SERMON ON PICTURES.

What the Rev. Dr. Talmage has to Say About Painting and Other Works of Art.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 28.—The subject of Dr Talmage's discourse was "The Divine Mission of Pictures. His text was Isaiah, Ch. 2, parts of the 12th and 16th verses—"The way of the Lord of Hosts shall be upon all pleasant pictures." He said:

Pictures are by some relegated to the realm of the trivial, accidental, sentimental or worldly, but my text shows that God scrutinizes pictures, and whether they are good or bad, whether used for right or wrong purposes, is a matter of divine observation and arraignment.

The divine mission of pictures is my subject.

That the artist's pencil and the engraver's knife have sometimes been made subservient, to the kingdom of the bad is frankly admitted. After the ashes and scoria were removed from Herculaneum and Pompeii the walls of those cities discovered to the explorers a degradation in art which cannot be exaggerated. Satan and all his imps have always wanted the fingering of the easel; they would rather have possession of that than the art of printing, for types are not so potent and quick for evil as pictures. The powers of darkness think they have gained a triumph, and they have, when in some respectable parlor or public gallery they can hang a canvass embarrassing to the good, but fascinating to the evil.

It is not in the spirit of prudery, but backed up by God's eternal truth when I say that you have no right to hang in your art rooms or dwelling houses that which would be offensive to good people if the figures were alive in your parlor and the guests of your household. A picture that you have to hang in a somewhat secluded place, or that in a public hall you cannot with a group of friends deliberately stand before and discuss, ought to have a knife stabbed into it at the top and cut through to the bottom, and a stout finger thrust in on the right side ripping clear through to the left. Pliny, the elder, lost his life by going near enough to see the inside of Vesuvius, and the further you can stand off from the burning crater of sin, the better. Never till the books of the last day are opened shall we know what has been the dire harvest of evil pictorials and unbecoming art galleries. Despoil a man's imagination and he becomes a moral carcass. The show windows of English and American cities in which the low theaters have sometimes hung long lines of brazen actors and actresses in styles insulting to all propriety have made a broad path to death for multitudes of people. But so have all the other arts been at times suborned of evil.

How has music been bedraggled! Is there any place so low down in dessoluteness that into it has not been carried David's harp, Handel's organ, and Gottschalk's piano and Ole Bull's violin; and the flute, which though named after so insignificant a thing as the Sicilian eel, which has seven spots on the side like flute holes, yet for thousands of years has had an exalted mission. Architecture, born in the heart of Him who made the worlds, under its arches and across its floors what bacchanalian revelries have been enacted! It is not against any of these arts that they have been so led into captivity. What a poor world this would be if were not for what my text calls "pleasant pictures!" I refer to your knowledge of the Holy Scriptures has not been mightly augmented by the woodcuts or engravings in the old family Bible, which father and mother read out of, and laid on the table in the old homestead when you were boys and girls. The Bible scenes which we all carry in our minds were not gotten from the Bible typology, but from the Bible pictures. To prove the truth of it in my own case, the other day I took up the old family Bible which I inherited. Sure enough, what I have carried in my mind of Jacob's ladder; and so with Samson carrying off the gates of Gaza; Elisha restoring the Shunamite's son; the massacre of the innocents; Christ blessing little children; the crucifixion and the last judgment. My idea of all these is that of the old Bible engravings which I scanned before I could read a word. That is true with nine-tenths o you. If I could swing open the door of your foreheads I would find that you are walking picture galleries.

