TWO SCHOOLS.

I put my heart to school. In the world where men grow wise, Go out." I said, "and learn the rule; Come back when you win the priz"

My heart came back again, "And where is the prize?" I cried, "The rule was false, and the prize was And the teacher's name was Pride."

I put my heart to school.

In the woods where wild birds sing.
In the fields where flowers spring.
Where brooks run cool and clear.
And the bins of heaven benda near.
"Go out," I said, "you are only a fool,
But perhaps they can teach you here.

And why do you stay so long.

My heart, and where do you roam?"
The answer came with a laugh and a song,
"I find this school is home."

—Henry van Dyke, in the Atlantic.

# ፠ኯኯኯኯኯኯኯኯኯኯኯኯኯኯኯ፠ The Baleful Eye.

By Anthony P. Morris.

\*\*\* PROMINENT store in Paris was that of Jean Guileau, baker, a widower with one child, Hortense, just seventeen years of age and very beautiful.

Jean wisely took no part in the communistic orgies running riot on the streets immediately subsequent to the Franco-Prusslan war; but, with plenty of provisions in his cellar, he philosophically closed the doors and windows, withdrew his sign of business, and smoked his pipe contentedly in the seclusive companiouship and filial love of Hortense.

One so pretty and piquant as she could not be exempt from a besieging of lovers. The two most prominent of these were her father's graduating apprentices, Henri Edonin and Guiseppe "dark Gulseppe" and "the baleful eye," the latter was frequently appellated by his intimates, because of the treacherous glance in his hard, black about his lips. To Henri, Hortense had long since

given her heart. It was quite late one night, when

Henri departed from the embrace of his promised bride. As Hortense retreated through the narrow doorway. an unexpected form, like an apparition from the gloom, confronted her, "Gulseppe!" she cried.

"It is I." he replied, calmly, "Ob, you frightened me! Whence come you so suddenty?" "From close beside, girl. Ah, thou

coquet! A word, I have heard all-'A listener-you? Shame!"

"Tell me-is it true indeed I need hope no more to win you?" "You say you have heard all?"

"Yes, I am not deaf." "And you have seen, too?" "Yes. I am not blind." "Much good may it do you, then, for

you are answered!" And, with the sharp speech, she his having spied upon what was to her

a sacred interview. For many nights after that her dreams were haunted by the baleful eyes of dark Guiseppe, and in her ears continually rang the fearful im-

Edouln. The favored lover was greatly surprised a few days later, at receipt of

six ominous words: The sealed billet contained this:

"Last dispatches by balloon ac-Inclosed here with an order for 500 francs, payable when France is redeemed from her enemies. "M. Edouin, Paris."

Henri should have destroyed the mysterious scrawl instantly. Instead. he stood gazing at it in sheer amazement. He had had nothing whatever to do with the Versaillese, though his heart was honestly with those who struggled so nobly to save the country from the doom of a bloody anarchy.

The few moments' stupefaction proved his greatest misfortune. There was a peremptory tap at the

Guiseppe entered, grinning internally; behind him "dressed" three ruffians

of the National Guard. 'Ah, Monsieur Edouin!" he said.

Henri!

Guiseppe advanced with snaky quickness, and ere Henri could antielpate, snatched away the fami paper. Flourishing it aloft, he cried:

"Away with him! See what I hold -a paper that will have him shot, unless I greatly mistake!" And Guiseppe hissed maliciously into his rival's ear: "I am now a trusted spy of the Commune. Your death is certain. You will never wed with Horiense Gull-

Unfortunate Henri was soon in prisou. He fully realized his danger, and him in the air, bobbing too, and with It required but little reflection to con- a quick, uneasy motion, was a lumvince him of the foul trick played by lnous spark. After a full minute crafty Guiseppe.

The days of his confinement went tediously by, while ever before him loomed the horrid prospect of a violent death. Then Guiseppe confronted his victim, and accompanying him-could it be reality?-was Hortense.

"I bring to you a gleam of sunlight, Monsieur Edouin," said the darkbrowed villain, with grinning sarcasm. Henri sprang forward to embrace his betrothed; but Guiseppe interposed.

a love-scene. Give ear to me. Minutes for Henri Edouin are valuable, Judg- chased the clock in Brooklyn and ment is to be given in your case with- stuffed it in his pocket while he made in the hour. You know what it will some calls. Eventually he forgot all be-death! I come to offer you life." about it. He took a late bout for Stat-"You?"

document that is to riddle you with world in general. Although he denies bullets. Say the word, and I will de- it, his friends say that he fell asieep. I will retract my charge as a stupld blunder.

"What word shall I say?" "Henceforth you will work and fight owner to his feet and startled every on the side of the Commune. will save you-if I choose. Guiseppe the spy is quite another person than Guiseppe, the baker's apprentice. Money and influence both are mine now. sides, our prisons are cramming with too many hostages. Exchanges are slow and we need men. So, come, I have your sworn word?"

