The News-Herald.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1886.

HILLSBORO, : : : OHIO

"SMILES FOR BABY'S SAKE."

A True Incident.

You ask me why I smile to-day,
Though yesterday I wept,
And though for weary weeks as well,
Grief's vigils I have kept.
You point to the small grave that lies
Beneath that old elm tree,
And wonder what has dried the tears
Which flowed so ceaselessly.

Ah, friend, last night, before I slept,
The tears fell all too fast,
Till weary nature fainted, and
Sweet slumber came at last.
Then came a dream. Methought I saw
A garden fair and sweet,
Where reigned a wondrous harmony,
And beauty all complete.

And flitting softly here and there,
In robes of spotless white,
A host of little ones I saw,
All radiant and bright;
And in each little hand they bore
A lamp with glowing flame.
Then, midst the shining angel throng,
My own wee darling came.

Within her dimpled, baby-hand
A little lamp she bore;
But oh, dear friend, its light was dim,
And flickered o'er and o'er.
And while I wondered grievingly,
And wept anew with fears,
One asked: "Why burns thy light so low?"
She answered: "Mamma's tears."

Ah me! to think that I should dim
The light my baby bore!
I dried my tears, and prayed; "Dear Lord,
Help me to weep no more!"
And now I smile for baby's sake;
And, though I did but dream,
I love to think that baby's light
Bright as the rest will gleam.

—*Mary D. Brine, in Congregationalist.*

A COUNTRY BURGLAR.

What He Found That Was Worth Carrying Off.

Lucia was twenty-two years old, the daughter of a country physician, and generally considered pretty. One August morning Lucia's grandmamma appeared on the threshold between her sleeping apartment and sitting room, holding out a chocolate-colored calico "loose dress."

"I want you to put on this dress of mine, Lucia, and go up into the attic over John's room and in the southeast corner you'll see a red cedar chest. Open that chest and you'll find two pairs of long narrow pillers. I want you to bring them pillers down and empty 'em into a barrel you'll find out the back door and fill two new ticks I've been making."

"O, grandma!" groaned Lucy, "I just looked at Uncle John's thermometer, and it is 85 in the shade."

"Pho, you can't tell any thing by that thermometer! If you are so mighty delicate, though, I suppose I can go myself."

The old lady was 88, and of the full habit that portends apoplexy; and Lucia was in Canterbury for the special purpose of taking care of her.

"Why do you wish square pillows?" protested Lucia. "You don't need them, and you've always been satisfied with the old-fashioned long kind."

"Because I always have been satisfied with a thing is no reason why I always should be," sharply retorted the old lady. "John's wife has four pairs of square pillers, and I am going to have one set, anyway."

"Well, if I must, grandma," sighed Lucia, laying down her fan and her morning paper, "I see no reason why I should put on that dreadful dress of yours."

"Reason enough—the attic will be all cobwebs and dust. Do as I tell you."

Lucia obediently made the change. Her mamma's last injunction had been, "Humor grandma!" The yoke of grandma's dress descended half way to Lucia's waist and fell off her shoulders three or four inches. The sleeves, which were of the full kind known as "bishop," were so long as to require rolling back at the wrist, and much superfluous material was confined at the waist by strings, but the old lady smiled complacently upon her transformed granddaughter, and when Lucia reappeared with the four pillows clasped in her arms, her face flushed, her hair torn by hitting her head against the rough rafters, grandma beamed approvingly and led the way to the barrel at the back door.

"The way to transfer feathers, grandma, is to make openings in both the old and new ticks and sew the edges together. The feathers can then be shaken from one to the other. If we empty them into the barrel we shall never get them back."

"Don't tell me!" impatiently ejaculated the old lady. "What I want to know, child, is in what kind of a condition those feathers are. Turn them into the barrel, as I tell you!"

Lucia ripped the sacks and shook out the feathers, and the loose, worn-off fuzz rose in clouds and settled in her hair and on her dress.

"Good, lively geese feathers as ever grew!" said the old lady, putting on her spectacles and peering into the barrel. After a brief survey she trotted away, and returned, bearing the new ticks. "Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day," said she blandly. "Fill these right up, Lucia, and you'll be glad when the job is done!"

Lucia cast one appealing look into the benevolent but inflexible old face, wiped her perspiring brow on a superfluous piece of "loose dress," recalled passages of Scripture inculcating reverence for hoary hairs, promising rewards for patient continuance in well doing, and for enduring light afflictions which are but for a season. She then plunged her arms into the barrel, and slowly, handful by handful, filled the ticks, while the roof above her cracked with the fervent heat, and the morning-glories at the open window closed their delicate blue corollas and shrunk amid the wilted leaves, and the sun-flowers at the door radiated the heat and glared sickeningly. Her finger-nails had scraped the rough bottom of the barrel for the last feather, when grandma looked out from her sitting-room with a smile of approbation, and said she:

"I've made a nice cup of tea for you, dear. Come right in and sit by the open window, and drink it while it's fresh."

Too exhausted to remember that this was the season of summer boarders in Canterbury, and that the usually empty streets had many passers, Lucia sank into grandma's easy chair, took up the morning's paper, and with her tea cooling on the window-sill, read on and on in child-like unconsciousness.

Presently grandma cried out: "For mercy sake, who is that man leaning on the fence and staring up here?"

Fortunately the yard was broad, so that the shrill query might not have reached the ears of the gazer. Lucia sprang away from the window. The man had turned and was now walking toward the village. Lucia held her breath for an instant, then glanced in the mirror.

"How long had he been there, grandma?"

"How should I know? When I came to the window he stood leaning both arms on the fence and staring up at the house."

"He showed very bad manners, anyway."

Lucia dressed her hair anew and put on her cream-colored nun's vailing.

