Juniata Sentinel and Republican.

B. F. SCHWEIER. THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS. Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XLVII. MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 17, 1893 NO. 22.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Over and Forever."

TEXT: "Christ come, who is over all."—Romans ix. 5.

For 4000 years the world had been waiting for a deliverer, waiting while empires rose and fell, while conquerors came and made the world groan the last of making it better—still the centuries watched and waited. They looked for Him in taverns, looked for Him in palaces, looked for Him in imperial robes, looked for Him at the head of armies. At last they found Him in a barn. The cattle stood nearer to Him than the angels, for the former were in the adjoining stall, while the latter were in the clouds. A parentage of poverty! No room for Him in the inn because there was no one to pay the hotel expense. Yet the pointing star and the angelic cantata showed that heaven made up in appreciation of His worth what the world lacked. "Christ came, who is over all, God blessed forever. Amen."

But who is this Christ who came? As to the differences between different denominations of evangelical Christians I have no concern. If I stand by the turning over of my hand decide whether all the world shall at last be Baptist or Methodist or Congregational or Episcopalian or Presbyterian, I would not turn my hand. But there are doctrines which are vital to the soul. If Christ be not a God, we are idolaters. To this Christological question I devote myself this morning and pray God that we may think right and do aright in regard to a question in which mistake is mortal.

I suppose that the majority of those here to-day assembled believe the Bible. It requires as much faith to be an infidel as to be a Christian. It is faith in a different direction. The Christian has faith in the teachings of Matthew, Luke, John, Paul, Isaiah, Moses. The infidel has faith in the free thinkers. We have faith in one class of men. They have faith in another class of men. But as the majority of these, perhaps all of those here assembled, are willing to take the Bible for a standard in morals and in faith, I make this book my starting point.

I suppose you are aware that the two generals who have marshaled the great armies against the deity of Jesus Christ are Strauss and Renan. The number of their slain will not be counted until the trumpet of the archangel sounds the roll call of the resurrection. Those men and their sympathizers say that if they could destroy the fortress of miracles they could destroy Christianity, and they were right. Surrender the miracles and you surrender Christianity. The great German exegete says that all the miracles were myths. The great French exegete says that all the miracles were legends. They propose to take everything supernatural from the life of Christ and everything supernatural from the Bible. They prefer the miracles of human nonsense to the glorious miracles of Jesus Christ.

They say there was no miraculous birth in Bethlehem, but that it is all a fanciful story, just like the story of Romulus said to have been born of Rhea Silvia and the god Mars. They say no star pointed to the manger; it was only the flare of a passing lantern. They say there was no miraculous making of bread, but that it is a corruption of the story that Elisha gave 20 loaves of bread to a hundred men. They say the water was never turned into wine, but that it is a corruption of the story that the Egyptian plague turned the water into blood. They say it is no wonder that Christ sweat great drops of blood, he had been out in the night air and was taken suddenly ill. They say that there were no tongues of fire on the heads of the disciples at the Pentecost, but there was only a great thunder storm, and the air was full of electricity, which snapped and flew all around about the heads of the disciples.

They say that Mary and Martha and Christ felt it important to get up an excitement for the forwarding of their religion, and so they dramatized a funeral and Lazarus played the corpse, and Mary and Martha played the weepers, and Christ was the tragedian. I put it in my own words, but this is the exact meaning of their statements. They say the Bible is a spurious book written by superstitious or lying men, backed up by men who died for that which they did not believe.

Now, I take back the limited statement which I made a few moments ago, when I said it requires as much faith to be an infidel as to be a Christian. It requires a thousandfold more faith to be an infidel than to be a Christian, for if Christianity demand that the whale swallowed Jonah, then skepticism demands that Jonah swallowed the whale! I can prove to you that Christ was God, not only by supernatural appearances on that Christmas night, but by what inspired men said of Him, by what He says of Himself and by His wonderful achievements. "Christ came, who is over all." Ah, does not that prove too much? Not over the Cæsars, not over Frederick, not over Alexander the Great, not over the Henrys, not over the Louises? Yes. Pile all the thrones of all the ages together, and my text overspans them as easily as a rainbow overspans a mountain, "Christ came, who is over all." Then He must be God.

The Bible says that all things were made by Him. Does not that prove too much? Could it be that He made the Mediterranean, that He made the Black sea, that He made the Atlantic, the Pacific, that He made Mount Lebanon, that He made the Alps, the Sierra Nevadas, that He made the Hemispheres, that He made the universe? Yes. The Bible says so, and lest we be too stupid to understand John winds up with a magnificent reiteration and says, "Without Him was not anything made that was made." Then He was a God.

The Bible says at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow. All heaven must come down on its knees. Martyrs on their knees, apostles on their knees, confessors on their knees, the archangel on his knees. Before whom? A man? No, He is a God. The Bible says every tongue shall confess—Hottentot, Malayan, Mexican, Italian, Spanish, Persian, English. Every tongue shall confess. To whom? God. The Bible says Christ the same yesterday, to-day and forever. Is that characteristic of humanity? Do we not change? Does not the body entirely change in seven years? Does not the mind change? Does not the heart change? Christ the same yesterday, to-day and forever. He must be a God.

