

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

COPYRIGHT 1898, BY LOUIS ADOLPH.

VOLUME 21.—NUMBER 25.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

OFFICE: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

Re T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor.

NEW YORK, JUNE 22, 1898.

Providentially Escaped Massacre.

Arrival in New York of American Survivors of the Massacre of the Missionaries of the United Brethren in Sierra Leone, Africa.

SLDOM has a steamer brought to our shores a party so sad and yet so thankful as the little group of missionaries whom the *Etruria* landed in New York a few days ago. They were the sur-

tion when the savages descended upon it and killed all the inmates. Dr. Burtner and Dr. Minshall with their wives were stationed at Shengeh, in the same district, and were to have been the next victims.

took with them a number of native women and children, the converts of the mission, whose lives also were threatened by the savages. Miss Muller's escape was almost miraculous. She was alone at the

lish Governor arrived and the murderous gang fled to the woods.

Mr. William H. Heard, of the African Methodist Episcopal Mission, who is United States Consul at Monrovia, and is



REV. L. O. BURTNER.

MRS. BURTNER.
HENRY TUCKER.

REV. F. S. MINSHALL.
MRS. MINSHALL.

MISS MULLER.

MR. A. WARD.

THE MISSIONARY SURVIVORS OF THE MASSACRE AT ROTUFUNK, AFRICA, NOW IN THE UNITED STATES.

of the massacre in Sierra Leone, Africa, which was described in this journal on page 8. Their portraits, taken specially for this journal with that of a native boy, appear on this page.

Mr. A. A. Ward was a missionary at Rotfunk, but was absent from the sta-

tion when the savages descended upon it and killed all the inmates. Dr. Burtner and Dr. Minshall with their wives were stationed at Shengeh, in the same district, and were to have been the next victims. Happily, they heard of the approach of the blood-thirsty savages, who were marching upon them a thousand strong, in time to make their escape by boats to Plantain Island, six miles up stream, whence by a perilous voyage of two days and nights they reached Freetown in safety. They

station at Mamaliga, when the house was suddenly surrounded by men whose blood-besmeared bodies and spears showed the hideous work they had been doing. They told her they had come to kill her, but before they could force an entrance into the house, a band of soldiers sent by the Eng-

lish Governor arrived and the murderous gang fled to the woods. Mr. William H. Heard, of the African Methodist Episcopal Mission, who is United States Consul at Monrovia, and is now on a visit here, says that the whole district is in a state of unrest. The King is securely living in French territory, where he has access to all the arms and ammunition he wants, and he is organizing his people for a desperate struggle for the perpetuation of the slave trade.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT



Pleasures of Life.

A Sermon by the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., on the Text, Judges 16: 25:

And it came to pass, when their hearts were merry, that they said, Call for Samson, that he may make us sport. And they called for Samson out of the prison-house; and he made them sport."

THERE were three thousand people assembled in the Temple of Dagon. They had come to make sport of eyeless Samson. They were all ready for the entertainment. They began to clap and pound.

Impatient for the amusement to begin, and they cried, "Fetch him out! Fetch him out!" Yonder I see the blind old giant coming, led by the hand of a child into the very midst of the temple. At his first appearance there goes up a shout of laughter and derision. The blind old giant pretends he is tired and wants to rest himself against the pillars of the house, so he says to the lad who leads him, "Bring me where the main pillars are." The lad does so. Then the strong man puts his hands on one of the pillars, and, with the mightiest push that mortal ever made, throws himself forward until the whole house comes down in thunderous crash, grinding the audience like grapes in a wine-press. "And so it came to pass, when their hearts were merry, that they said, Call for Samson, that he may make us sport. And they called for Samson out of the prison-house; and he made them sport." In other words there are amusements that are destructive and bring down disaster and death upon the heads of those who practise them. While they laugh and cheer, they die. The three thousand who perished that day in Gaza are nothing compared with the tens of thousands who have been destroyed, body, mind, and soul by bad amusements and by good amusements carried to excess.

