extile

f the

agely that bests anything Shakeragely that bests anything Shake-rean or Victor Hugolan. After return-from the Holy Land I briefly touched at, but I must have a whole sermon for scene. The explosion and flash of gun-der have driven nearly all the beasts birds of prey from these regions, and the shriek of the locomotive whistle children have driven at Jerusalem will for by miles around clear Falestin of gruel and beak. But in the time of the text se regions were populous with multitudes ackals and lions. Seven some of Saul been crucified on a hill. Rizpah was ther to two and a relative to five of the s. What had these boys done that they w. What had these boys done that they at father and grandfather. But now the boys were dead, why not take them in from the gibbets? No. They are

need to bang there. Rignah takes the sackcloth-a rough o Highen takes the successful—a rough wi with which in mourning for her dead had wrapped herself—and spreads that keloth upon the rocks now the gibbets, I acts the part of a motinel, watching I defending the dead. Yet every other timel is relieved, and after being on sail for a few hours some one else takes. place. But Rigan is on guard both and night and for half a year. One dred and sighty days and nights of dred and sighty days and nights of quier. What hervesshe must have bad tand that! Ah, do you not know that a

con stand anything? ther can stand anything?

the first be allowed to hollow a
ce in the side of the hill and lay the
des of her children to quiet rest! If in
the cavern of the mountains she might them Christian sepurture! Ob. it might take them from the gibbet of disn the haunts of mer, and then lie beside n in the last long sleep! Exhausted na-ever and anon talls into slumber, but in sever and amou talls into sumber, out in toment she breaks the same and chides saif as though she had been cruel, and psup on the rock shouting at wild beast ring from the thicket and at vulturous of wheeling in the sky. The thrilling of wheeling in the sky. The thrilling y of Ringah reaches David and he comes to hide the intromey. The corpses teen chained to the trees. The chains unlocked with horrid cank, and the etons are let down. All the seven are ed, and the story ends out it hardly ends before you cry out,

hat a hard thing that those seven boys uld suffer for the crimes of a father and t every one who does wrong know that he irs not only, as in this case, against two perations, colldren and grandchildren, but inst all the generations of coming time. at is what makes dissipation and unclean a so awful. It reverberates in other nes. It may skip one generation, but it is t to come up in the third generation, as is ggested in the Ten Commandments, bich say, "Visiting the iniquities of the ther upon the children unto the third and eth generation."

Mind you, it says nothing about the s d generation, but mentions the third and That accounts for what you the fourth. That accounts for what you ometimes see—very good parents with very and children. Go far enough back in the incestral line and you find the source of all he turpitude. "Visiting the iniquities of he fathers upon the children unto the third ind fourth generation." If when Saul died he consequence of the initial transition of the with him it would not have been so ad. Alss, no? Look on that hill a few miles out from Jerusalem and see the hastly burdens of those seven gibbets and he wan and wasted Rizzah watching them. e wan and wasted Rizpah watching them Go to-day through the wards and alms ouses and the reformatory institutions there unfortunate children are kept and you il find that a ne out of ten had drunken or reets of our cities you find men and women received of evil parentage. They are moral proses. Like the seven sons of Saul, though arpses. Like the seven sold Rapah, who, not ead, unburied. Alas for Rapah, who, not exist months, but for years and years, has or six months, but for years and years, has atched them! She cannot keep the vul-

Furthermore, this strange incident in the Bible story shows that attractiveness of person and elevation of position are no seurity againt trouble

curity againt trouble.

Who is this Rispali sitting in desolation? One of Saul's favorites. Her personal attractions had won his heart. She had been caressed of fortune. With a mother's pride the looked on her princely children. But the scene changes, Bahold her in banishment and bereavement—Rispah on the rock!

Some of the worst distresses have come to accues of royalty and wealth. What porter at the mansion's gate has not let in thamping and inthered steed bringing evil lispatch? On what tessellated hall has atch? On what tessellated hall has a not stood the solemn bier? Un-what exquisite fresco has there ot been enacted a tragedy of dis-ster? What curtained couch hath heard ocry of pain? What harp bath never thrilled rith sorrow? What lordly nature hath ever leaned against carved pillar and made atterance of wee? Gall is not less bitter when quaffed from a golden chalice than then taken from a pewter mug. Sorrow is ften attended by junning jostmen and aced lackeys mounted behind. Queen Aune Boleyn is desolate in the palace of Henry