"Never!" burst from Henri's lips, in-

dignantly. Throughout, Hortense had remained eassive. Now she threw herself on er knees, with clasped hands, before the man she so dearly loved.

"Oh, yes-yes?" she cried, passionate-"For me-for your own precious life! Promise! Swear! Here on my knees I beg you, Henri!"

Her voice was broken with wild sobbing; her eyes were brimming with tears. The young man's head dropped, then raised desperately, while his eyes flashed on the trencherous spy. "So be it, villain Guiseppe! I give

my sacred promise as you ask." The mysterious and convincing letter was instantly torn into fragments. Guiseppe had not boasted vainly. Two days later, Henri Edouin was liberated and mounted in the National Guard. For a long time he found no opportunity of seeing Hortense. When at lze the greatest sorrow of their two fond hearts. As the price of saving Henri's life Hortense had solemnly agreed to wed with Guiseppe.

Ever memorable will be the 28th of May, 1871, when the following proclamation appeared:

"INHABITANTS OF PARIS! "The army of France came to save you. Paris is delivered. Our soldiers, carried, at four o'clock, the last posttions occupied by the insurgents. Today the struggle is finished. Order, labor and security will now survive. "DE MAC MAHON, Due de Magenta, 'Marshal of France, Commander-in-

Crowds and columns of prisoner were being marched to Versailles. The prisoners' camp at Satory was an anomalous picture, even shuderful to contemplate.

A man with baleful eyes and snaky lips approached one of the entrances to the stable-pens. The prompt "Qui Vive?" halted him.

"Pardon!" was the affable, grinning response; "but I am a quartermaster, You have here, by a great mistake, a orbs and a turking smile forever fixed good cousin of mine, who will answer to the name of Henri Edouin. Be so good as to summon nim to me. I am not so great a fool as to ask his release just now, but would speak with him, if I may.'

Villainous Guiseppe, ever trencherous, and fearing that Henri might escape to annoy him in the future-and jealous to insanity that the man should live to whom Hortense was so avowedly attached-he had sought the prisoners' camp with murderous intent. In his bosom he carried a pistol, and with the weapon he was resolved to slay the rival he hated. His speech at the gate was Inter-

rupted by a savage cry. A bronzed gendarme, who was standing near, threw aside his musket, and, springing forward, griped the pseudo-quartermaster by

throat. "This wretch lies!" he vociferated, excitedly. "He is Guiseppe, of the And, with the sharp speech, she Commune-Guiseppe, the spy-who slammed the door in his face, angry at ordered forty of my comrades shot. I alone escaped! I know him well!"

A flerce struggle ensued. There was a flash, a bang, and the rendarme dropped dend. But simultaneously a musket butt

erashed down through the skull of precation she heard him mutter, Guiseppe. The baleful eyes were coupled with the name of Henri dinumed forever.

It would be difficult to describe the tearful pleadings of beautiful Hortense before the gentlemen of the Milicommunication from the Versailles tary Bureau in Rue Satory. She know Government. It was delivered by an and revealed the trick which had entire stranger, who whispered these placed Henri in Guiseppe's power; she told the story of her heart's sacrifice "For your eyes only. Be discreet!" to save her lover's life, and his unwilling yielding to the proposition of his arch-enemy. It was touch the deepest sympathy of her hearers.

> Henri Edouin was forthwith set at Hberty.

He and his true Hortense were shortly afterward wedded, and when Paris had subsided to comparative quiet, old Jean Guileau gave a merry feast to the handsome couple.-Saturday Night.

### "Why Don't It Bust?"

We quote from the Century an anedote related as one of "A Woman's Experiences During the Siege of Vicksburg."

Speaking of fuses, the rector told us one day a very funny thing he had seen during one of his trips to town. Every day, as long as the slege continued, he crossed that hospital ridge, "Oh, is it you. Guiseppey" replied Bassed over the most exposed streets on his way to the church, always carrying with him his pocket communion service, apparently standing an even chance of burying the dead, comforting the dying, or being himself brought home maimed, or cold in death. His leaving was a daily anguish to those who watched him vanish over the brow of the hill. One evening, coming back in the dusk, he saw a burly wagoner slip off his horse and get under it in a hurry. His head appeared, bobbing out first from one side, then from the other. Above spent in vigorous dodging, the man came out to prospect. The supposed fuse was still there, burning brilliant-"Blame the thing?" he grunted. Why don't it bust?" He had been playing hide-and-seek for sixty secands with a fine specimen of our Southern lightning-bug, or firefly!

Alarm Clock on Ferryboat. A naval architect living on Staten Island bought a forty-three-cent alarm "Hold! I did not bring her here for clock the other afternoon, but he doesn't intend to get another. He puren Island very much at peace with "And pray, why not? I hold the himself in particular and with the At all events, the clock saw its duty, and did it, for it "went off" with a bang and a rattle which brought its body else on the boat.

