The world is always sunny When yer pocket's full of money, (Make the dollars make the dollars every day 75

An' yer trien is it all befriend you When yer itash, an' want to lend you, [Make the dollars, make the dollars every day!)

The world is fall o' honey When yer packets full o' money, (Make the dollars, make the dollars every decir

When you've got a ten or twenty You kin always borrow plenty. (Make the dollars make the dollars every d'av

The world'll tingle, tingle When it hears the sliver lingle. (Make the dollars, make the dollars, weer, day .

But when you want to horrow. It is might's full o' sorrow. (Make the dollars, make the dollars every

-Atlanta Constitution.

KISMET.

DY ISABEL HOLMES.



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Fall T was a pretty summer idyl, and Grace Flushing was the central figure in it.

Grace was girl whom reverses had placed behind a counter She was fairly pretty,

but that is neither here nor there. She was sweet and lovable and alto

gether charming in character, with the daintiest lady-like ways imaginable, and when you know this of a girl you would love and admire her just the same, if she had pink hair and sea green complexion.

Grace had saved her money to spend her fortnight's vacation at Brimmer's. You don't know Brimmer's by the name. It is a do-as-you-please spot. in the hear, of the woods, miles from the railway station, and you reach it after a long, jolting ride in a big wagon. It is aread a to the world-ridden handful who have found it out. They speak of it in whispers, lest its sanctity shall be invaded by a vulgar troop,

Grace didn't care a fig for sightseeing. But she did want to lay up a strength to carry her through the remainder of the hot season at Duck & Sunning's.

When the driver drew up before a long, roomy and romantic log house, with open doors and windows, and hammocks swang hospitably under the trees, she was enchanted. There was a small clearing behind the house, and in front of it a blue lake lying in its bowl-like basin, at the foot of a wooded mountain, with a rank forest growth enclosing the greater part of

After a night of sound sleep Grace found herself one of a delightfully "hoomey" party at the bressure able. A plump matron dispensed agrant coffee with yellow cream to her happy family, with the brooding air of a mother hen over her chickens. There was a sweet-faced, white-haired lady. a newly-married couple, a sad-eyed humorist, resting from his own jokes; an overworked woman writer, on the qui vive for romance, while she recuperated in the solitude, and an empty chair, where some one had breakfasted before Grace's appear-

The motherly woman said a word of introduction. Grace was laughing and talking with the rest before the meal was over. Sue was subjected to no criticism. Her friend's letter had been a sufficient passport to the retreat.

Dress was at a discount at Brimmer's. Ginghams and flannels ruled absolutely, though these were fashioned with feminine taste. No one could afford to be careless of appearances. There was the slyly observant humorist, whose funny column, later. would smark of Brimmer's. was, besides, the man with brown, smooth-shaven face, and big hazel eyes like patient oxen, who rowed so many hours on the lake alone, in abstracted Lashion

Grace hadn't felt so light-hearted in the years since her father's death. The sense of elegant leisure, for a brief season gave her an air of repose, which became her vastly, as she crumpled her roll feisurely and sipped cream and strawberries. She belonged for the time to the ranks of field lilies, who neither toil nor spin, and being a lady to her finger tips, the sensation was all the more delightful.

Grace put on her shaker honnet after breakfast, and set out for a ramble. "It is all safe and sure round here, said Mrs. Hunter coming to the front of the big shed where she was superinget back by lunch time, we'll blow a

horn. Grace heard the lowing of a cow and the eackling of heas somewhere in | all the world, like two children. the back ground, as she struck into and strong and odorous the air! She stood still every few minutes with shoulders thrown back, to mhale its

cally from overnead. She had been skirting the lake, to-morrow,

She came upon a patriarchal free. Now Graze hall the "restful" quality, which looked inviting. The ground in a large degree. Besides, she was around it was trodden, and some sympathetic. You could not be an natural stops in the guarled trank, let hour in her company without wanting up to a seat, several yards from the to confide your latest trouble to her. ground, framed by branches crooked She had no room for home griefs, she into the shape of a settee. She was deplaced, she was so full of outside not long in taking possession of it ones, The lake's surface, broken into shinny Jack proved no exception to the

cracking underbrush. Perhaps be claim. But no, be came in sight, and threw himself full length on the ground where she had a full view of him as he

puffed his cigar, berself unobserved. Where had she seen him before? Surely his face was familiar. Memory went ransacking nooks and corners, for the missing links in the chain of association. Ah! now she had it, the picture his presence rocalled. A morning in early May, herself behind the glove-counter of Duck and Sunning's the last day of her stay there. A big, clear-eyed young man with a Western flavor, she had thought vaguely, was buying a dozen pairs of ladies' gloves, and with a bashful, conscious air, appealing to her taste in his selection of pale pink, cream, and corn color. He had worn a big soft hat and a diamond which to Grace's not inexperienced eves her father had been a jeweller was of the first water.

