DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

BRAWN AND MUSCLE CONSE

CRATED. Text: "And Samson went down to Timnath."-Judges, xiv., 1. There are two sides to the character of Samson. The one might alminister to the groterque and the mirthful, but the other side of his character is fraught with lessons of solemn and eternal import, and it is to these graver lessons that I ask your attention. I suppose that in early life Samson gave inti-mation of what he was to be. It is almost always so. There were two Napoleons, the boy Napoleon and the man Napoleon; but both alike. There were two Howards the boy Howard and the man Howard; but both alike. Two Samsons, the boy Samson and the man Samson; but both alike. I have no doubt that he gave indica-tion of his strength, that he was the hero of the playground, that nothing could stand before his exhibition of youthful prowess. At eighteen years of age he was betrothed to the daughter of a Philistine. On his way down to Timnath a lion came out to devour him and the young giant, although weaponless, took the monster by the mane and shook it as a hungry hound shakes a March hare, and left its bones cracked, and its body bleeding by the wayside under the smiting of his hand and the grinding of his foot. One time passing along this place he went into the thicket to see the remains of the lion that he had slain; but under the hot sun of that climate all the perishable parts of the carcase had gone, and under the washing of the rain and the shining of the sun the bones of the skeleton were white and clean and pure and sweet as is a vase of porcelain. The bees found this skeleton and made it a hive, and then brought the sweetness from the grass tops and the juices from the pomegranate and the aroma from the wild woods where the flowers stood in the gloom of the forest, like pale nuns in nature's convent. Afterward he made a very foolish riddle about the honey gathered in this skele-ton, a riddle so foolish that it has been recorded as a warning to all those who attempt facetiousness without any talent for it. Through the betrayal of his wife the riddle was found out, and Samson was so outraged that he slew thirty men. Still further to vent his rage he set on fire 300 foxes, and these affrighted creatures ran into the corn shocks and the hay mows until all the land was ablaze with desolation. One day, surrounded by 300 men, Samson took a jawbone front he roadside and hewed down these and master and slave and king and subject armed men as in a harvest field the full headed grain trembles under the swing of a sickle. There he stands looming up above other men, a mountain of flesh, his arms bunched with muscles, strong enough to lift a city gate-he stands there in an attitude defiant of everything. His hair has never been cut, and it rolls down in seven great plats over the shoulder, adding ferocity and terror to his appearance. The Philistines want to conquer him and they must find out the secret of his There is an unprincipled woman in Sorek, Delilah by name, who is made the agent in the case. She coaxes him to tell the secret of his great strength. He says: "Well, if you should take seven green withes such as they bind wild beasts with and bind me, I should be perfectly helpless." So he is bound with these seven green withes, and Delilah clapps her hands and says: "They come, the Philistines!" Sam-on walks out as though he had no impediment. She keeps on coaxing him, to tell the secret of his strength, and he says: "Well, if you should lathe seven new ropes that have never been used, and bind me fast, I would be in the hands of my enemies." So he is bound with these seven ropes, new ropes, and Delilah claps her hands and says: "They come, the Philistines!" Sampson walks out without any hindrance. She keeps on coaxing him to tell the secret of his strength, and he says: "Well now, if you should take these seven long plaits of hair and with a house-loom weave them into a web, I should be just like other men." So the house-loom is brought up, the seven long plaits of hair are woven into a web and Delilah claps her hands and says: the Philistines. dragging part of the him. But Delilah after a while coaxes him to tell the real trath, and he says: "If you should take a razor or scissors, or shears and cut off those long locks all my strength would be gone." Samsom sleeps, and you know the oriental bar-bers have such skill in manipulating the head that instead of waking one that is asleep they will put one wide awake sound asleep under the process. I hear the grinding of the blades of the scissors, and I see the falling off of the large locks. What the house loom and the green withes and the new ropes could the razor. Delilah now claps her has and says: "The Poilistines be upon hands and says: "The Philistines be upon thee, Samson!" He struggles to get up. His strength is all gone. His enemies rush in. 1 hear the giant groan as they bore out his eyes, and then I see him going on in his blindness, staggering on toward Gaza, and a prison door opens, and he sits down and puts his hand on the mill crank that with hasty motion goes day after day, and week after week, and month after month--work, work,

