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

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REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Comfort for Business Men."

TEXT: "*Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem.*"—Isaiah xl., 2.

What an awful six weeks in commercial circles! The crashing of banks from San Francisco to New York and from ocean to ocean. The complete uncertainty that has halted all styles of business for three months and the pressure of the money market for the last year have put all bargain makers at their wits' end. Some of the best men in the land have faltered—men whose hearts are enlisted in every good work and whose hands have blessed every great charity. The church of God can afford to extend to them her sympathies and plead before heaven with all availing prayer. The schools such men have established, the churches they have built, the asylums and beneficent institutions they have fostered, will be their eulogy long after their banking institutions are forgotten.

Such men can never fail. They have their treasures in banks that never break and will be millionaires forever. The stringency of the money market, I am glad to say, begins to relax. May the wisdom of Almighty God come down upon our National legislature at their convening next month in Washington and such results be reached as shall restore confidence and revive trade and multiply prosperities! Yet not only now in the time of financial disaster, but all through life, our active business people have a struggle, and I think it will be appropriate and useful for me to talk about their trials and try to offer some curative prescriptions.

In the first place, I have to remark that a great many of our business men feel ruinous trials and temptations coming to them from small and limited capital in business. It is everywhere understood that it takes now three or four times as much to do business well as once it did. Once a few hundred dollars were turned into goods—the merchant would be his own store sweeper, his own salesman, his own bookkeeper. He would manage all the affairs himself, and everything would be net profit. Wonderful changes have come. Costly apparatus, extensive advertising, exorbitant store rents, heavy taxation, expensive agencies, are only parts of the demand made upon our commercial men, and when they have found themselves in such circumstances with small capital they have sometimes been tempted to run against the rocks of moral and financial destruction.

This temptation of limited capital has ruined men in two ways. Sometimes they have shrunk down under the temptation. They have yielded the battle before the firs, shot was fired. At the first hard gun they surrendered. Their knees knocked together at the fall of the auctioneer's hammer. The, blanched at the financial peril. They di, not understand that there is such a thing a heroism in merchandise, and that there are Waterloos of the counter, and that a man can fight no braver battle with the sword than he can with the yardstick.

Their souls melted in them because sugars were up when they wanted to buy and down when they wanted to sell and unsalable goods were on the shelf and bad debts in their ledger. The gloom of their countenances overshadowed even their dry goods and groceries. Despondency, coming from limited capital, blasted them. Others have felt it in a different way. They have said: "Here I have been trudging along. I have been trying to be honest all these years. I find it is of no use. Now it is make or break."

The small craft that could have stood the stream is put out beyond the lighthouse on the great sea of speculation. Stocks are the dice with which he gambles. He bought for a few dollars vast tracts of western land. Some man at the east living on a fat homestead meets this gambler of fortune and is persuaded to trade off his estate here for lots in a western city with large avenues and costly palaces and lake steamers smoking at the wharves and rail trains coming down with lightning speed from every direction. There it is all on paper! The city has never been built nor the railroads constructed, but everything points that way, and this fine thing will be done as sure as you live. And that is the process by which many have been tempted through limitation of capital into labyrinths from which they could not be extricated.

I would not want to chain honest enterprise. I would not want to block up any of the avenues for honest accumulation that open before young men. On the contrary, I would like to cheer them on and rejoice when they reach the goal, but when there are such multitudes of men going to ruin for this life and the life that is to come through wrong notions of what are lawful spheres of enterprise it is the duty of ministers of religion and the friends of all young men to utter a plain, emphatic, unmistakable protest. These are the influences that drown men in destruction and perdition.

Again, a great many of our business men are tempted to over-anxiety and care. You know that nearly all commercial businesses are overdone in this day. Smitten with the love of quick gain, our cities are crowded with men resolved to be rich at all hazards. They do not care how money comes. Our best merchants are thrown into competition with men of no premises and less conscience, and if an opportunity of accumulation be neglected one hour some one else picks it up. From January to December the struggle goes on. Night gives no quiet to limbs tossing in restlessness, nor to a brain that will not stop thinking. The dreams are harrowed by imaginary loss and flashed with imaginary gains. Even the Sabbath cannot dam back the tide of anxiety, for this wave of worldliness dashes clear over the churches and leaves its foam on Bibles and prayer books.

Men who are living on salaries or by the culture of the soil cannot understand the wear and tear of body and mind to which our merchants are subjected when they do not know but that their livelihood and their business honor are dependent upon the uncertainties of the next hour. This excitement of the brain, this corroding care of the heart, this strain of effort that exhausts the spirit, sends a great many of our best men in midlife to the grave. They find that Wall street does not end at the East River. It ends at Greenwood! Their life dashed out against money safes. They go with their store on their back. They trudge like camels, sweating from Aleppo to Damascus. They make their life a crucifixion. Standing behind desks and counters, banished from the fresh air, weighed down by carking cares, they are so many suicides.

