Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8, 1891.

BREAKING THE NEWS TO HER.

How the Queen Consort Heard of King Kalakaua's Death.

Many women and men had been busily engaged in decorating the palace for his majesty's reception, says a Honolulu letter to the San Francisco *Chronicle*. They had been assembled for several days and worked under the queen's personal supervision. Early on the morning of Jan. 29 the willing hands began their labor of love. Soon the queen appeared at the top of the wide marble staircase of the main hall, clad in a haloku, the native dress. Slowly and stately she joined the workers, contributing smiles and salutations to all. Standing among the native workers and directing them to add touches here and there she was a picture of majesty, but while every inch a queen, she seemed to take an almost childish delight in the thoughts of the gratification with which the king would greet her work.

"He will be so pleased," she said.

The Hon. Samuel Parker entered and announced to her majesty that the Chieftain had been blown off Koko head. At this intelligence work was ceased, and the attendants read in the face of Mr. Parker the sad news he had come to break.

"Ah! my king has prepared a surprise for me and I shall not be outdone. Why do you stop your labor? Begin again, and we will finish before his majesty arrives," said the queen, and she began with her own hands to entwine some maili in the members of the rich drapery.

"But, your majesty," said Mr. Parker, "the flags on the Charleston are at half-mast and I am afraid something has happened."

"How sad! They must be mourning for some one who has died aboard," answered the queen.

"But the Hawaiian flag is at half-mast also, your majesty."

Ah! my king should grieve with them should any one be dead."

The attendants understood the worst, but Kapiolani refused to understand, and still urged them to complete their decoration.

All were silent and bowed their heads, but Mr. Parker broke the silence, and in a calm, sympathetic voice announced to the queen the death of the king. The transition from the simplicity of her delight to the paroxysms of grief was so sudden that she almost fainted, and would have fallen to the floor had not loving arms supported her. She gave a shriek, and began wailing in a mournful and most pitiful manner. Others added their cries of wailing to the sad and bitter moaning of the queen, and the scene brought tears to the eyes of the strongest present. Mr. Parker wiped the tears from his eyes, and raising the queen supported her to her apartments.

THE CROSS MOTHER.

A Victim of Weariness of Mind and Body, and Sometimes of Soul.

At rest-time in her busy days is an intelligent mother so apt to fold the arms and close the eyes of maternal justice as when she is cross—simply and undoubtedly cross. This crossness is chiefly caused by fatigue—weariness of mind and body, and sometimes of soul. With tired nerve and weary body, she cannot endure the common demands made upon her, and ill-temper follows. She sows bitter feelings and repels loving attentions with her irritably hasty words. Broadly speaking, no mother has any right to get so tired. She cannot afford it. It takes too much of her life, and too much out of her children's life. Such a condition can more frequently be prevented than is generally believed.

The careless or shallow woman says: "I was overworked. It made me cross," and she considers that admission the sufficient reason and excuse for any amount of similar indulgence. The religious or sympathetic woman worries over it, prays over it, sheds bitter tears—and then the trouble repeats itself. The remedy lies near at hand. Let a mother find out what makes her cross, and then avoid the cause if possible. If social pleasures weary her, let them be decidedly lessened. If there is too much sewing, too much cooking, or too many household cares, lessen them. If economical efforts cause the severe strain, stop economizing at such a cost. That is the worst of wastes. Let the first economy be of that precious commodity, a mother's strength. Even the extent of one's religious and philanthropic work should be carefully examined, and if the trouble lies there, calmly and wisely di-miss some or all of it from the list of duties, for "what doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" It is surprising how easily seeming interests or needs can be spared without injury to the home life whenever the thoughtful woman seeks to find them, and shrely one of the worst of household influences is mother's crossness.—*Mrs. B. Ormsbee, in Harper's Bazar.*

EXPERIENCE keeps a dear school; but fools will learn in no other, and scarce in that; for it is true, we may give advice but we cannot give conduct. However, they that will not be counselled cannot be helped, and if you will not hear reason, she will surely rap your knuckles.

THOSE who are greedy of praise are lacking in merit.

SEA-WAY.

