Rests on the riven sheath ere taking flight. But as her pulses quicken and grow strong The purple mists are smitten from her face, And slowly knowing all its new-born grace The red pomegranate flushes o'er it throng. Then up the cloudy way in stately wis-Thrusting the shadows back with mystic

She rideth slowly through the waiting land. She rideth slowly the serious throught of e-sterday doth dim her eyes, No thought of e-sterday doth dim her eyes, For lo, the new-born day that rules the earth Is no a resurrection, but a birth!

— Lucy E. Tilley, in Harper's Weekly.

## THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

We were on our way from Hong Kong to Foochow on the coasting steamer Namoa, when Captain N., my "fidus Achates" of the voyage, looked at the gathering clouds to the westward and remarked: "I hope it won't rain before we get into Amoy; we are just thirty miles away."

"How do you know the distance so exactly, Captain?"

·Look at that rock, and over beyond it, you can see through a rift in the clouds a little speck like a pin point on the top of that black mountain. The pin point is a tall pagoda on that high cliff, and the pagoda is as good a signboard for this town as if that whole black cliff were painted in white letters a mile high and half a mile wide-A-M-O-Y. I never see either the pagoda or the city that a cold chill does not run all over

"Will you tell me why, Captain?" Certainly, but it's a long story-well, here goes:

Amov was one of the first treaty ports in China open to foreign commerce, and for a long time the noted hatred of the Chinese for foreigners was more intense there than at any other port. I was then Captain of a steamer on the first line plying between Amoy and the English colony of Hong Kong, some two hundred miles away.

One cloudy evening in November I went ashore in Amoy to make a few final preparations for my ship's departure the next day. While on shore I noticed that my footsteps were dogged by a disreputable looking coolie, who approached me with great earnestness in his manner as soon as he had reached a comparatively open spot, where the growing darkness shut out the teeming hordes of a Chinese city. I saw that it would be impossible to avoid an encounter if this strange follower should prove to be a highwayman. So carrying my hand to my hip pocket, where I felt the friendly "grip" of my revolver, I waited for the man to come closer. I then saw that the coolie was in great distress and, moved by his earnestness, I stopped to listen to his tale. The man explained in Chinese and "pidgin" English that he had a brother in jail who was to be beheaded in two days more for capsizing in a sail boat and drowning his passenger, a mandarin's son. The mandarin, bent on revenge, had thrown the boatman into prison, where the farce of a trial had been gone through with and the innocent man had been doomed to die. The coolie said that his family were all wretchedly poor, but that they had managed, by the sale of most of their the headman's ax! All this was uttered

earth would drink up his life blood. I felt my sympathies intensely excited, and yet I knew the treacherous nature of the Chinese and the danger in interfering with their ideas of justice, and, wishing either to test the truth of his story or to prevail upon the coolie to choose some other means for his brother's escape, I said: "I'll stow him away and carry him down to Hong Kong for 500 taels" (about \$550), thinking that such a price would be utterly beyond the coolie's means. The poor man seems staggered at the enormity of the sum, a large fortune to one of his class, but he rallied in a moment and said he supposed he would have to pay it; that it was a fearful suz, that he was very poor, and to raise so much money his family would have to sell all they owned: but he must save Tris brother's life: if the Captain in-

between broken sobs, and the poor man

wept as if it were he himself who was

only to see two more suns rise before the

sisted he would have to pay it. My sympathics were now still more said: "Well, I'll do it for the regular excellency's chair. We will my ship then."

appeared in the darkness. I had no sooner reached the wharf, about 11:45 P. M., than I was touched by the same coolie, who now offered his him to the boat and there saw another be as poorly clad as his brother. When we shoved off I noticed that both were very clumsy with their oars, but as my ship was close to the wharf we were soon alongside.

Here I handed my overcoat to the boatman and he picked up a bundle tied Chinese fashion in a large handkerchief, and we went on board, leaving my new acquaintance in the boat. I sent my steward forward on an errand that would detain him for a few moments and then had the coolie deposit his bundle in a small closet in the cabin, and told him that that must be his brother's hiding place until we put to sea, and that he must be quick to get into it.

At a motion over the side the condemned man sprang out of the boat, which he had made fast at the gangway, and slid noiselessly aft through the cabin and into the closet. I turned the lock and put the key in my pocket.

But as he passed the cabin lamp cu-

I then tried to scrutinize the boatman. the steward returning just then I paid my the royal fugitive were the same, and that | normally developed echo.

sampan fare, and my strange acquaint- time Viceroy himself was conniving at his

ance departed. I turned in, wondering who my mys-

I woke carly, and had hardly begun dressing before a herald came to inform sale that the Viceroy of the province deonce connected with my harboring an escaped prisoner, and, full of vague diso sea two hours before the advertised explanations, or to plead press of business and refuse to obey an almost royal ing in a Chinese court. command. Disturbed by such doubts, I hardly felt relieved when another herald came to say that the Viceroy had concluded, as he desired to see the ship, to visit the Captain, and that my presence at the "yamen" would be excused.

