Then there's no more of sighing When there's no more of song When there's no more of dying For right, or yet for wrong : The world will still be in God's grace, But not -but not our dwelling place! When there's no more of loving-

When there's no more of hate; The world will still be moving On to its final date : Still in God's love, and in His grace, But not, thank God! our dwelling place, -F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

## JANET'S VICTORY.

BY BERTHA PACKARD ENGLET.

7HE sun fell in mellow flood of beauty upon the new rag carpet of the guest chamber. The creamy curtains were pulled back, so no chance was left the sun for doing less than its whole duty. A great bouquet of rested in pretty was very pale.

"A new chamber set and it will be eyes and took in the supposed effect. Then for the twentieth time, perhaps, she went over the same road, calculating how much her chickens and have a right to sell my property and surkeys would bring. keep my money," and she looked at

"And if they are as far as I think, I will lay by enough for Christmas presjournal too," and with a light heart and smiling face she hurried downstairs. Babe was busy with his blocks, so she went into the kitchen to prepare the little suppor-just herself and Jed and little Boy Blue- and a her plan. quietly happy family it had ever been. If it was hard sometimes to bear and forbear, they tried for love's sweet sake. And if Janet was the oftenest to yield neither seemed to notice it. Only a look at her bright, loving face and one might guess she was very well accustomed to forgetting No. 1 altogether, and he he was a man, just an easy ring, half-blind man that was all all of at the land, poultry was all

fresh sausages and houses for to-morare still on the billater an almost sad writing, Jack t the next morning saw earth with or hard summer's work roll white mr the hill to market. It was little faster, that was all.

Benverte about Friday Babe and I will And own and invest our money, raw, laughed almost like a child as Chas. Ued the baby up.

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sional tla's coming, baby mine," and Weider , the gate she carried her boy it make? It's all in the family." Joseph delightful ride up to the barn and expects a week

dy, she ask d when the wagon stopped at the bern. "Fat as butt'r and got highest

"Cash?" and she patted old Pride on his velvety nose.

"Yes," and he led the horses into Their stalls.

"Supper piping hot," she called back over her shoulder, as she went to jer. Janet went on with determina-

Supper passed pleasantly, Jed relating all the news from town and she distening and feeding baby, going on frequent journeys into the little bot- doggedly. tomless mouth after stray crusts or

other forbidden matter which happened too near. "And now let me have it, Jed, all in my band, and see if it's worth the constant care and work I've endured,"

and she set the boy on his knee. What, Janet?" and he looked at her absently. "My money," and still her hand was

outstretched. "Why, wife, I paid for the binding

twine with it.' "You did! -and you said last spring 'Do your best and reap the proceeds,' and her eyes dashed indignantly.

"Why, I aidn't suppose you had any use for it, and you are reaping the proceeds when the debts are paid,

and he tried to look naturally. "But that was mine, carned by putting in over hours and extra days,

and she could not hide a sob. "Oh, well, never mind. What's mine's yours and yours mine," and he put baby down without his evening romp

and went out with the milk pail. And Janet hurried into the dim sitting-room and had a good cry-good. because it relieved her over-wrought feelings. He must have noticed her swollen eyes, for after an attempt to

talk over his paper, he went to bed. Days passed on and months too. antil little Boy Blue was a little man of three. During that time Janet had been a patient wife to a good husband, but she was wiser, and that litthe lesson learned a year previously she had never forgotten, and she determined, for the sake of her independence, for the sake of their future wedded life, and for his sake too, never to be so put upon again. She had discarded her idea of raising poultry, but she had a nice fat steer which was to be sold with the rest of

athe car load scon. When baby was still a little sleep sleis bandle, Jel had brought into the wintonen a tiny calf. It was a raw, bitis havild day, and the little thing was matcher dead when discovered.

entitled tas well kill it, and done Saturday eyed suggested. formed Sundet it live if it can," Janes

sponsive servi-Sunday evening it if you want to, in a furious rage. Romig is spendig whatever it amounts cousin, Lottie Creettled.

re it could stand it began to get

steer overtake and then slowly out-Chicago. Janet said nothing, but could not endure it long, however. felt a great deal. So when the returns came she waited for him to give her her share. But no word was said, so

she reminded him of it. "Oh, stuff and nonsense!" he replied, almost angrily. "If we must it's a pity. If I have it or you have it, what odds?"

