THAT IS SO.

It is said that Truth is gold—
That is so!
That it yields a hundred fold;
That its champions win the prize
Which endures and never dies—
That is so!

It is said that Sin brings pain—
That is so!
That its work is loss, not gain;
That it kills the soul and brings
Never balm, but many stings—
That is so!

It is said that Goodness thrives—
That is so!
That it blesses human lives;
That at last, when earth has flown,
It shall gain a starry crown—
That is so!

Life is transient at the best—
That is so!
But with Goodness for our guest,
Truth shall guide us to the prize
That endures and never dies—
That is so!

—[Caleb Dunn, in the Ledger.

In the Interests of Science.

THE STORY OF A BURGLARY.

Though I had known George Martin a long time he had only lately initiated me into the mysteries of his life. I knew well that he had been guilty of many kinds of excesses and indiscretions in his youth; nevertheless, I was not a little astonished to hear that he had once sunk so low as burglary. Without further remark here I relate the chief episode out of the remarkable career of this strange man:

"Yes," said he, "I had a hard time of it in those days, and finally I became a —burglar. When Robert Schmiedlein proposed to me that we should break into the somewhat retired house of two doctors, Dr. Engler and Dr. Langner, I thoughtlessly agreed. Both doctors were well known on account of their scientific researches, and one of them especially for his eccentric manner.

"Well, the night fixed for the carrying out of our design arrived and we went to work with the greatest confidence, for all the circumstances were favorable for a burglary. It was pitch dark, neither moon nor stars visible, and in addition a strong west wind was blowing, which was very welcome to us, as it promised to drown every sound, however slight.

"It was toward 2 o'clock in the morning as we, assuming all was safe, began by filing through a chain which fastened a ladder to the wall. The ladder we placed under a window in the first story on the left side of the house. In less than five minutes we had opened the window, and hearing nothing, Schmiedlein climbed through it and I followed him. After carefully reclosing the venetians we ventured to light a lantern and then discovered that we were in a kind of lumber room, the door of which was locked.

"After picking the lock we determined first to explore the rooms on the ground floor, thinking we should run less risk of waking the inhabitants of the house.

"To our no little astonishment we perceived, as we crept down stairs, a light shining under the door of one of the rooms at the back of the building.

"At first we were both for beating a hasty retreat. Schmiedlein soon recovered himself and proposed that we should force our way into the room, bind and gag every occupant and then obtain by threats all desirable information.

"I agreeing, we approached the door. While carefully throwing the light around I noticed, seven feet from the floor, a wire which appeared to pass through the door we were approaching, and on pointing it out to my companion, he thought it would be connected with some bell.

"I replied in a whisper that we should try and avoid any alarm by cutting the wire, and as I could just reach it with my hands I would hold it firm while Schmiedlein cut it between my hands, and thus prevent it jerking back and ringing the bell.

"Setting the lantern on the floor I seized the wire, while Schmiedlein drew a pair of pincers out of his pocket. But the moment I touched it I felt a frightful shock, which quivered through and through me, so that I fell of a heap, tearing the wire down with me. I remember hearing the loud ringing of a bell, while Schmiedlein—whom, moreover, I have never seen since—disappeared like lightning into the darkness and escaped, very likely by the way we had come.

"On falling down I struck my head violently against the opposite wall and became unconscious, whilst the electric bell—at that time a novelty—rang unceasingly.

"Regaining my senses I found myself bound and helpless, which, after all, did not surprise me, as I concluded I had been caught where I fell. It soon struck me, however, that there were some peculiar circumstances connected with my captivity.

"I was nearly undressed and lay on a cold slab of slate, which was about the height of a table from the ground, and only a piece of linen protected my body from immediate contact with the stone. Straight above me hung a large lamp, whose polished reflector spread a bright light far around, and when I as far as possible looked round I perceived several shelves with bottles, flasks and chemical apparatus of all kinds upon them. In one corner of the room stood a complete human skeleton, and various odds and ends of human bodies hung here and there upon the walls. I then knew I was lying on the operating—or dissecting—table of a doctor, a discovery which naturally troubled me greatly; at the same time I perceived that my mouth also was firmly gagged.

