# THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

### T. B. HARTER, EDITOR AND PRO'R.

#### MIDDLEBURGH, PA., APRIL 6, 1803.

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There are in London 10,000 paupers and 40,000 criminals known to the police as such.

There are between 75,000 and 80,000 solored people living at the National Capital in Washington, and their wealth a now very large.

According to an authority on pedarory, "the most hopelessly dull chiltreg are scatter-brained ones who catch and toss facts from tongue tips without arning them over in their own minds."

The \$3,000,000 which the hat manuacturers of the country have got to and over to the inventor of the sweat band used on hats affords a striking Ilustration, observes the Scientific American, of the value of genius when it nakes a hit.

The most daring of the experimenters of the last decale of the Nineteenth Century, perhaps, is Nikola Tesla, who was unknown to the scientific world five pr six years ago, but wuo to-day is regarded as a second Edison, and who has schieved more magnificent results than any half dozen of his contemporaries zombined.

afore passengers were carried on American railroads last year than there tre men, women and children in Europe and North and South America. Fewer passengers were killed on all the ratiways of the United States in a year than die from accidents in New York City slone, every three months, according to the figures of the Board of Healt?

Rev. Elward Everett Hale proposes, states the Caristian at Work, that 800 "Coristian supervisors" be appointed to take care of Boston's 40,000 poor and incapable, and that each Christian supervisor have an apportionment of 500 to watch over, for whom he shall administer "religious and sanitary governnent" as it is stated, and for whom he shall be held responsible.

The menu of one of the meals provided for the favored queen of an orienta narem is reported by the New York Post to have included a young lam's coasted whole, stuffed with a turkey, which again was seen a trib a chick u Hiter a ......

smallest of Eastern birds called a figpecker.

Albert.

COMFORTING EASTER BELLS.

Sweet in the comfort that the chimes Are throbbing down upon the ear. In pulsing beat of wordless rhymes-Life and death, Human breath, Joy and pa'n, Naught is vain,

For Christ is risen! Heaven is near! If sorrows come, they also go,

If joys must fly, they reappear, Still gladsome bells swing to and fro-Life and death, Human breath,

Joy and pain, Naught is vain. For Christ is risen! Heaven is near! Then ring for joy, ye Easter bells,

That Love Divine has conquered fear: Immortal hope your rhythm tells-Life and death, Human breath,

Joy and pain, Naught is vain, For Christ is risen! Heaven is near! -Helen Evertson Smith, in Harper's Bazar.

# MY EASTER-EGG.

#### BY ANNA SHELLDS.

sett." I only stared, far

too much amazed for speech. A cousin! Never had I heard of an uncle or an aunt, much

less a cousin. "But, papa," I said, at last, "I never knew I had a cousin."

"H'm! No! Your mother was an only child, but I had a brother. Poor Tom! He and I had a quarrel, long before we were either of us married; no matter about that now. Tom went off to the West, but he didn't find may of the wonderful good luck there that some men do. The fact is, Bess, Tom way always lazy! Lazy folks don't get along out West! But he is dead, my dear, been dead these ten years, and his wife died about a week ago, and left a letter for me, asking me to befriend their only

child. She needn't come here, you see, if you don't want her." "Oh, but I do want her!" I cried. "Have I not been longing for a sister all my life? I do want her, papa! Piease send for her."

"Very well, my dear. I will write at ance.

Then I rushed off to find Martha, who is our head servant, and, I sometimes suspect, our real housekeeper, though she lets me have all the honors. Martha, who had lived with my grandmother, had known Mr. Tom, but had thought he died long ago. She was very willing, however, to help me in getting one of the prettiest rooms ready for "Miss Elizabeth," and and daigties for 1.83

"Tell me," she said, nesting down church door, we found Mr. Gordon TALMAGE'S EASTER SERMON in my arms, "is there not what the novawaiting us, and after some fluttering of lace and flowers in the vestry room, the lace and flowers in the vestry room,

bridal procession sailed up the broad

I slipped into my pew, and when my

Then I understood. When the organ

peeled forth the wedding march, and

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon walked slowly

and smiled. Two minutes later he was

"Yon will come to my cousin's recen-

have sent you cards if I had known your

"I saw the card," he said, in a low,

"And you sent back my poor, little

"But you will forgive me, Bessie, and

gether. Explanations were made, and

My Crystal Easter Egg was opened to

band tells me shall never again leave his

The World's Orpha is.

