REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "A Song Concerning My

Text: "Now will I sing to my well be-loved a song of my beloved."-Isaiah, v., 1.

Beloved."

The most fascinating theme for a heart properly attuned is the Saviour. There is something in the morning light to suggest Him, and something in the evening shadow to speak His praise. The flower breathes Him, the star shines him, the cascade proclaims Him, all the voices of nature chant Him. claims Him, all the voices of nature chain.

Him. Whatever is grand, bright and beautiful, if you only listen to it, will speak His praise. When I come in the summer time and pluck a flower, I think of Him who is "the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley." When I see in the fields a lamb, I say: "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the the fields a lamb, I say: "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." When, in very hot weather, I come under a projecting cliff, I say:

Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee!

Over the old-fashioned pulpits there was a sounding board. The voice of the minister rose to the sounding board and then was struck back again upon the ears of the people. And so the ten thousand voices of earth rising up find the heavens a sounding board, which strike back to the ear of all the nations the praises of Christ. The heavens tell tions the praises of Christ. The heavest can his glory and the earth shows his handiwork. The Bible thrills with one great story of redemption. Upon a blasted and faded paradise is poured the light of a glorious restoration. It looked upon Abraham from the ram caught in the thicket. It spoke in the blasting of the hearts driven down to Jerusaating of the herds driven down to Jerusableating of the herds driven down to Jerusa-lem for sacrifice. It put infinite pathos into the speech of uncouth fishermen. It lifted Paul into the seventh heaven, and it broke upon the ear of St. John with the brazen trumpets and the doxology of the elders and

trumpets and the doxology of the elders and the rushing wings of the seraphim.

Instead of waiting until you get sick and worn out before you speak the praise of Christ, while your heart is happiest, and your step is lightest, and your fortunes smile, and your pathway blossoms, and the overarching heavens drop upon you their benediction, heavens drop upon you their benediction, speak the praise of Jesus. The old Greek orators, when they saw their

audiences innattentive and slumbering, had one word with which they would rouse them up to the greatest enthusiasm. In the midst of their orations they would stop and cry out, "Marathon!" and the people's enthusiasm would be unbounded. My hearers, though would be unbounded. My hearers, though you may have been borne down with sin, and though trouble, and trials, and temptation may have come upon you, and you feel hardly like looking up, methinks there is one grand, royal, imperial word that ought to rouse your soul to infinite rejoicing, and that

rouse your soul to infinite rejoicing, and that word is "Jesus!"

Taking the suggestion of the text, I shall speak to you of Christ, our song. I remark, in the first place, that Christ ought to be the cradle song. What our mothers sang to us when they put us to sleep is singing yet. We may have forgotten the words, but they went into the fiber of our soul, and will forever be a part of it. It is not so much what you formally teach your children as what you sing to them. A hymn has wings and can fly everywhither. One hundred and fifty years after you are dead, and "Old Mortality" has worn out his chisel in recutting your name on the tombstone, your great grandchildren will be singing the song which this afternoon you sing to your little ones gathered about your knee. There is a place in Switzerland where, if you distinctly utter your voice, there come back ten or fifplace in Switzerland where, it you distinctly utter your voice, there come back ten or fifteen distinct echoes, and every Christian song sung by a mother in the ear of her child shall have ten thousand echoes coming child shall have ten thousand echoes coming back from all the gates of heaven. Oh, if mothers only knew the power of this sacred spell, how much oftener the little ones would be gathered, and all our homes would chime

with the songs of Jesus!
We want some counteracting influence
upon our children. The very moment your
child steps into the street, he steps into the
path of temptation. There are foul mouthed
children who would like to besoil your little ones. It will not do to keep your boys and girls in the house and make them house plants; they must have fresh air and recrea-God save your children from the ng, blasting, damning influence of the , blasting, damning influence of the I know of no counteracting influence but the power of Christian culture and example. Hold before your little ones the pure life of Jesus; let that name be the word that shall exorcise evil from their hearts. Give to your instruction all the fascination Give to your instruction all the fascination of music, morning, noon and night; let it be Jesus, the cradle song. This is important if your children grow up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short, Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the dwelling, and the youthful pulse will begin to flutter, and little hands will be lifted for help. You can not help. And a great agony will pinch at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the nursery will be empty, and the nursery will be empty, and the world the nursery will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. scattered on the carpet. No quick following from room to room. No strange and wonder ing questions. No upturned face, with laughing questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, comes for a kiss; and a sighing at nightfall with no one to put to bed, and a wet pillow, and a grave, and a wreath of white blossoms on the top of it. The heavenly Shepherd will take that lamb safely anyhow, whether you have been faithful or unfaithful; but would it not have been pleasanter if you could have heard from those lips the praises of Christ? I never read anything praises of Christ? I never read anything more beautiful than this about a child's departure. The account said: "She folded her hands, Itissed her mother good-by, sang her hymn, turned her face to the wall, said her little prayer, and then died."

Oh, if I could gather up in one paragraph the last words of the little ones who have gone out from all these Christian circles, and I could picture the calm looks, and the folded hands, and sweet departure, mathinks it more beautiful than this about a child's de-

hands, and sweet departure, methinks it would be grand and beautiful as one of heaven's great doxologies!

I next speak of Christ as the old man's

song. Quick music loses its charm for the aged ear. The school girl asks for a schottische or a glee; but her grandmother asks for "Balerma" or the "Portuguese Hymn." Fifty years of trouble have tamed the spirit, Fifty years of trouble have tamed the spirit, and the keys of the music board must have a solemn tread. Though the voice may be tremulous, so that grandfather will not trust it in church, still he has the psalm book open before him, and he sings with his soul. He hums his grandchild asleep with the same tune he sang forty years ago in the old country meeting house. Some day the choir sings a tune so old that the young people do not know it; but it starts the tears down the cheek of the aged man, for it reminds him of the revival scene in which he participated, and of the radiant faces that long since went to dust, and of the gray haired minister leanto dust, and of the gray haired minister lean-ing over the pulpit, and sounding the good

ing over the pulpit, and sounding the good tidings of great joy.