"What did it all mean? Had some accident befallen me so that a surgical operation was necessary for my recovery? But I remembered nothing of the kind, and also felt no pain; nevertheless here I lay, stripped and helpless, on this terrible table gagged and bound, which indicated something extraordinary.

"It astonished me not a little that there should be such an operation-room in such a house until I remembered that Dr. Langner, as the district physician, had to carry out the post mortem examinations for the circuit, and that in the small provincial town no other room was available for such a purpose. I felt too miserable, however, to think more about it. But I soon noticed, after another vain effort to free myself, that I was not alone in the room, for I heard the rustling of paper, and then some one said in quiet, measured tones:

"'Yes, Langner, I am quite convinced that this man is particularly suited for the carrying out of my highly important experiment. How long have I been wishing to make the attempt—at last, to-night, I shall be able to produce the proof of my theory.'

"'That would, indeed, be a high triumph of human skill,' I heard a second voice reply; 'but consider, dear doctor, if that man there were to expire under our hands—what then?'

"'Impossible!' was the quick reply. 'It is bound to succeed, and even if it did not, he will die a glorious death in the interests of science; while, if we were to let him go, he would sooner or later fall into the hands of the hangman.'

"I could not even see the two men, yet their conversation was doubtless about me, and, hearing it, I shuddered from head to foot. They were proposing some dangerous operation on me, not for my benefit, but in the interest of medical science.

"At any rate, I thought, 'they won't undertake such a thing without my sanction.' And what, after all, was their intention? It must be something terrible, for they had already mentioned the possibility of my succumbing. I should soon know the fearful truth, for after a short pause they continued:

"'It has long been acknowledged that the true source of life lies in the blood. What I wish to prove, dear Langner, is this: Nobody need die from pure loss of blood, and yet such cases occur only too often, while we must all the time be in possession of means to renew this highly important sap of life and thus avoid a fatal result. We read of a few, but only a few, cases of a man who, for some reason or other, has lost so much blood that his death seemed inevitable if some other noble-hearted man had not offered his own blood, in order to let it flow into the veins of the dying man. As you are aware, this proceeding has always had the desired effect. I consider it, however, a great mistake to deprive a fellow being of necessary blood, for the one thereby only gains life and strength at the cost of another, who offers himself for an always dangerous sacrifice."

"'Yes, I do not think that right either,' replied Dr. Langner. 'And, moreover, how seldom is a man found at the critical moment ready to submit himself at once to such a dangerous loss of blood."

"'That is very natural; no one rightly undertakes such a thing,' continued the other. 'So much greater will be our triumph if the operation succeeds. I hope to show you, dear colleague, that although we are thinking of taking that man's blood, even to the last drop, in a few hours we shall set him on his feet again.'

"'Just so! I do not see why we should not succeed. At any rate, in the interests of science we should prove in a practical manner the correctness of our theory.'

"'And this proof, dear friend, we will undertake without delay. Let me just repeat my instructions, for we cannot go to work too carefully to preserve the life of this man. I will open a vein in his thigh and measure exactly the quantity of blood which flows out, at the same time watching the beating of the heart. Under ordinary circumstances nothing could possibly save him; but just before the extinction of the last spark of life we will insert the warm blood of a living rabbit into his veins, as we have already arranged. If my theory is right, the pulsation of the heart will then gradually increase in strength and rapidity. At same time it is important to protect his limbs from cold and stiffness, which will naturally take place with the loss of all arterial blood.'

"The conversation of the two doctors overwhelmed me with deadly terror. I could scarcely believe I was really awake and not the victim of some cruel nightmare.

"The fact remained, however, that I lay helpless on the dissecting table, that a threatening skeleton stood in the corner of the room and, above all, that terrible conversation which I had to listen to in silence filled me with a fear such as I had never before experienced. Involuntarily the thought forced itself upon me that I was at the mercy of two infatuated doctors, to whose mad theory I should here fall the victim.

"I said to myself that no doctor with a sound mind would propose such a frightful and murderous experiment upon a living man.

