen-inch mill who has been employed by the Carnegie Co. for a dozen years. The strikers were much surprised when it was announced that negro puddlers had entered the Twenty-ninth street Carnegie mill. The rumor was discredited at first, but upon investigation was found to be true.

The puddling department at this mill contains thirty-two furnaces and it requires about 125 puddlers to run it double turn, with about fifty more at the much rolls. Between forty and fifty colored puddlers were found in the mills early this morning hard at work boiling iron.

## BANK ROBBERY SPOILED.

A Poss in Waiting and One of the Desperate Fatahy Shot.

CAYUCOS, Cal., Sept. 1.—A daring attempt to rob the Bank of Cayucos was frustrated early yesterday morning. One of the robbers and A. C. McLeod, ex-sheriff of San Luis Obispo county, were shot. The robber will probably die, but McLeod is not seriously hurt. Five men from San Luis Obispo arrived in the night and went to Bank Manager Simmler's residence for the purpose of compelling him to open the safe, but anticipating robbery Simmler was absent. His bed was occupied by a young man named Willie Waterman, who admitted them to the bank. County Sheriff O'Neil and Deputy McLeod, also Constable Banks and Deputy Marshal Kues, of San Luis City were waiting and in the attempt to arrest the robbers the shooting took place. Four of the robbers escaped, but are known to the officers.

## Eight Persons Drowned.

MANISTEE, Mich., Sept. 1.—The schooner City of Toledo, lumber laden for Chicago, capsized and sunk eighteen miles north of here last evening and eight persons were drowned.

The boat left Manistee yesterday, encountered a fierce gale and in attempting to enter the harbor at Pierpont, struck the bar and capsized, sinking immediately.

The lost include Capt. John J. McMillan, his two daughters, who were making the voyage with him, and five sailors whose names are not known. Capt. McMillan leaves a wife and five children.

## SERAPHIC WINGS.

Dr. Talmage Continues His Sermons to Thousands in England.

An Interesting Discourse Based Upon an Unusual Text—Covering the Footsteps With the Wings of Time—Irreverence Rebuked.

Dr. Talmage continues to preach to crowded houses in England. The sermon chosen for publication the current week was from Isaiah v. 2: "With twin he covered his feet, and with twin he did fly." The preacher said:

In a hospital of leprosy good King Uzziah had died and the whole land was shadowed with solemnity, and theological and prophetic Isaiah was thinking about religious things, as one is apt to do in time of great national bereavement, and, forgetting the presence of his wife and two sons, who made up his family, he has a dream, not like the dreams of ordinary character which generally come from indignation, but a vision most instructive and under the touch of the hand of the Almighty.

The place, the ancient temple; building, grand, awful, majestic. Within that temple a throne higher and grander than that occupied by any czar or sultan or emperor. On that throne, the eternal Christ, in lines surrounding that throne the brightest celestials, not the cherubim, but higher than they; the most exquisite and radiant of the heavenly inhabitants; the seraphim. They are called burners because they look like fire. Lips of fire, eyes of fire, feet of fire. In addition to the features and limbs which suggest a human being, there are pinions which suggest the lithiest, the swiftest, the most buoyant and most inspiring of all intelligent creation—a bird. Each seraph had six wings, each two of the wings for a different purpose. Isaiah's dream quivers and flashes with these pinions. Now folded, now spread, now beaten in locomotion, with feathery veil of angelic modesty hides his feet. "With twin he covered his feet, and with twin he did fly."

The probability is that these wings were not all used at once. The seraph standing there near the throne overwhelmed at the insignificance of the paths his feet had trodden as compared with the paths trodden by the feet of God, and with the lameness of his locomotion amounting almost to decrepitude as compared with the divine velocity, with feathery veil of angelic modesty hides his feet. "With twin he covered his feet."

Standing there overpowered by the overwhelming splendors of God's glory, and unable with the eyes to look upon them, and wishing those eyes shaded from the insufferable glory, the pinions gathered over the countenance. "With twin he did cover the face." Then, as God tells his seraphs to go to the furthest outpost of immensity on message of light and love and joy, and get back before the first anthem, it does not take the seraph a great while to spread himself upon the air with unimagined celerity, one stroke of the wing equal to 10,000 leagues of air. "With twin he did fly."

