IN THE VALLEY.

To-day when the sun was lighting my house
on the pine-clad hill
The breast of a bird was ruffled as it perched
on my window sill,
And a leaf was chased by the kitten on the
breeze-swept garden walk,
And the dainty head
Of a dahlia red
Was stirred on its slender stalk.

Oh, happy the bird at the rose tree, unheeding the threatening storm!
And happy the blithe leaf chaser, rejoicing in sunshine warm!
They take not thought for the morrow—they know no care to-day;
And the thousand things
That the future brings
Are a blank to such as they.

But I, by the household ingle, can interpret the looming clouds,
For the wind, "woo-hoos" through the key-hole, and a shadow the house enshrouds;
And I know I must quit my mountain and go down to the vale below,
For my house is chill
On the windy hill
When the autumn tempests blow.

My mind if forever drawing an instructive parallel
'Twixt temporal things that perish and eternal things that dwell—
When billows and waves surround me and waters my soul o'erflow,
I descend in hope
From the mountain top
To the sheltering vale below.

I go down to the Valley of Silence, where the worldly are never met;
I know there is "balm and healing" there for eyes that with tears are wet;
And I find in its sweet seclusion gentle solace for all my care.
For that valley pure
With its shelter sure
Is the beautiful Vale of Prayer.

—Chambers's Journal.

The Doctor's Confession.

BY THOMAS WINTHROP HALL.

WE were sitting around the fire in the reading-room of the club, when Dufferin, whose only occupation in life is extracting good stories from other men (thanks to a provident and deceased uncle), asked the Doctor for a story. None of us had ever heard the Doctor tell a story, so we mentally concluded that Dufferin had made a mistake. It was quite surprising to the rest of us, too, for Dufferin was the most careful and conscientious extractor of stories, reminiscences, and personal experiences in the club. The Colonel raised his fine gray eyebrows rather inquiringly, the Professor coughed slightly, and I must confess that I frowned distinct' Dufferin plate. it was quite a critical state of affairs.

The Doctor was gazing blankly into the fire. He was the jolliest listener in the world, and young in spite of his sixty years. But he was quite a neophyte at story-telling, and he looked simply ridiculous, half-lost as he was in the capacious seat and dark shadows of the great club-chair. We held our breath, and, for one, I am sure I trembled with apprehension.

The Doctor peered around from either arm of his chair and glanced carefully at the room.

"I observe," said he with a calmness that restored our confidence to a slight extent, "that you are all large men save myself. Therefore I will make a confession rather than tell a story. I would not dare to touch upon the subject if there were another moderate-sized man present, for he might be sufficiently larger than myself. Yes; it is a confession. For all I know, I once committed an act that might have put me behind prison bars for a good long period.

"You none of you know the extent to which a small man suffers from his physical inferiority. I'll wager that Napoleon envied Murat's immense size, in spite of the fact that the latter was merely one of the Emperor's humblest tools. It is the same with all of us. We all know that we have three or four times the brain power that you big men have—'hem, don't shoot, gentlemen—but there is no use in concealing, or at least in denying the fact that we small men envy you large ones in the possession of what the Professor would call your kinetic energy—your mass multiplied by the square of your velocity. As I have grown, I will not say old but older, for I still consider myself standing on the threshold of life, I have begun to appreciate the compensations of nature, and I now can look at a large man, as he lumbers up the street, or flops into a chair like an overgrown bag of malt, with a feeling akin to pity. But in my youth, or rather in my mewling infancy (say when I was about twenty-five years of age) my disparity in size caused me the keenest mortification. This mortification would result in a fit of anger when some well-meaning small man would refer to the story of David and Goliath and point with pride to the fact that small men usually 'got there just the same'. I have never had any respect for this David. That business of using a slung-shot was as unfair as it would be to put a Hotchkiss gun in the pitcher's box in a ball game. It makes my blood boil to think that David did not go out and thrash him with his bare knuckles, for I am quite satisfied that Goliath intended to fight fair and square 'Marquis of Queenbury' rules, just like any other man who is not a gentleman.

