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THE demand that medical prescriptions should be written in plain English instead of Latin, is both sensible and just, as well as a great convenience.

THE question of the right of a legislature under the constitution to pass a law abridging the liberty of the press is likely to come before the courts at no distant day.

CANADA is bidding so sharply for the control of trans-continental and trans-oceanic commerce that the transportation interests of the United States are in danger of great injury.

IT seems evident that all the legislation against trusts which has yet been proposed, is likely to prove inadequate as a means either of stopping their formation or of putting down those which exist.

ENCOURAGING as is the outlook for medical education in this country, there are yet enough bad medical schools in the United States to disgrace the continent from the Gulf to the Arctic Circle.

THE enormous number of 6,000,000 of letters sent to the dead letter office last year is an instructive comment upon our habits of haste and carelessness as a nation and suggests that possibly the public is not altogether to blame in this matter.

THE amount of gold used in the arts is constantly increasing, while silver shows but a single increase. Silver has become comparatively non-precious; therefore, even our poorest people despise jewelry unless it is made of gold.

THE Mississippi question seems to be too much for congress and the scientists. The government has spent immense sums in constructing levees only to find them entirely inadequate and with a prospect that in the near future they will be found even more so.

BEN BUTLER was asked the other day what he would recommend as the best investment for a man's savings. In a letter of considerable length he says in substance that as 90 per cent of men engaged in business fail every year he has found the only safe investment to be realty.

THE reasons for the ever-increasing tide of American travel in Europe and the comparatively small volume of pleasure travel in the United States are beginning to inspire investigation. No one denies that upon our own continent nature has bestowed charms unsurpassed in any other part of the globe.

MOST of the new medical colleges are in the South, which is already rich in low-class medical colleges. Atlanta has four, and Louisville, which had four, now has five. In addition to its real estate boom, Chattanooga has a new medical college; Knoxville has one also; Memphis, which already had one too many, now has two.

A NEW YORK lawyer has proposed a law to prevent newspapers from publishing reports of the trials of divorce cases. Some one may recommend a law that shall prevent them from publishing the decrees issued in such cases. This would compel persons to examine the records to ascertain if a man or woman had been divorced.

THE Pittsburg Dispatch says fair mill iron can now be laid down in Pittsburg from Alabama at about $14 per ton. The cost of this iron to the Alamama furnace is only $9.50 per ton, that leaves a good margin of profit that may be shaved to meet competition which under present prices of material the Pittsburg manufacturers cannot hope to offer.

SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON, England's great artist, is said to have discovered a language derived from English, but no intimation of what that language is is given. Considering the dense ignorance of America which prevails in Great Britain it is natural that a suspicion should arise that Sir Frederick's discovery is none other than the interesting patois spoken in Boston.

THE Mexican government is about to introduce the graphophone in its postal service. Illiterates who can neither read nor write will be enabled to talk into a graphophone, and for a fixed charge have the cylinder containing their messages sent to the office near which their correspondents reside. The correspondents will then be sent for, and be permitted to listen to the message, as it is ground out by another instrument.

As training schools in order, politeness, the rules of propriety and parliamentary procedure, secret and other societies have accomplished much good. They have prepared young men to occupy public positions. Every secret or select society exerts a restraining influence over its members. Pride in an order makes, to a certain extent, every one his brother's keeper. It causes each member to take an interest in the others and to prevent them from conducting themselves improperly.

THE medicine sharps have discovered so many specifics they are inventing new diseases to work off the surplus. "Nannonn" and "tornado poisoning" seem to be but indifferently successful experiments in that direction, and will no doubt soon be replaced by more effective epidemics. There was a disease known to our grandfathers as "the go-backs." The [illegible] not found its way into the [illegible], but the malady it described is still occasionally met with.

WAVERLAND.

A Tale of Our Coming Landlords.

BY SARAH MABIE BRIGHAM.

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CHAPTER 7.—CONTINUED.

That seemed a sweet promise for the future, and I was comforted. I believed that Stella was safe and that sometime we would meet again. What a sense of rest came to my mind, bringing by the aid of memory all her quiet ways and pleasant words back again, until I seemed to feel her very presence. I was anxious to do some good deed to be worthy of her pure love. Can mind take form and visit mind? Yes, I believe that sympathy of love can unite as though distance may intervene. But would she believe what my mother said, that Annie and I were engaged? O, mother, how could you tell her that! Annie and I had been playmates, but what was my love for her compared with this strong, deep passion, that filled my waking thoughts and visited my dreams? My Stella was my queen, my life-star, and if I failed to find her I felt that life would be a failure.

