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Thursday, November 20, 1890.

There is one danger only standing over the now solid democratic north and the solid south. The two factions are liable to make a fuss over the next speaker of the house and the nomination of president in 1892.

Excavations by Mr. Petrie have shown that up to now we have known nothing of the archaeology of the Holy Land before the classical age, and if we are ever to learn anything about pre-exilic Israel on the soil of Palestine itself, it must be by the help of the spade.

The wheat scab, an apparently new disease in this country, is a fungus attacking the wheat heads, producing a whitish covering of the glumes and preventing the formation of the grain beneath. It has appeared this year in various sections, notably in Ohio.

The democrats should now be careful in the measures brought before the people. Pure democratic measures are the ones needed. With the exercise of care and judgement the country is safe for the democrats for a long term of years, without, another turnover may be expected. The independent thinkers of this country control its destiny.

The Oregon legislature will soon meet and the members will feel better in the middle of the session if they do a good piece of work at the beginning. Let them start in with a good big appropriation for the appearance of Oregon at the World's fair. They have howled about their progressive qualities on the stump, now here is a chance to show them.

It is all very well, and even appropriate, that Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, who is a sort of adopted citizen of America, should be welcomed to our shores, but there is no occasion for gushing over him. It is not love of America that brings Mr. Stanley and his bride to the United States, but love of the American dollars which he hopes to coax out of our pockets, by his lectures on Africa. It is always best to look at things just as they are.

The Italians of New Orleans do not seem to abide by the laws of the United States. An Italian society of cutthroats condemned the chief of police of the city to death and he was accordingly assassinated. The murderers were arrested and the Italian consul has cabled for a war ship to protect them. The citizens are aroused and serious talk of lynching the whole outfit is indulged in. If justice is influenced by a horde of hungry assassins, the American eagle better fly away. The foreign element of this country should be shown that they are not supreme and that a foreigner must obey the laws of this land.

A funny story is told of a clerk of one of the departments. He was married a little more than a year ago, and is the proud father now of a baby about two months old. He bought a very elaborate baby carriage soon after the arrival of the heir, and last week the happy father and mother walked down the avenue, pushing the carriage with its precious freight. The sharp eyes of the husband were watching to see the effect of the procession on the general public, and he noticed that people would gaze amusedly as they approached, and in most cases, laugh outright as they passed. Hubby got nervous and glanced at his wife and himself to make sure there was nothing out of gear in their personal appearance. The laughing continued, however, and at last the father requested the mother to walk on ahead for half a block and return, instructing her to observe closely and see if there was any occasion for hilarity. She complied, and as she neared the carriage on the return trip hereyes burned and her face flamed as she saw on the front of the vehicle a placard which had been overlooked when the carriage was bought, and which bore the inscription, "Our own make."

THE CASE OF OHIO.

The elections of this fall have been generally a rebuke and a warning to the republican party. The election in Ohio has been a rebuke and a warning to the democratic party.

A year ago the democrats carried Ohio. This year they lost it. Why?

A year ago the current of popular favor in the nation generally did not set in the democratic direction with anything like the force it showed this year. There was no great resentment against a tariff bill then and no abounding disgust with the temper, attitude and conduct of the dominant party in congress, as there has been this year.

Yet last year the democrats carried Ohio and this year the democrats lost it. In the superb sweep of democratic triumph, which has won for us Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Kansas and other unexpected states, and has elected an unprecedented democratic majority to congress, Ohio stands alone, conspicuous in her loneliness as the only state held by democracy a year ago and lost to democracy now. Some congressmen were gained by a retaliatory gerrymander, but the state ticket was defeated.

For such an event there must be an adequate reason and the reason is not far to seek. The democrats of Ohio made a bad use of their victory of a year ago.

Having the power to elect a democratic senator they elected instead a man of mere money, a railroad king, a stock-jobbing speculator in other men's losses, a Wall street manipulator, a representative of corporate power and of monopoly and of money in politics.