"What have you got on your best lace fish you (fichu) for?" queried the old lady.

Uncle John's door-bell rang twice that afternoon, but the voices of the callers were feminine.

"I've made up my mind about that man," said grandma, when at dusk Lucia went out to close the blinds. "He's a spy for those burglars who were around last year. Be sure the window-fasteners are turned, Lucia, and put the points of the scissors down between the sashes of that east window. After you've locked the piazza door I want you to set the table against it. Bolt the back door and brace the garden rake between it and the kitchen stove."

While Lucia was screwing a gimlet above the shed window-sash she began laughing nervously. "I just wish that man could know what preparations for his reception are going on here," said she.

"If he knew he'd probably give up trying to get any thing here."

"I think myself he made up his mind this morning he didn't wish to get any thing here."

"Nothing easier than to be mistaken. Appearances are deceitful," said the old lady. "Push that black trunk that is under my bed to the back side, Lucia, and let the blanket hang down so as to hide it."

"How do you suppose any burglar could enter this house and get the things out of a trunk under your bedstead without your knowing it, grandma?"

"Chloroform!" ejaculated the old lady.

Lucia laughed so heartily the old lady pushed up her spectacles and looked severe displeasure.

"Get my silver teaspoons and forks out of the cupboard and put them between my mattress and the straw tick. Put your poor grandfather's gold watch and my spectacles under my pillow."

Lucia slept upon a hair-cloth sofa in the sitting-room. The sitting-room was sixteen feet square, and the corner the sofa occupied most remote from the old lady's sleeping-room. Lucia had just adjusted herself for the night when grandma called:

"You put the every-day teaspoons under the mattress, but you forgot the best ones, Lucia. There's a half-dozen of 'em up in a box on the top cupboard shelf. There's that old teapot is solid—and the sirup-cup. Bring them all here."

"You can't sleep with the tea-pot and sirup-cup under the mattress, grandma."

"Yes, I can. Put 'em over the back side!"

Lucy had resumed her position on the sofa and was getting finely drowsy when the old lady cried: "Lucia, you awake!"

"Yes'm."

"I've just thought—my sleeve-buttons and your grandfather's sleeve-buttons and studs and my brooches, and some finger-rings are in that Christmas box John's wife gave me, under the linen sheets in the lower bureau drawer."

"Where could they be safer?"

"I should feel a great deal easier about them if I had them here by me."

Lucy rose and obeyed orders by disposing the Christmas box beneath the mattress. Again she composed herself for sleep.

"Lucia."

No answer.

"Lucia!"

"Yes'm."

"Do you know where your grandfather's gold-headed cane is?"

"In the darkest corner of the clothes-press, behind two old umbrellas and a band-box, with two overcoats hung over it."

"Bring it right here and put it over back-side under the mattress."

During this little arrangement the teapot was dislodged and fell over behind the bed.

"Do please let it lie there, grandma," prayed sleepy Lucia.

"No; indeed, I shan't let it lie. A burglar with a dark lantern would see it shine. Crawl right under the bed and bring it out, Lucia—that's a good girl!"

The last injunction Lucia had received from home had been "Humor grandma!" She crept under, brought out the teapot and restored it to its place under the back side of the matress.

"You haven't disarranged that blanket so that the black trunk shows, have you, Lucia?"

Reluctantly Lucia admitted that the black trunk was visible.

"Well, crawl right under and fix the blanket!"

So Lucia "crawled" under and fixed the blanket.

She was now fairly awakened. After considerable effort she had again fallen into a pleasant dose when she was aroused by a shrill whisper.

"Lucia!"

"Yes'm."

"I hear somebody at the back-room window."

"O no, grandma."

"Well, you get up and see. I'm not going to lie here and be murdered alive. You sleep like the dead."

Lucia rose and investigated. "It was only the wind in the blinds."

"Go around to the windows, Lucia, and see if the fastenings are secure."

"O grandma!"

"Well, if you don't, I shall."

Lucia made the circuit. She had once more wrapped the drapery of her couch around her and lain down to pleasant dreams, when there came a rattle, a clatter and a clash in the bed-room—the teaspoons had fallen out.

"Lucia!"

Lucia rose and replaced the tea-spoons under the mattress. Once more she had fairly caught the edge of a nap when an eager voice broke upon her ear.

"Lucia."

No response.

"Lucia!—I don't see what makes that girl sleep so unnaturally sound—Lucia! I hear a step on the piazza. Just hop up and look out of the window!"

Lucia hesitated. She must choose between evils. This experience might be repeated every night during the August moon.

"Grandma," said she desperately, "that wasn't a burglar whom you saw staring at the house this morning. It was a gentleman with whom I am slightly acquainted."

"Gentleman! Who?"

"His name is Biscoe."

"What was he up this way for?"

"To enjoy the scenery, probably."

"Why wasn't he looking at the scenery, then—not staring at the house?"

"It was very bad manners, but he recognized me."

"Why didn't he call, then, like a Christian—not stand there staring?"

"Perhaps after the view he had he didn't care to call."

Silence for a few moments.

"Lucia! You awake, Lucia?"

"Yes'm."

"How long have you been acquainted with this Mr. Bristow?"

"I'm not very well acquainted with him. He once called at our house to see papa when papa was absent, and once we had an hour's conversation in the Spencer Junction depot, when we were both waiting for a train, and we met three or four other times. I know something of him because the wife of a cousin whom he esteemed very highly was once my intimate friend. Now do please go to sleep, grandma."

The clock pendulum had a monopoly of sound for perhaps five minutes.

"Lucia!"

No answer.

"Lucia: you asleep?"

"No, ma'am."

"Is that Barstow a widower or a bachelor?"

