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SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

REV. DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON AT THE TABERNACLE.

Jubilant Exercises at the Morning Service—The Right Hand of Fellowship Extended to Many New Members. Thousands to Hear the Great Divine.

BROOKLYN, March 4.—Exercises at the Tabernacle this morning were jubilant. One hundred and twenty new members were given the right hand of fellowship, making the communicant membership one thousand four hundred and fifty. Thousands of strangers were present. The ten great silver tankards and the long line of chalices made the sacramental table very impressive.

Before the sermon the congregation, led by cornet and organ, sang:

When earth shall pass away,
In the great judgment day,
Jesus is mine!

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., took as the subject of his discourse: "A Song Concerning My Beloved." His text was Isaih v, 1: "Now will I sing to my well beloved a song of my beloved." Dr. Talmage said:

The most fascinating theme for a heart proper attuned is the Saviour. There is something in the morning light to suggest him, and something in the evening shadow to speak his praise. The flower breathes him, the star shines him, the cascade proclaims him, all the voices of nature chant him. Whatever is grand, bright and beautiful, if you only listen to it, will speak his praise. When I come in the summer time and pluck a flower, I think of him who is "the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley. When I see in the field a lamb, I say, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." When, in very hot weather, I come under a projecting cliff, I say:

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!

Over the old fashioned pulpits there was a sounding board. The voice of the minister rose to the sounding board, and then was struck back again upon the ears of the people. An so the ten thousand voices of earth rising up find the heavens a sounding board which strikes back to the ear of all the nations the praises of Christ. The heavens tell his glory, and the earth shows his handiwork. The Bible thrills with one great story of redemption. Upon a blasted and faded paradise it poured the light of a glorious restoration. It looked upon Abraham from the ram caught in the thicket. It spoke in the bleating of the herds driven down to Jerusalem for sacrifice. It put infinite pathos into the speech of uncouth fishermen. It lifted Paul into the seventh heaven; and it broke upon the ear of St. John with the brazen trumpets and the doxology of the elders, and the rushing wings of the seraphim.

Instead of waiting until you get sick and worn out before you speak the praise of Christ, while your heart is happiest, and your step is lightest, and your fortunes smile, and your pathway blossoms, and the overarching heavens drop upon you their benediction, speak the praises of Jesus.

The old Greek orators, when they saw their audience inattentive and slumbering, had one word with which they would rouse them up to the greatest enthusiasm. In the midst of their orations they would stop and cry out "Marathon!" and the people's enthusiasm would be unbounded. My hearers, though you may have been borne down with sin, and though trouble and trials and temptation may have come upon you, and you feel hardly like looking up, methinks there is one grand, royal, imperial word that ought to rouse your soul to infinite rejoicing, and that word is "Jesus."

Taking the suggestion of the text, I shall speak to you of Christ, our song. I remark, in the first place, that Christ ought to be the cradle song. What our mothers sang to us when they put us to sleep is singing yet. We may have forgotten the words; but they went into the fiber of our soul, and will forever be a part of it. It is not so much what you formally teach your children as what you sing to them. A hymn has wings and can fly everywhither. One hundred and fifty years after you are dead, and "Old Mortality" has worn out his chisel in re-cutting your name on the tombstone, your great-grandchildren will be singing the song which this afternoon you sing to your little ones gathered about your knee. There is a place in Switzerland where, if you distinctly utter your voice, there come back ten or fifteen distinct echoes, and every Christian song sung by a mother in the ear of her child shall have ten thousand echoes coming back from all the gates of heaven. Oh, if mothers only knew the power of this sacred spell, how much oftener the little ones would be gathered, and all our homes would chime with the songs of Jesus!

We want some counteracting influence upon our children. The very moment your child steps into the street he steps into the path of temptation. There are foul mouthed children who would like to besoil your little ones. It will not do to keep your boys and girls in the house and make them house plants; they must have fresh air and recreation. God save your children from the scathing, blasting, damning influence of the streets! I know of no counteracting influence but the power of Christian culture and example. Hold before your little ones the pure life of Jesus; let that name be the word that shall exorcise evil from their hearts. Give to your instruction all the fascination of music, morning, noon and night; let it be Jesus, the cradle song. This is important if your children grow up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the dwelling, and the youthful pulse will begin to flutter, and little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pinch at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the nursery will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No quick following from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss; but only a grave, and a wreath of white blossoms on the top of it; and bitter desolations and a sighing at nightfall with no one to put to bed, and a wet pillow, and a grave, and a wreath of white blossoms on the top of it. The heavenly Shepherd will take that lamb safely anyhow, whether you have been faithful or unfaithful; but would it not have been pleasanter if you could have heard from those lips the praises of Christ? I never read anything more beautiful than this about a child's departure. The account said, "She folded her hands, kissed her mother good-by, sang her hymn, turned her face to the wall, said her little prayer, and then died."

