### BUILD FOR ETERNITY.

SUBLIME LESSONS TAUGHT BY THE GREAT PYRAMID OF GIZEH.

Dr. Talmage Begins a Series of Sermon Entitled, "From the Pyramids to the

BROOKLYN, Oct. 18.—The vast congregation at the Brooklyn Tabernacle this morning was delighted by an ex-Denier's second sonata in G. Dr. Talmage's sermon was the first of a series he intends preaching on his eastern tour, entitled, "From the Pyramids to the Acropolis, or What I Saw in Egypt and Greece Confirmatory of the Scriptures." His text was Isaiah xix, 19, "In that day shall there be an altar to the Lord in the midst of the land of Egypt and a pillar at the border thereof to the Lord. And it shall be for a sign and for a witness."

Isaiah no doubt here refers to the great pyramid at Gizeh, the chief pyramid of Egypt. The text speaks of a pillar in Egypt, and this is the greatest pillar ever lifted; and the text says it is to be at the border of the hand, and this pyramid is at the border of the land; and the text says it shall be for a witness, and the object of this sermon is to tell what this pyramid witnesses. This sermon is the first of a course of sermons entitled, "From the Pyramids to the Acropolis, or What I Saw in Egypt and Greece Confirmatory of the Scriptures."

We had, on a morning of December. 1889, landed in Africa. Amid the howling boatmen at Alexandria we had come ashore and taken the rail train for Cairo, Egypt, along the banks of the most thoroughly harnessed river of all the world-the river Nile. We had, at eventide, entered the city of Cairo, the city where Christ dwelt while staying in Egypt during the Herodic persecution. It was our first night in Egypt. No destroying angel sweeping through as once, but all the stars were out and the skies were filled with angels of beauty and angels of light, and the air was balmy as an American June. The next morning we were early awake and at the window, looking upon palm trees in full glory of leafage, and upon gar dens of fruits and flowers at the very season when our homes far away are canopied by bleak skies and the last leaf of the forest has gone down with

to see-the pyramids. We are mount ed for an hour and a half's ride. We pass on amid bazaars stuffed with rugs and carpets and curious fabries of all sorts from Smyrna, from Algiers, from Persia, from Turkey, and through streets, where we meet people of all colors and all garbs, carts loaded with garden productions, priests in gowns, women in black veils, Bedouins in long and seemingly superfluous apparel Janissaries in Jackets of embroidered gold-out and on toward the great pyramid; for though there are sixtynine pyramids still standing, the pyramid at Gizeh is the monarch of pyramids. We meet camels grunting under their load, and see buffeloes on either side browsing in pasture fields.

The road we travel is for part of the way under clumps of acacia, and by long rows of sycamore and tamerisk. but after awhile it is a path of rock and sand, and we find we have reached the margin of the desert, the great Sahara desert, and we cry out to the dragoman as we see a huge pile of rock looming in sight, "Deagoman, what is that?" His answer is, "The pyramid," and then it seemed as if we were living a century every minute. Our thoughts and emotions were too rapid and intense for atterance, and we ride on in silence until we come to the foot of the pyramil spoken of in the text, the oldest seture in all the earth. four thousand years old at least. Here it is. We stand under the stadow of a structure that shuts out all the earth and all the sky, and we look up and strain our vision to appreciate the distant top, and are overwhelmed while we cry, "The pyramid! The pyramid!"