In my sermons you must have noticed that I have no sympathy with ecclesiastical strait-jackets, or with that wholesale denunciation of amusement to which many have pledged. I believe the Church of God has made a tremendous mistake in trying to suppress the sportfulness of youth and drive out from men their love of amusement. If God ever implanted anything in us, he implanted this desire. But instead of providing for this demand of our nature, the Church of God has for the main part ignored it. As in a riot the mayor plants a battery at the end of the street and has it fired off, so that everything is cut down that happens to stand in the range, the good as well as the bad, so there are men in the church who plant their batteries of condemnation and fire away indiscriminately. Everything is condemned. They talk as if they would like to have our youth dress in blue uniform, like the children of an orphan asylum, and march down the path of life to the tune of the Dead March in Saul. They hate a blue sash, or a rosebud in the hair, or a tasseled gaiter, and I think a man almost ready for the lunatic asylum who utters a command.

Young Men's Christian Associations of the country are doing a glorious work. They have fine reading-rooms, and all the influences are of the best kind, and are now adding gymnasiums and bowling alleys, where, without any evil surroundings, our young men may get physical as well as spiritual improvement. We are dwindling away to a narrow chested, weak-armed, feeble-voiced race, when God calls us to a work in which he wants physical as well as spiritual athletes. I would to God that the one might soon come when in all our colleges and theological seminaries, as at Princeton, a gymnasium shall be established. We spend seven years of hard study in preparation for the ministry, and come out with bronchitis and dyspepsia and liver complaint, and then crawl up into the pulpit, and the people say, "Don't he look heavenly!" because he looks sickly. Let the Church of God direct, rather than attempt to suppress, the desire for amusement. The best men that the world ever knew have had their sports. William Wilberforce trundled hoops with his children.

Martin Luther helped dress the Christmas tree. Ministers have pitched quoits, philanthropists have gone a-skating, prime ministers have played ball.

Our communities are filled with men and women who have in their souls unmeasured resources for sportfulness and frolic. Show me a man who never lights up with sportfulness and has no sympathy with the recreations of others, and I will show you a man who is a stumbling-block to the kingdom of God. Such men are caricatures of religion. They lead young people to think that a man is good in proportion as he groans and frowns and looks sallow, and that the height of a man's Christian stature is in proportion to the length of his face. I would trade off five hundred such men for one bright-faced, radiant Christian on whose face are the words, "Rejoice evermore!" Every morning by his cheerful face he preaches fifty sermons. I will go further and say that I have no confidence in a man who makes a religion of his gloomy looks. That kind of a man always turns out badly. I would not want him for the treasurer of an orphan asylum. The orphans would suffer.

Among forty people whom I received into the church at one communion, there was only one applicant of whose piety I was suspicious. He had the longest story to tell; had seen the most visions, and gave an experience so wonderful that all the other applicants were discouraged. I was not surprised the year after to learn that he had run off with the funds of the bank with which he was connected. Who is this black angel that you call religion—wings black, feet black, feathers black? Our religion is a bright angel—feet bright, eyes bright, wings bright, taking her place in the soul. She pulls a rope that reaches to the skies and sets all the bells of heaven a-clinging. There are some persons who, when talking to a minister, always feel it politic to look lugubrious. Go forth, O people, to your lawful amusement. God means you to be happy. But, when there are so many sources of innocent pleasure, why tamper with anything that is dangerous and polluting? Why stop our ears to a heaven full of songsters to listen to the hiss of a dragon? Why turn back from the mountain-side all abloom with wild flowers and adash with the nimble torrents, and with blistered feet attempt to climb the hot sides of Cotopaxi?