The tide slips up the silver sand
Dark night and rolay day;
It brings sea treasures to the land,
The bears them all away.
On mighty shores, from East to West,
It walls and gropes and cannot rest.
O tide, that still doth ebb and flow
Through night to golden day;
Wit, learning, beauty, come and go—
Thou giv'st, thou tak'st away.
But sometime, on some gracious shore,
Thou shalt lie still and ebb no more.

A NOB HILL PRINCESS.

BY EMMA S. ALLEN.

She lived, as a princess should, in the palace of her father, the king. It was one of the richest and most beautiful of palaces, standing on an imposing terrace and looking down with all the majesty of a royal abode upon the surrounding houses, though many of them were equally splendid.

The king, after all, was not a king, as he had no more royal blood in his veins than a hackman or a car-conductor. He had left the aged father who had given him the royal blood of honesty as an heritage, and come to California in the days of '49 to search for gold. He had found the gold, and since that good fortune had created the hunger and thirst for more and more gold, there seemed to be no limit to his ambition. Everything he touched had turned to gold, and for years people had called him King Midas. The name clung to him after he built his palace on Nob Hill, and it was sometimes varied by the less classical appellation of "Old John Vernou, the Bonanza King."

The Princess Beatrice was the only daughter—the only child. She was the power behind the throne, even before her weak little mother succumbed to the ill-health that had driven her all over the face of the earth in search of new climates and new physicians. Since her death Beatrice had worn the ermine exclusively, and worn it with so much unaffected simplicity and grace that she was not spoiled one jot or tittle. There was something in her nature too sweet and womanly for any amount of money or power to choke out.

She stood, one evening, on the marble steps of the grand piazza, looking in her own dreamy fashion at the steel-blue waters of San Francisco Bay, just as the sun was going out through the Golden Gate. She was wondering, as she had grown to wonder very frequently of late, why her father seemed changed. He had a secret which he was evidently keeping from her as long as he possibly could—but a secret that must be made public sooner or later. Something in the expression of his face, as he avoided meeting her eyes, told Beatrice at this. She wondered every morning if he would have been home night what it was. Her questioning eyes scrutinized him very closely across the fine damask and glittering silver and crystal as she handed him his Mocha or Oolong at breakfast, lunch, or dinner.

"Do you believe it is possible that he is going to fail?" she asked her very dearest friend in all the world—father always excepted—Helena Ashton, that afternoon.

"How can he fail?" said Helena, with an inexpressible gesture.

Miss Ashton was an extraordinary girl in a very ordinary position in life. She was the oldest of three daughters, and had very good reason to be proud of a talented elder brother who was putting the land of his life into his profession.

"Oh," rejoined Beatrice, composedly, "he might as well fail as—"

"As the Bank of California?"

"As well as some other men who have failed. I wonder how it would seem to be poor."

"As poor as we are?"

"No, you are not poor. You belong to that happy class of which Young tells in 'Night Thoughts'—'a goodly competence is all we can enjoy.' Your father enjoys life as well—far better—than mine does, because he has that interest in another life that all my father's money cannot buy; and your mother—oh, Helena! if I only had such a mother! But I never had."

The princess would have cried if she had been a crying girl; but she only swallowed a little sob as she bent over Helena's artistic work-table. When she rose with sudden vehemence from the mahogany and old-rose plush chair in which she had been idling it flew back and struck the unfinished painting on Helena's easel, throwing it, face downward, across the long, curved rockers.

"Never mind, the paint is dry," said Helena, not stopping her work in the velvet bed of arasene lilies. "You could not hurt it any if it was not. It is a storm at sea."

Beatrice carefully replaced the picture and adjusted a drape of amber silk across the easel.

"You paint so much better than I do—you do everything better than I do. You always did, since we began to go to school together. Your brother promised to find out what my mission in life is"—blushing slightly and getting behind Helena's chair—"He has given up the quest. I presume as a hopeless case—some blunder or other—he will ferret out. Good bye, dear. Will you be at Mrs. Adley's At home to-morrow evening?"

"Yes, yes."

Helena put down her work and went arm in arm with her friend down the stairs and out upon the lawn. They stood together at the iron gateway for a few moments, then the princess was driven away from the pretty Queen Anne house—a picturesque affair in dull Indian red and terra-cotta shades—to the portals of King Midas's palace.

