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ADVERTISING RATES:

One square (8 lines nonpariel type), 3 or less insertions—$1.00. Each subsequent insertion 25 cents.

☞ Yearly and Monthly advertisements at moderate rates.

JOB WORK of ALL KINDS

DONE AT MODERATE PRICES.

☞ Orders sent by mail will receive prompt attention.

Address all business communications to the TRANSCRIPT, Chestertown, Md.

# The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.00 PER ANNUM—IN ADVANCE. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, MARCH, 28, 1895. VOL. XXXIII—NO. 46

ADVERTISE
YOUR BUSINESS
—in the—
Transcript.

G. E. LEARY & SON,

Rock Hall,

Kent County, - - - - - Maryland.

Are the pioneers in the local manufacture of

Building Materials

of every class and description. Framing, Flooring, Shingles, hard-wood materials and everything essential to a thoroughly equipped planing and saw mill always in stock. Materials of the best and in quantities to meet every demand of the local market.

A CLOTHING REVELATION!

T. S. BORDLEY has just placed with three leading New York Clothing manufacturers, the largest order for

Men's, Youths' and Boys' Clothing

ever placed for Chestertown. This stock will arrive about March 15th, and will include all the newest and latest designs of the most perfect fitting Clothing ever shown in this market. The extreme low prices for the coming Spring and Summer, are simply marvelous. I will be able to sell a neat, perfect fitting suit for men for only $5, such as you paid last season $8 for. $2 will buy a fine homespun suit for your boy. As my stock will be the largest in the town, I am determined that my prices will be the lowest. In the meantime, all the winter stock we have left will be sold for less than cost during the next 30 days. When you are ready to buy, search the town over for low prices, then come to me and see if I don't make good my promise, viz: to sell you fine, perfect fitting Clothing for less money than you can get them elsewhere.

Respectfully,
THOMAS S BORDLEY,
Feb. 21, 1895. CORNER CLOTHING HOUSE.

AT CHESTERVILLE'S

New CASH STORE.

You Will Find

PRICES FOR TIRED PURSES. PRICES YOU LIKE.

Prices that anyone can afford.

*Prices brought to the very verge of nothingness. If price is an object, your object is to price our goods. Come in and be surprised at our surprising prices. If you have any money to save, save it to-morrow by spending it with us.*

*If you want the best, come here; if not, anywhere else will do.*

*You'll learn more in five minutes' talk at the store than in a whole paperful of technical talk. Our advertising is thrown away if you doubt it.*

*Very truly,*
W. A. Williams.

E. E. HUDSON,

KENNEDYVILLE, KENT COUNTY, MD.

Always in the Front Ranks for General Merchandise.

A COMPLETE LINE OF GOODS AT TEMPTING PRICES

to close cash buyers. The year of 1894 is rapidly closing upon us, and while to some the year has not brought much prosperity, yet the encouragement we have received as a merchant spurs us onward with life, and the motto of our store for 1895 will be "Foward March." At the present time we have on our counters entirely too many goods, and the people of this neighborhood shall have the advantages of LOW PRICES in order to reduce this stock. For the month of December and January we have made sweeping reductions in our Dry Goods department, Boot and Shoe department; also Notions, Underwear, etc. This stock embraces a complete line of

GROCERIES, HARNESS, CUTLERY, HARDWARE, TINWARE, CHOICE BRANDS OF FLOUR BY THE BARREL OR SACK,

in fact everything usually found in a well-appointed store. Catch-penny advertisements are no longer popular with the masses, and to those who favor me in the future with their patronage, we would say that we will convince them that we advertise only facts. A first-class line of

DRUGS AND PATENT MEDICINES

always on hand, and prescriptions compounded with care at all hours, day or night.

☞ *EXTRA.—Hats and Caps at rock bottom prices; Also splendid line of Choice Cigars and Tobacco CHEAP.*

Dec. 20, 1894. E. E. HUDSON, Kennedyville, Md.

Millington's Cheapest & Best Store.

L. C. CLARK,

DEALER IN

GENERAL LINE OF GROCERIES,

CONSISTING OF

Coffees, Teas, Sugars,
Salted Meats, Poultry,
Confectionery,
Tobacco and Cigars.