Adolphus wept in German castles over the hypocrisy of friends. Pedro I, among Brazilian diamonds shivered with fear of massacre. Stephen of England sat on a rocking throne. And every mast of pride has seen bent in the storm, and the highest nountains of honor and fame are covered with perpetual snow. Sickness will frost the rosiest cheek, wrinkle the smoothest brow and stiffen the sprightliest step. Rispah quits the courtly circle and sits on the rock. Perhaps you look back upon scenes differnt from those in which now from day to lay you mingle. You have exchanged the ny you mingle. ity and luxuriance of your father's house or privation and trial known to God and your own heart. The morning of life was flushed with promise. Troops of calamities since then have made desperate charge upon you. Darkness has come. Sorrows have swooped ke carrier birds from the sky and barked ke jackals from the thicket. You stand your slain anguished and woe struck.

mid your slain auguished and wee struck.
Rizpah on the rock.
So it has been in all ages. Vashti must
deff the spangled robes of the Persian court
and go forth Masted from the palace gate.
Hagar exchanges oriental comfort for the
wilderness of Beershelm. Mary, queen of
Scots, must rass out from flattery and
pomp to suffer ignominious death in the
castle of Fotheringay. The wheel of fortune
keeps turning, and mansions and huts exchange, and he who role the chariot pushes change, and he who role the chariet pushes the barrow, and instead of the glare of festal lights is the simmering of the peat fire, and in place of Sau's palace is the rock—the cold rock, the desolate rock.

rock—the cold rock, the desolate rock.

But that is the place to which God comes.
Jacob, with his head on a stone, saw the shining ladder. Israel in the desert beheld the marshaling of the fiery haton. John on barren Patmos heard trumpeting, and the clapping of wings, and the stroke of seraphic fingers on golden harps, and nothing but heavenly strength nerved Rizpah for her appalling mission amid the scream of wild birds and the stealthy tread of hungry monsters. The grandest visions of glory, the most rapturous experiences of Christian love, the greatest triumphs of grace have come to the tried, and the hard pressed, and the betrayed, and the crushed. God stooping down from heaven to ourfers Risrah on the rock.

Again, the tragedy of the text displays the courage of woman amid great emercencies. What mother or sister or daughter would dare to co out to fight the cormorant and jackai? Rizpah did it. And so would you if an emergency demanded, Woman is naturally timid and shrinks from exposure and depends on stronger arms for the achievement of great enterprises. And she is often troubled lest there might be occasions demanding fortitule when she would fail. Not so. Some of those who are afraid to look out of the door after night-fail, and who quake in the darkness at the least uncertain sound, and who start at the slam of the door and turn pale in a thunderstorm, if the day of trial came, would be heroic and invulnerable.

God has arranged it so that that woman

God has arranged it so that that woman God has arranged it so that that woman needs the trumpst of some great contest of principle or affection to rouse up her slumbering courage. Then she will stand under the crossiire of opposing hosts at Chalons to give wine to the wounded. Then she will carry into prison and dark lane the message of salvation. Then she will brave the pestilence. Deborah goes out to sound terror into the hearts of God's enemies. Abigail throws herself between a raiding party of infuriated men and her husband's vineyards. Rizoah fights back the vultures from the rock.

rock.

Among the Orkney Islands an eagle swooped and lifte I a child to its eyric far up on the mountains. With the spring of a pantuer the mother mounts hill after hill, crag above erag, height above height, the fire of her own eve outflashing the glars of the eagle's, and with unmailed hand stronger than the iron beak and the terrible slaw she hards the wild hird down the rocks. In the huris the wild bird down the rocks. In the French revolution Cazatte was brought out to be executed, when his daughter three herself on the body of her father and said "Strike, barbarians! You cannot reach my father but through my heart." The crow parted, and linking arms father and daugh-

ter walked out free During the siege of Saragossa, Augustina carried refreshments to the gates. Arriv-ing at the battery of Portillo she found that all the garison had been killed. She snatched a match from the hand of a dead artiller, man and fired off a twenty-six pounder, the leaperion it and vowed she would not leave it alive. The soldiers looked in and saw her daring and rushed up and opened another

darary and rushed up and opened another tremendous fire on the enemy.

The life of James L of Scotland was threatened. Posts have sing those times and able pens have lingered upon the story of manly endurance, but how few to tell the story of Catharine Douglas, one of the queen's maids, who ran to bolt the door, but iound the bar had been taken away so as to facilitate the entrance of the assassin! She thrust her arm into the staple. The murthrust her arm into the staple. The murthrust her arm into the staple. decers rushing against it, her arm was shat-tered. Yet how many have since live! an

died who never heard the touching, self-sacrificing, heroic story of Catharine Douglas and her poor, shattered arm!