Philosophers say that the law of gravitation decides everything and that the centripetal and centrifugal forces keep the world from clashing and from demolition. But Paul says that Christ's arm is the axle on which everything turns, and that Christ's hand is the socket in which everything is set. Mark the words, "Upholding—upholding all things by the word of His power." Then He must be a God.

Then look at what Christ says of Himself. Now, certainly, every one must understand himself better than any one else can understand him. If I ask you where you were born and you tell me, "I was born in Chester, England," or "I was born in Glasgow, Scotland," or "I was born in Dublin, Ireland," or "I was born in New Orleans, the United States," you being a man of integrity, I should believe you. If I asked you how many pounds you could lift and you should say you could lift 100 pounds or 200 pounds or 300 pounds, I should believe you. It is a matter personal to yourself. You know better than any one else can tell you.

If I ask how much estate you are worth, and you say $10,000 or $100,000 or $500,000, I believe what you say. You know better than any one else. Now, Christ must know better than any one else who He is and what He is. When I ask Him how old He is, He says, "Before Abraham was, I am." Abraham had been dead 2028 years. Was Christ 2028 years old? Yes, He says He is older than that. "Before Abraham was, I am." Then Christ says, "I am the Alpha." Alpha is the first letter of the Greek alphabet, and Christ in that utterance declared, "I am the A of the alphabet of the centuries." Then He must be a God.

Can a man be in a thousand places at once? Christ says He is in a thousand places at once. "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them." This everywhereativeness, is it characteristic of a man or of a God? And lest we might think this everywhereativeness would cease, He goes on, and He intimates that He will be in all the cities of the earth—He will be in Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America the day before the world burns up. "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Why, then, He must be a God.

Besides that, He takes divine honors. He declares Himself Lord of men, angels and devils. Is He? If He is, He is a God. If He is not, He is an impostor. A man comes into your store to-morrow morning. He says: "I am the great shipbuilder of Liverpool. I have built hundreds of ships." He goes on to give his experience. You defer to him as a man of large experience and great possessions. But the next day you find out that he is not the great shipbuilder of Liverpool; that he never built a ship; that he never built anything. What is he then? An impostor. Christ says He built this world. He built all things. Did He build them? If He did, He is a God. If He did not, He is an impostor.

A man comes into your place of business with Jewish countenance and a German accent and says: "I am Rothschild, the banker, of London. I have the wealth of Nations in my pocket. I loaned that large amount to Italy and Austria in their perplexity." But after a while you find that he has never loaned any money to Italy or Austria; that he never had a large estate; that he is no banker at all; that He owns nothing. What is he? An impostor. Christ says He owns the cattle on a thousand hills; He owns this world; He owns the next world; He owns the universe; He is the banker of all Nations. Is He? If He is, He is a God. Is He not? Then He is an impostor.

A man enters the White House at Washington. He says: "I am Emperor William, of Germany. I am traveling incognito. I have come over here for recreation and pleasure. I own castles in Dresden and Berlin." But the president finds out the next day that he is not Emperor William, that he owns no castles at Berlin and Dresden; that he has no authority. What is he? An impostor. Christ says He is the king over all—the king immortal, invisible. If He is, He is a God. If He is not, He is an impostor.

Strauss saw that alternative, and he tries to get out of it by saying that Christ was sinful in accepting adoration and worship. Renan tries to get out of it by saying that Christ—not through any fault of His own, but through the fault of others—lost His purity of conscience, and he slyly intimates that dishonorable women had damaged His soul. Anything but believe that Christ is God. Now you believe the Bible to be true. If you do not, you would hardly have appeared in this church. You would have gone over and joined the Broadway Infidel club, or you would go to Boston and kiss the foot of the statue of Thomas Paine. You would hardly come into this church, where the most of us are the deluded souls who believe in a whole Bible and take it all down as easily as you swallow a ripe strawberry.

I have shown you what inspired men said of Christ; I have shown you what Christ said of Himself; now, if you believe the Bible, let us go out and see His wonderful achievements—surgical, alimentary, marine, mortuary. Surgical achievements! Where is the medical journal that gives an account of such exploits as Christ wrought? He used no knife. He carried no splints. He employed no compress. He made no patient squirm under cauterization. He tied no artery. Yet behold Him! With a word He struck fast Malchus' amputated ear. He stirred a little dust and spittle into a salve and with it caused a man who was born blind and without optic nerve or cornea or crystalline lens to open his eyes on the sunlight. He beat music on the drum of the deaf ear. He straightened a woman who, through contraction of muscle, had been bent almost double for well nigh two decades. He made a man who had no use of his limbs for 38 years shoulder his mattress and walk off.

