

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"A RESURRECTION MISTAKE" EASTER SUNDAY SUBJECT.

From the Text: "She, Supposing Him to Be the Gardener, Saith Unto Him; Tell Me Where Thou Hast Laid Him and I Will Take Him Away"—John 20:15.



HERE are Mary Magdalene and Christ, just after his resurrection. For four thousand years a grim and ghastly tyrant had been killing people and dragging them into his cold palace. He had a passion for human skulls. For forty centuries he had been unshowered in his work. He had taken down kings and queens and conquerors, and those without fame. In that cold palace there were shelves of skulls, and pillars of skulls, and altars of skulls, and even the chalices at the table were made of bleached skulls. To the skeleton of Abel had been added the skeleton of all the ages, and no one had disputed his right until one good Friday, about eighteen hundred and sixty-seven years ago, as near as I can calculate it, a mighty stranger came to the door of that awful place, rolled back the door, and went in, and seizing the tyrant threw him to the pavement and put upon the tyrant's neck the heel of triumph.

Then the mighty stranger, exploring all the ghastly furniture of the place, and walking through the labyrinth, and opening the dark cellars of mystery, and tarrying under a roof of ribs of which were made of human bones—tarrying for two nights and a day, the nights very dark and the day very dismal, he seized the two chief pillars of that awful palace and rocked them until it began to fall, and then laying hold of the ponderous front gate hoisted it from its hinges, and marched forth crying, "I am the Resurrection!" That event we celebrate this Easter morn, Handel and Beethoven miracles of sound added to this floral decoration which has set the place a bloom.

There are three or four things which the world and the church have not noticed in regard to the resurrection of Christ. First, our Lord in the garden's attire. Mary Magdalene, grief-stricken, stands by the rifled sarcophagus of Christ, and turns around, hoping she can find the track of the sacrilegious resurrectionist who has despoiled the grave, and she finds some one in working apparel come forth as if to water the flowers, or uproot the weeds from the garden, or to set reclimbing the fallen vine—some one in working apparel, his garments perhaps having the sign of the dust and dirt of the occupation.

Mary Magdalene, on her face the rain of a fresh shower of weeping, turns to this workman, and charges him with the desecration of the tomb, when lo! the stranger responds, flinging his whole soul into one word which trembles with all the sweetest rhythm of earth and heaven, saying, "Mary!" In that peculiarity of accentuation all the incognito fell off, and she found that instead of talking with a humble gardener of Asia Minor, she was talking with Him who owns all the hanging gardens of heaven. Constellations the clusters of forget-me-nots, the sunflower the chief of all, the morning sky and the midnight aurora, flashing terraces of beauty, blazing like a summer wall with coronation roses and giants of battle. Blessed and glorious mistake of Mary Magdalene. "She supposing him to be the gardener." What does that mean? It means that we have an every-day Christ for every-day work in every-day apparel. Not on Sabbath morning in our most seemly apparel are we more attractive to Christ than we are in our every-day work dress, managing our merchandise, smiting our anvil, ploughing our field, tending the flying shuttles, mending the garments for our household, providing food for our families, or toiling with weary pen, or weary pencil, or weary chisel. A working-day Christ in working-day apparel for us in our every-day toil. Put it into the highest strain of this Easter anthem, "Supposing him to be the gardener."

If Christ had appeared at daybreak with a crown upon his head, that would have seemed to suggest special sympathy for monarchs; if Christ had appeared in chain of gold and with robe bediamonded, that would have seemed to be special sympathy for the affluent; if Christ had appeared with soldier's sash and sword dangling at his side, that would have seemed to imply special sympathy for warriors; but when I find Christ in gardener's habit, then I spell it out that he has hearty and pathetic understanding with every-day work, and every-day anxiety, and every-day fatigue.

Roll it down in comfort all through these aisles. A working-day Christ in working-day apparel. Tell it in the darkest corridor of the mountain to the poor miner. Tell it to the factory maid in most unventilated establishment at Lowell or Lancaster. Tell it to the clearer of roughest new ground in the western wilderness. Tell it to the sewing woman, a stitch in the side for every stitch in the garment, some of their cruel employers having no right to think that they will get through the door of heaven any more than they could through the eye of a broken needle which has just dropped on the bare floor from the pricked and bleeding fingers of the consumptive sewing-girl. Away with your talk about hypostatic union, and soteriology of the Council of Trent, and the metaphysics of religion which would freeze practical Christianity out of the world; but pass along the gardener's coat to all nations that they may touch the hem

of it and feel the thrill of the Christy brotherhood. Not supposing the man to be Caesar, not supposing him to be Socrates, but "supposing him to be the gardener."

