REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject; "The Human Face."

TEXT: "A man's wisdom maketh his fac to shine, and the boldness of his face shall be changed," or as it may be rendered, "the sourness of his face shall be sweetened."—
Ecclesiastes viii., 1.

Thus a little change in our English translation brings out the better meaning of the text, which sets forth that the character of the face is decided by the character of the soul. The main features of our countenance were decided by the Almighty, and we can-not change them, but under God we decide whether we shall have countenances bemignant or baleful, sour or sweet, wrathful or genial, benevolent or mean, honest or secoundrelly, impudent or modest, courageous or cowardly, frank or sneaking. In all the works of God there is nothing more wonderful than the human countenance Though the longest face is less than twelve inches from the hair line of the forehead to the bottom of the chin and the broadest face is less than eight inches from cheek bone to cheek bone, yet in that small compass God has wrought such differences that the 1,600,-000,000 of the human race may be dis-tinguished from each other by their facial

The face is ordinarily the index of character. It is the throne of the emotions. It is the battlefield of the passions. It is the catalogue of character. It is the map of the mind. It is the geography of the soul. And while the Lord decides before our birth whether we shall be handsome or homely, we are by the character we form deciding whether our countenance shall be pleasan or disagreeable. This is so much so that some of the most beautiful faces are unattractive because of their arrogance or their de ceitfulness, and some of the most rugged and irregular features are attractive because of the kindness that shines through them. Accident or sickness or scarification may veil the face so that it shall not express the soul, but in the majority of cases give me a deliberate look at a man's countenance and I will tell you whether he is a cynic or an optimist, whether he is a miser or a philanthropist, whether he is noble or ignominious, whether he is good or bad. Our first impression of a man or woman is generally the accurate impression. You at the first glance make up your mind that some man is unworthy of your friendship, but afterward, by circumstances being put into intimate association with him, you come to like him and trust him. Yet stay with him long enough, and you will be com pelled to return to your original estimate of his character, but it will be after he has cheated you out of everything he could lay his hands on. It is of God's mercy that we have these outside indexes of character. Phrenology is one index, and while it may be carried to an absurd extent there is no doubt that you can judge somewhat of a man's character by the shape of his head. Palmistry is another index, and while it may be carried into the fanciful and necromantic there is no doubt that certain lines in the palm of the hand are indicative of mental and moral traits.

Physiognomy is another index, and while the contour of the human face may sometimes mislead us we can generally, after looking into the eye and noticing the curve of the lip and the spread of the nostril, and the correlation of all the features, come to a right estimate of a man's character. If it were not so, how would we know whom to trust and whom to avoid? Whether we will or not, physiognomy decides a thousand things in commercial and financial and social and religious domains. From one lid of the Bible to the other there is no science so recognized as that of physiognomy, and nothing more thoroughly taken for granted than the power of the soul to transfigure the God," the "face of Jesus Christ,"

"face of Esau," the "face of ael," the "face of Job," the "face of ael," the "face of Job," the "face of ael," of the old man," the shining "face of Moses," the wrathful "face of Pharaoh," the ashes on the face of humiliation, the resurrectionhypocrites disfiguring their face, and in my text the Bible declares, "A man's wisdom maketh his face to shine, and the sourness of his face shall be sweetened." If the Bible has so much to say about physiognomy, we do not wonder that the world has made it a study from the early ages. In vain the English Parliament in the time of George II. ordered publicly whipped and imprisoned those who studied physiognomy. Intelligent people always have studied it and always will study it. The pens of Moses and Joshua.

ing to show that while we are not responsi-ble for our features, the Lord Almighty hav-ing decided what they shall be prenatally, as the psaimist declares when he writes, "In thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned when as yet there was none of them," yet the character which under God we form will chisel the face most mightily. Every man would like to have been made in appearance an Alcibiades, and every woman would like to have been made a Josephine. We all want to be agreeable. Our usefulness depends so much upon it that I consider it important and Christian for every man and woman to be as agreeable as possible. The slouch, the sloven, the man who does not care how he looks, all such people lack equipment for usefulness. A minister who has to throw a quid of tobacco out of his mouth before he begins to preach or Christians with beard untrimmed, making them to look like wild beasts come out of the lair—yea, unkempt, uncombed, unwashed, disagreeable men or omen-are a hindrance to religion more than a recommendation.

