D. McAlpine, D.V.,

Graduate of McGill Veterinary College. Office and stables, Buell st., Brockville. Telephone No. 13. Calls day or night promptly attended to.

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We have instructions to place a large sum of private funds at current rates of interest on first mortage on improved farms. Terms to suit borrowers. Apply to

HUTCHESON & FISHER
Barristers &c., Brockville

Dress & Mantle Making.

Having secured the services of an experienced and successful dress and mantle maker, Miss J. Barrington, we are now prepared to do all kinds of work, in these lines, in a first-class style at reasonable rates.

MISS E. M. RICHARDS.

Rooms at rear of Phil. Wiltse's store.

Lime for Sale.

First class Renfrew white lime for sale at the Athens Brick and Tile Yard.

ROSS & EARL.

Athens, June 5th, 1894.

For Rent.

The second flat over Thompson's store, Central Block, suitable for dress-making, offices or private dwelling. Possession given March 12. Apply to

JAS ROSS.

MORTGAGE SALE.

Default having been made in the payment of moneys secured to be paid by a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the First day of May 1891, and made by Hezekiah R. Gordon of New Berne in the County of Craven in the State of North Carolina, one of The United States of America, mechanic, (formerly of the village of Athens in the County of Leeds and Province of Ontario) and Phoeba Ann Gordon, his wife, of the said Village of Athens, to and in favor of Isaac Cryderman Alguire of the Village of Athens in the County of Leeds and Province of Ontario, Division Court Clerk, which Mortgage will be produced at the time of sale,

Public notice is hereby given that pursuant to the conditions of said Mortgage, and by virtue thereof, and of the power of Sale therein contained, the following lands and premises, being those mentioned in said mortgage, will be sold by Public Auction on Saturday, May 18th, 1895, at Two o'clock in the afternoon at The Armstrong House in the said Village of Athens,

Namely: All and singular those certain parcels or tracts of land and premises situate lying and being in the Township of Yonge in the County of Leeds and Province of Ontario and particularly known and described as Village Lots numbers Nineteen, Twenty, Twenty-one, Twenty-two and Twenty-three in Block "Q" in the Village of Athens as laid down on the plan or plan of said Village made by Walter Beatty Esquire Provincial Land Surveyor and Registered in the Registry Office for the County of Leeds on the 26th May, 1890, as Number 141 for plans.

Terms of Sale made known at the time and place of Sale. The property will be Sold subject to a reserved bid.

For further information and particulars apply to

MYRON A. EVERTTS,
Vendor's Solicitor.

Dated at Athens this 22nd April, 1895.

MORTGAGE SALE.

Default having been made in the payment of moneys secured to be paid by a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the 25th day of April, 1888, and made by Hezekiah Robbins Gordon of Buffalo City in the County of Dare and State of North Carolina, one of the United States of America, Mechanic, formerly of the Village of Athens in the County of Leeds and Phoeba Ann Gordon his wife of the said Village of Athens to and in favor of John Wiltse of the Village of Athens in the County of Leeds and Province of Ontario, Gentleman, which mortgage will be produced at the time of sale,

Public Notice is hereby given that pursuant to the conditions of said mortgage and by virtue thereof and of the power of sale therein contained, the following lands and premises, being those mentioned in said mortgage, will be sold by Public Auction on Saturday, May 18th, 1895, at two o'clock in the afternoon at the Armstrong House in the said Village of Athens,

Namely: All and singular that certain parcel or tract of land and premises situate lying and being in the Village of Athens in the County of Leeds and Province of Ontario and particularly known and described as Village Lot Number Three (3) in Block "R" as laid down on the map or plan of said Village made by Walter Beatty Esquire Provincial Land Surveyor and Registered in the Registry Office for the County of Leeds on the 26th May, 1890, as Number 141 for Plans.

Terms of sale made known at the time and place of sale. The property will be sold subject to a reserved bid.

For further information and paticulars apply to

MYRON A. EVERTTS,
Vendor's Solicitor.

Dated at Athens this 22nd April, 1895.

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SPRING HATS

ALL THE

LEADING STYLES

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CRAIG BROCKVILLE'S HATTER AND FURRIER

Furs at cost before packing away.

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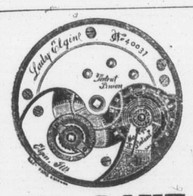

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Main St opposite Maley's Boot & Shoe Store

BROCKVILLE

Carries the

LARGEST STOCK OF WATCHES

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His stock of Clocks, Jewelry, Diamonds, Spectacles, Etc., is complete in every department and

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FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

WHITHER ARE WE DRIFTING?

Editor Reporter.