"Well, when I was about twenty-five I had, by dint of hard work and good luck in having hung out my shingle in a particularly unhealthy neighborhood, arrived at a condition when I might indulge my pocket-book in what I may call the anti-fattening process to a certain extent. In other words, I could afford to take an afternoon and a five-dollar bill off for a pleasure-jaunt once in a while. Indeed, I had begun to read poems about domestic bliss and occasional love-stories. But before I could permit myself to think of marrying I determined to get, once for all, thoroughly even with the absurd race of big men. I had a scheme which I had worked out very thoroughly. I was going to completely humiliate some great brute of a man, and I was going to do it without the aid of a weapon of any description. I provided myself with a pair of shears—"

"Weapons?" suggested the Colonel.

"Not at all," answered the Doctor; "instruments of torture. I slipped them into the pocket of my overcoat and rode down to the Bowery in a Third avenue car. I was in a complacent mood. The night was clear, the air crisp with just a suggestion of a downfall of snow. You know what such a night means on the Bowery. All the animal spirits of those animals down there are at the boiling point of exhilaration. When I was quite well down the Bowery I left the car and began searching in the saloons for my man. It did not take me long to find him. He had just cleaned out a saloon (driven the inhabitants of the place out, I mean, and pummeled the barkeeper until the latter was willing to buy him off at any price) when I entered. I treated him. I treated him again. I became his confidant—his fast friend. I let him know that I had money and that my main object in life was to see that he had a royal time of it that evening. In this way I succeeded in luring him to a hotel that I had previously selected and where I had engaged a room for the night. Once in the room I proceeded to make things as comfortable as possible for him—and incidentally for myself, for by this time he was beginning to get pugnacious again. I accomplished this by keeping the table between us and a bottle of champagne on it, which I begged him not to spill. He had as much respect for a bottle of champagne as though he had been better born, and I succeeded. He was still quite sober when I asked him if he knew anything about poisons.

"'Naw,' he answered, after a few moments of contemplation, as though he were wondering why in the world I should ask such a question as that. 'Naw; nuthin' 'cept rat poison. Why?'

"'Oh,' I answered, as delicately as possible, 'merely because I am a doctor and know a great deal about them. You see I have made a special study of them.'

"'Well, Doc,' he asked in a few moments, 'what has that got to do with it? Gimme some ... ing out the champagne, 'that there is a certain violent poison which does not act on the stomach as long as the person who has swallowed it remains perfectly still, but which is absolutely fatal if that person makes a single violent motion—for instance, such a motion as rising from a chair, or striking another person, or even uttering too ornate an oath?'

"'What are yer driving at, growled my burly guest.

"'Simply this,' I answered, 'that I would advise you to remain as still as you possibly can, for I have given you a dose of that poison in one of these glasses of champagne—in the last one in fact.'"

"But," interrupted the Colonel, "you had agreed, as it were, with yourself that you would not use a weapon. Now poison, in my opinion, would be a weapon."

"Wait a moment," said the Doctor. "Well, the wretch was the most frightened man I have ever seen in my life. He sat in his chair, perfectly rigid. I almost believe he was afraid to talk for a time. But the suspense was too great.

"'Yer ain't goin' to kill a feller what's doin' yer no harm, are yer?' he asked so plaintively that I almost laughed in his face.

"'No,' I answered, 'keep perfectly still, and when it thoroughly pleases me I will give you a simple emetic that will save your life. Be careful; do not move or it will be beyond my power to do so.'

"'What'd yer do it fur?' he asked, breathlessly.

"'Because,' I answered, 'I wanted a lock of your hair. I have a particular fondness for hair of the color of yours, and I am going to have just about half of all that you have, including half of your mustache, which, I will admit, is a perfectly splendid one.' With this I approached him, at the same time drawing from my pocket my pair of shears.

"'All right, go ahead, Doc,' he said, trembling from head to foot; 'but, as yer love yer fellow-man what has got er wife and family ter support, don't wiggle me er that poison will work.'

"I do not think I ever collected a long-standing bill from a rich but forgetful patient with one-half the satisfaction that I enjoyed in clipping off half the hair and half the mustache of that man who but a few moments before had been threatening to gouge out my eyes. I laughed, I sang, I danced a jig, and then rolling the hair up in a wad I showed it in my pocket. I finished off the remainder of the champagne. Then I walked to the window and threw it open. We were in a room on the third floor, and the window opened on a fire escape that reached almost to the ground. I lifted one leg over the sill quite nonchalantly."

