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The crowds which lunch and dine daily at this restaurant attest the public approbation of its management.

The Largest Bullock.

The largest bullock ever sent across the Atlantic from Canada was lately sold at Glasgow, Scotland. It was a cross bred Shorthorn from Ontario, and stood seventeen hands high, and measured eight feet from the crown of the head to the tail, with a gross weight of slightly over 2240 pounds. —New York World.

A Hotel in a Crater.

The project to establish a hotel in the crater of Mount Tacoma, Washington, seems to have vitality. The English and American capitalists who have the matter in hand propose to build in connection with the hotel a branch line from the Northern Pacific and a second hotel at the snow line.—Chicago Herald.

HUMPHREYS'

Dr. Humphreys' Specifics are scientifically and carefully prepared Remedies, used for years in private practice and for over thirty years by the people with entire success. Every single Specific a special cure for the disease named.
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ALEXANDER III.

At Rest Amid the Tombs of His Fathers.

LAST IMPRESSIVE RITES.

The Sacred Kremlin Receives Another of Russia's Emperors—His Bier Placed Upon a Catafalque Surmounted by a Golden Canopy.

The streets of Moscow were lined with thousands upon thousands of persons awaiting the arrival of the body of Czar Alexander. The city has almost disappeared under its mantle of white and black draperies and wears a mournful and solemn aspect. The leading streets and thousands of houses are covered with crepe. Even the lamposts are thus covered. Festoons of crepe cover the sidewalks. Arches, obelisks and masks have been erected and covered with elaborate and sombre designs. Everywhere can be seen portraits and busts of the late Czar draped with crepe.

The train conveying the remains arrived Saturday evening at Boutowo, a short distance outside of Moscow, where it remained during the night. The imperial family and the royal guests spent the night at the Czarizeno palace, which stands in the middle of an immense park. The funeral train with Czar Nicholas, the Czarina, Princess Alix, numerous grand dukes and grand duchesses, the Prince and Princess of Wales, high officials and officers, arrived at 10.30.

The party was met on the platform of the railway station by the governor of Moscow, the high officials of the city.

The clergy offered prayers at the coffin was reverently lifted from the train on which it had made the long journey from Sebastopol. A procession was then formed, and when all was in readiness the Prince of Oldenburg and several generals removed the pall from the coffin. Czar Nicholas and the grand dukes then bore the coffin to the hearse that was in waiting.

In the meanwhile cannons were booming from the Kremlin fortress. At 11 o'clock the procession started for the Cathedral of St. Michael the Archangel. The cortege was of immense length. In it imperial standards were borne by high functionaries, each of them followed by one of the dead Czar's saddle horses. General officers carried the Czar's armorial bearings, state swords, and insignia and decorations.

The funeral car was drawn by eight horses and there was a guard of honor, composed of 80 cadets. The cords of the pall, which had been replaced, were held by generals. Then followed on foot the Czar, the Prince of Wales, the Grand Duke, the Imperial household, etc. Behind them came the Czarina and other imperial and royal ladies in mourning coaches.

The military escort was made up of five companies from different regiments, a battery of artillery and five squadrons of cavalry. The route from the railway station to the Kremlin was lined with troops. A feature of the procession was the thousands of wreaths carried by the deputations. There was so many of these wreaths that it was impossible to find room for them in the cathedral. The streets in the vicinity of the Kremlin was black with humanity.

The cortege stopped at four churches on the way to the Kremlin, within the triangular walls of which the Cathedral of St. Michael is situated. These stops were made to allow of the offering of prayers for the dead. It was 1 o'clock before the procession arrived at the Cathedral. Here the pall was again removed, and the coffin was borne into the church with the same ceremony that had marked its transfer at the station. It was placed upon an immense catafalque that had been erected in the nave. The catafalque was surmounted by a canopy embroidered in gold.

The tomb of the Czar's, whose remains are in the cathedral, were covered with black velvet, on which the epitaphs on the tombs were reproduced. Four generals removed the lid and replaced the pall over the open coffin.