Sir Astley Cooper, Abernethy, Valentine Mott, stood powerless before a withered arm, but this doctor of omnipotent surgery, comes in and He sees the paralytic arm useless and lifeless at the man's side, and Christ says to him, "Stretch forth thine hand," and he stretched it forth whole as the other. He was a God.

Alimentary achievements! He found a lad who had come out of the wilderness with five loaves of bread for a speculation. Perhaps the lad had paid five pennies for the five loaves and expected to sell them for ten pennies, and so he would double his money. Christ took those loaves of bread and performed a miracle by which He fed 7000 famishing people, and I warrant you the lad lost nothing, for there were twelve baskets of fragments taken up, and if the boy had five loaves at the start I warrant you he had at least ten at the close.

The Saviour's mother goes into a neighbor's house to help get up a wedding party. By calculation she finds out that the amount of wine is not sufficient for the guests. She calls in Christ for help, and Christ, not by the slow decay of fermentation, but by a word, makes 130 gallons of pure wine.

Marine achievements! He turns a whole school of fish into the net of men who were mourning over their poor luck, until the boat is so full that they have to halloo to other boats, and the other boats come up, and they are laden to the water's edge with the game, so that the sailors have to be cautious in going from larboard to starboard lest they upset the ship.

Then there comes a squall down through the mountain gorge, and Gennesaret, with long locks of white foam, rises up to battle it, and the boat drops into a trough and ships a sea, and the loosened sails crack in the tornado, and Christ rises from the back part of the boat and comes walking across the staggering ship until He comes to the prow, and there He wipes the spray from His brow and hushes the crying storm on the knee of His omnipotence. Who wrestled down that euroclydon? Whose feet trampled the rough Galilee into a smooth floor?

Let philosophers and anatomists go to Westminster Abbey, and try to wake up Queen Elizabeth or Henry VIII. No human power ever wakened the dead. There is a dead girl in Capernaum. What does Christ do? Alas that she should have died so young and the world so fair! Only twelve years of age. Feel her cold brow and cold hands. Dead, dead! The house is full of weeping. Christ comes, and He takes hold of the hand of the dead girl, and instantly her eyes open, her heart starts. The white lily of death blushes into the rose of life and health. She rushes into the arms of her rejoicing kindred. Who woke up that death? Who restored her to life? A man? Tell that to the lunatics in Bloomingdale asylum. It was Christ the God.

But there comes a test which more than anything else will show whether He was God or man. You remember that great passage which says, "We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ." The earth will be stunned by a blow that will make it stagger in midheaven; the stars will circle like dry leaves in an equinox; the earth will unroll the bodies, and the sky will unroll the spirits, and soul and flesh will come into incorruptible conjunction. Day of smoke and fire and darkness and triumph. On one side, piled up in galleries of light, the one hundred and forty and four thousand—yes, the quintillions—of the saved. On the other side, piled up in galleries of darkness, the frowning, the glaring multitude of those who rejected God.

Between these two piled up galleries a throne, a high throne, a throne standing on two burnished pillars—justice, mercy—a throne so bright you had better hide your eye lest it be extinguished with excess of vision. But it is an empty throne. Who will come up and take it? Will you?

"Ah, no," you say. "I am but a child of dust. I would not dare to climb that throne." Would Gabriel climb it? He dare not. Who will ascend it? Here comes one. His back is to us. He goes up step above step, height above height until He reaches the apex. Then He turns around and faces all the Nations, and we all see who it is. It is Christ, the God, and all earth, and all heaven, and all hell kneel, crying: "It is a God! It is a God!" We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ.

Oh, I am so glad that it is a Divine being who comes to pardon all our sins, to comfort all our sorrows. Sometimes our griefs are so great they are beyond any human sympathy, and we want Almighty sympathy. Oh, ye who cried all last night because of bereavement or loneliness, I want to tell you it is an omnipotent Christ who is come.

When the children are in the house and the mother is dead, the father has to be more gentle in the home, and he has to take the office of father and mother, and it seems to me Christ looks out upon your helplessness, and He proposes to be father and mother to your soul. He comes in the strength of one, in the tenderness of the other. He says with one breath, "As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him," and then with the next breath He says, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." Do you not feel the hush of the divine lullaby?

Oh, put your tired head down on the heaving bosom of divine compassion, while He puts His arms around you and says: "O widowed soul, I will be thy God. O orphaned soul, I will be thy protector. Do not cry." Then He touches your eyelids with His fingers and sweeps His fingers down your cheek and wipes away all the tears of loneliness and bereavement. Oh what a tender and sympathetic God has come for us! I do not ask you to lay hold of Him. Perhaps you are not strong enough for that. I do not ask you to pray. Perhaps you are too bewildered for that. I only ask you to let go and fall back into the arms of everlasting love.

