Bring back the friendship of the sun, The gilded evenings calm and late, When merry children homeward run, And peeping stars bid lovers wait.

Bring back the singing and the scent, Of meadow lands at dewy prime; O! bring again my heart's content. Thou spirit of the summertime.

#### HOW AMASA SNOW GOT ON HIS FEET.

Amasa Snow sat in his little law office, his feet on the top rim of his stove, and his stove full of wood and red hot. His office was about a rod from his house, and quite near the high wooden gate put in Amasa, without a grimace. leading into the village street. Over the door read, "Prothonotary and Attorneyat-law." It was a huge, faded sign in black letters; one could not go by Amasa prevaricator of a father. Snow's office and not know of the business of its occupant. The trouble with the sign was it was not alluring enough. Squire Slayton, down the panned out so well," said Amasa. street, with a very small sign and over a he could beat Slayton again, and defer the financial condition came out and became foreclosure sale. He had deferred it five | common gossip. times on one excuse and another; but be sold—the old place where his boyhood | could not hold himself in. had been passed until he went to college, seen his six girls grow up about him. His six motherless girls! He reached down and broke a splinter off a bit of pine-wood by the stove, and began to chew hard on it. What would become of the girls? Every one a beauty in his eyes; every one worthy of marrying the Governor of the State. How could he tell them that the sale of their old home could be postponed no longer; that every devise and trick, and every legal quibble, had been tried and tried again? He dared not tell the girls. He looked out of the window; it was raining. An April shower, to be sure, with the prospect of to say: "Our deliverer!" a golden sunset later on, but making everything outside under the trees look very muddy and dismal. Amasa Snow felt very much depressed. Fate appeared to be against him.

There were his law books-a couple of thousand dingy calf volumes, not kept up to date the inheritance from the judge, his father, but even the law books were 'chatteled,' as they said, i. e., mortgaged, quite beyond their value. Everything he had, in fact, was mortgaged, He had come this wet April day to the end of things. Next week came the sale. He felt like saying—the deluge. He had not enough money to take him and his family out West.

That was his plan-to go West. He hardly felt his fifty years. He felt young and energetic when he thought of the West. By-the-by, there was his brother, Elisha—his brother who in his youth was so like him. He was West-in California. He had not seen him for twenty years. The last he had heard from him was a request to send on a hundred dollars. That was five years ago. He had sent him fifty, and nothing had been heard from Elisha since, except his name endorsed across the back of the check, showing that he had received the money. No, it was clear that Elisha could

never help him. Elisha had caused him to loose several thousand dollars once in a mine. Elisha's name was always a great bugbear in his family since. No, Elisha could not be expected to help him. Stay! An idea. Amasa Snow began to poke the red-hot fire vigorously. It was a bleak raw day, but the fire was hot enough in that little office if left alone. An idea. Elisha should be made to help him. It was a last hope, but it fired him with enthusiasm. He reached up into a dusty book-case and got down Elisha's address.

door. Amasa turned round, "By feet with astonishment. "It's Elishain propria persona."

"I have come home," said Elisha, meekly. "I have come home to-

neighbor round."

"And just in the nick of time, Elisha. Mighty glad I am to see you!" Then a brother's hand, with that feeble wave in the air so common in Southern Connecticut, he would not tell Elisha of his financial condition. He might not help him if he did. No, he would keep his own counsel.

The two brothers sat down by the stove, and Amasa threw another stick of soft pine on the fire. It was frightfully you? hot. "See here, Elisha," he said, after a pause. "How's the Grand American no! Why, what an idea! By-the-way, Eagle a-doin'?"

'She isn't a-doin'."

"Nothin' at all?" "No; hasn't been for ten years."

"It was a splendid mine once, Elisha. You used to say so.' "So it was. But we struck hard pan

fire-works touched off?" you have happened on East this way."

ready money in your pocket?" "A thousand dollars."

Amasa walked over to his old rusty safe. "Better put the money in here?" he asked, casually. Elisha handed him a roll of bills. "Don't feel like payin" back any of that two thousand?" asked Amasa, facetiously, referring to the loan he had made him in the mining scheme. "No," said Elisha, "I don't." After a pause, while his brother locked the safe, he said: "That thousand is the last cent I've got in the world."

"Glad you've come home. Glad you've come to live with me," said Amasa, rub-

He slipped an old, well-worn overcoat over his shoulders without buttoning it, and they went out into the rain. Elisha was very well dressed. Any one would have taken him for a well-to-do Western bank president. He looked sleek and well fed. There wasn't a trace of anxiety

looked very much alike.

the girls you're a millionaire; for a joke,

Elisha winked. a joke-wish I was, though," and they entered the parlor. There were the six and gave a veritable shout of welcome. They usually gave a united shout whenever anything pleased them. They fairly screamed when Elisha opened the door. They flew at him. They kissed him. They took his hat for him; they took that your uncle has returned to us a never overdid it. millionaire!"