Oh, if I could gather up in one paragraph the last words of the little ones who have gone out from all these Christian circles, and I could picture the calm look and the folded hands and sweet departure, methinks it would be grand and beautiful as one of Heaven's great doxologies!

I next speak of Christ as the old man's song. Quick music loses its charm for the aged ear. The school girl asks for a schottische or a glee, but her grandmother asks for "Balerma" or the "Portuguese Hymn." Fifty years of trouble have tamed the spirit, and the keys of the unsic board must have a solemn tread. Though the voice may be tremulous, so that grandfather will not trust it in church, still he has the Psalm book open before him and he sings with his soul. He hums his grandchild asleep with the same tune he sang forty years ago in the old country meeting house. Some day the choir sings a tune so old that the young people do not know it; but it starts the tears down the cheek of the aged man, for it reminds him of the revival scene in which he participated, and of the radiant faces that long since went to dust, and of the gray haired minister leaning over the pulpit and sounding the good tidings of great joy.

I was one Thanksgiving day in my pulpit in Syracuse, N. Y., and Rev. Daniel Waldo, at 98 years of age, stood beside me. The choir sang a tune. I said: "I am sorry they sang that new tune: nobody seems to know it." "Bless you, my son," said the old man, "I heard that seventy years ago!"

There was a song today that touched the life of the aged with holy fire, and kindled a glory on their vision that our younger eyesight cannot see. It was the song of salvation—Jesus, who fed them all their lives long; Jesus, who wiped away their tears; Jesus, who stood by them when all else failed; Jesus, in whose name their marriage was consecrated, and whose resurrection has poured light upon the graves of their departed. Blessed the Bible in which spectacled old age reads the promise, "I will never leave you, never forsake you!" Blessed the staff on which the worn out pilgrim totters on toward the welcome of his redeemer! Blessed the hymn book in which the faltering tongue and the failing eyes find Jesus, the old man's song.

I speak to you again of Jesus as the night song. Job speaks of him who giveth songs in the night. John Welch, the old Scotch minister, used to put a plaid across his bed on cold nights, and some one asked him why he put that there. He said: "Oh, sometimes in the night I want to sing the praise of Jesus, and to get down and pray; then I just take that plaid and wrap it around me, to keep myself from the cold." Songs in the night! Night of trouble has come down upon many of you. Commercial losses put out one star, slanderous abuse put out another star, domestic bereavement has put out a thousand lights, and gloom has been added to gloom, and chill to chill, and sting to sting, and one midnight has seemed to borrow the fold from another midnight to wrap itself in more unbearable darkness; but Christ has spoken peace to your heart, and you can sing:

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, oh, my Saviour! hide
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last.

Songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the sick, who have no one to turn the hot pillow, no one to put the taper on the stand, no one to put ice on the temple, or pour out the soothing anodyne, or utter one cheerful word—yet songs in the night! For the poor, who freeze in the winter's cold, and swelter in the summer's heat, and munch the hard crusts that bleed the sore gums, and shiver under blankets that cannot any longer be patched, and tremble because rent day is come and they may be set out on the sidewalk, and looking into the starved face of the child and seeing famine there and death there, coming home from the bakery, and saying, in the presence of the little famished ones, "Oh, my God, flour has gone up!" Yet songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the widow who goes to get the back pay of her husband, slain by the "sharp shooters," and knows it is the last help she will have, moving out of a comfortable home in desolation, death turning back from the exhausting cough and the pale cheek and the lusterless eye, and refusing all relief. Yet songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the soldier in the field hospital, no surgeon to bind up the gunshot fracture, no water for the hot lips, no kind hand to brush away the flies from the fresh wound, no one to take the loving farewell, the groaning of others poured into his own groan, the blasphemy of others plowing up his own spirit, the condensed bitterness of dying away from home among strangers. Yet songs in the night! Songs in the night! "Ah!" said one dying soldier, "tell my mother that last night there was not one cloud between my soul and Jesus." Songs in the night! Songs in the night!

The Sabbath day has come. From the altars of ten thousand churches has smoked up the savor of sacrifice. Ministers of the Gospel are now preaching in plain English, in broad Scotch, in flowing Italian, in harsh Choctaw. God's people have assembled in Hindoo temple, and Moravian church, and Quaker meeting house, and sailors' bethel, and king's chapel, and high towered cathedral. They sang, and the song floated off amidst the spice groves, or struck the icebergs, or floated off into the western pines, or was drowned in the clamor of the great cities. Lumbermen sang it, and the factory girls, and the children in the Sabbath class, and the trained choirs in great assemblages. Trappers, with the same voices with which they shouted yesterday in the stag hunt, and mariners with throats that only a few days ago sounded in the hoarse blast of the sea hurricane, they sang it. One theme for the sermons. One burden for the song. Jesus for the invocation. Jesus for the Scripture lesson. Jesus for the baptismal font. Jesus for the sacramental cup. Jesus for the benediction. But the day will go by. It will roll away on swift wheels of light and love. Again the churches will be lighted. Tides of people again setting down the streets. Whole families coming up the church aisle. We must have one more sermon, two prayers, three songs, and one benediction. What shall we preach to-night? What shall we read? What shall it be, children? Aged men and women, what shall it be? Young men and maidens, what shall it be? If you dared to break the silence of this auditory, there would come up thousands of quick and jubilant voices crying out: "Let it be Jesus! Jesus!"