The most practical and useful lesson for you and me—when we see the seraph spreading his wings over the feet, is a lesson of humility at imperfection. The brightest angels of God are so far beneath God, and we so far beneath the seraph in service we ought to be plunged in humility, utter and complete. Our feet, how laggard they have been in the divine service! Our feet, how many missteps they have taken. Our feet, how many paths of worldliness and folly they have walked!

Neither God nor seraph intended to put any dishonor upon that which is one of the masterpieces of Almighty God—the human foot. Physiologist and anatomist are overwhelmed at the wonders of its organization. The Bridgewater Treatise, written by Sir Charles Bell, on the wisdom and goodness of God as illustrated in the human hand, was a result of the \$40,000 bequeathed in the last will and testament of the earl of Bridgewater for the encouragement of Christian literature. The world could afford to forgive his eccentricities, though he had two dogs seated at his table, and though he put six dogs alone in an equipage drawn by four horses and attended by two footmen. With his large bequest inducing Sir Charles Bell to write so valuable a book on the wisdom of God in the structure of the human hand, the world could now afford to forgive his oddities. And the world could now afford to have another earl of Bridgewater, however idiosyncratic, if he would induce some other Sir Charles Bell to write a book on the wisdom and goodness of God in the construction of its bones, the lubrication of its joints, the gracefulness of its lines, the ingenuity of its cartilages, the delicacy of its veins, the rapidity of its muscular contraction, the sensitiveness of its nerves. I sound the praises of the human foot. With that we halt or climb or march. It is the foundation of the physical fabric. It is the base of a God-poised column. With it the warrior braces himself for battle. With it the orator plants himself for eloquence. With it the toiler reaches his work. With it the outraged stamps his indignation. Its loss an irreparable disaster. Its health an invaluable equipment. If you want to know its value ask the man whose foot paralysis hath shriveled, or machinery hath crushed or surgeon's knife hath amputated. The Bible honors it. Especial care: "Lest thou dash thy foot against a stone," "he will not suffer thy foot to be moved," "thy feet shall not stumble," "Special charge: "Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God." Especial peril: "Their feet shall slide in due time." Connected with the world's dissolution: "He shall set one foot on the sea and the other on the earth."

Give me the history of your foot and I will give you the history of your lifetime. Tell me up what steps it hath gone, down what activities and in what roads and in what directions, and I will know more about you than I will know more about you than I will know. None of us could endure the

scrutiny. Our feet are not always in the paths of God; sometimes in paths of worldliness. Our feet, a divine and glorious machinery for usefulness and work, so often making missteps, so often going in the wrong direction, God knowing every step; the patriarch saying, "Thou settest a print on the heels of my feet." Crimes of the hand, crimes of the tongue, crimes of the eye, crimes of the ear not worse than the crimes of the foot. O, we want the wings of humility to cover the feet. Ought we not to go into self-abnegation before the all-searching, all-scrutinizing, all-trying eye of God? The seraphs do. How much more we. "With twin he covered the feet."

All this talk about the dignity of human nature is bragadoocio and a sin. Our nature started at the hand of God regal, but it has been paperized. There is a well in Belgium which once had very pure water, and it was stoutly masoned with stone and brick; but that well afterward became the center of the battle of Waterloo. At the opening of the battle the soldiers with their sabres compelled the gardener, William Von Kysloom, to draw water out of the well for them, and it was very pure water. But the battle raged, and three hundred dead and half dead were flung into the well for quick and easy burial; so that the well of refreshment became the well of death, and long after, people looked down into the well, and they saw the bleached skulls but no water. So the human soul was a well of good, but the armies of sin have fought around it, and fought across it and been slain, and it has become a well of skeletons. Dead hopes, dead resolutions, dead opportunities, dead ambitions. An abandoned well unless Christ shall reopen and purify and fill it as the well of Belgium was. Unclean, unclean!