They sold the senatorship and betrayed the people. They sacrificed the principles and set at naught the desires of democracy. They were unfaithful stewards, and their masters, the people, have administered a rebuke.

The rebuke was deserved, and it may be profitably contemplated by democrats everywhere as a warning. The people have given power to democracy for the sake of securing those ends for which democracy stands. If democratic legislators or administrative officers are unfaithful to the charge thus given to them they will merit and pretty surely recieve a rebuke similar to that administered in Ohio.

The lesson of Ohio is plain. It is a warning against unfaithfulness to democratic principles and against the betrayal of the people's cause.—*N. Y. World.*

REPUDIATE REED'S RULES.

The people have transferred the control of the house of representatives to the democratic party. The causes of the political revolution are apparent to the most superficial observer. One of them is the new code of rules under which both the minority and the majority of the house have been deprived of their ancient privileges. Under this new system the speaker, with a few chosen spirits constituting the majority of the committee on rules, has determined what bills should be passed, what their form should be, and when the vote should be taken. The members of both the majority and the minority have been deprived of the authority to offer amendments or debate. Mr. Reed was right when he declared that the house of representatives under his administration is not a deliberative body. It is governed by him precisely after the fashion which Italian banditti captains find essential for the management of their bands.

It constitutes one of the claims of the democratic party to popular confidence that it has steadfastly and rigorously asserted and defended the right of the house to deliberate. It has recognized the truth that parliamentary government cannot exist without debate; that any other kind of government is absolutism, no matter whether its head is called a speaker, a czar, a mogul or an emperor.

It will be, therefore, the first duty of the great democratic majority which has been placed in command of the popular branch of congress to repudiate the Reed rules. Under them congress has swept away every dollar of the surplus, has loaded the people with taxation, against which they have risen in rebellion, has admitted the rotten-borough states, and has passed the Force bill for the purpose of controlling the elections without the trouble of consulting the voters. Much of its regular legislation by reason of the haste engendered by the same rules, has been so crude that its recasting in the senate has been absolutely necessary.

Such rules are not proper for the government of an intelligent body of legislators. It will be the first duty of the democrotic majority to ignore them, and to adopt rules more in accord with the age and country in which we live. —*N. Y. World.*

A kind word costs but little, but it may bless all day the one to whom it is spoken. Nay, have not kind words been spoken to you which have lived in your heart through years, and borne fruit of joy and hope? Let us speak kindly to one another. We have burdens and worries, but let us not, therefore rasp and irritate those near us those we love, those Christ would have us to save. Speak kindly in the morning; it lightens the cares of the day, and makes the household and all its affairs move along smoothly. Speak kindly at night, for it may be before dawn some loved one may finish his or her space of life for this world, and it will be too late to ask forgiveness.

AMONG THE BEDOUINS.

EIGHTH SERMON OF DR. TALMAGE ON HIS RECENT TOUR IN PALESTINE.

"The Father of Such as Dwell in Tents and Have Cattle"—How the Patriarchs Lived in Tents—Jacob's Well—The Plain of Esdraelon-Armageddon.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 16.—This morning in the Academy of Music in this city, and this evening at The Christian Herald service in the New York Academy of Music, Dr. Talmage preached the eighth of the series of sermons he is giving on his tour in Palestine. At both services the respective buildings were crowded to their utmost capacity in five minutes after the doors were opened, and all who came later were unable to get in. Dr. Talmage's subject was "Among the Bedouins," and his text Num. x, 31: "Forasmuch as thou knowest how we are to encamp in the wilderness."

Night after night we have slept in tent in Palestine. There are large villages of Bedouins without a house, and for three thousand years the people of those places have lived in black tents, made out of dyed skins, and when the winds and storms wore out and tore loose those coverings others of the same kind took their places.