We sing his birth—the barn that sheltered him, the mother that nursed him, the cattle that fed beside him, the angels that woke up the shepherds, shaking light over the midnight hills. We sing his ministry—the tears he wiped away from the eyes of the orphans; the lame men that forgot their crutches; the damsel who from the bier bounded out into the sunlight, her locks shaking down over the flushed cheek; the hungry thousand who broke the bread as it blossomed into larger loaves—that miracle by which a boy with five loaves and two fishes became the sutler for a whole army. We sing his sorrows—his stone bruised feet, his aching heart, his mountain loneliness, his desert hunger, his storm pelted body, the eternity of anguish that shot through his last moments, and the immeasurable ocean of torment that heaved up against his cross in one foaming, wrathful, omnipotent surge, the sun dashed out, and the dead, shroud wrapped, breaking open their sepulchers, and rushing out to see what was the matter. We sing his resurrection—the guard that could not keep him; the sorrow of his disciples; the clouds piling up on either side in pillared splendors as he went through, treading the pathless air, higher and higher, until he came to the foot of the throne, and all heaven kept jubilee at the return of the conqueror.

I say once more, Christ is the everlasting song. The very best singers sometimes get tired; the strongest throats sometimes get weary, and many who sang very sweetly do not sing now; but I hope by the grace of God we will, after a while, go up and sing the praises of Christ where we will never be weary. You know there are some songs that are especially appropriate for the home circle. They stir the soul, they start the tears, they turn the heart in on itself, and keep sounding after the tune has stopped, like some cathedral bell which, long after the tap of the brazen tongue has ceased, keeps throbbing on the air. Well, it will be a home song in heaven; all the sweeter because those who sang with us in the domestic circle on earth shall join that great harmony,

Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me;
When shall my labors have an end
In joy and peace in thee?

On earth we sang harvest songs as the wheat came into the barn, and the barracks were filled. You know there is no such time on a farm as when they get the crops in; and so in heaven it will be a harvest song on the part of those who on earth sowed in tears and reaped in joy. Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let the sheaves come in! Angels shout all through the heavens, and multitudes come down the hills crying: "Harvest home! harvest home!"

There is nothing more bewitching to one's ear than the song of sailors far out at sea, whether by day or night, as they pull away at the ropes; the music is weird and thrilling. So the song in heaven will be a sailor's song. They were voyagers once, and thought they could never get to shore, and before they could get things snug and trim the cyclone struck them. But now they are safe. Once they went with damaged rigging, guns of distress booming through the storm; but the pilot came aboard, and he brought them into the harbor. Now they sing of the breakers past, the lighthouses that showed them where to sail, the pilot that took them through the strife, the eternal shore on which they landed.

Ay, it will be the children's song. You know very well that the vast majority of our race die in infancy, and it is estimated that eighteen thousand millions of the little ones are standing before God. When they shall rise up about the throne to sing, the millions and the millions of the little ones—ah! that will be music for you. These played in the streets of Babylon and Thebes; these plucked lilies from the foot of Olivet while Christ was preaching about them; these waded in Siloam; these were victims of Herod's massacre; these were thrown to crocodiles or into the fire; these came up from Christian homes, and these were foundlings on the city commons—children everywhere in all that land; children in the towers, children on the seas of glass, children on the battlements. Ah, if you do not like children do not go there. They are in vast majority, and what a song when they lift it around about the throne!

The Christian singers and composers of all ages will be there to join in that song. Thomas Hastings will be there. Lowell Mason will be there. Bradbury will be there. Beethoven and Mozart will be there. They who sounded the cymbals and the trumpets in the ancient temples will be there. The forty thousand harpers that stood at the ancient dedication will be there. The two hundred singers that assisted on that day will be there. Patriarchs who lived amidst threshing floors, shepherds who watched amidst Chaldean hills, prophets who walked, with long beards and coarse apparel, pronouncing woe against ancient abominations, will meet the more recent martyrs who went up with leaping cohorts of fire; and some will speak of the Jesus of whom they prophesied, and others of the Jesus for whom they died. Oh, what a song! It came to John upon Patmos; it came to Calvin in the prison; it dropped to John Knox in the fire; and sometimes that song has come to your ear, perhaps, for I really do think it sometimes breaks over the battlements of heaven.