The naval architect blushed, and the other passengers laughed while the alarm ran on for three or four minutes and then stopped with a sigh of satis faction. The architect says that he is going to tie the clock in his front yard and use it for a watch dog .- New York Mail and Express.

#### FLOWERS HARD TO GROW

TRIALS OF A WOMAN WHO TOOK UP THE FLORIST'S BUSINESS.

It is Not an Easy Occupation-Hard Work and Perseverance Required For Success-Little Tragedies That Must Be Endured-Profits Not Large.

A young woman who owns and manages a large wholesale flower business in New Jersey and a retail flower shop on Broadway recently talked to a New York Sun reporter about her experlence.

"When you hear any one say that the flower business is an easy and profitable occupation for women, don't believe it," she said. "The magazines are full of stories about the romantic and beautiful side of the florist's work. They are enough to give any girl a tempting vision of a life all sunshine. You would think, to read them, that all a girl florist need do is to wear a white frock and gather roses and violets. I always smile when I read the fairy stories. A florist's business is profitable enough, if one succeeds; but as for its being easy, I know better.

"I was fortunate enough to have some money so that I could go into the work under favorable conditions, but as I look back at my experiences I wonder that I held on those first months and years. I was not strong, but had always been eager to do things and injured my delicate constitution by all sorts of experiments in work. My family protested, but I vowed that I couldn't live without an absorbing occupation. I needed country life, but I wouldn't stay in the country and staenate

"Finally my family proposed that I should build a green house on our country place and go in for raising flowers. They thought the work would be healthful and would keep me at home and I suppose they had no iden I would take it very seriously. I did. I went into the new experiment with all my might. I was utterly discouraged any number of times, but I wouldn't give up. I finally won out, but life was a succession of tragedies for the first two years.

"In the first place there was the building of the greenhouses. I had two houses, 100 by twenty feet in size, and then a smaller cold frame house. They were built according to the most improved principles of greenhouse construction. I selected a slope with the right exposure. When the men begun on the cellar they found it had to be dug out of solid rock. The rock was too hard to be worked with picks and too soft to be worked with dynamite; and, as the men said, we had the devil's own time with it; but I consoled myself by thinking the cellar could never be damp. Still to make sure we dug a foot and a half below the floor and

filled in with broken stone. "The houses were snished in No vember. I put the flowers in at once. and just as soon as I had them in the man came tearing to the house one night to tell me that there was four feet of water in the greenhouse cellar and the fire were out. That was at four o'clock on a December morning. I knew it probably meant destruction to all the plants, but I climbed out of bed and went out in the cold to see what could be done.

There wasn't any use in crying. "We patched things up, after almost killing one workman, and then I put in an automatic cellar drain. Three weeks later there was another flood. worse than the first. After that we blasted a big ditch under the celiar

thing, that no woman could do it, that it meant work night and day, frightful exposure, unending care, expense and responsibility-all that was true except the statement that a woman couldn't do the work. I did every-

thing except run the furnace. "Every leaf had to be dreuched, the paths had to be wet down. I dragged hose until I thought my back was broken, and I drenched myself so thoroughly as the flowers. Then, of course, I took horrible colds. By and by I got rubber boots and a waterproof short skirt and blouse. After that things went better, but there was

still plenty of excuse for colds. "I worked hour after hour in the moist bot air of the greenhouse, and then went into the cool air outside. I got up at 4 a. m. to do the packing for shipping, stood in the cold storage room and dabbled in ley water, until my hands were so numb that I could not even tie the strings on the boxes and had to get the furnace man to come in and do that.

"I got up at all hours of the night and went out to the greenkouses with a lantern to open or shut ventilators because the temperature had changed. You know a fall of six or eight degrees in temperature may be a very serious matter in a greenhouse, and I was so worried for fear the weather would change in the night that I didn't half sleep. When I did sleep I dreamed awful things about red spiders and mildew and eel worms and grubs. Oh, those diabolical red spiders that you can't see! Yet mildew is worse. temperature, and mildew may appear from nowhere and ruin all the foliage.

"Then the grubs! Did you ever see a grub? I'll never forget the first one I saw. I went to the greenhouse, one morning, and there was my favorite rose tree, looking like a wilted collar. It was utterly limp and ruined. I couldn't see anything to account for it, so my common sense told me to dig. I dug; and, down by the roots, I found a fat white worm, with big, vicious, black eyes. I'm positive it glared at me, and I was in such a rage against it, that I was sorry I could kill it only once, I met lots of the creatures after that.