"The two doctors now approached the dissecting table and looked calmly into my face: then smiling, took off their coats and tucked up their sleeves. I strove hard to get free, as only a desperate man under such extraordinary circumstances could have struggled. In vain. Their long acquired experience knew how to render me completely helpless, and, to their satisfaction, I could not even make a sound.

"Dr. Engler now turned to a side table, and I saw him open a chest of surgical instruments and take out a lancet, with which he returned to me. He at once removed the covering from my right thigh, and although I lay bound to the table in such a way that I could not see my limbs, I was able to watch the doctor busied with his preparations.

"Directly after removing the cloth I felt a prick in the side of my leg and at once felt the warm blood rush forth and trickle down my leg. The conviction that he had opened the principal vein would have sufficed to shake the strongest nerves.

"'There is no danger,' said Dr. Engler, looking into my staring, protruding eyes with terrible calmness. 'You will not die, my good man. I have only opened an artery and you will experience all the sensations of bleeding to death. You will get weaker and weaker, and finally, perhaps, lose all consciousness, but we shall not let you die. No, no! You must live and astonish the scientific world through my great discovery!'

"I naturally could say nothing in reply, and no words can adequately express what I felt at that moment. I could in one breath have wept, implored, cursed and raved.

"Meanwhile I felt my life's blood flowing, and could hear it drop into a vessel standing under the end of the table. Every moment the doctor laid his hand on my heart, at the same time making remarks which only increased my horror.

"After he had put his hand on me for at least the twentieth time, and felt the beating of the heart, he said to his assistant:

"'Are you ready with your preparations, Langner? He has now lost an enormous quantity of blood, and the pulsation is getting weaker and weaker. See, he is already losing consciousness,' and with these words he took the gag out of my mouth.

"A feeling of deadly weakness as well as of infinite misery laid hold of me when the physician uttered these words, and on my attempting to speak, I found that scarcely a whispering murmur passed my lips. Shadowy phantoms and strange colors flitted before my eyes, and I believed myself to be already in a state past all human aid.

"What happened in the next few minutes I do not know, for I had fainted. When I reopened my eyes I noticed I no longer lay on the dissecting table, but was sitting in an armchair in a comfortable room, near which stood the two doctors looking at me.

"Near me was a flask of wine, several smelling salts, a few basins of cold water, some sponges and a galvanic battery. It was now bright daylight and the two doctors smiled as they looked at me.

"When I remembered the terrible experiment, I shuddered with horror, and tried to rise. I felt too weak, however, and sank back helpless into the chair. Then the circuit physician, in a friendly but firm voice, addressed me:

"'Compose yourself, young man. You imagined you were slowly bleeding to death; nevertheless, be assured that you have not lost a single drop of blood. You have undergone no operation whatever, but have simply been the victim of your own imagination. We knew very well you heard every word of our conversation, a conversation which was only intended to deceive you as much as possible. What I maintained was that a man's body will always completely lie under the influence of what he himself firmly believes, while my colleague, on the other hand, held the opinion that the body can never be hurt by anything which only exists in the imagination. This has long been an open question between us, which, after your capture, we at once determined to decide. So we surrounded you with objects of a nature to influence your imagination, aided further by our conversation, and finally your conviction that we would really carry out the operation of which you heard us speak, completed the deception.

"'You have now the satisfaction of knowing that you are as safe and sound as ever you were. At the same time we assure you that you really showed all the symptoms of a man bleeding to death, a proof that the body can sometimes suffer from the most absurd unreality that the mind can imagine.'

"Astonishment, joy and doubt at finding myself neither dead nor dying struggled within me, and then rage at having been subjected to such an awful and heartless experiment by the two doctors overcame me. I was quickly interrupted by Dr. Engler, however, on trying to give free scope to my indignation.

"'We had not exactly any right to undertake such an experiment with you,' he said; 'but we thought you would pardon us if we delivered you from certain punishment instead of having to undergo a painful trial and a long imprisonment for burglary. You are certainly at liberty to complain about us; but consider, my good fellow, if such a step is in your interests? I do not think so. On the other hand, we are quite willing to make you a fitting compensation for all the agony you have suffered.'

