We are big jolks all together, And we sit around at night, And we gowip bout the weather, By the flickering candle light. And old Jerry told a story OI a giant in the land, How he grappled walls of glory By the power of his ban f, And he yanks you by the collar, White he walks in fron shoe And you hear him run and holler : "Boo, boo : I am Blues,

I have posen in my cup And have some to est you up." Tommy Goliste had an ailing, And he posted all the day. For he had a ship a-sailing, But the ressel didn't pay,

If was on the ocean trouble, And the wind was howling Proces." While the waves were going bubble, Keeping Tommy in a stew. But the sails were all a flying, And were bringing happy news, But the giant still was orging : "Boo, boo, I am Bime. I have potson in my cup, And have come to eat you up." -

Then there was a little lassie, With a Cupid in her eye, But a lover wild and "sassy" Made the little maiden cry; And the wings of loving Cupid Were imprisoned in a cage, And the dreams of life were stupid, With a blot on every page. But the mighty giant dwelling Where our hopes begin to snooge, Wakes again his fearful yelling "Boo, boo, I am Blues,

And have come to est you up." So it is with every being, Whether man or whether maid ; They are always mischief seeing And inclined to be afraid. For a strange, uncertain feeling Has a liking for the soul, And it comes with sorrow stealing. Like a solemn funeral toll. But it's only hateful lying Of the demon full of "booze,

I have poison in my cup,

And imagination crying . Boo, boo , I am Blues, I have poison in my cup. And have come to eat you up. -G. M. Ritchie, in Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A STREAK OF LUCK.

DY LEON WILLIAMS.



ARRY in haste, and you know the rest of the adage. That is what Clinton Weldon's father said, when his son told him said his friend. of his purpose to marry Edna Norris, a girl as poor as himself but with those quali-

heart made wearth less enviable if she had possessed it.

If Clinton Weldon had followed his father's advice, he would not have been his father's son. He had loved Edna, and he believed that the lifteen dollars a week he was making, as managing clerk in a law office, would be ample to support himself and his little wife, till he had an increase of salary, or was admitted to a partnership. When he finally explained the situation to the girl, she hastened to agree with him, as she would have done with anything else he might have proposed, though Clinton's opinions were the only ones she accepted without ques-

And so they were married and went to live in a flat.

Even after the honeymoon was over. the love and faith in themselves and the future, and an inexplicable belief that their happiness would continue indefinitely, made their life an ideal one, and even the senior Weldon began to regard himself as a false prophet.

Mrs. Weldon was to inherit five thousand dollars when she was twentyone, and with this the young people planned to buy a house and become their own landlord. But months before the young wife reached her majority she became a mother, adding greatly to the husband's joy, but incrossing his living expenses in a way he had not anticipated in the days of his will the

Clinton Weldon gave up tobacco, postponed buying the suit of clothes he had promised himself, and in other ways denied himself, the better to meet the demand of his wife and baby, not forgetting the nurse.

At length he plucked up courage enough to ask the lawver in whose office he worked for an increase of salary, but instead of getting it as he expected, he was told that his services had been very satisfactory, but that they would be dispensed with from this time on as the lawyer wished to give the position to his nephew.

For the first time since his marriage Clinton Weldon went home with crowded. a heavy heart, but he bravely tried to hide his trouble from his wife. There was nothing at all new in this experieuce, but the experience of others never avails with ourselves. Poverty is never lightened by the consciousness that there are others quite as poor as we are. The craving for food cannot be appeased by the knowledge of another man's hunger.

sumed his daily visits. Clinton's and gons! father was as poor as himself, so that there was no hope from that quarter. Every morning at the same hour the young man went out to look for work, and returned without success at the same time every evening, the better to keep up the impression that he had been at the office.

at the time, had prevented his getting | side.

any money ahead, indeed, he had less than five dollars that he could count on, after be left his place, and most of this went for medicine. The poorer the patient the more numerous and expensive the prescriptions the doctors write out.