"Florists put tobacco stems, all around a greenhouse to drive away the green fly, but sometimes the little As the seven war ships steamed slowwretch gets a hold, in spite of the pre- ly in line up Sydney barbor, the flag cautions. Then one has to fumigate ship Royal Arthur, which was leadwith tobacco smoke. The green files log, carefully took soundings every descended upon my plants, and I had to resort to fumigating, but I hate tobacco smoke, and, every time I fumigated the house I was desperately

"I never had any big catastrophes, but the days were full of maddening

fleult. articles about the women who are doing it, that it is as simple as wear ing a bunch of violets, but it isn't, Sometimes one will have phenomenal luck with violets for several years,

but it doesn't last. For some inexplicable reason, a blight will suddenly come on the plants. As the forists sny, the violets will just go off. No one seems able to expain the trouble. There is a big profit in successful violet growing, but the chances of failure are perfectly tremendous. You

don't hear about the fallures. "Carnations have a way of going off, too, from no perceptible cause, They just seem to die of anaemia, sometimes. Then their calyxes burst, and they are a prey to rust. Altogether, they fairly turn my hair gray, but they are interesting, because there has been such progress and development in them. A good carnation isn't a cheap flower any more. Roses are the easlest things to raise. They don't often go to the bad entirely, though the American Beauty is a serious prob-Dull weather will spoil it, and any number of florists have been ruined by the culture of American Beautles.

"A good many florists failed in business last year because of the price of coal. Fires have to be kept going night and day. I buy my coal by the bundred tons, and it makes a pretty big item of expense All expenses are

"At the end of my second year, I had been successful enough to warrant my spreading out. Now, I have eight houses. I pay over \$100 a month for Then there is the tobacco, the fertilizer, the wear and tear and repair, the handling and shipping, and the losses. You have to get good prices to make any profit.

"But then, there is always a market and a high price for good flowers. The trouble is that so many of one's flowers must, necessarily, fall below first grade.

"I've given you the scamy side of the business haven't I?-a regular tale of woe. Well, it is all true, and no woman, without a strong constitution and stubborn courage, ought to try the wholesale flower business; but there's a pleasant side to it.

"The work is never monotonous, There is never a time when the greenhouses are really still. There is coustant interest in the growing things. Now that most of the drudgery is done by my employes, and I have only the superintending, I find the wholesale business fascinating, but I dislike the retail business.

"The latter is profitable and employs a woman's taste to advantage in the choice of paper for boxes, new ideas for putting up flowers, table decoration, wedding decoration, etc. In spite of high prices, the profits are not so large as they used to be. In the first place, the quality of the flowers is better.

"Fine lasting roses on thick, sturdy stems are procured by cutting longstemmed roses and so leaving few eyes on a rose branch. All the strength will go into the shoots and blossoms coming from those eyes, and the resulting roses will be exceptionally fine; but a good many roses have been sacrificed to make those few good ones and the price is naturally high. Still, if buyers would only realize it there is more satisfaction in two or three of the fine roses than in a dozen of the weak-stemmed, drooping sort.

"Handsome boxes and ribbons and all those things are a necessary part of the retall florist's business now. and, except in the case of a big order. and down the hill, so we had no more they cut down the profit considerably. floods, but there were other tragedies. I've often sent out small orders on "Everybody had told me that I was perfectly crazy to undertake the wisch there wasn't a cent of profit, but the customers were valuable to m:, and I had to satisfy them."

American jewelry and watches, which should be of decidedly showy designs, are wanted by every native who is able to pay for them. All manner of ingenious American electrical machinery and supplies have a waiting market. Musical instruments, those of wood being constructed to resist dampness, have only to be displayed to find ready buyers, for no people on earth are greater lovers of music than the Filipinos. Dealers in agricultural cools can find fortunes ready for the gathering in any part of the islands. There are nearly 70,000,000 acres of public lands, and already applications from American investors show that the Philippines will soon be one of the great farming sections of the world. Once Congress grants the necessary authorization for selling the public lands there will be a rush of American agricultural capital, to the benefit of nearly every other line of trade. Aside from rice, tobacco and cotton, Indian corn will grow in nearly every part of the Philippines. In Central Luzon it will ripen in eight weeks from the day of planting.-Leslie's Weekly,

Freak of a Cyclone. If a cyclone be blown over a pond, atmospheric pressure will force the water, together with many frogs, fishes or insects, it may contain, into the rarefied portion. An authentic example may serve to confirm and exdraught or damp weather, or too high feet. Profes or Smythe, while at Teneriffe, experienced a small whirlwind, which passed close to his tent, and, seizing upon the end of a roll of blue cloth that was hanging out of a chest, unrolled it, although it was forty yards long, and carried it up into the sky, so high that it looked like a piece of ribbon. There it sailed slowly round in a circle, accompanied by other light articles of attire sucked out from the tent; after which, descending leisurely, it fell about 400 yards away.-London Chronicle.

