Only the babies know-The glad, glad babies know!

What is more precious to have and to hold? Worth more than its weight in rubies or gold? The fairest, purest, loveliest thing That earth can give and heaven can bring? Only the mothers know-

The glad, glad mothers know! -Emma C. Dowd, in Young People.

## A LITTLE MAVERICK.

All that hot August day there had been a cloud of dust in the east like a column of smoke. No breath of air stirred it, nor did it seem to advance a vard. The sky was a steely blue, the air quivered like the white heat from a cauldron of molten metal. In the crisp and dry buffalo grass myraid insect life gave to the simmering air a dreamy, monotonous sound like the humming of far-away

· The afternoon passed, darkness gathered, and with the rising moon came a cool wind from off the snow-crested peaks. The cloud of dust subsided, and revealed a line of moving, white-covered

wagons. As the caravan drew near, a gaunt prairie wolf rose suddenly out of the grass, gave a long, dolorous howl, and ded across the plain. After him, as if they had risen from the earth by magic. went a pony and rider, a bronzed, grizzled old man, as gaunt, and evidently dreading the new-comers as much, as the wolf.

The caravan, numbering thirty wagons, went into camp in the form of a hollow square, the people and animals inside the barrier of wagons. The sound of voices, the smell of cooking, the laughter of children and the red glow of the campfires made a bit of welcome life in the solemn land, breaking the soundless monotony of centuries.

Later, when the fires were low, and when the only noises were the champing of the animals and the tread of the sentry on watch, a strange, elfish figure ran out of the stockade and began to dance in the moonlight-a girl of twelve or thereabouts, with big, sparkling eyes and short, black curls flying over her pretty brow. A bearded face was thrust out under a wagon cover, and a gruff but not unkindly voice called:

"Come in here, you Maverick, want the Injuns to git ye?"

The child laughed mockingly, and call the big man jumped out of the wagon | an open space between two wagons. and ran after her. When she could run ao longer she dropped like a log, remaining stiff and still, while he carried her to the wagon.

the child rolled over like a stick of wood. The ludy addressed was a tall, thin to better herself.

"Gritty' is Western, I presume, Mr. Chase," said the lady, Miss Mary Ann Reed. "What on earth do you call her a Maverick for?" Miss Reed clicked her ncedles viciously. She knitted all day, jolting in a corner of the wagon, a picture of martyrdom.

"In my kentry, Texas," said Chase,

"She's got folks in Denver," said Miss | spoke of by the camp-fires.

Reed. child. "A feller that met me two days | be spared." ago on the cast-bound wagon-train told the old lady dyin', Janet's uncle jest the world seemed asleep. shipped her off to Denver where her take her."

these folks?" asked Miss Reed. "Cause they was only harf way, an' she never afterward forgot.

was short for grub; they wouldn't take

wagons. Around the camp fires even her astray long hours before. the men gathered to hear her sing the quaint old hymns her grandmother had his haunches, regarding her with a protaught her. She held tired babies till found and melancholy stare. her little arms were numb, she told | At the sight of the pony the wolf gave last one in the train most of all.

This wagon had joined the train in Missouri, and belonged to an unfortunate day an' hungy an' the doggie comed an' family that Chase called "Pires." The singed. I had a doggie once, Bounce, father, a sullen, sickly man, drove the where mamma was. Oh, I want my four lean oxen; the mother, haif-dead mamma!" from malaria, seldom lifted her head from her bed; and the nine children, practicalle, away, and then she gave her the food she orphans, took care of themselves, and of had brought-her own supper. a little, motherless girl, sent to her father lifted her to the pony's back, led Nance in Denver.

This baby, Rose, was a merry little shelter, and there waited for daylight. creature of three, beautiful and winning, and much liked. But the days were toilsome ones, and as the Browns had charge arms. "Nance is laid down an' asleep. of her, no one interfered, though many of | Only me awake, an' I must keep watch the party wondered who could have for wolves an' Injuns. Now the moon's trusted her with them.

faded little souls, were fathful guar-dians over her. The other children were Try as she wo like some good old folks who had lived weary. As the moon sank and the chill out well-rounded lives and been trans- increased, the shivering child covered lated back to earth to begin over again.

To these children Janet's presence was the one happiness of their day, nor could she could tell stories enough to satisfy them. Once Janet, coming unobserved, heard the youngest Pike telling baby Rose, who was cross, one of hill; the horse followed, trembling in her own stories.

"You sorrerful little things," cried Janet, "can't you make 'cm up yourselves of your own?"

For a week, at night, the sentry at the stockade saw far-off, black, moving specks on the horizon, and weary and anxious were the hours of darkness, early the start, eager the hope to get on without the attack. Each man would mutter in the gray dawn, as haggard and white, he harnessed his team, Thank God, another night of peace, no Indians vet!'

the better o' us you git on that ere leetle thar."

"Nance likes me," smiled Janet, "I feed her my bread."

"All of us like ye, ye Maverick, yer so chipper allus," Chase said, admiringly. "The Injuns shan't git ye ef we kin help

That day a young wife was sick, and all the long hours Janet tended the wailing baby its mother was too ill to care for. She looked back at the line of wagons and thought of baby Rose, that she loved best of all.

"Those good little Pikes will see to they lay in a strange stupor, those pathetic guardians - and no one noted Locked in each other's arms they them. lay unheeded, and one was drifting away beyond earthly aid.

At the night halt Janet, freed from her charge, ran for Rose. Then the news flew from wagon to wagon, the child was gone and no one had seen her all day. Miss Reed remembered seeing her running among the sunflowers at breakfasttime.

