THE BROOK'S SONG.

Through all the drifted snows
That fill the woodland nook,
In lisping music flows
The dark, unlilied brook.

While winding swift along
Upon its icy way,
Its song is but the song
It sang in rosy May.

Ah, happy brook, to sing,
While winter days depart,
The melody of spring
That ripples in its heart!

—*R. K. Munkittrick, in Harper's Weekly.*

THE LOST DIME.

BY JENNIE P. ARNOLD.

I was sitting in the parlor of a New York friend, indulging in an after-dinner chat, when the subject of horse car strikes was mentioned and my friend remarked: "I believe I understood both sides of the story pretty well, for I was conductor on the — avenue line for nearly a year."

"You a conductor!" I said in surprise, "I never knew that before, but then," I added, "as our acquaintance extends only over a little more than two years you might have been a highwayman before that for all I know to the contrary."

"I hardly think a car conductor can be classed with that fraternity, though perhaps some of the bosses think they are little better, when they abuse them of having so much of the company's money stick to their fingers; but I never speculated in Wall street or bought a brown stone front with my accumulations in that line. I came to New York about four years ago with the promise of a situation in the office of the — Avenue Horse Railroad Company, but there was no vacancy at that time, and, as nothing better offered, I accepted a place as conductor while waiting; but nearly a year passed before they were ready for me in the office, and in the meantime I had an opportunity of learning considerable of the ins and outs of the business. I added something to my knowledge of human nature if not to my bank account."

His oldest child, a bright-eyed, mischievous little sprite of eight years, came up at that moment and laid her cheek against his shoulder, while her hands tightly clasped his arm.

"Ah, Puss!" he said, catching her up and giving her a toss in the air, then setting her on his knee as he resumed: "You'd be surprised at all the ingenious devices to beat a conductor out of a fare, from the well-dressed gentlemen who have left their pocket books in the other trousers' pockets, to the half-drunken bummer who never has another pair of trousers to leave a nickel in, but who rides as far as he can and when put off for non-payment of fare, hails the next car and so keeps on until he reaches his destination. But the toughest of all is when a woman claims to have lost her purse, or something of the kind, and her helplessness appeals to a fellow's gallantry. I used to ring in a fare out of my own pocket at such times until I caught some of the schemers laughing at my softness, then I decided I wasn't so green as to get sold that way again. The company was very strict, it was all a fellow's place was worth to let any one ride without paying fare, no matter what the circumstances; our orders were to compel women, as well as men, to leave the car unless they paid. If we felt in the least lenient in enforcing this order we could never tell which passenger might be a "spotter," or how soon we might get called into the office and discharged. I'll never forget one case of the kind. It was a cold day in December, and the President of the road was in the car; what he was there for I never knew, but he occasionally rode up and down, for inspection, I suppose. At Grand street two nicely-dressed ladies got on, who paid their fare out of well-filled purses; not a very common occurrence where ladies are returning from shopping at the Grand street bargain stores, eh Fanny?" with a laughing glance at his wife, who was rocking in an easy chair with the baby, a fine plump little fellow a year old, in her lap.

"You ought to know best," was the response, "seeing you had a year to study up the subject."

"I shouldn't have noticed these so particularly only for what followed. At the next crossing a woman was waiting. I saw that she was young, was dressed in black, and had a very sad expression. She had a large bundle and feeble-looking baby in her arms, while holding to her dress was a three-year-old toddler with round rosy cheeks and bright blue eyes. I stepped off to help the woman on and took the little girl in my arms. I always had a soft spot in my heart for children of the genuine sort, not little old men and women. My friends used to chaff me on liking pretty little girls better than I did the big ones, and I think they were about right. This one was so bright and pretty I wanted to give her a hug and kiss, but I had learned that it isn't always wise to try it with the little girls any more than with the older ones."

"'I yikes to wide!' the little puss said, looking up into my face all smiles and dimples, and showing her pretty white teeth between her rosy lips, 'It makes my tootsies told to walk,' holding up her plump little foot poorly protected from the cold pavement by a well-worn shoe."

"'Well, you shall get them all nice and warm,' I said, making room for her beside the stove. The mother dropped into a seat with a sigh of weariness, and placing her bundle on the floor shifted the baby to her lap to relieve her tired arms. I was called away to attend to other passengers, and returning held out my hand for the mother's fare. The little girl was holding out her poor worn little shoes to the fire.

"'It's dood and warm here,' she said, with a face all smiles and dimples, as I stopped beside her.

"'That's right, get all warmed through,' I said, patting her on the head, then turned to the mother again. She had shifted the baby to her left knee and was carefully searching her pocket; a troubled, anxious expression came over her face, then one of alarm followed.

"'I had a ten cent piece in my pocket-book,' she said, looking up, 'but I can't find it; I'm sure I put it here; I'm afraid,' and her lips trembled and her eyes began to fill with tears, 'I'm afraid I've lost it.'

"Her distress was so evidently genuine I could not believe she was playing off as so many had done before, and I said pleasantly, 'Look again, madam, you will probably find it somewhere,' and I turned, catching the eyes of the President watching me sharply.

"The woman turned her pocket inside out, got up and shook her dress, then looked carefully over the floor, as did several who sat near her. I stopped the car to help on and off several passengers, then came back to the woman. She looked greatly troubled, and I could see only restrained tears by great effort.