Oh, that is what helped Joseph Wedgwood, toiling amid the heat and the dust of the potteries, until he could make for Queen Charlotte the first royal table service of English manufacture. That was what helped James Watt, scoffed at and caricatured, until he could put on wheels the thunderbolt of power which roars by day and night in every furnace of the locomotive engines of America. That is what helped Hugh Miller, toiling amid the quarries of Cromarty, until every rock became to him a volume of the world's biography, and he found the footsteps of the Creator in the old red sandstone. Oh, the world wants a Christ for the office, a Christ for the kitchen, a Christ for the shop, a Christ for the banking-house, a Christ for the garden, while spading and planting and irrigating the territory. Oh, of course, we want to see Christ at last in royal robe and bediamonded, a celestial equestrian mounting the white horse, but from this Easter of 1897 to our last Easter on earth we most need to see Christ as Mary Magdalene saw him at the daybreak, "supposing him to be a gardener."

Another thing which the church and the world have not noticed in regard to the resurrection of Christ is that he made his first post-mortem appearance to one who had been the seven-deviled Mary Magdalene. One would have supposed he would have made his first posthumous appearance to a woman who had always been illustrious for goodness. There are saintly women who have always been saintly, saintly in girlhood, saintly in infancy, always saintly. In nearly all our families there have been saintly aunts. In my family circle it was aunt Phebe; in yours saintly aunt Martha or saintly aunt Ruth. One always saintly. But not so with the one spoken of in the text.

While you are not to confound her with the repugnant courtesan who had made her long locks do the work of towel at Christ's footwashing, you are not to forget that she was exorcised of seven devils. What a capital of demonology she must have been. What a chorus of all diabolism. Seven devils—two for the eyes, and two for the hands, and two for the feet, and one for the tongue. Seven devils. Yet all these are extirpated, and now she is as good as once she was bad, and Christ honors her with the first posthumous appearance? What doth that mean? * * *

There is a man seven-deviled—devil of avarice, devil of pride, devil of hate, devil of indolence, devil of falsehood, devil of strong drink, devil of impurity. God can take them all away, seven or seventy. I rode over the new cantilever bridge that spans Niagara—a bridge 900 feet long, 850 feet of chasm from bluff to bluff. I passed over it without anxiety. Why? Because twenty-two locomotives and twenty-two cars laden with gravel had tested the bridge, thousands of people standing on the Canadian side, thousands standing on the American side to applaud the achievement. And however long the train of our immortal interests may be we are to remember that God's bridge of mercy spanning the chasm of sin has been fully tested by the awful tonnage of all the pardoned sin of all ages, church militant standing on one bank, church triumphant standing on the other bank. Oh, it was to the seven-deviled Mary that Christ made His first post-mortem appearance.

There is another thing that the world and the church have not observed in regard to this resurrection, and that is, it was the morning twilight.

If the chronometer had been invented and Mary had as good a watch as some of the Marys of our time have, she would have found it was about half-past 5 o'clock a. m. Matthew says it was in the dawn. Mark says it was at the sunrise; Luke says it was very early in the morning; John says it was while it was yet dark. In other words, it was twilight. That was the o'clock at which Mary Magdalene mistook Christ for the gardener. What does that mean? It means there are shadows over the grave unlifted, shadows of mystery that are hovering. Mary stooped down and tried to look to the other end of the crypt. She gave hysterical outcry. She could not see to the other end of the grave of your dead. Neither can we see to the other end of our grave. Oh, if there were shadows over the family plot belonging to Joseph of Arimathea, is it strange that there should be some shadows over our family lot? Easter dawn, not Easter noon.

Shadow of unanswered question! Why were they taken away from us? why were they ever given to us if they were to be taken so soon? why were they taken so suddenly? why could they not have uttered some farewell words? why? A short question, but a whole crucifixion of agony in it. Why? Shadow on the graves of good men and women who seemed to die before their work was done. Shadow on all the graves of children because we ask ourselves why so beautiful a craft wrecked at all if it was to be wrecked one mile outside of the harbor? But what did Mary Magdalene have to do in order to get more light on that grave? She had only to wait. After a while the Easter sun rolled up, and the whole place was flooded with light. What have you and I to do in order to get more light on our own graves and light upon the graves of our dear loved ones? Only to wait.

