SIR GEORGE BADEN-POWELL, British commissioner in the Behring sea seal fishery negotiations, says Lord Salisbury while desiring to avoid war with the United States was determined not to yield a jot to the British rights. Sir George said it was his conviction that England would win in the arbitration.

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THESE JAPS ARE CHINAMEN.

How Two Clever Mongolians Bettered Their Condition in Life.

When John Chinaman plays at trickery it may be sat down immediately that his play will smack with boldness, rare ingeniousness and originality and very frequently a touch of humor astounding, says a writer in the New York Hearld.

As a detective once put it, "a Chinaman will rush in where angels fear to tread' and get out unscathed and smiling."

On One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, Harlem, however, there are two Chinamen that lead the van.

But little over a year ago they were hardworking but presumably poorly paid proprietors of a Chinese laundry in San Francisco. They jabbered over their financial status and their future prospects for a while, after which a happier expression lingered on their faces and they moved with a jauntier step. Eureka! was what they wanted to exclaim, but they couldn't, so they simply looked it and let it go at that.

But they sold out their laundry, bought two tickets for New York City, had their pig-tails shaved off, bought two Japanese wigs, two suits of "Melican" clothes and a stock of Japanese goods and bric-a-brac, and when they stepped off the cars at the Grand Central depot, conservatively speaking, they were changed Celestials.

In place of two Chinamen used to drudgery and all night work and cheap, loose Chinese blouses and trousers, they had a certain air of Japanese refinement about them that was interesting. After a short time in this city they secured a store on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, moved in their stock of Japanese ornaments and are now doing a thriving business.

I stepped in to see them yesterday, and they still possess the wigs and every appearance of prosperity.

They dress in dark colored American style clothes, and with a seductive smile greet all who wish to enter the bazaar and inspect the oddities therein displayed.

If you glance at their craniums you cannot help noting the wigs. Perhaps you will wonder at them and wonder if all Japs wear wigs, but if you have mingled much, or are acquainted with the wily ways of Mongolians, you will say to yourself: "Why, I've been taken in as Chinamen" and your wonderment will change to vulgar curiosity and a quiet smile.

ST. GAUDENS is designing for the city of Boston an alto relievo in bronze of Colonel Shaw and his negro regiment. It is said that the piece of work will be the sculptor's greatest triumph.

LOUIS WEBB, the youngest and by all odds the choicest of the Webb brothers, has recently completed an oil painting which he calls "In the Greenhouse," and is exciting much comment among artist- and picture

A GOOD START.

Too Early in the New Year to Expect any Great Activity.

Very Large Sales of Southern Municipal Securities Have Been Made in the North and the West.

The *Manufacturer's Record*, of Baltimore, in reviewing the industrial progress of the South, says:

"It is too early in the new year to expect any very great activity in new enterprises, but notwithstanding this the past week shows a healthy growth, with a decided tendency of capital to seek investments in the South more freely than for many months. Very large sales of Southern municipal securities have lately been made in the North and the West, and the outlook is promising for increased confidence in Southern securities of all kinds. Active efforts for the building up of Southern ports continue, and at Newport News additional shipping facilities are to be constructed; at Norfolk large piers, a machine shop and roundhouse are to be built by the Norfolk & Western to accommodate its heavily increasing business there, while at Charleston extensive wharf property has been purchased by Northern capitalists. At other ports the work of developing their foreign trade goes on steadily. In the industrial line there has been a fair amount of activity, and among the new enterprises reported for the week are a $250,000 coal mining company in Alabama with the full capital subscribed; a $500,000 coal mining company in West Virginia; a $150,000 car works company in Florida; a $25,000 brick company at Cedartown, Ga.; a $1,500,000 phosphate company in Florida; a $50,000 clothing company at Atlanta, Ga.; a $200,000 land improvement company at Fort Worth, Texas; a $200,000 hotel company at Dallas, Texas; a $1,000,000 loan and immigration company in South Carolina; a $50,000 kaolin company in South Carolina; a $50,000 improvement company in Dallas, Texas; three large tobacco factories at Louisville, Ky.; a $30,000 canal building company at New Orleans, La.; a $100,000 distillery company at Dalles, Texas; a $500,000 street car motor building company at Pensacola, Fla.; a $110,000 phosphate company in Florida; a $100,000 machine company at Baltimore, Md."

WORK AND WORKERS.