Another seraphic posture in the text: "With twin he covered the face." That means reverence Godward. Never so much irreverence abroad in the world as to-day. You see it in the defaced statues, in the cutting out of figures from fine paintings, in the chipping of monuments for a moment, in the fact that military guard must stand at the grave of Grant and Garfield and that old shade trees must be cut down for firewood, though fifty George F. Morriszes beg the woodmen to spare the tree, and that calls a corpse a cadaver, and that speaks of death as going over to the majority, and substitutes for the reverent terms, father and mother, "the old man" and "the old woman," and finds nothing impressive in the ruins of Baalbec or the columns of Karnac, and see no difference in the Sabbath from other days except it allows more dissipation and reads the Bible in what is called higher criticism, making it not the Word of God, but a good book with some fine things in it. Irreverence never so much abroad. How many take the name of God in vain, how many trivial things said about the Almighty. Not willing to have God in the world, they roll up an idea of sentimentalism, and humanitarianism, and impudence, and imbecility, and call it God. No wings of reverence over the face, no talking off of shoes on holy ground. You can tell from the way they talk they could have made a better world than this, and that the God of the Bible sheds every sense of propriety. They talk of the love of God in a way that shows you they believe it does not make any difference how bad a man is here, he will come in at the shining gate. They talk of the love of God in such a way which shows you they think it is a general jail delivery for all the abandoned and the scoundrelism of the universe. No punishment hereafter for any wrong done here.

The Bible gives us two descriptions of God, and they are just opposite, and they are both true. In one place the Bible says God is love. In another place the Bible says God is a consuming fire. The explanation is as plain as plain can be. God through Christ is love. God out of Christ is fire. To win the one and to escape the other we have only to throw ourselves, body, mind and soul into Christ's keeping. "No," says irreverence, "I want noatonement, I want no pardon, I want no intervention, I will go up and face God, and I will challenge Him, and I will defy Him, and I will ask Him what He wants to do with me." So the finite confronts the infinite, so a tack hammer tries to break a thunderbolt, so the breath of human nostrils defies the everlasting God, while the hierarchies of Heaven bow the head and bend the knees as the King's chariot goes by, and the arch-angel turns away because he cannot endure the splendor, and the chorals of all the empires of Heaven comes in with full diapason, "holy, holy, holy!"

Reverence for the shame, reverence for the old merely because it is old, reverence for stupidity however learned, reverence for incapacity however finely inaugurated, I have none. But we want more reverence for God, more reverence for the sacraments, more reverence for the Bible, more reverence for the pure, more reverence for the good. Who is this God before whom the arrogant and intractable refuse reverence? There was an engineer by the name of Strascrates who was in the employ of Alexander the Great, and he offered to hew a mountain in the shape of his master, the emperor, the enormous figure to hold in the left hand a city of ten thousand inhabitants, while with the right hand it was to hold a basin large enough to collect all the mountain torrents. Alexander applauded him for his ingenuity, but forbade the enterprise because of its costliness. Yet I have to tell you that our king holds in one hand all the cities of the earth, and all the oceans, while he has the stars of Heaven for his tiara.

Earthly power goes from hand to hand, from Henry I. to Henry II. and Henry III., from Charles I. to Charles II., from Louis I. to Louis II. and Louis III., but from everlasting to everlasting is God. God the first, God the last, God the only. He has one telescope with which he sees everything; his omniscience. He has one bridge with which he crosses everything; his omnipresence. He has one hammer with which he builds everything; his omnipotence. Put two tablespoonfuls of water in the palm of your hand and it will overflow; but Isaiah indicates that God puts the Atlantic and the Pacific and the Arctic and the Antarctic and the Mediterranean and the Black sea and all the waters of the earth in the hollow of his hand; the fingers the bench on one side, the wrist the bench on the other. "He holdeth the water in the hollow of his hand."