Lucia groaned.

"Married man—six children."

The jingling of the teaspoons and forks betokened that the old lady had sprung upright in bed.

"And you spent an hour with a married man in a railroad station, Lucia Hayden?"

"What harm would it have done had I spent two?"

"Makes talk."

"Well, I don't care, if it don't make it in the night time."

"You ought to care."

"Now I think more upon it," gasped Lucia, "I believe he is unmarried."

Silence broken only by grandma's soliloquy, "I wish I hadn't done any thing about those feathers—as its turned out!"

"Lucia!"

"Yes, ma'am."

"You asleep?"

"No, ma'am."

"What's his occupation?"

"Whose?"

"Why, that Bliston's."

"Professor in St. Paul's college."

"What's he professor of?"

"Clams."

"Clams—what kind of clams?"

"The kind that lie quiet nights."

"Oh! I suppose it must be natural history, fish and reptiles, and all such. Is he worth any thing?"

"No; I presume not."

"Lives on a salary, does he?"

"Yes."

"Do you know how much?"

"No; do, do let me get to sleep, grandma."

The short, sweet hush speedily broke by a reanimated voice: "Lucia!"

"Yes, ma'am."

"That Buston looks as if he drank."

"Well."

"Does he?"

"Yes—like a fish."

"Does! Why I shouldn't think they would have him in college. Well, the first thing in the morning we'll bring down the feather bed that is in the red cedar chest, empty it into the barrel and wash the tick."

The brief remnant of the summer night Lucia was allowed to sleep in peace. When she awoke the old lady was up, dressed and standing over a pile of soiled white clothes she had collected.

"I shouldn't think you would need any more sleep for a fortnight," was her first greeting. "I never saw such a dead-head. I am going to have you wash to-day, Lucia."

"Why, you know I never did a washing in my life, grandma."

"Well, I suppose you aren't so mighty fine and delicate you can't do one!"

"Get the Irish woman to wash."

"The Irish women are all driven to death washing for city boarders."

"I'd rather pay something extra, grandma, than undertake to do it myself."

"Pay extra!—yourself! Anybody'd think you had a mint of money back of you!"

"But, grandma, papa would rather pay it for me."

"Papa! Your father is poorer than a wharf-rat; he don't have practice enough to pay for his own washing, let alone mine!"

At nine o'clock, Lucia, with grandma's old gingham sun-bonnet on her head, was out at the back door where grandma persisted in setting the washbench, her sleeves rolled to the elbow, while her bare knuckles rattled over the zinc-covered board. Two hunters came over the hill—at least they carried guns and had shot a chipmunk. Lucia drew deep within the sun-bonnet and escaped verbal recognition from either the professor or the cousin.

Just as the last tub was emptied, grandma came out knitting excitedly.

"John says he don't believe a word about that Biston's drinking; and he thinks as like as not he's worth something. He's boarding at the hotel."

"O, grandma, did you tell Uncle John that! How could you! I never thought of his taking any personal interest."

"Personal impudence! Now I want you to run down to Mr. Green's store and get me some bleached muslin for square pillercases."

Mr. Green's store is renowned beyond the limits of Berkshire. Mr. Green has kept it forty years. The stock includes a well-preserved specimen of every thing that has been in fashion and out of fashion in dry goods, groceries, hardware, and boots and shoes during these two score changing years. The stock is packed through three stories and an attic and overflows to the barn. The lower floor has a main defile something less than three feet in width through the goods; various alley ways and crossroads reach out into the back departments. Customers wait on the piazza and go up to the counter one by one as if through the straits of Thermopylæ. Mr. Green keeps no clerk. When he wishes to leave the store he locks the door and goes, and customers wait on the piazza. The probabilities are they can get just what they want nowhere else in the county, and Mr. Green has them at an advantage. The old man is deaf, and he bent forward and curved his hand around his ear as he this morning addressed Lucia.

"You want bleached muslin? Pretty good quality? Or that that taint quite so good; yes; yes!—You're she—that—was Lucy Maria Hayden's girl—yes; yes; I thought so. Well, you don't look much like your mother. She was a pretty good looking girl—your mother was—yes; yes. Well, you're up taking care of the old lady—curis, how sharp she is—faculties hold out wonderful—curis! You want bleached muslin—yes; yes! This 'ere Wamasutta—best kind made—cost you 16⅔ cents—ought to charge 18 for it—best kind in the market this is—yes; yes! How many yards did you say?"

Grandma insisted that the seams in her pillow-cases should be sewed "over and over." Lucia put on her cream-colored bunting with a bunch of grandma's great purple pansies in her "fish-you," and went out to sit under the apple trees. The boughs of the apple-trees grew down like a canopy until they touched ground on the street side. Lucia had a novel with her. She sewed an inch or two "over and over," and then read a few pages; then sewed another inch. When she saw the old lady looking out of the window she generally sewed. Presently the odor of cigar smoke was perceptible. Two gentlemen, who had strolled up the hill, paused just outside the apple-trees, and leaned their backs against the stone-wall. Lucia could easily have thrust her hand through the apple boughs and touched their shoulders.

"She is here taking care of her grandmother," said the cousin.

"She's grown fearfully plain since I saw her last," said the professor.

Lucia musn't listen; she sprang to her feet; her book fell and struck the corner of her chair, and her scissors struck the book. Both gentlemen turned. Their eyes were not two feet from Lucia's through the green lace-work. She stepped out—her cheeks flushed and the purple pansies quivering on her bosom. The cousin lifted his hat, reached his hand across the wall and introduced anew the professor. The professor, in some agitation, put his cigar in his pocket, and said he already had the pleasure of acquaintance. The old lady came tripping down from the house, her head a trifle unsteady, but her undimmed blue-gray eyes sharply peering ahead.