RECENT heavy storms have flooded the mines in the vicinity of Shamokin, Penna., and about 2500 men were temporarily thrown out of work.

THREE thousand operatives of the Elgin National Watch Company, Elgin, Ill., stand ready to strike against a reduction of 15 to 20 per cent. in wages.

STRIKERS of the San Antonio and Arkansas Pass Railway, at Yocum, Texas, overpowered the night watchman at the division shops, and dismantled 15 locomotives and did other damage.

ANOTHER outbreak is expected in the Coal Creek Valley, Tennessee, an incendiary circular having been sent among the miners praying "destruction to the convicts, lessees and State militia."

ALL the motor men and conductors in the employ of the Birmingham (Ala.) Railway and Electric Company struck for fifteen cents per hour instead of twelve. Their demand has been refused by the company.

NO. 2 anthracite blast furnace of the Brooke Iron Company, at Birdsboro', Berks county, Pa., resumed operations after a year's idleness. This is one of the largest furnaces in the Schuylkill Valley.

EUGENE STORCK, of Lusen, Germany, is in Pittsburg, Pa., soliciting aid for the 18,000 striking miners of Berlin. He is meeting with success, but says that he expects to raise $100,000 in this country.

A STRIKE of express messengers on the Illinois Central Railroad took place because the company will not grant a general increase of pay. At Jackson, Tennessee, a new messenger was taken off an arriving train by a body of sympathizing railroad men.

THE messengers of the Southern Express Company, running between New Orleans and Cairo, on the Illinois Central Road and branches, went on strike against the discharge of Messenger Cordell, who presented a petition some time ago asking for the increased pay, which was granted.

A COMMITTEE representing the Associated Lumber Producers of Pennsylvania and Western New York met in Williamsport and decided to advance the price of hemlock lumber 50 cents per thousand feet. It was also decided to restrict the production at least 25 per cent.

AT FALL RIVER, Massachusetts, despatch says that the earnings of the cotton mills there in 1892, as shown by the annual dividends, were $479,920 less than in the year 1890. "The early part of the year was generally discouraging to print cloth mills, but since September there has been a general improvement," which bids fair to continue.

BOILERS EXPLODE.

Kill Two Men, Injure Eight and Tear a Building to Pieces.

The boilers in the pork-packing establishment of A. H. March, of Bridgeport, Pa., exploded at 10:30 o'clock A. M.

The building was completely wrecked. Two men were killed and eight injured, several of the latter perhaps fatally.

John Shaw, who was killed, had just bought the wholesale route, and this was his first day on the establishment. His head and shoulders were blown entirely off. He was a married man and leaves several children.

The injured were taken to the Charity Hospital.

Proprietor March and his bookkeeper, Miss Carrie Bond, were in the office at the time of the explosion. Both escaped, but Miss Bond were badly frightened, but were not hurt.

The boiler was 100-horse power and had been in use about six months. The loss is roughly estimated at from $25,000 to $30,000. Mr. March would say nothing as to the amount of insurance.

The Norristown fire department was called out, and with citizens, aided in the work of rescuing the injured and finding the dead. The property in the immediate vicinity of the wrecked building was considerably damaged. Several persons made narrow escapes.

Winter in the Far West.

The climate of both Oregon and Washington is mild and equable. In Western Oregon and Washington it is difficult to draw the lines that divide the seasons, writes Senator Dolph in the *Forum*. Winter is usually a wet season, but there are often long periods of perfect weather in February and March. Flowers frequently bloom in the open air in January, and green fields of growing grass and grain may be seen all winter. Once or twice during the winter a few inches of snow falls, but it disappears rapidly. At intervals of several years occurs a winter with ten days or two weeks of freezing weather and a considerable fall of snow. The summers are cool, and excessive heat is unknown. In Eastern Oregon and Washington the climate is different. The dry season of summer is more protracted, the rainfall is less, and the heat is greater, though it is never excessive. The winters are colder, but of short duration; the snowfall is light and seldom lies long in the valleys, and live stock ranges on the plains all winter, thriving on the natural grasses without food, except when the snow is unusually deep or the cold period unusually protracted.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Sundial of Ahaz."

TEXT: "*And Isaiah the prophet cried unto the Lord: and He brought the shadow ten degrees backward by which it had gone down in the dial of Ahaz.*"—II Kings xx., 11.

