The Easton Gazette.

VOL. LXXVI.—NO. 26. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1892.



AT BEDTIME I TAKE A PLEASANT HERB DRINK

THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER.

My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys, and is a pleasant laxative. This drink is made from herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is called

LANE'S MEDICINE

All druggists sell it at 50c. and $1.00 per package. Buy one to-day. Lane's Family Medicine moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy, this is necessary.

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Jan25,'90tf

WILLIAM H. ADKINS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, EASTON, MD
Office on Dover street, adjoining Building Association. 12oct89 3m

MURRAY, the BARBER.
MURRAY, the Barber, respectfully informs his customers and friends that he continues to prosecute his profession at his old stand, four doors east of the European House

COME AND SEE ONE OF THE LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTED STOCKS OF

BRICKS AND DRAIN TILE

EVER EXHIBITED IN A COMBINED BRICK AND TILE YARD.

I have on hand an extra large stock of

DRAIN TILE,

And now is the time to put them in for the fall crop. If farmers will call I think terms can be made to suit them.

BRICKS

In any amount and quality can be furnished at short notice.

TERRA COTTA,

For Drain Pipe and Chimneys, in Stock in all Its Branches.

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TRAIN ROBBERS FIGHT.

Two of Them Killed by a Posse Near Palatka, Fla.

When Desperately Wounded One of the Thieves Writes to His Mother and Then Blows Out His Brains.

Two of the express robbers who held up the train at Monroe Junction and killed Messenger Saunders have paid the penalty for their crime. They were killed at Buffalo Bluff bridge, on the St. John river, five miles south of Palatka. The third, who was with them, is at large, but will probably be run down.

A Palatka special says: At about 12:30 P. M., a hatless negro staggered into the courthouse and said: "Come to Buffalo Bluff—robbers." Deputy Sheriff Dyson aroused his posse and a special train soon left with them.

At 11:30 A. M., George Wurtz and T. H. Wigg, the guard placed by the sheriff's posse at Buffalo Bluff bridge, saw three men coming from the south on the railroad track. As the first passed, three feet ahead of the others, the guards called "Hands up," and the first one obeyed. The second and third drew their revolvers, and the guards knew that the desperate robbers were facing them. The firing began by the robbers, and a bullet grazed Wigg. Wurtz fired his shotgun, loaded with buckshot, and Williams fell. The man in advance then ran toward Palatka. The other man ran backward and was shot in the leg by Wurtz. An engine load of young men composed the "special," and among them was Dr. Benjamin E. Morgan, and Mr. Willard, of the express company. This special now arrived on the scene. The big man of the robbers had taken to the swamp. They pursued him, and suddenly a ball ripped through Dr. Morgan's vest. He saw the robber behind a fallen tree and fired a shotgun loaded with buckshot and Saunders's murderer had met his doom. Both bodies were laid on the bridge and afterward brought into town on a passing freight train. In a car lay the ghastly bodies, accompanied by the guards who had shot Williams and Saunders—Messrs. Myers, who happened at the bridge about the time of the shooting. The big murderer's thoughts as he heard the guards coming and knew that he was about to die are interesting. They were written on the back of a map as the culprit lay behind a tree.

Dear Mother: The time has come that you and I shall part, and I hope you will not grieve after me, for I have no fear. I would write more, but I have not time. Kiss the children for me, and tell them to do better than I have done and they will live longer than I have. Farwell, dear mother. Send this to Susan Bedgood, Aribi, Dooley county, Georgia. I never expect to give up a thing, and I ask you to send me home at Aribi, Ga. So, with this I close forever. Please send my body to Aribi, Ga.

The face of the murderer of Saunders was covered with blood and blackened with powder. Before he died he said that being desperately wounded, he shot himself in the mouth with his pistol.

A posse, with deerhounds, is pursuing the other man. A capture is almost certain.

BLOWN UP IN A MINE.

Gas Explodes and Kills or Fatally Injures Several Men.

An explosion of mine gas at the Moncannqua colliery of the West End Coal Company, which is located about 20 miles below Wilkesbarre, Pa., resulted in the death of one man, the fatal injury of another and the serious injury of eight more.

The dead man is John Protherce, fire boss, aged 45 years. He leaves a wife and four children. John Walters, unmarried, 21 years old, was fatally injured.

The cause of the explosion is unknown, as the only one who could explain the matter, Foreman Protherce, is dead. It is supposed the gas became ignited by the graze of the safety lamp being burned out or overheated, or else the boss stumbled and dropped the lamp, so that flames reached the gas and the explosion followed.

There were few men at work in the mine at the time, as the foreman was on a tour of inspection of the workings and they could not go to their chambers before the foreman reported everything favorable.

The damage to the colliery, which is one of the best managed in this region, is comparatively light.