"'I cannot find it,' she said looking up at me with trembling lips, 'I saved it out on purpose for this ride, and put it in my pocket-book just as I started, but it's gone, and I must have lost it.'"

"What was I to do? The woman seemed honest enough, yet I had seen others equally so who proved to be imposters; then there were the sharp eyes of the President upon me, and if I faltered in my duty off would go my head, with no chance of the promotion I was hoping for.

"'The rules are to put off all who do not pay,' I managed to say with assumed firmness, while all the time I felt as if I would like to pitch the President off neck and heels instead of the woman. 'I'm sorry, madam, but the rules must be obeyed.' 'I know it, I know it,' she said piteously, 'but if you would let me ride up I could pay you when I come back; I shall have the money then,' pointing to her bundle of work to prove her statement; 'It's such a long way, and I'm so tired,' she pleaded, and there was the chubby, dimpled face of the little girl smiling up at me all the time.

"I felt as if I would like to kick myself as I turned away; if I only dared appeal to the President, but no! none of the men were supposed to know him, and I felt as if his cold eyes were piercing me through and through as if he delighted in the test I was passing through.

"'Hang the old rascal,' I said to myself, 'I'll have to put the woman off, but I'll slip a quarter into Puss's hand so they can pay their fare on the next car.'

"'I'm sorry, madam,' I tried to say firmly, but the sad, pleading look almost broke me down, 'the rules must be obeyed,' and I reached up to pull the bell rope; but in an instant the younger of the two women, of whom I have before spoken, caught my arm.

"'No, no!' she cried with flushed cheeks and indignant eyes, and before I knew what she intended she emptied her purse into the woman's lap and passed quickly out of the car. A perfect shower of coin—several dollars, at least, fell rattling down, a part falling on the floor. I stooped to pick it up, when the elder lady dropped several more pieces into the woman's lap and followed her companion. The poor woman looked up, dumb with amazement, then covering the money with one hand, dropped her face on the baby's head and sobbed so she shook from head to foot. The little girl, seeing her mother's distress, crept up close beside her, and with her little arms about her neck and her cheek nestled against hers tried to comfort her.

"'Don't kwy, mamma,' she pleaded, 'I'll be so dood, don't kwy.'

"I don't believe there was a dry eye in the car; the women didn't hesitate to carry their handkerchiefs to their eyes, but the men looked out of the windows, drew their hats down over their eyes, and some blew their noses vigorously, the President giving the strongest blast of all. As for myself, I just rung in a fare out of my own pocket, and went out on the platform, thankful that it was a cold day I could use my handkerchief freely.

"At the next street the President got out, and as he passed the little girl he stopped and patted her rosy cheeks, with some pleasant word, and slipped something into her hand. A moment later, when I had occasion to pass through the car again, the little puss held out her chubby hand: 'See!' she cried, with her pretty face radiant with delight: 'O see my bright, new penny!' I looked, it was a five dollar gold piece.

"The mother noticed it for the first time.

"'Where did you get it?' she asked, in astonishment.

"'E big man div it to me,' the little one answered.

"'Oh, sir, do you know who it was?' the mother said, appealing to me. 'It must be a mistake.'

"'Not a bit of it,' I answered, almost as delighted as the child, herself, 'it was the President of this road; he could give her a thousand such pieces and never feel it.'"

My friend's little Elsie had been sitting very quietly in his lap listening attentively to his story, and now as he paused eagerly.

"'And the little girl—did you ever see her again, papa?'

"'Yes, Pussie, I think I've seen her several times since then,' he said, with a merry twinkle in his eyes and a peculiar smile under his heavy moustache. 'I think I see her now,' catching up Elsie and giving her a hug and a kiss, 'you're the little girl, yourself, Puss!'

"'Me, papa!' she cried, bounding to her feet and catching her father by the shoulders, 'and was the lady my mamma?'

"'Just your mamma and no one else,' was the reply, with a smile at the child's amazement. 'She used to ride frequently on my car after that, and I always carried a pocket full of bonbons for you, Pussie; we soon got to be the best of friends and of course mamma had to get acquainted a little with me on your account. Then I learned she had been a widow for a year and was trying to support herself and two children by doing plain sewing, which hardly gave her enough to keep soul and body together. At last the baby died and mamma had a long illness from the grief and over-work: just then I received my appointment to the office with twice my old salary, and I finally persuaded mamma to let me take care of both of you; though mamma says I courted you instead of her, and married her so as to get you."

I caught the quick interchange of glances, the look of pride and affection which took in wife and baby, and the the happy content in the face of the wife, and felt sure there was room in my friend's heart for all his treasures.

"Well, now that's a nice little story," Elsie cried delightedly, putting her plump hands on either cheek and drawing her father's face down until she could kiss it, "and you're the darlingest old papa in the whole world!"—*New York Post.*

A bottle thrown into the Atlantic November 24, 1887, from the Cephalonia, about 400 miles out from Boston recently washed ashore on a little islet in the Carribean Sea, 6300 miles away.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "Other Sheep I Have."

TEXT: *"Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."*—John x., 16.

There is no monopoly in religion. The grace of God is not a nice little property fenced off all for ourselves. It is not a king's park, at which we look through a barred gateway, wishing we might go in and pluck the flowers and look at the deer and the statuary. It is a father's orchard, and there are bars to let down and gates to swing open.

