

THE PRESIDENT SCORED.

MR. WOLCOTT DENOUNCES THE BOND ISSUE.

TALKS BITTERLY OF CLEVELAND.

Accused of Attacking the Government's Credit and of Making a False Statement in Regard to His Position on Silver—Teller Also Bitterly Attacks the Nation's Chief Executive.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 18.—The Rev. Dr. H. S. Lunn of London, England, pronounced the prayer at the opening of the senate's session. He is general editor of the Review of Churches, a leading English church review.

Mr. Dubois of Idaho presented a telegram from Phoenix, Ariz., which recited that at a meeting of Republicans of Arizona it was unanimously resolved that the Republican sentiment of the territory was "unequivocally in favor of the admission of Arizona to statehood at the present session of congress," and Republican senators were requested to aid the bill for admission.

Mr. Allen of Nebraska presented a resolution which was agreed to calling on the secretary of the treasury for a list of the national banks which had been depositories of public funds during the last ten years, the interest, terms of contract, etc.

Mr. Hill's resolution, which announced the policy of the government to be that of bimetalism and the payments of gold obligations in the best money available, then came up and Mr. Sherman offered a substitute, declaring that the policy of the government should be toward maintaining the parity between the two metals so that every dollar coined should be equal to every other dollar. Should there be any disturbance in the parity then the bonds should be paid in standard gold coin.

HILL FAVORS BIMETALLISM.

Mr. Hill was accorded close attention as he proceeded with great vigor and earnestness. "This declaration of the policy of the government should receive the support of every senator," he said, "unless there sits about this circle a gold monometallist or silver monometallist. I have a few words for them. But assuming that a senator is for bimetalism then this declaration of policy embodies his views. It is a safe, wise and appropriate resolution for the present emergency."

Mr. Hill said that the declaration first announced is the true policy of the government that efforts should be turned toward the accomplishment of bimetalism. "I need not remind both political parties that this is what they profess," he proceeded. "It is in this supreme moment that we should declare to the country and the world our ability to maintain the single gold standard or the single standard of silver."

Mr. Hill said that on general financial questions congress was further apart now than it was six months ago. The proposition for gold bonds on the one hand was met by the proposition for unlimited silver coinage on the other. What had become of the proposition to redeem the greenbacks and the financial plans? "In this condition of action," he concluded, "congress can at least take this one step that will assure the world that although we may have our hands tied on these various measures, our bonds may be taken with the full assurance that they would be paid by the best money in use. There is a prospect of further issues of bonds. Let us then keep party gain in mind. What can either party gain by inaction on this subject, by bringing on a panic the coming summer and bringing congress back to Washington for further legislation?"

WOLCOTT'S BITTER SPEECH.

Mr. Wolcott of Colorado, declared that Mr. Hill was merely threshing old straw. The present time was inappropriate for such a resolution, coming on the very heels of the monstrous attack which the president had made upon the currency and credit of the United States in his bargain to sell bonds abroad on such terms as he had made with the European bankers. This action was pronounced the most disastrous assault upon the country's financial system which had ever been made, and the worst feature of the whole wretched business, he said, with growing earnestness, "is that attack is made by the man who, because of his position, should have stood the foremost in our defense."

Mr. Wolcott Criticized the recent contract made for the sale of bonds in Europe. He did not believe the negotiations had been made would ever be called upon to advance more than 10 per cent of the amount of the bonds advanced, on account of the advance in their price. He had been assured that in New York alone \$1,125,000 had been tendered for \$130,000,000 worth of bonds and said that he had the authority of one of the leading bankers of New York for the statement that within sixty days the whole issue would be worth \$1.20.

"If," he said, speaking directly to the resolution and the desire expressed by it to uphold the national credit, "there was ever any man who were not entitled to consideration it is the Rothschilds and the president, because they have sought to blacken our credit."

Mr. Wolcott asserted that the president's recent message had contained a false statement that he was trying to preserve the parity of the money metals while he was discrediting silver.

Teller Also Talks Bitterly.

Mr. Teller of Colorado arraigned the president in severe terms.

He characterized the recent bond

transaction as a most monstrous fraud. During the long years he had been a student of the affairs of this country there had never before been a time when opportunity was offered for the public to charge dishonesty in a financial transaction by the government. It was idle for senators to say that this was the best the president could do. With bonds less desirable selling on the market at \$1.10 it was futile to say that a better price than \$1.04 1/2 could not be obtained. It was impossible to characterize too strongly a transaction which placed the credit of the best government in the world 4 per cent below that of Egypt.