Now, all opera houses, theatres, bowling alleys, skating rinks and all styles of amusement, good and bad, I put on trial to-day and judge of them by certain cardinal principles. First, you may judge of any amusement by its healthful result or by its baneful reaction. There are people who seem made up of hard facts. They are a combination of multiplication tables and statistics. If you show them an exquisite picture they will begin to discuss the pigments involved in the coloring; if you show them a beautiful rose, they will submit it to a botanical analysis, which is only the post mortem examination of a flower. They never do anything more than feebly smile. There are no great tides of feeling surging up from the depth of their soul in billow after billow of reverberating laughter. They seem as if nature had built them by contract and made a bungling job out of it. But, blessed be God, there are people in the world who have bright faces and whose life is a song, an anthem, a psalm of victory. Even their troubles are like the vines that crawl up the side of a great tower on the top of which the sunlight sits and the soft airs of summer hold perpetual carnival. They are the people you like to have come to your house; they are the people I like to have come to my house. Now it is these exhilarant and sympathetic and warm-hearted people that are most tempted to pernicious amusements. In proportion as a ship is swift it wants a strong helmsman; in pro-

portion as a horse is gay it wants a strong driver; and these people of exuberant nature will do well to look at the reaction of all their amusements. If an amusement sends you home at night nervous so you cannot sleep, and you rise in the morning, not because you are slept out, but because your duty drags you from your slumbers, you have been where you ought not to have been. There are amusements that send a man next day to his work blood-shot, yawning, stupid, nauseated, and they are wrong kinds of amusements. There are entertainments that give a man disgust with the drudgery of life, with tools because they are not swords, with working aprons because they are not robes, with cattle because they are not infuriated bulls of the arena. If any amusement sends you home longing for a life of romance and thrilling adventure, love that takes poison and shoots itself, moonlight adventures and hairbreadth escapes, you may depend upon it that you are the sacrificed victim of unsanctified pleasure. Our recreations are intended to build us up, and if they pull us down as to our moral or as to our physical strength, you may come to the conclusion that they are obnoxious.

Still further: Those amusements are wrong which lead into expenditure beyond your means. Money spent in recreation is not thrown away. It is all folly for us to come from a place of amusement feeling that we have wasted our money and time. You may by it have made an investment worth more than the transaction that yielded you a hundred or a thousand dollars. But how many properties have been riddled by costly amusements? The table has been robbed to pay the club. The champagne has cheated the children's wardrobe. The carousing party has burned up the boy's primer. The table cloth of the corner saloon is in debt to the wife's faded dress. Excursions that in a day make a tour around a whole month's wages; ladies whose lifetime business it is to "go shopping," have their counterpart in uneducated children, bankruptcies that shock the money market and appall the church, and that send drunkenness staggering across the richly figured carpet of the mansion and dashing into the mirror, and drowning out the carol of music with the whooping of bloated sons come home to break their old mother's heart. When men go into amusements that they cannot afford, they first borrow what they cannot earn, and then they steal what they cannot borrow. First they go into embarrassment and then into theft, and when a man gets as far on as that he does not stop short of the penitentiary. There is not a prison in the land where there are not victims of unsanctified amusements. How often I have had parents come to me and ask me to go and beg their boy off from the consequence of crimes that he had committed against his employer—the taking of funds out of the employer's till, or the disarrangement of the accounts! Why, he had salary enough to pay all lawful expenditure, but not enough salary to meet his sinful amusements. And again and again I have gone and implored for the young man—sometimes, alas! the petition unavailing.

How brightly the path of unrestrained amusement opens! The young man says: "Now I am off for a good time. Never mind economy; I'll get money somehow. What a fine road! What a beautiful day for a ride! Crack the whip, and over the turnpike! Come, boys, fill high your glasses! Drink! Long life, health, plenty of rides just like this!" Hard-working men hear the clatter of the hoofs and look up and say, "Why, I wonder where those fellows get their money from. We have to toil and drudge. They do nothing." To these gay men life is a thrill and an excitement. They stare at other people and in turn are stared at. The watch-chain jingles. The cup foams. The cheeks flush, the eyes flash. The midnight hears their guffaw. They swagger. They jostle decent men off the sidewalk. They take the name of God in vain. They parody the hymn they learned at their mother's knee; and to all pictures of coming disaster they cry out: "Who cares!" and to the counsel of some Christian friend: "Who are you?" Passing along the street some night you hear a shriek in a grog-shop, the rattle of the watchman's club, the rush of the police. What is the matter now? Oh, this reckless young