The great intelligence abroad about the Bible did not come from the general reading of the book, for the majority of the people read it but little, if they read it at all; but all the sacred scenes have been put before the great masses, and not printer's ink, but the pictorial art must have the credit of the achievement. First, painter's pencil for the favored few, and then engraver's plate or woodcut for millions! What overwhelming commentary on the Bible, what reinforcement for patriarchs, prophets, apostles and Christ, what distribution of Scripture knowledge of all nations in the paintings and engravings therefrom of Holman Hunt's "Christ in the Temple;" Paul Veronese's "Magdalen Washing the Feet of Christ;" Raphael's "Michael, the Archangel;" Albert Durer's "Dragon of the Apocalypse;" Michael Angelo's "Plague of the Fiery Serpents;" Tintoret's "Flight into Egypt;" Rubens' "Descent from the Cross;" Leonardo Da Vinci's "Last Supper; Claude's "Queen of Sheba;" Bellini's "Madonna of Milan;" Oreagna's "Last Judgment," and hundreds of miles of pictures if they were put in line, illustrating, displaying, dramatizing, irradiating Bible truths until the Scriptures are to-day so much on paper as on canvass not so much on ink as in all the colors of the spectrum. In 1883 forth from Strasburg, Germany, there came a child that was to eclipse in speed and boldness and grandeur anything and everything that the world had seen since the first color appeared on the sky at the creation, Paul Gustav Dore. At eleven years of age he published marvelous lithographs of himself. Saying nothing of what he did for Milton's "Paradise Lost," emblazoning it on the attention of the world, he takes up the Book of Books, the monarch of literature, the Bible, and in his pictures "The Creation of Light," "The Trial of Abraham's Faith," "The Burial of Sarah," "Joseph Sold by His Brethren," "The Brazen Serpent," "Boaz and Ruth," "David and Goliath," "The Transfiguration," "The Marriage in Cana," "Babylon Fallen," and 250 Scriptural scenes in all, with a boldness and a grasp and almost supernatural afflatus that make the heart throb, and the brain reel, and the tears start, and the the cheeks blanch, and the entire nature quake with the tremendous things of God and eternity and the dead. I actually staggered down the steps of the London art gallery under the power of Dore's "Christ leaving the Practorium." Profess you to be a Christian man or woman, and seen divine mission in art, and acknowledge you no obligation either in thanks to God or man?

It is no more the word of God when put before us the printer's ink than by skillfully laying on of colors, or designs on mental through incision or corrosion. What a lesson in morale was presented by Hogarth, the painter, in his two pictures, "The Rake's Progress," and the "Miser's Feast;" and by Thomas Cole's engravings of the "Voyage of Human Life," and the "Course of Empire," and by "Turner's Slave Ship," God in art! Christ in art!; Patriarchs, prophets and apostles in art! Angels in art! Heaven in art!

The world and the church ought to come to the higher appreciation of the divine missions of pictures, yet the authors of them have generally been left to semi-starvation. West, the great painter, toiled in unappreciation till, being a great skater, while on the ice he formed the acquaintance of Gen. Howe of the British army, and through coming to admire West as a skater, they gradually came to appreciate as much that which he accomplished by his hand as by his heel. Poussin, the mighty painter, was pursued, and had nothing with which to defend himself against the mob but the artist's portfolio, which he held over his head to keep off the stones hurled at him. The pictures of Richard Wilson, of England, sold for fabulous sums of money after his death, but the living painter was glad to get for his "Alcyone" a piece of Stilton cheese. From 1640 to 1643 there were 4,600 pictures willfully destroyed. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth it was the habit of some people to spend much of their time in knocking pictures to pieces. In the reign of Charles the First it was ordered by parliament that all pictures of Christ be burnt.

Painters were so badly treated and humiliated in the beginning of the 18th century that they were lowered clear down out of the sublimity of their art, and obliged to give minute accounts of what they did with their colors, as a painters bill which came to publication in Scotland, in 1707, indicated. The painter had been touching up some old pictures in the church, and he sends in this itemized bill to the vestry: "To filling up a chink in the Red sea and repairing the damages to Pharaoh's hosts;" "to a new pair of hands for Daniels in the lion's den, and a new set of teeth for the lioness;" "to repairing Nebuchadnezzar's beard;" "to giving a blush to the cheek of Eve on presenting the apple to Adam;" "to making a bridle for the Good Samaritan's horse and mending one of his legs;" "to putting on a new handle on Moses' basket and fitting bulrushes, and adding more fuel to the fire in Nebuchadnezzar's furnace." So painters were humiliated clear down below the majesty of their art. The oldest pictures in England, a portrait of Chaucer, though now of great value, was picked out of a lumber garret. Great were the trials of Quentin Matsys, who toiled on from Blacksmith's anvill till as a painter he won wide recognition.