The neighborhood of Millington should know a good thing when they see it, and a dollar invested at our store means a dollar well spent. Give me a call and be convinced.

Respectfully, etc.,
L. C. CLARK.
December 6, 1894.

THE ROCK HALL

Land & Improvement Co.

*HAVE BROUGHT THEIR IMPROVEMENTS UP TO THE POINT WHERE THEY*

Are Ready to Sell Lots.

Come and See Them.

☞ For further information and illustrated Pamphlets address

JAMES TAYLOR,
d14-tf Pier 7 Light street, Balto.

GRIP

When this disease gets hold of you with all its accompanying tortures, you require a remedy about which there is no uncertainty—something that will quickly drive out the cold, restore the blood to a normal condition, leave you free from aches and pains, and prevent any distressing after effects. That's

PAIN-KILLER

No other remedy so effective, none so certain of results. Teaspoonful doses in hot milk or water, every 2 hours, will break it up in a single day if taken when first attacked.

PERRY DAVIS & SON Providence, R. I.

TILGHMAN SHAFER,

AT THE OLD STAND, KENNEDYVILLE, MD.

Up in Quality and Down in Price.

Blacksmithing and Wheelrwighting.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

WE KEEP FOR SALE THE GENUINE

OLIVER CHILLED PLOWS

AND CASTINGS

AND ALL KINDS OF

Agricultural Implements.

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES,

NO-TOP BUGGIES, ROAD CARTS, DAYTONS, SULKIES, CARRIAGE TOPS, CARRIAGE POLES, CARRIAGE HARNESS OF ALL KINDS.
FARM WAGONS AND DEARBORNS.

*Grass Seeders, Power Feed Cutters and Crushers, Power Grinding Mills, Root Cutters, Cucumber Pumps, Barb Fence Wire, Belting of all kinds.*

☞ Also Fire Insurance Agent.

TILGHMAN SHAFER,
January 24, 1895—y. KENNEDYVILLE, MD.

GREAT EXCITEMENT

IN MILLINGTON

would follow if we advertised as some do in a "harum skarum" way, but the people would soon discover that misrepresentations are not the proper thing to draw the solid trade. Twelve years of uninterrupted success at Millington

Handling a GENERAL LINE OF MERCHANDISE,

CONSISTING OF

MEN'S CLOTHING

BOOTS AND SHOES.

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES

OF ALL KINDS,

And an Extra Room for Furniture,

*where is kept a supply of Household Goods unequaled in the county as far as regards prices*

*EXTRA—Sweeping Reductions during the month of December will be made in for line of Clothing, Dry Goods and Furniture. Call and be convinced of this one fact, our every dollar spent we give a full dollar's worth of reliable goods.*

*Respectfully, etc.,*
HENRY S. COOK,
*December 6, 1894.* *MILLINGTON, MD*

MELITOTA TO THE FRONT!

M. M. RASIN,

—DEALER IN—

General Merchandise,

*is determined, during the month of December, to make sweeping reductions in his general line of goods in order to reduce the stock. No store in the county carries a more complete line of goods, consisting of*

Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes

AND GENERAL NOTIONS.

*EXTRA.—Being an advertiser of facts, I do not propose to misrepresent a single article in my store, and those who favor me with their patronage will be fully convinced that a dollar's worth of goods from this store will equal $1.25 elsewhere.*

CHOICE BRANDS OF FLOUR BY THE BARREL OR SACK,

*AND AT PRICES THAT WILL ASTONISH ALL.*

*Give me a call and be convinced.* *Resp'y, etc.,*
M. M. RASIN,
*Dec. 13, 1894.* *MELITOTA, MD.*

SOLID GOLD GLASSES $2.00

Have you headache? Do your eyes burn? Do you have trouble to see at a distance or to read fine print? Have you pains in the back of your head? If you have any of these symptoms, send for our "*Eyesight By Mail.*" Satisfaction invariably guaranteed. WALTER H. PODESTA & CO. Eye Specialists, *Walter H. Podesta late Eye Specialist for Queen & Co.* PHILADELPHIA, PA.

## TOUCHED AS BY FIRE.

REV. DR. TALMAGE PREACHES IN NEW YORK ON THE HOLY GHOST.

