REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "Plasters That Will Not Stick." (Preached at East Hampton, N. Y.)

TEXT: *"Miserable comforters are ye all."* —Job xvi., 2.

The man of Uz had a great many trials—the loss of his family, the loss of his property, the loss of his health; but the most exasperating thing that came upon him was the tantalizing talk of those who ought to have sympathized with him. Looking around upon them, and weighing what they had said, he utters the words of my text.

Why did God let sin come into the world? It is a question I often hear discussed, but never satisfactorily answered. God made the world fair and beautiful at the start. If our first parent had not sinned in Eden, they might have gone out of that garden and found fifty paradises all around the earth—Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America—so many flower gardens, or orchards of fruit, redolent and luscious. I suppose that when God poured out the Gihon and the Hiddekel he poured out at the same time the Hudson and the Susquehanna; the whole earth was very fair and beautiful to look upon. Why did it not stay so? God had the power to keep back sin and woe. Why did he not keep them back? Why not every cloud roseate, and every step a joy, and every sound music, and all the ages a long jubilee of sinless men and sinless women? God can make a rose as easily as he can make a thorn. Why, then, the predominance of thorns? He can make good, fair, ripe fruit as well as gnarled and sour fruit. Why so much, then, that is gnarled and sour? He can make men robust in health. Why, then, are there so many invalids? Why not have for our whole race perpetual leisure, instead of this tug and toil and tussle for a livelihood? I will tell you why God let sin come into the world—when I get on the other side of the River of Death. That is the place where such questions will be answered and such mysteries solved. He who this side that river attempts to answer the question only illustrates his own ignorance and incompetency. All I know is one great fact, and that is, that a herd of woes have come in upon us, trampling down everything fair and beautiful. A sword at the gate of Eden, and a sword at every gate. More people under the ground than on it. The graveyards in vast majority. The six thousand winters have made more scars than the six thousand summers can cover up. Trouble has taken the tender heart of this world in its two rough hands, and pinched it until the nations wail with the agony. If all the mounds of graveyards that have been lifted were put side by side, you might step on them and on nothing else, going all around the world, and around again, and around again. These are the facts. And now I have to say that, in a world like this, the grandest occupation is that of giving condolence. This holy science of imparting comfort to the troubled we ought all of us to study. There are many of you who could look around upon some of your very best friends who wish you well and are very intelligent, and yet be able truthfully to say to them in your days of trouble, "Miserable comforters are ye all."

I remark, in the first place, that very voluble people are incompetent for the work of giving comfort. Bildad and Eliphaz had the gift of language, and with their words almost bothered Job's life out. Alas for these voluble people that go among the houses of the afflicted and talk, and talk, and talk, and talk! They rehearse their own sorrows, and then they tell the poor sufferers that they feel bad now, but they will feel worse after a while. Silence! Do you expect with a thin court plaster of words to heal a wound deep as the soul? Step very gently round about a broken heart. Talk very softly around those whom God has bereft. Then go your way. Deep sympathy has not much to say. A firm grasp of the hand, a compassionate look, just one word that means as much as a whole dictionary, and you have given, perhaps, all the comfort that a soul needs. A man has a terrible wound in his arm. The surgeon comes and binds it up. "Now," he says, "carry that arm in a sling and be very careful of it. Let no one touch it." But the neighbors have heard of the accident, and they come in, and they say: "Let us see it." And the bandage is pulled off, and this one and that one must feel it, and see how much it is swollen; and there is irritation, and inflammation, and exasperation, where there ought to be healing and cooling. The surgeon comes in, and says: "What does all this mean? You have no business to touch those bandages. That wound will never heal unless you let it alone." So there are souls broken down in sorrow. What they most want is rest, or very careful and gentle treatment; but the neighbors have heard of the bereavement or of the loss, and they come in to sympathize, and they say: "Show us now the wound. What were his last words? Rehearse now the whole scene. How did you feel when you found you were an orphan?" Tearing of the bandages here, and pulling them off there, leaving a ghastly wound that the balm of God's grace had already begun to heal. Oh, let no loquacious people, with ever rattling tongues, go into the homes of the distressed!

Again I remark, that all those persons are incompetent to give any kind of comfort who act merely as worldly philosophers. They come in and say: "Why, this is what you ought to have expected. The laws of nature must have their way;" and then they get eloquent over something they have seen in post-mortem examinations. Now, away with all human philosophy at such a time? What difference does it make to that father and mother what disease their son died of? He is dead, and it makes no difference whether the trouble was in the epigastric or hypogastric region. If the philosopher be of the stoical school he will come and say: "You ought to control your feelings. You must not cry so. You must cultivate a cooler temperament. You must have self reliance, self government, self control;" an iceberg reproving a hyacinth for having a drop of dew in its eye. A violinist has his instrument, and he sweeps his fingers across the strings, now evoking strains of joy, and now strains of sadness. He cannot play all the tunes on one string. The human soul is an instrument of a thousand strings, and all sorts of emotions were made to play on it. Now an anthem, now a dirge. It is no evidence of weakness when one is overcome of sorrow. Edmund Burke was found in the pasture field with his arms around a horse's neck, caressing him and some one said: "Why, the great man has lost his mind!" No, that horse belonged to his son who had recently died, and his great heart broke over the grief. It is no sign of weakness that men are overcome of their sorrows. Thank God for the relief of tears. Have you never been in trouble when you could not weep, and you would have given anything for a good cry? David did well when he mourned for Absalom, Abraham did well when he bemoaned Sarah, Christ did well when he wept for Lazarus, and the last man I want to see come anywhere near me when I have any kind of trouble is a wordly philosopher.