"But I say, my dear Doctor," interrupted the Colonel again, "you were not playing fair. You were in reality using a weapon, and a mighty dangerous one. The poor fellow had no show at all."

"Wait a moment," replied the Doctor. "You wish me to be too abrupt. But, to continue, when the fellow saw me do this he uttered a howl of terror.

"'Yer ain't a-goin' ter leave me, Doc; yer ain't a-goin' ter leave me here ter dye, are yer?'

"'You are in no danger,' I answered. 'Good-evening.'

"'But the poison?' he asked.

"'You have taken no poison,' I replied. 'While you have been with me this evening you have swallowed nothing more harmful than champagne!' At first he did not seem to comprehend, but in a moment he bounded from his chair with an oath and made for me. I departed."

"But, my dear Doctor," asked the Professor, "how did you manage to make your escape from him?"

"Well," answered the Doctor, dryly, "I took advantage of one of the compensations of nature. A small man can skip down a fire-escape much more quickly than a large man. Besides, I had a start. In fact, I was bowling away in a cab that I had previously engaged, before he was half-way down."

"But," I asked, "have you never been troubled by him since? Has he never hunted you up?"

"I have reason to believe he has not," answered the Doctor. "In fact, if he had, I am afraid I would not be here to-night to tell the story."—Frank Leslie's Weekly.

Saw a Living Mummy.

In the Cornhill Magazine a writer thus records a visit to an Egyptian domicile situated upon the Nile: "We went into the hut after some hesitation (the dragoman whispered there were 'ladies' there), and found a vigorous old man telling his Mussulman beads cross-legged on a mud bench, and on the floor bent over the fire the oldest looking human being I ever saw alive. Mummies I have seen, and wondered not that they were dead, but in what part of her withered, dessicated frame that old woman found space to keep the stern vital energies that lined her grim, carved face I can scarcely guess. She looked no more living than seaweed does, dried and stretched on paper.

"Her arms, her limbs (thrust almost into the fire) were so shrunk that the long leathern flesh and flaccid muscles hung round them like dangling shreds on sticks. Round her neck were beads of wood, and round her wrists leathern bracelets (though, to be sure, I cannot feel certain they were not folds of skin), and on her face lurked not only lines but gullies and passages, they seemed so deep ... t fallen. But for the occasional ... ned glance of cold nnques' ... e I could not come, and sent for milk and dates and filled our pockets. He showed us his long spear that hung against the wall, and told me with a proud gesture that he had often killed his man, but more often with a sword, and taking me by the shoulder, showed me fiercely how he used to do it. He was ninety years old, and had never been farther from home than Assouan, and then only once. All his sons sat and stood around us, and in the background against the mud granary white teeth glimmered, and the broad, black faces of the women shone. I asked him what present he would like, and he asked for a little rice and a little coffee. All the time he clutched and fingered his Moslem rosary, which, when I admired it, he wanted me to accept. The son came back with us to the dahbeah and carried off the coffee and rice in envelopes, to which I added a handful of cigarettes and a couple of oranges, with particular injunctions that one was to be given to the old gentleman."

A Ring's Own Story.

Picking up from the sidewalk the other morning what appeared to be a gold ring, with empty claws showing the removal of a stone, the finder took it to a jeweler in Eleventh street for inspection. He examined it for a few minutes under a magnifying glass and said:

"Yes, this is a gold ring of fourteen carats. The stone it contained was a three-carat diamond. It was worn a number of years on a slender woman's third finger. Then it changed hands and was enlarged by the insertion of a piece of gold of inferior alloy, and may have been worn on the third finger of a stout woman or the little finger of a man. The diamond was removed by a clumsy hand, probably by a thief, who either accidentally dropped the ring or threw it away where you found it. I never saw the ring before, but plainly read its history by the same process of observation, analysis and deduction that an Indian unconsciously employs in detecting the testimony of a forest trail."—Philadelphia Record.