captivity. The giant with his eyes out grinds corn in Gaza. Behold first of all that physical strength is not an index of moral power. That this man was mighty the lion found out, and the Philistines found out, and all the people who had anything to do with him found out, and yet he was the subject of petty revenges, and was ungianted by base passion. I say noth-ing against physical stamina. I do not think there is any particular glory in a delicate and sickly constitution. I have not any special admiration for weak nerves and sick headaches. I think that all the institutions which propose to make men and women athletic ought to meet with the favor of good citizens, as well as good Christians. Gymnasiums may have a mission positively religious. Good people sometimes ascribe to a weak heart that which belongs to a slow liver. The body and the soul are such near neighbors that they often catch each other's dishas stout nerves and who in the cradle displayed the Hercules will have far more to answer for than all those who all their life struggled with physical infirmities. That man who can lift twice as much as you can, walk twice as far and endure twice as much will have just twice the amount of account dizzy with perpetual vertigo, if muscles with the play of health in them are worth more than those drawn up with rheumatism, if an eye quick to catch a passing object is better than one dim and uncertain—then if you have stout physical health, the greater and more intense will be your account. Yet how many there are who have stout physical health, and it is no indication of moral power with them. Men use their great health in luxuriant ease, when they ought to have their coat off and their sleeves rolled up, tugging away with all their might trying to lift the sunken wreck of a world. They are like ships well manned and well rigged, and capable of vast tonnage, and capable of enduring greatstress of weather, yet rotting at the docks; when these men ought to be crossing and recrossing the great ocean of human suffering with God's supplies of mercy. Alas! that so many of the stout and healthy men of the world are doing absolutely nothing for God or the betterment of the world's condition. Oh! it is a shame that so much of the work of the church and the world has been done by invalids, while the stout and the healthy men, like greet hulks, were rotting in the sun. Richard Baxter, spending his life on the door of the tomb, yet writing a

work! The consternation of the world in

hundred volumes and starting unconverted people on their way to the Saint's Everlasting Rest. Edward Payson, never knowing a well day in all his life, but starting a vast multitude of people toward that place which he called a sea of glory. Robert McCheyrie, a walking skeleton, and yet you know what he did at Dundee, and you know how he shook all Scotland with his zeal for God. William Wilberforce, told by the doctors he must die in two weeks, starting right out for grander philan-thropies. Philip Doddridge advised by his friends not to study for the ministry because he was so ill, going right on until he was the cause of the rise and progress of religion in the church of Jesus Christ. Robert Hall so much an invalid that oft-times in the midst of his sermon he had to lie down and rest on the sofa, and then getting up again and preaching about the wonders of heaven until the splender seemed to drop upon the auditors, and doing the work of ten or fifteen ordinary men of his day. Is it ful women. What are we doing not simply a shame that a vast amount of the work done for the Christian church and with ful women with the saculties that God has killed and 3,592 mained by street acci-

achievements of patience, achievements of faith, achievements of endurance; but I call this day upon men of muscle, men of nerve, and men of physical power to consecrate themselves to the Lord. Giants in body be giants in soul.

My subject also impresses me with the fact that strength may do a great deal of damage if it is misdirected. To pay one miserable bet which this man had lost he robs and slays thirty people. As near as I can tell much of his life was spent in wickedness, and he is a type of a large class of people in all ages who either grants in body, or giants in mind, or giants in social position, or giants in wealth, use that strength for making the world worse instead of making it better. Those small men in a community who do wrong effect but little evil. Those small men who go through your store, your shop, your factory, your banking house loafing and swearing and be ouling the air with their breath and insulting your floor with their iniquitous saliva and denouncing God and de-nouncing the church, they do not do much harm, they are so insignificant. But these powerful men who stick their pens of sarcasm and hate into the Christian religion, these men who throw vitriol on our literature, these men of wealth who sanction crime and iniquity and make honor and truth and justice before their golden scepters-look out for them! I suppose there were hundreds of infidels in Paris, Elinburgh and London in the middle and the latter part of the last century, but they did not do a great deal of harm. There were giants in those days though, who did harm. Who can estimate the soul havos wrought by Rousseau going forward with the very enthusiasm of iniquity, and with his fiery imagination affecting all the impulsive natures of his time! Or wrought by David Hume, who spent his lifetime as a spider spends the summer in weaving silken webs to catch the unwary? Or by Voltaire who marshaled a host of sceptics in his time and led them on down into a deeper darkness? Cr wrought by Gibben who showed in his writings an uncontrollable hate against Christianity, and in that book which gives a fascinating account of the de-cline and fall of the Roman empire throws all his genius into an attempt to exaggerate the faults of the Christian disciples while he gives a sparseness of attention to the Christian heroes of whom the world was not worthy, a sparseness of attention to those noble men and women for which that author can never be forgiven. I want men of nerve men of muscle, men of social position, men of financial power to know that that strength may be made a crown for them on earth and be a crown for them in heaven, while those who bedraggle that power into sin and those who use their influ-ence for iniquitous purposes, God will at last thunder his condemnation upon them on the day when millionaire and pauper

shall stand side by side, and money-bags and judicial ermine and royal robe shall be riven of the lightning of the Lord God Almighty.