Again I remark that those persons are incompetent for the work of comfort bearing who have nothing but cant to offer. There are those who have the idea that you must groan over the distressed and afflicted. There are times in grief when one cheerful face dawning on a man's soul is worth a thousand dollars to him. Do not whine over the afflicted. Take the promises of the Gospel, and utter them in a manly tone. Do not be afraid to smile if you feel like it. Do not drive any more hearses through that poor soul. Do not tell him the trouble was foreordained; it will not be any comfort to know it was a million years coming. If you want to find splints for a broken bone, do not take cast iron. Do not tell them it is God's justice that weighs out grief. They want now to hear of God's tender mercy. In other words, do not give them aqua fortis when they need valerian.

Again, I remark that those persons are poor comforters who have never had any trouble themselves. A larkspur cannot lecture on the nature of a snowflake—it never saw a snowflake; and those people who have always lived in the summer of prosperity cannot talk to those who are frozen in disaster. God keeps aged people in the world, I think, for this very work of sympathy. They have been through all these trials. They know all that which irritates and all that which soothes.

People who have not had trials themselves cannot give comfort to others. They may talk very beautifully, and they may give you a great deal of poetic sentiment; but while poetry is a perfume that smells sweet, it makes a very poor salve. If you have a grave in your pathway, and somebody comes and covers it all over with flowers, it is a grave yet. Those who have not had grief themselves know not the mystery of a broken heart. They know not the meaning of childlessness, and the having no one to put to bed at night, or the standing in a room where every book and picture and door is full of memories—the door mat where she sat, the cup out of which she drank—the place where she stood at the door and clapped her hands—the odd figures that she scribbled—the blocks she built into a house. Ah, no; you must have trouble yourself before you can comfort trouble in others. But come all ye who have been bereft and ye who have been comforted in your sorrows, and stand around these afflicted souls, and say to them: "I had that very sorrow myself. God comforted me, and He will comfort you," and that will go right to the spot. In other words, to comfort others we must have faith in God, practical experience and good, sound common sense.

Again, I remark, there is comfort in the thought that God, by all this process, is going to make you useful. Do you know that those who accomplish the most for God and heaven have all been under the harrow? Show me a man that has done anything for Christ in this day, in a public or private place, who has had no trouble and whose path has been smooth. Ah, no.

I once went through an ax factory, and I saw them take the bars of iron and thrust them into the terrible furnaces. Then besweated workmen with long tongs stirred the blaze. Then they brought out a bar of iron and put it into a crushing machine, and then they put it between jaws that bit it in twain. Then they put it on an anvil, and there were great hammers swung by machinery—each one a half ton in weight—that went thump! thump! thump! If that iron could have spoken, it would have said: "Why all this beating? Why must I be pounded any more than any other iron?" The workmen would have said: "We want to make axes out of you, keen, sharp axes—axes with which to hew down the forest, and build the ship, and erect houses, and carry on a thousand enterprises of civilization. That's the reason we pound you." Now, God puts a soul into the furnace of trial, and then it is brought out and run through the crushing machine, and then it comes down on the anvil, and upon it blow after blow, blow after blow, and the soul cries out: "Oh, Lord, what does all this mean?" God says: "I want to make something very useful out of you. You shall be something to hew with and something to build with. It is a practical process through which I am putting you." Yes, my Christian friends, we want more tools in the church of God. Not more wedges to split with; we have enough of these. Not more bores with which to drill; we have too many bores. What we really want is keen, sharp well tempered axes, and if there be any other way of making them than in the hot furnaces and on the hard anvil, and under the heavy hammer, I do not know what it is. Remember that if God brings any kind of chastisement upon you, it is only to make you useful. Do not sit down discouraged and say: "I have no more reason for living. I wish I were dead." Oh, there never was so much reason for your living as now! By this ordeal you have been consecrated a priest of the Most High God. Go out and do your whole work for the Master.