Now, my text suggests how we may, independent of features, make ourselves agree-able, "A man's wisdom maketh his face to shine, and the sourness of his face shall be shine, and the sourness of his face shall be aweetened." What I say may come too late for many. Their countenance may by long years of hardness have been frozen into stolidity, or by long years of cruel behavior they may have Herodized all the machinery of expression, or by long years of avarice they may have been Shylocked until their face is as here as the previous restaltage are heard.

being the world ever saw was foreseen by Isaiab, who described His face bruised and gashed and searified and said of Him, "His visage was so marred, more than any man." So you see that the loveliest face in the universe was a scarred face.

And now I am going to tell you of some of the chisels that work for the disfiguration or irradiation of the human countenance. One of the sharpest and most destructive of those chisels of the countenance is cynicism. That sours the disposition and then sours the face. It gives a contemptuous curi to the lip. It draws down the corners of the mouth and inflates the nostril as with a malodor. What David said in haste they say in their deliber-David said in haste they say in their deliber-ation. "All men are liars," everything is go-ing to ruin. All men and women are bad or are going to be. Society and the church are on the down grade. Tell them of an act of benevolence, and they say he gave that to advertise himself. They do not like the present fashion of hats for women or of coats for men. They are opposed to the adminis-tration, municipal and State and National. Somehow food does not taste as it used to. and they wonder why there are no poets or orators or preachers as when they were boys. Even Solomon, one of the wisest and at one time one of the worst of nen, falls into the pessimistic mood and cries out in the twenty-first chapter of Proverbs, "Who can find a virtuous woman?" If he had behaved himself better and kept in od associations, he would not have written that interrogation point implying the scaroity of good womanhood. Cynicism, if a habit, as it is with tens of thousands of people, writes itself all over the features ; her many sour visages all up and down the street, all up and down the church and the world. One good way to make the world world. One good way to make the world worse is to say it is worse. Let a depressed and foreboding opinion of everything take possession of you for twenty years, and you will be a sight to behold. It is the chastisement of God that when a man allows his heart to be cursed with cynicism his face be-comes gloomed and scowled and lachrymosed and blasted with the same midnight.

But let Christian cheerfulness try its chisel upon a man's countenance. Feeling that all things are for his good, and that God rules. and that the Bible being true the world's floralization is rapidly approaching, and the day when beer mug and demijohn and distil-lery and bombshell and rifle pit seventy-four inders and roulette tables and corrupt book and satanic printing press will have quit work, the brightness that comes from such anticipation not only gives zest to his work, but shines in his eyes and glows in his entire countenance. Those are the facts I look for in an audience. Those countenances are sections of millennial glory. They are heaven impersonated. They are the sculp-turing of God's right hand. They are hosannas in human flesh. They are hallelulahs alighted. They are Christ reincarnated. I do not care what your features are or whether you look like your father or your mother or and man you are beautiful.

Michael Angelo, the sculptor, visiting Florence, some one showed him in a back yard a piece of marble that was so shapeless that it seemed of no use, and Angelo was asked if he could make anything out of it, and if so was told he could own it. The artist took the marble, and for nine months shut himself up to work, first trying to make of it a statue of David with his foot on Goliath, but the marble was not quite long enough at the base to make the prostrate enough at the base to make the prostrate ever have a joy and that face did not respond form of the giant, and so the artist fashioned to it? Did you ever have a grief and no tears the marble into another figure that is so famous for all time because of its expressive-ness. A critic came in and was asked by Angelo for his criticism, and he said it was beautiful, but the nose of the statute was not of right shape. Angelo picked up from the floor some sand and tossed it about the face of the statue pretending he was using his chisel to make the memory! Though you have come on to midimprovement suggested by the critic.
"What do you think of it now?" said the artist. "Wonderfully improved," said the good cry! "Weil," said the artist, "I have not critic. "Well," said the artist, "I have not changed it at all." My friends, the grace of God comes to the heart of a man or woman and then attempts to change a forbidding and prejudicial face into attractiveness. Perhaps the face is most unpromising for the Divine Sculptor. But having changed the heart it begins to work on the countenance with celestial chisel, and into all the linea-ments of the face puts a gladness and an expectation that changes it from glory to glory, and though earthly criticism may disapprove of this or that in the appearance of the face Christ says of the newly created countenance that which Pilate said of Him, "Behold the

Here is another mightly chisel for the those who studied physiognomy. Intelligent people always have studied it and always will study it. The pens of Moses and Joshua and Job and John and Paul as well as of Homer and Hippocrates and Galen and Aristotle and Socrates and Plato and Lavater have been dipped into it, and whole libraries of wheat and chaff have been garnered on this theme.