"But you always have it," she replied, quietly. "But I am the man, and its my

"Not to cut me down to asking for what is my own. You gave me the calf, and would have killed it but for

"Who fed it?" he asked. "If it's half and half as you say, I

fed it, and six of the other thirteen that you say are yours."

"But it's nonsense your acting so. Ain't you comfortable?'

"Perhaps. But it is not that. It's autumn grasses and a question of right. Have I not as fluffy golden rod good judgment as you?" and her face him.

"Well, of course, you'll have the last word, but I have the money and nice," and Mrs. Mayler half closed her you haven't"-and he failed in his attempt to smile naturally as he turned to go. "Wait, wait! and so you claim you

> him haughtily. "I say its ours. If you need a new

ents all around and subscribe for that dress or anything, say so," and he siammed the door.

She did not sob this time, she was thoroughly indignant and proceeded to carry out her plan. Jed went to town the next day again, which favored

As soon as he was gone she took babe and walked a mile to see a man who had long wanted to buy a twoyear-old colt of theirs. At one time Jed had almost accepted the offer, next thought better of it, and would not let the colt go. She found little trouble in closing the bargain, he supposing and skirmishes she felt well repaid, Jed had sent her. Her only fear had been from his inability to pay cash. But he handed her the money and she told him he might take his property directly.

So when Jed came home at night he found an empty stall. He hurried into the house. His step sent the blood a "Where is Topsy Jen? His stall is

"I sold him to Mr. Forrest."

"Sold him! Sold my colt?" "Ours, you mean. I thought best to let him go, and what difference does "Difference! I would not have sold

him for manpooledleast of the and about two weeks. Sall, Jea? Fat, were to understand Pam able Land my own affairs," he cried.

"Quite likely you are. But you insist that my affairs are yours and so, of course, yours are mine. I knew where I could put that sum to good advantage, so I let our colt go," and she sat down to rock babe to sleep, while Jed stood as if dumb.

"There's no use talking, Jed Maytion, "I never was used to having no money whatever to call my own, and I am too proud to beg." "No one asked you to," he answered

"Let me carry the purse one month and see if you don't call it begging, came back with emphasis.

"I will not be a hen-pecked husband," and he gave the cat a smart slap which sent it out of the rocking chair and out of peaceful slumbers at one and the same time.

"Nor I a dependent, begging, groveling wife," and she left the room, while Jed stood as she left him for many minutes. This was getting to be pretty serious. Jen standing in opposition to him, and he lord and master! He'd show her-he'd cut her down to bread and butter, he'd-and just then his eye fell on Dandy, his fancy five-year-old colt. It had come out of the county fair with flying colors (blue ribbons of course). What if she should seil him! Back over their married life he went, and with a long drawn sigh he remembered Janet's capabilities of carrying out whatever she deemed necessary. Then he began to walk up and down, while Janet, in the next room, tried to ascertain the fierceness of the storm by the heaviness of his tread. Suddenly it ceased. He poked his head in through

the doorway. Well, what do you want?" "I did not speak," Janet answered

innocently. "No, what do you expect me to do, to lift you out of pauperism?" and his voice was mocking and stern.

"Surely, your business capabilities can suggest some plan," she answered. "None," he continued mockingly.

