Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 29, 1890.

Labor Laws in Europe.

A great Trades' Union Congress, composed of delegates from all the labor organizations in Great Britain, met in Liverpool. It was composed of 500 delegates, including ten women, and represented most of the large trades of the Kingdom.

The principal act of the Congress was to pass a resolution in favor of reducing the time of laboring to eight hours a day, and of making eight hours a day's labor by act of Parliament. This was not passed, however, without a good deal of strenous opposition on the part of some of the older delegates.

The meeting of this Congress, and the great strikes which are taking place in almost every civilized country and region, render the subject of what laws have been passed by the several nations regulating labor especially interesting at this time.

Thus far no European nation has passed a law limiting the time of labor of adult male workingmen. Such measures as have been passed relate for the most part to the protection and limitation of the labor of women and children.

For instance, by a statute passed by the British Parliament in 1878, women, and children between 14 and 18 years of age, who are engaged in the textile factories are allowed to work only ten hours a day. Children under 14 years can work only six hours a day. In other industries the respective periods of labor are increased over the figures stated by half an hour.

Moreover, no child under 10 years of age is permitted to work in an English factory at all, and all night-work is forbidden to women, young girls and children.

In France the limit of age is a little narrower, for in that country no child less than 12 years old is allowed to work in any factory, or other hard manual employment, excepting that they may do so in textile, glass and paper factories.

The French law, moreover, differs from that of most countries in that it limits the hours of labor according to the degree of education of the laborer. Children between 12 and 14 years who have had a good elementary education are allowed to work twelve hours a day; those who have not, only six. This is to enable the less educated to attend school a part of every day. The French also forbid work on Sundays and nights to all boys under 16 years, and all girls under 21.

In view of the steps taken by the young German Emperor to improve the condition of his laboring subjects, the present state of the German labor laws becomes interesting. Already legislation has done much, at least in the direction of protecting workingwomen and children.

German children under 12 years of age are forbidden to take work in factories and mines, and those between 12 and 14 are legally restricted to six hours a day. Those between 14 and 16 years old may work ten hours a day in most of the industries, and at spinning eleven hours. Children are not allowed to work between 8:30 o'clock at night and 5:30 in the morning, nor on Sundays, except in cases of urgent necessity, to be determined by the Bundesrath, or upper house of Parliament.

It is noteworthy, however, that the German labor laws have as yet done little to protect workingwomen of mature age. The principal law on this subject provides that the Bundesrath shall have power to prohibit female labor in certain industries, or to restrict it by regulations, and the same body may, if it sees fit, forbid night-work to any special class.

Even despotic Russia has issued decrees which regulate the hours of work of women and children according to the exigencies of particular industries. Children under 12 years, with a few specified exceptions, are not allowed to work in Russian factories; those between 12 and 15 years are restricted to eight hours daily, and may not work more than four hours continuously. Children under 17 years and women are not allowed to work in Russia in spinning or textile industries at night, and the Russian law requires employers to pay attention to the education of their working people.

Similar regulations and restrictions to those which have already been described exist in Belgium, Spain, Austria, Hungary, Holland, Italy, Norway and Sweden and Denmark. It will be seen that there is little or no legislation which restricts or imposes conditions upon the labor of full-grown men, but in many countries there are vigorous agitations to extend the limitations of law to workingmen also.—*Youth's Companion.*

The "Terror" Gave the Scheme Away.

Five or six couples had been invited to play cards and listen to the music and peaches had been passed around with other refreshments. The party was just about to break up when the "terror" of the family entered the parlor and called out:

"Where, pa, what did ma tell you?"

The father probably knew what was coming but before he could get the youngster out of the way he shot off the other barrel with:

"You know ma said if we bought cling-stone peaches we'd save at least half, and by jinks, we have!"

It is a very strong-minded man who can have a bad cold and not have the influenza.—*Syracuse Herald.*

NOR VOICE NOR SPEECH.

When love its blessedness hath brought
To one who long and long hath sought,
How impotent of speech, if he
Hath aught of love's humility?
What words the story can translate
When one hath found his own soul's mate?
What voice hath he that can befit
A joy so almost infinite?

There cannot be a common tongue
For soul and body, so among
The world of words I wander, lost,
Not finding what I need the most.
Not till the soul from earth is free
Will it have wisdom perfectly
To tell what bliss its being moves,
To speak heaven's language, which is love's.

And yet, beloved, here we are,
On earth and heaven lies afar;
Nor would I haste, my very dear,
To learn the language of that sphere—
Earth is so sweet, so dearest take
What I can give for love's own sake;
And of sweet silence, I beseech,
Take what transcends my utmost speech;
And where I fail, I pray let her
Be my mute soul's interpreter.

—[Carlotta Perry, in Times-Democrat.

The Tavern in the Woods.

BY M. QUAD.

In the year 1832, my uncle, Silas Wright, living in Chenango County, New York, decided to make a trip to Michigan, with a view to settling there. He had a family, and was a man of considerable means. He was a stout, hearty man, who had made his property by hard work, and he was just the man who would defend his means with his life, if occasion required.