It was not alone of her father and his unaccountable actions that Beatrice was thinking as she stood on the piazza looking over the waters of the bay.

"If I were a poor girl, I believe—but he is too proud—too true and perfect a man to ever think of—and there isn't another like him in all the world."

Which scattering reflections certainly had no reference to her royal parent. The unspoken thought brought a blush to her face that made her singularly beautiful, even to the stupid footman who answered her questions in the hall.

"Is papa at home yet?"

"No, miss. He went away an hour ago to be gone until to-morrow night. He left this message for you."

Beatrice read the scrawling handwriting on a large white card that the obsequious servant handed her on a silver salver.

DEAR LITTLE PRINCESS: To-morrow night I will tell you all about it. I think you must suspect now. It will be a blow to you, and perhaps you will blame me so much that you will never forgive me. I ought to have prepared you for the news, but I put it off from day to day with the cowardly assurance. To-morrow will do as well. Come in to the library to-morrow evening are I run in return from Mrs. Adley's and I will tell you what the papers will announce the following morning. YOUR FATHER.

There was no more doubt in Beatrice's mind. She was sure that her time for heroic action had come. There would be no more days of idleness and nights of revel for her—no more luxurious sipping of the richest wine of life from golden goblets—no more treading of rose-strewn paths but thorns and bitter draughts and work—real work for her daily bread—would be her inheritance. All this she pictured in the few brief moments she was ascending the velvet-carpeted stairs to her own beautiful suite of rooms.

She touched the button of the telephone that her extravagant fancy had caused to be constructed between her *sanctum sanctorum* and Helena's sitting-room. Just at that hour the pride of the family was having a few moments' chat with his favorite sister, his six feet of splendid manhood stretched on a couch just underneath the telephone. He sprang up as the bell tinkled and put the receiver to his ear, touched the button and waiving his hand in protest to his sister's interference.

"Hello, Lena! Do please come up and stay all night; papa is away from home. He left a message for me. My suspicions are correct. I am satisfied—he is on the verge of financial ruin. He has promised to tell me all to-morrow night after I return from Mrs. Adley's. The next morning, he says, all the world will know of it through the papers."

There was an excited ring in the voice away off in the Nob Hill palace.

"Princess Beatrice, I don't believe it in spite of your correct suspicions. Helena has just been telling me, in confidence, of your anxieties. It seems to me the trouble must be something else."

If the telephone could only have conveyed to him the loud beating of a woman's heart, what a useful invention it would have been to him in disclosing what he had never been able to find out when the princess was talking in the same room with him. He waited a moment for her reply.

"No," it came presently, with metallic precision; "it cannot be anything else. Is Helena there?"

"Yes, your Royal Highness. Do you prefer to talk with her?"

"Certainly. Tell her I will send the carriage for her if she will come."

"May I come with her?"

"If you choose."

Helena pushed him aside.

"No, he can't come with me. What was it you told him that you intended for me?"

After standing silently listening to some long sentences, she replied:

"All right, I will be ready. Phil is not coming, for he is only waiting for dinner to be off on some special business with his client."

Beatrice was one of the latest arrivals at Mrs. Adley's that night. She was never more simply dressed, and never so lovely in Philip Ashton's eyes. He had sent her the first flowers he had ever bought for her—passionate blood-red roses—and she wore them with the simply-made cream satin. Aside from the rich lace in neck and elbow-sleeves they were her sole ornaments. Even the diamonds in her ears had been put away, for appearance's sake, on the eve of her father's ruin.

"Did I do wrong to come?" she asked Ashton, when he stood under a potted palm tree in the music room, looking at her in the dim radiance of rose-colored lamps.

"Why wrong?"

"Because people will make remarks about it, in the morning, when they know the truth."

He covered her hand with his own as it rested on the back of a low divan.

"You are very philosophical in regard to the matter. Why are you not at home, as most girls would be, crying and wringing your hands?"

He had never before so commented himself by word, look and action. Beatrice understood the underlying significance of the question. She answered it with the same roundabout directness. In spite of all their past reserve they understood each other perfectly.

"I don't believe I frankly meaning his staying out, 'that I am so very sorry—very enough to cry or wring my hands. I mean for myself."

A strange, sweet knowledge kept them silent for several moments. When a passing couple had gone out of sight and hearing, Ashton took both her hands.