"He is genuine as his diamond and he's in love," had been her mental

summing up. He was destined to remain in her memory, it seemed. After he had left with his purchase, she found among the gloves strewn on the counter, a charm, fragrant and amber-colored. On one side was a star and crescent and the mystical word "Kismet," while the other side was covered with cabolistic symbols.

Grace gave a guilty little start when this point was reached. She had been wearing "Kismet" for good lack ever since, had it suspended from her neck by a ribbon at that moment, and there, a few rods below, was its owner. Had things gone wrong with him since its loss? He didn't look quite as happy as the day he had pulled it out of his pocket with some rumpled bills, at Duck and Sunning's. As for her, things had gone swimmingly. She had secared a better position the very next day, and besides had recovered a lost ring and her purse which she had dropped on the street.

Grace might have sat there till doomsday, without being discovered, had not the wreaths of smoke from his cigar wandered up to her perch and tickled her throat into a cough. Her face flushed furiously. Why must cigars always serve her this trick. He would think she had coughed purposely to attract attention. With that thought came another cough which brought Jack Hardy to his feet in an instant. He craned his neck for a view of the face above, but it was mercifully hidden by the skater sunbonnet.

"I did not know I had a neighbor," Jack said. Sure enough the cough had emboldened him.

"You would not have known now if your cigar smoke had stayed at home." retorted Grace, who was painfully con-

scious of her disadvantage. "In behalf of the cigar, I beg pardon," Jack responded.

No answer came from the high setter. 1. Labour become it girls win! he said meaningly.

"I see you have." "Aren't you a bit lonesome up

"I'm awfully lonesome down here." Jack had reached the second "step," old tree trunk, and was looking of over the lake disconso-

lately "It's this 'Kismet' that has brought us together." Grace thought. "How ridiculous! Has his lady love worn

out the gloves yet. I wonder?" With this thought, Grace unbent a little. He was not "fortations," and a young man in love with another girl was a safe enough companion for

her I cannot tell you how it came about, these things "do" themselves, and within fifteen minutes after the first little cough, Jack was scated beside Grace and talking off hand through the sunbonnet barrier.

Grace was friendly enough. She was too generous to be prudish. Moreover, she had the advantage. Not an inkling of her identity had dawned upon him, but she knew at least a chapter in his history.

They talked of New York. Jack let fail that he was from California, and had first seen Gotham six months ago. Grace was demurely reticent about hersoif There was no need of unfolding herself before a stranger.

They sat, talking pleasantly enough, until lunch was announced by the "toot, toot" of a horn. They sauntered up to the house together, without so much as a single knowing glance being exchanged between those already gathered at the table. "We are a picked company and can do as we please," was the motto at Brim-

Somehow, Jack and Grace spent a tending the cooking. "If you don't good deal of time together, after that, They boated, and walked, and taked, and climbed the mountain with a lunch basket between them, and acted, for

Meanwhile the newly-married were the roads to the left. How grand and absorbed in each other, the writer was restful the woods were! How pure studying "effects," the white-haired lady and the humorist, each swung idly in hammocks, with an eye shut, the "help" attended to their own elixer. The birds were having a jubi- business, and Mrs. Hunter brouded lee. The red squirrels eyed her crati- motherly over all. It was indeed Arondta

The day before Grace left they thinking she would try the mountain climbed to the setter for a last tete-a-

ripples, gleamed through the foliage, rule. Would you believe it? He sat She heard the dip of oars. A man there that day and told her his whole towards her perch. She could see him a dear, bewitching, dainty creature, export, -Courier-Journal.

moor the boat. He was coming through | Oh, he would have died for her! And what did Grace think? Why, this girl was seeking her settee, with a prior had jilted him. He was-well, he was worth a few thousands-but he never supposed she took his money into account until the papers reported the smash-up of the X. Y. Z. Company. She had sent him a smooth note of dismissal, the next day. It was a bogus report, and was soon contradicted, but it had fulfilled its mission. He had been in love with a bogus young woman. It was well to find it out in time, but somehow it took a fellow down a peg to know that he, himself, was of such small consequence in a girl's eyes.