SIR,—The great turmoil and difference of opinion in the Methodist Church must lead even the most careless observer to ask, what is it all about? and where comes in the necessity for a disturbance? Now, if he were to ask an explanation among a certain class of people he would probably be told that the disturbance was chargeable to a class of cranks or fanatics who, themselves being of an ungovernable disposition, had been invited to heresy or revolt by a very bad, wicked man who was in conflict with Conference and desired that every one should be as well, and that inasmuch as considerable of our members have been so wicked as to go once in a while to hear the aforesaid bad man preach, we think it would be better that they withdraw from us and stay away, in order that we may have peace and harmony, and that we would advise our loving people to avoid them, as they are church wreckers and disorderly, wicked persons, and extremely dangerous to come in contact with. If, on the other hand, he were to seek an explanation among the so-called cranks and fanatics, (many of whom are pillars in the Church), he would probably be told that the spirit of intollerance (as manifested by many in authority in the Church) was the sole cause of discontent, and that there was no harm in going once in a while to hear a man preach of whom Conference says, "he is clear in character and clear in doctrine," and whose sole and only offence seems to be that he wishes to follow that particular line of work which was agreed upon when he was persuaded by his ministerial brethren to accept ordination. He would also be told that notwithstanding the fact that Holiness, heart purity, entire sanctification (synonymous terms, I believe) are the great foundation upon which Methodism is based, many in authority advise to not say much about it for fear of offending some one; in short, if we follow Christ's example we would speak of it "once in two and a half years." Now, among all this jargon and difference of opinion, from what source is our novice to obtain a satisfactory and conclusive answer to his enquiries?

To dispel the prevailing nation that the feeling of unrest is local in its character, or that it is wholly within the bounds of the Montreal Conference, and at the same time give a satisfactory answer to the enquiries noted above, we would advise a careful study of the following words by Bishop Foster, a man high in authority in the Methodist Church, and one whose years of experience and careful observation pre-eminently fit him to speak on the subject, which he does in the following words, and which words we quote verbatim from The Boston Paper, preceded by the grave and thoughful comments of the editor:

"A RECREANT CHURCH."

"Should we undertake to describe in really truthful words the sad decadence of spiritual power and influence in popular Christendom, in these last times, we would be severely charged with pessimistic views and uncharitable feeling; and the Christian press would warn the people against us as soured fanatics and false alarmists. And the claim would be vehemently re-asserted that the church was never more devoted and spiritually potent than at the present. But when a great leader, standing at the centre and height of a foremost denomination lifts up a voice of complaint and solemn warning, we may be allowed to repeat his burning words without giving mortal offence, perhaps.

"Few men in the Methodist ministry are so well prepared to understand and truthfully represent the spiritual condition of that great body of clergymen who speaks for an immense membership as Bishop Foster. Here is his tremendous arraingment as published:

"The Church of God is to-day courting the world. Its members are trying to bring it down to the level of the ungodly. The ball, the theatre, nude and lewd art, social luxuries, with their loose moralities, are making inroads into the sacred inclosure of the church, and as a satisfaction for all this worldliness, Christians are making a great deal of Lent and Easter and Good Friday and church ornamentations. It is the old trick of Satan. The Jewish church struck on that rock, the Romish church was wrecked on the same, and the Protestant church is fast reaching the same doom.

"Our great dangers as we see them, are assimilation to the world, neglect of the poor, substitution of the form for the fact of godliness, abandonment of discipline, a hireling ministry, an impure gospel, which summed up is a fashionable church. That Methodists should be liable to such an outcome, and that there should be signs of it in a hundred years from the 'sail-loft,' seems almost the miracle of history; but who that looks about him today can fail to see that fact?

"Do not Methodists, in violation of God's Word and their own Discipline, dress as extravagantly and as fashionably as any other class? Do not the ladies, and often the wives and daughters of the ministry put on 'gold and pearls and costly array'? Would not the plain dress insisted upon by John Wesley, Bishop Asbury, and worn by Hester Ann Rogers, Lady Huntingdon and many others equally distinguished be now regarded in Methodist circles as fanaticism? Can any one going into a Methodist church in any of our chief cities distinguish the attire of the communicants from that of the theatre and ball goers? Is not worldiness seen in the music? Elaborately dressed and ornamented choirs, who in many cases make no profession of religion, and are often sneering skeptics, go through a cold, artistic or operatic performance, which is as much in harmony with spiritual worship as an opera or theatre. Under such worldly performances spirituality is frozen to death.

"Formerly every Methodist attended class and gave testimony of experimental religion. Now the class meeting is attended by the few, and in many churches abandoned. Seldom the stewards, trustees and leaders of the church attend class. Formerly nearly every Methodist prayed, testified, or exhorted in prayer-meeting. Now, but very few are heard. Formerly shouts and praises were heard, now such demonstrations of holy enthusiasm and joy are regarded as fanaticism. Worldly socials, fairs, festivals, concerts and such like have taken the place of the religious gatherings, revival meetings, class and prayer-meetings of earlier days.

