A CHARACTER.

Everything pleased my neighbor Jim,
When it rained
He never complained,
But said the weather suited him.
"There's never too much rain for me,
And this is something like," said he.

When earth was dry as a powder mill,
He did not sigh
Because it was dry,
But said if he could have his will
It would be his chief, supreme delight
To live where the sun shone day and night,

When winter came, with its snow and ice,
He did not scold
Because it was cold,
But said: "Now this is real nice;
If ever from home I'm forced to go,
I'll move up north with the Esquimau."

A cyclone whirled along its track;
And did him harm—
It broke his arm,
And stripped the coat from off his back;
"And I would give another limb
To see such a blow again," said Jim.

And when at length his years were told,
And his body bent,
And his strength all spent,
And Jim was very weak and old;
"I long have wanted to know," he said,
"How it feels to die," and Jim was dead.

The angel of death had summoned him
To heaven, or—well,
I cannot tell;
But I know that the climate suited Jim;
And, hot or cold, it mattered not—
It was to him the long-sought spot.
—*O. F. Pearre, in Bloomington Pantagraph.*

Andy Clafin's New Girl.

Andy Clafin's promotion from the office of poster of advertisements on the "L" road to that of gateman was celebrated by his friends of Seventh avenue with much enthusiasm, at great length and at Andy's expense.

Instead of traveling over the line every day with a heavy canvas bag full of lithographs and a paste bucket, he received a uniform and the responsibility of deciding whether or not he should bang the gate in the face of an overheated and excited citizen who might be trying to catch the last ferryboat at Cortlandt street.

The new job pleased Andy immensely. He did not mind the rain, and he did enjoy the sun and the big double panorama that rolled past him so many times a day from the Battery to Fifty-eighth street. He soon learned to look as if he had not seen the wild rush of his latest victim when he slammed the iron gate upon him and turned his back in such a way as to hide his badge number and whistled "Annie Rooney" while the citizen panted and raged.

He soon made the acquaintance of many of the regular passengers, and gathered in their morning papers and cigars with a readiness and easy grace that made him popular. His greatest success, however, and his greatest pleasure lay with the beautiful young women along Sixth avenue, who sat sewing at the second story windows. He was a very handsome lad, was Andy Clafin, and his uniform was new and fitted him well. He wore his hat in a most knowing and jaunty manner over one eye and winked pleasantly with the other. His grin was most ingratiating, and before he had been at the gate a month he had so many girls waiting to smile at him that it kept him busy dodging from one side of the platform to the other. They were of every age and appearance and nationality, for Andy was most impartial. All he asked was that they should be pretty. There was a plump, blond German girl in Bleecker street who sewed buttons on men's coats, and a Jewess with brilliant black eyes and black hair, just above Eighth street, and a very haughty beauty at Fourteenth.

These were his especial favorites, and he was most particularly careful not to miss any of these three, although the others were little less attractive.

Occasionally he would shake his head and take himself to task for so heedlessly devastating the peace of mind of so many innocent maidens. "It 'tain't right," he would soliloquise solemnly. "It 'tain't right. There's no use putting foolish ideers in those girls' heads and making 'em think of matrimony when they ain't out of their 'teens. They might just as well fall in love with a sailor as an L road brakeman, for we've a girl at every station, and we're never stuck on one for more'n one block at a time. It 'taint right, and next trip I'll keep me eyes inside the car."

But on the next trip it seemed so harmless just to nod and say "Good morning, my dear," that Andy always nodded, and could not help throwing with the nod a glance of deep and unutterable passion, which is a very difficult thing to do effectively, as you will see if you try it, on an L train going at the average rate of speed.

One day the haughty beauty above Fourteenth street disappeared, and her place was taken by another. This new comer did not look up as the train passed by, but Andy could see her profile bent over her sewing machine, and he thought it the daintiest, sweetest face he had ever seen. It made him gasp it surprised him so, and then he whistled, which was his way of expressing his deep admiration. He was still wondering over this vision of beauty and industry when he reached Eighteenth street, and quite forgot to open the gates. She was there on the return trip, but as she was on the further side he could not see her so well. She was just as beautiful though at that distance, and he wondered why anything so fragile and pretty should have to work.

It seemed a long time before they reached Rector street and came up town again, but he was rewarded for the long wait by her glancing up and looking at him calmly as he swept by. He tried to throw all his admiration into that one fleeting glance, but doubted if it had been successful, for she did not look after him but continued sewing.

It was a week before he could get her to show the least interest in his progress by the window. This piqued him, and he determined to smile at an imaginary girl in the window above, and see if he could not awaken her jealousy. But the window above was occupied by an old woman at least sixty years old, and he accordingly gave up the idea and threw the bundle of morning papers to her instead. They hit her on the shoulder, and he could not see what she did, as they were behind time and going rapidly.

