ARTIST WAINWRIGHT.

The Adventures Abroad of a Painter from America.

BY SIDNEY LUSKA.

CHAPTER I.

The cause of the uproar proved to be simple enough.

Emerging into the Bischofsplatz from the side street that I had followed, I found a great crowd gathered before the Marmorhof, shouting "Death to Conrad!" and "Where is Mathilde?" with all the force of its collective lungs. The Marmorhof was the residence of Prince Conrad, brother to the reigning Grand Duke Otto—reigning, indeed, but now very old and ill and like to die. The legitimate successor to the throne would have been Otto's granddaughter Mathilde, the only surviving child of his eldest son, Franz Victor, who had been dead these ten years. But the Grand Duke's brother, Conrad, was covetous of her rights—covetous and, as her friends alleged, unscrupulous; and if she were but out of the way Conrad would come to reign. Rumor, indeed, whispered that he had made three actual attempts to compass her death: two by poison and one by the dagger, each, thanks to some miracle, unsuccessful. But a fortnight ago, upon the first outbreak of fatal symptoms in poor old Otto, Mathilde had mysteriously disappeared. Her whereabouts unknown, all the world was in a great commotion. "She has fled and is in hiding," surmised some people, "to escape the designs of her wicked uncle." "No," retorted others; "but he, the wicked uncle himself, has kidnaped her, sequestered her, perhaps made away with her. Who can tell?"

As an inquiring stranger, the situation interested me; and, from the top of a

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convenient doorstep, I gazed upon this deep-voiced Teutonic mob with a good deal of curiosity. It must have numbered upward of a thousand individuals, compact in its center and near the palace, but scattering toward its edges. "A sea of faces, a sea of pale, frowning faces," I thought, and I realized for the first time in my life what a perfect metaphor that is—a sea of faces. No other imaginable phrase could so exactly have hit off the scene before me; a sea of faces, a surging, troubled sea. Young men's faces, for the most part; many of them quite beardless.

"Students from the university," I guessed.

My own station was at the very outskirts of the assemblage, the station of a casual spectator. Sharing my friendly doorstep with me, there were a couple of sharp-faced priests, two or three prettyish young girls — bare-headed, presumably run out from some of the neighboring shops—and a young man with a pointed black beard, rather long black hair, and a broad-brimmed, soft felt hat, who looked as if he might be a member of that guild to which I myself belonged, the ancient and honorable company of artists.

To him I addressed a question:

"Students, I suppose?"

"Yes, their leaders are students. The students and the artisans of the town are of the Princess' party. The army, the clergy, and the country folk are for the Prince."

He had discerned from my accent that I was a foreigner; hence, doubtless, the fullness of his answer.

"It seems to be a harmless mob enough," I suggested. "They make a lot of noise, to be sure; but that breaks no bones."

"There's just the point," said he. "The Princess' friends fight only with with their throats. If she had some bone breakers among them, the present complication could never have arisen."

But meanwhile the multitude continued to shout, in keys so diverse as to exhaust the chromatic scale:

"Give us our Princess!"

"Where is the Hereditary Grand Duchess?"

"Where is Mathilde?"

"Down with Conrad!"

"Shame on Conrad!"

"Hang Conrad!"

"Death to Conrad!"

And such like, so that for Conrad, on the whole, it must have been a bad quarter of an hour.

Presently, however, came the sound of a bugle winding in the distance. The sound drew nearer and nearer. Pretty soon the bugler in person appeared, gorgeous in uniform, mounted upon a beautiful white horse, advancing slowly up the Bishofsplatz, towards the crowd, trumpeting with all his might.

"What is the meaning of that?" I asked.

"That is the signal to disperse," answered my companion. "He looks like a Major General, doesn't he? But he's only a trumpet sergeant, and he's followed at a hundred yards by a battalion of infantry. His trumpet blast is by way of warning. Disperse quietly, it says, and all will be forgiven. Tarry and the soldiery will arrive and make things hot for you."

"His warning does not seem to pass unheeded," I remarked.

"Oh, they're a chicken-hearted lot, these friends of the Princess," he assented contemptuously.

Already the mob had begun to melt. Of mob, properly speaking, in a few minutes, nothing was left; only a few stragglers in knots here and there, among them my acquaintance and myself. He was a handsome young fellow, with a thin, dark face, bright brown eyes, and a voice so soft that if I had heard without seeing him, I should almost have supposed the speaker to be a woman.