**Another Great Throng Turned Away From the Academy of Music—The Wonderful Power of the Omnipotent Holy Ghost. Tongues of Fire.**

NEW YORK, March 24.—When Dr. Talmage ascended the platform of the Academy of Music this afternoon, he faced an audience quite as large as any that had assembled in the great building since these services began, while several thousand others were outside unable to secure seats or even standing room. He took for his subject "Tongues of Fire," the text selected being Acts xix, 2, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost?"

The word ghost, which means a soul, or spirit, has been degraded in common parlance. We talk of ghosts as baleful and frightful and in a frivolous or superstitious way. But my text speaks of a Ghost who is omnipotent and divine and everywhere present and 91 times in the New Testament called the Holy Ghost. The only time I ever heard this text preached from was in the opening days of my ministry, when a glorious old Scotch minister came up to help me in my village church. On the day of my ordination and installation he said, "If you get into the corner of a Saturday night without enough sermons for Sunday, send for me, and I will come and preach for you." The fact ought to be known that the first three years of a pastor's life are appallingly arduous. No other profession makes the twentieth part of the demand on a young man. If a secular speaker prepares one or two speeches for a political campaign, it is considered arduous. If a lecturer prepares one lecture for a year, he is thought to have done well. But a young pastor has two sermons to deliver every Sabbath before the same audience, besides all his other work, and the most of ministers never recover from the awful nervous strain of the first three years. Be sympathetic with all young ministers and withhold your criticisms.

**The Holy Ghost.**

My aged Scotch friend responded to my first call and came and preached from the text that I now announce. I remember nothing but the text. It was the last sermon he ever preached. On the following Saturday he was called to his heavenly reward. But I remember just how he appeared as, leaning over the pulpit, he looked into the face of the audience, and with earnestness and pathos and electric force asked them, in the words of my text, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost?" The office of this present discourse is to open a door, to unveil a Personage, to introduce a force not sufficiently recognized. He is as great as God. He is God. The second verse of the first chapter of the Bible introduces him—Genesis i, 2. "The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters"—that is, as an albatross or eagle spreads her wings over her young and warms them into life and teaches them to fly, so the Eternal Spirit spread his great, broad, radiant wings over this earth in its callow and unfledged state and warmed it into life and fluttered over it and set it winging its way through immensity. It is the tip top of all beautiful and sublime suggestiveness. Can you not almost see the outspread wings over the nest of young worlds? "The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."

Another appearance of the Holy Ghost was at Jerusalem during a great feast. Strangers speaking 17 different languages were present from many parts of the world. But in one house they heard what seemed like the coming of a cyclone or hurricane. It made the trees bend and the houses quake. The cry was, "What is that?" And then a forked flame of fire tipped each forehead, and what with the blast of wind and the dropping fire a panic took place, until Peter explained that it was neither cyclone nor conflagration, but the brilliance and anointing and baptismal power of the Holy Ghost.

That scene was partially repeated in a forest when Rev. John Easton was preaching. There was the sound of a rushing, mighty wind, and the people looked to the sky to see if there were any signs of a storm, but it was a clear sky, yet the sound of the wind was so great that horses, frightened, broke loose from their fastenings, and the whole assembly felt that the sound was supernatural and pentecostal. Oh, what an infinite and almighty and glorious personage is the Holy Ghost! He brooded this planet into life, and now that through sin it has become a dead world he will brood it the second time into life. Perilous attempt would be a comparison between the three persons of the Godhead. They are equal, but there is some consideration which attaches itself to the third person of the Trinity, the Holy Ghost, that does not attach itself to either God the Father or God the Son. We may grieve God the Father and grieve God the Son and be forgiven, but we are directly told that there is a sin against the Holy Ghost which shall never be forgiven either in this world or in the world to come. And it is wonderful that while on the street you hear the name of God and Jesus Christ used in profanity you never hear the words Holy Ghost. This hour I speak of the Holy Ghost as Biblical interpreter, as a human constructor, as a solace for the broken hearted, as a preacher's re-enforcement.

