We lay us calmly down to sleep, When friendly night is come, and leave To God the rest

Whether we wake to smile or weep, Or wake no more on Time's fair shore, He knoweth best. O Father, bless in love Thy child! We lay us down to sleep.

As sinks the sun in western akies When day is done and twilight dim

Comes sitent on. So fades the world's most luring prize On eyes that close in deep repose, Till wakes the dawn.

Why yex our souls with wearing care? Why shan the grave, for aching head So cool and low! Have we found life so passing fair,

So grand to be, so awart that we Should dread to go? Some other hand the task can take,

If so it assembly heat, the task, By us begun. No work for which we need to wake, In joy or grief, for life so brist, Beneath the ann.

BARBARA'S WIG.

BY HELEN PORREST GRAVES,



H. dear me, how it snows!" said Audrey Alston, with a yawn, said she:

-Good Housekeeping.

Italian greyhound dozed before the Barbura! ing twos and threes.

Beautiful Paulita Ponsonby sat on scarlet plumed parrot.

ing a wild waltz all by herself in the golden stars! bay window to the strumming of Miss Belford's banjo.

way except Barbara Hay, and Barbara. satin bows. shrinking back against the big china feeling as if he belonged to another usual. world.

"If I were shipwrecked on some forrign island it couldn't seem stranger." she though a to herself. "Oh, dea: ob dear! And I did so long to see |

maker, don't look like theirs? And to her hair. Miss Alston laughed to behind her fan last night when I sang 'Bonnie Dundee?' Papa always fiked it, and Mr.

But Barbara Hay had no idea of the Of course it wasn't like Mrs. Howard's face. Spanish Cavatina, or Miss Belford's banjo, but-but-

And, almost unknown to herseif, a big tear detached itself from her long black lashes and dropped on the leaf

Juliet Belford flung her banjo on the sofa.

Where are all the men?" said she. very wide: "Gone off on Bloundel ing them everywhere. Mountain, mistletoe hunting. They ordered an early breakfast on the sly -horrid, selfish things! - and were off to Andrey Alston's side. before our eyes were open in the morn-

"Men are always thinking of themdriving snow."

"Though there are some very fine lips all smiles. saddle horses in Uneic do's stable." have some mistletoe of the real pearly. laughberried kind. It grows only in a certain patch of wood on Bloundel Moun-

"But what a long, stupid, dreary corner? The girl, I mean, with the exquisitely-dressed girls. black eyes and the dress cut in the time of Marie Antoinette?

"That? Oh, that's Barbara Hay!" "And who, pray, is Barbara Hay?" fun with pretty insolence.

"Oh -1 -don't -know! How can one tell? Her father is a literary man, means so well pleased as dimpled an old acquaintance of Uncle Jo. who lives in a blue-mouldy old house down by Billet River -- and she has never been anywhere in all her life and Uncle Jo happened to be mentioning our New Year's merrymakings, and the man asked, up and down, if she could come. Said she never bad a chance to mingle in society or anything-so what could poor Uncle Jo do? And the next day she arrived in a mud splashed, country wagor, with a little leather trunk, like an old pic-

A tinkle of laughter sounded in the group which had now gathered around the central whisperer, but none of to the covert of the hall, and vanthem observed how, lower and lower ished among the palms and rubber still, Barbara's head was drooping trees. above her book.

"She don't seem to be enjoying her- an exclamation. self particularly well at present," murmured Miss Belford, maliciously.

ringed hands and glistening fans.

said Mrs. Frank Howard, shaking her low! And where's Alaric." pretty crepe head, "but you girls had better look out what you're about. Mr. Hilton likes that 'violet-by-amossy-stone' sort of thing. Did you night when she sang that remarkable stood close at her side. effort?"

"Nonsense!" cried all the girls, with one accord.

Where is she? When did she go out? Lulu Howard, you spoke too loud."