My subject also impresses my with the fact that a giant may be overthrown by a sorceress. Delilah started all those evil influence. ences which terminated in the bringing of the temple of Dagon down around Sampson's ears, and in all the ages how many giants through impure fascinations have been ungianted? It seems to me that it is time that the pulpit and platform and printing press speak out more distinctly against the impurities of modern society. Prudery and fastidiousness say, "Don't speak at all for you might arouse adverse criticism; you might make things worse instead of making might make things worse instead of making them better. If you touch the subject at all do so in glittering generalities, for the thems is not appropriate for polite ears;" while from the heavens a voice comes saying, "Cry aloud, spare not, lift up your voice like a trumpet. Show my peop'e their transgressions, and the house of Egypt their sins." The trouble is that when people write or speak on such themes, they throw over them the fascinations of belles letters and make attractive that which our is lettres and make attractive that which ought to be repulsive. Lord Byron in Childe Har-old adorns this crime until it looks like a May queen. Michelet, the French author, in his essays treats of the crime until it glows like the rising sun, when it ought to be made loathsome as a smallpox hospital. There are influences abroad to day which if unresisted by pulpit and platform and printing press will turn New York and Brooklyn into a Sodom and Gomorah, fit only for the storm of fire and brimstone that over-whelmed the cities of the plain. While you sit in your quiet Christian homes compassed with all moral restraints, you do not realize that there is a gulf of iniquity surrounding you north, south, east and west. This moment while I speak there are hundreds of men and wom in going over the awful plunge of an impure life, and while I cry to God for mercy in their behalf, I charge all Christian men and women to marshal all divine and gracious influences for the defence of the homes and the churches and the nation. There is a banqueting hall that you may not have heard described. You know all about the feast of Ahasuerus with a thousand lords. You know all about the carnival of Belshazzar, where

the blood of the murdered king spurted in the faces of the banqueters. You know all about the wassail and the intoxication and the rioting of the feast over which presided Esopus, before whom was brought a plate of food that cost four hundred thousand dollars. But there is another banqueting hall, and its ceiling is fretted vith fire, and its floors are tesselated with fire and its walls are buttresses of fire, and its songs are songs of fire, and Solomon referred to it when he said: "her guests are in the depths of hell." We are in American society to-day reaping the harvest of Free Lovism which was sowed ten or fifteen or twenty years ago, the gospel of Free Lovism which was preached on all the platforms in America, or nearly all of them, and alas! in some of the pulpits -the gospel of Free Lovism which seems to indicate that every man ought to have some one else's wife, and every woman some ones else's husband - Free Lovism which has given to this country one thousand cases of divorce a year-Free Lovism which has given to one county in Indiana eleven cases of di-

vorce in one day before dinner! Free Lovism which has aroused in all this land, brought up in all this land cases of elopement, North, South, East and West, so that you can hardly take up a paper now that you do not see in it some account of an elopement. The fact is there are thousands of people in America to day who do not like the Christian institution of marriage, and I wish they would elope, the wretches of one sex taking the wretches of the other sex, and starting to-morrow morning for the great Sahara desert until the simoon shall sweep over them seven feet of sand, and in the nort five hundred years no passing caravan bring back one miserable bons of their carcases. Never until society shall go back to the Bible, which eulogizes purity and curses with an infinite curse unclandings, payor until that time course will cleanliness—never until that time comes will these evils be extirpated from society. Sam-

son was not the only giant ungianted. My subject also impresses me with the fact that the greatest physical strength must crumble and give way. That this man of the text was mighty the lion knew, that Philistines knew, everybody knew. Oh! how strong he was. He could fight back these enemies, but death was too much for him. He may have had a longer grave and a wider grave than you and I have, but the tomb was his teryou and I have, but the tomb was his terminus. What, shall the body and the soul be parted? Yes. We know the destiny of the one, dust to dust. What shall he the desting of the other? Will we go up to dwell amid the white robed believers whose sins Christ slew, or will we go down among the unbelievers who tried to gain the world and save their soul at the same time and were swindled out of both? You and I may by good habits out of both? You and I may by good habits and by prudence and by the enthronement of Christian principle postpone the day of our decease, but come it must, and come it will, and that is a consideration worth our dwelling upon. I am saying these things because I want you, in the light of this subject, to realize what I do not believe five men in this audience do realize, that God is going to bring us in account for the employ-ment of our physical organism. We are of-Shoulder, arm, organism. knee, foot, all the

ten told that people must give account for their wealth, and so they must; and they must give account for their intelligence, and so they must; but no more than they must give account for the employment of their physical that God has given us-are we using them to make the world better, or make it worse? Those who have strong arm, those who have elastic step, those who have clear eye, those who have steady brain, those are the men who are going to have the mightiest accounts to render. There are thousands of sermons preached to invalids. I have preached scores of them myself. Every clergyman who does his duty must preach scores of sermons to the invalid and the suffering; [but this morn-