The Insane Cannot be Hypnotized.

Dr. S. C. McCarry, the new superintendent of the Kansas State Insane Asylum, has instituted a series of hypnotic experiments on the patients. Assisted by Dr. Flint, who is skilled in hypnotism, he made experiments on twenty patients, taken at random, of whom only two showed any symptoms of suceptibility, and these were only slight. Dr. Flint claims that insane people cannot be hypnotized, and that the hypnotic power can in no way affect incurables. Only those who are slightly affected can be brought under its influence.—Detroit Free Press.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Lightning of the Sea."

TEXT: *"He maketh a path to shine after him."*—Job xli., 32.

If for the next thousand years ministers of religion should preach from this Bible, there will yet be texts unexpounded and unexplained and unappreciated. What little has been said concerning this chapter in Job from which my text is taken bears on the controversy as to what was really the leviathan described as disturbing the sea. What creature it was I know not. Some say it was a whale. Some say it was a crocodile. My own opinion is it was a sea monster now extinct. No creature now floating in Mediterranean or Atlantic waters corresponds to Job's description.

What most interests me is that as it moved on through the deep it left the waters flashing and resplendent. In the words of the text, "He maketh a path to shine after him." What was that illumined path? It was phosphorescence. You find it in the wake of a ship in the night, especially after rough weather. Phosphorescence is the lightning of the sea. That this figure of speech is correct in describing its appearance I am certified by an incident. After crossing the Atlantic the first time and writing from Basle, Switzerland, to an American magazine an account of my voyage, in which nothing more fascinated me than the phosphorescence in the ship's wake, I called it the lightning of the sea. Returning to my hotel, I found a book of John Ruskin, and the first sentence my eyes fell upon was his description of phosphorescence, in which he called it "the lightning of the sea."

Down to the postoffice I hastened to get the manuscript, and with great labor and some expense got possession of the magazine article and put quotation marks around that one sentence, although it was as original with me as with John Ruskin. I suppose that nine-tenths of you living so near the seacoast have watched this marine appearance called phosphorescence, and I hope that the other one-tenth may some day be so happy as to witness it. It is the waves of the sea diamonded; it is the inflorescence of the billows; the waves of the sea crimsoned as was the deep after the sea fight of Lepanto; the waves of the sea on fire.

There are times when from horizon to horizon the entire ocean seems in conflagration with this strange splendor as it changes every moment to tamer or more dazzling color on all sides of you. You sit looking over the taffrail of the yacht or ocean steamer, watching and waiting to see what new thing the God of beauty will do with the Atlantic. It is the ocean in transfiguration; it is the marine world casting its garments of glory in the pathway of the Almighty as He walks the deep; it is an inverted firmament with all its stars gone down with it. No picture can present it, for photographer's camera cannot be successfully trained to catch it, and before it the hand of the painter drops its pencil, overawed and powerless.

This phosphorescence is the appearance of myriads of the animal kingdom rising, falling, playing, flashing, living, dying. These luminous animalcules for nearly 150 years have been the study of naturalists and the fascination and solemnization of all who have brain enough to think. Now, God, who puts in His Bible nothing trivial or useless, calls the attention of Job, the greatest scientist of his day, to this phosphorescence, and as the leviathan of the deep sweeps past points out the fact that "he maketh a path to shine after him."

Is that true of us now, and will it be true of us when we have gone? Will there be subsequent light or darkness? Will there be a trial of gloom or good cheer? Can any one between now and the next 100 years say of us truthfully ... the text says of the leviathan ... le maketh ... ath ... fiably makes him lose his grip of sacred things, and he gives up Sabbath and church and morals and goes from bad to worse, till he falls under dissipations, dies in a lazar house and is buried in the potter's field.

Another young man who heard that jolly skepticism made up his mind that "it makes no difference what we do or say, for we will all come out at last at the right place," and began as a consequence to purloin. Some money that came into his hands for others he applied to his own uses, thinking perhaps he would make it straight some other time, and all would be well even if he did not make it straight. He ends in the penitentiary. That scoffer who uttered the jokes against Christianity never realized what bad work he was doing, and he passed on through life and out of it and into a future that I am not now going to depict.