The first missionaries to Mexico made the fatal mistake of destroying pictures, for the loss of which art and religion must ever lament. But why go so far back when in this year of our Lord, 1888, and within 12 years of the 20th century, to be a painter, except in rare exceptions, means poverty and neglect? poorly fed, poorly clad, poorly housed, because poorly appreciated! When I hear a man is a painter, I have two feelings, one of admiration for the greatness of his soul, and the other of commiseration for the needs of his body.

But so it has been in all departments of noble work. Some of the mightiest have been hardly treated. Oliver Goldsmith had such a big patch on the coat over his left breast that when he went anywhere he kept his hat in his hand closely pressed over the patch. The world renowned Bishop Asbury had a salary of $64 a year. Painters are not the only ones who have endured the lack of appreciation. Let men of wealth take under their patronage the suffering men of art. They lift no complaint; they make no strike for higher wages. But with a keenness of nervous organization which almost always characterizes genius, these artists suffer more than anyone but God can realize. There needs to be a concerted effort for the suffering artists of America, not sentimental discourse about what we owe to artists, but contracts that give them a livelihood; for I am in full sympathy with the Christian farmer, who was very busy gathering his fall apples, and someone asked him to pray for a poor family, the father of which had broken his leg; and the busy farmer said: "I cannot stop now to pray, but you can go down into the cellar and get some corned beef, and butter, and eggs, and potatoes; that is all I can do now." Artists may wish for our prayers, but they also want practical help from men who can give them work.

You have heard scores of sermons for all other kinds of suffering men and women, but I think this is the first sermon ever preached that made a plea for the suffering men and women of American art. Their work is more true to nature and life than any of the masterpieces that have become immortal on the other side of the sea, but it is the fashion of Americans to mention foreign artists, and to know little or nothing about our own Copley, and Allston, and Inman, and Greenough, and Kenset. Let the affluent fling out of their windows and into the back yard valueless daubs on canvas, and call in these splendid but unrewarded men, and tell them to adorn your walls, not only with that which shall please the taste, but enlarge the mind and improve the morals and save the souls of those who gaze upon them.

Brooklyn, and all other American cities, need great galleries of art, not only open annually for a few days on exhibition, but which shall stand open all the year round, and from early morning until 10 o'clock at night, and free to all who would come and go. What a preparation for the wear and tear of the day a five minutes' look in the morning at some picture that will open a door into some larger realm than that in which our population daily drudge! Or what a good thing the half hour of artistic opportunity on the way home in the evening from exhaustion that demands recuperation for mind and soul, as well as body! Who will do for Brooklyn or the city where you live what W. W. Corcoran did for Washington, and what I am told John Wannamaker, by the donation of De Munkacsy's great picture, Christ Before Pilate," is going to do for Philadelphia? Men of wealth, if you are too modest to build and endow such a place during your lifetime, why not go to your iron safe, and take out your last will and testament, and make a codicil that shall build for the city of your residence a throne for American art? Take some of that money that would otherwise spoil your children, and build an art gallery that shall associate your name forever, not only with the great masters of painting, who are gone, but with the great masters who are trying to live; and also win the admiration and love of tens of thousands of people, who, unable to have fine pictures of their own, would be advantaged by your benefaction. Build your own monuments, and not leave it to the whim of others. Some of the best people sleeping in Greenwood have no monuments at all, or some crumbling stones that in a few years will let the rain wash out name and epitaph: while some men, whose death was the abatement of a nuisance, have a pile of polished Aberdeen high enough for a king, and eulogium enough to embarrass a seraph.

Oh, man of large wealth, instead of leaving to the whim of others your monumental commemoration and epitaphology to be looked at when people are going to and fro at the burial of others, build right down in the heart of our great city, or the city where you live, an immense free reading-room, or a free musical conservatory, or a free art gallery, the niches for sculpture, and the walls abloom with the rise and fall of nations, and lessons of courage for the disheartened, and rest for the weary, and life for the dead; and 150 years from now you will be wielding influences in this world for good among those whose great-grandfather was your great-grandchild. How much better than white marble that chills you if you put your hand on it when you touch it in the cemetery would be a monument in colors, in beaming eyes, in living possession, in splendor which under the chandelier would be glowing and warm, and looked at by strolling groups with catalogue in hand on the January night when the necropolis where the body sleeps is all snowed under. The tower of David was hung with one thousand dented shields of battle; but you, oh man of wealth, may have a grander tower named after you, one that shall be hung not with the symbols of carnage, but with the victories of that art which was so long ago recognized in my text as "pleasant pictures."