Grace's eyes gave him a fair shade of discreet sympathy. "Do you believe in charms?" he

asked, abruptly. "Yes," said Grace, with proper de-

"So do I. I lost one I had worn for years the very day I got the mitten. My luck changed from that on. I've been missing boats and trains and losing valuables ever since-

Kismet," interrupted Grace. "Why? how?" he began, with a look under the bonnet.

"I found it," said Grace promptly. T've carried it ever since. It has brought me lots of luck. I think it is time now to return it to its owner." She took the fragrant amulet from

her portemonnae. It was carefully wrapped in pink tissue. "How do you know it is mine?" he asked, as he unrolled it curiously.

There are others like-"How do I know? Didn't I sell you box of gloves one fine day? Didn't I find 'Kismet' on the counter, after you went out? Gloves, gloves, beautiful gloves," she hummed roguishly,

"You, were you behind the counter that day?" he queried. "I did not remember.

"No, of course not," said Grace readily. "Your thoughts were full of your lady love and her gloves.

"It was a wager," he said absently, Then, after a full minute's silence. 'Did-did you recognize me as the chap you saw that morning in the store?' he asked

"Yes. I piaced you the first morning, when you lay thereon the ground I meant then to give you Kismet' before I left.

"Were you playing saleswoman?" "Playing? I was carning my bread and butter. Next week I go back to

She was determined not to sail under false colors. But Jack still looked absent.

"Did I look awfully spoony that morning?" he inquired. From her sunbonnet Grace saw that he looked "sheepish" and was actually

binshing. "Well, no, not 'spoony,' but greatly interested in the shades of the gloves," she returned demurely, in a tone that made him feel easier.

Just then the lunch horn sounded.

Jack asked Grace for her New York address, but she refused it. But he found her out. He became quite a regular customer at Duck & Sunning's. Mysterious baskets of flowers were left at Grace's boarding house. But she was proud and he made slow headway. She heard that Jack Hardy was ridioulously rich for a young man of words, "It is a sad loss, but never mind; twenty-seven, and she did not mean to

angle for a rich husband. But "Kismet" was a link between

rendered, and the cards are out for a quiet wedding. - Yankee Blade.

A New Style of Rigging.

Captain Berteaux, of the schooner Exception, which hails from Parsboro, Nova Scotia, has invented a new style of rigging for his vessel, which is attracting attention in New York Harbor, where the vessel has just arrived. The vessel is a three-master, and carries on the mainmast three square sails. The mainsail is hung from the bands at the crosstrees, and above she carries topsails. When sailing before the wind a fore-yard is rigged, for the vessel made the trip from Sagua, Cuba, to New York in six days, which is a whole day ahead of the best record of sailing vessels. Captain Berteaux is very proud of his invention, and says that there was never anything like it for handling or sailing. -New Orleans Picayune.

A Milk-Selling Vice-President.

Hon. L. P. Morton, ex-Vice-President of the United States, is going still more extensively into the dairy business, beginning with the establishment of milk delivery routes in the city of Rondout, N. Y. After he has fairly covered that city it is his intention to go into New York City on a still larger scale. He has superior facilities for this to those of any farmer in the country. He has a magnificent herd of Guernseys on his farm, superb barns, and all the latest ideas in dairying. He has one of the largest wells of pure water in the country, and a wonderful pump that never freezes up. All his milk will be wrated and sterilized before being delivered .-American Farmer.

Dutch Horned Cattle.

According to Professor Hengeveld, the Dutch horned cattle descend directly from the cattle owned by the Frisians and Batavi, who years before Christ peopled the regions to the north of the rivers Vahal and Chine, says Turi, Field and Farm. The cattle were kept for milk, meat and skins, and breeding was carried on with system. By inter-breeding the original race was kept pure, and the milk form type became fixed. The Friesian Herdin boating costume was rowing directly love story. She was a New York girl, consulted by all who buy cattle for

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Generations."