"No, she didn't," said Audrey Alston, with a third yawn. "The girl or something, her father said, and she has to rest herself a good deal. Prob- understand." ably she's gone to lie down,"

dimpled face peeped in among the eyes, "and here you've been and of "Why didn't you tell me so? I would have talked to her a little."

quite out of her sphere in a place like of money? And now you've got to came to ask her here. A good, sharp to economize, and discarge your maid lesson will do her good. And as for and sell your pony carriages, and all troubled about him."

Miss Ponsonby shrugged her shoul-

"Don't be too sure about that,"

It was past eleven While poor little Barbara, shut into o'clock, and break, her own room, relieved her surcharged tast had just been heart by a passionate burst of tears.

dawide I through. In Yes, Moss Andrey Alston was quite the drawing roomall right. She had no business in a the pale-blue bras place like Alston Grange. The little through their long glasses at the ves cade curtains were brown wren should never venture looped back to admit every gleam of near the jungle of radiant birds of gray daylight, and Peters, the gare paradise and glittering paroquets! dener, had just brought in a monator. How cool and indifferent all the ladies azalea all a fluiter with blossoms, and were! How little notice they took of said. a whole colony of orange and lenun her, beyond the merest requirements of politoness!

statue of "Blind Nydia," and a slim who had spoken kindly to her-poor

fire in its blue ribboned basket. All She took out her white muslin frock around the room were scattered the for the evening party, smoothed its guests in whispering knots and heigh- tolds and pulled out its cherry satin coming! she's coming! the Jessie's puffs.

How beautiful she had thought it the white Axminister carpet, teasing a when her father ordered it down from New York, and yet-and yet it did Agnes Field was teaching Mrs. not look like Mrs. Frank bloward's Frank Howard a new stitch in crochet. | dead-white silk dinner dress, nor Miss and little Kitty Everdale was practic. Belford's tulie gown, all dotted with

"I wonder if Mr. Hilton likes white?" she said to berself; then she Everybody was occupied in a quiet booked up with a blush as scarlet as the

It was only Miss Alston's maid, with cabinet with a book in her lap, was her lady's compliments, and lunch ching the others, and would be served an hour later than

"Yes, thank you, I'll remember," fluttered Barbara.

And then she grew more crimson than ever as she saw the reflection of

my new dress, straight from the dress side!" she gasped, putting both hands

capabilities of Miss Alston's maid's

"She's a pretty young lady enough if she only had a maid as could dress her decent," said Maria to herself, as dering, shrank back and drew together. she tip-toed down the stairs; "but as Every eye was fixed on the vessel's sure as I live and breathe, she wears a

"Oh, didn't they tell you?" Miss glossy leaves and spectral berries, and Alston opened her percelain blue eyes then came the fun and frolic of hang- Jessie had been made fast. The woman

laughter when Mrs. Howard glided up her came the captain with uncovered

"Als. Juliet!" she whispered. "where is your falso Romeo now?"

In the soft red glow of the firelight selves," said Miss Belford. "But, of stood Barbara Hay, her hazel eyes captain took the boy by the hand, and course, we couldn't have gone in this lifted to Mr. Hilton's face, one solitary suring of mistletoe in her hand, and her and led them home.

Andrey shot one glance at the pair, and Audrey. "And it will be nice to then burst into a hard, mirthless

"Turn about is fair play," she said.

My inning will come next." Barbara looked very lovely in her white gown that night, with one sprig day we are going to have!" signed of mistletoe in her bosom; but she beautiful Paulita. "I say, Audrey, shrank back from the threshold at the who is that odd specimen in the sight of the softly-billowing crowd of

More and more she felt that she was out of her element here. Yet Alaric Miss Ponsonly, had drawn nearer Hilton and Kitty Everdale managed to her hostess, and lowered her voice to make her forget all this shy uneasiness

"How nice you look!" said Kitty. smilingly. "Mr. Welles and I are to persisted Miss Pousonby, eying Bar. dance 'Sir Roger de Coverley' oppobara over the top of her blue ostrich site you two, Mr. Hilton. Oh, won't it be fun?