About 12,500 children pass through

the hands of the authorities of the Paris

more are assisted outside. The mortality

under the administration of the poor

laws. There are large foundling hospitals

at Mexico, Rio de Janeiro and Buenos

Ayres, and China is noted for the con-

duct of its establishments for the care of

destitute and abandoned children in

nearly all the large citics of the empire.

During the early part of this century it

was customary for foundling hospitals to

use a revolving pillar, or basket, or

wheel, in which a child could be de-

posited secretly, and this apparatus still

survives in a few foundling hospitals in

Italy. The asylums of Russia lose from

fifty to sixty per cent. of the infants sent

annually to them. The Dublin Hospital

was closed, in 1835, on account of the

death rate being four out of five. In

Vienna, it has been as high as seventy-

five in one hundred, but in France and

Of the number of asylums for the care

of destitute and abandoned children in

the Sisters of Charity" is the important.

It is situated in Sixty-eighth street, be-

tween Third and Lexington avenues, and

finger .--- The Ladger.

beside me.

eyes wandered, I saw-Bert Wilson,

els call 'another?' "Yes, my dear, there is."

"Where is he?"

aisle, Lizzie on papa's arm and Mr. Gor-"I don't know," I said, ruefully; don escorting his married sister. "he was sent away to seek his fortune. He is a poor man, and father thought was too young to know my own mind! looking at Lizzie with a dazed expres sion, as if she was a part of a nightmare. But he has sent me a Christmas card and an Easter egg every time the days come round, so that I know he is alive, and does not forget me." "How jolly !" said Lizzie. "And is down the aisle, I caught Herbert's eyes

that his ring?" "Yes; we each had one made to order.

just alike-two clasped hands, and on tion," I said, shaking hands, "I should the reverse side our initials entwined." "How romantic!" said L'zsie.

"I don't believe you have any heart!" address." I cried, indignantly.

"Not the tiniest, finiest bit," she choked voice-Charles Gordon and said, with perfect good humor; "but, Elizabeth Bassett." " Bessie, if there is 'another,' can't I have Mr. Gordon?" ring.

"You ridiculous baby." I said, "you need not ask my permission. I wouldn't let me have my ring again? You never marry him if I had never heard of 'an-told me you had a cousin whose name was the same as your own." other. Just then papa joined us. He asked no questions, and we drove home to

But, after all, it was rather mortifying to my vanity to see how readily she could make my life long lover her slave. She was so pretty, and her mourning give back Herbert's ring, which my huswas the merest pretense-just enough black to set off her dazzting complexion, and she knew well the power of beauty. Then her childlike, innocent ways were attractive to the elderly adorer I had always kept at a distance. She sing for him, waltzed with him, devoured his bon bons by the box, flattered him, and when he threw his fortune and himself Hospital annually, while half as many at her feet, she accepted him.

I think papa was secretly delighted. is about fifteen per cenc. Russia pos-He was accustomed to my quiet ways, sesses two large foundling hospitals, one and this dateing, singing fairy flitting at Moscow and the other at St. Petersabout rather bewildered him. We were burg, the two together accommodating rather old-fashioned folks, papa and I, about twenty thousand children a year. and my cousin had considerable "girl-In Great Britain and Germany, foundlings of the period" about her. are taken care of by private charity, or

It was just before Leat that L'zzie told us of her engagement, and as Mr. Gordon urged an early wedding day, it was decided that the week following Easter should make him "the happy man" of a gorgeous welding.