Noah lived in a tent; Abraham in a tent. Jacob pitched his tent on the mountain. Isaac pitched his tent in the valley. Lot pitched his tent toward Sodom. In a tent the woman Jael nailed Sisera, the general, to the ground, first having given him sour milk called "leben" as a soporific to make him sleep soundly, that being the effect of such nutrition, as modern travelers can testify. The Syrian army in a tent. The ancient battle shout was "To your tents, O Israel!" Paul was a tent maker. Indeed, Isaiah, magnificently poetic, indicates that all the human race live under a blue tent when he says that God "stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in," and Hezekiah compares death to the striking of a tent, saying, "My age is removed from me as a shepherd's tent."

In our tent in Palestine to-night I hear something I never heard before and hope never to hear again. It is the voice of a hyena amid the rocks near by. When you may have seen this monster putting his mouth between the iron bars of a menagerie he is a captive, and he gives a humiliated and suppressed cry. But yonder in the midnight on a throne of rocks he has nothing to fear, and he utters himself in a loud, resounding, terrific, almost supernatural sound, splitting up the darkness into a deeper midnight. It begins with a howl and ends with a sound something like a horse's whining. In the hyena's voice are defiance and strength and bloodthirstiness and crunch of broken bones and death.

BEASTS OF PREY NO LONGER THERE.

I am glad to say that for the most part Palestine is clear of beasts of prey. The leopards, which Jeremiah says cannot change their spots, have all disappeared, and the lions that once were common all through this land, and used by all the prophets for illustrations of cruelty and wrath, have retreated before the discharges of gunpowder, of which they have an indescribable fear. But for the most part Palestine is what it originally was. With the one exception of a wire thread reaching from Joppa to Jerusalem and from Jerusalem to Nazareth and from Nazareth to Tiberias and from Tiberias to Damascus, that one nerve of civilization, the telegraphic wire (for we found ourselves only a few minutes off from Brooklyn and New York while standing by Lake Galilee), with that one exception Palestine is just as it always was.

Nothing surprised me so much as the persistence of everything. A sheep or horse falls dead, and though the sky may one minute before be clear of all wings in five minutes after the skies are black with eagles cawing, screaming, plunging, fighting for room, contending for largest morsels of the extinct quadruped. Ah, now I understand the force of Christ's illustration when he said, "Wheresoever the carcass is there will the eagles be gathered together." The longevity of those eagles is wonderful. They live fifty and sixty and sometimes a hundred years. Ah, that explains what David meant when he said, "Thy youth is renewed like the eagle's." I saw a shepherd with the folds of his coat far bent outward, and I wondered what was contained in that amplitude of apparel, and I said to the dragoman, "What has that shepherd got under his coat?" And the dragoman said, "It is a very young lamb he is carrying; it is too young and too weak and too cold to keep up with the flock." At that moment I saw the lamb put its head out from the shepherd's bosom and I said, "There it is now, Isaiah's description of the tenderness of God—he shall gather the lambs with his arm and carry them in his bosom."

WOMEN EARLY AT THE SEPULCHER.

Passing by a village home, in the Holy Land, about noon I saw a great crowd in and around a private house, and I said to the dragoman, "David, what is going on there?" He said, "Somebody has recently died there, and their neighbors go in for several days after to sit down and weep with the bereaved." There it is, I said, the old scriptural custom, "And many of the Jews came to Martha and Mary, to comfort them concerning their brother." Early in the morning passing by a cemetery in the Holy Land I saw among the graves about fifty women dressed in black, and they were crying: "Oh, my child!" "Oh, my husband!" "Oh, my father!" "Oh, my mother!" Our dragoman told us that every morning, very early for three mornings after a burial, the women go to the sepulcher, and after that every week very early for a year. As I saw this group just after daybreak I said, "There it is again, the same old custom referred to in Luke, the evangelist, where he says, 'Certain women which were early at the sepulcher.'"

THE WONDERFUL WELL OF JACOB.

But here we found ourselves at Jacob's well, the most famous well in history, most distinguished for two things, because it belonged to the old patriarch after whom it was named, and for the wonderful things which Christ said, seated on this well curb, to the Samaritan woman. We dismount from our horses in a drizzling rain, and our dragoman, climbing up to the well over the slippery stones, stumbles and frightens us all by nearly falling into it. I measured the well at the top and found it six feet from edge to edge. Some grass and weeds and thorny growths overhang it. In one place the roof is broken through. Large stones embank the wall on all sides.