Oh, I wish I could to-day rub out some of these lines of care; that I could lift some of the burdens from the heart; that I could give relaxation to some of these worn muscles! It is time for you to begin to take it a little easier. Do your best, and then trust God for the rest. Do not fret. God manages all the affairs of your life, and He manages them for the best. Consider the lilies—they always have robes. Behold the fowls of the air—they always have nests. Take a long breath. Bethink betimes that God did not make you a pack horse. Dig yourselves out from among the hogsheads and the shelves, and in the light of the holy Sabbath day resolve that you will give to the winds your fears, and your fretfulness, and your distresses. You brought nothing into the world, and it is very certain you can carry nothing out. Having food and raiment, be therewith content.

The merchant came home from the store. There had been great disaster there. He opened the front door and said in the midst of his family circle: "I am ruined. Everything is gone. I am all ruined!" His wife said, "I am left," and the little child threw up its hands and said, "Paps, I am here." The aged grandmother seated in the room said, "Then you have all the promises of God beside, John." And he burst into tears and said: "God forgive me that I have been so ungrateful. I find I have a great many things left. God forgive me."

Again, I remark that many of our business men are tempted to neglect their home duties. How often it is that the store and the home seem to clash, but there ought not to be any collision. It is often the case that the father is the mere treasurer of the family, a sort of agent to see that they have dry goods and groceries. The work of family government he does not touch. Once or twice in a year he calls the children up on a Sabbath afternoon when he has a half hour he does not exactly know what to do with, and in that half hour he disciplines the children and chides them and corrects their faults and gives them a great deal of good advice, and then wonders all the rest of the year that his children do not do better when they have the wonderful advantage of that semi-annual castigation.

The family table, which ought to be the place for pleasant discussion and cheerfulness, often becomes the place of perilous expedition. If there be any blessing asked at all, it is cut off at both ends, and with the hand on the carving knife. He counts on his fingers, making estimates in the interstices of the repast. The work done, the hat goes to the head, and he starts down the street, and before the family has risen from the table he has bundled up another bundle of goods and says to the customer, "Anything more I can do for you to-day, sir?"

A man has more responsibilities than those which are discharged by putting competent instructors over his children and giving them a drawing master and music teacher. The physical culture of the child will not be attended to unless the father looks to it. He must sometimes lose his dignity. He must unlimber his joints. He must sometimes lead them out to their sports and games. The parent who cannot forget the severe duties of life sometimes to fly the kite, and trundle the hoop, and chase the ball, and jump the rope with his children ought never to have been tempted out of a crusty and unredeemable solitariness.

If you want to keep your children away from places of sin, you can only do it by making your home attractive. You may preach sermons and advocate reforms and denounce wickedness, and yet your children will be captivated by the glittering saloon of sin unless you can make your home a brighter place than any other place on earth to them. Oh, gather all charms into your house! If you can afford it bring books and pictures and cheerful entertainments to the household. But, above all, teach those children, not by half an hour twice a year on the Sabbath day, but day after day, and every day teach them that religion is a great gladness that throws chains of gold about the neck; that it takes no spring from the foot, no biliousness from the heart, no sparkle from the eye, no ring from the laughter, but that "her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

I sympathize with the work being done in many of our cities by which beautiful rooms are set apart by our Young Men's Christian Associations, and I pray God to prosper them in all things. But, I tell you, there is something back of that and before that. We need more happy, consecrated, cheerful Christian homes in America.

Have you ever ciphered out in the rule of loss and gain the sum, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?" However fine your apparel, the winds of death will flutter it like rags. Homespun and a threadbare coat have sometimes been the shadow of coming robes made white in the blood of the Lamb. The pearl of great price is worth more than any gem you can bring from the ocean, than Australian or Brazilian mines strung in one caravan. Seek after God, find His righteousness, and all shall be well here; all shall be well hereafter.

But I must have a word with those who during the present commercial calamities have lost heavily, or perhaps lost all their estate. If a man lose his property at 30 or 40 years of age, it is only a sharp discipline generally by which later he comes to larger success. It is all folly for a man to sit down in midlife discouraged. The marshals of Napoleon came to their commander and said, "We have lost the battle and we are being cut to pieces." Napoleon took his watch from his pocket and said, "It is only 2 o'clock in the afternoon. You have lost that battle, but you have time enough to win another. Charge upon the foe!"

Though the meridian of life has passed with you and you have been routed in many a conflict, give not up in discouragement. There are victories yet for you to gain. But sometimes monetary disaster comes to a man when there is something in his age or something in his health or something in his surroundings which make him know well that he will never get up again.

In 1857 it was estimated that for many years previous to that time annually there had been 30,000 failures in the United States. Many of those persons never recovered from the misfortune. But let me give a word of comfort in passing. The sheriff may sell you out of many things, but there are some things of which he cannot sell you out. He cannot sell out your health. He cannot sell out your family. He cannot sell out your Bible. He cannot sell out your God. He cannot sell out your heaven. You have more than you have lost.

