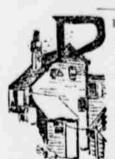
Gales that blow the ships away Over leagues of lonesome sea, Search the dreary deep to-day -Wait Love's wandering ship to me!

But the winds reply a "We roam the sky And we treable and toss the sea; And thy Love's ship satis Where the black night walls And comes no more to thee !"

Stars that light the seas afar, Where the mosts and mouning be; Blend your beages in one great star --Light Love's wandering ship to me!

But the stars reply: "We light the sky, Far over the lonely sea; And thy Love's ship dreams Witers no bright star beams, And comes no more to thee?" -U. L. Stanton, to Atlanta Constitution

# DR. "WILL'S" PATIENT.



B. WALKER sat alone in his office. at the Orthopædie Hospital one dark. stormy night. Outsale the wind and ram were having it grew tapidly stronger. all their own way. The gale swept around the huge building with mad shricks, like a score

of fiends let loose to riot and rejoice in the misery of sufferrag human souls. The rain came down in wild gusts, dashing itself impodently into the faces of the few chance pedestrians, and forcing those obliged to be abroad to turn resolute faces homeward.

Within the hospital dead silence reigned. The patients were supposed to be disposed of for the night, and lights were out, except in the wards where the sufferers were so dangerously ill that the watchers by their bedsides sat waiting with patient outward composure for the approaching

Doctor Walker -he was familiarly knows throughout the institution as "Doctor Will" -sat pouring over a huge volume upon the table before biin and striving to concentrate his thoughts upon its contents. But he appeared to be out of sorts; he seemed

restless and nneasy. "I wonder what aris me to-night?" he exclaimed half aloud, closing the book at last, and pushing it aside with a weary gesture. Somehow I cannot study or find interest in my work. Now, if I were like some of my nervous patients I would say that I feel as if something were going to happen! Bah! what folly in a strong man to allow his nerves to so completely affect his whole life. One must exert

will power and-"Ah! what is it? Did you speak to

me. Kate?" For there at the half-open door of the office Dr. Will's quick glance had detected one of the night nurses-a pleasant faced, kindly-looking woman, who had been long attached to the

"Yes, doctor: I wanted to tell von that there is a new patient in the reception room; a young man who has just been brought here in a cab. His arm is broken, I think. The driver says the young man hailed the cab about an hour ago, on Green street. and said that he had broken his arm. and wished to be taken to friends at the other end of the city. The driver drove him to the street and number designated, but there was no one there. The house was quite empty, and a policeman near said that the family had gone to Europe. At that the young man uttered a cry of disappointment, which the cab driver says made his own heart sche; and then he reeled unsteadily and nearly fell to the ground. But the driver and the policeman together placed him in the cab, and he was brought here, as it happened to be only a few blocks

By this time Dr. Will had followed Kate into the reception room, wheren slight form in a neat gray suit lay upon a sofa, quite unconscious.

The doctor dispatched the nurse for his surgical instruments and soon had removed the stranger's cost and rolled up the sleeves of his snowy undergarments, soft and fine. The face upon the sofa pillow was delicate and refined; a face with perfect features; the long, dark eyelashes sweeping the white cheeks, the soft, dark hair enriing slightly, pushed away from a broad, low brow. The interesting patient did not appear to be more there before the keen, scarching eyes riage with me. She hated me, de of the young physician. Something spised me, scorned me. a strange sensation which Dr. Will did not stop to anaryze-moved his arm and prepared to examine the in- obedience to my wishes.

"Compound fracture!" he muttered. concisely. "Come here, Kate; you will have to assist me!

"Dear me!" ejsculated the nurse, bending over the slim, graceful form, "he's as delicate as a girl. Look! See the blue veius in his arm. Poor young chap. He has to suffer yet before that arm will be well."

A little later, his injuries attended to, the strange patient was placed in bed. He had recovered consciousness and opened a pair of great, dark, beautiful eyes to meet Doctor Will's sympathetic gaze.