"My little princess! Do you know how long I have loved the king's daughter with a hopeless love?"

"Perhaps," said Beatrice, "for as long a time as you have made her believe that the daughter of a hundred earls, she was not one to be desired."

He lifted the hands to his lips.

"We succeeded in misunderstanding each other perfectly, then. I should rather have been brave enough to ask King Midas' little daughter for her hand with all the royal jewels in its palm."

Beatrice tapped tremblingly at the library door at midnight. After some little delay her father opened it and smiled very much as he had been in the habit of doing before he became "peculiar."

"Come in, my dear," he said, kissing her, as he always did. "Don't wear your seal-skin in this warm room. Did you enjoy the evening at Mrs. Adley's? Sorry I could not go with you."

As he did not seem to expect an answer to any question, Beatrice made none. She sank into the huge depths of the nearest chair and stared blankly at the old gentleman. He was not pale and haggard and showed no symptoms of paralysis. On the contrary, his face wore a blush like a school-boy's and his eyes shone with anything but a wild despair. The terrible thought came to Beatrice that perhaps the calamity had been the means of darkening his mental faculties. He certainly did look foolish enough to warrant the suspicion.

"Don't look so distressed, my dear," he began. "What I have to tell you is not so terrible, after all—only I should have prepared you for it gradually. Don't blame me too much—you know there is no fool like an old fool."

"Oh, papa! tell me the worst at once. For myself I do not care—but for you, it is dreadful." Beatrice began to sob as she flew into her father's arms.

"What is dreadful for me? You don't know anything about it?" demanded he.

"I know enough to satisfy my suspicions."

"Well, what do you know?"

"Oh, papa! why do you act so strangely? I believe you are crazed with trouble."

The old man scratched his bald head.

"Bless my bones! What is the matter with you, Beatrice? It isn't such an awful calamity for a man to be married, if he is sixty."

Beatrice stood gaping with astonishment.

"Well my dear, is that what you knew?" laughed her father, kindly.

"No—no—is that all?"

"Yes; that is all. It is enough to make me feel as young as I did at twenty-five."

"And you are not bankrupt? We are not on the brink of ruin?"

John Vernon laughed uproariously.

"This is too much fun—Marion," he called, going to the half drawn portieres of the adjoining room, "come and enjoy it with us."

Her curtains were drawn back Beatrice saw a sweet looking woman take her father's hand and cross the room to where she stood in the third or fourth stage of her amazement. She was not half as old as her millionaire bridegroom and more than five years Beatrice's senior.

"Beatrice, this is the new Mrs. Vernon—Queen Marion, the Princess Beatrice."

When they all separated for the night, the princess and the queen swore lifelong fidelity.

"It isn't strange that you loved such a little woman well enough to bring her into your palace to usurp your princess, papa," she told her father, when they were alone for a moment. "But she must have married you for your money."

"Well, perhaps she did; but Ashton can't have it all in that case, you see."

Beatrice had made him a confidant, even in the presence of her youthful step-mother.

The little telephone bell in Helena's sitting-room tinkled madly in the early morning hours.

"Forgive me, Lena, for keeping you waiting so long for the news. Have you been asleep in your chair?"

No; Helena had been taking a very comfortable nap on the couch, oblivious to her friend's sorrows. She received the news with unmitigated surprise, and, when she had said good-night and shut up the instrument, glided through the hall to her brother's door. A light shone through the transom and a ruddy glow of a coal-fire in the grate below which Ashton was stretched in an easy chair, clad in dressing-gown and slippers, dreaming, but not asleep.

"Well?" he interrogated, sitting up, "has the telephone told the whole truth?"

"Yes."

"Poor old man! Did she say how he bears it?"

"He bears it beautifully. I think Bee is really to be congratulated?" and Helena's grave face became convulsed.

"It isn't very much of a laughing matter, is it?" said the young fellow, seriously.

"Yes, it is—the most decidedly funny thing I ever heard of," said Helena.

And her brother thought so, too, five minutes later. He did not laugh very much.

"After all, she said, "the world will say I am marrying the money, instead of Beatrice."