Our dragoman took pebbles and dropped them in, and from the time they left his hand to the instant they clicked on the bottom you could hear it was deep, though not as deep as once, for every day travelers are applying the same test, and though in the time of Maundrell, the traveler, the well was a hundred and sixty-five feet deep, now it is only seventy-five. So great is the curiosity of the world to know about that well that during the dry season a Capt. Anderson descended into this well, at one place the sides so close he had to put his hands over his head in order to get through, and then he fainted away and lay at the bottom of the well as though dead, until hours after recovery he came to the surface.

It is not like other wells digged down to a fountain that fills it, but a reservoir to catch the falling rains, and to that Christ refers when speaking to the Samaritan woman about a spiritual supply he said he would, if asked, have given her "living water," that is, water from a flowing spring in distinction from the water of that well, which was rain water. But why did Jacob make a reservoir there when there is plenty of water all around and abundance of springs and fountains and seemingly no need of that reservoir? Why did Jacob go to the vast expense of boring and digging a well perhaps two hundred feet deep as first completed, when, by going a little way off, he could have water from other fountains at little or no expense? Ah, Jacob was wise. He wanted his own well. Quarrels and wars might arise with other tribes and the supply of water might be cut off, so the shovels and pickaxes and boring instruments were ordered, and the well of nearly four thousand years ago was sunk through the solid rock.

When Jacob thus wisely insisted on having his own well he taught us not to be unnecessarily dependent on others. Independence of business character, independence of moral character, independence of religious character. Have your own well of grace, your own well of courage, your own well of divine supply. If you are an invalid you have a right to be dependent on others. But if God has given you good health, common sense, and two eyes and two ears and two hands and two feet, he equipped you for independence of all the universe except himself. If he had meant you to be dependent on others you would have been built with a cord around your waist to tie fast to somebody else. No; you are built with common sense to fashion your own opinions, with eyes to find your own way, with ears to select your own music, with hands to fight your own battles. There is only one being in the universe whose advice you need and that is God. Have your own well and the Lord will fill it. Dig it if need be through two hundred feet of solid rock. Dig it with your pen, or dig it with your yard stick, or dig it with your shovel, or dig it with your Bible.

YOUNG MAN! BUILD FOR YOURSELF.

In my small way I never accomplished anything for God or the church, or the world, or my family, or myself except in contradiction to human advice and in obedience to divine counsel. God knows everything, and what is the use of going for advice to human beings who know so little that no one but the all seeing God can realize how little it is? I suppose that when Jacob began to dig this well on which we are sitting this noontide people gathered around and said, "What a useless expense you are going to, when rolling down from yonder Mount Gerizim and down from yonder Mount Ebal and out yonder in the valley is plenty of water!" "Oh," replied Jacob, "that is all true, but suppose my neighbors should get angered against me and cut off my supply of mountain beverage, what would I do, and what would my family do, and what would my flocks and herds do? Forward, ye brigade of pickaxes and crowbars, and go down into the depths of these rocks and make me independent of all except him who fills the bottles of the clouds! I must have my own well!"

Young man, drop cigars and cigarettes and wine cups and the Sunday excursions, and build your own house, and have your own wardrobe, and be your own capitalist! "Why, I have only five hundred dollars income a year!" says some one. Then spend four hundred dollars of it in living, and 10 per cent. of it, or fifty dollars, in benevolence, and the other fifty in beginning to dig your own well. Or if you have a thousand dollars a year spend eight hundred dollars of it in living, 10 per cent., or one hundred dollars, in benevolence, and the remaining one hundred in beginning to dig your own well. The largest bird that ever flew through the air was hatched out of one egg, and the greatest estate was brooded out of one dollar.

GOD WILL DO HIS PART.