Miss Alston was, however, by no Kitty. Her brow had gloomed over; her eyes corruscated angry blue light; and just at the moment when Barbara. hand in hand with Alarie Hilton, was flying down the middle, she leaned suddenly forward from the opposite, caught the crisp, curly mass of black hair from the girl's brow, and flung it closing, and one which has not been

crying gaily : "A masquerade! a masquerade!" There was a sudden pause, a breath-

ess hush. Poor Barbara stood still one second, clasping both hands to her head; then she flew, like a frightened bird,

The dance was broken up, with many

dale. "How could you do such a months with two full moons, and "We must get her to sing again for thing, Audrey Alston, when you knew any of the years of modern times have us to-day," giggled Paulita Ponsonby. very well that she only wore the thing had two such months other than those And there was a second partially re- because she had a fever and lost all cited. -St. Lonis Republic.

pressed burst of laughter behind her hair? But, oa, I m glad she looked so pretty, with the soft black "Oh, it's all very well to laugh," rings and tendrils growing out be-

Yes, where was Alarie? In an instant Audrey felt that she had overshot the mark in her foolish jealousy, for Mr. Hilton had followed see him hanging over the pianostool last Barbara to the shadowy retreat, and

"And I don't know how it happened, I'm sure," said Kitty, the next day, "but they're engaged. And only "Gracious me!" said Miss Belford. think of such a little, timid thing winning the preux chevalier at the Grange-the man that Audrey had destined for herself!"

"They are to be married immehas been very ill with typhoid fever diately," said Mrs. Frank Howard, "and start for Europe. At least, so I

"Yes," thundered Uncle Jo, glaring "Poor thing!" Kitty Everdale's at his niece with savage, light-gray fended old Hay, the man of all others that I can't afford to quarrel with! "Talked to her?" Aubrey opened Didn't you know he was the richest wide her glittering blue eyes. "What man in the county, for all he lived so for? She has no business here. She's plainly? and that I owed him no end this, and I can't see how Uncle Jo ever give up the Grange and go somewhere Mr. Hilton, I'm not in the least that sort of thing! I hope you're suited, miss?

"Andrey," said Miss Ponsonby, gravely, "what a goose you were to pull off Barbara's wig!"

"And how pretty she did look with out it!" cried Kitty, clapping her hands. - Saturday Night.

At Hall Mast.

Men on the wharf were looking sel coming in, writes E. W. Frentz in Donahoe's Magazine. Two of them spoke almost at the same time.

"It is the Jessie Roberts," they

A little boy, who had been looking too, started on a run up the wharf. Two Persian cats frolicked behind a Kitty Everdale was the only person. He never stopped running till he broke, breathless, into a little house, low and weather-beaten and banked with seaweed, under the brow of the hill.

"Mother! mother!" he cried; "she's most in.

The young woman making bread threw a faded shawl over her head and shoulders. She wiped her hands on her apron and started with the boy.

A little crowd was already on the wharf-folk drawn together by the common bond of daily bread, won from the deep waters, and the dearer ties of husbands, lovers, brothers and fathers on board. Two of the owners were there. They saw their vessel back from the crafty sea and the stealthy fog. All her white sails were spread and drawing. The sun of the clear winter morning shone on her clean decks. Ice in the rigging gleamed like diamonds. She was deep in the water, an earnest of hundreds-perhaps thousands-of barrels of fish in the hold.

came about. Then the light left every face. No one said a word-no one made a cry or a groan. The men pressed nearer the edge of the wharf, and the women, white-faced and shudmain mast, where the Stars and Stripes | tyrdom. How can you think He triffes? flew at half most. The topsail had Usward nightfall the party of mis-tleton hunters arrived, laden with about.

There they stood, waiting till the from the little house, pale and trem-The twilit rooms were full of bling, held her boy by the hand. To head. His blue eyes were wet with water that, though salt, was not of the sea. He tried to speak, but failed. The woman hid her face in her hands. The put his arm about the woman's waish,

The Shower Bouquet.

