## THE MAN TO KNOW.

Young man, the books will bid you read The seers from Kant to Plato But get acquainted with yourself You are no small potato. And though you swing a blacksmith's siedge Or dig within the trenches, Hold up your head with those that sit Upon the highest benches, Ob, read the sages of the world And let their wisdom win you : But get acquainted with yourself And and what you've get in you.

In modest arrogance of sout Make your own valuation. Then slowly make the sluggerd world Accept your estimation. Go, get acquainted with yourself Before your lent is yellow. You'll find the man tenesth your hat Is something of a fellow. Then stir him out and prod him up. Refers fils for a has fainted. Go, get negligibled with yourself

"ten make the world acquainted.

Then true! the man beneath your list, And when you come to in or him You'll find a follow fit to grace

A new line a point

Get, get accommented with yourself You'll and that vory few are.

For these for which you were designed, A botter man than your ups.

Young man, the books will bid you read The seers from Kant to Diate.

But get incommuted with yourself

You are no small poteto.

-Sum Walter Fews, in Roston Globe,





Eras Vyvynu, and in the corner, op his pretty gitlish moslice dise . wife. By dint of pressing a bribe, in the form of a large silver coin. into the guard's greedy pain, they had scenred the carriage to thomselves, and were passing the time by playing "Halma." This-under any circumstances -- aggravating game was made doubly trying to the temper by the continued jolt, just of the train, thereby shaking all the poor little red and green men out of their rightful

standing places "Ab! that's hard luck" -- this from Eric, as his wife landed one of her men on the opposite side of the board by jumping over the heads of his red ones. "What a duffer I am, to be sure, not to have seen that open gap ! This game is too elever for me, by Jove. Elave a tussle at choss, Gwen-I'll heat you in that, anyhow."

But Gwennie's laughing answer was drowned in one long, shrill, desfening

ek from the engine, then a fearing bump, causing the train to stop suddenly, and a noise of crashing and splintering of timber, distant at first. then louder and nearer. Eric rushed frantically to the door, but-ob, horror !- it was locked-perhaps the other side would yield-when something cerned to drag him back-his legs fel tied-was he paralyzed? He was struggling desperately to regain the use of his legs, which had grown into two heavy, useless weights, when the carriage gave a sulden lurch to one side, throwing him down altogether. There was an agonized scream from Gwonnie, then total darkness, Erie male frantie efforts to suve his wife, but he lost her in the darkness, and folt powerless to stophims if sliding down underground-down into the damp earth lown into darkness blacker than night-darkness that could be felt. It was sufficienting ; he could not breathe Another second and he must reach the bottom and his brains be dashed out; but better anything than this dary, giddy descent, when the sound of soliutering timber, mingled with the criss of women and children, broke again on his cars, faintly at first, then louder and louder, till with deafening nearness, as though a thousand giants were hummering the wretched train to shivers close to his ears. His head must surely burst with the noise, but suddenly his eyes opened, and ... It was only a dream after all, for he was safe in his own hed, though his heat was still aching and his heart beating with lond timaps.

son has moved on the hands at least a be disappointed just because he had a quarter of an hour"-laughing. "But foolish fad ?- passed through his mind Gwen, darling !"-more serionsly-'you should not have waited all this time for me. Anything interesting?" -going to the hall as he spoke and unlocking the letter box. "All for me, and all business"-turning over four or five official looking envelopes, addressed mostly in clear, business-like characters to "Eric C. Vyvyan,

Esq., 7 Chesham street, Belgravia, S. W. "I expected a letter from Heity to tell me when her baby's christening is

end of the month, so I suppose we had hour they were rattling down to Eusbetter fix some day next week, had we | ton station. not, Rick, dear?' "Well, I suppose I must be resigned

to fate, though I know some one that collision between two trains on the never gives her poor, henpecked hus- Great Northern line. Thirty-five perband a chance of saying 'nay' to anything.