The Metropolitan of Moscow conducted the funeral services, which were marked with all the pomp and circumstance of the Orthodox church.

Subsequently many of the imperial party, with their suites, proceeded to the Uspensky Cathedral, the most venerated of the several sacred buildings of the Kremlin, and the Ischudoff cloisters, where the most venerated holy pictures of Russia were displayed. Thence they went to the palace.

The most touching scenes were witnessed in the cathedral. The people prostrated themselves reverentially before the coffin, at the same time offering brief prayers for the repose of the soul of Alexander III.

Made a Noise in the World.

"What became of the Hodgkin boys?" asked a New Yorker of a friend, upon returning after many years' absence, to his old home in the country.

"Wal, Jim's runnin' the old farm, and Tom's preachin' in the South, and Billy's tendin' the postoffice at Waverly."

"There was another," remarked the city man. "Wasn't his name Eli? He went West. Was anything ever heard from him?"

"Heard from him? Yes, I should think so. He's made noise enough in this world. Why, he beats a gong in a railroad eatin' station."—New York Herald.

Hit Him Hard.

"How did my poem strike you?" asked a writer of the editor.

"Very forcibly."

"Indeed; I am gratified to hear it."

"Yes; I took the manuscript home with me to look it over, and my little boy chewed some of the pages up into paper wads. I don't think I was ever more forcibly struck."—*Boston Transcript.*

MARYLAND STATE ITEMS.

The Latest Happenings in Various Part of the State.

Several Pennsylvanians living in Media, Germantown and Philadelphia have leased the property of J. Kent Worthington, near Darlington, in Harford county, and will proceed to improve the same. Their intention is to use it as a clubhouse and stock farm. With this end in view the dwelling-house will be completely remodeled and a wing and wide porches built. The stables will be enlarged to accommodate forty horses. Young horses will be sent there to be trained and it is also the intention to keep a kennel.

There was witnessed near Prince Frederick, Calvert county, a few days ago, a desperate encounter between a huge black snake and a large hawk. The hawk was the aggressor, and its intention, no doubt, was to seize and fly away with the snake, but the reptile was a little too active and weighty to be gotten away with so easily, and showed fight from the beginning. After numerous contortions the snake finally got the hawk in its coil, which it steadily tightened, and at the same time holding on to earth by grasping with its mouth a strongly rooted running brier. The hawk just then was getting decidedly the worst of the encounter, when two other hawks came to the rescue and valiantly fought the snake. Then Mr. Wm. H. Bowen, who was watching the interesting and novel battle, dispatched the contestants. The hawk lost one of its talons. The snake measured nearly six feet in length.

A bill was filed in the court of Equity at Hagerstown asking for the sale of the old Antietam Iron Works, three miles south of Sharpsburg, to satisfy two of the bonds of the company of $1,000 each, with $600 interest, held by the Hagerstown Bank. The iron works are in the hands of Mr. John Hays, trustee under the deed of trust from Mr. Thomas W. Ahl, and have not been worked for fifteen years, prior to which time large quantities of ore were shipped from 1,500 acres of ore land owned by the company in West Virginia, and the furnaces were operated on a large scale.

Kent county gunners are restless and disconsolate. Partridges and rabbits are moderately abundant, but until January 1, 1895, a prohibition has been laid upon all gunning in this county, except for hawks and one or two other birds equally valueless for sport. This prohibitory law was opposed by many gunners, but the constantly increasing scarcity of game rendered it absolutely necessary that some measure should be adopted. The prohibitory law was rejected in Queen Anne's and Kent county gunners have to some extent enjoyed the sporting hospitality of their neighbors, but the Queen Anne's people have adopted a general system of advertising against trespassers.

David Deming, living near Chestnut Grove, about 4 miles north of Federalsburg, wasserious shot by the accidental discharge of the gun on a companion with whom he was hunting. He was but 20 yards away, and nearly the whole load of No. 4 shot entered different parts of his chest, face and arm.