"Then I can. I will either hire out other. to you as cook, nurse, washerwoman, chambermaid, housekeeper, waiter, gardener, seamstress and 'bottle washer,' or else I will go halves in the proceeds of our united efforts, and carry some money as long as you carry any, and spend when and where my judgment deems best; and more, if

"His scorn turned to anger as she finished. As long as I am a husband, tea auction on February 5, 1891, I am the head of the family and mas- when a five-pound parcel of "Golden ter," and he stalked out of the house

moaned, as she sank down helplessly, rency. "But I will not yield. I'll try once more," and so feverishly she brought n its own life, down her trunk, dragged it down, ong. Its legs rather, and set it in a conspicuous by and firm. place. Then she slowly went through above the sea level. -St. Louis Ree of amuse- the process of packing but she did not public.

ment between the two, to see Janet's commence until time for Jed to come

in after the milk pails. strip Jed's of the same age. But it
was now considered in prime condition, and was to go with the rest to out again, to Janet's dismay. He

"What are you doing, Jen?" and he pansed on his make-believe errand. "Packing."

For what?" "Going home to see moth [," and she looked so unconscious of Lis preskeep an account between us, I think ence as she tossed some spools to little Boy Blue, he was thoroughly disarmed.

"Sav. Jen. I surrender." "On what terms?"

"Equal shares, and you your extras. Very well. Here are six dollars. I took out of the money just what my steer and the chickens would have

amounted to, and I had this more.' "No, keep it," he answered, generously—"but, say, what did the

colt bring?" "Ah, but that is a secret," and she laughed gaily. "Ask his owner."
"Don't, Jen-don't be so offish-

you don't seem like my little old Janet, at all," and he pulled her to

"I'm not. I'm Mrs. Janet Mayler, partner and equal sharer in the firm Mayler and-" and his big palm stopped further speech. But he took it away to kiss the lips that had once been so hardly won, and then to toss little astonished Mayler, Jr., up and up, to come down safely again upon papa's shoulder, for a dizzy ride around the disordered sitting-room.

After supper, while Jen was busy washing dishes, Jed was in the sittingroom, rocking baby to sleep. He never could sing but just the first strains of "Sweet By-and-By," but he would go over these with untiring zest, never even halting long enough to let his voice fall, until sometimes, out of very agony, Janet would plant her foot where she knew the period belonged. But to-night she listened with sweet content. She knew he was won completely, for he never attempted his one song unless very peaceful with all the world. And as she thought over her little attacks and from her heart went up a prayer for strength to be a woman-fearless and independent where right was concerned, and a mother worthy such a dear little boy.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

#### Thrifty Carclessness.

A very amusing story is told by a famous story teller about a harness maker who lived many years ago in London. He had a handsome saddle in his shop occupying a conspicuous place therein. On his return from luncheon one day he observed that the saddle was gone. Calling to his fore-

"John, was see "I'm sure I don't know, sir," said the foreman, scratching his head as if he were trying to think. "I cannot tell, and the worst part of it is it hasn't been paid for. While I was at

work in the back part of the shop a gentleman came in, priced it, decided to take it told me to charge it and. throwing it into his wagon, drove off before I could think to ask his name." "That was very stupid of you," said the harness maker, disposed to be angry at the man's carelessness. "Very

likely we have been robbed." "I don't think that, sir," said the foreman, "for I am very sure that the

gentleman has traded here before. "Well, I can't afford to lose the money," said the harness maker.

"We'll have to find out who took it and send him the bill. Ah!" he added with a smile, after a moment's reflection, "I have it! We'll charge it up to the account of every one of our customers who keeps accounts here. Those who didn't get it will refuse to pay, so we shall be all right."

The bookkeeper was instructed to do this, and the bills in due course of time went out. Some weeks later the harness maker asked the bookkeeper if he had succeeded in discovering who the customer was.

"No, sir," he replied, "and we never shall, I fear, sir, for about forty persons have paid for it without saying a word."-Toronto Mail.

### Greatest of Their Kind.

The longest canal in the world extends from the frontier of China to St. Petersburg, Russia. It is 4472 miles in length.