"AFRAID OF THAT WHICH IS HIGH." I had started that morning with the determination of ascending the pyramid. One of my chief objects in going to Egypt was not only to see the base of that granite wonder, but to stand on the top of it. Yet the nearer I came to this eternity in stone the more my determination was shaken. Its altitude to me was simply appalling. A great height has always been to me a most disagreeable sensation. As we dismounted at the base of the pyramid I said: "Others may go up it, but not I. I will satisfy myself with a view from the base. The ascent of it would be to me a foolhardy undertak

But after I had given up all idea of ascending I found my daughter was determined to go, and I could not let her go with strangers, and I changed my mind, and we started with guides. It cannot be done without these helpers. Two or three times foolbardy men have attempted it alone, but their bodies came tumbling down unrecognizable and lifeless. Each person in our party had two or three guides or helpers. One around my waist, and he held the other end of the turban as a matter of safety. Many of the blocks of stone are four or five feet high and beyond any ordinary human stride unless assisted. But, two Arabs to pull and two Arabs to push. I found myself rapidly ascending from height to height, and on to altitudes terrific, and at last at the tip top we found ourselves on a level space of

looked of upon the desert, and off upon the winding Nile, and off upon the Sphinz with its features of ever-

minarets of Cairo glittering in the sun, and vonder upon Memphis in ruins, and off upon the wreck of empires and the battlefields of ages, a radius of view enough to fill the mind and shock

the nerves and overwhelm one's entire

being.
After looking around for awhile, and descended. The descent was more came one of the most wonderful feats solicited a dollar, saying he would run the pyramid was written. minutes. We would rather have given him a dollar not to go, but this ascent and descent in seven minutes he was determined on and so by the watch in seven minutes be went to the top and bloodeurdling spectacle.

I said the dominant color of the pyramid was gray, but in certain lights it seems to shake off the gray of centuries and become a blond and the silver acres of ground. What an antiquity! It was at least two thousand years old when the baby Christ was carried within sight of it by his fugitive parents, Joseph and Mary. The storms of forty centuries have drenched it, bombarde it, shadowed it, flashed upon it, but there it stands ready to take another forty centuries of atmospheric attack if the world should continue to exist.

The oldest buildings of the earth are juniors to this great senior of the centuries. Herodotus says that for ten years preparations were being made for the building of this pyramid. It has eighty-two million one hundred and eleven thousand cubic feet of masonry. One hundred thousand workmen at one time toiled in its erection. To bring the stone from the quarries a causeway sixty feet wide was built. The top stones were lifted by machinsuch as the world knows nothing of today. It is seven hundred and Rouen, St. Peter's and St. Paul's.

ed granite called the "king's chamber" was to make these rooms as inacceshigh and less than four feet wide.

THE GREAT KING TURNED TO DUST. sarried in after the pyramid was built. it must have been put there before the structure was reared. Probably in that est vestige of human remains.

iral room was unopened, and would uve been until today probably unwramid was filled with silver and gold on excavating party went to work, and One hundred thousand men toiled on having bored and blasted through a those sublime elevations. handred feet of rock they found no spening ahead, and were about to give the attempt when the workmen ard a stone roll down into a seemingly hollow place, and encouraged by hat they resumed their work and came into the underground rooms.

The disappointment of the workmen n finding the sarcophagus empty of all ilverand gold and precious stones was so great that they would have assassinated Al Mamoun, who employed them, had he not hid in another part of the pyramid as much silver and gold as would pay them for their work at ordinary rate of wages and induced them there to dig till they, to their surprise, came upon adequate compensa-

fascination of scholars, of scientists, of heads. intelligent Christians in all ages. Sir John Herschel, the astronomer, said he thought it had astronomical significance. The wise men who accompanied Napoleon's army into Egypt went lously as possible close to the pyramid, which they were investigating.

The pyramid built more than four geometrical figure, wise men have concluded it must have been divinely constructed. Man came through thousands of years to fine architecture, to music, to painting, but this was perfect at the world's start, and God must Cheops didn't build the pyramid matics were born. From the inrerip-

pear at certain periods of time.