"Oh! Rick; and you know you said the daily papers on Saturday morning. you would like to go, and that you are October 14, threw many families in the looking forward to some hunting." Then, laughing merrily as she caught a twinkle in Erie's eye: "How shall I ever live out a long life with such a dreadful tense as you ! Really, though, front part of both trains had been I think it will be lovely at Daleford completely shattered into splinters, this weather; Hetty says all their vio- and the shock of the collision had lets are growing beautifully out of thrown the down train off the linedoors, and she does not think we shall down the steep embankment, so that find it as cold as we did last year -- passengers in the back carriages had they have had hot water pipes laid all no means of escape either, and very over the bouse.

guessed that (though only joking just jured, if not killed outright on that ow) he really did not care about this fatal Friday,

promised visit. Perhaps he does not want to be disturbed now he has only just returned to town, and has begun ing fast to the north of England. In a sertain first-class compartment in the front ward of the life around him. train sat young

sail. So it was they never settled down for more than three months without change, much as they both liked their pretty, cosy house in the most fashionable part of Belgravia.

Perhaps, after all, Eric was lazy, Gwennie thought: again, most men ing of this kind in the country. disliked country house visiting, and The Vyvyaus had aiready stayed at in the group. Daleford twice since their marriage, and Hettie Townley and Gwennie had been great friends all their life. Hettie | man talking to Mrs. Barker?" was married about two years and a half ago to the son of a wealthy country squire in the north of England ; after out to be a case of mutual love at first

Eric was in his study prepared for name is," broke in another voice. an undisturbed morning at his writing, when the butler came in with a tele-(\*\*\*\*\*\*

-who but a fool would put off a journey and long engagement for the sake of a dream?

'No, no, Gwen," he said quickly, I shall be all right, darling, when we leave smoky London far behind us." Gwennie brightened again at this, and agreed that it was depressing in

town this muggy, wet weather. "Shall we take Halma or Reverski with us in the train? But no, I will leave out the chess board, and then you will give me some more lessons,' to take place." said Gwennie; "but she cried, making hasty preparations they want us to go there before the for their journey, and in less than an

> "Terrible railway accident. Fatal sons killed. Many injured." These words, which headed a column in all

The paragraph went on to explain

few were those who had been saved But Eric did not answer, and Gwen- from instant death in the ill-fated nie saw a thoughtful expression on his train. All the travelers in the up train landsome, expressive face; then she were also more or less mortally in-

Four and a half years had passed, and the railway accident was forgotten writing his new look, too, thought by most people; still there were a few tiwennie. Yet it was characteristic of who could never forget the sad occur-Eric that he could write better and rence that had blighted their lives, more easily when he was in a strange and Eric Vyvyan was one. His was place and saw fresh scenery and fresh too deep a heart wound ever to heal entirely in this world. He was just "His brains got to want oiling-his now staying at Daleford. It was thoughts would not run smoothly when July, and the Townleys had a garden he stayed long in one place," he aiways party, at which all the cream of Daleford society was congregated that hot

afternoon. On a rustic seat at the far end of the large sloping lawn sat four young ladies, and, standing in groups of Indee!, Eric's most successful work threes and fours, were eight or nine had been written during their travels others-some pretty and chick looknirroad at a time when he could only ing, others plain and dowdy; some manage to squeeze out odd half hours were bashful looking debutantes, but at a time for writing, so basy were others very much "out" and selfthey sight seeing and exploring Spain. possessed looking-a group such as you will always see in any large gather-

"Who is that very cross-looking looked on it as a bore, she knew, but man sitting near the band?" This in he would enjoy it when they got there. a stage whisper from the fairest maiden

> "Who do you mean?" answered her companion on the seat. "That dark

"No, no, not that one," in a voice of scorn from the speaker ; "that's a friend the Carthew's brought with them this her marriage she introduced Gwennie as young sys, so, ... fir at her hun-band's, and the introduction had turned tree there by himself."

"Oh! he is a friend staying with the Townleys-Vyvyan, I believe, his

"He looks as though he thought the whole affair an awful bore," remarked

## REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject : "Strangers Within the Gates."

TEXT: "I was a stranger and ye took M.

It is a moral disaster that jocosity has de-spoiled so many passages of Scripture, and my text is one that has suffered from irreverby text is one that has suffered from irrever-ent and misapplied quotation. If shows great poverty of wit and humor when people take the sword of divine truth for a game at fencing or chip off from the Kohinoor dia-mond of inspiration a sparkle to decorate a fool's cap. My text is the solutation in the inst judgment to be given to those who have shown hoaningity and kindness and Cheir. shown hospitality and kindness and Chris-shown hospitality and kindness and Chris-ian helpfulness to strangers. By railroad and steamboat the population of the earth are all the time in motion, and from one year's end to another our cities are crowded with visitors.

