KEEP YOUR TEMPER!

Let the world wag as it will: Keep your temper! If you cannot fill the bill, Pass it to the man who will: Keep right on and, better still-Keep your temper!

Let the world wag as it will: Keep your temper! If you cannot climb a hill, Take a trick, or turn a mill, Keep right on and, better still-Keep your temper!

You will get there by and by: Keep your temper! Sun and rain will bead the rye; Summer bring the harvest nigh: Heaven, at best, ain't very high-Keep your temper!

-[Atlanta Constitution.

# THE TROUT.

"Scholastique!" " Monsieur Sourdat."

"Take the utmost pains in cooking the trout-short boil, parsley, thyme, laurel, oil and onions in full strength.' "Are you not afraid to use all the

herbs of St. John, Monsieur?" 'No-and above all no vinegarjust a sprinkling of lemon juice. Let the cover be laid at 10.30, and let the dinner be ready at 11 precisely-not at five minutes past 11. Do you

After having uttered these last injunctions to his cook Judge Sourdat crossed the chief street of Marville with alert steps and gained the Palais de Justice, which was situated back of the Sous Prefecture. Judge Sourdat was about 45 years of age; very active, notwithstanding a tendency to stoutness; square of shoulders; short in stature, with a squeaking voice and a round, close shaven head; eyes gray, clear and hard under bushy eyhrows; a mouth closely shut, with thin and irritable lips; browned cheeks, surrounded with whiskers badly trimmed; in fact, one of these mastiff faces of which one says: "He can't be good every day." And surely he was not very kind, and he boasted of it. A despot, he used all of his little realm in the Palais. Hard as stone toward the guilty, rough with the witnesses, aggressive with the advocates, he was a veritable furnace who fanned himself constanthe fire, and he was loved very little.

However, this man of iron had two vulnerable sides. Firstly, he responded to the pastoral name of Nemorin. which exposed him to ridicule, and secondly he was a gourmand. His gastronomy, which was profound,

had become a mania. Living in this little, narrow, sleepy city on the frontier of the Belgian Ardennes, where the pleasures of the table constituted the only diversion of the easy-going burgomasters, the a skirt of blue cotton formed her sole culinary accomplishments of the attire. Her rapid walking had Judge were cited for ten leagues around. It was said that he ate only fish caught at break of day, because the repose of the night and the absence of emotion rendered the flesh more delicate at that time.

It was he who imagined that to growled the Judge, scowling. plunge shell fish into boiling milk before cooking them in their ordinary dressing, gave them a richness and a velvety flavor particularly exquisite. On the day that he taught that latest refinement to the priest of St. Victor, ment, in order that you may take her In another minute the plate was the latter could not help blushing, deposition." and raising his hands to Heaven he cried: "Too much! This is too much, Judge Sourdat! Surely it is permitted to taste with discretion the good things which divine wisdom has provided, but such gluttony as this bord- ing hungry eyes upon the table. ers upon mortal sin, and you will have to render account for it to the

good God." priest the Judge responded with a misanthropic laugh. It was one of his malign joys to expose his neighbors to temptation, and this very morning the priest was to breakfast writing. We will question her. with him, the recorder being the only other guest. Judge Sourdat had received, the evening before, a twopound salmon trout, taken from the beautiful clear water of the rocky Semeis. It was his favorite fish, and had fully occupied the first hours of his morning. He had demonstrated to the cook the superiority of a quick boil to the slow cooking in Geneva or Holland sauce of the books. The

seasoning in which it was cooked. This was with him a principle as well as a dogma, as indispensable as an article of the penal code. He continued to repeat it to himself even after having clothed himself in his robe and taken his seat, though he was turning over the leaves of a doccase now pending.