"A millionaire!-really?" chorussed

Elisha began to feel his old boastful spirit, for which he had long been noted, coming over him again. "Why," he said, "out in California we don't reckon a million much money. My five million dollars don't count very much out there.' "Elisha says he is going to build a public library building for East Chesterville,

"A public library, chorussed the girls. "He says he don't mind paying off the debt on the church either," added their | go! I will have nothing to do with this

"How perfectly splendid!" "No one would have thought the Grand

American Spread-eagle Mine would have By this time the six girls were dancing grocery store, and without a big white around the room in their excitement. house, and a family name and connec- They had never been so excited since tion-Squire Slayton somehow got all John Mawley, the son of Mawley, the the business there was going on in East mill-owner at the other end of the village, Chesterville. Amasa Snow sat tilted back had become engaged to Bessie Snow, their in his wooden arm-chair, pulling his long cldest sister-said Mawley having conchin beard, scratching the few gray hairs | cluded, on the consent and advice of his in his sloping gray head, and trying to father, to break off said engagement, conjure up some new scheme by which after knowledge of Lawyer Snow's

"Elisha says the Sunday-school shall Slayton had him this time; there was no have a new organ if it takes his last cent,"

"Well," said Elisha, "not quite as bad and where he had lived ever since, and as that. But they shall have a new melo-

> This capped the climax. The Sundayschool had been holding picnics, strawberry festivals, lectures, busy bees, and I don't know what besides-in which the six girls had taken a lively interest--to raise money enough for an organ; but, do their best, they could raise only about fifty dollars. They threw themselves upon their uncle, and as there was not quite enough of him to go around; they threw themselves upon their father. It lie?" was a touching scene. Two of the girls were in tears, and one of them was heard

Suddenly Bessie looked up. late," she said-"it's dreadfullly late for

the sewing society!" When they were alone, Elisha said: 'You've done it !--you've gone and done it! In five minutes every word of what we've said will be all over this village. Yes, and all over the State of Connecticut. I say, Amasa, this isn't right!"

"Why? Don't you have any fears. Suppose they do tell of your millions; it will give you credit."

"Ah, yes, yes! but they will all be after me for my money." Elisha straightened himself up very stiffly, and buttoned his coat over his chest very firmly, as if to impress on his brother the fact that he wouldn't let them have a centnot one cent-if they did.

"Well, don't say it isn't so, anyway, whispered Amasa, and led Elisha to his room, where that great and good philanthropist and millionaire lay down upon a sofa and took a comfortable nap.

For a week East Chesterville was in a condition of ferment. The resurrection of Elisha Snow in the form of a millionaire, after having departed twenty years before with a reputation for unconquerable laziness, and an ability remarkable only for imbibing hard cider, was enough to shake the entire county to its centre. Then his magnificent bequests the town library building, the new organ, raising the minister's salary, proposing to establish a Home for Incurable ldiots-for poor Elisha found he could not stop promising when he had once begun, and his plan to build a new gymhim at once the idol of the town.

Mawley, the mill-owner met Amasa one day in the street. "See here," he a file of letters. He was looking for said, "I've told Slayton to let up on You and I were always old friends. Just then there came a tap at the office Pay up the interest on that mortgage any time you please. By-the-way, I'm George!" he cried, nearly carried off his tired of Slayton. He's hounded you, when you were down, in a mean way. I'm sick of Slavton. I'll send you a retainer to-morrow of five hundred dollars in a case I've got against some Providence eople. Big case-big money in it. How's your brother ?-pretty well, I hope. Those California magnates are all thought occurred to him, as he shook his coming East, I hear. Think your brother would like to put any money in Bessie? Good-morning."

"Mr. Mawley, one moment. You don't let up on me and send me this lawsuit because Elisha is a millionaire, do

"Oh, no, no, no! My dear fellow, no, match-my son and Bessie. Good-day."

Amasa Snow got round behind the fence, and laughed and shook until the entire fence laughed and shook with him. His little scheme was working well. One needs very little capital in this world if -you remember about it. What's the one can only obtain its substitute-credit. use of rakin' over old personalities at this That week and the next he had retainers | tablespoonful of minced parsely, two time, when I ought to be received with sent him from several wealthy proprietors stalks of celery, pepper and salt, three "I know, I know," replied Amasa, He had the foreclosure suit discontinued, water, and cook slowly three hours. An pologetically. "I ought to ask how paid Mawley his interest, got his mort- hour before taking it from the fire pregage extended indefinitely. What is pare the vegetables. Shred the cabbage, "Why, yes; you ought to show some more, his business picked up so that he cut turnips, celery, carrots and potatoes brotherly feeling. It's natural."

paid a large sum on account all around into dice, and slice the onion. Cook "Well, Elisha, have you got any among his creditors. They all said: them half an hour in boiling, salted wa-"Elisha is doing it for him." He painted | ter. Drain this off and throw it away. and refurbished the old Snow house. He By this time the meat should be tender, ran slightly into debt in doing it, but his but not in shreds. Add the parboiled girls had some new clothes sent them from New York. He donned a new suit of broad-cloth, and-he was happy. He all for fifteen minutes; stir in a great was on his feet. Slayton was utterly nonplussed. In vain the wily practitioner went about spreading doubts as to Elisha's having any money whatever. "Why don't he buy that organ?" he kept saying, until people began to wonder why indeed.

As soon as the rumor spread about that Elisha was childless, and that he intended of clinkers. leaving his money in equal shares to his bing his hands. "The girls will be so six nieces, they went off literally like hot happy to see you. Come, let's go in the cakes. Mawley junior, who really loved the girl, married Bessic, and then they were all married off in batches of two. until the youngest refused to marry at all. saying, with her finger at her lip, "she

In one year all this happened. Amasa Snow was now a successful man-his debts paid and practice increasing. One about his face. Otherwise the brothers day the rumor reached him-why had not Elisha paid for that organ? As they were crossing the threshold of He went to Elisha. "It is time," he the house, Amasa whispered: "Just tell said, "for you to disappear."

preferred to stay with her father.