Such a thing as a Viceroy visiting in state a merchant vessel was almost unprecedented, and I began to fear that I was implicated in the escape of a political

prisoner of high rank. Now the customary official messengers began to pour in: First, two clad in robes of state announced that his excellency would arrive in half an hour; then four more that he was coming in ten minutes; then four horsemen gaudily caparisoned, rode down to the wharf where was now waiting to say that their master would arrive in five minutes; then a procession of liveried servants bearing aloft on high poles red sign boards, on which all the virtues under the sun were ascribed in Chinese characters to their lord; soldiers with flags and swords and spears; men with whips and gongs to clear the way; mandarins on horseback; lictors with long pheasants' tails in their caps, and a large rabble on foot-all proclaimed that his excellency had arrived. Alighting from a gorgeous green sedan chair, borne by sixteen men in livery, he greeted me most politely and accepted my

The Viceroy was ushered into the cabin and, strange to say, selected a chair immediately in front of the door of the closet in which the refugee was

invitation to take passage in my gig off

to the ship. A large portion of his escort

followed, occupying a small fleet of sam-

After a few courtesies had been exchanged I was informed through an interpreter that Prince Ichang, the leader of an insurrection, who had been captured and condemned to be beheaded, had made his escape. Suspicion, they said, seemed to point to his being secreted on board my ship; a sampan had been seen to go alongside of her the night before about midnight; it reached the ship with two boatmen and one fcreigner and returned to the shore with only one man, and he made off in great haste as soon as he had landed, leaving the sampan adrift. "Of course the Captain knew nothing about the escaped prisoner, and so he could have no objections to allowing the ship to be searched."

This was subtly put. To refuse to allow it would be equivalent to acknowledging that the man was on board, and would cost me my place in a company whose interest it was to placate the unfriendly Chinese. To allow the ship to be searched involved the possible discovery of the man, and in that case his belongings, to raise money enough to recapture and certain death, as well as my bribe the jailer to allow the prisoner to own dismissal from the company. Either escape, and all that was necessary to course might endanger the lives of the save his life was to get him away on some foreign community in Amoy, against vessel to the nearest foreign colony. The whom the hatred of the Chinese needed poor creature fell on his knees and implored me to save his brother's life. He cre. I felt the color come and go in my would give me anything—everything he cheeks and for a moment I thought of had—only to give the hunted creature a delivering the refugee up to certain hiding place, to save a fellow-being from death, saying that when I took him on board I was not aware of the nature of the offence, and then revulsion of feeling came over me. I thought "this man has trusted his life in my hands and, hunted criminal that he is, I will not be-

All this flashed through my mind in an instant, and when I turned to the Viceroy I felt the same spirit of helpless, yet indomitable defiance that every true sailor feels in the fury of the storm. I said quietly, "Certainly, your excellency, my steward will turn over the keys to your servants, but they will find no such man on board my ship."

The search party went all over the ship, directed by the crew, and after probing into corners and peering in amongst the bales of silk and boxes of tea, no stranger was found. This was reported to the Viceroy, who said: "You have not searched this cabin; do so." I was wild with excitement and alarm, but my relief was intense when my furtive glances showed me that the search party did not dare to ask their master to move from in keenly aroused, and seeing that the un- front of the door. This relief was of welcome passenger would be sent, and short duration, for he again asked if they not caring either to break my word or to had searched everywhere. "Everywhere profit by the poor wretch's misfortunes, except in that apartment behind your fare" (about \$10), "bring him down to there too; where is the key?" the wharf at 11:30; I am going off to I now became thoroughly frighty ship then." ened, and, fumbling for some The coolie seemed overpowered with loophole to escape, I told the Viceroy joy and was still "kow-towing" his that that was a locker where I kept my thanks as I moved away and he dis- wines, and-I was ashamed to confess it to so high a ruler under the 'son of heaven'-that I sometimes hid opium and other contraband articles there. Would his excellency forgive me if I begged that services as "sampan" man. I followed that place be kept unopened, as my peccadilloes, if discovered, would cost me man whom the dim lamp light showed to my post as Captain. "In that case," said strokes, of course were counted and had the Viceroy, "I will save you from trou- an arithmetical idea connected with them. ble by inspecting myself-the key?"

Doubtful whether to confess my complicity or to brave it through, I thought this idea became confused or lost, and the of the mysterious nature of the whole affair, and hoped that the strange passenger might, in some mysterious manner, have escaped. This straw of hope that drowning desperation clung to saved the day. I reached in my pocket and with trembling fingers pulled out the key.

The Viceroy unlocked the door, opened it and closed it hastily behind him

My nerves were then so wrought upon that I could almost have heard the dew fall, and I fancied I heard a word within spoken fery low. Then the door opened again, there was a rustle of silk robes. the door closed, and the Viceroy said in Chinese: "No one there!"

I felt my heart throb with one great bound and things seemed to reel around me. When I recovered my composure enough to look up with pleased and grateriolity had led me to take a searching ful eyes I saw an expression I thought I glance at my strange passenger, and, in recognized, and in an instant I knew what spite of his unkept hair and soiled and my own unstrung nerves and the regal tattered clothes, his light complexion robes had before concealed-the miserand refined features revealed in the con-table coolie of the night before was none lie's brother a Chinaman of the higher other than the Viceroy of the Province of echo, lasting some minutes. Pliny tells Fuh-kied, the absolute ruler of twentyfive millions of people. I had no longer in would raise a perfect storm. Fingai's but the man's back was to the light, and a doubt that my mysterious passenger and Cave, on the Isle of Staffa, has an ab-

The ship sailed on time and Prince terious passenger might be and my Ichang was landed safely in Hong Kong, thoughts were not without vague misgiv- where he lived under English protection ings of the noted treachery of the Chi- until a severe illness let him him have that privilege most mortals enjoy-of dving with his head on.

Subsequent developments pointed to the fact that the Viceroy was influenced sired to see me at his "vamen" at 10 that not only by personal friendship but by an morning. This strange summons I at enormous bribe with which the rich prince bought his own head, and that, fearing the treachery of any of his subortrust. I had almost decided either to put | dinates, he had planned and executed the escape entirely alone. Of my betraying time, noon, and so temporarily avoid any him he had no fear, as the word of a "foreign devil" would then weigh noth-

Two years afterward I received from the Viceroy of Kwang Tung a gorgeous pair of vases and some magnificent embroideries, "in gratitude for past hospitalities:" and I found that my coolie friend had been promoted to the government of one of the largest provinces of the Empire .- Washington Star.

