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A TALK OF OTHER DAYS.

DR. TALMAGE REFUTES A STORY THAT HAS BEEN CIRCULATED.

Before Discussing the Experiences of the Past He Denies Emphatically That He Ever Advocated Miscegenation—A Sermon on Religious Life.

BROOKLYN, May 5.—At the Tabernacle today, the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached a sermon on the subject, "Other Days Lived Over," and made reference to the falsehood that he had advocated miscegenation of the white and black races. The vast congregation sang the hymn beginning:

Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come.

Dr. Talmage's text was Deuteronomy viii, 2: "Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee." He said:

Before entering on my subject I wish to say that some newspaper correspondents, referring to a recent sermon in which I welcomed foreign nationalities to this country, have said that I advocated as a desirable thing the intermarriage of the white and black races. I never said so, I never thought so, and any one who so misrepresents that sermon is either a villain or a fool, perhaps both.

A RETROSPECTIVE SERMON.

But to open this morning's subject I have to say God in the text advises the people to look back upon their past history. It will do us all good to rehearse the scenes between this May morning and our cradle, whether it was rocked in country or town. A few days ago, with my sister and brother, I visited the place of my boyhood. It was one of the most emotional and absorbing days of my life. There stands the old house, and as I went through the rooms I said, "I could find my way here with my eyes shut, although I have not been here in forty years." There was the sitting room where a large family group every evening gathered, the most of them now in a better world. There was the old barn where we hunted for Easter eggs, and the place where the horses stood. There is where the orchard was, only three or four trees now left of all the grove that once bore apples, and such apples too. There is the brook down which we rode to the watering of the horses bare back and with a rope halter. We also visited the cemetery where many of our kindred are waiting for the resurrection, the old people side by side, after a journey together of sixty years, only about three years between the time of their going. There also sleep the dear old neighbors who used to tie their horses under the shed of the country meeting house and sit at the end of the pew, singing "Duke Street," and "Balerma," and "Antioch." Oh they were a glorious race of men and women who did their work well, raised a splendid lot of boys and girls, and are now as to their bodies in silent neighborhood on earth, but as to their souls in jubilant neighborhood before the throne of God. I feel that my journey and visit last week did me good and it would do you all good, if not in person then in thought, to revisit the scenes of boyhood or girlhood. "Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee."

Youth is apt too much to spend all its time in looking forward. Old age is apt too much to spend all its time in looking backward. People in mid-life and on the apex look both ways. It would be well for us, I think, however, to spend more time in reminiscence. By the constitution of our nature we spend most of the time looking forward, and the vast majority of this audience live not so much in the present as in the future. I find that you mean to make a reputation, you mean to establish yourself, and the advantages that you expect to achieve absorb a great deal of your time. But I see no harm in this if it does not make you discontented with the present or disqualify you for existing duties.

IT IS GOOD TO LOOK BACK.

It is a useful thing sometimes to look back, and to see the dangers we have escaped, and to see the sorrows we have suffered, and the trials and wanderings of our earthly pilgrimage, and to sum up our enjoyments. I mean this morning, so far as God may help me, to stir up your memory of the past, so that in the review you may be encouraged, and humbled, and urged to pray.

There is a chapel in Florence with a fresco by Guido. It was covered up with two inches of stucco until our American and European artists went there, and after long toil removed the covering and retraced the fresco. And I am aware that the memory of the past, with many of you, is all covered up with ten thousand obliterations, and I propose this morning, so far as the Lord may help me, to take away the covering, that the old picture may shine out again.

I want to bind in one sheaf all your past advantages, and I want to bind in another sheaf all your past adversities. It is a precious harvest, and I must be cautious how I swing the scythe.

Among the greatest advantages of your past life was an early home and its surroundings. The bad men of the day, for the most part, dip their heated passions out of the boiling spring of an unhappy home. We are not surprised to find that Byron's heart was a concentration of sin, when we hear his mother was abandoned, and that she made sport of his infirmity, and often called him "the lame brat." He who has vicious parents has to fight every inch of his way if he would maintain his integrity, and at last reach the home of the good in heaven.

Perhaps your early home was in the city. It may have been in the days when Canal street, New York, was far up town and the site of this present church was an excursion into the country. That old house in the city may have been demolished or changed into stores, and it seemed like sacrilege to you, for there was more meaning in that plain house, in that small house, than there is in a granite mansion or a turreted cathedral. Looking back this morning you see it as though it were yesterday—the sitting room, where the loved ones sat by the plain lamplight, the mother at the evening stand, the brothers and sisters, perhaps long ago gathered into the skies, then plotting mischief on the floor or under the table, your father with a firm voice commanding a silence that lasted half a minute.

Oh, those were good days! If you had your foot hurt, your mother always had a soothing salve to heal it. If you were wronged in the street, your father was always ready to protect you. The year was one round of frolic and mirth. Your greatest trouble was like an April shower, more sunshine than shower. The heart had not been ransacked by troubles, nor had sickness broken it, and no lamb had a warmer sheepfold than the home in which your childhood nestled.