A Christian woman, the wife of a minister of the Gospel, was dying in the parsonage near the old church, where on Saturday night the choir used to assemble and rehearse for the following Sabbath, and she said: "How strangely sweet the choir rehearses to-night; they have been rehearsing there for an hour." "No," said some one about her, "the choir is not rehearsing to-night." "Yes," she said, "I know they are; I hear them sing; how very sweetly they sing!" Now it was not a choir of earth that she heard, but the choir of heaven. I think that Jesus sometimes sets ajar the door of heaven, and a passage of that rapture greets our ears. The minstrels of heaven strike such a tremendous strain the walls of jasper cannot hold it.

I wonder, will you sing that song? Will I sing it? Not unless our sins are pardoned, and we learn now to sing the praise of Christ, will we ever sing it there. The first great concert that I ever attended was in New York, when Julien, in the Crystal Palace, stood before hundreds of singers and hundreds of players upon instruments. Some of you may remember that occasion; it was the first one of the kind at which I was present, and I shall never forget it. I saw that one man standing, and with the hand and foot wield that great harmony, beating the time. It was to me overwhelming. But oh, the grander scene when they shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, "a great multitude that no man can number," into the temple of the skies, host beyond host, rank beyond rank, gallery above gallery, and Jesus shall stand before that great host to conduct the harmony, with his wounded hands and his wounded feet! Like the voice of many waters, like the voice of mighty thunderings, they shall cry, "Worthy is the lamb that was slain to receive blessings, and riches, and honor, and glory, and power, world without end. Amen and amen!" Oh, if my ear shall hear no other sweet sounds, may I hear that! If I join no other glad assemblage, may I join that.

I was reading of the battle of Agincourt, in which Henry V. figured; and it is said after the battle was won, gloriously won, the king wanted to acknowledge the divine interposition, and he ordered the chaplain to read the Psalm of David, and when he came to the words, "Not unto us, oh Lord, but unto thy name be the praise," the king dismounted, and all the cavalry dismounted, and all the great host, officers and men, threw themselves on their faces. Oh, at the story of the Saviour's love and the Saviour's deliverance, shall we not prostrate ourselves before him now, hosts of earth and hosts of heaven, falling upon our faces and crying: "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name be the glory!"

A Queer Sort of Watch.

While traveling through New York state I came across what I consider a curiosity. The clerk of the Dibble house, in Matteawan, N. Y., Mr. Charles Sweet, has a watch he purchased from a German many years ago, who bought it in a pawnshop in Germany at a cost of not quite $4, American money. The curious part is, it never has been wound for eight or nine years since he has had it, for two reasons: First, it does not wind with a key, nor is it a stem winder, nor is there any other mechanical means to wind it. It winds itself simply by the motion of the body while walking or natural motion of the body during the day. It has an hour and minute hand, also a second hand, is solid silver, and has an independent second hand that registers the number of hours it is wound. It also has a peculiar centerpiece that, when touched, places the hands backward or forward at will. No manufacturer's name can be found on the works or in the case; the only letters are on the works: "Perpetual manometer."—Dr. Charles L. Howard in New York World.

How to Clean Off Ice.

"This slow process of cleaning the ice off the sidewalks by chipping at it with a shovel or a hatchet makes me tired," said a country bred citizen as he struggled over a mass of fragments of ice, some stuck fast and some loose. "It could be done ten times more quickly by the use of an old fashioned wooden maul, made by taking a log several feet long and trimming it down to a diameter of two or three inches for most of its length. It should be of the original thickness for about one foot or eighteen inches from one end, and that should be the business end. A few vigorous blows, delivered without moving the maul from the perpendicular, would smash the icy covering of any sidewalk in New York into loose fragments that could be moved in a few minutes."—New York Sun.

The Professor's Blissful Ignorance.

A Buffalo professor the other day was enlightening his class on the subject of geology, when one of the pupils came forward, handed a piece of rock candy to the professor, and asked what it was. The professor suggested that it was probably a quantity of crystalline quartz, whereupon the boy wondered at its being so crumbly. The scientist then ventured the opinion that the substance was carbonate of lime. Some of the boys could not refrain from giggling outright, but the professor remained in blissful ignorance of the joke.—Chicago News.

Baptist Missions in Russia.

Baptists are the only Protestant body which has the privilege of carrying on missions in Russia with the sanction of the government, but they are not allowed to baptize members of the Greek church. There are in Russia 34 Baptist churches, 41 pastors and evangelists, 82 Sunday schools and 12,371 church members; 850 were baptized last year.—Pueblo Opinion.

Good Judge of Portraits.

A famous art connoisseur of Baltimore can, at a glance, tell whether a portrait of any merit has been painted from life or from imagination aided by photography. In the latter case the soul of things is not manifest. Only a discerner of spirits could detect the difference.—Baltimore American.