1995, or anything that might be called real sickness, and stand beside those who never knew a well day in all their life and yet were consumed with zeal for God. Ahl what a day that will-be for those of us, what an account it will be to render when you ask yourself and I ask myself, "what have we done with the health that God has given us!" Is there one in all this audience who can feel, who does now

feel that he has given all his physical quali-ties to making the world better and for the glory of his God! Not one, not one! Hark! it thunders. The day approaches, the day for which all other days were made. His throne is lifted, and there is one who on earth was always an invalid stands before the throne of judgment, and this one says to the Julge on the throne, "I was always sick: I could not go out much and serve Christ; I found some opportunities of serving Him; I found people who were sicker than I was and who suffered more than It and I tried to cheer tham. I feel all un-worthy to be here to-day, but I have done something for Christ, although it was very feebly done." "Well done," says Christ, feebly done." "Well done," says Christ, "well done. Enter into the joy of thy Lord. Go up and get thy crown. And a great crown it is." Here is another one before the throne of judgment. He says: "On earth I always went on crutches. I could not get about much, but wherever I had an opportunity of inviting men to Christ, and for good, I tried to do that good. I do not deserve any reward. I accomplished little for my Lord. Oh, how little!" "Well done," says Christ, "Well done. Enter into the joy of thy Lord. Great reward for thee, great reward." And now there is a little child before the throne of judgment. She says: "Go fore the thrope of judgment. She says: "On earth I had curvature of the spine, and I was very weak, and I was very sick. I could not do much for Jesus, but I used to go out into the wild woods and pluck flowers for my sick mother, and I used to bring them back to her room, and she was so cheered and comforted by those flowers that I plucked out of the wild woods." "Well done," says Christ, taking her up in His arms and kissing her, "well done. Go up and get thy crown, little one. Great is thy reward in heaven." But hark! it thunders again. Now, all the well, the stout, the muscular, the healthful of earth come up before the throne of judgment to give answer. I said to an old Scotch minister, who was one of the best friends I ever had, "Doctor, did you ever know in ever had, "Doctor, did you ever know in Scotland the author of 'The Course of Time,' Robert Pollock!" "Oh, yes." he said, "I knew him well. I was his classmate." "Well," I said, "tell me something about him." "Well," he said, "it is a very short story. That book you speak of, 'The Course of Time,' exhausted him, and I believe he died from the effects. The book was too mighty for his physical endurance. Indeed, I cannot see how any one who ever had such a glimpse of the great day of account as Robert Pollock had could live a great while after. It

was so mighty a spectacle he saw, and there are about eight or ten lines of it that impress me more than all: "Begin the woe, ye woods, And tell it to the doleful winds; And doleful winds wail to the howling hills, And howling hills mourn to the dismal vales, And dismal vales sigh to the sorrowing brooks, And sorrowing brooks weep to the weeping stream,

Ye Heavens, great archway of the universe, Put sackcloth on, and ocean robe thyself in garb of widowhood, And gather all thy wares into a groan And utter it long, loud, deep, piercing, dolorous, immense.

An I weeping stream awake the groaning deep,

The occasion asks it. Nature dies And angels come to lay her in the grave." What Robert Pollock saw in poetic vision, you and I will see in reality. The judgment!

TIMELY TOPICS.

Vegetarianism is spreading very rapidly in London. Ten years ago it was difficult to find an avowed vegetirian, themselves daily at vegetarian restaur- of them that havn't married and never spent last summer in the Adirondacks,

Another fiction exploded. The Chinese her. See you later.' do not eat dogs, cats and rate as regular poultry and fish, and are tond of shark's and they walked up Broadway. Miss tains before we left?" fins and edible birds' nests.

Captain Renard's military balloon has been successfully operated in Paris lately on calm days. When there is little wind blowing, it can be moved about in any direction at the will of the pilot, but become unmanageable in a heavy breeze. Still it is a great achievment to succeed as far as the inventor has done, and it will surely not be a long time before an air-ship will be constructed capable of defying the storm.

It is only a score of years since the canning of salmon was begun on the Pacific coast. Everybody was afraid of it, and the proprietor of the first cannery, William Hume, of Oakland, Cal., used to take a basket of cans on his arm and go among the families of his acquaintances explaining the method of its preparation, and inviting a trial. Now canned salmon can be found in every market, and Mr. Hume is a rich man.

little hamlets occupied by the descend- graceful swing she gave her body, ants of the Norsemen who emigrated and the neat fitting dress which she thither hundreds of years ago are in ex- managed with so much finesse that it istence, and that they contain a happy and contented population, uninfluenced by the events passing in the outside world, and unruffled by politics or baseis credited now, was not deemed unfit vegetating there.