"Where am I?" faltered the patient. "In the Orthopædic Hospital, sir. You have broken your arm, and were brought here by a cab driver. You are perfectly safe here. Tell me your name and where shall I send for your

"My name," a slight hesitation, "is

house of old friends-they have gone that question. She arose to her feet, to Europe. I have not been here long. money.

"Don't trouble yourself, Mr. Halton. You are all right here.

placed in a private room." "Thank you! I am able to pay for possible, Dr. - ?" with a slight in-

terrogation. "I am Dr. William Walker, of this for you. It is nothing dangerous, my Now, I will give you a sleeping potion, and hope to find you better in the

morning draught, and almost immediately fell

Dr. Will sat watching the pale, beautitul face upon the pillow before him with an odd sensation struggling under his left vest pocket.

"What a spirituelle face for a man or a boy, rather!" he exclaimed. "I forgive my unwomanly conduct?" declare I was never so interested in a patient before in my life!"

The next morning Parke Halton was much better, and as the days went by

Dr. Will spent more time in the room of his interesting patient than he had ever been known to do before. There seemed some cubtleattraction between the two, and as time passed it grew the hospital," she faltered, "and it and strengthened.

At last Parke was fully recovered, and in a few days would be discharged | love or respect me? from the hospital.

One night Kate, the nurse, was startled by the sound of faint sobbing love respect comes always. and stifled weeping, which seemed to come from the end of the long corrior, year the sleeping-room of Dr. Will. She hastened softly to the spot, determined to know what was the mat-This is what she saw :

Parke Halton on his knees at the bitterly.

Directly, the young man rose to his feet and entered the room, for the

In speechless amazement Kate nosteal away once more.

Out in the corridor the nurse sudlenly confronted the young man. Haiton fell back with a stiffed cry.

"Your conduct is rather un-"Come to my room," he said, in a

hurried whisper, "and I will tell you News.
all. I have a confession to make!" An i The next morning, when Dr. Will

awoke tron his slur he found upon his bed a small locket ... ning flew at his face agni .. the pictured face of agirl. It as the molest him "with every appearance of exact counterpart of Parke Halton. anger" whenever he appeared abroad. When he left his room he was met by his expenses at the hospital lying upand altogether a changed man.

One day he received a summons to an uptown mansion. Its owner-lay dying, stricken down by a swift and sudden disease. Arrived at his bednumbered.

"I have something to tell you," the one is near. Wait, I wish to send for my ward, Leoline Lea.

A message was depatched, and in room. At sight of her, the blood re-

gan : "I was guardian over Leoline Lea's have squandered her estate; I am dying now. I loved her and I determined to make her my wife; thus I need never render an account of the asted fortune. I persecuted her for a year to gain her consent. She would soon be twenty-one and out of my power, and then I would be forced to give an account of her squandered than seventeen. No trace of beard or fortune. I was half wild lest I should mustache darkened the soft, fair skin. be discovered and punished. I did all He looked as helpless as a child lying in my power to force her into mar-

"At last, tired of her defiance, I locked her in her room upstairs in this heart as he touched the round white house and decided to starve her into this tunnel is completed, which will

> "To my consternation the girl escaped from her prison. She knotted the blankets together and made a rope, by which she managed to effect her escape.

> "She was gone several weeks. I was half distracted over her absence, for she was as ignorant of the world as a little child. Had she not been, she would have known that the law gives no guardian the right to deprive his ward of her liberty.

> "On her twenty-first birthday, however, she reappeared and demanded the restitution of her fortune. But she would give no account of her whereabouts during her absence from my house until to-day, when she declared that she had found refuge in the Orthopædic Hospital. I have sent for you to corroborate her story. Dr. Walker, have you ever met my ward before?

Dr. Will's blue eyes met the fright- proval in that city.