I do not propose with a searchlight to show the breakers of the awful coast on which that ship is wrecked, for my business now is to watch the sea after the keel has plowed it. No phosphorescence in the wake of that ship, but b... und it two souls struggling in the wave... two young men destroyed by reckless skept... sm, an unillumined ocean beneath and ... all sides of them. Blackness of darkness.

You ... now what a gloriously good man Rev. J... hn Newton was the most of his life, but be... re his conversion he was a very wicke... sailor, and on board the ship Harwich i... ttilled infidelity and vice into the mind... a young man—principles which destroye... him. Afterward the two met, and Newt... tried to undo his bad work, but in vain. The young man became worse and worse... d died a profligate, horrifying those who s... d by him in his last moments.

Bett... look out what bad influence you start, does ... you may not be able to stop it. It others ... require very great force to ruin great ... Why was it that many years ago a A crav... od nearly destroyed New Orleans? the riv... h had burrowed into the banks of the ba... until the ground was saturated and ... weakened until the flood burst.

But ... ind here a man who starts out in life wi... the determination that he will never ... suffering but he will try to alleviate ... , and never see discouragement but he ... ill try to cheer it, and never meet with a ... body but he will try to do him good. ... tting his strength from God, he starts f... m home with high purpose of doing all the ... od he can possibly do in one day.

Whet... r standing behind the counter, or talking ... the business office with a pen behind hi... ar, or making a bargain with a fellow tra... er, or out in the field discussing with hi... next neighbor the wisest rotation of the cro... or in the shoemaker's shop pounding soi... eather, there is something in his face, an... his phraseology and in his manner, that demonstrates the grace of God in his heart. He can talk on religion without awkwardly dragging it in by the ears. He loves God and loves the souls of all whom he meets and is interested in their present and eternal ... estiny.

For f... y or sixty years he lives that life, and the... gets through with it and goes into heaven ... ransomed soul. But I am not going to deser... the port into which that ship has entered.

I am ... going to describe the Pilot who met hi... utside at the "lightship." I am not goin... to say anything about the crowds of frien... who met him on the cyrstalline wharves ... which he goes on steps of chrysop... es. For God in His words to Job calls m... look at the path of foam in the wake of ... at ship, and I tell you it is all a-gleam ... th splendors of kindness done, and rolli... with illumined tears that were wiped a... y, and a-dash with congratulations, an... lear out to the horizon in all dithose sparkling, flashing, billowing phos... ence of a Christian life. "He maketh ... th to shine after him."

And h... correct one of the mean notions wh... t some time takes possession of all of us... that is as to the brevity of human life... en I bury some very useful man, cle... lay, in his thirtieth or fortieth yea... tieth or fortieth year, I say: "What a waste of energies! It ... diy worth while for him to get ready ... istian work, for he had so soon to ... But the fact is that I may ... or woman who does any ... o or sins" s... down one of the rungs of Satan. You ... start one good word, one kind act, one cheerful smile, on a mission that will last until the world becomes a bonfire, and out of that blaze it will pass into the heavens, never to halt as long as God lives.

There were in the seventeenth century men and women whose names you never heard of who are to-day influencing schools, colleges, churches, Nations. You can no more measure the gracious results of their lifetime than you could measure the length and breadth and depth of the phosphorescence last night following the ship of the White Star line 1500 miles out at sea. How the courage and consecration of others inspire us to follow, as a general in the American army, cool amid the flying bullets, inspired a trembling soldier, who said afterward, "I was nearly scared to death, but I saw the old man's white mustache over his shoulder and went on." Aye, we are all following somebody, either in right or wrong directions.

A few days ago I stood beside the garlanded casket of a gospel minister, and in my remarks had occasion to recall a snowy night in a farmhouse when I was a boy and an evangelist spending a night at my father's house, who said something so tender and beautiful and impressive that it led me into the kingdom of God and decided my destiny for this world and the next. You will, before twenty-four hours go by, meet some man or woman with a big pack of care and trouble, and you may say something to him or her that will endure until this world shall have been so far lost in the past that nothing but the stretch of angelic memory will be able to realize that it ever existed at all.

