

"All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates and have the letters and figures plain and distinct."

HIS VISIT TO THE OLD HOME.

In a hall where costly marble gleamed amid the sunlight from the man of the city passed with proud, important air. Where the bankers and the brokers waited their leisure hours away. And discussed the world of finance and the topics of the day. In a deep embrasured window, by a table richly draped with a costly curtain, while from time to time he read. From the daily papers columns of the "stocks" and "bonds" and "news." And he sighed in weary sorrow for his many business cares. Soon he hailed a merchant friend, who was slowly passing by. "Hi, there, Jim—I say, old fellow—Jim—I say, where've you been these few weeks past? I've not seen you here to town. You've been rusticated, surely, for you're looking strong and healthy." "Yes," said James, "at old fellow, and I'll tell you of the joy—of a visit to Wisconsin, where I lived when but a boy. I had quite a quarrel with father some twenty years ago. And I left my home and mother, as I thought, forever more. "Soon I turned up in this city, like most run-of-the-mill—quite poor. And secured a place as errand-boy in a wholesale dry goods store. And by gnawing and by scraping, like some old dog, I've grown rich and have a plenty, and am partner in the 'house.' And I almost had forgotten that my parents were not dead. For I seldom thought of mother, and the home where I was bred. But I thought I'd like some fishing, down on 'Fire Island' some day. So I told my friends in business I was off for just a day. "But the wrapper round my dinner was a little weekly paper, which is published in the home place, called the 'Friendship Paper.' And familiar names there printed make me sick for home, no doubt. For I thought, 'I'll visit mother and the home place while I'm out here.' So I took the train that evening, and ere many hours were past, I was at the modest station of the dear old town at last. And familiar sights around me, that I hadn't seen for years. Stirred my heart with deep emotions, and filled my eyes with tears. "The busy station-master was a man whom I knew at last. "So I quickly stepped before him, said: 'Colin, how'd ye do?' He looked at me in wonder, and he said: 'I'm very sure. Thought I can't quite recognize you, that I've seen you here before.' I told him who I was, and then we had quite a talk about the old place—of this thing and that. I asked him about the old folks, and he said: 'Jim, indeed, you didn't come a bit too soon; the old folks are in need.' "I told you, John, that knocked me just nearly off my feet. To think of father and mother, maybe, suffering for food to eat— So I wired to Chicago for a thousand-dollar check. And struck for home across the lots as I'd break my neck. Things didn't go right, somehow, when I reached the place at last; The dear old home was going to wreck and ruin fast. But I walked right to the door, and loudly rang the bell— Mother answered the summons—she wasn't looking well. "I could see many a patch and darn in her neat and tidy dress. And strong emotions rose, John, I couldn't well repress— Those dear old honest eyes of hers caused me to grow quite blue. She fell upon my neck and sobbed—'It's Jim—my own son Jim.' I broke down, too, and cried, though I hadn't wept for years. A lump came in my throat, my eyes ran o'er with tears. Father came in ere very long, and we all broke down again. And mother's tears fell thick and fast like heaven's holy rain. "I ate my supper here that night, 'twas naught but bread and meat. I didn't mind that, my heart was full—too full by far to eat. Mother told me of her troubles, as we loitered o'er the bread. From the mortgage on the homestead, down to finding Brindle dead. This mortgage on the house and lot would soon be due, she said, and they'd have to leave the place at once, unless the cash was paid. But while she told her troubles she looked across and smiled. And said that she was happy now because she'd found her child. "I got my cash by mail next day, and bought a lot of delicacies by the pound—a joint of tender meat. 'Twas good to see their dear old eyes, when all this came to hand; And father said that a joint of meat was something truly grand. His voice rarely trembled, as he asked a simple question. And since they rolled slowly down his honest, wrinkled face. So while mother poured the coffee, and father carved the fowl, I slipped the thousand dollars in the old blue sash bow. "Mother smiled across the table, as she poured the coffee out. She said she hadn't a drop for a year or near about. She dipped into the sugar, but suddenly she stopped. And peeping down into the bowl—the spoon was quickly dropped. They both gazed at the roll of bills, and their honest eyes grew dim. Mother whispered low beneath her breath: 'Bless God for my son Jim.' I said home was a month, old boy, and paid off every debt. I'll send them something every week, they'll have enough, you bet." The broker grasped James by the hand, and said, in accents low: "You've touched this aged old heart of mine by what you've said, you know. I haven't heard from my old home for fifteen years or more. But I'm going to take the train for there to-morrow morning, sure!" —C. Conway Baker, in Atlanta Constitution.