Oh, the power of pictures! I cannot deride, as some have done, Cardinal Mazarin, who, when told that he must die took his last walk through the art gallery of his palace, saying, "Must I quit all this? Look at that Titian! Look at that Corregio! Look at that deluge of Caracci! Farewell, dear pictures!" As the day of the Lord of Hosts, according to this text will scrutinize the pictures, I implore all parents to see that in their households they have neither in book or newspaper or on canvas anything that will deprave. Pictures are no longer the exclusive possession of the affluent. There is not a respectable home in these cities that has not specimens of woodcut or steel engravings, if not of painting, and your whole family will feel the moral uplifting and depression. Having nothing on your wall or in books that will familiarize the young with scenes of cruelty or wassail; have only those sketches made by artists in elevated moods, and none of those scenes that seem the product of artistic delirium tremens. Pictures are not only a strong but universal language. The human race is divided into almost as many languages as there are nations, but the pictures may speak to people of all tongues. Volapuk many have hoped, with little reason, would become a world-wide language, and printers' types have no emphasis compared with it. We say that children are fond of pictures, but notice any man when he takes up a book and you will see that the first thing that he looks at is the pictures. Have only those in your house that appeal to the better nature. One engraving has sometimes decided an eternal destiny. Under the title of fine arts there have come here from France a class of pictures which elaborate argument has tried to prove irreproachable. They would disgrace a barroom, and they need to be confiscated. Your children will carry the pictures of their father's house with them clear on to the grave, and, passing that marble pillar, will take them through eternity.

Furthermore, let all reformers, and all Sabbath school teachers, and all Christian workers realize that if they would be effective for good, they must make pictures, if not by chalk on blackboards, or kindergarten designs, or by pencil on canvas, then by words. Arguments are soon forgotten; but pictures, whether in language or in colors, are what produce strongest effects. Christ was always telling what a thing was like, and His sermon on the mount was a great picture gallery, beginning with a sketch of a "city on a hill that cannot be hid," and ending with a tempest beating against two houses, one on the rock and the other on the sand. The parable of the prodigal son, a picture; parable of the sower, who went forth to sow, a picture; parable of the 10 virgins, a picture; parable of the talents, a picture. The world wants pictures, and the appetite begins with the child, who consents to go early to bed if the mother will sit beside him and rehearse a story, which is only a picture.

When we see how much is accomplished in secular directions by pictures—Shakespeare's tragedies a picture, Victor Hugo's writings all pictures, John Ruskin's and Tennyson's and Longfellow's works all pictures—why not enlist, as far as possible, for our churcher and schools and reformatory work and evangelistic endeavor, the power of thought that can be put into word pictures, if not pictures in color? Yea, why not all young men draw for themselves on paper, with pen or pencil, their coming career, of virtue if they prefer that, of vice if they prefer that. After making the picture, put it on the wall, or paste it on the fly leaf of some favorite book, that you may have it before you. I read the other day of a man who had been excuted for murder, and the jailer found afterward a picture made on the wall of the cell by the assassin's own hand, a picture of a flight of stairs. On the lowest step he had written, "Disobedience of Parents;" on the second, "Sabbath Breaking;" on the third, Drunkeness and Gambling;" on the fourth, "Murder;" and on the fifth and top step, "A Gallows." If that man had made that picture before he took the first step, he never would have taken any of them. Oh, man, make another picture, a bright picture, an evangelical picture, and I will help you make it! I suggest six steps for this flight of stairs. On the first step write the words, "A Nature Changed by the Holy Ghost and Washed in the blood of the Lamb;" on the second step, "Industry and Good Companionship;" on the third step, "A Christian home with a family altar;" on the fourth step: "Ever widening usefulness;" on the fifth step: "A glorious departure from this world;" on the sixth step: "Heaven! heaven! heaven!" Write it three times, and let the letters of one word be made up of banners, the second of coronets, and the third of thrones. Promise me that you will do that, and I will promise to meet you on the sixth step, if the Lord will through His pardoning grace bring me there too.