Every morning on the tracks of the Hud-Every morning on the tracks of the Hud-son River, the Pennsylvania, the Erie, the Long Island Railroads there come passenger rains more than I can number, so that all the depots and the wharves are a-rumble and a-chang with the coming in of a great immigration of strangers. Some of them some for purposes of barter, some for mech-tanism, some for artistic gratification, some for sightseeing. A great many of them so for sightseeing. A great many of them go out on the evening trains, and consequently he city makes but little impression upon hem, but there are multitudes who in the iotels and boarding houses make temporary residence. They tarry here for three or four lays, or as many weeks. They spend the tays in the stores and the evenings in sightneeing. Their temporary stay will either nake orbreak them not only financially, but norally, for this world and the world that is to po to come. Multitudes of them come into our norming and evening services. I am con-tcious that I stand in the presence of many his moment. I desire more especially to speak to them. May God give me the right word and help me to utter it in the right pa

There have glided into this house those inknown to others whose history if told would be more thrilling than the deepest ragedy, more exciting than Patti's song, bright than a spring morning, more than a wintry midnight. If they here bright than a spring morning, more swint than a wintry midnight. If they sould stand up here and tell the story of their encapes, and their temptations, and heir bereavements, and their disasters, and heir victories, and their defeats, there would here victories, and their defeats, there would be in this here such a comminging of be in this house such a comminging of froans and acclamations as would make the ace unendurable.

place unendurable. There is a man who, in infancy, lay in a irradle satin lined. Out yonder is a man who was picked up a foundling on Boston Dommon. Mere is a man who is coolly obcommon. Here is a man who is coolly ob-serving this religious service, expecting no civantage and caring for no advantage for timself, while yonder is a man who has been for ten years in an awful conflagation of evil abits, and he is a mere cinder of a destroyed infure, and he is wondering if there shall be n this service any escape or help for his imnortal soul. Meeting you only once per-baps face to face. I strike hands with you in in earnest talk about your present condition ind your eternal well being. St. Paul's ship it Melita went to pieces where two seas neet, but we stand to-day at a point where 4 thousand seas converge, and eternity alone an tell the issue of the hour. The hotels of this country, for beauty and

tiegninee, are not surpassed by the hotels in any other land, but those that are most cele-orated for brilliancy of tapestry and mirror manuot give to the guest any costly apart-nent unless he can ufford a partor in addi-tor to the busic states. ion to his lodging. The stranger, therefore, sill generally find assigned to him a room

will generally find assigned to him a room without any pictures and perhaps any rock-ing chair. He will find a box of matches on a bureau and an old newspaper left by the previous occupant, and that will be about all the ornare structure. At 7-a' diols' firths ing, after having taken his repast, he will ook over his memorandum book of the day's work, he will write a letter to his borne, and then a desperation will seize upon him to get but. You hear the great city thundering under your windows, and you say. 'I must ohn that procession.'' and in ten minutes you have joined it. Where are you going? 'Oh.'' have joined it. Where are you going? "Oh. y, "I haven t made up my mind yet. letter make up your mind before you start. Perhaps the very way you go now you will always go. Twenty years ago there ware two young men who came down the Astor House steps and started out in a wrong direction, where they have been going ever since. · W. 11

cress as that. Drop their acquaintance. They will cheat you before you get through. They will send you a style of goods different from that which you bought by sample. They will give you under weight. There will be in the package half a dozen less pairs of sus-penders than you paid for. They will rob you. Oh, you feel in your packets and say. "Is my money gone?" They have robbed you of something for which dollars and cents you for give you compensation.