Halton-Parke Halton. My friends? ened gaze of Leoline's dark ones; Ah! I have none! I-I went to the they drooped. How could be answer

"Yes, Dr. Walker has met me be-I have no place to go to. But I have fore. I am l'ark Halton." Her face was ghastly white now, and she trembled perceptibly. "I was very ignor-The ant of the world's ways, as my guardwards are full, and I have had you iau acknowledges - a friendless orphan -or I would long ago have appealed to the law for protection from his it. You will get me well as soon as persecutions. In the wardrobe of the room where I was imprisoned I found a suit of men's clothing; I managed to alter them so that I could wear hospital. I shall do all in my power them; and knotting blankets and sheets together, finally escaped from dear sir; only you must have rest the window, breaking my arm in my flight. I had hoped to find refuge until my twenty-first birthday with some acquaintances at the farther end Parke Halton drank the sleeping of the city, but when I reached the house it was closed and the family gone abroad.

"I was in terrible pain with my broken arm, and that, with the disappointment, overcame me, and I fainted and was taken to the hospital. You know the rest, doctor. Can you ever

Dr. Well took both little hands in his own and led her from the room. "I know this," he said in a low,

tender tone, "that I love you as man never loved woman before." Her eyes drooped from before his passionate gaze.

"I have loved you ever since my eyes first opened from that swoon in nearly drove me distracted to reflect upon my false position. You cannot

But there was no doubt of the love which filled his heart, and with true

And that was the way in which my friend Walker found his wife. - Tid-

#### Tricks and Manners of Birds.

The love of the sparrow for the looking-glass is neteworthy, though door of the doctor's room, weeping one cannot but wonder at an editor of such acknowledged good taste and ten lerness of heart having made pubphysician's door was never locked, but be of a confidential kind. When a sand arriffeer in metals. Our own city has always ready for a hasty summons in female preens herself in a mirror, shown its religion as well as its art in the manner which it holds the memory of those even though it be in another person's room, it doesn't behoove the pro- Hills, and its Evergreeus, and its Calvary ticed the young patient steal softly to prictor to reveal the circumstance. the bedside, and, stooping, press a And, after all, it is but a poor triumph case upon the brow of the sleeping to convict a sparrow of vanity. Among smong the hills that overlook the sea, and physician; then, weeping bitterly, our own race we have many examples of the same weakness in ladies whose plumage, so to speak, is not one whit "Explain yourself, sir," began the that has seen a peacock spread its tail can doubt it? It is not so generally known, however, that birds are capable of vengeance, says the London

An inhabitant of Brenchley having shot a hen swallow skimming in the air with her mate, the enraged male bird

The incident happened at a time Kate, who announced that the young when there was little scutiment about Among journalists. man was gone. She had found his bed such matters, but the man is described and Greeley. Among scientists, Ormsby hospital. She stepped to the threshold empty that morning and a sum of as having been really troubled about noney sufficient to more than cover it, though he was not the first murderer, if we are to believe the classics. on the table. But whatever the secret identified by a bird. One day only confided to Kate she kept it inviolate. was he free from the little creature's Dr. Will's face clouded and a troubled reproaches. On Sunday it forbore to ook crept into his eyes. After that persecute him as some thought, from he became very quiet and taciturn, religious motives, but more probably from its failing to recognize him in his go to meeting clothes.

A much more remarkable instance of vengeance in the swallow is vouched for by Mr. Gavin Inglis, of Strathenside, Dr. Will saw at once that it was dry, as famous in his time as an obtoo late to save him-his hours were server of nature as White, of Selborne, himself. A sparrow had early in the spring taken possession of an dying man said, feebly. "See that no old swallow's nest and had laid some eggs in it, when the original owner and builder made her appearance and claimed her rights. As the usurper few moments a young girl entered the | would not budge she brought her mate and another bird (probably her legal ceded from Dr. Will's heart, and he adviser) to assist her, but all in vain. felt as though he was going to faint. Then she brought other swallows (mili-For it was the face in the locket, which tary and police) to effect the eviction, Dr. Will even then wore over his and that, too, failed; the sparrow sat heart, and the fac-simile of Parke Hal- hard and fast on her eggs, and pecked ton. Stifling an exclamation, the girl through the little hole at her enemies. sank into a seat. The dying man be- Then the swallows despairing of accomplishing their object, brought clay and other materials and, plagiarizing property. She was very rich; but I the system adopted in Holy Isle and other monastic institutions, built up the poor bird alive.