"We too had better be off," he said.

"And prove ourselves also chicken-hearted?" queried I.

"Oh, discretion is the better part of valor," he returned.

"But I should immensely like to stop and see the advent of the military," I submitted.

"Ha! Like or not, I'm afraid you'll have to, now," he cried. "Here they come."

With a murdurous tramp-tramp, the soldiers were pouring into the Bischofsplatz from the side streets leading to it.

"We must take to our heels," said my young man.

"We were merely on-lookers," said I.

"Conscious innocence!" laughed he. "Nevertheless, we had better run for it." And with our fellow loiterers we began most ignominiously to run away. But before we had run far we were stopped by the voice of an officer.

"Halt! Halt! Halt, or we fire!"

As one man we halted.

The officer rode up to us, and with true military taciturnity vouchsafed not a word either in question or explanation, but formed us in ranks of four abreast, and surrounded us with his men at arms. Then he gave the command to march. We were perhaps two dozen captives all told, and a good quarter of our number were women.

"What are we in for now?" I wondered aloud.

"God knows," replied my friend. "A night in the Castle of St. Michael, at any rate." And he shrugged his shoulders.

"Ah, that will be romantic," said I, feeling like one launched upon a life of adventure.

CHAPTER II.

He was quite right. We were marched across the town, through its narrow thoroughfares, over its sharp paving-stones, and into the court-yard of the Castle of St. Michael. By the time we got there and the heavy oaken gates were shut behind us it was nearly dark.

"Here you pass the night," announced our officer. "In the morning—humph! we will see."

"Do you mean to say they are going to afford us no better accommodation than this?" I demanded, apostrophizing the powers of the air, rather than any definite personality.

But the dark young man took it upon him to reply. "So it seems," said he. "Fortunately, however, the night is warm, the skies are clear, and to gaze upon the stars is reputed to be most elevating for the spirit."

Our officer, his brief but pregnant harangue concluded, had vanished into the castle, leaving us a corporal and three privates for a guard of honor.

We, the prisoners, gathered together in the middle of the court-yard, all of us, and held a sort of impromptu indignation meeting. The women were especially eloquent in their complaints. Two of these women I recognized as having been among my neighbors of the door-step a half hour since, and we exchanged compassionate glances. The other four were oldish women, who wore caps and aprons and looked like domestic servants.

"Cooks," whispered my comrade. "Some good burghers will be kept waiting for their suppers. Oh, what a lark!"

Our convention finally broke up with an informal resolution to the effect that, though we had been most shabbily treated, there was nothing to be done.

"We must grin and bear it. But let us make ourselves comfortable as we may, and seek distraction in an interchange of ideas," proposed my mate. He seated himself upon a barrel that lay lengthwise against the castle wall, and motioned me to place myself beside him.

"You are English?" he inquired in an abrupt, German way.

"No, I am an American."

"Ah, it is the same thing. A tourist? Have you been long in X——?"

"Three days."

"For heaven's sake, what have you found to keep you here three days?"

"I am a painter, and the town is paintable."

"Still life! Nature morte!" he cried. "It is the dullest little town in Christendom. But I am glad you are a painter. I am a musician—a fiddler."

"I suspected we were of the same general clan," said I.

"Did you, though? How funny! But I also seemed to scent a kindred soul."

"Here is my card. If we're not beheaded in the morning, I hope we may see more of each other," I went on.

He took my card, and, by the light of the match he struck for the occasion, read aloud from it: "Mr. Arthur Wainwright," pronouncing the English name without difficulty. "I have no card, but my name is Sebastian Roch."

"You speak English?" was my inference.

"Oh, yes, I speak a kind of English!" he confessed, using the tongue in question. He had scarcely a trace of a foreign accent.

"You speak it uncommonly well," I declared.

"Oh, I learned it as a child, and then I have relatives in England," he explained.

"Do you suppose there would be any objection to our smoking?" I asked.

"Oh, no! let us smoke by all means."

I offered him my cigarette case. When we had our cigarettes afire we resumed our talk.

"Tell me, what, in your opinion, is the truth about Mathilde?" I began. "Is she in voluntary hiding? Or is her uncle at the bottom of it?"