Here is the first clock or watch or chronometer or timepiece of which the world has any knowledge. But it was a watch that did not tick and a clock that did not strike. It was a sundial. Ahaz, the king, invented it. Between the hours given to statecraft and the cares of office he invented something by which he could tell the time of day. This sundial may have been a great column, and when the shadow of that column reached one point it was nine o'clock A. M., and when it reached another point it was three o'clock P. M., and all the hours and half hours were so measured. Or it may have been a flight of stairs such as may now be found in Hindostan and other old countries, and when the shadow reached one step it was ten o'clock A. M., or another step it was four o'clock P. M., and likewise other hours may have been indicated.

The clepsydra or water-clock followed the sundial, and the sandglass followed the clepsydra. Then came the candle clock of Alfred the Great and the candle was marked into three parts, and while the first part was burning he gave himself to religion, and while the second part was burning he gave himself to politics, and while the third part was burning he gave himself to rest. After awhile came the wheel and weight clock, and Pope Sylvester the Second, was its most important inventor. And the skill of centuries of exquisite mechanism toiled at the timepieces until the world had the Vick's clock of the Fourteenth century and Huyghens, the inventor, strung the first pendulum and Dr. Hooke contrived the recoil escapement. And the "endless chain" followed and the "ratchet and pinion lever" took its place, and the compensation balance and the stemwinder followed, and now we have the buzz and clang of the great clock and watch factories of Switzerland and Germany and England and America turning out what seems to be the perfection of timepieces. It took the world six thousand years to make the present chronometer. So with the measurement of longer spaces than minutes and hours. Time was calculated from new moon to new moon; then from harvest to harvest. Then the year was pronounced to be three hundred and fifty-four days and then three hundred and sixty days, and not until a long while after three hundred and sixty-five days. Then events were calculated from the foundation of Rome, afterward from the Olympic games. Then the Babylonians had their measurement of the year and the Ethiopians theirs and the Armenians theirs and the Hindoos theirs. Chronology was busy for centuries studying monuments, inscriptions, coins, mummies and astronomy, trying to lay a plan by which all question of dates might be settled and events put in their right place in the procession of the ages. But the chronologists only heaped up a mountain of confusion and bewilderment until in the sixth century Dionysius Exiguus, a Roman abbot, said, "Let everything date from the birth of Bethlehem of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world." The abbot proposed to have things dated backward and forward from that great event, but a splendid thought for its new world! What a mighty thing for Christianity! It would have been most natural to date everything from the creation of the world. But I am glad the chronologists would not too easily guess how old the world was in order to get the nations in the habit of dating from that occurrence in its documents and histories. Forever fixed it is that all history is to be dated with reference to the birth of Christ, and, this matter settled, Hales, the chief chronologist, declared that the world was made five hundred and two hundred and eleven years before Christ, and the deluge came three thousand one hundred and fifty-five years before Christ, and all the illustrious events of the ancient world previous to that, all the great events of all time to come have been or shall be dated from the birth of Christ. These things I say that you may know what a watch is, what a clock is, what an almanac is, and learn to appreciate through what toils and hardships and perplexities the world came to its present conveniences and comforts, and to help you to more respectful consideration of that sundial of Ahaz planted in my text.

We are told that Hezekiah, the king, was dying of a boil. It must have been one of the worst kind of carbuncles, a boil without any central core and sometimes deathful. A fig was put upon it as a poultice. Hezekiah did not want to die then. His son, who was to take the kingdom, had not yet been born, and Hezekiah's death would have been the death of the nation. So he prays for recovery and is told he will get well. He then wants some miraculous sign to make him sure of it. He has the choice of having the shadow on the sundial of Ahaz advance or retreat. He replies it would not be so wonderful to have the sun go down, for it always does go down sooner or later. He asks that it go backward. In other words, let the day instead of going on toward sundown, turn and go toward sunrise. I see the invalid king bolstered up and wrapped in blankets looking out of the window upon the sundial in the courtyard. While he watches the shadow on the dial the shadow begins to retreat. Instead of going on toward six o'clock in the evening it goes back toward six o'clock in the morning. The big poultice had been drawing for some time, and sure enough the boil broke and Hezekiah got well. Now I expect you will come on me with higher criticism and try to explain this away and tell me it was an optical delusion of Hezekiah, and the shadow only seemed to go back or a cloud came over and it was a mere coincidence that the shadow did go, and as Hezekiah expected it to go back he took the action of his own mind for the retrograde movement. No; the shadow went back on all the dials of that land and other lands. Turn to II Chronicles xxxii., 31, and find that away off in Babylon the mighty men of the palace noticed the same phenomenon. And if you do not like the Bible authority turn over your copy of Herodotus and find that away off in Egypt the people noticed that there was something the matter with the sun. The fact is that the whole universe waits upon God, and suns and moons and stars are not very big timekeepers to Him, and He can with His little finger turn back an entire world as easily as you can set back the hour hand or minute hand of your clock or watch.