There is also a great deal of comfort in the fact there will be a family reconstruction in a better place. From Scotland, or England, or Ireland, a child emigrates to this country. It is very hard parting, but he comes, after a while writing home as to what a good land it is. Another brother comes, a sister comes, and another, and after a while the mother comes, and after a while the father comes, and now they are all here, and they have a time of great congratulation and a very pleasant reunion. Well, it is just so with our families; they are emigrating to a better land. Now one goes out. Oh, how hard it is to part with him! Another goes. Oh, how hard it is to part with her! And another, and another, and we ourselves will after a while go over, and then we will be together. Oh, what a reunion! Do you believe that? "Yes," you say. You do not! You do not believe it as you believe other things. If you did, and with the same emphasis, why, it would take nine-tenths of your trouble off your heart. The fact is, heaven to many of us is a great fog. It is away off somewhere, filled with an uncertain and indefinite population. That is the kind of heaven that many of us dream about; but it is the most tremendous fact in all the universe—this heaven of the Gospel. Our departed friends are not afloat. The residence in which you live is not so real as the residence in which they stay. You are afloat, you who do not know in the morning what will happen before night. They are housed and safe forever. Do not, therefore, pity your departed friends who have died in Christ. They do not need any of your pity. You might as well send a letter of condolence to Queen Victoria on her obscurity, or to the Rothschilds on their poverty, as to pity those who have won the palm. Do not say of those who are departed: "Poor child! "Poor father!" Poor mother!" They are not poor. You are poor—you whose homes have been shattered—not they. You do not dwell much with your families in this world. All day long you are off to business. Will it not be pleasant when you can be together all the while? If you have had four children and one is gone, and anybody asks how many children you have, do not be so infidel as to say three. Say four—one in heaven. Do not think that the grave is unfriendly. You go into your room and dress for some grand entertainment, and you come forth beautifully appareled; and the grave is only the place where you go to dress for the glorious resurrection, and we will come out radiant, radiant, mortality having become immortality. Oh, how much condolence there is in this thought! I expect to see my kindred in heaven: I expect to see them as certainly as I expect to go home today. Ay, I shall more certainly see them. Eight or ten will come up from the graveyard back of Somerville; and one will come up from the mountains back of Amoy, China; and another will come up from the sea off Cape Hatteras; and thirty will come up from Greenwood; and I shall know them better than I ever knew them here. And your friends—they may be across the sea, but the trumpet that sounds here will sound there. You will come up on just the same day. Some morning you have overslept yourself, and you open your eyes and see that the sun is high in the heavens and you say, "I have overslept and I must be up and off." So you will open your eyes on the morning of the resurrection in the full blaze of God's light, and you will say: "I must be up and away." Oh yes, you will come up and there will be a reunion, a reconstruction of your family. I like what Halburton, I think it was—good old Mr. Halburton—said in his last moments: "I thank God that I ever lived, and that I have a father in heaven, and a mother in heaven, and brothers in heaven, and sisters in heaven, and I am now going up to see them."

I remark once more: Our troubles in this world are preparative for glory. What a transition it was for Paul—from the slippery deck of a foundering ship to the calm presence of Jesus! What a transition it was for Latimer—from the stake to a throne! What a transition it was for Robert Hall—from insanity to glory! What a transition it was for Richard Baxter—from the dropsy to the "saint's everlasting rest!" And what a transition it will be for you—from a world of sorrow to a world of joy! John Holland, when he was dying, said: "What means this brightness in the room? Have you lighted the candles?" "No," they replied, "we have not lighted any candles." Then said he: "Welcome heaven!" the light already beaming upon his pillow. O ye who are persecuted in this world! your enemies will get off the track after a while, and all will speak well of you among the thrones. Ho! ye who are sick now, no medicine to take there. One breath of the eternal hills will thrill you with immortal vigor. And ye who are lonesome now, there will be a thousand spirits to welcome you into their companionship. O ye bereft souls! there will be no grave digger's spade that will cleave the side of that hill, and there will be no dirge wailing from that temple. The river of God, deep as the joy of heaven, will roll on between banks odorous with balm, and over depths bright with jewels, and under skies roseate with gladness, argosies of light going down the stream to the stroke of glittering oar and the song of angels! Not one sigh in the wind; not one tear mingling with the waters.

There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

The Court of Appeals of New York State holds that public intoxication, under the statute, has all the elements of a crime, being offensive to public decency, and dangerous to the good order and well-being of society.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of New Hampshire are making arrangements to open a home for intemperate women. The State Legislature has granted the sum of $5000 to start the work.

The Keely Brewing Company, of Chicago, propose to punish Iowa and Kansas for their prohibitory legislature, by refusing to buy barley grown in either of those States.

RELIGIOUS READING.

To-Day.

Thy yesterday is dead,
Unborn is thy tomorrow;
Why look before with dread?
Why gaze behind with sorrow?

Unchanged the past must stand,
Deaf to thy prayers and tears,
And, hidden in God's hand,
Rest all thy future years.

Today is thine today!
But, ah, its hours, how brief!
For time makes no delay
For doubt or fear or grief.

Speed, speed thy laggard feet!
Follow thy King's behest!
So shall thy past be sweet,
Thy future glad and blest.
—[Christian Weekly.

"Always Put God First."