Now, what practical religious and eternal use would I make of this subject? I am going for the countenance, and you may call it revenge or hate or malevolence. This spirit baving taken possession of the heart, it encamps seven devils under the eyebrows. It puts cruelty into the compression of the lips. You can tell from the man's looks that he is pursuing some one and trying to get even with him. There are suggestions of Nero and Robespierre and Diocletian and thumburged the study of the property of the countenance, and you may call it revenge or hate or malevolence. This spirit baving taken possession of the heart, it encamps seven devils under the eyebrows. It puts cruelty into the compression of the property in the countenance, and you may call it revenge or hate or malevolence. This spirit baving taken possession of the heart, it encamps seven devils under the eyebrows. It puts cruelty into the compression of the heart, it encamps seven devils under the eyebrows. It puts cruelty into the compression of the heart, it encamps seven devils under the eyebrows. It puts cruelty into the compression of the heart, it encamps seven devils under the eyebrows. It puts cruelty into the compression of the heart, it encamps seven devils under the eyebrows. It puts cruelty into the compression of the heart, it encamps seven devils under the eyebrows. It puts cruelty into the compression of the heart, it encamps seven devils under the eyebrows. It puts cruelty into the compression of the heart, it encamps taken possession of the heart, it encamps the cruelty into the compression of the heart, it encamps the cruelty into the compression of the heart, it encamps the cruelty into the ures. Infernal artists with murueress agers have been cutting away at that visage. The revengeful heart has built its perdition reful countenance. Disfigura-Infernal artists with murderers' dagin the revengeful countenance. Disfigura-tion of diabolic passion!

But here comes another chisel to shape the countenance, and it is kindness. There came a moving day, and into her soul moved the whole family of Christian graces, with all their children and grandchildren, and the command has come forth from the heavens that that woman's face shall be made to cor-

command has come forth from the heavens that that woman's face shall be made to correspond with her superb soul. Her entire face from ear to ear becomes the canvas on which all the best artists of heaven begin to put their finest strokes, and on the small compass of that face are put pictures of sunrise over the sea, and angels of mercy going up and down ladders all aflash, and mountains of transfiguration and noonday in heaven. Kindness! It is the most magninicent sculptor that ever touched human countenance.

No one could wonder at the unusual geniality in the face of William Windom, Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, after seeing him at the New York banquet just before he dropped dead, turning his wineglass upside down, saying, "I may by doing this offend some, but by not doing it I might damage many." Be kind to your feinds. Be kind to your relers. Be kind to your relers. Be kind to your servants. Be kind to your relers. Be kind to your servants. Be kind to your rolers. Be kind to your servants. The properties of the wond of martyrdom, and His antagonists slapped the pallid cheek with their rough hands and befouled it with the sailva of their blasphemous lips! What a tremendous face it must have been to end of the wood of martyrdom, and His antagonists slapped the pallid cheek with their rough hands and befouled it with the sailva of their blasphemous lips! What a tremendous face it must have been when susuffering face it must have been when susuffering face it must have been to loud to the wood of martyrdom, and His antagonists slapped the pallid cheek with their rough hands and befouled it with the sailva of their blasphemous lips! What a tremendous face it must have been when susuffering face it must have been the must have been to loud to the wood of martyrdom, and His antagonists slapped the pallid cheek with their rough hands and befouled it with the sailva of their blasphemous lips! What a tremendous face it must have been the suffering face it must have been the suffering face it must h

pression, or by long years of avarice they may have been Shylocked until their face is as hard as the precious metalthey are hoarding, but I am in time to help multitudes if the Lord will. That it is possible to overcome disadvantages of physiognomy was in this country mightily illustrated by one whose life recently closed after having served in the Presedential cabinet at Washington. By accident of fire in childhood his face had been more piteously scarred than any human visage that I ever saw. By hard study he arose from being a poor boy to the very height of the legal profession, and when an Attorney General for the United States was needed he entered the Presidential cabinet. What a triumph over destroyed human countenance!