I was one Thankgsgiving day in my pulpit, in Syracuse, N. Y., and Rev. Daniel Waldo, at ninety-cight years of age, stood beside me. The choir sang a tune. I said: "I am sorry they sang that new tune; nobody seems to know it." "Bless you, my son," said the old man. "I heard that seventy years ago."

There was a song to day that touched the life of the aged with holy fire and kindled a glory on their vision that our younger eye-sight cannot see. It was the song of salva-tion—Jesus, who fed them all their lives long; Jesus, who wiped away their tears; Jesus, who stood by them when all else failed; Jesus, in whose name their marriage was consecrated, and whose resurrection has poured light upon the graves of their de-parted. Blessed the Bible in which spec-tacled old age reads the promise: "I will tacled old age reads the promise: "I will never leave you, never forsake you!" Blessed the staff on which the worn out pilgrim totters on toward the welcome of his Redeemer! Blessed the hymn book in which the falter-ing tongue and the failing eyes find Jesus,

ing tongue and the failing eyes find Jesus, the old man's song.

I speak to you again of Jesus as the night song. Job speaks of him who giveth songs in the night. John Welch, the old Scotch minister, used to put a plaid across his bed on cold nights, and some one asked him why he put that there. He said: "Oh, sometimes in the night I want to sing the praise of Jesus and to get down and pray; then I of Jesus, and to get down and pray; then I just take that plaid and wrap it around me to keep myself from the cold." Songs in the night! Night of trouble has come down upon many of you. Commercial losses put out one star, slanderous abuse puts out an-other star, domestic bereavement has put out a thousand lights, and gloom has been added to gloom, and chill to chill, and sting to sting, and one midnight has seemed to borrow the fold from another midnight to wrap itself in more unbearable darkness; but Christ has spoken peace to your heart, and

Jesus, lover of my soul.

Let me to Thy bosom fly.

While the billows near me roll,

While the tempest still is high.

Hide me, oh. my Saviour! hide

Till the storm of life is past,

Safe into the haven guide.

O, receive my soul at last.

Songs in the night! Songs in the night! Songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the sick, who have no one to turn the hot pillow, no one to put the taper on the stand, no one to put ice on the temple, or pour out the soothing anodyne, or utter one cheerful word—yet songs in the night! For the poor, who freeze in the winter's cold, and swelter in the summer's heat, and munch the hard crusts that bleed the sore gums, and shiver under blankets that cannot any longer be patched, and tremble because rent day is come and they may be set out on the sidecome and they may be set out on the side-walk, and looking into the starved face of the child and seeing famine there and death there, coming home from the bakery, and saying, in the presence of the little famished saying, in the presence of the little famished ones: "Oh, my God, flour has gone up!" Yet songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the widow who goes to get the back pay of her husband, slain by the "sharp shooters," and knows it is the last help she will have, moving out of a comfortable home in desolation, death turning back from the exhausting cough, and the pale cheek, and the lusterless eye, and refusing all relief. Yet songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the soldier in the field hospital, no surgeon to bind up the gun shot fracture, no water for the hot lips, no kind hand to brush away the flies from the fresh wound, no one to take the loving farewell, the groaning of others poured into his own groan, the ing of others poured into his own groan, the blasphemy of others plowing up his own spirit, the condensed bitterness of dying away from home among strangers. Yet songs in the night! Songs in the night!

songs in the night! Songs in the night!
"Ah!" said one dying soldier, "tell my
mother that last night there was not one
cloud between my soul and Jesus. Songs in
the night! Songs in the night!
The Sabbath day has come. From the
altars of ten thousand churches has smoked
up the savor of sacrifice. Ministers of the
cospel are now preaching in plain English,
in broad Scotch, in flowing Italian, in harsh
Choctaw. God's people have assembled in in broad Scotch, in flowing Italian, in harsh Choctaw. God's people have assembled in Hindoo temple, and Moravian church, and Quaker meeting house, and sailor's bethel, and king's chapel, and high towered cathedral. They sang, and the song floated off amidst the spice groves, or struck the ice-bergs, or floated off into the western pines, or was drowned in the clamor of the great cities. Lumbermen sang it, and the factory girls, and the children in the Sabbath class, and the trained choirs in great assemblages. Trappers, with the same voice with which they shouted yesterday in the stag hunt, and mariners with throats that only a few days ago sounded in the the stag hunt, and mariners with throas that only a few days ago sounded in the hoarse blast of the sea hurricane, they sang it. One theme for the sermons. One burden for the song. Jesus for the invocation. Jesus for the Scripture lesson. Jesus for the baptismal font. Jesus for the sacramental transfer the homediction. But the day baptismai font. Jesus for the sacramental cup. Jesus for the benediction. But the day will go by. It will roll away on swift wheels of light and love. Again the churches will be lighted. Tides of people again setting down the streets. Whole families coming up the church aisle. We must have one more sermon, two prayers, three songs, and one benediction. What shall we preach to-night? What shall we read? What shall it be, children? Aged men and women, what shall it be? Young men and maidens, what shall it be? If you dared to break the silence of this

be? If you dared to break the silence of this auditory there would come up thousands of quick and jubilant voices crying out, "Let it be Jesus! Jesus!