There proved to be truth in the newspaper report of the previous morning. A large wholesale house in the city went into bankruptcy and the same paper published the news with the interesting romantic versions of—old John Vernon's marriage with a beautiful scrub lady of Oakland."

"Perhaps," said Beatrice to her lover, the evening, when he called, "it can be made to pain to disinherit me, if you object to your wife's money. You see, he might easily leave everything to his wife."

She stood beside him, wearing her diamonds again, and a soft, trailing tea-gown of white-and-gold India silk. He laughed happily.

"Since I have become so hopelessly entangled, I shall have to submit to my fate, royal jewels, princess and all."

"That sounds heroic. We will let the world say what it pleases," and Beatrice placed her hands in his. "If you had not proposed to me in such an accidental way, I am not sure but I should have taken the step myself. 'Philip, my king.'"—Frank Leslie's Illustrated.

AFTER BIG GAME.

Hunting Elephants and Lions in South Africa.

In company with Hugo von Palm, Prince von Lichtenberg and Mr. Louis Kaufman, your correspondent made an extended hunting tour. After equipping ourselves with six spans, or twelve oxen, and four fleet-footed hunting ponies, plenty of ammunition, arms, provisions and drinkables, we engaged two tentot to accompany us, and started off. The Zulus are great hunters, well acquainted with the country and full of daring and bravery. We met with only small game for some days, but when we got into the elephant country we kept a good watch, and fell on a herd of these huge animals feeding on the leaves and branches of trees called elephant trees. The animals generally congregate near rivers, along with lions, rhinoceroses, hippopotami and other animals to drink, and often quarrels ensue and bloody battles are fought. Dr. Livingston refers to this in his book, and says the scenes when the mighty denizens of the forest wage war are beyond description. Before we got in range the herd espied us and made off. We at once made chase, mounted on our swift ponies, and singling out one of the largest, a bull, followed him up. Kaufman, who was leading, fired and inflicted a wound. The shot had the effect of bringing the brute to bay about forty yards from us. He turned and came at us with a terrific charge. We all fired, but the shots had no apparent effect other than adding to his fury, and he came on with ears erect, like two huge fans, trumpeting and bellowing with rage and pain, and I thought it was all up with us. Leaning over on the opposite of the saddle as far as possible, I shot close at him, his trunk just grazing me, and plying the spurs vigorously to my horse, I got clear of the brute and went off at a steaming gallop through the thick tangle-brush and underwood, the monster close in my wake. However, veering off in another direction, he made off at his best speed. I pulled up and pursued, and after I had given him a few more shots he turned to the charge again. This time the prince was on hand, and taking aim for his favorite shot in the chest, seriously disabled him. He came on feebly to the charge. Running my horse to one side I fired broadside into him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him fall to rise no more. We secured the tusks and hide and left the huge carcass in the jungle to serve as food for the asvogels.

The African lions are the largest and most powerful of the species. They generally inhabit the low commons that creep along the sides of the streams. They often carry off cows, antelopes, and sometimes men. Whole villages are built in the upper branches of trees to avoid these bloodthirsty animals. An encounter with one of them nearly cost Saccamela, one of our Zulus, his life. The day was exceedingly pleasant, and leaving our horses with the oxen, we strolled along the banks of Livepoopo river, which, in this part, abounds in tall mattrushes. Cautiously exploring we came into full view of an enormous black-maned and tawny lion. The latter we only saw for a minute as she made her escape up the river under cover of the brushwood. But the king of beasts came steadily forward and stood looking at us. He fixed his eye on Saccamela, who, being an experienced hunter, waited, knowing exactly the time to fire. The beast, conscious of his strength, came slowly forward with a majestic and steady gait until within about sixteen yards of Saccamela, when he settled himself, licking his lips and wagging his tail, preparing to spring. Crack went the rifle of Saccamela. Lion and man were lost for a minute in a cloud of smoke which, when cleared away, revealed the form of the Zulu lying full length in the grass, the lion limping away about fifty yards off. Kaufmann and I followed the wounded brute to bay about forty yards from us. He turned and came at us with a terrific charge. We all fired, but the shots had no apparent effect other than adding to his fury, and he came on with ears erect, like two huge fans, trumpeting and bellowing with rage and pain, and I thought it was all up with us. Leaning over on the opposite of the saddle as far as possible, I shot close at him, his trunk just grazing me, and plying the spurs vigorously to my horse, I got clear of the brute and went off at a steaming gallop through the thick tangle-brush and underwood, the monster close in my wake. However, veering off in another direction, he made off at his best speed. I pulled up and pursued, and after I had given him a few more shots he turned to the charge again. This time the prince was on hand, and taking aim for his favorite shot in the chest, seriously disabled him. He came on feebly to the charge. Running my horse to one side I fired broadside into him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him fall to rise no more. We secured the tusks and hide and left the huge carcass in the jungle to serve as food for the asvogels.