And here I am going to say a word of cheer to people who have never had a word of consolation on that subject. There are men and women in the world by hundreds of thousands, some of them are here today, who have a fine natural taste, and yet all their lives that taste has been suppressed, and although they could appreciate the galleries of Dresden and Vienna and Naples far more than 999 out of 1,000 who visit them, they never may go, for they must support their households, and bread and schooling for their children are of more importance than pictures. Though fond of music they are compelled to live amid discord, and though fond of architecture, they dwell in clumsy abodes; and though appreciative of all that engravings and paintings can do, they are in perpetual deprivation. You are going, after you get on the sixth step of that stairs just spoken of, to find yourselves in the royal gallery of the universe, the concentered splendors of all worlds before your transported vision. In some way all the thrilling scenes through which we and the Church of God have passed in our earthly state will be pictured or brought to mind. At the cyclorama of Gettysburg, which we had in Brooklyn, one day a blind man, who lost his sight in that battle, was with his child heard talking while standing before that picture. The blind man said to his daughter: "Are there at the right of the picture some regiments marching up a hill?" "Yes," she said. "Well," said the blind man, "is there a general on horseback leading them on?" "Yes," she said. "Well, is there rushing down on these men a cavalry charge?" "Yes," was the reply. "And do there seem to be many dying and dead?" "Yes," was the answer. "Well, now, do you see a shell from the woods bursting near the wheel of a cannon?" "Yes," she said. "Stop right there!" said the blind man. "That is the last thing I saw on earth! What a time it was, Jenny, when I lost my eye-sight!"

But when you, who found life a hard battle, a very Gettysburg, shall stand in the royal gallery of heaven, and with your new vision begin to see and understand that which in your earthly blindness you could not see at all, you will point out to your celestial comrades, perhaps to your own dear children who have gone before, the scenes of the earthly conflicts in which you participated, saying: "There from that hill of prosperity I was driven back; in that valley of humiliation I was wounded. There I lost my eyesight. That was the way the world looked when I saw it. But what a grand thing to get celestial vision, and stand here before the cyclorama of all worlds, while the rider on the white horse goes on "conquering and to conquer," the moon under His feet and the stars of heaven for His tiara!

Pain in His Amputaned Feet.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

Dr. J. S. Wilson, whose feet were cut off by a switch engine in Augusta, was on the streets in a roller chair, looking the picture of health and contentment. The lower part of of his body was covered with a shawl, and he was surrounded by his friends who were delighted to see him out. He said: "I suffer more from pain in my feet than from anything else, although my feet were amputated two months ago. I can still feel the pain and itching in my toes and in the ball of my feet, although as I tell you they have been buried for two months. The nervs are still irritated. I suppose this weird pain will wear off after a while."

DAKOTA JOTTINGS.

The Sioux Falls Press predicts that next year will see 5,000 men employed in the quarries near that city.

At last Minnehaha county has provided a hospital wherein the county sick can be cared for. It is but a temporary institution, however.

A number of the leading men of Blunt are talking of forming an association for the purpose of furnishing a lecture course during the winter.

The press of business at the Dakota Newspaper union in Aberdeen is so great that forces are working night and day. The patent portion of some seventy weekly newspapers are turned out by the Union.

An artesian well is considered a necessary adjunct to a well-regulated stock farm in Yankton county and many farmers are having them drilled. The cost is from $300 to $500.

The Argus-Leader expresses the belief that there are too many churches in Sioux Falls and recommends that a religious trust be formed, and that all churches not materially different in creed unite and build a union church.

Clear Lake has made a large bid for the location of the Deul county courthouse. In addition to offering a block in the town it has deposited $5,000 with the county treasurer to be used in building a court-house if the vote is favorable.

John Divies, living near Alpena, dug a well sixty feet deep, when some of the dirt fell and partially buried him. Friends hauled him up to near the top of the well when it fell in upon and completely buried him. The body has not yet been recovered.