Although it was still early spring and the weather raw, Clinton went without an overcoat; he left that and his dress suit with his "anele," as se-curity for ten dollars. His watch, given him by his aunt on his twentyfirst birthday, and the little opal pis. presented him by Edna the week after their engagement, went to the same accommodating relative, but still he was unable to meet the next month's man. rent and his landlord was a terror.

don't appear to be no chance of your gettin' one," said Harding, the landinstead of the expected ren young man, I'm not in th. . business for my health, so if you don't pay this month's rent and the next month's according to contract at half-past three on the first day of next month, you must vacate the flat, and I'll take measures to get what yo owe me, that's all."

Clinton told of the many places he was promised, but Harding had often heard such stories before. Seeing the failure of this line of argument, the young man spoke of his wife's property, into the possession of which she would shortly come, when he, Clinton, would buy a house of his own, and he would thank Mr. Harding if he kept his eyes open for a bargain.

This last argument seemed to surprise the old real estate man, and as we shall see presently, the information saved Clinton in a way he had never dreamed of.

Time crawls when money is expected; his wings move with electric quickness when money has to be paid. The month flew past, finding the young wife still far from strong, the baby vigorous and vociferous, particularly at night, the money secured from the pawn-shop exhausted and the chances of getting a place worse than

"If you don't raise money by giving a chattel mortgage on your belongings," said a young, impecunious legal friend, to whom Clinton made known his poverty, "Harding will dispossess you and swoop down on the stuff. I can get you eighty dollars at forty per cent. for six months on your goods, and that will pay your rent and help you out."

"But if I can't pay when its due?" urged Clinton. Well, you'll be dead broke, that's

all, and you're pretty near that now,'

"The only trouble about that is that I want to keep the true state of affairs from Edna. Why, she doesn't know I'm out of work. I couldn't find it in my heart to tell her," said Clinton.

what has he' - do with the ald have caattel mortgage?" "It has this to do with it, that to

give it value, it must have her signa-

"Well, I can't get her signature without explaining

"You can't?" teXo.

"Then your wife doesn't trust you as much as you think. Go to her, tell her in a coazing way, its a little business matter to which you want her signature, and that as it may be a pleasant surprice to her, after a bit, and all that sort of thing and she will sign it without question. She'll fall in with the joke," urged the friend.

Cliaton Weldon followed out these instructions to the letter. He made out a chattel mortgage for everything but the baby's erib, "got a smile onto wife to sign.

"She wanted to read the whole thing, but with sweat on my brow in big globules and a forced laugh on my lips. I begged her not to; and to my great relief she signed, saying as she did so, 'I am sure this means a fortune, Clint, " explained Clinton to his

It was twenty minutes past three of the last day when the young man exchanged the chattel mortgage for eighty dollars, nearly all in crisp, new one dollar bills.

Placing the money between the leaves of his receipt book, he pulled his hat over his eyes, and with the book grasped tightly in his hand, he fairly flew for the real estate office of Mr. Harding. To his horror it was twenty-five minutes to four when he seached there, and the boy in charge said that his employer had just gone

Questioned as to where he had gone. the boy said to an auction sale of real estate on the next street.

one being thrown into the street that night, Clinton ran in breathless haste to the auction room, which he found

Standing on tiptoe, he saw Mr. Harding far to the front, eagerly watching the auctioneer, who was shouting: "Six thousand, I am bid! six thousand, I am bid! who will make it sixty-one hundred?"

Clinton threw up his hand in his Mrs. Weldon had what the nurse sixty-one hundred; do I hear sixtycalled a "set-back," and the doctor re- two. Sixty-one, sixty-one. Going

By this time every eye was fastened on the young man, and he looked to be so awfully in earnest that no one dared bid against him. Little did ietv.

"See here, Weldon, I'll give you two hundred and take your bid," Furnishing the flat, such a pleasure Harding, when Clinton reached his

Quick as a flash, the position and its ossibilities darted through Clinton Weldon's mind.

"No, sir," he said, waving above his head the book with its interlining of new bills, "cannot think of it."

"Three?" "No, sir," with rising emphasis. "Four.

No." Five?"