BY AND BY

Oh, winds that pipe and blow
Out of the west, I know
There is many a burgeoning butter-cup
Will set the meadows aglow!
Oh, red rose, slumbering late
Within the garden gate,
There is many a sweet bud folded up
For her who cares to wait!

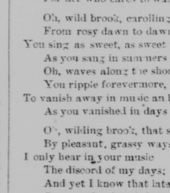
Oh, wild brook, carolling on
From rosy dawn to dawn,
You sing as sweet, as sweet to-day
As you sang in summers gone!
Oh, waves along the shore,
You ripple forevermore,
To vanish away in music and spray
As you vanished in days of yore!

O, wilding brook, that strays
By pleasant, grassy ways,
I only hear in your music
The discord of my days;
And yet I know that fate
Or soon, despite of fate,
My soul shall find the joy that hides
For her who learns to wait!

—The Ledger.

HIS FARM AT BARRE.

BY MARLTON DOWNING.



HE hero of my story, Enoch Bumpus, was a young farmer, just entering his twenty-second year.

His father had died three summers before, leaving many fertile acres, and several head of cattle and valuable horses besides a few thousand dollars in cash to his only son.

The boy was fully capable of carrying on the establishment; and, consequently after the demise of his parent, Enoch continued with the same routine of business to which he had been accustomed from childhood, albeit under the supervision of the executor of his father's will.

Now, however, he found himself a landed proprietor, with no one to dictate to him as to the slightest act, for his mother had preceeded her husband to the other world, when our young farmer was but a lad of fourteen.

It was autumn and the rich harvest had been gathered and stored away in bin and crib, and Enoch Bumpus was able to enjoy a slight breathing spell after a toilsome yet profitable season.

One evening as he stood in the dooryard of the homestead, the old stage coach went rumbling by on its regular trip from the nearest railroad station to the village beyond.

It was no strange sight to Enoch, for from childhood he had been accustomed to look for the antiquated vehicle and gaze with wonder, not unmingled with awe, at the strange faces of the passengers within.

He had never ridden in the conveyance, although he had felt many times that it would be one of the greatest treats to make a journey to town in company with old Josh, the driver.

This evening, as Bumpus returned the hearty salutation of the Jehu, a sudden determination to satisfy the long felt desire took possession of him, and he called:

"I say, Josh, I guess you'd better haul up here in the morning, I shouldn't be surprised if I wanted to take a ride with you."

"What's that, Enoch?" returned the driver, as he reined in his horses. "Going down to the city?"

"Maybe I be and maybe I ain't. Got things pretty well cleaned up about the farm, and I kinder want to go off for a spell. Rufe can look after the stock for a while, that's all there is to do."

"All right, Enoch, I'll stop for you. Git up," and away rolled the stage coach on its journey, while Enoch went in search of Rufus, the hired man, whom he met just emerging from the barn carrying two milk pails well filled.

"You'll have to take care of the place alone for a spell. I'm going away for a day or two."

"Ain't that kinder sudden?" asked Rufus, depositing his burden and gazing at his employer in some astonishment.

"Well, don't know as it is. Been thinking of it for quite a while back."

"All right, Enoch, guess you can go off if you want to and find things here when you come back."

The young farmer was sure of this, for Rufus took as much interest in the work about the place as he did himself, and was more like a brother than a hireling.

He was many years his master's senior and held for his employer an almost filial affection.

The following morning, just as the autumnal sun was gilding the branches of the well-nigh leafless trees, Enoch climbed to a seat beside Josh, the stage driver, and for the first time in his life left the old homestead on a journey that was to extend beyond the nearest railroad town.

There were no other passengers, and the young farmer and driver were permitted to carry on an unrestrained conversation.

"Josh," suddenly exclaimed Enoch, after a short silence, "you know more about city ways than I do. Say, how much money do you think it ought to cost a fellow to stay down there a week?"

"Well," returned Josh, meditatively, as he closed one eye and squinted the other toward the ear of the nigh leader, "you might git along with twenty-five dollars, if you wanted to go slow. But if you meant to 'whoop her up an' show them city fellers that you amounted to suthin', why 'twould cost you fifty."

"Fifty dollars is a good sum of money, Josh, and would go far toward buying a yoke of steers," replied Enoch, cautiously.

"That's true enough, but tradin' in horned brutes and seein' the sights in a big city air tew different things. Do ye know any one down to Boston."

"Not a soul."

"Well, then, let me give ye a piece of advice. Keep a good hold on to your pocket-book and don't make too many new acquaintances fur you'll find they'll be expensive."

Enoch remained quite thoughtful after this, in fact scarcely speaking a word during the balance of the ride, and when they reached the railway station he had half made up his mind to call that the limit of his travels, and return home in the afternoon.