Force Expended in Climbing a Hill.

The physical energy or force sometimes exerted by the human body under certain conditions is known to be astounding, but no one has ever taken the trouble to put before us that force in figures. Dr. . Buchheister has now made a most interesting calculation on the "work done" by mountaineers in ascending heights, which will serve as an illustration. Supposing a mountaineer weighing 168 pounds s making the ascent of a summit 7000 feet high from the point of starting, he has to expend an amount of physical force by multiplying his weight by the height to ascended. In the case assumed a weight of 168 pounds multiplied by a height of 7000 feet equals 1,176,000 foot-pounds; or, in other words, 1,176,-000 pounds have to be lifted 1 foot.

This is work performed merely by the muscles of the legs; but, besides this, the contractions of the muscle of the heart have to be taken into account. Its function consists, as is well known, in per second, which represents in the case of an adult a work of 4 foot-pounds for each contraction of the heart. The pulsations of an adult are on the average 72 per minute, but in ascending heights, owing to the additional exertion, their number is increased to an extraordinary

Assuming, for the sake of simplicity in calculation, only 100 beats of the pulse per minute, this would give 400 foot-pounds per minute, 24,000 toot-pounds per hour and 120,000 foot-pounds for the five hours supposed to be required in ascending a height of 7000 feet. The work performed by the muscles in breathing, by the expansion and contraction of the chest, may also be estimated at four foot-pounds. Assuming, further, that the number of breathings per minute is on the average only twenty-five, although, as a matter of fact, it will be found to be higher in a mountain ascent lasting five hours, we have to add further work of 30,000 foot-pounds.

The total work performed during five hours by a mountaineer consequently amounts to 1,326,000 foot-pounds. In this estimate are not included the physical force spent in overcoming the friction on the ground, the exertions to be made in keeping the body erect at dizzy heights and in dragging heavy boots and foot-irons, nor the loss of muscle power in cutting steps in the ice, not to reckon the work performed in carrying an ice axe, or the physical force exerted in crossing fresh, loose snow. Taking all these conditions into account, Dr. Buchheister arrives at the conclusion that the work done in an ascent of 7000 feet, lasting five hours, cannot be placed at less than 1,380,000 foot-pounds .- Iron.

## Antipodean Cannibals.

The savages of North Queensland, Australia, are still cannibals. The normal condition of these savages is inter-tribal war, and, this, no doubt, was the state of the earliest society. Every tribe, and often sub-division of the same tribe, are at feud with one another and all the rest; the stranger is universally regarded as fair game, and especially as being providentially offered for the pot. A certain path to distinction among them is skill in furnishing human meat, which is not to be considered a staple, but as a highly prized luxury. When the black fellows feel the need of a Delmonico dinner, so to speak, they send out their crafty manhunters, and prepare to dish up the stranger within their gates. Sometimes the harmless necessary stranger is sadly wanting. Then, if they are very sharpset, they perhaps make an excuse for killing one of their own women, or a plump baby or so. Babies, as an element of the cuisine, are highly appreciated, their tenderness being recalled with watering of the mouth and gentle sighs of satisfaction .- Carl Lumholtz.

## "Nine Tailors Make a Man."

The meaning of the expression "Nine tailors make man," is traced to the singular custom of tolling the church bell a given number of times, at a burial, to denote the sex of the deceased. In some places the custom is still extant, and is generally three for a child, six for a woman, and nine for a man. These and thus the knell, at its conclusion, was said to be tolled or counted. By degrees participle "told" was referred to a supposed infinite "to toll," instead of its natural infinite "to tell." By carrying the history of this error a little further. we may arrive at an elucidation of an otherwise obscure proverb. The strokes told or counted at the end of the knell were called from their office "tellers." This term was again changed into "tailers," from their sounding at the end of "tail" of the knell; and nine of these being given to announce the death of an adult male, gave rise to the saying.

### ·· Nine tailors make a man." The Phenomena of Echoes.

Every one is familiar with the phenomena of echoes. In a cave in the Pantheon, the guide, by striking the flap of his coat, makes a noise equal to a twelve pound cannon's report. The singularity is noticed, in a lesser degree, in the Mammoth Cave, in Kentucky. In the cave of Smellin, near Viborg, in Finland, a cat or dog thrown in will make a screaming of a cave in Dalmatia where a stone tossed

# REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "A Marriage Feast." (Preached Near Cana in Galilee.)

TEXT: "Thou hast kept the good wine entil now."—John ii., 10.

Standing not far off from the demolished

town of what was once called Cana of Gali-lee, I bethink myself of our Lord's first mangood miracle, which has been the astonishment of the ages. My visit last week to that place makes vivid in my mind that beautiful occurrence in Christ's ministry. My text brings us to a wedding in that village. It is a wedding in common life, two plain people having pledged each other, hand and heart, and their friends having come in for congratulation. The joy is not the less because there is no pretension. In each other they find all the future they want. The deiry in the cur on the table may want. The daisy in the cup on the table may mean as much as a score of artistic garlands fresh from the hothouse. When a daughter goes off from home with nothing but a plain father's blessing and a plain mother's love, she is missed as much as though she were a Princess. It seems hard, after the parents have sheltered her for eighteen years, that in a few short months her affections should have been carried off by another; but mother re-members how it was in her own case when she was young, and so she braces np until the

wedding has passed, and the banqueters are

gone, and she has a good cry all alone.
Well, we are to-day at the wedding in
Cana of Galilee. Jesus and His mother
have been invited. It is evident that there are more people there than were expected. Either some people have come who were not invited, or more invitations have been sent out than it was supposed would be accepted. Of course there is not enough supply of wine. You know that there is nothing more embarrassing to a housekeeper than a scant supply. Jesus sees the embarrassment, and He comes up immediately to relieve it. He sees standing six water pots. He orders the servants to fill them with water, then waves His hand over the water, and immediately it is wine—real wine. Taste of it, and see for yousselves; no logwood in it, no strychnine in it, but first rate wine. I will not now be diverted to the question so often discussed in my own country, whether it is right to drink wine. I am describing the scene as it was. When God makes wine He makes the very best wine; and one hundred and thirty gallons of it standing around in these water pots—wine so good that the ruler of the feast tastes it propelling the blood collecting in the heart, on the one hand, into the arteries, and, on the other, into the lungs. This is effected at an initial velocity of 1½ feet per second, which represents in the case petition, but the poet won the prize by just this one line descriptive of the miracle.