"Ah, that is too hard a riddle!" he protested. "I know nothing about it, and I have scarcely an opinion. But I may say very frankly that I am not one of her partisans. She has no worse enemy than I."

"What! Really? I am surprised at that. I thought all the youth of X—— were devoted to her."

"She's a harmless enough little person in her way, perhaps, and I have nothing positive to charge against her. Only I don't think she is made of the proper stuff for a reigning monarch. She is too giddy, too light-headed, a sort of mad-cap hoyden. She thinks too little of her dignity. Court ceremonial is infinitely tiresome to her; and the slow, dead life of X—— she fairly hates. Harmless, necessary X—— she has been known to call it. She was never born to be the motionless figure-head of this tiny ship of state; and with such a crew! Oh, you should see the ministers and courtiers! Dry bones and parchment, puffed up with tedious German etiquette! She is too easily bored, too fond of amusement. She was born to be a Bohemian, an artist, like you or me. I pity her, poor thing,—I pity every one whose destiny is to inhabit this dreary principality—but I can't approve of her. She, too, by-the-by, is a fiddler. She is said to play the violin very well. My own thought is—beware of fiddling monarchs."

"You hint a Nero," said I.

"Yes. I've no doubt she'd fiddle over the ashes of X—— with the best will in the world. Say a Nero crossed with a Haroun-al-Raschid. I fear her reign would be marred by many a queer midnight escapade, like that of the merry caliph, only without his intermixture of wrong-righting. She'd seek her own amusement solely, though to seek that in X——, pshaw! You might as well seek for blood in a stone. Oh, she'd make no end of mischief. The devil hath no agent like a woman bored."

"That's rather true," I agreed, laughing. "And Conrad—what of him?"

"Oh, Conrad's a beast, a squint-eyed, calulating beast, there's no doubt of that. But a beast might make a good enough grand duke; and, anyhow, a beast is all that a beastly little grand duchy like this deserves. However, to tell you my own secret feeling, I don't believe he'll have the chance to prove it. Mathilde, for all her ennui, is described as most tenacious of her rights, and as a shrewd little body, too, down at the bottom. That is inconsistent, but there's the woman of it. Oh, she's inconsequential to a degree! I can't help suspecting somehow that unless her uncle has really killed and buried her she will contrive by hook or crook to come to her throne. For my part, I'm sorry. I should prefer to be ruled by Conrad. But I would not bet my money on him, all the same. Have you ever seen him? He has the funniest, ugliest squint in Europe."

That night was very long, though we accomplished a lot of talking; very cold it seemed, too, though we were in midsummer. I dozed a little, with the stone wall of the castle for a pillow. At daybreak our guards were changed. At six o'clock we were visited by a dapper little subaltern, a lieutenant, who looked us over, asked our names and sundry other personal questions, scratched his chin for a moment, reflectively, and finally, with an air of inspiration, bade us begone.

The gates were thrown open, and we issued from our prison free.

"It's been almost a sensation," said Sebastian Roch. "Well, so one can experience almost a sensation, even in X——! Live and learn."

"You are not a patriot," said I.

"My dear, dear sir, I am patriotism personified. I am identified with my country heart and soul. Only I find it dull. If that be treason, make the most of it. I could not love thee, dear, so well, loved I not dullness less. It is not every night that I am arrested and sit on a barrel smoking cigarettes with an enlightened foreigner. The English are not generally accounted a lively race, but by comparison with the inhabitants of X—— they shine like diamonds."

"I dare say so," I acquiesced. "But I'm not English. I'm American."

"So I perceive from your accent," answered he, impertinently. "But as I told you once before, it amounts to the same thing. You wear your rue with a difference, that is all."

"Speaking of sensations," said I, "I shall die if I don't drink a cup of coffee."

"You'll find no public house awake at this hour," said Sebastian.

"Then I'll wake one up," vowed I.

"What! and provoke a violation of the law? By law they're not allowed to be open between midnight and 7 o'clock."

"Oh, laws be hanged. I must have a cup of coffee."

"Really, you are delightful," asserted Sebastian, putting his arm through mine.

Presently we came to a beer hall, at whose door I began vehemently to bang. My friend stood by, shaking with laughter, which seemed to me disproportionate to the humor of the event.