Pittsburg scientists are beginning to discuss the possibility of solidifying natural gas into bricks for convenient trans portation, in view of the recent discoveries that most if not all gases can be liquefied. While they are about it, says the St Louis Republican, it would be well for the scientists to find a way of solidifying artificial coal gas as well as natural, as the former is the gas which most of the world's gas consumers are compelled to use. Bricks of solidified gas of a known volume and weight would be sure of a market, as they would put an end to the uncertainty of gas meters and the perilous indefiniteness of quarterly gas

In the metropolis there are 101 hospitals, with throngs of the most stylish, good in which one and a quarter millions of looking, and generally admitted, heart man. Come up to-morrow ovening and new year he must take something in people are relieved, and which dispense outdoor relief to four millions annually. Twenty-five per 1,000 of the population is apartment building after apartment you again," and with the sweetest of people are relieved, and which dispense breakers in the land. What is the matter tell me all about your engagement, won't you; and now farewell till I see friend told me he always emptied his pockets before he left home on New are paupers, and are relieved at a cost of building fitted up exclusively for men, smiles she tripped gaily away up the Year's morning and put in some money over two and a half millions sterling. It and no ladie admitted, while all promi- avenue. houses, and 15,519 males and 9,618 fe- of celibacy through what?

GOTHAM CIRLS.

And Why Fifty Thousand Bachelors Are Afraid to Marry the Lovely Lassies.

The Men Say the Girls are Elegant to Call Upon and Go Out With, but so Expensive.

[Special New York Letter:]

fess." "Yes, lost it again, Spirto, and this

of mind as well. ady's heart in return?"

and knew I couldn't get consent, it that elderly maiden lady, with the enorwouldn't be so bad. You see I can't mous hat and military looking suit. She can, Mr. Thaxman, and good-bye," and possibly marry, couldn't think of it for | belongs to the past tense, as the boyssay, | the visitor vanished up Broadway. a minute on my income, and there's no and will never see the sunny side of I'm in a fix."

"What's your income?" "Well, about \$2,500 per annum, at I'm going to astonish her.

present."

"Marry the girl." "What! Do you really mean to advise a man to marry on such an income! Why, it wouldn't more than pay rent for the apartments my girl would want to live in. Do you know what it costs to get quire in a husband?" married and live in New York in any sort of shape, and with any sort of a stylish girl. It can't be done on less than \$5,000 a year, and if you havn't got that much at least, the old man wouldn't think of it, even if the girl would, which is very doubtful. No sirce, no marry



"NO MARRY FOR ME."

something about the geography of mar- ever. ried life in New York just look around | . "Well, the next one you tackle, just is decreasing every year, too. I tell you less sport at my expense." it is a dangerous thing to marry nowa- "I'll do it, and here comes the very

Carrie was certainly a stylish and hand-



MISS CARRIE R.

some young lady, and as they walked From Greenland comes the story that away I couldn't help thinking of the seemed born a part of her.

What did her get-up cost? How much ball. Centuries ago the coast of Green- of her dress! Evidently it was gained the country, which then boasted a less different watering places, and high find the right one?" rigorous climate than that with which is priced ones, as you don't find just that for settlement. It is something to know hotels, and it cannot be learned in a marry all of them you know, and so come, and you must ask his name. If that other than Esquimaux humanity is single season. That swing a one is evi- here I am, still in the market, and he says "John Smith," he must not be dence of an expenditure of at least \$5,- autumn is here, too. Well, I suppose admitted, because the initial letters of 000 at high priced watering places. Her I'll have to wait till your fiancee quar- his name are curved; but if he say "Edhat must have cost semething like rels with you and then fall back on ward Thompson," admit him at once, as twenty-five dollars, at a low estimate, you after all," with a roguish twinkle in his initial letters are made up of straight and six in a season is none too many. her eyes. Kid gloves run about four pair a month. Dresses, well, heaven and the wearer Miss Catlin, anyhow, and what do you must then wish you a happy New Year, only knows what they cost, to say nother expect to marry him for, if I may and, after receiving a gift, pass out ing of the numerous unmentionables not ask?" ing of the numerous unmentionables not ask?" visible to the outward gaze but neverthe less there, and probably costly, provided adulterated love, and I want a man that year. On both Christmas and New one could judge the inside from the out. I can really love, and waste my affection And so a young man with an income of on. A real, live man, too. None of your to strike twelve, the doors—especially \$2,500 per year couldn't think of marry- Jim dandies that loaf about street cor- the front and back—are opened, that the ing a lady brought up in this way, and ners, carry silver headed canes, and look bad spirits may pass out and the good

she wouldn't think of marrying him. Can it be possible that there are 50,-000 bachelors in New York city-bach- alone?" clors of marriageable age who expect to remain so through life. It is undoubtedly so, and this, too, in spite of the poor." fact that our streets are fairly crowded The London City Press publishes some and jammed every Saturday afternoon, going to marry for love if I ever marry the old year is dead, and so secure good interesting facts and figures of London. especially Broadway and Fifth avenue, at all, but,—well—to be candid with luck to the household. When the master

the work done for the Christian church and done for the betterment of the work? scondition has been done by invalids, while such a mutitude of men with vast physical endurance have accomplished nothing for God! Achievements for invalids, of course—