Moving some furniture one day in Stella's room a little blank envelope fell to the floor. I picked it up and found it was not sealed. Surely here was the message I had longed for. I hastened to my room to examine the contents. I had not a doubt that it was for me, until I opened it. I found a little square card divided into thirty-six equal parts. Twenty-seven were closed and nine were open. Such a card, at college, the boys called a grating. It was used to decipher messages when great secrecy was desired. What was the message? Should I read? For a little while I debated with myself, then curiosity prevailed, and I tried. It was addressed "To my darling," and contained the following words:

ldonra	eoveld
raaelp	eroarn
ifgskt	hdavre
nneree	swmadt
roveak	awtiee
yrfaom	drefse

There was no meaning to the words in this shape. But I had learned the use of the grating years ago, when we had planned midnight raids about the buildings and grounds of the university. I copied the first row of words into squares corresponding to the thirty-six equal parts of the grating. Then I placed the card with the nine open squares over my letters, carefully observing the little cross on the upper left hand corner, which marked the top. Then the letters revealed through the spaces were: d, n, a, l, g, n, e, k, r. There was no more meaning than before. But I replaced my card, moving the cross to the right hand upper corner; these letters were visible: a, p, s, n, e, v, a, r, m.

I turned the grating once more. The cross now came to the lower right hand corner and these were the letters that appeared through the openings: o r f k r o y f o. I turned the grating once more. The cross now came at the lower left corner. I read: l r a e t t e r e. Mechanically I arranged the other letters and obtained as a result the following letters:

v e d r a w d e f
o n o s t t e r e
v e d r a w d e s
e l r a h c m a i

At the university when we had deciphered a message by the use of the grating we wrote all the letters together and then separated them into words. I wrote the seventy-two letters in the order that I had discovered them, and had the following: d n a l g n e k r a p s n e v a r m o r f k r o y f o l r a e t t e r e v e d r a w d e f o n o s t t e r e v e d r a w d e s e l r a h c m a i.

That was all. The enigma seemed as meaningless as ever. Discouraged, I leaned back in my chair and threw my hands behind my head. My writing was revealed to me in the looking-glass that hung above the table. I caught the letters forming the word Everett. Quick as thought I solved the mystery. The message had been written backward, and the glass had made it right. I followed out the thought and obtained: "I am Charles Edward Everett, son of Edward Everett, earl of York from Raven's Park, England."

The message was plain, but the mystery remained. Evidently it was from some relative or friend of the same family name of my lost darling. It revealed nothing to me. I placed the card, the message and my solution in the envelope and put it in my note book. It was something to keep. Like a little withered flower, it reminded me of my lost friend. Where was she now? If I could only know that she was safe and with friends.

CHAPTER VIII.—WHAT CAUSED THE FAMINE.

Once more I had an object to attain. There was work for me to do, and I was ready to begin. The most important work was to plan greater comfort for my tenants! I never dreamed of opposition in carrying out the methods used by Sir Wren; of changing my tenants into laborers. The first farmer I visited lived in an old hut surrounded by filth of every description. I knocked at the door, and was admitted into a room where a man, a woman, six children, a cow and four pigs all lived huddled into a space of not more than twelve by sixteen feet.

Mike came to the door, looking as though he feared my presence meant eviction. As he came to me I offered my hand, and, after a cordial hand-shake, I said:

"Mike, would you like to give up your holding and hire out to me?"

"Och, thin, ye're going to be worse thin the ould masther and turn us out all togither," he said, shaking his powerful fist by way of emphasis; while the woman came nearer in a threatening manner.

"No, Mike," I said, in a friendly way, "you mistake me. I want to make you more comfortable. On your small holding you can hardly raise enough to keep your family from want. But if you will work for me, I will give you good wages for yourself, your wife, and all the children that are large enough to work."

"My father lived here and his father before him; and now as soon as ye're masther ye come to root us out of the soil!" he said, shaking his fist in my face, while his wife kept coming nearer and showing the spirit of an angry tigress about to spring.

"But, Mike," I protested, "I want you to live more comfortable. It is hard work to live in this way," pointing to the pigs and cow.

"Yer want the cow turned out to die, so we can't pay our rint," said Mike, "thin ye'd turn us from our home. No, yer may leave us to ourselves."

I tried to reason with him, but could not make him believe but that I meant to harm him. Mike was honest, industrious and sober, but the few acres he held were not enough to keep his family from want if he never paid any rent. Yet I could not make him believe it was for his good I made the offer.

I visited a dozen farmers, but they were all of the same opinion as Mike, and preferred to live in filth and degradation rather than give up their little holdings. Instead of helping them as I had planned to do, I nearly caused an insurrection. The men gathered together and were ready to fight if I persisted in asking them to change. I soon found the reason for such filthy yards and houses was fear of the rent being raised if the place looked thrifty. Very carefully I set to work to overcome their mistaken prejudices.