"Ain't nobody going for her?" cried Janet, in agony. She ran to each wagon, to be met with the same answer: "It

cannot be done." "You see, Janet," said Chase, a sob in his voice, "there's fifty women an' children here an' only thirty men to guard em; there may be hundreds of Injuns out there. We daren't leave camp or they'll know it, an' we've searched all the plains with a glass an' there's no sign of

her." "But ter-morrer-" choked Janet. "She'll not be a-wanderin', missy don't arsk me to tell ye, but there's In-

juns an' perarie wolves." "We must only tell her father she died-never the whole truth," said Miss Reed, coming to the wagon for her rubbers, which she wore on the dryest nights.

Chase walked away and sat down by the fire. "No, don't talk no more, Janet," as the child went to him, "it aren't no use. I'm the only old Injun fighter in camp. I've growed gray at it. I've got ter take the lead."

Janet went quickly to her wagon. By the light of a flickering candle she printed, in a round, childish hand, on a bit of paper, these few words:

"Mr. Chase, I am goin' to find Rose an' take Nance. I aint no good in fightin' Injuns, an' I heard you say my folks was dead. Don't you come for me 'cause they need you. They don't me that is only a Maverick. "JANET."

She pinned this note to his blanket, then went softly out in the starlight to the corner where Nance stood. Fearlessly she blanketed the animal, fastened continued her dance. After the third | the surcingle, then led her quietly out to

She looked back at the dying campfires, the groups of men sleeping in the light of them, their guns by their sides, the silhouettes of the women against the "Gritty, ain't she, marm?" he said, as | wagon curtains, Miss Reed's prim and queer with the funny curls. How safe it was here, how lonely and dreadful bid ye God-speed. Ef ever a lone little person with a wrinkled face, sharp black outside! She climbed on the pony and child was worth a father's love an' care, eyes behind spectacles, corkscrew curls, turned her head toward the east; the you be, an' the blessin' of all us that and a habit of wearing little shoulder animal, thinking of her home, struck into capes in the hottest weather. She was a a run. The sentinal saw Nance disap-New England school teacher going West | pear in the darkness, but did not note the little rider

"That onery gray pony as aint been worked all the way hey got loose an' gone," he said to the crowd of excited men who ran out at the noise.

Every unusual rattling of gravel under Nance's hoofs quickened the beating of Janet's heart; every dark object was to her a beast of prey; every sound, the "they calls them stray young cattle that | coming of the red meu. She thought of don't git branded Maverick's: they don't | the old-time stories of Indian warfare to no herd, an' them that finds and cruelty her grandmother had told only to tell us on the next page of monher; of the horrors of the plains the men

"But I'm the only one in all that train "I dunno," whispered the man, with as hasn't anybody to care for me," she an anxious look toward the sleeping said, bravely. "There was only me to

When the moon rose it showed her no me her pa and ma hed died suddenly an' living object on the great plains. The the children hed scattered, an' he'd camp was far out of vision, and not even never heered o' Janet at all. Her a spark from its fires glimmered on the gran'marm hed kep'her from a baby, an' still air. Absolute quiet and solitude;

At the top of a little rise in the road folks was livin'. Don't seem nobody to | Janet halted to rest her tired horse, and once more to look around the lonely "Why didn't you send her back with land. The quivering of Nance startled her, and peering ahead, Janet saw a sight

There in the moonlit road stood baby Rose, her yellow curls dishevelled, her Yet the Maverick was a great pet on face tear-stained and dirty, her gown the journey. Every one liked her, and torn, her little feet bare and bleeding. welcomed her bright presence to their | She still clung to her flowers that had led

Near the child a lean gray wolf sat on

stories to weary children, and was a a weird howl, turned and trotted swiftly ministering angel at every wagon-at the across the plains. The child, with a wild cry, ran forward.

"I knew you'd tum, Janie. I lost all

Janet held her close, kissed her tears She to some low hills that might give them

"I never knew nights was so long before!" sighed Janet, holding Rose in her goin', too, an' it gets lonesomer. I'll The two younger Browns, homely, say all the hymns I know to keep me

Try as she would her head would unruly and rude, but these two seemed droop, the words grow confused and Rose with her own skirt, and then to keep warm and awake walked up and down beside her.

What was it, that low, trampling sound, coming louder and nearer so fast? Janet caught up Rose and ran back to the every limb. Just beyond the hill in a furious gallop came a mass of horses, and dimly amid the fog of dust about them Janet saw the forms of their Indian riders.

"Joe said Injuns was wuss'n wolves!" sobbed Janet. "Dear Lord, let them go are stationed at a point commanding an on an' not find us!"

The Indians passed on their path, marked by clouds of sand that helped United States Signal Office is. One of the darkness mercifully to hide the chil-

hardly were the words uttered when sioned officer is required to keep his "Janet," said Chase one morning, there came another louder trampling, the glass fixed upon the time ball. The inwhen she came to watch him harness his click of arms against saddles, and more team, "ef them Injuns comes an' gits horses-hundreds of them it seemed to Janet-and then, bringing joy to her latter immediately sounds the specified gray pony, Nance, thar, an take Rose heart, an American voice calling: "For- call, which is heard all over the island, an' set out fur them low hills 'cross | ward !" as the cavalrymen pressed on after the Indians.

The danger having passed, the tired child fell asleep with Rose in her arms, When she woke it was bright sunlight Her dazed eyes saw Nance feeding near by, Rose running toward her, and an oldish man, with a gray beard and bronzed face, looking at her kindly. By his side was the lean wolf Rosy had called a dog. "I knew it was a tame one!" cried Janet.

"In course you did," smiled the old man. "Me an' my gal, Ann Reed, fell out twenty odd year ago 'cause I owned her," she thought, hopefully. But the a tame b'ar. She went ter Bosting, two little Pikes were weary that day— turned schoolmarm, an' I emigrated to Iowy."

