REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "Lifted from the Brickkilns."

TEXT: "Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold."-Psalms, lxviii., 15.

I suppose you know what the Israelites did down in Egyptian slavery. They made bricks. Amid the utensils of the brick-kiln there were also other utensils of cookery— the kettles, the pots, the pans, with which they prepared their daily food—and when these poor slaves, tired of the day's work, lay down to rest, they lay down amid the im-plements of cookery and the imple-ments of hard work. When they arose morning they found is covered with the clay garments the smoke and the dust, and besmirched and begrimed with the utensils of cookery. But after a while the Lord broke up that slavery. and He took these poor slaves into a land where they had better garb, bright and clean and beautiful apparel. No more bricks for them to make. Let Pharoah make his own bricks. When I ravid in my text comes to describe the transition of these poor Israelites from their bondage amid the brick-kilns into

from their bondage amid the brick-kilns into the glorious emancipation for which God had prepared them, he says: "Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold."

Miss Whately, the author of a celebrated book, "Life in Egypt," said she sometimes saw people in the East cooking their food on the tops of houses, and that she had often seen, just before sundown, pigeons and doves which had, during the heat of the day, been hiding among the kettles and the pans with which among the kettles and the pans with which the food was prepared picking up the crumbs that they might find—just about the hour of sunset would spread their wings and ily heavenward, entirely unsoiled by the region in which they had moved, for region in which they had moved, for the pigeon is a very cleanly bird. And as the pigeons flew away the setting sun would throw silver on their wings and cold on their breast. So you see vings and gold on their breast. So you see it was not a far-fetched simile, or an un-natural comparison, when David in my text says to these emancipated Israelites, and says to all those who are brought out of any kind of trouble into any kind of spiritual joy: "Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with

sellow gold."
Sin is the hardest of all taskmasters.
Worse than Pharaoh, it keeps us trudging, trudging in a most degrading service; but after a while Christ comes, and He says: "Let my people go," and we pass out from among the brick-kilns of sin into the glorious liberty of the Gospei; we put on the clean robes of a Christian profession, and when at last we soar away to the warm nest which God has provided for us in heaven, we shall go fairer than a dove, its wings covered with silver, and its feathers covered with yellow gold. I am going to preach something which some of you do not believe, and that is that the

grandest possible adornment is the religion of Jesus Christ. There are a great many people who suppose that religion is a very different thing from what it really is. The reason men condemn the Bible is because reason men condemn the Bible is because they do not understand the Bible; they have not properly examined it. Dr. Johnson said that Hume told a minister in the bishopric of Durham that he had never particularly examined the New Testament, yet all his ille warring against it. Halley, the astronomer, announced his skepticism to Sir Isaac New ton, and Sir Isaac Newton said: "Now, sir, I have examined the subject and you have not, and I am ashamed that you, professing to be a philosopher, consent to condemn a thing you never have ex-amined." And so men reject the religion of Jesus Christ because they really have never investigated it. They think it something impractical, something that will something Pecksniffian, something hypocritical, something repulsive, when it is so bright and so beautiful you might compare it to a chaffinch, you might compare it to a robin redbreast, you might compare it to a dove, its wings covered with silver, and its feathers with vellow gold.

But how is it if a young man becomes a Christian! All through the club rooms where he associates, all through the business circles where he is known, there is commiseration. They say: "What a pity that a young man who had such bright prospects should so have been despoiled by those Christians, giving up all his worldly prospects for something which is of no particular present worth." Here is a young woman who be-comes a Christian, her voice, her face, her manners the charm of the drawing room. Now all through the fashionable circles the whispergees: What a pity that such a bright light should have been extinguished, such a graceful gait should be crippled, that such worldly prospects should be obliterated." Ab, my friends, it can be shown that re-ligion's ways are ways of pleasantness and that all her paths are peace: that religion, instead of being dark, and doleful, and lachrymose, and repulsive is bright and beautiful, fairer than a dove, its wings covered with silver and its feathers with yellow

gold. See, in the first place, what religion will See, in the first place, what religion who do for a man's heart. I care not how cheerful a man may naturally be before conversion, conversion brings him up to a higher standard of cheerfulness. I do not say but he mill laugh any louder, I do not say but he may stand back from some forms of hilarity in which he once indulged; but there comes to his coul an imprense satisfaction. inte his soul an immense satisfaction. A young man, not a Christian, depends upon worldly successes to keep his spirits up. Now he is prospered, now he has large salary, now he has a beautiful wardrobe, now he has pleasant friends, now he has more money than he knows how to spend; everything goes bright and well with him. But trouble comes— there are many young men in the house this morning who can testify out of their own experience that sometimes to young men trouble does come—his friends are gone, his salary is gone, his health is gone; he goes down, down. He becomes sour, cross, queer, mis anthropic, blames the world, blames society, blames the church, blames everything rushes perhaps to the intoxicating cup to drown his trouble, but instead of drowning his trouble drowns his body and drowns his

But here is a Christian young man. Trouble comes to him. Does he give up: No. He throws himself back on the reof heaven. He says: "God is my Out of all these disasters I shall father. Out of all these disasters I shall pluck advantage for my soul. All the promises are mine. Christ is mine, Christian companionship is mine, heaven is mine. What though my apparel be worn out? Christ gives me a robe of righteousness. What though my money be gone? I have a title deed to the whole universe in the promise: 'All are yours,' What though my worldly friends fail away? Ministering angels are my bolyguard. What though my fars be near and my breadles scant? angels are my bolyguard. What thoug my fare be poor and my bread be scant? sit at the King's banquet."

Ch, what a shallow stream is worldly en-

joyment compared with the deep, broad overflowing river of God's peace, robing midway in the Christian heart! Sometimes you have gone out on the iron-bound beach of the sea when there has been a storm on the ocean, and you have seen the waves dash into white foam at your feet. They did not do you any harm. While there, you thought do you any harm. While there, you thought of the chapter written by the Tsalmist, and perhaps you recited it to yourself while the perhaps you return was making commentary upon the passage: "God is our retuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble. Therefore will I not fear though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though mountains shake with the swelling reof. Selah!" Oh, how independent the rengion of Christ makes a man of worldly success and worldly circumstances! Nelson, the night before his last battle, said: "Tomorrow I shall win either a peerage or a grave in Westminster Abbey." And it does not make much difference to the Christian whether he piece or falls in treally. Christ makes a man of worldly he rises or falls in worldly matters; he has he rises or falls in worldly matters; he has everlasting renown any way. Other plumage may be torn in the blast, but that soul adorned with Christian grace, is fairer than the dove, its wings covered with silver, and its feathers with yellow gold.