This was a criminal affair, the dramatic details of which contrasted singularly with the epicurean specu-

The case was thus: During the previous week, at sunrise, there had | well ? been found in a thicket of the forest

far had revealed that on the night of are dying of hunger at my home." the murder these people had been ab-

Nevertheless, Judge Sourdat had also cited the charcoal burner's That is all!" daughter to appear before him. Just culiar. The girl had not responded as you received the summons?" to the summons. She had evidently hidden, no one knew where. The I did not wish to speak against Manjudge had been obliged to send a cor- chin." stable to look herup, and he was now

awaiting the result of the search. Toward 10 o'clock the door of his How is that?" cabinet opened, framing the cocked hat and yellow shoulder belt of the they accuse Guestin." constable.

"Eh! well?" grunted the Judge. "Eh! well, Judge. I cannot find the girl. She has disappeared. The charcoal burners pretend utter ignorance.

mocking you. You are but a stupid fellow at best. Go."

business was at a standstill; the case could not be called, and he wished to give a glance of oversight to the matter of the dining room before the arrival of his guests. He disrobed himself and hurried home.

The pleasant dining room, brightened by the June sunshine, presented a most attractive aspect with its white woodwork; its gray curtains; its high stove of blue faience with its marble top; and its round table covered with a dazzling white linen denly grow pale and stagger. "What's cloth, upon which were placed three covers, artistically trimmed. The little rolls of white bread rested tenderly upon the bright red napkins.

Flanked on the right with a lettuce salad, ornamented with nasturtiums; on the left by a cluster of shell-fish from the Meuse, the trout was extended in a platter engirdled with parsley. Its blue back cut transversely, revealed its rich salmon its mouth. By its side, a bowl of clerk, who was gnawing his pencourt-bouillon was just taking a chill. and exaling abroad a fine odor of thyme which rejoiced the nostrils.

This spectacle somewhat softened the ill-humor of the Judge, and he was calming, little by little, when the hall door opened violently, and he heard in the vestibule a girl's voice which cried, "I tell you I wish ly into a glow. He was feared like to speak to the Judge. He expects

> At the same time a half-naked arm made the recorder Touchbœuf spin through the open door. He had just arrived, being one of the invited guests. A strange visitor was ushered by him into the dining hall. It was a young girl, almost a child, thin and brown, with uncovered head and with her hair streaming on the wind. Her stockingless feet were thrust into men's boots; a gray blouse and flushed her cheeks; her gentle brown eyes were sparkling under the uncombed tangles of her chestnut hair; her nostrils were dilating and her parted lips trembled.

"What does all this racket mean?"

"It is that little charcoal burner," responded the recorder Touchbœuf. "She arrived at the Polais just after you left, and she has followed me as far as here, in a state of wild excite-

"Eh!" groaned the Judge. "You are in a great hurry, my girl, after keeping me waiting three days. Why did you not come sooner?" 'I had my reasons," she said, cast-

"We can better appreciate your reasons later," replied the Judge, furious at the interruption. "Mean-To the scruples of the excellent while we can listen to your report."

He drew out his watch. It was a quarter to eleven. "Yes, we have time, Touchbouf. You will find at your side all that is necessary for

The notary seated himself at the writing table with his paper and inkstand, and his pen behind his ear, waiting. The judge, sitting squarely in a square-seated armchair, fixed his clear, hard eyes upon the girl, who remained standing near the stove. "Your name?" he demanded.

"Meline Sacael."

"Your age, and your residence ?" "Sixteen years. I live with my trout must be served cold, and in the father, who burns charcoal at the clearing of Onze-Fontaines." "You swear to tell all the truth ?"

"I came only for that." "Raise your right hand. You were near your home on the night when the guard Seurrot was murdered. Re-

late all that you know." "This is what I know. Our folks ument bearing upon an important had set out to go with the charcoal to Stonay. I watched near the furnace. Toward 3 o'clock, at a moment when the moon was hidden, Manchin, who is a woodcutter of Ire, passed belations which persisted in haunting fore our lodge. "See me! Am I not the cranium of Judge Sourdat. watching at an early hour?" I cried. "How goes all at your home? All

" 'No,' he answered. 'The mother

young daughter of the charcoal burn- plainly. Suddenly the guard cried, Ah!' and then he fell heavily,

"I had hidden behind our lodge, given the order to re-examine one of terribly frightened, and Manchin ran the men, a stolld boy of twenty, who away into the great forest, and from bad once had a falling out with the that time to this he has not been murdered guard; and the judge nad seen. He is in Belgium, for sure.

