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THE DEBUTANTE.

Here in her dainty chamber
On the snow-white bed it lies,
The dress that brought such a sparkle
Of joy to her violet eyes.
A wonder garment fashioned
In yards upon yards of lace,
With knots of silvery ribbons
To fasten the folds in place.

Go lay it away forever
In the sweet, dead leaves of the rose,
With the fan and the fairy slippers,
The gloves and the silken hose,
The bodice, too, that was fitted
To her girlish and graceful shape,
And, heavy with frosty fringes,
The long white opera cape.

For Madge she is done with dancing,
And the pleasures and pains of life;
No babe shall call her mother,
And no man call her wife.
For below in the darkened parlor,
With her slender feet unshod,
She lies on a couch of lilies,
All dressed for the Court of God.
—Minna Irving, in The Puritan.

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CHAPTER XXIV.—CONTINUED.

I borrowed an arquebus from one of my men, and the arrangement was that we were to charge out after a volley, the first shot of which I was to fire. All being now ready, it was only necessary for us to wait. I would merely add that in order to prevent discovery by the neighing of the horses, we had muzzled ours as far as possible. There was now a dead silence, that was only broken by the rustle of the leaves overhead, an occasional crack amongst the dry bougis as a squirrel moved against them, or the uneasy movement of a horse, which caused a clink of a chain-bit, and a straining sound made by the leathers of the saddlery, that was not in reality so loud as it seemed; but caused Jacopo and Bande Nere to scowl fiercely at the unfortunate rider, a scowl which was only equaled by their stolidly impassive faces, when their own beasts sinned. We had not long to wait; presently we heard voices shouting, the clatter of horses trotting, a rapid reining in at the ascent, and a number of followers and lackeys, some mounted on horses, others on mules, with led mules beside them, came past, and went on, heedless of the eager faces watching them through the trees. One or two of our horses became so uneasy that I was afraid of immediate discovery, but so occupied were the knaves in babbling together, all at once, that what with this, and the thwacking of their animals, and in some cases the efforts to remain on, we remained unnoticed. Then there was a short interval, and the suspense was strained to breaking point. In a while we heard the firm beat of a war horse's hoof, and our quarry came in view. First came Monsignore Bozardo, a tall, thin man, wrapped in a purple cloak, with a fur cap on his head. He rode a strong ambling mule, and by his side was the commander of the escort. Immediately behind were four troopers, then the mules with the ducats, behind these again six other lancers, behind the rear was brought up by half-a-doren lackeys, without a sword amongst them. But what struck me almost dumb with surprise was that the leader of the escort was none other than D'Entrangues himself. There could be no mistake, his visor was up, and I saw the sallow face, the long red mustache, and almost caught the cold glint of his cruel eye. At last! I raised my arquebus and covered him. At last!, But a touch of my finger and the man was dead. I could not miss, my heart was mad within me, but my wrist was firm as steel. In another moment he would be dead, dead, and my revenge accomplished. It was already in hand. I looked aside for a second at the line of breathless faces watching me, then back again to the muzzle of my weapon. D'Entrangues was now not 20 yards away. I could scarcely breathe as I pointed the arquebus at his heart. I had already begun to press the trigger, when something seemed to come across my mind like lightning. I saw in a moment that lonely room in the Albizzi palace, where I had kneeled to my God and sworn to put aside my vengence. The weapon shook in my grasp.

"Fire, sighore," whispered Jacopo hoarsely.

With an effort I jerked the muzzle in the air, and pulled the trigger. The report was followed by four others, and two of the troopers fell. The next moment we were on them with a shout, and there was a clash of steel, as fierce blows were struck and received, now and again a short angry oath, and sometimes a cry of pain. I did not want to take life, but a trooper came at me, so I had to run him through the heart, and the man fell forward under Castor's hoofs, with a yell I shall never forget. The next instant D'Entrangues and I crossed blades, and whether he recognized me or not I do not know, but he fought with a skill and fierceness I have never seen equaled. At last I lost my temper, and cut savagely at him. He parried on the forte of his blade, but so furious was the stroke that it broke the weapon in his hand, and almost unhorsed him. Reining back skillfully he avoided another cut I made at him, and drawing a wheel lock pistol from his holster, fired it straight at me. At the flash, some one dashed between us. I heard a scream which froze the blood in me, and a body lurched forward and fell to my side, whilst a riderless horse plunged through the press, and galloped away. I saw the light of the golden head as it fell, and forgetting everything, forgetting D'Entrangues, forgetting all but the fact that a dreadful deed was done, I sprang down from Castor, and raised St. Armande in my arms. As I did this a hoarse yell from my men told me the day was won; but I had no ears for this, no eyes for anything, except the slight figure, which lay in my arms gasping out its life.

"Congratulations, signore, we have taken the lot," and Jacopo, bleeding and dusty, rode up beside me.

"At too great a price," I groaned; "help me to carry—" I could say no more.