Mr. Lodge agreed with Mr. Wolcott that the president had assailed the credit of the country, but asserted that he had made the attack by his assault upon our coin bonds. For that reason, because of this attack, he thought that congress should declare itself without equivocation or reservation.

Mr. Stewart of Nevada opposed the Hill resolution.

Mr. Hill again rose and said: "The true purpose of these professed friends of silver is exposed. They intended to pay government obligations in silver coin, no matter how degraded it might be." He defended the president from the attacks on his contract with foreign bankers.

THE DEFICIENCY BILL IN.

Last of the Appropriations Measure Laid Before the House.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 18.—The house committee on appropriations reported the general deficiency bill, the last for this congress. It carries \$5,518,574, of which the principal appropriations are as follows: Treasury department, \$1,150,415; war department, \$239,500; navy department, \$109,283; department of justice, \$2,364,430; post-office department, \$1,182,148; government printing office, \$400,400; judgment of the court of claims, \$716,093; audited claims, \$76,706.

The committee declined to act on the recommendation of Secretary Gresham for an appropriation of \$425,000 for the payment of all claims by Great Britain growing out of the seizure of fur sealing vessels in Behring sea, because unable to look into the matter sufficiently to take action upon it immediately. Mr. Breckinridge was authorized to offer an amendment in the house for the payment of these claims without any recommendation and the members reserve the right to vote as they might see fit upon the question.

Under the department of state is a clause "that the disbursements made to members and attaches of the Behring sea tribunal of arbitration at Paris by Major E. W. Halford and John W. Foster, disbursing officers of said commission, under the authority and with the approval of the secretary of state out of moneys heretofore appropriated, shall be allowed by the comptroller of the treasury," which settles a controversy between the department and the accounting officer of the treasury.

The office of the eleventh census, it is provided, shall be abolished March 4 and the terms of all employees cease with the exception of a force not to exceed ninety, to complete the work under the direction of the secretary of the interior.

The deficiency appropriations for United States courts are made each year. The principal items in this bill are: Fees of marshals for 1895, \$713,000; 1894, \$195,450; 1893, \$28,159; marshals' expenses, \$140,000; fees of jurors, 1895, \$100,000; fees of witnesses, 1895, \$160,000 and 1894, \$75,700; support of prisoners, 1895, \$50,000 and 1894, \$76,000; pay of bailiffs, 1895, \$45,000; fees of district attorneys, 1895, \$100,000 and 1894, \$54,000; fees of clerks, 1895, \$120,000; fees of commissioners, 1895, \$187,200 and 1894, \$40,511.

The principal item under the post-office department is \$935,000 for inland mail transportation by railroad routes exclusive of the Pacific railroads.

TRAMPS RAID A TOWN.

Stores in Vandalia, Mo., Broken Open and Two Citizens Held Up.

VANDALIA, Mo., Feb. 18.—Seven tramps broke into the leading hardware store last night and helped themselves to several revolvers each. After entering several other stores and securing considerable portable goods they went toward the depot. On their way they met V. B. Shears, a merchant, and another citizen, overpowered and tied them securely and searched both, securing a diamond pin and \$1.25 in cash. They then left their victims. The town was soon aroused, but not before the men had escaped.

KANSAS LEGISLATURE.

The Ballinger Fees and Salaries Bill Passed in the House.

TOPEKA, Kan., Feb. 18.—The house passed the Ballinger fees and salaries bill by a vote of 89 to 16. Those voting against the measure were: Bender, Brown of Crawford, Bucklin, Campbell of Doniphan, Forsythe, Haackbusch, Hart, Hill, Ingle, McKinnis, Metzler, Rothweiler, Seaton, Smith of Sherman, Trueblood and Willott.

Mr. Thurston Calls on Mr. Gresham.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 18.—Hawaiian Minister Thurston had a long interview with Secretary Gresham to-day, presumably relative to the application made by United States Minister Willott to the Hawaiian government for a stay of sentence and copies of the records of the military commission in the cases of Gullick and other alleged American citizens sentenced to death for participation in the rebellion.

A Stock Dealer Under Arrest.

MEXICO, Mo., Feb. 18.—Stephen Elliott, a member of the McNamee & Elliott stock firm, which failed for \$50,000 with assets thus far of only a few hundred dollars, was arrested to-day. Rollin McNamee, the other member of the firm, has disappeared and detectives are in search of him.