I do hot wonder that when an opposing attorney in a Philadelphia court-room cruelly referred to this personal disfigurement Beerjamin F. Brewster replied in these words "When I was a babe, I was a beautiful blueged child. I know this because my dear dead mother told me so, but I was one day playing with my sister when her clothes took fire, and I ran to her relief and saved her, but in doing so my diothes took fire, and the scoundred who has just now referred to my disfigurement." Heroism conquering physical disabilities! That scholarly regular features are not necessary for making powerful impression witness Paul, who photographs himself as in "bodlly presence weak," and George Whitefield, whose eyes were struck with strabismus, and Alexander H. Stephens, who sat

with pale and sick face in invalid's chair while he thrilled the American congress with his eloquence, and thousands of invalid preachers and Sabbath-school teachers and Christian workers. Aye, the most glorious the conditions with the solution which he so well illustrated when he said, "Some of our generals complain that I impair discipline and subordination in the army by my pardons and respites, but it makes me rested after a hard day's work if I can find some good excuse for saving a man's life, and I go to bed happier as I think how joyous the signing of my name will make him and his family." Kindness! It makes the face shine while life lasts and after death puts a summer sunset between the still lips and the smoothed hair that makes me say at obsequies, "She seems

beautiful to bury.' But here comes another chisel, and its name is hypocrisy. Christ, with one terrific stroke in His sermon on the mount described this charreter, "When ye fast, be not as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance, for they disfigure their faces that they may appear unto men to fast." Hypocrisy having taken possession of the soul, it immediately appears in the countenance. Hypocriss are pears in the countenance. Hypocrites are always solemn. They carry several country graveyards in their faces. They are tearful when there is nothing to cry about, and in their prayers they catch for their breath and have such general dolefulness that they disgust young people with religion. We had one of them in one of my churches. When he exof them in one of my churches. When he exorted, he always deplored the low state of
religion in other people, and when he prayed
it was an attack of hysteria, and he went into
a paroxysm of ohs and ahs that seemed to
demand resuscitation. He went on in that
way until we had to expel him from the church for stealing the property intrusted to him as administrator and for other vices will not mention, and he wrote me several letters not at all complimentary from he West, saying that he was daily praying for my everlasting destruction. A man cannot have hypocrisy in his heart without somehow showing it in his face. All intelligent people who witness it know it is nothing but a dramatization. Oh, the power of the human face! I war-

rant that you have known faces so magnetic

and impressive that, though they vanished long ago, they still hold you with a holy spell. How long since your child went? "Well," you say, "if she had lived she would have been ten years old now, or twenty or thirty years." But does not that infant's face still have tender supremacy over your entire nature? During many an eventide does it not look at you? What a sanctifying, hallowing influence it has been in your life! You can say in the words of the poet, "Better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." Or it may have been a sister's face. Perhaps she was the invalid of the family. Perhaps she went out except on very clear and then she had to be carried days, down the stairs to the piazza or for a short ride, but she was so patient and cheerful under it all. As that face looks at you through the years with what an elevated and heavenly emotion you are filled. Or was it a father's face? The storms of life had somewhat roughened it. A good deal of the brightness of the eye had been quenched, and the ear was turned with the hand behind it in order to hear at all. But you remember that face so vividly that if you were an look like no one under the heavens, to God artist you could put it on canvas, and it and man you are beautiful. would mean to you more than any face that Rembrandt ever sketched. That face, though long ago veiled from human sight, is as plain in your memory as though you this moment saw it moving gently forward and backward in the rocking-chair by the stove in the old farmhouse. Or was it your mother's face? A good mother's face is never homely to her boys and girls. It is a "Madonna" in the picture gallery of the memory.

What a sympathetic face it was! Did you ever have a joy and that face did not respond trickle down that maternal cheek? Did you ever do a bad thing and a shadow did not Oh, it was a sweet face! The spectacles with large, round glasses through which she looked at you, how sacredly they