I suppose when Jacob began to dig this well, on whose curb we are now seated this December noon, it was a dry season then as now, and some one comes up and says: "Now, Jacob, suppose you get the well fifty feet deep or two hundred feet deep and there should be no water to fill it, would you not feel silly?" People passing along the road and looking down from Mount Gerizim or Mount Ebal near by would laugh and say, "That is Jacob's well, a great hole in the rock, illustrating the man's folly." Jacob replied, "There never has been a well in Palestine or any other country that once thoroughly dug was not soonor or later filled from the clouds, and this will be no exception."

For months after Jacob had completed the well people went by, and out of respect for the deluded old man put their hand over their mouth to hide a snicker, and the well remained as dry as the bottom of a kettle that has been hanging over the fire for three hours. But one day the sun was drawing water, and the wind got round to the east and it began to drizzle, and then great drops splashed all over the well curb, and the heavens opened their reservoir and the rainy season poured its floods for six weeks, and there came maidens to the well with empty pails and carried them away full, and the camels thrust their mouths into the troughs and were satisfied, and the water was in the well three feet deep, and fifty feet deep, and two hundred feet deep, and all the Bedouins of the neighborhood and all the passersby realized that Jacob was wise in having his own well. My hearer, it is your part to dig your own well, and it is God's part to fill it. You do your part and he will do his part.

Much is said about "good luck," but people who are industrious and self denying almost always have good luck. You can afford to be laughed at because of your application and economy, for when you get your well dug and filled it will be your turn to laugh.

THE MOUNTS OF BLESSING AND CURSING.

But look up from this famous well and see two mountains and the plain between them, on which was gathered the largest religious audience that ever assembled on earth, about five hundred thousand people. Mount Gerizim, about eight hundred feet high, on one side, and on the other Mount Ebal, the former called the Mount of Blessing and the latter called the Mount of Cursing. At Joshua's command six tribes stood on Mount Gerizim and read the blessings for keeping the law, and six tribes stood on Mount Ebal reading the curses for breaking the law, while the five hundred thousand people on the plain cried Amen with an emphasis that must have made the earth tremble. "I do not believe that," says some one, "for those mountain tops are two miles apart, and how could a voice be heard from top to top?" My answer is that while the tops are two miles apart, the bases of the mountains are only half a mile apart, and the tribes stood on the sides of the mountains, and the air is so clear and the acoustic qualities of this great natural amphitheatre so perfect that voices can be distinctly heard from mountain to mountain, as has been demonstrated by travelers fifty times in the last fifty years.

Can you imagine anything more thrilling and sublime and overwhelming than what transpired on those two mountain sides, and in the plain between, when the responsive service went on and thousands of voices on Mount Gerizim cried, "Blessed shalt thou be in the city, and blessed shalt thou be in the fields, blessed shall be thy basket and thy store!" and then from Mount Ebal, thousands of voices responded crying: "Cursed be he that removeth his neighbor's landmark! Cursed be he that maketh the blind to wander out of the way," and then there rolled up from all the spaces between the mountains that one word with which the devout of earth close their prayers and the glorified of heaven finish their doxologies, "Amen! Amen!"—that scene only to be surpassed by the times which are coming, when the churches and the academies of music and the auditoriums of earth, no longer large enough to hold the worshipers of God; the parks, the mountain sides, the great natural amphitheatres of the valleys, shall be filled with the outpouring populations of the earth and mountain shall reply to mountain, as Mount Gerizim to Mount Ebal, and all the people between shall ascribe riches and honor and glory and dominion and victory to God the Lamb, and there shall arise an amen like the booming of the heavens mingling with the thunder of the seas.

THE HEARTBROKEN FATHER.