"My grandmother—Mr. Phillips—Professor Biscoe."

"Well, I declare! Did you ever see a woman most a hundred before! I've got more snap than half the girls now, though I do say it that shouldn't. I set Lucia to filling pillers yesterday and it tired her all out. Girls aren't good for any thing nowadays. Walk in, gentlemen, and see my old-fashioned mahogany furniture. Most of the boarders are crazy to get it, but they can't—not while I live. I can afford to keep it much better than three-fourths of them could afford to buy it—walk right in, Professor Brassco."

Professor Biscoe remained through the months of August and September. He called often, and the old lady addressed him by every name beginning with B known to the English directory.

Six months later Dr. Hayden was saying to his daughter: 'I suppose you'll be wanting some money pretty soon to buy clothes and furniture, Lucia?"

"I suppose so."

"How much?"

"O, I can't say how much—as much as you feel able to give me, papa."

"I shall give you all I can afford. I hoped your grandmother might do something for you—you've always been her favorite; but when I mentioned the subject to her, she took offense and said she thought her children and grandchildren might be willing to wait until she was dead before they began spending her money."

Two weeks later Lucia was in Canterbury.

"How much is your father going to give you, Lucia?"

"Fifteen hundred."

"Stingy old hunks! How far will $1,500 go in buying clothes and furniture these days?"

"You've always been telling how poor papa is, grandma."

"Comparatively, I meant—comparatively, child. Fifteen hundred isn't half what you ought to have, but I always said you'd never get your dues. You crawl under my bed, Lucia, and draw out that black trunk. Now you get up in a chair and put your hand on top of the clock and you'll find a paper collar-box and inside the collar-box you'll find a little match-box and inside the match-box a key. Bring the key here."

The old lady shut her bedroom blinds and let down the curtains. She then knelt, opened the black trunk, and took therefrom a package that Lucia knew held government bonds.

"They're all registered!" ejaculated she, fingering the package affectionately.

"There, child," continued she, taking one after another and laying them in Lucia's lap—"five hundred and five hundred, and two hundred make twelve hundred. Don't you say a word about it to anybody! Get all you can; 'twon't be any more than you deserve, or any more than you will want!"

Lucia went to put the bonds away in her own trunk, and the old lady called after her:

"I'm going to give you that pair of square pillers beside, Lucia!"—*Elizabeth A. S. Chester, in Springfield Republican.*

What Would Follow.

Were such a thing possible as the substitution of a chemical for animal and vegetable food, some very curious results would follow. An article in a scientific journal says that the man of the future will be toothless and hairless. As there will be no need for teeth in assimilating a nutrient that would probably be liquid in form, the human teeth might, from want of use, disappear or become rudimentary. Then fat people would disappear, for chemistry would control the conditions which lead to the formation of adipose tissue. If there would be less work for the human stomach, the abdomen would diminish in size, while, possibly, the lungs might be still further enlarged. But the general digestive apparatus would be in better shape, as the chemistry of food could be adapted to every variety of system. This all may seem very wild, but in view of what science has done in the world about us, what may it not accomplish, when its improved and improving processes are applied directly to the human race?—*Demorest's Monthly.*

FOR SUNDAY READING.

LAMPS OF PEACE.

I sat alone one summer morn
The homebound, rushing train on board;
The sun, from out his golden urn,
On all the scene his splendor poured.

Past somber wood and flashing stream,
Through field and meadow waving wide,
With rush, and roar, and ring, and scream,
We fled by lake and river side.

No thought was there of gloom or night;
'Twas day without, 'twas light within;
And sounds of laughter and delight
Rose oft above the ceaseless din.

Lo, quickly through the swaying train
With flaring torch a porter sped,
And lit the burnished lamps again
That in the dome hung overhead.

All wonder ceased, when swift and straight
We plunged in darkness damp and cold,
A hundred souls—a precious freight—
And through the tunneled mountain rolled.

We saw each other's form and face,
The burnished lamps shone brightly 'round;
Of fear and dread I saw no trace,
Of discontent I heard no sound.

There doubtless lies, I know not where,
Within my way some tunnel deep,
Some vale of sorrow, grief, or care,
Where I would joy and courage keep.

While days are fair, Oh, help me, Lord,
Within my soul the lamps to light,
Which Thou affordest in Thy Word,
Of comfort, peace, and pure delight.

—*Rev. E. P. Davis, in Golden Rule.*

TO YOUNG MEN.

The Folly and Danger of Living Up to the Belief That the Passions of Nature Excuse the Sins of Youth—The True Governing Principle—"I Fear God, Therefore I Can Not Do This Thing."

Rev. Clinton Locke, D. D., of Christ's Episcopal Church, Chicago, lately delivered an earnest sermon to young men from which are taken the following extracts:

Answer me. I am a minister of God; do you believe in God? Now, in nine cases out of ten I feel sure that a young man answering the dictates of his heart would say: "I do. I believe in God and in accountability, and that I will be held responsible for every thing I could help." I find generally that the infidelity of young men is something of which they try to persuade themselves because it fits in most conveniently with what they want to do. When you are living directly contrary to the laws of God, when you are setting at defiance all morality and all righteousness, it is perfectly natural that the idea of God is a dream of superstition, and that the laws of the kingdom of Heaven are just sentences out of an unknown book. It makes a sinful course much easier if you can persuade yourself that you are never to be pulled up for it. But at this solemn moment, feeling that this question is asked, as a judge at the most critical moment of a trial might ask a witness, who felt that come what might, the truth must be told. I am not far out of the way in believing that the majority of young men would cry: "There is a God, though I do not serve Him, and never think of Him. I will have, I know, to answer before Him for my life." Young men are not yet so far from their mother's knees that they can forget the holy lessons of their childhood. The echo is yet in their hearts. They have not met with the trials of faith that come in maturer years when often only with strong crying and tears can we keep our hold on God. The bright and beautiful world is too full of its Maker and its Builder to let their eyes be utterly blinded to Him. A return to right living in most cases clears away the mist which obscured the vision of God. Vulgar infidelity disappears before a nobler standard of life, and philosophic infidelity has made but little inroad in the ranks of the young.

