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A BABY PASSENGER.

(By Bram Stoker.)

One night we were journeying in the west of the Rockies over a road bed which threatened to jerk out our teeth with every loo-ely-laid sleeper on the line.

Traveling in that part of the world, certainly in the days I speak of, was pretty hard. The travelers were mostly men, all overworked, all overanxious, and intolerant of anything which hindered their work or interfered with the measure of their repose. In night journeys the berths of the sleeping cars were made up early, and as all the night trains were sleeping cars, the only thing to be done was to turn in at once and try and sleep away the time. As most of the men were usually tired out with the day's work, the arrangement suited everybody. You can understand that on such journeys women and children were disturbing elements. Fortunately they were, as night travelers, rare, and the women, with that consideration for the needs of their men folk which I have always noticed in American female workers, used to devote themselves to keeping the little ones quiet.

The weather was harsh, and sneezing and coughing was the order of the day. This made the people in the sleeper, all men, irritable; all the more that as most of them were contributing to the general chorus of sounds coming muffled through quilts and curtains, it was impossible to single out any special offender for general execration. After awhile, however, the change of posture from standing or sitting to lying down began to have some kind of soothing effect, and new sounds of occasional snoring began to vary the monotony of irritation. Presently the train stopped at a way station; then ensued a prolonged spell of shunting backward and forward with the uncertainty of jerkiness which is so peculiarly disturbing to imperfect sleep; and then two newcomers entered the sleeper, a man and a baby. The baby was young, quite young enough to be defiantly ignorant and intolerant of all rules and regulations regarding the common good. It played for its own hand alone, and as it was extremely angry and gifted with exceptionally powerful lungs, the fact of its presence and its emotional condition, even though the latter afforded a mystery as to its cause, were immediately apparent. The snoring ceased, and its place was taken by muttered grunts and growls; the coughing seemed to increase with the renewed irritation, and everywhere was the rustling of ill-at-ease and impotent humanity. Curtains were pulled angrily aside, the rings shrieking viciously on the brass rods and gleaming eyes and hardening mouths glared savagely at the intruder on our quiet, for so we now had tardily come to consider by comparison him and it. The newcomer did not seem to take the least notice of anything, and went on in a stolid way trying to quiet the child, shifting it from one arm to the other, dancing it up and down, and rocking it sideways.

All babies are malignant; the natural wickedness of man, as elaborated at the primeval curse, seems to find an unadulterated effect in their expressions of feeling.

The baby was a peculiarly fine specimen of its class. It seemed to have no compunction whatever, no parental respect, no natural affection, no mitigation in the natural virulence of its rancor. It screamed, it roared, it squalled, it bellowed. The root ideas of profanity, of obscenity, of blasphemy were mingled in its tone. It beat with clenched fists its father's face, it clawed at his eyes with twitching fingers, it used his head as an engine with which to buffet him. It kicked, it struggled, it wriggled, it writhed, it twisted itself into serpentine convolutions, till every now and then, what with its vocal and muscular exertions, it threatened to get black in the face. All the time the stolid father simply tried to keep it quiet with eternal changes of posture, and with whispered words, "There, now pet!" "Hush; be still, little one," "Rest, dear one, rest!" He was a big, lanky, patient looking, angular man, with great rough hands and enormous feet, which he shifted about as he spoke, so that man and child together seemed eternally restless.

The thing appeared to have a sort of fascination for most of the men in the car. The curtains of a lot of berths were opened and a lot of heads appeared, all scowling. I chuckled softly to myself and tried to conceal my merriment lest I should spoil the fun. No one said anything for a long time, till at last one wild-eyed, swarthy, long bearded individual, who somehow looked like a Mormon elder, said:

"Say, mister, what kind of a howling piece is that you've got there? Have none of you boys got a gun?"

There came from the banks a regular chorus of acquiescence: "The durned thing had ought to be killed!"

"Beats prairie dogs in full moon!"