But I can tell you of a more sympathetic and more tender and more loving face than any of the faces I have mentioned. "No, you cannot," says some one. I can, and I will. It is the face of Jesus Christ as He was on earth and is now in heaven. When preparing my life of Christ, entitled "From Manger to Throne." I ransacked the art gallevies and portfolios of the world to find a picture of our Saviour's face that might be most avergently and I saw it as Francesco Francia. ture of our Saviour's face that might be most expressive, and I saw it as Francesco Francia painted it in the sixteenth century, and as the emerald intaglio of the sixth century presented it, and as a fresso in the catacombs near Rome preserved it, and as Leonardo da Vinci showed it in "The Last Supper," and I looked in the Louvre, and the Luxembourg, and the Vatican, and the Dresden, and the Berlin, and Neapolitan and London galleries for the most inspiring face of Christ, and many of the presentations were wonderful for pathos and majesty and power and execution, but although I selected that by Ary Scheffer as in some respects the most expressive I felt as we all feel—that our Christ has never yet been presented either in sculpture or painting, and that we will have to walt until we rise to the upper palace, where we

until we rise to the upper palace, where we shall see Him as He is.

What a gentle face it must have been to induce the babes to struggle out of their mother's arms into His arms! What an expressive face it must have been when one re-proving look of it threw stalwart Peter into a fit of tears! What a pleading face it must a fit of tears! What a pleading face it must have been to lead the psalmist in prayer to say of it, "Look upon the face of thine aniointed!" What a sympathetic face it must have been to encourage the sick woman who was beyond any help from the doctors to touch the hem of His garment! What a suffering face it must have been when sus-

off some of the luster that is too mighty even for eyes cherubic or angelic, and yet this morning turning upon us with a sheathed splendor like that with which He appeared when He said to the mothers bashful about presenting their children, "Suffer them to come," and to the poor waif of the street, "Neither do I condemn thee," and to the eyes of the blind beggar of the wayside, "Be opened." I think my brother John, the returned foreign missionary, dying summer before last at Bound Brook, caught a glimpse of that face of Christ when in his dying hour my brother said. "I shall be satisfied when I awaken in His likeness." And now unto Him that loved us and ness." And now unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father, to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen and amen! Amen and amen!

Oregon's salmon fisheries produce about 600,000 cases a year and its wool clip exceeds 16,000,000 pounds. There are 25,000 square miles of pine forests, and the annual gold yield exceeds \$1,-

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries nearly all the rulers of Europe were bitten by the alchemist's

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON OR MARCH 11.

Lesson Text: "Jacob at Bethel," Gen. xxviii., 10-22-Golden Text: Gen. xxviii., 15 -Commentary,

10. "And Jacob went out from Beershebs, and went toward Haran." Since the last lesson Isaac has been to the Philistines, and, being forbidden to go to Egypt, he sojourned at Gerar, where he fell into his father's sin concerning his wife. He afterward made his home at Beersheba in the extreme south, where his father dwelt when called upon to offer up his only son. Then follows the story of the deception practiced upon Isaac by Rebekah and Jacob, with Esau's consequent hatred of Jacob, resulting in Jacob's leaving home to go to his mother's people at Haran in Badanaram, where Abram had sojourned

on his way to Canaan till Terah died.

11. "And he lighted upon a certain place and tarried there all night, because the sun was set, and he took of the stones of that place and put them for his pillows and lay down in that place to sleep." If we consider Jacob from this on apart from his nature and conduct as a sinful man, there are several things in his history suggestive of facts in the history of the Lord Jesus. He goes forth to obtain a wife (verse 2), for whom he labors patiently a long time (chapter xxxi., 40, 41), but it seems short to him because o his great love to her (xxix., 20). Chris loved the church and gave Himself for it (Eph. v., 25). Eliezer seeking a bride for the son at home with his father is suggestive of the present work of the Spirit in gathing out the church. As you see Jacob in his loneliness with the stones for his pillows you can't help thinking of Him who had not where to lay His head (Luke ix.,

12. "And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven. And behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it." By com-paring John i., 51, the ladder is suggestive of the Son of Man, who becoming man reached down to where we were, and being God reaches up to heaven, the angels being min-istering spirits unto the heirs of salvation. It will be fully seen in the hereafter of the millenial kingdom.

13. "And behold the Lord stood above it and said, I am the Lord God of Abraham, thy father and the God of Isaac; the land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it and to thy seed." Notice in this verse and the last three beholds—behold a ladder, behold

the angels, behold the Lord. 14. "And thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth, and thou shalt spread abroad to the west and to the east and to the north and to the south, and in thee and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed." Abram was promised a seed as numerous as the dust of the earth and as the stars of heaven (xiii., 16; xv., 5). The latter was repeated to Isaac (xxvl., 4), and now the former is confirmed to Jacob.