Scientific tests in Hungary show that corn will produce the largest yield of milk, while sorghum will produce milk of the richest quality.

An electrical peanut roaster is one of the latest inventions of the day.

ENTERING JERUSALEM.

LESSON XI, INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL SERIES MARCH, 11.

Text of the Lesson, Matt. xxi, 1-16—Golden Text, Ps. cxviii, 26—Memorize Verses 12-13—Comment by Rev. William Newton, D. D.

[From Lesson Helper Quarterly, by permission of H. S. Hoffman, Philadelphia, publisher.]

Notes.—Bethphage or house of figs, near to Bethany. Over against, opposite. Straightway, at once; without seeking. Loose them, or untie them. Aught, anything. That it might, in order that, etc. Daughter of Zion, Jerusalem. The foal, the young one. Clothes, or outer garments. Strewed, spread or scattered. Hosanna, Heb., save now; formerly a word of prayer, but now of praise. Son of David, one of the titles of Jesus as Messiah. Moved, aroused or excited. The multitude, i. e., the people that came with him, or formed the great procession. House of prayer, i. e, in which prayer shall be offered. Wonderful things, i. e., the great works, miracles or signs. Crying, singing or calling out. Sore displeased, very angry.

V. 1-3. The incidents of this lesson stand alone in its impressiveness; or rather in the character of its impressiveness. It is a singular blending of God's foreordained purposes, with man's perfect freedom of action—by which those purposes were to be carried out. Jesus, as the true Messiah, had come to the people to whom he was promised. All the great works ascribed to the Messiah by their prophets, had been wrought by him. Even the soldiers were constrained to say, "Never man spake as this man!" And now as he drew nigh to Jerusalem and knew that he was nearing the cross at every step thither, he also knew that his triumphal entry into the city must then be made; even as it was foretold. "All things were ready." The appointed time had come. The people were thronging in great multitudes about him. Not knowing why they did it, the owners of the ass had tied her before his door, and there she stood, awaiting the messengers of the master, coming to claim her for his service. And so he paused at Bethphage, to make the needed preparations. And so he sent forward two of his disciples to the village over against them. It does not seem that he told them for what purpose the ass and her colt were to be brought. He did so in the case of the fish to be caught for the tribute money, Matt. xvii, 27. He did so in the case of the two disciples sent to prepare for the Passover, Mark xiv, 13. But he did not do so in this case. He seems to have sent for the ass without telling them why the animal was needed. There was to be no preparation for their playing a part. No hinting to them what the prophet had said. No telling them what they would be expected to do. The time had come. The occasion would be silently brought before them, and the rest would be as the spirit moved them to act. And in this direction these things are very clear, i.e.:

1. The Lord's knowledge of coming events.
2. Some intimations of his power.

V. 4. This, manifestly, refers to the Saviour's knowledge of what was to be done, and his purpose in doing it, and not at all to the disciples! They did what he told them to do without, at that time, having anything except that he told them to do it. The purpose of it all lay in his own mind alone. He knew that was written. He knew why it was written. He knew that the time was come, and that this proof of his Messiahship was to be furnished against themselves by the people to whom he came. And therefore, all this was done.

V. 5, 6. This prophesy is in Zach. ix, 9. Nothing could be plainer. The time of the coming kingdom had come. Their king himself had come, and the shouts of the multitude, as they proclaimed his coming, rent the air. Would they receive their king? It was the crisis of Jerusalem's destiny. Who can say that this was not a real thing? That this triumphal entry into Jerusalem did not mean the setting up of the kingdom then and there, if the nation had received its king.

V. 7-9. And here commences the disciples' part, with that of the multitude. Thus far Jesus had acted alone, and now the time for their action had come. We can see the acting of the process. Every line of the record adds some new feature to the picture. See! The disciples have returned with the ass and her colt! What shall they do with them? A sudden impulse seems to seize them. They take their loose, flowing, outside garments and lay them on the untrained colt. Reverently they approach their Lord, and under his gently constraining power "set him thereon!" There he sits, just as the prophet foretold—but with no word spoken by him—Zion's king with his face toward Zion's capital. Sudden and unlooked for as the fire of the Lord that fell on Elijah's sacrifice, a strong impulse seized the great multitude, as they took up the line of march toward Jerusalem. It was composed of two sections—those that went before and those that followed after with Jesus in the midst. The march begins. From those nearest the person of the Lord, a shout, as of triumph goes up. Listen! Why it is the strain of their old prophets—a portion of the Great Hallel or song of praise—an acknowledged tribute to the Messiah. See Ps. cxviii, 25, 26. The song passes from man to man; from those in the rear the gladsome strain rolls on: "Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord! Hosanna in the highest!" Those that went before caught up the strain, and the air was filled with its melody as the procession swept on toward Jerusalem.