Text: "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh."—Ecclesiastes

According to the longevity of people their particular century has a generation been called 100 years, or fifty years, or thirty years. By common consent in our nineteenth century a generation is fixed at twenty-five rears.

The largest procession that ever moved is the procession of years, and the greatest army that ever marched is the army of gene-rations. In each generation there are about rations. In each generation there are about nine full regiments of days. These 9125 days in each generation march with wonderful precision. They never break ranks. They never ground arms. They never pitch tents.
They never halt. They are never off on fur-lough. They came out of the eternity past, and they move on toward the eternity future. The 600 immortals of the Crimes dashing into them cause no confusion. They move as rapidly at midnight as at midnoon. Their haversacks are full of good bread and bitter aloes, clusters of richest vintage and bottles of agonizing tears. With a regular tread that no order of "double quick" can hasten or obstacle can slacken, their tramp is on and on and on and on while mountains crumble and pyramide die. "One generation passeth, and another generation cometh. This is my twenty-fifth anniversary ser-mon-1869 and 1894. It is twenty-five years

since I assumed the Brooklyn pastorate. A whole generation has passed. Three genera-tions we have known that which preceded our own, that which is now at the front, and the one coming on. We are at the heels of our prodecessors, and our successors are at our heels. What a generation it was that preceded us! We who are now in the front regiment are the only ones competent to tell new generation just now coming in sight who our predecessors were. Biography cannot tell it. Autobiography cannot tell it. Biographics are generally written by speci Biographics are generally written by special friends of the departed—perhaps by wife or son or daugater—and they only tell the good things. The biographers of one of the first Presidents of the United States make no recor I of the Presi fent's account books, now in the archives at the Capitol, which I have seen, telling how much he lost or gained daily at the gaming table. The biographers of one of the early Secretaries of the United States never described the scene that day witnessed when the Secretary was carried dead drunk from the State apartments to hi own home. Autobiography is written by the man bimself, and no one would record for future times his own weaknesses and moral deficits. Those who keep disties put down only things that read well. No man or wo that ever lived would dare to make full record of all the thoughts and words of a lifetime. We who saw and beard much of the generation marching just ahead of us are far more able than any book to describe accurately to our successors our predecessors were. Very much like on seives, thank you. Human nature in the Very much like ourvery much like human nature in us. At our time of life they were very much like we now are. At the time they were in their teens they were very much like you are in your teens, and at the time they were in their twenties they were very much like you are your twenties. Human nature got an aw ful twist under a fruit tree in Eden, and though the grace of God doss much to strighten things every new generation has the same twist, and the same work of straightening out has to be done over again.

A mother in the country districts, expecting the neighbors at her table on some gala night, had with her own hands arranged everything. erything in taste, and as she was about to turn from it to randye her guests saw her little child by accident upset a pitcher all er the white cloth and soll everything, and the mother lifted her hand to slap the child, but she suddenly remembered the time when a little child herself, in her father's house, ers they had always before been used to candles, on the purchase of a lamp, which was a matter of rarity and pride, she took it

you did not mean to do it." repeats itself. Generations wonderfully alike. Among that generation them and Jack knew a jewel of a girl in the generation following us, those who when he saw one.

After a vigorous siece Grace surhat is past, as in our own, and as it will be as in ours, a man's bifterest enemies were those whom he had befriended and helped. those whom he had befriended and helped. Hates, jealousies and revenges were just as lively in 1869 as in 1891. Hypocrisy sniffled on I looked solemn then as now. There was just as much avarice among the apple barrels as now among the cotton bales and among the wheelbarrows as among the locomotives. The tallow candles saw the same sins that are now found under the electric lights. Homespun was just as sleetric lights. Homespun was just as proud as is the modern fashion plate. I wenty-five years -yea, twenty-five conturies have not changed human nature a particle, I say this for the encouragement of those

who think that our times monopolize all the abominations of the ages.