In my boyhood days, next to the country schoolhouse where I went, there was an apple orchard of great luxuriance, owned by a very lame man who did not gather the apples, and they went to waste by scores of bushels. Sometimes the lads of the school, in the sinfulness of a nature inherited from our first parents, who fell through the same temptation, would climb over the fence and take some of these apples, and notwithstanding the fact that there was a surplus, and all going to waste, the owner of that orchard, reckless of making his lameness worse, would take after these lads and shout, "Boys, drop those apples or I'll set the dog on you!"

Now there are Christians who have severe guard over the Church of God. They have a rough and unsympathetic way of treating outsiders. It is a great orchard into which God would like to have all the people come and take the richest and the ripest fruit, and the more they take the better He likes it. But there are those who stand with a hard and severe nature guarding the Church of God, and all the time afraid that some will get these apples when they really ought not to have them.

Have you any idea that because you were baptized at eight months of age, and because you have all your life been surrounded by hallowed influences, you have a right to one whole side of the Lord's table, spreading yourself out so nobody else can sit there? You will have to haul in your elbows, for there will come a great multitude to sit at the table and on both sides of you. You are not going to have this monopoly of religion. "Other sheep have I which are not of this fold."

McDonald, the Scotchman, has on the Scotch hills a great flock of sheep. McDonald has four or five thousand head of sheep. Some are browsing on the heather, some are on the hills, some are in the valleys, a few are in the yard. One day Cameron comes over to McDonald and says: "McDonald, you have thirty sheep. I have been counting them." "Oh, no!" says McDonald. "I have four or five thousand." "Ah!" says Cameron, "you are mistaken. I have just counted them. There are thirty." "Why," says McDonald, "do you suppose that is all the sheep I have? I have sheep on the distant hills and in the valleys, ranging and roaming everywhere. Other sheep have I which are not of this fold."

So Christ comes. Here is a group of Christians, and there is a group of Christians; here is a Methodist fold, here is a Presbyterian fold, here is a Baptist fold, here is a Lutheran fold, and we make our annual statistics, and we think we can tell you just how many Christians there are in the world, how many there are in the church, how many in all these denominations. We aggregate them, and we think we are giving an intelligent and an accurate account; but Christ comes and He says: "You have not counted them right. There are those whom you have never seen, those of whom you have never heard. I have My children in all parts of the earth, on all the islands of the sea, on all the continents, in all the mountains and in all the valleys. Do you think that these few sheep you have counted are all the sheep I have? There is a great multitude that no man can number. Other sheep have I which are not of this fold."

Christ in my text talks of the conversion of the Gentiles as confidently as though they had already been converted. He sets forth the idea that His people will come from all parts of the earth, from all ages, from all circumstances, from all conditions. "Other sheep have I which are not of this fold."

In the first place I remark the Heavenly Shepherd will find many of His sheep among those who are at present non-churchgoers. There are different kinds of churches. Sometimes you will find a church made up only of Christians. Everything seems finished. The church reminds you of those skeleton plants from which by chemical preparation all the greenness and the verdure have been taken, and they are cold and white and delicate and beautiful and finished. All that is wanted is a glass case put over them. The minister on the Sabbath has only to take an ostrich feather and brush off the dust that has accumulated in the last six days of business, and then they are as cold and beautiful and delicate as before. Everything is finished—finished sermons, finished music, finished architecture, finished everything.

Another church is like an armory, the sound of drum and fife calling more recruits to the Lord's army. We say to the applicants, "Come in and get your equipment. Here is the bath in which you are to be cleansed, here is the helmet you are to put on your head, here are the sandals you are to put over your feet, here is the breastplate you are to put over your heart, here is the sword you are to take in your right hand and fight His battle with. Quit yourselves like men."

There are those here, perhaps, who say, "It is now ten, fifteen years since I was in the habit, the regular habit, of church going." I know all about your case. I am going to tell you something that will be startling at the first, and that is that you are going to become the Lord's sheep. "Oh," you say, "that is impossible; you don't know my case; you don't know how far I am from anything of that kind." I know all about your case. I have been up and down the world. I know why some of you do not attend upon Christian services.

I go further, and make another announcement in regard to you, and that is, you are not only to become the Lord's sheep, but you are going to become the Lord's sheep this hour. God is going to call you graciously by His spirit; you are going to come into the fold of Christ. This sermon shall not be so much for these who are Christians. I have preached to them hundreds and thousands of times. The sermon that I preach now is going to be chiefly for those who consider themselves outsiders, but who may happen to be in the house, and the chief employment of the Christian people here to-day will be to pray for those who are not accustomed to attend upon Christian sanctuaries.

When the steamer Atlantic went to pieces on Mars Rock, why did that brave minister of the Gospel, of whom we have all read, go out, in the lifeboat? Why did he not stay and look after the passengers that got ashore, wrapping flannels around them, and kindling fires for them, and preparing them food? There was plenty of work to be done on shore for those who had already escaped. Ah! that brave man knew that there were others who would take care of those, and so he said, "Man the lifeboat! Pull away, my lads, pull away! Yonder is a man; there is a woman freezing in the rigging. Pull away!" I see the oar blades bend in the strong pull of the oarsmen. Then they come up to the wreck. The woman is frozen. She drops into the wave—alas! poor woman—and washes out to sea. But then Mr. Ancient says: "There is a man yet hanging to the rigging. Pull away, my lads! pull away!" They come up, and he says: "Hold now there five minutes and we will save you. Steady! steady! Now give me your hand. Leap! Thank God, he is saved! Thank God, he is saved!"