You and I have found out that people who pretend to be happy are not always have.

pretend to be happy are not always happy. Look at that young man caricaturing the Christian religion, scoffing at every-Christian religion, scoffing at every-thing good, going into roystering drunken-ness, dashing the champagne bottle to the floor, rolling the glasses from the barthe noor, rolling the glasses from the bar-room counter, laughing, shouting, stamping the floor, shrieking. Is he happy: I will go to his midnight pillow. I will see him turn the gas off. I will ask myself if the pillow on which he sleeps is as soft as the piliar on which that pure young man sleeps. Ah! no. When he opens his eyes in the morning, will

the world be as bright to him as to that young man who retired at night saying his prayers, invoking Gods blessing upon his own soul and the souls of his comrades, and father and mother, and brother and sister far away! No, no. His laughter will ring out from the saloon so that you hear it as you pass by, but it is hollow laughter; in it is th snapping of heart-strings and the rattle of happy! Let him fill high the bowl; ne cannot drown an upbraiding conscience. Let the balls roll through the bowling alley: the deep rumble and the sharp crack cannot overpower the voices of condemnation. Let him whirl in the dance crack

of sin and temptation and death. All the brilliancy of the scene cannot make him for-get the last look of his mother, as he left home, when she said to him: "Now, my son. you will do right, I am sure you will do right; you will, won't you?" That young right; you will, won't you? That young man happy! Why, across every night there flits shadows of eternal darkness; there are adders coiled up in every cup; there are vultures of despair striking their iron beak into his heart; there are skeleton fingers of grief pinching at the throat. I come in amid the clicking of the glasses and under the flashing of the chandeliers, and I cry: "Woe! woe! The way of the un.odly shall perish. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked. The way of the transgressors is hard." Oh, my friends, there is more joy in one drop of Christian satisfaction than in whole rivers of sinful delight. Other wings may be drenched of the storm and splashed of the the window of this heavenly ark has wings

fike the dove covered with silver, and her

feathers with yellow gold.

Again I remark, religion is an adornment in the style of usefulness into which it inin the style of usefulness into which it inducts a man. Here are two young men. The one has line culture, exquisite wardrobe, pienty of friends, great worldly success, but he lives for himself. His chief care is for his own comfort. He lives uselessly. He dies unregretted. Here is another young man. His apparel may not be so good, his education may not be so thorough. He lives for others. His happiness is to make others nappy. He is as self-denying as that dying soldier, falling in the ranks, when he said: "Colonel, there is no need of those boys dying soldier, falling in the ranks, when he said: "Colonel, there is no need of those boys tiring themselves by carrying me to the hospital; let me die just where I am." So this young man of whom I speak loves God, wants all the world to love him, is not ashamed to carry a bundle of clothes up that dark alley to the poor. Which of those young men do you admire the better? The one a sham, the other a prince imperial.

Oh, do you know of anything, my hearer, that is more beautiful than to see a young

that is more beautiful than to see a young man start out for Christ? Here is so falling; he lifts him up. Here is a vagabond boy; he introduces him to a mission school. boy; he introduces him to a mission school. Here is a family freezing to death; he carries them a scuttle of coal. There are eight hundred millions perishing in midnight heathen darkness; by all possible means he tries to send to them the Gospel. He may be laughed at, and he may be sneered at and he may be caricatured, but he is not ashamed to go everywhere, saying: "I am not ashamed to the Gospel of Christ. It is the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation." Such a young man can go through every-Such a young man can go through every-thing. There is no force on earth or in hell

thing. There is no force on earth of in that that can resist him.

I show you three spectacles. Spectacle the first: Napoleon passes by with the host that went down with him to Egypt, and up with him through Russia, and crossed the continent on the bleeding heart of which he set his iron heel, and across the quivering flesh of which he went grinding the wheels of his guncarringes—in his dving moment asking gun-carriages-in his dying moment asking attendants to put on his military boots

Spectacle the second: Voltaire, bright and learned and witty and eloquent, with tongue and voice and stratagem infernal, warring against God and poisoning whole with his infidelity, yet applauded by the clapping hands of thrones and empires and continents-his last words, in delirium supposing Christ standing by the bedside—his last words: "Crush that wretch!"

Spectacle the third: Paul-Paul insigni ficant in person, thrust out from all refined association, scourged, spat on, hounded like a wild beast from city to city, yet trying to make the world good and heaven full; an-nouncing resurrection to these who mourned at the barred gates of the dead; speaking consolations which light up the eyes of widowhood and orphanage and want with glow of certain and eternal releases: undaunted before those who could take his life. his cheek flushed with transport, and his eye on heaven; with one hand shaking defiance at all the fees of earth and all the principalities of hell, and with the other hand beckonities of hell, and with the other hand becken-ing messenger angels to come and bear him away, as he says: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me."
Which of the three spectacles do you most