England has the greatest number of lighthouses and lightships-one for every fourteen miles of its const

The largest sun spot ever noted by astronomers appeared in the fall of 1867. It was 280,000 miles long and and 190,000 miles wide. Four hundred planets the size of the earth could have been laid side by side in that "spot" without touching each

The deepest lake in the world is Lake Baikal, Siberia. It is 4350 feet deep, and its level is only 1350 above that of the ocean. The greatest depths of Lakes Superior and Michigan are but little over 800 feet.

A check for £5,333,650 on the Bank of England, in payment for the by extra work try to raise money for Kimberley diamond mines, is said to extra luxuries, that money is to be be the largest ever drawn.

The highest price per pound ever paid for tea was at the Mincing Lane Tip" from Ceylon was knocked down a furious rage.
"I wonder if I have lost," Janet equal to \$123 in United States cur-

The building with the highest altitude is the Alpine Clubhouse, on Mount Ross, in the Alps. Its founds-tion stones are exactly 12,000 feet

# HUMBLED TO THE DUST.

R V. DR. TALMAGE PREACHES

On Paul's Conversion to the Christ He Persecuted. Hope For Those Who Have Fallen.

Text: "And as he journeyed he came near Darmaseus, and suddenly there shined round should him a light from heaven, and he fell to he earth and heard a voice saying unto him. Saul, Saul, why persecutes thou Me An he said, Who art thou, Lord! And the Lot I said, I am Jesus whom thou persecuted."—Acta ix. 3-5.

T ie Damaseus of Bible times still stands, with a population of 135,000. It was a gay city of white and glistening architecture, its min arcts and crescents and domes playing with the light of the morning sun; embowered in groves of olive and citron and orange and commerciants. and joomegranate; a famous river plunging its brightness into the scene; a city by the ancients styled "a pearl surrounded by em-

A group of horsemen are advancing upon int jeity. Let the Christians of the place ide, for that cavalende coming over the ide, for that cavalende coming over the leader hills is made up of persecutors; their leader small and unattractive in some respects, as leaders sometimes are insignificant in per son witness the Duke of Wellington and Dr. Archibald Alexander. But there is something very intent in the eye of this man of the text, and the horse he rides is lather st with the foam of a long and quick travel of 135 miles. He urges on his steed, for those Christians must be captured and slienced, and that religion of the cross must be annithilated.

be amphibilated.
Suddenly the horses shy off and plunge until the, riders are precipitated. Freed from the riders, the horses bound snorting away. You know that dumb animals, at the sight of an eclipse, or an earthquake, or anything like a supernatural appearance, sometimes become very uncontrollable. A new sun had been kindled in the heavens, putting out the glare of the ordinary sun. Christ, with the glories; of heaven wrapped about Him, looked out from a cloud, and the splendor was insufferable, and no wonder the horses sprang and the equestrians dropped.

Dust povered and bruised, Saul attempts to

get up, shading his eyes with his hands from the severe luster of the heavens, but unsucess. the severe disterof the fleavers, but and case fully, for he is struck stone blind as he cries out. "Who art thou, Lord?" and Jesus an-swered him: "I am the one you have been chasing. He that whips and scourges those Damascene Christians whips and scourges Me. It is not their back that is bleeding it is Mine. It is not their heart that is break-ing; it is Mine. I am Jesus whom thou per-

From that wild, exciting and overwheiming seehe there rises up the greatest preacher of all the ages —Paul—in whose behalf prisons were rocked down, before whom soldiers turned pale, into whose hand Mediterranean sea captains put control of their shipwrecking craft, and whose epistles are the avant courier of a resurrection day I learn from this scene that a worldly fai sometimes precedes a spiritual uplifting. A
man does not get much sympathy by failing
off a hors. People say he ought not to have
got into the saddle if he could not ride.
Those of us who were brought up in the got into the saude it he could not the Those of us who were brought up in the country remember well how the workmen laughed when on our way back from the brook, we suddenly lost our ride. When in a grand review a general toppled from the