The my money gone? They have robbed you of something for which dollars and cents can never give you compensation. When one of these Western merchants has been dragged by one of those commercial agents through the slums of the city, he is not fit to go home. The merc memory of what he has seen will be moral pollution. I think you had better let the city missionary and the police attend to the exploration of New York and underground life. You do not go to a smallpox hospital for the purpose of exploration. You do not go there because you are afraid of contagion. And yet you go into the presence of a moral leprosy that is as much more dangerous to you as the death of the soul is worse than death if the body. I will undertake to say that ins-tenths of the men who have been ruined to are cities have been ruined by simply ying to observe without any idea of particiting. The fact is that underground city life a fifthy, fuming, reeking, pestiferous depth bich block black the way the post of the set is the the body are the presence of a single of the set is the other structure without any idea of participants. a fifthy, fuming, reeking, pestiferous depth hich blasts the eye that looks at it. In the ign of terror in 1792 in Paris people escap-ing of the officers of the law got into the wers of the city and crawled and walked ough miles of that awful heyrinth, stifled h the atmosphere and almost dead acad h the atmosphere and almost dead, some them, when they came out to the river ne, where they washed themselves and in breathed the fresh air. But I have to as in breathed the fresh and be men who go tel you that a great many of the men who go tel the work of exploration through the unrecound gutters of New York life never me out at any Seine River where they and wash off the pollution of the moral evernes. Stranger, if one of the represen-eives of a commercial establishment pro-

to take you and show you the "signts" town and underground New York, say , "Please, sir, what part do you pro-p show me?" ut sixteen years ago as a minister of gian I felt I had a divine commission to hore the injunities of our cities. I did not re) ext counsel of my session or my presby of the newspapers, but asking the sbytery tonship of three prominent police officials two of the elders of my church I un-ed my commission, and it said : "Son of mat. dig into the wall. And when I had digted into the wall behold a door, and He sail go in and see the wicked abominations

sail go in and see the wicked abominations that are done here. And I went in and saw and behold "Brought up in the country and surrounded by much paternal care, I and not until that time seen the hadats of infaulty. By the grace of God defended, 1 had never sowed my "wild outs." I had somehow been able to tell from various sources something about the iniquities of the great cities and to preach against ther), but I saw in the destruction of a great multitude of the people that there must be an infatuation and a temptation that had never been spoken about, and i said, "I will explore." I saw thousands of men going down, and if there had been a spiritual per-ension answering to the physical percussion the whole air would have been full of the runble and roar and crack and thunder of the demolition, and this moment, if we should pause in our service, we should hear the 'asb, erash' Just as in the sickly senit sometimes hear the bell at the gate cemetery ringing almost incessantly, found that the bell at the gate of the \$45. ry where ruined souls are buried was by day and tolling by night. I said, cen tell

.lexplore. I went as a physician goes into a fever Ingereto to see what practical and useful information I might got. That would be a foolsh doctor who would stand outside the door of an invalid writing a Latin prescriptions When the lecturer in a medical col-lege is done with his lecture, he takes the stulents into the dissecting room, and he shows them the reality. I went and saw and come forth to my pulpit to report a platue and to tell how sin dissects the body of dissects the mind and dissects the soul. "Ob," say you, "are you not afraid that in tet ' exr' "ion of the ini-

attes of the city other persons might make exploration and do themselves damage" I roply. "If in company with the commis-sioner of police, and the captain of police, and the inspector of police and the com-pany of two Christian gentlemen, and not with the spirit of cariosity, but that you may see sin in order the batter to combat it, than, in the name of the stornal God. go?

each of his shoulders and pushes him off. Society says it is evil proclivity on the part of that young man. Oh, no! He was sim-ply an explorer and sacrificed his life in distovery.

covery. A young man comes in from the word bragging that nothing can do him any he He knows about all the tricks of city 1 "Why," he says, "did not I receive a ce "Why," he says, "did not I receive a ciral in the country telling me that some they found out I was a sharp business me and if I would only send a certain amon of money by mail or express, charges p paid, they would send a package with whi I could make a fortune in two months, but did not believe it. My neighbors did, but did not believe it. My neighbors did, but west. No man could take ft. No man cou cheat me at the faro table. Don't I knows about the cue box, and the dealer's box, so the cards stuck together as though they we one, and when to hand in my checks? O they can't cheat me. I know what Is about," while at the same time, that we moment, such mon are succumbing to it worst satanic influences in the simple in that they are going to observe. Now, it man or woman shall go down into a hus man or woman shall go down into a of iniquity for the purpose of reforminand women or for the sake of being at and women or for the sake of being able telligentiv to warn propie against an perils if, as did John Howard or Elizies Fry or Thomas Chaimers, they go do among the abandoned for the sake of sail them, then such explorers shall be God p tected, and they will come out better th they went in. But if you go on this work exploration merely for the purpose of sail ying a horbid curlosity I will take twe per cent, off your moral character. Subbath morning comes. You wakes up the hotel. You have had a longer sight than usual. You say: "Where am IT thousand miles from home? I have no in lip to take to church to-day. My pistor a not expect my presence. I think I shall be