After Christ's interment every cellular tissue broke down, and nerve and artery and brain were a physiological wreck, and yet he comes up swarthy, ruddy and well. When I see after such mortuary silence such radiant ap-

pearance, that settles it that whatever should become of the bodies of our Christian dead, they are going to come up, the nerves restructuring, the optic nerve reillumined, the ear drum a-vibrate, the whole body lifted up, without its weakness and worldly uses for which there is no resurrection. Come, is it not almost time for us to go out to meet our reanimated dead? Can you not hear the lifting of the rusted latch?

Oh, the glorious thought, the glorious consolation of this subject when I find Christ coming up without any of the lacerations, for you must remember He was lacerated and wounded fearfully in the crucifixion—coming up without one. What does that make me think? That the grave will get nothing of us except our wounds and imperfections. Christ went into the grave exhausted and bloodless. All the currents of His life had poured out from His wounds. He had lived a life of trouble, sorrow, and privation, and then He died a lingering death. His entire body hung on four spikes. No invalid of twenty years' suffering ever went into the grave so white and ghastly and broken down as Christ, and yet here He comes up so ruddy and robust she supposed Him to be the gardener.

Ah! all the side-aches, and the head-aches, and the back-aches, and the leg-aches, and the heart-aches we will leave where Christ left His. The ear will come up without its heaviness, the eye will come up without its dimness, the lungs will come up without oppressed respiration. Oh, what races we will run when we become immortal athletes! Oh, what circuits we will take when all earthly imperfections subtracted and all celestial velocities added we shall set up our residence in that city which, though vaster than all the cities of this world, shall never have one obsequy!

Standing this morning round the shattered masonry of our Lord's tomb, I point you to a world without hearse, without muffled drum, without tumulus, without catafalque, and without a tear. Amid all the cathedrals of the blessed no longer the "Dead March in Saul," but whole libretto of "Hallelujah Chorus." Oh, put trumpet to lip and finger to key, and loving forehead against the bosom of a risen Christ. Hallelujah, Amen. Hallelujah, Amen.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

The Junior Society of Christian Endeavor was thirteen years old on March 27. On March 20 there were enrolled on Secretary Baer's books 11,537 societies, with 346,110 members. The first society was organized in Tabor, Iowa, by Rev. John W. Cowan. The first signer of the Junior pledge is now a clergyman.

"She hath done what she could." The members of the Christian Endeavor society in the Indiana state prison at Michigan City have no money to contribute toward state Christian Endeavor work, but the other day the state treasurer received from this society fifty-two stamped envelopes. One of these envelopes is issued to each prisoner every two weeks and an extra one is given instead of a ration of tobacco. By abstaining from the luxury of correspondence, and from the use of tobacco, the men were enabled to fulfill their pledge.

An endeavor after apostolic fashion is recorded of a native Christian Endeavor society in Shaingay, West Africa. The young men of the society set out, two by two, to preach the gospel throughout all their district, a region forty by seventy miles in extent. They held 238 services and reached 4,572 hearers, and all without a penny of expense. The young men had many interesting experiences. One of them philosophically remarked, when deterred from crossing a river by the alligators in the stream, "The Lord sent us to preach the gospel, not to feed these fellows."

A company of Endeavorers from the Broadway Baptist church, Cambridgeport, Mass., held weekly meetings in a rescue mission in Boston, providing a free lunch for the men, in opposition to a free lunch saloon in the neighborhood. These meetings have resulted in many conversions, and in several accessions to the church. The Endeavorers make it a practice to secure employment for the converts when possible.

The Endeavorers in the State of Washington have made earnest efforts to secure temperance and Sabbath observance legislation. A temperance bill was recently before the legislature and the Endeavorers prompted prominent representatives to personally visit the capitol, while about five hundred telegrams were sent from all parts of the state to the senators and representatives. Mass meetings were also held in many districts, all with the aim of properly influencing legislation.