"How true that the Methodist Discipline is a dead letter. Its rules forbid the wearing of gold or pearls or costly array; yet no one ever thinks of disciplining its members for violating them. They forbid the reading of such books and the taking of such diversions as do not minister to godliness, yet the church itself goes into shows and frolics and festivals and fairs, which destroy the spiritual life of the young as well as the old. The extent to which this is now carried on is appalling. The spiritual death it carries in its train will only be known when the millions it has swept into hell stand before the judgment.

"The early Methodist ministers went forth to sacrifice and suffer for Christ. They sought not the places of ease and affluence, but of privation and suffering. They gloried not in their big salaries, fine parsonages and refined congregations, but in the souls that had been won for Jesus. O, how changed! A hireling ministry will be a feeble, a timid, a truckling, a time-serving ministry, without faith, endurance and holy power. Methodism formerly dealt in the great central truth. Now the pulpits deal largely in generalities and in popular lectures. The glorious doctrin of entire sanctification is rarely heard and seldom witnessed to in the pulpits."

We should ever bear in mind our Saviour's gentle reproof, expressed in the following words:

Luke 9–49, 50.—And John said, Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name and we forbad him, because he followeth not with us. and Jesus said unto him, forbid him not; for he that is not against us is for us.

We have noticed in cases where public opinion was divided on a topic that the Athens Reporter has opened its columns to both sides with rare impartiality until it deemed it prudent to close them. We esteem this a privilege which the public no doubt accept as a benefit.

It is almost an axiom that this world contains men who have been so long addicted to sticking pins in other people that they appear to be unconscious that their little diversion is inflicting pain; therefore, we will charitably suppose that some are walking somnambulists, as no one whose heart is overflowing with love could in any case stigmatize a fellow traveler on the King's highway, much less in his waking moments inflict pain. The above process will scarcely intensify a revival spirit, or add members to a Church, and generally proves abortive.

OBSERVER.

Pass Them Along.

The Westport Mirror, after copying a portion of the Reporter item referring to the family of tramps who were so kindly taken in and cared for by the people of Athens, but who ungratefully decamped, adds the following in reference to their arrival and actions in Westport: The family referred to in the above local arrived in Westport on Tuesday. The man left his wife and five children on the outskirts of the village and made himself acquainted at the hotels and got gloriously drunk. The woman in the meantime interviewed Reeve Adams who relieved their distress, by directing them to one of the hotels at township's expense, which was quite proper under the circumstances. The woman told a pitiful story which of course was accepted without serious question. The hearts of the citizens were stirred in her behalf, and although there was no sympathy for the man, something had to be done for his wife and children. Some $5 was contributed by the people which enabled them to take the stage on Wednesday to Bedford Junction via Kingston where the woman stated she could get work and find a place for her children in the orphans, home. We are not suspised that the inhabitants of Athens should have been deceived as it is seldom a man cares to tramp about the country with a wife and five children.

Rowdyism In Wexford.

Attention is called to a band of boys and young men who assemble too frequently at a certain place on the road not far from the church, and when they see people going or coming, hide themselves in the fence or lie down in the ditches for the sole purposes of listening to the conversations of the public. It often occurs that said night-loafers cast rocks at vehicles passing and frightening horses, thus jeopardizing the lives of people. It is a well known fact that those nocturnal snakes in the grass inherit this faculty or craze for news from their parents, for we have some on this street who would travel far enough to wear out a pair of cow-hide boots to get the news of the homes of others, and are always pleased when said news would be of a nature disparaging. Those professional detesters and listeners are playing the roll of the famous Judas who hatched in his heart the perfidious plot of watching the Saviour for the purpose of apprehending Him and betraying Him into the hands of the murderons soldiery. Thus it is with the chaps of the quarter above mentioned: they are impelled by his Satanic majesty to execute his cursed work and when they catch a word distort it to slander the parties and give to the public reports improper for human ears. Hence the public is advised when on that portion of road above mentioned to be careful how they speak and to keep a tight line on horses. In the city those loungers would be given a vacation behind prison bars.—COM.

DULSEMANE.

SATURDAY, April 27.—A new girl baby at Alex McCread'y.

Mrs. Alex Sliter, son and daughter, were the guests of the Misses Sliter on Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Blackburn is at present the guest of the Misses Sliter.

Miss Martha Horton has gone to Lansdowne to dress-make with the Misses Cornett and Stevens.

Mrs. Martin Cross is gradually failing.

The farmers are busy with their spring work.

TEMPERANCE LAKE.

SATURDAY, May 4.—We are pleased to know our old friend Mrs. Y. Earl, who has been ill, is rapidly improving.

Farmers are very busy at their spring's work and catching fish.

Women in this vicinity are very busy house-cleaning.

Some of our neighbors are talking of doing their houses over a little nicer.

Mr. Benson Towriss, we are pleased to say, is continually improving.