Ily to take to church to-day. My pastor not expect my prosence. I think I shall i over my accounts and study my memo-dum book. Then I will write a few basis letters and talk to that merchant who c in on the same train with me." Stop

in on the same train with me." Stop ! To cannot afford to do it. "But," you say. "I am worth \$500,600 You cannot afford to do it. You say. "I a worth \$1,000,000." You cannot afford to it. All you gain by breaking the Sabba you will lose. You will lose one of the things—your intellect. your morals or yo property—and you cannot point in the who earth to a single exception to this rule. G gives us six days and keeps one for Himse gives us six days and keeps one for Hims Now, if we try to get the seventh, He w upset the work of all the other six.

upset the work of all the other six. I remember going up Mount Washington before the railroad had been built, to the Tip-Top House, and the guide would con-atound to our horses and stop us when we were crossing a very steep and dangeroo-place, and he would tighten the girth of the horse and straighten the saddle. And I have to tell yet that this road of life is so stee-and (m) of the would tighten the set one desi-ter of the set of the set one desi-ter of ter of te and full of peril we must at least one day seven stop and have the harness of his t seven stop and have the harness of Mo trad justed and our sonis re-equipped. The seve days of the week are like seven busines partners, and you must give to each one in share, or the business will be broken up God is so generous with us-He bas give you six days to His one. Now, here is inther who has seven apples, and he give six to his greedy boy, proposing to keep on for himself. The greedy boy grats for th other one and loses all the six. How few men there are who know how to

How few men there are who know how the keep the Lord's day away from home! great many who are consistent on the bank of the St. Lawrence, or the Alabama, or the Mississippi are not consistent when they g Mississippi are not consistent when they g so far off as the East River. I repeat though it is putting it on a low ground-you cannot financially afford to break the Lord's day. It is only another way of tea-ing up your Government securities and pu ting down the price of goods and blowing u your store. I have friends who are all th time slicing off pieces of the Sabbath. The cut a little of the Sabbath off that end an a little of the Sabbath off this end. The do not keep the twenty-lour hours. Th Bible says, "Remember the Sabbath day, t

keep it holy." I have good friends who are quite accu tomed to leaving Albany by the midnigh from 5a arrows high and eggine ba-before church. Now, there may be occasid when it is right, but generally it is wron How if the train should run off the track in the North Eiver? I hope your friends w not send to me to preach your funeral se mon. It would be an awkward thing for n to stand up by your side and preach, you, Christian man, killed on a rall train trave ing on a Sunday morning. "Remember th Sabbath day to keep it holy." What do that mean? It means twenty-four hour A man owes you a dollar. You don't wa him to pay you ninety cents. You want th dollar. If God domands of us twenty-for hours out of the week. He means twenty-for hours out of the week. He means twenty-for hours, and not nineteen. Oh, we want i keep vigilantly in this country the American Sabbath and not have tran American Sabbata and not hot planted here the European Sabbath, which planted here that fano Sabbath at all. If an of you have been in Paris, you know that a Sabbath morning the vast population rus out toward the country with baskets an bundles, and toward night they come bac fagged out, cross and intoxicated. May Go preserve to us our glorious, quiet Americ Subbaths. Oh, strangers, welcome to the great city On, strangers, welcome to the great city May you find Carist here, and not any physical or moral damage. Men coming irom it land, from distant cities, have here four God and found Him in our service. Mu that be your case to-day. You thought you were brought to this merely for the purpo of sichuseding. Perhaps God becaute of were brought to this merely for the purpo of sightseeing. Perhaps God brought ye to this roaring city for the purpose of wor ing out your eternal salvation. Go back your homes and tell them how you m Christ here, the loving, patient, pardonin and sympathetic Christ. Who knows but th city which has been the destruction of many may be your eternal redemption? A good many years ago Edward Stanle the English commander, with his regimen the English commander, with his regimen-took a fort. The fort was Larned by som 500 Spaniards. Edward Stanley came clos-up to the fort, leading his more, when a Spa-iard thrust at him with a spenr, intending t destroy his life, but Stanley caught hold the spear, and the Spanlard, in attemptin to jerk the spear away from Stanley, lift of the battlements. No second the him up into the battlements. No sconer has Stanley taken his position on the battlemen than he swung his sword, and his whole renent leaped after him, and the fort waken. So it may be with you, O strange taken. The city influences which have destroyed many and dashed them down forever shi be the means of lifting you up into the tow of God's mercy and strength, your soul mo-than conquered through the grace of Hi