### An Immense Chilean Tunnel.

The safety and rapidity of communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, across the Cordilleras, will be facilitated and improved through a recent decree of Senor Jorge Monnt, the President of Chile. It is known that work is actively being pushed to cut the immense tunnel through which the railroad is destined to connect Chile and the Argentine Republic. It will pass under the top of the Andes, or, rather, the Cordilleras. But until not be before six or eight years, the portion of the route which occupies the summit of the mountain, between the terminus of the Argentine and that of the Chilean railroad, has to be traversed by means of a road, or, rather, a path, not always in good shape for traveling. The decree of President Monnt says that "Whereas, there exists between Juneal and the summit of the mountain only a path dangerous for riding, especially in the portion called the Suesta de los Caracobs," the Government approves the plan proposed by the Department of Public Works, the cost of which will amount to \$88,079, and bids are invited from the contractors toward the improvement of that part of the Cordilleras road. - Chicago Herald.

There is talk of reconstructing the old Statehouse on Beacon Hill, Boston. The scheme meets with much ap-

### REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "Easter in Greenwood."

TEXT: "And the field of Hebron, which may in Machpelah, which was before Maure, the field, and the case which was therein, and all he trees that were in the field, that were in all he borders round about, were made sure unto Abraham," -Genesis xxiii., 17, 18,

Here is the first cemetery ever laid out. Machpelah was its name. It was an arbo-rescent beauty, where the wound of death was bandaged with foliage. Abraham, a rich man, not being able to bribe the king of terfors, proposes here, as far as possible, to tover up the ravages. He had no doubt previously noticed this region, and now that satab, his wife, had died—that remarkable erson who, at ninety years of age, had born on Isane, and who now, after she and reached 127 years, had expired -Abra-tam is negotiating for a family plot for her

Ephron owned this real estate, and after, nock sympathy for Abraham, refusing to ake anything for it, now sticks on a big price 100 shekels of silver. The cometery of is raid for, and the transfer made in the prosence of witnesses in a public place, for there were no deeds and no halls of record in those early times. Then in a cavern of imestons rock Abraham put Sarah, and a few years after himself followed, and then Isaac and Rebekah, and then Jacob and Leah. Embowered, picturesque and mem-prable Machpelah! That "God's acre" dedi-sated by Abraham has been the mother of innumerable mortuary observances. The necropolis of every civilized land has vied with its metropolis

The most beautiful bills of Europe outside ne great cities are covered with obelisk and funeral vase and arched gateways and enns and parterres in honor of the inbumated. The Appian way of Rome was bor-fered by sepulchral commemorations. For this purpose Pisa has its areades of marble sculptured into excellent bas-reitels and the features of dear faces that have vanished. Genoa has its terraces out into tombs, and Constantinople covers with cyprus the silent habitations, and Paris has its Pere la Chaise on whose heights rest Balzac and David and Marshal Ney and Cuvier and La Place and Moliere and a mighty group of warriors and poets and painters and musicians. In all foreign nations atmost genius on all sides is expended in the work of interment, mummi-

ration and incineration Our own country consents to be second to city and town and neignborhood of an intelten lerness of heart having made pub-lic an incident evidently intended to gaged sculptor's chisel and florist's spade who have passed forever away by its Cypress

and Holy Cross and Friends' cometeries.

All the world knows of our Greenwood,
with now about 270,000 inhabitants sleeping by lakes embosomed in an Eden of flowers. our American Westminster abbey, an Acro-polls of mortuary architecture, at Pantheon more remarkable for beauty. As to birds being "capable of vanity," who No dormitory of breathless sleepers in all the world has so many mighty dead.