Perhaps you were brought up in the country. You stand now today in memory under the old tree. You clubbed it for fruit that was not quite ripe because you couldn't wait any longer. You hear the brook rumbling along over the pebbles. You step again into the furrow where your father in his shirt sleeves shouted to the lazy oxen. You frighten the swallows from the rafters of the barn, and take just one egg, and silence your conscience by saying they won't miss it. You take a drink again out of the very bucket that the old well fetched up. You go for the cows at night, and find them wagging their heads through the bars. Ofttimes in the dusty and busy streets you wish you were home again on that cool grass, or in the rag carpeted hall of the farmhouse, through which there was the breath of new mown hay or the blossom of buckwheat.

THE IVY GREEN.

You may have in your windows now beautiful plants and flowers brought from across the seas, but not one of them stirs in your soul so much charm and memory as the old ivy and the yellow sunflower that stood sentinel along the garden wall, and the forget-me-nots playing hide-and-seek mid the long grass. The father, who used to come in sunburnt from the fields and sit down on the door sill and wipe the sweat from his brow, may have gone to his everlasting rest. The mother, who used to sit at the door a little bent over, cap and spectacles on, her face mellowing with the vicissitudes of many years, may have put down her gray head on the pillow in the valley, but forget that home you never will. Have you thanked God for it? Have you rehearsed all these blessed reminiscences? Oh, thank God for a Christian father; thank God for a Christian mother; thank God for an early Christian altar at which you were taught to kneel; thank God for an early Christian home.

I bring to mind another passage in the history of your life. The day came when you set up your own household. The days passed along in quiet blessedness. You twain sat at the table morning and night and talked over your plans for the future. The most insignificant affair in your life became the subject of mutual consultation and advisement. You were so happy you felt you never could be any happier. One day a dark cloud hovered over your dwelling and it got darker and darker, but out of that cloud the shining messenger of God descended to incarnate an immortal spirit. Two little feet started on an eternal journey, and you were to lead them—a gem to flash in heaven's coronet, and you to polish it; eternal ages of light and darkness watching the starting out of a newly created creature.

You rejoiced and you trembled at the responsibility that in your possession an immortal treasure was placed. You prayed and rejoiced, and wept and wondered, and prayed and rejoiced, and wept and wondered; you were earnest in supplication that you might lead it through life into the kingdom of God. There was a tremor in your earnestness. There was a double interest about that home. There was an additional interest why you should stay there and be faithful, and when in a few months your house was filled with the music of the child's laughter, you were struck through with the fact that you had a stupendous mission.

Have you kept that vow? Have you neglected any of these duties? Is your home as much to you as it used to be? Have those anticipations been gratified? God help you today in your solemn reminiscence, and let his mercy fall upon your soul if your kindness has been ill requited. God have mercy on the parent on the wrinkles of whose face is written the story of a child's sin. God have mercy on the mother who, in addition to her other pangs, has the pangs of a child's iniquity. Oh, there are many, many sad sounds in this sad world, but the saddest sound that is ever heard is the breaking of a mother's heart. Are there any here who remember that in that home they were unfaithful? Are there those who wandered off from that early home, and left the mother to die with a broken heart? Oh, I stir that reminiscence today.

THE CONVICTION HOUR.

I find another point in your life history. You found one day you were in the wrong road; you couldn't sleep at night; there was just one word that seemed to sob through your banking house, or through your office, or through your shop, or your bed room, and that word was "Eternity." You said, "I am not ready for it. O God, have mercy." The Lord heard. Peace came to your heart. In the breath of the hill and the waterfall's dash you heard the voice of God's love; the clouds and the trees hailed you with gladness; you came into the house of God.

You remember how your hand trembled as you took up the cup of the Communion. You remember the old minister who consecrated it, and you remember the church officials who carried it through the aisle; you remember the old people who at the close of the service took your hand in theirs in congratulating sympathy, as much as to say, "Welcome home, you lost prodigal;" and though those hands are all withered away, that Communion Sabbath is resurrected this morning; it is resurrected with all its prayers, and songs, and tears, and sermons, and transfiguration. Have you kept those vows? Have you been a backslider? God help you. This day kneel at the foot of mercy and start again for heaven. Start today as you started then. I rouse your soul by that reminiscence.

But I must not spend any more of my time in going over the advantages of your life. I just put them all in one great sheaf, and I wrap them up in your memory with one loud harvest song, such as the reapers sing. Praise the Lord, ye blood bought immortals of earth! Praise the Lord, ye crowned spirits of heaven!

But some of you have not always had a smooth life. Some of you are now in the shadow. Others had their troubles years ago, you are a mere wreck of what you once were. I must gather up the sorrows of your past life; but how shall I do it? You say that is impossible, as you have had so many troubles and adversities. Then I will just take two, the first trouble and the last trouble. As when you are walking along the street, and there has been music in the distance, you unconsciously find yourselves keeping step to the music, so when you started life your very life was a musical timebeat. The air was full of joy and hilarity; with the bright, clear oar you made the boat skip; you went on, and life grew brighter until after a while suddenly a voice from heaven said, "Halt!" and quick as the sunshine you halted; you grew pale, you confronted your first sorrow. You had no idea that the flush on your child's cheek was an unhealthy flush. You said it can't be anything serious. Death in slippered feet walked round about the cradle. You did not hear the tread; but after a while the truth flashed on you. You walked the floor. Oh, if you could, with your strong, stout hand, have wrenched that child from the destroyer. You went to your room and you said, "God, save my child! God, save my child." The world seemed going out in darkness. You said, "I can't bear it; I can't bear it." You felt as if you could not put the long lashes over the bright eyes, never to see them again sparkle. Oh, if you could have taken that little one in your arms and with it [illegible] gladly you would have done it! Oh, if you could let your property go, your houses go, your land and your storehouse go, how gladly you would have allowed them to depart if you could only have kept that one treasure!