He reached Detroit without adventure, and after spending a day or two in the city to make inquiries, he determined to travel into the interior and look up some land. He had about a thousand dollars with him, mostly in bank-notes, and he took a friend's warning and purchased a pair of double-barreled pistols and a good knife. He learned from the newspapers and from citizens that many lawless characters were prowling about the interior of the Territory, and his preparations were only a matter of prudence. I have often heard him tell of what befell him on his trip, and I now let him tell it to the reader.

"I left Detroit in company with a man named David Comstock, from Ohio, who was in the Territory on the same mission—to locate a farm for himself. After making due inquiries, and learning that some very choice government land could be found by traveling northeast, we took our departure on foot. It was in September. The roads were in bad condition, and we believed that we could get along better on foot than with saddle-horses, especially as we might have trouble in finding provender for the beasts, and as we would now and then want to leave the road, which ran northeast, and strike better than a path. The trees had been cut down in some places, to make a highway some thirty feet wide, and again the path wound among the trees so that the passage of a vehicle would have been an impossibility. There was not a bridge on the route, and the cabins of the settlers were sometimes miles apart. All the goods and provisions taken in had to be packed on horses, or carried on the backs of the settlers.

"Comstock had about five hundred dollars with him. The money was all in gold, in five and ten-dollar gold pieces, and he had it tied up in a handkerchief and thrust into his bosom. He was armed with a single-barreled pistol only, not having so much as a jack-knife besides. So far as I could judge he was not the man for an emergency, having but little confidence in his pistol, and none at all in himself. He had heard of the horse-thieves, counterfeiters, and desperadoes we should be likely to encounter, and we had hardly lost sight of the city when he began to express his fears that we were unwise in making the trip.

"During the forenoon we met several hunters and quite a number of settlers, most of them on their way into Detroit. Every man carried a rifle, most of them a pistol and knife, and all were uncouth and savage-looking in our eyes. We had started out soon after seven o'clock, and despite the bad condition of the path, for a part of the way, had made a distance of thirteen miles when we sat down on a log to eat our dinner. We had provided ourselves with dried beef, crackers, cheese and other articles, enough to last for two or three days, and each of us had a stout blanket, being warned that we might have to depend on ourselves for provisions and lodgings.

"We had passed at least beyond two miles of civilization, and just previous to eating had been told by a traveler that we would not find another cabin for five miles. We had seen no land to suit us as yet, and were determined not to end our trip until we had seen the fine timbered country which was said to lie awaiting purchasers and settlers within two days' tramp of Detroit.

"After satisfying our hunger, and while I was gathering up and packing away the remains of the meal, Comstock discovered that his money was not secure. He untied up, and he drew out his handkerchief to retie the knot. He knew that I had money. I knew of his gold, and so he did not hesitate to unfold the handkerchief and exhibit the bright yellow pieces, which looked truly tempting in the September sunlight.

"'That's a fair share of gold for a man to carry around in the woods. I hain't seed so much for a year.'

"We looked up, to find a man standing within three feet of us—a wicked-looking fellow, with long red hair, red beard all over his face, and a pair of eyes which would not have been out of place in the head of a wolf.

"He stood leaning on a heavy rifle, and his appearance petrified us for a moment. He must have been watching us for some time from behind some of the large trees, and had taken advantage of the moment when we bent over the gold to step out and come nearer.

"My hand went up to my breast and pulled at the butt of one of the pistols but a fiendish smile showed itself in the stranger's eyes. He lifted his rifle a little, and remarked:

"'None o' that, stranger. I kin put a bullet into your eye before you git that plaything half ready to shoot.'

"'Who are you, and what do you want?' I inquired, considerably excited, and not at all liking the fellow's words and looks.

"'Ez to that,' he replied, grinning like a baboon, and lowering his rifle again, 'it's none o' yer business, but I don't mind telling ye. I ar' called Hank Williams by some, an' others call me what they please. I don't ginerally tell my business to strangers; but, in this case, I ar' free to say that I goes where I likes, comes when I wish, and stays ez long ez I cart so!'

"He laughed as he ceased speaking—a laugh more like the growl of a bull-dog than anything else, and his eyes roved back to the gold, which Comstock, in his amazement, had nearly forgotten and quite neglected. My friend caught his look, and was not a minute in tying up and stowing away his money.

"'Land-hunters, I s'pose?' remarked the stranger, after a pause which neither of us was inclined to break, anxious as we were to get rid of the man, and hoping that he would take himself away.

"I replied that we were of that class, and proceeded to make some inquiries of the man, realizing that it was more prudent to be civil than to exhibit our dislike of his presence. I praised the country, remarked on the civility of the pioneers whom we had thus far encountered, and offered the fellow our provision bag.

"'Yes, this ar' a fine country,' he remarked, never noticing the provisions. 'I'd like to tramp with ye for two or three days an' show ye some of the finest land in the world, but I've got a press of business just now, and ye'll have to excoose me—ha! ha! ha!'