V. 10, 11. Nothing could be more natural than this. Of course, "the daughter of Zion" would ask: "Who is this?" And there could be no other answer than that which the multitude gave.

V. 12, 13. This is the second of the two cleansings of the temple by our Lord. The portion of the temple referred to here was the court of the Gentiles, into which alone such things as are here named could be taken. And because many Jews came from foreign lands, they would need to change their money into the shekel of the sanctuary. Exodus xiii, 13. But not even merchandise—which is honest trade—can be tolerated in the house of God. But here it had degenerated into lawless gain. And in each case it was the silent exercise of his authority as the son of man that made them go unresistingly out when the hope of their unlawful gain was thus swept away.

V. 14. How striking the contrasts of this wonderful day! The solemn grandeur of the triumphal entry into Jerusalem; his indignant driving the traders from the temple, and the tender sympathy for the afflicted as they presented themselves before him; how beautiful the record is! How full of power is this wondrous life!

V. 15, 16. Why were the chief priests and scribes sore displeased? Clearly for two reasons:

1. The wonderful works of Jesus; and
2. The children's tribute to his Messiahship. They would not believe themselves, and they were angry when others believed.

Pullman's New Palace.

The splendid new palace which George M. Pullman is building on Pullman island, one of the Thousand Islands group, will be ready for the millionaire's occupation in the early spring. Mr. Pullman has owned the island for several years. It is said to be one of the most charming of the group. An old stone house, reported to be a colonial French convent, formerly stood on it. The house which Mr. Pullman is building will be unlike anything of the kind in the country. It is designed as a sort of private hotel for the family and a very few invited guests.

The material is stone in its natural state, put together in all sorts of shapes. A tower eight feet square and seventy-five feet high will rise from the center of the building. On the first floor will be a large reception hall, dining room, butler's pantries and sleeping apartments. In the dining room will be a fireplace large enough to roast an ox. The remainder of the house will be divided into sleeping apartments for guests, excepting the upper stories of the tower, one of which will be used as a card room and the other as an observation room, where an excellent view of the river and the surrounding country can be had. The interior will be of heavy oak, with massive casements and large oaken doors.—Boston Transcript.

Discretion the Better Part.

The best sort of courage is the kind that goes with a rapid estimate of chances and still has some method in it. If Mr. Snell, of Chicago, who heard the burglars at work in his basement, had, instead of going down to them single handed, but fired his revolver out of an upper window to summon the neighbors and the police, the sequel of that tragic story might have been different.

Noise and the certainty of detection always startle burglars, and give better chance to capture or even to shoot them, if this is desired. A good alarm above stairs, notifying the thieves below that the neighborhood was being fully aroused, would have been a much surer as well as a safer thing. The daring of Mr. Lyman Weeks, in Brooklyn, some time ago, who went down into his basement unarmed to grapple with a robber, may have been a display of fearlessness, but surely was not wise. There are plenty of opportunities in life for showing personal courage, but in dealing with ruffians, bent on flagrant crime and armed for their work, it is better to let the police in to help. A watchman's rattle is about as practical a weapon on such occasions as a sensible man or woman need wish to have.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Daniel Drawbaugh's Invention.

It is announced that Daniel Drawbaugh, the inventor, who claims to have invented the telephone, is working out something new in his workshop in Cumberland county, Pennsylvania. He has now an invention which he declares will be most useful in time of war on land and sea. It consists of an electrical contrivance by means of which the presence of large bodies of troops on land or ships on water can be detected within a distance of ten miles. A general of the army with this new contrivance in his tent can, it is claimed, tell by its peculiar motion if the enemy is near, and the commander of a war vessel can also tell the approach of any vessel, hostile or otherwise, the resistance of the water to the approaching vessel causing sufficient friction to establish a current that will cause the indicator to sound the alarm.—Exchange.

London's Early Suburban Train.

The Chatham Railway company, of London, recently began running a train from St. Paul station, starting at 3:15 in the morning. This was done to accommodate the night workers living in the suburbs on that line. The experiment was a success from the start, and other lines have followed suit. It strikes us that this thing could be done in more than one city in America. There are thousands of men working in the evening who would prefer to live in the suburbs, could they get accommodation at the proper hour. The trains would return to the city almost immediately, carrying with them the marketmen and their goods, and city sleepers would not be disturbed as they are now by the rattling of the market wagons coming in town at sunrise.—Chicago Times.

A Lion of Literary Circles.

Frank R. Stockton is at present the lion of literary circles in Washington. Every device is used to persuade him to inform a curious world whether it was the lady or the tiger which issued from the door. His wife tells of a Boston hostess who had planned to trap the author in the following way: She invited Mr. and Mrs. Stockton to dinner, and intended to have the ice cream in two molds—one in the shape of a lady and the other formed a tiger. She then intended to ask Mr. Stockton from which design he would take his cream. By some chance, however, the dinner never came off, and the great question is still unanswered.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

The Crown Prince's Kindly Heart.