"Psaw, if I do, Josh will laugh at me. No, I'll go on. But I guess I must have a little more money to take with me, for I don't want to appear mean."

With this determination Enoch went to the bank, in which was deposited a snug balance, and drew therefrom a hundred dollars. This he put with the three crisp ten dollar bills already in his pocket, and feeling that he had enough, and more than he should use, he boarded the train for Boston.

CHAPTER II.

"Why, Enoch Bumpus, how do you do? Who would ever have thought of meeting you here in Boston! Right from Barre, eh? How are all the folks up in the old place?' And a flashily-dressed man grasped a hand of the rural visitor and wrung it heartily.

"Everbody was first-rate when I left," stammered Enoch, peering into the face of the stranger. "But, sir, you must excuse me, I don't seem to recollect you."

"What! Don't remember me Gracious! Have I changed so much that my old friend don't know me? Don't you remember the Blaisdell boys?"

"Oh, yes, I recollect the Blaisdell boys. Used to go to school with them. You ain't Tom, that left to come to work in the city, are you?"

"Yes, that same Tom," was the unhesitating reply.

"You don't look as I remember him when we were boys together."

"Oh, five or six years in a busy city, alters the appearance of a country lad I can assure you. But where are you going to stop, now you are here?"

"I don't know. I thought of finding some boarding house."

"Do nothing of the kind. You shall be my guest while in Boston. I have a suite of apartments only a short distance from the depot here. Come with me. I shall be only too happy to entertain an old friend and neighbor.

Enoch felt pleased; nay more, flattered at the cordial welcome extended to him by the young man, and he accepted the proffered hospitality without further hesitation.

From the railway station the individual who had called himself Tom Blaisdell, led the way through the busy bustling thoroughfares, which presented a novel scene to the country youth, until he paused before the entrance of a house on Howard street.

During this short walk which did not occupy more than ten minutes, the stranger's tongue ran on glibly.

He expatiated on the pleasure of the city, the ease with which money was made, and the refined society to be met with.

"Why," he remarked, as he inserted his latch key in the lock of the door, "my business does not require more than three hours a day of my time, while my salary is a little better than $2500 a year. What do you think of that?"

"I should call it very fine," replied Enoch thoughtfully. "But what is your occupation?"

"Oh, I'll show you ere long. Come up to my rooms, and take a little rest, and a glass of wine. You must be tired after that tedious journey in the car."

Not pausing for a reply the city chap hurried up a flight of richly carpeted stairs, the padding of which was so soft and thick that it gave out no sound to the thread, and, on reaching the first landing, Basdell unlocked a door to the right, and ushered his guest into a gorgeously appointed apartment.

In the middle of the room stood a round table, the top of which was covered with green cloth, not loosely laid over the piece of furniture, but drawn smoothly across the surface and glued down, while a band, perhaps two inches wide, of polished mahogany, encircled the edge, while about the apartment were a number of comfortable looking chairs, upholstered in green plush.

"This is my parlor or sitting-room," remarked the host, "while here is where I sleep," and the man lifted a heavy portiere, disclosing a bed, covered with a snow white counterpane and lace trimmed pillow shams.

"Rather nice quarters don't you think?" he asked complacently.

"I should say they were," returned Enoch, never seen anything approaching to it before.

"I am glad you are pleased, and what is more, you must consider them at your disposal during your stay in town. But come, join me in a glass of wine," and Blaisdell stepped to a side-board on which were several decanters containing varied-colored liquors.

Selecting one, the man poured out two glasses full.

"I don't think, Thomas, that I'd better touch any of that stuff. I never tasted anything in the shape of liquor in my life, and I'm afraid it won't agree with me."

"Nonsense, this is only sherry, and isn't half as strong as some of that old cider which I know you have got stored away in the barn, on your farm at Barre! Here, take it, it will do you good."

Enoch, like many another well meaning yet inexperienced youth before him, allowed himself to be persuaded, and taking the glass from his new found friend, put it to his lips and drained its contents to the bottom.

"Not so bad, eh?" asked Blaisdell, smiling patronizingly upon his companion.

"It certainly tastes very nice," admitted young Bumpus. "But I don't think I shall want any more of it."

"Well, you can take it, or let it alone, just as you please. That is a privilege we all have. Come, sit down, and tell me all the news from the country."

At this, the wolf and the lamb seated themselves, one on each side of the round table, and soon Enoch found himself talking with great freedom; recounting all the incidents which had happened in his village for several years past.

The wine had loosened his tongue, he felt exhilarated, and he began to congratulate himself upon the good fortune of so unexpectedly encountering a genial companion.

In the midst of the conversation, the silvery tones of a little bell were heard, and the host rising said:

"Excuse me a moment, Enoch, I have a caller," and stepped to the door.