Mr. Geo. Burnham is well pleased with his hunting this spring We all join in wishing him success in the following seasons.

We hope and pray that the bond of union in our meetings will not discontinue.

Literary Competition.

Three Hundred Dollars Offered in Prizes.

BY THE DR. WILLIAMS' MEDICINE CO., OF BROCKVILLE, ONT.

The Above Amount Will be Divided Among the Writers of the Best Five Original Stories — The Competition Open to All Bona Fide Residents of Canada.

With a view to assisting in the development of literary talent in Canada, The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., of Brockville, Ont., will award prizes amounting to $300 among the writers of the best five short original stories submitted in the competition as follows:

For the story pronounced the best $100 will be given.
For the second best $75.
For the third best $60.
For the fourth best $40.
For the fifth best 25.

The competition is open to residents of the Dominion of Canada, who have never won a cash prize in a story competition, and is subject to the following rules:

Each story to contain not more than three thousand words.

The writer of the story shall affix a pen name, initials or motto to his or her manuscript, and shall send with the manuscript a sealed envelope bearing on the outside the pen name, initials or motto attached to the story, and containing inside it the full name and address of the writer thereof.

We impose no limitations whatever as to the nature of topic written upon, and the scene of the story need not necessarily be laid in Canada, although competitors must be residents of Canada, as above stated.

Stories entered in the competition must be written on one side of the paper only, and when possible should be type written

Manuscripts to be sent flat or folded —NOT ROLLED

All stories for competition must reach the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., on or before the first day of July, 1895, and should be marked "For Literary Competition."

Decision will be made as follows: All storios submitted will be referred to a competent committee who will decide which are the best five stories. These stories will then be published in pamphlet form, which pamphlets will be distributed throughout the Dominion, and each will contain a voting paper upon which readers will be invited to express their preference. The story obtaining the highest number of votes will be awarded the first prize. The one obtaining the second highest number will be awarded second prize, and so on until the five prizes are awarded.

The voting will close on the first day of December, 1895, and the committee will then publish the names of the successful competitors and the order of merit.

Unsuccessful manuscripts will be returned when stamps are sent for postage.

The five stories selected are to become the absolute property of the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., with their copy-right in perpetuity.

The decision of the committee and the counting of votes to be absolute and final, and all persons entering the competition agree, by doing so, to accept the decisions of the committee and the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. as final on all points whatsoever.

Correspondence in regard to unsuccessful MSS. declined, even when stamped envelopes are sent; any stamps so sent (for any other purpose than the return for the MS. at the time of first sending) will be put in the poor box.

The Dr. Williams Medicine Co will take all precautions to safe guard MS. entrusted to their care, but in no case do they assume any responsibility for fire, accident or loss of unsuccessful MS. Authors are therefore advised to keep copies.

The stories must be original. Any one sending copied matter will be liable to punishment for fraud, and a prize of $25, is offered to the first person who points out the fact that any story passed by the committee is otherwise than original, in the unlikely event of such an oversight occurring.

All stories entered in the competition must be addressed to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and marked on the envelope "For Literary Competition."

The English Butter Market.

Australian butter is closely crowding that from Denmark in making up the enormous English imports. During the first two months of this year the purchases were equal to 260,000 tubs against 380,000 tubs in Denmark. During the first two months of 1894 Australasia furnished England with a little more than 200,000 tubs and two years ago only 130,000. Out of a total of 1,000,000 tubs imported into Great Britain the United States furnished a quantity barely equal to 3,000 tubs of 60 lbs. each. The United Kingdom also bought in other countries during the first two months of this year about 350,000 tubs butterine, chiefly from Holland, and this in turn was made from oleo oil purchased in the United States. Brazil imports annually butter worth $3,000,000 and of this trade the United States formerly had a large proportion. But the hog-butter cormorants have shipped so much of their counterfeit there, selling it as real butter, that the Brazilian merchants have become incensed and will no longer deal with us, sending largely their orders to Denmark, where the government guarantees the purity of the goods.—American Agriculturist.

Pasture-Making is an Art.

There is an art in making a good pasture that every farmer should turn his attention to. The pasture should be as well taken care of as any part of the farm. Pasture lands ought to be made as rich as possible. They should be seeded down with a large variety of grasses, those of different habits of growth, time of ripening of seed and of good, rich food value. To the farmer just about to seed down his land to pasture one thing essential above all others is the thorough preparation of the soil. The land should be well plowed and repaired, harrowed and re-harrowed, so as to pulverize it thoroughly.

Poor Cheese.

One of the most serious drawbacks to the cheese industry is the vast amount of cheese made which has been robbed of a part of its cream. The consumer buys a small piece, but its poor quality is against it it is not eaten, goes to waste, and the housewife of economical tendencies does not buy it again for months. If only good cheese, from whole milk, were made the consumption would steadily increase. But the market has been so badly demoralized by the makers of poor cheese, that it will take years to recover its tone.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

REV. DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON AT THE ACADEMY IN NEW YORK.