We sing His birth—the barn that sheltered Him, the mother that nursed Him, the cattle that fed beside Him, the angels that woke up the shepherds, shaking light over the midnight hills. We sing His ministry—the tears He wiped away from the eye sof the orphans; the lame men that forgot their crutches; the the lame men that forgot their crutches; the damsel who from the bier bounded out into the sunlight, her locks shaking down over the flushed cheek; the hungry thousand who have the the control of the sunlight of the sunlig broke the bread as it blossomed into larger loaves—the miracle by which a boy with five loaves and two fishes became the sutler for a whole army. We sing His sorrow—His stone bruised feet, His aching heart, His mountain loneliness, His deser's hunger, His storm-pelted body, the eternity of angnish that shot through His last moments, and the that shot through His last moments, and the immeasurable ocean of torment that heaved up against His cross in one foaming, wrathful, omnipotent surge, the sun dashed out, and the dead, shroud wrapped, breaking open their sepulchres, and rushing out to see what was the matter. We sing His resurrection—the guard that could not keep Him; the sorrow of His disciples; the clouds piling up on either side in pillared splendor as He went through, treading the pathless air, higher and higher, until He came to the foot of the throne, and all heaven kept jubilee at the return of the Conqueror. eturn of the Conqueror.

I say once more, Christ is the everlasting song. The very best singers sometimes get weary, and many who sang very sweetly do weary, and many who sang very sweetly do
not sing now, but I hope by the grace of God
we will, after a while, go up and sing the
praises of Christ where we will never be
weary. You know there are some songs that
are especially appropriate for the home circle,
They stir the soul, they start the tears, they
turn the heart in on itself, and keep sounding
effor the true has stooped like some catheafter the tune has stopped, like some cathe ara! bell which, long after the tap of the brazen tongue has ceased, keeps throbbing on the air. Well, it will be a home song in heaven: all the sweeter because those who sang with us in the domestic circle on earth shall join that great harmony.

Jernsalem, my happy home Name ever dear to mo When shall my labors have an end In joy and peace in thee.

On earth we sang harvest songs as the wheat came into the barn, and the barracks were filled You know there is no such time were filled You know there is no such time on a farm as when they get the crops in; and so in heaven it will be a harvest song on the part of those who on earth sowed in tears and reaped in joy. Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let the sheaves come in! Angels shout all through the heavens, and multitudes come down the hills crying:

"Harvest home! harvest home!"

There is nothing more bewitching to one's ear than the song of sailors far out at sea, ear than the song of sailors far out at sea, whether in day or night, as they pull away at the ropes; the music is weird and thrilling. So the song in heaven will be a sailor's song. They were voyagers once, and thought they could never get to shore, and before they could get things snug and trim the cyclone struck them. But now they are safe. Once they went with damaged rigging, guns of distress booming through the storm; but the pilot came aboard, and he brought them into the harbor. Now they sing of the breakers past, the lighthouses that showed them where to sail, the pilot that took them through the straits, the eternal shore on which they straits, the eternal shore on which they landed.

landed.

Ay, it will be the children's song. You know very well that the vast majority of our race die in infancy, and it is estimated that eighteen thousand millions of the little ones are standing before God. When they shall rise up about the throne to sing, the millions and the millions of the little ones ah! that will be music for you! These played in the streets of Babylon and Thebes; these plucked lilies from the foot of Olivet while Christ was preaching about them; these waded in Siloam; these were victims of Herod's massacre: these were thrown to crocodiles or into the fire; these came up from Christian homes, and these were foundlings on the city commons—children everywhere in all that land; children in the towers, children on the seas of glass, children on the battlements. Ah, if you do not like children, do not go there. They are in vast majority, and what

a song when they lift it around about the The Christian singers and composers of all ages will be there to join in the song. Thomas Hastings will be there. Lowell Mason will be there. Bradbury will be there. Beetho-ven and Mozart will be there. They who sounded the cymbals and the trumpets in the ancient temples will be there. The forty thousand harpers that stood at the ancient dedication will be there. The two hundred singers that assisted on that day will be there. Patriarchs who lived amidst threshing floors, shepherds who watched amidst Chalfloors, shepherds who watched amidst Unai-dean hills, prophets who walked, with long beards and coarse apparel, pronouncing woe against ancient abominations, will meet the more recent martyrs who went up with leaping cohorts of fire; and some will speak of the Jesus of whom they prophesied, and others of the Jesus for whom they died. Oh, what a song! It came to John upon Patmos; it came to Calvin in the prison: it dropped to John Knox in the fire, and sometimes that song has come to your ear, perhaps, for I

the battlements of heaven.

A Christian woman, the wife of a minister of the gospel, was dying in the parsonage near the old church, where on Saturday night the choir used to assemble and rehears for the following Sabbath, and she said for the following Sabbath, and she said:
"How strangely sweet the choir rehearses
to-night; they have been rehearsing there for
an hour." "No," said some one about her
"the choir is not rehearsing to-night." "Yes,"
she said, "I know they are, I hear them sing;
how very sweetly they sing." Now it was
not a choir of earth that she heard, but the
choir of heaven. I think that Jesus some-

really do think it sometimes breaks over

times sets ajar the door of heaven, and a passage of rapture greets our ears. The minstrels of heaven strike such a tremendous minstrels of heaven strike such a tremendous strain, the walls of jasper camot hold it.

I wonder, will you sing that song! Will I sing it! Not unless our sins are pardoned, and we learn now to sing the praise of Christ, will we ever sing it there. The first great concert that I ever attended was in New York, when Julien, in the Crystal Palace, stood before hundreds of singers and hundreds of players upon instruments. Some of you may remember the occasion; it was the first one of that kind at which I was present, and one of that kind at which I was present, and I shall never forget it. I saw that one man standing, and with the hand and foot wield standing, and with the satir and took went that great harmony, beating the time. It was to me overwhelming. But oh, the grander scene when they shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, "a great multitude that no man can number," into the temple of the skies, host beyond host, rank beyond rank, skies, host beyond host, rank beyond rank, gallery above gallery, and Jesus shall stand before that great host to conduct the harmony, with his wounded hands and his wounded feet. Like the voice of many waters, like the voice of mighty thunderings, they shall cry: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive blessings, and riches, and honor, and golove, and power, world without." was saint of elected by the saint in the saint honor, and glory, and power, world without end. Amen and amen!" Oh, if my ear shall hear no other sweet sounds, may I hear that! If I join no other glad assemblage, may I join that.