The school commissioners ordered the public school at Cherry Hill, four miles north of Elkton, closed on account of the scarlet fever. The disease is very prevalent in that vicinity. One death has occurred and a number of the pupils are ill.

Edward, the two-year-old son of Charles Botley, of Concowing, drank some of the contents of a bottle of corrosive sublimate and has since died after suffering terrible agony.

Cure for Round Shoulders.

A physician in Mother's Nursery Guide has recommended the following movements for the cure of all except very "severe cases" of round shoulders, when braces are also sometimes a necessity: 1. Raise arms before you shoulder high, extend arms sidewise, throw head back; straighten head; move arms forward; lower arms; repeat ten times. 2. Stand erect; raise arms before you; rise on tiptoes, then throw arms as far backward as possible; sink again on the heels and drop arms to side; repeat ten times. 3. Raise arms with elbow bent, shoulder high, bringing palms together in front of face; then, with elbows still bent, swing both arms vigorously backward as far as possible even with the shoulders, palms looking forward.

This should be repeated several times, but as the position is somewhat fatiguing, rest or change of exercise may be made between the movements.

In Olden Times

People over-anxious to be sure of permanently benefiting the sick may be satisfied that Hood's Sarsaparilla is what it is generally known as, a purifier of the blood, permanently cures chronic constitutional, scrofulous troubles, will not buy other laxatives, which act for a time, but finally injure the system.

It is said that the secretary bird in attacking a snake uses one wing as a shield and the other as a club.

$500 Reward. $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address

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Sold by Druggists, 75c.

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Good Men Profitably Employed.

Whenever we have a number of grand, good men working for us, and they are making money, we usually write letter for themselves than they could in any other line." That is about the way Mr. H. J. Johnson of the firm of H. J. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., stated the case in referring to their advertisement for representatives to devote a large part of their time to the interest of their business.

Diamonds, so small that 1,500 go to the carat, have been cut in Holland.

If Kilmer's Swamp-Root cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles, Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

There was not a public library in the United States 100 years ago.

It Is Of No Use

to say that there is "Something Just as Good as Ripans Tabules for disorders of the stomach and liver." It is not so. This standard remedy will relieve and cure you. One tabule gives relief.

It's a good plan when you get the worst of it to make the best of it.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation. 25 cts., 50 cts. $1.

California sea lions are champion climbers and jumpers.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduce inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

Tea is out every forty days the year around in Japan.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle.

Candy should not be eaten just before meals.

A LOW WATER LEVEL

In Rivers, Ponds, Wells, and other sources of drinking water threatens danger from malarial germs. This condition is usually found in the Fall, and it pays to Hood's Sarsaparilla as a safeguard against attacks of disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure blood, and thus guards the system from all these perils. It creates an appetite and gives sound and robust health. "I have

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

been using Hood's Sarsaparilla occasionally for the last three years. I have suffered from malaria fever for five years, and have tried many kinds of medicine, but found no relief till I commenced to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I have all confidence in it, and believe it to be far superior to any other tonic." P. J. FITZGERALD, 121 Ninth St., So. Boston, Mass. Get Hood's and only Hood's.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

REV. DR. TALMAGE

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Home Again."

Text: "Bring hither the fatted calf and kill it."—Luke xv., 23.

In all ages of the world it has been customary to celebrate joyful events by festivity—the signing of treaties, the proclamation of peace, the Christmas, the marriage. However much on other days of the year our table may have stinted supply, on Thanksgiving there must be something bounteous. And all the comfortable homes of Christendom have at some time celebrated joyful events by banquet and festivity.