With the faculties that God nas given us? What is the account we shall have at last to render? While I was preparing this subject, I thought how abashed I will be at last to render? While I was preparing this subject, I thought how abashed I will be at last to render? While I was preparing this subject, I thought how abashed I will be at last to render? While I was preparing this subject, I thought how abashed I will be at last to render? While I was preparing this subject, I thought how abashed I will be at last to render? While I was preparing this subject, I thought how abashed I will be at last to render? While I was preparing this subject, I thought how abashed I will be at last to render? While I was preparing this subject, I thought how abashed I will be at last to render? While I was preparing this subject, I thought how abashed I will be at last to render? While I was preparing this subject, I thought how abashed I will be at last to render? While I was preparing this subject, I thought how abashed I will be at last to render? While I was preparing this subject, I thought how abashed I will be at last to render? While I was preparing this subject, I thought how abashed I will be at last to render? While I was preparing the last to render? While I was preparing th

me on the corner of Twenty-third street and Broadway, in front of the Fifth Avenue hotel, the general loafing place of the swell dandies who wish to ogle I inquire?" the ladies as they pass, for here Broadway crosses Fifth avenue, and if a man will only linger there long enough he will meet all the friends he has in the city, since all who are able to walk pass this spot at least once a week.

"That's a funny question and demands a serious answer. I never found a girl whose nose just suited me." "Pshaw. What is the reason, seriously

speaking?" "Well, seriously speaking, the same

"Hello, Cholly, how are you? Lost thing that keeps the boys generally from your heart, evidently, this season. marrying -a wholesome fear of the here-Who's the fair one? Might as well con-"Explain yourself."

"Stand here with me a minute, watch time for keeps, and my head and peace the ladies that pass by, and listen to what I have to say to some of them "What's the row? Can't you get the whom I know. You know I am a privdy's heart in return?"

ileged character, and they won't take offense if I ask questions. You see that trouble comes in. If I hadn't got it, lady coming across the avenue, I mean

you a question on an important matter him before in five years. Got lots of for the benefit of my friend?" "Bon Jour, Meestair Thaxman. Cer-

tainlee, certainlee." "Madam Juvec, what would you re-



"MON DIEU! MEESTAIRE THAXMAN." "Mon Dieu, Mistaire Thaxman. Tell rouwh frien' zat I wouldna' marree ze bes' man zat leeves in ze worrl." And with a sarcastic glance at me she

passed by like an insulted tornado. "Whew, good heavens, she thought you wanted to marry her and refused. Ha, ha, ha, ha," and he laughed until I it. Now if you really want to know could have forsworn his friendship for-

among your friends and see how few leave me out, il you please, and perhaps of the boys get married, and the number you will get more information and have

days in this city, and the boys know it lady we want to see. She's as winning by heart. There's at least fifty thousand and pretty as can be found in Gotham, expect to, in this city alone, and I am and will break your heart in three eveone of the unhappy band. So long, nings, if she wants to. What she will there's Miss Carrie R., and I want to see have to say about wedded bliss will be

diet, but only in rare instances. They some of the best revolutionary blood of I haven't seen you for an age. I thought live mainly on garden vegetables, rice, Gothan, bowed sweetly, he joined her you promised to come up in the moun-

that I am no longer a free man, and with the best of them." haven't been since spring. I'm en-

didn't you give me a chance? Who is it? I'm dying to know who's going to get married. Havn't had an invitation



"who is it? I'M DYING TO KNOW."

"Why don't you get up one on your have ill luck. On New Year's eve you land was the Danish fishing ground, and only through a long series of seasons at own account, Miss Catlin? Can't you must take pieces of money, bread, wood

peculiar undulation at any second rate right ones this summer, but I couldn't after 12 o'clock. Some one will then

like golden calves or brazen images." "So you really would marry for love

"Yes. Every time."

you I don't think I could love a poor enters his house for the first time in the

also seems that there are many more nent flat buildings in the city have their wishe's right. She's no business to mother's, and so reached his home lunatic women than men. Cabs have suits of rooms known as whachelor marry a poor man. She'd break her armed with the necessaries of life. Some increased during the last ten years from apartments," and well til ed with jolly heart in a year it she couldn't have what people place a sixpence on the doorstep 10,000 to over 10,000; 14,478 children single gentlemen of marriageable age she wanted, and that's the trouble with on New Year's eve, and so soon as the were lost in London last year. Greater who haven't any idea of marrying in this the most of them," said Sam. "Her clock strikes it is brought in. N. B .-London contains an area of 448,881 acres. life-men who enjoy life for all there is father is a broker who once had consid- This, I need hardly say, is done in the The population is given as 5, 199, 166, of in it-generally men who have made erable money, but I guess the most of it country! You must never go out on whom 60,252 are foreigners, 49,554 their pile, and have enough to marry on is spent, or soon will be, for he's a risky New Year's day until some one has come Scotch, 80,778 Irish, 3,216 blind and if they so desired—men who belong to speculator, and has made some bad in is the rule in some parts.—Notes and 1,972 deaf and dumb. In 1854 there the Union League and other clubs, and breaks in the market lately. However, Queries. were 11,705 licensed public and beer men who have become wedded to a life here comes a young lady of a different stamp. I'll explain before she arrives males were charged with drunkenness. "Sam, why is it that you have never that this girl is an organist, or rather has been an organist, and is now a music has killed and 3,592 maimed by street acci-have dents, and 354 suicides. There were some forty well spent winters, a member this summer, and took it out at Ashbury