Jerry Krohryhtur, a threshing hand who robbed the houses of four farmers near Grand Forks, was arrested as he was about to take the train. He had shaved clean snd changed his clothes, but his nervousness betrayed him to the officer who followed him.

The Northwestern National bank, a new institution, with a capital of $100,000, in which prominent Chicago capitalists are interested, began business. The bank will occupy its fine building now in progress of erection about Jan. 1.

It is rumored at Deadwood that a deputation from the salvation army will shortly pay a visit to the various saloons of the city and between songs they propose singing endeavor to persuade the men engaged in the business to close shop and forever forswear the trade.

The depth of the Harrold artesian well is 1,456 feet, temperature 95 degrees, and it will fill a large barrel in forty-five seconds. The water is soft and of a splendid drinking quality, the warmest artesian water in Dakota, and is daily increasing in flow and pressure.

The latest manufacturing acquisition for Sioux Falls is a mammoth woolen mill. A company has been organized with $40,000 stock. The mill will be put up as soon as possible and will employ 75 men. This mill will be the only one of the kind in Dakota.

Deputy Sheriff Hart arrested two men on the Northern Pacific train at Pembina, from the south on telegraphic instruction of Sheriff Olson of Walsh county. The sheriff followed the train in a buggy, and then found that they were not the men he wanted.

A romantic story comes from Standing Rock. It is said that a young Englishman who accompanied a party of hunters that stopped off at the agency became smitten with the pretty daughter of one of the head chiefs and as a result they were married in accordance with the Sioux fashion.

Nothing is too good for the average Deadwood juvenile. Not long ago a professional nurse was summoned from Binghampton, N. Y., to assist at the arrival of a Black Hills girl. Having accomplished her mission she returns, thus making a round trip of over 3,000 miles for what in many localities would pass as an ordinary event.

A train of ten wheat wagons, bearing nearly one thousand bushels, drawn by a friction engine, arrived in Aberdeen, from the Hall farm, four miles south of that place. The outfit was photographed in the presence of a large number of spectators. The grain averaged fifteen bushels per acre and after active bidding brought $1.20.

Considerable trouble is being experienced through the territory in getting loans completed on account of discrepancies in the record in regard to names. In some cases the final receipt and patent do not agree, and in many cases names are sometimes spelled with an initial letter and sometimes without. Sometimes the names to a mortgage will be written in full and the release will give only the initials, and in other cases names are written so badly that it is impossible to tell what they are intended for.

EL EMPERADOR.

Relics of Maximilian's Short Reign in Mexico—New Details of his Execution at Queretaro.

Boston Herald.

City of Mexico, October 23, 1885.—Eighteen years ago last June the Emperor Maximilian fell, pierced by bullets, on a hillside at Queretaro, a slight eminence which the tourist via the Central Railway may catch a passing glimpse of as he enters that interesting old town. But eighteen years have not sufficed to obliterate the memory of the Emperor. In the curio shops here you still find the "Maximilian dollar" with his effigy, and the beautiful Paseo remains to testify to his purpose of making this enchantingly situated capital the Paris of the new world. A sturdily built, handsome young fellow, himself the grandson of another Mexican Enperor, walks the streets of the city. This young man, accomplished and athletic, was adopted, by Maximilian as his heir, and, though a revival of imperialism is impossible, the Prince Iturbide, as he is universally called, may yet take an important part in the game of Mexican politics.

The same government which cherishes the memory of the emperor Iturbide refuses to preserve the memorial of the reign of the Emperor Maximilian. Wandering through the executive apartments at the national palace the other day, I noted that wherever Maximilian had left the crowned eagle the government had obliterated the crown and left the Mexican eagle crownless in republican simplicity. But in the splendid chamber where President Diaz receives visitors the crowned eagle remains. The superb room is hung with crimson silk, on which is everywhere to be seen the crowned imperial eagle in raised figure.