"Hum?" growled the Judge. "Why here the affair commenced to be pe- did you not come to tell this as soon "It was none of my business-and

> "I see! but you seem to have changed your mind this morning.

"It is because I have heard that

'And who is this Guestin?" The girl reddened and answered 'He is our neighbor charcoal burner, and he would not harm a fly. Do you not see," she continued, "that the thought of fastening on him the guilt "Pure acting!" irritably cried of another aroused me, I put these great boots on, and I have run all the great boots on, and I have run all the way through the weeds to tell you this. Oh, how I have run! I did not The Judge consulted his watch. The feel tired. I would have run till tomorrow if it had been necessary, because it is as true as the blue heavens that our Guestin is entirely innocent, gentlemen."

> She spoke with an animation which made her truly beautiful in spite of her rags. Her rough eloquence had the ring of sincerity, and the terrible Judge felt himself moved by the energy with which the child defended

"Hallo!" cried he, seeing her sudthe matter?'

'My head swims. I cannot see." She changed color and her temples grew moist.

The Judge, alarmed, poured out a glass of wine and cried: "Drink this quickly!" He was wholly absorbed and very much moved before this girl who was threatened with illness. He dared not call Scholastique, for fear of disturbing his cooking. color, and it held a full-blown rose in He looked hopelessly toward the

"It is a swoon," observed the lat-"Perhaps she needs something

"Are you hungry?" demanded the Judge. She made a sign of assent.

"Excuse me," she said in a feeble voice, "but I have had nothing to eat since yesterday. It is that which makes me dizzy.

Judge Sourdat trembled for the first time in years, while his heart softened as in childhood. He thought of this young girl who had run three leagues in order to save her companion from the clutches of the law -three leagues in a hot sun and fasting! The thought of the last moved his sensibilities more strongly than could anything else. In his night, had with her own hands arranged evconfusion he cast a despairing look at the table. The salad and the hellfish seemed too good for any but such as he and his companions.

"The duece?" he cried at last heroically. Violently he drew toward him the platter on which lay the trout. After separating a large piece which he put on the plate before her, he made the charecoal-burner sit down.

"Eat!" said he imperiously. He had no need to repeat his command. She ate rapidly, voraciously. empty, and Judge Sourdat heroically filled it anew.

The scribe Touchbœuf rubbed his eyes. He no longer recognized the Judge. He admired, though not without a sentiment of regret, the robust appetite of the charcoal burner, who devoured the exquisite fish without any more ceremony than if it had been a smoked herring, and he murmured, "What a pity! Such a beautiful dish!"

At that moment the door opened; the third guest, the good priest of St. Vincent, in a new cassock, with his three-cornered hat under his arm, entered the dining-room, and stopped questioningly before the strange spectacle of that dittle savage seated at the Judge's table.

"Too late, Monsieur le Cure!" growled the Judge. "There is no more trout."

At the same time he related the history of the little charcoal burner. The cure heaved a sigh. He comprehended the grandeur of the sacrifice. but half-mournful, half-smiling, he tapped upon the shoulder of the

"Judge Nemorin Sourdat!" cried "you are better than you thought. In truth I tell you that all punishment for your sin of gluttony will be forever remitted because of that trout which we have not eaten.' -[From the French, in Romance.