On the next trip she looked up and bowed ever so slightly and flushed as slightly. Andy made a deep and reverent bow which was not finished before he had reached Eighteenth street. After that it was more or less easy. He threw all the papers he could collect that were not too much rumpled, and even purchased the comic papers for her, at the Fifty-eighth street station. To a large and choicely selected package of these he attached a note, with much fear and trepidation, which read:

"Would you do the writer the pleasure of taking you to the Eden Musee this evening? If so, will be pleased to wait for you at foot of Twenty-third street station, south side, this evening, half-past seven. ANDY CLAFIN."

He tossed this in through the window on his 10:30 trip up, and was disappointed at not finding her at the window on his return down-town, but on his way up he saw her there, and as he passed she threw a package back to him, and he caught it gladly and with numerous nods and smiles. He had not played first base on the Harlem Tarriers baseball nine for nothing.

He tore open the paper covering anxiously, and found to his dismay that the package consisted of the periodicals for which he had paid $1.15, and that his note was returned with the words "No, thank you," written across it in pencil. Andy hurled the comic papers down on the head of an unfortunate and unoffending old lady on the street below, and banged the gate on another old lady's skirts because she did not get out quickly enough.

After that rebuff there were no more papers tossed in, and Andy turned his back when he passed the window. He found this harder for him than for her after a week of it, and continued to look in at her window; but with such a deep and dreadful scowl that even had the young girl wished to smile she would have been scared out of it.

Then Andy found his romance was causing him great unhappiness. He took no pleasure in shouting airy persiflages at the ticket choppers or in smiling at the blonde German girl or the Jewess, and he became so gentle and civil that the passengers decided that he must be ill, and imposed upon his good nature in consequence. He thought she did not look very happy herself, and her profile, which was all he ever saw of her now, grew somewhat pinched and sharp. He wondered if she was pining away for him, or whether she had another "feller" who was not treating her well. He felt inclined to punch this other feller's head. And then one day, just as the car drew out of Fourteenth street station, he saw a man running to the fire alarm box, and looking up the street saw smoke coming out of a third story in the middle of the block, her block! And as the train drew on he saw that it was from her house that the fire came. She was at the window as he passed, with a dark background of black smoke sweeping up behind and around her. She had one knee on the sill and both hands against the sides of the window. She was white with fear, and trembling, and she could hear the people below shouting to her not to jump.

"Hold on," he called to her; "don't let go for God's sake, wait!"

When the train slowed up at Eighteenth street he was out of it and down stairs like a madman and through the crowd about the blazing shop-front as though they had been so many stalks of corn.

He went blindly up the stairs through the smoke and across the floor that crackled and bent under his weight. He could see her dimly through the curtain of smoke that blinded and choked him, but he reached her just in time, so they told him afterward, as she fell back fainting. He put one arm around her and felt his way back to the door with the other, and stumbled down the stairs.

At the bottom the flames rose up in front of him suddenly and cut off the way, but he jumped from the fifth or sixth step out and over them and fell into the arms of two brawny firemen, one of whom picked up the girl as though she had been a baby, while the other threw Andy over his shoulder with a quick twist and, holding him by the left wrist and the right leg, ran stooping with him through the hall to the pavement.

The newspapers made a great deal of the rescue the next day and Andy was forgiven for deserting his train, as the results seemed to justify so flagrant a breach of discipline. Since then there have been among the visitors to the Eden Musee a young man of prepossessing appearance, carrying one arm in a sling, who was accompanied by a remarkably pretty girl hanging on the other one. And one has only to look at them to see that they are engaged.—*New York Evening Sun.*

The Perfection of Politeness.

In a company in which I found myself lately the conversation turned upon politeness, which some one well defined as "timely thoughtfulness, with human sympathy behind it." One member of the party told of the most thorough bit of true politeness he ever saw.

"Some time ago," said he, "a friend of mine gave a little dinner, to which a young friend, his wife and their little child were invited. The child, only three years old, was a very precocious, bashful and terribly sensitive little one. During the dinner she upset a glass of water upon the table cloth, and hastily noticing the looks in her direction, her little lip quivered and her eyes filled with tears.

"At that moment my friend who gave the dinner knocked over his own glass with a crash that drew every eye in his direction. He laughed over the matter, said it made no difference, etc., and completely succeeded in withdrawing the attention from the child, who soon smiled again.

"That I consider to have been the perfection of politeness."—*New York Star.*

Dissipated Ducks.

During the past week the men on Burphee's Forkhook seed farm, a short distance west of Doylestown, have been gathering tomatoes and extracting the seed. The vegetable is first ground and then placed where the mass is allowed to ferment. It is then put through a washer, allowing the pulp to float away, while the seed settles at the bottom of the machine. The work is done on the margin of a small brook which empties into a pond frequented by a handsome flock of white Pekin ducks.

The ducks contracted the habit of coming up to the mouth of the stream and drinking the fermented juice of the tomatoes, which contains the most salient characteristics of "Jersey lightning." They soon become drunk and stagger about in the most ludicrous manner. They have become so fond of the stuff that a genuine old spree is of daily occurrence.—*Doylestown (Penn.) Democrat.*

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Holy Land in Winter."