"I'm very contented here," protested "Yes," he said, "for ting in the hotel. It agrees with me. I

don't want to disappear." He liked the adulation extended to girls; six good-looking, hearty, frank, him on the ground that he was a millionhealthy country girls. They all rose aire. He played the easy, well-fed, rich plutocrat revisiting his New England home to perfection. His acting was consummate, because it was nature itself, without a mirror being held up to it. He had just that amount of narrowness, of close-fistedness, of sagacious doubt as to away his overcoat and umbrella. And the motives of men who approached him hose they were impressed when their with schemes for investment; he acted father said, proudly, "And then to think the millionaire to perfection, and he

"Amasa, I can't go," he said. "They think I'm such a good man to make money. They have actually brought money to me to make more for them. Yes, I've received over fifty thousand dollars for investment within the last

month. "Great Scott!" exclaimed Amasa. 'This is dreadful! I see State-prison yawning before us!"

"It's just what the Grand American Spread-eagle Mine needs," said Elisha, swelling himself out-"a little money." "Well, take the money and go, then-

-nothing!" Amasa was very angry. He resolved to be responsible for his brother no longer. He went to his daughters, all but one now well married and in happy, wellto-do homes. "Your uncle and I have had a row," he said. "He is going back to California."

And the organ, the new library, the gymnasium? Well, he is mad about something.

He says the town has slighted him. But one thing must be understood, whatever he does-I wash my hands of him for-

Elisha did leave a few days after. He took away about a hundred thousand dollars of widows' and orphans' funds, went to San Francisco, put his money into help for it. The old place would have to said their father, laughing heartily. He various enterprises, paid the beneficiaries eight per cent. interest, was honest as the day, and died a few years ago worth a great deal of money, which he left, share and share alike, to his brother's six girls, and he left a thousand dollars for he new organ.

Amasa still lives-a fairly well-to-do old country lawyer-slightly in debt still, in East Chesterville. But he is the adored grandpapa of twelve of the dearest little grandchildren, and he often says to them, benignly: "Children, I have put all-and myself-on our feet. Yes, but I had to tell your mother an awful

"What was the lie, grandpopper?" "I had to say the laziest man aliveour granduncle, children-I had to say "It's the penniless old rascal-your grandfather's brother, my dears, who had robbed me of all I had in one of his mines, the Great American Spread-eagle Gold and Silver-I had to say, and stan' to it, that he was one of the biggest millionaires on the Pacific coast! But that lie has put us all on our feet."-Richard H. Roc, in Harper's Weekly.

### HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Receipes. TONGUE TOAST. - Make some slices of toast, not very thick, browned evenly ali over on both sides, and minus crust. Butter it slightly. Grate with a large grater a liberal sufficiency of cold tongue and spread it thickly over the toast. Lay the slices side by side on a large dish. Serve at breakfast, luncheon or supper.

LEMON CREAM .- Boil the thin peel of two lemons in one pint of cream, strain, and thicken with the well-beaten yolks of three and the whites of four eggs, into which half a teacupful of white sugar has been beaten. Add half a saltspoonful of salt, stir rapidly with the egg-beater until nearly cold, and pour it into glasses or cups. This quantity will fill six good-sized cups.

STEWED APPLES WITH RICE. - Scoop out the cores and peel some fine russet apples, and stew them in clarified sugar. Boil some rice in milk with a pinch of salt, and sugar enough to sweeten it. Leave on the fire until the rice is quite soft and has absorbed nearly all the nasium, skating rink, winter bath, all milk; place in a dish; arrange the combined, for the young people, made stewed apples on the rice and put in the oven to remain until they are of a golden

CHEESE FRITTERS .- Put about a pint of water into a saucepan with a piece of butter the size of an egg, the least bit of cayenne and plenty of black pepper. When the water boils throw gradually into it sufficient flour to form a thick paste, then take it off the fire and work it into a quarter of a pound of Parmesian cheese, and then the volks of three or four eggs and the whites of two beaten up to a froth. Let the paste remain for a couple of hours, and then fry it the size of a walnut into plenty of hot lard. Serve sprinkled with very fine salt.

RHUBARB JAM .- To six pounds of my mill? A big chance now. I don't rhubarb add six pounds of lump sugar need the money, but it don't pay to and six large lemons; cut the rhubarb keep all your eggs in one basket. How's into small pieces about the size of a walnut; then the lemons should be sliced and the peel cut very fine. Put the fruit (taking out the pips from the lemons) all thto a large bowl; then cover it with the sugar, broken small; let it stand twentyfour hours, after which boil it slowly for about three-quarters of an hour, taking I never favored the breaking off of that care it does not stick to the pan, also not to stir much so as to break the pieces of rhubarb, as the beauty of it is in being

VEGETABLE AND FAMILY SOUPS. -Two pounds of lean beef, half an onion, one large carrot, one turnip, quarter of a cabbage heart, two fair-sized potatoes, one vegetables to it and the broth, put in the parsely, pepper and salt to taste. Cook spoonful of browned flour wet with cold water; boil up and pour out.