GOD'S CONSOLATION.

But one day there arose from the heavens a chill blast that swept over the bedroom, and instantly all the light went out, and there was darkness—thick, murky, impenetrable, shuddering darkness. But God didn't leave you there. Mercy spoke. As you took up the cup, and was about to put it to your lips, God said, "Let it pass," and forthwith, as by the hand of angels, another cup was put into your hands; it was the cup of God's consolation. And as you have sometimes lifted the head of a wounded soldier, and poured wine into his lips, so God put his left arm under your head, and with his right hand he poured into your lips the wine of his comfort and his consolation, and you looked at the empty cradle and looked at your broken heart, and you looked at the Lord's chastisement, and you said, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight."

Ah, it was your first trouble. How did you get over it? God comforted you. You have been a better man ever since. You have been a better woman ever since. In the jar of the closing gate of the sepulcher you heard the clanging of the opening gate of heaven, and you felt an irresistible drawing heavenward. You have been purer of mind ever since that night when the little one for the last time put its arms around your neck and said, "Good night, papa; good night, mamma. Meet me in heaven."

But I must come on down to your latest sorrow. What was it? Perhaps it was your own sickness. The child's tread on the stair, or the tick of the watch on the stand disturbed you. Through the long weary days you counted the figures in the carpet or the flowers in the wall paper. Oh, the weariness, the exhaustion! Oh, the burning pangs! Would God it were morning, would God it were night, were your frequent cry. But you are better, or perhaps even well. Have you thanked that God today you can come out in the fresh air; that you are in this place to hear God's name, and to sing God's praise, and implore God's help, and to ask God's forgiveness? Bless the Lord who healeth all our diseases, and redeemeth our lives from destruction.

Perhaps your last sorrow was a financial embarrassment. I congratulate some of you on your lucrative profession or occupation, on ornate apparel, on a commodious residence—everything you put your hands to seems to turn to gold. But there are others of you who are like the ship on which Paul sailed, where two seas met, and you are broken by the violence of the waves. By an unadvised indorsement, or by a conjunction of unforeseen events, or by fire, or storm or a senseless panic, you have been flung headlong, and where you once dispensed great charities, now you have hard work to make the two ends meet.

Have you forgotten to thank God for your days of prosperity, and that through your trials some of you have made investments which will continue after the last bank of this world has exploded, and the silver and gold are molten in the fires of a burning world? Have you, amid all your losses and discouragements, forgot that there was bread on your table this morning, and that there shall be a shelter for your head from the storm, and there is air for your lungs, and blood for your heart, and light for your eye, and a glad and glorious and triumphant religion for your soul?

Perhaps your last trouble was a bereavement. That heart which in childhood was your refuge, the parental heart, and which has been a source of the quickest sympathy ever since, has suddenly become silent forever, and now sometimes, whenever in sudden annoyance and without deliberation you say "I will go and tell mother," the thought flashes on you, "I have no mother;" or the father, with voice less tender, but as stanch and earnest and loving as ever, watchful of all your ways, exultant over your success without saying much, although the old people do talk it over by themselves, his trembling hand on that staff which you now keep as a family relic, his memory embalmed in grateful hearts, is taken away forever.

Or, there was your companion in life, sharer of your joys and sorrows, taken, leaving the heart an old ruin, where the chill winds blow over a wide wilderness of desolation, the sands of the desert driving across the place which once bloomed like the garden of God. And Abraham mourns for Sarah at the cave of Machpelah. Going along your path in life, suddenly, right before you was an open grave. People looked down and they saw it was only a few feet deep and a few feet wide, but to you it was a cavern down which went all your hopes and all your expectations.

But cheer up in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Comforter. He is not going to forsake you. Did the Lord take that child out of your arms? Why, he is going to shelter it better than you could. He is going to array it in a white robe, and with palm branch it will be all ready to greet you at your coming home. Blessed the broken heart that Jesus heals. Blessed the importunate cry that Jesus compassionates. Blessed the weeping eye from which the soft hand of Jesus wipes away the tear.

I was sailing down the St. John river, Canada, which is the Rhine and the Hudson commingled in one scene of beauty and grandeur, and while I was on the deck of the steamer a gentleman pointed out to me the places of interest, and he said, "All this is interval land, and it is the richest land in all the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia."

"What," said I, "do you mean by interval land?" "Well," he said, "this land is submerged for a part of the year; spring freshets come down, and all these plains are overflowed with the water, and the water leaves a rich deposit, and when the waters are gone the harvest springs up, and there is the grandest harvest that was ever reaped." And I instantly thought, "It is not the heights of the church and it is not the heights of this world that is the scene of the greatest prosperity, but the soul over which the floods of sorrow have gone, the soul over which the freshets of tribulation have torn their way, that yields the greatest fruits of righteousness, and the largest harvest for time, and the richest harvest for eternity." Bless God that your soul is interval land.

THE LAST MOMENT.