"Make it a thousand, Mr. Harding, and call off the rent of the flat, and it's yours," said Clinton.

They compromised on eight hundred and the rent, and the young husband went home that night a happy

After this Clinton Weldon gave up "You ain't got no place, and there all thought of working for others. He was taken into partnership with Mr. Harding, and through land speculalord, when Clinton brough an excuse tions he has become the richest man "Now, in upper New York .- New York Advertiser.

Tight-Fitting Clothes.

It is to be regretted that, in his exhaustive work on the philosophy of clothes, Carlyie did not add a chapter on the influence of tight clothing on happiness, says a physician in Cas-sell's Magazine. Perhaps he thought the dignity of his subject was too great for him to descend to a criticism of the follies in dress which so many women (and men) suffer in silence.

The first and main object of wearing clothes is to protect the body-to keep warm in cold weather and cool in hot weather. Mere personal adornment was originally a secondary consideration. Clothes act in virtue of being bad conductors of heat and so preventing the too quick passage of heat to or from the body. Different kinds of materials are efficacious according to the slowness or quickness with which they allow the conduction of heat. Woolen materials are best (hence the value of woolen underclothing, which tends to maintain a very equable temperature of the body -so that we are better able to withstand sudden changes of weather, draughts, etc.), and an order of comparative merit through furs, silk and cotton to linen might be drawn up.

The more loosely clothing fits, the less it conducts heat, because a layer of air is interposed between it and the body-and air is an exceedingly bad conductor of heat. This protecting layer of air enables the body in winter to keep its normal temperature the more easily, because the heat given off at the surface of the body passes slowly through it; whereas, if the clothing fit too closely to the skin, heat is dissipated with much greater rapidity. In summer time, on the other hand, the air in which we move is not so warm as the objects upon which the sun's rays fall directly, and so the surface of the clothes may become much hotter than the air surrounding them. The advantage of the layer of air is obvious also in t' The efore, we see that

and in cold weather, too aighfuy utting clothing defeats the first and great object of wearing clothes and tends to exhaust the bodily strength and make it unfit for work.

Wonderful Deposits of Marble.

Near the base of the Inyo Moun tains, in Ownes Valley, near the lake of the same name, lie, what are, perhaps, the largest and most wonderful deposits of marble that have been as yet discovered. It is impossible to describe truthfully these vast deposits of beautifully colored stone.

There is white, black, blue and yelow in pure colors, purple veined, black and gold, making a grand variety of colored marbles, very beautiful for interior decorations. himself as he facetiously expressed it white marble is perfectly clear, the when telling the story, and asked his grain is fine, very compact and will stand great pressure; it is a pure dolomite, therefore, and will take on

and retain a very fine polish. The first two stories of the Mills Building in San Francisco, as well as a greater part of the interior finish of the same, are done in this material. The main entrance to the building shows what may be done in the way of relief with the white marble.

The brick is almost identical with the Belgium black marble, it is very difficult to distinguish one from the other when polished. The yellow marbles vary from a delicate cream to a dark mottled orange. There are veins of deeper yellow, with ternlike markings similar to moss agate, and it is particularly adapted for furniture and interior decorations. - Inyo (Cal.)

Conductibility of Trees.

A French electrical paper gives the results of experiments made by Mr. Dimitrie, in which he subjected different pieces of wood to the sparks from With visions of his wife and little a Holtz machine and found that they conducted quite differently; oak was easily pierced, while beech was quite resisting; the richness in water did not seem to have any influence, while the amount of oil contained was of great importance; woods containing starch and but little oil, like the oak and poplar, have much less resistance than those containing oil like the beech; pine contains oil in the winter. but is very poor in oil in the summer, eagerness to get to the front, and in so when it exists only as much as the doing displayed the book and the oak; by extracting the oil with ether bills. "Ah, thanks, Mr. Weidon, the woods are as easily pierced as the woods are as easily pierced as those containing starch; those containing starch are less easily pierced when living than when dead; the bark and the foliage in all the trees are poor conductors. The conclusions are in accordance with observations, as in a certain case 159 oaks were they know the cause of his great anx- struck by lighting as against twentyone beech and fifty-nine pine trees; the danger of being struck as comsaid pared with beech is five for Norway pine, thirty-three for pine and forty-eight for oak. - Philadelphia Record.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE DROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject : "Fairest of the Fair."