Here is Paul on horsback -a proud man, riding on with Government documents in his pocket, a graduate of a most famous school, in which the celebrated Dr. Gamaliel had been a professor, perhaps having already attained two of the three titles of the school-rab, the fluid it; rabbi, the second, and on the way to rail ak, the third and highest title. his temperament that his horse handles for the core.

nity, he I sed in D dust, and yet that was the best ride Paul ever took, Out of that violent fall he arose into the apostleship. So it has been in all ages, and so it is

You will never be worth much for God and

the church until you lose your fortune, or have your reputation upset, or in some way. somehow, are thrown and humiliated. fluds his path to the Egyptian court through the pit into which his brothers threw him. Daniel would never have walked among the onzed lions that adorned the Babylonish throne if he had not first walked among the real lions of the cave. And Paul marshals all the generations of Christendom by falling flat on his face on the road to Damaseus. Men who have been always prospered may be efficient servants of the world, but will be of no advantage to Christ. You may ride majestically seated on your charger, rein in band, foot in stirrup, but you will never be worth anything spiritually until you fall off. They who graduate from the school of Christ with the highest honors have on their diplomathe seal of a lion's muddy paw, or the plash of an angry wave, or the drop of a stray tear, or the brown scorch of a perse-cuting fire. In 200 cases out of 1000 there is no moral or spiritual elevation until there

has been a thorough worldly upsetting.

Again, I learn from the subject that the religion of Christ is not a pusitianimous thing. People in this day try to make us believe that Christlanity is something for men of small caliber, for women with no capacity to reason, for children in the intant class under six years of age, but not for stalwart men. Look at this man of the text! Do you not think that the religion that could cap-

ture such a man as that must have some power in it! He was a logician; he was a metabhysician: he was an all conquering orator: he was a poet of the highest type. He had a nature that could swamp the leading men of his own day, and huried against

the sanhedrin he made it tremble He learned all that he could get in the school of his native village; then he had pone to a higher school and there mastered the Greek and the Hebrew and perfected himself in belies lettres, until in after years he astonished the Cretans, and the Corinthians, and the Athenians by quotations from their own authors. I have never found any-thing in Carlyle or Goeth or Herbert Spencer that could compare in strength or beauty with Paul's epistles. I do not think there is anything in the writings of Sir William Hamilton that shows such mental discipline as you find in Paul's argument about justification and the resurrection. I have not found anything in Milton finer in the way of imag-

ination than I can find in Paul's illustrations drawn from the amphitheater. There was nothing in Bobert Emmet pleading for his life, or in Edmund Burke ar-raigning Warren Hastings in Westminster Hall, that compared with the scene in the courtroom when, before robed officials, Paul bowed and began his speech, saying, "I think myself happy, King Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself this day." I repeat that a religion that can capture a man like that must have some power in it. It is time you stopped talking as though all the brain of the world were opposed to Christianity. Where Paul leads, we can afford to follow.

I am glad to know that Christ has in the different ages of the world had in His discipieship a Mozart and a Handel in music, a Raphael and a Reynolds in painting, an Au-

gelo and a Canova in sculpture, a Rush and a Harvey in medicine, a Grotius and a Washa Harvey in medicine, a Grotus and a washington in statesmanship; a Blackstone, a Marshall and a Kent in law. And the time will come when the religion of Christ will conquerall the observatories and universities, and philosophy will through her telescope behold the morning star of Jesus, and in her laboratory see "that all things work together for good," and with her geological hammer discover the "Rock of Ages."

Oh, instead of cowering and shivering when the skeptic stands before you and talks of rolligion as though it were a pusilianimous thing—instead of that take your New Testament from your pocket and show him the picture of the intellectual giant of all the prostrated on the road to Damascus

while his horse is flying wildly away. Then ask your skeptic what it was that frightened the one and threw the other. Oh, no, it is no weak gospel. It is a glorious gospel. It is an all conquering gospel. It is an omnipotent gospel. It is the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation.