Sons and daughters of God, children of an eternal and all loving Father, mourn not when your property goes. The world is yours, and life is yours, and death is yours, and immortality is yours, and thrones of imperial grandeur are yours, and rivers of gladness are yours, and shining mansions are yours, and God is yours. The eternal God has sworn it, and every time you doubt it you charge the King of heaven and earth with perjury. Instead of complaining how hard you have it, go home, take up your Bible full of promises, get down on you knees before God and thank Him for what you have instead of spending so much time in complaining about what you have not.

Some of you remember the shipwreck of the Central America. This noble steamer had, I think, about 500 passengers aboard. Suddenly the storm came, and the surges trampled the decks and swung into the hatches, and there went up a hundred voiced death shriek. The foam on the jaw of the wave; the pitching of the steamer as though it were leaping a mountain; the dismal flare of the signal rockets; the long cough of the steam pipes, the hiss of the extinguished furnaces; the walking of God on the wave! The steamer went not down without a struggle.

As the passengers stationed themselves in rows to bale out the vessel, hark to the thump of the buckets as men unused to toil, with blistered hands and strained muscle, tug for their lives. There is a sail seen against the sky. The flash of the distress gun is sounded. Its voice is heard not, for it is choked in the louder booming of the sea. A few passengers escaped, but the steamer gave one great lurch and was gone! So there are some men who sail on prosperously in life. All's well, all's well. But at last some financial disaster comes—a cyclone down. Down they go! the bottom of this commercial sea strewn with shattered hulks.

But because your property goes do not let your soul go. Though all else perish, save that, for I have to tell you of a more stupendous shipwreck than that which I have just mentioned. God launched this world 6000 years ago. It has been going on under freight of mountains and immortals, but one day it will stagger at the cry of fire. The timbers of rock will burn, the mountains flame like masts and the clouds like sails in the judgment hurricane. Then God shall take the passengers off the deck, and from the berths those who have long been asleep in Jesus, and He will set them far beyond the reach of storm and peril.

But how many shall go down? That will never be known until it shall be announced one day in heaven—the shipwreck of a world. Oh, my dear hearers, whatever you lose, though your houses go, though your lands go, though all your earthly possessions perish, may Almighty God, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, save all your souls.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

All things may be remedied but discontent.

There is no virtue so great and godlike as justice.

Don't try to please everybody except yourself.

You don't have to be disagreeable to be good.

Committees are admirable things, but it has been said "if the ark had been built by a committee it would not have been finished yet.

No one ought to complain if the world measures him as he measures others. To measure one with his own yardstick may be hard, but it is also fair.

To wish for a star is childhood's pretty folly. Yet he who has not suffered from this malady will never seize the coveted treasure, be it but a glow-worm.

The loss of self-respect is the beginning of the habit of meanness.

He who looks after pennies ought to give away the dollars.

The smallest bird is the West India humming bird. The body is less than an inch long and weighs only twenty grains.

Early Christian art was wholly symbolic; the lamb typified Christ, the fish baptism.

NEW RESOLVES.

BY ISABELLA FRAIR MATO.

Lord, I would leave the world apart
To spend a happy time with thee.
To feel Thee dwelling in my heart
To calm and cheer and counsel me.

But ere Thy presence I invite,
I must sweep pride and wrath away
Must make my conscience sweet and white,
Wide open to Thy blessed day.

Lo! When I turn me to my task
I find Thou dost its labors share;
For Thou art come before I ask,
And for Thyself, Thou dost prepare!

Michel Perrin's Benefactor.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MME. DE BAWR, BY ISABEL SMITHSON.

"There is no doubt about it. My duty is to go away as soon as possible. I know very well that Madeleine has sold her watch. She works from morning till night, but one woman's needle cannot support two persons. I ought to have gone long ago. But where can I go—without friends, without money? How can I earn my living, when I know no more of the world than a new-born babe! It does not matter, however, I will go if I have to beg on the highway—even though I die of hunger."

This monologue was uttered at Dijon, in the year VIII, of the Republic, in a little room, which is perhaps still in existence, and which was then occupied by the former cure of a little village of the Department of the Cote d' Or.

Michel Perrin, who until now had lived only to do good to others, to pray to God, and to work in the little garden of the parsonage, had been driven away from this home, where twenty-two years of his peaceful life had been passed. Deprived of the modest salary attached to his position, persecuted by some of the officials of the Republican Government, and suspected by all, the poor cure had wandered for a long time from village to village, partly to escape arrest, and partly to seek aid from persons whose gratitude he had earned in happier times. He had lived in Dijon for about a year, having joined his sister, who had always been the sole mistress of his house, and who was now his only support.