man has been killed in a grog-shop. Carry him home to his father's house. Parents will come down and wash his wounds and close his eyes in death. He forgave him all he ever did, though cannot in his silence ask it. The piety has got home at last. Mother will water her little garden and get the sweet flowers and twist them into a chaplet for the silent heart of the wayward boy. Push back from the bloated brow the locks that were once her pride. A fair air will be rent with the father's cry: "My son, my son, my poor son; would I had died for thee, oh, my son, my son!"

You may judge of amusements by their effect upon physical health. The many good people is physical reaction. There are Christian men who do hard things against their immortal nature when there is nothing the matter with them but an incompetent liver. Everybody has a powerful effect upon the body. There are people whose ideas of life are all shut out with clouds of tobacco smoke. There are people who can shatter the physical vase in which God put the jewel of eternity. Oh, it seems me outrageous that men through neglect should allow their physical nature to go down beyond repair, spend the rest of their life not in some great enterprise for God and the world, but in doing what is the best thing to take a dose of pepsia. A ship which ought with its crew set and every man at his post to be carrying a rich cargo for eternity, employs its men in stopping up leakages! You may through some of the popular healthful recreations of our time wear your spleen and your querulousness a one-half of your physical and mental powers. do not turn your back from the grand medicament.

Again, judge of the places of amusement by the companionship into which they put you. If you belong to an organization where you have to associate with the intemperate, with the unclean, with the abandoned, however well they are dressed, in the name of God quit it. They will despoil your nature. They will mine your moral character. They will drop you when you are destroyed. They will not give one cent to support you when you are dead. They will not give you one tear at your burial.

Again, any amusement that gives a distaste for domestic life is bad. In many bright domestic circles have been broken up by sinful amusements. The father went off, the mother went off, the child went off. There are all around the fragments of blasted households. Oh! if you have wandered away, I would like to charm you back by the side of that one word, "Home." Do you not remember, that your children are soon to go out into the world, and all the inheritance for good you are to have over the years must have now? Death will break up your conjugal relations, and, alas! you have to stand over the grave of one who perished from your neglect. I saw a wayward husband standing at the head of his Christian wife, and I saw a point to a ring on her finger and I saw her say to her husband, "Do you see the ring?" He replied, "Yes, I see it." "Well," said she, "do you remember putting it there?" "Yes," said he, "I put it there." And all the past seemed to come upon him. By the memory of that day in the presence of men and angels, he promised to be faithful in joy and sorrow and in sickness and in health; the memory of those pleasant hours when they sat together in your new house talking of a bright future; by the cradle and the cited hour when one life was spared to another given; by that sick bed, when the little one lifted up the hands and said for help and you knew he must die; he put one arm around each of you and brought you very near together that dying kiss; by the little grave in the cemetery that you never think of with a rush of tears; by the family where in its stories of heavenly life the brief but expressive record of life and deaths; by the neglects of the future and by the agonies of the future judgment day when husbands and wives will stand to be caught up in shining ray, or to shrink down into darkness; that I beg you to give to home your affections.

Let me say to all young men, You are of amusement will decide your destiny. One night I saw a young man

Soul-Saving at the Camps.

Religious Work Among the Departing Troops—Farewell Scenes—A War Testament for Our Soldier-Boys—Activity of the Christian Commission.



GOSPEL work among the soldiers at various military posts throughout the country has continued during the past week, and the evangelists and preachers associated with the Christian Commission are holding daily services to crowded audiences. In this way, the Gospel is being preached to thousands of our brave volunteers and regulars, on the eve of their departure for foreign shores.