I was reading of the battle of Agincourt. I was reading of the battle of Agincourt, in which Henry V figured; and it is said after the battle was won, gloriously won, the King wanted to acknowledge the divine interposition, and he ordered the chaplain to read the Psaim of David; and when he came to the words: "Not unto us, O Lord, but unto Thy name be praise," the king dismounted, and all the cavalry dismounted and all the great host, officers and men, threw themselves on their faces. O, at the story of the Savior's love and the Savior's deliverance, shall we not prostrate ourselves. read the Psalm of David; and when he came deliverance, shall we not prostrate ourselves before him now, hosts of earth and hosts of heaven, falling upon our faces, and crying: "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name be the glory!"

TEMPERANCE.

What Are We Going to Do? What are we going to do, sweet friends, In the year that is to come. To baffle that frightful fiend of death Whose messenger is rum? Shall we fold our hands and bid him pass As he has passed before, Leaving his deadly-poisoned draught At every unbarred door!

What are we going to do, sweet friends, Still wait for crime and pain. Then bind the bruises, and heal the wound, And soothe the woe again! Let the fiend still torture the weary wife, Still poison the coming child, Still break the suffering mother's heart, Still drive the sister wild!

Still bring to the grave the gray-haired sire, Still martyr the brave young soul, Till the waters of death, like a burning

stream.
O'er the whole great nation roll:
And poverty take the place of wealth,
And sin and crime and shame
Drag down to the very depthe of hell The highest and proudest name

Is this our mission on earth, sweet friends, In the years that are to come! If not, let us rouse and do the work Against this spirit of rum. There is not a soul so poor and weak, In all this goodly land,

But against this evil a word may speak, And lift a warning hand. And lift a warning hand, sweet friends, With a cry for home and hearth. Adding voice to voice, till the sound shall

sweep, Like rum's death-knell, o'er the earth, And the weak and wavering shall hear, And the faint grow brave and strong,
And the true and good and great and wise
Join hands to right this wrong.

—Good Times.

Bad Substitutes.

It is the theory of not a few opponents of the saloon that the way to diminish the evil effects of intemperance is to substitute beer and wine for alcoholic beverages. We have never had any faith in this theory. In the first place, the tendency of both wine and beer is to promote the appetite for the stronger drinks, as is clearly demonstrated by several facts. For example, to name a few, the number of saloons licensed to sell in the stronger drinks as it is clearly demonstrated by several facts. a few, the number of saloons licensed to sell beer and wine only is very small in proportion to the number licensed to sell both distilled and fermented drin's; absinthe, a destructive alcoholic liquor, is taking the place of wine in France, the land of champagne; the alcoholic evil became so great in wine-producing Switzerland as to compel the Republic to take stringent mage. ompel the Republic to take stringent measures for the repression of the traffic; and the greatest beer country in the world has not been able to prevent increased consumption of spirits. It was only a few weeks ago that of spirits. It was only a few weeks ago that Bismarck, in making his great speech before the Reichstag, refreshed himself at frequent intervals, not with the national drink, but with brandy. In the second place there is plenty of drunkenness in beer, and it is a question whether it is not quite as deadly a foe to the physical and mental man as rum. In the third place, the beer theory has been abundantly proved a delusion. The English Beer Act of 1830 was expected to do wonders in the way of driving expected to do wonders in the way of driving out the stronger drinks and furnishing the people with a "wholesome beverage." The Duke of Wellington, who was a special advo-cate of it, declared it a greater achievement than any of his military victories. And so it was, in one sense. It destroyed more peo-ple than the Duke's armies ever destroyed. Sidney Smith was also a supporter of the bill; but subsequently he lost confidence in it. "The New Beer Bill," he wrote, "hus begun its operations. Everybody is drunk; those who are not singing are sprawling. The sovereign people are in a beastly state." If there are any reputable are sprawling. The sovereign people are in a beastly state." If there are any reputable people in England to-day who have confidence in the beer theory they do not assert their confidence. We notice, on the contrary, in the Contemporary Review, in an article by Francis Peek, author of "Social Wreck-wall and the contrary thin their projects of the contemporary review, in an article by Francis Peek, author of "Social Wreck-wall and the contemporary review, in a contemporary references are the contemporary reputation that in additional references." age" and other studies, this incidental reference to the beer act: "The establishment of ence to the beer act: "The establishment of beer-shops, intended to stay the consumption of spirits and drunkenness, in the end vastly increased both." The writer of these words is not classed among the temperance fanatics in England. It is disinterested testimony.—

Temperance in the Senate. Correct information is the basis of all valuable legislation. It has long been evident that the temperance cause would make more rapid progress if the facts relating to the use and sale of liquor could be authoritatively ascertained and put before the people. If liquor-selling and liquor drinking are the cause of all our crime, and the taxes that result therefrom, the court costs, the penitentiary and juit expenses, etc., if our insane asylums are filled up by the same cause and we are compelled thereby to build additional and larger ones, and yearly increase the already enormous expense; if our pauperism, with valuable legislation. It has long been evilarger ones, and yearly increase the arteary enormous expense; if our pauperism, with all its attendant misery and taxes is mainly traceable to liquor, then the common-sense people of this country have only to have these facts clearly put before them, from undisputed authority, and they will rise in their might and abolish the saloonas surely and increase by as they abolished slavery.

irrevocably as they abolished slavery.

The move in the United States Senate is, therefore, in the right direction. A tele gram states that after listening to an angu-ment from Mr. A. M. Powell, President of ment from Mr. A. M. Powell, President of the National Temperance Society, the Sen-ate Committee on Education, by a unani-mous vote, instructed Senator Wilson, of Iowa, to report favorably the bill providing for the appointment of a commission of five persons, all of whom shall not be advo-cates of total abstimence, to investigate the alcoholic liquor traffic, its relation to revenue and taxation, and its general economic, crim-inal, moral and scientific aspects in connec-tion with pauperism, crime, social vice, the tion with pauperism, crime, social vice, the public health and general welfare of the people; and also to inquire and take testimony as to the practical result of license and pro-

hibitory legislation for the prevention of in-temperance in the several States of the This will lay the foundation for effective work, or shall we say a successful campaign, or annihilating war on the liquor traffic.—
Farm, Field and Stockman.