Not in the four thousand years since the putting up of that pyramid has a single fact in astronomy or mathematics been found to contradict the wisdom of that structure. Yet they had not at the age when the pyramid was started an astronomer or an archia kodak had pictured the group we tect or a mathematician worth mentioning. Who, then, planned the pyraneed not see the depths beneath, but Who from its first foundation stone to coming down it was impossible not to its capstone erected everything? It see the abysms below. But, two Arabs must have been God. Isaiah was right ahead to help us down and two Arabs when he said in my text, "A pillar shall to hold us back, we were lowered hand be at the border of the land of Egypt below hand until the ground was in- and it shall be for a sign and a witvitingly near, and amid the jargon of ness." The pyramid is God's first the Arabs we were safely landed. Then bible. Hundreds, if not thousands of years before the first line of the Book of daring and agility. One of the Arabs of Genesis was written, the lesson of

up and down the pyramid in seven THE SIGN AND SYMBOL OF ETERNITY. Well, of what is this Cyclopean masonry a sign and a witness? Among other things, of the prolongation of human work compared with the brevity of human life. In all the four was back again at the base. It was a thousand years this pyramid has only lost eighteen feet in width, one side of its square at the base changed only from seven hundred and forty-six feet, and the most of that eighteen feet taken turns to the golden. It covers thirteen off by architects to furnish stone for building in the city of Cairo.

The men who constructed the pyramid worked at it only a few years and then put down the trowel, and the compass and the square and lowered the derrick which had lifted the ponderous forty centuries more. All Egypt has ley into the kingdom of God. forty centuries more. All Egypt has deviated the angular of the shaken by terrible earthquakes and cities have been prostrated or have been toiling on the pyramid of church. They said, "We must go and righteousness will at last be recognized hear him preach." They went and fought since the world stood. Where are the men who constructed it? Their bodies gone to dust and even the dust

the head of the Seven Wonders of the the foot walks and the eye sees, and a little. World. It has a subterraneous room of the ear hears, and the tongue speaks. REMEMBERED-AND FOR WHAT? pyramid stands.

ontaining a dead king, but time has luses, Miltonian or Talleyrandian, but dead. common workmen Not one of them could lift one of those great stones. clicking it on the hard edge, or smooth and diamonds, and under Al Mamoun ing the mortar between the layers.

If one of those granite blocks that just touch with my feet on this December morning in 1889, as the two Arabs pull me and the two other Arabs push me, could speak out and tell its history, it would say: "The place of my nativof Mokattam or Asswan. Then they began to bore at my sides, and then to against me till the whole quarry quaked and thundered. Then I was pried out with crowbars and levers, scores of men putting their weight on the leverage. Then chains were put around me, and I was hoisted with wheels that groaned under the weight, and many workmen had their hands on the cranks and turned until the muscles on their arms stood out in ridges, and the limestone and red granite has been the sweat rolled from their dusky fore

"Then I was drawn by long teams of oxen, yoke after yoke, yoke after yoke. Then I was put on an inclined plane and hanled unward, and how many iron tools, and how many human arms into profound study of the pyramid. and how many beasts of burden were In 1865, Professor Smyth and his wife employed to get me to this place no lived in the empty tombs near by the one can tell. Then I had to be meas pyramid that they might be as contin- ured and squared and compassed and fitted in before I was left here to do my silent work of thousands of years God only knows how many hands wethousand years ago, being a complete busied in getting me from my geological cradle in the quarry to this enthrone

ment of innumerable ages. AWFUL RESULTS OF LITTLE SINS. My hearers, that is the autobiograhave directed it. All astronomers and Some boss mason in the world's twisegmetricians and scientists say that it light didn't build the pyramid. One was scientifically and mathematically bundred thousand men built it, and constructed before science and mathe perhaps from first to last two hundred thousand men. So with the pyramids tions on the pyramid, from its propor now rising, pyramids of evil or pyrations from the points of the compass mids of good. The pyramid of drunk recognized in its structure, from the enness rising ever since the time when direction in which its runnels run, from Noah got drunk on wine, although the relative position of the blocks that there was at his time such a supercompose it, scientists, Christians and in abundance of water. All the saloonists fidels have demonstrated that the be of the ages adding their layers of ale ing who planned this pyramid must casks and wine pitchers and rum jugs ave known the world's sphericity, and until the pyramid overshadows the that its motion was rotatory, and how great Sahara desert of desolated many miles it was in diameter and cir homes and broken hearts and decumference, and how many tons the stroyed eternities. And as the pyra-

mountains of human bones to whiten building that pyramid.