Among the preachers of the Gospel, Be-thune and Thomas De Witt and Bishop Janes and Tyng and Abeel, the missionary, and Beecher and Buddington, and McCliatock and Inskip, and Bangs and Chapin, and Noah Schenck and Samuel Hanson Cox. ong musicians, the renowned Gottschalk and the holy Thomas Hustings. Amphilanthropists, Peter Cooper and Isaac Hopper, and Lucretia Mott and to ella Graham, and Henry Bergh, the apostle of mercy to the brute creation. Among the atterati. the Carys-Ailce and Fnosbeames K. Paulding and John G. Saxe Bennett and Raymond Mitchell, warrior as well as astronomer and ed by his soldiers "Old Sturs Professor Proctor and the Drapers splendid men, as I well know, one of them

my teaction, the other my classmate.

Among inventors Elias Howe, who through sewing machine did more to alleviate he toils of womanhood than any man that ver lived, an i Professor Morse, who gave its magnetic telegraphy, the former doing his work with the needle, the latter with the thunderbolt. Among physicians and sur-geous Joseph C. Hutchinson and Marion Sims and Dr. Vatentine Mott, with the fol lowing epitaph, which he ordered cut in honor of Christian religion. "My implicit faith and hope is in a merciful Redeemer, who is the resurrection and the life. Amen and Amen." This is our American Macho ah, as sacred to us as the Machpelah in annan, of which Jacob uttered that pastora pem in one verse. "There they buried Abraham and Sarah, his wife; there they puried Isaac and Rebekah, his wife, and

here I buried Leah." At this Easter service I ask and answer what may seem a novel question, but it will be found, before I get turough, a practical and useful and fremendous question. Wha will resurrection day do for the cometeries First, I remark, it will be their supernal beautification. At certain seasons it is cusomary in all lands to strew flowers over the mounds of the departed. It may have been suggested by the fact that Christ's tomb was in a garden. And when I say garden I do not mean a garden of these latitudes. The ate frosts of spring and the early frosts of autumn are so near each other that there tre only a few months of flowers in the field. petted and coaxed and put under shelter, or hey would not have bloomed at all. Tuey are the children of the conservatories. But at this season and through the most of the year the Holy Land is all ablush with floral

You find all the royal family of flowers there, some that you suppose indigenous to the far north and others indigenous to the ar south-the daisy and hyacinth, crocus and anemone, tulip and water lify, geranium and ranunculus, mignonette and sweet maroram. In the college at Beirut you may see Or. Post's collection of about 1800 kinds of Hoty Land flowers, while among trees are the oaks of frozen climes, and the tamarisk of the tropics, walnut and willow, by and hawthorn, ash and elder, pine and sycamore. If such floral and botanical beauties are the wild growths of the field, think of what a garden must be in Palestine! And in such a garden Jesus Christ slept after, on the soldier's spears. His last drop of blood had oaguisted. And then see how appropriate that all our cemeteries should be floralized and tree shaded. In June Greenwood is Brooklyn's garden.

"Well, then," you say, "how can you make out that the resurrection day will beautify the cemeteries? Will it not hem a plowed up ground? here will be an earthquake, and will no this split the polished Aberdeen granite as well as the plain slab that can afford but two words-'Our Mary' or 'Our Charley?''
Well, I will tell you how resurrection day will beautify all the cometeries. It will be by bringing up the faces that were to us once, and in our memories are to us now, more beautiful than any calls lily, and the forms that are to us more graceful than any willow by the waters. Can you think of anything more beautiful than the reappearance of those from whom we have been parted? I do not care which way the tree parted? I do not care which way the tree fails in the blast of the judgment hurricane, or if the plowshare that day shall turn under the last rose leaf and the last china aster, if out of the broken sod shall come the bodies our loved ones not damaged, but irra-

