

THE POPULAR PULPIT



THE IDEAL LIFE.
By Rev. Joseph Silverman.
And he said, Go forth and stand upon the mountain before the Lord.—King xix., 11.

There are times when we who have lived constantly in the valleys become dissatisfied with our surroundings, with the commonplace scenery, the narrow horizon and contracted vision, and look with envious eyes to the few who have succeeded in climbing to the mountain top. Then, under some sudden spell, we summon up courage, gather our feeble strength, and attempt to climb the steep and rugged ascent. And when at last, after many trials and failures, we reach the summit we are fully rewarded for our exertions by the glorious sight before us and by the exhilaration of the upper air.

Those in the valley can see only a small part of the world's wonders—here a field, a garden; there a cavern, a river, or lake. Upon the mountain top the sublime and awe inspiring prospect of the world's wonderful design, beauty, majesty, and power bursts full upon the eye. From below we saw only a few peaks; from above hundreds of peaks come into view, hundreds of smaller mountains, separated by undulations of green forests or by silver threads of limpid waters. From below we had a limited outlook, saw only our own confined surroundings—a few peasants, villagers, or conceited townspeople; beheld only petty affairs of mundane life, which seemed of such paramount importance to the denizens of the valley. From the heights we have, comparatively speaking, an almost unlimited horizon and can see at a glance many cities and villages, and in the distance hills and valleys, rivers and lakes, and beyond the mighty ocean embracing all things. From above all great cities seem but as toy villages, men and women as tiny miniatures, and our seemingly vast enterprises as the block houses of children at play. Standing there on the mountain top, in the very presence of the Lord, as it were, upon the throne of creation, we seem to realize a sense of our greater selves and our larger possibilities, and to feel that the people and the things we have left below are but the chrysalis from which we have escaped; that the world in the valley is but the stepping stone to the higher world above.

There are luminous hours in our lives when the soul yearns to emancipate itself from the limitations under which it was born and has continued to exist, and seeks to rise to some higher estate of manhood or womanhood. We have at times visions of men and women who have risen to spiritual heights which we aspire to reach. They seem to live on the mountain tops of life and enjoy a greater and broader view of human affairs. They are men of unusual wisdom, profound reason, of uncompromising convictions; men who stand on the vantage ground of truth, who love righteousness, execute justice, and walk humbly before their God; broad gauge men, full of sympathy and love for humanity; whole-souled men and women who can smile benignly and speak graciously, yet wisely; philanthropists, lovers of mankind, who temper justice with mercy, judgment with charity, and who, like divinity, are patient, long suffering, and abundant in kindness and mercy.

In our better moments we seek to stand upon such a lofty plane. Our ordinary lives seem commonplace, "stale, flat, and unprofitable." We go constantly through the same routine of eating and drinking, sleeping and waking. The great masses seem like thousands and millions and myriads of molecules and organized cells that contribute to the mechanism of the universe. We seem often to be only as the small teeth on the cog wheels of human and cosmic life, rotating upon one another to move some other set of wheels, and thus transmit power, vitality, and growth to an infinite number of revolving wheels. Now and then some of us rebel against a cruel, at least an undesirable, fate or destiny. We aspire to some higher existence than that of the beast; we want to be something more than merely a part of a cog wheel; we have an ambition to be a power that moves the wheel, to be a conscious and active directing force, not a mere passive piece of mechanism. We wish to be not the clay that is molded but the potter who designs and executes the plan. In our better hours we reach out to such an ideal life that is far above our ma-

terial, worldly existence, with its constant round of toil and care, coupled with only a modicum of pleasure.

At such a time the words "Go forth and stand on the mountain top before the Lord" appeal to us with a wonderful force. Get thee out of the slough of despair, out of the valley where dwell the narrow and the evil minded, and stand on the heights of the ideal life, with the great and the good, before the Lord. This ideal fortifies the soul, brushes aside the brooding care, drives away the lowering clouds, and sends a ray of sunshine into our dark surroundings. We begin to feel that what we have lost is not all of life, there are still health, happiness and fortune in store for us; that the sea is never drained; that new friends can be made in place of the old; that all truth and justice, all appreciation and sympathy are not destroyed; that new love can grow even from the grave of a dead affection. The ideal gives new zest to life, a new halo to our surroundings. It spells new opportunity and undying hope.

RECOGNITION HEREAFTER.