"I could not see anything mirthful in his remarks, especially as his face grew more wicked as he uttered them, but I made no reply, and he walked off, we continuing to watch him until he was hidden among the trees.

"Comstock was greatly frightened at the incident, and was for setting out for Detroit immediately, declaring that the man having seen his gold, would follow and murder us at the first opportunity.

"While I believed the man's cupidity had been excited, and that he might not hesitate to commit murder for the sake of gold, I would not listen to Comstock's idea of going back. I argued that we could plunge into the woods, make a long detour, and then throw the man off our trail, if he intended following us, or we could keep on ahead and take a run for a mile or two, getting among the settlers again before Williams, as he called himself, could come up.

"Talking in this way Comstock's fears finally vanished, and we started off and ran for a mile without a halt. Then, walking another mile at a fast pace, we concluded that we were safe from pursuit, and at the end of the next mile had almost forgotten the noonday incident.

"We were getting into a finer country; the road was better defined, the settlers' cabins were more frequent, and Comstock felt quite jolly, boasting that we could have easily finished off the hunter had he attempted violence.

"About four o'clock in the afternoon we came upon a prairie about forty acres in extent, and paused for a moment to survey it. The hieroglyphics on a tree near the path showed that the land had already been applied for, and we envied the lucky man. We were then a mile beyond the last cabin, where a woman had informed us that we would have the same distance to tramp from the prairie before reaching another. She had further informed us that four miles on would bring us to 'The Log Tavern,' which was situated at a spot where 'the west road' crossed this one.

"As I stood leaning against a tree, looking about, I caught sight of something moving out from behind a large oak about fifty feet away.

"Looking sharply, I saw a fur cap appear, then a mass of red hair, and then the face of Williams! He must have seen that my face was turned toward him, for he drew his head quickly back, and I saw no more of him, though I continued looking at the tree until Comstock had moved on quite a distance.

"It was now certain that the man was dogging our steps. We had failed to elude him by our run, and I felt, as I started on after my friend, that the villain would shoot at one or the other as we moved out on the prairie. If I turned about and walked up to his hiding-place, he would be sure to shoot me; if he kept on, he might pass the opportunity for Thus I reasoned as I followed Comstock.

"If you have never experienced the feeling that an enemy is behind you, prepared to lodge a bullet in your body, having an inclination to do so, and you expecting he will do so, you cannot imagine how I felt. The crills danced up my spine, I felt my hair crawl, my knees were weak, and had Comstock looked around he would have seen a pale face. I was thirty rods or so from the tree behind which I knew the villain to be hiding, when the feeling became so oppressive that I stopped and wheeled about, determined to see if the man was in sight.

"The movement saved my life. As I wheeled, a bullet cut through the rim of my slouch hat, passed close to Comstock, and went singing over the prairie. Then we heard the report of a rifle, and both caught the smoke from the tree.

"'Great Heavens! who did that?' exclaimed Comstock, his face as white as a sheet.

"I knew Williams had tried to murder one of us, but as he did not make his appearance from behind the tree after a moment's waiting, I concluded not to tell my friend what I had seen.

"'It was a stray shot from a hunter's rifle,' I replied, as coolly as I could. 'We had better move on.'

"As we turned, about a dozen Indians, all on foot, appeared on the farther side of the prairie, and I knew we were safe from another shot. By hurrying across the prairie, we should have a good start on the villain, who would not cross until we had entered the timber, and we could make the distance to the nearest dwelling.

"We had passed the Indians with a mere word, and after entering the timber, ran almost every step of the way to the cabin. It lacked only an hour of sundown when we reached it, as we had made up our minds to stop there for the night. Great was our disappointment, therefore, to find the door nailed up, and rude letters on it announcing, 'gOne Back to ohIO—curse suCH A Country!'

"The furniture had all been taken out, the place had a lonesome look, and, at the risk of another shot from Williams, I advised that we push on to the Log Tavern. Comstock agreed, and just at sunset, without having seen or heard our enemy, we arrived at our destination.

"The name given the hamlet was Smith's Corners. Besides the tavern, which was only a fair-sized log-house, there was a sort of trading-post and the house of another settler. The whole clearing was not over six acres in extent. We saw corn and pumpkins growing in a field, but the balance of the clearing was covered with brush, stumps, and logs. A dozen Indians stood around the door of the trading-post, others were riding away, and the scene was wild and savage enough to have satisfied the cravings of any romancer.

"There was no one present as we walked into the tavern, nearly half of which was partitioned off as a public room. Benches were ranged around the walls, a huge fire-place occupied one end, and a keg of whisky, and a pint cup rested on the end of one bench.

"'Hillo, strangers,' cried a voice, as we drew up before the fire, for the night was quite chilly. 'Which way did ye come from?'