Paying the Income Tax.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 18.—Collectors of internal revenue throughout the country have begun to receive returns under the income tax law and in a number of instances the cash has accompanied the return.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE ADVENTURES OF A LITTLE PURITAN.

Sally Coleman's Two Red Shoes That Were New Two Hundred Years Ago—What Aunt Laura Knows About Compositions—Pick Tooths.

Two Red Shoes.

Two hundred years ago, if you had been alive, you might have seen her and talked with her, this little girl, who was a baby in those distant years of the seventeenth century, when Milton was writing those stately cantos of the "Paradise Lost," and King Philip and his Indians were making so much trouble for our great-grandfathers on the New England frontiers.

How curious she would look to us in her quaint, old-fashioned dress, made just like her mother's, so that she resembled a little old woman in miniature! Her jacket of white linen was drawn about her waist with a black cord, and met the blue woolen petticoat that had not a flounce or a ruffle on it.

She wore on her head, over her short, silky curls, a small, stiff linen cap, for bangs had not been invented then. A pair of red shoes completed the toilet of this little Puritan maiden except when she went to church, and then she put on a high crowned, steeple shaped hat and threw a long red cloak over her shoulders.

Very much like this, excepting the hat and cloak, looked little Sally Coleman one September morning in 1677.

She was only a 5-year-old girl, and those little red shoes were fresh and new from the counter of a small store in Hatfield, on the Connecticut river, then a small border town. Very proud was Sally of those little red shoes, and she was busy trying them on and thinking how nice they would look on Sunday as she went with her father into the square, barn-like wooden church to listen to one of Parson Tenney's long sermons. She had just put them on and was walking up and down the kitchen floor when she was startled by a loud war-whoop; and immediately several painted Indians, looking very frightful with their war-dress and weapons, rushed in and seized the little lady, red shoes and all, and carried her screaming away.

All in a moment the happy child was made a very sad one. She saw her mother and her little sisters killed by the red men, and her home all in flames; and in company with many another captive she was marched into the wilderness.

To Canada, all the way over the frozen lakes and rivers, and the hard, rough ground, a desolate, tedious journey in the cold autumn months, tramped the red shoes. Often the little feet were weary, and often little Sally's heart must have been despairing and ready to faint by the wayside.

One of her savage captors took pity on her forlorn condition, and did what he could to help her, carrying her on his brawny shoulders when she could not walk farther, making a soft couch of hemlock boughs for her comfort when they camped at night, and selecting for the homesick little girl the juiciest steaks from the sides of bear and deer that he killed in hunting.

So the red shoes did not wear out, though they had to be mended more than once with stout deer's sinews.

And glad, you may be sure, was the pioneer John Coleman when the faded, worn shoes crossed his threshold, one bright May morning, having been to Canada and back again. Some good friends of the Colemans had influence enough with the French and the Indians to effect Sally's release, and Count Frontenac, the French governor, ordered a guard of soldiers to attend the child and her companions back to Hatfield.

And the cunning little shoes, soled with leather from England, bound with silk from Paris, sewed with deer's sinews from the Canadian forests, whose red serge uppers were brought from Holland by way of New Amsterdam, may still be seen, soiled and ragged, one of them in the collection of old South church, Boston, the other in the museum of the Memorial association of Deerfield, Mass.

Just think of it—a pair of shoes more than two hundred years old and with such a history! Would you not like to see them? They are much the oldest pair of shoes in America, and I think they ought to be kept together.

Little Sally grew to be a woman and had children of her own, and I dare say she often told them of the journey those shoes had taken, and of the bitter trials she experienced as a captive among the Indians. Very likely, too, the children thought the shoes quite as wonderful as their mother did, and never tired of hearing their story. I can imagine them on a Sunday night, when all was still and the snow lay white and silent around the pioneer's house, clambering upon their mother's knee and whispering:

"Please tell us about the little red shoes that went to Canada and back."

The little girl that wore them has been dead these long, long years; and, but for those two little red shoes, it is doubtful if Sally Coleman would be remembered to-day. Certain it is, I should not have had this story to tell, for I should not have thought of it but for seeing the interesting relics during a recent vacation.—Philadelphia Times.

Pick Tooths.

Little Lena was not playing in the yard. She came running in saying: "Mamma, I saw a horse made out of a cow." It was a spotted horse. One

day she had been into a neighbor's house; as she came home she said: "I saw some kitties with white feeders all over them." She had heard some one say that toothpicks were made of goosequills. One day her papa was out, and upon some one's asking where he was, she said he "had gone to get sheep feeders for pick tooths."