"Here, two of you secure those mules—Bande Nere, see to the wounded—Queen of Heaven—the chevalier—" and Jacopo, giving his sharp orders, sprang down beside me, and together we bore our unconscious burden under the shadow of the oaks. A dark figure stepped to our side, and kneeling down supported the lifeless head on his arm, whilst hot tears fell from his eyes, as he prayed over her. It was the abbe.

"How did this happen?" I asked, "did I not say you were not to move?"

"It was done at once," he answered, "I could not prevent it—alas! How can I carry this tale back to St. Armande?"

"Water, excellency."

Jacopo had brought some clear water in his helmet. I thanked him with a look, and he stepped back, leaving us three together, two who were living, and one who was going away.

I bathed the forehead and drawn lips, from which flowed a thin stream of blood, and as I did so her eyes opened, but the film of death was on them.

"Di Savelli—Ugo—," and she was gone.

Gone like a flash, flung swiftly and fast into eternity, struck down, perhaps unwittingly, by the arm which should have been a shield to her. I have often wondered if D'Entrangues ever knew who fell to his pistol shot. If he did, God pity him! In the one glimpse I caught of his white face, as he swung round and rode off, I thought I saw a look of horror. But everything went so quickly, that then I had no time to think, and now I can recall but the end.

To her dead lips Carillon pressed his crucifix, into her dead ears he mumbled prayers. I knelt tearless, and prayerless, beside him, thinking only of the great love that had laid down a life.

One by one my men stole up, and stood in a half circle, leaning on the cross-handles of their swords, over which the grim, bearded faces looked down on us in pity.

Suddenly Carillon raised his crucifix aloft. "My Father," he cried, "receive her soul!" And some one said softly:

"Amen!"

CHAPTER XXV.
THE VENGEANCE OF CORTE.

We buried our dead; and madame slept beneath the ilex, in the courtyard at the castle, below the north wall. Over her nameless grave we raised a rude cross, and after it was done, Carillon bade me farewell. He was going, he said, to bear the story to St. Armande, and when he reached it, I wit there was sorrow in the Picard chateau, whence madame took her name. It was with a heart of lead that I rode into Sassoferrato, and there, as arranged, made over my prize to Hawkwood. The tale of the ducats was complete, and the Englishman, giving me my quittance, held out his hand, saying bluntly:

"I wronged you, Di Savelli; but I know now. We all know, for Bayard has told us."

I hesitated. Many memories came to me, and there was bitter resentment in my soul. They had all been too ready to believe. They had flung me forth as a thing too vile to touch, and now—it was an easy matter to hold out a hand, to say: "I am sorry," to think that a civil word would heal a deadly wound. The kind world was going to forgive me, because it had wronged me. Such as it was, however, it was the world, and things had made me a little humble. After all, if the positions were reversed; if I stood in Hawkwood's place, and he in mine, how should I have acted? I would not like to say.

"Come," said Hawkwood, "let the past be covered. Come back—we want you."

"As you will," and I took his grasp; "I will come back in a little time. Till then adieu!"

"Good-by!" and we parted.

Five minutes later, I was spurring to Rome, my following at my heels. It was, in a manner, putting my neck on the block, for Bozardo was probably making his way thither with all speed, and doubtless D'Entrangues as well. Recognition was almost certain; but risk or no risk, I was bound to see the cardinal, and tell him my task was done. Little did I think, however, as Castor bore me, with his long, easy gallop, across the oak forests of the Nera, that the face of affairs in Rome had been changed in an hour, and that, had I so wished, I might have, in safety, proclaimed what I had done from the very house tops. As we came nearer the city, it was evident that there was some great commotion within, for, from every quarter pillars of dim smoke rose up in spiral columns, and then spreading out like a fan hung sullenly in the yellow of the sunset. It was clear that houses were burning, and swords were out. We soon began to meet parties of fugitives, hurrying from the city, and making across country in all directions. They avoided us like the plague, and the mere glint of our arms was sufficient to make them scatter to right and left, leaving such property as they could not bear with them to the tender mercies of the roadside. Some of my men were eager to ride after the runaways, and question them; but I forbade this, knowing we should hear soon enough, and that if there were danger, it would be best to hold together.

"Per Bacco!" and Jacopo, riding up beside me, pointed to a black cloud, which slowly rose and settled above the vineyards of the Pincian hill, "we had best go with a leaden boot, excellency. There is a devil's carnival in Rome, or I am foresworn."

At this juncture, we turned an abrupt corner of the road, coming upon a crowd of fugitives, who seemed to be running forwards, caring little where they went, so that they put a distance between them and Rome. Amongst the throng was a figure I recognized; and in a mean habit, mounted on a mule, which was seized with an obstinate fit, and refused to budge, although soundly thwacked, I saw the cardinal of Strigonia. Bidding Jacopo keep the men together, I rode up to him, and asked:

"Can I render your eminence any aid?"