The amount of liquors consumed for thirteen years in the United States from 1860 to 1872 inclusive, was two billion seven hundred and sixty-two millions nide hundred and sixty-two thousand and sixty-six gallons. The cost to the consumer was \$6,780,161,805. If put in wagons—ten barrels to the wagon—would extend 45,580 miles—nearly twice around the earth, or half way to the moon.

RELIGIOUS READING.

The Unceasing Melody. Like some pink shell, that will not cease Its murmur of the sea,
My heart sings on without release,
This anthem full and free:
"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace Whose mind is stayed on The

The music of the melody Has floated down the years, A soul-subduing harmony, It elevates and cheers; And like the voice of deity,

Boyond the sounds of early strife, Beyond the frown and sigh, Beyond the world with discord rife, It lifts the soul on high— To find a calm and restful life, By faith in Christ brought nigh.

There perfect peace surrounds the soul Whose trust on God is stayed; While pressing onward to the goal, It hears, all undismayed, he deep notes of the music roll The deep notes of the music roll
Through sunlight and through shade.

And this is why, without release, My heart sings full and free, he anthem that will never cease Through ell eternity;
"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace Whose mind is stayed on Thee."
—[Parish Record.

Preparation for Church. The value of the services of the Lord's house depends, to a large extent, upon the frame of mind in which one participates in

Take two men who have come to church, the one from secret prayer, or the family altar, or the morning prayer meeting, the other from miscellaneous occupations, from miscellaneous thoughts furnished by the Sunday newspaper, or from hurried preparation. Will there be no difference between the two in the benefits derived from the Lord's house? in the benefits derived from the Lord's house? Tis true, 'tis better to come from hurry and worry than not to come at all; but how much more philosophical to prepare the heart and mind for hearing by a period of prayer! What think you of the farm r who sows the seed without first preparing the soil? Such is the man who without prayer comes into the sanctuary to hear the gospel. While some of the good seed may possibly take root, so far at least as he is concerned, a part of it will be wasted.—[Golden Rule.

How to Answer Them. It is a bright suggestion of Archdeacon Farrar's to meet the questions of infidelity with harder questions. To most of the points raised by skeptics Christendom frankly responds, "I do not know." Now let the tables be turned. "Where did the matter come from? Can a dead thing create itself? Where did motion come from? Where Where did motion come from? Where life came from save the finger-tip of Omnipotence? Whence came the exquisite order of design of nature? If one told you that millions of printers' types should fortuitously shape themselves into the divine comedy of Dante, or the plays of Shakespeare, would you not think him a madman! Whence came consciousness? Who Shakespeare, would you not think nina mad-man? Whence came consciousness? Who gave you free will? Whence came con-science?" Dr. Farrar truly says: "He who denies the existence of God in the face of such questions as these, talks simply stu-pendous nonsense." To concede that we can-not comprehend infinity can never weaken the position of a Christian. Clearly appre-hend it, and the belief in God's power and his providence logically follow.—[New York Advocate.

Victorious Living.

Advocate.

Jesus, walking on the stormy sea as if it had been a marble floor, was a picture of the victoriousness of His living in all His ex-periences. Thus he walked on all waves. There were rivers of trial in His path but His feet never sank into their waters. He came at the last to a black sea of sorrow, whosebillows rolled like mountains about but He trod them under His feet and passed in quiet majesty to the other side. Or, to drop the figure, He was always victorious in liv-ing. He was never defeated by life's enmities or antagonisms.

In this the life of Christ is a type of what every Christian life should be—victorious al-ways. Jesus Himself said: "In the world ye ways. Jesus filment said: In the wind ye shall have tribulations, but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." St. Paul in speaking of the trials and troubles that beset the Christian,—tribulation, distress, persecutive control of the contro tion, famine, nakedness, sword,—asked:
"Shall these separate us from the love of
Christ?" and answered his own question,
"Nay, in all these things we are more than "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us." These antagonistic innuences snould never be allowed to defeat or crush us. Instead of being vanquished by the ills, trials, and enmities of life, we should overcome them, and be more than mere conquerors, that is, should be triumphant conquerors, through Him that loved us. Nothing should ever defeat us, nothing can defeat us, if we realize our privilege as Christians. "Whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world, and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." [Presbyterian.

James Brainard Taylor. He was a graduate of Princeton, and only twenty-eight when he died, yet he did work that any man might envy. He got hold of the idea that there was something in this doctrine of the enduement of the Spirit. Studying this subject, he became perfectly sure that the Holy Gnost might come upon him as upon the original disciples. So he prayed, and his prayers were answered. Whenever he went out he stirred all with whom he came in contact. Sinners used to the before his praching a grant before the fall before his preaching as grass before the scythe. It was spontaneous. He could not help speaking to men, and his words were mighty. There is one very beautiful incident in his life. One day he was out driving, and he drew his horse up to a watering-trough. It so happened that another young man was doing the same thing. While the horses' heads met in the trough he turned to the young man and fall before his preaching as grass same thing. While the horses' heads met in the trough, he turned to the young man and said. "I hope you love the Lord. If you don't I want to commend him to you as your best friend. Seek Him with all your heart." That was all; they turned and went their ways. But what was the result? The young ways. But what was the result? The young man thus spoken to was converted, was educated for the ministry and went as a missionary to Africa. Said this missionary afterwards: "Over and over again I wished I knew who that man was who spoke the wateringstrough But to me at the watering-trough. I I never knew till some one sent me in Africa a box of books. I opened the me in Africa a box of books. Topened the saw a little black-covered book, opened it, turned to the title page, and there I saw a portrait—a beautiful face. 'Ah,' said I, 'that is the man. That is the man who preached the gospel to me at the watering trough; to him I owe my salvation,'" and that of how many more on the dark conthat of how many more on the dark con-tinent. What we want to-day is to be filled with the Spirit. We are filled with so many other things—pride, selfishness, ambition and vain glory. May the Lord enable us to empty our hearts and have them filled as by a mighty rushing wind.—[Dr. A. J. Gordon.