Henry Scott Holland in "Murray's Magazine" quotes an expression of Jenny Lind in her dying days, which may well be the motive power of the life of any child of God: It was her intense conviction that her art was a gift of God, to be dedicated to His service. This belief was continually on her lips. "I have always put God first," she said during her last days. It was this which kindled all her enthusiasm for Mlle. Janotha, in whom she found a kindred mind—Janotha, who said to her: "What is this world of which people speak? I do not know what the world is. I play for Jesus Christ!"

She went to look on the face of a dead friend; and I must tell you her own words:

It was not her own look that was in her face. It was the look of another, that had passed into hers. It was the shadow of Christ that had come upon her. She had seen Christ. I put down my candle and said: Let me see this thing. Let me stop here always. Let me sit and look. Where are my children? Let them come and see. Here is a woman who has seen Christ!

The Church for America.

Dr. Phillips Brooks, with that breadth of view and large Christian charity so characteristic of him, came out more decidedly than ever, at the recent Episcopal Congress at Louisville, against the assumption by his sect of the title, "The American Church." From his brave speech we quote:

The American Church is the great total body of Christianity in America, in many divisions, under many names, broken, discordant, disjointed, often quarrelsome and disgracefully jealous, part of part, yet as a whole bearing perpetual testimony to the people of America of the authority and love of God, of the redemption of Christ, and of the sacred possibilities of man. If our church does especial work in our country, it must be by the especial and peculiar way in which she is able to bear that witness; not by any fiction of an apostolic succession in her ministry, which gives to them alone a right to bear such witness. There is no such peculiar privilege of commission belonging to her, or to any other body. The only right of any body lies in the earnest will and in the manifest power. The right to preach the gospel to America lies in the earnest faith that the gospel is the only salvation of the people, first as men, and then as Americans; whoever brings that faith has the right to preach; whoever does not bring it has no right, be the fancied regularity of his commission what it may!

The Date of Conversion.

An aged widow, whose only son is on missionary ground, recently gave me some account of her religious experiences. She said that she did not publicly profess Christ until she had arrived at middle life, although she now thinks that she became a Christian when about ten or twelve years of age. One Sabbath she was left at home all alone. She spent a part of the day in reading those precious tracts, "The Dairyman's Daughter," and "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain." Her feelings were deeply moved; and although she did not then, nor for years after, indulge hope, she now thinks that she then exercised penitence for sin and faith in Christ.

Many persons, who give good evidence of piety, are in doubt as to their being Christians because they can fix on no time when they became such. But this is not essential. Children doubtless often begin the Christian life without any deep religious experience. Like the willows by the water-courses, they readily yield to the gracious influences of the Spirit. Many of the best Christians are unable to fix the date of their conversion. They were probably converted at a very early age. And this probably will be the case more and more as millennial times draw near. Children will then be nurtured under more holy influences, and will sweetly yield their hearts to Christ in their tender years. It will become their experience, as they grow up, that they love God and the Saviour and the Bible, and all holy and heavenly things, and by their fruits they will abundantly show that they are born of God.—[American Messenger.

Forgiveness.

"I will blot out your transgressions," blot them out as if they had never been; forget them utterly. How many of us forgive in that way? I sometimes think we might learn a lesson in this way of forgiving from the Indian. With him to forgive, is to forget the offence. No matter what the difference or trouble has been, if the parties can be brought to "shake hands," the trouble is at an end, the past forgotten and never again alluded to.

While I was teacher among the Miamis, a circumstance occurred that was told me by one who witnessed and was deeply affected by the scene. There had been a bitter quarrel between Bogus Charley, the chief of the Modocs, and Shaknasty Jim, so bitter that pistols were handled and blood threatened. A Sabbath day came, when a missionary talked to the gathered band in the schoolhouse, and these two became much affected. One, who knew of the trouble, rose and feelingly urged them, then and there, to be reconciled. There was perfect silence for a time, and then the tall form of Bogus Charley rose, and, after some words in Indian, Shaknasty stood up, and as the two strode towards each other and grasped hands with penitent faces, there were few dry eyes among the on-lookers. A general hand-shaking followed, and the voice of prayer went up to Him who said: "Forgive as ye would be forgiven."

I had a somewhat similar experience in the boarding school at Genoa, Neb. The large boys had a difficulty that ended in a fight, and one had his head so battered he was out of the school-room for a week. Hatred was so strong between the two factions, that it threatened the peace of the school. We were startled one day, by finding that one party had a pistol or two, and had warned the other party to keep hands off. They were wild and not yet used to control, and it became a serious question with the teachers, how to handle the matter. It was determined by two of us to try what we could do quietly, and Miss W. set to work with the leader of one party, while I took the two who headed the other. We took them to our rooms and talked earnestly, but it was more than a week before we brought them to say they were willing to be friends. The night I was to take my two to meet the other in the school-room, Stephen drew back, and I watched, tremblingly, the hard struggle that went on. His dark face paled with the inward fight, and when at last I said, Stephen, will you go with us now, he shook his head and I thought all was over. Outside my door, however, he halted, irresolute for a minute, then his good angel conquered, and he turned and followed us down. How glad we were to see those three dusky-faced fellows shake hands, no one but God knows. I never can forget their three faces at our next prayer-meeting, they were radiant.