## Useful Hints.

A few oyster shells, mixed with the coal used for a furnace or large stove. will effectually prevent the accumulation

To clean satin that has become greasy, sponge lengthwise, never across the width, with benzine, alcohol or borax water. Press on the wrong side.

It is said that white spots can be removed from furniture by rubbing with essence of camphor or peopermint, and afterward with furniture polish oil. The human system consists of fifteen

elements, all of which are found in common wheat. But the flour of commerce is deprived in a large degree of twelve of these elements. An improvement in making flour is evidently needed.

# REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "From Dungeon to Palace." (Preached at the Hamptons, Long Island.)

TEXT: The time of my departure is a hand .- II. Timothy iv., 6. The way out of this world is so blocked up with coffin and hearse, and undertaker's spade and screwdriver, that the Christian can hardly think as he ought of the most cheerful passage in all his history. We hang black instead of white over the place where the good man gets his last victory. We stand weeping over a heap of chains which the freed soul has shaken off, and we say: "Poor man! What a pity it was he had to come to this!" Come to what! By the time the people have assembled at the obsequies the man has been three days so happy that all the joy of earth accumulated would be wretchedness beside it, and he might better weep over you because you have to stay, than you weep over him because he has to go. It is a fortunate thing that a good man does not have to wait to see his own obsequies, they would be so discordant with his own experience. If the Israelites should go back to Egypt and mourn over the brick kilns they once left, they would not be any more silly than that Christian who should forsake heaven and come down and mourn because he had to leave this world. Our ideas of the Christian's death are morbid and sickly. We look upon it as a dark hole, in which a man stumbles when his breath gives out. This whole subject is odor-ous with varnish and disinfectants, instead of being sweet with mignonette. Paul, in my text, takes that great clod of a word, "death, and throws it away, and speaks of his "departure"—a beautiful, bright, suggestive word, descriptive of every Christian's re-Now, departure implies a starting place

and a place of destination. When Paul left this world what was the starting point? It was a scene of great physical distress. It was the Tullianum, the lower dungeon of the Mamertine prison. The top dungeon was bad enough, it having no means of ingress or egress but through an opening in the top. Through that the prisoner was lowered, and through that came all the food and air and light received. It was a terrible place, that upper dungeon; but the Tullianum was the lower dungeon, and that was still more wretched, the only light and the only air coming through the roof, and that roof the floor of the upper dungeon. That was Paul's last earthly residence. It was a dungeon just six feet and a half high. It was a doleful place. It had the chill of long centuries of dampness. It was filthy with the long incarceration of miserable wretches. It was there that Paul spent his last days on earth, and it is there that I see him to-day. in the fearful dungeon, shivering, blue with the cold, waiting for that old overcoat which he had sent for up to Troas, and which they had not yet sent down, notwithstanding he had written for it.

If some skilful surgeon should go into that dungeon where Paul is incarcerated, we might find out what are the prospects of Paul's livfirst place, he is an old man, only two years short of seventy. At that very time when he most needs the warmth and the sunlight, and the fresh air, he is shut out from the sun. What are those scars on his ankles? Why, those were gotten when he was fast, his feet in the stocks. Every time he turned, the flesh on his ankles started. What are those scars on his back? You know he was whipped five times, each time getting thirty-nine strokes-195 bruises on the back (count them!) made by the Jews with rods of elmwood, each one of the 195 strokes bringing the blood. Look at Paul's face and look at his arms. Where did he get those bruises? I think it was when he was struggling ashore amidst the shivered timbers of the shipwreck. I see a gash in Paul's side. Where did he get that? I think he got that in the tussel with highwaymen, for he had been in peril of robbers and he had money of his own. He was a mechanic as well as an apostle, and I think the tents he made were

as good as his sermons. There was a wanners about Paul's looks. What makes that! I think a part of that came from the fact that he was for twenty-four hours on a plank in the Mediterranean sea, suffering terribly, before he was rescued; for he says positively: "I was a night and a day in the Oh, worn out, emaciated old surely you must be melancholy, No constitution could endure this and be cheerful. But I press my way through the prison until I come up close to where he is and by the faint light that streams through the opening I see on his face a supernatural joy, and I bow before him, and I say: "Aged man, how can you keep cheerful amidst all this gloom?" His voice startles the darkness of the place as he cries out: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand." Hark! what is that shuffling of feet in the upper dungeon? Why, Paul has an invitation to a banquet, and he is going to dine to-day with shuffling feet are the feet of the executioners. They come, and they cry down through the hole of the dungeron: "Hurry up, old man. Come now; get yourself ready." Why, Paul was ready. He had nothing to pack up. He had no baggage to He had been ready a good while. see him rising up, and straightening out his stiffened limbs, and pushing back his white hair from his creviced forehead, and I see him looking up through the hole in the roof of the dungeon into the face of his execution, and hear him say: "I am now ready to be offered, at the time of my departure is at hand." Then they lift him out of the dungeon, and they start with him to the place of execution. They "Hurry along, old man, or you will the weight of our spear. Hurry "How far is it," says Paul, "we have to travel?" "Three miles." Three miles is a good way for an old man to travel after he has beer. crippled with maltreatment. But they soon get to the place f execution-Acquae Talvia-and he is fastened to the pillar of martyrdom. does not take any strength to tie him fast. He makes no resistance. O Paul! why

not strike for your life? You have a great many friends here. With that withered hand just launch the thunderbolt of the people upon those infamous soldiers. No! Paul was not going to interfere with his own coronation. He was too glad to go. I see him looking up into the face of his executioner, and, as the grim official draws the sword, Paul calmly says: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand." But I put my hand over my eyes. I want not to see that last struggle. One sharp, keen stroke, and Paul does go to the banquet and Paul does dine with the