It is hard to say whether God discovers more love in preparing heavenly mansions for the soul than in preparing the soul for heavenly mansions.—[Seeker.

That you may be weanel from the world which fascinates your heart, pray for the love of God, that the light and paltry things of the world will be tasteless and irksome. What do our heavy hearts prove but that other things are sweeter to us than His will, that we have not attained to the full mastery of our freedom, that our sonship is still but faintly realized, and its blessedness not yet raintly realized, and its blessedness not yet proved and known? Our consent would turn all our trials into obedience. By consenting we make them our own, and offer them with ourselves again to Him.—[Dr. Manning.

Liquor and Wage-Earners.

A public-spirited preacher in Troy, N. Y., Mr. Henry L. Lamb, has been gathering statistics as to how the self-imposed liquor tax afflicts and keeps down the laboring classes in that manufacturing centre. He estimates that manufacturing centre. He estimate that there were, perhaps, 4,000 who earned an average of \$10 per week for forty weeks in the year, a total of \$1,600,000. Employers said that many of these men expended 50 per cent. of their wages for liquor and to-bacco, while the average amount spent by this class of men was found to be about \$100.00 and it was estimated to the second of \$448,000. And it was estimated to the second of \$100.00 and it was estimated to the second of \$100.00 28 per cent, or \$448,000. And it was estimated that the laborers who averaged \$7 per week spent at least 20 per cent. in the same way.

CURIOUS FACTS.

There are 2,750 languages. A storm moves thirty-six miles per 1 hour. The death penalty was abolished in Michigan previous to 1850.

A Maryland fathe son "bind out" his son; a Maryland mother canuot. . Book-keeping was first introdued into England from Italy by Peele in 1569. The Japanese have only one swear

word and that is no more expressive than our "by-gosh." Julius Hildebrand, who for sixteen years was the body servant of Bismarck, is living in Chicago.

Signals to be used at ses were first contrived by James II., when he was Duke of York, in 1665.

Charles Breck, of Milton, Mass., owns, and sometimes wears, a pair of shoes made by his father 53 years ago. Over 1,000 skunk skins went out of

Scranton, Penn., for Germany the other day, where they will be made into grensdier caps. Warren, Penn., claims the oldest

member of the G. A. R. in the country. His name is D. T. Van Vechten, and he was born in 1799. The City of London, England, proper, covers an area of 122 square miles.

Philadelphia covers more territory, preading over 129 square miles. Notaries Public were first appointed by the Fathers of the Christian Church to make a collection of the acts of memoirs of martyrs in the first century. Recently an elk was shot in Galicia. It is now 130 years since the last of these

animals was killed in Austria. It is believed that the one referred to had come from Lithuania. Three men, over six hundred miles apart, invented an egg-heater on the same day and their applications for a patent arrived in Washington within two

hours of each other. An Englishman has given up his home facing Hyde Park in London because a strange lady used to walk in the park at 19 o'clock every morning wearing green

gloves on her hands.

There is in the vicinity of Vaughnsville, S. C., an infant a few months old whose mother is seventeen, grandmother thirty-two, grandfather thirty-seven and great grandmother fifty-one.

A New York merchant estimates that 3,000,000 bushels of peanuts were consumed in this country last year. The cost to the consumers was \$10,000,000, fully half of which was profit.

An old man living near Wabash, Ind., cut a railway telegraph wire, run the line into his house, and was utilizing the electricity as a cure for rheumatism when the linemen discovered where the break

Martin P. Rogan, cashier of the Plant-ers' House, in St. Louis, picked out a handsome pearl from the shell of a clam he was eating in the Planters' House cafe the other day. It is about the size of a small pea, and a jeweler says it is worth \$30.

There is a woman at Port Jarvis, New York, who goes into convulsions every time she hears any one sing the air of 'Old Lang Syne," and a neighbor woman has just been mulcted in the tune of \$400 for singing it with malite aforethought.

At the trial of a Wooster, Ohio, man for murder, it was brought out in the course of the testimony that at the outbreak of the war he had himself conmight avoid military service by going to the penitentiary.

made in China about 150 B. C. first brought from India in 274, and a pound of it that time was worth a pound of gold. The manufacture of raw silk was introduced into Europe from India by some Monks in 550. Silk dresses were first worn in 1455.

Another edition of the Siamese twins has just seen the light of the world. The wife of a poor workman at Misslitz, in Moravia, was delivered of triplets, two of the babies grown together by the ribs and having a common breastbone. The rest of the two little bodies is perfectly developed in every part.

An Illustrious Skinflint.

An illustrious skinflint is coming as such to the front. I mean the Prince of Monaco. That sovereignlet, I need hardly say, has followed the example of the Landgravine of Hesse, the Dukes of Nassau, the Grand Dukes of Baden and the Princes of Waldeck-Pyrmont in making money out of a hell. His gambling concession to the Monaco Company and his share in the profits of the roulette tables bring him in, and have brought him in for years, an income that amounts on an average to £600 a day. He is a widower, blind, keeps up no sort of style or state at his country seat of Le Marchais or at his hereditary place of Monaco, and has but one son and a grandson to provide for. I do not suppose he spends £5,000 a year. "Well, when last winter earthquakes

shook the Riviera, Monaco not escaping, the first thought of the Prince and his partners was to keep their source of wealth up to its usual money-producing mark, so they caused telegrams to be sent to the newspapers everywhere to make believe that, as the earthquakes did not trouble Monaco, gamblers need not stay away in dread. It was only when things had got back into the old rut, and the roulette tables were in full swing, that any thought was given to the victims of the earthquake, and means resorted to for clearing up shattered houses. A subscription was set on foot, which the Prince was asked to head, and he led off with a sum of £400—less than a single day's income. He stipulated, moreover, that a half—namely £200 was to be spent at Mentone, on his own tenants there, a town which once was under his sway, and in which he has still valuable property. The sovereignty of Mentone he sold for £160,000 to Napoleon III .- a sum represented by a perpetual income from France of £8,000 a year out of the 3 per cents. The Casino, or Hell, Company was not much more liberal than the blind old Prince. It subscribed £1,400, which is less than a day's profit on one of the six roulette tables, and this is to be recouped (and more) by another table."-Modern Soci-

The Big Hats of Corea.