Soon you and I will hear the click of the latch of the door of the sepulcher. Strong men will take us in their arms and carry us down and lay us in the dust, and they cannot bring us back again. I should be scared with infinite fright if I thought I must stay in the grave, if even the body were to stay in the grave. But Christ will come with glorious iconoclasm and split and grind up the rocks and let us all come forth. The Christ of the manger is the Christ of the throne.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Don't have money transactions with your friends if you can avoid them.

There is one sign of breeding vulgarity seldom assumes—simplicity.

The concensus of the science in a central and superior whole is philosophy.

Inspiration is the supplementation of the original act which created the man.

The apt use of symbols is the great art for ruling the operations of human brains.

Idolatry is a disease of the imagination; idealism the aspiration of the spirit.

Symbolism is the translation of the language of one kingdom of being into that of another.

In the recoil of our own spirit and the returns of our own deeds, Nemesis is perpetually born.

All of us know how other people should spend their money.

What a heavy burden is a name that has too soon become famous.

God employs no hired men. His work is all done by His sons.

Even in war moral power is physical as three parts out of four.

He that is good for making excuses is seldom good for anything else.

A bad man can never own anything that is fireproof.

Prejudice is bias independent of the facts.

The richest men don't always know how to be rich.

Do your enemy a favor every chance you get, and it will cut like an ax, if you do it in the right spirit.

If there is honor among thieves they stole it.

The earth is filled with broken silences.

What is most beautiful in a face last longest.

When hope dies hell begins.

All sunshine makes the desert.

Silence is the wit of fools and one of the virtues of the wise.

In Christian life no man can live any higher than he looks.

A genius is a person who finds out things for other people.

The merely surprising surprises but a few times; the intrinsically admirable is ever more and more admired.

History is the conscience of humanity.

THE telephone costs London $100; Paris, $80; Berlin, $80; Naples, $25; Rome, $20; Switzerland, from $19 to $24. Last year the net profits of the Metropolitan Company, of New York City, were about $3,400,000. How long, O, Bell? how long?

MITCHELL has accepted conditionally the opportunity to fight Corbett for $40,000. Next to the fact that the dog of Col. North has returned from wandering to and fro upon the earth, this is probably the cream of international sporting news.

TELEGRAMS from Washington indicate that the naval authorities have not decided whether to paint Uncle Sam's warships green or black. If they can't be painted red, as the young officers would prefer, then let them be green, by all means, to please the majority of the crews.

THE employment of the Pinkerton hirelings at Homestead has had one good result. It has secured from the House of Representatives of the Pennsylvania Legislature the passage of a bill prohibiting the employment of other than citizens of the State in the preservation of the peace.

EMIN PASHA'S latest death is ascribed to the violent dislike of a native. Emin has heretofore perished by famine, pestilence and war, to say nothing of poison, tigers, snakes and heart-failure. The cat, with only nine lives, must turn an eye glowing green with envy, in the direction of the African traveler.

THE recent legislation in Maine bearing upon fire insurance, it is thought, may lead to the retirement of companies from the State; as was the case in New Hampshire a few years ago. Some of the companies, regarding it as a sort of prohibitory insurance legislation, are considering the question of withdrawing their agencies.

A PECULIAR weekly recently made the following statement: "To be born of water is to come into knowledge of divine scientifics, through the application of which the new immortal body is structured." It is not too much to say that this thought would never have occurred to the average mind, and possibly had it occurred, would not have been recognized as a thought.

Do not act the rascal with your farm, by taking from it more than you give back to it in the way of fertilizers.

If you can see nothing but the bad, put your eyes. Better be blind than unable to see the beautiful and good.

SPRING TIME.

I.

Lo! Winter departs, his bleak kingdom resigning,
And everything welcomes the life-bringing breeze.
Lo! again in the fields flocks and herd are reclining,
And again the green leafage is decking the trees.

II.

Say, why is the earth with its glorie so teeming?
And why are the meadows with flowers so bright?
Say, why are the heavens with new loveliness beaming
In fathomless depths of celestial light?

III.

And why do the birds, their green shelter despising,
Soar aloft to the skies on contemptuous wing?
These all are the signs and the beauties arising,
Like heralds proclaiming the coming of Sprnig.

IV.

Lo! woodland and field are with fragrance abounding,
And all Nature smiles, and is happy and gay;
Lo! the air with the music of birds is resounding,
And the nightingale carols her favorite lay.

ABBY GOVE'S PET BUTTERFLY.

"IT FLEW IN AT HER WINDOW THE DAY AFTER THE QUAKER POET WAS BURIED.

"Did you ever hear of a pet butterfly?" asked a woman the other day.

"No; why, did you?"