The workers at Tampa were exceedingly active on the days preceding the sailing of our thirty transports with General Shafter's 27,000 troops on the Santiago expedition. To many of these brave fellows, it was the last opportunity they may ever have for hearing the Word; to all it will be a consolation that, with the latest good-byes before sailing, were mingled the earnest prayers and kindly admonitions of the zealous workers of the Commission.

Application has been made by the Commission to send its workers to Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines along with the armies, and arrangements will soon be completed to send nearest workers to these points at an early date. Mr. Moody, who is at the head of this noble

Rev. Cortland Jones and a number of other preachers will shortly go to the camps to assist in the work.

In a letter from Rev. John G. Anderson, pastor Presbyterian Church, Tampa, Fla., to Mr. Moody, the former says:

We carry on nightly service at four different places. At some of the camps the attendance will go at times as high as 3,000. I heard a soldier only a few nights since in one of our Christian Endeavor meetings stand up and earnestly testify to the saving power of the Gospel. "I thank God," he said, "that I ever came to Florida. It is here during the meetings that have been held that I became a Christian; and now if I die in Cuba it is all right. And if I go back home again it will be to tell all at home that I am a child of God."

The little song books are doing good service. After I had concluded my service one night in the camps it was a pleasant sight to see a great knot of the men still standing around the big lamp hanging from a limb of a tree, and singing over and over the songs and making the camp ring with them. One of them talking to another, said, "I have become a Christian." His friend asked him how it happened. He replied: "It was the singing of these hymns. The boys got hold of some hymn books, and they kept singing these songs till they sung me to Christ; and now sir, it is true, I am a Christian, and was won by a song." Mr. Sankey and Mr. Burke have done much good by their singing.

A minister was speaking to a soldier on the street car about the effects of the services and

left New York April 22, and religion is sadly neglected. We have not had service of any kind since we came on board, and it is doubtful if there is a Bible on the ship. If the men had them, they would surely read them at present, for we simply do not know what to do with ourselves.

Mr. W. E. Lougee, Secretary, Business Department, Y. M. C. A., in charge of arrangements for Gospel work in the camps, writes to the proprietor of this journal:

Enclosed find our Treasurer's receipt for \$1,000, kindly sent Mr. Moody by you for our work in the Army. It was forwarded to me by Mr. Moody. He also enclosed to me your letter of June 4th. I note with a great deal of interest the order for War Testaments, which you have issued. I hope you will send me a copy as soon as one is out. I agree with you that there is nothing like putting the Word of God in the hands of the people, and that is what we are doing. I have sent within the past week 10,000 Testaments from the American Bible Society to Tampa, and that is only a part of the number which have been sent.

You will be interested to know that we have just made arrangements to send our first man to Manila, who goes with Gen. Merritt, from San Francisco, taking with him a large tent and full equipment for a good work. We hope to be able to report the same thing for Cuba in the near future.

We believe that there has never been a grander opportunity for Christian work than this which is now opened to God's people in connection with the present war. All contributions for the preaching of the Gospel to the army should be addressed "Army Gospel Fund," and readers who specifically wish to have us send "War Testaments" to the soldiers in their behalf, should mark their contributions "War Testament Fund." All will be acknowledged in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and any special inquiries by churches and societies will be answered by letter. At the suggestion of many friends, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has undertaken to print and distribute among the troops, "A Soldier's War Testament." The New Testament is printed in clear type, one-column to the page, and is substantially bound. It is just suited to fit snugly into the soldier's pouch or pocket, being about the size that would go into an ordinary vest-pocket. In addition to the New Testament, there are bound into the little volume some twenty of the best Gospel hymns, specially selected by Mr. Sankey for this purpose—hymns of encouragement and inspiration, the singing of which will help the soldiers to face their duties with braver hearts and higher hopes. Many an evening at camp will be enlivened by these Gospel hymns, as our "Boys in Blue" sit together in groups, in the foreign land where they are sojourning for many months.