His round eyes, starting out of his head like a runaway hare's, glanced at me in fear,

And she was gone.

and the stick he bore dropped from his hand, no doubt much to the satisfaction of the mule. At first he was unable to speak, for my words seemed to fill the man with terror, and I had to repeat the question, before he stammered out:

"You are mistaken, sir; I am no eminence, but a poor brother of Mount Carmel, on my way to Foligno, out of this hell behind me," and he glanced over his shoulder towards Rome.

"I see," I answered with a smile, "but if the poor brother of Mount Carmel will look more closely at me, he will see a friend. In short, your eminence, I am Di Savelli."

"Corpo di Bacco! I mean our Lady be thanked. And so it is you, cavaliere! Take my advice, and turn your horse's head to Foligno. On beast!" and he kicked at the mule, which moved not an inch.

"I am for Rome, your eminence; but what has happened?"

"Oh, that I had a horse!" he groaned. "What has happened? Everything has happened. Alexander is dead or dying. Cesare dead, they say, and burning in hades by this. Orsini and Colonna at the old game of hammer and tongs—"

"And the cardinal—D'Amboise?"

"Safe enough, I believe, as the Orsini hold the Borgo, and have declared for France."

"Trust me, your reverence, you will be safer in Rome than out of it. The whole country will rise at the news, and the habit of Mount Carmel will not save the cardinal of Strigonia. Turn back with me, and I will escort you to the Palazzo Corneto."

To make a short story, D'Este agreed after a little persuasion, and the mule was kind enough to amble back very willingly to Rome. We placed his eminence in the center of our troops, and went onwards, entering the city by the Porta Pinciana, riding along leisurely in the direction of S. Trinita di Monti, and thence straight on towards the Ripetta. It was a work of no little danger to make this last passage, for everywhere bands of plunderers were engaged in gutting the houses, many of which were in flames, and we continually came across dead bodies, or passed houses from which we heard shrieks of agony. We could help no one. It was all we could do to keep our own heads on our shoulders; but by dint of shouting, "A Colonna!" with the Colonna, and "Orsini! Orsini!" with their rivals, and sometimes hitting a shrewd blow or two, we crossed the Ripetta, and in a few minutes were safe in the Palazzo Corneto.

Here we were received by Le Clerc, who comforted the trembling Strigonia, with the assurance that an excellent supper awaited him, informing me, almost in the same breath, that D'Amboise was in the vatican. I lost no time in repairing thither, which I did on foot, accompanied by Jacopo alone, and made my way without let or hindrance to the Torre Borgia. Here everything was in the wildest confusion, and the Spanish soldiers of the pope were plundering right and left. I stumbled across De Leyva, who, with a few men at his back, was trying to maintain order. He gladly accepted the offer of my sword, and we did what we could to prevent the wholesale robbery from going on. In a brief interval of rest, I asked:

"Do you know where D'Amboise is?"

"In the Sistine chapel, with half-a-dozen others; De Briconnet guards the entrance."

"And Alexander?"

"Dead or dying—I do not even know where is is; Don Michele has seized as much as he can, and, carrying Cesare on a litter has escaped to Ostia."

"Then Casare is not dead—"

"No. Cross of St. James! see that?" and he pointed to a reeling drunken crowd, full with wine and plunder, who passed by us with yells, into the great reception-rooms.

Followed by the few men who remained steady, De Leyva dashed after them, and with Jacopo at my heels, I made for the Sistine chapel. I reached the Scala Regia, and although I knew the Sistine chapel was but a few feet distant, yet, owing to the darkness that prevailed, I missed the way, and Jacopo was of course unable to help me. Groping onwards we came to a small door, and pushing it, found it to open easily. It led into a narrow, vaulted passage, where the darkness was as if a velvet curtain of black hung before us. "I do not like the look of this, excellency," said Jacopo, as we halted in front of the door.

"Keep a drawn sword," I answered, "and follow me."

We could only go in single file, and picked our way with the greatest care, our feet ringing on the stone floor. Except for this, the silence was intense, and we could hear no sound of the devilry outside. The passage continued, until we almost began to think it had no end, but at last the darkness gave way to a semigloom, and a faint bar of light gleamed ahead of us. At this we increased our pace, finding a sharp corner, a little beyond which rose a winding flight of stairs, ending before a half-open door, through which the dim light came. I put my foot on the first of the steps, and was about to ascend, when we were startled by hearing a scream of mortal agony, followed by a laugh, so wild and chill, so exultant, and yet so full of malice, that it chilled us to the bone. It pealed through the doorway, and echoed down the passage behind us, until the horrid cadence became fainter and fainter, finally dying away into the black darkness.

"God save us!" exclaimed Jacopo, "it is a fiend laughing its way to hell."