Another question: "What is your life?" "O," a great many will answer, "an ordinary young man's life. You call it sinful, and denounce all manner of punishment for it; but it is just obeying the laws of Nature. I am just getting all the pleasure I can out of life. I do not mean to do this always, but I am just as good as most young men. I am not a saint, but then I am not a devil."

That is true, but is it such a life that you can talk freely about it, and expose its details to your father and mother and sister? And if you can not do that, can you justify your life? Mind, I approve of the deceit you practice to your mother and sister. I approve of that feeling of manhood in you which says: "My dear mother shall never know, if I can keep it from her, what a wicked, black life I lead. I will use every subterfuge, so that she may still think me clean and upright." I repeat, I disapprove and abhor your sinful walk and conversation, but I approve the effort you make to spare those you love the pang. O there are so many fond parents who would feel a sword go through their very hearts if they knew one-tenth part of the iniquity in which their sons are participants.

"O, you are too hard," some will say. "Young men will be young men. You must not expect too much. The laws of Nature—" Stop! We are every moment of our lives striving to modify, to counteract, to divert, the laws of Nature. It is the law of Nature that the Mississippi should overflow its banks. We oppose another law of Nature that water will not rise above its level and we keep it out. Why, even savages do not abandon themselves to the laws of Nature without bringing to bear upon them human intelligence and human arrangement. If the doctrine is to prevail that we are to give way everywhere before the simple instincts of the natural man, farewell to all civilization and all morality. We become simply a cage of tigers. No; it is the duty of every reasonable human being, of every *man*, to govern and control his passions and his instincts, to use them as we use such a power as steam; not to run riot, but to aid, to advance, to straighten, to give force to the character. The most stupid answer a young man can make when appealed to about his life is to reply: "I am just following the impulses of my nature." Such a course is utter folly when I speak about the lives of young men. I do not make a sweeping charge of wickedness. I am the confidant of many young men. I know their hearts, and I know *many* who lead and have ever lead thoroughly chaste, upright, God-fearing lives, not from fear of detection, not from want of opportunity, not from coldness of nature, but from principle, from lofty Christian principles, saying like Joseph of old: "I fear God, therefore I can not do this thing." And I know other young men who have struggled out of states of sin, who have thrown off chains of lust or drink which bound them; alas! they can not throw off the recollection, they can not rid themselves of the bitterness of regret at their folly and their crucifixion afresh of their Lord Christ, but they have put their lives upon a higher and a nobler plane. They have fought the battle and are victors, though let no one forget that he who thinketh he standeth, must take heed lest he fall. But while I thank God for the clean and high-principled young men, the salt which keeps that whole body from corruption, and while I cry fearlessly that American young men are as far above all others in general morality as light is above darkness, yet I can not blind my eyes to the fact that the wickedness and the sinfulness of young men is an awful factor in our social life. Some statistics have been compiled on one single point in regard to some small cities, and from that we can easily argue as to the larger ones. A city of 17,000 east of the Mississippi, containing 3,000 young men, of these 1,021 entered forty-nine saloons between 7 and 8 p. m. Saturday: one of 20,000 population, 4,000 young men 1,089 were convicted of crime during that year; a city of 38,000, 6,000 young men, seventeen Protestant churches, 128 saloons, 5 per cent. of the young men in nine churches a pleasant Sunday morning, 10 per cent. during two hours Saturday morning in seven of the saloons. Police officers, or those who make it their business to look into this, inform us that the utterly depraved concert-rooms, acting in collusion with the worst dens of iniquity, swarm nightly with young men not of the toughest class, but very often those who call themselves respectable and are called respectable. But I can not say here what I know; a false public opinion shuts my mouth. I can only declare that if any class in this city are led captive by the devil it is the young men, and they are to become our older men, our merchants, our doctors, our mechanics; yes, and what is more, husbands and fathers of families; yes, and what is worst of all, they are to ask us for our daughters' hands, and to lead the dearest things we love to the altar. But they say the temptations are so great and we are so urged by our inclinations. Ah! yes, the temptations are tremendous. Vice, dressed to appear like virtue, licensed often by the very authorities of the city. Bad examples on all sides; the powerful press speaking lightly of the worst sins often. Yes, the temptations are so overpowering that one wonders even so many escape; but because a temptation is enormous shall you, like a coward, yield to it? Is it not the part of a man to fight, to struggle to put his foot on lower things and assert his God-given will? In the old heathen fable the sailors of Ulysses drank greedily of the cup held out to them and in a moment became a herd of swine. But their leader defied the witch. He drew his sword and she fell back before him. His leader, Mercury, had given him a magic flower which enabled him to repel the temptation. It was the flower of governing one's self—making the appetite subordinate to the reason. It is an action matured into a habit. It is the severe grasp of law and duty. It is the bridle of passion. It is the basis of integrity. It is the safeguard of all noble dispositions. It is as Matthew Arnold sings:

"To sit self-governed in the fiery prime
Of youth, obedient at the feet of law."