Opening it, he ushered in a brisk, business-like gentleman, who, with hat in hand, accepted the chair that was offered him.

"You'll pardon me, Mr. Blaisdell," began the new-comer, "for coming at this time, but I have a large note to meet and was in hopes that you would be able to fix up that little bill,—I see that you have company"—apparently observing Enoch for the first time. "I'll drop in again, later."

"No, no, don't go. This is an old friend of mine, Mr. Bumpus, from Barre, Mr. Sharpman."

Enoch arose, and extended his hand toward the new-comer, but was somewhat disconcerted to find that he was quite unsteady on his legs, and was glad to settle himself quickly in the arm-chair.

"No, no," resumed Blaisdell, "I am glad that you came as you did, for such trivial affairs as this should not be allowed to hang fire. Let me see, how much is it?"

"Only two hundred and fifty dollars."

"Oh, we'll soon fix that," answered Blaisdell, as he took from his pocket a handsome Russia-leather book, with the edges of several bank-notes (or what purported to be such) protruding from the end.

These he looked over hurriedly, and, selecting one, drew it forth, saying carelessly:

"The smallest I have got is a fiver. Can you change it?"

"I'm afraid I can't. I have only a little over two hundred dollars with me," was the answer.

"Well, I'll see what I can do," returned Blaisdell, throwing the five hundred dollar bill on the table and going toward a small safe that stood in one corner of the room, opened it. Then pausing as though a sudden thought had stuck him, he said:

"Oh, Enoch, you don't happen to have a couple of hundred dollars with you, do you? I've got a little over fifty. We'll go out by-and-by, break that bill, and I will pay you back."

"I've got just about one hundred and twenty," replied the verdant youth.

"Well, let me see, maybe I can squeeze it out with that," went on Blaisdell.

"No," he at length remarked, "unless you can change that five (to his creditor) or get along with two hundred until this evening."

"Oh, well," returned Sharpman. "I can make that do, and some time tomorrow you can hand me the fifty when we meet on 'Change."

"All right. Then give me credit for the two, and here's your money," said Blaisdell.

This little business transaction ended, the two acquaintances found themselves again alone.

"Here, Enoch, you might take that $500 bill, and keep it till we go out so that you will be sure of receiving your money back."

"Oh, no," answered Bumpus, endeavoring to assume an air of unconcern. "I can trust you with $120 as well as you can me with a much larger sum."

"Oh, well, suit yourself. Come, another glass of sherry and then we'll prepare for a stroll. It's almost evening."

A little later the two men were upon the street. The gas-jets were being lighted in the windows of the stores, and as they reached the corner of Court and Howard, the brilliant glare of the electrics burst forth with dazzling brilliancy.

Suddenly his companion stopped and grasped the hand of a man who had approached them. After a moment's conversation he turned to Enoch and said:

"Just step into the doorway and wait for me a little while. I have some business with this gentlemen."

The young farmer did as requested, but his wait was long.

The minutes crept by, and an hour passed, but though the crowd in the streets did not lessen, still his supposed friend did not put in an appearance.

At length poor Enoch began to grow drowsy and his knees trembled beneath him, so he seated himself upon the stone step and soon lost consciousness.

How long he remained in this condition he knew not, until he was rudely awakened by feeling a firm clutch on the collar of his coat and a strong arm jerked him quickly to his feet.

"Hullon, young fellow, what are you doing here?" demanded a gruff voice.

Looking up in a dazed sort of manner, Enoch was horrified to see that he was in the custody of a police officer.

"I was waiting for Thomas Blaisdell, he lives right here in this neighborhood. Perhaps you know him," stammered Bumpus.

"No, I don't know any Thomas Blaisdell," was the reply. "But if you've got any waiting to do, the best place for you to do it is at the station house. You're too drunk to be laying around the street."

Drunk! Oh, horror! What a word! The poor fellow was struck aghast at the charge, and appeared much more helpless than he really was.

Enoch had but an indistinct recollection of the journey to the "lockup" as he termed it, but he could clearly recall a pleasant-faced gentleman who sat at the desk and plied him with questions.

To all of these Bumbus replied in a straight forward manner.

Ah! Another case of 'bunco,' he heard the man say in a compassionate voice; but what the word meant he had not the faintest idea.

"You say you live at Barre?" asked the officer.

"Yes, sir, on my own farm at Barre!"

"Well, we won't commit you this time. But you'll have to stay here until morning. You'll be safer. Then take my advice, go home at once to the old farm and never think of the city again."

"Young man," began the Lieutenant, "how much money have you got about you."

"Nearly six dollars," was the reply.

"Then you take that six dollars and head for Barre on the first train and mean while I will try to find the man that worked you out of your money."