You know how calmly Mme, Roland went to execution and how cheerfully Joanna of Naples walked to the castle of Mura, and how tearlessly Mine, Grimaldi listened to have confirmed and how Charlette Co. her condemnation, and how Charlette Corday smiled upon the frantic mob that pursued her to the guillotine. And there would he no end to the recital if I attempts I to present all the historical incidents which show that woman's courage would rouse itself for great emergency.

But I need not go so far. You have transparency and one who was considered a mercital transparency on the second of the second

known some one who was considered a mero butterfly in society. Her hand had known no toil. Her eye hat wept no tear over misfortune. She moved among obsequious admirers as careless as an insect in a field of blesseming buckwheat. But in 1867 finan-cial tempest struck the husband's estate. Before he had time to reef sail and make things snug the ship capsized and went down. Enemies cheered at the misfortune

for the conflict against misfortune, hunger and poverty and want, and all the other jackals Rizosh scares from the rock.

I saw one in a desolate home. Her merciless companion had pawned even the children's shoes for rum. From honorable

ancestry she had come down to this. cruse of oil was empty and the last candle gone out. Her faded frock was patched with tragments of antique silk that she had worn on the bright marriage day. Confident in God, she had a strong heart, to which her children ran when they trambled at the staggering step and qualled under a father's staggering step and qualted under a statuer's curse. Though the heavens were filled with fierce wings and the thic tets gnashed with rage, Riz ah watched faithfully day after day and year after year, and wolf and comorant by her God strengthened arm were hurled down the rocks.

You pass day by day along streets where

You pass day by day along streets where there are heroines greater than Joan of Arc. Upon that cellar floor there are conflicts as flerce as Sedan, and heaven and hell min-gle in the fight. Lifted in that garret there are tribunals where more fortitule is denanded than was exhibited by Lady Jane

Grey or Mary, Queen of Scots.

Now I ask, if mere natural courage can do so much, what may we not expect of women who have gazed on the great sacrifice, and who are urged forward by all the voices of grace that sound from the Bule sad all notes of victory that speak from the sky? my years ago the Forfarshire steamer Many years ago the Forlarshire stanted from Hull bound for Dan lee. After started from Hull bound for Dan lee. After the vessel had been out a little while the winds began to rave and billows rise notil a tempest was upon them. The vessel leaked, and the fires went out, and though the sails were heisted fore and aft she went speeding toward the breakers. She struck with her bows foremest on the rock. The vessel parted. Amid the wairiwind and the dark-ness all were lost but nine. These clung to

ness all were lost but nine. These clung to the wreck on the beach.

Sleeping that night in Longstone lighthouse was a girl of gentle spirit and comely countenance. As the morning dawns I see that girl standing amid the spray and tumuit of contending elements looking through a glass upon the wreck and the nine wretched sufferers. She proposes to her father to take boat and put out across the wild sea to rescue them. The father says: "It cannot be done! Just look at the tumbling suri." But she persisted, and with her father bounds into the boat. Though never accustomed to plying the oar, she takes one and ther father the other Steady now! Pull away! Pull away! away! Puil away!

The sea tossed up the boat as though it were a bubble, but amid the foam and the wrath of the sea the wreek was reached, the exhausted people picked up and saved. Humane societies tendered their thanks. Wealth poured into the lap of the poor girl. Visitors from all lands came to look on her sweet face, and when soon after she launched forth on a dark son, and Death was the oarsman, dukes and duchesses and mighty men sat down in tears in Alawick castle to think they never again might see

sinner whom you taught to versy, and the outcast whom you nointed to God for shelter, will say: "You did it to them! You did it to Me!"

Again, the some of the text impresses up on us the strength of maternal attachment. Not many men would have had courage or endurance for the awful mission of Riggan. To dare the rage of w!! beasts, an! sit from May to Octsber unskeltered, and to watch the corpses of unskeltered children, was a work that nothing but the maternal heart could have accomplished. It needed more strength than to stand before opened batteries or to walk in calmness the deck of a foundering stoamer.

There is no emotion so completely unselfish as maternal affection. Conjugal love expects the return of many kindnesses and attentions. Filial love expects paternal care or is helped by the memory of past watch-fulness. But the strength of a membar's love

expects the return of many kindnesses and attentions. Filial love expects paternal care or is helped by the memory of past watchfulness. But the strength of a mother's love is entirely independent of the past and the future, and is, of all emotions, the purest. The child has done nothing in the past to earn kindness, and in the future it may grow up to maltreat its parent, but still from the mother's heart there goes forth inconsumable affection.