The "shower bouquet" is the most recent novelty in the way of floral inventions, and is made by several of the leading florists along upper Broad way, whence the idea will doubtless spread to the smaller dealers in cut flowers. The "shower effect" is secured by hanging a dozen or more very narrow silk ribbons of white or silver from one side of the ordinary loosely built bunch of roses or other blooms, and tying to the ribbons a number of other roses which hang among them with their stems and leaves at irregular intervals and in sufficient profusion to give the impression that the main bunch had 'spilled over" because of its wealth of blossoms. The effect is rich and exceedingly pretty, and the dealer who first hit upon the idea or fetched it from abroad has taken many orders for the bouquets so designed. - New York Mail and Express.

Two Full Moons in One Month,

An odd little astronomical fact in onnection with the year that is just up into the mistletoe tangles above, noticed, perhaps, by one person in each 10,000 of the entire population of the country, is this: Two monthof the year, January and April, each had two full moons. July, 1890, was equally as well provided for, but nonof the months of 1891 nor 1892 exhibit this lunar peculiarity. In looking up some references on the question I find that the year 1561 had two months. January and March, each having to full moons. I would like to ask i any of the readers of "Notes for the "What a shame!" cried Kitty Ever- Curious" know the rule for finding th

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN

DAY SERMON.

Subject: "Festivity."

Text: "Come, for all things are now ready."-Luke xiv., 17.

It was one of the most exciting times in English history when Queen Elizabeth visited Lord Leicester at Kentlworth Castle. The moment of her arrival was considered so important that all the clocks of the castle were stopped, so that the hands might point to that one moment as being the most signifi-cant of all. She was greeted to the gate with floating islands and torches, and the thunder of cannon, and fireworks that set the night ablaze, and a great burst of music that lifted the whole scene into perfect enchantment. Then she was introduced in a dining hall the luxuries of which astonished the world. Four hundred servants waited upon the guests. he ontertainment cost \$5000 sacnday. Leleester made that great supper in Kenil-

worth Castle, Cardinal Wolsey entertained the Prench carinal worsey entertained the French mutusesadors at Hampton Court. The best sooks in all the land prepared for the banguet. Parceyors went out and traveled all he kingdom over to find spoils for the table. The guests were kept dur-The time came. the day bunting in the king's park so that their appoints might be keen, and then in the evening, to the sound of the trumpeters, they were introduced into a hall hung with allk mut cloth of gold, and there were tables a-glitter with imperial plats and lader with the carest of means and ablush with the costlest wines, and when the second course of the feast came it was found that the artiles of forst had been fashioned into the chape of men, birds and beasts, and groups dancing, and jousting parties riding against each other with lances. Lords and princes and embassadors, out of cups filled to the brim, drank the health first of the King of England and next of the King of France. Cardinal Wolsey prepared that great supper in Hampton Court

But I have to tell you of a grander enter-inment. My bord, the King is the bantranscut, queter. Angels are the cuptearers. All the re-comed are the guests. The hails of sternal e. Ireseard with light and paved with joy and carlained with unfading beauty, are the bamposting piace. The harmonies of eter-nity are the music. The shallers of heaven are the plates, and I am one of the servants oming out with both hands filled with invitations, scattering tuen everywhere, and, oh, hat for yourselves you might break the soni of the invitation and read the words written in red ink of blood by the tremulous hand of a dying Christ, "Come now, for all things are ready.