As you take a pinch of salt or powder between your thumb and two fingers, so Isaiah indicates God takes up the earth. He measures the dust of the earth, the original there indicating that God takes all the dust of all the continents between the thumb and two fingers. You wrap around your hand a blue ribbon five times, ten times. You say it is five hand breadths, or it is ten hand breadths. So, indicates the prophet, God winds the blue ribbon of the sky around His hand. "He metheth out the Heavens with a span." You know that balances are made of a beam suspended in the middle with two basins at the extremity of equal beft. In that way that vast heft has been weighed. But what are all the balances of earthly manipulation compared with the balances that Isaiah saw suspended when he saw God putting into two scales the Alps and the Appenines, and Mount Washington and the Sierra Nevada. You see the earth had to be ballasted. It would not do to have too much weight in Europe, or too much weight in Asia, or too much weight in Africa, or in America; so when God made the mountains he weighed them. The Bible distinctly says so. God knows the weight of the great ranges that cross the continents, the tons, the pounds avoirdupois, the ounces, the grains, the milligrammes—just how much they weighed then and just how much they weigh now. "He weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance." O, what a God to run against; O, what a God to disobey; O, what a God to dishonor; O, what a God to defy! The brightest, the mightiest angel takes no familiarity with God. The wings of reverence are lifted. "With twin he covered the face."

Another seraphic posture in the text. The seraph must not always stand still. He must move, and it must be without clumsiness. There must be energy and beauty in the movement. "With twin he did fly." Correction, exhilaration. Correction at our slow gait, for we only crawl in the service when we ought to fly at the divine bidding. Exhilaration in the fact that the soul has wings as the seraphs have wings. What is a wing? An instrument of locomotion. They may not be like bird's wing, but the soul has wings. God says so. "He shall mount up on wings as eagles." We are made in the divine image, and God has wings. The Bible says so. "Healing in His wings." "Under whose shadow His wings." "Under whose wings thou hast come to trust." We have folded wing now, wounded wing, broken wing, bleeding wing, caged wing. Aye! I have it now. Caged within bars of bone and under curtains of flesh, but one day to be free. I hear the rustle of pinions in Seagrave's poem which we often sing:

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings. I hear the rustle of pinions in Alexander Pope's stanza, which says:

I mount, I fly, O death, where is thy victory?

A dying Christian not long ago cried out, "Wings, wings, wings!" The air is full of them, coming and going, coming and going. You have seen how the dull, sluggish chrysalid becomes the bright butterfly; the dull and the stupid and the lethargic turned into the alert and the beautiful. Well, my friends, in this world we are in the chrysalid state. Death will unfurl the wings. O, if we could only realize what a grand thing it will be to get rid of this old old of the body and mount the heavens, neither seagull nor lark nor albatross, nor falcon, nor condor pitching from highest range of Andes so buoyant or so majestic of stroke.

See that eagle in the mountain nest. It looks so sleek, so ragged feathered, so worn out and so half asleep. Is that eagle dying? No. The ornithologist will tell you it is molting season with that bird. Not dying, but molting. You see that Christian sick and weary and worn out and seemingly about to expire on what is called his death bed. The world says he is dying. I say it is the molting season for his soul—the body dropping away, the celestial pinions coming out. Not dying, but molting. Molting out of darkness and sin, and struggling into glory and into God. Why do you not shout? Why do you sit shivering at the thought of death and trying to hold back and wishing you could stay here forever, and speak of departure as though the subject were filled with skeletons and the vanishing of coffin as though you preferred limbo foot to swift wing? O people of God, let us stop playing the fool and prepare for rapturous flight. When your soul stands on the verge of this life and there are vast precipices beneath and saffered domes above, which way will you fly? Will you swoop or will you soar? Will you fly downward or will you fly upward? Everything on the wing this morning bidding us aspire. Holy Spirit on the wing. Angel of the new covenant on the wing. Time on the wing, flying away from us. Eternity on the wing, flying toward us. Wings, wings, wings! Live so near to Christ that when you are dead people standing by your lifeless body will not solicit you, saying: "What a disappointmost life was to him; how averse he was to departure; what a pity it was he had to die; what an awful calamity." Rather standing there may they see a sign more vivid on your still face than the vestiges of pain, something that will indicate that it was a happy exit—the clearance from oppressive quarantine, the cast-off chrysalid, the molting of the faded and useless, and the ascent from malarial valleys to bright, shining mountain tops, and be led to say, as they stand there contemplating your humility and your reverence in life and your happiness in death: "With twin he covered the face, with twin he did fly." Wings! Wings! Wings!