"Under the circumstances," continued George Martin, "I considered it wise to accept their proposal, although I have not to this day forgiven the two men for so treating me.

"The doctors kept their promise. They made me a very handsome present, and troubled themselves about me in other ways, so that since that time I have been a more fortunate, and I hope, a better man. Still I have never forgotten the hour when I lay on the dissecting table—the unexpected victim of a terrible experiment—in the interests of science, as Dr. Engler explained."

Such was the strange story of my friend. His death, which recently took place, relieved me from the promise of secrecy given to him about an event which he could never recall, even after a lapse of thirty years, without a feeling of unabated horror.—[Strand Magazine.

Queer Crabs.

The administrative report of the Marine Survey of India for the official year 1891-92 has been published. Among the animals Dr. Alcock has specially observed is the red ocypode crab, which swarms on all the sandy shores of India. The bigger of its two chelæ, or nippers, bears across the "palm" a long finely toothed ridge, and on one of the basal joints of the "arm," against which the "palm" can be tightly closed, there is a second similar ridge. When the "palm" is so folded against the base of the "arm," the first ridge can be worked across the second, like a bow across a fiddle, only in this case the bow is several times larger than the fiddle. Dr. Alcock concludes that the use of the stridulating organ appears to be that a crab, when it has entered its burrow, may be able, by the utterance of warning notes, to prevent other crabs from crowding in on top of it.—[New York Post.

Most Valuable of Insects.

There is no insect that approaches the silkworm in the total commercial value of its products, the manufacture of which gives employment, according to the latest census returns, to nearly sixty-four thousand persons in the United Kingdom alone, to say nothing of France, Italy, and the far East. But in actual market value, per pound weight, the cochineal insect is far ahead of any other, though its price is fluctuating and has greatly decreased since the comparatively recent discovery of so many much cheaper substitutes for the dyes obtained from it. Next to the cochineal comes the cantharides insect, whose strongly irritant properties make it so valuable in the preparation of blisters.—[Yankee Blade.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "How to Vote."

TEXT: *"Alas, alas, that great city Babylon, that mighty city, for in one hour is thy judgment come!"*—Revelation xviii., 10.

Modern scientists are doing a splendid work in excavting the tomb of a dead empire holding in its arms a dead city—mother and child of the same name, Babylon. The ancient mound invites the spades and shovels and crowbars while the unwashed natives look on with surprise. These scientists find yellow bricks still impressed with the name Nebuchadnezzar, and they go down into the sarcophagus of a monarchy buried more than two thousand years ago. May the explorations of Rawlinson and Layard and Chevalier and Opperto and Loftus and Chesney be eclipsed by the present archæological uncovering!

But is it possible this is all that remains of Babylon—a city once five times larger than London and twelve times larger than New York? Walls three hundred and seventy-three feet high and ninety-three feet thick. Twenty-five burnished gates on each side, with streets running clear through to corresponding gates on the other side. Six hundred and twenty-five squares. More pomp and wealth and splendor and sin than could be found in any five modern cities combined. A city of palaces and temples. A city having within it a garden on an artificial hill four hundred feet high, the sides of the mountain terraced. All this built to keep the king's wife, Amytis from becoming homesick for the mountainous region in which she had spent her girlhood. The waters of the Euphrates spouted up to irrigate this great altitude into fruits and flowers and arborescence unimaginable. A great river running from north to south clear through the city, bridges over it, tunnels under it, boats on it.

A city of bazaars and market places, unrivaled for aromatics and unguents, and high mettled horses with grooms by their side, and thyme wood, and African evergreen, and Egyptian linen, and all styles of costly textile fabric, and rarest purples extracted from shellfish on the Mediterranean coast, and rarest scarlets taken from brilliant insects in Spain, and ivories brought from successful elephant hunts in India, and diamonds whose flash was a repartee to the sun. Fortress within fortress, embattlement rising above embattlement. Great capital of the ages. But one night, while honest citizens were asleep, but all the saloons of saturnalia were in full blast, and at the king's castle they had filled the tankards for the tenth time, and reeling and guffawing and hiccoughing around the state table were the rulers of the land, General Cyrus ordered his besieging army to take shovels and spades, and they diverted the river from its usual channel into another direction, so that the forsaken bed of the river became the path on which the besieging army entered.