We invite our readers to co-operate with us in this work of supplying and distributing the "Soldier's War Testament," and all moneys forwarded to us for this purpose will be applied to the printing and circulating of the Gospel among the soldiers. It would be a blessed work, indeed, if every soldier, before leaving American soil, could be supplied with one of these precious "War Testaments," as a reminder of the lively interest the American people feel in his spiritual welfare.

The following have been received for the Army Gospel Fund.

Prev. acct	\$743 26	Shattuck, Myrtle L.	1 70
Abbe, E. A.	1 00	Shutt, E. M.	5 00
Andrews, B. H.	5 00	Simpson, C. E.	5 00
Bauer Bros	2 00	Smith, Willie T.	1 00
Brady, M. Louise J.	2 00	Smith, Margt Taylor.	1 00
Cavitt, Anna	5 00	Tobias, I. C.	5 00
Cavit, H.	5 00	Ward, Chas E.	1 00
Conover, S. S.	2 00	Webster, Mrs D.	1 00
Dunnton, Fanny E.	1 00	L. H. G. Gallipolis	2 00
Each, Jos E.	5 00	Mrs S. M. L. Buffalo	1 00
Frost, Mrs Mary	1 00	In His Name, Cleveland	1 00
Gaddis, Mary	1 00	Champog	5 00
Glide, Mrs J. H.	20 00	C. M. S., Palmyra	25
Gress, R. L.	1 00	St Albans	2 00
Johnson, Mollie	1 00	Portland	13 00
Johnson, Mrs Peter	1 00	Friend, Hardwick	1 00
Kent, Harvey	25 00	Reader, Oswego	1 00
Marsh, Mr & Mrs	1 00	Salem C. E. So. Norton	2 00
Morrill, Clark	1 00	Circle of K's D's of	
Miller, Mr & Mrs C. L.	5 00	M. E. Ch. Southport	2 00
Miller, Mary & Amelia	1 00	Pres Ch. Bellevue	15 00
Nelson, Mrs C. A.	3 00	Mother, Chicago Hts.	1 00
Niles, J. O.	1 00	For Jesus' Sake, Bklyn	1 00
Orton, M. A.	1 00	Klondike (Glee Club)	
Osborn, S. B.	1 00	Lowells Sta	1 00
Rassulifer, Lorene	1 00		
Reuting, Clementina	5 00		
Robey, Mr, Mrs Morrill	2 00		
		Total	\$896.21



THE LONELY SENTRY, 8TH INFANTRY CAMP, TAMPA, FLA.

religious movement, is profoundly impressed with its importance, which can be readily understood even by the casual reader, when it is remembered that our country has at present, nearly a quarter of a million men in the field. Mr. Moody says: "Probably a large number of these young men will not return to their homes, and this is the one opportunity to lead them to accept Christ as their Saviour."

Gen. O. O. Howard, another member of the Commission, has been holding services at Tampa, Mobile, and Chickamauga, Camp Alger, and Jacksonville, and nearly all the State camps, and Major D. W. Whittle, the evangelist, who was on Gen. Howard's staff during our civil war, has held meetings at Chickamauga. Rev. A. C. Dixon, D. D., of Brooklyn, spent three weeks at Tampa, and the soldiers in large numbers came to hear him. Mr. Ira D. Sankey conducted daily meetings at Tampa. Mr. D. L. Moody will send other good men as the movement calls for them, and will also engage in it himself. Army chaplains have the use of the tents and the secretaries co-operate with them in their work.

Rev. H. M. Wharton, of Baltimore, has been added to the corps of evangelists at Chickamauga and is now laboring among the soldiers there. Rev. R. A. Torrey, of the Moody Institute, Chicago, goes to Tampa this week to aid in the work. It is understood that Rev. R. S. MacArthur,

work being done in the camps, when one sitting near by reached out his hand and taking hold of the minister's, regardless of surroundings, said with great earnestness, "I wish you would pray for me."

A hundred soldiers arose for prayer one night lately. It was a sight I had never witnessed before in my ministry. Dr. Dixon said he had never preached before to such responsive and appreciative audiences, and I must give similar testimony. I have never seen fields whiter to the harvest.