Madeleine Perrin, on being obliged to leave the parsonage, had gone at once to Dijon, hoping to find there some old acquaintances, and to live by her needle. She had succeeded in utilizing her skill in needle-work so far as to provide amply for her own wants, but when her brother yielded to her earnest entreaties, and came to occupy one of the two tiny rooms which she called her apartment, Madeleine soon realized that a man in the prime of life and with a good appetite was more difficult to feed than to lodge.

She took care, however, to conceal from her dear Michel her anxiety respecting the future of both of them. Any one who heard her singing over her work, or singing, "Come Michel, dinner is ready," as she put a great dish of wheat on the table, would have said to himself, "That is a happy woman!" But every night, as soon as she knew by his regular breathing, that her brother was sleeping soundly, her mind was besieged by a crowd of sad thoughts. The slightest delay in payment on the part of her customers plunged her into difficulties, a week's sickness, therefore, would cause actual want; be ides this, she was ever growing older, being but two years younger than Michel who had just reached his fiftieth year; her sight was beginning to fail, and soon perhaps, she would not be able to sew even with the help of spectacles. It was in vain that poor Madeleine tried to banish these sad anxious thoughts, and more than once, the rising sun lighted her room and summoned her to work again, before she had closed her eyes.

On his part, Michel Perrin discovered the truth, in spite of his sister's efforts to conceal it from him; and from that time he never ceased to make plans for trying to earn a few sous himself, but Madeleine objected strenuously to all those schemes which she thought beneath the dignity of the cure of M——. Only one of his projects met with her approval; she would be willing to see her brother, who was very well educated, give lessons in Greek and Latin, and accordingly, there was not one of her acquaintance possessed of a son or nephew who was not solicited to let the child learn the dead languages, and to choose Michel Perrin for his tutor; but whether it was that the people of Dijon had lost their love for the ancients, or whether they had little confidence in the learning of a village pastor, Madeleine besought in vain of her friends and customers to give for the smallest price, the smallest pupil to her brother.

"He is so clever," she would say. "I wish you could see him at home; he reads nothing but Latin and Greek. However that is nothing to you, there is no use in talking about it," and a deep sigh would follow.

It was true that the good cure had no other amusement than reading and re-reading the volumes of Homer and Tacitus which he had managed to save from the wreck of his home, and which now formed his whole library.

He led a very retired life, taking a solitary walk when the weather was fine, and seldom speaking to any one besides his sister. His affection for Madeleine was so deep that separation from her seemed the greatest misfortune possible to him, and it was in an agony of suspense that he awaited her return whenever she went in quest of pupils for him, and when she came and after kissing him without speaking, set down at once to her work, he would say to himself:

"I must go away."

It was the sale of her beloved watch which decided him, as we have seen.

He had secretly fixed the next week as the date of his departure, when Madeleine came home one day with an unusually thoughtful expression on her face. She seated herself at work near the window, and her brother, who though apparently absorbed in reading, was racking his brain for some means of making a living, was surprised to hear her murmur repeatedly:

"What a pity that Paris is so far away!"

"Why so, dear sister?" he asked.

"Oh, it is wonderful, marvelous!" she exclaimed, "Some people are so lucky."

"You and I are not," said the brother with a sigh.

"No, but your old classmate, Eugene Camus, is. You remember that he went to Paris to find employment! Well, he has come back, and he has secured a salary of two thousand francs, and a position in the Department of Taxes."

"Two thousand francs!" cried the cure, and then he added with a smile, "you are right in saying that some people are lucky, for Eugene Camus was the most idle and ignorant fellow that ever left the College of Juilly."

"Well, he nearly starved in Paris for two or three years, but luck so willed it that another student of the Oratory, Joseph Fouche, of whom you have spoken."

"Oh, Joseph Fouche must be quite a different sort of a man, I am very glad to hear that he still lives. He was a knowing one, and always at the head. He and I were chums at college; he helped me with my studies, and in return I fought for him—I was a solid little fellow, but he was not strong."

"That has not prevented his getting on in the world. He is minister of something, I forget what, but that does not matter; it seems that when one is minister, one can do anything, and since he delights in making the fortunes of his old classmates ——"

"If I were sure of that!" interrupted the cure, excitedly.

"I think he has just proved it by giving Camus such a position. But then Camus was in Paris; he was able to see him."

"Why should not I go to Paris?" cried Michel, starting to his feet. "I will go there, Madeleine; I will see Fouche and speak to him. If he recognized Camus, who was at Juilly for only two years, I am sure he will remember me."

"You want to leave me, Michel?" said the sister sadly, and the cure, sitting down beside her, answered:

"I must leave you, dear, whether I go to Paris or not. You can not earn bread enough for both of us, and nothing that you can say will alter my decision. Paris is the best place for me, because I shall find a friend there."

"But it is so far off," said Madeleine, beginning to cry.

"Bah! Sixty to eighty leagues—what is that to a good walker! The only thing that grieves me is that I shall have to ask you for two or three crowns, with which to buy food on the way. Something tells me that I shall be lucky directly after I reach Paris, and that my first letter will give you good news."