I had commenced the work of improvement before Stella had left, as she had advised on that day which seemed to me years ago. O, why was I silent that morning! If I had only spoken the loving words within my heart, I might have kept her by my side. How much I missed her now! I had learned to value her words of counsel. Her ready tact would influence the tenants to do her will, as I often found. When I offered any plan for change if she had ever spoken of it to them they were very willing to accept it. Gradually I had to learn her way of dealing with the people and was guided accordingly. It was the story of Topsy and Eva over again. Stella was the Eva to teach me there must be sympathy to win regard. As I followed out that principle the tenants began to trust me. I started improvements that gave them work, and the wages gave them a good many comforts.

After a good deal of thought and some expense I had the satisfaction of knowing that every tenant had a comfortable house and that the pigs and cows were sheltered without being members of the family.

It was a beautiful morning in January; the trees and shrubs were clothed with the fairy garb that Jack Frost loves to deck the world in, when I rode over to Sir Wren's to receive instructions for my London visit. He was in his favorite place, the library. He looked up as I entered, and extended his hand, saying:

"I began to think you had forgotten your promise, Loyd. But there is time enough yet. O, by the way, your new theory did not work; came near having a row, I hear."

"Yes, Sir Wren, I thought I had got into a hornets' nest. Even the women were ready to fight me. How did you make the change?"

"It was mostly done before I bought the estate. The former owner, Lord Sanders, had used it for a pasture farm, and had very few tenants. He had a time clearing it, as there were some two or three hundred families on the estate when he bought it. He had them all evicted, though every one had paid his rent quite promptly. Father O'Hale said it was the saddest sight he ever saw when that whole village were turned from home without food or shelter. He said some among them were sick and the excitement and exposure were more than they could stand. He was called to offer consolation to the dying who lay by the roadside in the rain and cold. Every tenant house in the whole village was burned. Lord Sanders never dared to live here. His sheep and cattle were driven away in spite of his agent's watchfulness. Finally he was obliged to sell. That is the way I have laborers instead of tenants."

"I think a landlord would have a lively time of it if he should try to evict tenants at Waverland. Am I in time for the business you wished done at London?"

"Yes, here are the documents," said Sir Wren, as he went to his desk and brought me a packet, "Here is a letter of introduction to the Duke of Melvorne. That

Mike came to the door, looking as though he feared my presence meant eviction.

will prove an open sesame to political circles."

I bade him good-bye, received his friendly God-speed, then returned home and finished my arrangements for a few weeks' absence.

Arriving at my destination in London, I sought the lawyer to whom I was to deliver my packet, transacted the business intrusted to my care, and went out to find the Duke of Melvorne. He was at his club room. I gave him the letter from Sir Wren. He read it, then in the most cordial manner made me feel at ease.

The Duke of Melvorne was tall and strikingly handsome, with expressive brown eyes, dark curly hair and a clear olive complexion. He had the stately bearing of an English nobleman. He introduced me to a young man, a friend of his, Colonel Haynes, from America, to Lord Sanders, an owner of American land and to some dozen more. The young American was a powerful looking man, with black hair, penetrating black eyes that could sparkle with wit or melt into tenderness, a clear, ringing voice and a grateful manner. Lord Sanders was a dried-up little man, with a dark, squeezed-up face, small, restless black eyes and a long straight nose. He was dressed in black, with boots as shiny as his eyes. He had a gold watch-chain with immense seals, depending from his fob, which he rattled to emphasize his speech.

"How is Sir Wren and his fair daughter?" asked the duke.

"They are quite well except the little rheumatics that kept Sir Wren at home just now," I answered. "They have had a niece of Sir Wren's visiting them from London. Are you acquainted with her?"

"Lady Irving, do you mean?" he asked, half indifferently, yet slightly anxious.

"That is her name. She is a widow and a beauty," I said.

"Rich young widows are usually good company," said Colonel Haynes. "But I think the English ladies are not as good-looking as our American women."

"I believe you are right there, said the duke. "And the American girls have more animation than ours."

"What is the latest news in Ireland?" asked Colonel Haynes, turning toward me as he spoke.

"Earl Spencer is ruling with a despotic sway," I said. "Anyone who has not been arrested or in prison is out of the fashion there now."

"Then Parnell must be the prince of Irish fashion," said Colonel Haynes.

"Parnell a prince," sneeringly said the Duke of Melvorne. "Yes, he is a prince to gain a hold on people's pockets! Why, even, the Americans were gulled into paying him large sums of money for his 'Irish sufferers'."