THE COWBOYS' SCHOOL.

A "Feller" That Wanted to Be Taken as a Life Scholar. "What's that?" mumbled Stub Tally, with his mouth full of "corn dodger," liberally lubricated with "sicc meat" gravy. "It's the truth; that's what it is!" growled Sand, laying down his section of dodger and scowling at Stub. "Think I was lyin'?" "No," said Stub. "Reckon yer tellin' the truth, I mean, what's that over there?" "Look like a waggin," said Ben Daywood. Long Ike Beadler, the fourth member of the group of cowboys, dining in the shade of a lone and "scrubby" jack oak, said nothing, but continued to dog his appetite with huge bites of dodger and "mudding."

"Wal, if it's a waggin, what's it a doin' out yere, twenty mile from any road?" questioned Stub. "Can't prove it by me," answered Sand. "Nor me," said Ben Daywood. Long Ike Beadler said nothing. "What'd ye reckon it's doin', Ike?" questioned Sand. "Movin'." Short-tempered Sand, whose name at one time had been Alexander something, had, in his long contact with life on the range, which had worn off the greater part of his name, gained one bit of wisdom. That was not to pick a quarrel with Long Ike Beadler. So he contented himself with a short expression of great wrath. "That was all that could be said of the small-like advance of the distant vehicle. It was moving and little more. By the time all but Long Ike had finished their dinners, the cow-boys had decided to investigate the mystery. "Cattle will take keer uv themselves while we're gone, I reckon," said Sand. They flung themselves onto their sturdy "Cayuse" ponies and dashed away across the prairie, Long Ike in the rear, contentedly munching a huge chunk of corn bread, the last of the dinner. "Must be Old Man Poverty Himself," commented Ben Daywood, as after a sharp ride they drew near the slowly advancing vehicle. "One spring wagon with a rag for a cover." "One big limpin' skeleton with hoss hide stretched over it," commented Sand. "Yes'n one little limpin' skeleton with mule hide stretched over it," added Sand. Long Ike, busy with his corn-dodger, said nothing. "Whole outfit ain't worth six bits," said Stub. "Can't cure them limps. If you had a team that limped that-a-way, Ike, what'd you do with 'em?" "Let 'em limp!" Ike answered laconically. "Wal, I'll be switched!" ejaculated Stub, as they came close to the vehicle. "Me, too!" Ben and Sand echoed. The broad-brimmed hat that concealed the face of the driver of the limping team was pushed back by a small hand, and the sight of the face that was revealed caused Sand to burst out: "Boys, it's a—!" "A girl!" put in Long Ike, so interested that, for a moment, he forgot to munch the chunk of dodger. "Tackle her, Stub!" said Sand. "Tackle her yerself," was the reply. "I'm no good on pretty talk." "Nor me; Ben, you do the talkin'!" "Not me," demurred Ben Daywood. Without a word, Long Ike rode forward, and his comrades followed him. Long Ike thrust the corn dodger into the breast of his shirt, and, with a motion that was intended to be graceful, removed his hat, revealing a mop of sun-faded hair that seemed a total stranger to the application of a comb. Instantly the other cowboys imitated his example, and, in turn, exposed shocks of hair as tangled as was the thatch of Long Ike. "Don't be skeered, miss," began Ike, peacefully. "We won't pester you. That thar's Ben Daywood. Feller next to him is Sand. All the name he's got, I reckon. Little fellow thar is Stub Tally. An' this yere"—indicating himself—"is Ike Beadler." As each was introduced he made an elaborate but awkward bow, and furthermore rubbed his mop of hair, as if in hope of reducing its rebellious snarls to more presentable appearance. "I am glad to meet you, gentlemen," the girl said pleasantly. "Much obliged to ye," returned Long Ike, while the rest repeated their awkward bows. "Hi! It's just this-a-way," Ike went on. "None uv our business what yer doan' yere, an' we hain't a-goin' to say doan' but if yer sartin' felt like tellin' us, w-y." They listened in silence while she told her story—a simple story with a dash of originality and a vein of pathos running through it. "Me an' the boys," began Long Ike, when she had finished, "will—" "Thar goes the cattle?" shouted Ben Daywood. They dashed away with such speed that the chunk of dodger bounded out of the breast of Long Ike's shirt and was lost. It was nearly half an hour before the broad horns were driven back where they belonged, and the cowboys, by "riding line" for awhile, had got them to feeding in the opposite direction. As they rode back again toward the wagon, Long Ike's head was bent as if he was pondering deeply. "Boys," he said, suddenly, "if a struggle like her'n don't deserve to be rewarded with success nuthin' does." "Ye right!" agreed his comrades. "An' I reckon she needs hit bad enough, too," Ike went on. "The long trip on the cars an' the buyin' in the waggin" skeletons whar the railroad stopped must 'a' took right smart uv her honey." "Wal—" "Miss," Ike began, when they reached the wagon. "We're sump'n mor'n common cowboys. We're the school board'n this yere district." His comrades stared in astonishment. "We've decided that you kin have the school, an' the term will begin to-mor'w, if—" "Ike," called Stub. "Yere, a minute, will ye?" They all rode out of earshot of the wagon and engaged in an animated discussion. "Hain't playin' no pranks with her!" Ike retorted, in response to the indignant accusations of his comrades. "But thar haint a child twist this an' the county line," protested Stub. "Nobody to go to her school." "Yes." "Wal, I'm yere to say that we're as ignorant as they make 'em, an' the feller that knows any thing has got to fight me, I—" "Ike," interrupted Ben. "We don't know nothin'!" "That's what we don't!" agreed his comrades. "Knoved we didn't," said Long Ike. "When an orphan girl with blue