**Better Than a Concordance.**

The Bible is a mass of contradictions, an affirmation of impossibilities, unless the Holy Ghost helps us to understand it. The Bible says of itself that the Scripture is not for "private interpretation," but "holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost"—that is, not private interpretation, but Holy Ghost interpretation. Pile on your study table all the commentaries of the Bible—Matthew Henry and Scott and Adam Clarke and Albert Barnes and Bush and Alexander, and all the archæologies, and all the Bible dictionaries, and all the maps of Palestine, and all the international series of Sunday school lessons. And if that is all you will not understand the deeper and grander meanings of the Bible so well as that Christian mountaineer who, Sunday morning, after having shaken down the fodder for the cattle, comes into his cabin, takes up his well worn Bible, and with a prayer that stirs the heavens asks for the Holy Ghost to unfold the book.

No more unreasonable would I be if I should take up The Novoe Vremya of St. Petersburg, all printed in Russian, and say, "There is no sense in this newspaper, for I cannot understand one line of all its columns," than for any man to take up the Bible, and without getting Holy Ghost illumination as to its meaning say: "This Book insults my common sense. I cannot understand it. Away with the incongruity!" No one but the Holy Ghost, who inspired the Scriptures, can explain the Scriptures. Fully realize that, and you will be as enthusiastic a lover of the old book as my venerable friend who told me in Philadelphia last week that he was reading the Bible through the fifty-ninth time, and it became more attractive and thrilling every time he went through it. In the saddlebags that hung across my horse's back as I rode from Jerusalem down to the Dead sea and up to Damascus I had all the books about Palestine that I could carry, but many a man on his knees, in the privacy of his room, has had flashed upon him more vivid appreciation of the word of God than many a man who has visited all the scenes of Christ's birth, and Paul's eloquence, and Peter's imprisonment, and Joshua's prowess, and Elijah's ascension. I do not depreciate any of the helps for Bible study, but I do say that they all together come infinitely short without a direct communication from the throne of God in response to prayerful solicitation. We may find many interesting things about the Bible without especial illumination, as how many horses Solomon had in his stables, or how long was Noah's ark, or who was the only woman whose full name is given in the Scriptures, or which is the middle verse of the Bible, and all that will do you no more good than to be able to tell how many beanpoles there are in your neighbor's garden.

The learned Earl of Chatham heard the famous Mr. Cecil preach about the Holy Ghost and said to a friend on the way home from church: "I could not understand it, and do you suppose anybody understood it?" "Oh, yes," said his Christian friend, "there were uneducated women and some little children present who understood it." I warrant you that the English soldier had under supernal influence read the book, for after the battle of Inkermann was over he was found dead with his hand glued to the page of the open Bible by his own blood, and the words adhered to his hands as they buried him, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though dead, yet shall he live."

**A Reconstructor and Solace.**

Next consider the Holy Ghost as a human reconstructor. We must be made over again. Christ and Nicodemus talked about it. Theologians call it regeneration. I do not care what you call it, but we have to be reconstructed by the Holy Ghost. We become new creatures, hating what we once loved and loving what we once hated. If sin were a luxury, it must become a detestation. If we preferred bad associations, we must prefer good associations. In most cases it is such a complete change that the world notices the difference and begins to ask: "What has come over that man? Whom has he been with? What has so affected him? What has ransacked his entire nature? What has turned him square about?" Take two pictures of Paul—one on the road to Damascus to kill the disciples of Christ, the other on the road to Ostia to die for Christ. Come nearer home and look at the man who found his chief delight in a low class of clubrooms, hiccoughing around a card table and then stumbling down the front steps after midnight and staggering homeward, and that same man, one week afterward, with his family on the way to a prayer meeting. What has done it? It must be something tremendous. It must be God. It must be the Holy Ghost.

Notice the Holy Ghost as the solacer of broken hearts. Christ calls him the Comforter. Nothing does the world so much want as comfort. The most people have been abused, misrepresented, cheated, lied about, swindled, bereft. What is needed is balsam for the wounds, lantern for dark roads, rescue from malignING pursuers, a lift from the marble slab of tombstones. Life to most has been a semifailure. They have not got what they wanted. They have not reached that which they started for. Friends betray. Change of business stand loses old custom and does not bring enough custom to make up for the loss. Health becomes precarious when one most needs strong muscle and steady nerve and clear brain. Out of this audience of thousands and thousands, if I should ask all those who have been unhurt in the struggle of life to stand up, or all standing to hold up their right hands, not one would move. Oh, how much we need the Holy Ghost as comforter! He recites the sweet gospel promises to the hardly bestead. He assures of mercy mingled with the severities. He consoles with thoughts of coming release. He tells of a heaven where tear is never wept and burden is never carried and injustice is never suffered. Comfort for all the young people who are maltreated at home, or receive insufficient income, or are robbed of their schooling, or kept back from positions they earned by the putting forward of others less worthy. Comfort for all these men and women midway in the path of life, worn out with what they have already gone through, and with no brightening future. Comfort for these aged ones amid many infirmities and who feel themselves to be in the way in the home or business which themselves established with their own grit.