"But Parnell did not use the money, it came to the people, as I can testify. I have seen ships from America loaded with provisions in our harbors, and I have seen those same provisions portioned out to the starving people of Ireland. I have also seen the English government paying an armed force to evict these same people without a thought of aid," I said, indignant that an Englishman, of all men, should accuse Parnell of trickery and dishonesty.

"Yes, Lord Waverland, you are right. I, too, have seen ships from the United States, in the Irish harbors, loaded with the same provisions that other ships were loaded with, that were leaving Ireland for England. It was not lack of food that made famine," said Colonel Haynes.

"That is true, sir," I said. "There is enough of everything raised in Ireland for her people to have plenty. At the very time when American food and money were being distributed to the suffering people they were sending from Ireland to England thirty large steamers every week, laden to the gunwales with fat cattle, sheep, pigs and the most expensive kinds of food."

"Then what made the famine?" asked the Duke of Melvorne.

"The feudal system of land tenure under which Ireland is groaning is what caused it," I answered.

"Why, are you a landlord and yet advocate the tenants' rights so zealously?" asked Lord Sanders a little annoyed.

"Yes, Lord Sanders, I am a landlord, yet I would willingly yield my interest in the land as the Persians did theirs."

"Why, how was that?" asked Colonel Haynes.

"The land-owners were compensated for their lands by the government issuing bonds bearing four per cent interest to them, while the tenants paid the government five per cent on the bonds," I explained.

"Yes that sounds very well," said the Duke of Melvorne. "But the Irish people never will be satisfied until they have driven every landlord out of Ireland and possess the land free of cost. Then in five years they will be ready for another gift of like value. The Irish are a thriftless, vagabond people, who never know the value of anything."

"Then they change mightily by coming to America," said Colonel Haynes. "To be sure, some of them are, as you say, vagabonds and drunkards; but the most of them are sober, industrious people; and not only provide for themselves and their families, but send a large part of their earnings back to Ireland every year."

"I have tenants on my estate who could never pay the rent but for the aid that comes from boys and girls in America," I said. "And they are sober, hard-working men, anxious to keep their holdings."

"I think, Lord Waverland, that you have been taking lessons of Sir Wren," said the Duke of Melvorne, walking back and forth through the room, "I remember he used to be very bitter against absent landlords."

"He thinks they are a curse to Ireland yet," I said, "by draining the country of a million pounds a year. He claims that no nation on earth could avoid famine under such a system."

"That remains to be seen," said Lord Sanders. "I know there are more tenant farmers in America, than in Ireland, Scotland and England combined. A large per cent of the land owners are Englishmen, too. Why, I derive nearly two hundred thousand dollars a year from tenant farmers in America, and I am not the only one who is reaping a rich reward from American labor. But there is no sign of a famine there, as yet."

"No," said the Duke of Melvorne, "on the contrary, America is one of the most prosperous nations on the globe."

"We are a prosperous nation," said Colonel Haynes with animation, "but this heavy drain on our people may cause suffering before we are expecting it."

"O, bah, on your suffering! I expect to hear the American people begin to complain as a compliment to this infernal Irish agitation," said Lord Sanders, with more arrogance than usual. "I am not afraid of any complaints, as long as the laws are made to suit ourselves."

"But the laws are made by the people and for the people," protested Colonel Haynes.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Brass Mule Cure.

A traveler recently returned from Peking, tells us, says the *North China Medical Journal*, that he saw a method of cure which may be new to some of our readers. In a temple outside one of the city gates is to be found a brass mule of life size, supposed to have wonderful healing properties. Patients suffering from every imaginable disease seek this temple to obtain a cure. The method pursued is as follows. "Suppose you suffer from sciatica, you go with all speed to this famous temple, and having discovered the particular part of the brass mule corresponding to the painful region of your own body, you must rub the animal a certain number of times and then with the same hand shampoo your own disabled member, and then—well, then the pain goes.

The special feature of this method of cure is its delightful simplicity. Is your tooth aching? Just scrub the mule's teeth and afterward your own, and voila! the cure is complete. Have you an ulcer of the cornea? Pass the tips of your fingers to and fro over the particular eyeball of the mule, and then with well regulated pressure rub repeatedly the afflicted eye.

The mule has unhappily lost his sight during the many years he has been engaged in his benevolent work, the eyeballs, we are told, having been gradually worn away, as the result of constant friction, until now you have only the empty orbits to operate upon.

The animal is patched in all directions with fresh pieces of brass put on to cover holes produced by the constant friction of eager patients, and a new, perfectly whole mule stands ready at hand, awaiting the day when his colleague, having fallen to pieces in the temple, shall give him an opportunity of likewise benefiting posterity.