"Yes, and I will tell you about it. You know, for several summers past, previous to his death, John G. Whittier passed the season at Hampton Falls, New Hampshire, at the old Gove homestead. The only member of the old name now left there is Miss Abby Gove, to whom Whittier was greatly attached. The day following Whittier's funeral, which service was held at the old house, Miss Gove opened the windows of the quaint, old-timey 'keeping room,' and following the burst of sunlight and summer breeze came a large golden-brown butterfly. It lighted on the casement, its pulsating wings a bronze dazzle of color. Quakeress as she was, Miss Gove gave the tiny guest welcome, and left it to enjoy its rest. The following day it was there just the same, and it flew about the room making light, graceful poises between its flittings. Three days passed, but the butterfly remained. On the fourth day Miss Gove took it, with gentle touch, putting it outside the window, thinking perhaps it might have forgotten the way to liberty. But on the next day, when the window was opened, the little guest came back. Twice afterward it was put out of doors, but it invariably returned. Miss Gove then took a plate and one of the old-fashioned wire screens, such as are associated in one's mind with the cheese dish on the farmer's dinner table, and taking the butterfly, she put it on the plate, covering it with the screen. It seemed contented and happy. Food was required for it, so its owner bought a toy cup, in which she mixed honey and water, and this the tiny insect evidently approved. A new cage, like that used to house canary birds, was bought, and around it a piece of fine wire netting was placed. This is the butterfly's permanent home now. It has learned to know and to be fond of Miss Gove. When she opens the door of the cage the butterfly poises at once on her outstretched hand, and while there makes a purring noise, exactly similar to that of a contented kitten, only of slightly less volume of sound. If any one comes near Miss Gove the insect flies away, seemingly much perturbed, but when the stranger withdraws it returns to her hand, resuming its happy purr. Its mistress now always feeds it. Its method of absorbing its food is this: The cup of honey and water, being held in the hand of Miss Gove, the butterfly lights on her finger, and runs out a needle-like proboscis an inch and a half long; this it thrusts into the liquid curling it around on the surface of the substance; then it thrusts, with quick strokes, the end of this natural tube into its mouth. When it has eaten all it wants, the proboscis is drawn in, and it is then that the purring is loudest. I saw it eating a meal the other day, and it was a curious sight, but to hear the song of comfort it purred forth afterward was to me more wonderful. Miss Gove takes it about with her, and last week, while visiting Mrs. Elizabeth B. Chace, of Pawtucket, R. I., the curious little pet attracted wide attention from callers.

"Has it seemed to languish or decrease in size?" asked one interested listener.

"Not at all; it appears healthy, brisk and happy, and its mistress has a great affection for this singular creature."

"Does anybody say it is Whittier's soul come back in new guise?' inquired an imaginative hearer.

"No, but somebody did say that were the gentle old poet alive he would write some words about it that would outlive the butterfly by a century."

FUNNY NO ONE THOUGHT OF IT BEFORE.

It has remained for a woman to invent and patent glass doors for ovens. The wonder is that the idea has not long ago been thought of by some woman who cooks. All cooking instructors lay the greatest stress on the care to be observed opening an oven door to watch the progress of cakes and muffins. Maria Parloa making sponge cake touches the knob with the most delicate care and lightness, dreading even to jar the cake within, and peeks through the smallest crack that will afford the necessary glance. What a relief to walk boldly up to the oven and through these transparent doors which the genius of a Michigan woman has discovered study at leisure the progress of rising cake dough or crisping fowl.

Flies, white in all respects excepting their eyes, which were red, were found in an old mine recently reopened in Bangor, California. The insects, upon being exposed to the light under glass, regained their lost color.

EXPERIENCE teaches us that luxurious self-indulgence and hard-heartedness toward others in one and the same race.

THINGS OLD AND NEW.

It has been discovered that drafts bills of exchange and promissory notes were in use among the ancient Babylonians.

The longest single span of wire in the world is used for a telegraph wire, and is stretched over the river Kistnah, between Bezorah and Sectanagrum, India. It is over 6,000 feet long, and is stretched from the top of one mountain to another.

The name, Sandwich Islands, is English. When Captain Cook discovered the group in 1778, about a century after the Spaniards had first landed there, he christened them in honor of Lord Sandwich, of the English Admiralty, who had taken much interest in Cook's voyage in the Pacific. It is said that his lordship was the originator of the food combination known as the sandwich.

The tea plant was known in England so early as 1650, and in 1660 it began to be used as a rare luxury in the London coffee-houses. It was nearly 100 years before the exports were very large or its use became extensive in England and in the English-American colonies. In 1770, the cultivation of the tea plant was undertaken in Georgia, and from time to time the attempt has been renewed.

Some bridge builders who were sinking a caisson in the middle of the Missouri River at Bellefontaine, discovered at the depth of a 110 feet a human skull, resting on a stratum of limestone. It is supposed to be a relic of the glacial period.

In Arizona, a short distance east of the Tucson oracle stage road, is a rock which bears a striking resemblance to a camel. It is about sixty feet high, and no effort of imagination is required to perceive the wonderful similarity of the rock to a camel.