"When I woke up with it howling thought I had got 'em again."

"Never mind, boys, it may be a blessin' in disguise. Somethin' bad is comin' to us on this trip, an after this 'twill be easy work to die!"

The man spoke up:

"I'm sorry, gentlemen, if she incommodes you!" The words were so manifestly inadequate that there was a roar of laughter which seemed to shake the car. West of the Mississippi things are, or at any rate they used to be, a bit rough, and ideas followed suit. Laughter, when it came, was rough and coarse; and on this occasion ever the lanky man seemed to feel it. He only tried to hold the child closer to him, as it to shield it from the hail of ironical chaff which followed.

"Incommode us! Oh, not at all. It's the most soothing concourse of sweet sounds I ever heard."

"Bully for baby syrups!"

"Pray don't let us disturb the concert with our sleeping."

"Jerk us out a little more chin-music!"

"There is no place like home with a baby in it."

Just opposite where the man moved restlessly with the child was the bunk of a young giant whom I had noticed turning in earlier in the evening. He had not seemed to have noticed the disturbance, but now his curtains were thrust aside fiercely, and he appeared lifted on one elbow as he asked in an angry tone:

Say, you, where's it's mother anyhow?"

The man replied in a low, weary tone, without looking round:

"She's in the baggage car, sir—in her coffin!"

"Well, you could have heard the silence that came over all the men. The baby's screaming and the rush, and roar, and rattle of the train seemed unnatural breakers of the profound stillness. In an instant the young man, clad only in his under-flannels, was out on the floor and close to the man.

"Say, stranger," he said "if I'd knowed that, I'd a bit my tongue out afore I'd a spoke! An' now I look at you, my poor fellow, I see you're most wore out. Here, give me the child, and you turn into my bunk an' rest. No, you needn't be afeered"—for he saw the father shrink away a little and hold the child closer. "I'm one of a big family an' I've nursed the baby often. Give her over; I'll take care of her, an' I'll talk to the conductor, an I we'll see that you're called when the time comes." He put out his great hands and lifed the little one, the father resigning her to his care without a word. He held her in one arm whilst with the other he helped the newcomer into his empty berth.

Strange to say, the child made no more struggle. It may have been that the young blood or the young flesh gave something of the warmth and softness of the mother's breast which it missed, or that the fresh, young nerves sooth where the worn nerves of the sorrowing man had only irritated; but, with a peaceful sigh, the little one leaned over, let its head fall on the young man's shoulder, and seemingly in an instant was fast asleep.

And all night long, up and down, up and down, in his stocking feet, softly marched the flannel-clad young giant, with the baby asleep on his breast, whilst in his bunk the tired, sorrow stricken father slept—and forgot. And somehow I thought that, though the mother's body may have been in the baggage car at the other end of the train, her soul was not very far away—Lloyd's News.

ADAM AND EVE SCARED WHITE.

Rev. Mr. Steptoe recently delivered the following sermon to his dusky congregation in a remote section of Virginia:

'My Friends: I'se a po'ful man to read. I reads a monstrous heap. This mornin' I wants to 'splain a sartin matter to you. I'se agwine to 'splain to you what sort of a foss t'was dat ole man Adam had wif de Lawd, and how it comes dat de white man am on dis 'ere ert.

'Well, it 'pears dat de Lawd, after he done made Adam and Eve and done sot 'em in de Garden of Eden, dat de Lawd he told 'em bote dat dar was a sartain tree dar and dat dey musn't eat none of eet's fruit. Dis tree, it 'pears to me, if I don't disremember, eet bared a kind 'er apple.

'Now, my friends, you mought say dat dis war mighty 'diculous and you mought say, too, dat course dey didn't eat none of de Lawd's apples. But course dey did, though! But dat's not here nor dar. You jest wait till I gits throug with my history! You know, same as me, dat a woman's a powerful curus pusson. She allus like to be a-peeking and a-prying into something or other—no matter whether it consarns her or not.