There have been grand entertainments where was a taking off—the wine gave out, or the servants were rebellious, or the light faile i. But I have gone all around about this subject and looked at the redemption which Christ has provided, and I come here to tell you it is complete, and I swing open the door of the feast, telling you that "all

things are now ready, In the first place, I have to announce that the Loral Jesus Christ Himself is ready, Cardinal Wolsey came into the least after the first course. He came in booted and spurred, and the guests arose and cheered him. But Christ comes in at the very beginning of the feast—aye, He has been waiting 1894 years for this guests. He has been standing on His non-girled feet. He has been standing on His non-girled feet. He has been pressing His lacerated temples—waiting, waiting. It is wonderful that He has not been impatient and that He has not said, "Shut the door and let the laggard stay out," but He has

been waiting.

and spike and cross, joining into one pangremoratess, grinding, exeruciating. I take that one drop of sweat on His brow, and under the gospel glass that drop enlarges until I see in it lakes of sorrow and an ocean of agony. That being standing before you now, emaciated and gashed and gory, coaxes for our love with a pathos in which every word is a heart break and every sentence a mar-

Ahasterus prepared a feast for 180 days, out this feast is for all stornity. Lords and princes were invited to that. You and I and all our world are invited to this. Christ You know that the banquetors of penaly, for know that the banquesus of olden time used to wrap themselves in robes prepared for the occasion, so my Lord Jesus hath wrapped Himself in all that is beautiful, See how lair He is! His eye, His brow, His cheek, so radiant that the stars have no brilliancy compared with it, His face reflecing all the joys of the redeemed, His hand having the onnipotent surgery with which He opened blind eyes and straightened crooked limbs, and hoisted the pillars of heaven and swang the twelve gates, which are the twalve pages.

are the twelve pearls.

There are not enough cups in heaven to dip up this ocean of beauty. There are not ladders arough to scale this height of lovs. There are not enough cymbals to clap, or harps to thrum, or frampets to peal forth the praises of this one altogether fair. Oh, thou flower of eteraty, the breath is the pertume of heaven! Oh, blissful daybreak, let all people clap their hands in thy radiance! Chorus Come, men and saints and cherubim and scraphin and archangel all heights, all deoths, all numersities. Chorus Boll Him through the heavens in a chariot of universal acciaim, over bridges of hosannas, under arches of coronation, along by the great towers chiming with eternal jubilee. Chorus : "Unto Him who bath loved us and washed us from our sins in Hisown blood, to

Him be glory, world without cad? I have a word of five letters, but no sheet white enough on which to write it and no pen good enough with which to inscribe it. Give me the lairest lenf from the heavenly records give me the pencil with which the angel records his victory—and then, with my hand strong to supernatural costasy and my pen dipped in the light of the morning. I will write it out in capitals of love, J.E.S.U.S. It is this one, infinitely fair. to whom you are invited. Christ is walting for you, waiting as a banqueter waits for the delayed guest—the meats smoking, the beakers brimming, the minstrels with Ready, all of them! Ready, thrones, prinbeakers brimming, the mustrels with flagers on the stiff string, waiting for the clash of the hoofs at the gateway.

Waiting for you as a mother waits for her son who went off ten years ago, dragging her bleeding heart along with him. Waiting! Oh, give me a comparison intense enough, hot enough, importunate enough to express my meaning -something high as heaven and deep as hell and long as eternity! Not hoping that you can help me with such a com-parison, I will say, "He is waiting as only parison, I will say, "He is waiting as only the all sympathetic Christ can wait for the coming back of a lost soul."

Bow the knee and kiss the Son, Come and welcome, amur, con

Again, the Holy Spirit is ready. Why is it that so many sermons drop dead—that Christian songs do not get their wing under the people—that so often prayer goes no higher than a hunter's "hollo". It is because there than a hunter's "hollo?" It is occause there is a link wanting—the work of the Holy Spirit. Unless that spirit give grappling hooks to a sermon and lift the prayer and waft the song, everything is a dead failure. That spirit is willing to come at our call And load you to eternal life, or ready to ome with the same power with which he unhotsed Saul on the Damascus turnpike, and broke down Lydis in her fine store, and lifted the 3000 from midnight into midnoon at the Pentecost. With that power the spirit of God now beats at the gate of your soul. Have you not noticed what homely exclusive fine they came to die, their chief grief was that you were not a Christian. They said, "Goodby," News, suppose you should eross over from a sinful life to a holy life. Suppose you should he born into the kingdom. Suppose you should now say: "Farewall, O deceitful world! Get thee gone, my sin! Fle upon God now heats at the gate of your soul. I take my promise. I believe Thy word! I enter Thy service."