One minute after Adam got outside of paradise he was just like you. O man! One step after Evo left the gate she was just like you, O woman! All the faults and vices are many times centenarians. Yea, the cities iom, Gomorrab, Pompeti, Herculaneum Heliopolis and ancient Memphis were as much worse than our modern cities as you might expect from the fact that the motion cities have somewhat yielded to the recities have somewhat yielded to the re-straints of Christianity, while those ancient ities were not limited in their abomina-

tions. Yea, that generation which passe loft within the last twenty-flye years had their begies, their disappointments, their successes, their fadures, their gladuesses and their toeir failures, their gladuesses and their griefs, like these two generations now in sight, that in advance and that following. But the twenty-five years between 1869 and 1894 - how much they saw! How much the discovered! How much they feit! Within that time have been performed the miracle of the telephone and the phonograph. From the observatories other worlds have been seen to heave in sight. Six Presidents of the United States have been inaugurated. Tran-atlantic voyage abbreviated from ten days to 5 4. Chicago and New York, once three days apart, now only twenty-fou bours by the vestibule limited. Two addi-tional railroads have been built to the Pacific. France has passed from monarchy to repub-licanism. Many of the cities have nearly licanism. Many of the cities have nearly doubled their populations. During that generation the cutef surviving heroes of the livil War have gone into the encampment of the grave. The chief physicians, attorneys, orators, merchants, have passed off the parth or are in retirement waiting for transition. Other men in editorial chairs, in pulpits, in Governors' mansions, in legislative, Sena torial and Congressional halls.

There are not ten men or women on earth now prominent who were prominent twentyfive years ago. The crew of this old ship of a world is all changed. Others at the heim, others on the "lookout," others climbing the rathines. Time is a doctor who, with poanodyne, has put an entire generation into sound seep. Time, like another Cromwell, has roughly proroqued parliament, and with iconociasm driven hearly all the rulers except one queen from their high places. Bo far as I observed that generation, for the most part they did their best. Guastly exceptions, but so far as I knew them they did not well, and many of these declaration. quite well, and many of them gloriously well. They were born at the right time, and they died at the right time. They left the world better than they found it. We are indected to them for the fact that they prepared the way for our coming. Eighteen bundred and ninety-four reverently and

I baptized in their infancy. There is not one person in this church's board of session or trustees who was here when I came. Here or trustees who was here when I came. Here and there in this vast assembly is one person who heard my opening sermon in Brooklyn, but not more than one person in every 500 now present. Of the seventeen persons who gave me a quantimous call when I came, only three, I believe, are living.

But this sermon is not a dirre. It is an But this sermon is not a dirre. It is an anthem. While this world is appropriate as a temporary stay, as an eternal residence it would be a dead failure. It would be a dead failure. It would be a dreadful sentence if our mes were doomed to remain here a thousand winters and a thousand summers. God keeps us here just long enough to give us an appetite for heaven. Had we been born in selestial realms we would not be able to appreciate the biss. It needs a good many rough blasts in this world to qualify us to properly estiin this world to qualify us to properly esti-mate the superb elimate of that good land where it is never too cold or too hot, too cloudy or too glaring. Heaven will be more cloudy or too glaring. Heaven will be more to us than to those supernal beings who were never tempted or sick or bereaved or tried or disappointed. So you may well take my text out of the minor key and set it to some tune in the major key. "One genera-tion passeth away, and another generation Nothing can rob us of the satisfaction that

uncounted thousands of the generation just past were converted, comforted and har-vested for heaven by this church, whether in the present building or the three preced-ing buildings in which they worshiped. The two great organs of the previous churches went down in the memorable fires, but the multitudinous songs they led year after year were not recalled or injured. There is no power in earth or hell to kill a balleluigh, it is impossible to arrest a bosanus. What a satisfaction to know that there are many satisfaction to know that there are thousands in glory on whose eternal wel-fare this church wrought mightily! Nothing can undo that work. They have ascended, the multitudes who served God in that generation. That chapter is gloriously ended. But that generation has left its im-

eaded. But that generation has left its impression upon this generation.

A sailor was dying on shipboard, and he
said to his mates: "My lads, I can only
think of one passage of Scripture, 'The soul
that sinneth, it shall die,' and that keeps
ringing in my cars. 'The soul that sinneth,
it shall die.' Can't you think of something
also it the Dirict you think of something dae in the Bible to else in the Bible to cheer me up?" Well, sallors are kind, and they tried to think of some other passage of Scripture with which to console their dying comrade, but they could not. One of them said: "Let us call up the cabin boy. His mother was a Chris-tian, and I guess he has a Bible." The cabin boy was called up, and the dying sailor asked bim if he had a Bible. He said "Yes," but he could not exactly find it, and the dying sailor scoided him and said. "Ain't you ashamed of yourself not to read your Bible?" So the boy explored the bottom of his trunk and brought out the Bible, and his mother had marked a passage that just fitted the dying sailor's case, "The blool of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth from all sin," That helped the sailor to die in peace. So one generation helps another, and good things written or said or done are reproduced long afterward.