'Ole Miss Eve—dat dar was ole man Adam's wife—she want to be stopped from nothing. 'Twant long afore she knowed dat de Lawd didn't want her to meddle wif his apples, dat she went and made a pie and sort er bobbecued some of de Lawd's apples. She did this, for truth. 'Twant no yarn dat some of de mean white folks have brung agin ole Miss Eve. She sartainly did get de Lawd's apples.

'Well, you knows dat you can't fool de Lawd; not even ole Miss Eve, smart as she was, she couldn't do dat. De Lawd he knowed dat old Miss Eve war agwine to git his apples leng afore ole Miss Eve done got 'em. But when dat ole women done got 'em, sure enough, de Lawd he war monstrous mad. He put all de blame on ole man Adam, 'cause de Lawd he sorter think da ole man Adam oughter have took better care of ole Miss Eve dan to 'low her to bobbecue de Lawd's apples.

'When de pa'r of 'em had done eat de apples dey crope off and hid in de bushes. Day war so scared of de Lawd, dat scared ain't de name for de business. Day war so scared dat day turned deef, and den day turned white. Day never did 'zactly git over their scare. Day did git to hearing ag'in, but their skins never did get colored no more, and dat am how de white man come here. He's white beca'se of de meanness of ole man Adam and ole Miss Eve.

'But let me go on wif my history. When de Lawd done found out dat dese ole pussons had done eat some of his apples he war monstrous mad. He yell out: 'Yo' Adam!' but 'pears Mr. Adam he didn't hear. Den de Lawd he got madder still, and he bawl out: 'Yo' Adam!' but Mr. Adam he am still deef. Den de Lawd got mad, and he beller out: 'Yo' Adam!' so dat ole man Adam he am torced to hear.

'Den Mr. Adam, he up and ses, ses he: 'Here me, Mr. Lawd, only I isn't got my breeches on.'

''Never mind your breeches, Mr. Adam; you jest come along here, without 'em sah,' sed de Lawd, sed he.

'When ole man Adam done crope up to de Lawd, de Lawd he ses, ses he: 'Adam, yo' trifling nigger, whar's ole Miss Eve at?'

''Mr. Lawd,' up and 'sponds Mr. Adam, 'de old 'ooman's in de bushes. She scart to come out, 'cause she ain't got on no garments, neider.'

'Den de Lawd ses, ses he: 'Adam, why yo' eat my apples, sah?' Mr. Adam, he ses nothin'; but he peeks up at de Lowd through de corner of one eye. Den de Lawd ses again: 'Adam, what for you eat my apples, sah? Is you so deef you can't hear nuffin', or is you gone p'um foolish, sah? You go right away and bring Miss Eve here, sa; gyarments or no gyarments!'

'My friends, you mought say dat ar war powerful bad manners of de Lawd. But den de Lawd ain't agawine to be fooled with. When he's plum mad he don't spar' no one. Bime-by up crone ole Miss Eve, walkin' sorter behind ole man Adam, and kind of giggling and peeking over de ole man's shoulder. When dey done come up to de Lawd, de Lawd he sas, ses he: 'You's both a pa'r of no count trifling niggers. You done stole my apples, and you's fixing to git my chickens next. Git outer dis garden, bofe of you, and never come back here no more for nuthin', not even for your gyarments. Git out from here quick.'

'Den de Lawd showed 'em de gate, and give de ole devil de job ter watch dat gate, to see dat neither Miss Eve nor Mr. Adam come in dar no more. And Miss Eve, she was forced to sit in de bushes ou'side dat gate, t'well, Mr. Adam, he dan made 'em some new gyarments. And while Mr. Adam, he sewed, Miss Eve she sang dat good old hymn:

''I love to steal awhile——'

'And dat, my friends, am de trufe of de trouble what ole man Adam had wif de Lawd, and de history of how de white man come here. Bofe Miss Eve and Mr. Adam dey war so scared dat dey never got back their color no more. Some of their young un's war black and some war white, most same as you often see an ole white hen with a hull gang of chickens, some white and some black. Don't fool with de Lawd, my friends, else he'll sear you so bad dat you'll be a-runnin' around lookin' foolish, jest same as de mean white trash.'