So there are men now in the breakers. They have made a shipwreck of life. While we come out to save them, some are swept off—swept off before we can reach them—and there are others still hanging on. Steady there among the slippery places! Steady! Leap into this lifeboat! Now is your chance for heaven! This hour some of you are going to be saved. Far away from God, you are going to be brought nigh. "Other sheep have I which are not of this fold."

You are now this hour in the tide of Christian influences. You are going to be swept in; your voice is going to be heard in prayer; you are going to be consecrated to God; you are going to live a life of usefulness, and your deathbed is going to be surrounded by Christian sympathizers, and devout men will carry you to your burial when your work is done, and these words will be chiseled for your epitaph: "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." And all that history is going to begin to-day. "Other sheep have I which are not of this fold."

Again I remark, the Heavenly Shepherd is going to find many of His sheep among those who are now rejecters of Christianity. I do not know how you came to reject Christianity. I do not know whether it was through hearing Theodore Parker preach, or whether it was reading Renan's "Life of Jesus," or whether it was through some skeptic in the store or factory. Or it may be—probably is the case—that you were disgusted with religion and disgusted with Christianity because some man who professed to be a Christian defrauded you, and he being a member of the church, and you taking him as a representative of the Christian religion, you said, "Well, if that's religion, I don't want any of it."

I do not know how you came to reject Christianity, but you frankly tell me you do reject it; you do not think the Bible is the word of God, although there are many things in it you admire; you do not think that Christ was a divine being, although you think He was a very good man. You say, "If the Bible be true—the most of the Bible be true—I nevertheless think the earlier part of the Bible is an allegory." And there are fifty things that I believe you do not believe. Nevertheless they tell me in regard to you that you are an accommodating, you are an obliging person. If I should come to you and ask of you a favor you would grant it if it were possible. It would be a joy for you to grant me a favor. If any of your friends came to you and wanted an accommodation and you could accommodate them, how glad you would be!

Now I am going to ask of you a favor. I want you to oblige me. The accommodation will cost you nothing, and you will give me great happiness. Of course you will not deny me. I want you as an experiment to try the Christian religion. If it does not stand the test, discard it; if it does, receive it.

If you were very sick, and you had been given up of the doctors, and I came to you, and I took a bottle of medicine from my pocket and said, "Here is medicine I am sure will help you; it has cured fifty people," you would say, "Oh, I haven't any confidence in it; they tell me all these medicines will fail me." "Well," I say, "will you not, as a matter of accommodation to myself, just try it?" "Well," you say, "I have no objection to trying it; if it will be any satisfaction to you I will try it." You take it. Now you are sick in disquietude, sick in sin. You are not happy. You laugh sometimes when you are miserable. There come surges of unhappiness over your soul that almost swamp you. You are unhappy, struck through with unrest. Now, will you not try this solace, this febrifuge, this anodyne, this Gospel medicine?

"Oh," you say, "I haven't any faith in it." As a matter of accommodation, let me introduce you to the Lord Jesus Christ, the Great Physician. "Why," you say, "I haven't any faith in Him." Well, now, will you not just let him come and try His power on your soul? Just let me introduce Him to you. I do not ask you to take my word for it. I do not ask you take the advice of clergymen. Perhaps the clergymen may be prejudiced; perhaps we may be speaking professionally; perhaps we may give you wrong advice; perhaps we are morbid on that subject; so I do not ask you to take the advice of clergymen. I ask you to take the advice of very respectable laymen, such as William Shakespeare, the dramatist; as William Wilberforce, the statesman; as Isaac Newton, the astronomer; as Robert Boyle, the philosopher; as Locke, the metaphysician; as Morse, the electrician.

These men never preached—they never pretended to preach—but they come out, and putting down, one his telescope, and another the electrician's wire, and another the parliamentary scroll—they come out, and they commend Christ as a comfort to all the people, a Christ that the world needs. Now I do not ask you to take the advice of clergymen. Take the advice of these laymen. It does not make any difference to me at this juncture what you have said against the Bible; it does not make any difference to me at this juncture how you may have caricatured religion. Take the advice of men who are prominent in secular affairs, as these men whom I have mentioned and others who immediately occur to my mind. You see I do not scoff at skepticism. I never scoffed at skepticism. I have been a natural skeptic. I do not know what the first word was that I uttered after entering the world, but I think it must have been "why?"

There were times when I doubted the existence of God, when I doubted the divinity of Christ, when I doubted the immortality of the soul, when I doubted my own existence, when I doubted everything. I have been through the whole curriculum of doubt, and you can tell me nothing new about it. I have come out from a great Sahara desert into the calm, warm, sunshiny land of the Gospel. I know about the other land. I have been there. You can tell me nothing new about it. And I know all about the other condition of which you do not know anything—the peace, the comfort, the joy, the triumph of trusting in God and in Jesus Christ whom He has sent. So I am not scoffing in regard to it.

It outrages me to see how soon Christian people give up the prodigal. I hear Christian people talk as though they thought the grace of God were a chain of forty or fifty links, and when they had run out then there was nothing to touch the depth of a man's iniquity. If a man were out hunting for deer, and got off the track of the deer, he would hunt, amid the bushes and the brakes longer for the lost game than he would look for a lost soul.