Which of the three spectacles do you most admire! When the wind of death struck the conqueror and the infidel they were tossed like sea-gulls in a tempest, drenched of the wave and torn of the hurricane, their dismal voices heard through the everlasting storm; but when the wave and the wind of death three the best like an all heroes. struck Paul, like an albatross, he made a throne of the tempest, and one day floated away into the calm, clear summer of heaven, brighter than the dove, its wings covered with silver, and its feathers with yellow gold. Oh, are you not in love with such a religion —a religion that can do so much for a man while he lives, and so much for a man when he comes to die! I suppose you may have noticed the contrast between the departure of a Christian and the departure of an inidel. Deodorus, dying in chagrin because he could not compose a joke equal to the joke uttered at the other end of his table. Zeuxis, dying in a fit of laughter at the sketch of an aged groups—sketch, made by his own hand. woman-a sketch made by his own hand. Mazarin, dying playing cards his friend holding his hands because he was unable to hold them himself. All that on one side, compared with the departure of the Scotch minister, who said to his friends have no interest as to whether live or die: if I die I shall be with the Lord, and if I live the Lord shall be with me." Or the last words of Washington: "It is well." Or the last words of McIntosh, the learned and the great, "Happy!" Or the last word of Hannah M.re, the Christian poetess: "Joy?" Or McHappy!" Or the last word "Happy!" Or the last word those thousands of Christians who have gone, saying: "Lord Jesus, resolve my spirit, Come, Lord Jesus, come have gone, ceive my spirit. Come, Lord desus, ceive my spirit. Come, Lord desus, cuickly," "O death! where is thy sting! O grave! where is thy victory?" Behold the contrast, Behold the charm of the one, be-hold the darkness of the other. Now, I hold the darkness of the other. Now, I know it is very popular in this day for young men to think there is something more charming in skepticism than in religion. They are ashamed of the old-fashioned religion of the cross, and they pride themselves on their free thinking on all these whisests. My ways friends I want to tell subjects. My young friends, I want totell you what I know from observation that while skepticism is a beautiful land at the stort, it is the great Sahara Desert at the Years ago a minister's son went off from

home to college. At college he formed the acquaintance of a young man whom I shall Ellison. Ellison was an infidel. scoffed at religion, and the minister's son soon learned from him the intidelity, and he went home on his vacation broke his father's heart by his denunciation of Christianity. Time passed on and variation came, and the minister's son went off to spend the vacation, and was on a journey and came to a hotel. The hotel-keeper said: "I am sorry that to night I shall have to put you in a room adjoining one where there is a very sick and dying man. I can give you no other accommodation."
"Oh," said the young college student and minister's son, "that will make no difference on, said the young conege student and minister's son, "that will make no difference to me except the matter of sympathy with anybody that is suffering." The young anybody that is suffering. The young man retired to his room, but could not sleep. All night long he heard the grouning of the sick man, or the step of the watchers, and his soul tremble! He thought to himself: his soul trembled. He thought to himself:
"Now, there is only a thin wall between me and a departing spirit. How if Ellison should know how I feel! How if Ellison should find out how my heart futters! What would Elison say if he knew my skepticsm gave way! He slept not. In the morning, coming down, he said to the hotel-keeper: "How is the sick man?" "Oh," said the hotel-keeper, "he is dead, poor fellow! The doctors told us he could not last through the night." "Well," said the young man, "what was the sick one's name; where is he from?" "Well," said the hotel-keeper," he is from Providence College." "Providence College! what is his name." "Ellison." "Ellison." "Oh, how

the young ran was stunned! It was his old

college mate-dead without any hope. It was many hours before the young man could leave that hote! He got on his horse and started homeward, and all the way he heard comething continued to the c

something saying to him: "Dead! Lost!" Dead! Lost!" He came to no satisfaction

until he eutered the Christian life, until he entered the Christian ministry, until he became one of the most eminent missionaries

of the cross, the greatest Baptist mis-sionary the world has ever seen sionary the world has ever seen since the days of Paul—no superior to Adoniram Judson. Mighty on earth mighty in heaven—Adoniram Judson. Which do you like the best, Judson's skepticism or Jud-son's Christian life! Judson's suffering for Christ's sake, Judson's almost martyrdom! Oh, young man, take your choice between these two kinds of lives. Your own heart tells you this morning the Christian life

is more admirable, more peaceful, more comfortable and more beantiful. Oh, if religion does so much for a man or what will it do for him in heaven? That is the thought that comes to me now. If soldier can afford to shout "Huzza!" when h goes into battle, how much more jubilantly he can afford to short "Huzza!" when he has gained the victory! If religion is so good a thing to have here, how bright a thing it will be in heaven! I want to see that young man when the glories of heaver have robed and crowned him. I want to hear him sing when all huskiness of earthly colds is gone, and he rises up with the great dox-ology. I want to know what standard he will carry when marching under arches of pearl in the army of banners. I want to know what company he will keep in a land where they are all kings and queens forever and ever. If I have induced one of you this morning to egin a better life, then I want to know it. I may not in this world clasp hands with you in friendship, I may not hear from your own

lips the story of temptation and sorrow, but lips the story of temptation and sorrow, but I will clasp hands with you when the sea is passed and the gates are entered.

That I might woo you to a better life, and that I might show you the glories with which God clotnes His dear children in which God clotnes His dear children in heaven, I wish I could this morning swing back one of the twelve gates that of the triumph, that there might flame upon your eyes one blaze of the splendor. Oh, when I speak of that good land, you involuntarily think of some one there that you loved—father, mother, brother, sister, or dear little child garnered already. sister, or dear little child garnered already. You want to know what they are doing this morning. I will tell you what they are doing. Singing. You want to know what they wear. I will tell you what they wear. Coronets of triumph. You wonder why oft they look to the gate of the temple, and watch and wait. I will tell you why they watch and wait and look to the gate of the temple. For your coming. I shout watch and wait and look to the gate of the temple. For your coming. I shout upward the news to-day, for I am sure some of you will repent and start for heaven. Oh, ye bright ones before the throne, your earthly friends are coming. Angels, posing mid-air, cry up the name. Gate-keeper of heaven, send forward the tidings. Watchman on the battlements celestial. Watchman on the battlements celestial throw the signal.

"Oh," you say, "religion I am going to have; it is only a question of time." My brother, I am afraid that you may lose heaven the way Louis Phillippe lost his Empire. The Parisian mob came around the Tuileries. The National Guard stood in de-Tuileries. The National Guard stood in defense of the palace, and the commander said to Louis Phillippe: "Shall I fire now! Shall I order the troops to fire! With one volley we can clear the place." "No," said Louis Phillippe, "not yet." A few minutes passed on, and then Louis Phillippe, seeing the case was hopeless, said to the General: "Now is the time to fire." "No," said the General, "it is too late now; don't you see that the soldiers are exchanging arms with the citizens! It is too late." Down went the throne of Louis Phillippe. Away from the earth went the House of Orleans, and all becauses the King said: "Not yet, not yet." May God forbid that any of you should adjourn this great subject of religion, and journ this great subject of religion, and should postpone assailing your spiritual foes until it is too late—too late, you losing a throne in heaven the way that Louis Philippe ost a throne on earth.