The idea of the resurrection gets ensier to understand as I hear the phonograph unroll t some volce that talked into it a year ago, just t before our triend's decease. You touch the

into it once, but is now departed. If a man can do that, cannot Almighty God, without half frying, return the voice of your departed? And if he can return the voice, why not the lips, and the tengue, and the throat that fashioned the voice? And if the lips, and the tongue, and the throat, why not the brain that suggested the words? And if the brain, why not the nerves, of which the brain is the headquarters? And if he can return the nerves, why not the muscles, which are less ingenious? And if the muscles, why not the bones, that are less wonderful? And if the voice, and the brain, and the muscles, the voice, and the brain, and the muscles and the bones, why not the entire body? I man can do the phonograph, God can do the

will it be the same body that in the last day shall be reanimated? Yes, but infinitely improved. Our bodies change every seven rears, and yet in one sense it is the same years, and yet in one sense it is the same body. On my wrist and the second finger of my right hand there is a sear. I made that at twelve years of age, when, disgusted at the presence of two warts. I took a redhot iron and burned them off and burned them out. Since then my body has changed at least a half dozen times, but those scars

prove it is the same body.

We never lose our identity. If God can and does sometimes rebuild a man five, six, rea times in this world, is it mysterious that He can rebuild him once more and that in the resurrection? If He can do it ten times, I think He can do it eleven times. Then look at the seventeen year locusts. For seventeen years gone, at the end of seventeen years they appear, and by rubbing the hind log against the wing make that rattle at which all the husbandmen and vine dressers tromble as the insectile host takes up the march of devastation. Resurrection every

Seventeen years -a wonderful fact!

Another consideration makes the idea of resurrection easier. God made Adam. He was not fashioned after any model. There had never been a human organism, and so there was nothing to copy. At the first at-tempt God made a perfect man, He made him out of the dust of the earth. If out of ordinary dust of the earth and without a model God could make a perfect man, surely out of the extraordinary dust of mortal body and with millions of models God can make each one of us a perfect being in the resurrection. Surely the last undertaking would not be greater than the first. See the gospel algebra. Ordinary dust minus a model equals a perfect man. Extraordinary dust and plus a model equals a resurrection body. Mysteries about it? Oh, yes. That is one reason why I believe it. It would not be much of a God who could do things only as far as I can understand. Mysteries: Ob., yes. But no more about the resurrection of

your body than about its present existence.

I will explain to youthe last mystery of the resurrection and make it as plain to you as that two and two make four if you will tell me how your mind, which is entirely indesendent of your body, can act upon your ody so that at your will your eyes open, or your foot walks, or your hand is extended. So I find nothing in the Bible statement concerning the resurrection that staggers me for a moment. All doubts clear from my mind. I say that the cemeteries, however beautiful now, will be more beautiful when the bodies of our loved ones come up in the

moraing of the resurrection.

They will come in improved condition. They will come up rested. them lay down at the last very tired. How often you have heard them say, "I am so tired." The fact is, it is a tired world. If I should go through this audience and go round the world. I could not find a person in any style of life ignorant of the sensation of fitigue.

I do not believe there are fifty persons in this audience who are not tired. Your head is tired, or your back is tired, or your foot is tired, or your brain is tired, or your nerves are tired. Long journeying or business ap-plication or bereavement or sickness has put on you heavy weights. So the vast majority those who went out of this world went fatimed. At at the poorest place to rest in is this world. I -- coophere, its sur-roundings and even its hilarities are exhaustig. So God stops our earthly life and serolfully closes the eyes, and more especially gives quiescence to the lung and heart, that have not had ten minutes' rest from the first respiration and the first beat.

army to beat his drum for twenty-four hours without stopping, his officer would be court-martialed for cruelty. It the drummer boy should be commanded to beat his drum for a without ceasing, day and night, he would die in attempting it. But under your restment is a poor heart that began its drumeat for the march of life thirty or forty or sixty or eighty years ago, and it has had no turlough by day or night, and whether in conscious or comatose state it went right on, for if it had stopped seven seconds your life would have closed. And your heart will eep going until some time after your spirit has flown, for the ausenitator says that after the last expiration or lung and the last throb of pulse, and after the spirit is released, the heart keeps on beating for a time. What a mercy, then, it is that the grave is the piace where that wondrous machinery of ventricle