Janet, very wide-eyed, told him about Miss Reed, who was one of their wagonparty. Gaining courage, she also gave her own history and Rose's as far as she

"Wal, you be a powerful talker!" cried the old man. "Now come eat, an' then we'll ketch up with the caravan. Say, though, sis, would you say, 'lowin' fur age an' my whiskers, Ann Reed aint no better-lookin' then me!"

"You're both nice for old folks," said Janet, politely. He led them to a dugout in the hills,

where they found plenty to eat, and then they set out for the wagons, Janet with Rose on Nance, the wolf following the old man's bronco.

"The row last night, sis," he said, 'was Uncle Sam's sojers arter Injuns, same as has been hangin' round yer train. Wonder how them serious ways of Ann Reed's would 'a' took with Injuns?"

At night they reached the campingplace of the wagons, where there was great rejoicing-Chase, especially, coming often to stroke Janet's curls, and mutter: "Ef you aint a borned hero, I never knowed one! The stuff of a pioneer!"

Janet's only sadness was that one little grave where the youngest "Pike" lay; the child had died the night before. How many nameless graves, some pathetic, tiny ones, there used to be on that great pathway to the West!

When Janet, with Rose in her arms, climbed into her wagon, the hermit approached and said, mysteriously: "It's the same Ann Reed, sis, an' she's there a-pettin' that wolf like he were a poodle dog. Aint set agin 'em no more.'

Two miles from Denver they met a horseman so pale and anxious they knew who he was even before he called hoarsely: "Is my baby with you?"
"Aye, she be," answered Chase, "but

we'd met ye with blank faces an' sorrerful hearts but for Janet here." Then he told the story, and the father

got down from his horse to kiss her first before his own child.
"I'm well on, Joe," he said, brokenly. I can do well for her, and you say she

has no one. I will have two daughters instead of one." "You aint a Maverick no more, Janet," cried Joe, something shining in his honest eyes, "an' there aint one of us but will

knowed ye goes with ye." And as she, with Rose and her father, parted from the companions of the long wagon journey, they followed her with loving, tearful eyes, that little Maverick who had found a happy home. - Youth's Companion.

The Moon's-Tide-Producing Power.

The great scientists and astronomers concur in the opinion that only the ignorant common people believe the moon to exercise an influence over human affairs, induced by the very agency sceered at in a preceding chapter. That our attendant satellite does exert a powerful influence over our little globe may be inferred from what we know of its tide-producing

power alone. As our planet sweeps along at an unthinkable rate of speed, it is drawn toward the moon very perceptibly, enough to produce tides on opposite sides of the earth's surface at the same time. If these great mountains of water can be put in motion by the "pale white orb of night," why should we not attribute to it minor influences, even though they be of a detrimental or pestilential character? Denying the truth in the case can never help

matters. "But how can the moon be the cause of tides in America and in China at the same time?" some one says. According to the best authority on the subject of tides, that part of the carth's surface which is turned away from the moon or sun has a smaller degree of attraction than the side next the luminary exerting the pulling" power; thus, in effect, leaving the water behind, and producing a tide on the opposite, as well as upon the side acted upon directly by the force of grav-

The moon is now 240,000 miles away; geologists and astronomers tell us that there was a time when it was only 40,000 miles distant, only one-sixth of what it is at the present moment. The tides of today average all the way from three to fifty feet. Say that they are now three feet at the Eads jetties at the mouth of the Mississippi; what would be the result of the moon being brought five-sixths nearer, or back to the old mythical 40,-000-mile mark? Instead of tides being three feet at the mouth of the parent of waters, they would rise to a height of 648 feet! The whole of the Mississippi Valley would present the appearance of a vast beach; St. Louis would be covered out of sight and the waves forty-eight feet high would flow through the streets of Chicago into Lake Michigan! The writer is not an astrologer, astronomer or soothsayer; he knows nothing of "divinations" or black art; does not even profess to believe that we are on the eve of a pestilential visitation, but will not deny believing in moon influence. Is it not rational, after all, to give Luna credit of having something to do with our fortunes and misfortunes?-St. Louis Re-

public. Time Regulated by Bugle. Every watch and clock on Governor's Island, New York, is regulated by bugle cail. Just before noon two enlisted men unobstructed view of the tower of the Western Union Building, where the these is the post bugler, the other a ron. trained signalman, equipped with a "They're gone!" cried Janet; but powerful field glass. The non-commisstant it drops he gives the signal to the bugler, who stands in readiness, and the and there is a general consultation and adjustment of watches and clocks. \_

## REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN DAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Glorious Christ."

TEXT: "He that cometh from above i above all."-John iii., 31. The most conspicuous character of history The most conspicuous character of history steps out upon the platform. The finger which, diamonded with light, pointed down to Him from the Bethlehem sky, was only a ratification of the finger of prophecy, the finger of genealogy, the finger of chronology, the finger of events—all five fingers pointing in one direction. Christ is the overtopping figure of all time. He is the vox humana in all music, the gracefulest line in all sculpture, the most exquisite mingling of lights and shades in all painting, the acme of all and shades in all painting, the acme of all climaxes, the dome of all cathedraled gran-deur, and the peroration of all splendid lan-

deur, and the peroration of all splendid language.

The Greek alphabet is made up of twentyfour letters and when Christ compared Himself to the first letter and the last letter, the
alpha and the omega, He appropriated
to Himself all the splendors that you
can spell out either with those two letters and all the letters between them. "I
am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning
and the end, the first and the last." Or, if
you prefer the words of the text, "above
all."