The unconscious water saw its God, and blushed. We learn from this miracle, in the first place, that Christ has sympathy with houseplace, that Christ has sympathy with house-keepers. You might have thought that Jesus would have said: "I cannot be bothered with this household deficiency of wine. It is not for me, Lord of heaven, of earth, to become caterer to this feast. I have vaster things than this to attend to." Not so said Jesus. The wine gave out, and Jesus, by miraculous power, came to the rescue. Does there ever come a scant supply in your household? Have you to make a very close calculation? come a scant supply in your bousehold? Have you to make a very close calculation? Is it hard work for you to carry on things decently and respectably? If so, don't sit down and ery. Don't go out and fret; but go to Him who stood in the house in Cana of Galilee. Pray in the parlor! Pray in the kitchen? 'Let there be no room in all your house unconsecrated by the voice of prayer. If you have a microscope, put under it one drop of water, and see the insects floating about; and when you see that God makes them, and cares for them, and feeds makes them, and cares for them, and feeds them, come to the conclusion that He will take care of you and feed you, oh, ye of little

faith.

A boy asked if he might sweep the snow from the steps of a house. The lady of the household said: "Yes; you seem very poor." He says: "I am very poor." She says: "Don't you sometimes get discouraged, and feel that God is going to let you starve?" The lad looked up in the woman's face and wild." The rest wink God will let you starve? said: "Do you think God will let me starve when I trust Him, and then do the best I can?" Enough theology for older people! Trust in God and do the best you can. Amidstall the working me to Him. He worriments of housekeeping, go to Him; He will help you control your temper, and supervise your domestics, and entertain your guests, and manage your home economies. There are hundreds of women weak, and nervous, and exhausted with the cares of housekeeping. I commend you to the Lord Jesus Christ as the best adviser and most efficient aid—the Lord Jesus who performed His first miracle to relieve a housekeeper. I learn also from this miracle that Christ

does things in abundance. I think a small supply of wine would have made up for the deliciency. I think cartainly then deficiency. I think certainly they must have had enough for half of the guests. One gallon of wine will do; certainly five gallons, will be enough, certainly ten. But Jesus goes on, and He gives them thirty gallons, and forty gallons, and fifty gallons, and seventy gallons, and one hundred gallons, and one hundred gallons of the very least with the statement of the second s

best wine. It is just like Him, doing everything on the largest and most generous scale. Does Christ, our Creator, go forth to make leaves? He makes them by the whole forest full; notched like the fern, or silvered like the aspen, or broad like the palm; thickets in the tropics, Oregon forests. Does He go forth to make flowers? He makes plenty of them: they flame from the hedge, they hang from the top of the grape-vine in blossoms, they roll in the blue wave of the violets, they toss their white surf into the spiraea—enough for every child's hand a flower, enough to make for every brown chaplet, enough with beauty to cover up the ghastliness of all the graves. Does He go forth to create water? He pours it out, not by the cupful, but by a river full,

a lake full, an ocean full, pouring it out until all the earth has enough to drink, and enough with which to wash.

Does Jesus, our Lord, provide redemption? It is not a little salvation for this one, a little for that, and a little for the other, but once the for all.—"Whosewar will let him. for all—"Whosoever will, let him Each man an ocean full for himself. enough Promises for the young, promises for the old, promises for the lowly, promises for the blind, for the halt, for the outcast, for the abandoned. Pardon for all comfort for all. abandoned. Pardon for all, comfort for all, mercy for all, heaven for all; not merely a cupful of Gospel supply, but one hundred and thirty gallons. Ay, the tears of godly repentance are all gathered up into God's bottle, and some day, standing before the throne, we will lift our cup of delight and ask that it be filled with the wine of heaven; and laws from their bettle of tears will begin to Jesus, from that bottle of tears, will begin to Jesus, from that bottle of tears, will begin to pour in the cup, and we will cry: "Stop, Jesus, we do not want to drink our own tears!" and Jesus will say: "Know ye not that the tears of earth are the wine of heaven!" Sorrow may endure, but joy contains the morning.

neaven?" Sorrow may endure, but joy com-eth in the morning.

I remark further, Jesus does not shadow the joys of others with His own griefs. He might have sat down in that wedding and said: "I have so much trouble, so much poverty, so much persecution, and the cross is coming." I shall not rejoice and the gloom is coming; I shall not rejoice, and the gloom is coming: I shall not rejoice, and the gloom of My face and of My sorrows shall be cast over all this group." So said not Jesus. He said to Himself: "Here are two persons starting out in married life. Let it be a joyful occasion. I will hide My own griefs. I will kindle their joy." There are many not so wise as that I know a household where there are many little children, where for two years the musical instrument has been kept shut because there has been trouble in the house. Alas for the folly! Parents saying: "We will have no Christmas tree this coming holiday because there has been trouble in the house. If ush that laughing up stairs! How can Hush that laughing up stairs! How can there be any joy when there has been so much trouble?" And so they make everything consistently doleful, and send their sons and daughters to ruin with the gloom

they throw around them.
Oh, my dear friends, do you not know those childre will have trouble enough of their own after a while? Beglad they cannot appreciate all yours. Keep back the cup of bitterness from your daughter's lips. When your head is down in the grass of the tomb, poverty may come to her, betrayal to her, poverty may come to her, betraylar to her, bereavement to her. Keep back the sorrows as long as you can. Do you not know that son may, after a while have his heart broken? Stand between him and all harm. You may not fight his battles long: fight them while you may. Throw not the chill of your own despondency over his soul; rather be like Jesus, who came to the wedding hiding His own grief and kindling the joys of others. So I have seen the sun, on a dark day, struggling amidst clouds, black, ragged and portentous, but

after a while the sun, with golden pry, heaved back the blackness; and the sun laughed to the lake, and the lake laughed to the sun, and from horizon to horizon, unde the saffron sky, the water was all turned into