Something has happened in the old homestead greater than anything that has ever happened before. A favorite son, whom the world supposed would become a vagabond and outlaw forever, has got tired of sightseeing and has returned to his father's house. The world said he never would come back. The old man always said his son would come. He had been looking for him day after day and year after year. He knew he would come back. Now, having returned to his father's house, the father proclaims celebration. There is a calf in the paddock that has been kept up and fed to utmost capacity, so as to be ready for some occasion of joy that might come along. Ah, there never will be a grander day on the old homestead than this day. Let the butchers do their work and the housekeepers bring into the table the smoking meat. The musicians will take their places, and the gay groups will move up and down the floor. All the friends and neighbors are gathered in, and extra supply is sent out to the table of the servants. The father presides at the table, and says grace, and thanks God that his long absent boy is home again. Oh, how they missed him! How glad they are to have him back! On brother indeed stands pouting at the back door and says: "This is a great ado about nothing. This bad boy should have been chastened instead of greeted. Veal is too good for him!" But the father says: "Nothing is too good. Nothing is good enough." There sits the young man, glad at the hearty reception. But a shadow of sorrow flitting across his brow at the remembrance of the trouble he had seen. All ready now. Let the covers lift. Music. He was dead, and he is alive again! He was lost, and he is found! By such bold imagery does the Bible set forth the merrymaking when a soul comes home to God.

First of all, there is the new convert's joy. It is no tame thing to become a Christian. The most tremendous moment in a man's life is when he surrenders himself to God. The grandest time on the father's homestead is when the boy comes back. Among the great throng who in the parlors of my church, professed Christ one night was a young man, who next day in the morning rang my doorbell and said: "Sir, I cannot contain myself with the joy I feel. I came here this morning to express it. I have found more joy in five minutes in serving God than in all the years of my prodigality, and I came to say so."

You have seen perhaps a man running for his physical liberty and the officers of the law after him, and you saw him escape, or afterward you heard the judge had pardoned him and how great was the glee of that released man. But it is a very tame thing that compared with the running for one's everlasting life—the terrors of the law after him and Christ coming in to pardon and bless and rescue and save. You remember John Bunyan, in his great story, tells how the pilgrim put his fingers in his ears and ran, crying, "Life, life, eternal life." A poor coachdriver, after having had to struggle to support his family for years, suddenly was informed that a large inheritance was his, and there was joy amounting to bewilderment, but that is a small thing compared with the experience of one when he has put in his hands the title deed to the joys, the raptures, the splendors of heaven, and he can truly say, "Its mansions are mine, its temples are mine; its songs are mine, its God is mine."

Oh, it is no tame thing to become a Christian. It is a merry making. It is the killing of the fatted calf. It is gladness. You know the Bible never compares it to a funeral, but always compares it to something bright. It is more apt to be compared to a banquet than anything else. It is compared in the Bible to the water—right, flashing water—to the morning, rosate, fire worked, mountain transfigured morning. I will call it to-day take all the Bible expressions about pardon and peace and life and comfort and hope and heaven, and twist them into one garland and put it on the brow of the humblest child of God in all this land, and cry: "Wear it, wear it now, wear it forever, son or daughter of the Lord God Almighty. Oh, the joy of the new convert! Oh, the gladness of the Christian service.

You have seen sometimes a man in a religious assembly get up and give his experience. Well, Paul did that on one occasion. He rose in the presence of two churches—the church on earth and the church in heaven—and he said: Now, in my experience, sorrowful, yet always rejoicing, poor, yet making many rich, having nothing, yet possessing all things." If all the people who read this sermon know the joys of the Christian religion, they would all pass over into the kingdom of God the next moment. When Daniel Sandeman was dying of cholera, his attendant said, "Are you much pain?" "Oh," he replied, "since I found the Lord I have never had any pain except sin." Then they said to him, "Would you like to send a message to your friends?" "Yes, I would. Tell them that only last night the love of Jesus came rushing into my soul like the surges of the sea, and I had to cry out 'Stop, Lord, it is enough.' Stop, Lord, enough of the joys of this Christian religion!"

Just pass over from those tame joys in which you are indulging—joys of this world—to the raptures of the gospel. The world cannot satisfy you now, you have found out—Alexander longing for other worlds to conquer and yet drowned in his own bottle. Byron whipped by disquietudes around the world, Voltaire cursing his own soul within all the streets of Paris were applauding him, Henry II. consuming with hatred against poor Thomas a Becket, all illustrations of the fact that this world cannot make a man happy. The very man who poisoned the pommel of the saddle on which Queen Elizabeth rode shouted in the street, "God Save the Queen!" One moment the world applauds, and the next moment the world anathematizes.