The cure seemed to be so full of hope that Madeleine was comforted, and she even smiled at the thought of her brother's prospects, although he himself was far from being sure of the success of his journey, but reflected that at least he could go on errands or chop wood, where there would be no Madeleine to prevent him.

The preparations for the journey did not take long, and two days later the good woman handed Michel his bundle of clothing to carry on the end of a stick, and a sealed roll of coins, which she said contained eight hundred *sous*; tearfully the brother and sister kissed each other for the hundredth time, and then parted.

Michel Perrin, urged by his anxiety to reach Paris, and his fear of exhausting his funds on the way, walked ten leagues on the first day. But he was much richer than he thought; on the second day his purse was empty, in spite of having lived on bread and cheese, so he opened the roll of coins and his surprise was only equaled by his emotion when he found the three gold pieces besides the forty francs. He was sure that Madeleine could not have raised such a large sum without going into debt, and he resolved to return it to her at the first opportunity.

He took up his abode in the most modest hotel in the city, and lost no time in making inquiries concerning his former college mate. His host informed him that Joseph Fouche was Minister of Police, that all the state officials gave public audiences once a week, but that it would be necessary to send a request in writing for a private reception.

The cure therefore made haste to indite the following;

"Michel Perrin entreats his former college-mate, Joseph Fouche, to receive him as soon as possible. He is lodging at the Hotel *du Soliel*, Moufetard street.

"*Vale et me ama.*"

Michel showed this missive to citizen Legras, his host, and asked his opinion of it.

"The letter is good enough," said Legras, with a wise air, "for it has the merit being short. However, is I were you, I should put, at the beginning, *citizen Minister*, and at the end *with deepest respect*. You see, these republican officials are just as magnificent as of old times; they live in palaces, and have more servants than I have hairs on my head. They call each other "citizen" just as you and I do, it is true, but if any one should calll them "your lordship" they would make no objection, be sure of that."

The cure took his host's advice, but he did not erase the Latin words, for he thought they would recall to Joseph's mind the days when they had sat in the same bench construing Cicero.

Nearly a week passed, and there was no reply, and when the writer asked of the inn-keeper whether it often happened that such an application received no notice at all, Legras cited fifty cases in one breath. The poor priest, therefore, gave up hoping, and wondered what his next step should be.

One evening, however, the porter handed him a letter, and his heart beat more wildly than it had ever done before, as he broke the seal and went towards the candle. The words seemed to him to be written in gold:

"The Minister of Police will receive citizen Michel Perrin, on Thursday the 24th, at one o'clock.

No one who has not walked through the crowded streets of Paris, as our hero had, seeking vainly for a single creature willing to extend to him a helping hand, can understand his joy at having found a protector, and such a powerful one!

Michel could not sleep that night without first writing to Madeleine, telling her that on Thursday he was to see Minister Fouche, and God only knows how much joyous hope these few words conveyed to the brother and sister.

When the appointed day came the cure seated himself in Fouche's anteroom before twelve o'clock, and began repeating to himself the sentences with which he intended to open the conversation with the great man. The evidences of wealth and power which he saw around, however, increased his natural timidity so much that he determined to think of nothing but his college days, and was telling himself for the hundredth time that Joseph Fouche was his classmate, when he was summoned to the minister's cabinet.

Fouche was quite alone, seated at a desk which was covered with papers, and he had hardly raised his head and fixed his little eyes upon the newcomer, when he exclaimed laughingly:

"It is not at all necessary for you to be announced—I could not have passed you on the street without recognizing you!"

This friendly greeting put the cure quite at his ease, and grasping his friend's hand heartily, he replied:

"And you, Citizen Minister, are so little changed that it seems as if we were still at our studies under Father Vieil."

An unwonted expression of cheerfulness spread over the face of Fouche, as if the sight of his college friend was driving away a host of unpleasant memories, or perhaps it reminded the deputy to the convention of the days of his innocence.

"Sit down," he said, in a jovial tone, "and tell me what you have been doing all these years since we parted."

"I was the happiest of men for several years," answered Perrin, "for very soon after taking orders, I became pastor of the prettiest village of Bourgayve."

"A poor business just now, that of being a priest," said Fouche, shaking his head slowly.

"So poor indeed that, having been turned out of my home, ruined and persecuted, I have lived for seven years on the goodness of a few kind souls. At first I was obliged to hide myself, for I was suspected, at least they said so. Now, I ask you, of what would they suspect me? But so it was."

"But when your head was no longer in danger, why did you not think of your pockets?"

"If thinking of them could have filled them, they would have been overflowing a long time ago," said the poor priest with a sigh. "I think that more ideas pass through the mind of a poor devil who wants to earn a crown or two, than passed through Homer's when he was writing the Iliad or the Odyssey."

"And they had no result!"

"None, excepting that I came to Paris——" Michel stopped suddenly, but fixed on his college mate a look which spoke volumes.