"I leaped up as I heard the tones, and as I turned and caught sight of a red head, a face covered with bristles, and two hyena eyes, I looked to see where the man's rifle was, believing him to be Williams. The same voice, same hair and bristles—it was he or his brother!

"'What's the matter?—lost yer power o' answering a civil question? continued the man, appearing somewhat put out at our astonishment—Comstock having the same feeling.

"'I—I—thought you were some one—some one else!' I replied, finding my voice at last.

"'Ha! ha! How can I be some one else and still be Dan Green?' laughed the man—the same 'ugh! ugh!' which Williams had uttered. 'But you ar' from Detroit, I s'pose, an' I calkerlate that you mean you want to stay all night?'

"I replied that we so desired, and he went to a door and called to 'Jane' to get supper ready for two. He then threw another log on the fire, took a drink of whisky, and went out, saying that the supper would call us when the meal was prepared.

"'That's the same man who met us at noon!' whispered Comstock, his hand shaking as he laid it on my arm.

"'I thought so at first, but he is not,' I replied. 'This man has a scar across his forehead, while the other had none.'

"When the man had drunk from the cup, he pushed up his cap, and I caught sight of the scar. I had also observed that he was shorter and stouter than Williams, and felt satisfied that he had a separate identity. However, I had made up my mind that the pair were brothers! No two men not of the same blood could look so near alike, and have voices so singularly brutal and unpleasant. I did not dare to tell Comstock of this opinion, as I saw that he was already badly frightened. Anything further, I feared, would completely upset him.

"I was doing my best to reassure my friend, when the woman called us to supper. The fare consisted of corn coffee, Johnny cake, and salt pork, and the appearance of the room was in keeping with it. The woman was tall and stout, her hair cut short, her eyes black and ugly, and I did not like her looks in the least. She watched us covertly while we ate, and did not so much as utter a word.

"During the meal I made up my mind that we would settle for our supper, and leave the house for a night in the woods, feeling that we should be as safe with the wild beasts as with such evil looking people. But as we walked to the door I saw that a cold drizzling rain had commenced to fall, and the fire felt so comfortable that I did not broach my plan to Comstock. Perhaps we were too suspicious, and, being unused to the way of the pioneers, had wronged the people about us. I was pursuing this train of thought when the landlord came in, replenished the fire, and chatted so civilly about the country, the people, the chances, etc., that I quite forgot my former suspicions.

"It came to be nine o'clock almost before I knew it. One or two Indians had come and gone, the atmosphere had grown colder, the fire felt more and more comfortable, and I was ready to doze as the landlord went to see about our bed. He had just stepped out, when Comstock gave a cry of alarm, his face blanched:

"'Look there! Look at that—against the window!'

"I turned quickly about, but I see no face—only the panes wet with rain.

"'Either the landlord or the man we met us in the woods was looking through that window!' said Comstock, as I turned again to the fire.

"I was about to ask for further information, when the landlord came in and announced that we could—we—he also told us that it had been arranged for Comstock to sleep down stairs with my friend at once protested so strongly against this that we were both allowed to mount the rough ladder to the loft over the bar-room, where some skins and quilts had been spread.

"'We shall both be murdered before morning!' whispered my friend, as soon as the landlord had retired.

"He then informed me further in regard to the face at the window, and I am so sure he had seen Williams, that I finally agreed with him that there would be danger, and told him of the relationship which I believed existed between the two men. We were in for it in any case, and the most we could do was to prepare for what might happen. We crept to our pallets, saw that they were in order, and then agreed to take turns in watching, so that the villains could not surprise us if they meant us harm. Neither of us was to undress, but, if not disturbed, we could manage to get a little sleep as we were. Purposely or otherwise, the landlord had given us more than an inch of candle, and this burned out while we were talking.

"The floor was a loose affair, and the light from the bar-room fire shone up through a dozen cracks. The ladder led from the kitchen, was placed about twenty feet from our bed, and there was no door above, nothing whatever to prevent any one from making the ascent.

"As I was to take the first watch, Comstock removed his gold from his bosom, laid it on the skins, and then laid down. I crawled carefully over the floor until I found a crack large enough to allow me to have quite a view of the room below, and then set myself to watch and listen.

"The landlord sat for a while before the fire, an Indian came in, got some whisky and went out, and after another hour the tavern-keeper covered up the fire and went into the other room.

"Long before this, despite his alarm, Comstock had fallen soundly asleep. I maintained my place for another hour, without hearing the least noise, and then crawled over on the bed.

"Two hours more went by, and then, believing that we had been unreasonably frightened, and that we should not be disturbed, I woke up my friend, told him that everything was quiet, and consulted him as to whether we should not both go to sleep. He concluded to watch for an hour at least, and I got under the blanket and left him sitting up, his pistol in his hand. We had a few words of conversation, congratulating ourselves that we would safely pass the night, and then I went to sleep. I did not intend to; I meant, in my mind, to remain awake, feeling that he was the weaker one, but I was tired and worn, and could not resist nature. The last I remember was of feeling the man crawling toward the head of the ladder, from off the bed.