Again, I learn from the text a man cannot become a Christian until he is unhorsed. The trouble is, we want to ride into the kingdom of God just as the knight rode into eastle gate on pairrey, beautifully caparisoned. We want to come into the kingdom of God in fine style. No kneeding down at the altar, no style. No kneesing down at the altar, no sitting on "anxious seats," no crying over sin, no begging at the door of God's mercy. Clear the road and let us come in all prancing in the pride of our soul. No, we will never get into heaven that way. We must dismount.

There is no snight errantry in religion, no There is no snight errantry in religion, no fringed trappings of repentance, but an utter prostration before God, a going down in the dust, with the cry, "Unclean, unclean!"—a bewailing of the soul, like David from the beliy of hell—a going down in the dust until Christ shall by His grace lift us up as He lifted Paul. Oh, proud hearted hearer, you must get off that horse! May a light from the throne of God brighter than the sun throw you! Come down into the dust and cry for pardon and life and heaven.

Again, I learn from this scene of the text that the grace of God can overcome the per-secutor. Christ and Paul were boys at the same time in different villages, and Paul's antipathy to Christ was increasing. He hated everything about Christ. He was going down then with writs in his pockets to have Christ's disciples arrested. He was not going as a sheriff goes to arrest a man against whom he had no spite, but l'aut was going own to arrest those people because he was

giad to arrest them.

The Bible says, "He breathed out slaughter." He wanted them captured, and he wanted them butchered. I hear the click, and clash and claster of the hoofs of the gaiand clash and claster of the hoofs of the gai-loping steeds on the way to Damaseus. Oh-do you think that proud man on horseback can ever become a Christian? Yes! There is a votes from heaven like a thunderelap uttering two words, the second word the same as the first, but uttered with more em-phasis, so that the proud equestrian may have no doubt asto whom is meant : "Saul That man was saved, and he was a persecu-tor, and so God can, by His grace, overcome

any persecutor.

The days of sword and fire for Christians seem to have gone by. The bayonets of Napoleon L pried open the "inquisition" and let the rotting wretches out. The ancient dungeons around Rome are to-day mere curiosities for the travelers. The Collseum, where wild beasts used to suck up the life of the martyrs while the emperor watched and Lolla Paulina sat with emerald adornments worth 60,000,000 sesterces, clap-ing her bands as the Christians died under the paw and the tooth of the lion-that Coliseum is a ruin now. The scene of the Smithfield fires is a haymarket. The day of fire and sword for Christians seems to have gone by. But has the day of persecution gone by. But has the day of persecution ecased? No. Are you not carleatured for your religion? In proportion as you try to serve God and be faithful to Him, are you

not sometimes maltreated? That woman finds it hard to be a Christian as her husband talks and joers while she is trying to say her prayers or read the Bible. That daughter finds it hard to be a Christian with the whole family arrayed against herfather, mother, brother and sister making her the target of ridicule. That young man finds it hard to be a Christian in the shop or factory or store when his comrades jeer at him beca se he will not go to the gambling hell or of ler places of insquity.

Oh, no the days of persecution have not ceased and will not until the end of the

world. But oh, you persecuted ones, is it not time that you began to pray for your persecutors? They are no prouder, no flercer, no more set in their way than was this persecutor of the text. He fell. They will fall it of the text. He fell. They will fall it of the text. He fell. They will fall it of the text. He fell. They will fall it of the text. He fell. They will fall it of the text. He fell. They will fall it of the text.