eyes and a face made thin by hard work is fooled into spendin' her little savin's by lyin' reports that teachers is wanted out yere on the range, an' comes out yere to sorto battle with ignorance, w-y she's a-goin' to find ignorance!" "You bet!" assented his comrades. When they returned to the wagon Long Ike began: "The small children out yere hain't—I mean the—wal, that is, we're the children. We're goin' to school to you ourselves. We don't know nothin'!" "You bet we don't!" agreed the others. "Sand," said Stub Tally afterward, "blamed if I didn't feel sorry for her when she faced the idea uv teachin' us great hummocks!" "Me, too!" said Sand. Presently it was all settled, and slender little Alice Hamlin was appointed by the self-selected school board to teach themselves in a district that they themselves had created. "But, I have never graduated in the higher branches," the girl had protested, half timidly. "I do know enough to teach you any thing." "Yes, you do!" cried Long Ike. "Any thing you know will be learnin' to us. We don't know nothin'!" And his comrades agreed with him. Alice Hamlin, installed as teacher of the cowboys, became a member of the little household of Old Man Nixon, who assisted the cook and "potted" about the ranch, while his wife made and mended for the cowboys to the number of fifteen or twenty. On pleasant days Alice accompanied by "Mam" Nixon, kindly old soul, would repair to the lone tree, which, on a slight elevation, commanded a view of the "entire line." Thar while "Mam" sewed and marveled at the wisdom of the girl and the dense ignorance of the cowboys, Alice swayed the scepter of learning. It was not long till all the cowboys on the ranch were more or less constant attendants at Alice's school, and the profound ignorance displayed by the men who, before, had not been considered lacking in intellect, was simply appalling. The school board, in special session, decided that, in view of the difficulty in instilling learning into such phenomenal block-heads, the salary of the little teacher be doubled. By the time the school had run a few months a change had come over the board of directors. They were no longer communicative. There seemed something continually on the mind of each, and they regarded each other with suspicion. "Wal," remarked Long Ike, communing with himself, "reckon I know what's the matter with the boys, an' hanged if I blame 'em! Prairie air, good cookin' an' light work has done wonders for her, an' if thar's any prettier girl 'twixt this an' anywhere, I'd like mighty well to see her. Ike, if you was on 'y—wal, you hain't a' that you setles it, Ike, yer an old fat; that's what you air!" "Wal," he resumed, after a pause, "I'll just take this matter by the tail, so to speak, an' pull hit into shape. Ike, you ole fow, yer ole enough to wish the best man, uck, an' not kick because you can't get the prize!" Later, at Long Ike's call, the board of directors met on business connected with the school mistress, but not with the school. "Boys," Ike began, abruptly, "thar's a feller that don't like the way the school's runnin'. Wants—" "Who's the cuss?" cried the others, wrathfully. "Haint content to go to school one term," went on Ike, "but wants to be taken for a life scholar. His name is Stub, Ben, Sand and company!" In their astonishment the others forgot to ask who the "company" was, and he did not tell them. "The question is," Ike went on, "which one loves her the best, an'—" "Me!" answered each one of the audience. "Wal, w-y'n't you brace up like men, an' each ask her for himself and abide by the decision, 'stead uv scowlin' at each other like a passel uv badgers?" "Can't!" said Stub, sheepishly. "Same yer!" followed Ben. "Me, too!" added Sam. "Ask for us, Ike," pleaded Stub. As the little procession, consisting of the school board, was on its way to old man Nixon's house, a cowboy of a neighboring ranch, on his way home from town, reined up his cayuse long enough to hand Ike a letter. "For yer school marm," he said. "Soon's yer letter's read," began Long Ike, when with his sheepish comrades he stood before the little teacher. "The board has got sumpin' to say to you." Apologizing for keeping them waiting, she read the missive, and a blush, perhaps of happiness, tinted her cheek. "Miss Alice," Long Ike began, "the board wants to say that we reckon you know that we've got yer happiness at heart in every thing we do, an'—" "You have! Indeed you have!" Alice cried. "Yes, wal, hit's jest this way. Thar's a feller that wants you to take him as a life scholar, an'—" "How did you know it?" cried the girl. "Oh, I knowed. An' I want to say that the boys has 'greed to bide by yer choice an' pleased at it. They—" "Oh, I am so glad! But, then, you can't help liking him! I waited for more definite news before telling you. But he says in this letter that he will arrive here almost as soon as it does, an'—oh, I am so glad that you, who have been so kind to me, will welcome him!" To use a popular expression, the eyes of Messrs. Stub, Ben and Sand "bugged" out as the truth dawned upon them, and when, ten minutes later, Long Ike turned from the little teacher to his comrades they were nowhere to be seen. He found them behind the sheds and as Long Ike joined them the horny palms of the four met. "Boys," Ike said, "they've b'n awarin' for each other three years. Pore, come out yere to make her fortune, without lettin' him know whar she'd gone. When we raised her pay she wrote him. He had good news to