Papa was liberal, and my Lenten dutics were sadly upset by the preparations for a grand reception after the caurch wedding. It was a perfect delight to Lizzie to throw off her black dress and try on the pretty finery that papa gave me permission to provide. She was not exacting, accepting what I selected, but I had orders to be generous, and between us we had ready a trousseau of which Mrs. Gordon need not be ashamed.

Lut on Easter Day, when I could not quite detaca my heart from earthly matters, I watched eagerly for Herbert's present. I had made no secret of this in London, the percentage of mortality little ray of hope that came to me, and is very small, not being larger than four, father only grunted when I displayed my trifling presents. New York, the "Foundling Asylum of

1 was in my room alone when this one came-a little box, such as I had twice before opened. And on the pink cotton a dainty crystal egg. Two lay in my jewel box; one with a tiny locket, one is controlled by the sisters, under the diwith a goiney and although chapped rection of Sister Mary Irene, and the none hour favorable showing with hing New York foundling asylum societies

this quail was now any one of the go himself and pring the sphan girl to the was one was the and sivisory committee. It is supported her new home, and Martha and I had reel about me. When my sight was by voluntary contributions and by an alfull scope for our hospitable plans. It once more clear, I saw on the pretty lowance from the city government, and was not that I had anything to do, for pink cotton the ring I had given Her- maintains a children's hospital, a materabert Wilson! There could be no mis-

# WHEN DEAD AWAKE.

The Bodies Will Arise With All Imperfections Washed Away.

TEXT: "None is Christ rises from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept."-I Corinthians xv., 20,

On this glorious Easter morning, amid the music and the flowers, I give you a Chris-tian miutation. This morning Russian meeting Russian on the strats of St. Peters burg hails him with the salutation, "Christ is risen?" and is answered by his friend in malutation, "He is risen indexd?" In some parts of England and Ireland, to this very day, there is the superstition that on E ister morning the sun dances in the heavens, and well may we forgive such a superstition which illustrates the fast that the natural world seems to sympathiz; with the spirit-

Hail, Easter morning! Flowers! Flow-

Hail, Easter morning! Flowers! Flow-ers! All of them a-voice, all of them a-tongue, all of them full of speech to-lay. I ben i over one of the likes and I hear it say: "Consider the likes of the fleid, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all nis glory was not arrayed like one of these." I bend over a rose, and it seems to whisper: "I am the rose of Sna-roo." And then I stand and listen. From all sides there comes the chorus of flowers, saying: "If God so clothesi the grass of the field, which to-day is and to-morrow is cast

an store tonce to the the child of the saying: "If God so clothed the grass of the field, which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" Flowers! Flowers! Brait them into the bride's hair. Flowers! Flowers! Strew them over the graves of the dead, sweet prophecy of the resurrection. Flowers! Tweets the into a garland for my Lord Jesus on Easter morning. "Glory be Lord Jesus on Easter morning. "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be." Oh, how bright and how beautiful the

flowers, and how much they make me think flowers, and how much they make me think of Christ and His religion that brightens our character, brightens society, brightens the church, brightens everything! You who go with gloomy countenance pretending you are better than I am because of your lugabriousness, you cannot cheat me. Pretty case you are for a man that professes to be ore than a conqueror. It is not religiou that makes you goomy, it is the lack of it. There is just as much religion in a walding as in a burnel, just as much religion in a smile as in a tear

These gloomy Christians we sometimes see are the people to whom I like to lead money, for I never see them again. The women came to the Savior's tomb, and they dropped spics all around the tomb, and they dropped spics all around the tomb, and those spices were the seed that began to grow, and from them came all the flowers of this Easter more. The two angels robed in white took hold of the stone at the Savior's tomb and they ingrid it with such force tomb, and they hurled it with such force down the hill that it crushed in the door of the world's sepulchre, and the stark and the dead must come forth.