with visitors.

United Kingdom into sudden deep sorrow and consternation.

the cause of the accident, and how the

The hot rolls and various suvery litthe breaktest dishes were rapidly growing cold, in spite of their shining eovers. Breakfast had been on the table of the coxy dining-room pointed to three minutes to ten.

Mrs. Vyvyan, with a slightly impatient expression in her deep blue eyes, was standing by the window, idly watching the rain pattering down, splashing into the already overflowing gutter and swelling the black puddles in the middle of the road below.

She had read the Morning Post, and all the items of news she cared about in the Times (her husband's special newspaper), and had begun to wonder when Eric would come down, and whether the effort of dressing on this relaxing October morning had proved too great an exertion for him.

It was unusual for Eric to be so late, for he had generally made his appearance some time before the 9.30 breakfast gong had sounded.

In a minute or so, however, Gwennie hastily; then the refrain of "Love's Own Sweet Song" whistled gayly, and in another half-second Eric was in the room.

"Am I desperately late? Awfully sorry. Oh! but I don't believe that

"Cometo-morrow, if possible, christening Saturday, wire reply," ran the masty face, he has."

message: cited at the thought of seeing her castic. friend again so soon, and said she ; could easily get ready to go to-morrow, man" (this from another critic). And that terrible dream last night vividness. They must start for Daleford to-morrow to be there in time for the christening on Saturday. To-morrow, Friday, October

was that meant as a warning, 100? those superstitions thoughts.

other, and as for taking dreams into dict concerning our character. everyday wakeful life and dwelling on the horrors, it was absurd; no same man would put off his engagement, however trivial, for the sake of a Men dwelt too much on dreams and | overheard. such like things in this age of supposed enlightenment, and the world vas growing more morbid every day," he had told the reading public in one

of his worke. Yet, reason as he would this morning, he was unable to shake off a sort of "uncanny" feeling, and something seemed to whisper that this dream was sont to him as a warning.

The next morning Eric was not in haif an hour-for the gold hands of his usual spirits, and instead of his the "grandfather" clock in the corner bright laugh and clover talk he was almost silent. The terrible railway accident, with all its dreadful details, had come before him in his sleep again last night. This time, however. he had felt it was a dream only, yet could not awake himself before came

the horrible climax-aud instead of forgetting it all this morning, the daylight brought it before his mind's eye clearly and distinctly.

"Did you sleep well last night, Rick?" said Gwennie, at last.

"Yes, too well; I had nightmare with all its attendant horrors, and have rather a bad headache in consequence.

"Oh! I am so sorry. I thought you had one of your headaches, you must have been working too hard; but surely it will make it worse to travel

all that way. Shall we not go to-day, after all?" And, as Eric was silent, heard his dressing-room door open she went on: "I don't care much about the christening really. Rick, dear; let's send Hettie a telegram, she will know it is not on purpose if we are not there to-morrow.

For one second Eric felt inclined to clock. Some maliciously disposed per- why should so many foolish people ! from their mouths .- Buffalo Courier.

"I don't think he is handsome-

"No; I don't think he is, either, Eric had no more peace of mind that At least-that is he would be if he morning, for Gwennie was quite ex- only did not look so cross and sar-

"I am quite sure he is a horrid "Why should be not make himself returned to Eric's mind with horrible pleasant, and not stand alone picking everyone to pieces with his eyes? I hate that sort of men; but let's walk round the grounds." And the speaker walked off, the rest following suit.