send in return. Good payin' job. Comin' out yere to marry her, an'—wal, I reckon we've white!" "We air!" "That was all. The happiness of the little teacher when her lover came was good to see. And the welcome of the school board as he hasty as if none of them had aspired to be little Alice Hamlin's life scholar. After the ceremony, at which a little host of cowboys were present and Preacher Moxie, of Jordan City, officiated, Long Ike stepped before the bride and groom. "The school board," he said, "loves no teacher ever had such a class of chumb-heads to teach, an'—an'—wal, they want me to give yer this yere, an' God bless ye!" "This yere" was a little roll of bank bills. The happy couple could not thank Long Ike and his comrades, for they had fled. They did not appear to bid Alice and her husband farewell when they departed on their Eastern journey. That night, as the school board sat at supper, Long Ike, with his mouth full of "dodgers," uttered the one word: "Partners." "And the board" answered, as one man: "Ye bet!" —Tom P. Morgan, in Chicago Inter-Ocean.

HABITS OF BIRDS.

An Observer States That They Can Sleep With One Eye Open. Birds do not cough and sneeze, but they dream and spore, making the most distressing sounds, as if strangling. They hiccough—a very droll affair, it is, too—and they faint away. A goldfinch being frightened one night, in his struggles was caught between the wires, and gave a cry like the squeak of a mouse in distress. On my hastening to his relief, he slipped out into the room, and flew wild y about till he was picked up, and he fright culminated in a dead faint. The little head drooped, the body was limp, apparently perfectly lifeless, and he lay in his cage ready to be buried in the morning. He was placed carefully on his breast, however, and in a few moments he hopped upon his perch, shook out his ruffled feathers, and composed himself to sleep. One fact sometimes ascribed to man is in the case of birds a literal fact—they can sleep with one eye open. This curious habit I have watched closely, and I find it common in nearly all the varieties I have been able to observe. One eye will close sleepily, shut tight and appear to enjoy a good nap, while the other is wide awake as ever. It is not always the eye toward the light that sleeps, nor is it invariably the one from the light. The presence or absence of people makes no difference. I have even had a bird stand on my arm or knee, draw up one leg, and seem to sleep soundly with one eye, while the other was wide open. In several years' close attention I have been unable to find any cause either in the position or the surroundings for this strange habit. No "set old woman" is more wedded to her accustomed "ways" than are birds in general to theirs. Their hours for eating, napping and singing are as regular as ours. So, likewise, are their habits in regard to alighting places, even to the very twig they select. After a week's acquaintance with the habits of a bird, I can always tell when something disturbing has occurred, by the place in which he is found. One bird will make the desk his favorite haunt, and freely visit tables, the rounds of chairs, and the floor, while another confines himself to the back of chairs, the tops of cages and picture-frames. One old hermit thrush frequented the bureau and looking-glass frame, and the top of a card-board map which had warped around till the upper edge was almost circular. On this edge he would perch for hours, twitter and call, but no other bird ever approached it. Still another would always select the door-casing and window-cornice. Every bird has his chosen place for the night, usually the highest