They say if a man has had the delirium tremens twice he cannot be cured. They say if a woman has fallen from integrity she cannot be redeemed. All of which is an infinite slander on the Gospel of the Son of God. Men who say that know nothing about practical religion in their own hearts. How many times will God take back a man who has fallen? Well, I cannot give you the exact figures, but I can tell you at what point He certainly will take him back. Four hundred and ninety times. Why do I say four hundred and ninety times? Because the Bible says seventy times seven. Now figure that out, you who do not think a man can fall four times, eight times, ten times, twenty times, one hundred times, four hundred times, and yet be saved. Four hundred and ninety times! Why, there is a great multitude before the throne of God who plunged into all the depths of iniquity. There were no sins they did not commit; but they were washed of body and washed of mind and washed of soul, and they are before the throne of God now forever happy. I say that to encourage any man who feels there is no chance for him.

Good Templars will not save you, although they are grand institutions. Sons of Temperance will not save you, although there is no better society on earth. Signing the temperance pledge will not save you, although it is a grand thing to do. No one but God can save you. Do not put your confidence in bromide of potassium or anything that the apothecary can mix. Put you trust in God! After the church has cast you off, and the bank has cast you off, and social circles have cast you off, and all good society have cast you off, and father has cast you off, and mother has cast you off, at your first cry for help God will bend clean down to that ditch of your iniquity to help you out. Oh, what a God He is! Long suffering and gracious!

There may be in this house some whose hand trembles so with dissipation they could hardly hold a hymn book. I say to such if they are here: "You will preach the Gospel yet. You will yet, some of you, carry the holy communion through the aisles, and you will be acceptable to everybody because everybody will know you are saved and purified by the grace of God, and a consecrated man, wholly consecrated. Your business has got to come up, your physical health is to be rebuilt, your family is to be restored, the Church of God on earth and in heaven is to rejoice over your coming. "Other sheep have I which are not of this fold." If this is not the Gospel I do not know what the Gospel is. It can scale any height, it can fathom any depth, it can compass any infinity. I think one reason why there are not more people saved is we do not swing the door wide enough open.

Now there is only one class of persons in this house about whom I have any despondency, and that is those who have been hearing the Gospel for perhaps twenty, thirty, forty years. Their outward life is moral, but they tell you frankly they do not love the Lord Jesus Christ, have not trusted Him, have not been born again by the spirit of God. They are Gospel hardened. The Gospel has no more effect upon them than the shining of the moon on the city pavement. The publicans and the harlots go into the kingdom of God before they. They went through, some of them, the revival of 1857, when 500,000 souls were brought to God. Some of them went through great revivals in individual churches. Still unpardoned, unblessed, unsaved. They were merely spectators. Gospel hardened! After awhile we will hear that they are sick, and then that they are dead, and then that they died without any hope. Gospel hardened!

But I turn away from all such with a thrill of hope to those who are not Gospel hardened. Some of you have not heard, perhaps, five sermons in five years. This whole subject has been a novelty to you for some time. You are not Gospel hardened; you know you are not Gospel hardened. The whole subject comes freshly to your mind. I hear some soul saying: "Oh, my wasted life! Oh, the bitter past! Oh, the graves I stumbled over! Whither shall I fly? The future is so dark, so dark, so very dark! God help me!"

Oh, I am so glad for that last utterance! That was a prayer, and as soon as you begin to pray that turns all heaven this way, and God steps in, and He beats back the hounds of temptation to their kennels, and He throws all around the pursued soul the covert of His pardoning mercy. I heard something fall. What was it? It was the bars around the sheepfold, the bars of the fence around the sheepfold. The Heavenly Shepherd let them fall, and the hunted sheep of the mountain come bounding in, some with fleece torn of the brambles, and others with feet lame from the dogs, but bounding in. Thank God! "Other sheep have I which are not of this fold."

God forbid that any of you should have the lamentation of the dying nobleman who had every opportunity of salvation, but rejected all, and who wrote or dictated these words: "Before you receive this my final state will be determined. I am throwing my last stake for eternity, and tremble and shudder for the important issue. Oh, my friend, with what horror do I recall the hours of vanity we have wasted together; but I have a splendid passage to the grave. I die in state, and languish under a gilded canopy. I am expiring on soft and downy pillows, and am respectfully attended by my servants and physicians. My dependants sigh, my sisters weep, my father bends beneath a load of years and grief. But oh, which of these will answer my summons at the high tribunal? And which of these will bail me from the arrest of death? While some flattering panegyric is pronounced at my interment, I may be hearing my just condemnation at a supreme tribunal. Adieu!"

CURIOUS FACTS.

A beggars' journal has been started at Paris.

Canes have gone out of fashion in London.

A new map of China has been ordered by the Emperor and the surveys have already begun.

An enterprising New York undertaker has made a hit with tennis burial suits for small boys.

Flutes found in the pyramids of Egypt, played 3000 years after burial, show that the Egyptians had our scale.

A corner lot in Minneapolis, Minn., for which $3500 was paid twenty years ago, has just been sold for $134,000.

Long coats came into fashion during the reign of Charles VII. of France because His Majesty had a pair of ill-shaped legs.

It is stated that while foreigners in France number three per cent. of the population they are eleven per cent. of the convict class.

Mention is made of beets of the '89 crop lately proved by table use to be fresh as ever. They were kept buried in dry sand in the cellar.

San Francisco is in a snowless region. The snow that fell there in January, 1883, was the first that the people had seen there for seventeen years.