I learn from this miracle that Christ is not impatient with the luxuries of life. It was not necessary that they should have that wine. Hundreds of people have been married without any wine. We do not read that any of the other provisions fell short. When Christ made the wine it was not a necessity, but a positive luxury. I do not believe that He wants us to eat hard bread and sleep on hard mattresses, unless we like them the best. I think, if circumstances will allow, we have a right to the luxuries of dress, the luxuries of diet and the luxuries of residence. There is no more religion in an old coat than in a new one. We can serve God drawn by in a new one. We can serve God drawn by golden-plated harness as certainly as when we go a-foot. Jesus Christ will dwell with inder a fine ceiling as well as under a thatched roof; and when you can get wine made out of water, drink as much of it as

you can.
What is the difference between a Chinese mud hovel and an American home? What is the difference between the rough bear skins of the Russian boor and the outfit of an American gentleman? No difference, except that which the Gospel of Christ, directly or indi-rectly, has caused. When Christ shall have rectly, has caused. When Christ shall have vanquished all the world, I suppose every house will be a mansion, and every garment a robe, and every horse an arch-necked courser, and every carriage a glittering vehicle, and every man a King, and every woman a Queen, and the whole earth a paradise; the glories of the natural 'world harmonizing with the glories of the material world, until the very holls of the horses shall jingle the precises of bells of the horses shall jingle the praises of

the Lord. I learn, further, from this miracle, that Christ has no impatience with festal joy, otherwise He would not have accepted the invitation to that wedding. He certainly would not have done that which increased the hilarity. There may have been many in that room who were happy, but there was not one of them that did so much for the joy of the wedding party as Christ Himself. He was the chief of the banqueters. When the wine gave out. He supplied it; and so, I take it. He will not deny us the joys that are positively festal.

I think the children of God have more I think the children of God have more right to laugh than any other people, and to clap their hands as loudly. There is not a single joy denied them that is given to any other people. Christianity does not clip the wings of the soul. Religion does not frost the flowers. What is Christianity? I take it to be simply a proclamation from the throne of God of emancipation for all the enslaved; and if a man accepts the terms of that proclamaif a man accepts the terms of that proclama-tion, and becomes free, has he not a right to be merry? Suppose a father has an elegant be merry? Suppose a father has an elegant mansion and large grounds. To whom will he give the first privilege of these grounds? Will he say: "My children, you must not waik through these paths, or sit down under these trees, or pluck this fruit. These are for outsiders. They may walk in them." No father would say anything like that. He would say: "The first privileges in all the grounds, and all of my house, shall be for my own children." And yet men try to for my own children." And yet men try to make us believe that God's children are on the limits, and the chief refreshments and enjoyments of life are for outsiders, and not for His own children. It is stark atheism. Ther is no innocent beverage too rich for God's child to drink; there is no robe too costly for child to drink; there is no robe too costly for him to wear; there is no hilarity too great for him to indulge in, and no house too splendid for him to live in. He has a right to the joys of carth; he shall have a right to the joys of heaven. Though tribulation, and trial, and hardship may come unto him, let him rejoice. "Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous, and again I say, rejoice."

I remark again I say, rejoice."
I remark again that Christ comes to us in the hour of our extremity. He knew the wine was giving out before there was any embarrassment or mortification. Why did He not perform the miracle sooner? Why wait until it was all gone, and no help could come from any source, and then come in and perform the miracle some in and perform the miracle some in and perform the miracle some in and perform any source, and then come in and perform the miracle some in and perform the miracle some in and perform any source, and then come in and performed in the source of the

from any source, and then come in and per-form the miracle? This is Christ's way; and when He did come in, at the hour of extremity, He made first rate wine, so that they cried out: "Thou hast kept the good wine until now." Jesus in the hour of extremity! He seems to prefer that hour.
In a Christian home in Poland great poverty

had come, and on the week day the man was obliged to move out of the house with his whole family. That night he knelt with his family and prayed to God. While they were kneeling in prayed to God. While they were kneeling in prayer there was a tap on the window pane. They opened the window, and there was a raven that the family had fed and trained, and it had in its bill a ring all set with precious stones, which was found out to be a ring belonging to the royal family. It was taken up to the King's residence, and for the honesty of the man in bringing it back he had a house given to him, and a garden and a farm. Who was it that sent the raven tapping on the window? The same God that sent the raven to feed Elijah by the brook Cherith.

Christ in the hour of extremity!
You mourned over your sins. You could not find the way out. You sat down and said: "God will not be merciful. He has cast me off;" but in that, the darkest hour of your history, light broke from the throne, and Jesus said: "O wanderer, come home. I have seen all thy sorrows. In this, the hour of thy extremity, I offer thee pardon

and everlasting life."

Trouble came. You were almost torn to pieces by that trouble. You braced your-self up against it. You said: "I will be a stoic, and will not care;" but before you had got through making the resolution it broke down under you. You felt that all your reources were gone, and then Jesus came.
'In the fourth watch of the night," the Bible says, "Jesus came walking on the sea." Why did He not come in the first watch? or in the second watch? or in the third watch? I do not know. He came in the fourth, and gave deliverance to His disciples. Jesus in the last extremity!