He went on, with chattering teeth, to adjure me to go no further; but crossing myself, I bade him be silent, and stepped forwards. Since that moan of agony, and terrible laugh of triumph, there was no sound, and I could almost hear my heart beating, as I reached the door. Jacopo had nerved himself to follow me, and stood pale and trembling at my shoulder, his sword quivering in his shaking hand. I was myself not free from fear, for no man may combat with spirits, but after a moment's hesitation, I looked cautiously in. I saw before me a room of great size, dimly lighted by two tall candles, burning on each side of a massive bedstead, on which lay a man bound, and writhing in the throes of death. The light, though faint around the room, fell full on the face of the man, and horribly as the features were changed, distorted as they were, I saw they were those of Alexander, and that he was in his last agony, alone and friendless in his splendid palace. Yet not alone, there was another figure in the room. As I looked, it stepped out of the gloom of the rich curtains at the window, and standing over the bed, laughed again, that terrible laugh of devilish joy. At the sound, the dying man moaned through his black, foam-clothed lips, and Corte, for it was he, bent over the body and mocked him.

"Roderigo Borgia, Vicar of Christ, hell yawns for you; but a few moments, Borgia, but a few moments of life; think you, that you suffer now? There is more coming—things I even cannot dream of." In the face of Alexander came so awful a look of entreaty that I could bear it no longer. I stepped into the room, and putting my hand on Corte's shoulder, said:

"Come, let him die in peace."

He turned on me with a snarl, but recognizing me, laughed again.

"Ha! ha! Let him die in peace. Why, man, you saw her die, and can say this? But he is going too. It is a week since his doctor, Matthew Corte, bled him for an ague, and touched him with a little knife, just a little pin prick. He began to die then; but hell is not yet hot enough for him. He dies in too much peace. Why, my dog died in more agony! But he has felt something. See those torn curtains! See this disordered room! He tore those curtains in his madness. He bit at the wood of the chairs, he howled like a dog at the moon, and they tied him here, and left him. Alone watch. I will let him die in peace. Ha! ha! It is good. I do not want him to die yet. I give him food, and he lives. In a little while perhaps he will die. But in peace! ha! ha! I could almost die with laughter, when I hear that. It is too good! Ha! ha!"

I saw it was hopeless to do anything with Corte, and the pope was beyond repair. I might have cut down the madman, but it would have served no purpose. For a moment I thought I would pass my sword through the Borgia, and free him from pain. It would have been a mercy, but I luckily had the sense to restrain myself. Again, Alexander deserved his fate, and a few minutes more or less would make no difference. So I left the wretch to die the death of a dog, that he lifted his life, and turning on my heel, went back through the passage.

Jacopo heaved a sigh of relief as we came out, and I felt a different man as I ran down the steps of the Scala Regia. Here I met with De Leyva again, and told him what I had seen.

"The Camerlengo has just gone to him," he answered, referring to the pope, "and you have missed D'Amboise. He has returned to the Palazzo Corneto. I can do nothing here, and am going myself. Do you walk or ride? I have no horse."

"Walk," I answered, and the Spaniard linked his arm in mine, as, followed by Jacopo, we took our way back to the cardinal's house.

On reaching there I sought D'Amboise at once. He had heard of my arrival, and was awaiting me. After a brief greeting, I told him his business was done, and handed him the quittance I had received from Hawkwood. He was mightily pleased, as may be imagined. I felt it my duty to inform him of the death of St. Armande, telling him how it occurred, without in any way disclosing my knowledge of the secret. He was much affected.

"It is a sad business," he said, "but we have other things to think of now. Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!" And to this day I am unaware if he knew or not.

But the night was not yet over, and late as it was, there were yet things to be done. About midnight we heard that Alexander was dead, and a few minutes later Gentil Orsini hurried to the cardinal. They held a hasty council, and De Briconnet and I were summoned. News had come that Cesare had not yet left Ostia, that he was too ill to travel, and D'Amboise and Orsini resolved on a bold stroke. It was nothing less than the capture of Borgia. Orsini offered to lend 200 lances for the purpose, but a leader was wanted. He could not go himself, as his arch enemy, Fabrizio Colonna, held all Rome on the left bank of the Tiber, and was in sufficient force to make a dash for the Borgo at any moment. The short of it was, that at the cardinal's recommendation, I received the command, and about two in the morning set out for Ostia. If the ships Cesare had hired had arrived the matter was ended, and we could do nothing; but if not, there was every chance of his surrendering without a blow, as although he had about 500 men with him, they were not to be relied on, except the half-dozen cut-throats who formed his personal guard, and who might be trusted to fight to the last. The luck which had followed me so far favored me again, and pressing on as fast as our horses could bear us, we came up with the fugitives in the early morning. Only one ship, too small to hold all, had come, and they were crowded on the banks of the Tiber, making every effort to embark. The river shore was strewn with the enormous quantity of baggage they had with them, and a scene of the utmost confusion took place on our arrival. The ship was drawing up to the quay, and we could see the litter of the Borgia, surrounded by the few men who meant to fight. The affair was over in five minutes, and Cesare was my prisoner. Seeing how matters stood, the master of the ship anchored in mid-stream, heedless of the yells and execrations of the followers of the Borgia, who were not spared by my men. Indeed, I had great difficulty in keeping Cesare from harm. He was in truth very ill, but was able to gasp out as he yielded:

"Maldetto! It is my fate. I had prepared for everything except being ill." He then lay back in his litter, and spoke no more.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Woman's Wit.