The Eloquent Preacher on Influence, Temptation and the Wiles of the World—Story of the Good Angel and the Bad.

New York, April 1.—There is no diminution in the vast numbers that assemble from Sunday to Sunday to listen to the eloquent sermons of Rev. Dr. Talmage. To-day he chose for his subject "After the Battle," the text selected being I Samuel xxxi, 8, "And it came to pass on the morrow, when the Philistines came to strip the slain, that they found Saul and his three sons fallen in Mount Gilboa."

Some of you were at South Mountain or Shiloh, or Ball's Bluff, or Gettysburg, on northern or southern side, and I ask you if there is any sadder sight than a battlefield after the guns have stopped firing? I walked across the field of Antietam just after the conflict. The scene was so sickening I shall not describe it. Every valuable thing had been taken from the bodies of the dead, for there are always vultures hovering over and around about an army, and they pick up the watches and the memorandum books, and the letters, and the daguerreotypes, and the hats and the coats, applying them to their own uses. The dead make no resistance. So there are always camp followers going on and after an army, as when Scott went down into Mexico, as when Napoleon marched up toward Moscow, as when Von Moltke went to Sedan. There is a similar scene in my text.

Saul and his army had been horribly cut to pieces. Mount Gilboa was ghastly with the dead. On the morrow the stragglers came on to the field, and they lifted the latchet of the helmet from under the chin of the dead, and they picked up the swords and bent them on their knee to test the temper of the metal, and they opened the wallets and counted the coin. Saul lay dead along the ground, eight or nine feet in length, and I suppose the cowardly Philistines, to show their bravery, leaped upon the trunk of his carcass and jeered at the fallen slain and whistled through the mouth of his helmet. Before night those cormorants had taken everything valuable from the field. "And it came to pass on the morrow when the Philistines came to strip the slain that they found Saul and his three sons fallen in Mount Gilboa."

Before I get through to-day I will show you that the same process is going on all the world over and every day, and that when men have fallen satan and the world, so far from pitying them, go to work remorselessly to take what little there is left, thus stripping the slain.

There are tens of thousands of young men every year coming from the country to our great cities. They come with brave hearts and grand expectations. The country lads sit down in the village grocery, wit's their feet on the iron rod around the redhot stove in the evening, talking over the prospects of the young man who has gone off to the city. Two or three of them think that perhaps he may get along very well and succeed, but the most of them prophesy failure, for it is very hard to think that those whom we knew in boyhood will ever make any great success in the world.

But our young man has a fine position in a dry goods store. The month is over. He gets his wages. He is not accustomed to have so much money belonging to himself. He is a little excited and does not know exactly what to do with it, and he spends it in some places where he ought not. Soon there comes up new companions and acquaintances from the barrooms and the saloons of the city. Soon that young man begins to waver in the battle of temptation, and soon his soul goes down. In a few months or few years he has fallen. He is morally dead. He is a mere corpse of what he once was. The harpies of sin snuff up the taint and come on the field. His garments gradually give out. He has pawned his watch. His health is failing him. His credit perishes. He is too poor to pay his way home to the country. Down, down! Why do the low fellows of the city now stick to him so closely? Is it to help him back to a moral and spiritual life? Oh, no; I will tell you why they stay; they are Philistines stripping the slain.

Do not look where I point, but yonder stands a man who once had a beautiful home in this city. His house had elegant furniture, his children were beautifully clad, his name was synonymous with honor and usefulness, but evil habit knocked at his front door, knocked at his back door, knocked at his parlor door, knocked at his bedroom door. Where is the piano? Sold to pay the rent. Where is the hatrack? Sold to meet the butchers' bill. Where are the carpets? Sold to get bread. Where is the wardrobe? Sold to get rum. Where are the daughters? Working their fingers off to keep the family together. Worse and worse until everything is gone. Who is that going up the front steps of that house? That is a creditor, hoping to get some chair or bed that has not been levied upon. Who are those two gentlemen now going up the front steps? The one is a constable; the other is the sheriff. Why do they go there? The unfortunate is morally dead, socially dead, financially dead. Why do they go there? I will tell you why the creditors, and the constables, and the sheriffs go there. They are some on their own account, and some on account of the law stripping the slain.

An ex-member of congress, one of the most eloquent men that ever stood in the house of representatives, said in his last moments: "This is the end. I am dying—dying on a borrowed bed, covered by a borrowed sheet, in a house built by public charity. Bury me under that tree in the middle of the field, where I shall not be crowded, for I have been crowded all my life." Where are the jolly politicians and the dissipating comrades who had been with him laughing at his jokes, applauding his eloquence and plunging him into sin? They have left. Why? His money is gone, his reputation is gone, his wit is gone, his clothes are gone, everything is gone. Why should they stay any longer? They have completed their work. They have stripped the slain.