I care not how inbyrinthine the mausoum or how costiv the sarcophagus or however beautifully parterned the family grounds, we want them all broken up by the Lord of the resurrection. They must come out. Father and mother—they must come out. Husband and wife—they must come out. Brother and sister—they must come out. Our dering childran—they must come Our darling children -they must come The eyes that we close with such out. trembling fingers must op m again in the radiance of that mora. The arms we folde t in dust must join ours in an embrace of re-union. The voice that was hushed in our dwelling must be returned. On, how dwelling must be returned. On, how long some of you seem to be waiting-waiting for the resurrection, waiting! And for these broken hearts to iny I make a soft, cool bandage out of Easter flowers. My frience, I find in the risen Christ a prophecy of our own resurrection, my text setting forth the ideathat as Christ uss arisen an Mix people will rise. He-the first sheaf of

setting forth the idea that as Christ uas arisen so His people will rise. He—the first sheaf of the resurrection harvest. He—"the first fruits of them that slept." Before I get through this morning 1 will walk through all the country graveyards, where your beloved ones are buried, and I will plucs off these flowers, and I will drop a sweet promise of the gospei—a rose of hop, a hily of joy on every tomb—the child to be the set every tomb-the child's tomb, the husband's comb, the wife's tomb, the father's grave, the mothet's grave, and while we calebrate the resurrection of Christ we will at the ame time celebrate the resurrection of all "Corist the first truits of them the good. It i should come to you this morning and ask you for the names of the great conquerors of the world, you would say Alex uder. Crear, Philip, Napoleon I. Ah! my friends, you have forgotten to mention the name of a greater conqueror than all of these - i crue', a ghastly conqueror. He who role on a black horse across Waterloo and Atlanta and Chaions, the bloody hoots crushing the bearts of nations. It is the conqueror Death. Again and again has he done this work rith all generations. He is a modarch as well as a conqueror; his palace a sepulcher his fountains the tailing tears of a world. Blessed be God, in the light of this Easter morning I see the prophecy that his scepter shall be broken and his palace shall be demolished. The hour is coming when all way are in their graves shall come forth. Christ risen, we shall rise. Jesus "the first fruits of them that siept." Now, around this doc-trine of the resurrection there are a great

cne moment before that general rising three will be an entire silence save as you hear the grinding of a wheel or a clatter of the boot of a procession passing into the cemetery. Bilence in all the caves of the earth. Bilence on the side of the mountain. Silence of in the valleys and far out into the

Stence. But in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, as the archangel's trumpet comes peal-ing, rolling, crashing across mountain and ocean, the earth will give one terrific shut der, and the graves of the dead will beave like the way sof the sea, and Ostend and Nebastopol and Chalons will stalk forth in the lurid air, and the drowned will come un and wring out their wet locks above the bi-low, and all the land and all the sea become one moving mass of life—all faces, all age. all conditions, gazing in one direction and upon one throne the throne of resurrection. "All who are in their graves shall come

"All who are in their grant of the forth." "But," you say, "if this doctrine of the resurrection is true as prefigured by this Easter morning, Christ, "the first fruits of them that slept," Christ rising a promise and a prophecy of the rising of all His people can you tell us something about the resur-rected body" I can. There are mysteries about that, but I shall tell you three or four things in regard to the resurrected body that are beyond guessing and beyond misinke.

take. In the first place, I remark, in regard by your resurrected body, it will be a givinose body. The body we have now is a mer-skeleton of what it would have been if so has not marral and defaced if. Take to most exquisite status that was ever made or an artist and chip it here and chip it there with a chisel and hatter and bruise it here and there and then stand it out in the storm of a hundred years, and the beauty wor be gone.