"When the Judge descends in might, Clothed in majesty and light. When the earth shall quake with fear, Where, O where, wift thou appear?"

POPULAR SCIENCE.

One hundred bushels of corn are about equal to a cord of wood as fuel.

All the scientists will assert that it would take a cannon ball only eight days to reach the moon.

William Murdock, of England, discovered the use of combustible air, or gas, about the close of the last century. There are localities where the annual rainfall is equal to six hundred inches,

and the average over the whole earth is nearly sixty inches. An Indianapolis druggist has discovered a poison so powerful that a quantity of its vapor will kill every living thing

on an acre of ground. Charcoal is recommended as an absorber of gases in the milk room where foul gases are present. It should be freshly powdered and kept there con-

tinually. To cure deafness, take two-thirds British oil and one-third of laudanum. Shake well before using. Put two drops twice a day in the ear, but once a day if

it makes you dizzy.

Various compositions have been employed for making leather water proof by filling up the minute pores. A simple and readily made composition is composed of two parts of tallow and one of rosin, applied while hot. Yellow bees-Burgundy pitch, turpentine, and linseed oil are also much used for this purpose, and by some persons preferred to the tallow and rosin.

An ingenious plan for testing the condition of horses' feet is under consideration by New York blacksmiths. One terminal of a battery giving a light current is attached to the animal's bit and the other to the shoe. If the horse suffers from the shoe or nails he will squirm under the test. If there is no irritation it will pay no attention to it. A little electrical science in the blacksmith shops would locate much suffering.

Guarding the Graves of Millionaires.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," said a well-dressed, active-looking young New York business man the other day. "Now, it may sound strange to you, but the robbery of Stewart's body has been of great benefit to me and great many other people whom I could name."

"In what way?" inquired the friend to whom the remark was addressed. "Well, it opened up an entirely new line of busine-s and created a demand for my goods in a quarter that I had never thought of before. You know I manufacture electrical watch clocks, designed for use in factories and other large buildings where watchmen are em-ployed. Well, ever since the Stewart grave robbery there has been a demand for those watch clocks in every part of the country for use in cemeteries grave of nearly every rich or public man

is protected in some such way, and I

could tell you of graves that are watched

night and day by private watchmen. 'There's \anderbilt's grave, for instance, down in the big manusoleum on Staten Island. I sold them two of my electrical clocks, one of which is placed inside the tomb and the other outside of it. Every lifteen minu: es each clock is visited by a Pinkerton detective, two of whom are constantly on guard. One of these detectives patrols outside the tomb, while the other is locked in and sits be hind the iron bars with a loaded repeating rifle on his knees ready for instant use. It would be next to impossible for any robber to get away with the remains of William H. Vanderbilt so long as it is protected as it is now. The Pinkerton men are hired by the year, and there is quite a little colony of them established down there on Staten Island very near the mausoleum. I think they keep eight or ten there all the time, so that those on duty at the grave are relieved at frequent intervals and are therefore not liable to fall asleep at their posts. It costs more to look after the old man now that he's dead than is spent by most men

when they're alive."

TEMPERANCE.

The Result of Temperance. Jack Sprat would drink no beer, And his wife would drink no brandy. Between them both There was a loaf, And meat and butter handy. Says Jack, "If I drank, I'd have nothing in the bank,

And be poor as tippling Sandy.

The Old Man's Lecture. I shall never forget the commencement of the temperance reform. I was a child at the time, about ten years of age. Our home had every comfort, and my parents idolized me. Wine was often on the table, and both my father and my mother frequently gave it to me in the bottom of the glass. One Sunday, at church, there was a startling announcement made to our ceople. I knew nothing ment made to our people. I knew nothing of its import, but there was much whisper-ing among the men. The pastor said that on the next evening there would be a temperance meeting, and an address upon the evils of intemperance in the use of alcoholic ance meeting, and an address upon the evils of intemperance in the use of alcohoic drinks. He expressed himself ignorant of the meeting, and could not say what course would be best to pursue. The subject of the meeting came up at the table after the service, and I questioned my father about it with all the curious eagerness of a child. The whisper and words which had been dropped in my hearing clothed the whole affair in great mystery to me, and I was all eagerness to learn of this same strange thing. My father said it was some scheme to unite My father said it was some scheme to unite

Church and State.

The night came, and troops of people The night came, and troops of people gathered on the tavern steps, and I heard the jest and laugh, and saw drunken men reeling out of the bar-room. I urged my father to let me go, but he refused. Finally thinking it would be an innocent gratification of my curiosity, he put on his hat and passed across the green to the church. I remember well how all the people appeared as they came in, seeming to wonder what kind of an exhibition was to come off. In the corner was the tavern-keeper, and around him a number of friends. For an hour the records of the place continued coming in. unpeople of the place continued coming in, un-til there was a house full. All were curiously watching the door wondering what would next appear. The pastor stole in and took his seat behind a pillar under the gallery, as if doubtful of the propriety of being there at all. Two men finally came in and took their seats near the altar. All eyes were fixed upon them, and a great stillness prevaded the bousa

The men were unlike in appearance, one being short and thick in build, the other tall and well-formed. The younger had the manner and dress of a clergyman, a full round face, and quiet, good natured look, as he leisurely looked around the audience. But leisurely looked around the antence. But my childish interest was all in the old man, with his broad, deep chest and unusual height; looking giant-like, as he strode up the aisle. His hair was white, his brow deeply seamed with furrows, and around his handsome mouth lines of calm and touching seadness. His ave was black and restless, and sadness. His eye was black and restless, ar kindled as the tavern keeper uttered a low jest aloud. His lips were compressed, and a crimson flush came and went over his pale cheek. One arm was off above the elbow, and there was a wild scar over his right eye. The younger arose and stated the object of the meeting, and asked if there was

The younger arose and satted the object of the meeting, and asked if there was a clergy-man present to open with prayer.