"Mister," stammered Enoch, "I wish that you would not arrest Thomas for what he has done to me," stammered Bumpus, "he has taught me a lesson that I shall never forget, and one that I should be willing to pay for."

"Well you take the matter very easy," remarked the officer, "but, however, we will try to find this Blaisdell and put him into court; now I will send a man with you to a good place where you can sleep to-night," and so saying the officer took a bunch of keys from a nail and giving them to a policeman, said, "put him in 21."

Enoch was conducted to a cell, the first that he had ever seen, let alone occupied.

Little sleep visited his pillow that night, and when morning came and the door of his prison was thrown open Enoch Bumpus hurried to the depot and took the first train for home.

He never told of his exploit in Boston, but it was a lesson to him, and now he is contented to live the life that was designed for him on his farm at Barre.—Yankee Blade.

More Call For Flax.

In the near future we expect to see the cultivation of flax become a very important item of our agriculture. It is well adapted to a very wide region of the country, and recent discoveries in improved methods of handling the products, and the many uses to which the straw can be put, promise to make the crop a very profitable one. Careful investigations in Kansas have shown that it paid a better return per acre last year than any other crop. In Minnesota factories are engaged in working the straw into many household utensils, and it has been found available for many purposes for which wood pulp has formerly been used. Combination factories are now talked of which will use the grain for the manufacture of oil, and oil-cake and straw-pulp goods will constitute the by-products and contribute to the profits. —Baltimore Methodist.

Enforced Suicide.

There was a disastrous fire at Freienwald, in Prussia, at which eight people lost their lives. A young man was actively engaged in rescuing men and valuables when part of the house fell in and two rafters caught him by the legs. Both his legs were so tightly wedged between the woods that he could not be extricated and he was surrounded by flames in a minute. In his terror of having to die a slow death by being burned, he cried out to the men to shoot him or kill him in any way so as to save him from burning. But there was none to respond to his prayer. In desperation he fetched his clasp-knife out of his pocket and deliberately cut his throat in full sight of all the people surrounding the burning pile.

The famous castle at Buntzlau, Germany, stored with antiquities, has been destroyed by fire.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Secret Place of Thunder."

TEXT: *"I answered thee in the secret place of thunder."*—Psalms lxxxi. 7.

It is past midnight, and two o'clock in the morning, far enough from sunset and sunrise to make the darkness very thick, and the Egyptian army in pursuit of the escaping Israelites are on the bottom of the Red Sea, its waters having been set up on either side in masonry of sapphire, for God can make a wall as solid out of water as out of granite, and the troops with which these two walls were built were none the less powerful because invisible. Such walls had never before been lifted.

When I saw the waters of the Red Sea rolling through the Suez Canal they were blue and beautiful and flowing like other waters, but to-night, as the Egyptians look up to them I split into walls, now on one side and now on the other, they must have been frowning waters, for it was probable that the same power that lifted them up might suddenly fling them prostrate. A great lantern of cloud hung over this chasm between the two walls. The door of that lantern was opened toward the Israelites ahead, giving them light, and the back of the lantern was toward the Egyptians, and it growled and rumbled and jarred with thunder, not thunder like that which cheers the earth after a drought, promising the refreshing shower, but charged and surcharged with threats of doom.

The Egyptian captains lost their presence of mind, and the horses reared and snorted and would not answer to their bits, and the chariot wheels got interlocked and torn off, and the charioteers were buried headlong, and the Red Sea fell on all the host. The confusing and confounding thunder was in answer to the prayer of the Israelites. With their backs cut by the lash, and their feet bleeding, and their bodies decrepit with the suffering of whole generations, they had asked Almighty God to enspublcher their Egyptian pursuers in one great sarcophagus, and the splash and the roar of the Red Sea as it dropped to its natural bed were only the shutting of the sarcophagus on a dead host. That is the meaning of the text when God says, "I answered thee in the secret place of thunder."

Now thunder, all up and down the Bible, is the symbol of power. The Egyptian plague of hail was accompanied with this full diapason of the heavens. While Samuel and his men were making a burnt offering of a lamb, and the Philistines were about to attack them, it was by terrorizing thunder they were discomfited. Job, who was a combination of the Dantesque and the Miltonic, was solomnized on this reverberation of the heavens, and cried, "The thunder of His power, who can understand?" and he challenges the universe by saying, "Canst thou thunder with a voice like Him" and he throws Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair" into the shade by the Bible photograph of a war-horse, when he describes his neck as "clothed with thunder." Because of the power of James and John, they were called "the sons of thunder." The law given on the basaltic crags of Mount Sinai was emphasized with this cloudy etsillition. The skies all around about St. John at Patmos were full of the thunder of war, and the thunder of Christly triumph, and the thunder of resurrection, and the thunder of eternity.