By Rev. H. M. Barbour.
Behold My hands and My feet, that it is I Myself.—St. Luke, xxiv., part of 39.

The above words suggest the subject of our recognition of departed loved ones in the world to come. This subject is of interest at all times, and touches well nigh every one. Hardly any there are but have buried their dead; hardly any but have shut off from the daily activities of their souls a consecrated void; hardly any but at times are earnestly asking: "Shall we see these dear absent ones again, and will there be some bond of recognition between us?"

But we are not left to mere inferences and implications. The Bible asserts directly the doctrine of mutual recognition hereafter. "Many shall come from the east and from the west, and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of God." Of course, there would be no significance in this statement if the patriarchs are not to be known as Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Again: "Ye shall see Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and all the prophets in the kingdom of God." Says St. Paul to the Thessalonians: "What is our hope or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming?" Again he says to them: "Now we beseech you, brethren, by the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and our gathering together unto him." And once more: "I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not as others who have no hope." The hope referred to here is obviously that of meeting again. Many more allusions of like character might be drawn from the Epistles of St. Paul. But it will suffice us to turn from them now and to consider only the further statement of our text. And were that statement alone it would be enough, for it tells us that the glorified body of our Lord was recognized, and he was our first fruits, and as he rose so shall we rise. There was, indeed, about him an unearthly luster, but the wounds were yet visible, the same eyes looked out upon the apostles, the same lips spoke to them, the same hands blessed them, albeit a wondrous glory illumined all. There was that about him which dazzled and bewildered.

Not at first did Mary and his disciples know him. While they sought the gardener or would go a-fishing or walked sorrowful and hopeless by the wayside their eyes were darkened; but when they turned their spiritual gaze upon him then they knew him. Then Mary said, "Rabboni;" then St. John cried, "It is the Lord;" then doubting Thomas believed; then repentant Peter sank at his feet. In like manner it shall be with us and ours. We shall be changed. For corruption there shall be incorruption; for weakness, power; for dishonor, glory; for the natural, the spiritual body. And mayhap, too, the unseen struggles and sufferings of the past shall be registered upon our faces, and thus our real characters express themselves; the things which were hidden come abroad, and the good deeds done in secret be forever rewarded openly. But our identity, our appearance, our immortal individuality shall yet remain and we be known to each other by many infallible proofs. Abraham shall remain Abraham, Daniel shall still be Daniel, the Good Shepherd shall still call his sheep by name, and they who have met in this life shall meet again in that. An Isaac shall rejoin Rebecca, a David shall go to the child who could not come to him, a Mary and a Martha shall greet their brother, and the tears of a Rachel weeping for her children shall be wiped away.

Blessed are the joy-makers.—Willis.

SOMETHING ON HIS MIND.

While Sheriff Told a Story the Jail Prisoners Escaped.

I found the sheriff of an Alabama town sitting under a shade tree near the postoffice and after an introduction and some general conversation the talk fell upon a negro who had stabbed a man in town that day and escaped to the swamps.

The official was telling how he was planning to go about next day after the man, when a negro boy came up and, addressing him by his title, said he wanted to speak to him.

"Don't you know better than to interrupt me, Joe?" exclaimed the sheriff and after a growl or two resumed his talk.

The boy retreated in confusion, but five minutes later he reappeared to say:

"Mars Green, I dun want to speak to you."

"You here again!" shouted the sheriff. "Take yourself off and I'll teach you manners later on."

The boy disappeared, but the story was not half ended when he returned and excitedly stammered:

"Mars Green, if you don't come away—"

"Hang it, boy, but what do you mean?" thundered the sheriff as he half rose.

His attitude was so menacing that the boy fell over himself to get away and ran across the street. We noticed him standing there for the next ten minutes, but it was only when the story was finished that he slowly crossed back and said:

"Mars Green, ken I speak to you now?"

"That you, Joe. What is it?"

"I'ze bin waitin' to tell you 'bout de jail, sah."

"Well, what about the jail? You should know better than to interrupt a gentleman."

"But all the prisoners dun got away half an hour ago, sah. I wanted to tell you, but you—"

The sheriff was off like a wild locomotive, but he was too late. His seven prisoners had fled the bars and gone out by the window."

NOTED LECTURE MANAGER.

Major J. B. Pond Was Associated with Many Famous Personages.