Our pastor kept his seat, and the speaker himself made a short prayer, and then made a short address, at the conclusion calling a short address, at the conclusion calling upon any one present to make remarks. The pastor arose under the gallery and attacked the position of the speaker, using the argument I have often heard since, and concluded by denouncing those engaged in the new movement as meddlesome fundies, who wished to bar up the time-honored usages of good society, and injure the business of respectable men. At the conclusion of his remarks, the tavern-keeper and his friends got up a cheer, and the current of feeling russ avidently against the strangers. feeling was evidently against the strangers and their plan.

While the pastor was speaking the old man

had fixed his dark eyes upon him, and leaned forward as if to catch every word, arose, his tall form towering in its symmetry, and his chest swelling as he inhaled his breath through his thin, dilated nostrils. To me at the time there was something aweinspiring and grand in the appearance of the old man, as he stood with his full gaze upon the audience, his teeth shut hard, and a silence like that of death throughout the church. He tent his eye upon the tavern-keeper, and that peculiar eye lingered and kindled for half a moment. The scar grew red upon his forehead, and beneath the heavy eyebrows his eyes glittered and grose his tall form towering in its symmetry. red upon his forehead, and beneath the heavy eyebrows his eyes glittered and glowed like those of a serpent. The tavern-keeper quailed before the searching glance, and I felt a relief when the old man withdrew his gaze. For a moment he seemed lost in thought, and then in a low and tremulous tone commenced. There was tremulous tone commenced. There was depth in that voice, a thrilling pathos and sweetness, which riveted every heart in the house before the first period had been sounded. My father's attention had lecome fixed on the speaker with an interest which I had never before seen him exhibit.

1 can but briefly remember the substance of what the old man said though the scene was vivid before me as any that I ever wit-

nessed.
"My friends, I am a stranger in your village, and I trust I may call you friends. A new star has arisen, and there is hope in the dark night which hanes like a pall of gloom over our country." With a thrilling depth of the speaker continued:

"O God, Thou who lookest with compassion upon the most erring of earth's children, I thank Thee that a brazen serpent has been lifted, upon which the drunken can look and be helped; that a beacon has burst out upon the darkness that surrounds him, which shall guide back to honor and heaven the bruised and weary wanderer."

It is strange what power there is in some It is strange what power there is in some voices. The speaker was slow and unmoved, but a tear trembled in every eye, and before I knew why, a tear dropped upon my hand, followed by others, like raindrops. The old man brushed one from his own eyes, and coa-

Men and Christians, you have just heard "Men and Christians, you have just heard that I am a vagrant and fanatic. I am not As God knows my own sad heart, I came here to do good. Hear me and be just: I am an old man, standing alone at the end of life's journey; there is deep sorrow in my heart and tears in my eyes. I have journeyed over a dark and beaconless ocean, and all life's homes have been wrecked. I am without hopes have been wrecked. I am without home, friends or kindred upon earth, and look with longing to the rest of the night of death, without friends, kindred or home! It

was not so once!"
No one could was not so once."

No one could withstand the touching pathos of the old man. I noticed a tear trembling on the lid of my father's eye and I was no more ashamed of my own.

"No my, friends, it was not so once! Away the large wronked to be the work of the large wronked." over the dark waves which have wrecked my hopes, there is a blessed light of happiness and home; I reach again convulsively for the shrines of the household idols, that

co were-now mine no more. once were—now mine no more."

The old man seemed looking through fancy upon some bright vision, his lips apart and finger extended. I involuntarily turned in the direction where it pointed, dreading to see some shadow invoked by its movements.

"I once had a mother. With her heart crushed with sorrow she went down to the grave. I once had a wife—as fair a woman s ever smiled in an earthly home, her eves as mild as a summer sky, and her hear as mild as a summer sky, and her heart as faithful and true as ever guarded and cherished a husband's love. Her eyes grew dim as the floods of sorrow washe away their brightness, and the loving heart was broken. I once had a noble, in brave and beautiful boy, but he was driven out from the ruins of his home, and my heart yearns to know if he yet lives. I once had a babe—a sweet, smiling babe, but my hand destroyed it, and it lives with the One who loves children. Do not be startled, hand destroyed it, and it lives with the one who loves children. Do not be startled, friends! I am not a murderer in the common acceptation of the term. Yet there is a light in my evening sky. A spirit mother rejoices over the return of her prodigal son The wife smiles upon him who again turns back to virtue and honor. The child angel visits me at night-fall, and I feel the Startled and the same and the same products of the same and the same a lowed touch of a tiny paim upon my feveris. cheek. My boy if he yet lives, would for-give the sorrowing old man for his treatment which drove him into the world, and the blow which maimed him for life. God for give me for the ruin I have brought upon me

nd mine."

He again wiped a tear from his eye. My father watched him with a strange and a countenance unusually pale, and excited by some strange emotion.

"I was once a fanatic, and followed the

"I was once a fanatic, and followed the malign light which led me to ruin. I was a fanatic when I sacrificed my wife, children, happiness and home to the accursed demon of the bowl. I was a drunkard. From respectability and affluence I plunged into degreedation and poverty. I dragged my family down with me. I left wife and children amid the wreck of their home idols, and rioted at

night I returned late to the hut where charity had given us a home. Mary was up and shivering over the coals. I demanded food, but she burst into tears, and told me there

was none. I figrcely ordered her to get some. She turned her eyes sadly upon me, the tears falling over her pale cheeks. At this time the habe in the cradle awoke and sent up a famishing wail, startling the de-spairing mother like a serpent's sting."

spairing mother like a serpent's sting."

"We have no food, James. I have had none for several days. I have nothing for the babe. Must we starve:"

"The sad, pleading face, and those streaming eyes, and the feeble wail of the child maddened me, and I, yes I—struck Mary a fierce blow in the face and she fell forward upon the earth. The furies of hell boiled in my bosom, and with deeper intensity as I felt I had committed a wrong. I had never felt I had committed a wrong. I had never struck Mary before: but now some terrible inpulse bore me on, and I stooped as well as I could in my drunken state, and clutched both hands in her hair."