The hand-shake completely blotted out the trouble. I never knew of even a reference to it afterward. It was the "forgive as we would be forgiven."—[H. M. C., in New York Observer.

JAY GOULD was reading the "Quick or the Dead" for recreation. He was asked if it entertained him. He said: "Tolerably. It is a curious study of a morbid mental condition in a woman. The features which I suppose have popularized it are disagreeable. I don't know when I have read a novel before. My doctor told me to try fiction, and let thoughtful books alone. So I am obeying."

TEMPERANCE.

The Moral Hero.

BY JOEL SWARTZ, D. D.

The patriot and soldier whose heart does not quail
In the fierce battle-line where thousands must bleed,
But fearlessly meets the thick leaden hail,
Is crowned by the world as a hero indeed.

Yet is he not braver who follows the right,
Because it is right, tho' dying unknown,
And combats the wrong with courage and might,
If cheered by the crowd or marching alone?

A hero is he, and loyal of soul,
Who welcomes the fray when conscience commands,
Rejoicing to answer the call of the roll,
Where danger is thickest and error withstands.

So far is he oft in advance of his age
That his greatness seems dwarfed to the ranks in the rear,
And not till they come to his loftier stage
Do his wisdom and faith and courage appear.

Oft cursed is he, hence, reviled and opposed,
But gently he bears detraction and wrong,
And still presses on till his mission is closed,
In sorrow most joyful, in weakness made strong.

The warrior in battle with daring is fired
By numbers and noise in his rush to the fray;
The hero of conscience by duty inspired
Will march, tho' alone, where she points the way.

No trumpet, no cannon is needed to fire
The embers of force in his languishing frame,
The fair form of virtue alone can inspire
The love of his heart to a passionate flame.

The sword of the hero who conquers by might
May carve for its wearer a bright crimson name,
And high on the pillars of honor may write
The proud march of valor to the summit of fame.

Yet rust shall corrupt the warrior's bright sword
And time's envious tooth his marble consume,
And erasing the record, leave only this word,—
"Forgotten," as all that remains of his tomb.

While truth's stainless weapons, immortal and bright,
Shall hang in the halls of the hero above,
For the battles he fought were struggles for right,
And the triumphs he won were conquests of love.—

New York Observer.

The March of the Corn.

Farmer Grey's little Molly had been sent to the corn-field for "roasting ears" for dinner. She had prudently husked the ears in the field, and was now homeward bound with her apron full of corn. Molly was singing as blithely as the robin swaying on a cornstalk near her. But she was a child full of whims and fair fancies, and she stopped singing and looked over the landscape. The great "ten-acre field" planted with corn lay on the gentle slope of a hill, and reached even to the green and shadowy valley. Through the valley ran a deep strong stream.

"The corn," said Molly, "looks as if it was all marching down-hill to the valley. And so it is! Some of it will march into the house; I think I see it. It will be put into fritters or succotash, and it will be boiled and canned. It will march down there ripe, and it will be turned into mush and pudding and nice crisp corn-cake with loads of butter on it. Oh, my! And then winter evenings all of us will have such fun popping some of it and making pop-corn balls. Good corn! I am so glad you are marching down to the house!"

Lower down the valley lay the mill, a great, dark old mill, the wheel, turned by the roaring river, rising and falling with a plash.

"Corn," cried Molly, "you will march down to the mill. Will you be afraid of the great mill-stones? You will be ground into meal, you will be put into bags and barrels, you will be sent east, north, west, south! You will help feed the world! Will you not be glad, corn, when you make thin people fat, weak people strong, hungry people content? You will die to do good, O corn! when you have marched down to the mill. You will have done the errand God sent you to do!"

But farther down the valley were tall chimneys, great brick walls, high fences, with wide gates out of which rumbled vans under clouds of black smoke and dense steam.

"O corn!" said Molly, "you will march down to the distillery. You will die to do evil and not to do good. You will be what God never meant you to be! You will drive men and women crazy with evil drink; you will fill them with disease, you will make them poor. You will rob little children of homes, food, clothes, books, joy. You will give them fears, tears, pain. You will kill thousands, corn, instead of feeding thousands. O beautiful corn! is it not terrible that, after all these lovely summer days, you must carry your beauty and your wealth down to the distillery to ruin the land! You will be ground and scalded and decayed and distilled, until out of good has come evil and out of life death; and you will have come to a very bad end, O my beautiful corn!"—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

No More Rum Rations in India.

The Indian correspondent of the *British Weekly* writes: "There is great news for the friends of temperance. The issue of rum is to be discontinued in the army in India. Henceforward raw spirits will not be issued to any troops arriving in India after this date. The canteen will be an institution of the past. Refreshment rooms supplying non-intoxicants, with a side bar at which beer may be had, are to be instituted within the lines of every regiment in India. A reading room is to be attached. The change is due to His Excellency Sir Frederick Roberts, the Commander-in-Chief. The step is a long one in the right direction, and a year or two ago would not have been dreamt of.