But these reminiscences reach only to this morning. There will yet be one more point of tremendous reminiscence, and that is the last hour of life, when we have to look over all our past existence. What a moment that will be! I place Napoleon's dying reminiscence on St. Helena beside Mrs. Judson's dying reminiscence in the harbor of St. Helena, the same island, twenty years after. Napoleon's dying reminiscence was one of delirium, "Head of the army." Mrs. Judson's dying reminiscence, as she came home from her missionary toil and her life of self sacrifice for God, dying in the cabin of the ship in the harbor of St. Helena, was, "I always did love the Lord Jesus Christ." And then, the historian says, she fell into a sound sleep for an hour, and woke amid the songs of angels.

I place the dying reminiscence of Augustus Cæsar against the dying reminiscence of the Apostle Paul. The dying reminiscence of Augustus Cæsar was, addressing his attendants, "Have I played my part well on the stage of life?" and they answered in the affirmative, and he said, "Why, then, don't you applaud me?" The dying reminiscence of Paul the Apostle was, "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me in that day, and not to me only, but to all them that love his appearing." Augustus Cæsar died amid pomp and great surroundings. Paul uttered his dying reminiscence looking up through the wall of a dungeon. God grant that our last hour may be the closing of a useful life, and the opening of a glorious eternity.

Changes of Weather.

What doth it profit a man?

In the morning he ariseth and putteth on his new spring overcoat and goeth forth humming a jocund lay.

And when noon is come, lo! the wind riseth and prevaileth over all that region round about.

And the prevalency with which it prevaileth is more prevalent than any other prevalency that hath prevailed in all time.

And the wind beateth upon that man; yea, it smiteth him sore.

Also doth it rain; and when even is come, lo! the coat is spoiled!

And the man taketh unto himself a cold, and wist not what he is going to do about it.

Now, on the morrow, he putteth on the winter overcoat, lest, peradventure, it be cold even yet again, and snoweth.

And even as on the preceding day the weather shifteth itself about and waxeth very hot.

And the man doeth likewise, even as the weather waxeth he hot.

And many days and many nights doth this thing continue, and no man knoweth the day nor the hour when the weather changeth.

Verily, verily, what doth it profit a man?—New York Telegram.

FACTS AND HINTS.

Huge plates of glass are now cut by electricity.

Last year 153,000,000 shad and about 80,000,000 trout fry were distributed over the country by the fish commission.

An English firm has been using petroleum for fuel in a torpedo boat and getting a speed of twenty-one knots. The oil is carried in the vessel's double bottom.

Charles Mourse, aged 14, and Nellie Shattuck, aged 13, of St. Johnsbury, Vt., ran away and got married. When they returned to their home the bride got a spanking.

Among some old papers in London, recently, a genuine likeness of John Bunyan as he appeared in his cell at Bedford has just been discovered, for which the owner demands 1,000 guineas.

In tearing down an old house in Brunswick, Me., a large chamber was found whose floor consisted of only six boards. Each of them was over two feet wide. Gone are the monarchs of the Maine forest!

The Electrician reports a rumor from Berlin to the effect that a means has been discovered of using electricity for ascertaining the true north, instead of the magnetic needle; that, in short, the new means will be superior to the compass and is likely to supersede it.

Two men in Tioga county, Pa., who had jointly bought a cow, quarreled about dividing the milk, one claiming that the other owned only the front half of the animal. Subsequently the owner of the rear half was lifted by the cow's horns, and he wants damages of the front part. The court will settle it.

A fee of $87,000 in good securities has been presented by Mr. H. M. Flagler to Dr. George Shelton, of New York, in consideration of his faithfulness and skill in attending the case of Mr. Flagler's daughter, Mrs. Benedict, who died on her husband's yacht, off Charleston, a short time ago, after a long illness. This is described as the largest fee but one, ever paid to a physician.

Did you ever figure up how many miles your faithful old Dobbin has traveled? An eastern Maine man has done it and finds that in the thirteen years he has driven his horse, she has gone 50,000 miles by the record. In ten years a pair of eastern Maine stage horses have traveled 70,000 miles.

Cigar boxes are supposed to be made of Spanish cedar, but there is not enough of the wood grown for the purpose, and nearly all the boxes used by American cigarmakers are made from West Virginia poplar. The wood is sawed up into thin boards, and the cigarmakers dye them brown with cedar extract, which gives the proper color and odor.

Renan, the author of the "Life of Jesus," is described by a visitor as a short, fleshy man, who looks like a good natured priest with his broad, clean shaven, Rabelaisian face, large nose, small gray eyes and well shaped mouth. He lives in an apartment in the College of France. His favorite companion is a large Angora cat.

Some time ago Mrs. Langtry engaged a chef at a salary of $15 a day, to take entire charge and provide everything for her kitchen. The chef, a Frenchman by the name of Broche, soon found out that, owing to the luxurious tastes of his mistress, the sum allowed him was entirely inadequate for the contract. He brought in a bill for extra marketing amounting to $225, which Mrs. Langtry refused to pay. He brought suit against her in the New York courts.

Rafting on the Mississippi.