Taxt: "He is altogether lovely."-Solonon's Song v., 16.

The human race has during centuries bee mproving. For awhile it deflected and detenerated, and from all I can read for ages he whole tendency was toward baroarism, out under the ever widening and deepening affuence of Christianity the tendency is now n the upward direction. The physical ap-pearance of the human race is seventy-live per cent, more attractive than in the sixsenth, sevent centh and eighteenth centuries from the pictures on canvas and the faces and orias in sculpture of those who were considered the grand looking men and the attractive women of 20) years ago I conclude the superiority of the men and women of our ime. Such looking people of the past centuries as painting and sculpture have preented as fine specimens of beauty and dig-sity would be in our time considered deformty and repulsiveness complete. The fact hat many men and women in antedituvian imes were eight and ten feet high tended to nake the human race obnoxious rather than vinning. Such portable mountains of hu-nan flesh did no: add to the charms of the But in no climate and in no age did there

But in no climate and in no age did there ever appear any one who in physical attractiveness could be compared to Him shom my text celebrates thousands of years secore He put His infantile foot on the hill back of Bethlehem. He was and is altogether ovely. The physical appearance of Christ s, for the most part, an artistic guess. Some writers declare Him to have been a brunette or dark complexioned. St. John, of Damassus, writing 1100 years ago and so much tus, writing 1109 years ago, and so much searer than ourselves to the time of Carist and hence with more likelihood of accurate radition, represents Him with beard black and curly eyebrows joined together, and 'yellow complexion, and long fingers like His mother." An author, writing 1500 years His mother." An author, writing 1500 years ago, represents Christ as a blond: "His hair s the color of wine and golden at the root, draight and without luster, but from the evel of the ears, curling and glossy, and livided down the center after the fashion of he Nazarenes. His forehead is even and smooth, His face without blemish and enanced by a tempered bloom. His counten-ianced by a tempered bloom, His counten-ince ingenuous and kind. Nose and mouth are in no way faulty. His beard is full, of the same color as. His hair and forked in form; His eyes blue and extremely brill-

My opinion is, it was a Jewish face. nother was a Jewess, and there is no wo-nanhood on earth more beautiful than Jewsh womanbood. Alas that He lived so sefore the daguerrean and photographic arts were born, or we might have known His exact features. I know that sculpture and painting were born long before Christ, and hey might have transferred from olden imes to our times the forehead, the nostril,

he eye, the lips of our Lord.
Phidias, the sculptor, pat down his chisel
of enchantment 50) years before Christ came.
Why did not some one take up that chisel
and give us the side face or full face of our Lord? Polygnotis, the painter, put down his pencil 400 years before Christ. Why did not some one take it up and give us at least he eye of our Lord—the eye, that sovereign of the face? Dionysius, the literary artist who saw at Heliopolis, Egypt, the strange larkening of the heavens at the time of of the face? Christ's crucifixion near Jerusalem, and not knowing what it was, but describing it as ; beculiar eclipse of the sun, and saying,

Either the Diety suffers or sympataizes
with some sufferer," that Dionysius might
have put his pen to the work and drawn the portrait of our Lord. But, no; the fine arts were busy perpetuating the form and appearance of the world's far-prite; tall; and appearance of the peasantry, umong whom Chirst appeared.