DR. TALMAGE ON ART.

A MIGHTY AGENCY FOR THE SALVATION OF MANKIND.

Pictures Potent For Good or Evil as the Subjects Are Good or Bad. Praise For American Artists—Need of Art Galleries.

[Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1899.]

WASHINGTON, June 18.—Dr. Talmage shows in this discourse how art may become one of the mightiest agencies for the elevation and salvation of the human race. The text is Isaiah ii. 12, 16, "The day of the Lord of hosts shall be * * * upon all pleasant pictures."

Pictures are by some relegated to the realm of the trivial, accidental, sentimental or worldly, but my text shows that God scrutinizes pictures, and, whether they are good or bad, whether used for right or wrong purposes, is a matter of divine observation and arraignment. The divine mission of pictures is my subject. That the artist's pencil and the engraver's knife have sometimes been made subservient to the kingdom of the bad is frankly admitted. After the ashes and scoria were removed from Herculaneum and Pompeii the walls of those cities discovered to the explorers a degradation in art which cannot be exaggerated. Satan and all his imps have always wanted the fingering of the easel; they would rather have possession of that than the art of printing, for types are not so potent and quick for evil as pictures. The powers of darkness think they have gained a triumph, and they have, when in some respectable parlor or public art gallery they can hang a canvas embarrassing to the good but fascinating to the evil.

It is not in a spirit of prudery, but backed up by God's eternal truth, when I say that you have no right to hang in your art rooms or your dwelling houses that which would be offensive to good people if the figures pictured were alive in your parlor and the guests of your household. A picture that you have to hang in a somewhat secluded place, or that in a public hall you cannot with a group of friends deliberately stand before and discuss, ought to have a knife stabbed into it at the top and cut clear through to the bottom, and a stout finger thrust in on the right side, ripping clear through to the left. Pliny the elder lost his life by going near enough to see the inside of Vesuvius, and the farther you can stand off from the burning crater of sin the better. Never till the books of the last day are opened shall we know what has been the dire harvest of evil pictorials and unbecoming art galleries. Despoil a man's imagination and he becomes a mere carcass. The show windows of English and American cities, in which the low theaters have sometimes hung long lines of brazen actors and actresses in style insulting to all propriety, have made a broad path to death for multitudes of people. But so have all the other arts been at times suborned of evil. How has music been bedraggled? Is there any place so low down in dissoluteness that into it has not been carried David's harp, and Handel's organ, and Gottschalk's piano, and Ole Bull's violin? and the flute, which though named after so insignificant a thing as the Sicilian eel, which has seven spots on the side like flute holes, yet for thousands of years has had an exalted mission? Architecture, born in the heart of him who made the worlds, under its arches and across its floors, what bacchanalian revelries have been enacted! It is not against any of these arts that they have been so led into captivity!

Pleasant Pictures.

What a poor world this would be if it were not for what my text calls "pleasant pictures!" I refer to your memory and mine when I ask if your knowledge of the Holy Scriptures has not been mightily augmented by the woodcuts or engravings in the old family Bible which father and mother read out of and laid on the table in the old homestead when you were boys and girls. The Bible scenes which we all carry in our minds were not gotten from the Bible typology, but from the Bible pictures. To prove the truth of it in my own case, the other day I took up the old family Bible which I inherited. Sure enough, what I have carried in my mind of Jacob's ladder was exactly the Bible engraving of Jacob's ladder, and so with Samson carrying off the gates of Gaza, Elisha restoring the Shunamite's son, the massacre of the innocents, Christ blessing little children, the crucifixion and the last judgment. My idea of all these is that of the old Bible engravings which I scanned before I could read a word. That is true with nine-tenths of you. If I could swing open the door of your foreheads, I would find that you are walking picture galleries. The great intelligence abroad about the Bible did not come from the general reading of the book, for the majority of the people read it but little, if they read it at all; but all the sacred scenes have been put before the great masses, and not printer's ink, but the pictorial art, must have the credit of the achievement. First, painter's pencil for the favored few, and then engraver's plate or woodcut for millions on millions!