The French ambassador of the day complained to a bright English woman of high rank because her country failed to intervene in the Franco-Prussian war, ending his diatribe with the remark: "After all, it was to be expected. We used to think you were a nation of shopkeepers, and now we know you are." "And we," said she, "used to think the French a nation of soldiers and now we know they are not."—N. Y. Post.

LIVING IN CHRIST.

Dr. Talmage Speaks of the Benefits of a Religious Existence.

How It Makes Its Devotees Happier—Practical Religion the Friend of Longevity—Gospel of Everyday Life.

(Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch.)

This sermon of Dr. Talmage presents a gospel for this life as well as the next and shows what religion does for the prolongation of earthly existence; text, Psalm xci. 16: "With long life will I satisfy him."

Through the mistake of its friends religion has been chiefly associated with sickbeds and graveyards. The whole subject to many people is odorous with chlorine and carbolic acid. There are people who cannot pronounce the word religion without hearing in it the clipping chisel of the tombstone cutter. It is high time that this thing were changed and that religion instead of being represented as a hearse to carry out the dead should be represented as a chariot in which the living are to triumph.

Religion, so far from subtracting from one's vitality, is a glorious addition. It is sanitive, curative, hygienic. It is good for the eyes, good for the ears, good for the spleen, good for the digestion, good for the nerves, good for the muscles. When David, in another part of the Psalms, prays that religion may be dominant, he does not speak of it as a mild sickness or an emancipation or an attack of moral and spiritual cramp. He speaks of it as "the saving health of all nations," while God in the text promises longevity to the pious, saying: "With long life will I satisfy him."

The fact is that men and women die too soon. It is high time that religion joined the hand of medical science in attempting to improve human longevity. Adam lived 930 years, Methuselah lived 969 years. As late in the history of the world as Vespasian there were at one time in his empire 45 people 135 years old. So far down as the sixteenth century Peter Zartan died at 185 years of age. I do not say that religion will ever take the race back to antediluvian longevity, but I do say that the length of human life will be greatly improved.

It is said in Isaiah lxv., 20: "The child shall die a hundred years old." Now, if, according to Scripture, the child is to be a hundred years old, may not the men and women reach to 300 and 400 and 500? The fact is that we are mere dwarfs and skeletons compared with some of the generations that are to come. Take the African race. They have been under bondage for centuries. Give them a chance and they develop a Toussaint l'Ouverture. And if the white race shall be brought out from the serfdom of sin what shall be the body? What shall be the soul? Religion has only just touched our world. Give it full power for a few centuries, and who can tell what will be the strength of man and the beauty of woman and the longevity of all?

My design is to show that practical religion is the friend of longevity; I prove it, first, from the fact that it makes the care of your health a positive Christian duty. Whether we shall keep early or late hours, whether we shall take food digestible or indigestible, whether there shall be thorough or incomplete mastication, are questions very often referred to the realm of whimsicality, but the Christian man lifts this whole proolem of health into the accountable and the divine. He says: "God has given me this body, and he has called it the temple of the Holy Ghost, and to deface its altars or mar its walls or crumble its pillars is a God-defying sacrilege." He sees God's caligraphy in every page—anatomical and physiological. He says: "God has given me a wonderful body for noble purposes." That arm with 32 curious bones wielded by 46 curious muscles, and all under the brain's telegraphy—350 pounds of blood rushing through the heart every hour—the heart in 24 hours beating 100,000 times, during the same time the lungs taking in 57 hogsheads of air, and all this mechanism not more mighty than delicate and easily disturbed and demolished.

The Christian man says to himself: "If I hurt my nerves, if I hurt my brain, if I hurt any of my physical faculties, I insult God and call for dire retribution." Why did God tell the Levites not to offer to Him in sacrifice animals imperfect and diseased? He meant to tell us in all the ages that we are to offer to God our very best physical condition, and a man who through irregular or gluttonous eating ruins his health, is not offering to God such a sacrifice. Why did Paul write for his cloak at Troas? Why should such a great man as Paul be anxious about a thing so insignificant as an overcoat? It was because he knew that with pneumonia and rheumatism he would not be worth half as much to God and the church as with respiration easy and foot free.

An intelligent Christian man would consider it an absurdity to kneel down at night and pray and ask God's protection while at the same time he kept the windows of his bedroom tight shut against fresh air. He would just as soon think of going to the top of his house and leaping off and then praying to God to keep him from getting hurt. Just as long as you refer this whole subject of physical health to the realm of whimsicality, or to the pastry cook, or to the butcher, or to the baker, or to the apothecary, or to the clothier, you are not acting like a Christian. Take care of all your physical forces—nervous, muscular, bone, brain, cellular tissue—for all you must be brought to judgment.