I could in my drunken state, and clutched both hands in her hair."
"God of mercy, James," exclaimed Mary, as she looked up into my fiendish countenance, "you will not kill us; you will not harm Willie? and she sprang to the cradle and grasped him to her embrace. I caught her again by the hair, and dragged her to the door. As I lifted the latch, the wind burse in with a cloud of snow. With the yell of a fiend I still dragged her on, and hurried her out in the storm. With a wild ha! ha! I closed the door and turned the button, her pleading moans mingling with the wails of the blast and sharp cry of her babe. But my work was not complete. I turned to the little bed where lay my elder son, and snatched him from his slumbers; and against his half awakened struggles, opened the door his half awakened struggles, opened the door and thrust tim out. In the agony of fear he called to me by a name 1 was no longer fit to bear, and locked his fingers into my pocket. I could not wrench that frenzied grasp away, and with the coolness of a devil as I was shuf

the door upon his arm, and with my knife severed it at the wrist."

The speaker ceased a moment, and buried his face in his hands, as if to shut out some fearful dream, and his deep chest heaved like a storm-swept sea. My father had arisen from his seat and was leaning forward, his countenance bloodless, the large drops stand-ing out upon his brow. Chills crept back to my young heart, and I wished I was at home. The old man looked up, and I never since beheld such mortal agony pictured upon a human face as there was on his.

"It was morning when I awoke, and the storm had ceased, but the cold was intense. I first secured a drink of water, and looked in the accustomed place for Mary. As I missed her for the first time, a shadowy sense of some horrible nightmare began to dawn upon my wandering mind. I thought I had a fearful dream, but I involuntarily opened the outside door with shuddering dread. As the door opened the snow burst dread. As the door opened the snow burst in followed by the fall of something across the threshold, scattering the snow, and striking the floor with a sharp, hard sound. My blood shot through my veins, and I rubbed my eyes to keep out the sight. It was—oh, God, horrible! It was Mary and her babe, frozen to ice. The ever true mother had bowed herself over the child to shield it, her own person stark and bare to the storm. She had placed her hair over the face of the She had placed her hair over the face of the child, and the sleet had frozen it to the white cheek. The frost was white upon its halfopened eyes, and upon its tiny fingers. I know not what became of my brave boy."

Again the old man bowed and wept, and all that were in the house wept with him. In tones of love and heart-broken pathos, the

old man concluded:
"I was arrested, and for months raved in delirium. I awoke, was sentenced to prison

"I was arrested, and for motions to teach delirium. I awoke, was sentenced to prison for ten years; but no torture could have been like those I endured in my own bosom. Oh, God, no! I am not a fanatic! I wish to injure no one. But while I live, let me strive to warn others not to enter the path which has been so dark a one to me."

The old man sat down, but a spell as deep and strong as some wizard's breath rested upon the audience. Hearts could have been heard in their beating, and tears to fall. The old man then asked the people to sign the pledge. My father leaped and snatched at it engerly. I had followed him, and as he hesitated a moment, with pen in the ink, a tear fell from the old man's eye on the paper. My father wrote "Mortimer Hudson." The old man looked, wiped his tearful eyes, and man looked, wiped his tearful eyes, and looked again, his countenance alternately flushed with a death-like paleness. "It is—no, it cannot be; how strange," muttered the old man. "Pardon me, sir, but that was the name of my brave boy."

My father trembled, and held up the left arm, from which the left hand had been severed. They both looked for a moment in each other's eyes, and reeled and gasped.

"My own injured son!"
"My father!" They fell upon each other's neck and wept, They fell upon each other's neck and wept, and it seemed that their souls would grow and mingle into one. There was weeping in that church, and sad faces around nu.

"Let me thank God for this great blessing which has gladdened my guilt-burdened

exclaimed the old man; and kneeling down, he poured out his heart in one of the most melting prayers I ever heard.—Musical

Temperance News and Notes. Liquor bills are often paid at the lunatic

asylum. In Russia, last year, 80,000 dram shops were done away with by law. The United Kingdom Band of Hope Union s raising a fund of ten thousand pounds promoting temperance teachin; in day

The Presbyterian Synol of Tennessee has passed a resolution favoring the suppression of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating

liquors by prohibitory laws. In the National Temperance Hospital neither medicate, pills nor tinctures with alcoholic basis are used. Remedies are pre-

pared in aqueous extracts or saccharated A Temperance Temple has been built in San Diego County, California, at an expense of \$6000. Saloons within three miles of the

building have been prohibited by the city council. It is alleged in the Congo country, Central Africa, there are seventy thousand gallons

of rum to every missionary, and one hundred drunkards to every convert to Christ. Under the influence of intoxicating liquors Massachusetts two hundred natives were killed by their fellows in a single day. Dr. Joseph Parker, in a sermon denouncing

the Whitechapel murders, calls attention to that other and more terrible, slow murder of women going on all over the world. As to condemning the criminal he pertinently asks if we had not better consider how far we are responsible for his creation by running profits so low as to drive young nien to gambling and by surrounding them with legalized drinking places, yet fining them for drinking.

English Grammar in Rhyme. The following verses, written by Mr.

Buchanan, Librarian to the Legislative Council of Cape Colony, Mass., form what is undoubtedly the shortest English grammar published :-I.

Three little words you often see Are articles a, an and the.

A noun's the name of anything. As school or garden, boop or swing.

Adjectives tell the kind of noun. As great, small, pretty, white or brown. IV. Instead of nouns the pronouns stand-

His head, her face, your arm, my hand.

Verbs tell something to be done-To read, count, laugh, sing, jump or run.

VI. How things are done the adverbs tell, As slowly, quickly, ill or well. VII.

As men and women, wind and weather. VIII The preposition stands before The noun, as in, or through, the door.

Conjunctions join the words together,

IX. The interjection shows surprise.

As Oh! how pretty, Ah! how wise. The whole are called nine parts of speech,

Which reading, writing, speaking teach

In Lapland the test of oratory is seeing who can rattle off the most words without stopping to draw a breath, and the women knock the men out almost in every case. If that was the test among Americans we should the tavern. They never complained, yet the test among Americans we should they were hungry for bread. One New Year's have better Fourth of July speaking.