At the opening of the new year people are moralizing on the flight of time. You all feel that you are moving on toward sundown and many of you are under a consequent depression. I propose this morning to set the hands of your watches and clocks to going the other way. I propose to show you how you make the shadow of your dial like the shadow on the dial of Ahaz to stop going forward and make it go backward. You think I have a big undertaking on hand, but it can be done if the same Lord who reversed the shadow in Hezkiah's courtyard moves upon us. While looking at the sundial of Hezkiah and we find the shadow retreating we ought to learn that God controls the shadows. We are all ready to acknowledge His management of the sunshine. We stand in the glow of a bright morning and we say in our feelings if not with so many words, "This is from God, this warmth is from God." Or, we have a rush of prosperity and we say, "These successes are from God. What a providential thing it was I bought that lot just before the rise of real estate! How grateful to God I am that I made that investment! Why, they have declared ten per cent. dividend! What a mercy it was that I sold out my shares before that collapse!" Oh, yes; we acknowledge God in the sunshine of a bright day or the sunshine of a great prosperity. But suppose the day is dark? You have to light the gas at noon. The sun does not show himself all day long. There is nothing but shadow. How slow we are to realize that the storm is from God and the darkness from God and the chill from God. Or we buy the day before the market retreats, or we make an investment that never pays, or we purchase goods that we cannot dispose of, or a crop of grain we sowed is ruined by drought or freshet, or when we took account of stock on the first of January we found ourselves thousands of dollars worse off than we expected. Who under such circumstances says, "This loss is from God. I must have been allowed to go into this unfortunate enterprise for some good reason; God controls the east wind as well as the west wind."

My friends, I cannot look for one moment on that retrograde shadow of Ahaz's dial without learning that God controls the shadows and that lesson we need all to learn. That He controls the sunshine is not so necessary a lesson, for anybody can be happy when things go right. When you sleep eight hours a night and rise with an appetite that cannot easily wait for breakfast and you go over to the store and open your mail to read more orders than you can fill, and in the next letter you find a dividend far larger than you have been promised, and your neighbor comes in to tell you some flattering thing he has just heard said about you, and you find that all the styles of goods in which you deal have advanced fifteen per cent. in value, and on your way home you meet your children in full romp and there are roses on the center of the tea table and roses of health in cheeks all round the table, what more do you want of consolation? I don't pity you a bit. You feel as if you could boss the world. But for those in just opposite circumstances my text comes in with an omnipotence of meaning. The shadow! Oh, the shadow! Shadow of bereavement! Shadow of sickness! Shadow of bankruptcy! Shadow of mental depression! Shadow of persecution! Shadow of death! Speak out, oh sundial of Ahaz, and tell the people that God manages the shadow! As Hezekiah sat in his palace wrapped in invalidism and surrounded by anodynes and cataplasms and looked out upon the black hand of the only clock known at that time and saw it move back ten degrees, he learned a lesson that a majority of the human race need this hour to learn—that the best friend a man ever had controls the shadow. The setbacks are sometimes the best things that can happen. The great German author, Schiller, could not work unless he had in his room the scent of rotten apples, and the decay of the fruits of earthly prosperity may become an inspiration instead of a depression. Robert Chambers's lame foot shut him up from other work, and he became the world renowned publisher, and helped fashion the best literature of the ages. The painful disorder like that of Hezekiah called a carbuncle is spelled exactly the same as the precious stone called the carbuncle, and the pang of suffering may become the jewel of immortal value. Your setback, like that of Ahaz's sundial, may be recovery and triumph. I never had a setback but it turned out to be a set forward. You never would have become a Christian if you had not had a setback. The highest thrones in heaven are for the setbacks. In 1861 the shadow of the sundial of this nation was set back, and all things seemed going to ruin, and it was set back further in 1862, and further in 1863, and still further in 1865, but there is not an intelligent and well balanced man—north or south, east or west—but feels it was set back toward the sunrise.