I wonder if it will be so in our very last extremity. We shall fall suddenly sick, and doctors will come, but in vain. We will try the anodynes and the stimulants and the bathings, but all in vain. Something will say: "You must go." No one to hold us back, but the hands of eternity stretched out to pull us on. What then? Jesus will come to pull us on. What then? Jesus will come to us, and as we say: "Lord Jesus, I am afraid of that water; I cannot wade through to the other side," He will say: "Take hold of My arm:" and we will take hold of His arm, and then He will put His foot in the surf of the wave, taking us down deeper, deeper, deeper, and our soul will cry: "All Thy waves and billows have gone over me." They cover the feet, come to the me." They cover the feet, come to the knee, pass the girdle and come to the head, and our soul cries out. "Lord Jesus, I can-not hold Thine arm any longer." Then Jesus will turn around, throw both His arms about us and set us on the beach, far beyond the tossing of the billows. Jesus in the last ex-

That wedding scene is gone now. The wedding ring has been lost, the tankards have been broken, the house is down; but Jesus invites us to a grander wedding. You Jesus invites us to a grander wedding. You know the Bible says that the church is the Lamb's wife, and the Lord will after awhile come to fetch her home. There will be gleaming of torches in the sky, and the trumpets of God will ravish the air with trumpets of God will ravish trumpets of God will ravish the air with their music, and Jesus will stretch out His hand and the church, rabed in white will put aside her veil, and look ap into the face of her Lord the King, and the bridegroom will say to the bride:
"Thou hast been faithful through all these fears! The mansion is ready! Come home! Thou art fair, My love! and then He shall put upon her brow the crown of domin-ion, and the table will be spread, and it will ion, and the table will be spread, and it will reach across the skies, and the mighty ones of heaven will come in, garlanded with beauty and striking their cymbals; and the bridegroom and bride will stand at the head of the table, and the banqueters, looking up, will wonder and admire, and say: "That is Jesus the bridegroom? But the scar on His brow is covered with the coronet and the stab in His side is with the coronet, and the stab in His side is covered with a robe!" and 'that is the bride! The weariness of her earthly wee lost in the flash of this wedding triumph!

There will be wine enough at that wedding; not coming up from the poisoned vats of earth, but the vineyards of God will press their ripest clusters, and the cups and the tankards will blush to the brim with the tankards will bush to the brill with the heavenly vintage, and then all the banqueters will drink standing. Esther having come up from the bacchanalian revelry of Ahasuerus, where a thousand Lords feasted, will be there. And the Queen of Sheba, from the banquet of Solomon, will be there. And the mother of Lords for the wedding in Cane, will be Jesus, from the wedding in Cana, will be there. And they all will agree that the earthly feasting was poor compared with that. Then, lifting their chalices in that holy light, they shall cry to the Lord of the feast: "Thou hast kept the good wine until now."

INTEMPERANCE is the doctor's wet

RELIGIOUS READING.

COULD WE KNOW!

Could we but glance the future o er, Its hidden depths unveil, Look on the blessings safe in store, Whose mercies never fail. Could we but see the happiness Each new year seeks to give, Our daily lives to cheer and bless—

Could we behold the grief and care, The painful weary strife, Allotted as our rightful share Could we anticipate the thorns That in our pathway lie, Before another day could dawn How gladly would we die!

How gladly would we live!

Yet innocent of each we grope
With blind persistence on,
Up eld by patient faith and hope
Each daily strife is won.
A future's burdens unconcealed,

Our inmost hearts benumb. While sorrows one by one revealed
Are conque: cd as they come.

-Lurana W. Sheldon

A FLAG FOR CHRIST.

A few years ago, a converted Sikh lay dying at Amritsar, in the Punjaub, India. Before he pas ed triumphantly into glory, he expr. ssed his desire to put up a flag for Christ, and left some money for the purpose. Today a flag waves in the gentle breezes above the houses of that city bearing simpleyed. above the houses of that city, bearing ply the words, "For Christ," in bold on a scarlet ground. That bright flag seemed to us a monument of the grace and mercy of God, who could transform an idolator into a saint; and also a glad prophecy of the future when all nations shall own the sovereignty of our coming King.

ROCK OF AGES-AN INCIDENT.

On board the ill-fated steamer Scawan-haka was one of the Fisk University singers. Before leaving the burning steamer, and committing himself to the merciless waves, he carefully fastened upon himself and wife life-preservers. Some one cruelly dragged away that of the wife, leaving her without hope, except as she could cling to her hus-band. This she did placing her hands firmly on his shoulders and resting there until, her strength becoming exhausted, she sa'd, "I can hold on no longer." "Try a little longer," was the response of the weary and agonized husband; "let us sing 'Rock of Ages." And as the sweet sing 'Rock of Ages.'" And as the sweet strains floated over those troubled waters, reaching the ears of the sinking and dying, little did they know, those sweet singers of Israel, whom they comforted. But lo! as they sung, one after another of those exhausted ones were seen raising their heads above the overwhelming waves, joining with a last effort in this sweet, dying, pleading prayer:

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me; Let me hide myself in Thee."

With the song seemed to come strength; With the song seemed to come strength; another and yet another was encouraged to renewed effort. Soon in the distance a float was seen approaching. Singing still, they tried, and soon with superhuman strength laid hold of the life-boat, upon which they were borne safely to the land. This is no fiction. It was related by the singer himself, who said he believed "Rock of Ages" saved many another besides himself and wife.