place on the darkest side of the cage. They soon become accustomed to the situation of the dishes in their cages, and plainly resent any change. On my placing a drinking-cup in a new part of the cardinal's residence, he came down at once, scolding violently, pretended to drink, then looked over to the corner where the water used to be, and renewed his protestations. Then he returned to the upper perch, flitting his tail and expressing his mind with great vigor. A few minutes passed, and he repeated the performance, keeping it up with great excitement until, to pacify him, I replaced the cup. He at once retired to his usual seat, smoothed his ruffled plumage, and in a few moments began to sing. A dress of a new color on their mistress makes a great commotion among these close observers, and the moving about of furniture puts the tamest one in a panic.—Atlantic.

Beans vs. Striped Beetles.

Reading an article to the effect that beans planted among melons and cucumbers prevent the ravages of striped beetles, reminds me that the last two seasons I planted melons and beans in hills alternately and was not troubled by this destructive enemy. Previous to adopting this plan I found it necessary to go the rounds every morning before sunrise and kill the insects, and even then they would get the best of me. I planted beans with thoughts of the bugs, but to economize room and labor by getting two crops off the same ground. I marked the ground three feet apart each way with a corn plough and planted butter-beans and melons or cucumbers in hills alternately in one row and the next row all six feet and so on, making the melons and beans apart each way. The string beans were out of the way in time for the melons to occupy the ground. Most of the cultivation was done by horse with fine tooth cultivator. It was an added gain to get rid of the depredations of the bugs.—W. F. S. Beckman, in N. Y. Tribune.

LOSS AND GAIN.

Dr. Talmage Discourses on the Bargains of This Life.

The Value of This Life and the Value of the Soul—No Good Title in This World—We Take Nothing With Us.

Dr. Talmage recently preached in the Brooklyn Tabernacle upon the subject of "Loss and Gain" from the text: "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Mark viii. 36. He said: I am accustomed, Sabbath by Sabbath, to stand before an audience of bargain makers. There may be men in all occupations sitting before me, yet the vast majority of them, I am very well aware, are engaged in some morning or Saturday night to the store. In many of the families of my congregation, across the breakfast table and the tea table are discussed questions of loss and gain. You are every day asking yourself: "What is the value of this? What is the value of that?" You would not think of giving something of greater value for that which is of lesser value. You would not think of selling that which costs you ten dollars for five dollars. If you had a property that was worth \$10,000 you would not sell it for \$4,000. You are intelligent in all matters of bargain making. Are you as wise in the things that pertain to the matters of the soul? Christ adapted his instructions to the circumstances of those to whom He spoke. He talked to fishermen, who talked of the gospel net. When He talked to the farmers He said: "A sower went forth to sow." When He talked to the shepherds He told the parable of the lost sheep. And on one night when speaking of this morning to an audience made up of bargain makers, that I address them in the words of my text, asking: "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" I propose, if it is possible, to estimate and compare the value of two properties.