Learning How to Write.

Ethel, according to her own school-girl phrasing, "hated" to write compositions, and her dislike was about evenly divided between the burden of selecting her own subject and the embarrassment of having one chosen for her. In the first case she never knew what to take, and in the last, the teacher, according to her prejudiced fancy, seemed bound to select the very topic about which she knew nothing, and in which she had no interest. Finally, on a miserable Saturday when her composition was, after much tribulation, finished, she freed her mind to Aunt Laura.

"Nothing to write about?" said auntie. "Dear me, what a pity, in this big world full of interesting things! I suppose you have such a dull time that nothing worth telling ever happens to you."

"Oh, no, it isn't that," said Ethel. "Lots of things happen, but nothing important enough to write about. Why, our compositions have to be read before the whole school, and how the girls would laugh if I should get up and give an account of some of our larks!"

"Now, I'll tell you what I'd do," said Aunt Laura; "I'd keep a notebook."

"Like Hawthorne's?"

"Well, I dare say it would be rather different from his, and so it ought to be. You must write in it the interesting things that happen to you, and put them down in your own way. Make up your mind not to show the book, and then you won't be tempted into affectation. Don't moralize, and don't indulge in reflections, if you can help it."

"Why, I shouldn't even know how to begin."

"I'll show you. A dozen times a day you tell me things that interest me greatly. Think of that country walk you were so happy over last week. When you got home you described the blue sky with its little tufts of woolly clouds, the bank where you found hepaticas; you told me exactly how you scraped away the dead leaves, and what a ridiculous time you had in trying to beg a string at the farmhouse."

"Then you repeated the story of the poor little girl you met on the way home, and said she remarked, as she took some of your luncheon, that she liked fruit cake better than sandwiches."

"But I couldn't put that in a composition!"

"Perhaps not, but the habit of writing will not only help you to gain fluency in the use of the pen, but it will teach you to observe."

"Besides, you will have in your notebook a stock of material to which you can turn when you have nothing to say."

"Remember, above all things, to put down only the exact truth—for nothing that has not the ring of reality is worth preserving—and not to indulge in general reflections that had become common-places before you were born."

The book was bought, and Ethel, with a few relapses, kept it zealously. At the end of six months she declared that the plan was a "splendid" one. Perhaps other young folks, forced to become writers against their will, might think so, too.—Youth's Companion.

Building.

You are little builders,
Working every day,
Brick by brick, brick by brick
Of character you lay;
Every word you utter,
Everything you do
Renders the foundation
Either false or true.

Here a brick of honor,
There a brick of truth,
While the work's progressing
Childhood turns to youth.
As the walls are rising,
See that they are plumb,
Steadily put together,
For the time will come

When by their own merits,
They must stand or fall,
For the master-builder
Justice meets to all.
Building for the present,
For the future, too,
Character that some day
God himself shall view.

Our Little Ones

His Clothes.

A gentleman with a cork leg came to Tom's house one day to make a visit. The morning after his arrival Tom was sent to his room to see if he was dressed for breakfast.

"No'm," replied Tom to his mother, when he returned "he hasn't put on any of his clothes 'ceptin' his leg"

A Little Girl's Thought.

My little niece Clara was going some distance away from her mamma. Her dear grandma was talking with her about praying; told her God could hear her pray when away; also hear prayer at home. She said: "I should think God would take solid comfort with his ears."

A Good Stepmother.

Betty was watching her mother as she placed the little chicks that had been hatched in an incubator under a brooder.

"What a good stepmother that brooder makes, keeping the chickens warm," she cried.

Seizers.

Some one remarked before Ethel that there were twelve Caesars among the Roman emperors.

"Did they call them that because they were always seizing other people's countries?" she asked.

THE TALMAGE SERMON

SHEEP THAT ARE NOT OF THE CHURCH FLOCK.

Bring Them In and Put on Their Helmets, Their Sandals and Their Breastplates—The Battlefield Is Yonder, the Fight Is On.



royal conservatory. No, it is the Father's orchard and everywhere there are bars that we may let down and gates that we may swing open.