The first year of Christian Endeavor in Tremont Temple Baptist church, Boston, has been a fruitful one. Several members of the society have united with the church. One of the first deeds of the society was the publication of a sermon on baptism by Dr. Lorimer. Two more of the pastor's sermons were published during the year, a total of eight thousand copies. The instruction committee of the society has maintained a Bible history class under the direction of the assistant pastor, and it has also provided two courses of university extension lectures. Since Tremont Temple is very peculiarly situated in the business district, the society has made every effort to apply business enterprise to its methods, and at the beginning of the year it issued for general distribution a beautiful calendar, advertising the church and society and time of meetings.

As a recognition of the good work done by the Salvation Army in Detroit in relieving distress among the poor, the citizens have contributed \$74,000 to purchase the building used by the army as headquarters.

IN WHALE'S STOMACH.

CAPT. DAVIS VISITED THE INTERIOR OF FIVE.

How His Call Differed from Jonah's—All of the Huge Animals Were Dead—Fresh Light on Their Habits Is Told by a Victim.



APT. S. A. SWINERTON, having sailed the sea for many years, is now keeper of Lightship No. 23, off Noank, Conn. During his sea life Capt. Swinerton was a whaler, says the New York Herald. Naturally he knows other whalers, and when he read Dr. Lyman Abbott's sermon on Jonah and the whale he bethought himself of Capt. James R. Davis of Noank, a retired whaling captain, 75 years old, who has been "five times a Jonah," which is Capt. Davis' own way of saying that he has lived in the bellies of five different whales. Unfortunately for the strictest possible application of Capt. Davis' experiences to the scriptural story, but no doubt fortunately for Capt. Davis himself, his whales were dead. But he was in them—of that there is no doubt—and he has lived to smoke a pipe and tell about it, and Capt. Swinerton tells the story of his friend's experience thus:

"I dined yesterday with a man, now 75 years of age, who has been in the bellies of five different whales. He is Capt. James R. Davis of Noank, Conn., and this was done when he was a young man of 23 years of age. He was one of the crew of the whaling ship Tiger, Capt. William Brewster, of Stonington, Conn., which left that place in 1845, sailing direct around the Horn to the whaling grounds of the Pacific. Afterward the ship sailed to Magdalena bay, off the Lower California coast. The grayback whales use it as a breeding ground and are found here in great numbers. The cow whales float up on the sandy shore or the still waters and when the tides fall the young whales are born on the beach. The calf when born has its flukes bent up like a hook, and it is several days before this hook straightens out enough for it to use it, to swim. The mother whale will sport about the baby until her baby gets the crook out of its tail and then teaches it to swim. The cow whale when about to calve is very fat and valuable and yields about forty barrels of oil from the blubber and seven barrels from the inside heart fat and that about the liver and entrails. The mother whales never desert their young and thus become easy captures. After being killed they are towed alongside the ship. A cutting-in chain is fastened to the side fin, a tackle from it to the mainyard hauled tight and one strip of blubber cut into. This is called a blanket piece. Then the ribs are cut at the backbone and the blanket piece and the ribs are hauled up from the carcass, leaving a hole in the upper part of the body just back of the head. A man enters this hole and cuts all the fatty substance from about the head, which is shaped like a chicken's gizzard, but from two feet to thirty inches in diameter. Capt. Davis told me he was in a different whale each day for five days, being inside each mammal about an hour doing this work, and that it is a common custom for a whaler to be for a time a Jonah in the whale's stomach. Capt. Davis has been a Jonah on five different occasions. Now, if a young man of 23 years can live in a whale's stomach, even though the whale be dead, why could not the Jonah of the Bible live three days and as many nights in that famed whale of scripture? Capt. Davis' five whales had not been dead very long when he was in them."

Dinners That Cost Money.

Lucius Lucullus, the Roman general, once gave a dinner at which wine was served costing \$20 an ounce. The young pigs eaten were roasted over a fire burning nuts and raisins. Among the select dishes were peacock's tongues, live fish from distant seas, oysters from Britain and fruits from Arabia. The cost of the feast was about \$100,000. Caligula also gave a dinner which is said to have cost \$500,000. Vitellius, the Roman emperor, gave a dinner costing \$200,000. Another dinner by Aulus Verus, a Roman noble, cost \$250,000, and Elagabalus one at which a single dish cost \$200,000. When George Nevil was installed archbishop of York, in 1470, he gave a feast that cost \$150,000. The guests during the day and night of the festival consumed 80 oxen, 300 hogs, 10,000 sheep, 2,000 chickens, 4,000 ducks, 4,000 geese, and 200 tons of ale, 104 tons of wine and other things in proportion.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Much Devilry Uncovered.