But when my text says, "I answered thee in the secret place of thunder," it suggest there is some mystery about the thunder. To the ancients the cause of earthquake in rending the earth with loud sound must have been more of a mystery than it is to us. The lightnings, which were to them wild monsters ranging through the skies, in our time have been domesticated. We harness electricity to vehicles and we cage it in lamps, and every schoolboy knows something about the fact that it is the passage of electricity from cloud to cloud that makes the heavenly racket which we call thunder. But, after all that chemistry has taught the world, there are mysteries about the skyey resonance and my text, true in the time of the Psalmist, is true now and always will be true, that there is some secret about the place of thunder.

To one thing known about the thunder there are a hundred things not known. After all the scientific batteries have been doing their work for a thousand years to come and learned men have discussed to the utmost about atmospheric electricity and magnetic electricity and galvanic electricity and thermotic electricity and frictional electricity and positive electricity and negative electricity my text will be as suggestive as it is to-day, when it speaks of the secret place of thunder.

Now right along by a natural law there is always a spiritual law, as there is a secret place of moral thunder. In other words, the religious power that you see abroad in the church in the world has a hiding place, and in many cases it is never discovered at all. I will use a similitude. I can give only a dim outline of a particular case, for many of the remarkable circumstances I have forgotten. Many years ago there was a large church. It was characterized by strange and unaccountable conversions. There were no great revivals, but individual cases of spiritual arrest and transformation.

A young man sat in one of the front pews. He was a graduate of Yale, brilliant as the north star and notoriously dissolute. Every body knew him and liked him for his originality, but deplored his moral errantry. To please his parents he was every Sabbath morning in church. One day there was a change, or the door-bell of the pastor of that church, and that young man, whelmed with repentance, implored prayer and advice, and passed into complete reformation of heart and life. All the neighborhood was astonished and asked, "Why was this?" His father and mother had said nothing to him about his soul's welfare.

On another aisle of the same church sat an old miser. He paid his pew rent, but was hard on the poor, and had no interest in any philanthropy. Piles of money! And people said, "What a struggle he will have when he quits this life to part with his bonds and mortgages." One day he wrote to his minister: "Please to call immediately. I have a matter of great importance about which I want to see you." When the pastor came in the man could not speak for emotion, but after awhile he gathered self control enough to say: "I have lived for this world too long. I want to know if you think I can be saved, and, if so, I wish you would tell me how." Upon his soul the light soon dawned, and the old miser, not only revolutionized in heart but in life, began to scatter benefactions, and toward all the great charities of the day he became cheerful and bountiful almoner. What was the cause of this change? everybody asked, and no one was capable of giving an intelligent answer.

In another part of the church sat, Sabbath by Sabbath, a beautiful and talented woman, who was a great society leader. She went to church because that was a respectable thing to do, and in the neighborhood where she lived it was hardly respectable not to go. Worldly was she to the last degree, and all her family worldly. She had at her house the finest germans that were ever danced, and the costliest favors that were ever given, and though she attended church she never liked to hear any story of pathos, and no to religious emotion of any kind, she thought it positively vulgar. Wines, cards, theaters, rounds of costly gayety were to her the highest satisfaction.

One day a neighbor sent in a visiting card, and this lady came down the stairs in tears and told the whole story of how she had not slept for several nights, and she feared she was going to lose her soul, and she wondered if some one would not come around and pray with her. Soon after that her entire demeanor was changed, and though she was not called upon to sacrifice any of her amenities of life, she consecrated her beauty, her social position, her family, her all to God and the church and usefulness. Everybody said in regard to her: "Have you noticed the change, and what in the world caused it?" and no one could make satisfactory explanation.

In the course of two years, though there was no general awakening in that church, many such isolated cases of such unexpected and unaccountable conversions took place. The very people whom no one thought would be affected by such considerations were converted. The pastor and the officers of the church were on the lookout for the solution of this religious phenomenon. "Where is it," they said, "and who is it and what is it?" At last the discovery was made and all was explained. A poor old Christian woman standing in the vestibule of the church one Sunday morning, trying to get her breath again before she went up stairs to the gallery, heard the inquiry and told the secret.

For years she had been in the habit of concentrating all her prayers for particular persons in that church. She would see some man or some woman present, and, though she might not know the person's name, she would pray for that person until he or she was converted to God. All her prayers were for that one person—just that one. She waited and waited for communion days to see when the candidates for membership stood up whether her prayers had been effectual. It turned out that these marvelous instances of conversion were the result of that old woman's prayers as she sat in the gallery Sabbath by Sabbath, dumb and wizened and poor and unnoticed.