Missionaries in Africa.

Stanley expresses much admiration for the heroic stuff found in many missionaries to Africa. Speaking of the hold Christianity has got in Mwanga's kingdom, in central Africa, he says: "I take this powerful body of native Christians who prefer exile for the sake of their faith to serving a monarch indifferent or hostile to their faith as more substantial evidence of the work of Missionary Mackey than any number of imposing structures clustered together and called a mission station would be. These native Africans have endured the most deadly persecutions. Staunch in their beliefs, firm in their convictions, they have held together stoutly and resolutely, and Mackay and Ashe may point to these with a righteous pride as the results of their labors to the good, kindly people at home who trusted in them. I suppose you do not know Mackay personally. Well, he is a Scotchman—the toughest little fellow you could conceive. Young, too, probably 32 years or so, and bears the climate splendidly—even his complexion is uninjured, not Africanized yet by any means, despite twelve years' continual residence.

"These mission societies certainly contrive to produce extraordinary men. Apropos of Scotchmen, can you tell me why they succeed oftener than other people? Take Moffat, Livingstone, and Mackay—real Scotchmen with the burr. They stand pre-eminent above all other missionaries no matter of what nationality. It is not because they are Scotchmen that they succeed. It is not because they are better men in any one way or the other—physically, mentally, or morally—of that we may rest assured; but it is because they have been more educated in one thing than all others. While I say this I review mentally all whom I know and have met and I repeat the statement confidently. That one thing is duty."

Ex-Minister Foster says that the foreign debt of Mexico now aggregates $120,000,000. He estimates the amount of American capital invested in Mexican railways, mining, and other enterprises at $100,000,000.

THE CHURCH REJOICES.

The Kiss of Welcome Given to the Returning Wanderer.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage Talks of the Return of the Lost Sheep to the Father's Fold and With What Joy They are Welcomed.

Rev T. De Witt Talmage preached to the usual large audience last Sunday in the Brooklyn Academy of Music. His subject was the return of the Prodigal Son: "The Kiss of Welcome," and his text Luke 15:20: "When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.' Following is the sermon:

One of the deepest wells that inspiration ever opened is this well of a parable which we can never exhaust. The parable, I suppose, was founded on facts. I have described to you the going away of this prodigal son from his father's house, and I have showed you what a hard time he had down in the wilderness, and what a very great mistake it was for him to leave so beautiful a home for such a miserable desert. But he did not always stay in the wilderness; he came back after a while. We do not read that his mother came to greet him. I suppose she was dead. She would have been the first to come out. The father would have given the second kiss to the returning prodigal; the mother the first. It may have been for the lack of her example and prayers that he became a prodigal. Sometimes the father does not know how to manage the children of the household. The chief work comes upon the mother. Indeed, no one ever gets over the calamity of losing a mother in early life. Still, this young man was not ungreeted when he came back.

However well apparelled we may be in the morning when we start out on a journey, before night, what with the dust and the jostling, we have lost all cleanliness of appearance. But this prodigal, when he started from the swine-trough, was ragged and wretched and his appearance, after he had gone through days of journeying and exposure, you can more easily imagine than describe. As the people see this prodigal coming on homeward, they wonder who he is. They say: "I wonder what prison he has broken out of. I wonder what lazaretto he has escaped from. I wonder with what plague he will smite the air." Although these people may have been well acquainted with the family yet they do not imagine that this is the very young man who went off only a little while ago with quick step, and ruddy cheek, and beautiful apparel. The young man I think walks very fast. He looks as though he were intent upon something very important. The people stop. They look at him. They wonder where he came from. They wonder where he is going to.

You have heard of a son who went off to sea and never returned. All the people in the neighborhood thought the son would never return, but the parents came to no such conclusion. They would go by the hour, and day, and sit upon the beach, looking off upon the water, expecting to see the sail that would bring home the long-absent boy. And so I think this father of my text sat under the vine looking out toward the road on which his son had departed; but the father has changed very much since we saw him last. His hair has become white, his cheeks are furrowed, his heart is broken. What is all his bountiful table to him when his son may be lacking bread? What is all the splendor of the wardrobe of that homestead when the son may not have a decent coat? What are all the sheep on that hillside to that father when his pet lamb is gone? Still he sits and watches, looking out on the road, and one day he beholds a foot-traveller. He sees him rise above the hill; first the head and after a while the entire body; and as soon as he gets a fair glance of him he knows it is his recreant son. He forgets the crutch, and the cane, and the stiffness of the joints, and bounds away. I think the people all around were amazed. They said: "It is only a footsad. It is only some old tramp of the road. Don't go out to meet him." The father knew better.