Abuse cannot offend it; neglect cannot chill it; time cannot efface it; death cannot

bill it; time cannot efface it; death cannot lestroy it. For harsh words it has centle biding; for the blow it has beneficent ministry, for neglect it has increasing watch-fulness. It weeps at the prison door over the incarcerated prodigal, and pleads for partion incarcerated prodigal, and pleats for partion at the governor's feet, and is forced away by commissionate friends from witnessing the struggles of the gallows. Other lights goout, but this burns on without extinguisiment, as in a gloom-truck night you may see a single star, one of God's pickets, with gleaming bayonet of light guarding the outposts of heaven.

posts of beaven. The Marchioness of Spainta, when the parthquake at Messina occurre!; ried out insensible tron the falling houses.
Of coming to her senses she found that her intent had not been rescued. She went back and perished in the ruins. Illustration once and personal in the rains. Inflictation of ten thousand mothers who in as many different ways have sacrides themselves for their children.

On, despise not a mother's love! If here-

On, despise not a motion of side if heretofore you have been negligent of such a
one, and you have still opportunity for
reparation, make hasts. If you could only
just look in for an hour's visit to her, you
would rouse up in the ared one a whole
world of blissful memories. What if she
does sit without talking much? She watched you for many months when you knew not how to talk at ail. What if suches many alignents to tell about? During fitteen years you ran to her with every lit-tle scratch and bruise, and she doctored your little finger as carefully as a surgeon would bind the worst fracture. You say she is childish now; I wonder if

You say she is childish now, I wonder if she ever saw yor when you were childish. You have no patience to wait with the on the street, she moves so slowly; I wonder if she remembers the time when you were glad enough to go slowly. You complain at the expense of providing for her now; I wonder what your financial income was from one year to ten years of age. Do not begrudge what you do for the old folks. I care not how much you did for them; they have done more for you.

But from the weird text of the morning comes the rushing in upon my soul a thought that overpowers me. This watching by Rizpah was an after death watching. I wonder if now there is an after death watch wonder if now there is an after death watcoing. I think there is. There are Rizpahs
who have passed death and are still watcoing. They look down from their supernal
and glorified state upon us, and is not that
an after death watching? I cannot believe
that those who before tasir death were interested in us have since their death become hat those was been succeeded in us have since their death become indifferent as to what happens to us.

Not one hour of the six months during

down. Ensmies cheered at the misses of the butterfly. Gool men pitied and said she would die of a broken heart.

"She will not work," say they, "and she is too proud to beg." But the prophecies have failed. Disaster has trarsformed the shining stransformed the shining stransformed the shining stransformed the happy as a princes, though compelled to hush her own child to sleep and spread her own table and answer the ringing of her own doorbell. Her arm had been muscled for the conflict against misfortune, hunger for the conflict against misfortune, hunger they not all ministering spirits sent for the prophecies. they not all ministering spirits sent torth to minister to them that shall be heirs of salvation

Young man, better look out what you do nd where you go, for slooking at you. You sometimes say to yourself, "What would mother say if she knew this?" She does know. You might knew this?" She does know. You me cheat her once, but you cannot cheat now. Does it embarrass us to think she knows all about us now? If she had to put up with so much when she was here, surely she will not be the less patient or excusatory

Oh, this tremen lous thought of my text-this after death watching! What an uplitting consideration, and what a comforting thought! Young mother, you who have just lost your babe, and who feel that need of a nearer solace than that which comes from ordinary sympathy, your mother knows all about it. You cannot run in and talk it all over with her as you would in and talk it all over if she were still a terrestial resident, but it will comfort you some, I think—yea, it will comfort you a good deal—to know that she comfort you a gool deal—to know that she understands it all. You see that the velocities of the heavenly conditions are so

great that it would not take her a half second to come to your bereft heart. Oh, these mothers in heaven! They can do more for us now than before they went away. The bridge between this world and the next is not broken down. They approach the bridge from both ways, departing spir-its and coming spirits, disimprisoned spirits and sympathizing spirits. And so let us and sympathizing spirits. And so let us walk as to be worthy of the supernal cham-pionships, and if to any of us life on earth is a hard grind, let us understand that if we watch faithfully and trust fully our blessed Lord there will be a corresponding reward in the land of peace, and that Rizpah, who once wept on a rock, now reigns on

Westminster Abbey's Only Mechanic.

George Graham, the only mechanic buried in Westminster Abbey, was the son of William Graham, of Blackstone, in the County of Cumberland, England, At the age of thirteen he went to London and apprenticed himself to Thomas Tompion, a noted clock and watch maker, and later was taken into partnership, and became famous for the excelieuce of his work. It was, however, his scientific investigations that gave him great prominence. He corrected the variations of the pendulum due to the changes of temperature, by inventing the mercurial bob. The great clock at Greenwich which regulates the time of the world, was made by him in 1727, and, although it has done duty for nearmighty men set down in tears in Alawich castle to think they never again night see the face of Grace Darling

No such deeds of daring will probably be asked of you, but hear you not the howl of that swful storm of it gable and sin that hath tossed ten thousa shivered hulks into the breakers? Know the not hat the whole earth is strewn with the shiewrecked—that there are wounds to be becaled and broken hearts to be bound an Strewning souls to be rescued? Some hart sone down, and you come too late, but others are clinging to the wreck, are shivering with the cold, are strangling in the wave, are crying to you for deliverance. Will you not, oar in hand, put out to-day from the lighthous:?