"After events showed that I slept about an hour, when I was suddenly awakened by a heavy thud, a loud scream, and I sprang up to see a lantern setting on the floor, a man stabbing at Comstock, who was lying on his back, and another coming toward me with a hatchet in his hand!

"What I did I do not know. The whole thing is like a dream. I heard shots, shouts, remember of feeling like a wild beast, and when I was over my horrible nightmare, there were three dead men in the loft, and the leader and a half-dozen Indians were in the room below shouting and yelling. They came up the ladder, took my pistols away, helped me down, and then I fainted away like a woman, and scarcely knew anything until daylight.

"Then there was a horrible sight for me on the berroom floor. Comstock with his head split open and three knife wounds in his breast—the landlord, shot twice in the head—Williams, his brother, shot through the heart—all dead and cold. How I killed the men I don't know. I don't even remember of having my pistols in my grasp.

"We made out that poor Comstock had crawled toward the ladder to listen, and overcome by his day's tramp and its exciting events, had fallen asleep, to be murdered by the plotting rascals as they came up. The woman had fled, fearing punishment, and the victims were all there. Such an officer as a coroner was unknown, and so after the trader had taken a record of any statement, three graves were dug in the forest and the bodies covered up without ceremony. The gold and the other personal property of Comstock was handed over to me to forward to his wife, and at dusk I was on my way to Detroit, satisfied to go back home and stay there. A month after my return to Chenango country I received two hundred dollars in gold, that being the reward which the Territorial officers had offered for the apprehension of Williams, whose real name was McCarthy, a notorious desperado, who had been driven out of Pennsylvania. The officers were better satisfied with his death than they would have been with his arrest."—[New York Weekly.

ELIJAH SCHIBOROUGH, who lives near the little village of Powers, Ind., is the father of a remarkable-looking child. It is fierce years old and measures three feet and two inches around the head. In other ways the child is rather small and is well formed. It is reasonably intelligent, but its body and neck not being strong enough to support the weight of its head it can not walk nor stand.

SUNDAY'S SERMON.

REV. DR. TALMAGE'S STERLING DISCOURSE.

Subject: "The Dead Sea and the River Jordan."

TEXT: "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho." Luke x., 30.

Travel the east there pictures a volcano, and that I have its Cotopaxi does on painter's canvas this author does in words. You see a hill, calm and still and for ages immovable, and the Lord out of the heavens puts His finger on the top of it and from it rise thick clouds interspersed with fire. "He toucheth the hills and they smoke." Who is the only being who can manage a volcano and again and again has He employed volcanic action. The pictures on the walls of Pompeii, the exhumed Italian city, as we saw them last November, demonstrate that the city was not fit to live in the first century that city, engirdled with palaces, emparadised with gardens, allured into architectural exquisiteness, was in the foot of a mountain, up the side of which it ran, with vineyards and villas for merchant princes, and all that marble and bronze and imperial baths and architecture and rainbowed fountains, and a colosseum at the dedication of which nine thousand beasts had been slain, and a imperial landscape in which the shore gave place to the sea and the sea gave place to the shore, yea, all that beauty and pomp and wealth could give was there to be seen and heard. But the bad morals of the city had mocked the world. In the year 79, on the 4th of August, a black column rose above the adjoining mountain and spread out, Pliny says, as he saw it, like a great pine tree, wider and wider, until it began to rain upon the city first thin ashes and then pumice stone, and sulphurous fumes scooped, and streams of mud poured through the streets. A few people escaped, and the city was buried, and some of the inhabitants eighteen hundred years after were found embalmed in the scoria of that awful doom. The Roman allied upon volcanic forces to obliterate that flagitious city. He touched the hills and they smoked.

Nothing but volcanic action can explain what I shall show you at the Dead Sea upon which I looked last December, and of whose waters I took a bitter and stinging taste. Concerning all that region there has been controversy enough to fill libraries, science pitted against revelation saying another thing. But admit volcanic action divinely employed and both testimonies are one and of same. Geology, chemistry, geography, mineralogy, philology, ornithology and ichthyology are coming one by one to confirm the Scriptures. Two leaves of one book are Revelation and Creation, and the penmanship is the same divine hand. The horse-jockey rule will not be so steep to-day, and you can stay on without clinging to the pommel of the saddle, but the scenes amid which we dashed, if possible, be more thrilling, and at the time the horses snuff the sulphurous atmosphere of Asphaltites, or the Dead Sea, we will be ready to dismount and read from our Bibles about what was done that day by the Lord when He touched the hills and they smoked.