The Midget's Solicitude. Ordinary folk were much amused at an example of how seriously H. M. ships observe the navy regulations which occurred during the demonstration to welcome the Governor General. few minutes. Each war vessel in the procession selemnly "hove the lead." even the tiny gunboat Karrakatta be ing most anxious to learn if the tide (the water was evidently deep enough for the big fingship in front of her) was sufficiently high to enable her to little ones. Victet culture is very dif- reach mostings. Sydney Bulletin.

## THE WORLD'S REDEEMER.

Dr. Talmage Gives Portraits of Some of His Great Disciples and Exponents.

The Love of Christ Set Forth ... He That Cometh From Above is Above All."

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage sounds the praises of the world's Redeemer, and puts before us the portraits of some of His great disciples and exponents; text, John iii, II, "He that cometh from above is above all."

The most conspicuous character of history steps out upon the platform. The finger which, diamonded with light, pointed down to Him from the Bethlehem sky was only a ratification of the funger of ed down to Him from the Bethlehem sky was only a ratification of the inger of prophecy, the finger of genealogy, the finger of events—all five fingers pointing in one direction. Christ is the overtopping figure of all time. He is the vox humana in all music, the gracefullest line in all sculpture, the most exquisite mingling of lights and shades in all painting, the acme of all climaxes, the dome of all cathedraled grandeur and the peroration of all spiendid language.

The Greek alphabet is made up of twenty-four letters, and when Christ compared Himself to the first letter and the last letter, the alpha and omega. He appropriated to Himself all the splendors that you can spell out with those two letters and all the letters between them. "I am the alpha and omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last." Or, if you prefer the words of the text, "Above all."

It means, after you have piled up all habite and this stream of the care of the text, when the care in the care of the c

Above all.

It means, after you have piled up all Alpine and Himalayan altitudes, the glory of Christ would have to spread its wings and descend a thousand leagues to touch and descend a thousand leagues to touch those summits. Pelion, a high mountain of Thessaly; Ossa, a high mountain, and Olympus, a high mountain, but mythology tells us when the giants warred against the gods they piled up these three mountains and from the top of them proposed to scale the heavens, but the height was not great enough, and there was a complete failure. And after all the giants—Isaiah and Paul, prophetic and apostolic giants; Raphael and Michael Angelo, artistic giants; cherubim and seraphim and archangel, celestial giants—have failed to climb to the top of Christ's glory they might all well unite in the words of the text and say, "He that cometh from above is above all."

well unite in the words of the text and say, "He that cometh from above is above all."

First, Christ must be above all clae in our preaching. There are so many books on homiletics scattered through the world that all laymen, as well as all clergymen, have made up their minds what sermons ought to be. That sermon is most effectual which most pointedly puts forth Christ as the pardon of all sin and the correction of all evil, individual, social, political, national. There is no reason why we should ring the endless changes on a few phrases. There are those who think that if an exhortation or a discourse have frequent mention of rastification, senetification, covenant of works and covenant of grace, therefore it must be profoundly evangelical, while they are suspicious of a discourse which presents the same truth, but under different phraseology. Now, I say there is nothing in all the opulent realm of Anglo-Saxonism or all the word treasures that we inherited from the Latin and the Greek and the Indo-European, but we have a right to marshal it in religious discussion. Christ sets the example, His illustrations were from the grass, the flowers, the spittle, the salve, the barnyard fowl, the crystals of salt, as well as from the seas and the stars, and we do not propose in our Sunday-school teaching and in our pupit address to be put on the limits. I know that there is a great deal said in our day against words, as though they were nothing. They may be misused, but they have an imperial power. They are the bridge between soil and soul, between Almighty God and the human race. What did God write unon the tables of stone? Words. What did Christ utter on Mount Olivet? Words. Out of what did Christ strike the spark for the illumination of the universe? Out of words. "Let there be light," and light was. Of course thought is the cargo and words are only the ship, but how fast would your cargo get on without the ship? What you need, my friends, in all your work, in your Sunday-school class, in your reformatory institution

cabulary when we come to speak abou God and Christ in heaven. We ride few old words to death when there is sucan illimitable resource. Shakespeare em-ployed 15,000 different words for dramatic proposed 15,000 different words for dramatic purposes. Milton employed 8000 different words for poetic purposes; Rufus Choate employed over 11,000 different words for legal purposes, but the most of us have less than a thousand words that we can manage, less than 500, and that makes us so sturid.

When we come to set forth the love of When we come to set forth the love of Christ, we are going to take the tenderest phraseology wherever we find it, and if it has never been used in that direction before all the more shall we use it. When we come to speak of the glory of Christ the conqueror, we are going to draw our similes from triumphal arch and oratorio and everything grand and supendous. The French navy has eighteen flags by which they give signal, but those eighteen flags they can put into 66,000 different combinations, combinations infinite and varieties they can put into 66,000 different combinations, combinations infinite and varieties everlasting. And let me say to young men who are after a while going to preach Jesus Christ, you will have the largest liberty and unimited resource. You only have to present Christ in your own way.