To have cut the crown would have been to spoil the hangings, and so they have been left, mute memorials of the dead ruler of Mexico. In the vast apartment known as the Hall of Ambassadors—the portrait of the Emperor Iturbide remains, but there is no relic of Maximilian. You must go to the National Museum, also in the palace to see Maximilian's state dinner service, which was an outrageous cheat if he paid the price of silver for it, because it is nothing but a wretched composite of base metals thinly plated, the proportion being ninety-five per cent. base metal and five per cent. silver. Maximilian's state carriage remains on show, and a really gorgeous affair it is. His bust by a Mexican artist is also preserved in the museum, where also are his orders and insignia. But all these things are preserved, as we might keep the uniform of a captured British General, as trophies of victory over an invader.

The Mexican Government has not persecuted the partisans of the Emperor. On the very street where I am writing lives, in a noble casa, the spokesman of the deputation of notables who crossed the ocean to tender to Maximilian at Miramar the fatal imperial crown. The other day I read over the address of this deputation, in which was vaunted the superiority of monarchial institutions, and the assertion made that the Mexican people desired the Austrian prince to come and reign over them, that they were weary of republicanism and interminable internecine strife. The reply of the prince was enthusiastic, and in that same spirit Maximilian and Carlotta crossed the seas, believing that they were the desired of the Mexican people. Their deception must have been complete. Prints of that time represent the triumphal arches erected on the main avenue of the capital, and through that avenue you see passing the carriage of the Emperor bowing to the right and left, acknowledging the plaudits of the populace.

Personally, Maximilian was very popular with the common people. His memory is not execrated, but rather he is regarded with a pathetic sort of regret mingled with reproachfulness. Maxmilian was under bad influences. His military advisers here were mercilessly severe. They counseled harsh measures, and made the Emperor believe that he had exhausted the resources of kindness, and should put the knife in up to the hilt. Maximilian and his wife were the ideal sovereigns of the story books. They were easy in their manners and kind to the common people; they were fond of one another, and had all the lovable virtues, but the Mexican people, fiercely fond of liberty, resented their intrusion, and Juarez, the constitutional President, had earnest popular support in his prolonged resistance to the Empire.

The fatal blunder of Maximilian, a blunder which has left a stain on his name, was the issuance of the order that all of the liberal chiefs taken in arms after the expiration of Juarez's term should be shot as traitors to the empire. Juarez remonstrated, urging that he was President, even after his term of office expired, until the country could peacefully elect his successor. That was sensible ground, and history sustains the Mexican patriot. Maximilian's decree was merciless, and the fates measured out to him as he had meted to others.

It was in Queretaro that Maximilian made his final stand after the withdrawal of the French troops at a word of warning from Mr. Seward. It is a lovely old city, with a splendid aqueduct in the Roman manner, many ancient and picturesque churches, and a soft and genial climate. Then, as now, it was a stronghold of the Church party, the very citadel of Catholicism in Mexico. Maximilian was here besieged and overthrown, and imprisoned in the convent of the Capuchinos, and thence, after the famous court-martial, led out to the Hill of the Bells to be shot. Recent disclosures regarding the last hours of the Emperor will destroy many legends of the fatal day, and I will here relate the contents of a document which the priest Soria lately dictated shortly prior to his own death.

Soria was the Emperor's confessor and was with him during [illegible] days, and what he here [illegible] pass into history as the true a[illegible] of Maximilian's last moments, an[illegible] count not yet printed in English. [illegible] was of Soria that Maximilian said: '[illegible] is I who must console this good prie[illegible] and not let him become utterly over[illegible] come."

"The night before his death," says the Confessor Soria, "the Emperor wrote two letters, one to the Pope and the other to his mother. He confided both to me, together with a handkerchief for his mother.

On the following morning I a[illegible] panied him to the place of exec[illegible] The cortege was composed of [illegible] wrethed coaches. I got into the [illegible] with the Emperor, while Mira[illegible] and Mejia occupied, with their co[illegible] sors, the other two.

"Hardly had we left the Convent [illegible] the Capuchinos when I was surpris[illegible] to see Maximilian strike his brea[illegible] saying:

"'I have put eight handkerchief[illegible] here to keep the blood from staining my uniform.'