Under the healthful chemistry of the soil all the wear and tear of nerve and musc one will be subtracted, and that bath of good fresh clean soil will wash off the last ache, and then some of the same style of dust out of which the body of Adam was onstructed may be infused into the resurrection body. How can the bodies of the human race, which have had no replenishment from the dust since the time of Adam in paradise, get any recuperation from the store-house from which he was constructed without our going back into the dust? That original life giving material having been added to the body as it once was, and all the defects left behind, what a body will be the resurrection body! And will not hundreds And will not hundreds of thousands of such appearing above the Gowanus heights make Greenwood more beautiful than any June morning after a shower? The dust of the earth being the original material for the fashloning of the first human being, we have to go back to the

same place to get a perfect body.

Factories are apt to be rough places, and those who toll in them have their garments grimy and their hands smutched. But who for that when they turn out for us beautiful musical instruments or exquisite What though the upholstery? rough place-it is a resurrection body manufactory, and from it shall come the radiant and resplendant forms of our friends on the brightest morning the world ever saw. You put into a factory cotton, and it comes out apparel. You put into a factory lumber and lead, and they come out pianos and organs. And so in the factory of the grave you put in pneumonias and consumptions, and the out health. You put is grouns, and come out hallelulaus. For us, on the ome out health. final day, the most attractive places will not be the parks, or the gardens, or the palaces. but the cemeteries.

We are not told in what season that day will come. If it should be winter, those who come up will be more justrous than the snow that covered them. If in the autumn, those who come up will be more gorgeous than the woods after the frosts had penciled them. If in the spring, the bloom on which they tread will be duil compared with the rubicund of their cheeks. Oh, the periect resurrection body! Almost everybody has some defec-tive spot in his physical constitution—a duil ear, or a dimeye, or a rheumatic foot, or a neuralgic brow, or a twisted muscle, or a weak side, or an inflamed tonsil, or some

point at which the east wind or a season of overwork assaults him.

But the resurrection body shall be without one weak spot, and all that the doctors and nurses and apothecaries of earth will therenurses and apothecaries of earth will there-alter have to do will be to rest without in-terruption after the broken nights of their earthly existence. Not only will that day be the beautification of well kept cemeterles, but some of the graveyards that have been neglected and been the pusture ground for cattle and roosting place for swine will for the first time have attractiveness give

It was a shame that in that piace ungre' -

lever, and then come forth the very tones, the very song of the person that breathed into it once, but is now departed. If a man can do that, cannot Almighty God, without half frying, return the voice of your departed? And if he can return the voice, why not the lips, and the tengue, and the throat that fashfored the voice. And if the lips and this solution is the solution of the characteristic and mullein stalks and this solution. among nettles and muliein stalks and this-ties and slats asiant, they shall arise with a glory the shall flush the windows of the village church, and by the bell tower that used to call them to worship, and above the old spire beside which their prayers formerly ascended. What triumphal procession never did for a street, what an orator in ever did for an academy, what an orator never did for a brilliant auditory, what obelisk never did for a king, resurrection morn will do for all the cemeteries.

This Easter tells us that in Christ's resurrection our resurrection, if we are His, and the resurrection of all the pious dead, is as-sured, for He was 'the first fruits of them that stept.' Reman says He did not rise, but \$80 witnesses, sixty of them Christ's enemies, say He did rise, for they saw Him after He had. If He did not rise, how did sixty armed soidiers let Him get away? Surely sixty liv-ing soldiers ought to be able to keep one dead man. Biessed be God! He did get away.

After His resurrection Mary Magdalene saw Him. Cleopas saw Him. Ten disciples in an upper room at Jerusalem saw Him. On a mountain the eleven saw Him. Five hundred at once saw Him. Professor Ernest Renan, who did not see Him, will excuse us for taking the testimony of the 580 who did see Him. Yes, yes, He got away. And that makes me sure that our departed loved ones and we ourselves shall get away. Freed Himself from the shackles of clod He is not

going to leave us and ours in the lurch.