Jonathan Edwards preached Christ in the severest argument ever penned, and John Bunyan preached Christ in the sublimest allegory ever composed. Edward Payson, sick and exhausted, leaned up against the side of his pulpit and wept out his discourse, while George Whitefield, with the manner and the voice and the art of an actor, overwhelmed his auditory. It would have been a different thing if Jonathan Edwards had tried to write and dream about the pilgrim's progress to the dream about the pilgrim's progress to the celestial city or John Bunyan had at-tempted an essay on the human will. Brighter than the light, fresher than the

dream about the phigrim a progress to the celestial city or John Bunyan had attempted an essay on the human will.

Brighter than the light, fresher than the fountains, deeper than the seas, are these gospel themes. Song has not melody, flowers have no sweathese, sunset sky has no color, compared with these glorious themes. These harvests of grace spring up quicker than we can sickle them. Kindling pulpits with their fire and producing revolutions with their glory, they are the sweetest thought for the poet, and they are the most thrilling illustration for the orator, and they offer the most intense scene for the artist, and they are to the embassador of the sky all enthusiasm. Complete pardon for direst guilt. Sweetest comfort for ghastliest agony. Brightest hope for grimmest death. Grandest resurrection for darkest sepulcher.

"Oh, what a gospel to preach! Christ over all in it. His hirth, His suffering, His miracles, His parables, His sweat, His lears, His blood, His atonement, His intercession—what glorious themes! Do we exercise faith? Christ is its object. Do we have love? It fastens on Jesus. Have we a fondness for the church." It is because Christ died for it. Have we a hope of heaven? It is because Jesus went ahead, the herald and the forerunner.

The royal robe of Demetrius was so costly, so beautiful, that after he had put it off no one ever dared put it on. But this robe of Christ, richer than that, the poorest and wannest and the worst may wear. "Where sin abounded grace may much more abound."

"Oh, my sins, my sins," said Martin Linther to Staupitz; "my sins, my sins!" The fact is that the brawny German student had found a Latin Bible that had made him quake, and nothing else ever did nake him quake, and nothing else ever did nake him quake, and when he found how, through Christ, he was pardoned and saved he wrote to a friend, saying: "Come over and ion us, great znd awful sinners saved by the grace of God. You seem to be only a slender sinner, and you don't much extol the merey of God but we who h

in us. And then take the fact that Christ gathered up all the notes against us and pass them and then offered us the receipt.

And how much we need Him in our sorrows! We are independent of creamstances if we have His grace. Why, He made Paul sing in the dungeon, and under that grace ist. John from desolate Patmos heard the blast of the apocalyptic trumpets. After all other candles have been snuffed out this is the light that gets brighter and brighter unto the perfect day, and after, under the hard hoofs of calamity, all the peoils of worldly enjoyment have been trampled into deep mire, at the foot of the eternal rock, the Christian, from cups of granite, lily rimmed and vine covered, puts out the thirst of his soul.

his soul.

Again I remark that Christ is above all in dying alleviations. I have not any sympathy with the morbidity abroad about our demise. The Emperor of Constantinople arranged that on the day of his coronnation the stonemason should come and consult him about his tombstone that after a while he would need, and there are men who are monomarical on the subject of a while he would need, and there are men who are monomanical on the subject of departure from this life by death, and the more they think of it the less prepared are they to go. This is an unmanliness not worthy of you, nor worthy of me.

Saladin, the greatest conqueror of his day, while dying ordered the tunic he had on him to be carried after his death on a spear at the head of his army, and then the soldier ever and anon should stop and say: "Behold all that is left of Saladin, the emperor and conqueror! Of all the states he conquered, of all the wealth he accumulated, nothing did he retain but this shroud!"

shroud!"

I have no sympathy with such behavior or such absurd demonstration, or with much that we hear uttered in regard to departure from this life to the next. There is a common-sensical idea on this subject that you and I need to consider—that there are only two styles of departure.

A thousand feet under ground, by light of torch toiling in a miner's shaft, a ledge of rock may fall upon us, and we may die a miner's death. Far out at sea, falling from the slippery ratimes and broken on the balyards, we may die a sailor's death. On mission of mercy in hospital, amid broken bones and regling leprosies and raging fevers, we may die a pailanthropist's death.

On the field of battle, serving God and

On the field of battle, serving God and our country, slugs through the heart, the gun carriage may roll over us, and we may die a patriot's death. But, after all, there are only two styles of departure—the death of the righteous and of the wicked, and we all want to die the former.