"You are easily amused," said I.

"Oh, no; far from it; but this is such a lark, you know," said he.

By and by we were seated opposite each other at a table, sipping hot coffee, served to us by a sleepy kellner in a soiled white apron.

As I looked at Sebastian Roch, I observed a startling phenomenon. The apex of his right whisker had become

I OBSERVED A STARTLING PHENOMENON.

detached from the skin and was standing out half an inch aloof from his cheek. The sight sent a shiver down my spine. It was certainly most unnatural and eerie. His eyes were bright and honest; his voice was soft and refined; he spoke English like a man and a brother; and his character, so far as I had got at it through his talk, seemed whimsical and open; but his beard, his dashing, black, pointed beard, which I'm not sure I hadn't been envying him a little, was peculiar; and instinctively I felt for my watch. It was safe in its place, and so was my purse. Therefore at the door of the bierhaus, in due time, we bade each other a friendly good-by. He promised to look me up one of these days at my hotel.

"I have enjoyed your society more than you can think," he said. "Some of these days I'll drop in and see you, à l'improviste."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EVERY desire is insatiable and therefore is always in want.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE IMPORTANCE OF OPPORTUNE ACTION.

Isaiah's Vivid Presentation of the Personality of Christ—A Present Saviour. Quench Not the Spirit—The Bible Is New Every Hour to the Truly Converted.

Crisis of the Soul.

According to London advices the attendances at the service conducted by Rev. Dr. Talmage continue as great as ever. At every stopping point during his preaching tour he is greeted by phenomenal audiences. Unless some change in the programme becomes necessary, he will, during the next ten days, preach in the leading Scottish cities, as already announced. He has just returned from Russia, whither he went with Mr. Klopsch to supervise the distribution of the cargo of The Christian Herald relief steamer Leo. The reception accorded Dr. Talmage in the Czar's capital city by nobles, officials and the populace show that the hold he has upon the hearts of Christians is worldwide. The arrival of the Leo was made the occasion of general rejoicing. The St. Petersburg officials conferred the freedom of the city on their American guests. The Leo's cargo was forwarded to the famine districts without delay. The sermon selected for this week is entitled "The Soul's Crisis," from Isaiah lv, 6, "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found."

Isaiah stands head and shoulders above the other Old Testament authors in vivid descriptiveness of Christ. Other prophets give an outline of our Saviour's features. Some of them present, as it were, the side face of Christ; others a bust of Christ. But Isaiah gives us the full length portrait of Christ. Other Scripture writers excel in some things—Ezekiel more weird, David more pathetic, Solomon more epigramatic, Habakkuk more sublime—but when you want to see Christ coming out from the gates of prophecy in all his grandeur and glory you involuntarily turn to Isaiah. So that if the prophecies in regard to Christ might be called the "Oratorio of the Messiah" the writing of Isaiah is the "Halleluiah Chorus," where all the batons wave and all the trumpets come in. Isaiah was not a man picked up out of insignificance by inspiration. He was known and honored. Josephus and Philo and Sirach extolled him in their writings. What Paul was among the apostles Isaiah was among the prophets.

My text finds him standing on a mountain for inspiration, looking out into the future, beholding Christ advancing and anxious that all men might known him; his voice rings down the ages, "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found." "Oh," says some one, "that was for olden times." No, my hearer. If you have traveled in other lands you have taken a circular letter of credit from some banking house in London, and in St. Petersburg or Venice or Rome or Antwerp or Brussels or Paris you presented that letter and got financial help immediately. And I want you to understand that the text, instead of being appropriate for one age or one land is a circular letter for all ages and for all lands, and wherever it is presented for help, the help comes, "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found."

I come to-day with no hairspun theories of religion, with no nice distinctious, with no elaborate disquisitions, but with a plain talk on the matters of personal religion. I feel that the sermon I preach this morning will be the savor of life unto life or of death unto death. In other words, the Gospel of Christ is a powerful medicine; it either kills or cures. There are those who say: "I would like to become a Christian. I have been waiting a good while for the right kind of influence to come." And still you are waiting. You are wiser in worldly things than you are in religious things. And yet there are men who say they are waiting to get to Heaven—waiting, waiting, but not with intelligent waiting, or they would get on board the line of Christian influences that would bear them into the Kingdom of God.