During the passing of the last generation some peculiar events have unfolded. One day while resting at Sharon Springs. N. Y., I think it was in 1870, the year after my set-tlement in Brooklyn, and while walking in the park of that place. I found myself asking the question: "I wonder if there is any special mission for me to execute in this world? It there is, may Go I show it to me! There soon came upon me a great desire to preach the gospel through the secular printng press. I realized that the vast majority of people, even in Christian lands, never enter a church, and that it would be an opportunity of usefulness infinite if that door of publication were opened.

And so I recorded that prayer in a blank And so I recorded that prayer in a blank book and offered the prayer day is and day out until the answer came, though in a way different from that which I had expected for it came through the misrepresentation and persecution of enemies, and I have to record it for the encouragement of all ministers of the gospel who are misropresented, that if the misropresentation by virulent enough and bitter enough and continuous in her bands and dropped it, crashing into pieces, and looking up in her father's face, expecting chastisement, heard only the bigger the light of the Lord's work. The told about me, the bigger the lie told about me, the big-ger the demand to see and hear what I really was doing. From one stage of sermonic publication to another the work has gone on until week by week, and for twenty-three years, I have had the world for my audience, as no man ever had, and to-day more so than at any other time. The syndicates inform me that my sermons go now to about 25,000,000 of people in all lands. I mention this not in vain boast, but as a testimony to the fact that God answers prayer. Would God I had better occupied the field an I been more consecrated to the work! May God forgive me for lack of service in the past and double and quadruple and quintuple my

work in future. In this my quarter century ser non I recession of blessings have gone a procession of disasters. I am preaching to-day in the fourth church building since I began work in this city. My first per non was in the old church on Schermerhorn street to an audience chiefly of empty seats, for the church was almost extinguished. That church filled and overflowing, we built a larger church, which after two or three years disappeared in flame. Then we built another church, which also in a line of flery succession disappeared in the same way. Then we put up this building, and may it stant for many years, a fortress of righteousness and a lighthouse for the storm tossel, its gates crowded with vast assemblages long after we

have ceased to frequent them!
We have raised in this church over \$1. 030,000 for church charitable purposes dur-ing the present pastorate, while we have given, free of all expense, the gospel to hundreds of thousands of strangers, year by year. I record with gratitude to God that during this generation of twenty-five years I remember but two Sabbaths that I have missed service through anything like physical indispositions. Almost a fanitic on the sub-ject of physical exercise, I have made the parks with which our city is blessed the means of good physical condition. A daily walk and run in the open air have kept me ready for work and in good humor with all the world. I say to all young ministers of the gospei, it is easier to keep good health than to regain it when once lost. The reason so many good menthink the world is going to ruin is because their own physical con-dition is on the down grade. No man ought dition is on the down grade. No man ought to preach who has a diseased liver or an en-larged spiece. There are two things ahead of us that ought to keep us cheerful in our work—beaven and the millennium.

And now, having come up to the twentyfifth milestone in my pastorate, I wonder how many more miles I am to travel? Your company has been exceedingly pleasant, O my dear people, and I would like to march by your side until the generation with whom we are now moving abreast and step to ster shall have stacked arms after the last battle But the Lor1 knows best, and we ought to be willing to stay or go.

Most of you are aware that I propose at this time, between the close of my twenty-fifth year of pastorate and before the begin-ning of my twenty-sixth year, to be absolu-for a few months in order to take a journey Francisco in the steamer Alameda May 31. Francisco in the steamer Alameda May 31. My place here on Sabbaths will be inity occupied, while on Mondays and every Monday I will continue to speak through the printing press in this and other lands as heretofore. Why do I go? To make pastoral visitation among people I have never seen, but to whom I have been permitted a long while to administer. I want to see them in their own cities, towns and neighborhoods. I want to know what are their prosperities, what their adversities and what their opportunities, and so enlarge my work and get more adapted.