It was not until the fifteenth century, or antil more than 1400 years after Chira.

antil more than 1400 years after Christ, that alented painters attempted by pencil to give is the idea of Christ's face. The pictures sefore that time were so offensive that the sound at Constantinople forbade their ex-uibition. But Leonario da Vinci, in the fif-centh century, presented Christ's face on we can visco yet the one was remained. wo canvases, yet the one was a repulsive ace and the other an effeminate face. Raphsel's face of Christ is a weak face. Albert Ourer's face of Christ was a savage face. Fitian's face of Christ is an expressionless ase. The mightiest artists, either with penempting to give the forehead, the ch eyes, the nostril, the mouth of our blessed

But about His face I can tell you something esitive and beyond controversy. I am sure was a southit face. The face is only the t was a soulful face. The face is only the surfain of the soul. It was impossible that a disposition like Christ's should not have onstrated itself in His physiognomy. kindness as an occasional impalse may give to illumination to the features, but kindness is the lifetony, dominant habit will profues attractiveness of countenance as certainly as he shining of the sun produces flowers. Children are afraid of a scowling or harddisaged man. They ery out if he proposes to ake them. If he try to cares them, he as them. If he try to cares them, he wokes a slap rather that a kiss. All mothers thow how hard it is to get their children to go to a man or woman of forbidding appearance. But no sooner did Christ appear in he domestic group than there was an in-antile exestement and the youngsters began struggle to get out of their mothers arms hey could not hold the children back. Stand back with those children!" scolded scolded ome of the disciples. Pernaps the little ones may have been playing in the dirt, and their faces may not have been clean, or they may not have been well clad, or the disciples may have thought Christ's religion was a religion miefly for hig folks. But Christ made the ng that He liked children better than grown ople, declaring, "Except ye ittle child ye cannot enter into the kingdom

Alas for those people who do not like children! They had better stay out of heaven, for the place is full of them. That, I think. s one reason why the vast majority of the numan race die in infancy. Christ is so out of children that He takes them to Hrm-self before the world has time to despoil and narien them, and so they are now at the windows of the palace and on the doorsteps and playing on the green. Sometimes Marthew or Mark or Luke tells a story of Christ, and only one tells it, but Matthew, Mark and Luke all join in that picture of Christ girdled by children, and I know by what occurred at that time that Christ had a face tull of gentality.

face tuli of geniality.

Not only was Christ altogether lovely in His countenance, but lovely in His habits. I know, without being told, that the Lord who made the rivers and lakes and ocea cleanly in His appearance. disease of leprosy not only because it was distressing, but because it was not clean, and His curative words were: "I will. Be thou He declared Himself in favor of clean." He declared Himself in layor of thoroughly washing and opposed to super-detal washing when He denounced the hypo-crites for making clean only "the outside of the platter," and He applauds His disciples by saying, "Now are ye clean," and giving directions to those who fasted, among other those. He are "Wash thy face." and to a things. He says, "Wash thy face," and to a blind man whom He was doctoring. "Go, wash in the pool of Siloam," and He Himself actually washed His disciples feet, I suppose not only to demonstrate His own humility.

but probably their feet needed to be washed.
The fact is, the Lord was a great iriend of water. I know that from the fact that most of the world is water. But when I find Chriss in such constant commendation of water I know He was personally neat, aithough He mingled much among very rough populations and took such long journeys on dusty highways. He wore His hair long, according to the custom of His land and time, but neither trouble nor old

Sobriety was also an established habit of His iffe. In addition to the water, He drank the judge of the grape. When at a wedding party this beverage gave out. He made galons on gallons of grape judge, but it was as unlike what the world makes in our time as health is different from disease and as culm pulsas are different. pulses are different from the paroxysms of delirium tremens. There was no strychnine in that beverage or logwood or nux vowica. The tipplers and the sots who now quote the winemaking in Caus of Galilee as an exthe winemaking in Cam of Galilee as an ex-cuse for the flery and damning beverages of the nineteenth century forget that the wine at the New Testament welding had two characteristics—the one that the Lord made it and the other that it was made out of water. Buy all you can of that kind and drink it at least three times a day and send a larral of it reaches.

barrel of it round to my esilar.

You cannot make me believe that the blessed Christ who went up and down healing the sick would create for man that style of drink which is the cause of disease more than all other causes combined, or that He who calmed the maniacs into their right mind would create that style of drink which does more than anything else to fill insane asylums, or that He who was so helpful to the poor would make a style of drink that crowds the earth with pauperism, or that He who came to save the nations from sin would create a liquor that is the source of most of the crime that now stuffs the penitentiaries. A lovely sobriety was written all over His face, from the hair line of the forehead to the bottom of the bearded chin.