Weil, the Luman body has been chipps and battered and truised and damaged was the storms of thousands of years-the physi cal defects of other generations com nown from generation to generation, we heriting the intellecties of past generation but in the morning of the resurrection to body will be adorned and brautified accord body will be adorated and brautified according to the original model. And there is a such difference between is gymnast and a emaciated wretch in a lazareto as there as be a difference between our bodies as the are now endour resurrected forms

There you will see the perfect eye at the waters of death have washed out stains of tears and study. There you a

see the period hand after the knots of in have been untied from the knuckles. The you will see the form erect and elastic ats the burdens have gone off the shoulder-u

very life of God in the body. In this world the most impressive that the most expressive thing, is the hum face, but that face is veiled with the gra of a thousand years, but in the resurrects morn that yell will be taken away from : morn that vell will be taken away from a face, and the noon lay sun is dull and a and stupid compared with the outflan clories of the countenances of the say When those faces of the rightsous, those surrected faces, turn toward the gate look up toward the thron', it will be have the dawning of a new morning on the base of everlasting day! On, glorious rest rected body:

rected body : But I remark also, in regard to that bo which you are to get in the resurrection, will be an immortal body. These bodies a wasting away. Somebody has sai I as so as we begin to live we begin to die. Unless we keep putting the fuel into the furnees the furnace dies out. The blood vessels are canals taking the breadstuffs to all parts of the system. We must be reconstructed hour by hour day he day. Success and dour the system. We must be reconstructed hour by hour, day by day. Sickness and death are all the time trying to get their prey un-der the tenement, or to push us off the em-bankment of the grave; but, blessal be God, in the resurrection we will get a body im-montal

mortal. No malaria in the air, no cough, no neu-ralgic twinge, no rheumatic pang, no flut tering of the heart, no shortness o breath, no ambulance, no dispensary, n hospita', no invalid's canir, no spectacies t improve the dim vision, but health, in mortal health! Oh ye wno have achos an pains indescribable this morning-Oh y who are never well.--(It ye who are insured with obysical distresse, let me tell van the resurrected body, free from all dism immortal! Immortal? I will go further and sar, in regard too

I will go further and say, in regard ton you are to get in the tion, it will be a powerful boly. We now eight or ten miles, an twe are fair: we lift a few hundred poun is and we are hausted; unarmed, we meet a wild h hausted: unarmed, we meet a wild and we must run or fly or climb or d because we are incompetent to meet it toll eight or ten hours vigorously, and we are weary, but in the resurrection w to have a body that never gets tired. not a glorious thought? Plenty of occupation in heaven, I sur Broadway, New York, in the busiest = of the year at noon lay is not so b heaven is all the time. Grant proj mercy for other worlds. Victoria elebrated. The downfall of despot earth to be announced. Great songearned and sung. Great expedi which God shall send forth His which God shift and fatigue. If Plenty to do, but no fatigue. If Plenty to do, but no fatigue, it wi to rest, but to talk over with some rade old times-the battles where youl shoulder to shoulder. Sometimes in this worl I we feel went like to have such a boiy as that. so much work to be done for Christ are so many tears to be wiped away are so many burlens to lift, there is a to be achieved for Corist, we somet that from the first of January to the December we could toil on without st to sleep, or take any recreation, or or even to take loo1-that we co right on without stopping a momwork of commending Curist and he all the people. But we all get tires. It is characteristic of the human in this condition. We must get tire in this condition. We must get tird it not a glorious thought that after s we are going to have a body that w get weary? Ob, glorious resurrection Gladiy will 1 fling aside this poor b sin and fling it into the tomb, if at Th ding I shall have a body that never si That was a splendid resurrection bym was sung at my father's burial

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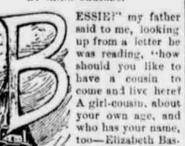
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Schona. This is



It is related of Gordon McKey, who aas announced his in ontion to leave Harward University his press formane, that when a machinist in the employ of the Buston and Maine Railroad he ones made an estimate of the weight of a localizative as it would staud, when completed, with coslywater and maniou beard. The locomolike way built under his direction. and when finished and weighed the estimate was within less thun ten pounds of the exact weight. His start to the line of invention was made when he met the inventor L. R. Blaze, of Abing lon. Mr. Blake had in his mind conceptions of certain machines, and was icoking for just such a practical man as Mr. Melling to assist him. The result of the componation then underevolutionized the sape izdustry.