But I promise to show you how the shadows might be turned back. First, by going much among the young people. In most family circles there are grandchildren. By this divine arrangement most of the people who have passed the meridian of life can compass themselves by juvenility. It is a sad thing for an old man or old woman to sit looking at the vivacity of their grandchildren shouting, "Stop that racket!" Better join in the fun. Let the eighty-year-old grandfather join the eight-year-old grandson or granddaughter. My father and mother lived to see over eighty children and grandchildren and great grandchildren, and a more boisterous crew were never turned out on this sublunary sphere, and they all seemed to cry to the old folks, "Keep young," and they did keep young. Don't walk with a cane unless you have to or only as a defence in a city afflicted with too many canines. Don't wear glasses stronger than necessary, putting on number tens when eighteens will do as well. Don't go into the company of those who are always talking about rheumatism and lumbago and shortness of breath and the brevity of human life. It is too much for my gravity to hear an octogenarian talking about the shortness of human life. From all I can find out he has always been here and from present prospects he is always going to stay. Remain young. Hang up your stockings in Christmas time. Help the boys fly the kite. Teach the girls how to dress their dolls. Better than arnica for your stiff joints and catnip tea for your sleepless nights will be a large dose of youthful companionship.

Set back the clock of human life. Make the shadow of the sundial of Ahaz retreat ten degrees. People make themselves old by always talking about being old and wishing for the good old days, which were never as good as these days. From all I can hear the grandchildren are not half as bad as the grandparents were. Matters have been hushed up. From all you have ever been told in a room adjoining a room where some very old people, a little deaf, were talking over old times, you will find that this age does not monopolize all the young rascals. It may now be hard to get young people up early enough in the morning, but their grandparents always had to be pulled out of bed. It is wrong now to play mischievous tricks on the unsuspecting, but eighty years ago at school that now venerable man sat down on a crooked pin not accidently placed there, and purposely drove the sleigh riding party Bethlehem of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world." The abbot proposed to have things dated backward and forward from that great event, but a splendid thought for its new world! What a mighty thing for Christianity! It would have been most natural to date everything from the creation of the world. But I am glad the chronologists would not too easily guess how old the world was in order to get the nations in the habit of dating from that occurrence in its documents and histories. Forever fixed it is that all history is to be dated with reference to the birth of Christ, and, this matter settled, Hales, the chief chronologist, declared that the world was made five hundred and two hundred and eleven years before Christ, and the deluge came three thousand one hundred and fifty-five years before Christ, and all the illustrious events of the ancient world previous to that, all the great events of all time to come have been or shall be dated from the birth of Christ. These things I say that you may know what a watch is, what a clock is, what an almanac is, and learn to appreciate through what toils and hardships and perplexities the world came to its present conveniences and comforts, and to help you to more respectful consideration of that sundial of Ahaz planted in my text.

We are told that Hezekiah, the king, was dying of a boil. It must have been one of the worst kind of carbuncles, a boil without any central core and sometimes deathful. A fig was put upon it as a poultice. Hezekiah did not want to die then. His son, who was to take the kingdom, had not yet been born, and Hezekiah's death would have been the death of the nation. So he prays for recovery and is told he will get well. He then wants some miraculous sign to make him sure of it. He has the choice of having the shadow on the sundial of Ahaz advance or retreat. He replies it would not be so wonderful to have the sun go down, for it always does go down sooner or later. He asks that it go backward. In other words, let the day instead of going on toward sundown, turn and go toward sunrise. I see the invalid king bolstered up and wrapped in blankets looking out of the window upon the sundial in the courtyard. While he watches the shadow on the dial the shadow begins to retreat. Instead of going on toward six o'clock in the evening it goes back toward six o'clock in the morning. The big poultice had been drawing for some time, and sure enough the boil broke and Hezekiah got well. Now I expect you will come on me with higher criticism and try to explain this away and tell me it was an optical delusion of Hezekiah, and the shadow only seemed to go back or a cloud came over and it was a mere coincidence that the shadow did go, and as Hezekiah expected it to go back he took the action of his own mind for the retrograde movement. No; the shadow went back on all the dials of that land and other lands. Turn to II Chronicles xxxii., 31, and find that away off in Babylon the mighty men of the palace noticed the same phenomenon. And if you do not like the Bible authority turn over your copy of Herodotus and find that away off in Egypt the people noticed that there was something the matter with the sun. The fact is that the whole universe waits upon God, and suns and moons and stars are not very big timekeepers to Him, and He can with His little finger turn back an entire world as easily as you can set back the hour hand or minute hand of your clock or watch.