Domesticity was also His habit. Though too poor to have a home of His own, He went out to spend the night at Bethany, two or three miles walk from Jerusalem, and over a rough and hilly road that made it equal to six or seven ordinary miles, every morning and night going to and fro. I would rather walk from here to Central Park, or walk from Edinburgh to Arthur's Seat, or in London clear around Hyde Park, than to walk that road that Christ walked twice a day from Jerusalem to Bethany. But He liked the quietude of home life, and He was lovely in His domesticity.

lovely in His domesticity.

How He enjoyed handing over the resurrected girl to her father, and reconstructing homesteads which disease or death was breaking up! As the song, "Home, Sweet Home," was written by a man who at that time had no home, so I think the homelessness of Christ added to His appreciation of

Furthermore, He was lovely in His sym-Furthermore, He was lovely in His sympathies. Now, dropsy is a most distressful complaint. It influmes and swells and tortures any limb or physical organ it touches. As soon as a case of that kind is submitted to Christ, He, without any use of diaphoretics, commands its cure. And what an eye doctor He was for opening the long closed gates of sight to the blue of the sky, and the yellow of the flower and the emerald of the grass! What a Christ He was for cooling fevers without so much as a spoonful of febrifuge, and straightening crooked backs without any pang of surgery, and standing without any pang of surgery, and standing whole choirs of music along the silent galleries of a deaf ear, and giving healthful ner-vous system to catalepties! Sympathy! He did not give them stoleal advice or philoso-phize about the science of grief. He sat

down and cried for them. It is spoken of as the shortest verse in the Bible, but to me it is about the longest and grandest, "Jesus wept." Ab, many of us know the meaning of that! When we were in great trouble, some one came in with vol-uble consolation and quoted the Scripture in a sort of heartless way and did not help us at all. But after awhile some one else came in, and without saying a word sat down and burst into a flool of tears at the sight of our woe, and somehow it helped us right away. "Jesus wept." You see, it was a deeply attached household, that of Mary and Martha and Lazarus. The father and mother were dead, and the girls depended on their brother. Lazarus had sald to them : "Now,

But now Lazarus was sick -yea, Lazarus was dead. All broken up, the sisters sit disconsolate, and there is a knock at the door. "Come in," says Martha. "Come est criftelsm find an unkind word In," says Mary. Christ entered, and He just broke down. It was too much tor kim. He formed, or an unkind action that He e formed, or an unkind thought that had been so often and so kin fly entertained in that home before sickness and death dev-astated it that He chokel up and sobbed aloud, and the tears trickled down the sad face of the sympathetic Christ. "Jesus wept." Why do you not try that mode of helping. You say, "I am a man of few words," or "I am a woman of few words." Why, your dear soul, words are not necessary. SALT. Imitate your Lord and go to those af

dicted homes and cry with them.

John Murphy! Well, you did not know him. Once, when I was in great becausement, he came to my house. Kind ministers of the gospel had come and talked beautifully and prayed with us and did all they could to console. But John Murphy, one of the best friends I ever had, a big soulest giorious Irishman, came in an I looked into my face, put out his broad, strong hand and said not a word, but sat down and cried with us. I am not enough of a philosopher to say how it was or why it was, but somehow from door to door an I from floor to calling the room was filled with an all pervading com-fort, "Jesus wept."

I think that is what makes Christ such a popular Christ. There are so many who want sympathy. Miss Fiske, the famous Nestorian missionary, was in the chapel one day talking to the heathen, and she was in very poor health and so weak she sat upon a mat while she talked and felt the need of something to lean against, when she feit a woman's form at her back and heard a woman's voice saying, "Lean on me," She leaned a little, but did not want to be to: cumbersome, when the woman's voice said, "Lean hard; if you love me, lean hard."