The change in the son's appearance could not hide the marks by which the father knew the boy. You know that persons of a great deal of independence of character are apt to indicate it in their walk. For that reason the sailor almost always has a peculiar step, not only because he stands much on shipboard amid the rocking of the sea, and he has to balance himself, but he has for the most part an independent character, which would show in his gait, even if he never went on the sea; and we know from what transpired afterward, and from what transpired before, that this prodigal son was of an independent and frank nature; and I suppose that the characteristics of his mind and heart were the characteristics of his walk. And so the father knew him. He put out his withered arms toward him; he brings his wrinkled face against the pale cheek of his son; he kisses the wan lips; he thanks God that the long agony is over. "When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck and kissed him."

In the first place, I notice in this text, the father's eyesight; in the second place, I notice, the father's haste; and, in the third place, I notice the father's kiss.

To begin: the father's eyesight. "When he was a great way off his father saw him." You have noticed how old people sometimes put a book off on the other side of the light. They can see at a distance a great deal easier than they can close by. I do not know whether this father could see well that which was near by, but I do know he could see a great way off. "His father saw him." Perhaps he had been looking for the return of that boy especially that day. I do not know but that he had been in prayer, and that God had told him that that day the recreant boy would come home. "The father saw him a great way off."

I wonder if God's eyesight can descry us when we are coming back to Him? The text pictures our condition—we are a great way off. That young man was not farther off from his father's house, sin is not farther off from holiness, hell is not farther off from heaven, than we have been by our sins away off from our God; aye, so far off that we could not hear His voice, though vehemently He has called us year after year. I do not know what bad habits you may have formed, or in what evil places you have been, or what false notions you may have entertained; but you are ready to acknowledge, if your heart has not been changed by the grace of God, that you are a great way off—aye, so far that you can not get back of yourselves. You would like to come back. Aye, this moment you would start, if it were not for this sin, and that habit, and this disadvantage. But I am to tell you of the Father's eyesight. "He saw him a great way off." He has seen all your frailties, all your struggles, all your disadvantages. He has been longing for your coming. He has not been looking at you with a critic's eye or a bailiff's eye, but with a Father's eye; and if a parent ever pitied a child, God pities you. You say: "Oh, I had so many evil surroundings when I started life." Your Father sees it. You say: "I have so many bad surroundings now, and it is very difficult for me to break away from evil associations." Your Father sees it, and if you should start heavenward—as I pray you may—your Father would not sit idly down and allow you to struggle on up to Him. Oh, no! Seeing you a great way off He would fly to the rescue. How long does it take a father to leap into the middle of the highway if his child be there, and a swift vehicle is coming, and may destroy him? Five hundred times longer than it takes our heavenly Father to spring to the deliverance of a lost child. "When he was a great way off his Father saw him."

And this brings me to notice the father's haste. The Bible says he ran. No wonder! He did not know but that the young man would change his mind and go back. He did not know but that he would drop down from exhaustion. He did not know but that something fatal might overtake him before he got up to the doorsill: and so the father ran. The Bible, for the most part, speaks of God as walking. "In the fourth watch of the night," it says, "Jesus came unto them walking on the sea." "He walketh upon the wings of the wind." Our first parents heard the voice of the Lord, walking in the garden in the cool of the day: but when a sinner starts for God, the father runs to meet him. Oh! if a man ever wants help, it is when he tries to become a Christian. The world says to him: "Back with you. Have more spirit. Don't be hampered with religion. Time enough yet. Wait until you get sick. Wait until you get old." Satan says: "Back with you; you are so bad that God will have nothing to do with you; or, "You are good enough, and need no Redeemer. Take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry." Ten thousand voices say; "Back with you. God is a hard master. The church is a collection of hypocrites. Back into your sins; back to your evil indulgences; back to your prayerless pillow. The silliest thing that a young man ever does is to come home after he has been wandering." Oh, how much help a man does want when he tries to become a christian! Indeed, the prodical cannot find his way home to his father's house alone. Unless some one comes to meet him he had better have stayed by the swine-troughs.

I remark upon the father's kiss. "He fell on his neck," my text says, "and kissed him." It is not every father that would have done that way. Some would have scolded him, and said: "Here, you went off with beautiful clothes, but now you are all in tatters. You went off healthy, and come back sick and wasted with your dissipations." He did not say that. The son, all haggard, and ragged, and filthy, and wretched, stood before his father. The father charged him with none of his wanderings. He just received him. He just kissed him. His wretchedness was a recommendation to that father's love. Oh, that father's kiss! How shall I describe the love of God!—the ardor with which He receives a sinner back again! Give me a plummet with which I may fathom the sea. Give me a ladder with which I can scale this height. Give me words with which I can describe this love. The apostle says in one place, "unsearchable;" in another, "past finding out." Height overtopping all height; depth plunging beneath all depth; breadth compassing all immensity.