What does it mean? It means after you

What does it mean? It means, after you have piled up all Alpine and Himalayan altitudes, the glory of Christ would have to altitudes, the glory of Christ would have to spread its wings and descend a thousand leagues to touch those summits. Pelion, a high mountain of Thessaly; Ossa, a high mountain, and Olympus, a high mountain; but mythology tells us when the giants warred against the gods they piled up these three mountains, and from the top of them proposed to scale the heavens; but the height was not great enough, and there was a complete failure. And after all the giants—Isaiah and Paul, prophetic and apostolic giants; Raphael and Michael Angelo, artistic giants; cherubim and seraphim and archangel, celestial giants—have failed to climb to the top of Christ's glory they might all well unite in the words of the text and say: "He that cometh from above is above all."

"He that cometh from above is above all."
First, Christ must be above all else in our preaching. There are so many books on homiletics scattered through the country that all laymen, as well as all clergymen, have made up their minds what sermons ought to be. That sermon is most effectual which most pointedly puts fouth Christ as ought to be. That sermon is most effectual which most pointedly puts forth Christ as the pardon of all sin and the correction of all evil—individual, social, political, national. There is no reason why we should ring the endless changes on a few phrases. There are those who think that if an exhortation of all security have frequent mention of justice. those who think that if an exhortation or a discourse have frequent mention of justification, sanctification, covenant of works and covenant of grace, that therefore it must be profoundly evangelical, while they are suspicious of a discourse which presents the same truth, but under different phraseology. Now, I say there is nothing in all the opulent realm of Anglo-Saxonism, of all the word treasures that we inherited from the Latin and the Greek and the Indo-European, but we have a right to the Indo-European, but we have a right to marshal it in religious discussion. Christ sets the example. His illustrations were from the grass, the flowers, the spittle, the salve, the barnyard fowl, the crystals of salt, as well as from the seas and the stars; and we do not propose in our Sabbath-school teach-ing and in our pulpit address to be put on the I know that there is a great deal said in our

day against words, as though they were nothing. They may be misused, but they have an imperial power. They are the bridge between soul and soul, between Almighty God and the human race. What did God write upon the tables of stones? Words. God write upon the tables of stones? Words. What did Christ utter on Mount Olivet? Words. Out of what did Christ strike the spark for the illumination of the universe? Out of words. "Let there be light," and light was. Of course, thought is the cargo, and words are only the ship; but how fast would your cargo get on without the ship? What you need, my friends, in all your work, in your Sabbath-school class, in your reformatory institutions, and what we all need is to enlarge our vocabulary when we come to speak about God and Christ and heaven. We ride a few old words to death when there is such illimitable resource. Shakespeare employed fifteen thousand different words for dramatic purposes; Milton employed eight thousand different words for poetic purposes; sand different words for poese purposes, Rufus Choate employed over eleven thou-sand different words for legal purposes; but the most of us have less than a thousand words that we can manage, less than five

words that we can manage, less than five hundred, and that makes us so stupid.

When we come to set forth the love of Christ we are going to take tenderest phraseology wherever we find it, and if it has never been used in that direction before, all the more shall we use it. When we come to speak of the glory of Christ, the Conqueror, we are going to draw our similes from triumphal arch and oratorio and everything grand and stupendons. The everything grand and stupendous. everything grand and stupendous. The French navy have eighteen flags by which they give signal, but those eighteen flags they can put into sixty-six thousand different combinations. And I have to tell you that these standards of the cross may be lifted into combinations infinite and varieties everlasting. And lot me say to these young men who come from the theseminaries into our services every Sabbath, and are after a while going to preach Jesus Christ, you will have the largest liberty and unlimited resource. You only have to present Christ in your own way.

Jonathan Edwards preached Christ in the

severest argument ever penned, and John Bunyan preached Christ in the sublimest allegory ever composed. Edward Payson, sick and exhausted, leaned up against the side of the pulpit and wept out his discourse, while George Whitfield, with the manner and the voice and the state of an extension and the voice and the start of an actor, overwhelmed his auditory. It would have been a different thing if Jonathan Edwards had tried to write and dream about the pilgrim's progress to the celestial city, or John Bunyan had at

tempted an essay on the human will.

Brighter than the light, fresher than the fountains, deeper than the seas, are all these Gospel themes. Song has no melody, flowers have no sweetness, studet sky has no color compared with these glorious themes. These harvests of grace spring up quicker than we can sickle them. Kindling pulpits with can sickle them. Kindling pulpits with their fire, and producing revolutions with their power, lighting up dying beds with their glory, they are the sweetest thought for the poet, and they are the most thrilling illustration for the orator, and they offer the most intense scene for the artist, and they are to the embassador of the sky all enthusiasm. Complete pardon for direst guilt. Sweetest comfort for ghastly agony. Brightest hope for grimmest death. agony. Brightest hope for grimmest death, Grandest resurrection for darkest sepulchre Grandest resurrection for darkest sepulcine. Oh, what a Gospel to preach! Christ over all in it. His birth, His suffering, His miracles, His parables, His sweat, His tears, His blood, His atonement, His intercession—what glorious themes! Do we exercise faith? Christ is its object. Do we have love? It fastens on Jesus. Have we a fondness for the church? It is because Christ died for it. Have we a hope of heaven? It is because Jesus went ahead, the herald and the forerunner.

The royal robe of Demetricus was so costly.

one ever dared put it on; but this robe of Christ, richer than that, the poorest and the wannest and the worst may wear. "Where sin abounded grace may may be as "Where sin abounded grace may "Oh, my sins, my sins," said Martin Luther to Staupitz, "my sins, my sins!" The fact is, that the brawny German student had found a Latin Bible that made him quake, found a Latin Bible that made him quake, and nothing else ever did make him quake; and when he found how, through Christ, he was pardoned and saved, he wrote to a friend, saying; "Come over and join us great and awful sinuers saved by the grace of God. You seem to be only a slender sinner, and you don't much extol the mercy of God; but we that have been such very awful sinners praise His have been such very awful sinners praise His grace the more now that we have been re-Can it be that you are so des perately egotistical that you feel yourself in first rate spiritual trim, and that from the root of the hair to the tip of the toe you are scarless and immaculate? What you need is scariess and immaculate? What you need is a looking glass, and here it is in the Bible. Poor, and wretched, and miserable, and blind, and naked from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, full of wounds and putrefying sores. No health in us. And then take the fact that Christ gathered up all the notes against us and paid them, and then offered us the receipt.

us the receipt.