A defaulting broker in Cincinnati, Ohio, who escaped from a constable, had the impudence to telephone that fact to the authorities and then left for parts unknown.

A crap was caught in the harbor of Victoria, British Columbia, that was three feet six inches around the waist. It was presented to the Museum of Natural Scince.

A jeweler says that it is a rare thing for him to sell a solid gold watch-chain. Everybody buys the plated article nowadays, even those people who are well able to afford the solid.

An interesting sight in some of the cemeteries of Kansas is the pine-board advertisements of undertakers and tombstone manufacturers tacked up on trees by enterprising advertisers.

Boned larks, boned rail birds, boned squirrels and boned woodchuch are now favorite dishes with lovers of odd food. They are usually served with some sort of jelly, such as aspic, or a curious kind made by the creoles of rice and curry.

Some years ago Lady Assington philanthropically sent twenty-four British families to the Cape Colony in South Africa, to found an improved colony. She bought land for them, but the result was a failure. The men would not work.

A New Jersey inventor has perfected an ice locomotive to be used on ice fields. It is hung on runners, and its driving wheels are cogged. Its inventor hopes to get it into service with the ice cutters; and to live to see it pulling trains of ice-laden cars over the frozen surface of the Hudson.

Stanley says that certain portions of Africa will always be worthless on account of the ravages of the grasshoppers. In one instance he saw a column of young grasshoppers ten miles broad by thirty long marching down a valley, and when the grass was fired against them they were thick enough to smother the flames.

Pathos in a Photograph Gallery.

At one of the tin-type galleries the other day a gentleman who was in waiting noticed a boy about ten years old hanging around the door, and he beckoned him in and asked what was wanted.

"Could I get a picture here?" whispered the lad.

"Why, yes."

"How much'll it cost?"

"Only a quarter. You'll be next."

"But it isn't for me, sir; it's a picture of my brother Jim."

"Oh, that won't make any difference. Bring him in any time."

"I—I—can't, sir!" gasped the boy.

"Why?"

"'Cause he's d-dead, sir; died this morning!"

Upon investigation the boy was found to be possessed of only eleven cents, and after ascertaining that his statements were true the gentleman paid the expense of sending the artist up with his camera and securing two full dozen tintypes of the pale-faced dead lying in a house where cold and hunger held places almost as members of the family.—*Detroit Free Press.*

An Effective Whistler.

Out on Filmore street there is a big magpie that is never in its cage, but meanders all over the neighborhood. It stands on the curb, with bedraggled tail and drooping wings, and sings, "Any Old Knives to Grind?" If any man comes up and whistles to make it repeat, it lets out a wailing shriek, expressive of the supremest disgust. A favorite trick of this bird is to whistle for dogs, when every cur within three blocks runs to it. When the dogs congregate the magpie flies up on a butcher's hook and jeers at them. Of late the poundkeeper's deputies have caught onto the bird and its habit of attracting dogs and the harvest has been bountiful—*San Francisco Examiner.*

RELIGIOUS READING.

A MOTHER'S CARE.

I do not think that I could bear
My daily weight of woman's care,
If it were not for this:
That Jesus seemeth always near,
Unseen, but whispering in my ear
Some tender word of love and cheer,
To fill my soul with bliss!

There are so many trivial cares
That no one knows and no one shares,
Too small for me to tell:
Things e'en my husband cannot see,
Nor his dear love uplift from me,
Each hour's unnamed perplexity
That mothers know so well.

The failure of some household scheme,
The ending of some pleasant dream,
Deep hidden in my breast;
The weariness of children's noise,
The yearning for that subtle poise
That turneth duties into joys,
And giveth inner rest.

These secret things, however small,
Are known to Jesus, each and all,
And this thought brings me peace
I do not need to say one word,
He knows what thought my heart hath stirred,
And by Divine caress my Lord
Makes all its throbbings cease.

And then upon His loving breast
My weary head is laid at rest
In speechless ecstasy!
Until it seemeth all in vain
That care, fatigue, or mortal pain
Should hope to drive me forth again
From such felicity.

—[Selected.

THE NAME OF GOD.

Is it not singular that the name of God should be spelled with four letters in so many different languages? In Latin it is Deus; French, Dieu; old Greek, Zeus; German, Gott; old German, Odin; Swedish, Gode; Hebrew, Aden; Dutch, Herr; Syrian, Adan; Persia, Syra; Tartarian, Edga; Sclavonian, Belg or Bong; Spanish, Dias; Hindoo, Dsgi or Zeni; Turkish, Abdi; Egyptian, Aumn or Sent; Japanese, Zain; Peruvian, Liau; Wallachian, Zene; Etrurian, Ghur; Tyrrhenian, Eber; Irish, Dieh; Croatian, Deha; Margarian, Oese; Arabian, Alla; Dulaltaam, Bogt. There are several other languages in which the word is marked with the same peculiarity.

SINS BLOTTED OUT.

"According unto the multitude of thy tender mercies, blot out my transgressions." Ps. 51:1.

A little boy was much puzzled about sins being blotted out, and said: "I cannot think what becomes of all the sins God forgives, mother."

"Why, Charlie, can you tell me what becomes of all the figures you wrote on your slate yesterday?"

"I washed them all out, mother."

"And where are they then?"

"Why, they are nowhere; they are gone," said Charlie.

Just so it is with the believer's sins! They are gone—blotted out—"remembered against us no more."

"As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us."

DUTY.