What overwhelming commentary on the Bible, what re-enforcement for patriarchs, prophets, apostles and Christ, what distribution of Scriptural knowledge of all nations, in the paintings and engravings therefrom of Holman Hunt's "Christ in the Temple," Paul Veronese's "Magdalen Washing the Feet of Christ," Raphael's "Michael the Archangel," Albert Durer's "Dragon of the Apocalypse," Michael Angelo's "Plague of the Fiery Serpents," Tintoretto's "Flight Into Egypt," Rubens' "Descent From the Cross," Leonardo Da Vinci's "Last Supper," Claude's "Queen of Sheba," Bellini's "Madonna" at Milan, Oreagna's "Last Judgment" and hundreds of miles of pictures, if they were put in line, illustrating, displaying, dramatizing, irradiating Bible truths until the Scriptures are not today so much on paper as on canvas, not so much in ink as in all the colors of the spectrum. In 1833, forth from Strassburg, Germany, there came a child that was to eclipse in speed and boldness anything and everything that the world had ever seen since the first color appeared on the sky at the creation, Paul Gustave Dore. At 11 years of age he published marvelous lithographs of his own. Saying nothing of what he did for Milton's "Paradise Lost," emblazoning it on the attention of the world, he takes up the book of books, the monarch of literature, the Bible, and in his pictures, "The Creation of Light," "The Trial of Abraham's Faith," "The Burial of Sarah," "Joseph Sold by His Brethren," "The Brazen Serpent," "Boaz and Ruth," "David and Goliath," "The Transfiguration," "The Marriage in Cana," "Babylon Fallen" and 205 Scriptural scenes in all, with a boldness and a grasp and almost supernatural afflatus that make the heart throb and the brain reel and the tears start and the cheeks blanch and the entire nature quake with the tremendous things of God and eternity and the dead. I actually staggered down the steps of the London Art gallery under the power of Dore's "Christ Leaving the Praetorium." Profess you to be a Christian man or woman and see no divine mission in art and acknowledge you no obligation either in thanks to God or man?

Art's Divine Mission.

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

The world and the church ought to come to the higher appreciation of the divine mission of pictures, yet the authors of them have generally been left to semistarvation. West, the great painter, toiled in unappreciation till, being a great skater, while on the ice he formed the acquaintance of General Howe of the English army, who, through coming to admire West as a clever skater, gradually came to appreciate as much that which he accomplished by his hand as by his heel. Poussin, the mighty painter, was pursued and had nothing with which to defend himself against the mob but the artist's portfolio, which he held over his head to keep off the stones hurled at him. The pictures of Richard Wilson of England were sold for fabulous sums of money after his death, but the living painter was glad to get for his "Alcyone" a piece of Stilton cheese. From 1640 to 1643 there were 4,600 pictures willfully destroyed. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth it was the habit of some people to spend much of their time in knocking pictures to pieces. In the reign of Charles I it was ordered by parliament that all pictures of Christ be burned. Painters were so badly treated and humiliated in the beginning of the eighteenth century that they were lowered clear down out of the sublimity of their art and obliged to give accounts of what they did with their colors. The oldest picture in England, a portrait of Chaucer, though now of great value, was picked out of a lumber garret. Great were the trials of Quentin Matsys, who toiled on from blacksmith's anvil till, as a painter, he won wide recognition. The first missionaries to Mexico made the fatal mistake of destroying pictures, for the loss of which art and religion must ever lament. But why go so far back when in this year of our Lord to be a painter, except in rare occasions, means poverty and neglect, poorly fed, poorly clad, poorly housed, because poorly appreciated?