What did the dying Janeway say? "I can as easily die as close my eyes or turn my head in sleep. Before a few hours have passed I shall stand on Mount Zion with the one hundred and forty and four thousand and with the just men made perfect, and we shall ascribe riches and honor and glory and majesty and dominion unto God and the Lamb." Dr. Taylor, condemned to hurn at the stake, on his way thither broke away from the guardsmen and went bounding and leaping and jumping toward the fire, glad to go to Jesus and to die for Him. Sir Charles Hare in his last moment had such rapturous vision that he cried, "Upward, upward, upward!" And so great was the peace of one of Christ's disciples that he put his finger upon the pulse in his wrist and counted it and observed its halting beats until his life had ended here to begin in heaven. But grander than that was the testimony of the wornout first missionary when in the Mamartine dungeon he cried: "I am now ended here to begin in heaven. But grander than that was the testimony of the wormout first missionary when in the Mamartine dungeon he cried: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand! I have fought the good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, will give me in that day, and not to me only, but to all them that love His appearing!" Do you not see that Christ is above all in dying alleviations?

Toward the last hour of our carthly residence we are speeding. When I see the spring blossoms scattered. I say, "Another season gone forever." When I close the Bible on Sabbath night. I say, "Another Sabbath departed." When I bury a friend, I say, "Another carthly attraction gone forever." What nimble, feet the years have!

The respective and the lightning.

The roebucks and the lightnings run not

The roebucks and the lightnings run not so fast. From decade to decade, from sky to sky, they go at a bound. There is a place for us, whether marked or not, where you and I will sleep the last sleep, and the men are now living who will with solemn tread carry us to our resting place.

So, also, Christ is above all, in keaven. The Bible distinctly says that Christ is the chief theme of the celestial ascription, all the thrones facing His throne, all the palms waved before His face, all the crowns down at His feet. Cherubim to cherubim, seraphim to seraphim, reducemed spirit to redeemed spirit, shall recite the Saviour's earthly sacrifice.

Saviour's earthly sacrifice.

Stand on some high hill of heaven, and in all the radiant sweep the most glorious object will be Jesus. Myriads gazing on the scars of His suffering, in silence first, afterward breaking forth into acclamation. The martyrs, all the purer for the flame through which they passed, will say. "This is Jesus, for whom we died." The apostles, all the happier for the shipwreck and the scoorging through which they went, will say. "This is the Jesus whom we preached at Corinth, and in Cappadocia, and at Antioch, and at Jerusalem." Little children, clad in white will say, "This is the Jesus whom we preached at Corinth, and in Cappadocia, and at Antioch, and at Jerusalem." Little children, clad in white will say, "This is the Jesus who took us in His arms and blessed us, and when the storms of the world were too cold and loud brought us into this beautiful place." The multitudes of the bereft will say, "This is the Jesus who comforted us when our heart broke." Many who had wandered clear off from God and plunged into vagabondism, but were saved by grace, will say. "This is the Jesus who pardoned us. We were leat on the mountains, and He brought us home. We were guilty and He made us white as snow." Mercy boundless, grace unparalleled. And then, after each one has recited his peculiar deliverances and peculiar mercies, recited them as by solo, all the voices will come together in a great chorus, which shall make the arches re-echo with Saviour's earthly sacrifice.

Stand on some high hill of heaven, as will come together in a great chorus, which shall make the arches re-echo with the eternal reverberation of gladness and

which shall make the arches re-echo with the eternal reverberation of gladness and peace and triumph.

Edward I, was so anxious to go to the Holy Land that when he was about to expire he bequeathed \$160,000 to have his heart after his decease taken and deposited in the Holy Land, and his request was complied with. But there are hundreds to day whose hearts are already in the holy land of heaven. Where your treasures are, there are your hearts also. John Bunyan, of whom I spoke at the opening of the discourse, caught a glimpse of that place, and in his quaint way he said: "And I heard in my dream, and, lo, the bells of the city rang again for joy. And as they opened the gates to let in the men I looked in after them, and, lo, the city shone like the sun, and there were streets of gold, and men walked on them, harps in their hands to sing praises with all. And after that they shut up the gates, which when I had seen I wished myself among them."

NEWSY GLEANINGS.

There are 32,000 Samoans under German rule.

Oil has been discovered near Hart

Steps are to be taken to form a commercial museum in Madrid, Spain. Italy's new coinage with the head of Victor Emanuel III. will be ready soon. The Hungarian census shows the population of Budapest to be 703,448.

The Prussian railway authorities are making experiments with American car couplers. A combination of gasoline lamp manufacturing interests has been ef

fected at Chicago. The German c.ty of Cassel will cele brate the thousandth anniversary of its foundation in 1913,

Canada's Governor-General will stop fishing at Old Proprietor Lodge, N. B. by means of dynamite.

The total output of beet and can sugars in the countries of Europe for 1900 was 8,654,000 tons. A Constitutional amendment permit-ting women to vote has failed of ca-dorsement in the Wisconsin Legisla EPWORTH E April 28-One Len-

Ps. Ixv. I; Eccles. v.