"Duty" is a grand word. When Admiral Nelson, at the battle of Trafalgar, signaled to the English navy, "England expects every man to do his duty," a thrill of enthusiasm was felt by every Englishman in that fleet. The thought of duty has held many a man firm amidst a thousand perils. Yes, "duty" is an iron word, "privilege" is a golden word. Can we for one moment imagine angels or glorified saints obeying the behests of the Master because it is their "duty?" When the heavenly hosts sped swiftly to Bethlehem's plain to announce the tidings of peace, was the thought of "duty" pre-eminent in their minds? As permission was given to them to descend to the shepherds, did they not rather regard it as a privilege? "Duty" may be an iron word, but the purest gold alone can be coined into "privilege."—[Pittsburgh Chr. Advocate.

SEEING GOD.

The pure in heart shall see God. This promise does not simply give assurance that those who obey God in this life shall have the blessedness of beholding Him in the life to come. It means that the obedient child of God shall have God revealed to him in this life as a consequence of his heart purity. Through his obedience he has unfolded within him new powers of perception that lay hold of divine things. He becomes conscious of the presence of an invisible intelligence with whom his soul holds communion and from whom he draws higher endowments of personal life. Just as the senses bring him into consciousness of the material world which surrounds him, so the newly awakened susceptibility of the heart makes him aware of the presence of God.

We become conscious of the outward visible world because our senses are responsive to its influences. We see the material universe through the effects it awakens in our material senses. In the same way, when our spiritual nature is made alive in God, we become responsive to the influence of His presence. He is made known to us by the effects that are wrought upon us by his personal influence upon us. Our spirits respond to the benign influences of His spirit in more exalted forms of personal life. There are breathed into us aspirations, motives and dispositions which we know come from a source above us. They are the revelations of God's presence to us and in us.—[Methodist Recorder.

DIVINELY GUIDED.

Faith travels in an unseen track to honor and glory, neither shall anything turn her aside. Her way may not be plain at this moment, but it shall be made so. God is with those who trust in him; and what or whom shall we fear when God is with us? In due time the hand of the Lord shall be seen.

Sometimes the way of the Lord is mysterious and perplexing. I have known the best of men say: "I long to do the right, and by God's grace I will not stoop to anything which is evil: but which out of the two ways now before me is the right way? Each of them seems to be both hopeful and doubtful; which way shall I turn?

This is a condition which causes great anxiety to one who is deeply earnest to be right. Oh, for an oracle which could plainly indicate the path! Superstition and fanaticism shall not be gratified by either voice or dream, but yet, "The way of the righteous shall be made plain." Brother, when you do not know the way, ask your guide. Stand still and pray. If you cannot find the way upon the chart, commit yourself to the divine guidance by prayer. Down upon your knees and cry to the Lord! Few go wrong when they pray over their movements, and use the judgment which God has given them. The last is not to be omitted, for I know persons pray about a matter which was perfectly clear to anyone with half a grain of sense. In order to escape from an evident but unpleasant duty, they have talked about praying over it. Where a plain command is given, an unmistakable figure points out the way, and hesitation is rebellion. Sluggards make prayer an excuse for doing nothing; on the other hand, willful people make up their mind, and then pray; and this is sheer hypocrisy.

He who is on the King's highway will come to a good end, for the King has completed that way so that it does not fall short, but leads to a city of habitations, whose builder and maker is God." Oh, to be right with God; yea, to be right with him in our daily life and private walk! Let that be the case and our way shall be judged of by the Lord as his own royal highway, and upon it the light of his love shall shine, so that it shall become brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.—[C. H. Spurgeon.

THERE is a little newsboy in Atchison with large babyish eyes who can wring nickels out of the biggest miser on earth. All he does is to cry and trump up the old story about a mother beating him. We have noticed that the Lord usually gives large, pathetic, soulful eyes to the biggest hypocrites.

CONFIDENCE is not only a plant of slow growth but an extremely sensitive plant. The great house of Baring Bros., built up after infinite pains for 120 years, went down in a day.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR FEBRUARY 1.

Lesson Text: "Elijah at Horeb," I Kings xix., 1-18—Golden Text: Gen. xxvi., 24—Commentary.

1. "And Ahab told Jezebel all that Elijah had done." The whole story of the vain efforts of the prophets of Baal, the calmness of Elijah, the fire from Heaven, and the shouts of the people that "The Lord He is the God," the slaughter of the prophets and the great storm of wind and rain, were all rehearsed to this wicked woman, who had doubtless waited eagerly to know the result.

2. "Then Jezebel sent a messenger unto Elijah." Whether she was in the least affected by the record of the manifest power of the true God in sending fire and rain we are not told, but the death of her 450 prophets did mightily move her, and she promises Elijah that by to-morrow he shall be as one of them. We find even in our day that if a person has been touched in that which they prize, whether property or friends, they are very apt to have ears and eyes only for that which concerns their pockets or their own personal interests.

3. "And when we saw that he arose, and went for his life, and came to Beersheba." It does not seem possible that this man fleeing from Jezebel is the same who stood alone and fearlessly for God on Carmel. But it is even he, with this difference; then he had come directly from the presence of God, and from intimate communion with Him, but now he had been for a little season in contact with the world. Jesus Himself felt the need of much communion with God, and hence we find Him so often in prayer, and sometimes spending the whole night in prayer. We cannot stand fearlessly for God unless we are constantly in communion with Him.