When the last ship's timber shall have been rent, and the last Longstone beacon shall have been thundered down in the hurricane, and the last tempest shall have been rent, and the last longstone beacon shall have been thundered down in the hurricane, and the last last of the faltaful. And Curist, pointing to the insbriste that you reformed, and the sying ly a century and three-quarters, it is

RELIGIOUS READING.

PEAR NOT. Why should I fear tomorrow? The Lord directs my way.

Why should I trouble borrow?

I live but for today.

Whenever I am weary In God I find my rest. And when my past seems dreary I know it's for the best. Why should I fear tomorrow?

I have a gracious friend Who knows my every sorrow And will my cause defend. I see Him near me smiling, In trial and in joy, My weary hours beguiling

I will not trouble corrow. There is a better way.

For when it comes, tomorrow
Will be another day.

In His own best employ.

Ob give me grace, dear Saviour, Thy constant love to see: Today I seek Thy favor, Tomorrow leave with Thee.

-[New York Observer.

WALKING ON THE WATER. The real error which Peter committed in attempting to walk on the water des in tha he undertook what the Lord did not require of him. No doubt he asked and obtained his permission, but even this shows how the Lord may permit His servants to find the Lord may permit His servants to find the bottom of their own resolutions, and in His wire lave teach them deep and useful lessons by their own failures. Peter assayed love to do by faith what faith was quite competent to do, had the Master needed it and asked it. But, taking it up of his own motion, even with the Lord's permission, the disciple three bimeelf into circumstances of dancer, and difficulty to, which has measure danger and difficulty to which his measure

of faith proved unequal.

To aim at being for Christ, to expect to de for Christ what Christ has neither enjoined nor promised, is really not faith, but fanaticism. There is considerable resem b ance between the two, on the surface The one has been again, and again mi-taken for the other. There is a likeness in their tone. In their entrestness, in their ardor, somet mes, for a while, in their effects; but they are entirely different in their source, their principle, their results. Faith arises out of grace. Faranticism has its source in will. Forth is ruled by the Word of the Lord; tanaticism by the wish, will and impulse of the creature. Faith results in solid fruits and works for Christ. Fanaticism burns itself out in fruitiess fervor, or dashes itself to pieces in a terrible fall.

The dangers of our time lie, however, for the most part, in quite another direction. The material and the secular have, in these days, the most powerful away over the minds of men. The spiritual is treated as if the definition of men. The spiritual is treated as if it did not exist stail. For, more frequently that fanaticism is mistaken for faith, is faith richenled and run down as fanatical. And, in truth, all real living and working for Clrist has in it an element of paradox, which the world is very apt to mistake for enchasia m. It is aiming at results and expecting results which, it guite beyond the perting results which lie quite beyond the

channel of ordinary, rational life.

There is no tent success in the work of Christ's kingdom which is not to man's adding to the state of the stat he trucified Nazarene, he went to walk on remaiers. All reason was against the rebability of his success. When Luther revived the Gospel of free grace in the face of the Roman hierarchy and the empire, he went to walk on the waters. Pope, empertor, princes and churchmen were ready to swollow him up. There is not a true missionary abroad or true mission worker at home but goes to seek results above control dy methods that should be be to seek results above on. If we would truly serve desus and his kingdom, walk on the waves we must, for we walk by faith, not by sight. Only it as guther from the incident in Peter's experience that we are to take up our motto went to walk on the waters. Pope, emperionic that we are to take up our motto from Isaiah rather that from Peter. In-stead a, choosing for one's self the path of outy, and saying. "Lord, idd me come," let us put ourselves and our service always into his hands, s-ying, in answer to his question,
-Who will go for us?' "Here am I; send
me." The miraces of our Lord.—[John
Leidlaw, D. D.

IN 1018 NAME.