Now you know very well that to seek a thing is to search for it with earnest endeavor. If you want to see a certain man in London, and there is a matter of much money connected with your seeing him, and you cannot at first find him, you do not give up the search. You look in the directory, but cannot find the name; you go in circles where you think perhaps he may mingle, and having found the part of the city where he lives, but perhaps not knowing the street, you go through street after street and from block to block, and you keep on searching for weeks and for months.

You say, "It is a matter of £10,000 whether I see him or not." Oh, that men were as persistent in seeking for Christ! Had you one-half that persistence you would long ago have found Him who is the joy of the forgiven spirit. We may pay our debts, we may attend church, we may relieve the poor, we may be public benefactors, and yet all our life disobey the text, never seek God, never gain Heaven. Oh, that the idea of God would help this morning while I try to show you in carrying out the idea of my text first, how to seek the Lord, and in the next place, when to seek Him. "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found."

I remark, in the first place, you are to seek the Lord through earnest and believing prayer. God is not an autocrat or a despot seated on a throne with his arms resting on brazen lions and a sentinel pacing up and down at the foot of the throne. God is a father seated in a bower, waiting for his children to come and climb on his knee and get his kiss and his benediction. Prayer is the cup with which we go to the "fountain of living water" and dip up refreshment for our thirsty soul. Grace does not come to the heart as we set a cask of water to catch the rain in the shower. It is a pulley fastened to the throne of God which we pull, bringing the blessing.

I do not care so much what posture you take in prayer, nor how large an amount of voice you use. You might get down on your face before God, if you did not pray right inwardly, and there be no response. You might cry at the top of your voice, and unless you had a believing spirit within, your cry would not go farther up than the shout of a plowboy to his oxen. Prayer must be believing, earnest, loving. You are in your house some summer day, and a shower comes up, and a bird affrighted darts into the window and wheels around the room. You seize it. You smooth its ruffled plumage. You feel its fluttering heart. You say, "Poor thing, poor thing!" Now a prayer goes out of the storm of this world into the window of God's mercy, and he catches it, and he feels its fluttering pulse, and he puts it in his own bosom of affection and safety.

O impenitent soul, have you ever tried the power of prayer? God says, "He is loving and faithful and patient." Do you believe that? You are told that Christ came to save sinners. Do you believe that? You are told that all you have to do to get the pardon of the Gospel is to ask for it. Do you believe that? Then come to him and say: "O Lord I know Thou canst not lie. Thou hast told me to come for pardon and I could get it. I come, Lord. Keep Thy promise and liberate my captive soul."

Oh, that you might have an altar in the parlor, in the kitchen, in the store, in the barn! for Christ will be willing to come again to the manger to hear prayer. He would come in your place of business as he confronted Matthew, the tax commissioner. If a measure should come before Congress that you thought would ruin the nation, how you would send in petitions and remonstrances. And yet there has been enough sin in your heart to ruin it forever, and you have never remonstrated or petitioned against it. If your physical health failed, and you had the means, you would go and spend the summer in Germany, and the winter in Italy, and you would think it a very cheap outlay if you had to go all around the earth to get back your physical health. Have you made any effort, any expenditure, any exertion for your immortal and spiritual health? No, you have not taken one step.

Oh, that you might now begin to seek after God with earnest prayer! Some of you have been working for years and years for the support of your families. Have you given one-half day to the working out of your salvation with fear and trembling? You came here this morning with an earnest purpose, I take it, as I have come hither with an earnest purpose, and we meet face to face, and I tell you first of all, if you want to find the Lord, you must pray and pray and pray.

I remark again, you must seek the Lord through Bible study. The Bible is the newest book in the world. "Oh," you say, "it was made hundreds of years ago, and the learned men of King James translated it hundreds of years ago." I confute that idea by telling you it is not five minutes old when God by His blessed spirit retranslates it into the heart. If you will, in the seeking of the way of life through Scripture study, implore God's light to fall upon the page you will find that these promises are not one second old, and that they drop straight from the throne of God into your heart.