And how much we need Him in our sorrows! We are independent of circumstances if we have His grace. Why, He made Paul sing in the duageon, and under that grace sing in the duageon, and under that grace St. John from desolate Patmos heard the blast of the apocalyptic trumpets. After all other candles have been surfed out, this is the light that gets brighter and brighter

unto the perfect day; and after, under the hard hoofs of calamity, all the pools of worldly enjoyments have been trampled into deep mire, at the foot of the eternal rock the Christian, from cups of granite lily rimmed and vine covered, puts out the thirst of his soul.

Again, I remark, that Christ is above all Again, I remark, that Christ is above an in dying alleviations.

I have not any sympathy with the morbidity abroad about our demise. The Emperor of Constantinople arranged that on the day of his coronation the stone mason should come and consult him about the tombstone that a the a while he would need. And there that after a while he would need. And there that after a while he would need. And there are men who are monomaniacal on the subject of departure from this life by death, and the more they think of it the less they are prepared to go. This is an unmanliness not worthy of you, not worthy of me.

Saladin, the greatest conqueror of his day, while drive contend that the tunic he had

Saladin, the greatest conqueror of his day, while dying, ordered that the tunic he had on him be carried after his death on his spear at the head of his army, and that then the soldier, ever and anon, should stop and say: "Behold, all that is left of Saladin, the Emperor and conqueror! Of all the States he conquered, of all the wealth he accumulated, nothing did he retain but this shrond." I have no symmathy with such behavior, or nothing did he retain but this shroud." I have no sympathy with such behavior, or such absurd demonstration, or with much that we hear uttered in regard to departure from this life to the next. There is a commonsensical idea on this subject that you and

I need to consider—that there are only two styles of departure.

A thousand feet underground, by light of A thousand feet underground, by light of torch toiling in a miner's shaft, a ledge of rock may fall upon us, and we may die a miner's death. Far out at sea, falling from the slippery rathines and broken on the halyards, we may die a sailor's death. On mission of mercy in hospital, amid broken bones and reeking leprosies and raging fevers, we may die a philanthropist's death. On the field of battle, serving God and our country, slugs through the heart, the gun carriage may roll oyer us, and we may die a patriot's death. But, after all, there are only two styles of departure—the death of only two styles of departure—the death of the righteous and the death of the wicked— and we all want to die the former.

God grant that when that hour comes you may be at home. You want the hand of may be at nome. You want the hand of your kindred in your hand. You want your children to surround you. You want the light on your pillow from eyes that have long reflected your love. You want the room still. You do not want any curious room still. You do not want any curious strangers standing around watching you. You want your kindred from afar to hear your last prayer. I think that is the wish of all of us. But is that all? Can earthly friends hold us up when the billows of death come up to the girdle? Can human voice charm open heaven's gate? Can human hand pilot us through the appropriate of death into through the narrows of death into heaven's harbor? Can any earthly friend-ship shield us from the arrows of death, and in the hour when Satan shall practice upon us his infernal archery? No, no, no, no! Alas! Poor soul, if that is all. Better die in the wilderness, far from tree shadow and from fountain, alone, vultures circling through the air waiting for our body, un-known to men, and to have no burial, if only Christ could say through the solitudes: "I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee." Expert that pillow of stone a ledder thee." From that pillow of stone a ladder would soar heavenward, angels coming and going; and across the solitude and the bars would come the sweet notes of heav-

renness would come the sweet notes of neavenly minstrelsy.
Gordon Hall, far from home, dying in the door of a heathen temple, said: "Glory to thee, O God?" What did dying Wilberforce say to his wife? "Come and sit beside me, and let us talk of heaven. I never knew what happiness was until I found Christ." What did dying Hannah More say! "To go to heaven, think what that is! To go to Christ, who died that I might live! Oh, glorious grave! Oh, what a glorious thing it glorious grave! Oh, what a glorious thing it is to die? Oh, the love of Christ, the love of Christ!" What did Mr. Toplady, the great hymnmaker, say in his last hour? "Who can measure the depths of the third heaven? Oh, the sunshine that fills my soul! I shall soon be gone, for surely no one can live in this world after such glories as God has mani-

fested to my soul."
What did the dying Janeway say? "I can as easily die as close my eyes or turn my head in sleep. Before a few hours have passed I shall stand on Mount Zion with the one I shall stand on Mount Zion with the one hundred and forty and four thousand and with the just men made perfect, and we shall ascribe riches, and honor, and glory, and majesty, and dominion unto God and the Lamb." Dr. Taylor, condemned to burn at the stake, on his way thither broke away from the guardsmen and went bounding and leaping and jumping toward the fire, glad to go to Jesus and to die for Him. Sir Charles Hare, in last moment, had such rapturous vision that he cried: "Upward, upward, upward!" And so great was the peace of one of Christ's disciples that he put his fingers upon the pulse in his wrist and

ingers upon the pulse in his wrist and counted it and observed it; and so great was his placidity that after a while he said: "Stopped!" and his life had ended here to begin in heaven. But grander than that was testimony of the worn out first missionary, when, in the Mamartine dungeon, he cried: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand, I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course. I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteous-ness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me in that day and not to give me in that day, and not to me but to all them that love His appear-Do you not see that Christ is above

ing!" Do you not see that Christ is above all in dying alleviations?