Maj. James Burton Pond, who died at his home in Jersey City, the other day, of blood poisoning, was well known throughout the country as the manager of many noted lectures. Maj. Pond was 65 years of age, and his life, which had begun as a printer's "devil," was rich in adventures and reminiscences.

His birth place was Allegany County, this State, and he went west at a tender age. He spent his early life on a farm in Wisconsin, later became a printer in Kansas, and when the Civil War broke out he organized Company C, of the Third Wisconsin Cavalry, and served through the Civil War as captain and finally as major in the regiment. He was one of 17 survivors of a band of 118 in the Baxter Springs massacre, executed in 1863 by the guerilla chief, Quantrell.

In 1878 Maj. Pond was working on the Salt Lake Tribune, the first Gentle paper ever published in Utah. It was as manager of Ann Elizabeth Young, one of Brigham Young's wives, who lectured throughout the country opposing the Latter Day Saints, that he first became prominently connected with the managerial field. For 30 years he had been a lecture manager and among those whom he toured at different times were Henry Ward Beecher, Wendell Phillips, Ralph Waldo Emerson, John B. Gough, Susan B. Anthony, Robert G. Ingersoll and Sir Edwin Arnold.

Maj. Pond was rich in reminiscences of the great men and women with whom he was associated. A few years ago he wrote a book, "Eccentricities of Genius," in which he related interesting incidents of those with whom he had to do in the course of his professional career.

Fashionable Chairs, Perhaps.
Squire Hanson's language seldom lacked vigor, but was often wanting in strict accuracy and sometimes in consistency.

"I've been over to talk with Alvira Pond about selling that corner lot," he said one day to his wife, his ruddy face mottled with purple from some recent exertion, "and I'll never enter her parlor again, never! Not a chair in the room but what is impossible to get up from, and leaves you with such a cramp you can't move hand nor foot when you stand!"

Ruled Out of Literature.

"You say he thinks his poems very fine?" said the man with the cold, steely eye.

"He considers them unsurpassed."

"Then there is no chance for him. He hasn't even judgment enough to be a critic."—Washington Star.

ROMANCE OF CABIN JOHN BRIDGE

Most Unique Structure in Engineering History, Is Linked With the Annals of the Country



WORLD'S LARGEST SINGLE SPAN STONE ARCH.

Early in the eighteenth century a pilgrim appeared in what is now known as Montgomery County, Maryland. He built for himself a hut on the margin of a creek which empties into the Potomac river, seven miles above Georgetown. The Revolution came and went; the tall, lithe figure of the hermit became bowed with years, and his shaggy dark locks turned gray. During these years he had been a hunter and fisher, his only clothing the skins of beasts, and two hunting dogs his only companions. He sought no intercourse with the few human beings who, straying from the much-traveled "river road," occasionally drifted into his lonely glen; but, to the kindly disposed and the curious, his manners were ever those of a gentleman. He had a strong, beautiful voice, in which he sang sweet but sad verses of his own composition, accompanying himself on a banjo, or mandolin, constructed of rude materials by his own hands. Toward the close of the last century he disappeared.

The hermit had been known on the Potomac as "John of the Cabin," and the little stream by which stood his tiny home is still called "Cabin John Creek." The ravine through which it flows is now spanned by a bridge which for over forty years has figured in our national history, and bears the added distinction of being the longest single arch stone bridge in the world.

Work of Jefferson Davis.

Early in Pierce's administration Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, directed Capt. Montgomery C. Meigs, United States Corps of Engineers, to span the ravine and the creek with a conduit bridge, to convey to the rapidly growing city of Washington its water supply, from the reservoir at Great Falls, sixteen miles above the city. In November, 1852, Capt. Meigs had begun the work of designing and constructing the Potomac aqueduct. This, together with the duties of superintending the building of the new wings of the general postoffice, and the completion of Fort Madison, at Annapolis, occupied his time so fully that work on the bridge was not begun until 1857. It was well under way when, in July, 1860, he was detailed to duty at Fort Jefferson, Tortugas, Florida.

The dimensions of Cabin John bridge are as follows:

	Feet.
Length of bridge, including abutments	450
Height above bottom of ravine	105
Length of span	220

Rise of span.....57.28
Width of span.....20.4
There are 11,914 cubic yards of masonry in the bridge, and its entire cost was \$254,000.

Some Historic Erasures.