First, I have to say that the world is a very grand property. Its flowers are God's thoughts in bloom. Its rocks are God's thoughts in stone. Its dewdrops are God's thoughts in crystal. Its clouds are God's child—a wayward child indeed; it has wandered off through the Heavens. But about eighteen hundred and eighty-eight years ago, one Christmas night, God sent a sinner world to that wanderer back, and it has been here ever since. How long enough to get the promise of the wanderer's return, and now that lost world, with soft feet of light, comes treading back through the Heavens. The hills, how beautiful they look, the valleys, how the wave whitens with the foam of crocus! How beautiful the rainbow, the arched bridge on which Heaven and earth come and talk to each other in tears, after the storm is over! How nimble the feet of the lightning bolts, how they flash about the dome of the night ablaze with brackets of fire! How bright the oar of the aspen cloud that rows across the deep sea of Heaven! How beautiful the spring, with bridal blossoms in her hair! I wonder who it is that bests time on a fast morning for the bird orchestra. How gently the heron bell tolls its fragrance on the air! There may be grander worlds, swartier worlds, larger worlds than this; but I think that this is the most exquisite world—a migonetto on the bottom of a plumery with wings, "take my soul, give me that world!" I am willing to take it in exchange. I am ready now for the bargain. It is so beautiful a world, so sweet a world, so grand a world!

But let us look more minutely into the value of the world. You will not buy property unless you can get a good title to it. After you have looked at the property and found out that it suits you, you send an attorney to the public office and he examines the book of deeds, and the book of mortgages, and the book of liens, and the book of heirs, and he decides whether the title is good before you will have any thing to do with it. There might be a splendid property, and in every way excellent, but if you cannot get a good title you will not take it. Now, I am here this morning to say that it is impossible to get a good title to this world. If I settle down upon it, in the permanent possession of it, I will not be from it. Aye, in five minutes after I give up my soul for the world I may have to part with the world; and what kind of a title do you call that? There is only one way in which I can hold an earthly possession, and that is by a mortgage. You see, beautiful sights through the earth, but the eye may be blotted out. All captivating sounds through the ear, but my ear may be deafened. All consciousness of fruits and flowers, but my nose may be soiled. All enjoyment of culture and art through my mind, but I may lose my mind. What a frail hold then I have upon my earthly possession. In courts of law, if you want to get a man off a property, you may get him off by a writ of ejectment, giving him a certain time to vacate the premises, but when death comes to us and serves a writ of ejectment he does not give us one second of forewarning. He says: "Of this place, you have no right any longer in the possession."

We might cry out: "I gave you a hundred thousand dollars for that property." We might say: "We have a warranty deed for that property." We might say: "I will give you a mortgage on the world." We might say: "We have a lien on that store-house;" that would do us no good. Death is blind, and he can not see a seal, and can not read an indenture. So that, when death comes, I do not know how long I propose that I give up my soul for the world, you can not give me the first item of title.

Having examined the title of a property, your next question is about insurance. You think you will be able to buy a large warehouse that could not possibly be insured. You would not have any thing to do with such a property. Now, I ask you what assurance you can give me that this world is not going to be burned up? Absolutely none. I tell you that it is already on fire; that the heart of the world is one great living coal; that it is just like a ship on fire at sea, the flame not burning out because the hatches are kept open. And yet you propose to palm off on me, in return for my soul, a world for which, in the first place, you can give no title, and in the second place for which you can give no insurance. "O," you say, "the water of the oceans will wash over all the land and put out the fire." O, no. There are inflammable elements in the water, hydrogen and oxygen. Call off the hydrogen and then the Atlantic and Pacific oceans would blaze like heaps of shavings. You want me to take this world for which you can give no title, and no insurance. Astronomers have swept their telescopes through the sky, and have found out that there have been thirteen worlds, in the last two centuries, that have disappeared. If that, they looked just like other worlds. They got deeply red, and they were on fire. They got ashken, showing that they were burned down. Then they disappeared, showing that even the ashes were scattered. And if the gods are right in his prophecy, then our world is to go in the same way. And yet you want me to exchange my soul for it. Ah, no; it is a world that is burning now. Suppose you brought an insurance agent to look at your property for the purpose of giving you a policy on it, and while he stood in front of the house he should say: "That house is on fire now in the basement;" you could not get any insurance upon it. Yet you talk about this world as though it were a safe investment, as though you could get an insurance upon it, when down in the basement it is on fire. I remark also that this world is a property with which everybody who has taken