TEXT: "*A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho.*"—Luke x., 30.

It is the morning of December 5 in Jerusalem, and we take stirrups for the road along which the wayfarer of old fell among thieves, who left him wounded and half dead. Job's picture of the horse in the orient as having neck "clothed with thunder" is not true of most horses now in Palestine. There is no thunder on their necks, though there is some lightning in their heels. Poorly fed and unmercifully whacked, they sometimes retort. To Americans and English, who are accustomed to guide horses by the bridle, these horses of the orient, guided only by foot and voice, make equestrianism an uncertainty, and the pull on the bridle that you intend for slowing up of the pace may be mistaken for a hint that you want to outgallop the wind or wheel in swift circles like the hawk. But they can climb steps and descend precipices with skilled foot, and the one I choose for our journey in Palestine shall have the praise of going for weeks without one stumbling step and amid rocky steeps, where an ordinary horse would not for an hour maintain surefootedness. There were eighteen of our party, and twenty-two beasts of burden carried our camp equipment. We are led by an Arab sheik, with his black Nubian servant carrying a loaded gun in full sight, but it is the fact that this sheik represents the Turkish Government which assures the safety of the caravan.

We cross the Jehoshaphat Valley, which, if it had not been memorable in history and were only now discovered, would excite the admiration of all who look upon it. It is like the gorges of the Yosemite or the chasms of the Yellowstone Park. The sides of this Jehoshaphat Valley are tunneled with graves and overlooked by Jerusalem walls—an eternity of depths overshadowed by an eternity of architecture. Within sight of Mount Olivet and Gethsemane and with the heavens and the earth full of sunshine, we start out on the very road mentioned in the text when it says: "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves." No road that I ever saw was so well constructed for brigandage — deep gulleys, sharp turns, caves on either side. There are fifty places on this road where a highwayman might surprise and overpower an unarmed pilgrim. His cry for help, his shriek of pain, his death groan would be answered only by the echoes. On this road today we met groups of men, who, judging from their countenances, have in their veins the blood of many generations of Rob Roys. Josephus says that Herod at one time discharged from the service of the temple forty thousand men, and that the great part of them became robbers. So late as 1820 Sir Frederick Henniker, an English tourist, was attacked on this very road from Jerusalem to Jericho and shot and almost slain. There has never been any scarcity of bandits along the road we travel to-day.

With the fresh memory of some recent violence in their minds Christ tells the people of the good Samaritan who came along that way and took care of a poor fellow that had been set upon by villainous Arabs and robbed and pounded and cut. We encamped for lunch that noon close by an old stone building, said to be the tavern where the scene spoken of in the Bible culminated. Tumbled in the dust and ghastly with wounds the victim of this highway robbery lay in the middle of the road—a fact of which I am certain, because the Bible says the people passed by on either side. There were 12,000 priests living at Jericho, and they had to go to Jerusalem to officiate at the temple. And one of these ministers of religion, I suppose, was on his way to the temple service, and he is startled as he sees this bleeding victim in the middle of the road. "Oh," he says, "there is a man that has been attacked of thieves. Why don't you go home?" says the minister. The man, in a comatose state, makes no answer, or, with a half dazed look, puts his wounded hand to his gashed forehead, and drawls out, "What?" "Well," says the minister, "I must hurry on to my duties at Jerusalem. I have to kill a lamb and two pigeons in sacrifice to-day. I cannot spend any more time with this unfortunate. I guess somebody else will take care of him. But this is one of the things that cannot be helped, anyhow. Beside that, my business is with souls and not with bodies. Good morning! When you get well enough to sit up I will be glad to see you at the temple."

And the minister curves his way out toward the overhanging sides of the road and passes. You hypocrite! One of the chief officers of religion is to heal wounds. You might have done here a kindness that would have been more acceptable to God than all the incense that will smoke up from you censer for the next three weeks, and you missed the chance. Go on your way—execrated by the centuries.

Soon afterward a Levite came upon the scene. The Levites looked after the music of the temple and waited upon the priests and provided the supplies of the temple. This Levite, passing along this road where we are to-day, took a look at the mass of bruises and laceration in the middle of the road. "My! my!" says the Levite, "this man is awfully hurt and he ought to be helped. But my business is to sing in the choir at the temple. If I am not there no one will carry my part. Besides that there may not be enough frankincense for the censers and the wine or oil may have given out, and what a fearful balk in the service that would make. Then one of the priests might get his breastplate on crooked. But it seems too bad to leave this man in this condition. Perhaps I had better try to stanch this bleeding and give him a little stimulant. But no! The ceremony at Jerusalem is of more importance than taking care of the wounds of a man who will probably soon be dead anyhow. This highway robbery ought to be stopped, for it hinders us Levites on our way up to the temple. There, I have lost five minutes already! Go along, you beast!" he shouts as he strikes his heels into the sides of the animal carrying him, and the dust rising from the road soon hides the hard hearted official.