"Good morning, Miss Linton. I haven't seen you all summer. Where have you been putting in the time, may

"Mr. Thaxman, good morning. Real glad to see you. As to putting in time this summer, why I've had an elegant time at Saratoga, Newport, and in August we went to Cape May-but-my name isn't Miss Linton. I've changed it, you see."

"Married, Miss Linton, or Mrs.-"Yes, Mr. Thaxman, married, and Mr. and Mrs. Devlin will be pleased to see you at the Windsor Hotel any time you may wish to call. You see, George, that's Mr. D., is building a new house on the Avenue, and it is so very elegant that it will take several months to complete it. We're going to furnish it from Paris direct, and quite up to the latest designs."

"Allow me to congratulate you. Mrs. Devlin, on your marriage; but it surely cannot be George Devlin, the retired merchant, that is your husband."

"It just is, though, and we would like to see you very much. Call when you

"Well, well, well. So poor old Devprospect of an increase that I can see, so forty again. She's as prim as they make | lin, who retired so long ago that the 'em, and as proud as Lucifer before he street has forgotten him completely, has fell like the snowlake. Here she is, and married this young lady of twenty-five or six. Why, he must be at least seven-"Bung Jure, Madam Juvec. May I ask ty-five or eighty, and I haven't heard of money, though. Do you wonder that I am single after this, and don't marry? I've seen this thing of money, position, blood, ancestry, and "pure, unadulterated love" for twenty years, and it is getting worse every year. I tell you the reason I never married and never will marry can be summed up in a few words: I never found a girl with a nose just to suit me. Good morning," and he passed away, striking the ground viciously with

his rattan cane as he walked. Pondering deeply on what had passed, walked slowly home and met Kitty great favorite with the boarders. She was just returning from a trip to the country. Fresh air would give her fresh ideas, perhaps, and beside she wasn't over sixteen.

"Kitty, what is your idea of married life? Give a serious answer, for I'm puz-



KITIY WAYLAND.

"Good gracious, you aren't going to propose I hope." "No, Kitty, no to-day. But what do you know about proposal sanyway?" . "Well, I just know this much, that And as Miss Carrie R., connected with "Why, Mr. Thaxman, how do you do? the man who proposes to me and expects to get me will have to have a pretty solid bank account, for I'm going to live in one of the handsomest flats in "So I did, Miss Catlin, but the fact is this city when I marry, and keep up

"Wouldn't you marry a poor man if you loved him, Kitty, and be satisfied Engaged, Mr. Thaxman! Why with a small apartment over in Jersey

"I wouldn't marry the best man living if he hadn't money. You don't think I'm going to marry and be a maid of all work, do you, just to please some

"Kitty, are those your irrevocable sentiments!"

"They certainly are, so if you've got any poor young man picked out for me, bring him around and I'll give him the grand bounce to-night before it goes any farther. I believe in nipping these things in the bud. Ta, ta, and don't forget to bring him around soon," and she skipped upstairs. The problem of mating the bachelors

and the maidens still remains unsolved. SPIRTO GENTIL.

English New Year Superstitions.

At Christmas parties in the country the young men have the privilege of kissing any of the opposite sex they can get hold of. When Sir Roger DeCoverly is danced the chief guests are expected to dance with the cook and butler. All peacock feathers must be thrown out before New Year's day, or else you will and coal, and a little salt, tie them up "Oh, my, yes. I found a dozen of the in a bundle, and lay on the doorsten lines; but he must bring the bundle in "What kind of a man do you want, with him that was laid on the step. He "For love, Mr. Thaxman, pure, un- good luck is yours for another Year's eves, when the clock begins ones pass in, and immediately the clock has struck twelve the doors are shut, as it is said, "to keep the good spirits in." The first person to enter the house on a "But, suppose the gentleman was New Year's morning must be a man. Many Holderness folks tell some little "My dear Mr. Thaxman, I'm certainly chap to be ready to come in so soon as and bread, which he procured at his

Love and Gravitation.

"Tis love that makes the world go round." Glad of the explanation. We always thought that we had found The cause in gravitation.