The halcyon days of rafting on the upper Mississippi were full of novelty, as well as danger. In those times, say back before 1866, such a thing as a raft boat was unknown. The work was all done by hand, but the rafts were not of such mammoth proportions as they are now. Today they are made up of millions of feet of timber. The rafts were handled by big swinging oars on the front and raft ends, and were manned by three men to each oar. Their only use, however, was in directing the course of the raft, the sole motor power being the current of the river. The time of making the trip from the northern lumber region to St. Louis depended upon the velocity of the current. Usually the time required in making the trip from La Crosse, Wis., to St. Louis was anywhere from six weeks to three months. Now a steamer with three times as large a raft can come down in from nine to eleven days. In the old days the cost of moving a large fleet of lumber was much larger than now, when a raft boat tows it down for $1.50 per 1,000. To handle a raft by hand required a crew of thirty-five men or more, with an experienced pilot. These men had little houses built on the rafts, and lived aboard until the trip was ended.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

ANOINTING AT BETHANY.

LESSON VI, SECOND QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, MAY 12.

Text of the Lesson, Mark xiv, 1-9—Commit Verses 8, 9—Golden Text, Mark xiv, 8—Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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

1. "After two days was the feast of the passover and of unleavened bread." The more full statement of Matthew is, "And it came to pass, when Jesus had finished all these sayings, He said unto His disciples, ye know that after two days is the feast of the passover, and the Son of Man is betrayed to be crucified." He was born that He might die as our passover, the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world; He died that He might rise again triumphant over death and the grave, an immortal man, to reign over the house of Jacob forever; He ascended that He might return when He shall have received the kingdom, and every step of all the way was clear to Him from the beginning. His sinless life in a mortal body was nearly over, and after two days He would prove Himself the true passover Lamb; He saw it all and was unmoved, resting in the Father's love, doing the Father's will, supported by the joy set before Him. The Passover Lamb had to be chosen on the tenth day of the month and kept till the fourteenth day, that is four days; Jesus was set apart before the foundation of the world, and now four days (4,000 years) had passed, and He was about to be slain. (Ex. xii, 3, 6; I Pet. i, 19, 20.)

2. "Not on the feast day, lest there be an uproar of the people." This very fear on their part helped to bring about the sacrifice of Christ at the appointed time. The servants of Satan are often filled with fear, even the fear of man; the servants of God are taught to fear neither men nor the devil, nor sufferings, nor death, but knowing that their lives are hid with Christ in God they are to see "Jesus only," and say, "In God have I put my trust; I will not be afraid what man can do unto me." "Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear." (Ps. lvi, 11; xxvii, 3.)

3. "And being in Bethany, in the house of Simon the leper." In John xii, 1-8, we find that this supper and anointing at Bethany took place six days before the Passover and before His public entry into Jerusalem.

"As He sat at meat." John tells us that they made Him a supper, that Martha served, and that Lazarus (risen from the dead) was one of them that sat at the table with Him. Here is love and life and resurrection in Him, and on their part loving service and whole hearted devotion. We would like to know who Simon the leper was, and his relation to this family; we would like to know what Lazarus, who had been three days in the spirit world, talked about; but these things are comparatively unimportant, and let us rather fix our attention upon Jesus and Mary who anointed Him (John xii, 3).

"There came a woman having an alabaster box of ointment of spikenard, very precious; and she brake the box and poured it on His head." John says that she also anointed His feet, and wiped them with her hair; and that the house was filled with the odor of the ointment. We must not get this anointing confused with the anointing in the house of Simon the Pharisee, at a much earlier period in His ministry, and by a woman whose name we know not (Luke vii, 36-50.)

4. "And there were some that had indignation within themselves, and said, Why was this waste of the ointment made." That Judas, who, though treasurer of the disciples, was a thief and possessed with the devil, should say this was not strange, for to talk of anything given to or done for Jesus as being wasted was surely a devilish saying; but that any of the other disciples (Matt. xxvi, 8) should talk so was strange indeed.

5. "It might have been sold for more than three hundred pence, and have been given to the poor. And they murmured against her." In the parable of Matt. xx, a penny was a day's wages, so that at that estimate this ointment was equal in value to nearly a year's wages of a laboring man. If the members of any church were to be asked to give unto the Lord Jesus for some special work even a week's wages, how some of them would look and shrug their shoulders; and what a murmuring there would be against the mover of such a resolution, the instigator of such an unwarranted waste of precious money.

6. "Jesus said, let her alone; why trouble ye her? She hath wrought a good work on Me." How precious is the Master's approval, how restful His blessed words! What does it matter who, or how many, find fault, if we are only well pleasing unto Him? Let no criticism or thoughtless remark from fellow Christians hinder you in your devotion to Christ, O fellow laborer, but being sure that your motive is right and that love to Him prompts you to seek in all things His glory, go steadfastly forward and do all that is in thine heart unto Him. Good works are not those which men, or even Christians, always approve, but only those which are done to the glory of God.

7. "For ye have the poor with you always, and whensoever ye will ye may do them good; but me ye have not always." The disciples did not understand His going away from them, but thought he would continue with them in person and at that time restore the kingdom to Israel; though He had so often spoken so plainly of His death and resurrection they had never received it, while Mary, on the contrary, who sat at His feet and heard His word (Luke x, 39) seems to have understood that His enemies would put Him to death, and that she would therefore, with all His friends, be deprived of the privilege of ministering to Him at His death or burial.