At the opening of the new year people are moralizing on the flight of time. You all feel that you are moving on toward sundown and many of you are under a consequent depression. I propose this morning to set the hands of your watches and clocks to going the other way. I propose to show you how you make the shadow of your dial like the shadow on the dial of Ahaz to stop going forward and make it go backward. You think I have a big undertaking on hand, but it can be done if the same Lord who reversed the shadow in Hezkiah's courtyard moves upon us. While looking at the sundial of Hezkiah and we find the shadow retreating we ought to learn that God controls the shadows. We are all ready to acknowledge His management of the sunshine. We stand in the glow of a bright morning and we say in our feelings if not with so many words, "This is from God, this warmth is from God." Or, we have a rush of prosperity and we say, "These successes are from God. What a providential thing it was I bought that lot just before the rise of real estate! How grateful to God I am that I made that investment! Why, they have declared ten per cent. dividend! What a mercy it was that I sold out my shares before that collapse!" Oh, yes; we acknowledge God in the sunshine of a bright day or the sunshine of a great prosperity. But suppose the day is dark? You have to light the gas at noon. The sun does not show himself all day long. There is nothing but shadow. How slow we are to realize that the storm is from God and the darkness from God and the chill from God. Or we buy the day before the market retreats, or we make an investment that never pays, or we purchase goods that we cannot dispose of, or a crop of grain we sowed is ruined by drought or freshet, or when we took account of stock on the first of January we found ourselves thousands of dollars worse off than we expected. Who under such circumstances says, "This loss is from God. I must have been allowed to go into this unfortunate enterprise for some good reason; God controls the east wind as well as the west wind."

My friends, I cannot look for one moment on that retrograde shadow of Ahaz's dial without learning that God controls the shadows and that lesson we need all to learn. That He controls the sunshine is not so necessary a lesson, for anybody can be happy when things go right. When you sleep eight hours a night and rise with an appetite that cannot easily wait for breakfast and you go over to the store and open your mail to read more orders than you can fill, and in the next letter you find a dividend far larger than you have been promised, and your neighbor comes in to tell you some flattering thing he has just heard said about you, and you find that all the styles of goods in which you deal have advanced fifteen per cent. in value, and on your way home you meet your children in full romp and there are roses on the center of the tea table and roses of health in cheeks all round the table, what more do you want of consolation? I don't pity you a bit. You feel as if you could boss the world. But for those in just opposite circumstances my text comes in with an omnipotence of meaning. The shadow! Oh, the shadow! Shadow of bereavement! Shadow of sickness! Shadow of bankruptcy! Shadow of mental depression! Shadow of persecution! Shadow of death! Speak out, oh sundial of Ahaz, and tell the people that God manages the shadow! As Hezekiah sat in his palace wrapped in invalidism and surrounded by anodynes and cataplasms and looked out upon the black hand of the only clock known at that time and saw it move back ten degrees, he learned a lesson that a majority of the human race need this hour to learn—that the best friend a man ever had controls the shadow. The setbacks are sometimes the best things that can happen. The great German author, Schiller, could not work unless he had in his room the scent of rotten apples, and the decay of the fruits of earthly prosperity may become an inspiration instead of a depression. Robert Chambers's lame foot shut him up from other work, and he became the world renowned publisher, and helped fashion the best literature of the ages. The painful disorder like that of Hezekiah called a carbuncle is spelled exactly the same as the precious stone called the carbuncle, and the pang of suffering may become the jewel of immortal value. Your setback, like that of Ahaz's sundial, may be recovery and triumph. I never had a setback but it turned out to be a set forward. You never would have become a Christian if you had not had a setback. The highest thrones in heaven are for the setbacks. In 1861 the shadow of the sundial of this nation was set back, and all things seemed going to ruin, and it was set back further in 1862, and further in 1863, and still further in 1865, but there is not an intelligent and well balanced man—north or south, east or west—but feels it was set back toward the sunrise.