It is said that J. Sterling Morton, the Secretary of Agriculture, is an enthusiast on tree culture, and has been talking about the steps in that direction he proposes to take when he becomes Secretary. He says that 25,000 scres of timber laud are denuded every day, and at the present rate of destruction the 47.000,000 acres of timber that are left to the country will be gone in one generation. He said : "My advise to every agriculturist. Plaut trees whenever and wherever you can. Utilize waste places of ground and plant trees that will flourish in your locality. Years ago at a forestry convention in Boston I advocated tree-planting as a solution to the perplexing problem of supplying railroads with ties. A great benefit would be derived by securing legislation that would make the railroads utilize their right-of-way to plant trees for their own consumption. Think of an arbor reaching from Jersey City to Sau Francisco, from ocean to ocean. You would be able to travel this distance in au arbor, cool and dustless in summer aud free from snow in winter, we e railroads to set trees each side of their tracks. This is no lidle scheme-it is practicable. The Burlington and Missouri River Road has already inaugurated the scheme west of Crote. If I sugged in establishing forestry on a firm basis while I am in the Cabinet, it will be my reward and the country's blessing."

Song people will sell their sould very chesply for the promise of apot cash.

with our small family Martha declared she had hard work to keep the servants busy, in spite of the size of the house, but I liked to fuss about, and select pretty ornaments and trimmings for my cousin's room.

Perhaps I threw myself into these preparations with more energy because, I and never quite recovered from the heartache it gave me to part with Herbert Wilson. Two years before mana had sent him off to seek his fortune, and Ulived meantime on the hope of his finding it. It was a romantic little love story, and being so much alone I had suffered more than papa knew, so I was glad to think of having a companion of KIN OWN MORE.

She came with papa, and rushed into my arms, apparently as pleased as I war. I had pulled down my face to express my sympathy with her recent loss, but it was wasted sentiment. She did not appear to have any feeling about it, and longer acquaintance convinced me that she had no depth of feeling about anything.

But she was charming, a little, fairylike blonde, with fluffy yellow hair, soit blue eyes, and a complexion like strawberries and cream. I felt gigantic when I saw our reflections in a long mirror. for I was tall. decidedly brunette, and while I was just six months the younger. looked five years older than the childlike little butterffy.

It was pretty to see how she enjoyed the luxuries about her, the dainty food. the cozy arm chairs, and, above all, the idleners. Poor little mite! She had faced poverty ever sides she was born. and she enjoyed comfort as much as a kitten.

"I mean to marry a rich man," she told me, "or not marry at all. Lots and lots of money! That is my idea of perfect bliss. And, by the way, Bess, why don't you marry Mr. Gordon ?"

I laughed heartily. Ever since could remember I had been asked why I didn't marry Mr. Gordon. He had wooed me with dolls and sugar plums when I was a mere baby, and his devotions were apparent to the most careless. Even Bert, my own Bert, had occasional spasms of jealousy, and in our last conversation had said, imploringly:

"You'il give me a fair chance, Bessie ? You won't marry Gordon?"

And I solemnly promised never to narry Charles Gordon.

"Stop laughing !" Lizzie said. We had tound she had always been called Lizzie, so there was no confusion from our both having our grandmother's name. "Stop laughing, and tell me why you don't marry Mr. Gordon. They say he is awfully rich.

"And they can say he is awfully silly and awfully dreadful!" I cried. "He is half a fool, Lizzie, and he is old enough to be my father. Marry Mr. Gordon, indeed !"

take! There it lay, mocking me with its tiny clasp hands and entwined initials. He was false to me! Some fairer face had won his heart, and he had seat my ring bac : to me!