Captain, later General, Meigs was very proud of this engineering feat, and always jealously regarded the work as being entirely his own. The erasures on one of the tablets of the bridge bear witness to his wrath when, on returning from Tortugas, he discovered that Capt. Henry W. Benham and Lieut. J. St. C. Morton, who had charge of the work during his absence, had caused their names to be inscribed on the bridge as chief engineers of construction. In addition to removing these names Capt. Meigs was successful in having Capt. Benham ordered to duty at Tortugas.

It had been Capt. Meigs' intention, however, to have inscribed beneath his own the name of Mr. Rives, and the letters had already been traced in red chalk or paint when he received the news of Mr. Rives' resignation and enlistment in the Confederate army. "No rebel's name shall appear on my bridge," said Capt. Meigs. The stone cutters' orders were countermanded, the red letters disappeared, and in their place were cut the words, "Esto Perpetua," which Capt. Meigs intended should express the hope that the bridge would outlast the memory of the youth who had deserted it.

Mr. Rives, now nearly 70 years of age, resides at "Castle Hill," his fine old estate, near Charlottesville, Va. He was superintendent of construction of the Panama Railroad and is still prominently connected with the Richmond and Danville Railroad. He has three beautiful daughters, one of whom is known in literary circles as Amelle Rives and in society as the Princess Troubetzkoi.

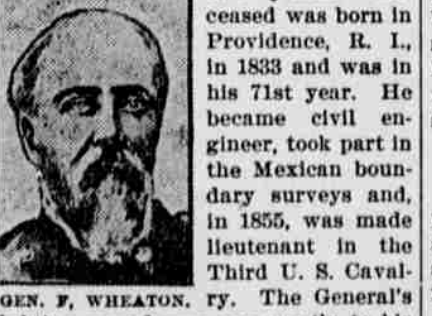
Another and still more widely known erasure was attributed, until recent years, to Gen. Meigs. This was the obliteration, in June, 1862, of the name of Jefferson Davis from the largest tablet of the bridge. The tablet was originally inscribed as follows:

- WASHINGTON AQUEDUCT, •
- Begun A. D. 1853. •
- Franklin Pierce, President of the •
- United States. •
- Jefferson Davis, Secretary of War. •
- Building A. D. 1861. •
- President of the United States, Abra- •
- ham Lincoln. •
- Secretary of War, Simon Cameron. •

GEN. FRANK WHEATON.

A Distinguished Soldier, with a Splendid Army Record.

Major General Frank Wheaton, U. S. A., who died in Washington a few days ago, served in the army for forty-two years. Deceased was born in Providence, R. I., in 1833 and was in his 71st year. He became civil engineer, took part in the Mexican boundary surveys and, in 1855, was made lieutenant in the Third U. S. Cavalry.



The General's fighting record was one greatly to his credit. He took to the field against the Cheyenne Indians in 1857 and his opening fight was near Fort Kearny, Neb., where he acquitted himself most gallantly. He took part in the Utah expedition and, on the breaking out of the rebellion, proceeded to his native State and was made lieutenant colonel of the Second Rhode Island Volunteers; a month later he was made colonel, and had his troops in Virginia early in May, so that they took part in the opening engagement of the war at Bull Run. Thereafter the command was with the Army of the Potomac in all its desperate engagements. In 1862 the commander was made brigadier general and directed a division of the Sixth Corps at Gettysburg

and in the campaign in the Shenandoah Valley in 1864, and was actively engaged in the maneuvers preceding the surrender of Lee in 1865 at Appomattox. For gallantry at the battles of Opequan, Fisher's Hill and Middletown, Va., he was made major general and further honors came to him for bravery in the battles of the Wilderness, Cedar Creek and Petersburg. For his chivalric conduct in these engagements the State of Rhode Island presented him with a sword in 1866.

Argument Against War.

Peace leagues and societies for the prevention of war may be able to use an argument which Current Literature says was advanced by a pupil in a primary school in the Southwest.

At the beginning of the war with Spain the teacher told the class something about the circumstances, and asked all who favored the war to hold up their hands. Up went every hand but Jack's.

"Well, Jack, why are you opposed to the war?" asked the teacher.

"Cause, Miss Sophie, war makes history, an' there's more now 'n I can ever learn."

A Densely Populated Island.

Malta is the most thickly populated island in the world. It has 1,300 people to the square mile. Barbados has 1,054 people to the square mile.

When a girl is a sure enough Tomboy, her mother has to follow her around with needle and thread.