RELIGIOUS READING.

God Known by Loving Him. 'Tis not the skill of human art,
Which gives me power my God to know;
The sacred lessons of the heart
Come not from instruments below.

Love is my teacher. He can tell The wonders that he learnt above; No other master knows so well;— Tis love alone can tell of love.

Oh, then, of God if thou wouldst learn, His wisdom, goodness, glory see; All human arts and knowledge spurn; Let love alone thy teacher bel

Love is my master. When it breaks The morning light, with rising ray, To thee, O God, my spirit wakes, And love instructs it all the day. And when the gleams of day retire,

And midnight spreads its dark control, Love's secret whispers still inspire Their holy lessons in the soul

My Father's Business.

Are you "about your Father's business?" Very likely you would say, "I do not know what it means." See what it meant for the Lord Jesus, and then you will see what it means for you. When he said these words he was in the Temple "hearing and asking questions." You are going to God's temple today: will you do as Jesus did? Not sit oday; will you do as Jesus did? Not sit hinking about all sorts of things, and watch ing the people and wondering when it will be over; but really hearing and watching to see what your heavenly Father will say to you. There is sure to be some message from him to you today, if you will only listen for it. Do you not wonder what it will be? and will it not be a pity if you do not hear it, but miss it because you forget to listen to it! And have you not any questions to ask. Not of learned doctors, but of Jesus Christ himself! He who once asked questions in the Jewish temple now answers many a question in His own temple. Think what you would like to ask Him about, and if they are right questions He will answer them. Might you not ask him today to tell how you too can be about His Father's business? When St. Paul said, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? the Lord told him one thing at a time, and promised to tell him what else as soon as he had done that. So if you go this day to God's house, and thus do one thing which He wants you to do, you are sure, if you listen, to hear something else which He wants you to do when you come away.—[Frances Ridley Haverget]

"Come Unto Me."

What kind, sweet words are these! Jesus says them to you. "How am I to know?" Weil, they are for every one that is weary and heavy laden. Do not you know what it is to be weary and tired sometimes? Perhaps you know what it is to feel almost tired of trying to be good—weary with wishing that you could be better. So, you see, it is to you that he says "Come!" And if you have not yet come, you are heavily laden, too, even if you do not feel it, because the burden of sin is heavy enough to sink you down into even if you do not feel it, because the burden of sin is heavy enough to sink you down into hell, unless Jesus takes it from you. So it is to you that he says, "Come." And lest you should th.nk that he says it to grown-up people only, he said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me." Are you a little child? Then it is to you that he says "Come!" "If He were here, and if I could see Him I should like to come." He is here. "Come!" "If He were here, and if I could see Him, I should like to come." He is here, as really and truly as you are. Suppose your mother and you were in a dark room together, and she said, "Come to me!" you would not stop to say, "I would come if I could see you." You would say, "I am coming, mother!" and you would soon feel your wny across the room, and be safe by her side. Not seeing her would not make any difference. Jesus calls you now, this very day. He is here, in this very room. Now, will you not say, "I am coming, Lord Jesus," and ask him to stretch out his hand and help you to come, and draw you quite close to you to come, and draw you quite close to himself, the blessed, beloved Lord Jesus, who loved you and gave himself for you, who has waited so patiently for you, who calls you because he wants you to come and be his own little lamb, and be taken up in his arms and blessed. Will you not "Come?"

The Captive.

It is a well known fact that certain mount ainous regions in modern Greece are infested by desperate bands of robbers. They profess to wage a ceaseless war against the Turks, but they are only engaged in oppressing the weak. They have adopted a barbarous code of laws for their own government, and look upon the surrounding country as their natural inheritance. They visit the unprotected, and plunder the helpless without mercy. They often capture citizens, and if a ranson is not paid for them on demand, the unfor

tunate prisoners are cruelly tortured and put to death.

A few years ago a peasant was captured by these brigands, and carried into one of the mountainous strongholds. At the suggestion of the chief, he wrote a letter to his visingle informing them of his perillus confriends informing them of his perilous condition and the amount that must be paid for his deliverance. They were unable to raise the sum demanded, and the unhappy man

was left to perish.

After waiting a few days for the expected ransom the robbers assembled in council and decided that the prisoner must die. According to their custom, they drew lots as to which one should perform the execution, and t fell on the chief, who ever delighted in acts of cruelty. He disregarded the entreaties of of crueity. He disregarded the entreaties of the unfortunate, appointed a place and com-pelled him to dig his own grave. He stood impatiently watching the helpless victim as he toiled at his unpleasant task, and when the work was done, he prepared to strike the fatal blow.
"Mercy!" exclaimed the prisoner, "mercy!

"Agrey; "exclaimed the prisons, marry,"
"Our laws admit no mercy."
"Spare me," pleaded the trembling captive: "I have a wife and children."
"Ransom or death!" exclaimed the chief.
"Set me free," continued the captive, in
an agenizing tone, "and I will pay the sum
demanded." You are a beggar," said the chief, de-

lighted at the torture his words inflicted.
"I will work and raise the money."
"No, you must die," said the unfeeling wretch, as he raised the knife to plunge it

into his vitals.

A voice suddenly arrested the uplifted weapon, and a robber advanced, followed by Salee, a well-known citizen, whom the prisoner had long hated and considered his worst enemy.
"I have sacrificed my cattle," said Salee,

addressing the peasant, "and paid the ran-som. You have injured me without cause when I was your best friend. Now you are redeemed from death, and I only ask your love in return.'

The prisoner was astonished at such an un-expected favor. He begged Salee's pardon for his numerous offences, and wept many

for his numerous tears of gratitude.

A multitude now living in this world are willing captives of Satan, and do not seem where wretched condition. They to realize their wretched condition. are unable to escape from the hard taskmaster, and are digging their own graves. They have insulted their best friend, and are exposed to eternal death. The ransom is paid, but they must perish or accept it on the terms of the gospel.

A Franco-English Bill of Fare. A Boston man publishes in the Tran-

script the following copy of a bill of fare in a little inn in Sevres, France. The proprietor had done his viands in French and then in English for the convenience of his English-reading patrons, with the following result: Une potage seul. Basin of soup alone.