When the morning dawned the conquerors were inside the outside trenches. Babylon had fallen, and hence the sublime threnody of the text: "Alas, alas, that great city of Babylon, that mighty city, for in one hour is thy judgment come!" But do Nations die? Oh, yes; there is great mortality among monarchies and republics. They are like individuals in the fact that they are born; they have a middle life; they have a decease; they have a cradle and a grave. Some of them are assassinated, some destroyed by their own hand. Let me call the roll of some of the dead civilizations and some of the dead cities and let some one answer for them.

Egyptian civilization, stand up. "Dead!" answer the ruins of Karnak and Luxor, and from seventy pyramids on the east side of the Nile there comes up a great chorus crying, "Dead, dead!" Assyrian Empire, stand up and answer. "Dead!" cry the charred ruins of Nineveh. After six hundred years of magnificent opportunity, dead. Israelitish kingdom, stand up. After two hundred and fifty years of divine interpositions and of miraculous vicissitude, and of heroic behavior, and of appalling depravity, dead. Phœnicia, stand up and answer. After inventing the alphabet and giving it to the world, and sending out her merchant caravans in one direction to Central Asia, and sending out her navigators to the Atlantic Ocean in another direction, dead.

Pillars of Hercules and rocks on which the Tyrian fisherman dried their nets all answer, "Dead Phœnicia." Athens, after Phidias, after Demosthenes, after Miltiades, dead. Sparta, after Leonidas, after Euribiades, after Salamis, after Thermopylæ, dead. Roman empire, stand up and answer—empire once bounded by the British Channel on the north, by the Euphrates on the east, by the great Sahara desert in Africa on the south, by the Atlantic Ocean on the west; home of three great civilizations, owning all the then discovered world that was worth owning—Roman empire answer. Gibbon in his "Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire" says, "Dead!" and the forsaken seats of the ruined Coliseum, and the skeleton of the aqueducts, and the miasma of the Campagna, and the fragments of the marble baths, and the useless piers of the Bridge Triumphalis, and the Mamertine prison, holding no more apostolic prisoners, and the silent Forum and Basilica of Constantine, and the arch of Titus, and the Pantheon come in with great chorus, crying, "Dead, dead." After Horace, after Virgil, after Tacitus, after Cicero—dead. After Horatius on the bridge, and Cincinnatus, the farmer oligarch, after Pompey, after Scipio, after Cassius, after Constantine, after Cæsar—dead. The war eagle of Rome flew so high it was blinded by the sun and came whirling down through the heavens, and the owl of desolation and darkness built its nest in the forsaken eyrie. Mexican empire—dead. French empire dead.

You see, my friends, it is no unusual thing for a government to perish, and in the same necrology of dead Nations and in the same graveyard of expired governments will go the United States of America unless there be some potent voice to call a halt, and unless God in His mercy interferes, and through a purified ballot box and a widespread public Christian sentiment the catastrophe be averted. This nation is about to go to the ballot box to exercise the right of suffrage, and I propose to set before you the evils that threaten to destroy the American Government and to annihilate American institutions, and if God will help me I will show you before I get through the mode in which each and every one may do something to arrest that appalling calamity. And I shall plow up the whole field.

The first evil that threatens the annihilation of our American institutions is the fact that political bribery, which once was considered a crime, has by many come to be considered a tolerable virtue. There is a legitimate use of money in elections, in the printing of political tracts, and in the hiring of public halls, and in the obtaining of campaign oratory, but is there any homunculus who supposes that this vast amount of money now being raised by the political parties is going in a legitimate direction? The vast majority of it will go to buy votes.

Hundreds and thousands of men will have set before them so much money for a Republican vote, and so much money for a Democratic vote, and the superior financial inducement will decide the action. You want to know which party will carry the doubtful States day after to-morrow? I will tell you. The party that spends the most money. This moment, while I speak, the peddlers carrying gold from Wall street, gold from Third street, gold from State street, and gold from the Brewers' association are in all the political headquarters of the doubtful States, dealing out the infamous inducement.