## Quaint Relics in a Georgia Cave.

J. W. Keys of Cartersville, Ga. who recently discovered in a cave fifteen miles from that place a curious the body of a game-keeper, who had has a fever and the children are al- lance of a human figure, says that evidently been assassinated, and then most dying with hunger. There is the cave has several entrances, and concealed among the brambles of a not a mouthful of bread in the house that a young man unearthed at anditch. It was supposed that the crime had been committed by some sell in Marville. That is on the other handle shaped like a swan's neck. strolling poacher, but up to the side of Onze-Fontaine. I lost sight of The figure that Keys discovered was present time there had been elicited him then, but at daybreak I heard found more than a mile from the enno precise evidence, and the wit- the report of a gun and I was just trance of the cave, and was buried nesses examined had only made the clearing the ashes to shield the char- under six fest of earth. It seems to coal. Then, immediately after, two be an earthen jar, shaped at the top The murder had taken place near the frontier, where charcoal burners were at work. The suspicions of the the guard. 'I arrest you.'

The murder had taken place near men came running toward our lodge. like a human head. The chain found about the neck of the figure is made of twenty-four strands. It resists "Seurrot,' cried the other, I pray such acids as have been applied to it, ward them. The depositions thus you let me have the rabbit, for they but the nature of the material has not been determined. Along with "Go to the deuce! cried the the figure were found bones, arrow sent from their shanty, and the fur-nace had remained in the care c| a other. I could hear their hard blows flint-lock gun.

## REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Generations."

Text: "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh."--Ecclesiastes According to the longevity of people in their particular century has a generation been called 100 years, or fifty years, or thirty years. By common consent in our nineteenth

century a generation is fixed at twenty-five The largest procession that ever moved is the procession of years, and the greatest army that ever marched is the army of gene-rations. In each generation there are about nine full regiments of days. These 9125 days in each generation march with wonderful They never break ranks. They precision. They never break ranks. They never ground arms. They never pitch tents. They never off on furlough. They came out of the eternity past, and they move on toward the eternity future. They cross rivers without any bridge or boats, The 600 immortals of the Crimea dashing into them cause no confusion. They move as rapidly at midnight as at midnoon. Their haversacks are full of good bread and bitter aloes, clusters of richest vintage and bottles of agonizing tears. With a regular tread that no order of "double quick" can hasten or obstacle can slacken, their tramp is on and on and on and on while mountains crumble and pyramids die. "One generation passeth, and another generation cometh."

This is my twenty-fifth anniversary ser-mon-1869 and 1894. It is twenty-five years since I assumed the Brooklyn pastorate. A whole generation has passed. Three generations we have known—that which preceded our own, that which is now at the front, and the one coming on. We are at the heels of our predecessors, and our successors are at our heels. What a generation it was that preceded us! We who are now in the front regiment are the only ones competent to tell the new generation just now coming in sight who our predecessors were. Biography cannot tell it. Autobiography cannot tell it. Biographies are generally written by special friends of the departed—perhaps by wife or son or daughter—and they only tell the good things. The biographers of one of the first Presidents of the United States make no record of the Presidents. ord of the President's account books, now in the archives at the Capitol, which I have seen, telling how much he lost or gained daily at the gaming table. The biographers of one of the early Secretaries of the United States never described the scene that day witnessed when the Secretary was carried dead drunk from the State apartments to his own home. Autobiography is written by the man himself, and no one would record for future times his own weaknesses and moral deficits. Those who keep diaries put down only things that read well. No man or woman that ever lived would deep the second of t man that ever lived would dare to make full record of all the thoughts and words of a lifetime. We who saw and heard much of the generation marching just ahead of are far more able than any book to describe accurately to our successors who our predecessors were. Very much like our-selves, thank you. Human nature in them very much like human nature in us. At our time of life they were very much like we now are. At the time they were in their teens they were very much like you are in your teens, and at the time they were in their twenties they were very much like you are in your twenties. Human nature got an awful twist under a fruit tree in Eden, and though the grace of God does much to strighten things every new generation has the same twist, and the same work of straightening out has to be done over again A mother in the country districts, expecting the neighbors at her table on some gala

erything in taste, and as she was a out to turn from it to receive her guests saw her little child by accident upset a pitcher all over the white cloth and soll everything, and the mother lifted her hand to slap the child. but she suddenly remembered the time when a little child herself, in her father's house, where they had always before been used to can iles, on the purchase of a lamp, which was a matter of rarity and pride, she took it in her hands and dropped it, crashing into

pieces, and looking up in her father's face, expecting chastisement, heard only the words, "It is a sad loss, but never mind; you did not mean to do it."