4. "It is enough. Now, O Lord, take away my life, for I am not better than my fathers." Having left his servant at Beersheba he himself, went a day's journey into the wilderness, and sat down under a juniper tree and made this request of God. The juniper was the broom tree common in the deserts, and the roots of which, though bitter, were used as food by the poorest of the people (Job xxx., 4). It is suggestive of the poverty and bitterness of his soul just at this time. But consider his request and the glorious translation that awaited him, and see how foolish he was not to have confidence in God and wait patiently for Him.

5. "An angel touched him and said unto him, arise and eat." Refreshing sleep came to him as he sat sorrowfully under the tree, and even as he slept the unseen waters were providing for him (Heb. i., xiv). God had not forgotten His servant.

6. "Behold a cake baken on the coals, and a cruse of water at his head." Can God furnish a table in the wilderness (Ps. lxxviii., 19)? Yes, He who fed millions for forty years can surely take care of one poor disconsolate. But was ever mortal man ministered unto as this man? It is miracle upon miracle. See him at Cherith and Tarephath, and now behold him waited upon by an angel. Let us thank God that He is our God and that His angels minister unto us.

7. "And the angel of the Lord came again the second time." After having eaten he laid him down again. God knew his need, and rested him with sufficient sleep. He also knew his need in the way of food, and would have him eat again.

8. "He went in the strength of that meat forty days and forty nights unto Horeb, the mount of God." Obedient to the angels' touch He again arose, and again did eat and drink, and went forty days and nights in the strength of that food. We are reminded of one who, 500 years before, on the same Horeb, on two different occasions went forty days and nights without eating and drinking (Deut. ix., 9, 18). And also of our Lord Jesus Christ, who fasted forty days and forty nights (Matt. iv., 6).

9. "What dost thou here, Elijah?" In due time he arrived at Horeb and lodged in a cave, and there the word of the Lord came unto him with this question. A cave was apt to be a cold, dark place, and was suggestive of the state of his mind. Although so wonderfully cared for he does not seem to have been walking in the light and sunshine of God's face and favor. He was thinking of the preservation of his life (verses 3, 10, 14); and until we have given all such thoughts entirely to God we cannot walk in unhindred fellowship.

10. "And he said, I have been very jealous for the Lord God of Hosts." That was all right, and what follows was too sadly true, but "I only am left, and they seek my life," let us into the man's heart. It is as if he said I am the last witness You have got, and if they kill me what will You do? You will be left without a witness on earth.

11. "Go forth and stand upon the mount before the Lord." Go forth from the coldness and darkness of doubt and despair, and from considering the preciousness of your own life, your zeal for God and the necessity of your continuance, and be persuaded that God lives, and that He, and He only, is the necessity, and that it matters not whether you live or die.

12. "After the fire a still small voice." Judgment is His strange work (Isa. xxviii., 21). Ordinarily He speaks and it is done (Ps. xxxiii., 6, 9). Jesus did not come as a mighty fire or tempest, but as a helpless babe. John said He was the voice of one crying in the wilderness. Paul was not a mighty man physically, but in bodily presence weak, and in speech contemptible (II Cor. x., 10.)

13. "What dost thou here, Elijah?" Again the searching question comes as in the case of Peter (John xxi., 15-17). It would seem from this verse that Elijah had not gone forth as commanded (verse 11) until he heard this voice; but now he stands at the entrance to the cave with his face wrapped in his mantle, and once more has to reply to this question.

14. "I only am left, and they seek my life to take it away." Just the same answer as before (v. 10). He is God's only witness and his life is very precious.

15. "And the Lord said unto him, Go, return on thy way to the wilderness of Damascus." The Lord graciously has yet something for His servant to do. He did not tell him to flee into the wilderness from Jezebel, but He does now tell him to return. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him, even though they wander from Him, and He is long suffering and full of compassion and ready to forgive.

16. "Elisha, the son of Shaphat, of Abel-Meholah, shalt thou anoint to be prophet in thy room." He is to anoint a king of Syria and a king of Israel, and another man to be a prophet in his stead. While sought out and forgiven he has evidently disqualified himself for future service, and he is told to appoint another in his stead. If we are fearful or careful of self and self comfort we cannot be of much use to God (Judg. vii., 3, 5-7).

17. "Him that escapeth from the sword of Jehu shall Elisha slay." The enemies of the Lord must be slain; it will never do to make any league with them, nor even tolerate them, as Israel so often did.

18. "Yet I have left me seven thousand in Israel." And Elijah thought he was the only one. How blind we are! How self important! How seemingly jealous for the Lord God of Hosts, when really it is our own life or honor or reputation which we are so anxious to save. As long as we care only to exalt Jesus, either by life or death, He will graciously use us; but as soon as we think ourselves indispensable to Him, and we are the only ones who serve Him, then it is time for us to step out and let some one else of the 7000 step in. My highest place is lying low at my Redeemer's feet.—*Lesson Helper.*

EVERY stone in the tower and spire of St. John the Baptist's Catholic Church, on West Thirtieth street, New York, was hoisted to its place by a derrick the motive power of which was an old white horse. The congregation is going to see that its last days are its best days.

A BOSTON paper proposes that the death penalty be inflicted by means of chloroform. This shows the kindly and humane instincts of Boston, but it is curious that it hasn't suggested that the pleasantest death is a good square clip by its eminent citizen, Mr. Sullivan.