Value of Art Galleries.

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

Artists may wish for our prayers, but they also want practical help from men who can give them work. You have heard scores of sermons for all other kinds of suffering men and women, but we need sermons that make pleas for the suffering men and women of American art. Their work is more true to nature and life than some of the masterpieces that have become immortal on the other side of the sea, but it is the fashion of Americans to mention foreign artists and to know little or nothing about our own Copley and Allston, and Inman and Greenough, and Kensett. Let the affluent fling out of their windows and into the backyard valueless daubs on canvas and call in these splendid but unrewarded men and tell them to adorn your walls, not only with that which shall please the taste, but enlarge the minds and improve the morals and save the souls of those who gaze upon them. All American cities need great galleries of art, not only open annually for a few days on exhibition, but which shall stand open all the year round, and from early morning until 10 o'clock at night and free to all who would come and go.

Build Art Galleries.

What a preparation for the wear and tear of the day a five minutes' look in the morning at some picture that will open a door into some larger realm than that in which our population daily drudge! Or what a good thing the half hour of artistic opportunity on the way home in the evening from exhaustion that demands recuperation for mind and soul as well as body! Who will do for the city where you live what W. W. Corcoran did for Washington and what others have done for Philadelphia and Boston and New York? Men of wealth, if you are too modest to build and endow such a place during your lifetime, why not go to your iron safe and take out your last will and testament and make a codicil that shall build for the city of your residence a throne for American art? Take some of that money that would otherwise spoil your children and build an art gallery that shall associate your name forever, not only with the great masters of painting who are gone, but with the great masters who are trying to live, and also win the admiration and love of tens of thousands of people who, unable to have fine pictures of their own, would be advantaged. By your benefactions build your own monuments and not leave it to the whims of others. Some of the best people sleeping in Greenwood have no monuments at all, or some crumbling stones that in a few years will let the rain wash out name and epitaph, while some men whose death was the abatement of a nuisance have a pile of Aberdeen granite high enough for a king and eulogium enough to embarrass a seraph.

Oh, man of large wealth, instead of leaving to the whim of others your monumental commemoration and epitaphology, to be looked at when people are going to and fro at the burial of others, build right down in the heart of our great city, or the city where you live, an immense free reading room or a free musical conservatory or a free art gallery, the niches for sculpture and the walls abloom with the rise and fall of nations and lessons of courage for the disheartened and rest for the weary and life for the dead, and 150 years from now you will be wielding influences in this world for good. How much better than white marble, that chills you if you put your hand on it when you touch it in the cemetery, would be a monument in colors, in beaming eyes, in living possession, in splendors which under the chandelier would be glowing and warm and looked at by strolling groups with catalogue in hand, on the January night when the necropolis where the body sleeps is all snowed under! The tower of David was hung with 1,000 dented shields of battle, but you, oh man of wealth, may have a grander tower named after you, one that shall be hung not with the symbols of carnage, but with the victories of that art which was so long ago recognized in my text as "pleasant pictures." Oh, the power of pictures! I cannot decide, as some have done, Cardinal Mazarin, who, when told that he must die, took his last walk through the art gallery of his palace, saying: "Must I quit all this? Look at that Titian! Look at that Correggio! Look at that deluge of Caracci! Farewell, dear pictures!"

A Universal Language.