History repeats itself, Generations wonderfully alike. Among that generation that is past, as in our own, and as it will be in the generation following us, those who succeeded became the target, shot at by those who did not succeed. In those times, as in ours, a man's bitterest enemies were those whom he had befriended and helped. Hates, jealousies and revenges were just as lively in 1869 as in 1894. Hypocrisy sniffled and looked solemn then as now. There was just as much avarice among the apple bar-rels as now among the cofton bales and among the wheelbarrows as among the locomotives. The tallow candles saw the same sins that are now found under the electric lights. Homespun was just as proud as is the modern fashion plate. Twenty-five years—yea, twenty-five centuries have not changed human nature a particle. this for the encouragement of those

who think that our times monopolize all the abominations of the ages. One minute after Adam got outside of paradise he was just like you, O man! One step after Eve left the gate she was just like you, O woman! All the faults and vices are many times centenarians. Yea, the cities Sodom, Gomorrah, Pompeli, Herculaneum, Heliopolis and ancient Memphis were as much worse than our modern cities as you might expect from the fact that the modern cities have somewhat yielded to the re-straints of Christianity, while those ancient cities were not limited in their abomina-

Yea, that generation which passed off within the last twenty-five years had their bereavements, their temptations, their struggles, their disappointments, their snocesses,
their failures, their gladnesses and their
griefs, like these two generations now in
sight, that in advance and that following.
But the twenty-five years between 1869 and
1894—how much they saw! How much they
discovered! How much they felt! Within
that time have been performed the miracles
of the telephone and the phonograph. From
the observatories other worlds have been
seen to heave in sight. Six Presidents of
the United States have been inaugurated.
Transatlantic vovage abbreviated from ten
days to 514. Chicago and New York, once days to 51/2. Chicago and New York, once three days apart, now only twenty-four hours by the vestibule limited. Two additional railroads have been built to the Pacific. France has passed from monarchy to republicanism. Many of the cities have nearly ilcanism. Many of the cities have nearly doubled their populations. During that generation the chief surviving heroes of the Civil War have gone into the encampment of the grave. The chief physicians, attorneys, orators, merchants, have passed off the earth or are in retirement waiting for transition. Other men in editorial chairs, in pulpits, in Governors' mansions, in legislative, Senatorial and Congressional halls.

There are not ten men or women on earth

There are not ten men or women on earth now prominent who were prominent twenty-five years ago. The crew of this old ship of a world is all changed. Others at the helm, others on the "lookout," others elimbing the ratlines. Time is a doctor who, with potent anodyne, has put an entire generation into now prominent who were prominent twenty-five years ago. The crew of this old ship of a world is all changed. Others at the helm, others on the "lookout," others at the helm, nothers on the "lookout," others elimbing the ratilines. Time is a doctor who, with potent anodyne, has put an entire generation into sound sleep. Time, like another Cromwell, has roughly prorogued parliament, and with iconoclasm driven nearly all the rulers except one queen from their high places. So far as I observed that generation, for the most part they did their best. Ghastly exceptions, but so far as I knew them they did quite well, and many of them gloriously well. They were born at the right time, and they died at the right time. They left the world better than they found it. We are indected to them for the fact that they prepared the way for our coming. Eighteen hundred and ninety-four reverently and

gratefully salutes 1869. "One generation passeth away, and another generation

There are fathers and mothers here whom I baptized in their infancy. There is not one person in this church's bard of session or trustees who was here when I came. Here and there in this vast assembly is one person who heard my opening sermon in Brooklyn, but not more than one person in every 500 now present. Of the seventeen persons who gave me a unanimous call when I came, only three, I believe, are living.