Suppose you should say and do this? Why. spirit. Unless that spirit give grappling hooks to a sermon and lift the prayer and waft the song, everything is a dead failure. That spirit is willing to come at our call and

There was a man on a Hudson River boat to whom a tract was offered. With indignation he tore it up and threw it overboard. But one fragment lodged on his coat sleeve, and he saw on it the word "eternity," and he found no peace until he was prepared for that great future. Do you know what passage it was that caused Martin Lutherto see the truth! "The just shall live by faith." Do you know there is one—just one—passage that brought Augustine from a life of dissipation? "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ and make no provision for the flesh to fulfill the lusts thereof." It was just one passage that converted Hedley Vicars, the great soldier, to Christ. "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

Do you know that the Holy Spirit used

one passage of Scripture to save Jonathan Edwards? "Now, unto the King, eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, our Saviour, be glory." One year ago on Saviour, be glory." One year ago on Thanksgiving Day I read for my text, "Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good, for His mercy endureth forever. And there is a young man in the house to whose heart the Holy Spirit fook that text for his eternal redemption. I might speak of my own case. I will tell you I was brought to the peace of the gospel through the Syro-Phoenteian woman's cry to Christ, "Even the dogs eat of the crumbs that fail from the Master's table."

Do you know that the holy spirit almost lways uses insignificant means? Eloquent sermons never save anybody. Philosophical sermons never save anybody. But the minister comes some Subbath to his pulpit worn out with engagements and the jangling of a frenzied doorhell. He has only a a lext and two or three ideas, but he says O Lord, help me. Here are a good many people I may never meet again. I have not much to say. Speak Thou through my poor lips," And before the service is done there are tearful eyes and a solemnity like the Judgment

The great French orator, when the dead King lay before him, looked up and cried, "God only is great!" and the triumph o his eloquence has been told by the his torians. But I have not heard that one soul was saved by the oratorical flourish. Worldly erities may think that the early preaching of Thomas Chalmers was a masterpleee, But Thomas Chalmers says he never began to preach until be came out of the wints and emaciated, and told men the simple story of Jesus. In the great day of eternity it will be found that the most souls have been brought to Christ not by Bossuets and Massillons and Bourdalouss. but by humble men, who, in the strength of God, and believing in the eternal spirit, invited men to Jesus.

There were wise salves, there were excellent ointments, I suppose, in the time of Christ for blind and inflamed eyes. But Jesus turned His back upon them and put the tip of His finger to His tongue, and with the spirtle that adhered to the finger He anoint-ed the eyes of the blind man, and daylight poured into his blinded soul. So it is now poured into his blinded soul. So it is now that the spirit of God takes that humble prayer meeting talk, which seems to be the very saliva of Christian in luence, and anoints the eyes of the blind and pours the smilight of pardon and pance upon the soul. Oh, my friend, I wish we could feel it more

and let the laggard stay out," but He has your redemption and hoping that the wor is spoken may strike your heart. Do you know the air is full of prayer? Do you know that nearnest of hundreds—perhaps thouands—of barrels of fish in the hold.

"I hope they've got a good fare this

"I hope they've got a good 'are this beeks in symparay your sorrows dannes got to pay something on our mortgage next week. I ain't had any new clo's for a year."

The vessel fast grew bigger; and "The vessel fa

come into the warm sheepfold. I let down the bars and bid you come in. With the shepherd's crook I point you the way. Hundreds of Christian bands becken you into the church of God. A great many people do not like the church, and say it is a great mass of hypocrites, but it is a glorious church with all its imperfections. Christ bought it, and hoisted the pillars, and swang its gates, and lifted its arches, and tained it with upholstery crimson with cruciffxion carnage. Come into it.