Thus is our appearance and even our But no-and he quickly thrust aside character judged by utter strangers in One this hard-hearted, prosate world. Genday in the week was as good as an-erally wrong, however, is their ver-

And now the hostess was walking around the kitchen garden. An elderly gentleman with white hair and a kind, intlelligent face was with her. grotesque hightmare. Dreams had They spoke softly, but scraps of connever any connection with the future. versation in the lady's voice could be

> 'Yas, it is very sad, poor fellow. So kind hearted he is, though quite a changed man."

(An indistinct murmur from the gentleman.)

"Oh, he was very ill for nearly seven menths. He was found quite unconscious under the debris of the wrecked train, with his arm round his wife. She was killed on the spot. So pretty, she was, with real yellow, gold hair, and so nice, too. Dear, dear Gwen," and Mrs. Townley's voice grew soft and her eyes misty. "Such a young couple, and only married a year and a half; but Eric told me has never really lived a moment of his life since he lost his wife. He says he feels so old now. But don't talk about your favorite subject-namely deams before him. I told you his and story because I knew it would interest you, as you believe in such things; but, though, of course, he can never forget it himself, he can't bear to think that others should know anything about his unheeded warning,-Sala's Jour-

## Virtue in a Squint Sometimes.

nal.

A Maine schoolmaster said with stern emphasis the other day : "I saw the person who was whispering then. am looking at that person now. Will that person arise before the school without obliging me to call names?' Two boys and four girls stood up blushingly. The master is cross-eyed and wears glasses. - Lewiston Journal.

Jillson says he has noticed that some men are a great deal like rivers. When give way to his presentiment-then- their heads are swelled you realize it

where are you going?" says one man. "I am going to the academy to hear some music." Good. I would like to join you at the door. At the tap of the orchestral caton all the gates of barmony and beauty will open before my soul. I congratulate you. Where are you going? "Well," you NOT. say, "I am going up to see some advertised pictures." Good. I should like to go along with you and look over the same catalogue and study with you Kensett and Bierstaft and Church and Moran. Nothing more levating than good pictures. Where are rou going? "Well," you say, "I am going ap to the Young Men's Christian Association rooms." Good. You will find there symnastics to strengthen the muscles, and oks to improve the mind, and Christian influence to save the soul. I wish every city in the United States had as fine a pance for Young Men's Christian Association lew York has, Where are you going? its. is New York has. Where are you going? "Well," you say, "I am going to take a long walk up Broadway and so turn around into the Bowery. I am going to study human life." Good. A walk through Broadway at o'clock at night is interesting, educating, inscinating, appalling, exhibitanting to the last degree, stop in front of that theatre and see who goes in. Stop at that saloon and see who comes out. See the great tides of life surging backwart and forward and beating against the marble of the curbstone and eddying down into the saloons. Want is that mark on the face of that debauchee It is the heetic flesh of eternal death. What What is that woman's laughter? It is the shriek

of a lost soul. Who is that Christian man going along with a visit of anodyne to the dying puper on Eim street? Who is that belated man on the way to a prayer meeting? Who is that city missionary going to take a box in which to bury a child? Who are all these dusters of bright and benutiful mass? They are going to some interesting place of amuse

Who is that man going into the drug store? That is the man who yesterday lost all his fortune on Wall street. He is going in for a dose of beliadonna, and before morning it will make no difference to him whether stocks are up or down. I tell you that Broadway, between 7 and 12 o'clock at night, be-tween the Battery and Central Park, is an Austerilits, a Gettysburg, a Waterloo, where kingdoms are lost or won and three worlds mingle in the strife.