The African lions are the largest and most powerful of the species. They generally inhabit the low commons that creep along the sides of the streams. They often carry off cows, antelopes, and sometimes men. Whole villages are built in the upper branches of trees to avoid these bloodthirsty animals. An encounter with one of them nearly cost Saccamela, one of our Zulus, his life. The day was exceedingly pleasant, and leaving our horses with the oxen, we strolled along the banks of Livepoopo river, which, in this part, abounds in tall mattrushes. Cautiously exploring we came into full view of an enormous black-maned and tawny lion. The latter we only saw for a minute as she made her escape up the river under cover of the brushwood. But the king of beasts came steadily forward and stood looking at us. He fixed his eye on Saccamela, who, being an experienced hunter, waited, knowing exactly the time to fire. The beast, conscious of his strength, came slowly forward with a majestic and steady gait until within about sixteen yards of Saccamela, when he settled himself, licking his lips and wagging his tail, preparing to spring. Crack went the rifle of Saccamela. Lion and man were lost for a minute in a cloud of smoke which, when cleared away, revealed the form of the Zulu lying full length in the grass, the lion limping away about fifty yards off. Kaufmann and I followed the wounded brute to bay about forty yards from us. He turned and came at us with a terrific charge. We all fired, but the shots had no apparent effect other than adding to his fury, and he came on with ears erect, like two huge fans, trumpeting and bellowing with rage and pain, and I thought it was all up with us. Leaning over on the opposite of the saddle as far as possible, I shot close at him, his trunk just grazing me, and plying the spurs vigorously to my horse, I got clear of the brute and went off at a steaming gallop through the thick tangle-brush and underwood, the monster close in my wake. However, veering off in another direction, he made off at his best speed. I pulled up and pursued, and after I had given him a few more shots he turned to the charge again. This time the prince was on hand, and taking aim for his favorite shot in the chest, seriously disabled him. He came on feebly to the charge. Running my horse to one side I fired broadside into him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him fall to rise no more. We secured the tusks and hide and left the huge carcass in the jungle to serve as food for the asvogels.

ONE OF REV. DR. TALMAGE'S STERLING DISCOURSES.

Subject: "A Plague of Infidelity."

TEXT: "*Let God be true, but every man a liar.*"—Romans iii., 4.

That is if God says one thing and the whole human race says the direct contrary, accept the Divine veracity. But there are many in our time who have dared arraign the Almighty for falsehood. Infidelity is not only a plague, but it is the mother of plagues.