It hal never been my habit to show my feelings on any occasion, so I closed up the pretty crystal egg, locked it away in my jewel box, and went down to dinner. Father not did that I was very pule, but accepted a triding headache as an excure, and Lizzle made no comment. She was deep in the study of our visiting hat, and a iding a lew cards to those already sent out.

The next week was all a whirl. Somelow I did manage to push back my personality and give myself to my cousin. The duties of hospitality were pressing, for we had bidden all our "dear five hundred triends" to the wedding, and to the reception afterward. I had escaped a bridesmaid's position by pleading that of hostess; but I was very busy, and only at night could I let my sorrow have its way. How much I had loved, how perfectiv I had trusted Herbert, I learned a those days, when all my love and trust seemed thrust back upon my own heart. The last drop was added to my cup of misery the very day before Lizzie's welding. Father came home earlier then usual, and came to my room.

"Bresie, my dear," he said, "I heard some news to-day that will come to you sooner or later, and I thought I could tell it more kingly than any one e.se." "Bert is married," I thought, but I

could not speak the cruel words. "Herbert Wilson has come back, my dear, and taken a partnership in the firm for which he has been traveling agent for two years. He had a legacy, not vers large, but sufficient, with his own value to the firm, to give him a place. He knows, my dear, that I only wanted nim to prove that he could take care of a wife, and he should have come to me at once, after what he has said, both to you and to me. Bessie, it is a hard thing to say, but I am afraid he was counting upon marrying you for my helping hand in business. Now that he does not need that-There, there"-for I broke down at last -- "don't cry, dear; it

is better for you to know him as he is." Then he took me in his arms, my dear father, and gave me such curessing teuderness as my mother might have done. I had my cry out on his breast, and then I faced the truth, and knew I could never be utterly miserable while my father lived.

We agreed to say nothing to Lizzie, and I dressed her myself to go to church, thinking no fairer bride had ever been seen, nor one that was more carelessly entering upon the new, solemn duties before her. She chattered with the pretty cluster of girls who were to be her bridemaids, and was the brightest of them all. When we drove up to the

ity hospital and the St. John's Day Nursery, East Sixty-seventh street, where children are cared for while their mothers are at work. Here one can see the unhappy mother parting with her child, and the life of the little one is traced thereafter, from its infancy in the nursery to its happy schooldays in the kindergarten and gymnasium. Here also a glimpse can be obtained of one of the modes of amusing little children employed in the asylum, by teaching them to become actors, in a small way. -Once A

#### Colds and Their Cure.

Week.

An old nurse whose remedies are looked upon as infallible, was asked the other day how to cure a cold, and here is what she said:

When a cold once gets a good start. you can't cure it. It's bound to run its ourse for three weeks, like a fever. The time to take a cold in hand is when the first symptoms are felt. The best means of treatment depends on the sort of cold it is. For a cold in the head, the best thing to do is to steam the head. That is what the doctors do. They use all sorts of appliances, but a common tea-kettle will do. When the water boils move the kettle to the back of the stove. remove the cover and hold the face over the steam. Put a towel around your neck so as not to wet your garments, and keep your mouth open. Keep this up as long as you can stand it. Do it at night when you are going to be i. If you do it and then go out, it will be more apt to aggravate than to cure the cold. If one could stay in the house and keep the rooms at about the same even temperature for two or three days, nothing more might be required.

In addition to steaming the face, a het bath should be taken and a dose of quining. This is one of the few medimes that it is safe to take without a doctor's prescription. How much should constitute a dose depends altogether upon whether the patient has ever taken it before or not. Almost any one, though, can take two two grain pills night and morning. It must be discontinued. though, just as soon as you begin to experience a ringing sensation in the ears. A lagative is also necessary.