A feature of the religious revival in progress at Hortonville, Ind., is that the conversions have had the effect of uncovering more or less dishonesty and other offenses. One penitent paid back \$40, which he had taken from the owner of a steam thrashing machine. Another acknowledged to the injured party that he had sworn falsely against him in court. Confessions of the theft of hams, chickens, etc., have been lively and still the good work goes on.

When Contradiction Is Safety.

"Dab's only one time," said Uncle Eben, "when it's safe ter contradict a man, an' dat's when he puts on a melancholy look an' stabs in ter tell 'bout how old he's gettin' ter be."—Washington Star.

SUGGESTIONS FOR A MODEL KITCHEN.

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Very little attention is given to the furnishing of the kitchen, even in the most particular households. If a new house is being built the careful housewife may charge the architect with certain conveniences for the room, but generally the matter is left wholly to his direction; unless he is a tyro he is not apt to disappoint expectations. Modern improvements in plumbing and in ranges provide the most convenient of permanent fixtures. It is scarcely necessary to warn one against the old style of shut in plumbing, that left innumerable crevices and crannies to give lodgment to dirt and vermin. The very best results are obtained from the use of iron pipe instead of lead, and if this be used there is much less chance of "sweating" and the consequent rotting of the adjacent wood, particularly if the pipes be painted. The woodwork of the kitchen is fully as important as that of any of the rest of the house. Pine is generally chosen, and is as good as any other wood; it should be oiled and given several coats of hard varnish, or else painted in yellow or buff. Particular attention should be given to the use of thoroughly seasoned

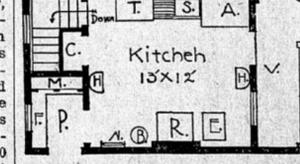


PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

wood, for the dampness and stain are trying, at best, and joints should be open as little as possible. All closets and cupboards should be built from the floor to the ceiling without the slightest opening above or below. The doors should cover just as much of the front as possible, leaving room only for a narrow jamb and a shallow sill in order that when they are opened the entire exterior should be exposed to view. Earthenware tubs are cheaper in the long run than wooden ones, although their initial cost is considerably greater. But if wooden ones must be used, be sure they are put in most carefully, as under the best of contractors they give more trouble than any other kitchen filletment.

The drain pipe and traps below should clear the floor so that one may easily clean around them. The coping should go close to the wall and rising from it should be a high splash board, while a quarter round heading should cover the joint between the two. The hot water boiler should not be jammed tightly into the corner, but should stand a few inches from the wall. This will permit it to be cleaned on all sides, an important consideration if the boiler be of copper. Above all things do not stint money in laying the kitchen floor; this must be constantly scrubbed, and if the wood checks and splinters the task is heart breaking. Only the highest grades of Georgia pine should be used, in narrow strips, and it should have frequent dressing. It is no economy to lay a cheap floor with the idea of depending upon a covering of oil cloth or other similar material.

A very common mistake is made in putting in a sink that is too small and in providing no place for the draining of dishes, a sink is never too large, even for the smallest family, and if space will permit it is well to put in one that is a couple of sizes larger than needed; at both ends should be wide draining shelves, an admirable feature, if one can afford it is a panel of tiling adjoining the sink. This should be capped with a strip of wood containing hooks, from which may be hung basting spoons, collander, measures, etc. As to furnishing proper, this is a very simple matter, although many people seem to think that it is sufficient to tramp into the kitchen the dilapidated and broken down furniture from other parts of the house.



When this is done it is unreasonable to expect that the servants will take any pride in the room or make the most of its possibilities. There is really no excuse for this course, as the cost of excellent new kitchen furniture is merely nominal. There should be two plain deal tables, a large one and a small one, the latter just about the height of the range or stove. This will be found extremely convenient in cooking if drawn close to the range, to hold utensils. The chairs should be of the kind that have solid wooden seats, but there should also be at least one comfortable rocking chair, anything that is in the nature of an ornament and that has no utilitarian use is wholly out of place and should be banished from the kitchen. The design presented has a kitchen arranged in accord with the suggestion contained in article.

er; N, towel rack; P, pantry; R, range; S, sink; T, hinged table; V, veranda.