it as a possession has had trouble. Now, I have a large stock of it, and that is not all. I ask you, what is the value of it? They reply that everybody who has any thing to do with that property got into trouble about it. It is just so with this world; everybody that has had any thing to do with it, as a possession, has had trouble. How was it with Lord Byron? Did he not sell his immortal soul for the purpose of getting the world? Was he satisfied with the possession? Alas! alas! the poem graphically describes his case when he says: "Drink every cup of joy; Hear every trump of fame; Drink early, deeply drink. Drink draughts which common millions might have quaffed, but which I have drunk. Then died of thirst because there was no more to drink." O, yes, he had trouble with it, and so did Napoleon. After conquering nations by the force of the sword he lies down to die, his entire empire resolved into a heap of ashes; he insisted on having upon his feet while he was dying. So it has been with men who had better ambitions. Thackeray, one of the most genial and lovable of our nation, died in an appreciation of all intelligent lands through his wonderful genius, sits down in a restaurant in Paris, looks at the other end of the room and wonders whose that forlorn and wretched face is; rising up after awhile he finds that it is Thackeray's. O, yes, this world is a cheat. Talk about a man gaining the world! Who ever gained half of the world? Who ever owned a hemisphere? Who ever gained a continent? Who ever owned Asia? Who ever gained a city? Who ever owned Brooklyn? Talk about gaining the world! No man ever gained it or the hundred thousandth part of it. You are demanding that I sell my soul, not for the world, but for a fragment of it. Here is a man who has had a large estate for forty or fifty years. He lies down to die. You say: "That man is worth millions and millions of dollars." Is he? You call up a surveyor, with his compass and chains, and you say: "There is a property extending three miles in one direction and three miles in another direction." Is that the way to measure that man's property? No; you do not want any surveyor with his compass and chains. That is not the way you want to measure that man's property now. It is an undertaker you want, who will come and dig up his body in his vest pocket and take out a tape line, and he will measure five feet nine inches one way and two feet and a half the other. That is the man's property. O, no; I forget; not so much as that. He lies down to die, and even the place in which he lies in the cemetery. The deed to that belongs to the executors and heirs. O, what a property you propose to give me for my soul! If you sell a bill of goods you go into your bill book, and you look up the price; "Do you think that man is good for this bill? Can he give proper security? Will he meet this payment?" Now, when you are offered this world as a possession I want you to test the matter. I do not want you to go into this bargain blindly. I want you to ask about the title, about the insurance, about whether men have ever had any trouble with it, about whether you can get it, or ten-thousandths, or one-hundred-thousandth part of it.

Then is the world now. I shall say no more about it. Make up your mind for yourself, as I shall, before God, have to make up my mind for myself about the value of this world. I can not afford to make a mistake for my own soul.

Now, let us look at the other property—the soul. We can not make a bargain without seeing the comparative value of the soul! How shall I estimate the value of it? Well, by its exquisite organization. It is the most wonderful piece of mechanism ever put together. Each organ is in value in proportion as it is mighty and silent at the same time. You look at the engine and the machinery in the Philadelphia mint, and, as you see it performing its wonderful work, you will be surprised how silently it goes. Machinery that roars and tears soon destroys itself; but silent machinery is often most effective. Now, so it is with the soul of man, with all its tremendous faculties—it moves in silence. Judgment, without a racket, changes its scales; memory, without any noise, bringing down all its treasures; conscience taking its judgment-seat without any excitement, the understanding and the will all doing their work. Velocity, majesty, might, but silence—silence! You are at the door of your heart. You can hear no sound. The soul is all quiet. It is so delicate an instrument that no human hand can touch it. You break a bone, and with splinters and bandages you are changing its life; the eye becomes inflamed, the apothecary's wash cools it; a soul of the truck unbalanced, no human power can readjust it. With one sweep of its wing it circles the universe and overhauls the throne of God. Judgment, without a racket, changes its scales; memory, without any noise, bringing down all its treasures; conscience taking its judgment-seat without any excitement, the understanding and the will all doing their work. Velocity, majesty, might, but silence—silence! You are at the door of your heart. You can hear no sound. The soul is all quiet. It is so delicate an instrument that no human hand can touch it. You break a bone, and with splinters and bandages you are changing its life; the eye becomes inflamed, the apothecary's wash cools it; a soul of the truck unbalanced, no human power can readjust it. With one sweep of its wing it circles the universe and overhauls the throne of God.