The Holy Ghost comfort, I think, generally comes in the shape of a soliloquy. You find yourself saying to yourself: "Well, I ought not to go on this way about my mother's death. She had suffered enough. She had borne other people's burdens long enough. I am glad that father and mother are together in heaven, and they will be waiting to greet us, and it will be only a little while anyhow, and God makes no mistakes." Or you soliloquize, saying: "It is hard to lose my property. I am sure I worked hard enough for it. But God will take care of us, and, as to the children, the money might have spoiled them, and we find that those who have to struggle for themselves generally turn out best, and it will all be well if this upsetting of our worldly resources leads us to lay up treasures in heaven." Or you soliloquize, saying, "It was hard to give up that boy when the Lord took him. I expected great things of him, and, oh, how we miss him out of the house, and there are so many things I come across that make one think of him, and he was such a splendid fellow! But then what an escape he has made from the temptations and sorrows which come to all who grow up, and it is a grand thing to have him safe from all possible harm, and there are all those Bible promises for parents who have lost children, and we shall feel a drawing heavenward that we could not have otherwise experienced." And after you have said that you get that relief which comes from an outburst of tears. I do not say to you, as some say, do not cry. God pity people in trouble who have the parched eyeball and the dry eyelid and cannot shed a tear. That makes maniacs. To God's people tears are the dews of the night dashed with sunrise. I am so glad you can weep. But you think these things you say to yourself are only soliloquies. No, no; they are the Comforter, who is the Holy Ghost.

**Help to the Preacher.**

Notice also the Holy Ghost as the preacher's re-enforcement. You and I have known preachers encyclopedic in knowledge, brilliant as an iceberg when the sun smites it, and with Chesterfieldian address and rhetorical hand uplifted with diamond big enough to dazzle an assembly and so surcharged with vocabulary that when they left this life it might be said of each of them as De Quincey said of another that in the act of dying he committed a robbery, absconding with a valuable polyglot dictionary, yet no awakening or converting or sanctifying result, while some plain man, with humblest phraseology, has seen audiences whelmed with religious influence. It was the Holy Ghost. What a useful thing it would be if every minister would give the history of his sermons! Years ago at an outdoor meeting in the state of New York I preached to many thousands. There had been much prayer on the grounds for a great outpouring of the Holy Ghost at that service, and the awakening power exceeded anything I ever witnessed since I began to preach, with perhaps the exception of two or three occasions. Clergymen and Christian workers by the score and hundreds expressed themselves as having been blessed during the service. That afternoon I took the train for an outdoor meeting in the state of Ohio, where I was to preach on the night of the next day. As the sermon had proved so useful the day before and the theme was fresh in my mind, I resolved to reproduce it, and did reproduce it as far as I could, but the result was nothing at all. Never had I seemed to have anything to do with a flatter failure. What was the difference between the two services? Some will say, "You were tired with a long journey." No, I was not tired at all. Some will say, "The temporal circumstances in the first case were more favorable than in the last." No, they were more favorable in the last. The difference was in the power of the Holy Ghost—mightily present at the first service, not seemingly present at all at the second. I call upon the ministers of America to give the history of sermons, for I believe it will illustrate as nothing else can the truth of that Scripture, "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord."

On the Sabbath of the dedication of one of our churches in Brooklyn, at the morning service, 328 souls stood up to profess Christ. They were the converts in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, where we had been worshiping. The reception of so many members—and many of them baptized by immersion—had made it an arduous service, which continued from half past 10 in the morning until half past 2 in in the afternoon. From that service we went home exhausted, because there is nothing so exhausting as deep emotion. A messenger was sent out to obtain a preacher for that night, but the search was unsuccessful, as all the ministers were engaged for some other place. With no preparation at all for the evening service, except the looking in Cruden's Concordance for a text and feeling almost too weary to stand up, I began the service, saying audibly while the opening song was being sung, although because of the singing no one but God heard it: "O Lord, thou knowest my insufficiency for this service! Come down in gracious power upon this people." The place was shaken with the divine presence. As far as we could find out, over 400 persons were converted that night. Hear it, all young men entering the ministry; hear it, all Christian workers. It was the Holy Ghost.