15. "And behold I am with thee and will

keep thee in all places whither thou goest and will bring thee again into this land, for and will bring thee again into this land, for I will not leave thee until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of." Here is a fourth behold and associated with what seems to me the most comprehensive assurance in the Bible, "I am with thee." Compare Ex. iii., 12; Joshua i., 5; Judg. vi., 16; Jer. i., 8, 19; Isa. xii., 10; Hag. i., 13; ii. Jer. i., 8, 19; Isa. xli., 10; Hag. i., 13; ii., 4; Math. xxviii., 20, etc. Consider well this promise of God's presence and loving care and gracious purpose in the light of Jacob's unworthiness and crookedness and see if your soul is not comforted and strengthened by the fact that this God is your God, the

same yesterday, to-day and forever.

16. "And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he said, Surely the Lord is in this place, and he said, Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not." His partnership with his mother in the deceit practiced upon Isaac would not tend to fellowship with God, but to be alone and away from home sometimes causes deep thought, and it is possible that ere Jacob slept he had turned to God with true penitence and confession, and that this vision was the answer to his

"And he was afraid and said, How dreadful is this place! This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." Ever since Adam sinned and said, "I was afraid" (Gen. iii., 10), sin has made man afraid at the presence of the Lord. And yet God is love and loved us when we were ad in sins, and Christ died for sinners.

dead in sins, and Christ died for sinners. We cannot have peace in the presence of God apart from the forgiveness of sins, but this also He has provided in Jesus Christ (Acts Xiii., 38, 39: Eph. i., 6, 7).

18. "And Jacob rose up early in the morning and took the stone that he put for his pillows and set it up for a pillar and poured oil upon the top of it." A sense of the presence of the Lord is now upon him, and he is awed and subdued and grateful. It should be always so with the believer, with joy added—joy in the Lord and the joy of the Lord, serving the Lord with giadness. The added—joy in the Lord and the joy of Lord, serving the Lord with gladness. Lord, serving the Lord with gladness. The stone that was prostrate, but now upright and annointed, may stand for Jacob himself.

19. "And he called the name of that place Bethel, but the name of that city was called Luz at the first." Near this place was one of Abram's first tenting places in Canaan (chapter xil., 8), and later God appeared to Jacob as "the God of Bethel" (chapter xxxl., 13). But Jeroboam defiled it when he here set up one of his golden calves (I Kings xil., 29). Every spot in our pilgrimage may be to us a Bethel if we will not defile it by any idol.

20, 21. "And Jacob vowed a vow, saying, If God be with me and will keep me in this way that I go and will give me bread to eat

If God be with me and will keep me in this way that I go and will give me bread to eat and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace, then shall the Lord be my God." In view of the most gracious and unconditional assurances of verse 15, it is surely too bad to hear Jacob come in with his great big "if," and yet how many of us leave out all the "ifs," and when God says a thing boldly declare, "I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told to me," or gratefully say. "Be it unto me according to gratefully say, "Be it unto me according to my words" (Acts xxvii., 25; Lukei., 38)?

my words' (Acts xxvil., 25; Luke 1., 35)?

22. "And this stone which I have set for a pillar shall be God's house, and of all that Thou shall give me I will surely give the tenth unto Thee." Yet there are Christians without number who never yet began to give God a tenth and are therefore more mean than crooked, scheming Jacob. If we are children of God by faith in Christ Jesus, then we are Abraham's seed (Gal. iii. 29). are children of God by faith in Christ Jesus, then we are Abraham's seed (Gal. iii., 29), but Abram gave Melchisedec tithes of all. Let us therefore cheerfully give our Melchisedec tithes of all as the very least we should do, and then pile high the free will offerings on top of that. Let no one try to escape by saying, "All I have is His." Well, Ass. Lord grant it to be so, but show up the tench anyhow as a little evidence that you are all His. Read Prov. xl., 24, 25; xiii., 7.—Lesson Helper.

Theft of an Orchard.

A novel theft has been reported to the Sheriff by a larmer who lives near French Camp, Cal., on the turnpike. This farmer went to town and left his farm in charge of his young son for the day. The boy saw some men digging up fruit trees in the young orchard his father had started, and went out to them to inquire what they were at.

The men said they had bought all the trees from the owner and were digging them

up to take them away. The boy thought, of course, it was as the men said, and that his father had really sold the trees, so he made no protest. When the father came home he was greatly astonished to find that his orchard had disappeared during his absence in Stockton.