But this sermon is not a dirge. It is an But this sermon is not a dirge. It is an anthem. While this world is appropriate as a temporary stay, as an eternal residence it would be a dead failure. It would be a dreadful sentence if our race were doomed to remain here a thousand winters and a thousand summers. God keeps us here just long enough to give us an appetite for heaven. Had we been born in selestial realms we would not be able to appreciate the bliss. It needs a good many rough blasts in this world to qualify us to properly estimate the superb climate of that good land where it is never too cold or too hot, too where it is never too cold or too hot, too cloudy or too glaring. Heaven will be more to us than to those supernal beings who were never tempted or sick or bereaved or tried or disappointed. So you may well take my text out of the minor key and set it to some tune in the major key. "One generaion passeth away, and another generation

Nothing can rob us of the satisfaction that Nothing can rob us of the satisfaction that uncounted thousands of the generation just past were converted, comforted and harvested for heaven by this church, whether in the present building or the three preceding buildings in which they worshiped. The two great organs of the previous churches went down in the memorable fires, but the multifudinous songs they led vear after year were not recalled or injured. There is no power in earth or hell to kill a hallelulab. It is impossible to arrest a hosanns. What a satisfaction to know that there are many thousands in glory on whose eternal welfare this church wrought mightily! Noth-ing can undo that work. They have ascend-ed, the multitudes who served God in that generation. That chapter is gloriously ended. But that generation has left its im-pression upon this generation.

pression upon this generation. A sailor was dying on shipboard, and he said to his mates: "My lads, I can only think of one passage of Scripture, 'The soul that sinneth, it shall die,' and that keeps ringing in my ears. 'The soul that sinneth, it shall die,' Can't you think ringing in my ears. "The soul that keeps ringing in my ears. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Can't you think of something else in the Bible to cheer me up?" Well. sailors are kind, and they tried to think of some other passage of Scripture with which to console their dying comrade, but they could not. One of them said: "Let us call up the cabin boy. His mother." only not. One of them said: "Let us can up the cabin boy. His mother was a Christian, and I guess he has a Bible." The cabin boy was called up, and the dying sailor asked him if he had a Bible. He said "Yes," but he could not exactly find it, and the dynamics as a sailor rapided him and said. "Ain't you ing sailor scoided him and said. "Ain't you ashamed of yourself not to read your Bible?" So the boy explored the bottom of his trunk and brought out the Bible, and his mother had marked a passage that just fitted the dying sailor's case, "The blood of Jesus dying sailor's case, "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth from all sin." That helped the sailor to die in peace. So one generation helps another, and good things written or said or done are reproed long afterward.

During the passing of the last generation one peculiar events have unfolded. One day while resting at Sharon Springs, N. Y., I think it was in 1870, the year after my set-tlement in Brooklyn, and while walking in the park of that place, I found myself asking the question: "I wonder if there is any special mission for me to execute in this world? If there is, may Godshow it to me!" There soon came upon me a great desire to preach the gospel through the secular printng press. I realized that the vast majority of people, even in Christian lands, never enter a church, and that it would be an op-

of publication were opened.

And so I recorded that prayer in a blank intil the answer came, though in a wa different from that which I had expected, for it came through the misrepresentation and persecution of enemies, and I have to record it for the encouragement of all minis ters of the gospel who are misrepresented, that if the misrepresentation be enough and bitter enough and continuous enough there is nothing that so widens one's field of usefulness as hostile attack, if you are really doing the Lord's work. The bigger the lie told about me, the bigger the demand to see and hear what I really was doing. From one stage of sermonic publication to another the work has gone on until week by week, and for twenty-three years, I have had the world for my audience, as no man ever had, and to-day more so than at any other time. The syndicates in-form me that my sermons go new to about 25,000,000 of people in all lands. I mention this not in vain boast, but as a testimony to the fact that God answers prayer. Would Gol I had better occupied the field and been more consecrated to the work! May God forgive me for lack of service in the past and double and quadrupie and quintuple my work in future.