How we neg'ect this duty! There is a plain command upon the subject, "Thou shalt in anywise rebuke thy neighbor, and not suffer sin upon him." (Lev. xix: 17.) How it would diminish profanity, for instance, if every time a man should swear on the streets, on the cars, or in depots, he should be sure to call up some witness for Jesus. The judgment hall where the Son of God stood amid His foes was a good place to cry out, with Thomas, "My Lord and my God!" There are men living today who would do it, who would glory in do ng it. The effect of simply speaking the name of Je us with reverence and love on such oc-

asions is wonderful. Every reader is familiar with the name of John H. Vincent. Once he reproved a swearer so powerfully, and yet so tenderly, that he not only subdued him, but melted him to tears. It was in a railway station. The room was full of passengers waiting for a belated train. A man, probably slightly intoxicated, was shocking everybody with his profanity. Suddenly Dr. Vincent began

"Jesus, Lover of my soul Let me to Thy bosom fly."
The song ceased. Perfect silence reigned. The swearer wa reproved. After a time he came to Dr. Vincent, and said:

"Could I see you a moment outside?" They went out together. "How came you," said hyan just now?"
The doctor replied:

"I heard you swearing, and I thought I would let you know there was somebody there who loved the name of Jesus."

"That's very strange," said the man. "My sister when she was dy ag sung that very hymn, and she made me promise to meet her in heaven. Could you pray for Down in the snow they knelt together,

and the doctor prayed for the penitent man, and asked that he might have grace and strength to keep his yow.

The train came. They were separated to meet no more, in all probability, till they meet in eternity.

DREAKING BRUISED REEDS.

Science of a certain kind says we must lay down a law of the survival of the fittest, and down a law of the strivation to them away. Jesus says, throw nothing away. Let us work for the sav ng of every life, and see that we work so carefully, with so critical a love and patience, that we lose nothing at last but the son of perdition, the son of waste, the child that must go home to the devil. Let us have no rough-and-ready treatment, however, of human life; but let us examine and separate and do what we can, for we are bound to save the last atom: then, if we cannot save it, we must own that we have lost. Father. I have lost none but the son of perdition. He did not want to lose any. He did not come to destroy men's lives, but to saye them. If men will not be saved, even the Son of God cannot save them. To force a man into heaven is not to fill him with peace and joy; it is to violate the harmony which he cannot appreciate. "A bruised reed," say some. An instrument called a reed was seen and there was a side in some. An instrument called a reed was meant, and there was a rift in it which spoiled the music. Jesus Christ said: We must repair this; something must be done with this reed. It was meant for music, and we must look at it with that end in view. He does not take it, saying, There is a rift in the lute, and the music is impossible; rend it, and throw it away. He always looks to see if a man cannot be made something of. He would heal us, every one. Say to Him, O Bruised Reed, if I may but touch the hem of thy garment, even my life-reed shall be healed, and I will take up God's music again, and be glad in take up God's music again, and be giad in God's house. Or a "braised reed" may mean that wild bears, in rashing through the water or from the fleek leave crushed the growing plants so that they are bent; they no more stand up a raigntly; but Jesus Christ correct o heal them. And the smoking flant shall be not quench. He will rather take it up and shake it as fite only can shake, I ruging a little more brain to bear mean it and still a little more brain or radius. upon it, and still; a listic more ally; see how the seate where how it leaps up into a line or new to. Now watch Him to will see how has a line with the bright was only smoke becomes a draw bright as a fire, useful as a long and the him to will be made about the middle of the head of the men.—Joseph Parket

on to the aid of st fer men - Joseph Torker A MISS A DEPUTY COLLECTOR.

A few days ago a trim young lady alighted from a train at Jeffersonville, Ind., and made her way into a number of saloons and liquor-stores. The proprietors of these places opened their eyes wide in astonishment when she presented her card, which read as follows:
"Miss Maud Cottom, Deputy Collector, Seventh District." She then proceeded with a most thorough and business-like investigation of the places visited. This is the first time on record that a lady has been appointed about a collector of internal revenue, since deputy collector of internal revenue, since a deputy collector of internal revenue, since such a position necessitates the regular personal visitation of all the tough dives and liquor shops in the district and the inspection of all Government licences. May Miss Maud perform her duties in a way to strike terror to the heart of every transgressing saloon-keeper and law-evading liquor-dealer.—New York Witness. TEMPERANCE.

All hail! to the fair twin sisters Which have entered the Union grand,

With the glorious motto regnant, "God, Home, and Native Land."

So rugged, and so beauteous, So young and yet so free; If the morning is so glorious, What will the noontide be?

What will the hoofinde be?
God bless the two young sisters,
And the quartette\* grand and brave;
May they lead the way victorious
And our own loved country save
From the slavish rule of Bacchus, From the chains its servants wear Let the Stars and the Stripes float o'er us,

A nation free and fair. \*Maine, Kansas, North Dakota and South

-- Mrs. Richmond, in National Advocate. HOW MUCH IS CAUSED BY RUM? The Board of Estimate and Apportion-

ment have made their final appropriations for the city expenses of New York for 1890. Among the items are: Police Department, \$4.616.515: for Charities and Correction, \$2 \$4.616,515; for Charities and Correction, \$2,-109,030; for Asylums, etc., \$1,180,968; for City Court and Judiciary salaries, \$1,592, 240; Health Department, \$391,500; Coroner's office, \$50,000. These six items aggregate \$0,740,252. What per cent, of this vast amount is due solely and wholly to the liquor traffic in this rum-cursed city?—New York Pioneer.

#### A NOBLE EXAMPLE. Dr. Horatius Bonar was a total abstainer

Dr. Horatius Bonar was a total abstainer, and this story is told concerning the event which led him to take the pledge: The head of a family in his congregation was addicted to drink, and the doctor advised him to abstain. "Have you taken the pledge?" inquired the poor man. Dr. Bonar went immediately, hunted up a pledge, signed it, and returned to say to his unfortunate parishioner: "Yes, I have signed the pledge for your sake." Some men insist on their right to drink moderately, and refuse to commit to drink moderately, and refuse to commit themselves to total abstinence lest they should lose a fragment of their rights and their freedom. But do they owe nothing by way of example to the weakest and most needy class of human beings? To stand stubbornly on one's rights in a case like this, and at a time like the present, is an effectual way to break the bruised reed and quench the smoking flax -Christian Advocate.