"Did you know that I was Minister?"

"Certainly!"

"And you counted on me," said Fouche, in a tone which showed the natural kindness of his heart.

"So much so," replied the poor cure, "that after God, I have no one but you to turn to. Employ me in any way you see fit—necessity does not make one very particular, I will not refuse any work—I must make my living, one way or another."

"You will not refuse any work!" said Fouche in some surprise. "Do you mean to say that you would accept employment in my department?"

"Why, that is all I ask!" cried Perrin, his eyes beaming with joy.

"You will make more money with us, than by being a pastor of souls," said Fouche, looking at Perrin's honest face thoughtfully. "You would be valuable to us—you are not without brains, and you express yourself well."

"A good education always tells," replied Perrin modestly, though he was highly flattered by the compliment.

"Besides which," continued Fouche, "I have perfect confidence in you, while in most of them—"

The door of the room opened, and an attendant announced that the First Consul wanted to see citizen Fouche at the Tuileries immediately. The minister rose hastily and gathered up some papers, packing them into a portfolio with all the eagerness of one who dares not lose a minute.

"And what about me?" cried the cure in dismay, at seeing his friend preparing to leave him without having promised anything.

"Wait," said the Minister, writing a few words hastily, "take this to Desmarest, Chief of Division," then he rushed out of the room and into his carriage.

Perrin glanced at the paper which Fouche had put into his hands, and read the words:

"Desmarest is to employ Michael Perrin and pay him well."

Then he went in search of the personage to whom they were addressed.

He was admitted at once. Citizen Desmarest seemed to him a much more formidable person than Fouche, perhaps because he had never been his classmate.

"Take a seat," said the Chief when he had read the message, "it is evident that the Minister wishes you to correspond directly with me, and not with himself."

Perrin bowed, saying:

"He sent me to you," and then he asked timidly:

"When am I to begin my work?"

"Without a moment's delay." The Minister having directed me to pay you well, doubtless has immediated of your ability and your zeal."

"I can answer for my zeal," replied Perrin, and I hope that with a little practice my ability will equal it."

"No doubt, no doubt. You have been chosen by a man who never makes a mistake. I will put your name on my list, and you will draw twenty francs a day; from this date."

The poor priest could hardly restrain his delight at these words, but he managed to control himself sufficiently to say in a quiet tone, "I hope to prove myself worthy of Minister Fouche's kindness, and of yours, and if you will tell me what I am to do——"

"I have nothing special for you today, but you can come in again this week, and meanwhile, walk about the city, go to the boulevards, and public squares, and dine at the restaurants—always at the best ones."

"Ah, the best restaurants see very little me," said Michel smiling, "they are much too expensive for my purse."

"I understand. You are out of funds at present—I will pay you two weeks in advance. Will that do?"

"Indeed it will, but I do not like to take my wages before I have worked."

"Poh! It is the general custom here; it is not the Minister's intention that you go into the cook-shops."

"What good angel guided me to these charming people?" said Michel Perrin to himself, as he took the money-order, and while he was uttering profuse thanks, the Chief, being very busy, told him to go at once and draw the amount, and not to come back until Monday, unless he had something important to tell.

If the cure's first thought on becoming the possessor of three hundred francs, was of God, his second was of Madeleine; he could not give a thought to his dinner until he had written to the good sister and sent her half his treasure. Then, with a light heart, he resolved to follow the directions of his employer and to enjoy some of the pleasures of Paris.

"I have three whole days in which to do nothing but amuse myself," he said, "my faith! It will not be difficult."

He set off, accordingly, to make a tour of the City of Paris, before so gloomy, muddy, smokey in his eyes, suddenly assumed a smiling aspect; he was never tired of admiring the beautiful monuments, or the superb bridges over the Seine; he thought of the village of M——, and fancied himself in Fairyland; he could not enter a restaurant to drink a bottle of beer without being dazzled by the luxury he saw around him.

"I wish to heaven that Madeleine were here," he often said to himself, "for she will never believe me when I describe all this."

The boulevards were his favorite promenades. Here, the variety of amusements was so great that he could pass an entire day without being wearied; the shops, the parades, the Punch and Judy shows attracted him in turn, and it was nearly night before he went home to Moufletard street, pleased with everything he had seen, delighted at living in the gay Capital, and charmed above all at having had two good meals, a pleasure to which he had long been unaccustomed.

When Monday morning came Michel Perrin presented himself before Desmarest feeling a little uneasy, as to whether the work intended for him would prove to be beyond his capacity.

"Ah, it is you," said citizen Desmarest, who was busy searching for a certain paper in his desk. "Well—where the deuce can I have put it—what have you been doing all this time?"

"I have been rushing about the city as if I were but twenty," said the good priest, smilingly.

"The mischief is in it!" exclaimed the other, opening a drawer which he had not yet searched. "Everything is quiet, I suppose?"

"Oh, perfectly quiet, every one seems to be as happy as I am."