Hobert Newith stam O his shift of the Mellington indignation at Christianity only a little while before he became a Christian.
"Out of my house," said a father to his daughter, "if you will keep praying." Yet before many months passed the father knelt at the same altar with the child. And the Lord Jesus Christia is willing to look out from Lord Jesus Christ is willing to look out from heaven upon that derisive opponent of the Christian religion and authors glittering generalities, but calling him by name: "John! George! Henry!—Saul, Christian religion and address him, not in

Saul, why persocutest thou Me!" Again, I learn from this subject that there is hope for the worst offenders. It was par-ticularly outrageous that Saul should have Damascus on that errand. Jesus Christ had been dead only three years, and the story of his kindness and his generosity, and his love third all the air. It was not an old story, as it is now. It was a new story, Jesushad only three summers ago been in Jesus had only three summers ago been in these very places, and Saul every day in Jerusalem must have met people who knew Christ, people with good eyesight whom Jesus had cured of blindness, people who had been dead and who had been resurrected by the Savior, and the people who could fell Paul all the particulars of the crueiffxiou ust how Jesus looked in the last hour, just ow the heavens grew black in the face at

the torture He heard that recited every day by people who were acquainted with all the circum-stances, and yet in the fresh memory of that scene he goes to persecute Christ's disciples, impatient at the time it takes to feed the orses at the inn, not pulling at the snaffle out riding with loose rein faster and taster Oh, he was the chief of sinners! No outbreak of modesty when he said that. He was a murderer. He stood by when Stephen died and helped in the execution of that good

When the rabble wanted to be unimpeded in their work of destroying Stephen and wanted to take off their coats, but did not dare to lay them down lest they be stolen. Paul said, "Fil take care of the coats," and they put them down at the feet of Paul, and he watched the coats, and he watched the horrid mangling of glorious Stephen. Is it a wonder that when he fell from the horse he did not break his neck-that his foot did not catch somewhere in the trappings of the saddle, and he was not dragged and kicked to death? He deserved to die miserably, wretchedly and forever, notwithstanding all his metaphysics, and his eloquence, and his

He was the chief of sinners. He said what was true when he said that. And ye: the grace of God saved him, and so it will you. If there is any man in this house who thinks he is too bad to be saved and says, "I have wandered very grievously from God : I do not believe there is any hope for me," I tell you the story of this man in the text who was brought to Jesus Christ in spite of his sins and opposition. There may be some who are as stoutly opposed to Christ as Paul There may be some here who are captive of their sins as much so as the man who said in regard to his dissipating habits: 'I will keep on with them. I know I am breaking my mother's heart, and I know I am killing myself, and I know that when I die I shall go to heil, but it is now

too late to stop."

The steed on which you ride may be swifter and stronger and higher mettled than that on which the Cilician persecutor rode, but Christ can catch it by the bridle and huri it back and huri it down. There is marry for you who say you are too bad to be saved. You say you have put off the matter so long : Paul had neglected it a great while. You say that the sin you have committed has been among the most aggravating circum-

stances; that was so with Paul's. You say you have ex sperated Christ and coaxed your own ruin; so did Pau!. And yet he sits to-day on one of the highest of the heavenly thrones, and there is mercy for you, and good days for you, and gladness for you, if you will only take the same Christ which first threw him down and then raised him up. It seems to me as if I can see Paul to-day rising up from the highway to Damascus, and brushing off the dust from his cloak, and wiping the sweat of excitement from his brow, as he turns to us and

sil the ages, saying, "I'ms is a faithful ming, and worthy of all acceptation, that Chr. Jesus came into the world to save sinners, whom I am chief."

whom I am chief."

Once more, I learn from this subject that there is a tremendous reality in religion. If it had been a mere optical delusion on the road to Damascus, was not Paul just the man to find it out? If it had been a sham and prestense, would he not have pricked the bubble? He was a man of facts and arguments, of the most gigantic intellectual nature, and not a man of hallucinations. And when I see him fall from the saddle, blinded and overwhelmed, I say there must have been something in it. And, my dear brother, you will find that there is something in religion somewhere. The only question is, Where?