A little cloud of consecrated humanity hovering in the galleries. That was the secret place of the thunder. There is some hidden, unknown, mysterious source of almost all the moral and religious power demonstrated. Not one out of a million—not one out of ten million—prayers ever strikes a human ear. On public occasions a minister of religion voices the supplications of an assemblage, but the prayers of all the congregation are in silence. There is not a second in a century when prayers are not ascending, but myriads of them are not even as loud as a whisper, for God hears a thought as plainly as a vocalization. That silence of supplication—hemispheric and perpetual—is the secret place of thunder.

In the winter of 1875 we were worshiping in the Brooklin Academy of Music in the interregnum of churches. We had the usual great audiences, but I was oppressed beyond measure by the fact that conversions were not more numerous. One Tuesday I invited to my house five old, consecrated Christian men—all of them gone now, except Father Pearson, and he, in blindness and old age, waiting for the Master's call to come up higher.

These old men came, not knowing why I had invited them. I took them to the top room of my house. I said to them: "I have called you here for special prayer. I am in an agony for a great turning to God of the people. We have vast multitudes in attendance and they are attentive and respectful, but I cannot see that they are saved. Let us kneel down and each one pray and not leave this room until we are all assured that the blessing will come and has come." It was a most intense crying unto God. I said, "Brethren, let this meeting be a secret," and I they said it would be. That Tuesday night special service ended.

On the following Friday night occurred the usual prayer meeting. No one knew of what had occurred on Tuesday night, but the meeting was unusually thronged. Men accustomed to pray in public in great composure broke down under emotion. The people were in tears. There were sobs and silences and solemnities of such unusual power that the worshipers were lifted into each other's faces, as much as to say, "What does all this mean?" And when the following Sabbath came, although we were in a secular place, over four hundred arose for prayers, and a religious awakening took place that made that winter memorable for time and for eternity. There may be in this building many who were brought to God during that great ingathering, but few of them know that the upper room in my house on Quincy street, where those five old Christian men poured out their souls before God, was the secret place of thunder.

The day will come—God hasten it—when people will find out the velocity, the majesty, the multipotence of prayer. We brag about our limited express trains which put us down a thousand miles away in twenty-four hours, but here is something by which in a moment we may confront people five thousand miles away. We brag about our telephones, but here is something that beats the telephone in utterance and reply, for God says, "Call unto me and I will hear." We brag about the phonograph, in which a man can speak, and his words and the tones of his voice can be kept for ages, and by the turning of the cylinder the words may come forth upon the ears of another century, but prayer allows us to speak words into the ears of everlasting remembrance, and on the other side of all eternities they will be heard. Oh, ye who are wasting your breath, and wasting your brains, and wasting your nerves, and wasting your lungs wishing for this good and that good for the church and the world, why do you not go into the secret place of thunder.

"But," says some one, "that is a beautiful theory, yet it does not work in my case, for I am in a cloud of trouble, or a cloud of sickness, or a cloud of persecution, or a cloud of poverty, or a cloud of bereavement, or a cloud of melancholy." I tell you that you told me that. That is exactly the place to which my text refers. It was from a cloud that God answered Israel—the cloud over the chasm cut through the Red Sea—the cloud that was light to the Israelites and darkness to the Egyptians. It was from a cloud, a tremendous cloud, that God made reply. It was a cloud that was the secret place of thunder. So you cannot get away from the consolation of my text by talking that way. Let all the people under a cloud hear it. "I answered thee in the secret place of thunder."

This subject helps me to explain some things you have not understood about men and women, and there are multitudes of them, and the multitude is multiplying by the minute. Many of them have not a superabundance of education. If you hurt their brain in a post-mortem examination, and you could weigh it, it would not weigh any heavier than the average. They have not anything especially impressive in personal appearance. They are not very fluent of tongue. They pretend to nothing unusual in mental faculty or social influence, but you feel their power; you are elevated in their presence; you are a better man or a better woman, having confronted them.

You know that in intellectual endowment you are their superior, while in the matter of moral and religious influence they are vastly your superior. Why is this?

To find the revelation of this secret you must go back thirty or forty or perhaps sixty years to the homestead where this man was brought up. Perhaps it was winter and the tallow candle is lighted, and the fires are kindled, sometimes the shavings hardly enough to start the wood. The mother is preparing the breakfast, the big pan edged biscuits are on the table, and the lid of the kettle on the hearth begins to rattle with the steam, and the shadow of the in lustrious woman by the flickering flame on the kitchen is moved up and down the wall. The father is at the barn feeding the stock—the oats thrown into the horses' bin and the cattle crunching the corn. The children, earlier than they would like and after being called twice, are gathered at the table.

The blessing of God is asked on the food, and, the meal over, the family Bible is put upon the white tablecloth and a chapter is read and a prayer made, which includes all the interests for this world and the next. The children pay not much attention to the prayer, for it is about the same thing day after day, but it puts upon them an impression that ten thousand years will only make more vivid and tremendous. As long as the old folks live their prayer is for their children and their children's children. Day in and day out, month in and month out, year in and year out, decade in and decade out the sons and daughters of that family are remembered in earnest prayer, and they know it, and they feel it, and they cannot get away from it.