Calculate the value of the soul, also, by its capacity for happiness. How much joy can it get in this world? It gets it in the body, out of the clouds, out of the sun, out of flowers, out of ten thousand things! and yet all the joy it has here does not test its capacity. You are in a concert before the curtain hoists, and you hear the instruments and you see the lights, and you are broken string, the scraping of the bow across the viol. There is no music in that, you say. It is only getting ready for the music. And all the enjoyment of the soul in this world, the enjoyment we think is real joy, is only a preparation; it is only anticipative; it is only the first stages of the thing; it is only the entrance, the beginning of that which shall be the orchestral harmonies and splendors of the redeemed.

You can not test the full power of the soul for happiness in this world. How much power the soul has here to find enjoyment in friendships! But O, the grander friendships for the soul in the skies! How sweet the flowers here! but how much sweeter they will be in heaven. I think that when flowers die on earth they die forever. I think that the fragrance of the flowers is the spirit being wafted away into glory. God says there are palm trees in Heaven and there are cedars, and why not the spirits of the dead flowers? In the sunny valleys of Heaven shall not the marigold creep? On the hills of Heaven will not the amaranth bloom? In the anethymine walls of Heaven will not the jasmine climb? In the garden of gather lilies. No flowers in Heaven! Where then do they get their garlands for the brows of the righteous? Christ is glorious to our souls now, but how much grander our appreciation after awhile! A conqueror comes back after a battle. He has been fighting for us. He comes upon the platform. He has one arm in a sling and the other arm holds a crutch. As he mounts the platform, O, the enthusiasm of the audience! They say: "That man fought for us and imperiled his life for us; and how wild the huzzas that follow him!" When the Lord Jesus Christ shall at last stand out before the multitude of the redeemed of Heaven and we meet Him face to face, and he will be standing in front of the house, he should say: "That house is on fire now in the basement;" you could not get any insurance upon it. Yet you talk about this world as though it were a safe investment, as though you could get an insurance upon it, when down in the basement it is on fire. I remark also that this world is a property with which everybody who has taken

naul seasonal business. Worthy is the Lamb that was slain. Let us calculate further the value of the soul by the price that has been paid for it. In St. Petersburg there is a diamond that the Government paid \$200,000 for. "Well," you say, "it must have been very valuable." No; it was not. It was a poor stone, worth \$30,000 for it. I want to see what my soul is worth, and what your soul is worth, for see; what has been paid for it. For that immortal soul, the richest blood that was ever shed, the dearest price that was ever uttered, all that man has, compressed into one tear, all the sufferings, of earth gathered into one rapier of pain and struck through his holy heart. Does it not imply tremendous values? I argue, also, the value of the soul from the home that has been fitted up for it in the future. One would have thought a street of adamant would have done. No; it is a street of gold. One would have thought that a wall of granite would have done. No; it is a wall of emerald. One would have thought that a green of emerald, one would have thought that an occasional dog would have done. No; it is a perpetual feast. If the ages of Heaven marched in a straight line, the world would be a regiment of angels, might pass out of sight; but so, the ages of Heaven do not march in a straight line, but in a circle about the throne of God; forever, forever, tramp! tramp! A soul so bought, so equipped, so provided for, must be a priceless soul, a majestic soul, a tremendous soul.

Now, you have seen the two properties—the world, the soul. One is perishable, the other immortal. One unsatisfying, the other capable of ever increasing felicity. When you have seen them, you trade even. Remember, it is the only investment you can make. If a man sell a bill of goods worth \$5,000, and he is cheated out of it, he may get \$3,000 somewhere else; but a man who invests in a soul, and he is cheated, that he loses all. Having said that, in the light of my text, it seems to me as if you were this morning offering your soul to the highest bidder; and I hear you say, "What is bid for it, my dear friends? What is bid for it?" Satan says: "I'll bid the world." You say, "Begone! that is no equivalent. Sell my soul for the world! No! Begone!" But there is some one else in the audience who is not so wise as that. He says: "What is bid for my immortal soul? What is bid for it?" Satan says: "I'll bid the world." You say, "Begone! that is no equivalent. Sell my soul for the world! No! 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