Smoking your nervous system into fidgets, burning out the coating of your stomach with wine logwooded and strychnined, walking with thin shoes to make your feet look delicate, pinched at the waist until you are nigh cut in two, and neither part worth anything, groaning about sick headache and palpitation of the heart, which you think came from God, when they came from your own folly.

What right has any man or woman to deface the temple of the Holy Ghost? What is the ear? Why, it is the whispering gallery of the human soul. What is the eye? It is the observatory God constructed, its telescope sweeping the heavens. So wonderful are these bodies that God names his own attributes after different parts of them. His omniscience—it is God's eye. His omnipresence—it is God's ear. His omnipotence—it is God's arm. The upholstery of the midnight heavens—it is the work of God's fingers. His life-giving power—it is the breath of the Almighty. His dominion—"the government shall be upon his shoulder." A body so divinely honored and so divinely constructed—let us be careful not to abuse it.

When it becomes a Christian duty to take care of your health, is not the whole tendency toward longevity? If I toss my watch about recklessly and drop it on the pavement and wind it up any time of day or night I happen to think of it and often let it run down while you are careful with your watch and never abuse it and wind it up just at the same hour every night and put it in a place where it will not suffer from the violent changes of atmosphere, which watch will last the longer? Common sense answers. Now, the human body is God's watch. You see the face of the watch, but the beating of the heart is the ticking of the watch. Oh, be careful and do not let it run down!

Again, I remark that practical religion is a friend of longevity in the fact that it is a protest against dissipations which injure and destroy the health. Bad men and women live a very short life. Their sins kill them. I know hundreds of good old men, but I do not know half a dozen bad old men. Why? They did not get old. Lord Byron died at Missolonghi at 36 years of age, himself his own Mazeppa, his unbridled passions the horse that dashed with him into the desert. Edgar A. Poe died at Baltimore at 38 years of age. The black raven that alighted on the bust above his chamber door was delirium tremens.

Only this and nothing more.

Napoleon Bonaparte lived only just beyond midlife, then died at St. Helena, and one of his doctors said that his disease was induced by excessive snuffing. The hero of Austerlitz, the man who by one step of his foot in the center of Europe shook the earth, killed by a snuff box! Oh, how many people we have known who have not lived out half their days because of their dissipations and indulgences! Now, practical religion is a protest against all dissipation of any kind.

"But," you say, "professors of religion have fallen, professors of religion have got drunk, professors of religion have misappropriated trust funds, professors of religion have absconded." Yes, but they threw away their religion before they did their morality. If a man on a White Star line steamer bound for Liverpool, in mid-Atlantic jumps overboard and is drowned, is that anything against the White Star line's capacity to take the man across the ocean? And if a man jumps over the gunwale of his religion and goes down never to rise, is that any reason for your believing that religion has no capacity to take the man clear through? In the one case if he had kept to the steamer his body would have been saved; in the other case if he had kept to his religion his morals would have been saved.

There are aged people who would have been dead 25 years ago but for the defenses and the equipoise of religion. You have no more natural resistance than hundreds of people who lie in the cemeteries to-day, slain by their own vices. The doctors made their case as kind and pleasant as they could, and it was called congestion of the brain or something else, but the snakes and the blue flies that seemed to crawl over the pillow in the sight of the delirious patient showed what was the matter with him. You, the aged Christian man, walked along by that unhappy one until you came to the golden pillar of the Christian life. You went to the right; he went to the left. That is all the difference between you. Oh, if this religion is a protest against all forms of dissipation, then it is an illustrious friend of longevity. "With long life will I satisfy him."

Again, religion is a friend of longevity in the fact that it takes the worry out of our temporalities. It is not work that kills men, it is worry. When a man becomes a genuine Christian, he makes over to God not only his affections, but his family, his business, his reputation, his body, his mind, his soul—everything. Industrious he will be, but never worrying, because God is managing his affairs. How can he worry about business when in answer to his prayers God tells him when to buy and when to sell, and if he gain that is best and if he lose that is best?

Suppose you had a supernatural neighbor who came in and said: "Sir, I want you to call on me in every exigency. I am your fast friend; I could fall back on $20,000,000; I can foresee a panic ten years; I hold the controlling stock in 30 of the best monetary institutions of this country; whenever you are in any trouble call on me and I will help you; you can have my money and you can have my influence; here is my hand in pledge of it." How much would you worry about business? Why, you would say: "I'll do the best I can, and then I'll depend on my friend's generosity for the rest."