There was a man who rode from Stam-

There was a man who rode from Stam-ford to London, ninety-five miles, in five hours on horseback. Very swift. There was a woman of Newmarket who rode on horseback a thousand miles in a thousand hours. Very swift. But there are those here—aye, all of us are speeding on at ten-fold that velocity, at a thousand fold that rate, toward sternity. May Almighty God, from the opening heavens, flash upon your soul this hour the question of your eternal destiny, and oh, that Jesus would this hour overcome you with His pardoning mercy as destiny, and oh, that Jesus would this hour overcome you with His pardoning mercy as He stands here with the pathos of a broken heart and sobs into your ear: "I have come for thee. I come with My back raw from bleeding. I come with My feet mangled with the nails. I come with My brow aching from the twisted bramble, I come with My heart bursting for your wors. I can stand it no longer. I am Jesus whom thou persecutest!"

#### AN ITALIAN HEROINE.

J. Working in the Mines to Fetch Her Parents Over.

a the summer of 1890, a bright dian girl came to New York and secured employment as a servant. having in view the saving of money enough to pay the passage of her parents from Italy to this more favored land. A brief experience showed her that at the low wages she was able to obtain it would be a long time before she could hope to see her parents here, and she decided to adopt the garb of a man, in order that she might obtain a man's wages. She did so and readily found employment on a ratiroad which was being built

in Pennsylvania. Despite the blistering of her hands and the hardships of the labor, she toiled faithfully for months, living by herself in a small hut not far from Hazeiton, and as much as possible avoid ng association with her fellow laborers, by whom the supposed effeminate young man was not held

in high esteem. She had nearly accumulated the amount of money necessary to bring the arents to America, when a former neighbor of the family in the old country was given employment on the railroad, and placed in the same gang with the strong-hearted young woman. He immediately recognized her, and the fact of her disguise was re, orted to the foreman; but the latter, on hearing her pathetic story, did not order her discharge. He simply consented that she should go on with the work she had been pursuing, and at last reports she was marrily wielding the

The "Historical Records of the Forty-third Light Infantry, " that famous regiment which played a riost important part in English warfare during the last quarter of the eightcenth century and the early part of the nineteenth, contains a stirring incident of prompt action which averted a tragedy. Worn out with a hard march, the brigade under Capt. Lloyd approached the convent as Benevente, where the cavalry and reserve still remained, hoping for

shelter. They were disappointed. The convent was occupied by several thou sand infantry, and the lower galleries were so densely packed with horses of the ca alry and artillery that it was hardly possible for a man to make

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his way among them. Two of the officers stood looking it at the dublous prospect through the single door that gave ingress and egress. A sudden cry of alarm burst from the lips of one.

"Look there!" he cried, pointing over the backs of the horses. At that moment one of the inside

wooden shutters burst into flames, writes a contributor to Youth's Companion. Horrifled, the officers looked at the burning shutter and realized the hopelessness of the situation. It would be impossible to get the 6,000 men and horses out, and they must stand by and see their comrades perish miserably. There was no water near, and if there was, how could they get at the fire through those densely crowded horses? The flames crept upward toward

he rafters. "Good heavens! Something must e done!" cried Capt. Lloyd. And

hen, with a motion to those outside to be quiet, the brave Captain leaped on the back of the nearest horse, and, stepping from back to back of the animals, ran to the blazing shutter, tore it from its hinges, and pitched t from the window. Then he made his way back to the door in the same way as before.

So quickly was the act performed that even the horses were scarcely disturbed. The building was saved, and there was no panic, which would have been as disastrous as the flames The Captain's eyebrows and mustach were scorched, but that was all "And they'll grow again" he said with a laugh.

STEAD, the English editor who conducted the notorious Pall-Mall Gazette exposures of vice in high places in Great Britain, says that America and her reople reminded him of Russia. If there were really much of Russia in the American make up, Editor Stead would now be on his way to the frontier for making invidious comparisons or being guilty of lese majeste or something equally reprehensible.

THE Sheafanos as recently passed through

burgh.