There used to be bribery; but it held its head in shame. It was under the utmost secrecy that many years ago a railroad company bought up the Wisconsin legislature and many other public officials in that State. The Governor of the State at that time received $50,000 for his signature. His private secretary received $5000. Thirteen members of the Senate received $175,000 among them in bonds. Sixty members of the other house received from $5000 to $10,000 each. The Lieutenant-Governor received $10,000. The clerks of the house received from $5000 to $10,000 each. The bank comptroller received $10,000. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars were divided among the lobbyists. You see the railroad company was very generous. But all that was hidden, and only through the severest scrutiny on the part of a legislative committee was this iniquity displayed. Now political bribery defies you, dares you, is arrogant, and will probably decide the election next Tuesday.

Unless this diabolism ceases in this country Bartholdi's statue on Bedloe's Island, with uplifted torch to light other Nations into the harbor, had better be changed and the torch dropped as a symbol of universal incendiarism.

Unless this purchase and sale of suffrage shall cease the American Government will expire, and you might as well be getting ready the monument for another dead Nation and let my text inscribe upon it these words, "Alas, alas, for Babylon, that great city, that mighty city, for in one hour is thy judgment come!" My friends, if you have not noticed that political bribery is one of the ghastly crimes of this day, you have not kept your eyes open.

Another evil threatening the destruction of American institutions is the solidifying of the sections against each other. A solid north. A solid South. If this goes on we shall after a while have a solid East against a solid West; we shall have solid Middle States against solid Northern States; we shall have a solid New York against a solid Pennsylvania, and a solid Ohio against a solid Kentucky. It is twenty-seven years since the warcloud, and yet at every Presidential election the old antagonism is aroused. When Garfield died and all the States gathered around his casket in sympathy and in tears, and as hearty telegrams of confidence came from New Orleans and Charleston as from Boston and Chicago, I said to myself, "I think sectionalism is dead." But, alas, no! The difficulty will never be ended until each State of the Nation is split up into two or three great political parties.

This country cannot exist unless it exists as one body, the National Capital, the heart, sending out through all the arteries of communication warmth and life to the very extremities. This Nation cannot exist unless it exists as one family, and you might as well have solid brothers against solid sisters, and a solid bread tray against a solid cradle, and a solid nursery against a solid dining room, and you might as well have solid ears against solid eyes, and solid head against solid foot. What is the interest of Georgia is the interest of Massachusetts; what is the interest of New York is the interest of South Carolina. Does the Ohio River change its politics when it gets below Louisville? It is not possible for these sectional antagonisms to continue for a great many years with permanent compound fracture.

Another evil threatening the destruction of our American institutions is the low state of public morals.

What killed Babylon of my text? What killed Phœnicia? What killed Rome? Their own depravity, and the fraud, and the drunkenness, and the lechery which have destroyed other Nations will destroy ours unless a merciful God prevent. To show you the low state of public morals I have to call your attention to the fact that many men nominated for offices in different States at different times are entirely unfit for the postions for which they have been nominated.

They have no more qualification for them than a wolf has qualification to be professor of pastoral theology in a flock of sheep, or a blind mole has qualification to lecture a class of eagles on optics, or than a vulture has qualification to chaperon a dove. The mere pronunciation of some of their names makes a demand for carbolic acid and fumigation! Yet Christian men will follow right under the political standards.

I have to tell you what you know already, that American politics have sunken to such a low depth that there is nothing beneath. What we see in some directions we see in nearly all directions. The peculation and the knavery hurled to the surface by the explosion of banks and business firms are only specimens of great Cotopaxis and Stromboolis of wickedness that boil and roar and surge beneath, but have not regurgitated to the surface. When the heaven descended Democratic Party enacted the Tweed rascality it seemed to eclipse everything, but after awhile the heaven descended Republican Party outwitted pandemonium with the star route infamy.