But a third person is coming along this road. You cannot expect him to do anything by way of alleviation, because he and the wounded man belong to different nations which have abominated each other for centuries. The wounded man is an Israelite, and the stranger now coming on the scene of suffering is a Samaritan. They belong to nations which hated each other with an objurgation and malediction diabolic. They had opposition temples—one on Mount Gerizim and the other on Mount Moriah—and I guess this Samaritan, when he comes up, will give the fallen Israelite another clip and say: "Good for you! I will just finish the work these bandits began, and give you one more kick that will put you out of your misery. And here is a rag of your coat that they did not steal, and I will take that. What! Do you dare to appeal to me for mercy? Hush up! Why, your ancestors worshiped at Jerusalem when they ought to have worshiped at Gerizim. Now, take that! and that! and that!" will say the Samaritan as he pounds the fallen Israelite.

No: the Samaritan rides up to the scene of suffering, gets off his beast and steps down and looks into the face of the wounded man and says: "This poor fellow does not belong to my nation, and our ancestors worshiped in different places, but he is a man, and that makes us brothers. God pity him, as I do." And he get down on his knees and begins to examine his wounds and straighten out his limbs to see if any of his bones are broken, and says: "My dear fellow, cheer up; you need have no more care about yourself, for I am going to take care of you. Let me feel of your pulse! Let me listen to your breathing! I have in these bottles two liquids that will help you. The one is oil, and that will soothe the pain of these wounds, and the other is wine, and your pulse is feeble and you feel faint, and that will stimulate you. Now I must get you to the nearest tavern." "Oh, no," says the man, "I can't walk; let me stay here and die." "Nonsense!" says the Samaritan. "You are not going to die. I am going to put you on this beast, and I will hold you on till I get you to a place where you can have a soft mattress and an easy pillow."

Now the Samaritan has got the wounded man on his feet, and with much tugging and lifting puts him on the beast, for it is astonishing how strong the spirit of kindness will make one, as you have seen a mother after three weeks of sleepless watching of her boy, down with scarlet fever, lift that half grown boy, heavier than herself, from couch to lounge. And so this sympathetic Samaritan has unaided put the wounded man in the saddle, and at slow pace the extemporized ambulance is moving toward the tavern. "You feel better now, I think," says the Samaritan to the Hebrew. "Yes," he says, "I do feel better." "Halloo, you landlord! help me carry this man in and make him comfortable." That night the Samaritan sat up with the Jew, giving him water whenever he felt thirsty and turning his pillow whenever it got hot, and in the morning before the Samaritan started on his journey he said, "Landlord, now I am obliged to go. Take good care of this man, and I will be along here soon again and pay you for all you do for him. Meanwhile here is something to meet present expenses." The "two pence" he gave the landlord sounds small, but it was as much as ten dollars here and now, considering what it would there and then buy of food and lodging.

As on that December noon we sat under the shadow of the tavern where this scene of mercy had occurred, and just having passed along the road where the tragedy had happened, I could, as plainly as I now see the nearest man to this platform, see that Bible story re-enacted, and I said aloud to our group, under the tent: "One drop of practical Christianity is worth more than a templeful of ecclesiasticism, and that good Samaritan had more religion in five minutes than that minister and that Levite had in a lifetime, and the most accursed thing on earth is national prejudice, and I bless God that I live in America, where Gentile and Jew, Protestant and Catholic can live together without quarrel, and where in the great national crucible the differences of sect and tribe and people are being molded into a great brotherhood, and that the question which the lawyer flung at Christ, and which brought forth this incident of the good Samaritan—'Who is my neighbor?' is bringing forth the answer, 'My neighbor is the first man I meet in trouble,' and a wound close at hand calls louder than a temple seventeen miles off, though it covered nineteen acres."

I saw in London the vast procession which one day last January moved to St. Paul's Cathedral at the burial of that Christian hero Lord Napier. The day after at Hawarden, in conversation on various themes, I asked Mr. Gladstone if he did not think that many who were under the shadow of false religions might not nevertheless be at heart really Christian. Mr. Gladstone replied: "Yes; my old friend Lord Napier, who was yesterday buried, after he returned from his Abyssinian campaign, visited us here at Hawarden, and walking in this park where we are now walking he told me a very beautiful incident. He said: 'After the war in Africa was over we were on the march, and we had a soldier with a broken leg who was not strong enough to go along with us, and we did not dare to leave him to be taken care of by savages, but we found we were compelled to leave him, and we went into the house of a woman who was said to be a very kind woman, though of the race of savages, and we said, "Here is a sick man, and if you will take care of him till he gets well we will pay you very largely," and then we offered her five times that which would ordinarily be offered, hoping by the excess of pay to secure for him great kindness. The woman replied: "I will not take care of him for the money you offer. I do not want your money. But leave him here, and I will take care of him for the sake of the love of God."'" Mr. Gladstone turned to me and said, "Dr. Talmage, don't you think that though she belonged to a race of savages that was pure religion?" And I answered, "I do; I do." May God multiply all the world over the number of good Samaritans!