Sable Island, which is about a hundred miles nearly east of Halifax, has lately changed its position. Sailors never know whether last year's chart is a safe guide for navagation in the adjacent waters. Many a ship has been wrecked upon its treacherous coast. It has been called the Cemetery of the Ocean, and it deserves the name. It would have no population if the Canadian government did not find it necessary to support a score or so of people there to look after the lighthouses and care for castaways who are thrown upon the island.

Twelve hundred beds at a penny a night each, are offered to London's homeless poor in a new Salvation Army shelter, erected on the bank of the Thames, near Blackfriars' Bridge.

It is designed to revive at Covent Garden this summer Halevy's "La Juive," last given in London forty years ago under Sir Michael Costa, with Mario and Tamberlik.

The Paris hot-water fountains, for the use of the poor, supply eight quarts of heated water for one cent.

Every gem known to the lapidary has been found in the United States.

OUR NATIONAL EMBLEM.

What plant of our splendid flora shall we choose for a national emblem? asks Edna Dean Proctor in the March *Ladies' Home Journal*, and her answer is an interesting one.

It should be one which is purely American, which is wide-spread, distinct in character and rich in association. The plant which fulfills these conditions in the highest degree, and from its importance transcends them all, is our stately grain, the maize—the corn. It is indigenous to America, and peculiar to it—never a kernel elsewhere in the world until carried from here. It grows, in many varieties, from Northern Canada to Southern Chili. With its commanding height, its graceful, curving leaves, its crown of flowers, its silken tassels and plant husks—Nature's choicest wrappings for her stateliest grain—and, above all, for its golden ears, true cornucopias, symbols of abundance and joy, it is distinguished for beauty and dignity and individuality. It is associated with all life on this continent. It was the food, with game, of the primitive peoples here—of the wandering tribes, the Aztecs, the Incas—and the object of their prayers and thanksgivings in songs and dances and rituals, as it is of their descendants to-day. Among ourselves it is our most important grain product, nearly equaling in value that of all the other cereals together. Then it lends itself with such effect to decoration. Its leaves, its flowers, its tassels, its ears, with their varied tints and forms, make it unrivaled for artistic use. And always it is so unique, so American! The eagle flies for other lands, the maize is native only of our own. Let the States choose each what flower they will; but for a National emblem let us have the only plant that is American enough to symbolize us—the maize, the corn.

The arbutus and the golden rod,
The heart of the North may cheer,
And the mountain laurel for Maryland
Its royal clusters rear.
And jasmine and magnolia
The crest of the South adorn.
But the wide Republic's emblem
Is the bounteous golden Corn!

M. H. Correvon, Director of the Jardin d'Acclimatation, Geneva, writes to the *Gardeners' Chronicle* that he has received from the mountainous regions of Servia and Montenegro several interesting plants which have not been introduced into cultivation. One of them is Chrysanthemum cinerariæfolium, which has large and beautiful flowers and long-stalked leaves, double-lobed. Another is Alyssum repens, from Mount Durmitor, where it was collected at an elevation of 6,000 feet. It is a dwarf-spreading species, with yellow flowers, which surpass in beauty those of most other Alyssums. From the Southern Caucasus, at an altitude of 2,000 feet, comes a beautiful Foxglove, Digitalis ciliata, which resembles D. grandiflora somewhat, and is an erect, graceful plant, which flowers freely from June to September.

AFTER all, getting grapes from your neighbor's vines is only a matter of pluck.

ONE can journey with delight in the ideal, but one reposes well only in the reality.

ENVELOPED in a common mist, we seem to walk in clearness ourselves, and behold only the mist that enshrouds others.

THE sweetest music is not in the oratorio, but in the human voice when it speaks in tones of tenderness, truth or courage.

A RECONCILIATION.

BY ELLA DIETZ CLYMER.

I do not know
If I were wrong or you;
It grieves me so
To think I gave you pain
That I my gift must rue,
And take it back again.

I do not know
If you or I were right;
Your tears have caused me woe,
And if you weep again
I shall grow more contrite,
And covet all your pain.

I do not know
Nor care which one was right;
For when your dear eyes flow
I cannot speak for pain,
And tear-mists blind my sight
Until you smile again.

So let it go—
We may have both been wrong,
Or partly so;
But sin is purged by pain,
And royal souls are strong
To wound and heal again.

Bazar.

ANIMAL TRIALS BY JURY.

BY ALEX. H. JAPP.

There can be no doubt that in animals the sense of justice is more or less developed, and that in some instances it reaches a very high level. Not only do they individually exercise the revenge for injuries which Lord Bacon defined as a kind of wild justice; but, in certain circumstances, they will combine for protection, and actually proceed precisely as men do in parliaments and in law courts against enemies to the common good. This is especially noticeable among certain orders of birds, but it is not unknown among mammals either; the most careful observers and the closest thinkers, however sceptical of many stories, having to admit that, in not a few of the most remarkable cases reported, there could be no room to doubt that animals had instituted law courts, conducted what were really trials by jury, and appointed certain of their number to see the sentence carried out—that is, to act as executioners of the will of the majority, or of the whole met in solemn council. A few of the most striking and thoroughly verified instances may be given, and, we think, cannot fail of interest for our readers.