It seems from what we hear on all sides that the Christian religion is a huge blunder; that the Mosaic account of the creation is an absurdity large enough to throw all nations into rollicking guffaw; that Adam and Eve never existed; that the ancient flood and Noah's ark were impossibilities; that there never was a miracle; that the Bible is the friend of cruelty, of murder, of polygamy, of all forms of base crime; that the Christian religion is woman's tyrant and saint's stultification; that the Bible from lid to lid is a fable, a cruelty, a humbug, a sham, a lie; that the martyrs who died for its truth were miserable dupes; that the church of Jesus Christ is properly gazetted as a fool; that when Thomas Carlyle, a skeptic, said, "The Bible is a noble book," he was dropping into imbecility; that when Theodore Parker declared in Music hall, Boston, "Never a boy or girl in all Christendom has been guided by that great book," he was becoming very weak minded; that it is something to bring a blush to the cheek of every patriot that John Adams, the father of American independence, declared, "The Bible is the best book in all the world," and that Hon. hearted Andrew Jackson fell into a sniveling coward when he said, "That book, sir, is the rock on which our republic rests;" and that Daniel Webster abdicated the throne of his intellectual power and resigned his logic and irony, being the great expounder of the constitution and the great lawyer of his age turned into an idiot when he said, "My heart assures and reasons are unanimous that the gospel of Jesus Christ must be a divine reality. From the time that at my mother's feet or on my father's knee I first learned to lisp verses from the sacred writings they have been my daily study and vigilant contemplation, and if there is anything in my style or thought to be commended it is owing to the deep impress in infancy into my mind of early love of the Scriptures;" and that William H. Seward, the diplomatist of the century, only showed his imbecility when he declared, "The whole hope of human progress is suspended on the ever growing influences of the Bible;" and that it is wisest for us to take that book from the throne in the affections of the uncounted multitudes and put it under our feet, to be trampled upon by hatred and hissing contempt; and that your old father who knelt down in his cabin and chanted and beloaded when he leaned on his as a staff after his hair grew gray, and his hands were tremulous, and his steps shortened as he came up to the verge of the grave; and that your mother sat with a pack of lies on her lap while reading of the better country, and of the ending of all her aches and pains, and reunion never to cease with those of you who stood around her, but with the children she had buried with infinite heartrence, so that she could read no more until he took off her spectacles and wiped from them the heavy mist of many tears. Alas! for forty and fifty years they should have walked under this delusion and had under their pillow when they lay a-dying in the back room, and asked that some words from the wise page might be cut upon the tombstone under the shadow of the old country meeting house where they sleep to-day waiting for a resurrection that will never come.

This book, having deceived them, and having deceived the mighty intellects of the past, must not be allowed to deceive our larger, mightier, vaster, more stupendous intellects. And so out with the book from the counting room, where it is used in the solemn work of testimony, out with it from under the foundation of church and asylum. Out with it from the domestic circle. Gather together all the Bibles—the children's Bibles, the family Bibles, family school Bibles, and those with lid nearly worn out and pages almost obliterated by the fingers long ago turned to dust—bring them all together, and let us make a bonfire of them, and by the warm our cold criticism, and after that turn under with the plowshare of public indignation the polluted ashes of that loathsome, soulless, obscene, cruel and mischievous book which is so antagonistic to man's liberty, and and woman's honor, and the world's happiness.

Now that is the substance of what infidelity proposes and declares, and the attack on the Bible is accompanied by great jocosity, and there is hardly any subject about which more mirth is kindled than about the Bible. I like fun; no man was ever built with a keener appreciation of it. There is health in laughter instead of harm—physical health, mental health, moral health, spiritual health—provided you laugh at the right thing. The morning is jocund. The Indian with its own mist baptizes the cataract of Minnehaha, or Laughing Water. You have not kept your eyes open or your ears alert if you have not seen the sea smile, or heard the forests clap their hands, or the orchards in blossom week agles with redolence. But there is a laughter which has the rebound of despair. It is not healthy to giggle about God or chuckle about eternity or smirk about the things of the immortal soul.

You know what caused the accident years ago on the Hudson River Railroad. It was an intoxicated man who for a joke pulled the string of the air brake and stopped the train at the most dangerous point of the journey. But the lightning train, not knowing there was any impediment in the way, came down, crushing out of the mangled victims the immortal souls that went speeding instantly to God and judgment. It was only a joke. He thought it would be such fun to stop the train. He stopped it. And so infidelity is chiefly anxious to stop the long train of the Bible, and the long train of the churches, and the long train of Christian influences, while coming down upon us are death, judgment, and eternity, coming a thousand miles a minute, coming with more force than all the avalanches that ever slipped from the Alps, coming with more strength than all the lightning express trains that ever whistled or shrieked or thundered across the continent.

Now in this jocularity of infidel thinkers I cannot join, and I propose to give you some reasons why I cannot be an infidel, and so I will try to help out of this present condition any who may have been struck with the lazy vertigo of skepticism.

First, I cannot be an infidel because infidelity has no good substitute for the consolation it proposes to take away. You know there are millions of people who get their chief consolation from this book. What would you think of a crusade of this sort? Suppose a man should resolve that he would organize a company to destroy all the medicines from all the apothecaries and from all the hospitals of the earth. The work is begun. The medicines are taken from the shelves of the apothecaries and from all the hospitals of the earth. The work is complete