As the day of the Lord of hosts, according to this text, will scrutinize the pictures, I implore all parents to see that in their households they have neither in book nor newspaper nor on canvas anything that will deprave. Pictures are no longer the exclusive possession of the affluent. There is not a respectable home in these cities that has not specimens of woodcut or steel engraving, if not of painting, and your whole family will feel the moral uplifting or depression. Have nothing on your wall or in books that will familiarize the young with scenes of cruelty and wassail. Have only those sketches made by artists in elevated moods and none of those scenes that seem the product of artistic delirium tremens. Pictures are not only a strong but a universal language. The human race is divided into almost as many languages as there are nations, but the pictures may speak to people of all tongues. Volapuk many have hoped, with little reason, would become a worldwide language. But the pictorial is always a worldwide language, and printers' types have no emphasis compared with it. We say that children are fond of pictures; but notice any man when he takes up a book and you will see that the first thing that he looks at is the pictures. Have only those in your house that appeal to the better nature. One engraving has sometimes decided an eternal destiny. Under the title of fine arts there have come here from France a class of pictures which elaborate argument has tried to prove irreproachable. They would disgrace a barroom and they need to be confiscated. Your children will carry the pictures of their father's house with them clear on to the grave, and, passing that marble pillar, will take them through eternity.

Furthermore, let all reformers, and all Sabbath school teachers and all Christian workers realize that, if they would be effective for good, they must make pictures, if not by chalk on blackboards, or kindergarten designs, or by pencil on canvas, then by words. Arguments are soon forgotten, but pictures, whether in language or in colors, are what produce strongest effects. Christ was always telling what a thing was like, and his sermon on the mount was a great picture gallery, beginning with a sketch of a "city on a hill that cannot be hid" and ending with a tempest beating against two houses, one on the rock and the other on the sand. The parable of the prodigal son, a picture; parable of the sower who went forth to sow, a picture; parable of the unmerciful servant, a picture; parable of the ten virgins, a picture; parable of the talents, a picture. The world wants pictures, and the appetite begins with the child, who consents to go early to bed if the mother will sit beside him and rehearse a story, which is only a picture. When we see how much has been accomplished in secular directions by pictures—Shakespeare's tragedies, a picture; Victor Hugo's writings, all pictures; John Ruskin's and Tennyson's and Longfellow's works, all pictures—why not enlist as far as possible for our churches and schools and reformatory work and evangelistic endeavor, the power of thought that can be put into word pictures, if not pictures in color? Yea, why not all young men draw for themselves on paper with pen or pencil their coming career, of virtue if they prefer that, of vice if they prefer that. After making the picture put it on the wall or paste it on the fly leaf of some favorite book that you may have it before you.

I read of a man who had been executed for murder, and the jailor found afterward a picture made on the wall of the cell by the assassin's own hand, a picture of a flight of stairs. On the lowest step he had written: "Disobedience to parents;" on the second, "Sabbath breaking;" on the third, "drunkenness and gambling;" on the fourth, "murder," and on the fifth and top step, "a gallows." If that man had made that picture before he took the first step, he never would have taken any of them! Oh, man, make another picture, a bright picture, an evangelical picture and I will help you make it! I suggest six steps for this flight of stairs. On the first step write the words, "A nature changed by the Holy Ghost and washed in the blood of the lamb;" on the second step, "Industry and good companionship;" on the third step, "A Christian home with a family altar;" on the fourth step, "Ever widening usefulness;" on the fifth step, "A glorious departure from this world;" on the sixth step, "Heaven, heaven, heaven!" Write it three times, and let the letters of the one word be made up of banners, the second of coronets and the third of thrones! Promise me that you will do that, and I will promise to meet you on the sixth step, if the Lord will, through his pardoning grace, bring me there too.

And here I am going to say a word of cheer to people who have never had a word of consolation on that subject. There are men and women in this world by hundreds of thousands who have a fine natural taste and yet all their lives that taste has been suppressed, and although they could appreciate the galleries of Dresden and Vienna and Naples far more than 999 people out of 1,000 who visit them, they may never go for they must support their households, and bread and schooling for their children are of more importance than pictures. Though fond of music they are compelled to live amid discord; and though fond of architecture they dwell in clumsy abodes, and though appreciative of all that engravings and paintings can do they are in perpetual deprivation. You are going, after you get on the sixth step of that stairs just spok-

(Continued on page 4.)