In Philadelphia a young woman was dying. She was a wreck. Sunken into the depths of depravity, there was no lower depth for her to reach. Word came to the midnight mission that she was dying in a haunt of iniquity near by. Who would go to tell her of the Christ of Mary Magdalen? This one refused and that one refused, saying, "I dare not go there." A Christian woman, her white locks typical of her purity of soul, said, "I will go, and I will go now." She went and sat down by the dying girl and told of Christ who came to seek and save that which was lost. First to the forlorn one came the tears of repentance, and then the smile, as though she had begun to hope for the pardon of Him who came to save to the uttermost. Then just before she breathed her last she said to the angel of mercy bending over her pillow, "Would you kiss me?" "I will," said the Christian woman, as she put upon her cheek the last salutation before, in the heavenly world, I think, God gave her the welcoming kiss. That was religion! Yes, that was religion. Good Samaritans along every street and along every road as well as this one on the road to Jericho.

But our procession of sightseers is again in line, and here we pass through a deep ravine, and I cry to the dragoman: "David, what place do you call this?" and he replied: "This is the Brook Cherith, where Elijah was fed by the ravens." And in that answer he overthrew my life long notions of the place where Elijah was waited on by the black servants of the sky. A brook to me had meant a slight depression of ground and a stream fordable, and perhaps fifteen feet wide. But here was a chasm that an earthquake must have scooped out with its biggest shovel or split with its mightiest battle ax. Six hundred feet deep is it, and the brook Cherith is a river which, when in full force, is a silver wedge splitting the mountains into precipices. The feathered descendants of Elijah's ravens still wing their way across this ravine, but are not like the crows we supposed them to be. They are as large as eagles, and one of them could carry in its beak and clinched claw at once enough food for a half dozen Elijahs. No thanks to the ravens; they are carnivorous, and would rather have picked out the eyes of Elijah, whom they found at the mouth of the cave on the side of Cherith waiting for his breakfast, having drunk his morning beverage from the rushing stream beneath, than have been his butlers and purveyors.

But God compelled them, as He always has compelled and always will compel black and cruel and overshadowing providences to carry help to His children if they only have faith enough to catch the blessing as it drops from the seeming adversity, the greatest blessing always coming not with white wings but black wings. Black wings of conviction, bringing pardon to the sinner. Black wings of crucifixion over Calvary, bringing redemption for the world. Black wings of American revolution, bringing free institutions to a continent. Black wings of American civil war, bringing unification and solidarity to the republic. Black wings of the judgment day bringing resurrection to an entombed human race. And in the last day, when all your life and mine will be summed up, we will find that the greatest blessing we ever received came on the wings of the black ravens of disaster. Bless God for trouble! Bless God for sickness! Bless God for persecution! Bless God for poverty! You never heard of any man or woman of great use to the world who had not had lots of trouble. The diamond must be cut; the wheat must be threshed; the black ravens must fly. Who are these nearest the throne? "These are they who come out of great tribulation, and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

But look! Look what at 4 o'clock in the afternoon bursts upon our vision—the plain of Jericho, and the valley of Jordan, and the Dead Sea. We have come to a place where the horses not so much walk as slide up on their haunches, and we all dismount, for the steep descent is simply terrific, though a Princess of Wallachia who fell here and was dangerously injured, after recovery spent a large amount money in trying to make the road passable. Down and down! till we saw the white tents pitched for us by our muleteers amid the ruins of ancient Jericho, which fell at the sound of poor music played on a "ram's horn," that ancient instrument which, taken from the head of the leader of the flock of sheep, is perforated and prepared to be fingered by the musical performer, and blown upon when pressed to the lips. As in another sermon I have fully described that scene, I will only say that every day for seven days the ministers of religion went round the city of Jericho blowing upon those rams' horns, and on the seventh day, without the roll of a war chariot, or the stroke of a catapult, or the swing of a ballista, crash! crash! crash! went the walls of that magnificent capital!

On the evening of December 6 we walked amid the brick and mortar of that shattered city, and I said to myself: All this done by poor music blest of God, for it was not a harp, or a flute, or a clapping cymbal, or an organ played, at the sound of which the city surrendered to destruction, but a rude instrument making rude music blest of God, to the demolition of that wicked place which, had for centuries defied the Almighty. And I said, if all this was by the blessing of God on poor music, what mightier things could be done by the blessing of God on good music, skillful music, gospel music. If all the good that has already been done by music were subtracted from the world I believe three-fourths of its religion would be gone. The lullabys of mothers which keep sounding on, though the lips that sang them forty years ago became ashes; the old hymns in log cabin churches and country meeting houses, and psalms in Rouse's version in Scotch kirks; the anthem in English cathedrals; the roll of organs that will never let Handel or Haydn or Beethoven die; the thump of harps, the sweep of the bow across bass viols, the song of Sabbath schools storming the heavens, the doxology of great assemblages—why, a thousand Jerichos of sin have by them all been brought down.