Oh, come over into this greater joy, this sublime solace, this magnificent beatitude. The night after the battle of Shiloh there were thousands of wounded on the field, and the ambulances had not come. One Christian soldier, lying there, aching and faint as starlight, began to sing:

"There is a land of pure delight,
And when we came to the next line there were scores of voices united,
Where saints immortal reign.

The song was caught up all over the field among the wounded until it was said that there were at least 10,000 wounded men uniting their voices as they came to the verse:

There everlasting spring abides
And never withering flowers:
Death like a narrow stream divides
That heavenly land from ours.

Oh, it is a great religion to live by, and it is a great religion to die by. There is only one part that separates you on that religion this moment. Just look into the face of your pardoning God, and surrender yourself or time and for eternity, and He is yours, and heaven is yours, and all is yours. Some of you, like the young man of the text, have gone astray. I know not the history, but you know what I—you know it.

When a young man went forth into life, the legend says, his guardian angel went forth with him, and getting him into a field the guardian angel spread a circle of fire around the young man. Now, it was a circle of virtue and honor, so that he must not step beyond that circle. Several temptations came along, but were stayed in their course. They could not pass. But one day a temptress, with diamond hand, set her teeth and crossed that circle with the hand, and the tempted soul took it, and he that one fell grip was brought beyond the circle and died.

Some of you have stepped beyond that circle. Would you not like this day, by the grace of God, to step back? This, I say to you, is your hour of salvation. There was in the closing hours of Queen Anne's want is called the clock scene. Sat down on the pillow, in helpless sickness, she could not move her head or move her hand. She was waiting for the hour when the ministers of State should gather in angry contest, and worried and worn out by the coming hour, and in momentary absence of the nurse, in the power—the strange power which delirium sometimes gives one—she arose and stood in front of the clock and stood there watching the clock when the nurse returned. The nurse said, "Do you see anything peculiar about that clock?" She made no answer, but rose and died. There is a clock scene in every history. If some of you would rise from the bed of lethargy and come out of your delirium of sin and look on the clock of your destiny this moment, you would see and hear something you have not seen or heard before, and every tick of the minute, and every stroke of the hour, and every swing of the pendulum, would say, "Now, now, now, now!" Oh, come home to your Father's house! Come home, oh, prodigal, from the wilderness! Come home, come home!

But I notice that when the prodigal came there was the father's joy. He did not greet him with any formal "How do you do?" He did not come out and say "You are unfit to enter. Go out and wash in the trough by the well, and then you can come in. We have had enough trouble with you." No, no! When the proprietor of that estate proclaimed festival, it was an outburst of a father's love and a father's joy. God is your father.

I have not much sympathy with that description of God I sometimes hear, although He were a Turkish sultan—hard and unsympathetic and listening not to the cry of His subjects. A man told me he saw in one of the eastern lands a king riding along, and two men were in an altercation, and one charged the other with having eaten his rice, and the king said, "Then slay the man, and by post mortem examination find whether he has eaten the rice." And he was slain. Ah, the cruelty of a scene like that! Our God is not a sultan, not a despot, but a father—kind, loving, forgiving—and He makes all heaven ring again when a prodigal comes back. "I have no pleasure," He says, "in the death of him that dieth."

If a man does not get heaven, it is because he will not go there. No difference the color, no difference the history, no difference the antecedents, no difference the surroundings, no difference the sin. When the white horses of Christ's victory are brought out to celebrate the eternal triumph, you may ride one of them, and, as God is greater than all, His joy is greater, and when a soul comes back there is in His heart the surging of an infinite ocean of gladness, and to express that gladness it takes all the rivers of pleasure, and all the thrones of pomp, and all the ages of eternity. It is a joy deeper than all depth, and higher than all height, and wider than all width, and vaster than all immensity. It overtops, it undergirds, it outweighs all the united splendor and joy of the universe. Who can tell what God's joy is?