Oh, this love! God so loved the world. He loves you. Don't you believe it? Has He not done everything to make you think so? He has given you life, health, friends, home—the use of your hand, the sight of your eye, the hearing of your ear. He has strewn your path with mercies. He has fed you, clothed you, sheltered you, defended you, loved you, importuned you all your life long. Don't you believe He loves you? Why, if now you should start up from the wilderness of your sin, He would throw both arms around you. To make you believe that he loves you, He stooped to manger, and cross, and sepulchre. With all the passions of His holy nature roused, He stands before you to-day, and would coax you to happiness, and heaven. Oh, this Father's kiss! There is so much meaning, and love, and compassion in it; so much pardon in it; so much heaven in it. I proclaim him the Lord God, merciful, gracious, and long-suffering, abundant in goodness and truth. Lest you would not believe Him, He goes up Golgotha, and while the rocks are rending, and the graves are opening, and the mobs are howling, and the sun is hiding, He dies for you. See Him! See Him on the Mount of Crucifix on, the sweat on His brow tinged with the blood exuding from His lacerated temples! See His eyes swimming in death! Hear the loud breathing of the Sufferer as He pants with a world on His heart! Hark to the fall of the blood from brow, and hand, and foot, on the rocks beneath—drop! drop! drop! Look at the nails! How wide the wounds are! Wider do they gape as His body comes down upon them. Oh! this crucifixion agony! Tears melting into tears. Blood flowing into blood. Darkness dropping on darkness. Hands of men joined with hands of devils to tear apart the quivering heart of the Son of God!

Oh! Will he never speak again! Will that crimson face never light up again! He will speak again; while the blood is suffusing His brow and reddening His cheek and gathering on nostril and lip, and you think he is exhausted and cannot speak, He cries out until all the ages hear Him: Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" Is there no emphasis in such a thing as that to make your dry eyes weep and your hard heart break! Will you turn your back upon it, and say by your actions what the jews said by their words: "His blood be on us and on our children!" What does it all mean, my brother, my sister? Why, it means that for our lost race there was a Father's kiss. Love brought him down. Love opened the gate. Love led to the sacrifice. Love shattered the grave. Love lifted Him up in resurrection. Sovereign love! Omnipotent love! Infinite love! Bleeding love! Everlasting love!

"Oh, for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak."

Now, will you accept that Father's kiss? The Holy Spirit comes to you with His arousing, melting, alarming, inviting, vivifying influence. Hearer, what creates in thee that unrest? It is the Holy Ghost. What influence now tells thee that it is time to fly, that to-morrow may be too late; that there is one door, one road, one cross, one sacrifice, one Jesus! It is the Holy Ghost.

My most urgent word is to those who, like the young man of my text, are a great way off, and they will start for home, and they will get home. They will yet preach the Gospel and on communion days carry around the consecrated bread, acceptable to everybody, because of their holy life, and their consecrated behavior. The Lord is going to save you. Your home has got to be rebuilt. Your physical health has got to be restored. Your worldly business has got to be reconstructed. The church of God is going to rejoice over your discipleship. You are not gospel hardened. You have not heard or read many sermons during the last few years. You do not weep, out the shower is not far off. You sigh, and you have noticed that there is always a sigh in the wind before the rain falls. There are those who would give anything if they could find relief in tears. They say: "Oh, my wasted life! Oh, the bitter past! Oh, the graves over which I have stumbled! Whither shall I fly! Alas for the future! Everything is dark—so dark, so dark. God help me! God pity me! Thank the Lord for that last utterance. You have begun to pray, and when a man begins to petition, that sets all heaven flying this way, and God stops in, and beats back the hounds of temptation to their kennel, and around about the poor wounded soul puts the covert of His pardoning mercy. Hark! I hear something fall. What was that? It is the bars of the fence around the sheep-fold. The shepherd lets them down, and the hunted sheep of the mountain bound in; some of them their fleece torn with the brambles, some of them their feet lame with the dogs; but bounding in. Thank God! Saved for time, and saved for eternity.

Across the Llamas' Country.

Mr. Rockhill's successful journey across a hitherto unexplored region in the country of the Llamas appears to have been attended with no little peril. His servants were more often in chains than out of them, and Mr. Rockhill himself only escaped death by a series of fortunate chances, so determined to frustrate any attempt to explore the mysterious and jealously guarded district between Sinlifu and Tatsienlu, in the province of Dirge. The district is described as teeming with natural riches, and Mr. Rockhill is stated to have mapped out a route of prime importance for commerce.—London Daily News.