If an intelligent being, ignorant of human istory but qualified to study it candidly and an fully, were to come into our world from some other, there can be no doubt that to him the surreme fact among all recorded concerning it would be the career of Jests (hrist among men. Whether he ever had beind elsewhere of Christ or not, whether be at first should believe Christ to be the 8-n of God or not, nothing else could possibly seem to him to have so in fluencest the development of the human tace as the fact and the character of the life of Jesus. The whole course of the age preceding the Christian era would be per coved to have been preparing the world for the coming of Christ, and the history of the subsequent centuries would be discovered to subsequent enturies would be discovered to exhibit, in spite of everything of a bostile character, the slow but certain development and victory of the principles which He declared and diastrated. To such an impartial student of our past and present these facts would be inexpressibly impressive. They would be to us were they not so familiar. They ought to be far more than they are

It was distinctly in the name of Christ that His disciples, during the period of life which remained to them after His bodily departure from this world, carried on the work which He had bequeathed to them. It work which He had bequeathed to them. It was pre-eminently in His name that they accomplished their most remarkable deeds, whether mirroulous or normal, whether physical, social or spiritual. They took pains to leave no one in any reasonable doubt about this. Christ represented the hely God to them. He was the central, supreme being in the universe. He, although no longer visible to the bodily eye, was the source of their power and the inspiration of their snergy. To become like Him in character was their noblest aim. They could accomplish nothing worth the doing, they sought to accomplish nothing, except in His name.

to accomplish nothing, except in His name.

As the Christmas season draws near once
more we shall do well to remind ourselves. whether we shall do well to remind ourselves, whether we believe ourselves Christians or not, of these things, "In His Name" may be, should be, our personal motto as truly as it was that of the earliest disciples. If we are unwilling to take it for ours we choose to swim against the current of history instead of with it to prove the moral tendency of the arms. the current of history instead of with it, to oppose the moral tendency of the age histead of taking advantage of it, to disregard the most effective assistance to successful living instead of using it. Those whom the consecrated enthusiasm, the practical philanthropy, the infinite lave, the compassionate self-sacrifice of our Lord hitterlo have failed to persuade, those to whom His atoning redeeming mercy has been only His atoning, redeeming mercy has been only a phrase instead of a fact, those who, for any reason, have neglected or refused to a knowledg- His first claims upon them-all those should consider seriously, and with honest petition for divine enlightcoment. what it really means not to be at least trying to live in His name.

A Meteoric Stone. At New Castle, Col., about 9 o'clock Thursday morning a stone, weighing probably 10 tons, fell from the sky, striking the earth a mile northeast of the town. It sunk deep into the earth and was in a heated condition when discovered. The stone is slate-colored and the people are convinced that it dropped from the much-talked-of comet.

TEMPERANCE.

WHO'S AFRAID? "Who is afrail?" the young man said, And he laughed and tossed his handsome head, And the ruby wine from the cup he drained, And with many an oath his young lips stained. "Who is afraid?" Not I?" he said.

And laughed, and tossed his thoughtless head.

"Give me a draught that is stronger yet. There are fearful thoughts that I must forget.
There is death in the cup, I know full well, There is death in the cup, I know full well, I've tasted already the fires of hell.
Yet give me a draught that is stronger yet,"
He said, "I have thoughts that I must forget."

"I am afraid!" the young man said, "Visions of herror are round my beil Mercy's hour I have sinned away.
Death is coming to claim his prey.
I am afraid! afraid!" he cried.
With the pitital words on his tips ne died.

GENERAL HOWARD ON THE CANTEEN. General Howard, in his official report to the Secretary of War, gives the following important testimony concerning the "post

exchange, or cantson:

"The post exchange presents the appearance of a small country store or refreshment room mail the promises except in the room where har is served. The impression is irresistable that beer is easily and chearly procured, so that it is constantly forced upon of the culisted man. He ted to include in its use. Con the enlisted man. He is manding officers have generally agreed with me that it would be well to abelish the sale of beer entirely and to substitute for it other everages. There somes a lack of propriety coldier in the uniform of the United States behind a counter dealing out fleers without exceptaobject to the If there must be bar ker in the service they should be hired for the

to be more generally led to drink and to offences that go with drinking than under the old suther and post trade system, strongly convinced by actual experiment that while a law drunks are mederated in their application by strong beer the remain-ing soldiers who fall under the temptation are worse off and that military offsuces are

rather increased in number."
In view of this significant testimony, from the distinguished head of the United States Army, that beer selling is injurious to the men under his command, it is to be hope. that the requisite steps may be taken for in abolition at an early day.—National Tem perance A tvocate.

BLOOD MONEY.

Not long ago, in the beautiful city of Edmourgh, the capital of Scotland, a this university built was built entirely out of the profits from the saie of a certain kind of ale, Don tiess it was a generous thing for the maker of the ale to devote a share of his profits to a useful public purpose, but the temperance people of Scotlan I oring the inpeaclment against the hall that it is a monu

ment to E imburgh's drunkenness.