Take a detour and pass along by the rocky fortress of Masada, where occurred something more wonderful in the way of desperation than you ever heard of, unless you have heard of that. Herod built a palace amid the heaps of black and awful rocks which look like a tumbled midnight. A great band of robbers, about one thousand including their families, afterward held the fortress. Then the Roman army stormed that steep and the bandits could no longer hold the place, their chieftain, Eleazar, made a powerful speech which persuaded them to die rather than be captured. Then the men killed their families a loving and tearful rub-by and then put a dagger into their hearts, and the women and children were slain. Then ten men were chosen by lot to slay all the other men, and each man lay down by the side of his wife and children and waited for these executioners to do their work. This done, one man of the ten killed the other nine, and then the survivor committed suicide. Two women and five children had hid themselves, and after all was over came forth to tell of the nine hundred and sixty slaughtered. Great and rugged natural scenery gives the most tremendous natures for good or evil. Great statesmen and great robbers, great orators and great bandits, were early all born or reared among mountain scenery. Strong natures are hardly ever born upon the plain. When men have anything greatly good or greatly evil to do they come down off the rocks.

This can from under the shadow of Masada, the scene of concentrated diabolism, and come where the salt crystals crackle under the horses' hoofs. You are near the most forlorn region of all the earth. You know when the word lake has heretofore suggested close bewitchments of beauty, Lucerne or Cayuga, some great pearl set by a ring fetched in the bosom of the luxuriant valley. Change all your ideas about a lake, and be disabused of water which the Bible calls the Salt Sea, or Sea of the Plain, and which we call lake Asphaltites. The muleteers will take care of the horses while we go down to the brink and sip up the liquid mixture in the palm of the hand. The waters are compounded of brimstone and pitch, and have three times larger percentage of salt than those of the Atlantic Ocean, the ocean having four per cent. of salt and this lake 26½ per cent. Lake Sir-i-kol, of India, is the highest lake in the world. This lake, on the brink of which we kneel, is the lowest lake. It empties into no sea, among other things, for the simple reason that water cannot run uphill. It swallows up the river Jordan and gives in response of thanks, and never returns what it does with the twenty millions of feet of water annually received from the sacred river. It takes the tree branches and logs floated into it by the Jordan and leaves them on the banks of bitumen to decay there.

The hot springs near its banks by the side of Callirhoe, where King Herod came to the baths of his illnesses, no sooner pour in their waters than they are poisoned. Not a fish lives in it. Not an insect walks in its waters alive, and if you attempt to swim in it it lifts you by an unnatural buoyancy the surface, and as you assert to say "we want no water here, but death is our preference, thank you," if you attempt to wade into this lake, the waters themselves, come out almost as a wall and with the sting of a hundred wasps and hornets, and with lips and eyes and nostrils with the strange ablution. The death of its waters is not like the death of beauty on other lakes, but a dead lustre like into the flash of a sword that would thrust you. The gazelles and the ibexes that live on the hills beside it, with necessary to life and health, birds do safely fly over their way over it—but the birds that have been killing, though thirsty, dare not drink out of it. The dressed skins of a man from some parts of Italy, which, when they touch the water, shrink up and become useless, as will any thing of animal or vegetable nature. It is the rinsings of the Styx, an aqueous monster coiled around the cities of the plain, and rippling with hissing venom upon the shore.

In these regions once stood four great cities of Assyria: Sodom, Gomorrah, Adma and Zeboim. The Bible says they were destroyed by a tempest of fire and brimstone after these have had filled up with wickedness. Yes, that is clearly, prior some one, it is evident that this was a region of salt and brimstone and pitch long before that. And so it was. The Bible says it was a region of sulphur long before the great catastrophe. Well, now, I am some one waiting to raise a quarrel between science and Revelation, when I shall say the cities of the plain were destroyed by a tempest of fire and sulphur and brimstone, because this region had these characteristics long before those cities were destroyed." Volcanic action, is my reply. These cities had been built out of very combustible materials. The mortar was a bitumen easily ignited, and the walls dripped with pitch most inflammable. They sat, I think, on a ridge of hills. They stood high up and conspicuous, radiant in their sins, ostentatious in their debaucheries, four hells on earth.

One day there was a rumbling in the earth, and a quaking. "What's that?" cry the affrighted inhabitants. "What's that?" The foundations of the earth were giving way. A volcano, whose fires had been burning for ages, at God's command bursts forth, easily setting everything aflame, and first lifting these cities high in the air and then dashing them down in chasms fathomless. The fires of that eruption interlaced the dense smoke and rolled unto the heavens, only to descend again. And all the configuration of that country was changed, and where there was a hill there came a valley, and where there had been the pomp of uncleanness came wide-spread desolation. The red hot ands of volcanic action had shoveled under the cities of the plain. Before the catastrophe the cities stood on the top of the salt and sulphur. After the catastrophe they were under the salt and sulphur. Science right; Revelation right. "He toucheth the hills and they smoke."