Temperance News and Notes.

Seventy members of the Canadian Parliament are professed prohibitionists.

Kentucky has 4122 retail liquor dealers; Louisville six saloons to each church.

Maxwell, who was recently hanged at St. Louis, was, it is said, a hard drinker.

Topeka, Kansas, has more churches than any other city of its size; and not one saloon.

Four Trenton, N. J., liquor sellers were recently sentenced to six months in the county jail.

A temperance society with eighteen members was lately organized at Kinkiang, China.

The city of Passadena, Cal., has not a saloon, not a policeman, and its jail has no occupants.

Dr. Richardson says he can no more accept the alcohols as foods that he can chloroform or ether.

At Eau Claire, Wis., recently a man signed the pledge for the first time on his one hundredth birthday.

President Culver announces that at the Alabama State Fair this year, whisky shall not be sold on the grounds.

The liquor sellers of Palestine are obliged to pay for license one-fourth of the amount of their house or shop rent.

A railway disaster on the Mexico Central Railway, resulting in thirteen deaths, is now said to have been caused by drink.

Dr. Norman Kerr says: "Among the inebriates admitted to the Dalrymple Home nine per cent. of the whole number drank nothing but beer.

Sir Andrew Clark says that "more than three-fourths of the disorders, in what we call fashionable life, arise from the use of alcohol."

Eight conductors and trainmen of the Long Island railroad were recently discharged, because they entered saloons and drank during hours of duty.

The recent banquet of the Commercial Travelers' Convention, held in Minneapolis, attended by six hundred and fifty guests, was served without wine.

New York State has $60,000,000 invested in prisons, asylums, hospitals and alms houses. New York city alone has 10,000 dram shops to help provide the inmates.

Father Cleary, of Wisconsin, last year delivered 174 addresses and lectures in behalf of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union, and administered the pledge to over 100,000 persons.

M. Emile de Lavelye, the distinguished political economist, says there is a "carbaret" for every ten families in Belgium, and within the last fourteen years the consumption of drink has doubled.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Photographs have been taken by the light from a fireplace.

Physicians say that a bare upper lip is injurious to the eyes.

M. Chevreul, the centenarian chemist, says that the modern dyer controls 15,000 different shades of color.

Melinite has been tried in some gunnery experiments upon an old English ironclad, and the effect was fearful.

A new beverage has been invented in France intermediate between beer and wine, and which is to be sold under the name of barley wine.

Dr. Pasteur recently read before the Academy of Sciences at Paris a letter from Dr. Gamaleia of Odessa announcing the discovery of cholera vaccine.

Oxalate of cerium, a recognized palliative for nausea, is said to be helpful in cases of seasickness, when taken in doses of ten to twenty grains every two or three hours.

It has been computed that during a lifetime of three score years and ten the blood of a human being travels 4,292,000 miles, that his heart beats 2,538,848,000 times.

From an analysis of over 6,000 cases of scarlet fever, it appears that liability to the disease is very slight during early infancy, reaches a maximum in the fourth or fifth year, and diminishes every year afterward.

An Italian physician claims to have discovered that the blood of an eel contains a poison of a similar character to the poison of vipers. He says an eel of two kilogrammes has in its blood enough poison to kill six men.

Owing to its antiseptic qualities carbolic acid is a valuable lotion for wounds which discharge purulent or other offensive matter. Mixed with olive or other oils, or with glycerine in the proportion of one part to twenty-five it makes an excellent dressing for cuts and sores.

Caffeine is said to have none of the disadvantages of the deadly narcotics, and to be more reliable than the bromides. It is claimed to be entirely free from harmful or unpleasant effects, and to retain its efficacy even when used for a long period. It has already proven valuable in the treatment of mental disorders.

A new kind of scale consists of a simple balance arm resting on a nickel point, supported by a standard about eighteen inches in height. There are two scales in the balance arm; one denotes the weight and the total cost of the article weighed, the other the unite of price, which is designated by a sliding weight. From this sliding weight is suspended the scoop or slab to contain the article to be weighed. By this scale the total cost of an article at any point is given immediately upon weighing it.

The London *Lancet* calls attention to the value of carbonate of lime, in the form of calcined oyster shells, as a means of arresting the growth of cancerous tumors, the result attained having been extremely satisfactory. It may be prepared at home by baking the oyster shells in an oven, and then scraping off the calcined white lining of the concave shell. The substance thus obtained is to be reduced to powder, and as much as will lie on a silver quarter taken once or twice a day in a little warm water or tea.