You remember reading the story of a king who on some great day of festivity scattered silver and gold among the people, who sent valuable presents to his courtiers, but methinks when a soul comes back God is so glad that to express His joy He flings out new worlds into space, kindles up new suns and rolls among the white robed anthems of the redeemed a greater hallelujah, while with a voice that reverberates among the mountains of frankincense and is echoed back from the everlasting gates He cries, "This, my son, was dead and is alive again!"

At the opening of the exposition in New Orleans I saw a Mexican flutist, and he played the solo, and then afterward the eight or ten bands of music, accompanied by the great organ, came in, but the sound to that one flute as compared with all the orchestras was greater than all the combined joy of the universe when compared with the resounding heart of Almighty God.

For ten years a father went three times a day to the depot. His son went off in aggravating circumstances, but the father said, "He will come back." The strain was too much, and his mind parted, and three times a day the father went. In the early morning he watched the train—its arrival, the stepping out of the passengers, and then the departure of train. At noon he was there again, watching the advance of the train, watching the departure.

At night there again, watching the coming, watching the going, for ten years. He was sure his son would come back. God has been watching and waiting for some of you, my brothers, ten years, twenty years, thirty years, forty years, perhaps fifty years, waiting, waiting, watching, watching, and if this morning the prodigal should come home, what a scene of gladness and festivity and how the great Father's heart would rejoice at your coming home! You will come, some of you, will you not? You will, you will!

I notice also that when a prodigal comes home there is the joy of the ministers of religion. Oh, it is a grand thing to preach this gospel! I know there has been a great deal said about the trials and the hardships of the Christian ministry. I wish somebody would write a good, rousing book about the joys of the Christian ministry. Since I entered the profession I have seen more of the goodness of God than I will be able to celebrate in all eternity. I know some boast about their equilibrium, and they do not rise into enthusiasm, and they do not break down with emotion, but I confess to you plainly that when I see a man coming to God and giving up his sin I feel in holy, blind and wild transport. When I see a man who is bound hand and foot in evil habit emancipated, I rejoice over it as though it were my own emancipation. When, in our Communion service, such throngs of young and old stood up at the altars and in the presence of heaven and earth and hell attested their allegiance to Jesus Christ, I felt a joy something akin to that which the apostle describes when he says: "Whether in the body I cannot tell, or out of the body I cannot tell. God knoweth."

Have not ministers a right to rejoice when a prodigal comes home? They owe the trumpet, and ought they not to be glad of the gathering of the host. They pointed to the lifesupply, and ought they not to rejoice when souls pant as the hart for the water brooks? They come forth saying, "All things are now ready." Ought they not rejoice when the prodigal sits down at the banquet?

Life insurance men will all tell you that ministers of religion as a class live longer than any other. It is confirmed by the statistics of all those who calculate upon human longevity. Way is it? There is more drain upon the nervous system than in any other profession, and their toil is most exhausting. I have seen ministers get up and give his experience. Well, Paul did that on one occasion. He rose in the presence of two churches—the church on earth and the church in heaven—and he said: Now, in my experience, sorrowful, yet always rejoicing, poor, yet making many rich, having nothing, yet possessing all things." If all the people who read this sermon know the joys of the Christian religion, they would all pass over into the kingdom of God the next moment. When Daniel Sandeman was dying of cholera, his attendant said, "Are you much pain?" "Oh," he replied, "since I found the Lord I have never had any pain except sin." Then they said to him, "Would you like to send a message to your friends?" "Yes, I would. Tell them that only last night the love of Jesus came rushing into my soul like the surges of the sea, and I had to cry out 'Stop, Lord, it is enough.' Stop, Lord, enough of the joys of this Christian religion!"