Initiale in the strife. I met another coming down off the hotel steps, and I say, "Where are you going?" You say: "I am going with a merchant of New York who has promised to show me the anderground life of the city. I am his cus-tomer, and he is going to oblige me very much." Stop! A basiness house that tries to get or keep your custom through such a process as that is not worthy of you. There are business establishments in our cities which have for years been sending to destruction hundred and thousands of merchants. They have a secret drawer in the counter where money is kept, and the elerk goes and gets it when he wants take these visitors to the city through the low slums of the place Shall I mention the names of some of these

great commercial establishments? I hav-them on my lips. Shall I? Perhaps I had better leave it to the young men who in that process have been destroyed themselves while they have been destroying others. I care not how high sounding the name of a commercial establishment if it proposes to set sustomers or to keep them by such a pro-

then stay away

Wellington, standing in the battle of Waterloop when the bullets were buzzing around his head, saw a civilian on the field. He said to him : "Sir, what are you doing here? Es off!" "Why," replied the civilian, "there is no more danger here for me than there is for you." Then Wellington flushed up and said, "God and my country deman t that I be here, but you have no errand here," Now I, as an officer in the army of Jesus Christ, went on that exploration and on to that battlefield. If you bear a like columission, go. If not, stay away. But you say, "Don't you think that somehow the description of those places induces people to go and see for themselves?" I answer yes, just as much as the description of yellew fever in some scourged city would induce people to go down there and get the pestilence.

But may be addressing some stranger already destroyed. Where is he, that I may pointedly yet kindly address him? Come back and wash in the deep fountain of a Saviour's mercy. I do not give you a cup. or a chalice, or a pitcher with a limited sup-ply to effect your ablutions. I point you to the five oceans of God's mercy. Oh, that the Atlantic and Pacific surges of divine forgiveness might roll over your soul ! As the glorious sun of God's forgiveness rides on toward the mid heavens ready to submerge you in warmth and light and love I bid you good morning. Morning of peace for all your troubles. Morning of liberation for all your incarcerations. Morning of resurrection for your soul buried in sin. Good morning Morning for the resuscitated household that has been waiting for your return. Morning for the cradle and the crib already disgraced with being that of a drunkard's child. Morning for the daughter that has trudged off to hard work because you did not take care of home. Morning for the wife who at forty or flity years has the wrinkled face, and the stooped shoulder, and the white hair. Morn-ing for one. Morning for all. Good morn-

In God's name, good morning ing In our last dreadful war the Federals and the Confederates were encamped on opposite sides of the Rappahannook, and one morning the brass band of the northern troops played the national air, and all the northern troops cheered and cheered. Then on the opposite side of the Rappahannock the brass abrass band of the Confederates played "My Mary-iand" and "Dixie," and then all the south-ern troops cheered and cheered. But after awhile one of the bands struck up "Home Sweet Home;" and the ban I on the opposite side of the river took up the strain, and when the tune was done the Confederates and the Federals all together united as the ears rolled down their cheeks in one great

huzza, huzza ! Well, my friends, heaven comes very near to-day. It is only a attrain that divides us, the narrow stream of death, and the voices there and the voices here seem to commin-gle, and we join trumpets and hos innabs and halielujahs, and the chorus of united son of earth and heaven is "Home, Sweet Home, Home of bright domestic circle on earth. Home of forgiveness in the great heart of God. Home of eternal rest in heavan. Home ! Home! Home!

But suppose you are standing on a crag of the mountain and on the edge of a preci-plee, and all unguarded, and some one either in joke or hate shall run up beamd either in joke or hate shall run up beaind you and push you off. It is easy enough to push you off. But who would do so das-tardly a deed! Way, this is done every hour of every day and every hour of every night. Men come to the verge of eity life and say : "Now, we will just look off. Come, young young man, do not be sfraid. Come near, iet us look off." He comes to the edge and looks and looks until. after awhile, estant anaeks up behind him and puts a band on b

who has promised an especial benediction those who shall treat you well, saying, was a stranger, and ye took Me in."

## Tommy's Opinions.

Little Tommy had heard that h ister, who sings in the choir, had sweet voice; but when she scolded hi for not doing as he was told he said "They say you have a sweet voice I think it is a sour voice sometimes. At another time his father had e plained to him the difference betwee hard and pine wood. Of course was anxious to display his knowledg so being in the cellar with his young sister, he took up a piece of oak an said : "That is hard wood ;" the picking up a piece of pine, "and th is easy wood."-Boston Transcript.

Comparative trials of sheep shea ing by hand and by machine made Australia resulted largely in favor the machines. It was found that 100 sheep could be sheared by machin for about \$10, and the yield of wool about eight onnces per head more the when sheared by hand.