On and on we ride, until now we have come to Shiloh, a dead city on a hill surrounded by rocks, sheep, goats, olive gardens and vineyards. Here good Eli fell backward and broke his neck, and lay dead at the news from his bad boys, Phineas and Hophni; and life is not worth living after one's children have turned out badly, and more fortunate was Eli, instantly expiring under such tidings, than those parents who, their children recreant and profligate, live on with broken hearts to see them going down into deeper and deeper plunge. There are fathers and mothers here today to whom death would be happy release because of their recreant sons. And if there be recreant sons here present, and your parents be far away, why not bow your head in repentance, and at the close of this service go to the telegraph office and put it on the wing of the lightning that you have turned from your evil ways? Before another twenty-four hours have passed take your feet off the sad hearts of the old homestead. Home to thy God, O prodigal!

Many, many letters do I get in purport saying: My son is in your cities; we have not heard from him for some time; we fear something is wrong; hunt him up and say a good word to him; his mother is almost crazy about him; he is a child of many prayers. But how can I hunt him up unless he be in this audience? Where are you, my boy? On the main floor, or on this platform, on in these boxes, or in these great galleries? Where are you? Lift your right hand. I have a message from home. Your father is anxious about you; your mother is praying for you. Your God is calling for you. Or will you wait until Eli falls back lifeless, and the heart against which you lay in infancy ceases to beat? What a story to tell in eternity that you killed her? My God! Avert that catastrophe!

But I turn from this Shiloh of Eli's sudden decease under bad news from his boys and find close by what is called the "Meadow of the Feast." While this ancient city was in the height of its prosperity on this "Meadow of the Feast" there was an annual ball, where the maidens of the city amid clapping cymbals and a blare of trumpets danced in glee, upon which thousands of spectators gazed. But no dance since the world stood ever broke up in such a strange way as the one the Bible describes. One night while by the light of the lamps and torches these gayeties went on, two hundred Benjamites, who had been hidden behind the rocks and among the trees, dashed upon the scene. They came not to injure or destroy, but wishing to set up households of their own, the women of their own land having been slain in battle, by preconcerted arrangement each one of the two hundred Benjamites seized the one whom he chose for the queen of his home and carried her away to large estate and beautiful residence, for these two hundred Benjamites had inherited the wealth of a nation.

BENJAMITE COURTSHIP.

As today near Shiloh we look at the "Meadow of the Feast," where the maidens danced that night, and at the mountain gorge up which the Benjamites carried their brides, we bethink ourselves of the better land and the better times in which we live, when such scenes are an impossibility, and amid orderly groups and with prayer and benediction, and breath of orange blossoms, and the roll of the wedding march, marriage is solemnized and with oath recorded in heaven, two immortals start arm in arm on a journey to last until death do them part. Upon every such marriage altar may there come the blessing of him "who setteth the solitary in families!" Side by side on the path of life! Side by side in their graves! Side by side in heaven!

But we must this afternoon, our last day before reaching Nazareth, pitch our tent on the most famous battlefield of all time—the plain of Esdraelon. What must have been the feelings of the Prince of Peace as he crossed it on the way from Jerusalem to Nazareth? Not a flower blooms there but has in its veins the inherited blood of flowers that drank the blood of fallen armies. Hardly a foot of ground that has not at some time been gullied with war chariots or trampled with the hoofs of cavalry.

It is a plain reaching from the Mediterranean to the Jordan. Upon it look down the mountains of Tabor and Gilboa and Carmel. Through it rages at certain seasons the river Kishon, which swept down the armies of Sisera, the battle occurring in November when there is almost always a shower of meteors, so that "the stars in their courses" were said to have fought against Sisera. Through this plain drove Jehu, and the iron chariots of the Canaanites, scythed at the hubs of the wheels, hewing down their awful swathes of death, thousands in a minute. The Syrian armies, the Turkish armies, the Egyptian armies again and again trampled it. There they career across it. David and Joshua and Godfrey and Richard Cœur de Lion and Baldwin and Saladin—a plain not only famous for the past, but famous because the Bible says the great decisive battle of the world will be fought there—the battle of Armageddon.

THE FIGHT FOR THE HOLY CROSS.