Seated by the warmth of our campfires that evening of December 6, amid the bricks and debris of Jericho, and thinking what poor music has done and what mightier things could be accomplished by the blessings of God on good music, I said to myself: Ministers have been doing a grand work, and sermons have been blessed, but would it not be well for us to put more emphasis on music? Oh, for a campaign of "Old Hundred!" Oh, for a brigade of Mount Pisgahs! Oh, for a cavalry charge of "Coronations!" Oh, for an army of Antiochs and St. Martins and Ariels! Oh, for enough orchestral batons lifted to marshal all nations! As Jericho was surrounded by poor music for seven days, and was conquered, so let our earth be surrounded seven days by good gospel music, and the round planet will be taken for God. Not a wall of opposition, not a throne of tyranny, not a palace of sin, not an enterprise of unrighteousness, could stand the mighty throb of such atmospheric pulsation. Music! It sounded at the laying of creation's corner stone when the morning stars sang together. Music! It will be the last reverberation, when the archangel's trumpet shall wake the dead. Music! Let its full power be now tested to comfort and bless and arouse and save.

While our evening meal is being prepared in the tents we walk out for a moment to the "Fountain of Elisha," the one into which the prophet threw the salt because the waters were poisonous and bitter, and lo! they became sweet and healthy; and ever since with gurgle and laughter, they have rushed down the hill and leaped from the rocks, the only cheerful object in all that region being these waters.

Now on this plain of Jericho the sun is setting, making the mountains look like balustrades and battlements of amber and maroon and gold; and the moon, just above the crests, seems to be a window of heaven through which immortals might be loooking down upon the scene. Three Arabs as watchmen sit beside the camp fire at the door of my tent, their low conversation in a strange language all night long a soothing rather than an interruption. I had a dream that night never to be forgotten, that dream amid the completa ruins of Jericho. Its past grandeur returned, and I saw the city as it was when Mark Antony gave it to Cleopatra and Herod bought it from her. And I heard the hoofs of its swift steeds and the rumbling of its chariots and the shouts of excited spectators in its amphitheatre.

And there was white marble amid green groves of palm and balsam; cold stone warmed with sculptured foliage; hard pillars cut into soft lace; Iliads and Odysseys in granite; basalt jet as the night mounted by carbuncle flaming as the morning; upholstery dyed as though dipped in the blood of battle fields; robes encrusted with diamond; mosaics white as sea foam flashed on by auroras; gayeties which the sun saw by day rivaled by revels the moon saw by night; blasphemy built against the sky; ceilings stellar as the midnight heavens; grandeurs turreted, archivolted and intercolumnar; wickedness so appalling that established vocabulary fails, and we must make an adjective and call it Herodic.

The region round about the city walls seemed to me white with cotton such as Thenius describes as once growing there, and sweet with sugar cane, and luscious with orange and figs and pomegranates, and redolent with such flora as can only grow where a tropical sun kisses the earth. And the hour came back to me when in the midst of all that splendor Herod died, commanding his sister Salome immediately after his death to secure the assassination of all the chief Jews whom he had brought to the city and shut up in a circus for that purpose, and the news came to the audience in the theatre as some one took the stage and announced to the excited multitude: "Herod is dead! Herod is dead!"

Then in my dream all the pomp of Jericho vanished, and gloom was added to gloom, and desolation to desolation, and woe to woe, until, perhaps the rippling waters of the fountain of Elisha suggesting it—as sounds will sometimes give direction to a dream—I thought that the waters of Christ's salvation and the fountains "open for sin and uncleanness" were rolling through that plain and across the continent, and rolling round the earth, until on either side of their banks all the thorns became flowers, and all the deserts gardens, and all the hovels mansions, and all the funerals bridal processions, and all the blood of war was turned into dahlias, and all the groans became anthems, and Dante's "Inferno" became Dante's "Divina Commedia," and "Paradise Lost" was submerged by "Paradise Regained," and tears became crystals, cruel swords came out of foundries glistening plowshares, and in my dream at the blast of a trumpet the prostrated walls of Jericho rose again.

And some one told me that as these walls in Joshua's time at the sounding trumpets of doom went down, now at the sounding trumpet of the gospel they come up again. And I thought a man appeared at the door of my tent, and I said, "Who are you and from whence have you come?" and he said, "I am the Samaritan you heard of at the tavern on the road from Jerusalem to Jericho, as taking care of the man who fell among thieves, and I have just come from healing the last wound of the last unfortunate in all the earth." And I rose from my pillow in the tent to greet him, and my dream broke and I realized it was only a dream, but a dream which shall become a glorious reality as surely as God is true and Christ's gospel is the world's Catholicon. "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it was at the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen."