In the Second Reformed church of Somerville, N. J., in my boyhood days, Mr. Osborne, the evangelist, came to hold a special service. I see him now as he stood in the pulpit. Before he announced his text and before he had uttered a word of his sermon strong men wept aloud, and it was like the day of judgment. It was the Holy Ghost.

**A Wonderful Power.**

In 1857 the electric telegraph bore strange messages. One of them read, "My dear parents will rejoice to hear that I have found peace with God." Another read, "Dear Mother, the work continues, and I, too, have been converted." Another read, "At last faith and peace." In Vermont a religious meeting was singing the hymn, "Waiting and Watching For Me." The song rolled out on the night air, and a man halted and said, "I wonder if there will be any one waiting and watching for me?" It started him heavenward. What was it? The Holy Ghost. In that 1857 Jaynes' hall, Philadelphia, and Fulton street prayer meeting, New York, telegraphed each other the number of souls saved and the rising of the devotional tides. Noonday prayer meetings were held in all the cities. Ships came into harbor, captain and all the sailors saved on that voyage. Police and fire departments met in their rooms for divine worship. At Albany the legislature of the state of New York assembled in the rooms of the court of appeals for religious services. Congressional union prayer meeting was opened at Washington. From whence came the power? From the Holy Ghost. That power shook New York. That power shook America. That power shook the Atlantic ocean. That power shock the earth. That power could take this entire audience into the peace of the gospel quicker than you could lift your eyes heavenward. Come, Holy Ghost! Come, Holy Ghost! He has come! He is here! I feel him in my heart. There are thousands who feel him in their hearts, convicting some, saving some, sanctifying some.

The difference in evangelical usefulness is not so much a difference in brain, in scholarship or elocutionary gifts as in Holy Ghost power. You will not have much surprise at the extraordinary career of Charles G. Finney as a soul winner, if you know that soon after his conversion he had this experience of the Paraclete. He says:

"As I turned and was about to take a seat by the fire I received a baptism of the Holy Ghost. Without any expectation of it, without ever having the thought in my mind that there was any such thing for me, without any recollection that I had ever heard the thing mentioned by any person in the world, the Holy Ghost descended upon me in a manner that seemed to go through me, body and soul. Indeed, it seemed to come in waves and waves of liquid love, for I could not express it in any other way. It seemed like the very breath of God. I can recollect distinctly that it seemed to fan me like immense wings. No words can express the wonderful love that was shed abroad in my heart. I wept aloud with joy and love. These waves came over me and over me and over me, one after the other until, I recall I cried out, 'I shall die if these waves continue to pass over me.' I said, 'Lord, I cannot bear any more.'"

Now, my hearers, let 500 of us, whether clerical or lay workers, get such a divine visitation as that, and we could take this world for God before the clock of the next century strikes 1.

**A Tongue of Fire.**

How many marked instances of Holy Ghost power! When a black trumpeter took his place in Whitefield's audience proposing to blow the trumpet at a certain point in the service and put everything into derision, somehow he could not get the trumpet to his lips, and at the close of the meeting he sought out the preacher and asked for his prayers. It was the Holy Ghost. What was the matter with Hedley Vicars, the memorable soldier, when he sat with his Bible before him in a tent, and his deriding comrades came in and jeered, saying, "Turned Methodist, eh?" And another said: "You hypocrite! Bad as you were I never thought you would come to this, old fellow." And then he became the soldier evangelist, and when a soldier in another regiment hundreds of miles away telegraphed his spiritual anxieties to Hedley Vicars, saying, "What shall I do?" Vicars telegraphed as thrilling a message as ever went over the wires, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