So with the pyramid of righteous-Some clanging a trowel, some pulling a those with trying than the ascent, for climbing you mid? Who superintended its erection? ers of psalm books on top of layers of the other side of the grave than this sermons. Layers of prayers on top of side. It is possible for me to do you a and throw down their trowels, crying, bookkeepers of all time ever wrote.

Your business and mine is not to

a trowel or pull a rope or turn the implore you, seek something better erank of a derrick or cry "Yo, heave!" than the immortalization of rock or while lifting another block to its eleva- bronze or book. Put yourself into the tion. Though it be seemingly a small eternity of those whom you help for work and a brief work, it is a work both worlds, this and the next. Comthat shall last forever. In the last day fort a hundred souls and there will be seven hundred and sixty-four feet to many a man and woman whose work has never been recognized on earth least a hundred souls that will be your will come to a special honor. The monuments. A prominent member of ecumenical council, now in session at this church was brought to God by Washington, its delegates the honored some one saying to her at the church representatives of fixy million Meth- door at the close of service, "Come odists in all parts of the earth, will at again!" Will it be possible for that every session do honor to the memory one so invited to forget the inviter? of John Wesley, but I wonder if any of them will think to twist a garland for weights; but forty centuries has their the memory of humble Peter Bohler. work stood, and it will be good for the Moravian, who brought John Wes-

all volcanic paroxysms. It has looked and rewarded—the mother who brought heard him and both were converted to upon some of the greatest battles ever her children to Christ, the Sabbath teacher who brought her class to the knowledge of the truth, the unpretending man who saved a soul. Then the scattered. Even the sarcophagus in trowel will be more honored than the which the king's mummy may have scepter. As a great battle was going gelist, said that he had the names of slept is empty.

So men die, but their work lives on.

on, the soldiers were ordered to the singing the hymn, "Arise, my soul, front and a sick man jumped out of an singing the hymn, "Arise, my soul, arise!" Will any of those two hundred We are all building pyramids, not to ambulance in which he was being car arise!" Will any of those two hundred last four thousand years, but forty ried to the hospital. The surgeon souls in all eternity forget Matthew thousand, forty million, forty trillion, asked him what he meant by getting Cranswick? Will any of the four hunorty-six feet each side of the square forty quadrillion, forty quintillion. For out of the ambulance when he was sick dred and seventy-nine women and pase. The structure is four hundred awhile we wield the trowel, or pound and almost ready to die. The soldier children imprisoned at Lucknow, India. and fifty feet high, higher than the with the bammer, or measure with the answered: "Doctor, I am going to the sathedrals of Cologue, Strasburg, yardstick, or write with the pen, or front. I had rather die on the field forget Havelock and Outram and Sir experiment with the scientific battery, than die in an ambulance." Thank David Beard, who broke in and effect No surprise to me that it was put at or plan with the brain, and for awhile God, if we cannot do much we can do ed their rescue?

and another room called the 'queen's speak are spread out into one layer for text, the pyramid is a sign and a wit. of the glorified will never forget you. chamber," and the probability is that there are other rooms yet unexplored.