Toward the last hour of our earthly residence we are speeding. When I see the sunset, I say: "One day less to live." When I see the spring blossoms scattered, I say: "Another season gone forever." When I close this Bible on Sabbath night, I say: "Another Sabbath departed." When I bury a friend, I say: "Another earthly attraction gone forever." What nimble feet the years have! The roebucks and the lightnings run not so fast. From decade to decade, from navel The recourse and the spirituity and not so fast. From decade to decade, from sky to sky, they go at a bound. There is a place for us, whether marked or not, where you and I will sleep the last sleep, and the men tre now living sleep, and the men are now living who will, with solemn trade, carry us to our resting place. Ay, it is known in heaven whether our departure will be a coronation

or a hanishment or a banishment.

Brighter than a banqueting hall through which the light feet of the dancers go up and down to the sound of trumpeters will be the sepulcher through whose rifts the holy light of heaven streameth. God will watch you.

of heaven streameth. God will watch you. He will send His angels to guard your slumbering ground, until, at Christ's behest, they shall roll away the stone.

So, also, Christ is above all in heaven. The Bible distinctly says that Christ is the chief theme of the celestial ascription, all the thrones facing His throne, all the palms waved before His face, all the crowns down at His feet. Cherubim to cherubim, seraphim to seraphim redeemed spirit to rephim to seraphim, redeemed spirit to re-deemed spirit, shall recite the Saviour's earth-

ly sacrifice. Stand on some high hill or heaven, and in

all the radiant sweep the most glorious object shall be Jesus. Myriads gazing on the scars of His suffering, in sileuce first, afterward breaking forth into acclamation. The ward breaking forth into accumation. The martyrs, all the purer for the flame through which they passed, will say: "This is Jesus, for whom we died." The apostles, all the happier for the shipwreck and the scourging through which they went, will say: "This is the Jesus whom we preached at Corinth, and at Cappadocia, and at Antioch, and at Jerusalem." Little children clad in white will say: "This is the Jesus who took us in His arms and blessed us, and when the storms of the world were too cold and loud, brought us into this beautiful place." The multitudes of the bereft will say: "This is multitudes of the bereft will say: "This is the Jesus who conforted us when our heart broke." Many who wandered clear off from God and plunged into vagabondism, but were saved by grace, will say: "This is the Jesus who pardoned us. We were lost on the mountains, and He brought us home. We were guilty, and He has made us white as snow." Mercy boundless, grace unparalleled. And then, after each one has recited his neguliar deliverances and peculiar merhis peculiar deliverances and peculiar mer-cies, recited them as by solo, all the voices will come together into a great chorus, which will make the arches echo and re-echo with the eternal reverberation of gladaes and peace and triumph.

Edward I was so anxious to go to the Holy

Land that when he was about to expire he bequeathed \$160,000 to have his heart, after bequeathed \$160,000 to have his neart, after his decease, taken to the Holy Land in Asia Minor, and his request was complied with. But there are hundreds to-tay whose hearts are already in the Holy Land of heaven. Where your treasures are, there are your hearts also. Quaint John Bunyan, of whom at the opening of the discaught a glimpse of that and in his quaint way:
"And I heard in my dream, and in the discaught and in his quaint way:
"And I heard in my dream, and in the discaught and in the discaught are again for joy: spoke at course, caught a his quaint way place, and in his quaint way he said: "And I heard in my dream, and lol the bells of the city rang again for joy; and as they opened the gates to let in the men I looked in after them, and lol the city shone like the sun, and there wore streets of gold, and men walked on them, harps in their hands, to sing praises withal; and after that they shut up the gates, which when I had seen I wished myself among them?"

## RELIGIOUS READING.

God of the mountain, God of the storm, God of the flower, God of the worm! Hear us and bless us,

Forgive us, redress us!
Breathe on our sp.rits Thy love and Thy healing, Teach us content with Thy fatherly dealing,

Teach us to love Thee,
To love one another, brother his brother; And make us all free— ree from the shackles of ancient tradition, Free from the censure of man for his

neighbor, Help us each one to fulfil his true mission, And show us 'tis manly, 'tis godlike, to

God of the darkness, God of the sun, God of the beautiful, God of each one. Clothe us and feed us,

Illume us and lead us; Show us that avarice holds us in thrall, That the land is all Thine, and Thou givest to all. Scatter our blindness; Help us do right, all the day and the night; To love mercy and kindness; Aid us to conquer mistakes of the past;

Show us our future to cheer us and arm The upper, the better, the mansions Thou And, God of the grave, that the grave

cannot harm us. -J. R. Orton. SELF-DENIAL.

A little box came into a missionary collection inscribed with the singular words, "Tis But." It was from a lady who had never felt that she could do much for missions and the statement of the s sions. But she had been accustomed to buy a good many things for herself which she did not absolutely need, saying, "'Tis but a dollar," or "'Tis but a trifle." This year she determined, when so tempted, to put her "'tis buts" into the missionary box; and it surprised her to find that they amounted to one hundred and fifty dollars.

CALLOUSED CONSCIENCES.

In a world of sin and death pain is a blessed and merciful appointment. A man blessed and merciful appointment. A man has a broken leg, the surgeon has set it, and though he writhes and screams, his physician is calm, and placid; he says "the leg is doing well," By and by the pain ceases and the man settles down in quiet; it does not distress him any more; and then the surgeon is alarmed and says that leg must come off; mortification is setting in.

Just so there are many men whose ease and contentment of mind is the saddest

and contentment of mind is the saddest feature in their cases; it is the insensibility of a soul stupefied and benumbed by sin; it is the apathy of death. So long as con-science pricks, and the soul is restive, un-happy, discontented and ill at ease, there is hope; but when all this is passed and people settle down in content, stupid and stolid, then death is doing its work. "Woe also to them when I depart from them." Hosea 9: 12.—Common People.