8. "She hath done what she could." So many say, "How I would like to do thus and so if I only had the power." "How much good I would do if I had Mr. B.'s money, or Mrs. B.'s opportunities," and while thus thinking and talking about what they would do, others like Mary are doing just what they can, remembering that "if there be first a willing mind it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not." (II Cor. 8, 12.) We are not expected to use other people's talents or opportunities, but simply to do what our own hands find to do as unto Him. God knows just how we are situated and just what we have to do with, and all talk about what we would do if we had the power, and how sorry we are that we cannot do more, is too often only idle talk. Mary did what she could; let us do likewise and He will approve. "She is come aforehand to anoint my body to the burying." When He was buried it was Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus who were privileged to wrap the body in linen with spices and lay it in the tomb; when the women came on the first day of the week to anoint His body it was too late, for He was risen, so that Mary's hands were the only woman's hands that helped anoint Him.

9. "Verily, I say unto you, wheresoever this gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, this also that she hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her." And so it has come to pass, as He said, that in all the wide world Mary and her anointing of Christ is spoken of; and how many have been encouraged by her act and her Master's approval to do for Him and unto Him what they could, will never be known till that day.

There's Millions of 'Em.

"There is a poem," said the sweet singer, as he handed it in, "just as it fell from my pen. I wrote it in twenty-five minutes." "I see," said the editor, "but it will take about twenty-five years to get it into print." That, my son, is the trouble with a poem or a sketch that makes all its time on the first quarter. It hasn't the staying qualities essential in a long race. It either breaks down at the turn or gets shut out at the distance pole. Anybody can write a poem in twenty-five minutes. The trouble then is to get any one else to read it.—Bob Burdette.

It Wasn't All in His Favor.

Spectator (to defendant)—Well, I guess the jury will find for you. The judge's charge was certainly very much in your favor. Don't you think so?

Defendant (moodily)—Oh, I knew all along that the judge's charge would be all right. It's the lawyer's charge that's worryin' me.—Detroit Free Press.

Shop girls at Ansonia have effected an organization and sent written notices to several street "mashers" to behave or take the consequences.

THE HERR PROFESSOR.

He Is an Amiable Gentleman, Modest, Sensitive and Abominably Dressed.

Even Germans consider the German professor a rather curious character. The quaintness of his appearance, his absent mindedness, his mannerisms in the lecture room, and a hundred other personal peculiarities are famous throughout the fatherland.

The first thing about the German professor to impress itself upon Americans is his clothes. They don't fit him. The tails of his frock coat always cross, and the collar is always a couple of inches or more from his neck. The front of the coat is generally big enough for two German professors. The legs of his boots, which he wears summer and winter, are too large to let his trousers get in communication with his feet. In winter the professor carries a pudgy black umbrella, and in summer a pudgy white or blue one to protect him from the sun. This umbrella is the German professor's trade mark. The coat of the professor's dress suit is usually so big for him that it could be buttoned around him twice.

Nevertheless the professor is not altogether careless in matters of dress. He would sooner walk the streets in his shirt sleeves than enter a drawing room without having both hands covered with gloves of just the proper shade, and he suspects of disrespect the student who calls upon him in a light coat or without gloves. To call upon a professor in a light colored bobtail coat is little short of an insult, no matter at what time of day the call is made.

Although nearly every real German professor is a specialist of note and an author of reputation, he is, in a way, tremendously modest. He scurries into the lecture room through the smallest possible crack between the doors, hurries to the desk without apparently noticing the stamping of feet with which the students greet him, draws some old yellow leaves from a little black leather sack, and with an embarrassed duck of the head and "Meine Herren," begins his lecture. Anything unexpected confuses him. If the students applaud one of the yellow jokes from the yellow lecture leaves harder than their fathers did, the professor blushes, stutters, and catches tight hold of the desk with both hands. If in the private seminary a student asks an unexpected question, the professor gets into a bad way at once and passes through all sorts of colors, temperatures, and contortions before he can rally himself to give the adequate answer. In discussions he is lamb like and tolerant till you press him hard; then he loses his modesty, temper and tolerance, and roars disapproval of everything that his researches don't prove to be true.

The German professor is polite and sensitive. He never forgives any neglect of courtesy toward him on the part of a student, and many a student who has been plucked in examination knows this only too well. The professor is never so absent minded in the street that he forgets to bow to any one of hundreds of students who have called upon him. He recognizes young Freshman Schmidt always, and is hurt when Freshman Schmidt does not recognize him. Freshman Schmidt gets hurt later when he is trying to become Herr Dr. Schmidt, and the professor blocks his way with questions that the great Bismarck himself couldn't answer. If, however, young Freshman Schmidt always lifts his hat politely and ducks deep to him, the professor lifts his old fashioned hat with old fashioned ceremony and makes a mental note to the fact that young Schmidt deserves a warm place in his heart. This bowing on the street, laughing at the time worn jokes in the lecture room, wearing proper German coats and gloves of the right shade while calling, helps a student more toward getting a high degree in examinations than a good many gallons of midnight oil.

The German professor is not so exclusively a bookworm as is usually supposed. He is well informed on current events throughout the world. He can surprise Americans with his knowledge of Cleveland's part in American politics and of the condition of the American navy. He can talk more correctly and brilliantly of the influence of Hamilton, Jefferson, Calhoun, Clay and Webster upon their times than two-thirds of the well read American men. He is equally at home when English, French or Italian politics is in question.