My friends, we have in this country people who say the marriage institution amounts to nothing. They scoff at it. We have people walking in polite parlors in our city who are not good enough to be scavengers in Sodom! I went over to San Francisco ten or fifteen years ago—that beautiful city, that queen of the Pacific. May the blessing of God come down upon her great churches and her noble men and women! When I got into the city of San Francisco the Mayor of the city and the President of the Board of Health called on me and insisted that I go and see the Chinese quarter, no doubt so that on my return to the Atlantic coast I might tell what dreadful people the Chinese are.

But on the last night of my stay in San Francisco, before thousands of people in their great opera house, I said, "Would you like me to tell you just what I think, plainly and honestly?" They said, "Yes, yes, yes!" I said, "Do you think you can stand it all?" They said, "Yes, yes, yes!" "Then," I said, "my opinion is that the curse of San Francisco is not your Chinese quarter, but your millionaire libertines!"

And two of them sat right before me—Felix and Drusilla. And so it is in all the cities. I never swear, but when I see a man go unwhipped of justice, laughing over his shame and calling his damnable deeds gallantry and peccadillo, I am tempted to hurl red hot anathema and to conclude that if, according to some people's theology, there is no hell, there ought to be!

There is enough out and out licentiousness in American cities to-day to bring down upon them the wrath of that God who, on the 24th of August, 79, buried Herculaneum and Pompeii so deep in ashes that the eighteen hundred and thirteen subsequent years have not been able to complete exhumation. There are in some of the American cities to-day whole blocks of houses which the authorities know to be infamous, and yet by purchase they are silenced by hush money, so that such places are as much under the defense of government as public libraries and asylums of mercy.

These ulcers on the body politic bleed and gangrene away the life of the Nation, and public authority in many of the cities looks the other way. You cannot cure such wounds as these with a silken bandage. You will have to cure them by putting deep in the lancet of moral surgery, and burning them out with the caustic of holy wrath, and with most decisive amputation cutting off the scabrous and putrefying abominations. As the Romans were after the Celts, and as the Normans were after the Britons, so there are evils after this Nation which will attend its obsequies unless we first attend theirs.

Superstition tells of a marine reptile, the cephalopters, which enfolded and crushed a ship of war; but it is no superstition when I tell you that the history of many of the dead Nations proclaims to us the fact that our ship of state is in danger of being crushed by the cephalopera of National depravity. Where is the Hercules to slay this hydra? Is it not time to speak by pen, by tongue, by ballot box, by the rolling of the prison door, by hangman's halter, by earnest prayer, by Sinaitic detonation?

A son of King Crœsus is said to have been dumb and to have never uttered a word until he saw his father being put to death. Then he broke the shackles of silence and cried out, "Kill not my father, Crœsus!" When I see the cheatery and wantonness and the manifold crime of this country attempting to commit patricide—yes, matricide—upon our institutions, it seems to me that lips that heretofore have been dumb ought to break the silence with canorous tones of fiery protest.

I want to put all of the matter before you, so that every honest man and woman will know just how matters stand, and what they ought to do if they vote, and what they ought to do if they pray. This Nation is not going to perish. Alexander, when he heard of the wealth of the Indies, divided Macedonia among his soldiers. Some one asked him what he had kept for himself, and he replied, "I am keeping hope!" And that jewel I keep bright and shining in my soul, whatever else I shall surrender. Hope thou in God. He will set back these oceanic tides of moral devastation. Do you know what is the prize for which contention is made to-day? It is the prize of this continent.

Never since, according to John Milton, when "satan was hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal skies in hideous ruin and combustion down," have the powers of darkness been so determined to win this continent as they now are. What a jewel it is—a jewel carved in relief, the cameo of this planet! On one side of us the Atlantic Ocean, dividing us from the wornout Governments of Europe. On the other side the Pacific Ocean, dividing us from the superstitions of Asia. On the north of us the Arctic Sea, which is the gymnasium in which the explorers and navigators develop their courage. A continent 10,500 miles long, 17,000,000 square miles, and all of it but about one-seventh capable of rich cultivation.