There is another way, however, of doing that same work. Here is a man who, through his sin, is prostrate. He acknowledges that he has done wrong. Now is the time for you to go to that man and say, "Thousands of people have been as far astray as you are and got back." Now is the time for you to go to that man and tell him of the omnipotent grace of God—that is sufficient for any poor soul. Now is the time to go to tell him how swearing John Bunyan, through the grace of God, afterward came to the celestial city. Now is the time to go to that man and tell him how profligate Newton came, through conversion, to be a world renowned preacher of righteousness. Now is the time to tell that man that multitudes who have been pounded with all the flails of sin and dragged through all the sewers of pollution at last have risen to positive dominion of moral power.

You do not tell him that, do you? No. You say to him: Loan you money? No. You are down. You will have to go to the dogs. Lend you a dollar? I would not lend you five cents to keep you from the gallows. You are debauched. Get out of my sight now. Down. You will have to stay down." And thus those bruised and battered men are sometimes accosted by those who ought to lift them up. Thus the last vestige of hope is taken from them. Thus those who ought to go and lift and save them are guilty of stripping the slain.

The point I want to make is this: Sin is hard, cruel and merciless. Instead of helping a man up it helps him down, and when, like Saul and his comrades, "you lie on the field it will come and steal your sword and helmet and shield, leaving you to the jackal and crow.

But the world and satan do not do all their work with the outcast and abandoned. A respectable and impenitent man comes to die. He is flat on his back. He could not get up if the house was on fire. Adroitest medical skill and gentlest nursing have been a failure. He has come to his last hour. What does satan do for such a man? Why, he fetches up all the inapt, disagreeable and harrowing things in his life. He says: "Do you remember those chances you had for heaven and missed them? Do you remember all those lapses in conduct? Do you remember all those opprobious words, and thoughts and actions? Don't remember them, eh? I'll make you remember them." And then he takes all the past and empties them on the deathbed, as the mailbags are emptied on the postoffice floor. The man is sick. He cannot get away from them.

Then the man says to satan: "You have deceived me. You told me that all would be well. You said there would be no trouble at the last. You told me if I did so and so you would do so and so. Now you corner me and hedge me up, and submerge me in everything evil." "Ha, ha!" says satan. "I was only fooling you. It is mirth for me to see you suffer. I have been for thirty years plotting to get you just where you are. It is hard for you now. It will be worse for you after awhile. It pleases me. Lie still, sir. Don't flinch or shudder. Come, now, I will tear off from you the last rag of expectation I will rend away from your soul the last hope. I will leave you bare for the beating of the storm. It is my business to strip the slain."

While men are in robust health, and their digestion is good, and their nerves are strong, they think their physical strength will get them safely through the last exigency. They say it is only cowardly women who are afraid at the last and cry out for God. "Wait till I come to die. I will show you. You won't hear me pray, nor call for a minister, nor want a chapter read me from the Bible." But after the man has been three weeks in a sickroom his nerves are not so steady and his worldly companions are not anywhere near to cheer him up, and he is persuaded that he must quit life. His physical courage is all gone.

He jumps at the fall of a teaspoon in a saucer. He shivers at the idea of going away. He says: "Wife, I don't think my infidelity is going to take me through. For God's sake, don't bring up the children to do as I have done. If you feel like it, I wish you would read a verse or two out of Fannie's Sabbath school hymn book or New Testament. But satan breaks in and says: "You have always thought religion a trash and a lie. Don't give up at the last. Besides that, you cannot, in the hour you have to live, get off on that track. Die as you lived. With my great black wings I shut out that light. Die in darkness. I rend away from you that last vestige of hope. It is my business to strip the slain."

A man who has rejected Christianity and thought it all trash came to die. He was in the sweat of a great agony, and his wife said: "We had better have some prayer." "Mary, not a breath of that," he said. "The lightest word of prayer would rollback on me like rocks on a drowning man. I have come to the hour of test. I had a chance, but I forfeited it. I believed in a liar, and he has left me in the lurch. Mary, bring me Tom Paine, that book that I swore by and lived by, and pitch it into the fire, and let it burn and burn, as I myself shall soon burn." And then with the foam on his lip and his hands tossing wildly in the air, he cried out: "Blackness of darkness! Oh, my God, too late!" And the spirits of darkness whistled up from the depth and wheeled around and round him, stripping the slain.

Sin is a luxury now. It is exhilaration now. It is victory now. But after awhile it is collision. It is defeat. It is extermination. It is jackalism. It is robbing the dead. It is stripping the slain. Give it up to-day—give it up. Oh, how you have been cheated on, my brother, from one thing to another. All these years you have been under an evil mastery that you understood not. What have your companions done for you? What have they done for your health? Nearly ruined it by carousal. What have they done for your fortune? Almost scattered it by spendthrift behavior. What have they done for your reputation? Almost ruined it with good men. What have they done for your immortal soul? Almost insured its overthrow.