An important advantage in the use of petroleum products in connection with paper and fibrous substances, consists in their non-liability to oxidize and thus produce spontaneous combustion. Moreover, it is said to toughen with age, instead of growing more brittle, like resin and coal-tar pitch. It is not more combustible than resin; it burns slowly with a dull flame, producing immense quantities of lampblack of fine quality. It melts rapidly at 200 degress Fahr., and in that state combines perfectly with resin, asphaltum and warm oil. Its use is therefore expected to increase largely.

The Life Labors of Seth Green.

Fishermen everywhere, whether they fish for pleasure or for business, will feel a personal loss in the death of Seth Green, the original fish culturist of the world, and the one in whom, in spite of his seventy-one years, lay the greatest promise of the development of the science of artificial fish propagation. From his boyhood he was a lover of the woods and streams, and in 1838, by observation of the natural methods of propagation in the Salmon River, in this State, got his first idea that fish might be raised artificially. He continued studying fish life until 1864, when, on a small piece of land that he bought near Rochester he put his theories into practice, and succeeded in producing fry from twenty-five per cent. of the eggs that he experimented upon. Salmon were hatched first, and then trout. Afterward, whitefish, carp, bass, sturgeon, grayling, herring, perch, muskalonge, and a number of other food fishes were successfully raised at Mr. Green's hatchery. In 1867, at the request of the State of Massachusetts, he went to Holyoke, and in two weeks had produced 15,000,000 young shad from spawn. Since then he has aided in stocking nearly all the large rivers on the Atlantic coast with this fish. New York made him Fish Commissioner in 1878, and soon afterward Superintendent State Fisheries, a place that he held till his death. Not only many of the States, but a number of European Governments have had medals struck in his honor, and nearly every fish or game protective or similar society in the country has made him an honorary member. He was passionately fond of fishing as a sport, and was very succe sful. He had a record of eighty-five feet in fly-casting, and is said to have once thrown 100 feet.—*New York Sun.*

Utilizing the Sun's Heat Rays.

One of the most interesting and practical methods of utilizing the heat of the sun is that recently invented by Professor Morte, of Salem, Mass. The arrangement consists of a shallow box, the bottom of which is of corrugated iron, and the top of glass. This is placed outside the building, in such a position that the sun shines directly upon it. The heat-rays of the sun pass through the glass and are absorbed by the iron, heating it to a high temperature, and by a system of ventilation a current of air is passed through the apparatus and into the room to be heated. By this means the air has been heated on sunny days to about ninety degrees, Fahrenheit, by passing over the iron.

A Manager's Dilemma.

There is a story going the rounds about the late J. C. Engel, director of Kroll's Opera House, Berlin. He asked two of his stars, Nachbaur and Reichmann, into his sanctum, and invited them to mention their conditions for a new engagement. "Well," said Nachbaur, "you know my terms. Half the gross receipts." "I also," said Reichmann; "I cannot take less than half the gross." "Gentlemen," gravely replied J. C. Engel, "supposing I accept, will you, occasionally, let me have a free ticket? I should like to be able to enter my own theatre."

DUTCH BOERS.

LIFE IN A QUEER SOUTH AFRICAN COMMUNITY.

Modes of Salutation—Accomplished Herbalists—Their Skilful Marksmanship—Religious and Social Customs.

The traveller (I speak of one who is supposed to understand Boer speech and habits) arrives at a farmhouse in, say, the Orange Free State. A farmhouse may have one field of forage and a stone kraal; otherwise the farm is open country. He will not off-saddle his horse without receiving permission; this having been asked for and granted, the farmer leads him through the half doors into the main apartment. There is home-made furniture, numerous pink and white paper flowers, and painted on the walls vases of fruit. The visitor will proceed to shake hands, commencing with the stout vrauw and ending with the baby in arms. This is not the English 'hand-shake," but a resting of palm within palm. The coffee—which is made from sunrise to sunset—is then brought in in bowls, tobacco pouches are exchanged, and conversation, which seldom varies, commences. The visitor and the farmer answer or reply pretty much as follows: "The veld is green. The clouds are heavy; there will be a thunderstorm to-morrow. I have a very fine red horse running. *Nachtmaal* (communion) will be next month. My *vrauw* has a cold. The president is a fine man. Japie De Villiers [pronounced Vilje, and *minus* the prefix] has had a ram born with five heads. The English are thieves." The hand-shaking ceremony is then repeated, the horse, fed and rested, is brought round, the traveller mounts, smacks his *sjambock*, shows off his steed and proceeds on his journey. The farmers have trained ponies to a special pace called a "tripple," and a good "trippler" is always prized. With this pace no "porting" of the saddle is required, and on a long journey the trippler will arrive each night without turning a hair, while the trotting horse, his companion, may be done up. Distance is reckoned by time—six miles to the hour. If an Englishman near the hour of sunset asks a Dutchman where such a village lies, he will be answered by a raised hand and "a little way over that hill." You then ride ten miles and sleep out in a thunderstorm, perhaps. You reach the village the following midday.

Superstition and fear of contagious disease are great among this people.