The young son told what had happe The young son told what had happened and steps were taken at once to find some trace of the trees if possible, but without success. None of the local nurserymen have bought any trees answering the description, and it cannot be learned that any of that sort has been shipped from Stockton. About 300 trees in all were stoles.

LAND OF THE TINNEES,

CIVILIZED INDIANS OF THE FAR NORTHWEST.

They Subscribe For a Paper Prin in Their Own Language and B. a Postal System.

WAY to the Northwest of America in the mysterious corner of British Columbia, bordered by "unexplored territory" and hemmed in by mighty mountains, dwells a race of red men who daily grow more numerous, who have made themselves proficient in many of the arts of peace, and who, as they become known in their customs and conditions, must excite the wonder and attention of the civilized world. The people are known to the few travelers who have found their way among them as the Tinnees, and they have their infrequent communication with "civilization" chiefly through the Hudson Bay Company posts at Fort George and Fort Fraser. Their morals are more strictly guarded than are those of any white Nation of to-day; they esteem cleanliness both of person and surroundings as they do courage; and they have a saying that "to desert a friend is worse than to slav him,

The last white visitors to the home of the Tinnees were the men composing the Government survey party sent north last summer under A. L. Poudrier, which has recently returned. The appended notes of the chief of the expedition give some interesting facts concerning the Tinnees and the land they live in.

"The immense country north of the fifty-fourth parallel, generally described as the 'lake region,' is hardly known to the present generation. Years ago, during the gold excitement in Omineca, a great deal of trade and travel was taken that way, and nearly all the old pioneers are familiar with the wonderful scenery of the section.

"Since the gold boom the only inhabitants of this extensive country have been Indians and a few Hudson Bay Company employes. The natives are known as the Tinnees, this name including the whole race, some of the representatives of which inhabit the country east of the Rocky Mountains, others peopling the lake region proper and still others living as far to the south as the Chilcotin River. The race is divided into many families: First, the Chilcotins, living on the plain of that name; then the 'Car-riers,' or 'porteurs,' around Fort Fraser, and, again, the Siccanies and the Nahanies, occupying the country north and east of the Nechaco River.

"In language the Tinnees have no relationship with the other tribes of the North, but, curiously, Indians living as far south as California (the Navajoes, for example), or in Oklahoma, the Chilcotees, speak a tongue very similar to that of the Tinnees.

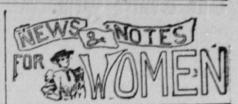
Of late years a young and energetic missionary, Father Morrice, of Stuart Lake, has been giving his time and talents to the upbuilding of a Tinnees Nation which shall compare not unfavorably in many ways with that of the whites. The mother tongue of the Tinnees, which is exceedingly rich in expression, has been through his efforts reduced to a system of phonetic writing, the characters being remarkable for the simplicity and from the fact that they rest tather than weary the eye of the reader. The written language is so simple and so systematic that a child or a man may with equal facility learn to read or write it to perfection. Not one of the tribe, from a child of six to the old men and women of three score and ten, is unable to-day to either read or write.

"The phonetic Tinnees is employed by the Indians in their correspondence-for they have risen to the dignity of a postal system of their ownin the marking of signs for the guidance of travelers and explorers, and in the hundred and one other ways familiar to civilized Nations.

"To further develop the theory and render its success more complete Father Morrice, with the aid of the Indians, had special types cast from his own designs, bought a printing press and three years ago printed and published several elementary works on the language and history of the Nation. For the past two years he has been issuing a monthly newspaper, to which every Indian in the vast district is a willing subscriber. It is called the News. Its first page is devoted ex-clusively to local affairs, such as hunting and trapping and all else which may practically interest the community in which it circulates. Another portion is devoted to religious subjects, and the remainder of its sixteen pages of space treats of the world in general, a great deal of attention being paid to science, the customs and manners of foreign countries, useful inventions, etc.

"There is," says Mr. Poudrier, "no other part of the province where the Indians are so highly civilized, so truthful and so honest-rare qualities indeed for an Indian race. One great advantage traceable to the publication of the News is the development of a taste for and a knowledge of agriculture. The hunting and trapping are nearing an end in the lake region, and the natives see that the resource which they must in future look to is farming. The new generation is fast becoming a community of scientific tillers of the soil. Were all the Indians of America in so advanced a state they would at no time be a cause of anxiety; the Government would never be called upon to supply their wants, and the white brother could learn not a little from them that he does not now know.