Just pass over from those tame joys in which you are indulging—joys of this world—to the raptures of the gospel. The world cannot satisfy you now, you have found out—Alexander longing for other worlds to conquer and yet drowned in his own bottle. Byron whipped by disquietudes around the world, Voltaire cursing his own soul within all the streets of Paris were applauding him, Henry II. consuming with hatred against poor Thomas a Becket, all illustrations of the fact that this world cannot make a man happy. The very man who poisoned the pommel of the saddle on which Queen Elizabeth rode shouted in the street, "God Save the Queen!" One moment the world applauds, and the next moment the world anathematizes.

Oh, come over into this greater joy, this sublime solace, this magnificent beatitude. The night after the battle of Shiloh there were thousands of wounded on the field, and the ambulances had not come. One Christian soldier, lying there, aching and faint as starlight, began to sing:

"There is a land of pure delight,
And when we came to the next line there were scores of voices united,
Where saints immortal reign.

The song was caught up all over the field among the wounded until it was said that there were at least 10,000 wounded men uniting their voices as they came to the verse:

There everlasting spring abides
And never withering flowers:
Death like a narrow stream divides
That heavenly land from ours.

Oh, it is a great religion to live by, and it is a great religion to die by. There is only one part that separates you on that religion this moment. Just look into the face of your pardoning God, and surrender yourself or time and for eternity, and He is yours, and heaven is yours, and all is yours. Some of you, like the young man of the text, have gone astray. I know not the history, but you know what I—you know it.

When a young man went forth into life, the legend says, his guardian angel went forth with him, and getting him into a field the guardian angel spread a circle of fire around the young man. Now, it was a circle of virtue and honor, so that he must not step beyond that circle. Several temptations came along, but were stayed in their course. They could not pass. But one day a temptress, with diamond hand, set her teeth and crossed that circle with the hand, and the tempted soul took it, and he that one fell grip was brought beyond the circle and died.

Some of you have stepped beyond that circle. Would you not like this day, by the grace of God, to step back? This, I say to you, is your hour of salvation. There was in the closing hours of Queen Anne's want is called the clock scene. Sat down on the pillow, in helpless sickness, she could not move her head or move her hand. She was waiting for the hour when the ministers of State should gather in angry contest, and worried and worn out by the coming hour, and in momentary absence of the nurse, in the power—the strange power which delirium sometimes gives one—she arose and stood in front of the clock and stood there watching the clock when the nurse returned. The nurse said, "Do you see anything peculiar about that clock?" She made no answer, but rose and died. There is a clock scene in every history. If some of you would rise from the bed of lethargy and come out of your delirium of sin and look on the clock of your destiny this moment, you would see and hear something you have not seen or heard before, and every tick of the minute, and every stroke of the hour, and every swing of the pendulum, would say, "Now, now, now, now!" Oh, come home to your Father's house! Come home, oh, prodigal, from the wilderness! Come home, come home!

But I notice that when the prodigal came there was the father's joy. He did not greet him with any formal "How do you do?" He did not come out and say "You are unfit to enter. Go out and wash in the trough by the well, and then you can come in. We have had enough trouble with you." No, no! When the proprietor of that estate proclaimed festival, it was an outburst of a father's love and a father's joy. God is your father.

I have not much sympathy with that description of God I sometimes hear, although He were a Turkish sultan—hard and unsympathetic and listening not to the cry of His subjects. A man told me he saw in one of the eastern lands a king riding along, and two men were in an altercation, and one charged the other with having eaten his rice, and

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At the banquet of Lucullus sat Cicero the orator. At the Macedonian festival sat Philip the conqueror. At the Grecian banquet sat Socrates, the philosopher, but at our Father's table sit all the returned prodigals, more than conquerors. The table is so wide its leaves reach across seas and across lands. Its guests are the redeemed of the earth and the glorified of heaven. The ring of God's forgiveness on every hand, the robe of a Saviour's righteousness adroop from every shoulder. The wine that glows in the cups is from the bowls of 10,000 atonements. Let all the redeemed of earth and all the glorified of heaven arise, and with a gleaming chalice drink to the return of a home, what a scene of gladness and festivity and how the great Father's heart would rejoice at your coming home! You will come, some of you, will you not? You will, you will!

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