THE SHEEP OF LEBANON.

They Are Fattened Like the Famous Geese of Strasburg.

Harry Fenn, the artist, has written for the St. Nicholas an account of his visit to the famous cedars of Lebanon, which place is also noted for its silk. Mr. Fenn says: Wherever a handful of earth can be made to rest upon a ledge, there a mulberry plant grows. It is a picturesque and thrilling sight to see a boy lowered by a rope over the precipice, carrying a big basket of earth and cuttings of mulberry twigs to plant in his hanging garden. The crop of leaves, fodder for the worms, is gathered in the same way. By such patient and dangerous industry have these hardy mountaineers been able to make their wilderness of rock blossom into brightly colored silks. Not a single leaf is left on the trees by the time the voracious worms get ready to spin their cocoons, but a second crop comes on later, and a curious use is made of that. The tree-owners purchase one of those queer big-tailed Syrian sheep, the tail of which weighs twenty pounds when at the full maturity of its fatness; and then a strange stuffing process begins, not unlike the fattening of the Strasburg geese. When the sheep can eat no more the women of the house feed it; and it is no uncommon sight to see a woman going out to make an afternoon call, leading her sheep by a string, and carrying a basket of mulberry leaves on her arm. Having arrived at her friend's house, she squats on the ground, rolls a ball of mulberry leaves in her right hand, and slips it into the sheep's mouth, then works the sheep's jaw up and down with the other hand till she thinks the mouthful has been chewed enough, when she thrusts it down the throat of the unfortunate animal. The funny part of the business is that probably half-a-dozen gossips of the village are seated around the yard, all engaged in the same operation. Of course the sheep get immensely fat, and that is the object; for at the killing time the fat is tried out and put into jars, as meat for the winter.

DIGNITY OF DINING.

Some 200 or 300 years ago Italy led in cooking and France laughed and mocked at the Italian devotion to the science of the kitchen. Then came days in France when masters of the art of cooking, such as Bechameil, serving Louis the Magnificent, and Vatel, the famous steward of the prince de Conde, ruled over the dinner table, and great ladies thought it no indignity to prepare a favorite dish.

The princess of Soubise invented the soup now called after her, while the princess of Conde gave her name to a particular mode of serving a breast of mutton. The duchess of Mailly, vying with her, invented a special way of dressing a leg of the animal. Louise de la Vallere was skilled in the culinary art.

Mme. de Maintenon became so alarmed at the delight of Louis XIV. over the breast of mutton a la Conde that she called in Pere La Chaise and Pere Duillet, and the trio evolved the duck au Douillet; this dish is famous in history as the means of weaning the susceptible monarch from the princess de Conde to the triumphant Maintenon.

Moderation in manner of eating and choice of food has not always characterized men of history. Both Napoleon I. and Carlyle are said to have ruined their digestions and tempers by rapid eating. On the other hand, the care with which Gladstone partakes of the viands set before him has been acknowledged over and over again as one of the greatest factors which has worked to prolong his life.

Thrifty to the Last.

An old Lancashire miller, noted for his keenness in matters financial, was once in a boat trying his best to get across the stream, which drove the mill. The stream was flooded, and he was taken past the point at which he wanted to land; while, farther on, misfortune still further overtook him; to the extent that the boat got upset; his wife, realizing the danger he was in, ran frantically along the side of the stream, crying for help in a pitiful voice; when, to her sheer amusement, she was suddenly brought to a standstill by her husband yelling out: "If I'm drowned, Polly, dunnot forget that four's gone up 2 shillin' a sack!"—Tit-Bits.

Hints to Young Authors.

There is but one way for an author to get his wares before the editors, and that is to send his manuscript to the periodical to which he believes it to be best suited. If he deals with the principal publications he can always feel certain of courteous treatment—and honest dealings. Prices vary and depend entirely on the value of the material to the periodical. Editors are always glad to examine manuscripts sent to them, and, all talk to the contrary notwithstanding, are anxious to discover unknown talent.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Rather Mixed.

A local preacher of the west of England recently offered up the singular prayer "that the spark of grace might be watered with the dew of blessing from on high."—Saturday Review.

One of the Presents.

Hogan—"How did you get that oya?" Brogan—"I cildreded me bird-day lacht avenin'."—Judge.