Two funerals after awhile—not more than two years apart, for it is seldom that there is more than that lapse of time between Father's going and mother's going—two funerals put out of sight the old folks. But where are the children? The daughters are in homes where they are incarnations of good manners, industry and piety. The sons, perhaps one a farmer, another a merchant, another a mechanic, another a minister of the Gospel, use us, consistent, admired, honored men. What a power for good those seven sons and daughters! Where did they get the power? From the schools, and the seminaries, and the colleges? Oh, no, though these may have helped. From their superior mental endowment? No, I do not think they had unusual mental caliber. From accidental circumstances? No, they had nothing of that kind. Phenomenal astounding good luck. I think we will take a train and ride to the depot nearest to the homestead from which those men and women started. The train halts. In a few minutes after we will be in the graveyard and see the tombstones of the parents. Yes, the one was seventy-four years of age and the other was seventy-two, and the epitaph says that "after a useful life they died a Christian death." How appropriately the Scripture passage cut on the mother's tombstone, "She hath done what she could." And I hope a few of the beautiful passage cut on the father's tombstone, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

On over the country road we ride—the road a little rough, for the spring weather is not quite settled, and once down in a rut it is hard to get the wheels out again without breaking the shafts. But at last we come to the lane in front of the farmhouse. Let me get out of the wagon and open the gate while you drive through. Here is the arbor under which those boys and girls many years ago used to play. But it is quite out of order now, for the property is in other hands. Yonder is the orchard where they used to thrash the trees for apples, sometimes before they were quite ripe. There is now where they hunted for eggs before Easter. There is the doorsill upon which they used to sit. There is the room in which they had family prayers and where they all knelt—the father there, the mother there and the boys and girls there.

We have got to the fountain of pious and gracious influence at last. That is the place that decided those seven earthly and immortal destinies. Behold! Behold! That is the secret place of thunder. Boys are seldom more than their fathers will let them be. Girls are seldom more than their mothers will let them be. But there come times when it seems that parents cannot control their children. There come times in a boy's life when he thinks he knows more than his father does, and I remember now that I knew more at fifteen years of age than I have ever known since.

There come times in a girl's life when she thinks her mother is notional and does not understand what is proper and best, and the sweet child says, "Oh, pshaw!" and she longs for the time when she will not have to be dictated to, and she goes out of the door or goes to bed with pouting lips, and these mothers remember for themselves that they knew more at fourteen years of age than they have ever known since. But, father and mother, do not think you have lost your influence over your child. You have a resource of prayer that puts the sympathetic and omnipotent God into your parental undertaking. Do not waste your time in reading flimsy books about the best ways to bring up children. Go into the secret place of thunder.

At nine o'clock Wednesday morning, June 15 next, on the steamer City of New York, I expect to sail for Liverpool, to be gone until September. It is in acceptance of many invitations that I am going on a preaching tour. I expect to devote my time to preaching the Gospel in England, Scotland, Ireland and Sweden. I want to see now many souls I can gather for the kingdom of God. Those countries have for many years belonged to my parish, and I go to speak to them and shake hands with them. I want to visit more thoroughly than before those regions from which my ancestors came, Wales and Scotland.

But who is sufficient for the work I undertake? I call upon you who have long been my coadjutors to go into the secret place of the Almighty, and every day from now until my work is done on the other side of the sea, to have me in your prayers. In proportion to the intensity and continuance and faith of the prayers, yours and mine, will be the results. If you remember me in the devotional circle, that will be well, but what I most want is your importuning, your wrestling supplication in the secret place of thunder.

God and you alone may make me the humble instrumentality in the redemption of thousands of souls. I shall preach in churches, in chapels and in the fields. I will make it a campaign for God and eternity, and I hope to get during this absence a baptism of power that will make me of more service to you when I return than I the waters are more opaline, so the thunders of the last day will make the trees of life appear more emerald, and the carbuncle of the wall more crimson, and the sapphire seas the more shimmering, and the sunrise of eternal gladness the more empurpled. The thunders of dissolving nature will be followed by a celestial psalmody the sound of which St. John on Patmos described, when he said, "I heard a voice like the voice of mighty thundering!" Amen! ever yet have been. For, brethren and sisters in Christ, our opportunity for usefulness will soon be gone, and we shall have our faces uplifted to the throne of judgment, before which we must give account. That day there will be no secret place of thunder, for all the thunders will be out. There will be the thunder of the tumbling rocks. There will be the thunder of the bursting waves. There will be the thunder of the descending chariots. There will be the thunder of the par