The evident design of the architect into another layer. All the Christian ately remembered. This pyramid and of decay. I do not ask you to sup or un-Christian example we set is spread the sixty-nine other pyramids still stand press this natural desire of being refor congress: out in another layer. All the indirect ing were built for sepulchers, all this membered after you are gone, but I exploration and all the digging and influences of our lives are spread out great pile of granite and limestone by only want you to put your memorials blasting, if you would enter these sub- in another layer. Then the time soon which we stand today, to cover titerraneous rooms you must go through comes when we put down the imple memory of a dead king. It was the or fade. During the course of my min ment of toil and pass away, but the great Westminster abbey of the an istry I have been intimately associated The Twentieth century will not rock king who built this pyramid, but it is zood men and women. A sarcophagus of red granite stands it down, nor the Thirtieth century, nor uncertain. Who was Cheops, anyhow? lown under this mountain of masonry. the One Hundredth century. The All that the world knows about him traits more accurate and vivid than the sarcophagus could not have been earthquake that rocks this world to could be told in a few sentences. The pieces will not stop our influence for only thing certain is that he was bad canvas-Father Grice, De Witt C. good or evil. You modestly say, "That and that he shut up the temples of Moore, Father Voorhees, E. P. Hop is true in regard to the great workers worship and that he was hated so that kins, William Stephens, John Van sarcophagus once lay a wooden coffin for good or evil, and of gigantic gen the Egyptians were glad when he was Rensselaer, Gasherie De Witt, Dr. Ward

> bleaching on the Libyan desert; yea, ment building! cass of a camel by the roadside on the way to Memphis, I said to myself, We say nothing against the marble or ity was down in the great stone quarry dead be done, if means will allow it. left to remind the world of him but drive down great iron wedges, crushing some pieces of stone, there is but little speak and cry out:

Some of the finest monuments are tal! My voice is the voice of God. He while they lived, while some of the worthiest men and women have not had above them a stone big enough to tell their name. Joshua, the greatest warrior the world ever saw, no monu ment: Moses, the greatest lawver that monument. A pyramil over scoun drelly Cheops, but only a shingle with a lead pencil epitaph over many a good man's grave. Some of the finest obituaries have been printed about the worst rascals. Today at Brussels there is a pyramid of flowers on the grave of Boulanger, the notorious libertine.

Yet it is natural towant to be remem-While there seems to be no practical use for post mortem consideration later than the time of one's great-grandchildren, yet no one wants to be forgotten as soon as the obsequies are over. This pyramid which Isaiah says is a sign and a witness demonstrates that neither limestone nor red granite is competent to keep one affectionately remembered. Neither can bronze, neither can Parian marble, neither can Aberdeen granite do the work. But there is something out of which to build an everlasting monument, and that will keep one freshly remembered four thousand years -yea, forever and ever. It does not stand in marble yards. It is not to be purchased at mourning stores. Yet it s to be found in every neighborhood, plenty of it, inexhaustible quantities of It is the greatest stuff in the universe to build monuments out of. 1 refer to the memories of those to whom we can do a kindness, the memories of comference, and how many tons the stroyed eternities. And as the pyra-world weighs, and knew at what point mid still rises, layers of human skulls the memories of those whose souls we God only is great! Let all the earth piled on top of human skulls and other may save,

All around Cairo and Memphis there the peaks reaching unto the leavens, hundreds of thousands of people are gone down under the wearing away of time, and this great pyramid of which Isaiah in the text speaks will vanish if ness. Multitudes of hands are toiling the world lasts long enough; and if the on the steeps, hands infantile, hands world does not last, then with the octogenarian, masculine hands, female earth's dissolution the pyramid will hands, strong hands, weak hands, also dissolve, But the memories of Some clanging a trowel, some pulling a those with whom we associate are in-rope, some measuring the sides. Laylayers of holy sacrifice. And hundreds good and for you to do me a good that of thousands coming down to sleep their last sleep, but other hundreds of thousands going up to take their places, and sof the seashore, and all the leaves and the pyramids will continue to rise of the forest, and all the grass blades until the millennial morning gilds the of the field, and all the stars of heaven completed work, and the toilers on added together, and that aggregate these heights shall take off their aprons

"THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM." we are gone is a divinely implanted debuild a pyramid, but to be one of the hundreds of thousands who shall ring sire and not to be crushed out, but, I