And that makes Christ so lovely, wants all the sick and troubled and weary to lean against Him, and He says, "Lean hard if you love Me, lean hard." Ave, He is close by with His sympathetic help. Hod-ley Vicars, the famous soldier and Christian of the Crimean war, died because when he was wounded his regiment was too far off from the tent of supplies. He was not mor-tally wounded, and if the surgeons could only have got at the ban lages and the medieines he would have recovered. So much of human sympathy and hopefulness comes too late. But Christ is always close by if we want Him, and has all the medicines ready, and has eternal life for all was ask or it. Sympathy!

Aye, He was lovely in His deetrines. Self

sacrifice or the relief of the suffering of others by our own suffering. He was the only others by our own suffering. He was the only physician that ever proposed to cure His patients by taking their disorders. Self sacrifice! And what did He not give up for others! The best climate in the universe, the air of heaven, for the wintry weather of Palestine, a scepter of unifmited dominion for a prisoner's box in an earthly courtroom, a flashing tiara for a crown of stinging brambles, a palace for a cattle pen, a throne for a cross. Self-sacrifice! What is more lovely? Mothers dying for their children down with scarlet fever, railroad engineers going down through the open drawbridge to save the train, firemen scorabed to death trying to help some one down the ladder from the fourth story of the consuming house. All these put together only faint and insufficient similes by which to illustrate the grander, mightier, farther reaching self sacrifice of the "altogether lovely."

rifice of the "altogether lovely. Do you wonder that the story of His self sacrifice has led hundreds of thousands to sacrifice has led hundreds of thickers die for Him? In one series of persecutions over 200,000 were put to death for Christ's sake. For Him Blandina was tied to a post sake. and wild beasts were let out upon her, and when life continued after the attack of tooth when life continued after the attack of tooth and paw she was put in a net, and that net containing her was thrown to a wild built that toesed her with its borns till life was extinct. All for Christ! Huguenots dying for Christ! Albigeness dying for Christ! The Vaudois dying for Christ! Smithfield fires endured for Christ! The bones of martyrs.

age had thinned or injured His locks, which were never worn shaggy or unkempt. Yes, all His habits of personal appearance were lovely. quent centuries. Christ has had most and women die for Him than all the on habitants of all the ages have had a

Furthermore, It's was lovely in tr mons. He knew when to begin, we stop and just what to say. The longs mon He ever preached, so far as the reports Him—namely, the sermon a mount was about sixteen minutes in demount was about sixteen minutes in da
—at the ordinary rate of speech. Ha
est prayer reported, commonly called
Lord's Prayer," was about half a m
Time them by your watch, and you wi
my estimate necurate, by which I a
mean to say that sermons ought to b
sixteen minutes long and prayers on a minute long. Carist had such power of compression that He con-enough into His sixteen minute serms. His half minute prayer to keep all a lowing ages busy in thought and action one but a Christ could affor! to preach as short as that, but He :: teach us compression.

At Selma, Ala., the other day I was a a cotton press by which cotton was such shape that it occupied in trans-tion only one car where three cars we merly necessary, and one ship were ships had been required, and I imagis we all need to compress our sermons as prayers into smaller spaces.

And His sermons were so lovely for

ment and practicality and simplicity lustration. The light of a candle, the of the sait, the cines of a ben for her ens, the hypocrite's dolorous physican the moth in the clothes closet, the wing of a raven, the snow-ank of lilles, our extreme botheration also splinter of imperfection in some character, the swine fed on t woives dramatizing sheep, and the tion made up of a cyclone in which y the crash of a rumbling house unwise structed. No technicalities, no spin dogmatics, but a great Christly the helpfulness. I do not wonder at the a which says, "When He was come down the mountain, great multitudes for Him." They had but one fault to fin His sermon. It was too short, help all of us in Christian work to get off our stilts and realize there is only thing we have to do-there is the wound of the world's sin and sorrow there is the great healing plaster of the pel. What you and I want to do is to p plaster on the wound. All sufficient gospel if it is only applied. A n All sufficient preaching to an audience of sailors ing the ruin by sin and the rescue by pel accommo lated himself to sailors' ular and said, "This plank bears," years after this preacher was called to dying sailor and asked him about his and got the suggestive reply, "This bears.