TAKE YOUR HANDS OUT OF YOUR POCKETS, YOU .. G MAN.

To begin with, it does not look well when young man crooks his arms and thrusts s hands into his pockets, making a figure eight of himself, and then stands up against the sunny side of the house, like a rooster in December. How would the girls look, all turned into

eights and leaning against the wall? How would your mother look in that posture? Catch her doing it! You don't find her hands in her pockets. Your mother's hands! While you are loating, they are the hands that sew, and bake, and stew, and fry and sweep, and darn, and nurse, but she does not sink them in her rockets and then loll

against a building.

Are your hands cold? Warm them up at the end of the hee handle and scythe. Swing the hammer; drive the plane; flourish the axe. There is untold caloric about the spade, trowel and wrench.

Take your hands out of your pockets,

young man. You are losing time. valuable. People feel it at the oth valuable. People feel it at the other end of the line, when death is near and eternity pressing them into such small quarters, for the work of this life craves he work of this life craves days, weeks, years. If at this end of the line of youth lours, with its abundance of resources would only feel that time was precious. Time is a quarry. Every hour may be a nugget of gold. It is time in whose invaluable mo-ments we build our bridges, spike the iron rails to the sleepers, launch our canals, run our factories. You might have planted twenty hills of potatoes while I have been talking to you, young man. Take your hands out of your pockets.—

ALWAYS OPEN.

The words "always open" are con-spicuously placed in the front window of a The announcement carries a deeper meaning than the mere unthinking observer may comprehend. At any hour, night or day, messages may be received for any part of the globe: operators are constantly in waiting; electric currents, batteries highly charged, instruments of most delicate construction, are in readiness to transmit thought as on the wings of swiftest lightning. No one accustomed to deposit messages there doubts the possibility of touching the farthest portions of the earth. An answer is connaently awaited. The tallest intervening mountains, the widest, deepest seas, are as nothing. Having written his communication, the sender goes forth to other engagements, believing without any question that he has brought himself in contact with another soul, and that, in due time a response will appear.

time, a response will appear.

O, how blind and unbelieving we seem to be when we enter the loftier spiritual realm, and seek to apply these principles! High above the gateway of prayer, are written in imperishable characters, Always Open. The Author of our being invites us—yea, eyen beseeches us—to hold sweet communion with Himself. The provisions of grace by which this contact may become real and lasting are never subject to interruptions for the sincere seeker. In dark days or sunny there can be no obstruction in this inter-course, only such as arises from our own

unbelief.
Oh, think of the perfect arrangement: the blood of Jesus sprinkling the mercy-seat; the dispensation of the Holy Spirit arranged by infinite wisdom, with a view to promote this fellowship with the Father; all the promises of God—yea and Amen; the testi-mony of devout minds in all ages proclaim-ing the impossibility of failure when we are ing the impossibility of failure when we approach God in true prayer; the character and covenants of the Almighty pledged to such intercommunication; the adaptation of this fellowship to meet the instinctive yearn-ings of the soul for happiness! Consider this plan, merciful throughout, tested by millions, always open—not to the few—but

It is written, "To him that knocketh it shall be opened." Isaiah foresaw this, and cried out, "Thy gates shall be open continually; they shall not be shut day nor night." That glorious city, which the revelator de-scribes, is but the perfected type of the kingdom of God on earth. It is said that "the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day." So it is with him that overcometh through prayer. The gates are wide open continually. Is he toiling with his hands seeking daily bread? His heart uplifted toward God may find blessed comfort every moment. Is he passing through overwhelm-ing seas of adversity? He may look up and ing seas of adversity? He may look up and hear, "Behold, I am with thee." Is he ut-terly unable to choose between cert...n plans of life that are presented to him? He reads with greatest comfort, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally." - Pearl of Days.

ANTONE FRATUS, of Provincetown, Mass., selected his pillow as a safe place for keeping money, and there dep. sited \$300 in an envelop. His twovear-old child found the envelop and shoved it through an open grate into the fire. There was \$290 in bills, which were destroyed, and a \$10 gold piece was found in the ashes.

AT Tucamche, in Guatemala, the boys in a school recently seized the master and hanged him in the schoolhouse.

## TEMPERANCE.

ON A WINEGLASS.

A genius cut with a diamond on his own

wineglass these awful words: "Within this cup Destruction rides, And in its depth does Ruin swim; Around its foam Perdition glides, And Death is dancing on the brim!

DRUNKENNESS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

The official returns recently published of the convictions for drunkenness in England and Wales, during the four years from 1885 to 1898 inclusive, show that the total convictions decreased during the first three years, falling from 154,601 in 1885 to 189,482 in 1887. In 1888 there were view to 158,800. n 1887. In 1888 there was a rise to 156,809. In Wales the proportion is about one conviction to every 157 of the people. Liverpool had last year 15,000 cases of drunkenness from a population of a little over half a million.

A DELUSION. Among delusions the alcoholic is one of the most harmful. Dr. Norman Kerr says: "All alcohols are poisonous. The least poisonous are the alcohols of wine. More poisonous are the alcohols of corn (all kinds of grain); and the most potent and pestiferous are the and the most potent and pestiferous are the alcohols from potatoes. Cider inebriates are usually more heavy and stupid than alert and offensive. Amylic alcohol is nearly four times as poisonous as ethylic," It is better to let the poison in either form alone.

WHISKY FOR CHILDREN.

WHISKY FOR CHILDREN.