There are many people to whom the Bible does not amount to much. If they merely look at the outside beauty, why, it will no more lead them to Christ than Washington's farewell address or the Koran of Mahomet or the Shaster of the Hindoos. It is the inward light of God's word you must get or die. I went up to the church of the Madeleine in Paris and looked at the doors, which were the most wonderfully constructed I ever saw, and I could have stayed there a whole week; but I had only a little time, so, having glanced at the wonderful carving on the doors, I passed in and looked at the radiant altars and sculptured dome. Alas! that so many stop at the outside door of God's holy word, looking at the rhetorical beauties, instead of going in and looking at the altars of sacrifice and the dome of God's mercy and salvation that hovers over every penitent and believing soul!

Oh, my friends, if you merely want to study the laws of language, do not go to the Bible. It was not made for that. Take "Howe's Elements of Criticism." It would be better than the Bible for that. If you want to study metaphysics, better than the Bible will be the writings of William Hamilton. But if you want to know how to have sin pardoned, and at last to gain the blessedness of Heaven, search the Scriptures, "for in them ye have eternal life."

When people are anxious about their souls—and there are some such here to-day—there are those who recommend good books. That is all right. But I want to tell you that the Bible is the best book under such circumstances. Baxter wrote, "A Call to the Unconverted," but the Bible is the best call to the unconverted. Philip Doddridge wrote, "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," but the Bible is the best rise and progress. John Angell James wrote "Advice to the Anxious Inquirer," but the Bible is the best advice to the anxious inquirer.

Oh, the Bible is the very book you need, anxious and inquiring soul! A dying soldier said to his mate, "Comrade, give me a drop!" The comrade shook up the canteen and said, "There isn't a drop of water in the canteen." "Oh," said the dying soldier, "that's not what I want; feel in my knapsack for my Bible." And his comrade found the Bible and read him a few of the gracious promises, and the dying soldier said: "Ah, that's what I want. There isn't anything like the Bible for a dying soldier, is there, my comrade?" Oh, blessed book while we live. Blessed book when we die.

I remarked again, we must seek God through church ordinances. "What," say you, "can't a man be saved without going to church?" I reply there are men, I suppose, in glory who have never seen a church: but the church is the ordained means by which we are to be brought to God; and if truth affects us when we are alone it affects us more mightily when we are in the assembly—the feelings of others emphasizing our own feelings. The great law of sympathy comes into play and a truth that would take hold only with the grasp of a sick man beats mightily against the soul with a thousand heart throbs.

When you come into the religious circle come only with one notion, and only for one purpose—to find the way to Christ. When I see people critical about sermons, and critical about tones of voice, and critical about sermonic delivery, they make me think of a man in prison. He is condemned to death, but an officer of the government brings a pardon and puts it through the wicket of the prison and says: "Here is your pardon. Come and get it." "What! Do you expect me to take that pardon offered with such a voice as you have, with such an awkward manner as you have? I would rather die than so compromise my rhetorical notions!"

Ah, the man does not say that; he takes it! It is his life. He does not care how it is handed to him. And if this morning that pardon from the throne of God is offered to our souls, should we not seize it, regardless of all criticism, feeling that it is a matter of Heaven or hell?

But I come now to the last part of my text. It tells when we are to seek the Lord. "While He may be found." When is that? Old age? You may not see old age. To-morrow? You may not see to-morrow. To-night? You may not see to-night. Now! Oh, if I could only write on every heart in three capital letters that N-O-W—Now!

Sin is an awful disease. I hear people say with the toss of the head and with a trivial manner, "Oh, yes, I'm a sinner." Sin is an awful disease. It is leprosy. It is dropsy. It is consumption. It is all moral disorders in one. Now you know there is a crisis in a disease. Perhaps you have had some illustration of it in your family. Sometimes the physician has called, and he has looked at the patient and said: "That case was simple enough; but the crisis has passed. If you had called me yesterday or this morning I could have cured the patient. It is too late now; the crisis has passed." Just so it is in the spiritual treatment of the soul—there is a crisis. Before that, life! After that, death! Oh, my dear brother, as you love your soul do not let the crisis pass unattended to!

Oh, if men could only catch just one glimpse of Christ, I know they would love him. Your heart leaps at the sight of a glorious sunrise or sunset. Can you be without emotion as the Sun of Righteousness rises behind Calvary and sets behind Joseph's sepulchre? He is a blessed Saviour! Every nation has its type of beauty. There is German beauty and Swiss beauty and Italian beauty and English beauty; but I care not in what land a man first looks at Christ he pronounces him "chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely." O my blessed Jesus! Light in darkness! The Rock on which I build! The Captain of Salvation! My joy! My strength! How strange it is that men cannot love thee!