He is also, oftener than not, a jolly good fellow, anxious as any one for his share of wine, beer and cigars at a dinner, and rarely averse to a hand or two at skat. He does not think less of Herr Bummler, who comes to lectures smelling of beer and canister tobacco, than of Herr Schulze, who smells only of his unwashed self.

In short, the average German professor is a punctilious, sensitive, liberal minded gentleman with a rather quaint exterior. He is warm hearted and thoughtful, as all Americans who have studied at German universities know. He is simple and unaffected, notwithstanding his reputation for learning. He is kind to every student who is kind to him, and never misses an opportunity to get back at a student who has offended him. His lovable and unique personality attracts to him a large following of students, who buy all his books while he lives and mourn deeply when he dies.—New York Sun.

"My Smoke House."

A man who lives in Albany, and whose business is that of a clerk, said that he had lately built a house that cost him $3,000.

His friends expressed their wonder that he could afford to build so fine a dwelling.

"Why," said he, "that is my smoke house."

"Your smoke house! What do you mean?"

"I mean that twenty years ago I left off smoking, and I have put the money saved from smoke, with interest, into my house. So I call it my smoke house."—Youth's Companion.

In a Candy Store.

In attending to the sale of candy we see a good deal of life in its brightest and lightest side. Faces are made familiar to us by their owners coming in for candy with clock work regularity. Ladies, generally mothers, and gentlemen on their way home from business, are our most constant customers, with, of course, young ladies, the belles who shop every day, and are devoted to bonbons, or who come in to have their pretty bonbonnieres refilled daily. You can always tell when a young man is buying for his lady love. He wants a pretty basket or box, and in large quantities, and is particular in his request for the certain kind he has ascertained she likes, generally lemon drops, marshmallows or chocolates, though mixed buttercups are new favorities. Some men are very fond of candy, and purchase it for themselves, but only in little quantities—five cents or ten cents worth—a little package to carry in their pockets. One young man came in the other day and asked us, absent-mindedly, for some "whisky killers." We looked our amazement when he was brought to himself, blushing violently at his unconscious question, and told us he meant "peppermint drops." Still another amusing occurrence was yesterday, when three of the raggedest, dirtiest looking little specimens of humanity you ever saw—in the form of boys, newsboys I think, came in and solemnly asked for a "nickel's worth of love lozenges." It was hard to control myself sufficiently to serve the Byronic little ragamuffins, but they marched out delighted with the candy mottoes.—A Clerk in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

REST.

Let us rest ourselves a bit.
Worry?—wave your hand to it—
Kiss your finger tips, and smile
It farewell a little while.

Weary of the weary way
We have come from yesterday,
Let us fret us not, instead,
Of the weary way ahead.

Let us pause and catch our breath
On the hither side of death,
While we see the tender shoots
Of the grasses—not the roots.

While we yet look down—not up—
To seek out the buttercup
And the daisy, where they wave
O'er the green home of the grave.

Let us launch us smoothly on
Listless billows of the lawn,
And drift out across the main
Of our childish dreams again.

Voyage off, beneath the trees,
O'er the field's enchanted seas,
Where the lilies are our sails
And our seagulls, nightingales.

Where no wilder storms shall beat
Than the wind that waves the wheat,
And no tempests burst above
The old laughs we used to love.

Lose all troubles—gain release,
Languor and exceeding peace,
Cruising idly o'er the vast,
Calm mid ocean of the past.

Let us rest ourselves a bit.
Worry?—wave your hand to it—
Kiss your finger tips, and smile
It farewell a little while.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

THE TAILOR'S COMMENT.

He Has to Credit His Customers to Keep the Trade, Which Is Hard to Get.

"Fine custom tailoring is not what it used to be," said a Brooklyn man in the business to an Eagle reporter, "and the big houses are just driving us to the wall. I suppose it is the same in everything else, but, of course, you know our trade is the first to suffer from competition of that kind."

"How is that?"