To me the plain was the more absorbing because of the desperate battles here and in regions round in which the holy cross—the very two pieces of wood on which Jesus was supposed to have been crucified—was carried as a standard at the head of the Christian host, and that night closing my eyes in my tent on the plain of Esdraelon—for there are some things we can see better with eyes shut than open—the scenes of that ancient war come before me. The Twelfth century was closing and Saladin at the head of eighty thousand mounted troops was crying, "Ho! for Jerusalem!" "Ho! for all Palestine!" and before them everything went down, but not without unparalleled resistance. In one place one hundred and thirty Christains were surrounded by many thousands of furious Mohammedans. For one whole day the one hundred and thirty held out against these thousands. Tennyson's "six hundred" when "some one had blundered," were eclipsed by these one hundred and thirty fighting for the holy cross. They took hold of the lances which had pierced them with death wounds, and pulling them out of their own breasts and sides hurled them back again at the enemy.

On went the fight until all but one Christian had fallen and he, mounted on the last horse, wielded his battle ax right and left till his horse fell under the plunge of the javelins, and the rider, making the sign of the cross toward the sky, gave up his life on the point of a score of spears. But soon after the last battle came. History portrays it, poetry chants it, painting colors it, and all ages admire that last struggle to keep in possession the wooden cross on which Jesus was said to have expired. It was a battle in which mingled the fury of devils and the grandeur of angels. Thousands of dead Christians on this side. Thousands of dead Mohammedans on the other side. The battle was hottest close around the wooden cross upheld by the bishop of Ptolemais, himself wounded and dying. And when the bishop of Ptolemais dropped dead, the bishop of Lydda seized the cross and again lifted it, carrying it onward into a wilder and fiercer fight, and sword against javelin, and battle ax upon helmet, and piercing spear against splintering shield. Horses and men tumbled into heterogeneous death. Now the wooden cross on which the armies of Christians had kept their eye begins to waver, begins to descend. It fails! and the wailing of the Christian host at its disappearance drowns the huzza of the victorious Moslems.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE CROSS.

But that standard of the cross only seemed to fall. It rides the sky today in triumph. Five hundred million souls, the mightiest army of the ages, are following it and where that goes they will go, across the earth and up the mighty steeps of the heavens. In the Twelfth century it seemed to go down, but in the Nineteenth century it is the mightiest symbol of glory and triumph, and means more than any other standard, whether inscribed with eagle, or lion, or bear, or star, or crescent. That which Saladin trampled on the plain of Esdraelon I lift today for your marshaling. The cross! The cross! The foot of it planted in the earth it saves, the top of it pointing to the heavens to which it will take you, and the outspread beam of it like outstretched arms of invitation to all nations. Kneel at its foot. Lift your eye to its victim. Swear eternal allegiance to its power. And as that mighty symbol of pain and triumph is kept before us, we will realize how insignificant are the little crosses we are called to bear, and will more cheerfully carry them.

Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one
And there's a cross for me.

As I fall asleep to-night on my pillow in the tent on the plain of Esdraelon reaching from the Mediterranean to the Jordan, the waters of the river Kishon soothing me as by a lullaby, I hear the gathering of the hosts for the last battle of all the earth. And by their representatives America is here and Europe is here and Asia is here and Africa is here, and all heaven is here and all hell is here, and Apollyon on the black horse leads the armies of darkness, and Jesus on the white horse leads the armies of light, and I hear the roll of the drums and the clear call of the clarions and the thunder of the cannonades. And then I hear the wild rush as of million of troops in retreat, and then the shout of victory as from fourteen hundred million throats, and then a song as though all the armies of earth and heaven were joining it, clapping cymbals, beating the time—"The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ, and he shall reign for ever and ever."

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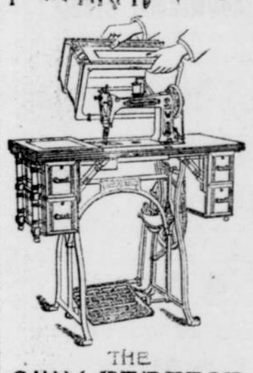

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