Now more than that is promised to every Christian business man. God says to him: "I own New York and London and St. Petersburg and Peking and Australia and California are mine; I can foresee a panic a thousand years; I have all the resources of the universe; and I am your fast friend; when you get in business trouble or any other trouble, call on me and I will help you; here is my hand in pledge of omnipotent deliverance." How much should that man worry? Not much. What lion will dare to put his paw on that Daniel? Is there not rest in this? Is there not an eternal vacation in this?

"Oh," you say, "there is a man who asked God for a blessing in a certain enterprise, and he lost $5,000 in it. Explain that." I will. Yonder is a factory, and one wheel is going north, and the other wheel is going south, and one wheel plays laterally, and the other plays vertically. I go to the manufacturer, and I say: "O manufacturer, your machinery is a contradiction. Why do you not make all the wheels go one way?" "Well," he says, "I make them to go in opposite directions on purpose, and they produce the right result. You go downstairs and examine the carpets we are turning out in this establishment, and you will see." I go down on the other floor, and I see the carpets, and I am obliged to confess that, though the wheels in that factory go in opposite directions, they turn out a beautiful result, and while I am standing there looking at the exquisite fabric an old Scripture passage comes into my mind: "All things work together for good to them who love God." Is there not rest in that? Is there not tonic in that? Is there not longevity in that?

Suppose a man is all the time worried about his reputation. One man says he lies, another says he is stupid, another says he is dishonest, and half a dozen printing establishments attack him, and he is in a great state of excitement and worry and fume and cannot sleep. But religion comes to him and says: "Man, God is on your side. He will take care of your reputation. If God be with you, who can be against you?" How much should that man worry about his reputation? Not much. If that broker who some years ago in Wall street, after he had lost money, sat down and wrote a farewell letter to his wife before he blew his brains out—if, instead of taking out of his pocket a pistol, he had taken out a well-read New Testament, there would have been one less suicide. O nervous and feverish people of the world, try this Almighty sedative. You will live 25 years longer under its soothing power. It is not choral that you want or morphine that you want. It is the Gospel of Jesus Christ. "With long life will I satisfy him."

Again, practical religion is a friend of longevity in the fact that it removes all corroding care about a future existence. Every man wants to know what is to become of him. If you get on board a rail train, you want to know at what depot it is going to stop. If you get on board a ship, you want to know into what harbor it is going to run, and if you should tell me you have no interest in what is to be your future destiny I would in as polite a way as I know tell you I did not believe you. Before I had this matter settled with reference to my future existence the question almost worried me into ruined health. The anxieties men have upon this subject put together would make a martyrdom. This is a state of awful unhealthiness. There are people who fret themselves to death for fear of dying.

I want to take the strain off your nerves and the depression off your soul, and I make two or three experiments. Experiment the first: When you go out of this world, it does not make any difference whether you have been good or bad, or whether you believed truth or error, you will go straight to glory. "Impossible," you say. "My common sense as well as my religion teaches that the bad and the good cannot live together forever. You give me no comfort in that experiment." Experiment the second: When you leave this world, you will go into an intermediate state where you can get converted and prepared for Heaven. "Impossible," you say; "as the tree falleth, so it must lie, and I cannot postpone to an intermediate state that reformation which ought to have been effected in this state." Experiment the third: There is no future world. When a man dies, that is the last of him. Do not worry about what you are to do in a future state of being; you will not do anything. "Impossible," you say. "There is something that tells me that death is not the appendix, but the preface; there is something that tells me that on this side of the grave I only get started and that I shall go on forever. My power to think says forever, my affections say forever, my capacity to enjoy or suffer forever."

Well, you defeat me in my three experiments. I have only one more to make, and if you defeat me in that I am exhausted. A mighty one on a knoll back of Jerusalem one day, the skies filled with forked lightnings and the earth filled with volcanic disturbances, turned His pale and agonized face toward the Heavens and said: "I take the sins and sorrows of the ages into my own heart. I am the expiation. Witness earth and Heaven and hell, I am the expiation." And the hammer struck Him and the spears punctured him, and Heaven thundered. "The wages of sin is death!" "The soul that sinneth it shall die!" "I will by no means clear the guilty!" Then there was silence for half an hour, and the lightnings were drawn back into the scabbard of the sky and the earth ceased to quiver and all the colors of the sky began to shift themselves into a rainbow woven out of the falling tears of Jesus, and there was red as of the bloodshedding and there was blue as of the bruising and there was green as of the Heavenly foliage and there was orange as of the day dawn. And along the line of the blue I saw the words, "I was bruised for their iniquities." And along the line of the red I saw the words, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." And along the line of the green I saw the words, "The leaves of the tree of life for the healing of the nations." And along the line of the orange I saw the words, "The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

And then I saw the storm was over, and the rainbow rose higher and higher until it seemed retreating to another Heaven, and planting one column of its colors on one side the eternal hill and planting the other column of its colors on the other side the eternal hill it rose upward and upward, and, behold, there was a rainbow about the throne.