Another question, does a sinful life bring any real satisfaction with it? I do not say, pleasure. I grant much pleasure with it. I mean satisfaction in an hour of reflection, peace of mind when life and its seriousness and the after life arise up before you. There is an old-fashioned romance, once famous, but now little read, called "Vathek." The hero goes into the hall of evil spirits. There they sit around a gorgeous table, eating and drinking, but ever and anon a spasm of pain passes over their faces. Vathek asks why that is so, and one of them pushing aside his jeweled robe, shows him a heart on fire. I believe that is a true picture of the real feelings of a young and sinful man. He is tortured by his conscience. He does feel that he is doing wrong. Why, the weakest, poorest creatures among those often say to me, I hate myself. I am a great deal more unhappy than I am happy, but I can not help it. O shameful words for any man to say, above all any young man. We can believe that some old sot, soaked with years of indulgence, really can not reform. We can understand that a hardened gambler goes back like the sow to his wallowing in the mire, but a young man with a fresh, strong heart, with all his powers in force, for him to cry basely, cowardly, O so contemptibly, "I can not help it." The question is, and that is the last one I will put—Do you want to help it? Do you want to be a better man? Do you want to master your own self? Gird up thy loins like a man and answer me. If not, then God have mercy on us, on your city, and on your country, and on you when wretched and shivering you come to His judgment. But if you do, if within your soul there shapes itself, faintly, I mean with the help of the Perfect Man, my Lord Jesus, to be different from what I have been, come now without delay and cast in your lot with the Church of God. I counsel it as I would counsel a man pursued by savages to fly into the open door of a fort. I counsel it as I would counsel a man sinking in a quagmire to catch hold of the cord held out to him, for if the Gospel of Christ and the Church of Christ is worth any thing it is a help, and defense, and shield, and blessed comforter for those who are fighting the hard battle of temptation. Beloved, I have spoken with feeling. I am getting far past youth, but my heart still burns with all its youthful fire, and there is no class with whom I feel so much at home and with whom I delight more to be than self-respecting young men. Shakespeare never spoke a truer word than when he makes Hamlet say:

"Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, aye in my heart of hearts."

Take heed to that which is right, for that shall bring a man peace at the last.

SPEAKING TRUTH IN LOVE.

How the Habit of Frankness May Savor of Rudeness and Even Brutality.

It is not uncommon to hear one who has just uttered a bitter remark add, as if offering a sufficient excuse: "I'm a plain-spoken man, and I speak out exactly what I believe." Upon this habit of frankness many pride themselves, as if its justification were self-evident. To others, however, it savors of rudeness, sometimes even of brutality. There is a certain meanness in trying to clothe a harsh and unlovely action in the garb of a virtue. Christ certainly commanded truthfulness. That is beyond dispute. Were the importance of veracity generally disregarded, social chaos also would ensue, and in a very short time. If every one were to speak and act truth, and only the truth, some of the worst evils of our age would be greatly diminished, if not wholly reformed.

But it must not be forgotten that Christ insisted upon kindness as positively as upon truthfulness. To sacrifice the former for the latter is as wicked as to neglect the latter for the sake of the former. But, in point of fact, it is not necessary to sacrifice either on account of the other. They are entirely and always consistent mutually. By "speaking truth in love," as the apostle expressed it in his letter to the Ephesians, the claims of accuracy and kindness both are honored. Love shows itself unmistakably in one's tone and manner of speech. It does not tamper with truth. It neither prevaricates nor omits any thing which ought in honor to be mentioned. Sometimes it speaks with severity and in rebuke. But the good will which is beneath and behind it always is evident. It has no tone of bitterness nor any—even the faintest—accent of Pharisaic exultation.

It always commands respect, therefore, and usually it wins regard also. Mere truthfulness does not necessarily secure either, for its possible harshness is too revolting. But the truth spoken in love always has a certain winsomeness, no matter how reluctantly one listen to it; and it always is spiritually helpful, in recollection if not in its immediate impression. To speak the truth merely may be to throw away good influence, and to repel others from the standards of life which we desire them to accept. But to speak the truth in love is very likely to win, both for ourselves and for the truth, the respect and affection which are desired.—*Congregationalist.*

WISE SAYINGS.

—Industry pays debts, but despair increaseth them.—*Rough Notes.*

—It is better to fight for the good than to rail at the ill.—*Interior.*

—A memory may be to us an inspiration or a means of depression, according as we look at its dark or bright side.—*S. S. Times.*

—He who would fully and feelingly understand the words of Christ must study to make his whole life conformable to that of Christ.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Ivan Panin has the pungent thought: "Fear not, lest thy life come to an end, but rather lest it never begin." Yes; for there is for us no true life except "the life which comes in regeneration; and he who dies without this has never lived in the truest sense of the word."—*Standard.*

—I consider there is no more respectable character on earth than an unmarried woman who makes her own way through life quietly, without support of husband or brother, and who retains in her possession a well-regulated mind, a disposition to enjoy simple pleasures, and fortitude to support inevitable pains, and sympathy with the sufferings of others.—*Charlotte Bronte.*

—Take your trial of suffering, and solemnly dedicate it and yourself to God, and then regard your pain, sorrow, sickness, weakness, not so much as a "suffering" as an "offering." View it thus: I make my illness, suffering, sorrow, a sacrifice. Reverently, humbly, I lay it upon my Altar, Christ, and, poor and unworthy as is the offering, the Altar will sanctify the dedication and make it acceptable.—*Christian Union.*

—The first great moral force, after martyrdom, which aroused the degenerate people of the old Roman world from the torpor and egotism and sensuality, which were preparing the way for violence and ruin, was the Christian pulpit. Sacred eloquence was then impersonated in Chrysostom, "the golden mouthed," for it was by "the foolishness of preaching" that a new spiritual influence went forth to save a dying world.—*Dr. John Lord.*

—I think that the first condition of any permanent hold on truth is this: that the truth itself should be live enough and large enough to open constantly and bring to every new condition through which we pass some new experience of itself. The truth that is narrow and partial we outgrow; only the truth that is broad and complete grows up into us and can be kept. The one is like the clothes of childhood that are cast aside; the other is like the live body that grows up with the growing soul, and at each stage offers it a fit instrument for its work and a fit medium through which to receive its education.—*Phillips Brooks.*

THE GREAT INVITATION.