In my boyhood, next to the country school house, there was an orchard of apples, owned by a very lame man, who, although there were apples in the place perpetually decaying, and by scores and scores of bushels, never would allow any of us to touch the fruit. One day, in the sinfulness of a nature inherited from our first parents, some of us invaded that orchard; but we soon retreated, for the man came after us at a speed reckless of making his lameness worse, and cried out: "Boys, drop those apples, or I'll set the dog on you!"

Well, my friends, there are Christian men who have the church under a guard. There is fruit in this orchard for the whole world; but they have a rough and unsympathetic way of accosting outsiders, as though they had no business here though the Lord wants them all to come and take the largest and ripest fruit on the premises. Have you an idea that because you were baptized at thirteen months of age and because you have all your life been under hallowed influences, that therefore you have a right to one whole side of the Lord's table, spreading yourself out and taking up the entire room?

I tell you no. You will have to haul in your elbows, for I shall place on either side of you those whom you never expected would sit there; for, as Christ said to his favored people long ago, so he says to you and to me: "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

MacDonald, the Scotchman, has four or five dozen head of sheep. Some of them are browsing on the heather, some of them are lying down under the trees, some of them are in his yard; they are scattered around in eight or ten different places. Cameron, his neighbor, comes over and says: "I see you have thirty sheep; I have just counted them." "No," says MacDonald, "I have a great many more sheep than that. Some are here and some are elsewhere. They are scattered all around about. I have four or five thousand in my flocks. Other sheep I have which are not in this fold."

So Christ says to us. Here is a knot of Christians and there is a knot of Christians but they make up a small part of the flock. Here is the Episcopal fold, the Methodist fold, the Lutheran fold, the Congregational fold, the Presbyterian fold, the Baptist and the Pentecostal fold; the only difference between these last two being the mode of sheep washing; and so they are scattered all over; and we come with our statistics and say there are so many thousands of the Lord's sheep; but Christ responds: "No, no; you have not seen more than one out of a thousand of my flock. They are scattered all over the earth. Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

Christ, in my text, was prophesying the conversion of the Gentiles with as much confidence as though they were already converted, and he is now, in the words of my text, prophesying the coming of a great multitude of outsiders that you never supposed would come in, saying to you and saying to me: "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

In the first place, I remark, that the heavenly Shepherd will find many of his sheep among the non-church goers. There are congregations where they are all Christians, and they seem to be completely finished, and they remind one of the skeleton leaves which, by chemical preparation have had all the greenness and verdure taken off them and are left cold and white and delicate, nothing wanting but a glass case to put over them. The minister of Christ has nothing to do with such Christians but to come once a week and with ostentatious feathers dust off the accumulation of the last six days, leaving them bright and crystalline as before. But the other kind of a church is an armory, with perpetual sound of drum and life, gathering recruits for the Lord of Hosts, one to every applicant: "Do you want to be on God's side, the safe side, and the happy side? If so, come in the armory and get equipped. Here is a bath in which to be cleansed. Here are sandals to put upon your feet. Here is a helmet for your brow. Here is a breast plate for your heart. Here is a sword for your right arm, and yonder is the battle field. Quit yourselves like men!"

There are some here who say: "I stopped going to church ten or twenty years ago." My brother, is it not strange that you should be the first man I should talk to to-day? I know all your case; I know it very well. You have not been accustomed to come into religious assemblage, but I have a surprising announcement to make to you; you are going to become one of the Lord's sheep. "Ah," you say, "it is impossible. You don't know how far I am from anything of that kind." I know all about it. I have wandered up and down the world and I understand your case. I have a still more startling announcement to make in regard to you; you are not only going to become one of the Lord's sheep, but you will become one to-day. You will stay after this service to be talked with about your soul. People of God, pray for that man! That is the only use for you here. I shall not break off so much as a crumb for you, Christians, in this sermon, for I am going to give it all to the outsiders. "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

When the Atlantic went to pieces on Mars' Rock, and the people clambered upon the beach, why did not that heroic

minister of the Gospel, of whom we have all read, sit down and take care of those men on the beach, wrapping them in flannels, kindling fire for them, seeing that they got plenty of food? Ah, he knew that there were others who would do that. He says: "Yonder are men and women freezing in the rigging of that wreck. Boys, launch the boat!" And now I see the our blades bend under the strong pull; but before they reached the rigging a woman was frozen and dead. She was washed off, poor thing! But he says: "There is a man to save;" and he cries out: "Hold on five minutes longer and I will save you. Steady! Steady! Give me your hand. Leap into the life boat. I thank God he is saved!" So there are those here to-day who are safe on the shore of God's mercy. I will not spend any time with them at all; but I see there are some who are freezing in the rigging of sin and surrounded by perilous storms. Pull away, my lads! Let us reach them. Alas! one is perished and gone. There is one more to be saved. Let us push out for that one. Clutch the rope. Oh! dying man, clutch it as with a death grip. Steady, now, on the slippery places. Steady there! Saved! Saved! Just as I thought. For Christ has declared that there are some still in the breakers who shall come ashore. "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