I am not talking of remarkable men and women, but of what ordinary folks can do. I am not speaking of the phosphorescence in the track of a Newfoundland fishing smack, God makes thunderbolts out of sparks, and out of the small words and deeds of a small life He can launch a power that will flash and burn and thunder through the eternities.

How do you like this prolongation of your earthly life by deathless influence? Many a babe that died at six months of age by the anxiety created in the parent's heart to meet that child in realms seraphic is living yet in the transformed heart and life of those parents and will live on forever in the history of that family. If this be the opportunity of ordinary souls, what is the opportunity of those who have especial intellectual or social or monetary equipment?

Have you any arithmetic capable of estimating the influence of our good and gracious friend who a few days ago went up to rest—George W. Childs, of Philadelphia? From a newspaper that was printed for thirty years without one word of defamation or scurrility or scandal, and putting a chief emphasis on virtue and charity and clean intelligence, he reaped a fortune for himself and then distributed a vast amount of it among the poor and struggling, putting his invalid and aged reporters on pensions, until his name stands everywhere for large heartedness and sympathy and help and highest style of Christian gentleman.

In an era which had in the chairs of its journalism a Horace Greeley, and a Henry J. Raymond, and a James Gordon Bennett, and an Erastus Brooks, and a George William Curtis, and an Irenaeus Prime, none of them will be longer remembered than George W. Childs. Staying away from the unveiling of the monument he had reared at large expense in our Greenwood in memory of Professor Proctor, the astronomer, lest I should say something in praise of the man who had paid for the monument. By all acknowledged a representative of the highest American journalism.

If you would calculate his influence for good, you must count how many sheets of his newspapers have been published in the last quarter of a century, and how many people have read them, and the effect not only upon those readers, but upon all whom they shall influence for all time, while you add to all that the work of the churches he helped build and of the institutions of mercy he helped found. Better give up before you start the measuring of the phosphorescence in the wake of that ship of the Celestial line. Who can tell the post mortem influence of a Savonarola, a Winkelried, a Gutenberg, a Marlborough, a Decatur, a Toussaint, a Bolivar, a Clarkson, a Robert Raikes, a Harlo Page, who had 125 Sabbath scholars, eight four of whom became Christians, and si them ministers of the gospel.

With gratitude and penitence and worsh I mention the grandest life that was ev lived. That ship of light was launched fro the heavens nearly 1900 years ago, angel hosts chanting, and from the celesti wharves the ship sprang into the roughes sea that ever tossed. Its billows were mad up of the wrath of men and devils. Herodi and sanhedrinic persecutions stirring th deep with red wrath, and all the hurricane of woe smote it until on the rocks of Golgo tha that life struck with a resound of agony that appalled the earth and the heavens. But in the wake of that life what a phosphorescence of smiles on the cheeks of souls pardoned, and lives reformed, and Nations redeemed. The millennium itself is only one roll of that irradiated wave of gladness and benediction. In the sublimest of all senses it may be said of Him, "He maketh a path to shine after Him."

But I cannot look upon that luminosity that follows ships without realizing how fond the Lord is of life. That fire of the deep is life, myriads of creatures all a-swim an a-play and a-romp in parks of marine beauty laid out and parterred and roseated and blossomed by Omnipotence. What is the use of those creatures called by the naturalists "crustaceans" and "copepods," not more than one out of hundreds of billions of which are ever seen by human eye? God created ahem for the same reason that He creates flowers in places where no human foot ever makes them tremble, and no human nostril ever inhales their redolence, and no human eye ever sees their charm. In the botanical world they prove that God loves flowers, as in the marine world the phosphori prove that He loves life, and He loves life in play, life in brilliancy of gladness, life in exuberance.

And so I am led to believe that He loves our life if we fulfill our mission as fully as the phosphori fulfill theirs. The Son of God came "that we might have life and have it more abundantly." But I am glad to tell you that our God is not the God sometimes described as a harsh critic at the head of the universe, or an infinite scold, or a God that loves funerals better than weddings, or a God that prefers tears to laughter, an omnipotent Nero, a ferocious Nana Sahib, but the loveliest Being in the universe, loving flowers and life and play, whether of phosphori in the wake of the Majestic or of the human race keeping a holiday.