A minister passing along the street every day looked up and smiled to a baby in the window. The father and mother wondered who it was that thus pleasantly greeted their child. They God. Will there be any power in fifty million years to erase from the souls of those parents the memory of that man to God? Matthew Cranswick, an evanon, the soldiers were ordered to the two handred souls saved through his waiting for massacre by the Sepoys,

To some of you who have loved and into a shape that shall never weaken cients. Some say that Cheops was the in Christian work with hundreds of

My memory is hung with their por and hundreds of others, all of them lestroyed the coffin and destroyed the not of me, for I live and work on a This pyramid of rock, seven hundred gone out of this life, but I hold the small scale." My hearer, remember and forty feet each side of the square memory of them and will hold them For three thousand years this sepul that those who built the pyramids were base, and four hundred and fifty feet forever. They cannot escape from me. high, wins for him no respect. If a I will remember them just as they bone of his arm or foot had been found looked on earth, and I will remember opened had not a superstitions impres It took a dozen of them to lift one in the sarcophagus beneath the pyra many of you after the earth has been on got abroad that the heart of the stone, and others just wielded a trowel mid, it would have excited no more an extinct planet for ages infinite. Oh, veneration than the skeleton of a camel what stuff the memory is for monn-

As in Fgypt that December after ucon, 183), exhausted in body, mind "Poor thing, I wonder of what it died." and soul, we mounted to return to the bronze of the necropolis. Let all pyramid at Gizeh. And you know that sculpture and florescence and ar there is something in the air toward borescence can do for the places of the evening that seems productive of solemn and tender emotion, and that But if after one is dead there is nothing great pyramid seemed to be humanized and with-lips of stone it seemed to 'Hear me, man, mortal and immor

over people who amounted to nothing designed me. Isaiah said I would be a sign and a witness. I saw Moses when he was a lad. I witnessed the long procession of the Israelites as they started to cross the Red sea and Pha rach's host in pursuit of them. The falcons and the eagles of many cen ever lived, no monument; Paul, the turies have brushed my brow. 1 greatest preacher that ever lived, no stood here when Cleopatra's barge monument; Christ, the Saviour of the landed with her sorceries, and Hypatia world and the rapture of heaven, no for her virtues was slain in yonder streets. Alexander the Great. Sesos tris and Ptolemy admired my propor tions. Herodotus and Pliny sounded my praise. I am old, I am very For thousands of years I have watched the coming and going of generations. They tarry only a little while, but they make everlasting im pression. I bear on my side the mark of the trowel and chisel of those who for what you do will last long after tionately remembered after you are gone, trust not to any earthly con

wrapped himself again in the silence of ages, and as I rode away in the gather ing twilight this course of sermons was projected.

Wondrous Egypt! Land of ancien Where plenty reigns and st hegeasons smill And rolls—rich gift of God—exhaustless Nilo

## They Make Mistakes.

The father who tells his children go one way while he walks anothr makes a mistake.

People who talk about their trouoles to strangers make a mistake. People who never read the Bible make a mistake.

The man who thinks he can get rich by doing wrong makes a mis-

Parents who quarrel before their hildren make a mistake. Fathers who permit their boys to grow up in idleness make a mis-

Mothers who think their own children never do anything wrong make mistake.

so that people find out that they are sinners makes a mistake.

Parents who are not careful about hat their children read make a mis-

The man who gets behind a post in prayer-meeting to keep from being called upon to pray makes a mis-The man who is always trying to

discover faults in other people makes The woman who says things about

other people she wouldn't want said about herself makes a mistake.

The young woman who does not make a confident of her mother makes

#### Lecturer Jefferies Against John J. Oh, if some Temperance man only Hemphill.

GAFFNEY, S. C., Oct. 19.—State served the Lord heaven will be a great Lecturer Jefferies was in town today, If they could stop him from drinkpondent he intimated in strong terms

> led your correspondent to the conclusion that he would not object to My father is a drunkard and mother occupying such an honorable position.-Greenville News.