What a transition it was! From the malaria of Rome to the finest climate in all the universe—the zone of eternal open arms, and a bonfire lighted, and in a neighboring manufacturing town. quarts of cold water, browned flour. in the catacombs of Rome, but in one beauty and health. His ashes were put They had heard of his brother's millions. Put the beef over the fire in the cold moment the air of heaven bathed from his soul the last ache. From shipwreck, rom dungeon, from the biting pain of the elm-wood rods, from the sharp sword of the headsman, he goes into the most brilliant assemblage of heaven, a king among kings, multitudes of the sainthood rushing out and stretching forth hands of welcome; for I do really think that as on the right hand of God is Christ, so on the right hand of Christ is

Paul, the second great in heaven.

He changed kings likewise. Before the hour of death and up to the last moment ne was under Nero, the thick necked, the cruel eyed, the filthy lipped; the sculptured features of that man bringing down to us to this very day the horrible possibilities of his nature-seated as he was amidst pictured marbles of Egypt, under a roof adorned with mother of pearl, in a dining room, which by machinery was kept whirling day and night with most bewitching magnificence; his horses standing in stalls of solid gold, and the grounds around his palace lighted at night by its victims, who had been daubed with tar and pitch and then set fire to illumine the darkness. That was Paul's king. But the next moment he goes into the realm of Him whose reign is love, and whose courts are paved with love, and whose throne is set on pillars of love, and whose scepter is adorned with jewels of love, and whose palace is lighted with love, and whose lifetime is an eternity of love. When Paul was leaving so much on this side the pillar of martyrdom to gain so much on the other side, do you wonder at the cheerful valedictory of the text: "The time of my departure is at

Now, why cannot all the old people of this congregation have the same holy glee

Charles I., when as that aged man had? he was combing his head, found a gray hair, and he sent it to the queen as a great joke; but old age is really no joke at all. For the last forty years you have been dreading that which ought to have being an exhibaration. You say you must fear the struggle at the moment the soul and body part. But millions have endured that moment, and why not we as well? They got through with it, and so can we. Besides this, all medical men agree in saying that there is probably no struggle at all at the last moment—not so much pain as the prick of a pin, the seeming signs of distress being altogether involuntary But you say: "It is the uncertainty of the Now, child of God, do not play the After God has filled the Bible till it

can hold no more with the stories of the good

things ahead, better not talk about uncer-

tainties. But you say: "I cannot bear to think o parting from friends here." If you are old you have more friends in heaven than here. Just take the census. Take some large sheet of paper and begin to record the names of those who have emigrated to the other shore; the companions of your school days, your early business associ-ates, the friends of mid life and those who more recently went away. Can it be that they have been gone so long you do not care any more about them and you do not want their society? Oh, no! There have been days when you have felt that you could not endure it another moment away from their blessed companionship. have gone. You say you would not like to bring them back to this world of trouble, even if you had the power. would not do to trust you. God would not give you resurrection power. Before to-morrow morning you would be rat-tling at the gates of the cemetery, crying to the departed: "Come back to the cradle where you slept! Come back to the hall where you used to play! Come back to the table where you used to sit!" and there would be a great burglary in heaven. No. no! God will not trust you with resurrection power, but he compromises the matter and says: "You cannot bring them where you are." They are more lovely now than ever Were they beautiful here, they are more

beautiful there. Besides that, it is more healthy there for you than here, aged man; better climate there than these hot summers and cold winters and late springs; better hearing; better eye-sight; more tonic in the air; more perfume in the bloom; more sweetness in the song. Do you not feel, aged man, sometimes, as though you would like to get your arm and foot free! Do you not feel as though you would like to throw away spectacles and canes and crutches? Would you not like to feel the spring and elas ticity and mirth of an eternal boy hood? When the point at which you start from this world is old age, and the point to which you go is eternal juvenescence, aged man, clap your hands at the anticipation, and say, in perfect rapture of soul: "The time of my departure is at hand."

I remark, again, all those ought to fee this joy of the text who have a holy curiosity to know what is beyond this earthly terminus. And who has not any curiosity about it? Paul, I suppose, had the most satisfactory view of heaven, and he says: "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." It is like looking through a broken tele-"Now we see through a glass Can you tell me anything that heavenly place! You ask thousand questions about it that I cannot answer. I ask you a thousand questions about it that you cannot answer. And do you wonder that Paul was so glad when martyrdom gave him a chance to go over make discoveries in that blessed country?