Among the beavers it is undoubted that courts were held, and judicial functions exercised, and the sentences carried out with most exact discipline. This is proved by the fact that near to every beaver settlement there exists a class of what are called "bachelor beavers." This is composed of two sections, old males who had lost their mates and were held to be no longer of true use to the community, and younger "bachelors" who had been expelled the settlement for misconduct, idleness, and laziness, more generally theft, and by a jury awarded a sentence of perpetual exclusion, a sort of penal servitude, which all the community of beavers were bound to join in order to see thoroughly carried out. These "bachelors" live alone, not in warm houses protected by dams, as in community, but in holes in the banks of the rivers—prison cells, in fact—where they just manage to live, and where they can at a pinch succeed in storing sufficient winter food. Sometimes their privations must be great, but there is no escape for them. If they endeavor to build a proper beaver house—at all events, within ken of any of their old associates—it is reported, and it becomes the bounden duty of members of the community to turn out and destroy what has been done. Penal servitude among beavers really exists, as it does among us. The beaver-thief is compelled to work hard, in isolation from his family, and yet cannot secure the most primary personal comforts—cannot exercise himself in that craft of construction in which he alone can find true pleasure. He must atone to society for his fault, just as our convicted prisoners do. Anyone who has seen the beavers at the Zoological Gardens ceaselessly comforting themselves and passing their time in constructing houses that they do not need, will realize what a punishment a jury of beavers mete out to one of their own kind who is idle or lazy, or has been guilty of theft, or violated any of the essential laws of the beaver community, when they make him a "bachelor" beaver and will not let him erect a house near to them.

Dogs will often sit as jurymen in cases of any wrong from which they have all alike suffered. I know one case in which this happened. A big, rough dog, a cross between a collie and a hound—a sort of lurcher, in fact, which used daily to accompany a milk-cart into the town I come from, had for a long time borne the character of a surly tyrant, dealing blows, in the shape of bites, to the little dogs in the town, till more than one of them bore his memorial marks on head or body. He was a big bully of the worst sort, ill-used dogs smaller than himself, and took care not to meddle with a bigger one. With a friend I was walking in the twilight one evening, along a lane a little distance from the town, and not far from the farm where that big, rough lurcher stayed. What was our surprise to be overtaken by a bevy of dogs, big and little, some dozen or fifteen of them rushing past us from the town with such speed that they made quite a wind as they went. Next day, we heard that Nelson's "Victor" had been found in a dreadful condition at his master's door, bleeding and torn, and with just life left in him and no more. A very noticeable change was to be detected in him when he got better after that, and came into town as before. He did not meddle with the little dogs any more; but kept close beneath the master's cart, instead of roaming about and dealing punishment to smaller specimens. It was a matter of common remark, indeed, that Nelson's "Victor" was a changed dog. Are we not justified in assuming that the dogs had sat as a jury on it—perhaps engaged one or two bigger dogs in their cause—and themselves proceeded, as we saw them, to be the executioners of the law? The dogs acted precisely as boys at school do, when at length they find out "the bully," and, led by a lad of energy, determine to teach him better manners and put him down.

Among birds the exercise of judicial functions is still more common. Who has not heard accounts of trials by jury among crows? At the building time more especially, young crows will be found rather apt to try to save themselves the trouble of foraging for the necessary sticks and lining mat rials, and will go and pull a bit or two out from the nest of another pair more advanced in their work, and during their absence. Found out in their pilfering, the offending pair are taught that, whatever the crows may do outside their settlement, no thieving is allowed among themselves. Crow courts, or trials by jury, have often been observed and described. What a chattering and loud caw-cawing there is—these are the calls to come to court. Then one old fellow, the head villageman, patriarch, or chief, who for years on years "has led the clanging rookery home," as the poet sings, takes up the parable and addresses his companions in the most solemn judicial tones. Then there follows the chorus of agreement in the law laid down, "caw, caw," "hear hear," "let judgment be done," and straightway the nest of the offending pair is torn to pieces, to be worked into other nests by-and-by, and the offenders are driven out—for a time at all events—to find a site for their nest-building and pairing elsewhere than with their own family or tribe.

Mr. Romanes in his "Animal Intelligence," into which he admits no statement that he had not thoroughly verified, gave the following at page 324, from the pen of the late Bishop of Carlisle:—

"I have seen a jackdaw in the midst of a congregation of rooks, apparently being tried for some misdemeanor. First, Jack made a speech, which was answered by a general cawing of the rooks; this subsiding, Jack again took up his parable, and the rooks in their turn replied in chorus. After a time, the business, whatever it was, appeared to be settled satisfactorily. If Jack was on his trial, as he seemed to be, he was honorably acquitted by acclamation; for he went to his home in the towers of Ely Cathedral, and the rooks also went their way."