# The Last Waltz.

It rose and fell in the dusky room And died on the purple night out-

ocean's calm And the steady sweep of the coming tide.

And we stood there together, hand in hand. a quiver,

ter's law. What if for once your cheek touched

mine
And I felt the play of your breath should exist, and while he could And when her pa arrived on my face? ove cannot always be fettered ted having made certaining disparagdown

But held you to wake with a terri- and she deserves it. ble shiver--And the air grew faint and the world grew dim

As we floated along "The Beautiful River."

pleasure: forgetting the future-a hopeless

measure.

forever; more than four thousand years ago expired. Beware what you do, oh, man, heart

the heavens from my heights, or any the Pension Bureau from members tion of their neighbors, moral and though I am not a native of this ring who was sepulchred in my bosom.

I am slowly passing away. I am a dying pyramid. I shall yet lie down in dying pyramid. I shall yet lie down in the dust of the plain and the sands of the desert shall cover me, or when the daily. On July 1st there were 929, earth goes I will go. But you are im 426 pending pension claims. About the sands of the desert shall cover me, or when the daily. On July 1st there were 929, is a plant so tender as woman's vision. About the sands of the plain and the plain mortal. The feet with which you 30,000 claims are adjudicated every but bruise its leaves and its beauty country yesterday." dust, but you have a soul that will out month. Commissioner Raum says is gone never to return. The spot is last me and all my brotherhood of 350,000 must be fixed this year, there which neither skill nor philan- Brown-"Yes, he went out to try pyramids. Live for eternity! Live for which is 100,000 more than in 1890, thophy can efface. All that was his new camera. How was he get-God! With the shadows of the even He also says that there will not be a lovely is gone, it falls to the ground ting along with it?" ing now falling from my side, I pro-nounce upon you a benediction. Take deficit in the appropriations, \$138,it with you across the Mediterranean. 173,085, which was made by the gossip and the scandal monger know

## Bessie, the Drunkard's Child.

I'am an orphan girl, left all alone, No friends, no mother, no father, no

No one to love me—hone to caress I wander alone in this world's wilder-

street, Begging a penny from each one

Begging a penny to buy Father is a drunkard and mother is be a poor recompense for a five dead.

The night's cold and dark, and the storm raging wild. Oh, God! Pity Bessie, the drunkard's deter others from entering that place

Out in the gloomy night sadly I the country, with many old enough No one to pity me, no friend and no nes, -that is, into debt-temorrow

Nobody cares for me-no one would Even it poor little Bessie would die! or manufacturer, whose life is an in-Barefooted and hungry I wandered cessant struggle with pecuniary diffiall day,

they say; Down on the cold ground at night I lay my head, Father is a drunkard and mother is men in business; so that it has been

begun: Mother grew paler-she wept every

Poor baby and I was too hungry to Slowly they faded, 'till one summer

Found their sweet faces all silent and

With tears rolling down, in deep anguish I said, Oh, father's a drunkard and mother

could find,

to him kind; ing, why then,

that the "farmers" would put up a Oh, is it too late? Men of Temper-Oh, is it too late? Men of Temper-For poor little Bessie will soon starve but fifty cents and can get no more

In answer to a direct question he For all this day long I am begging for a week, buy a peck of corn, pay for bread.

## is dead.

Bridle Your Tongue. In a little town in Connecticut, gations; and I do not consider him we are told, Miss Mary Jane Jacobs, really in debt who can lay his hands the prettiest girl in the village, directly on the means of paying, at created much of a sensation the some little sacrifice, all he owed. I other day by publicy horsewhipping speak of real debt-that which in-William VanDorn, a wealthy farmer volves risk or sacrifice on the one 60 years of age. The cause of this side, obligation and dependence on trouble was that the old gentleman the others-and, I say, from all such had on different occasions moralized let every youth humbly pray God to With faces a-smile but with hearts and gossipped about the friendship preserve him evermore! between the girl and Mr. Bracket. With a love that rebelled at a mas- who was a married man. Miss Jacobs and ber father called on Van-daughter Ruth, a beautiful oriental As we moved to the strains of "The Dorn and asked him to explain his name. remarks. Ho could only say that it was strange that such friendship