"All the rest of the way the Emperor busied himself with praying an[illegible] recommending his soul to God. But [illegible] seeing the Hill of the Bells he ex[illegible] claimed:

"'There is where I had thought [illegible] hoist the standard of victo[illegible] there is where I am going to [illegible] is a play!'

"And, after some moments [illegible] he added: 'What a beautiful [illegible] And what a beautiful day to die!'

"When we had arrived at the plac[illegible] of execution, it was found difficult t[illegible] open the door of the coach.

"Then Maximilian, being impatien[illegible] leaped out of the window, knocki[illegible] off his hat.

"He handed me the crucifix, embr[illegible] ing me. He also embraced Mirar[illegible] and Mejia, distributed some gold c[illegible] among the soldiers who were to [illegible] him, and then, in a strong voice [illegible] nounced in Spanish these wor[illegible] forgive everybody, and I [illegible] that all may forgive me, and [illegible] sire that my blood, which is go[illegible] be shed, may be for the good [illegible] co. Long live Mexico! Long [illegible] independence!' Immediately h[illegible] his hand on his breast, indica[illegible] spot for the soldiers to take [illegible] Then the drums sounded, [illegible] presence of the four thousand s[illegible] assembled it was proclaimed [illegible] whoever should raise his voice [illegible] half of the condemned man wo[illegible] made to suffer the same p[illegible]alt[illegible] a murmur was heard a[illegible] mense crowd standing [illegible] troops.

"At a given signal the th[illegible] fired. Miramon and Mejia [illegible] once, but Maximilian did [illegible] the first discharge and [illegible] groans. Then they gave him [illegible] de grace."

The priest Soria denied t[illegible] milian, as the legend goes, ga[illegible] of honor at the place of [illegible] Miramon, saying: "A brave a[illegible] its the respect of his sovereig[illegible] the place of honor." The pla[illegible] the condemned was by acciden[illegible] a picturesque legend is dissip[illegible]

He Knew the Count[illegible]

"I'll tell you what[illegible] drummer from Cincinnati [illegible] be out in the country and [illegible] tation to a dance or p[illegible] country dance or party is [illegible] all the world for fun, an[illegible] hesitate to recollect it. [illegible] I was at a country par[illegible] with a girl. She was fi[illegible] under her ears and for[illegible] rest of her face was pe[illegible] yummy-yummy. And [illegible] kisses just seemed to [illegible] and sit on 'em, and d[illegible] and take. I dared, but [illegible] a girl fight as she did. [illegible] and clawed, tore off my c[illegible] my collar button, bit m[illegible] the ribbon out of her [illegible] herself into a perspiratio[illegible] the kiss. It was good, [illegible] haustion and her perspi[illegible]

"She was very angry. [illegible] long while, and refused t[illegible] Finally I found her out [illegible] porch. She was alone.

"You hateful thing!" [illegible] "I believe you have impu[illegible] to kiss me again. If [illegible] choke your wind off."

"And then she threw he[illegible] my neck and gave me a te[illegible] by way of showing me w[illegible] do."

"And did you beg off an[illegible] escape?"

"Beg off? Make my e[illegible] do I look like a green [illegible] seventeen straight times [illegible] ping to draw breath. [illegible] country lasses, I do, an[illegible] 'em likes a kiss so well a[illegible] hugging invitation to ta[illegible] stand up to the racket lik[illegible] That's the kind of a gro[illegible] I am."

Where Dr. Talmage G[illegible]

The Rev. T. DeWitt T[illegible] in town the other day, [illegible] owed much of his success [illegible] suggestion of a newspa[illegible] He was engaged to le[illegible] more several years a[illegible] fore he was to begin [illegible] newspaper man, who [illegible] report the address, [illegible] off-hand way:

"Well, Dr. Talmag[illegible] to give us many point[illegible]

"Points?" repeated [illegible] "Points?"

"Yes," replied the [illegible] won't get much space [illegible] less your lecture is full [illegible] that the paper can't [illegible] out."

"I thought very de[illegible] porter's words," sa[illegible] telling the story, "[illegible] were full of sound [illegible] time I have always [illegible] make my lectures a [illegible] literary work bristle[illegible] that is to say, with [illegible] and phrases." —Phi[illegible]