The Dutch are accomplished herbalists, doubtless obtaining their knowledge from the Hottentots and Bushmen; they have herb brandies for colics, and plants for sores. They are often the prey of quack doctors; the more as genuine practitioners, who have to go long distances, charge heavily. A Dutchman is satisfied with the treatment so long as his medical adviser brings to the house a quart bottle of physic; if he presents him with a small phial he doubts his skill, and sends for another man. The dead are buried on the farms, and over them traveling masons erect mausoleums of brick. Dutch women are enormous in size, good cooks in their style, gobble sweets and cakes all day and take little exercise. But now and then a Dutch wife and her daughters may be seen kraaling the sheep at evening.

Feather beds are greatly prized by this people; they generally carry their goods with them on journeys. Annually the farmhouse on the "low *veld*" is shut up, and the sheep and cattle are taken scores of miles up to the "high *veld*" for mountain pasture. Beside some rushing stream the wagons are camped, perhaps tents are pitched, and domestic life goes on as usual. Fowls cluck among the wild grasses, and the cows are milked beneath the shadows of mighty mountains.

The general belief in the excellence of Boer shooting is no delusion. I was once with a dutchman on a high mountain road near the De Kaap; three bucks leapt down the rocks of a low kopje by the way; with a Martini-Henry rifle he brought down two out of the three. Hunting at Loeuwe Pan (Lion Pan), Bechuanaland, Captain X. went out early in the morning for springbok, which move in thousands upon these yellow prairies. It was my turn to cook, and a Boer (erstwhile a freebooter), who squattered in a miserable clay cabin near by, came and sat by the fire. Captain X. returned at four o'clock; he had shot no buck, and was in a bad temper. I pointed to the Dutchman. Captain X. gave the Boer eight cartridges; the buck would be ours, the balance of ammunition his. The Boer mounted his white paarde, took our shooting nag Moses with him, and rode off on to the veld. In twenty minutes the man returned, Moses indignantly resigned under the weight of two fine springbok. The Boer had used only two cartridges; six remained his property. His weapon was Martini-Henry carbine, on which he had placed an ivory sight.

The people are excessively fond of music and dancing; concertina, harmonium, and fiddle are their delight. A withered Hottentot dwarf will draw a strain from the sole of an old shoe strung with sinew, and men and maidens will vigorously dance to it for hours. The Boers have a bad character for pilfering. When the men and women enter an up-country store they are allowed to carry off small goods like sweets or ribbons, which they unconsciously pay for in the bill. The farmers are not often rich in money, their wool crops being mortgaged sometimes to the stores for two seasons ahead.

The Boers are great religious formalists; and at certain times they and their families ride into the villages from great distances to celebrate the Nachtmaal (night meal of communion), their wagons loaded with produce—presents for the parsons. At this time business is brisk and the streets are like a fair.

The most curious traits shown by the Boers are in their courting customs. A young Boer whose heart has been moved by some charming meisje, asks permission of the parents to "sit up." The girl's dowry will be 200 hammels (sheep) and if the suitor is considered desirable in regard to land, permission is granted. The old vrauw then places two yellow candles upon the rough table, and the pair are left to themselves, when the courtship proceeds until the last spark on the black candle wick dies out. Rightly or wrongly the action of salt on the dying wick is supposed to reanimate the flame: and the artful pair sprinkle it accordingly.—*London Standard.*

Largest Schooner Afloat.

A schooner building at Waldoboro, Me., is expected to be the largest vessel of its kind afloat. It is of the centerboard pattern, and will carry five masts. Her length of keel is 225 feet, her breadth is 50 feet, depth of hold twenty-one feet, and her measurement will be 1800 tons. Her masts will be of Oregon pine, and her foremasts, mainmast, mizzenmast, spankermast and jigger will be each 115 feet in length. She will have two full decks running the entire length of the vessel and nine hatches.

From the Far North.

Across the rocky desert of northwestern British America during the summer months scores of wagon trains make their way southward, or at least downward, following the great slopes of the continent, each and all having for an objective point some post of the Hudson Bay Company.

Vast shaly levels are these, broken into ravines and upheavals, till they hardly deserve the name of plains, destitute of vegetation save along the water-courses, and with so little of animal life that the hunter never expects to find game unless it has fled into the desert to escape its pursuers. Most of these trains are laden with furs, the result of the last winter's hunting and trapping in the far North. Mink, deer, otter, sable, beaver, bear and the rest, with here and there even now a "green" buffalo hide, are brought in this manner hundreds of miles.

The enterprising American wagon-maker, with the marvellously light and strong products of his shop and its wood-working machinery, has not yet pushed his wares into those desolate regions. Indeed it would hardly pay him to do so, for the population rarely has any ready cash to expend on modern improvements, and moreover it has abundant time on its hands to whittle patiently away on "fellies" and spokes until a vehicle is produced that meets his requirements, and is in many respects a marvel of ingenuity, though somewhat rude when considered from the standpoint of artistic workmanship.

The wood-work is all hewn out in the rough with the axe, and largely finished off with the same universal tool. It is wonderful how a ke