International Sunday-School Lesson for December 19, 1886.

Why the Gospel Invitation Should Be Accepted by Every Body—Description of the City of God—The Blessings of Those Who Obey.

[Specially arranged from S. S. Quarterly.]
Rev. 22:8-21; commit verses 16, 17.

8. And I, John, saw these things, and heard *them.* And when I had heard and seen, I fell down to worship before the feet of the angel which shewed me these things.

9. Then saith he unto me: See *thou do it* not; for I am thy fellow servant, and of thy brethren the prophets, and of them which keep the sayings of this book; worship God.

10. And he saith unto me: Seal not the sayings of the prophecy of this book; for the time is at hand.

11. He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still; and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still; and he that is holy, let him be holy still.

12. And, behold, I come quickly; and my reward *is* with Me, to give every man according as his work shall be.

13. I am Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and the End, the First and Last.

14. Blessed *are* they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.

15. For without *are* dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie.

16. I Jesus have sent mine angel to testify unto you these things in the churches. I am the root and the offspring of David, *and* the Bright and Morning Star.

17. And the Spirit and the bride say: Come. And let him that heareth say: Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

18. For I testify unto every man that heareth the words of the prophecy of this book: If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book;

19. And if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and *from* the things which are written in this book.

20. He which testifieth these things saith: Surely I come quickly: Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.

21. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ *be* with you all. Amen.

TIME OF BOOK OF REVELATION—Probably A. D. 95 or 96.

INTRODUCTION—The great part of the Book of Revelation is passed over in these lessons for want of space. The history of the church, in its state of conflict and trial, at last draws to a close; all enemies are conquered; the new day dawns; the Gospel has triumphed, and Heaven is won. It remains for us in this lesson, in the presence of this vision, to consider the great invitation to the whole world.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES—8. *Fell down to worship:* perhaps thinking that the angel was Christ Himself. He was full of reverence, and awe, and praise. 10. *Seal not:* let all see what is written for their comfort and help. *The time is at hand:* when these prophecies shall begin to be fulfilled. 11. *He that is unjust,* etc.: (1) implying that those who change must do it very quickly, or it would soon be too late. (2) This refers also to the fact that our characters, and with them our destiny, are becoming more fixed, and after a time there never will be a change. 12. *I come quickly:* there will be no delay. He will quickly begin to do in fact what is here shown in vision. To each of us individually He comes quickly in various providences, and at death. 13. *Alpha and Omega:* A and O, the first and last letters of the Greek alphabet. 14. *The city:* described in chaps. 21, 22. 15. *Without are dogs:* fierce, cruel, sensual, undisciplined men, like Oriental dogs. 16. *I am the root:* the root-shoot, a growth from the root, equivalent to "offspring." This identified the speaker as the very Messiah of ancient promise. *The Bright and Morning Star:* the brightest and most beautiful of stars, outshining all the rest, the harbinger of day, the promise and prophecy of light and glory to the world. When we see Him, we know the day is soon to dawn. 17. *The bride:* the church; the people of God. *And let him that heareth say, Come:* every one who is obeying the invitation, as he hastens on toward the Holy City, say: Come, to all within sound of his voice. *And let him that is athirst come:* without waiting for invitations from others. The very desire of his soul is an invitation, for it was placed there by God. *Whosoever will:* making the invitation as broad as possible. God longs for every one to come. They can not be saved unless they come. This is no narrow Gospel, but broad as in the nature of things it is possible to be. It invites every body, of every class and every age. "Whosoever" is better than if our own names were mentioned; there might be a mistake in them, but none in "whosoever." *The water of life:* the salvation of Jesus Christ, the water that satisfies every want and longing of the soul. 19. *And if any man shall take away from the words:* to take away is to reject altogether, strike out any part of it, to neglect it so that it has not its rightful power over the mind, or to diminish any of its threatenings, or modify its rewards.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS—The description of the City of God. The blessings of those who obey. The ultimate character and companions of those who refuse. Dogs. The Bright and Morning Star. The Gospel invitation.

GOLDEN TEXT—The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen.—Rev. 22:21.

CENTRAL TRUTH—The whole world are invited to enter the Heavenly city.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. The time is short; we should do quickly and earnestly what we have to do.
2. We are continually becoming fixed in our characters and destiny, and a time will come when it will be too late to change.
3. God rewards every person according to his works, including his thoughts, feelings, faith, love, words, as well as outward deeds.
4. The joys of the obedient are beyond imagination to conceive.
5. If any do not have them, it is because they will not be such that God can give these joys to them. Only their own characters and deeds can shut any out of Heaven.
6. God's invitations are as large and free as His love. He desires every one to come and be saved.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. What is the Gospel invitation? (Repeat v. 17.) 2. What are the reasons why we should accept this invitation? ANS.—(1) The time is short; (2) character is becoming fixed; (3) the glory and power of Him who sends the invitation; (4) God rewards us according to our works; (5) He invites to infinite blessings; (6) He would draw us away from sin and misery.