The sweet and kindly spirit which sparkles in his eye when he speaks with children brings him very near, not only to the hearts, of his small interlocutors, but also to those of their parents. An eye witness relates an anecdote that is charmingly characteristic. The prince noticed, during a state banquet, that the court pages (who are boys of noble family, from 12 to 15 years old) cast longing eyes toward the sweetmeats. He summoned half a dozen of them, made them stand in a row, and threw bonbons into their open mouths. Having taken the edge off their appetite, he stuffed their pockets, and sent them on their way rejoicing.—Cosmopolitan.

To Keep Butter Fresh.

Pierre Grosnlo, of Vervier, France, has discovered a harmless process of keeping butter perfectly sweet and fresh for an indefinite length of time, and without its being unfavorably affected by heat. A solution of a small amount of salicylic acid in lactic well mixed with butter is the simple agent employed. His discovery is important from the fact that it provides a way to ship butter to people in tropical climates with an assurance that it will reach them in good condition and remain so until used.—New York World.

BITS OF GOOD READING.

Items of General Interest Clipped from the Exchanges—Multum in Parvo.

The furniture dealers find that there is a tremendous demand for what are called boarding house bureaus to fit between a bed and the end wall of hall bedrooms in tiny modern houses. These are a new conception, the most astonishingly useless one that can be imagined. Such bureaus are about three feet long and eight or nine inches wide on top, but the drawers, of which there are three, are only six inches deep and six inches high, just big enough for a tooth brush, a necktie and a paper collar box. Yet nothing in the trade sells as well as they do.

An old Plymouth Rock hen that had been for ten years the pet of a lady in Norwich, Conn., died recently. She weighed fourteen pounds, but was appreciated chiefly on account of her intelligence. She knew when it was meal time as well as a regular boarder, and came regularly for her food, calling for her meal once a day. Of a brood of forty, she was the hen altogether lovely. She always wanted a chat with her mistress daily, and when she was not feeling well would tease to be held in her lap and rocked by pulling her mistress' apron.

There is a little girl in Baltimore who goes out into the streets, begins crying and gets the police to try to find her home. She gives an accurate description of a house, but when such a one is reached she always declares it is not the right one. The other day she kept three policemen busy all day walking about the city with her, and at night admitted that she knew all the while where her home was, and could have gone to it at any hour.

The old Rodgers house in Washington is for sale. This interesting structure has many curious associations. On the sidewalk in front of it Gen. Sickles shot Barton Key. The house was occupied during the war by Secretary Stanton, and it was there that Payne tried to assassinate Secretary Seward. The lot on which the house was built was formerly owned by Henry Clay, who swapped it with Admiral Rodgers for a blooded colt.

Eight sportsmen shot over the preserved ground of Lord Mansfield at Scone, Perthshire, recently, when the extraordinary number of 1,400 head of game fell to their guns. Of that number 1,100 were pheasants. One of the party used three guns, which were kept loaded by two keepers, and at one spot during the day's work he had about 900 pheasants lying around him.

A Hungarian miner who was recently treated by a physician at Phoenixville, Pa., had been living for three months at an expense for food of only two cents a day. He was earning $1 a day, but ate only black bread. As a consequence his teeth were falling out when the physician began to treat him, and he was slowly starving.

The Mercrd canal that has been built to convey water from the foot of the Sierra mountains in California, at San Joaquin, has been formally opened. The reservoir in which the water is stored contains 640 acres. The canal is twenty-seven miles long, and will irrigate over a quarter million of acres.

At the present rate of increase in population, by the year 1900 the Stars and Stripes will probably wave over nearly 100,000,000 citizens. And then this country will begin to look forward to the time when 1,000,000,000 free citizens will look up to the starry flag for protection.

The famous Jones county belled buzzard was killed at Hazelhurst, Ga., by Will Meeks recently. The bell attached to the bird had engraved on it the letters "C. E." above the words "Jones County, G., 1859." It has been known in various parts of the state for years.

A $15,000 lighthouse lens, made in Paris for the United States government, is now in Washington. It is the largest lantern lens in the country. The glass-work, or lens proper, measures 15 feet in height, while the internal diameter is 8 feet 8 inches.

An effectual way of cleaning a sidewalk of ice and snow has been adopted in Philadelphia. A rubber hose is connected with the boiler in the engine building and a jet of live steam thrown upon the sidewalk. The ice soon disappears.

A locomotive has been sent by the king of the Belgians to Tangiers as a present to the sultan of Morocco—a singularly inappropriate gift, considering that there is not a yard of railway or tram line within the dominions of the latter.

The newest method of notifying friends of marriage is to send cards announcing it, accompanied by an invitation to call. This is borrowed from the French, and is in the nature of a refreshing change from too much English.