"What signifies such wide brims?" Asked a correspondent of Mrs. Allen, who has spent much time in Corea "Surely the Corcans are not Quakers." "Thereby hangs a tale," she said.

Long years ago the King ordered his subjects to wear hats with enormous brims, three or four feet in width. The object was to prevent conspiracy. The rooms in Corea are small, and with such hats on not more than four men could get into the same room at once. But with the passing of generations the brims of the Corean hats have been growing gradually smaller until they have reached their present dimensions.'

THE ROGUE'S RUSE.

A NEW YORK HOUSEHOLDER'S VERY QUEER VISITOR,

Starting With Epilepsy, Drifting to Thieving, Wandering to Inventions, and Ending With a Surprise.

There is a plain house in Eighteenth street, not far from Fourth avenue, which is distinguished from its substantial fellows of brownstone only by a particular episode which happened within its doors.

Two or three nights ago, a lank, palebadly cut that it hung in folds about ular house. He rang the bell, which was answered by a maid servant, who ran away in a fright when she saw the man and called loudly for the master of the house. He came and was startled out of his every-day polite manner by the wild appearance of the stradger, who said, while he trembled in every limb and his teeth chattered:

"Beg pardon, sir, but would you mind my having a fit in your vestibule? I'm sub:ect to them and hate to make a spectacle of myself in the street."

This extraordinary request floored the

householder. It was not within the pale

of his experience at all. He had never

been subject to epilepsy himself and did not know what to do with an utter stranger suffering with the disease. But in the kindness of his heart he sent the servant for a doctor who lived across the way and went up stairs to his wife for her advice and a camphor bottle. As he glanced over the balustrade on his way up, he saw the stranger writhing in apparent agony on the lounge in the lower hall, where he had left him. He hastened in his search and reached the head of the stairs on the way down just in time to see the man of fits get up, look stealthily around and then sneak into the parlor. The householder, descending the stairs cautiously, reached a point where he could see the stranger helping himself to some small Japanese vases and rare china cups which adorned the mantel in the dimly-lighted room. Then there

"What are you doing with those things?" The lank man dropped his booty, and,

after the crash of china, said calmly: "1 beg pardon, but I'm a kleptomaniac." The householder was even more astonished at this statement than at the request of the man which led to his introduction into the house.

"Don't use any violence," said the man of fits, as he burst into tears. "I'll tell you my story if you will promise to let bridge.
me go afterward, and to-morrow, if you "Gun care to come to my room, I will show you some of the most wonderful inventions of the age."

The householder, assuring himself that he was dealing with a crank, finally consented to let the man go if he would tell his story:

"I may as well confess," said the lank man, as he sat down, "that the fit business is all put on. I don't have fits, but suffer with a passion for art, and I have worked that fit scheme to get into houses lots of times, and then have made my escape. You see I am frank with you. love bric-a-brac, but I am poor and have to supply myself from the mantels of the rich. Better than art, though, and bric-a-brac I love invention. I am an inventor myself, and, as I promised, victed of stealing sheep in order that he | I will show you at my room to-morrow some remarkable things.

At this point the servant returned, say-Raw silk is said to have been first ing that the doctor was not at home, and had cleared away. as she looked at the odd stranger, seated comfortably in the parlor, her face became a blooming interrogation point.
"As I was saying," continued the

shabby man, with an engaging smile, "I have a number of inventious, some of which I am sure are destined to make countless thousands happy." "You go to the theatre, of course Ah! I thought so, and you dislike tall

hats? Right again, I see. I have perfected a plan for relieving ladies of their hats which cannot fail of meeting their approval, and which will place the theatrical manager who adopts it upon a throne of popularity where he will receive the homage of all men. You have seen the wires and cups used for transporting change from the counter to the cashier in our large retail dry-goods working model of my invention. I pro-On these wires I intend to place handsome gilded cages large enough to contain a lady's hat. I have a cage to hing over every other seat, and springs to pro-pel it to a place in the check room. The lady arrives, takes her seat in the theatre, languidly removes her headgear, hands it to her escort, who places it in a conve- those who help themselves, and helps nient cage, pulls the spring, and shoots the hat to the check room, where it remains until after the performance, when how he quenched his thirst, and was it is shot back over the wire to its owner. Nice idea, isn't it? You shall see the method of its working to-morrow." At this point the householder, lost in

admiration of his strange guest, offered faucet the horse made a bee line. him a cigar. "Now, I have at my rooms," said the

guest, as he puffed rings of smoke from his cigar, "and you shall see that, too, a very simple invention, which I have not patented, but which has everything to commend it. There is a fortune in its gave it another nudge, and held his nose is a paper shirt bosom, but not like those over it to his apparent immense satisfacmanufacture if I can get it patented. It composed of from twenty to fifty sheets wasted when he leaves it running the which have been made before. Mine is of linen paper pressed together like a moment he has had enough!" ejaculated pad of writing paper. When one smooth front becomes soiled all a man has to do is to rip it off, and then he has a beautiful, clean, fresh surface to display to the world. These fronts will be a nice thing for busy business men and [after a pause] for reporters. When they happen to be without writing paper all they have to "Does do will be to tear off a front and go to work."