Christ commands his ministers to be fishermen, and when I go fishing I do not want to go among other churches, but into the wide world, not sitting along Hohokus creek, where eight or ten other persons are sitting with hook and line, but, like the fishermen of Newfoundland, sailing off and dropping net away outside, forty or fifty miles from shore. Yes, there are non-church goers here who will come in. Next Sabbath they will be here again, or in some better church. They are this moment being swept into Christian associations. Their voice will be heard in public prayer. They will die in peace, their bed surrounded by Christian sympathies, and to be carried out by devout men to be buried, and on their grave be chiseled the words: "Frolics in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." And on resurrection day you will get up with the dear children you have already buried and with your Christian parents who have already won the palm. And all that grand and glorious history begins this hour. "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

Again I remark, that the heavenly Shepherd is going to find a great many sheep among those who have been flung of evil habit. It makes me sad to see Christian people give up a prodigious amount. There are those who talk as though the grace of God were a chain of forty or fifty links and after they had run out there was nothing to touch the depth of a very bad case. If they were hunting and got off the track of the deer, they would look longer among the brakes and bushes for the lost game than they have been looking for that lost soul. People tell us that if a man have delirium tremens twice, he can not be reclaimed; that after a woman has sacrificed her integrity, she can not be restored. The Bible has distinctly intimated that the Lord Almighty is ready to pardon four hundred and ninety times; that is, seventy times seven. There are men before the throne of God who have wallowed in every kind of sin; but, saved by the grace of Jesus and washed in his blood, they stand there radiant now. There are those who have plunged into the very lowest of all the hells in New York, who have for the tenth time been lifted up, and finally, by the grace of God, they stand in heaven gloriously rescued by the grace promised to the penitent sinner. I want to tell you that God loves to take hold of a very bad case. When the church casts you off and when the club room casts you off and when society casts you off and when business associates casts you off and when father casts you off and when mother casts you off and when every body casts you off, your first cry for help will bend the Eternal God clear down into the ditch of your suffering and shame.

The Good Templars can not save you, although they are a grand institution. The Sons of Temperance can not save you, although they are mighty for good. Signing the temperance pledge can not save you, although I believe in it. Nothing but the grace of the Eternal God can save you, and that will if you will throw yourself on it. There is a man in this house who said to me: "Unless God helps me I can not be delivered. I have tried everything, sir; but now I have got in the habit of prayer and when I come to a drinking saloon I pray that God will take me safe and I pray until I am nearly dead. He does help me." For every man given to strong drink there are scores of tramps set; and when he goes out on business to-morrow he will be in infinite peril, and no one but the everywhere present God can see that man through. Oh! they talk about the catacombs of Naples and the catacombs of Rome and the catacombs of Egypt—the burial place under the city where the dust of a great multitude lies; but I tell you New York has its catacombs and Boston its catacombs and Philadelphia its catacombs. They are the underground restaurants, full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness. You, man, you know it. God help you. There is no need of going into the art gallery to see the skillful sculpture that wonderful representation of a man and his sons wound around with serpents. There are families represented in this house that are wrapped in the martyrdom of fang and scale and venom—a living Laocoon of ghastliness and horror. What are you to do? I am not speaking into the air. I am talking to hundreds of men who must be saved by Christ's gospel or never saved at all. What are you going to do?

Do not put your trust in bromide of potassium, or in Jamaica ginger, or in any thing that apothecaries can mix. Put your trust only in the Eternal God and he will see you through. Some of you do not have temptations every-day. It is a periodic temptation that comes every six weeks or every three months, when it seems as if the powers of darkness kindled around about your tongue the fires of the pit. It is well enough at such a time, as some of you do, to seek medical counsel; but your first and most important cry must be to God. If the fiends will drag you to the slaughter, make them do it on your knees. Oh, God! now that the paroxysm of thirst is coming again upon that man, help him! Fling back into the pit of hell the fiend that assaults his soul this moment. Oh, my heart aches to see men go on in this fearful struggle with-

out Christ.