What power was being felt? It was the Holy Ghost. And what more appropriate? For the Holy Ghost is a "tongue of fire," and the electricity that flies along the wires is a tongue of fire. And that reminds me of what I might do now. From the place where I stand on this platform there are invisible wires or lines of influence stretching to every heart in all the seats on the main floor and up into the boxes and galleries, and there are other innumerable wires or lines of influence reaching out from this place into the vast beyond and across continents and under the seas, for in my recent journey around the world I did not find a country where I had not been preaching this gospel for many years through the printing press. So as a telegraph operator sits or stands at a given point and sends messages in all directions, and you only hear the click, click, click of the electric apparatus, but the telegrams go on their errand, God help me now to touch the right key and send the right message along the right wires to the right places. Who shall I first call up? To whom shall I send the message? I guess I will send the first to all the tired, wherever they are, for there are so many tired souls. Here goes the Christly message, "Come unto me, all ye who are weary, and I will give you rest."

**Witnesses For the Truth.**

Who next shall I call up? I guess the next message will be to the fatherless and widows, and here goes God's message: "Leave thy fatherless children. I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me." Who next shall I call up? I guess my next message will be to those who have buried members of their own families, and here it goes, "The trumpets shall sound, and the dead shall rise." Who next shall I call up? I guess the next message will go to those who think their sins too bad to be saved. Here it goes, "Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, who will have mercy, and unto our God, who will abundantly pardon." Who next shall I call up? I guess it will be those who may think I have not yet touched their case. Here it goes, "Whosoever, whosoever, whosoever will let him come."

And now may God turn on all the electric power into this gospel battery for the last tremendous message, so that it may thrill through this assemblage and through all the earth. Just six words will compose the message, and I touch the key of this gospel battery just six times and the message has gone! Away! Away it flies! And the message is, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost?"—that is, do you feel his power? Has he enabled you to sorrow over a wasted life, and take full pardon from the crucified Christ, and turned your face toward the wide open gates of a welcoming heaven? We appeal to thee, O Holy Ghost, who didst turn the Philippian jailer and Saul of Tarsus and Lydia of Thyatira and helped John Bunyan out of darkness when, as he describes it, "Down fell I as a bird short from the top of the tree, into fearful despair, but was relieved by the comfortable word, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin,'" and helped John Newton, when standing at the helm of the ship in a midnight hurricane and mightier than the waves that swept the decks came over him the memory of his blasphemous and licentious life, and he cried out, "My mother's God have mercy on me!" and helped one nearer home, even me, De Witt Talmage, at about 18 years of age, that Sunday night in the lovely village of Blawenburg, N. J., when I could not sleep because the questions of eternal destiny seized hold of me, and has helped me ever since to use as most expressive of my own feeling:

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now I'm found;
Was blind, but now I see.

Through many dangers, toils and snares
I have already come.
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

**That Troublesome Meringue.**

The secret of making the meringue for lemon pies so that it stands tall and thick is in the baking. Whip the whites of the eggs to a froth that will not fall out of the bowl when turned upside down. Put in about a tablespoonful of granulated sugar for each white, stir very little, spread it on the pies when they are just done and still baking hot without taking them out of the oven and let them bake with the oven open. If made hot enough to brown, the meringue will surely fall and become worse than nothing. Five to ten minutes is enough to bake the meringue dry and straw colored. Sift granulated sugar on the top of the meringue as soon as spread on the pie before baking.—Philadelphia Times.

**Liable to Be Misunderstood.**

Liable to misunderstanding are such interesting adornments of shop windows as, "Superior butter, 1 shilling per pound. Nobody can touch it"—probably not—or the tempting notice of the dealer in cheap shirts, "They won't last long at this price!" Worse still was the admonition which appeared in the window of a cheap restaurant, "Dine here, and you will never dine anywhere else." The viands of this restaurateur must have been almost as deadly and unerring in their effect as the whisky known in the western states as "forty rod," because that was the distance beyond which no drinker could walk after its imbibition.—Cornhill Magazine.

**Up With the Times.**

Old Hen—No more domestic drudgery for me! I'd have you know that I'm an emancipated hen, I am.

Old Rooster—You still lay eggs.

Old Hen—Yes, but they are hatched in an incubator.—New York Weekly.

**Self Convicted.**

Old Offender—W'at yer arrestin me fer? I hain't done nothin fer a year.

Officer—That's the time ye hit it right. The charge is going to be vagrancy.—Kate Field's Washington.