There will be no doorknob on the inside of our family sepulcher, for we cannot come out of ourselves, but there is a doorknob on the outside, and that Jesus shall lay hold of, and, pening, will say: "Good morning! You lave slept long enough! Arise! Arise!" And then what flutter of wings, and what flashing of rekindled eyes, and what gladsome rushing across the family lot, with cries of "Father, is that you?" "Mother, is that "Father, is that you?" "Mother is that you?" "My darling, is that you?" "How you all have changes! The cough gone, the croup gone, the consumption gone, the paralysis gone, the weariness gone. Come let us as:end together! The older ones first, the younger ones next! Quick, now, get into line! The skyward procession has already started! Steer now by that embankment of

loud for the nearest gate ! And, as we ascend, on one side the earth gets smaller until it is no larger than a moun rain, and smaller until it is no larger than a ship, and smaller until it is no larger than a wheel, and smaller until it is no larger than

Farewell, dissolving earth! But on the other side, as we rise, heaven at first appears no larger than your hand. And nearer it looks like a chariot, and nearer it looks like a throne, and nearer it looks like a star, and nearer it looks like a sun, and nearer it looks like a universe. Hall, scepters that shall always wave! Hall, onthems that shall always roll! Hall, companionships, never again to That is want resurrection day will do for all the cemeteries and graveyards from the Mashpelah that was opened by Father Abraham in Hebron to the Macapelah yes-terday consecrated. And that makes Lady Hantington's immortal rhythm most appe

When Thos, my righten's lindge, and house Totake by ranson dipropersiste.

Such the analytic measure of a rail, but a method and fad o die, see found a Thy right hand?

Among Thy a clots in me he found, whenever in are angels to one he whenever a are annels to long it shall shead, Treas Try and agree to long it shall shead, Then louds to five them: I'll and White heaveners of in in our esting With should be avereign or a con-

### An Eccentric Physician.

Professor Zakharin, of Moscow, who attended the Czar during his recent serious illuess, is almost as well known in Russia for his creentriciti . . for his eminence as a physician. British Medical Journal state when he is called to attend to ap special arrangements must be mathe house; all dogs must be kept of the way, all clocks must be stoppe all doors must be thrown wide open The professor on entering begins a process of gradual undressing, leaving his furs in the hall, his overcoat in the next room, his goloshes in the third, etc. He insists on perfect silence on the part of the afflicted relatives, except in reply to his questions, when their speech must be literally "Yea" and "Nay." He has a theory which he expresses in the maxim "Take a rest before you are tired," and accordingly he sits down every eight or ten steps. His demeanor towards doctors with whom he happens to be unacquainted makes him greatly feared by them, and some eight years ago a kind of public agitation was got up in opposition to him

in which many hundreds of doctors took part. Resolutions were passed and addresses were presented, and echoes of the gathering storm made themselves heard in the press. These manifestations of feeling were speedily repressed in a way characteristic of Russia. The then General-Governor of Moscow, Prince Dolgorukoff, sent for the editor of the medical journal in which the addresses were printed and told him that if he published a word more about Zakharin he would have to leave Moscow in twenty-four hours' time. His eccentricities, however, cease at the bedside of his patient; there he is courteous and considerate, most painstaking and minute in his examination, and very thorough in his treatment. So successful has he been in his profession that he is believed to be worth some \$2,500,000.

## New Method of Producing Pictures.

Art students in this city are devoting a good bit of attention to a new method of producing pictures. The giant fungus that is found growing from the sides of trees is gathered and allowed to dry and then the yellowish growth that covers it is scraped away. This leaves the face of the fungus covered with an ivorylike substance that cuts cleanly under a graver.

A design is sketched on this face of the fungus and cut through it. The deeper the cutting is made the darker the color of the heart exposed, and this variation in tone lends the artist the degree of light and shade essential to make a picture.

The results gained in this class of art work remind one of the first cuttings in the process of cameo making. After the picture is finished the fungus is mounted in silver or plush and the effect is beautiful. Portraiture seems to be the most

popular subject for this sort of work. St. Louis Republic.

London has about one hundred and seventy-eight rainy days in a year.