Rev. C. H. Rust in The Western Christian Advocate gives the following statement about a "inickel-in-the-slot" apparatus which he says is in use in Cincinnati:

"This infernal machine is located upon some thoroughfare, where children pass to and fro, as the adjunct of a salcon. It bears the inscription, in large and distinct characters: "Put Two Nickels in the Slot, and Get a Bottle of Whisky." The Cincinnati police authorities have unearthed this conspiracy against our homes, and it is to be hoped that swift and heavy retribution will overtake these human ghouls. When the aforesaid nickels are dropped in the slot, a small bottle of whisky, containing about a gill, falls into the hands of the expectant children, who are the chief victims of this sort of traffic.

"When the salconists are confronted with the facts, they effect an injured air of in-

the facts, they effect an injured air of in-nocency and claim protection, with brazen effrontery, for the so-called freedom of a free-land. 'These machines are quite plentiful 'Over-the-Rhine.' Under the very eaves of our churches these human vampires ply their postilential trade.' ocstilential trade."

PROHIBITION 146 YEARS AGO.

PROHIBITION 146 YEARS AGO.

A prohibition speech was delivered by Lord. Chesterfield in the House of Lords in 1743, in opposition to the license system. Thus it will be seen that for one hundred and forty-six years the English speaking nations have been trying to curb the evils of the drink habit by law. Lord Chesterfield said: "Vice, my lords, is not properly to be taxed, but to be suppressed. Luxury, my lords, may very properly be taxed. But the use of these things which are simply hurtful—hurtful in their own nature, and in every degree—is to be prohibited. If their liquors are so delicious that the people are tempted to their own destruction, let us at length, my lords, secure them from these fatal draughts by bursting the phials that contain them. Let us check these artists in human slaughted which have reconciled their countrymen to sickness and to ruin, and spread over the pitfalls of debauchery such baits as cannot be resisted. When I consider, my lords, the tendency of this bill, I find it calculated only for the propagation of disease, the suppression of industry and the destruction of mankind. the propagation of disease, the suppression of industry, and the destruction of mankind. or industry, and the destruction or mankind.
For the purpose, my lords, what could have been invented more efficacious than shops at, which poison may be vended, poison so prepared as to please the palate, while it wastes the strength and kills only by intoxication.

—Reason.

THE RUM TRADE IN AFRICA. The great curse of the liquor traffic rests upon Africa, and the civilized nations mainly responsible for its existence. Nearly, twelve millions of gallons of spirituous liquors go annually from the leading civilized nations, and the native races are fast being depositived and destroyed through its in nations, and the native races are fast being demoralized and destroyed through its in-fluence. It is a gratifying fact that at the Berlin Conference in 1884, the United States, through its representatives, united with Great Britain, Italy and Belgium in an effort to save the Congo country, but the eleven other powers overruled them. Great Britain has an able and effective organization in the "United Committee for the Prevention of the Demoralization of the Native Races by the Demoralization of the Native Races by the Liquor Traffic," and the National Tem-Society and Publication House is doing what it can to secure action by the United States Government in the same direc-

The English House of Commons in 1888 unanimously adopted the following resolu-

That this House, having regard to the disastrous physical and moral effects of the liquor traffic among uncivilized races, as well as the injury it inflicts on the legitimate as the injury it maicts on the legitimate commerce, doth cordially support the Imperial and Colonial Government in their endeavor to suppress the traffic in spirituous liquors in all native territories under their iffuence and control. In 1889 the German Reichstag adopted the

following:
That the Reichstag resolves to request the Federal Government to again take into consideration whether and how the trade in spirits in the German colonies can be effectually opposed either by prohibition or limitation.
The correspondent of the New York Tri-

bune at Brussels, in referring to the Inter-national Anti-Slavery Congress recently in session in that city, notices the movement to probibit the traffic in Africa, but seeks to turn the movement into a "high-license" channel, but the Native Races Committee, as will be seen by their recent memorial, aims at the entire suppression of the liquor traffic. Why should the Africans be cursed with the why should the Africans be cursed with the high-license system? They would not only have to pay for the liquor, but for the privilege of selling it, and the trade would more open, more respectable, more abunda and more deadly in its effects upon the peop.

The National Temperance Society has memorialized both Houses of Congress to take

morialized both Houses of Congress to take morialized both houses of Congress to take prompt and vigorous action, and will press this question upon the committee now have ing it in charge, with the view of securing some action by our own Government in the matter.

TEMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES. An Inebriate's Home for Women is about be provided in or near Manchester, Eng-

The London City Mission has twenty-five missionaries engaged in visiting public-

E Sixteen petitions against the liquor evil were lately presented to the Legislative Council of Cape Colony, Africa, during one

The Comte de Flandre, heir-apparent to the throne of Belgium, is Honorary Presi dent of a Brussels society called "The Patriotic League Against Alcoholism."

The New South Wales Alliance has pledged 16,357 persons during the past five years.
They have a hall that cost nine thousand pounds, where they carry on vigorous A prominent business man in New York

city recently drank too much wine, wended his way home, brought up in the gutter, and street thieves relieved him of \$750. A costly The policemen of England and Wales, if brought together, would form a great army. They number 37,296. Niue-tenths of this army could be discharged if the sale of

liquors were prohibited. The widow of Chief of Police Watkins, of Parsons, Penn., killed, while intoxicated, by a passing engine, was recently awarded \$2,500 damages, which the saloon-keeper, who 500 damages, which the saloon sold him the liquor, must pay. A Milwaukee educator says that in the districts in that city where saloons are most numerous, teachers complain that many of

the scholars are so stupid from drinking beer that work on them is almost useless. The Union Pacific Railway has decided to

The Union Facific Railway has decided to allow no more liquor to be sold in its hotels. In view of the fact that the company owns a large part of the principal hotels along its route a great deal of practical prohibition is sure to result. It is thought that as the revenue of a number will be curtailed in consequence they will have to close and dining cars take their places.