Even the shy and shrinking swallows have been known to sit as a jury and to resolve on combined action against an enemy. Here's a story of the way in which the wiles of a cat to make prey of some of their number were defeated by them. It was told and vouched for by the Rev. Philip Skelton:—

"I once saw a remarkable instance of the sense and humor of the swallows played off upon a cat which had, on a very fine day, placed herself on the top of a gate-post, as if in quiet contemplation, when about a dozen swallows, knowing her to be an enemy, took it into their heads to tantalize her. One of these birds, coming from behind, flew across to her ear, and she made a snatch at it, but it was too late. Another, in five or six seconds, did the same, and she made the same unsuccessful attempt to catch it. Then followed a third, and a fourth, and all the rest; and every one, when it passed, seemed to set up a laugh at the disappointed enemy. Then they formed a kind of circle in the air, and flew round and round her for nearly an hour; till at last pussy, tired of being made a butt of, jumped down and fled, as much baffled, I believe, as I had been diverted."

There are certain insects which very closely imitate the colors of bees, and intrude themselves into the hives of these bees, with the definite object of robbing them of their honey. When they are detected there is great excitement in the hive, one bee communicating to another, and considerable disorder seems to prevail, until, finally, a sort of court is held, after which the business of dealing with the intruders comes on, when a certain number of bees, as though deputed for the purpose, proceed to seize with their pincers the unlucky personator, and either turn him out or tear him to pieces.

Here is another instance of jury-like deliberation issuing in definitely concerted action for punishment, on the part of ducks, not generally credited with much cleverness or power of united action, vouched for by another clergyman. He writes:—

"One more anecdote in evidence of the sagacity of the duck. I had five Aylesbury ducks, with a number of fowls. The lord of the yard, a most despotic chanticleer, would never suffer the ducks to feed with his family and friends when, at the regular meal-times, the grain was scattered for their common use. Ferociously and without pity he drove them from the ground. This had been going on for many weeks, and one day, at the usual twelve o'clock repast, the act of expulsion was performed as usual. I was present, and saw the discomfited ducks retire to another corner of the yard. There they evidently held a conference, or resolved themselves into a jury. Having been so engaged some five minutes, they proceeded with deliberate and resolute air, in single file, as is their wont, towards their oppressor. Having reached the tyrant, they surrounded him, each duck turned his posterior towards the enemy, and with concerted action fairly hustled him clean out of the yard. To see the surprise of the cock, as he jumped from side to side to avoide the pressure of the attacking party, was ludicrous in the extreme. The victory was complete, from that hour the ducks were never again molested."

Now, concerted action, in all these cases, with a definite penal purpose, could only have resulted from conference at which a systematic process of procedure was settled on. That the animals perfectly understood and agreed to this was essential to success. We might cite many more cases, but the principle in all is the same—the recognition of a common cause, or right, or interest first; next, the full consciousness that individual action could not avail, but that united action would prevail. There could hardly be a higher or more definite proof of the exercise of reason. The animals suffer from the fact that they have no clerks to make record for them, as we human beings have; but human beings, observing their action are compelled to draw certain inferences, that animals, the more closely they are observed, reveal more and more likenesses to men, even in the higher aspects of moral and social development. Surely, that nice observer and thorough lover of the animals, Henry Thoreau, was right when he summed up his deliberate conviction in the words, "Animals are undeveloped men standing on their defence awaiting their transformation.

The Bones of Daniel Boone.

Daniel Boone's remains were brought back from Missouri and placed beneath a big limestone rock looking down upon the Kentucky River, but before his coffin was sealed his skull was taken out and a cast was made of it. The cast of the skull of the great pioneer occupies a dusty shelf, in a dusty case in the apartment occupied by one of his descendants, C. J. Norwood, who is now State Inspector of Mines. Below this room is the land office, in which are preserved many of the documents in the way of records of original surveys prepared by Boone himself, written and signed with his own goose-quill, "D. Boone." But it does not seem that this preservation of a cast of the skull of the hard-headed old pioneer is inappropriate.—Courier-Journal.

TWO BOYS.

BY C. E. JOHNSTONE, B. A.

A youth of high degree:
His wavy locks well smalmed with redolent cosmetic,
Who goes, like Agag, somewhat mincingly,
Bad form to seem too energetic."

An oily, placid smirk
Plays softly round the cherub's angel feature,
To show the scorn that in his heart doth lurk
For all his paltry fellow-creatures.

* * * * *

A chubby, grubby boy,
Whose face and collar frequent drops of ink bespatter;
Mere dirt cannot his happiness destroy,
Whose motto is "It doesn't matter."

His rebel hair is rough,
With tie ill-tied, and boots both innocent of lacing;
His fingers "sickled o'er" with sugar-stuff;
His only art is making faces.

* * * * * *

The one "a little dear,"
His mother says, nor marks his most offensive swagger.
The other—no such paragon I fear,
But just "a jolly little beggar."

COLONEL POPE'S GOOD WORK.

We have long been w