In fourteen States and Territories of the Union marriage between first cousins is ferbidden by law.



Amateur classes in nursing are a

A woman's hair is said to weigh on the average fourteen ounces.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor, of New York, is fond of all outdoor sports.

The female members of Wesleyan's Freshman class, have voted to carry

The Empress of China has sent five ladies to the court of Berlin, in order learn German manners and etiquette. There are few spinsters in the Cau-

Mrs. John Jacob Astor's fine new house on upper Fifth avenue, New York, is being built of white soap-

stone.

casian settlements in South Africa, as

the men outnumber the women ten to

Mme. McMahon, widow of the late ex-President of France, has sold her residence in Paris and removed to the

The mother of the Sultan of Turkey is supreme authority in his harem, and is the only person who is allowed to go unveiled.

Mrs. Cleveland's favorite jewel, it is said, is a rose leaf spray of diamonds, a wedding gift from ex-Secretary of the Navy Whitney.

Queen Elizabeth was annoyed by a red nose. Her attendants were accustomed to powder it every few minutes

to keep it presentable. The number of medical women in Great Britain is now 186, and of these

twenty have become members of the British Medical Association.

The pretty fan carried to a reception the other evening by a Gotham "bud." was of pink ostrich feathers, with diamond set mother of pearl

Sir Edwin Arnold says that there are 30,000 young women in England who write poetry and look forward to the day when fame will perch on their England has a woman coroner, only

over there they call her the "lady coroner." Women in the vestries are no novelties in Queen Victoria's Mrs. Gladstone is an artist in mak-

ing home-made mince pies. The Queen is so fond of them that Mrs. Gladstone sends one to her at Christmas each year. Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, wife of

the Standard Oil magnate, teaches a Sunday-school class of young men of which her son, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is a member.

The dowager Viscountess Sidmouth, who died the other day at the age of ninety-six, in England, had ninety living children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Mrs. Potter Palmer, of Chicago, has a penchant for Mexican and duchesse laces. She probably owns one of the finest assortments of these delicate embroideries in the world.

The palace hotels of New York are employing maids to wait upon guests at a cost of fifty cents an hour. The maid must be able to do hairdressing and to array a lady for a ball.

Twenty years ago Queen Victoria was taught how to spin by an old woman from the Scottish Highlands. Her Majesty is very fond of the occupation, being proud of her skill.

Mrs. Bishop, whose nom de plume is Isabella Bird, has left Liverpool for Corea in search of material for another book. She is more than sixty, and thinks nothing of the long journey ahead of her.

A tiny sachet bag hidden away in the depths of a coat or wrap will make it smell delicious. The furry odor which often clings to capes and coats. even of the best of seal, will be neutralized by this plan. Don't look for novelty as much

as quality in china and glass, for many novelties have no intrinsic merit, while the finer goods like Coalport, Royal Vien is and American cut glass are always desirable. When the wrist bone presents a

prominent, ungainly knob, ruffles of lace are a delightful resource, and so is the Flemish cuff. An over-fat wrist is quite as unlovely, and should be just as carefully concealed. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, the vet-

eran woman's rights agitator, despite her years, is actively engaged in or-ganizing a grand rally in the interest of female suffrage, which will be held simultaneously all over the country. The Czarina of Russia, forgetful of

her own serious attack of the grip, nursed back to life with her own hands her third son, the Grand Duke Michael. A mother's love is the same in the palace or in the peasant's home.

Mrs. Hoke Smith, Mrs. Bissell and Lamont are the younger three "Cabinet ladies," unless Miss Herbert is counted in. Miss Herbert is then the most youthful, then Mrs. Cleveland, then Mrs. Smith, then Mrs. Bissell and Mrs. Lamont a close fifth.

Mme, de Matos is the Joan of Arc of the Brazilian revolution. She enters the field with her husband attired in a dress which is a mixture and woman's attire. She is about thirty years of age, with blue eyes and blonde hair, and possesses a great deal of personal

Persons who sew a great deal often suffer from soreness in the thimble finger. Silver or plated thimbles are the best, and next to these a lightly burnished steel thimble should be used. Swelling of the finger and very erious inflammation are often causes cheap thimbles.