One hundred millions of population on this continent of North and South America—one hundred millions, and room for many hundred millions more. All flora, and all fauna, all metals, and all precious woods, and all grains and all fruits. The Appalachian range the backbone and the rivers the ganglia, carrying life all through and out to the extremities. Isthmus of Darien the narrow waist of a giant continent, all to be under one government, and all free, and all Christian, and the scene of Christ's personal reign on earth if, according to the expectation of many people, He shall at last set up His throne in this world.

Who shall have this hemisphere? Christ or satan? Who shall have the shore of her inland seas, the silver of her Nevadas, the gold of her Colorados, the telescopes of her observatories, the brain of her universities, the wheat of her prairies, the rice of her savannahs, the two great ocean beaches, the one reaching from Baffin's Bay to Terra del Fuego, and the other from Behring Straits to Cape Horn—and all the moral and temporal and spiritual and everlasting interests of a population vast beyond all computation save by Him with whom a thousand years are as one day? Who shall have the hemisphere? You and I will decide that, or help to decide it, by conscientious vote, by earnest prayer, by maintenance of Christian institutions, by support of great philanthrophies, by putting body, mind and soul on the right side of all moral, religious and National movements.

Ah, it will not be long before it will not make any difference to you or to me what becomes of this continent, so far as earthly comfort is concerned. All we will want of it will be seven feet by three, and that will take in the largest, and there will be room and to spare. That is all of this country we will need very soon, the youngest of us. But we have an anxiety about the welfare and the happiness of the generations that are coming on, and it will be a grand thing if, when the archangel's trumpet sounds, we find that our sepulcher, like the one Joseph of Arimathea provided for Christ, is in the midst of a garden. By that time this country will be all paradise or all dry tortugas. Eternal God, to Thee we commit the destiny of this people!

Cleopatra's Needle.

The name "Cleopatra's Needles" is a double misnomer; for, first, they bear no resemblance to a needle, and, second, Cleopatra had nothing to do with their erection and in all probabilities never saw them. History tells us that the unfortunate queen had been dead seven years when the two obelisks which bear her name were taken to the great capital. The story of Cleopatra's Needles is the rise and fall of many mighty Empires; it takes us back to the time of Joseph, Moses and the Bible Pharaohs, and then follows the winding thread of time down the ages for more than 3400 years! It was in the time of the reign of Thothmes III.—1500 years B. C.—that these two gigantic columns of hard granite were hewn from the solid strata of the bluff at Syene, in Southern Egypt. First they were transported down the Nile for a distance of 500 miles and set up in ancient Heliopolis, "The City of the Sun." After standing as grim sentinels before that marvelous piece of architectural splendor, the "Temple of the Sun," for a full 1500 years, they were taken down and removed to Alexandria. This time they were stationed in front of "Cæsar's Temple" and stood for almost a full 2000 years in one position before they were again molested. At the time they were placed before Cæsar's Temple a bronze tablet was cast in commemoration of what was really a triumph of engineering and architectural skill. This tablet, after a lapse of 2000 years, was found at the base of one of the obelsiks. It bore this inscription in both Greek and Latin:

"In the eighth year of Augustus Cæsar, Barbarus, Prefect of Egypt, caused these obelisks to be placed here. Pontius being architect."

Again, within the last score of years, they have been disturbed for a third time, and at last separated, one being taken to London and the other brought to this side of the Atlantic and set up in Central Park, New York City.—St. Lous Republic.

Possibilities of Sea Farming.

A study of the phenomena of marine life, writes George W. Field, shows that the water as well as the land, through cultivation, is capable of producing a greatly increased food supply for man. The necessity of cultivating the marine resources is even now apparent, and many Governments have already begun to cope with the question by the establishment of commissions of fisheries. Of these commissions that of the United States stands in the front rank by virtue of its positive results. But in the near future individual attention must be turned to supplementing the terrestrial resources, the wheat fields, the cattle and sheep ranches, by an increasing utilization and development of the possibilities of marine farming; by fish propagation, by plantations of oysters, clams, quahangs, and scallops, by raising herds of lobsters and crabs. Improved breed of fish, of lobsters, will result. The possibilities are well nigh limitless; and by cultivation of the sea and sea bottom as well as of the land, man will postpone indefinitely the fulfillment of the Malthusian prophecy.—Trenton (N. J.) American.