In this my quarter century sermon I re-cord the fact that side by side with the pro-cession of blessings have gone a procession of disasters. I am preaching to-day in the fourth church building since I began work in this city. My first sermon was in the old church on Schermerhorn street to an audi-ence chiefly of empty seats, for the church was almost extinguished. That church flied and overflowing, we built a larger church, and overflowing, we built a larger church, which after two or three years disappeared in flame. Then we built another church, which also in a line of flery succession disappeared in the same way. Then we put up

which also in a line of flery succession disappeared in the same way. Then we put up this building, and may it stand for many years, a fortress of righteousness and a lighthouse for the storm tossed, its gates crowded with vast assemblages long after we have ceased to frequent them!

We have raised in this church over \$1.030,000 for church charitable purposes during the present pastorate, while we have given, free of all expense, the gospel to hundreds of thousands of strangers, year by year. I record with gratitude to God that during this generation of twenty-five years I remember but two Sabbaths that I have missed service through anything like physical remember but two Sabbaths that I have missed service through anything like physical indispositions. Almost a fanatic on the subject of physical exercise, I have made the parks with which our city is blessed the means of good physical condition. A daily walk and run in the open air have kept me ready for work and in good humor with all the world. I say to all young ministers of the gospel, it is easier to keep good health than to regain it when once lost. The reason so many good men think the world is going to ruin is because their own physical condition is on the down grade. No man ought to preach who has a diseased liver or an enlarged spleen. There are two things ahead larged spiece. There are two things ahead of us that ought to keep us cheerful in our work—heaven and the millennium.

And now, having come up to the twenty-

fifth milestone in my pastorate, I wonder how many more miles I am to travel? Your company has been exceedingly pleasant, O my dear people, and I would like to march by your side until the generation with whom we are now moving abreast and step to step shall have stacked arms after the last battle. But the Lord knows best, and we ought to be willing to stay or conbe willing to stay or go.

ness. Why do I go? For educational purposes. I want to freshen my mind and heart by new scenes, new faces, new manners and customs. I want better to understand what are the wrongs to be righted and the waste places to be reclaimed. I will put all I learn in sermons to be preached to you when I return. I want to see the Sandwish Islands, not so much in the light of modern politics as in the light of the gospel of Jesus Christ which has transformed them and Samoes which has transformed them, and Samoa and those vast realms of New Zealand, and Australia and Ceylon and India. I want resee what Christianity has accomplished. I want to see how the missionaries have been lied about as living in luxury and idleness.

I want to know whether the heathen re-ligions are really as tolerable and as commendable as they were represented by their adherents in the parliament of religious at Chicago. I want to see whether Mohammedanism and Buddhism would be good things for transplantation in America, as it has again and again been argued. I want to hear the Brahmans pray. I want to test whether the Pacific Ocean treats its guests any better than does the Atlantic. I want to see the wondrous architecture of India, and the Delhi and Cawnpore where Christ was crucified in the massacre of His modern disciples, and the disabled Juggernaut un-wheeled by Christianity, and to see if the Taj which the Emperor Sha Jehan built in or of his empress really means any more than the plain slab we put above our dear departed. I want to see the fields where Havelock and Sir Colin Campbell won the day against the sepoys. I want to see the world from all sides. How much of it is in darkness, how much of it is in light, what the Bible means by the "ends of the earth." and get myself ready to appreciate the extent of the present to be made to Christ as spoken of in the Psalms, "Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine invertance and the uttermore and the stance and the uttermore and the stance and tance and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession," and so I shall be ready to celebrate in heaven the victories of Christ in more rapturous song than I could have rendered had I never seen the heathen abominations before they were conquered. And so I hope to come back refreshed, renforced and better equipped, and to do in ten years more effectual work than I have done in the last twenty-five.

And now in this twenty-five.