For I held you then but as others The entire community, we are told wankee County poorhouse. sympathizes with this young girl,

ing intimations, which induced the

dearest thing on this earth. Placed in the balance, it will outweigh the Starting off in a burry in the morngold of the universe. Though it ing, he caught sight of himself in a cannot be bought back, yet in a mo- mirror, puzzled, he stopped and gaz-On the swelling flow of its fervid ment it can be taken. An idle word, ed, finally exclaimed: "Begorra, they a bare suspicion uttered in an un- have woke the wrong man!" We buried the past with a bitter guarded moment, may blacken the purest life.

It is wonderful what a fascination love there is to some people in retailing told at a Washington dinner the And a life burned out to its golden scandal. In order to expatiate and other night. The new rector gazed moralize, they grasp the slightest mildly at the small boy in the Sunpretext and often a pretext which exists only in their own imagination, violating the law which says, judge the fellow, have you read the thirtythe eye,
One burning word, and we parted violating the law which says, judge not, they do, oft times unconsciously, nine article?" "No," rejoined the a wrong for which no reparation can small boy, "but I've read the Forty

In a passionate clasp which naught shall be marshalled the host of women, who on earth were scorned by During the last year an average of it maybe many of them will point to of foreigners. When he was seated, memoration. I have not one word to 500 letters per day were received at those who stood high in the estima- a foreigner arose and retorted: "Al-

These be sacred things; let the those whose struggles we may alleviate, Take it with you across the Mediterranean. 175.085, which was made by the gossip and the scandal monger know those whose souls we have a those whose souls we have the soul of the

### Horace Greely on the Misery of Being in Debt.

Among the many good things which Horace Greely wrote for the New York Ledger is the following vivid article on the misery of being

To be Lungry, ragged and penniless is not pleasant; but this is nothing to the horror of bankruptev. All the wealth of the Rothschilds would year's struggle, with the consciousness that you had taken the money Mother, oh! why did you leave me or property of trusting friends promising to return or pay for it No one to pity me, no friends and no when required, and had betrayed their confidence through insolvency.

I dwell on this point; for I would of torment. Half the young men in to know better, would go into busiif they could. Most poor men are so ignorant as to envy the merchant culties, who is driven to constant The minister who never preaches Asking for work, but I'm too young shinning and who, from month to month, barely evades that incolvence which somer or later overtal er most computed that but one in twenty of We were so happy 'till father drank them achieves a pecuniary success.

For my own 'part-and I sreak Then all our sorrows and troubles from sad experience-I would rather be a convict in the State prison, a slave in a rice-swamp than to pass through life under the horror of debt. Let no young man misjudge himself unfortunate or truly poor so long as he has the full use of his limbs and faculties and substantially free from debt.

Hunger, cold, rags, hard work, contempt, suspicion, unjust reprosch are disagrecable; but debt is infiniteiv worse than them all. And, if it had pleased God to spare either of My poor, wretched father, and speak all of my sons to be the support and solace of my declining years, the lesson which I should have most earnis: Never run into debt! Avoid for it and live on it rather than owe any man a dollar!

Of course I know that some men must do busine s that involves risks and must give notes and other obli-

The Cleveland's have named their

"Two hearts that beat as one-A heavy step-a scaremention no impropriety, he admit-

George A. Cowan, now seventy Nor rise to a sin in a last em- girl to bring her horsewhip into years old and blind, who taught Emma Abbot singing, is in the Mil-

> An Irishman who was sleeping all The good name of a woman is the night with a negro had his face blackened by a practical joker,

Here's the lates small-boy story. Thieves."

An American speaker once quescountry with clothes on my back,

Jones-"I saw your son in the

when I saw him. A farmer who had