No science ever frightened believers in Revelation so much as geology. They feared that the strata of the earth would contradict the Scriptures, and then Moses must go under. But as in the Dead Sea instance so in all cases God's writing on the earth and God's writing in the Bible are harmonious. The shelves of rock correspond with the shelves of the American Bible Society. Science digs into the earth and finds deep down the remains of plants, and so the Bible announces plants first. Science digs down and says, "Marine animals next," and the Bible says, "Marine animals next." Science digs down, and says, "Land animals next." "Then comes man!" says science. "Then comes man!" responds the Bible. Science digs into the exploration under the Dead Sea, and finds result of fire and masses of brimstone, and announces a wonderful geological formation. "Oh, yes," says the Bible, "I chronicled that thousands of years ago, 'The Lord rained upon Sodom and upon Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven,' and David wrote, 'He toucheth the hills and they smoke.'" So I guess we will hold on to our Bible a little longer. A gentleman in the ante-room of the White House, at Washington, having an appointment with Mr. Lincoln at 5 o'clock in the morning, got there before the president, and asked the servant, "Who is talking in the next room?" "It is the President, sir." "Is anybody with him?" "No, sir; he is reading the Bible. He spends every morning from 4 to 5 o'clock reading the Scriptures."

My text implies that God controls volcanoes, not with the full force of his hand, but with the tip of his finger. Etna, Stromboli and Vesuvius fawn at his feet like hounds before the hunter. These eruptions of the hills do not belong to Pluto's realm, as the ancients thought, but to the divine dominions. Humboldt counted two hundred of them, but since then the Indian archipelago has been found to have nine hundred of these great mountain pipes. They are on every continent and in all latitudes. That earthquake which shook all America about six or seven summers ago was only the raving around of volcanoes rushing against the sides of their rocky caverns, trying to break out. They must come to the surface, but it will be at the divine call. They seem reserved for the punishment of one kind of sin. The seven cities they have obliterated were celebrated for one kind of transgression. Profligacy was the chief characteristic of the seven cities over which they put their smothering wing: Pompeii, Herculaneum, Stabiæ, Adma, Zeboim, Sodom and Gomorrah.

If our American cities do not quit their profligacy, if in high life and low life dissoluteness does not cease to be a joke and become a crime, if wealthy libertinism continues to find so many doors of domestic life open to its faintest touch, if Russian and French novels and American literature steeped in prurience does not get banished from the news stands and ladies' parlors, God will let loose some of these suppressed monsters of the earth. And I tell these American cities that it will be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment, whether that day of judgment be in this present century or in the closing century of this earth's continuance. The volcanic forces are already in existence, but in the mercy of God they are chained in the kennels of subterranean fire. Yet let profligacy, whether it stagger into a lazaretto or sit on a commercial throne, whether it laugh in a faded shawl under the street gas light or be wrapped in the finest array that fashion ever wrought out, let iniquity grow impearled, know right well that there is a volcano waiting for it, whether in domestic life or social life or political life or in the foundations of the earth there is ready to spring out the terrible fires that swallowed the cities of the plain. "He toucheth the hills and they smoke."

But the dragoman was rejoiced when we had seen enough of this volcanic region of Palestine, and he gladly tightens the girths for another march around the horses which are prancing and neighing for the journey. We are off for the Jordan, only two hours away. We pass Bedouins whose stern features melt into a smile as we give them the salutation Salaam Aleikoum, "Peace be with you," their smile sometimes leaving us in doubt as to whether it is caused by their gladness to see us or by our poor pronunciation of the Arabic. Oh, they are a strange race, those Bedouins. Such a commingling of ruffanism and honor, of cowardice and courage, of cruelty and kindness! When a band of them came down upon a party in which Miss Whately was traveling, and were about to take pocketbooks and perhaps life, this lady, sitting upon her horse, took out her note-book and pencil and began to sketch the bandits, and seeing this composure the bandits thought it something supernatural and fled. Christian womanliness or manliness is all conquering. When Martin Luther was told that Duke George would kill him if he went to Leipsic, Luther replied: "I would go to Leipsic if it rained Duke Georges nine days."

Now we come through regions where there are hills get into the shape of cathedrals, with altar and column and arch and chancel and pulpit and dome and architecture of the rocks that I think can hardly just happen so. Perhaps it was through these regions that God walked, he building in the solitudes of Yellowstone park and Yosemite and Switzerland and Palestine those ecclesiastical piles. Who knows but that unseen spirits may sometimes worship there? "Dragoman, when shall we see the Jordan?" I ask. All the time we were on the alert, and looking through tamarisk and willows for the greatest river of all the earth. The Mississippi is wider, the Ohio is deeper, the Amazon is larger, the Hudson grand, and regions more picturesque, the Thames has more splendor on its banks, the Tiber suggests more imperial procession, the Hyeanus has more memories, and the Jordan is the queen of rivers, and runs through all the Bible, a silver thread strung with pearls and rubies, and before night we shall meet on its banks Elijah and Elisha and David and Jacob and Joshua and John and Jesus.