Potage aux croutons. Peas soup with crust of bread.
Riz a la Turque. Rice at the Turkish

Rum steack. (Not translated.)
Une cotelette the mouton. One muttons chop.

Beef steack aux pommes sautes. Beef steack with the tumbled potatoes.

Lobsters were served "with sharp sauce," at prices varying "according the bigness,"

BISHOP VLADIMIR, of the Greek

Church in America, has the largest diocese in the world. It includes all of North America to Buenos Ayres, in South America. The Bishow lives in Sitka, but spends a good deal of his time in San Francisco. He is now visiting his North American diocese.

King Ja Ja in Exile.

King Ja Ja, the deposed West African monarch, who was captured some six months ago by the marines of the British man-of-war Icarus, is still a prisoner on the Island of St. Vincent, in the West Indies, where the Icarus landed him. Judging by the report recently brought in by a gentleman arriving on a West India steamer, the royal exile is having a pretty good time, though he pines occasionally for the companionship of the sixty or more wives left behind him in

his late kingdom of Opopo. Ja Ja, it will be remembered, was accused of breaking a certain treaty with England. He purchased a couple of Krupp guns, it is said, and began to make preparations to blow any "blawsted" Britisher who trespassed on his territory to "kingdom come." He was induced by British Consul General Johnson to pay a visit to the Consulate at the mouth of the River Opopo for the alleged purpose of arranging matters. He was surrounded by marines, and almost before he knew it he was on board a prisoner.

He still vigorously protests that he was not guilty of violating any treaty between his country and England, but he has grown more resigned to his ex-

"Her Majesty," continued my informant, "has presented the King with a rear admiral's uniforn, and he struts

around in it as proud as a peacock. "Governor Llewellen has treated him very kindly, and King Ja la bas been furnished with a pleasant residence in Kingstown. Every day he rides out in style accompanied by a mounted orderly. He is also said to have become a great favorite in 'society,' and he often dines at the Government House, where his broken English is listened to with great interest.

"The colored people of Kingstown treat the monarch with a great deal of respect. His Royal Highness has a very careless habit of leaving jewelry scat-tered around loose in his apartment. It is related that a short time ago while King Ja Ja was enjoying a dinner at the Government House, a telegraph message announced the capture of a big black girl in the King's lodging. Ja Ja on hearing it jumped up and at once yelled through the instrument a request for the immediate release of the girl.

"The latest news concerning the King is that he has finally induced his favorite wife to join him, and that she is now on her way to St. Vincent, from Liverpool, where she arrived some time ago. name, I believe, is Patience, and she is is said to be about eighteen years of age, and a very plump creature, with an inclination to stoutness. She is not entirely black, and can, I understand, speak a little English. With her is her little brother, who will be one of the King's household."—New York Herald.

An Infant Raised on Nicotine.

Winchester probably possesses the youngest smoker in the State, if not in the whole country. His name is Wallace Lochridge and he is one year and ten months old.

He will smoke a pipe or cigar with as much ease and apparent comfort as a confirmed smoker of adult years. He craves tobacco, and indulgence in the weed never makes him sick. Young Wallace has smoked ever since he was a year old, his father says, and the habit is evidently growing on him.

Your correspondent saw the "baby" puffing away at a pipe in front of his father's livery stable this morning, and the little fellow seemed to relish the narcotic immensely and greatly enjoy the great wreaths of smoke issuing from his tinv lips. He seems to have a natural appetite for tobacco, and cries if deprived of a smoke. He is an unusually bright and intelligent child, is fine looking, stout and robust, and is as suredly a wonder.

A crowd collected in front of his father's office, attracted by the little one putting away delightedly at the old and nicotine-soaked pipe, and much surprise and wonder were evinced at the infant's singular performance. This is certainly a remarkable case, and an unusual instance of pervated taste in one so young.

There is no hoax about this matter. Your correspondent is well acquainted with the boy, has seen him smoking at different times, as have also others here, and knows there is no humbug about it. The parents of the child are well known and highly respected people, and

they are at a loss to account for the baby's extraordinary passion for the seductive weed .- Chattanooga (Tenn.)

Working Power of Nations.

The American Financier says: In a very instructive paper, read recently by Mr. M. Mulhall, before the British Association, in session at Bath, England, it was shown that in every one of the three principal sources of power-man, horse and steam-the United States exceeds the leading nations of Europe. Mr. Mulhall presented the following table, showing the aggregate energy of the pricipal nations in millions of foot tons daily:

 Countries.
 Hand.
 Horse.
 Sleam.
 Total.

 United States
 8,450
 33,690
 48,400
 89,450

 United Kingdom
 5,290
 8,700
 18,980
 52,950

 France
 5,690
 8,500
 16,150
 30,340

 Germany
 6,930
 10,500
 19,800
 37,230
 In round numbers the working power

of the United States is three times as great as that of France, two and onehalf times as great as that of Germany, one and two-thirds times as great as that of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and equal to that of the two greatest of the older nations com-Mr. Mulhall thinks the unparalleled growth of the United States has only begun, as he says at present the increase of industry, energy and wealth goes on unabated. The next census in 18:0 will probably show a population of 60,000,000, with an aggregate energy of 100,000,000 of foot tons daily, and an accumulated wealth of \$70,000,000,000, figures never before applicable to any nation in the world.

It Worked Just As Well.

A prominent New York physician relates an amusing incident of his practice as showing how great is the force of imagination. A lady injured the ball of one of her feet, by striking it against a curb. The bruise was severe and she feared cancer. Upon her visiting her physician, he told her to paint the bruise with iodine, and not use the foot. She went away content, and upon reaching home took a bottle from a cabinet and painted her foot. The stain was brown and sat sfactorily unpleasant to look at. The following day she felt so much better that she called again on the physician to have him make a final examination of the bruise. When he saw the stain he exclaimed: "Why, Madam, what have you on

your foot?" "Iodine, doctor," was the confident

The physician advised her to return home and get the bottle containing the iodine and bring it to him. She searched for the bottle, and discovered to her intense discomfiture that it was labeled: "Cholera mixture." Its adm n stration was efficacious, however.