THE origin of the Sabbath is placed among the very first things; things not local, not secondary, or limited in time, not appointed for one people only, but for the race.—*Christian Mirror.*

"WHAT will the world say?" What will it say? Why, probably the world will say nothing about you, as it cares nothing about you. What is the world, pray?—*Hugh Stowell Brown.*

—Colonel Frank B. Stockbridge built an elegant residence, which largely exceeded his expectations in the matter of cost, as all such enterprises have a vicious way of doing. When it was completed a friend asked the Colonel if he was through with the work, to which he replied: "Yes, it's all done but one thing. I am going to buy a parrot and place it at the front door, and teach it so that every time I enter the bird will say: 'Hello, you old fool!'"—*Kalamazoo (Mich.) Gazette.*

THE INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

—Thirty-four salt wells have been put down in Wyoming County, N. Y., this year.

—Nova Scotia ships thousands of barrels of apples to New York City every week.

—Kansas has led all the States in the Union the past year in railroad building.—*Chicago Journal.*

—There are 125 cheese factories in St. Lawrence County, N. Y., and last year they manufactured and sold 13,000,000 pounds of cheese.

—The German State Railway Council has forbidden the employment of men in active service on the railroads beyond eight hours daily.

—The culture of tobacco in Germany, which has declined since 1881, is now progressing, 1,986,597 acres having been planted this year, against 1,952,829 acres last year.

—Some Northern manufacturers of stoves are moving South in consequence of Western competition and on account of the cheapness of iron in Alabama and Tennessee.

—Nova Scotia's apple crop is larger this season than for many years past. It is estimated that there will not be fewer than 100,000 barrels for export, double the quantity of last year.

—In Wyoming County, New York, the fruit evaporating industry has completely died out. For awhile much money was made in the business, but so many people went into it that a decline was inevitable.

—Bricklayers have been at work nights on a building in Rochester, N. Y., by the aid of electric lights. The lights are arranged along the top of the building and the men find they can lay brick as well by them as by daylight.—*Buffalo Express.*

—One of the industries of Vermont is the gathering of white pine cones and extracting the seeds, which are sent to Germany, France and other parts of Europe. A bushel of cones yields a pound of seeds. The cones are dried and the seeds beaten out.—*Rutland Herald.*

—The *Sheep Breeder and Wool Grower* says: "Letters from sheep breeders and wool growers in every quarter indicate an almost remarkable revival of interest in an industry whose utter extinction was predicted by gloomy prophets a few years ago."

—The Knights of Labor were organized in Philadelphia in 1869. They were first known publicly as the Teapot club, because a pot of tea was always on hand at the meetings, for those members who drank nothing stronger—no intoxicating liquors.—*Philadelphia Record.*

—A tract of land on the western shore of Cayuga Lake, near Canoga, has been leased to Rochester parties for the cultivation of frogs. The raising of frogs for the New York market has come to be a recognized industry. There is a large frog farm in the neighborhood of Waterloo and several in Canada, and still the demand is greater than the supply.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Great speed has been attained in the manufacture of rifles. One hundred and twenty barrels can be rolled in an hour by one machine; they are straightened cold and bored with corresponding speed, and even the rifling is now done automatically, so that one man tending six machines can turn out sixty or seventy barrels per day. With the old rifling machine twenty barrels was about the limit of a day's work, but the improved machines attend to every thing after they are once started, and when the rifling is completed ring a bell to call the attention of the workman. He is thus enabled to attend as many as six machines at a time.—*N. Y. Times.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A live man should not want the earth, he should be above it.—*Texas Siftings.*

—"What is education?" asks a writer. Well, it is something a college graduate thinks he has until he becomes a newspaper man.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—It makes very little difference how a hotel napkin is folded. The query with the guest is who used it last.—*Chicago Journal.*

—General Horace Porter says Miss Liberty can hold thirty-six men in her head. That brings her about up to the average girl of the period.—*Boston Herald.*

—Many a young man who has been too bashful to propose to a girl has had her father come into the parlor at eleven o'clock and help him out.—*Toledo Blade.*

—The man who invented the English language must have been a humorous sort of chap. Otherwise he would never have called servants "help."—*Somerville Journal.*

—Do not think yourself smart, my son, when you have succeeded in deceiving your mother. Your mother wants to believe every thing good and nothing bad of her son; therefore there is nobody you can fool so easily as her—except yourself, except yourself, except yourself.—*Boston Transcript.*

—"Well, John," said the judge to a pig-tailed Celestial, "what can I do for you?" "Want to getee name changed." "What's your name now?" "Sing Sing. No goodee. Too muchee alderman. Getee changed to Walble Twicee." "To Warble Twice?" "Yep. Allee samee Sing Sing."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A novelist makes his heroine throw $100,000 of her own money into the sea so as to relieve her lover of the suspicion of being mercenary. She should have given the money to her lover to start a paper intended to fill a long-felt want. She would have lost it just the same and it would have been a little more natural.—*New Haven News.*

—Little Dorrit—"Mamma, when does my birthday come?" Dashing Young Widow—"Next week, pet." "How old will I be?" "Why! gracious me! Can it be possible? You will be nine years old, just think of it." "Well, I'll think of it." "No, no, I mean don't think of it."—*N. Y. Independent.*

—Brute Force Again.—Edith—"I was so shocked last night. I don't believe I will see George if he calls this evening." Maud—"What did he do?" "Why, last evening he suddenly took hold of me, twisted me around into his arms, and forcibly kissed me a dozen times. I don't believe your little Willie ever insults you that way, does he?" "No, he's a regular gump."—*Omaha World.*

—Mr. Minks—"I heard a pretty bad story about Bilffkins to-day." Mrs. Minks—"Dear me. I'm not surprised. Has he two wives?" "O, no; only ——" "Only one, and has run away from her, then. Well, if ——" "No, no, he didn't run away, it was ——" "The wife then. I knew she ——" "No, his horse ran away and injured him so that ——" "By the way, dear, did you get that fringe I asked you to match?"—*Chicago Tribune.*