Terribie juttures of the degrafation of the lower classes of E linburgh, due to the use of drink, are often drawn by residents of that city

'On a recent Saturday night," one such resident writes to a Scottish newspaper, had occasion to pass through Cawgate, Canongate and Higa strest. The scene I was compelled to witness made me shiver.
"Drungen women, many of them with balrus in their arms, jostled me every few

steps. Gray-haired old men filled the air with drunken yells and vulgar language. It with drunken yells and vulgar language, we greeved me to eyout description to see a chee, fair-baired tasks anding bonese by druns at a dose mouth, the butt of the rule jetters was passed her by."

Such scenes may be seen in many another Sentes and British city, and to some extent in American cities as well. While they are in American cities as well.

in American cities as well. While they are to be seen, somed money to accepte i, even for beneatemt public purposes, watch is derived from a traffic waich brings such disgrace to our civil zatio :!

There are many private "monuments to run tenness" scattered through the in ti. The time will come beyons a doubt when there will be scarce one to whom the sagest of them does not bring a pang of sorrow, and very few indeed to whom they will ever ause a tariff of profe, - Youta's Compan-

WHERE THE MONEY WEST.

A rather curious experiment was made in Beigium the other day. The manufacturer, before paying his workmen, marked 709 five-franc pieces with a punch, and distributed the coins in equal number among his hands. At the same time he requested the keepers of the grog-shops adjacent to his works to hand over to him the ity-franc pieces marked in the way described. The pieces marked in the way described. Two days after the wages were paid more than three hundred of his silver coins were re-ceived by the employer. The statisticians have worked out the result, showing that in less than two days each workman had spent more than half his salary at the public house.-Le Matis.

DRINK AND DRINK SELLERS.

The War Cry, organ of the Salvation Army, prints the following I have heard all the arguments which are brought against respectable men for manu-facturing and selling rum, I have heard them violently denounced from the pulpit, and warmly defended elsewhere, but a and warmly defended elsewhere, but a scene to which I was once a witness decided my opinion as to my own duty on this point —and that is about as far, in a matter of opinion, as any man can wisely press hir

arguments—i. e., to as own con-cience.

During an occasional stroll in an obscure
part of the town, my attention was once atracted by the preparations for a funeral in a small house by the roadside. What in-duced me to enter a house of mouraing, who I was alike unknowing and unknown,

is not at present material.

The room that I entered betrayed at a glance the abject poverty of its occupants. There was neither car out nor fire, the bed was a heap of straw, four or five old croken chairs constituted all the furniture, and the indicate means of the large of the room.

windows were stuffed with rags.

A plain board coffin—which, from its size, must be that of a cuild—lay on two chairs must be that of a calld—lay on two chairs in the center of the room; a woman, solbing aloud, was bending over it; ten or twelvemen stood around in silence, and by a corner of the fireplace, seated on the floor, was a man in a beastly state of intoxication. This man, as I afterward learned, was the father of the child, whom, on the preceding day, in another fit of drunk enness, he had accidentally purshed against a teakettle over the fire, and the little creature was so scalded by the water that it died ture was so scalded by the water that it died during the night.

After a few minutes' silence, broken only by the sobs of the heart-broken mother, one of the men, apparently with the intention of offering to the poor woman the consolation of sympathy, approached and said to her: "Mrz.—, this is a great affliction." "ies," said the woman, raising her streaming eyes from the coffin and fixing

them on the speaker with all the sternness she could command at the moment, "it is a great affliction—a dreadful affliction; but it great affliction—a dreadful affliction; but it is not for you, who give him (pointing to her drunken husband) his daily liquor, and take from him the means of buying our daily bread; you who knew his weakness and our poverty, you who yesterday sold him a dram which made him murder our darling child, an I to-day, knowing what he had done, tempted him to driuk what makes him sit there like a brute beast, and the baby dead by the side of him. It is not for you to offer me consolation—that can come only from God above, who will one day judge between the rich man who sells the liquor and the poor man who drinks it."



A CHANGED WATER-COURSE.

A LAND OWNER AWARDED DAMAGES FOR INJUR-

An important case was decided by a Dauphin county judge. The Lykens Valley Coal Company changed the course of a stream on its property and dumped a large quantity of coal dust into the channel of the old stream. A big flood caused an overflow of the stream and the culm was carried on the land of David S. Elder, doing much damage to it. Elder instituted suit for the recovery of \$7,500, and the jury awarded him \$1,500. If a new trial is not granted the case will be appealed to the Supreme Court by the Corporation.

MINERS TOURES TOPPLE OVER.