There is plenty of dissatisfaction, nevertheless—could I have taken it home with me, I wonder?"

"Yes, that is what I was told by a poor fellow with whom I had some conversation on the boulevard of the Temple, and who, indeed, seemed to be dissatisfied himself."

Michel stopped speaking, and the other exclaimed:

"Go on, go on, I am listening, but I have to find a paper," and he opened two hundred letters or so, one after another. "What sort of man was this?"

"One of the old body guards of my Lord the Comte d' Artois—"

"Ah, here it is, just under my hand! Well, the old guard?"

"He told me his whole history."

"Very confiding of him!"

"I had already told him that I was once a cure."

"You told him you were a cure?" repeated Desmarest, laughing.

"Certainly," said Perrin, a little disconcerted.

"Very good, very good," returned the other, in an approving tone, "what made me laugh was the thought that if you had told me that when you came to me first, I should have believed you, for you have every appearance of being an ecclesiastic."

"I have never been able to shake it off, though it has often been almost fatal to me," said the cure with a sigh.

"And now it is advantageous to you, Perrin; your whole appearance is one that inspires confidence."

The cure bowed.

"You will meet your friend again?" said Desmarest.

"We agreed to play a game of chess if I could go back to the *cafe Turc*."

"And what is to prevent your going?"

Perhaps the work you have for me will occupy my whole time."

"I have no work to give you, my friend I am very busy just now, so you can go and attend to your old guard and come here again on Thursday."

Michel Perrin took his departure, feeling not a little mystified at being so well paid for doing nothing, but he decided that the work would be arduous when once it began, and that he might as well enjoy his liberty while it lasted.

"Three days more for pleasure and ease!" he cried, rubbing his hands gleefully.

The next Thursday he waited in the ante-room, together with some evil-looking men, for nearly two hours. Desmarest greeted him with a gracious smile, saying:

"Well, what is there new!"

"New," repeated Perrin in surprise, and the other exclaimed:

"I suppose you came to tell me something!"

"I came to see what you wish me to do."

"I have already told you that I want you to arrange your own movements—to go about the city, as if you had nothing else to do and to keep your eyes open. That is what I want. Did you have your game of chess?"

"No."

"The deuce!" cried Desmarest whose principal duty was watching the royalists, "I suppose you let him see you were too strong for him."

"On the contrary I told him that I was but a poor hand."

"I begin to think that is the case," said Desmarest to himself. "Very well, Perrin," he added aloud, "go your ways, and come here on Monday."

The next time the cure presented himself before his employer, the latter said briskly, "I suppose you have something important to tell me."

"Nothing at all," was the calm reply and Desmarest looked at his man in amazement.

"You spend your time in your room then?" the Chief asked after a pause.

"Indeed I do not—I walked at least two leagues yesterday through the streets."

"And do you mean to say that you see nothing, hear nothing?"

"I am amused by things so trifling that you would not waste your time listening to a description of them."

Desmarest was completely at a loss, and directly Perrin had left him he called in another man and directed him to follow the former, keep a strict watch over his movements and report them next morning. All that day, therefore, the cure was under surveillance, his every step was taken note of, and as a consequence when he came before Desmarest the next day, the latter knew what he had been doing rather better than he himself did.

"Unless he is either blind, deaf or dumb he will make a report this time," thought the Chief of Division but in reply to the usual question, Perrin remarked as before, "Oh nothing new."

"Is this man an idiot?" though Desmarest, and then he said:

"Be good enough to tell me where you dined, yesterday."

"At the Palace Royal," was the reply.

"What did you do after that?"

"I drank a cup of coffee at the Caveau."

"And what happened there?"

"Nothing that I know of."

"Is it possible that you did not observe three young men at the table next to yours?"

"Oh yes, I remember the gentlemen but I cannot tell whether there were three or four. They were drinking punch."

"And they were talking treason against the First Consul?" said Desmarest angrily, "they even threatened his life?"

"I cannot say, as to that, for I noticed that the gentlemen lowered their voices when ever I looked in their direction, so I got up and changed my seat. You can understand that I did not wish to overhear."

"This is too much!" cried Desmarest, "what do you suppose your business is?"

"Indeed, that is just what I have been trying to discover for the last two weeks," said Perrin quickly.

"Heavens and earth, man, I will tell you! You are supposed to be a government spy."

"A Spy?" screamed Perrin.

"Precisely."

The cure leaped to his feet, with flaming cheeks and trembling lips.

"Sir!" he began, but added suddenly, "it is not with you that I must speak," and rushed out of the room. At Joseph Fouche's door he demanded admittance, but was told that the Minister was out.

"I will wait all day if necessary," he said.

"You can wait in the street then," said the attendant, shutting the door. The next minute, Fouche himself, drove up in his carriage, and the poor cure exclaimed in an agitated voice.

"Listen to me, I beg of you!"