Area of Foreign Possessions in Africa.

An endeavor is made by the *Economist* to estimate the area of territory in Africa possessed by England, France and Germany. The calculation is a difficult one, since although the regions assigned to France and Germany under recent treaties are clearly defined, there is no fixed boundary to the sphere of British influence which may expand in various directions. The *Economist*, however, arrives at the following result:

	Area of square miles.	Population.
British dominions, protectorates and sphere of influence.....	1,650,000	30,000,000
French dominions and sphere of influence...	2,720,000	17,000,000
German dominions and sphere of influence....	2,650,000	(?)

In the above estimate, Egypt, as far as Wady Halfa is assigned to England. The French sphere of influence includes, of course, the Sahara, with an area of 1,700,000 square miles and a possible population of 7,000,000.

Entertaining the Workmen.

Cuban workmen are so addicted to conversation and gesture, that, if left to themselves, they would lose half their working hours in social intercourse. To prevent this loss, according to a long-established custom, the cigar-workers employ a lector, or reader, who, from his desk in the centre of the work-room, entertains his employers with the latest Havana newspapers in the morning, and with Spanish novels and ballads in the latter part of the day. Although payment is voluntary, and comes in the form of a small present of money from each operator at the end of the week, it is seldom evaded, and makes up a very good salary for the reader. The owners do not object to this plan, and sometimes even provide a platform and reading-desk for the purpose.—*The Ledger.*

FRANK D. MILLET, the artist, who has returned to Europe, was an art critic. His taste for gunpowder, contracted in the civil war, led him to join the staff of a London paper during the Russo-Turkish war.

RELIGIOUS READING.

FORGIVEN.

The dew of the Blood of God
Has washed me clean
As the daisy star on the sod.
The singing brook on the green,
The young dove snowy and bright,
The silver cloud in the sky,
His scarlet has washed me white—
His lamb, even I.

I could sing with the bird on the bough
A little innocent song;
I could leap with the young lambs now
The fleecy mothers among;
I could laugh so careless and wild,
With the youngest child in the sun,
I, with the heart of a child,
Christ's little one.

Hark! how it flutters and sings,
Clothed in white,
The soul that hath known dark things,
Somewhere, far out of sight!
As a bird goes home to its nest,
I fly with never a word
To His breast that will give me rest—
Christ's singing-bird.

RESURRECTION POWER.

Many years ago there died in the city of Hanover a young countess of pronounced infidel proclivites. She denied the doctrine of the resurrection in toto, and perhaps in a vain effort to defy any supernatural power that she thought might have a possible existence, she ordered that her body should be laid beneath a solid, and in her judgment, an impregnable structure. Her wishes were strictly carried out, and there seemed a reasonable expectation that the pile would remain intact for many generations at least, and the bones of the sceptical countess rest in the oblivion she desired. But it was strangely ordered otherwise.

A tiny seed shared the woman's resting-place, and in its resurrection might had burst its shell, sent its small roots into the ground, and slowly gathering strength and proportions with the years, had wrenched open its prison doors, severed in twain the massive granite slabs, and, having reached the light, had spread itself heavenward, until it has become a great tree.

A REMEDY FOR RESTLESSNESS.

A great many remedies are suggested for restlessness, which in many a case has been caused by giving way to anxious and foreboding thoughts, indulging in such mental worry by day that night is a time of tossing and unrest. While the night-dews fall and the stars are shining, let us in spirit steal amid the quietude to him who is Eternal Light, the Giver of calm, the Divine Comforter; let us remember the Lord in the stillness, and we shall prove it true that

"Darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day."

Let us think, alone with Jesus, what he is, in whom is all the fullness of God. "I will strip thee of all earthly comforts," said a persecutor once to a Christian martyr. "Christ is mine," was the answer, "you cannot strip me of him." Christ is yours, friend, yours through the darkest shadow—Christ, who is Rest and Refuge, the King of Kings, the great Physician. Money cannot purchase rest, but it comes to you with Jesus; there is no pillow so comforting as the Redeemer's love, and on this you may trustfully repose. Some one asked a poor infirm old man, "Do you think you can rest a little now?"—"It is all rest," he said, "because God's arms are beneath me."—[Quincy.

RECOGNIZE HIGH ASPIRATIONS.

Deep down in the hearts of children and of men there are nobler and truer standards of living than their outward lives are wont to exhibit. Many persons wait for their fellows to recognize their higher and better aspirations before they are willing to act up to these aspirations. He whose higher motives and deeper longings are unknown may have his best acts misinterpreted; but he whose best spirit is appreciated is more likely to have his acts interpreted by the spirit.

A school teacher on seeing a young scholar misbehave, said to him: "I'm sorry you did this, because I had formed a very good opinion of you." The boy went home and confessed to his mother that if he had known what a good opinion his teacher had of him, he would not have done wrong. Had this teacher said, "I've had my eye on you for some time, and now I've caught you," the boy would simply have been confirmed in his suspicion that no one expects a boy to do anything but the wrong thing.