There was a flash of silence after this speech which was broken again by the ingenious guest.
"With my other accomplishments

am proud to place that of sleight-of-hand," said he. Then he arose and walked timidly toward the householder. "I touch you," here he seemed to tap lightly on the waistcoat of the man he was entertaining, "and now I take your watch out of my coat-tail pocket." He astonishment of its owner, and handed it to him.

Then, writing an address on a piece of humbly begged leave to depart. The slaughtered was duly examined, and he man of the house begged to know how

he got the watch. "Please do no not ask me that," he said, as he backed to the door. "It is a matter of practice, that is all."

By this time both men were at the front door. "Well," said the pale man, "\$10 is a good deal. I'll take it and do the trick again; perhaps you can catch on this time."

He approached the gentleman again, lightly tapped him on the waistcoat pocket, and produced the watch as be-

"Didn't you see how that was done? No? Well, I'll put it back in your pocket again."

This he appeared to do deliberately, saying, with a weary smile: "Now, if you will call at my room to-morrow I'll show you just how I did the trick. It is

too late for me to show you to-night." Fascinated by the man's deftness, forgetting how he had entered the house, and ignoring his peculiar conduct, the faced man, dressed in a suit of black so householder said he would be on hand badly cut that it hung in folds about sure the next morning. Then he opened him, mounted the steps of this partic- the door, bade his visitor a cordial goodnight, and returned to his comfortable fireside. Soon he had occasion to consult his watch. It was gone, and the \$10, and the man too, who had given him an address which of course proved fictitious. This is the story the householdeer tells to his bosom friends now that he

who stole his watch .- New York Times. The Gunner's Cottage.

has given up search for the skillful thief

The story is told, in a French newspaper, of Pierre Barlat, a humble laborer, who lived at Sevres, near Paris, with his wife Jeanne and their three children. Industrious, frugal, knowing nothing of the way to the wine shop, Pierre saved his spare money, working harder and harder, and at last bought the tiny cottage in which he and his wife lived. It was a tiny cottage, indeed; built of stones, however, with tiled roof, standing amid shrubs, and covered with clematis. It always attracted the eye of the traveler, on the

left, as he crossed the Sevres bridge. Pierre and Jeanne scrimped and saved antil the little cottage was paid for, and made a feast, when it was all done, to celebrate their ownership. A landed proprietor, to be sure, does not mind an occasional expenditure to entertain his friends!

All this Pierre and Jeanne had accomplished just before the war of 1870 with Germany broke out. The conscription fell upon Pierre, who, moreover, was an old soldier, and belonged to the reserves. A gunner he had been, famous for his skill in hitting a mark with a

Sevres had fallen into the hands of the Germans, but the French guns were pounding away at them from the fort on Mount Valerian. Pierre Barlat was a gunner at that fort, and was standing one wintry day by his gun, when General Noel, the commander, came up, and leveled his field-glass at the Sevres

"Gunner!" said he, sharply, without looking at Pierre.
"General!" said Pierre, respectfully, giving the military salute.

"Do you see the Sevres bridge over there?" "I see it very well, sir." "And that little cottage there, in a

thicket of shrubs at the left?" "I see it, sir," said Pierre, turning pale. "It is a nest of Prussians. Try it with

a shell, my man.' Pierre turned paler still, and, in spite of the cold wind that made the officers shiver in their great coats, one might have seen big drops of sweat standing out on his forehead; but nobody noticed the gunner's emotion. He sighted his piece deliberately, carefully-then fired

The officers, with their glasses marked the effect of the shot, after the smoke

claimed the General, looking at Pierre with a smile. "The cottage couldn't have been very solid. It is completely smashed now."

He was surprised to see a great tear running down each of the gunner's cheeks.

"What's the matter, man?" the General asked, rather roughly.
"Pardon me, General," said Pierre, recovering himself. "It was my house-

everything I had in the world.

A Horse that Draws Drinking Water. The sagacity exhibited by some of the horses employed by the fire department in New York is very remarkable, and their exploits have been frequently dehouses? Certainly. It is my purpose to scribed in our daily newspapers. But adapt this invention to the needs of the for the first time we read in one of our theatre. I have at my room an excellent evening contemporaries of a horse in the service of our ambulance corps, which pose the stringing of wires across the is not far behind any fire engine horse we theatre which shall lead to a check room. have read of in point of intelligence. The horse pulls the ambulance in search of patients for the New York Hospital, and during the whole period of his philanthropic career as an ambulance horse he has never once been given a drink by any of the stable hands. He believes in the maxim that God helps

A Telegram reporter went down to see edified by the intellectual behavior of the animal, which he describes as follows: There is an ordinary faucet with the

pail under it in the stable, and to this First he dipped his nose in the pail to sec if there was any water there, but finding there was none, he proceeded to open the valve by turning the handle with his nose. He did not turn it on quite enough at the first attempt, so he under the spigot while the water poured tion. "But what a lot of water will be

the reporter. "Wait and see," answered the driver. And there was no water wasted, for the moment the horse had concluded his drink, he went at the faucet again with his nose and shut off the flow com-

"Does he always do that?" again queried the newspaper man. "('ertainly," answered the driver, as he patted his four-footed friend on the shoulder. "As long as I've known him, that horse has never had a drink that he did not draw from the tap for himself, just as you have seen him do this time."-Sciencific American.

A Fatal Feast of Sausages.

Trichiniasis is making a terrible onslaught on the population of Cunewalde, watch out of my coat-tail pocket." He near Loeban, Saxony. The fire brigade pulled the watch out of his pocket, to the of the city gave a ball, at which little sausages were served, and every one who partook of them was prostrated with trichiniasis. The butcher who supplied paper, he handed it to his host and them maintained that every hog he paid the penalty for the mishap by suffering a severe attack of the disease upon his own person. In some houses ten persons were laid up, and altogether two hundred were stricken, ten of whom "I will give you \$10," said the owner have already died. The government has of the watch, who had replaced his time-piece in his pocket, "if you will tell me how you did that trick."

In a government has delegated a commission of doctors to assist the sick and find out the cause of the visitation. — Chivago Herald.