#### DON'T GO DOWN THAT STREET.

I was visiting at a good minister's house a few days ago, and made friends with his bright little daughter, only six years old, who taught me a lesson. I invited her to take a walk with me, and we proceeded down the street, her hand in mine, chatting in a very friendly way. As we came to a crossing, she said: "Don't go down that

"Why not?" I asked, in surprise.
"Because I am always tempted when 1 go

"What is it that tempts you?"

"What is it that tempts you?"
"The candy store. I always wants to go go in and buy some candy."
Now here is a lesson for children of larger growth. What should you do when you are tempted? Run away, or rather don't go in the way of temptation. Is it the saloon that tempts you to enter? Keep away. Whatever it is that makes you spund your money needlessly, keep away. Keep on the safe, side. We give you the advice in the words of the Bible: "Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it and pass away."—Youth's Temperance Banner.

VICTIMS OF THRIST MADNESS.

The periodical desire for strong drink which sometimes besets individuals otherwise moral and exemplary is a species of paroxysmal mania beyond the control of the It is quite certain that there are thousands of cases of remittent drunke which present the specific symptoms of dis-

ease.

The periodical drunkard is not an habitual dram-drinker. But at particular times he appears to be attacked with a thirst-madness which deprives him of the power of volition and hurries him into the most terrible expects. During the interval between the part cess. During the interval between the paroxysms he may be a perfectly sober man. For many weeks, or even months, he may have steadily refused to taste a drop or liquor; may, indeed, have felt no inclination. for it, but on the contrary regarded it with disgust. And yet, when the fit time comes on, the raging thirst for alcohol utterly paralyzes his conscience and his will.

yzes his conscience and his will.

A man in this condition is a monomaniac, and should be treated as one. If put under proper restraint at the commencement of this furor, the dipsomaniac, in nine cases out of ten, might be tided over his difficulty in the course of a week, and a perseverance in the course at the recurrence of the hallucina-tion would probably eventuate in a complete

Cure.

It is not easy to persuade the world that all drunkenness is not voluntary. The law does not recognize dipsomania. It treats all inebriates alike. This seems to be unjust, although it is hard to say where the line should be drawn between free-will excess and that which proceeds from an uncontrolable mania.—Toledo Bladc.

WHO STANDS THE CASH?

Who pays the bills? Who feeds the drunkard's children? Who provides for the drunkard's broken-hearted wife? Who supports the heggarly tramps, who, having wasted their money in drink, wander about the country? Who repairs the losses caused the country? Who repairs the losses caused by the failure of intemperate merchants and reckless and half-intoxicated business men? Who makes good the damages caused by the blunders of drunken workmen and the hindrance of business caused by sprees of intemperate employes? Who pays for the railroad wrecks caused by drunken conductors and engineers? Who builds the asylum where the crazy drunkards are kept? Who supports the idiotic children of drunken parents? Who pays the attorneys and juries and judges to try drunken criminals? Who parents? Who pays the attorneys and jurges and judges to try drunken criminals? Who pays the expenses of trials and commitments and executions occasioned by the crimes of drunken men? Who pays for the property destroyed and burned by drunken men? Who builds and supports alms-houses, which but for drink might remain unoccupied? Who endures the sufferial and losses and brutality, which are due to the recklessness and tality which are due to the recklessness and When we the billes The dample of

who pays the bills? The drunkard cannot, who pays the bills? The drunkard cannot, for he has wasted his substance in the cup. Will the rumseller pay them? The fact is, you and I, the sober, industrious toiling portion of the community must meet all these bills. The drunken rowdy, wounded in the street fight, is cared for in the city hospital at our expense; the drunken beggar is fed from our table; his hungry children come to our doors for bread, and we cannot refuse assistance to his affactory wife, and when at sistance to his suffering wife; and when at last, having wasted his substance in riotous living, he comes to the almshous?, the asynving, ne comes to the almshouse, the asy-lum, the hospital or the prison, honest, sober, temperate men pay the bills for supporting him there. There is no escaping it. We may protest, we may grumble at taxes, and find fault with beggars, but ultimately and in-evitably we must foot the bills.—The Exange-list.

TEMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES. It has been resolved to form a National Juion of British Temperance Choral So-

cieties. Temperance teaching in the State schools of Victoria, Australia, has been made compulsory.

The retail liquor traffic is now prohibited in seventy-nine municipalities of the pro-vince of Manitoba.

The W. C. T. U. of Mississippi has received a gift of \$5000 by subscriptions taken after a sermon in behalf of its work, delivered at Meridian by Sam Jones. The new State headquarters of the Pennsylvania W C. T. U. have been formally dedicated and opened. The rooms are in a new and handsome building on Arch street,

Philadelphia. The Woman's Christian Temperance Unionthe Independent Order of Good Templars and the Prohibition party of Nebraska have formed a triple alliance to work for the State Prohibition amendment.

Mrs. S. F. Grubb, Super ntendent of W.
C. T. U. work among foreigners, is now pub-

C. T. U. work among foreigners, is now publishing her tracts in four-teen different lan guages. She has begun to issue these tracts guages. She has begun to issue these tracts as semi-monthly temperance talks, ten thousand at an issue. The Commissioners of the District of Co-

law for the District of Columbia have asked Congress to pass a Sunday law for the District of Columbia, and the President approves their request. Hon. W. C. P. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, will introduce such a bill and the American Sabbath Union will work for its Dannied