I hope some day, by the grace of God, to go over and see for myself; but not now. well man, no prospered man, I think, wants to go now. But the time will come, I think, when I shall go over. I want to see what they do there, and I want to see how they do it. I do not want to be looking through the gates ajar forever. 1 want them to swing open. 10,000 things I want explained—about you, about myself, about about God, about of this world, everything. We start in a path of what we know, and minute come up against a high wall of what we do not know. I wonder how it looks over there. Somebody tells me it is like a paved city-paved with gold; and another man tells me it is like a fountain, and it is like a tree, and it is like a triumphal procession, and the next man l meet tells me it is all figurative. I really want to know, after, the body is resurrected, what they wear and what they eat; and I have an immeasurable curiosity to know what it is, and how it is, and where it is. Columbus risked his life to find this continent, and shall we shuader to go out on a voyage of discovery which shall reveal a vaster and more different country? John Franklin risked his find a passage between icebergs, and shall we dread to find a passage to eternal summer? Men in Switzerland travel up the heights of the Matterhorn with alpenstock and guides and rockets and ropes, and getting half way up, stumble and fall down in a terrible massacre. They just want to say they had been on the tops of those high peaks. And shall we fear to go out for the ascent of the eternal hills, which start a thousand miles beyond where stop the highest peaks of the Alps, and when in that ascent there is no peril! A man doomed to die stepped on the scaffold and said in joy: in ten minutes I will know great secret." One minute after the vital functions ceased the little child that died last night in Montague street knew more than Jonathan Edwards, or St. Paul self, before he died. Friends, the exit from this world, or death, if you please to call it, to the Christian is glorious explanation. It is demonstration. It is illumination. It is sunburst. It is the opening of all the windows. It is shutting up the catechism of doubt and the unrolling of all the scrolls of positive and ac curate information. Instead of standing at the foot of the ladder and looking it is standing at the top of the ladder and looking down. It is the last mystery taken out of botany, and geology and astronomy, and theology. Oh, will it not be grand to have all questions an-The perpetually recurring interswered? rogation point changed for the mark of exclamation. All riddles solved. will fear to go out on that discovery when all the questions are to be decided which we have been discussing all our lives! Who shall not clap his hands in the anticipation of that blessed country, it it be no better than through holy curiosity, crying: "The time of my de-I remark, again, we ought to have the joy of

the text, because, leaving this world, we move into the best society of the universe. You see a great crowd of people in some street, and you say: "Who is passing there? What General, what Prince is going up there!" Well, I see a great throng in heaven. I say: is the focus of all that admiration? Who is the centre of that gittering company It is Jesus, the champion of all worlds, the favorite of all ages. Do you know what is the first question the soul will ask when it comes through the gate of heaven? I think the first question will be: "Where that carried my sorrows; that fought my battles; that won my victories!" O radiant One! how I would like to see Thee! Thou of the manger, but without its humiliation; Thou of the cross, but without its pangs; Thou of the grave, but without its darkness. The Bible intimates that we will talk with Jesus in heaven just as a brother talks with a brother. Now, what will you ask him first? I do not know. I can think what I would ask Paul first, if I saw him in heaven. I think I would like to hear him describe the storm that came upon the ship when there were 275 souls on the vessel, Paul being the only man on board cool enough to describe the storm. There is a fascination about a ship and the sea that I shall never get over, and I think I would like to hear him talk about that first. But when I meet my Lord Jesus Christ, of what shall I first delight to hear Him speak? Now I think what it is. I shall first want to hear the tragedy of his last hours; and then Luke's account of the crucifixion, and Mark's account of the crucifixion, and John's account of the crucifixion will be nothing, while from the living lips of Christ the story shall be told of the gloom that fell, and the devils that arose, and the fact that upon his endurance depended the resuce of a race; and there was darkness in the sky, and there was darkness in the soul, and the pain became more sharp, and the burdens became more heavy, until the mob began to swim away from the dying vision of Christ, and the cursing of the mob came to his ear more faintly, and his hands were fastened to the horizontal piece of the cross, and his feet were fastened to the perpendicular piece of the cross, and his head fell forward in a swoon as he uttered the last moan and cried; "It is crime,

finished!" All heaven will stop to listen until the story is done, and every harp will be put down; and every lip closed, and all eyes fixed upon the divine narrator, until the story is done; and then, at the tap of the baton, the eternal orchestra will rouse up; finger on string of harp, and lips to the mouth of trumpet, there shall roll forth the oratorio of the Messiah: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive blessing, and riches, and honor, and glory, and

power, world without end! What he endured, oh, who can tell, To save our souls from death and hell! When there was between Paul and that magnificent personage only the thinness of the sharp edge of the sword of the exccutioner, do you wonder that he wanted to go? Oh, my Lord Jesus, let one wave of that glory roll over this auditory! Hark! I hear the wedding bells of heaven ringing now. The marriage of the Lamb has come, and the bride hath made herself ready.

## TEMPERANCE.

The Little Temperance Soldier.

I am a little soldier, Tho' but a few years old; I mean to fight for temperance, And be both brave and bold; I know how strong the foe is, How many he has slain, Yet still I'll be a soldier, And fight with might and main.

I've heard of other soldiers, Much younger too, than I Who overcome the drunkard, Then why should I not try! I know that God will help me, For 'tis a holy cause; And all who don't keep sober, Are tramp'ling on his laws.

Yet though I'm not a man, I'll try to do for temperance The greatest good I can. If God will give me courage, In all I do or say, Then I, with my companions, Will win the glorious day.