We are a garden walled around, Chosen and made reculier ground, A little shot inclosed by grave Our of the world's will wilderseas.

Again, the angels of God are ready. A about angels is fancital. You say it is a yery good subject for theological students have just begun to sermonize, but for elde men it is improper. There is no more proof in that Bible that there is a God than there are angels. Why, do not they swarm about Jacob's ladder? Are we not told that they conducted Lazarus upward ; that they stand before the throne, their faces covered with their wings, while they cry, "He holy is the Lord God Almighty?" Did David see thousands and thousands? not one angel slay 185,000 men in

chief harvesters at the indement There is a line of loving, holy, mighty angels reaching to heaven. I suppose they reach from here to the very gate, and when an audience is assembled for Christian worship the air is full of them. If each one of you has a guardian angel, how many celeschariot of tials there are here. They growd the place, osamas, they hover, they fift about they rejoice, g by the Look, that spirit is just come from the jubilec, throne. A moment ago it stood before Christ is and and heard the doxology of the glorified, blood is Look! Bright, immortal, what news from the golden city! Speak, spirit blest! The response comes melting on the air, "Come, for all things are now ready

Augels ready to bear the tidings, angels ready to drop the benediction, angels ready to kindle the joy. They have stood in glory—they know all about it. They have felt the joy that is felt where there are no tears and no graves ; immortal health, but no invalid ism ; songs, but no groans ; wedding bells, but no funeral torches; eyes that never hands that never blister, heads that

cipalities and powers! Ready, seraphim and cherubim! Ready, Michael the Archangel! Again, your kindred in glory are all ready for your coming. I pronounce modern spiritualism a fraud and a sham. If John Milton and George Whitefield have no better usiness than to crawl under a table and rattle the leaves, they had better stay at home in glory. While I believe that modern spiritualism is bad because of its mental and domestic ravages, common sense, enlight-ened by the word of God, teaches us that our friends in glory sympathize with our re-

demption.

The Bible says plainly there is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one heaven among the angels rejoice sinner that repeateth, and if angels rejoice and know of it shall not our friends standing among them know it? Some of these spirits in glory toiled for your redemption. When they came to die, their chief grief was

significant instrumentality the spirit of God the angel sent to you would shout upward, "He is coming!" and the angel poising there was a man on a Hudson River boat higher in the air would shout it upward, higher in the air would shout it upward,
"He is coming!" and it would run all up the
line of light from wing to wing and from
trumpet to trumpet until it reached the gate,
and then it would flash to "the house of
many mansions," and it would find out your
kindred there, and before your tears of repetenance had been wiped from the cheek
and before you had finished your first prayer
your kindred in glory would know of it,
and another heaven would be added to their
loy, and they would ery: "My prayers are
answered; another loved one saved. Give
me a harp with which to strike the loy. me a harp with which to strike the joy. Saved! Saved! Saved!"

If I have shown you that "all things are ready." that Christ is ready, that the Holy Spirit is ready, that the church is ready, that the angels in glory are ready, that your glorified hundred are ready, then with all the glorified hundred are ready, then with all the concentrated emphasis of my soul I ask you if you are ready? You see my subject throws the whole responsibility upon yourself. If you do not get into the King's banquet it is because you do not accept the invitation. You have the most importunate invitation. Two arms stretched down from the cross scaked in blood from elbow to finger tip, two lips quivering in mortal anguish, two eyes beaming with infinite love saying, "Come, come, for all things are now

I told you that when the Queen came to Kemitworth Castle they stopped all the clocks, that the finger of time might be pointed to that happy moment of her arrival. Oh, if the King would come to the castle of your soul, you might well afford to stop all the tels moment as the one most bright, most blessed, most tremen lous. Now, I wish I could go around from circle to circle and in-vite every one of you, according to the invitation of my text, saving, "Come

I would like to take every one of you by the hand and say. "Come" Old man, who has been wandering sixty or seventy years, thy sun has almost gone down. Tarough the dust of the evening stretch out your withored hand to Christ. He will not cost thee off, old man. Ob, that one tear of repentance might trickle down thy wrinkled cheek! Af-ter Christ has fed thee all thy life long, do you not think you can afford to speak one word in His praise?