But mark you that the phosphorescence has a glow that the night monopolizes, and I ask you not only what kind of influence you are going to leave in the world as you pass through it, but what light are you going to throw across the world's night of sin and sorrow? People who are sailing on smooth sea and at noon do not need much sympathy, but what are you going to do for people in the night of misfortune? Will you drop on them shadow, or will you kindle for them phosphorescence?

At this moment there are more people crying than laughing, more people on the round world this moment hungry than well fed, more households bereft than homes unbroken. What are you going to do about it? "Well," says yonder soul, "I would like to do something toward illumining the great ocean of human wretchedness, but I cannot do much."

Can you do as much as one of the phosphori in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, creatures smaller than the point of a sharp pin? "Oh, yes," you say. Then do that. Shine! Stand before the looking glass and experiment to see if you cannot get that scowl off your forehead, that peevish look out of your lips. Have at least one bright ribbon in your bonnet. Embroider at least one white cord somewhere in the midnight of your apparel. Do not any longer ... personal ... funeral. Shir... say some... ing ... a out socie... the world. ... ew drops of ... spo... n. Once in a ... sweet ge for a sour ... member that ... hemy and that optimism is Christianity. Throw some light on the night ocean. If you cannot be a lantern swinging in the rigging, be one of the tiny phosphori back of the keel. Shine! "Let your light so shine before men that others seeing your good works may glorify your Father which is in heaven."

Make one person happy every day, and do that for twenty years, and you will have made 7300 happy. You know a man who has lost all his property by an unfortunate investment or by putting his name on the back of a friend's note. After you have taken a brief nap, which every man and woman is entitled to on a Sunday afternoon, go and cheer up that man. You can, if God helps you, say something that will do him good after both of you have been dead a thousand years.

Shine! You know of a family with a bad boy who has run away from home. Go before night and tell that father and mother the parable of the prodigal son, and that some of the illustrious and useful men now in church and state had a silly passage in their lives and ran away from home. Shine! You know of a family that has lost a child, and the silence of the nursery glooms the whole house from cellar to garret. Go before night and tell them how much that child has happily escaped, since the most prosperous life on earth is a struggle.

Shine! You know of some invalid who is dying for lack of an appetite. She cannot get well because she cannot eat. Broil a chicken and take it to her before night and cheat her poor appetite into keen relish. Shine! You know of some one who likes you, and you like him, and he ought to be a Christian. Go tell him what religion has done for you, and ask him if you can pray for him.

Shine! Oh, for a disposition so charged with sweetness and light that we cannot help but shine! Remember if you cannot be a leviathan lashing the ocean into fury you can be one of the phosphori, doing your part toward making a path of phosphorescence. Then I will tell you what impression you will leave as you pass through this life and after you are gone. I will tell you to your face and not leave it for the minister who officiates at your obsequies.

The failure in all eulogium of the departed is that they cannot hear it. All hear it except the one most interested. This, in substance, is what I or some one else will say of you on such an occasion: "We gather for offices of respect to this departed one. It is impossible to tell how many tears he wiped away, how many burdens he lifted, or how many souls he was, under God, instrumental in saving. His influence will never cease. We are all better for having known him.

"That pillow of flowers on the casket was presented by his Sabbath-school class, all of whom he brought to Christ. That cross of flowers at the head was presented by the orphan asylum which he befriended. Those three single flowers—one was sent by a poor woman for whom he bought a ton of coal, and one was by a waif of the street whom he rescued through the midnight mission, and the other was from a prison cell which he had often visited to encourage repentance in a young man who had done wrong.

"Those three loose flowers mean quite as much as the garlands now breathing their aroma through this saddened home crowded with sympathizers. 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.'"

Or if it should be the more solemn burial at sea, let it be after the sun has gone down, and the captain has read the appropriate liturgy, and the ship's bell has tolled, and you are let down from the stern of the vessel into the resplendent phosphorescence at the wake of the ship. Then let some one say, in the words of my text, "He maketh a path to shine after him."

Virginia City, Nev., is 6400 feet above the sea.