When thou vowest a ve defer not to pay It." criticism here against the man a vow. It seems to be assume pledges will be made. The exhion of the wise man is that when su-

pledges are made they shall be kept. It is a great mistake to promise do what we do not fully understand, and the performance of which we have not carefully considered. It may be asked whether the officers of our Leagues are not much to blame because of the careless attitude of many, Young people are often asked to sign the pledge as though it were nothing more than singing one's name to an ordinary constitution and by-laws. The pledge is repeated often in so careless a way, with so little emphasis on important points, that the attention is not secured. Gradually conscience is dulled and the pledge might just as well not be so far as its influence on many lives is concerned.

On the other hand, the pledge should be very thoughtfully read and explained to all applicants for membership, Before singing there should be a season of prayer. Then every effort should be made after the pledge is signed to persuade new members to form the babit of doing just what they have promised. A pledge like that of the Epworth League should be that of the Epworth League should be understood as having been made to God. Having been made to him, it should be performed as in his sight. He who makes a promise like that which one does make in signing the Epworth League pledge should not only determine with himself to perform it with the help of God, but should pray daily that he may perform every part of it as in God's sight and unto God. and unto God.

This pledge is in three parts. The

first is, "I will earnestly seek for my-self the highest New Testament standard of experience and life." Second-ly, "I will do what I can to help others ly, "I will do what I can to help others attain this same experience." Let us note that word "carnestly," and the phrase "highest New Testament standard," What that standard is should be understood. To seek a thing carnestly is to seek it continually and hopefully. The highest New Testament standard of experience and life is an exceedingly high thing. The see is an exceedingly high thing. The second part of the pledge is a promise to abstain from all those forms of worldly amusement forbidden by the Dis-cipline of our Church. The third clause is just as binding as the other two paragraphs: "I will attend so far as possible the religious meetings of the chapter and the church and of the chapter and the church and take some active part in them." This, as will be seen, is made up of two parts. The first part is limited by the words "so fas as possible." Let it be noted that this does not say, "so far as convenient," or "so far as it is pleusant," but "so far as possible." It should be noted also that this promise covers not only the religious meetings. covers not only the religious meetings of the chapter, but also of the church. The second part of this last clause puts the one who has signed it under the obligation of not only taking some part in the meetings of the chapter and the church, but the taking of some "ac-tive" part. But to take an active part surely means something more than simply coming to the meetings and joining in the general exercises, though he who takes such part actively is preparing himself to fulfill pledge in the fullest sense.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPICS. April 28-"Fidelity to Pledges: 1 Promise." Ps-

lav., 1-4; xl. I-8; cavi, 12.14. Scripture Verses — Matt. vil. 21; John xvi. 15, 21; Acts II, 41, 42; Iv. 18-

20; xxi, 13; xxvil, 23; Rom, I, 16, 17; Eph. v. 25-27; Heb. x. 23-25. Lesson Thoughts—"Am I making the

least of my pledge or the most of it?"
"We should be as proud of our promises as a soldier is proud of his miform, which is his promise to serve his country. "Our pledge is ensier for us to keep,

because we know that so many others

are keeping it with us. Let us in turn make it easier for them by our fidel Selections—The first word of the pledge is "trust." This is the main-spring of the Christian life. Without It all else is vain; with it all things are possible. God requires an unreserved committal to him, an entire surrender, perfect trust. This trust is such that the soul leans on Christ

for what it connot now discover, just

as the mariner proceeds in the dark with the compass to guide him, though he cannot see the polar star.
The pledge stands for growth Whatever Christ would like to have done by the young man of twenty means more than whatever he would ask of the same young man at eigh teen. The new consecration called for every month does not mean beginning again on the first April at the same point from which one started on the first of March, "More and more

unto the perfect day" is the ideal ever set before the Endeavorer. The Christian Endeavor pledge points out certain duties to be done and the helps toward doing them. It puts forth unhesitatingly the thought of duty; with that it puts thought that transfigures duty's severe face so that it shines with the light of love, which needed to make any service acceptntile.

### RAMS' HORN BLASTS



HERE is no gain without giving. Regret cannot bring the arrow back to the bow. Blessings will be poured in only as you pour them out, There is no profit in religion where there is no loss. -The hireling has his hire but the Shepherd has the

Influence is immortal. Cheap success is ever too dear. Willingness to be God's slave is the

way to become His son,

Sometimes God's storms are but to drive us into harbor. Every sin committed committs one yet

more to the way of sin. He who is unwilling to face failure an never secure success. You do not need to wear a stony look

to be a pillar in the church The man who revolves around him self will never get anywhere.

The telescope of love has the longest range for celestial vision,

The assets of character are in what you are and not what you have.