Come, those of you who are farthest away from God. Drunkard, Christ can put out the fire of thy thirst. He can break that shackle. He can restore thy blasted home, Go to Jesus, libertine! Christ saw these where there wert last night. He knows of thy sta. The thou will bring tay polluted soul to Him this moment He will throw over it the mantle of His pardon and love. Mercy for thee, oh, thou chief of sinners! Harlot, thy feet foul with hell and thy laughter the horror of the street! Ob. Mary Magdalene, look to Jesus! Mercy for thee poor lost wail of the street! Self-righteous man, thou

must be born again, or thou canst not see the kingdom of God." Do you think you can get into the feast with those rags? Why, the King's servant would tear them off and leave you naked at the gate. You must be born again. The day is far spent. The cliffs begin to slide their long shadows across the plain. Do you know the feast has already begun—the feast to which you were invited-and the King sits with His hand on the door of the banqueting room, and He begins to swing it sout? It is half way shut. It is three-

fourths shut. It is only just njar. Soon it will be shut. Come, for all things are now ready. Have I missed one man? Who has not felt bimself called this ho r? Then I call him

now. This is the hour of thy redemption. While God invites, how biest the day flow aweet the grapel's charming sound! Come, sounce, make, oh, haste away. White yet a pardoning God is found.

Interesting Ordnance Experiments. The Armstrong Company, of England, has shown some very interesting experiments with 'he latest ordne, A. inch gu fire our

"Give gun three limes in out sy seco torpedo was driven satisfactorily with cordite as a powder. There was a search light which would keep its beam upon an object no matter how violently the vessel rolled. A teninch thirty-ton gun, when it was fired, opened the breech sersy by the recoil and wound up a spring, which when released, would close the breech again, A47-100 field howitzer anchored itself after the first discharge by driving a spade-shaped plate into the ground, after which its recoil was met by a jacket which surrounds it. A quick-firing field gun, which anchors itself in a similar manner, fired five rounds of scrapuel in fifty-three seconds. A fifteen-pounder mountain howitzer could be taken to pieces so at that no part of it would weigh more than 200 pounds. It was screwed together in five minutes. A six-inch gan, with light portable disappearing mountings for a siege train, could be taken apart so that no portion weighed more than three tons, ten hours being required to mount it. A six-inch naval gun fired five rounds in sixty-nine seconds, each time at a different range and target. A plate of special steel designed for a shield received rifle and Gatling gun fire at 100 yards range without a single penetration, while the plate hitherto used was penetrate" at every shot, the Gatling gun alis

cutting it in two. - Chicago Herald.

Horace Greeley and His Bride. "When Horace Greeley was first married and brought his wife home on a visit a sugar party was given in their honor on a neighboring farm. All the guests had arrived, and we were looking out, watching for the belated bride and groom. At last we saw something appearing in the distance. As this same object came nearer, we discovered it was the old white horse of the Greeleys, slowly picking his way through the mud. On his back sat the bride in a brilliant yellow frock, with a green velvet belt, and behind her, wrapped in his famous white overcoat, sat the already famous editor. It was the funniest sight I ever saw, and set us off in fits of laughing. I remember," concluded my informant, laughing again at her recollection, "that I simply lay down and rolled upon the floor in a spasm of mirth." Mr. Greeley came home every year, and after a day or two on the farm, would start to walk miles and call on people. He was never known to knock at a farmhouse door. No matter whether he knew the iumates or not, he would push open the door, walk right in, sit down by the fireplace and fall to discussing crops and other topics dear to the farmer's heart. Everybody was glad to welcome this gentle, brusque intruder.-Press and Printer.

The huge guns of modern navies can only be fired about seventy-five times before they are worn out.