At last between two trees I got a glimpse of a river and, "Dragoman, is that the Jordan," was the quick reply. And all along the line which had been lengthened by other pilgrims, some from America, and some from Europe, and some from Asia, the cry was sounded "The Jordan! The Jordan!" Hundreds of thousands of pilgrims have chanted on its banks and bathed in its waters. Many of them dip a wet gown in the waves and wring it out and carry it home for their own shroud. It is an impetuous stream and rushes on as though it were hastening to tell its story to the ages. Many an explorer has it whelmed and many a boat has it wrecked. Lieut. Moloneaux had copper bottomed crafts split upon its shelvings. Only one boat, that of Lieut. Lynch, ever lived to sail the whole length of it. At the season when the snows on Lebanon melt the rage of this stream is like Conemaugh when Johnstown perished, and the wild beast that may be near run for the hills, explaining Jeremiah says, "Behold, he shall go up like a lion from the swelling of Jordan. No river so often changes its mind, for it runs now with twists, traveling two hundred miles to do that which in a straight line might be done in sixty miles. Among banks now low, now high, now on rocks, now of sand, laving the feet of the trefoils and oleanders and acacias and reeds and pistachios and silver poplars. This river marries the Dead Sea to Lake Galilee, and did ever so rough a groom take the hand of so fair a bride?

This is the river which parted to let an army of two million Israelites across. Here the skilled major general of the Assyrian host at the seventh plunge dropped his leprosy not only by miraculous cure, but suggesting to all ages that water, and plenty of it, has much to do with the sanitary improvement of the world. Here is where some theological students of Elisha's time were cutting trees with which to build a theological seminary, and an axe head, not sufficiently wedged to the handle, flew off into the river and sank, and the young man deplored not so much the loss of the axe head as the fact that it was not his own, and cried, "Alas! it was borrowed," and the prophet threw a stick into the river, and in defiance of the law of gravitation the axe head came to the surface and floated like a cork upon the water, and kept floating until the young man caught it. A miracle performed to give one an opportunity to return that which was borrowed, and a rebuke in all ages for those who borrow and never return, their bad habit in this respect so established that it would be a miracle if they did return it. Yea, from the bank of this river Elijah took a team of fire, showing that the most raging element is servant of the good, and that there is no need of the wrath of God fear anything, for if the most destructive of all elements was that day fashioned into a vehicle for a departing saint, nothing can ever hurt you who love and trust the Lord.

I am so glad that that chariot of Elijah was not made out of wood or crystal or anything ordinarily pleasant, but out of fire, and yet he went up without having so much as to fan himself. When stepping from amid the foliage of these oleanders and tamarisks on the banks of the Jordan, he put his foot on the red step of the red equipage, and took the red reins of vapor in his hands, and spurred the galloping steeds toward the open gate of heaven, it was a scene forever memorable. So the hottest afflictions of your life may roll you heavenward. So the most intense persecutions, the most fiery troubles, may become uplifting. Only be sure that when you pull on the bits of fire you drive up to paradise and not down toward the Dead Sea. When Latimer and Ridley died at the stake they went up in a chariot of fire. When my friend P. P. Bliss, the Gospel singer, was consumed with the train that broke through Ashtabula bridge and then took flame, I said, "Another Elijah gone up in a chariot of fire!"

But this river is a river of baptisms. Christ was baptized and John baptized many thousands. Whether on these occasions the candidate for baptism and the officer of religion went into this river, and then while both were standing the water was dipped in the hand of one and sprinkled upon the forehead of the other, or whether the entire form of the one baptized disappeared for a moment beneath the surface of the flood, I do not now declare. While I cannot think without deep emotion of the fact that my parents dedicated me in infancy to the baptismal font in the old meeting house at Stourville and assumed vows on my behalf, I must tell you now of another mode of baptism observed in the river Jordan on that afternoon in last December, the particulars of which I now for the first time relate.

It was a scene of unimaginable solemnity. A comrade in our Holy Land journey rode up by my side that day and told me that a young man who is now studying for the Gospel ministry would like to be baptized by me in the river Jordan. I got all the facts concerning his earnestness and faith, and through personal examination made myself confident he was a worthy candidate. There were among our Arab attendants two tubes not unlike those used for American baptistries, and these were obtained. As we were to have a large group of different nationalities present I dictated to my daughter a few verses and had copies enough made to allow all to sing. Our dragoman had a man familiar with the river wade through and across to show the depth and the swiftness of the stream and the most appropriate place for the ceremony. Then I read from the Bible the accounts of baptisms in that sacred stream, and implored the presence of the Christ on whose head the dove descended at the Jordan. Then as the candidate and myself stepped into the waters the people on the banks sang in full and resounding voice:

The Jordan's stormy banks I stand
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.—
Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight:
Sweet fields arrayed in living green
And rivers of delight.

But Jordan's stormy waves I fear
Lest some should overwhelm
Some of us, when we near
Our Father's kingdom.
'Tis here, you know, we must bear
Our last, our dreadful foe
Oh, my darling, 'tis here
We must bid farewell to all
Our friends we love so well
Dear, dear friends, we hope to meet
Beyond the flood
Yes, we hope to see us meet
Beyond the Jordan.

Bear us safe through the flood
Bear us safe through the flood
Bear us safe through the flood
Bear us safe through the flood
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