Accept that sacrifice and quit worrying. Take the tonic, the inspiration, the longevity, of this truth. Religion is sunshine; that is health. Religion is fresh air and pure water; they are healthy. Religion is warmth; that is healthy. Ask all the doctors, and they will tell you that a quiet conscience and pleasant anticipations are hygienic. I offer you perfect peace now and here after.

What do you want in the future world? Tell me, and you shall have it. Orchards? There are the trees with 12 manner of fruits, yielding fruit every month. Water scenery? There is the river of life, from under the throne of God, clear as crystal, and the sea of glass mingled with fire. Do you want music? There are the oratorio of the "Creation," led on by Adam, and the oratorio of the "Red Sea," led on by Moses, and the oratorio of the Messiah," led on by St. Paul, while the archangel, with swinging baton, controls the 144,000 who make up the orchestra.

Do you want reunion? There are your dead children waiting to kiss you, waiting to embrace you, waiting to twist garlands in your hair. You have been accustomed to open the door on this side the sepulcher; I open the door on the other side of the sepulcher. You have been accustomed to walk in the wet grass on the top of the grave; I show you the underside of the grave. The bottom has fallen out, and the long ropes with which the pallbearers let down your dead let them clear through into Heaven. Glory be to God for this robust, healthy, religion! It will have a tendency to make you live long in this world, and in the world to come you will have eternal life. "With long life will I satisfy him."

DEWEY POSES AS A MODEL.

New York Sculptor Who Is Making a Life-Sized Bust of the Hero of Manila Bay.

Part of Admiral Dewey's mornings while in New York recently were spent in the studio of James E. Kelly, sculptor at 318 West Fifty-seventh street. He sat there for hours while Sculptor Kelly punched, gouged and coaxed a big mass of clay that, some day, is to be a life-sized bust of the hero of Manila. Mrs. Dewey sat patiently with the admiral and offered, from time to time, many hints to both artist and model.

Dewey's bust when completed will be in bronze and will go to Col. Jerome B. Wheeler, of Manitou, Col.

Mr. Wheeler has ordered 40 bronze portrait tablets and busts of men celebrated in the nation's history from Sculptor Kelly, who has been engaged on the work for several years.

FIFTY-SIXTH CONGRESS.

First Session.

Washington, Feb. 12.—Senate—The following bills were passed: To encourage enlistment in the navy by providing successful applicants with an outfit valued at $45; authorizing the president to nominate Brevet Maj. Alexander Stewart Webb, on the retired list of the army, as a lieutenant colonel; to authorize Hon. A. S. Handy, at present minister to Greece, Roumania and Servia, to accept the decoration tendered him by the shah of Persia; to authorize the following naval officers to accept orders and decorations tendered to them by the government of Venezuela: Rear Adm. W. T. Sampson, Capts. H. C. Taylor, F. A. Cook, D. Sigsbee, F. E. Chadwick and C. F. Goodrich, Commanders W. W. Mead, J. H. Dayton, F. M. Symonds and C. C. Todd; granting permission for the erection of a bronze statue in Washington in honor of Gen. Francis E. Spinner, late treasurer of the United States, and appropriating $2,500 for a pedestal; for the preservation of the frigate Constitution, the measure providing that the ship should be restored as nearly as possible to its original condition.

House—The 25 private pension bills, favorably acted upon by the committee of the whole at last Friday night's session, were passed. A resolution to print 15,000 copies of the reports of the Philippine commission was adopted. Bills were introduced as follows: Providing for the erection in Washington of a statue of Lincoln and appropriating $500,000 for the purpose; prohibiting corporations, trusts, etc., from contributing to campaign funds or for influencing or intimidating employes; providing for a commission to adjust the indebtedness of the Central branch of the Union Pacific railroad to the government; an amendment to the interstate commerce law so as to give the commission greater powers; prohibiting the transportation of convict-made goods.

Washington, Feb. 13.—Senate—The financial debate was continued. Two great speeches, one in favor of the pending senate substitute measure and the other in opposition to it, were delivered, and both were listened to by senators with close attention. The first was delivered by Mr. Allison (Ia.), the ranking member of the finance committee, who presented his answers to the points raised against the pending senate bill. Mr. Jones (Nev.) declared that the bill was vicious and unwarranted, conferring too great power upon national banks and fastening the country to a golden currency. He discussed the question from a historical and philosophical viewpoint.

House—The members of the New York delegation held a meeting as soon as they were apprised of Representative Chickering's death, and appropriate resolutions were drafted for presentation to the house. The dead member's desk was draped and wreathed in flowers when the house met at noon. Mr. Payne (N. Y.) then made the announcement of Mr. Chickering's death. As a further mark of respect the house adjourned at 12:25.

Washington, Feb. 14.—Senate—The routine business was brief. Immediately after it was concluded the financial bill was presented by the chair, and after 2 o'clock the debate proceeded under the ten minute rule and at times became spirited and interesting. A test vote, indicating approximately the majority on the passage of the bill, was taken. Mr. Chandler (rep., N. H.