Surprised at his friend's altered look, Fouche let him follow him into the house and when they were alone, asked:

"What is the matter with you? Have you discovered a conspiracy?"

"I have discovered that you have seen fit to trifle with the friend of your childhood," said Perrin with a courage born of indignation, "although you are a rich man, and I am a poor one, I would not change places with you, after what you have done."

"What on earth do you mean!" asked Fouche, wondering whether the speaker had lost his senses.

"Did not your citizen Desmarest act under your orders?"

"Certainly he did; and he has reported of you, that you don't earn your money," said Fouche, with a good-natured laugh.

"My greatest regret is that I can not return it to you," said Perrin, "for unfortunately I sent half of it to my poor sister. I have only——"

"Who asked you to return it, you idiot? If I choose to employ you, that is not Desmarest's affair."

"To employ me? To make me a spy!" cried Perrin, flushing with indignation.

"I think, my friend, your scruples come rather late—after two weeks."

"How was I to know I was a spy?"

"Have you only just discovered it?"

"Your man has just told me——"

"And you did not know it before?" cried Fouche, and overcome by the ludicrousness of the situation, he burst into a peal of laughter.

"Honestly, Michel, you ought not to blame me for this mistake. Did you not tell me that you were penniless, and that you would do anything to earn money?"

"I did, and I would have been content to clean your rooms, to carry wood for your stoves, to do anything that was honorable."

Fouche laughed no more, but taking his friend's hand, said gently:

"It was a mistake, Michel, I assure you; let us be friends again."

After a pause he added, "I have good news for you, my friend. Religious worship is to be re-established. Cardinal Gonsalvi had been here a long time arranging matters with the First Consul, and the concordat was signed yesterday. You will soon be restored to your parish."

"Ah, shall I see my little church and my dear people again?" cried the cure, his eyes beaming with joy, but immediately saddening, he added, "Perhaps they will put some one else in my place!"

"I shall take care of that," said Fouche, "and now you must not stay in Paris—it is no place for you. I will give you some money to——"

"No, no, I want no more money," said the cure, as his friend handed him twenty-five *louis*.

"It is not in payment of your services," laughed Fouche; "it is simply a present from me to you—and to your sister."

"Oh, very well; I need not refuse a gift from an honest man," said Perrin, and the Minister smothered a sigh.

"Good-bye, go back to Dijon," he said.

The next year, Michel Perrin resumed his old position as pastor, with his sister at the head of his house.

When Madeleine called his attention, with no little pride, to the fact that the people were doffing their hats to their beloved pastor, he whispered smilingly, "Yes, yes, but the good fellows do not know that for two weeks I was a spy!"

Secularly Correct.

Teacher—Stop that drumming with your feet, Thomas Walrath, and tell me who it was that went into the wilderness and nearly perished.

Thomas (who came from a G. A. R. family)—Gin'ral Lee.—Judge.

The French Miners.

Officers and soldiers of the French army will henceforward have a numbered metallic plate fastened on their collars for purposes of identification. A similar scheme is being considered for the benefit of miners.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—The Chinese are great poultry raisers.

—The Chinese hand is small, slim and with square phalanges

—Vandyke brought portraiture to the highest degree of perfection.

—The best specimens of alabaster carvings have been exhumed at Nineveh.

—The bones or tombs of over 200 giants have been found in various parts of Europe.

—Pliny says that 400 years were spent building the temple of Diana at Ephesus.

—The average length of life is greater in Norway than in any other country on the globe.

—A tree thirty feet in diameter was found recently in a grove in Sumter county, Florida.

—One square foot of glass will lose as much heat as six square feet of twelve-inch brick wall.

—An ordinary day coach weighs about 50,000 pounds; Pullman sleeper weigh about 74,000 pounds.

—There is about four hours and forty-five minutes difference in time between New York and Liverpool.

—A map of the smokes of Paris has been recently prepared by M. Foubert of the Tour St. Jacques.

—The first nickel-steel crank ever cast in this country was turned out recently at the Bethlehem (Pa.) Iron Works.

—A dollar loaned for 100 years and pounded at twenty-four per cent. will amount in that time to $2,551,799,404.

—"Chump" is not a new word, as Sir Philip Sidney used "chumpish" in the sense of "sullen" over 300 years ago.

—A luminous idea for the employment of luminious paint: Use it for the names of streets and the numbers of houses.

—Most students of plant structure maintain that leaves spring directly from the node with which they seem connected.

—At the bottom of the ocean the temperature remains practically constant at any one spot throughout the whole of the year.

—The snowfall in the Rocky Mountains along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway during the past winter was twenty-one feet.

—Aluminum can be hardened by rapid cooling in water, more especially if it be alloyed with a small percentage of titanium or tungsten.

—A copy of the first dictionary, made by Chinese scholars in the year 1109 B. C., is still preserved among the archives of the Celestials.

—The very first pages of human history, the annal of the Egyptians, record that the progenitors of our race were worshipers of the d