Their eagerness to obtain a Testament is most refreshing. I believe that if the Christian people of the United States could only see what good is being done they would respond quickly to the call of this opportunity.

The King's business requires haste. I know it is impossible to prosecute this work without money; but if the churches take the matter up earnestly, all the money needed could be obtained. May God help us, and make us to use and improve our opportunity.

To this Mr. Moody adds: "I am sure such a testimony as this ought to encourage us to keep right at this work, not only in Tampa, but in all the other great camps throughout the country. Arrangements are also being made to begin work in the navy. Let us pray God to continue to pour out his blessing upon these men."

One of the special needs of both army and navy is Bibles and Testaments. We quote from a letter from one of the members of the Y. M. C. A., Twenty-third Street, New York, Branch:

U. S. S. Panther, KEY WEST.
We have 800 men on board our ship, which

at a right corner evidently doubting as to which direction he had better take. He had his hat lifted high enough so you could see he had an intelligent forehead. Why did he stop there while so many were going up and down? The fact is that every man has a good angel and bad angel contending for the mastery of his spirit. And there was a good angel and a bad angel struggling about that young man's soul at the corner of the street. "Come with me," said the good angel, "I will take you home. I will tread my way over your pathway, and I will lovingly escort you all through life. I will fill every cup you drink out of, and I will perch you rest on, every doorway that I enter. I will consecrate your tears when you weep, your sweat when you toiled at the last I will hand over your hands into the hand of the bright angel of a Christian resurrection." "No, no," said the bad angel, "come with me; I will do something better to offer; the wines of pleasure are from chalices of bewitching magic; the dance I lead is over floor carpeted with unrestrained indulgences; here is no God to frown on the temples of sin where I worship. The skies are tall. The paths I tread are through meadows daisied and primrosed; come with me."

The young man hesitated at a time when his position was ruin, and the bad angel mocked the good angel until it departed, spreading wings through the starlight up and away, until a door flashed open in the sky and forever the wings vanished. It was the turning point in that young man's history; the good angel, who he hesitated no longer, but started on a pathway which was beautiful at the opening, but dark and perilous at the last. The bad angel leading the way, opened a gate after gate, and at each gate the road became rougher and the sky more lurid, and the air was as peculiar, as the gate had shut it came to with a thud that indicated that it would never open. Passed each gate there was a grinding of wheels and a shoving of bolts; and the scenery on either side had changed from gardens to deserts, and the June air had become a cutting December blast and the bright wings of the good angel turned to sackcloth and the eyes of light became hollow with hopeless grief and the fountains, that it had started had tossed wine, poured forth bubbling tears and mingled blood, and on the right side of the road there was a serpent, and the man said to the bad angel, "What is that serpent?" and the answer was, "That is the serpent of sinning remorse." On the left side of the road there was a lion, and the man asked the good angel, "What is that lion?"

and he answered was, "That is the lion of all-couraging despair." A vulture flew through the sky, and the man asked the bad angel, "What is that vulture?" and the answer was, "That is the vulture waiting for the carcasses of the slain." Then the man began to try to pull off the folds of something that had wound him round and round, and he said to the bad angel, "What is it that twists me in this awful convulsion?" and the answer was, "That is the worm that never dies!" and then the man said to the bad angel, "What does all this mean? I trusted in what you said at the corner of the street that night; I trusted it all, and why have you thus deceived me?" Then the last deception fell off the charmer, and it was said "I was sent forth from the pit to destroy your soul; I watched my chance for any long year; when you hesitated that night on the street I gained my triumph; now you are here. Ha! ha! here you are. Come, now, let us fill these two chalices of fire and drink together to reckness and woe and death. Hail! hail!"

O young man, will the good angel sent forth by Christ, or the bad angel sent forth by sin, get the victory over your soul? Their wings are interlocked this moment above you, contending for your destiny, as above the Apennines eagle and her rival fight mid-sky. This hour may decide your destiny. God help you! To the victor is the die!