But I promise to show you how the shadows might be turned back. First, by going much among the young people. In most family circles there are grandchildren. By this divine arrangement most of the people who have passed the meridian of life can compass themselves by juvenility. It is a sad thing for an old man or old woman to sit looking at the vivacity of their grandchildren shouting, "Stop that racket!" Better join in the fun. Let the eighty-year-old grandfather join the eight-year-old grandson or granddaughter. My father and mother lived to see over eighty children and grandchildren and great grandchildren, and a more boisterous crew were never turned out on this sublunary sphere, and they all seemed to cry to the old folks, "Keep young," and they did keep young. Don't walk with a cane unless you have to or only as a defence in a city afflicted with too many canines. Don't wear glasses stronger than necessary, putting on number tens when eighteens will do as well. Don't go into the company of those who are always talking about rheumatism and lumbago and shortness of breath and the brevity of human life. It is too much for my gravity to hear an octogenarian talking about the shortness of human life. From all I can find out he has always been here and from present prospects he is always going to stay. Remain young. Hang up your stockings in Christmas time. Help the boys fly the kite. Teach the girls how to dress their dolls. Better than arnica for your stiff joints and catnip tea for your sleepless nights will be a large dose of youthful companionship.

Set back the clock of human life. Make the shadow of the sundial of Ahaz retreat ten degrees. People make themselves old by always talking about being old and wishing for the good old days, which were never as good as these days. From all I can hear the grandchildren are not half as bad as the grandparents were. Matters have been hushed up. From all you have ever been told in a room adjoining a room where some very old people, a little deaf, were talking over old times, you will find that this age does not monopolize all the young rascals. It may now be hard to get young people up early enough in the morning, but their grandparents always had to be pulled out of bed. It is wrong now to play mischievous tricks on the unsuspecting, but eighty years ago at school that now venerable man sat down on a crooked pin not accidently placed there, and purposely drove the sleigh riding party to too near the edge of the embankment that he might see how they would look when tumbled into the snow. And that man who has so little patience with childish exuberance was in olden times up to pranks, one-half of which if practiced by the eight-year-old of to-day would set grandfather and grandmother crazy. Revive your remembrance of what you were between five and ten years of age, and with patience capable of everything join with the young. Put back the shadow of the dial not ten degrees, but fifty and sixty and seventy degrees.

Set back your clocks also by entering on new and absorbing Christian work. In our desire to inspire the young we have in our essays had much to say about what has been accomplished by the young; of Romulus, who founded Rome when he was twenty years of age; of Cortes, who had conquered Mexico at thirty years; of Pitt, who was Prime Minister of England at twenty-four years; of Raphael, who died at thirty-seven years; of Calvin, who wrote his "Institutes" at twenty-six; of Melancthon, who took a learned professor's chair at twenty-one years; of Luther, who had conquered Germany for the Reformation by the time he was thirty-five years. And it is all very well for us to show how early in life one can do very great things for God and the welfare of the world, but some of the mightiest work for God has been done by septuagenarians and octogenarians and nonagenarians. Indeed, there is work which none but such can do. They preserve the equipoise of senates, of religious denominations, of reformatory movements. Young men for action, old men for counsel. Instead of any of you beginning to fold up your energies, arouse anew your energies. With the experience you have obtained and the opportunities of observation you have had during a long life, you ought to be able to do in one year now more than you did in ten years right after you have passed out of your teens. Physical power less, your spiritual power ought to be more. Up to the last hour of their lives what powers for good old Dr. Archibald Alexander, old Dr. Woods, old Dr. Hawes, old Dr. Milnor, old Dr. McIlvaine, old Dr Tyng, old Dr. Candlish, old Dr. Chalmers! What have been Bismarck to Germany, and Gladstone to England, and Oliver Wendell Holmes to America in the time of an advanced age? Let me say to those in the afternoon of life: Don't be putting off the harness; when God hints it off he will take it off. Don't be frightened out of life by the grim as many are. At the first sneeze of an influenza many give up in a fright as last. No new terror has come on the earth. The microbes as the cause of disease were described in the Talmud seventeen hundred years ago as "invisible legions of dangerous ones." Don't be scared out of life by all this talk about heart failure. That trouble has always been in the world. That is what all the people that ever passed out of this life have died of—heart failure. Adam had it and all of his descendants have had it or will have it. Do not be watching for symptoms or you will have symptoms of everything. Some of you will get die of symptoms. Symptoms are often only what we sometimes see in the country—a dead owl nailed on a barn door to scare living owls. Put your trust in God, go to bed at ten o'clock, have the window open six inches to let in the fresh air, sleep on your right side, and fear nothing. The old maxim was right, "Get thy spindle and distaff ready, and God will spin the flax."