It ought to be a simple matter to show a child or a man that our first impulse toward him is that of trust, rather than distrust. And when one has gone wrong, he will be better helped by showing that we appreciate the fact that he has gone wrong in spite of the good we believed him capable of, rather in accordance with our suspicions of him.—[Sunday-school Times.

"MY BELOVED IS MINE."

He has made a high attainment who is able to use this language in the "full assurance of faith." It is a possible attainment. It has been made in the past, and what others have done we can do. Job had made it when he said, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." So had Thomas, when he exclaimed, "My Lord and my God." So had Paul, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that I have committed unto him against that day."

This attainment is not so difficult to make as many Christians seem to think. How comes it to pass that any man has the right to call the Saviour his own? This question is answered in the Scriptures. Christ is the believer's by the gift of God. What is the record? "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son." "He gave him to be the head over all things to the church." These words, and there are many others of a similar import, are plain, and they lie at the foundation of all assurance.

They have gone far astray who say they have gained or may gain any right to an interest in Christ by their obedience. Whatever they may do or may fail to do, they cannot in themselves, claim any part in the Son of God. But we have not a right to what God gives us? Who will call this right in question? The only question is, has God given His Son? There cannot be two opinions on this point; the word is plain.

Christ is ours by virtue of the gift of the Father. No one need set up his unworthiness as an objection; this has nothing to do with the matter. A king may bestow a gift on a beggar as well as on a noble, and the latter has no more right to his gift than the former has to his. In the one case as in the other, the right to the gift depends on the will of the giver, and not on the merit of the receiver.

Christ is the believer's by his acceptance of this gift. What is acceptance? It is not joy or holiness or meekness. There may be acceptance without any large measure of these graces. Acceptance is just acceptance. Ministers of Christ, when they reach this point in preaching the Gospel, are often in perplexity and sometimes in despair. Men will ask, What is it to accept Christ? How can I accept Christ?

No one needs any instruction on this point. Every one knows what it is to accept a gift; any explanation only darkens counsel with words. If a man asks, How can I eat? we only reply, You know how to eat; eat and live. So when one says, How can I accept Christ? we have only this answer, You know what it is to accept a gift; accept Christ and He is yours.

It is, therefore, evident that the assurance, which finds expression in the words, "My Beloved is mine," rests on the fact that Christ is the gift of divine love. This is the reason why this attainment is an easy one to make. If its possession depended on ourselves, it would be among the things for which it is useless to hope. But anyone can receive a gift. As Christ is the free gift of himself and of His Father, all we have to do is to accept Him, and then we can say, "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift."—[United Presbyterian.

THE meanest man yet is a Pittsburg doctor. He is a German, and his victims are newly arrived German girls. He meets them, tells them he needs an assistant in his business, proposes marriage, and then borrows what money and valuables they have and is seen no more. He does not propose to more than one girl at a time, but managed to engage himself to two each day until the police nabbed him. His excuse was that he needed money.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR NOVEMBER 9.

Lesson Text: Jesus Before Pilate and Herod, Luke xxiii., 1-12—Golden Text: Luke xxiii., 4—Commentary.

1. "And the whole multitude of them arose, and led Him unto Pilate." It is written in Ps. ii., 1, 2, that the Gentiles rage and the kings of the earth set themselves and the rulers take counsel together against the Lord and against His anointed; so that to fulfill the Scriptures Jesus had to pass through the hands of Gentiles as well as Jews. And there we find Him in this lesson. There was no doubt a fulfillment of this in the past oppressions of God's anointed Israel by Egypt, Assyria and other nations; there will be a fulfillment in the great tribulation of the latter days when, just before the appearing of Christ in glory with His saints, all nations shall be gathered against the Holy City and people (Zech. xiv., 1-5; Joel, iii., 1, 2; Jer. xxx., 7-9); but the great central fulfillment is now before us, for through whatever sufferings either Israel or the church have passed, or may yet pass, all are as nothing when compared with the sufferings of Him who is King of Israel and the great Head of the church; who by His sufferings made reconciliation for the sins of the whole world (I John ii., 2), on whom was laid the iniquity of us all.

2. "And they began to accuse Him, saying, We found this fellow perverting the nation, and forbidding to give tribute to Cæsar, saying that He Himself is Christ a King." Thus the rulers of the Jews accused Jesus before Pilate. What an accusation! Two lies and one truth in that which is here written. Just think of accusing Him of forbidding to give tribute to Cæsar, who commanded them to give tribute to whom tribute was due; and of saying that He who ever taught righteousness and always spake openly was guilty of perverting the people. See His own words: "Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's" (Matt. xxii., 21). So that what He really said is left out and He is accused of just the opposite.

3. "And Pilate asked Him, saying, Art Thou the King of the Jews? And He answered him, and said, Thou sayest it." The accounts in Matthew and Mark agree with