Berlin has a population of 1,000,000, only 2 per cent. of which go to public worship. With nearly 400,000 people in Hamburg, only 5,000 attend service.

One-tenth of the Christians in the world do nine-tenths of the Christian work. So long as this is so we cannot wonder that it goes halting as it does.

Helena, M. T., claims to have the richest men in the west. A list is published of capitalists who can draw checks aggregating over $23,000,000.

After thirteen years' litigation an Albany estate has realized eighty-five cents apiece for the heirs. The lawyers got $11,000 each.

The stones of the famous Temple Bar of London are now being put together to form a gate to a brewer's residence.

Arkansas City, Kan., has a house which is constructed entirely from boards taken from shoe boxes.

Stained windows of the most brilliant hues are now being made of chemically prepared paper.

A faith cure church has just been built at Jersey City.

Heating Railway Cars.

Germany has passed a law making heating railway cars by means of steam from the locomotive compulsory on all trains running within the empire within seven years. It is stated that this method of heating trains has been in satisfactory use in that country for several years.—Boston Budget.

Remedies for Writer's Cramp.

Change all the conditions frequently, the height of the chair or of the table, the kind of paper, using sometimes the smoother, sometimes the rougher sort. Have every description of pen and penholder at hand, and change them frequently. Don't try to write a handsome hand, for that is something that a person who has writer's cramp in perfection cannot do. Be satisfied with legibility, and this there need be no difficulty about. The trouble seems to be a nervous one, and very little things will affect it. The change from paper that is ruled to paper that is not, and vice versa, will often give relief, and even a change from black ink to blue has been known to be beneficial. Of course you must have quill pens in your assortment, but their exclusive use will not help you. A friend who does a great deal of writing has turned to the typewriter for relief, but that is all that it affords. The fingers have got into the cramp habit, and in time the use of the typewriter wearies and stiffens them. Nothing but an infinite variety of appliances, constantly changed, will afford the desired relief.—"Causerie" in Boston Herald.

Dyeing with the Henna Plant.

The lady who is about to undergo the dyeing process is stretched out at full length on her back, and is not allowed to stir. The paste is put on the soles of the feet, the toes included, about an inch thick; the upper part of the feet is never dyed. Soft leaves are then applied, as a covering, and the whole is tightly wrapped in linen.

The same process is gone through with the palm of the hand and the fingers. To keep the application in place, the lady must lie perfectly still all night, for no other parts of the body must receive the dye, and a spot on the back of the hand or the finger joints would be a great disfigurement.

At this time she is dreadfully teased by swarms of mosquitoes and flies, but she dare not move to drive them away. In the upper classes slaves watch all night to keep away these pests with fans.

The same process must be repeated for three nights to obtain the desired red tint; but, once finished, it remains for a month, and cannot be washed out.—"An Arabian Princess."

Grizzly and Buffalo.

When there were buffalo on the plains the Manitoba grizzlies were great hunters of them. When a grizzly and a buffalo met there was always sure to be a contest, but it seldom lasted long, and the buffalo was usually the victim. The buffalo would charge upon the bear, which awaited the onset of his foe erect on his haunches. As the buffalo dashed upon him the bear threw himself aside, and with a blow as quick as lightning with one of his fore paws seldom failed to break his antagonist's neck. A grizzly bear has been known to engage in quick succession four and even five big buffalo bulls, and to kill every one of them. It frequently happened however, that some younger and more active bull than his companions succeeded in evading the fatal blow of the grizzly's terrible fore paw long enough to give in turn a fatal thrust with his horn in the bear's side, puncturing the vitals, and making of the contest a mutual slaughter.—New York Sun.

Educating Arabian Girls.

"Educate a girl!" exclaimed a Mohammedan to Dr. Jessup, a missionary among the Arabs, who was urging him to place one of his daughters in a girls' school in Tripoli. "Educate a girl! You might as well try to educate a cat!" Several aristocratic Mohammedan gentlemen of Beirut were induced a few years ago to place their daughters in one of the Protestant schools there, and one of them remarked: "Would you believe it? I heard one of the girls read the other day, and she actually asked a question about the construction of a noun preceded by a preposition! I never heard the like of it! The things do distinguish and understand what they read after all!" The other replied: "Mashallah! Mashallah! The will of God be done!"—St. Louis Republican.

The Coolies of Trinidad.

The coolies work excellently. They are picturesque additions to the landscape, as they keep to the bright colors and graceful drapery of India. The grave dignity of their faces contrasts remarkably with the broad, good humored, but common features of the African. The black women look with envy at the straight hair of Asia, and twist their unhappy wool into knots and ropes in vain hope of being mistaken for the purer race; but this is all. The African and the Asiatic will not mix, and the African being the stronger, will and must prevail in Trinidad, as els