The diamond districts of Brazil are carefully guarded, and a man does not get in there except by a pass from the government; but the love of Christ is a diamond district we may all enter, and pick up treasures for eternity. O cry for mercy! "To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." There is a way of opposing the mercy of God too long, and then there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin, but a fearful looking for judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversary. My friends, my neighbors, what can I say to induce you to attend to this matter—to attend to it now? Time is flying, flying—the city clock joining my voice this moment, seeming to say to you: "Now is the time!" O put it not off!

Why should I stand here and plead and you sit there? It is your immortal soul. It is a soul that shall never die. It is a soul that must soon appear before God for reviewal. Why throw away your chance for Heaven. Why plunge off into darkness when all the gates of glory are open? Why become a castaway from God when you can sit upon the throne? Why will ye die miserably when eternal life is offered you, and it will cost you nothing but just willingness to accept it? "Come, for all things are now ready." Come, Christ is ready, pardon is ready. The Church is ready. Heaven is ready. You will never find a more convenient season, if you should live fifty years more, than this very one. Reject this, and you may die in your sins.

Why do I say this? Is it to frighten your soul? Oh, no. It is to persuade you. I show you the peril. I show you the escape. Would I not be a coward beyond all excuse if, believing that this great audience must soon be launched into the eternal world, and that all who believe in Christ shall be saved, and that all who reject Christ will be lost—would I not be the veriest coward on earth to hide that truth or to stand before you with a cold, or even placid manner? My dear brethren, now is the day of your redemption.

It is very certain that you and I must soon appear before God in judgment. We cannot escape it. The Bible says, "Every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him, and all the kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him." On that day all our advantages will come up for our glory or for our discomfiture—every prayer, every sermon, every exhortatory remark, every reproof, every call of grace; and while the Heavens are rolling away like a scroll and the world is being destroyed, your destiny and my destiny will be announced. Alas! alas! if on that day it is found that we have neglected these matters. We may throw them off now. We cannot then. We will all be in earnest then. But no pardon then. No offer of salvation then. No rescue then. Driven away in our wickedness—banished, exiled forever.

Have you ever imagined what will be the soliloquy of the soul on that day unpardoned as it looks back upon its past life? "Oh," says the soul, "I had glorious Sabbaths. There was one Sabbath in autumn when I was invited to Christ. There was a Sabbath morning when Jesus stood and spread out His arms and invited me to His holy heart. I refused Him. I have destroyed myself. I have no one else to blame. Ruin complete. Darkness unpitying, deep, eternal! I am lost! Notwithstanding all the opportunities I have had of being saved, I am lost! O thou long suffering Lord God Almighty, I am lost! O day of judgment, I am lost! O father, mother, brother, sister, child in glory, I am lost!" And then as the tide goes out your soul goes out with it—farther from God, farther from happiness, and I hear your voice fainter and fainter and fainter: "Lost! Lost! Lost! Lost! Lost!" O ye dying yet immortal men! "Seek the Lord while He may be found."

But I want you to take the hint of the text that I have no time to dwell on—the hint that there is a time when he cannot be found. There is a man in this city, eighty years of age, who said to a clergyman who came in, "Do you think that a man at eighty years of age can get pardoned?" "Oh, yes," said the clergyman. The old man said, "I can't; when I was twenty years of age—I am now eighty years—the spirit of God came to my soul, and I felt the importance of attending to these things, but I put it off. I rejected God, and since then I have had no feeling." "Well," said the minister, "wouldn't you like to have me pray with you?" "Yes," replied the old man, "but it will do no good. You can pray with me if you like to."

The minister knelt down and prayed and commended the man's soul to God. It seemed to have no effect upon him. After awhile the last hour of the man's life came, and through his delirium a spark of intelligence seemed to flash, and with his last breath he said, "I shall never be forgiven." "O seek the Lord while He may be found."

Every old man laughs at the enthusiasm of the young. He has been enthusiastic so often himself, and has nothing but burdens and disappointments to show for it.

A MAN'S mind is a scrap-book, and the tough things he pasted in it when he was young never fade.