At an early hour Sunday morning the ground began to settle over the workings of the Langeliff colliery at Aveca, caused by a cave-in that took place in the mine during the night, doing considerable damage to property. The place where the surface is settled is known as "Brown's Patch" and today it is reported that several acres, have gone down from two to six feet, causing a few of the miners' houses to topple over, while many others sustain more or less

FOLKY LEVING HIS KINKS WEEK,

The jury in the case of Patrick Foley, or Pittsburg, against Libter Laute, of the Greensburg Argon, for criminal libel, re-turned a versicit of not guilty. Two-thirds of the cost were assessed on the defendant and one-third on the plaintiff. The Argus in a political article referred to Foley as a "tounder, beder and ruffian,"

GOT THE TOURS IN A POT PIE.

Frank Hodges and William Murphy, prisoners in the Blair county juit at Hollidaysburg on suspicion of being the attempte I murderers of a man in Altoona, escaped Friday night by dagging through the walls with tools their friends on the outside sent them concealed in a mamnioth pot pie.

A SAVING FOR PERSON APPLICANTS. Adjutant General Greenland says appli-

cants for pensions, who have lost their papers, go to unnecessary expenses in paying persons to secure from the department certificates showing their service in the Union army. These can be secured by simply asking the department for them.

AN EARLY SEATING ACCIDENT.

William Poleski, of Blackwood, aged 9 years, while stiding on the ice at Blackwood reservoir, near Tremont, in company with several young companions, broke through and was drowned.

JOSTAN LYDICK, a merchant of Greenville, while crossing the street from his store to hi, dwelling, carrying a large sum of money and after riding his visities possessed bag and after riding his visities possesses

WILLIAM WHALEN was crushed by rock falling on him at the South West Connells-ville Coke Company's mines, near Mt. Pleas-ant. He died several hours afterward

Tue business men of Bellefontn are cited over the 'act that the fown will likely lose its free man delivery service. In 1890 the postoffice receipts were \$10,000 but last year they were only about \$7,000.

SATURDAY night and Sunday the Philat dephia and Reading Railroad moved 05 coal trains from the mine; in the Schuylkill re-gion down their main line to sidewater. Each of the trains averaged ⁽³⁾ gondola cars or in all 3,980. Each car carried an average of 28 tons, making a total of 109,200 tons for each ton the company gets \$1.90 main line tolls, or in all \$207,490, which the pur-

EARL, a 7-months old child of Mr. and Mrs. A. Comp. of Harrisburg, was fatally burned by the explosion of an oil lamp. A 2-year-our daughter of Robert Mechan

A 2-year-all daughter of lobert Meehan, of Pittsburg, was fatally burned. The child was playing about a fire when her clothes ignited, literally cooking the flesh. Dr. Graham pronounced the child's injuries

Black diphtheria has broken out with great virulence at Mammoth, a mining town in Westmoreland county near Greensburg. and a half dozen deaths have occurred.

A Lockrour (Westmoreland county) farm-er discovered a broken freg on one of the er discovered a broken freg on one of the main tracks of the Pennsylvania raifroad on Tuesday morning just in time to stop the southwestern express, thereby saving it from being thrown from the track.

A Lemon Valley engine exploded near Shemmidech Wednesday night, killing En-gineer William Barry, of Shoemakers, and

A string child of Andrew Johnson at Brady's Run, was burned to death while playing about a fire in a room with other

Ar Beaver Falis Saturday afternoon dur-ing a foot-ball game John Mitchell of New Brighton was severely injured. Little hopes are entertained for his recovery. A CUMBERLAND county jury yesterday rendered a verdict of \$500 against the Philadelphia and Reading railroad, for the killing of Charles Evilhock, near Carlisle,

LAWRENCE county school directors favor

Mrs. Masy Wirkes, an aged crippled fudy, was attacked by two unknown men,

near New Fiorence Sunday, and robbed of Ar Schuylkillhaven, Mrs. Ann Davis died at the almshouse, aged 101 years. She was born in Wates in 1791, and has been a

widow for fifty years. ALBERT TANNER. a lumber merchant, of

Sandy Lake, fell asteep in a train returning from Buffalo and was robbed of \$488.

The treasury of Mercer county, is in straightened circumstances because of uncollected taxes during the past three years, aggregating about \$50,000. A risk that broke out in J. D. Hepburn's restaurant. Mahafley, destroyed all the buildings from the river to Mahafley Hotel. The loss which amounts to thousands of dollars, falls heaviest on A. D. Lydick, who owned five of the burned buildings. A. Spencer and J. D. Hepburn are also heavy losers.

Joseph, the five year old son of John Henry, of Canoe creek, near Hollidaysburg, applied a lighted match to his clothing and was burned beyond recovery.