The terms are still synonymous And they are right who say Love turns the heads of all of us Who gravitate that way.

-dittsburg Dispatch. THE WINTRY WIND.

I come from haunts of mount and lake, I make a sullen sally, And send the small boy's milkpail gay

A sailing up the alley. I paint the maiden's nose with red, And send the leaves a scooting, And make the fat man chase his hat,

With howling and with hooting. From off the line the clothes I blow,

And e'en the line I sever, For dust may come and dust may go. But I go on forever.

-Cleveland Graphic. Coming. to I am watching quietly Every day! Whenever the sun shines brightly

I rise and say, Surely it is the shining of His face! And look unto the gates of his high place Beyond the sea; For I know he is coming shortly To summon me. And when a shadow talls across the window

Of my room, Where I am working my appointed task, I lift my head to watch the door—and ask If He is come;

And as an angel answers sweetly In my home, "Only a few more shadows And he will come!"

RELIGIOUS READING.

Work Out Your Salvation. '

Work out your own salvation, with fear and trembling. This injunction does not mean what, to a great many minds, it seems to mean. In some parts of the country, a tax for the keeping of the roads in repair can be paid in cash, or it can be "worked out;"-that is, it can be paid by personal labor. So, land owners often "work out" their highway tax. It is not that kind of working out that Wayland just entering the door. Kitty this text refers to. No man can secure is a niece of the lady of the house, and a his salvation by work, even with fear this text refers to. No man can secure and trembling, and in prayers and tears. Again, there is a custom of working out a farm rent on shares, The farmer does all the work, and takes half the result, the other half going to the farm owner. It is not that kind of working out one's salvation that is here meant. Salvation is not secured from God on shares. It is wholly the gift of God, and all the work in the world could never merit nor obtain any portion of it. But he who has salvation, he who is saved by grace through faith (and this letter of Paul is to persons in that state), has a duty to work out in the line of his salvation; to keep right at the work which is along the course, and in the direction of the end, of God's plan of grace. It might, perhaps, give light to this extent to change the figure from the farmer to the soldier, and read it, Fight out-or fight on-your enlistment with fear and trembling. Now that you have enlisted, and are accepted as a soldier, keep right at the soldier business, and do it with such zealous earnestness' that you will be all of a tremble in your anxious desire to do it just as it should be done. There is no danger of any over-reliance on one's personal activity in such working, or such fighting, as this, in the line of one's redemption from sin and its curse, here in this world of probation and trial.—Sel.

Mr. Lowell on Christianity.

One of the most serious and notable of the admirable after-dinner speeches that made Mr. Lowell so famous in England has only lately been published. It was called out by some allusions to the Christian religion made in the tone of genteel skepticism quite common among the literary men of England. Mr. Lowell took occasion to remind those enemies of the religion which is at the very heart of all there is good in civilization, that "whatever defects or imperfections may attach to a few points of the doctrinal system of Calvin-the bulk of which was simply what all Christians believe-it will be found that Calvinism, or any other ism which claims an open Bible and proclaims a crucified and risen Christ, is infinitely preferable to any form co polite and polished skepticism, which gathers as its votaries the degenerate sons of heroic ancestors, who, having been trained in a society and educated in schools the foundations of which were laid by men of faith and piety now turn and kick down the ludder by which they have climbed up, and persuade men to live without God and die without hope."

"The worst kind of religion," continued Mr. Lowell, "is no religion at all; and these men, living in ease and luxury, indulging themselves in the amusement of going without religion, may be thankful that they live in lands where the gospel they neglect has tamed the beastliness or ferocity of the men who, but for Christianity. might long ago have eaten their carcasses like the South Sea Islanders, or cut off their heads and tanned their hides, like the monsters of the French Revolution. When the microscopic search of skepticism, which had hunted the heavens and sounded the seas to disprove the existence of a Creator, has turned its attention to human society, and have found a place on this planet ten miles square where a decent man can live in decency, comfort and security, supporting and educating his children unspoiled and unpolluted; a place where age is reverenced, infancy protected, manhood respected, womanhood honored, and human life held in due regard; when skeptics can find such a place ten miles square on this globe, where the gospel of Christ has not gone and cleared the way and laid the foundations, and made decency and security possible,

it will then be in order for the skeptical literati to move thither and there ventilate his views. But so long as these very men are dependent upon the religion which they discard for every privilege they enjoy, they may well hesitate a little before they seek to rob the Christion of his hope and humanity of its faith in that Savior who alone has given to man that hope of life eternal which makes life tolerable and society possible, and robs death of its terror and the grave of its gloom."

Faith and Hope
Are the bright pillars of the Golden Gate,
And on the threshold of the Kingdom wait, But Charity, the road, winds onward through Into the Land where God makes all things -A. E. Hamilton.

There are no fewer than sixty-four volumes of the German Bible for the blind. It costs \$25. The letters are n haut-relief and the paper very