And now, in this twenty-fifth anniversary sermon, I propose to do two things—first, to put a garland on the grave of the generation that has just passed off and then to put a palm branch in the hand of the generation just now coming on the field of action, for my text is true. my text is true, "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh." Oh, how many we revered and honored and loved in the last generation that quit the earth! Tears fell at the time of their going, and dirges were sounded, and signals of mourning were put on, but neither tears nor dirge nor somber veil told the half we felt. Their going left a vacancy in our souls that has never been filled up. We never get used to their absence. There are times when the sight of something with which they were associated—a picture, or a book, or a garment, or a staff—breaks us down with emotion, but we bear it simply because we have to bear it. Oh, how snow white their hair got, and how the wrinkles multiplied, and the sight grew more dim, and the hearing less alert, and the step more frail, and one day they were gone out of the chair by the fireside, and from the plate at the meal, and from the end of the church pew, where they worshiped with us. Oh. my soul, how we miss them! But let us console each other with the thought that we shall meet them again in the land of saluata-

tion and reunion And now I twist a garland for that departed generation. It need not be costly, perhaps, just a handful of clover blossoms from the field through which they used to walk, or as many violets as you could hold between the thumb and the forefinger, plucked out of the garden where they used to walk in the cool of the day. Put these old tashioned flowers right down over the heart ortunity of usefulness infinite if that door that never again will ache, and the feet that publication were opened. will never again be weary, and the arm that And so I recorded that prayer in a blank has forever ceased to toil. Peace, father! book and offered the prayer day in and day Peace, mother! Everiasting peace! All that

for the generation gone. But what shall we do with the palm branch? Teat we will put in the hand of the generation coming on. Yours is to be the reneration for victories. The last and the present generation have been perfecting the steam power, and the electric light, and the electric forces. To these will be added transportation. It will be your mission to use all these forces. Everything is ready for you to march right up and take this world for God and heaven. Get your heart right by repentance and the pardoning grace of the Lord Jesus, and your mind right by elevat-ing books and pictures, and your body right by gymnasium and field exercise, and plenty of ozone and by looking as often as you can upon the face of mountain and of sea. Then start! In God's name, start! And here is the palm branch. From conquest to conquest, move right on and right up. You will soon have the whole field for your-self. Before another twenty-five years have gone, we will be out of the pulpits, and the offices, and the stores, and the factories, and the benevolent institutions, and you will be at the front. Forward into the battle! If God be for you, who can be against you? "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?" And, as for us who are now at the front, having put the garland on the grave of the

having put the gariand on the grave of the last generation, and having put the palm branch in the hand of the coming generation, we will cheer each other in the remaining onsets and go into the shining gate somewhere about the same time, and greeted by the generation that has preceded us we will have to wait only a little while to greet the generation that will come after us. And will not that he clarious? Three generations the generation that will come after us. And will not that be glorious? Three generations in heaven together—the grandfather, the son and the grandson, the grandmother, the daughter and the granddaughter. And so with wider range and keener faculty we shall realize the full significance of the text. "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh."

## An Oyster Kills a Duck.

The oyster is apparently a helpless creature, but sometimes he comes out ahead of his enemies, as is shown by a recent find in Chesapeake Bay. deckhand on the steamboat Tangier discovered a duck floating dead on the water and picked it up. To his surprise he found an oyster, with its shell tightly closed on the bill of the duck. Evidently the duck had found the oyster with his shell opened, and tried to make a meal of him. The oyster had shut his shell on the duck's bill, and clung there in spite of the bird's efforts to shake it off; and its weight had gradually wearied the duc s. and finally pulled its head under water, and drowned it. The duck and oyster were brought to Baltimore and proved quite a curiosity. - New Oreans Picayune.

## Brain Surgery.

Sawing out sections of the skull in order to give the brain room to develop symetrically seems a rather delicate and dangerous operation, but it is one that has on several occasions been performed with perfect success. Children apparently in a condition of hopeless idiocy have been treated upon this plan and are in prospect of developing the faculties usual in those of like age. The removal of the bone which has become unduly hardened permits growth, and the clouded intellect may become clear and normal,