You are listening on toward the consummation of all that is sad. To-day you stop and think, but it is only for a moment, and then you will tramp on, and at the close of this service you will go out, and the question will be, "How did you like the sermon?" And one man will say, "I liked it very well," and another man will say, "I didn't like it all," but neither of the answers will touch the tremendous fact that, if impenitent, you are going at thirty knots an hour toward shipwreck. Yea, you are in a battle where you will fall, and while your surviving relatives will take your remaining estate, and the cemetery will take your body, the messengers of darkness will take your soul and come and go about you stripping the slain.

Many are crying out, "I admit I am slain—I admit it." On what battlefield, my brothers? By what weapon? "Polluted imagination," says one man. "Intoxicating liquor," says another man. "My own hard heart," says another man. Do you realize this? Then I come to tell you that the omnipotent Christ is ready to walk across this battlefield and revive and resuscitate and resurrect your dead soul. Let him take your hand and rub away the numbness; your head and bathe off the aching; your heart and stop its wild throb. He brought Lazarus to life; he brought Jairus' daughter to life; he brought the young man of Nain to life, and those are three proofs anyhow that he can bring you to life.

When the Philistines came down on the field, they stepped between the corpses, and they rolled over the dead, and they took away everything that was valuable, and so it was with the people that followed after the armies at Chancellorsville, and at Pittsburg Landing, and at Stone mountain, and at Atlanta, stripping the slain, but the northern and southern women—God bless them!—came on the field with basins and pads and towels and lint and cordials and Christian encouragement, and the poor fellows that lay there lifted up their arms and said, "Oh, how good that does feel since you dressed it!" and others looked up and said, "Oh, how you make me think of my mother!" and others said, "Tell the folks at home I died thinking about them" and another looked up and said, "Miss, won't you sing me a verse of 'Home, Sweet Home,' before I die?" And then the tattoo was sounded, and the hats were off, and the service was read, "I am the resurrection and the life," and in honor of the departed the muskets were loaded and the command given: "Present! Fire!"

And there was a shingle set up at the head of the grave, with the epitaph of "Lieutenant —— in the Fourteenth Massachusetts regulars," or "Captain —— in the Fifteenth regiment of South Carolina volunteers." And so now across this great field of moral and spiritual battle the angels of God come walking among the slain, and there are voices of comfort, and voices of hope, and voices of resurrection, and voices of heaven.

One night I saw a tragedy on the corner of Broadway and Houston street. A young man, evidently doubting as to which direction he had better take, his hat lifted high enough so that you could see he had an intelligent forehead, stout chest; he had a robust development. Splendid young man. Cultured young man. Honored young man. Why did he stop there while so many were going up and down? The fact is that every man has a good angel and a bad angel contending for the mastery of his spirit, and there was a good angel and a bad angel struggling with that young man's soul at the corner of Broadway and Houston street.

"Come with me," said the good angel. "I will take you home. I will spread my wings over your pillow. I will lovingly escort you all through life under supernatural protection. I will bless every cup you drink out of, every couch you rest on, every doorway you enter. I will consecrate your tears when you weep, your sweat when you toil, and at last I will hand over your grave into the hand of the bright angel of a Christian resurrection. In answer to your father's petition and your mother's prayer I have been sent of the Lord out of heaven to be your guardian spirit. Come with me," said the good angel in a voice of unearthly symphony. It was music like that which drops from a lute of heaven when a seraph breathes on it. "No, no," said the bad angel. "Come with me. I have something better to offer. The wines I pour are from chalices of bewitching carousal. The dance I lead is over floor tessellated with unrestrained indulgences. There is no God to frown on the temples of sin where I worship. The skies are Italian. The paths I tread are through meadows, daisied and primrose. Come with me." The young man hesitated at a time when hesitation was ruin, and the bad angel smote the good angel until it departed, spreading wings through the starlight upward and away until a door flashed open in the sky, and forever the wings vanished. That was the turning point in that young man's history, for, the good angel flown, he hesitated no longer, but started on a pathway which is beautiful at the opening, but blasted at the last.