Yea, Christ was lovely in His chief work. There were a thousand thing work. There were a thousand thing Him to do, but His great work was it our shipwrecked world out of the breat That He came to do, and that He did He did it in three years. He took a years to prepare for that three years a lty. From twelve to thirty years of as hear nothing about Him. They interest hear nothing about Him. That interveighteen years I thin't he was in India. He came back to Palestine and cro everything into three years—three w three springs, three summers, three unns. Our life is short, but would G might see how much we could do in years. Concentration! Intensifies years. Concentration! Intensific Tarse years of kin i words! Three years

living for others! Throc years of self-fice! Let us try it. Aye, Christ was lovely in His demise had a right that last hour to deal in an matization. Never had any one be meanly treated. Cradle of straw ; goats and came's -that was the work ception of Him! Bocky cliff, with mers pounding spikes through to brother. Lazarus nau said to them.
Mary, now, Martha, stop your worrying. I mers pounding spikes through to will take care of you. I will be to you both nerves—that was the world's farawell state and mother. My arm in strong. Girls, ton! T laughter of that are testing to the strong of the strong threat of the strong helps. the saturation of tears and blood we

> harbored? What a marvel it is that all the na earth do not rise up in raptures of a for Him! I must say it here and no my right han i in soleann attestation. Him, and the grief of my life is that love Him more. Is it an impertine me to ask, Do you, my hearer—y reader, love Him? Has He become a your nature? Have you committe children on earth into His keeping, children in heaven are already in His Has He done enough to win your cont Can you trust Him, living and dying ever? Is your back or your face towa Would you like to have His hand t you, His might to protect you, His comfort you. His sufferings to atone

His arms to welcome you, His love to you, His heaven to crown you? Oh, that we might all have some the great German reformer's love Christ which led him to say, "If a christ which ied that have breast and knocks at the door of my breast and 'Who lives there?' my roply is, 'Jesus-Who lives there?' Who lives here, not Martin Luther, be grand if, when we get through this and rugged road of life, we can go ra into His presente and live with Him

And if, entering the gate of that h ity, we should be so overwhelmed w unworthiness on the one side, and the nul splendor on the other side, we go the bewildered and should for a few me be, lost on the streets of gold and am-burnished temples and the sapphiret there would be plenty to snow us and take us out of our joy/ul bowi bawild and perhaps the woman of Nain wou "Come, let me take you to the Carle raised my only boy to life." And would say. "Come, let me take you Christ was brought up my brother L. Christ was brought up my brother Luftrom the tomo." And one of the dist would say, "Come, and let me take to the Christ who saved our sinkin; in the hurricane on Gamesaret." Paul would say, "Come, and let lead you to the Christ for whom I on the road to Ostia." And whole grot marryrs would say, "Come, let us show the Christ for whom we ratiled the chain waded the floo is and dared the floor." waded the floo is and dared the fires, our own glorided kindred would flock ar us, saying, "We have been waiting a while for you, but before we talk over times, and we tell you of waat we have

without end.

come, come and let us show you the gr sight in all the place, the most resplet throne, and upon it the mightiest conqu the exalitation of heaven, the theme of immortals, the altogether great, the altogether fair, the altogether fair, the

joyed since we have been here, and you sof what you have suffered since we p

We'l, the delightful mora will come
When my dear L. d will bring me home.
And I shall see His acc.
Then with my Savour, Brother, Friend.
A best etern ty Filepp.
Triumphant in His grace.

A "Blowing Cave" in Pennsylva In Lancaster County, Pennsylva on a hilltop a short distance York Furnace Bridge, is located famous natural "blow hole." It is a cave, but a series of fissures in rocks, from which a cold draft of continually issues. - St. Louis

Bethany Sunday-school in Pl delphia, of which John Wanamake Superintendent, has a membership more than 5000, and Mr. Wanamak class numbers over 1200.