I now can do but little,

Come, then, my fellow soldiers! And march along with me; Though long and fierce the battle, We shall victorious be. And soon the temp'rance army, With banners all unfurled, Will go through every country And conquer all the world!

ost and Cruelty of Liquor Traffic. The Hon. William Windom, speaking at he Fourth of July celebration at Woodstock,

- Youth's Temperance Banner.

onn., said: "It is estimated upon the best attainable authority that this tyrant's revels cost annually more than \$700,000,000; that 500,000 rictims, rendered worse than useless, are staggering along in his triumphal procession o dishonored graves; and that his army of mmediate retainers—the makers and ven-

ders of "liquid fire"-numbers 500,000 more. "Estimating that this million of makers, renders and victims, if engaged in some legitimate business, could have earned \$1.50 per day, we have a loss in productive power of \$450,000,000 per annum, which, added to the \$700,000,000 wasted for strong drinks, makes a total of \$1,250,000,000. Add to this taxation-estimated at \$100,000,000-for the support of jails, criminal prosecutions, penitentiaries, almshouses, pauperism, and all the unnumbered burdens imposed upon the country by this tyrant, and you have \$1,350,-000,000 as the annual cost of his reign. How loes this compare with the administration of King George, or with the tax on the historic tea, that a century ago was put to steep in

Boston Harbor! "Let it be borne in mind that this burden rests most heavily upon the poor, who are least able to bear it. It is doubtless true that a large portion of it is borne by the rich and prosperous, but if only one-half of it falls upon the wage-workers of the nation, there is an Anti-Poverty Society, with possibilities beyond the wildest dreams of Mr. George and Dr. McGlynn. Mr. Powderly, in a recent speech said: 'In one Pennylvania county, in a single year, \$17,000,-000 was spent for liquor, and it was estimated that \$11,000,000 of the amount came The savings that could from workingmen. be made through an Anti-Saloon Anti-Poverty Society, would in ten years buy half the farms in the United States, and in fifteen years more furnish a fund large enough to purchase every railroad in the country, and pay

for them more than their actual cost. "Not less than 80,000 victims go annually to the drunkard's grave. Pestilence and war combined do not, in this country, equal its destructive energy. I repeat what I have had occasion to say elsewhere, that the waste of human life wrought every five years by our 200,000 saloons, is equal to the destruction of life by both armies, numbering millions of armed men, during the entire War of the Rebellion. In their hands strong drink is a weapon so fatal that the 500,000 drunkardnakers are able to accomplish more in the ame period than four times their number could with shot and shell, fire and sword, and all the appliances of modern warfare. The cruelty of war is not measured by the number f those who fall in battle, but by the unutterable woe and bitter anguish of broken hearts and desolated homes. Most emphatically s it true, that the mere destruction of 80,000 ives every year affords no measure of the reentless cruelty of the liquor power in its war against society. To realize this you must go to the dishonored homes, question the broken hearts, and the voice'ess misery in wan and haggard faces, hear helpless chiliren cry for food, see them stricken down by lrunken and infuriated fathers, and someimes even by besotted mothers, witness the lebauchery and ruin of youth, and the utter degradation, ignorance, poverty and misery which everywhere and always accompany the victims of the saloon. Do you say that all these are the incidents of the business, not the motives for it? Certainly. Let us to these men no injustice. Human misery is not their motive. They only want to get money, and knowing that these things follow as effect follows cause, they are not deterred. Doubtless they would prefer to get money vithout these disagreeable consequences of heir acts. A like plea may be made for the burglar and highwayman. Their motive also s money, not murder.

## The Saloon's Kindred Evils.

The saloon element does not stand as only a

epresentative of intemperance in strong

lrink, but it is representative of immorality

and crime. A temperance movement directed solely against the saloon will fall short of accomplishing the desired aim. There are kindred evils that must be removed-evils that support the saloon and with a subtler, though no less strong influence, enter places respectability, and are thus shielded from impeachment or protest. Immorality, in whatever garb of respectability it may be clothed, and the more concealed the worse, is an evil forming the basis on which every saloon is established. There is a subtle influence pervading the entire social fabric which, at least tacitly, favors the saloon because both are joinel in immorality, each supplementing the other. The temperance movement has been a blessing, yet it is not broad enough. It should be a neving the social disorders which underlie the saloon. are the fields from which the saloons grow as The removal of the saloon grain. will not remove them, but their destruction will be the destruction of every vestige of intemperance. It is this social substrata that whisky interest is entrenching itself. Placing its faith in this, it has moved along in the line of consolidation and organization, resulting in a national union, a kind of civil or political compact, presenting to existing parties the support of its voting and financial strength. As a political factor its strength is becoming most alarming, and the tendency of political parties to court its support by heeding its dictates is humiliating and dis heartening. Members of both prominent parties have endured much hoping for favor. able action by their respective organizations but a feeling of disappointment is clearly dis-cernible, and the indications point strongly toward a general breaking away of the moral elements of both parties, and the formation of a new power that will embrace the reform atory measures demanded. Either politi cal party has the opportunity of gaining this support, and the party that will embrace the reforms will receive a stronger aid than can be given by the saloon, for the moral element predominates. But the reform must be radical and deep. It must reach beyond the saloon, and destroy the power behind the throne. - Chicago Current.