BAD NEWS FOR THE OLD MAN.

After He Had Told His Fellow-Passengers How Glad He Was to Get Home.

The old man had not been in the smoker of the Michigan Central train half an hour before he had made friends with the crowd. His blue eyes were so trusting and his talk about himself and his little family affairs was so frank that everyone felt like shaking his big freckled hands with all their callouses and faceted finger-nails. He bought a five-cent cigar from the train-boy and rolled his tongue around it to dampen it, and having crossed his legs so that he could bob his right foot gracefully he said:

"Say, do you know, by gum, thut you're 'like my son 's two peas be like each other."

The cattleman across the car laughed good-naturedly and said: "'S thet so."

"Yep. I wuz—a jess goin' to slap you on the back an' say, 'Hullo, Jimmy,' when I cum in. You' n' he might trade whiskers mos' any day an' 'twouldn't make no sort o' difference. Goin' far?"

"Goin' to Detroit."

"Got quite a good spell o' ridin' yit before ye. I get off 't Niles. Live 'bout three miles from town, but I ain't ben thar fer six months."

"Ben out West?"

"Yep—Kansas. My son—feller thut looks like you lives 'n Kansas—Caldwell. Doin' fust-rate. Good bizness man's Jim. Ben thar t' see him an' his sister. Now I'm goin' back t' Michigan t' see th' old wooman. Guess I won't leave her no more. Don't seem none like livin' 'ithout her, though the boy's ben mighty good. Ben so long togither. Mighty near forty year now sence we was j'ined. How old d'ye think I am?"

"Look 'bout 60, I sh'd say," replied the cattleman, considerately.

"Seventy-nine," said the old man. "Had a dispute 'ith a feller 'n the kyars comin' thro' Illeeney 'bout our age. He looked good deal older'n me, but he wa'n't. He was only 65."

The old man prattled in this simple way, to the mild delight of his audience, until the brakeman thrust his blushing face into the car and opened it to say, "Noyles."

The old gentleman rose and tucked his red and white scarf inside his vest and ruffed his hat with the elbow of his coat-sleeve.

"Prinkin' up a little?" said the cattleman.

"Yes, sir. Liken's not th' wife's down ter th' train to meet me. Want to make a good showin'."

Half a dozen men went out on the platform to shake hands with him. A young fellow with a troubled face was at the landing.

"Hello, Tommy," the old fellow shouted. "How air ye? How's the folks?"

The boy made a whispered reply, and as the train slipped out the passengers saw the old man raise his bony hand to his eyes and stagger blindly across the platform.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Kentucky Girls.

The behavior of some of Louisville's belles at a few of the recent suppers given shows how much more liberal society in this city is to-day than it was ten years ago. At that time had these same scenes been enacted the actors would have been tabooed from good society, and considered fast and wild. But to-day it is, if not applauded, at least countenanced, and looked upon as something usual. In fact it has become more usual than it should. What is referred to is the fact that at several of these suppers several of Louisvile's best known girls have imbibed so freely the good wines served that they had to be helped from the table to their carriages.

At the last of these suppers a scene was witnessed by a few of those present that, to say the least, was disgraceful. In a room of the house that was not supposed to be used, and in which the light was very dim, the following picture was seen:

On a sofa in one corner of the room was a young man well known and respected. He was slightly intoxicated, as was his companion, who is a beautiful girl, and even better known than he is. He was leaning back against the end of the sofa, one arm around her waist, her head resting on his shoulder and her arm around his neck, and both were smoking cigarettes and talking to each other in maudlin voices. They were separated by friends and everything done to keep the scene quiet, but it has leaked out. Ten years ago the telling of this story would have stirred the social river to its very depth, but to-day it will barely cause a gentle ripple to ruffle the surface.—*Louisville Commercial.*

How Did He Learn Such Talk.

A little boy of 4 years has for some time had a habit, very trying to his mother, of waking about midnight and calling for a drink of water. At last his mother told him one evening as he was put to bed that she would not get up any more to wait upon him; that she would put a pitcher of water and a glass on the stand near the bed, and that if he wanted water in the night he must get up and get it himself. She placed the water on the stand in his sight and left him.

That night at the usual time she heard the boy's call:

"I want a d'ink o' water! I want a d'ink o' water!"

But she paid no attention. He called two or three times, and after he had whimpered a bit she heard him get up and thump along the floor to the stand. And then through the darkness came this very positive ejaculation:

"I hope I thpill every jam jop!"—*Boston Transcript.*

The Pasteur Treatment.

During the last five months 850 patients have been treated at the Pasteur institute in Paris, and not a single death has occurred.