A cold on the lungs is even more erious than a cold in the head. If it segins with soreness and tightness of the hest, the best thing to do is to rub in, ith the tips of your fingers, a mixture d vaseline and turpentine. A hot loot sath, in which two tablespoonfuls of mustard to the gallon have been dissolved, and a hot drink should be taken. if there is much pain, apply a ginger plaster to the chest. If there is a dry, and cough, steaming the face will re--ve it. As the cough becomes loosor, cough mixture, made of molasses, outer and au onion, all boile i together, should be taken, -New York Recorder. HIRDV DIVSTOPIOS. You come to me this morning and say, "It the bodies of the dead are to be raised, how is this and how is that" An I you as inea thousan i questions 1 am incompetent to answer, but there are a great many things you believe that you are not able to explain. You would be a very foolish man to say, 'I won't believe anything I can' understand."

I find my strength in this passage. "All who are in their graves shall come forth." I do not pretend to make the explanation. You can go on and say: "Suppose a re-turned missionary dies in Brooklyn. When he was in Chine, his foot was amputated. He lived years after in England, and there he had an arm amputated. He is buried to-day in Greenwood. In the resurrection will toe foot come from China, will the arm come from England, and will the different parts of the body be reconstructed in the resurrection? How is that possible?"

You say that "the human boly changes every seven years, and by seventy years of age a man has had ten bodies. In the "A man will die and his body eru nole into dust and that dust be taken up into the lifs of the vegetable. An animal may est the vegetable; men eat the animal. In the vegencie; men eat the animal. In the resurrection that body, distributed in so many directions, how shall it be gathered up?" Have you any more questions of this style to ask? Come on and ask them. I do not pretend to answer them. I fail back upon the announcement of Go i's word, "All who are in their graves shall come forth." You have noticed 1 surrows in reading

You have noticed. I suppose, in reading the story of the resurrection that almost every account of the Bible gives the idea that the characteristic of that day will be a great sound. I do not know that it will be Vary lous, but I know it will be very penetrating. In the man oleum, where silence has reigned a thousand years, that voids must pene trate. In the coral cave of the deep that

All along the san route from New York to Liverpool at every few miles where a steam er went down departed spirits coming bans hovering over the wave. There is where the City of Boston perished. Found at last. There is where the Fresident perished, Steamer found at last. There is where the Steamer found at last. There is Central Americs went down. Bpirits hovering—bundreds of spirits hovering, weiting for the reunion of body and soul weiting for the reunion of body and soul Waiting for the reunion of body and soul. Out on the prairie a spirit alights. There is where a traveler diad in the snow. Crash goes Westminster Abbey, and the posts and orators come forth; wonderful ming ling of good and bod. Crash go the pyramids of Egypt, and the monarche come forth. Who can elected the source: I suppose that

So Jesus slep'. God's dving Son's Passed through the grave and blessed its Best here, blest shint, this from His throus The mounting breaks to place the shade. O blessed resurrection. Speak out

flowers, beautiful flowers, while you a risen Christ and tell of the righter shall rise. May God fill you this m with anticipation !

I hear i of a father and son who others were shipwracked at sea. The and the son climbed into the rigging tether held on, but the son after a st his hold in the rigging and was dashed The father supposed be had gone bill under the wave. The next day the was brought as iors from the riexhausted state and laid in a bed man's hut, and after many hours he came to consciousness and sa side him on the same bed his boy.

Ob, my friends, what a glore will be when we wake up at last loved ones beside us. Coming same plot in the graveyard, cooling the same morning light—the fatter alive torever, all the loval ones a ever, nevermors to weep, neve part, nevermore to die.

May the God of peace that broad from the dead our Lord Jeaus, the shepherd of the sheep, through the in every good wors, to do His will this brilliant scene of the morain?" our thoughts to the grander ass

fore the throne. pared with it. The one hun fred and four thousand, and the "great that no man can number," so as triends among those, we after join the multitude. Blessed and

My soul addiction the day. Would erstick our wange and end ' 'in and the enny, the pain to buy And how, he east: of simulate, in