The bad angel, leading the way, opened gate after gate, and at each gate the road became rougher and the sky more lurid, and what was peculiar as the gate slammed shut it came to with a jar that indicated that it would never open. Passed each portal, there was a grinding of locks and a shoving of bolts, and the scenery on either side of the road changed from gardens to deserts, and the June air became a cutting December blast, and the bright wings of the bad angel turned to sackcloth, and the eyes of light became hollow with hopeless grief, and the fountains that at the start had tossed with wine poured forth bubbling tears and foaming blood, and on the right side of the road there was a serpent, and the man said to the bad angel, "What is that serpent?" and the answer was, "That is the serpent of stinging remorse." On the left side of the road there was a lion, and the man asked the bad angel, "What is that lion?" and the answer was, "That is the lion of all devouring despair." A vulture flew through the sky, and the man asked the bad angel, "What is that vulture?" and the answer was, "That is the vulture waiting for the carcasses of the slain." And then the man began to try to pull off him the folds of something that had wound him round and round, and he said to the bad angel, "That is it that twists me in this awful convolution?" and the answer was, "That is the worm that never dies." And then the man said to the bad angel: "What does all this mean? I trusted in what you said at the corner of Broadway and Houston street. I trusted in all, and why have you thus deceived me?" Then the last deception fell off the charmer, and it said: "I was sent forth from the pit to destroy your soul. I watched my chance for many a long year. When you hesitated that night on Broadway, I gained my triumph. Now you are here. Ha! ha! You are here. Come, now, let us fill these two chalices of fire and drink together to darkness and woe and death. Hail! Hail!" Oh, young man, will the good angel sent forth from Christ or the bad angel sent forth by sin get the victory over your soul? Their wings are interlocked this moment above you, contending for your destiny, as above the Apennines eagle and condor fight mid-sky. This hour may decide your destiny.

The Old Oaken Bucket.

"The Old Oaken Bucket" was written by Woodworth, a printer of New York and of almost every other American city. Not far from the printing office where he was employed there was a dramshop which he frequented, and one hot summer afternoon he strolled in there and called for brandy. It was poured out and as he held up the glass he remarked to a brother printer, "There's nothing like that." "Yes, there is," responded the other, "A drink of cool well water from the old oaken bucket that hangs in my father's well." Woodworth went back to the printing office, sat down at a desk and began to write, and in the course of the afternoon finished the song. The music is by Khalburn, and the melody is that written for "Araby's Daughter."

JUNGFRAU RAILWAY.

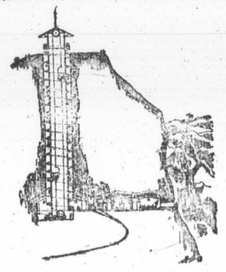
TO THE SUMMIT OF A MOUNTAIN 13,720 FEET HIGH.

Electricity to be the Power—The Road Will Pass Through One of the Best Known Swiss Mountains—A Great Elevator.

Some day it will be possible to go anywhere in the Alps without climbing. Switzerland was once a country which gave much trouble to railroad engineers, but its mountains are now getting covered or honeycombed with lines as thoroughly as any smoother land. The latest development in rapid transit in Switzerland is a proposal to build an electric railroad up the Jungfrau, one of the highest of the Swiss Alps.

Fifty years ago, when France, England and America were already well supplied with railroads, George Stephenson went to Switzerland to study the difficult problem of building them in that country. It was only possible then to construct railroads over a small portion of the republic.

Since then the advance of mechanical science made the mountains more and



THE ELEVATOR AND SPIRAL FOOTWAY.

more accessible. Funicular railways and others, which ascend by means of cogwheels gripping a centre rail, have been built, but up to the present steam or hydraulic power has always been used.

The railway of the Righi has been regarded as the most efficient and successful of these. The motive power is steam and the cars ascend on a system of interlocking wheels, which is a valuable guarantee against accidents. Among the drawbacks of the system are the amount of smoke and dirt produced by the engines and the considerable weight of coal and water which must be carried by them.

Under the new electrical system dirt and smoke are banished and the weight of the engines greatly reduced. The electricity may be generated by steam or hydraulic power, and the superiority of one to the other is a question not yet settled.

The pioneer electrical mountain railway was constructed on Mount Saleve, in Geneva. This has served largely as a model for the very ambitious project of an electrical railway leading through a range of mountains to the summit of Jungfrau.

The railway will start at Scheidegg and after a short course above ground it will pass through the interior of the Eiger, Monich and Jungfrau. The passengers change cars in the last peak and reach the summit by means of an elevator.

The road is more than eight miles long and rises to a height of 6,959 feet. The gradient varies from one to twenty-six per cent. The elevator in the cone is 216 feet in height.

The height of the Jungfrau is 13,720 feet. The new railroad, of course, starts at a high level. The name of the mountain, the German word for maiden, was originally given either on account of the snow or on the belief that no traveller had ever ascended to its highest points. Its summit was first reached in 1811, and since the great development of Alpine climbing many have been there.

The departure station is in the open air, but the remaining six are cut in the solid rock. The various peaks preceding the Jungfrau can be reached by paths.

The stations will contain restaurants and small bedrooms for the benefit of those who wish to ascend the mountains by sunrise or explore them for an indefinite time.

The stations and the tunnel will all be lighted by electricity, and frequent communication with the world below will be possible by telegraph and telephone.

The elevator in the cone will rise through a straight tube, and is to be worked by a hydraulic motor deriving its power from the waters of Lake Luchinen.