For the first time in the history of Iowa, Fort Madison Penitentiary is short of a sufficient number of convicts to enable it to fill contracts made upon the basis of the usual supply. This and many similar instances go to prove that prohibition does decrease

Strong Words for Temperate In the Journal of United Lab own name, Master Workman T ly; in speaking of the liquor traffi-Among the letters that came I find one which takes me to t words on the temperance some ten or twelve days ag Lynn. My friend makes the sion in starting out that in right, that even the rumseller the justice of my position. much he should have stopped told me nothing new, right. I know that in refus a drop of strong drink I was In refusing to treat another do not believe to be good to: I know I am right. In refu with men who get drunk I kno In not allowing rumsellers to into the Order of the Knie know I am right. In adviblies not to hire halls or meet drinking places I know I an done this from the day my heard in the council halls of position on the question of right. I am determined to not alter it one jot or tittle I am right, why should I alta "Ten years ago I was hissed vised men to let strong drin threatened to rotten egg me tinued to advise men to b though I have had no experie

qualify me to render an

efficacy of a rotten egg as an ally

seller, yet I would prefer to have

decorated from summit to base

est kind of rotten eggs rather the

drop of liquid villainy to pass my

the end of my nose illuminate

som that follows a planting

hatred, envy, malice and dann

which are represented in a solitar What Canadian Doctors This In r sponse to the inquiry add them recently by the Canada Ci total abstinence, in your opinion with the fullest degree of Eighty-two out of 91 physicians answered in the affirmative were 57 who emphatically de moderate drinking as bad; 34 who on that point were very diversified only about 10 distinctly favorel by drinking in quantities usually deemed Again of the 91 there were erate. agreed in the opinion that the total also had a better chance than the drinker for recovery from disease or as and 81 of the 91 agreed that total aisis would be a great public benefit. Them ationists were in a small minor whole the answers show gratifying

in the sphere of medical temperane -National Advocate. Pleasant for Beer Drinker. Dr. E. H. Bartley, chemist to the Bru lealth Department, has recently make discoveries which it will not be please beer drinkers to contemplate. tions of different kinds of bottled cluding some of the Western Leers, short they contain salicylic acid. Record states that the amount of the required to preserve beer is about to fifteen grains per gallon, and it add 'salicylic acid, if taken con to injure digestion and irritate the la The employment of this drug in the me tion of different articles of food and has increased so much in Paris French Government has already twice

action in the matter. National W. C. T. U. Bulletin Dr. Newman, pastor of the Metros hurch, at Washington D. C., recently zed a Youth's Temperance Society in h g regation. The members of the W. chilanthropic women of Duluth, Mini

about to establish a "Home for needy wa and children. By an amendment recently adopted Maine law makes the holding of a line

States tax receipt prima facie evident liquor selling. Mrs. Laura Berry, a prominent n the Des Moines (Iowa) W. C. T. U., has r moved to Chicago, to take a position on the

staff of the Lever. The recent World's Grand Oodge of Goo Templars endorsed the petition of the World W. C. T. U., which calls for the univers outlawing of the drink and opium trade; als adoped the white cross movement as a meth

of work. The W. C. T. U. of Cleveland has vited by the Common Council of the name two ladies who shall act as nitri matron at the Central Police Station. action ought to extend to every city and town in the United States. Miss M. Louise Graves of Mass., and Miss Poole, daughter of Libra W. F. Poole, of Chicago, and both grals of Wellesley College, sailed the twenty-June as missionaries to Japan. The both earnest white ribbon women, and

gone forth thoroughly furnished with

plans and literature from the W. C. now being so well established in Japans the visit of Mrs. I envitt. The highest honors of the Triennial national Sunday-school Convention went year bestowed on three leading temps men. Mr. Ira H. Evans, of Texas, temporary chairman; he had much we securing the quarterly temperance the International course, a measures urged by the W. C. T. U. General sk, who presided until the arrival Evans, stands in the fore front of the perance battle, and Wm. Reynolds, of h

tho was unanimously elected per

President, is at the head of a movement his part of the State. Mrs. Leavitt writes from Bangka that she had an audience with the Siam, going before him with a parced C. T. U. documents, and copies Union Signal, all tied with a white the entering the place between two m guards and meeting a handsome, gentleman, to whom Mrs. Lesvit calling the manner taught ber New England childhood. three times, after which the King took the hand and led her to a seat, the evincing much interest in Mrs. Learn count of the World's W. C. T. U. he understands English. through an interpreter. Mrs. Let writes: "Dear Reverend Missionary Pray do not send out any more wine cigar-smoking missionaries; there is ample enough in all these lands from godly men of Christian lands who

be injured by following their example A SINGULAR fact of the recent quake at Magdalena, Mexico, val hundreds of miners at work the four hundred feet below the surfathe earth were not at any time scious of a land disturbance no they feel the effects of any of the ferent shocks. Another remain fact is that, while the country arid, so almost totally destitute of ning water, great springs of cl water should start from the very themselves, and flow upward from earth with every indication of a plan

ful source.

Governmen employ and engaged in beautiful Christian missionaries be so free

all these things that no poor soul or be

Many of the towns in the Western land are curious and strange to old-country ears. Here a few: A B C, Axle, Accident Hide, Big Bug, Big Fool, Braggain Chicory, Coffee, Cow Boy, Crab Dammit, Dirt Town, Door Way, I en Creek, Good Land, Good M Good Luck, Gun Powder, Hat Ok Off, High Up, Hobbie, Ingles Jingo, Johnny Cake, Jump Of Macphelah, Mad Indian, Matris Nine Times, Number One, Ohligh Our Carter, Oz, Pat's Store, Gumpus, Plevna (several), Quis Q Rabbit Hash, U Bet (You Bet).

THE human hair varies in thick from 1.250 to 1.600 of an inch. hair is the finest, and red hair coarsest. A German investigator that in four heads of hair of weight, the red one contains 90,000 hairs, the black, 10,000, brown 109,000, and the blonds 140