But while looking at this sundial of Ahaz and I see the shadow of it move, I notice that it went back toward the sunrise instead of forward toward the sunset—toward the morning instead of toward the night. That thing the world is willing now to do, and in many cases has done. There have a great many things been written and spoken about the sunset of life. I have said some of them myself. But my text suggests a better idea. The Lord was turned back that day from going toward sundown and started it toward sunrise is willing to do the same thing for all of us. The theologians who stick to old religious technicalities until they become soporifics would not call it anything but conversion. I call it a change from going toward sundown to going toward sunrise. That man who never tries to unbuckle the clasp of evil habit and who keeps all the sins of the past and the present freighting him and who ignores the one redemption made by the only one who could redeem, if that man will examine the sundial he will find that the shadow is going forward and he is on the way to sundown. His day is on the road to night. All the watches that tick, all the clocks that strike, all the sand glasses that empty themselves, all the shadows that move on all the sundials indicate the approach of darkness. But now, in answer to prayer, as in my text the change was in answer to prayer, the pardoning Lord reversed things and the man starts toward sunrise instead of sunset. He turns the other way. The Captain of salvation gives him the military command, "Attention! Right about face!" He was marching toward indifference, marching toward hardness of heart, marching toward prayerlessness, marching toward sin, marching toward gloom, marching toward death. Now he turns and marches toward peace, marches toward light and marches toward comfort and marches toward high hope and marches toward a triumph stupendous and everlasting, toward hosannas that ever hoist and hallelujahs that ever roll. Now if that is not the turning of the shadow on the dial of Ahaz from going toward sundown to going toward sunrise, what is it?

I have seen day break over Mount Blanc and the Matterhorn, over the heights of Lebanon, over Mount Washington, over the Sierra Nevadas, and mid-Atlantic, the morning after a departed storm when the billows were liquid Alps and liquid Sierra Nevadas, but the sunrise of this soul is more effulgent and more transporting. It bathes all the heights of the soul, and illumines all the depths of the soul, and whelms all the faculties, all the aspirations, all the ambitions, all the hopes with a light that sickness cannot eclipse, or death extinguish, or eternity do anything but augment and magnify. I preach the sunrise. As I look at that retrograde movement of the shadow on Ahaz's dial, I remember that it was a sign that Hezekiah was going to get well and he got well. So I have to tell all you who are by the grace of God having your day turned from decline toward night to assent toward morning, that you are going to get well, well of all your sins, well of all your sorrows, well of all your earthly distresses. Sunrise!

But, says one, all that you say may be true but that does not hinder the horrors of dissolution. Why, you who are the Lord's are not going to die. All that the grave gets of you as compared with your chief, your immortal nature, is as the clippings of your finger nails as compared with your whole body. As you run the scissors along the edge of your thumb nail and cut off that which is no use but rather a hindrance, you do not mourn over the departure of that fragment which flies away. Death will be only the scissoring off of that which could be of no use, and the soul has no funeral over that which would be an awful nuisance if we could not get rid of it. This body as it now is, what a failure it would make of heaven if our departing soul had to be burdened with it in the next world. While others there go ten thousand miles a minute we would take about an hour to walk four miles, and while our neighbor immortals could see a hundred miles we could see only ten miles, and the fleetest and the healthiest of our bodies if seen there would make it necessary to open in heaven an asylum for cripples. No, no; one of the best possible things that will happen to us will be this sloughing off of this body when we have no more use for it in its present state. When it shall come up in its resurrected form we will be very glad to get it back again, but not as it is now with its limitations and bodwarfments innumerable. Sunrise!

There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Sunrise! But not like one of those mornings after you had gone to bed late or did not sleep well, and you get up chilled and yawning and the morning bath is a repulsion and you feel like saying to the morning sun shining into your window, "I do not see what you find to smile about; your brightness is to me a mockery." But the inrush of the next world will be a morning after a sound sleep, a sleep that nothing can disturb, and you will rise, the sunshine in your faces; and in your first morning in heaven you will wade down into the sea of glass, mingled with fire, the foam on fire with a splendor you never saw on earth, and the rolling waves are doxologies, and the rocks of that shore are golden and the pebbles of that beach are pearl, and the skies that arch the seas are a commingling of all the colors that St. John saw on the wall or heaven—the crimson and the blue, and the saffron, and the orange, and the purple, and the gold, and the green wrought on those skies in shape of garlands, of banners, of ladders, of chariots, of crowns, of thrones.

What a sunrise! Do you not feel its warmth on your faces? Scoville McCullum, the dying boy of our