"I am surprised that you ask me such a question," replied the tailor, slightly elevating his eyebrows, "when you should know, if you do not, that we must get a large profit on a custom made suit of clothes to make any money. Why? Because there has been an unwritten law from time immemorial which allows a man to pay his tailor's bill last of all. Now, a person can't get credit to any amount in one of the big establishments. If he orders a suit at such a place he must leave a deposit, and the balance is demanded when the clothes are delivered. On the other hand, a tailor who has a small shop must cater to his customers by allowing credit. Now, in these times of sharp competition, high rents and heavy expenses for skilled labor, you will see that it takes the profit upon a great many suits of clothes to pay running expenses and lay up something for dull times. When there was less competition we could get along, but now, beside the big establishments where they can get up a suit of clothes for almost nothing, there are innumerable shops where they sell fashionable looking clothes—imitations of the clothes we keep, of course—for just about half the money we can sell the real goods for. In former years, the fine custom tailors and the ready made stores monopolized the business. Neither interfered with the trade of the other, and consequently we had a certain hold on our customers, who, in order to get new clothes of us, would pay their bills rather than be forced into buying ready made garments. Now they leave our bills unpaid and go to one of the cheap custom stores, pay cash for inferior goods, and then come back and tell us how exorbitant our prices are. Why, it's enough to drive a man crazy sometimes. Yes, the better class of small tailoring shops are being driven out of business, and it's too bad, for the establishments that are driving them out are doing a much inferior kind of work. The great object with them is to make up and sell fashionable goods at a low figure. Now, I will not say that the material they use is all shoddy—far from it. It is surprising for what a small sum they can sell really good clothes. How do they do it? Well, in the first place, they rely to a great degree upon transient trade. Secondly, the credit system is tabooed and they get cash for their goods. Thirdly, they pay the lowest wages possible to their help. Fourthly, they do not pretend to put the finish on their goods that a first class tailor does. A man argues in this way when he patronizes one of these shops: He says to himself: 'I have been paying $16 for trousers, while here is a man who says he can get me up a pair equally good for $8. I know that he can't do it, but I also know that for fit and appearance his $8 trousers will for a considerable time be as good as my $16 pair, consequently I will buy the $8 ones and when they are worn out I can get another pair, paying for both pairs what I would ordinarily pay for one.' Now, you see, if his argument is a good one he would be very foolish if he did not take advantage of the cheaper man. After all," concluded the tailor, sighing, "if it weren't that we were expected to give such long credit I don't know that we would be any worse off than our neighbors. That is what is killing us."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Oddly Enough, the Man Was Right.

The wife of a well known New Yorker recently presented him with a dressmaker's bill of large proportions. One item was $45 for cutting a basque. The gentleman paid it without a murmur. Two days later the wife started on a visit to some friends down in Maine, and wore the new basque. Her husband looked at it critically and disapprovingly.

"I don't care about the price, Jen," he said, "but it don't fit."

"Why, Clarence," was the astonished reply, "I'm sure it fits beautifully."

"No, it doesn't fit," said the husband.

She had taken her seat and the train was moving out of the station when she thrust her head out of the window and said with an arch smile:

"It does fit, Clarence."

The window closed before he could frame an answer. He at once went to the telegraph office and sent this telegram:

MRS. JENNIE ——, Portland, Me.—It don't fit.

On Saturday last this reply came:

DEAR CLARENCE: Perhaps you are right. Caroline [her cousin] says also that it doesn't fit.

Clarence feels better now.—New York Sun.

THE MIND READERS.

A Short History of a People to Whom Speaking Is a Lost Art.

Some three centuries before Christ one of the Parthian kings of Persia of the dynasty of the Arsacidæ, undertook a persecution of the soothsayers and magicians in his realms. These people were credited with supernatural powers by popular prejudice, but in fact were merely persons of especial gifts in the way of hypnotizing, mind reading, thought transference and such arts, which they exercised for their own gain.

Too much in awe of the soothsayers to do them outright violence, the king resolved to banish them, and to this end put them, with their families, on ships and sent them to Ceylon. When, however, the fleet was in the neighborhood of that island, a great storm scattered it and one of the ships, after being driven for many days before the tempest, was wrecked upon one of an archipelago of unhabited islands far to the south, where the survivors settled. Naturally the posterity of parents possessed of such peculiar gifts had developed extraordinary psychical powers.

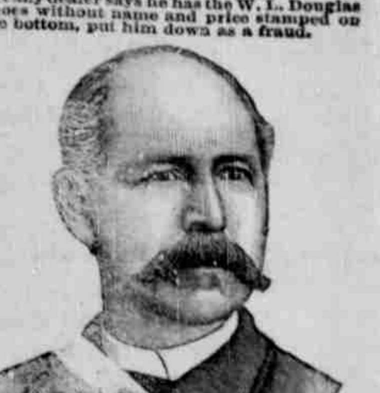
Having set before them the end of evolving a new and advanced order of humanity, they had aided the development of these powers by a rigid system of stirpiculture. The result was that after a few centuries mind reading became so general that language fell into disuse as a means of communicating ideas. For many generations the power of speech still remained voluntary, but gradually the vocal organs had become atrophied, and for several hundred years the power of articulation had been wholly lost. Infants for a few months after birth did, indeed, still emit inarticulate cries, but at an age when in less advanced races these cries began to be articulate, the children of the mind readers developed the power of direct mental vision and ceased to attempt to use the voice.

The fact that the existence of the mind readers had never been found out by the rest of the world was explained by two considerations. In the first place the group of islands was small and occupied a corner of the Indian ocean quite out of the ordinary track of ships. In the second place the approach to the islands was rendered so desperately perilous by terrible currents and the maze of outlying rocks and shoals that it was next to impossible for any ship to touch their shores save as a wreck. No ship at least had ever done so in the 2,000 years since the mind readers' own arrival.—Harper's Magazine.

Corbet's Legs.

One of the Corbets of Sundorne castle, near Shrewsbury, made a bet that his leg was the handsomest in the county or kingdom, and staked on his part his magnificent estates. He won. There is a picture in Sundorne castle representing the measuring of sundry legs.—Chambers' Journal.

If any dealer says he has the W. L. Douglas shoes without name and price stamped on the bottom, put him down as a fraud.



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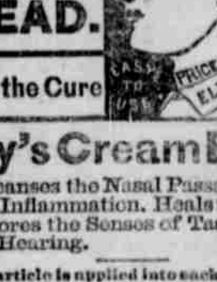

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