grate'nily saintes 1860. "One generation passeth away, and another generation poses. I want to freshen my mini by new scenes, new faces, new many customs. I want better to understay are the wrongs to be righted and make the wrongs to be reclaimed. I will put all in sermons to be preached to you what turn. I want to see the Sandwish is not so much in the light of modern p as in the light of the gospel of Jesu which has transformed them, and and those vast realms of New Zeniani Anstralia and Ceylon and India. I we see what Christianity has accomplish want to see how the missionaries have lied about as living in luxury and idian I want to know whether the healigions are really as tolerable and mendable as they were represented adherents in the parliament of relig Chicago. I want to see whether medanism and Buddhism would be things for transplantation in America has again and again been argued, to hear the Brahmans pray. I want whether the Pacific Ocean treats itany better than does the Atlantic the wondrous architecture of Ir the Delhi and Cawnpore where crucified in the massacre of His mode cipies, and the disabled Jaggerna wheeled by Christianity, and to Tai which the Emperor Sha Jehan honor of his empress really means any than the plain slab we put above our departed. I want to see the fields Ravelock and Sir Colin Campbell wo day against the sepoys. I want to so world from all sides. How much of it darkness, how much of it is in light. the Bible means by the "ends of the sand and get myself ready to appreciate the tent of the present to be made to Christ spoken of in the Psalms, "Ask of me, as hall give thee the heatnen for thine tance and the uttermost parts of the for thy possession," and so I shall be to celebrate in heaven the victories of in more rapturous soog than I could be rendered had I never seen the beatle abominations before they were conquered and so I hope to come back refreshed, and to do ten years more effectual work than I had done in the last twenty-five.

And now, in this twenty-fifth anniversal sermon. I propose to do two than a new sermon.

sermon. I propose to do two things—first put a garland on the grave of the generation that has just passed off and then to a a pain branch in the hand of the generations in the generation of the generation. my text is true. "One generation passaway, and another generation cometh." how many we revered and honored and loin the last generation that quit the earth Tears fell at the time of their going, an dirges were soun led, and signals of mo ing were put on, but neither tours nor dire nor somber veil told the half we felt. going left a vacancy in our souls that as never been filled up. We never get used never been filled up. We never get used to their absence. There are times when the sight of something with which they were as sociated—a picture, or a book, or a garmen or a staff—breaks us down with emotion, la we bear it simply because we have to bear it Oh, how snow white their hair got, and her the wrinkles multipile i, and the sight gre-more dim, and the hearing less alert, and the step more fruit, and one day they were go out of the chair by the fireside, and from plate at the meal, and from the end of the church pew, where they worshiped with us. Oh, my soul, how we miss them! But let us console each other with the thought that we Shall meet them again in the land of salusta

tion and reunion. And now I twist a gariant for that departed generation. It need not be costly, perhaps, just a handful of clover blossome from the fleid through which they used to walk, or as many violets as you could hole between the thumb and the forefinger plucked out of the garden where they used to walk in the cool of the day. Put theseoid tashioned flowers right down over the heart that never again will ache, and the feet that will never again be weary, and the arm the

has forever ceased to foil. Peace, fath Peace, mother Everlasting peace! All of for the generation & But what shall we do with the pain branch? That we will put in the hand of the generation coming on. Yours is to be the generation for victories. The last and th present generation have been perfecting the team power, and the electric electric forces. To these will be added transportation. It will be your mission to use all these forces. Everything is ready for you to march right up and take this world for God and heaven. Get your heart right by repentance and the pardoning grace of the ord Jesus, and your mind right by elevat ing books and pictures, and your body righ gymnastum and field exercise, and plenty of ozone and by looking as often as you can upon the face of mountain and of sea. Then start! In God's name, start! And here is the palm branch. From conquest to conquest, move right on and right up. You self. Before another twenty-live years have gone, we will be out of the pu pits, and the offices, and the stores, and the factories, and offices, and the stores, and the factories, and the benevolent institutions, and you will be at the front. Forward into the battle! If Gol be for you, who can be against you. "He that spared not H.s. own Son, but deliv-ered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things."

And, as for us who are now at the front having put the garland on the grave of the last generation, and having put the paim branch in the hand of the coming generation, we will cheer each other in the remain ing onsets and go into the shining gate somewhere about the same time, and greeted by the generation that has preceded us we will have to wait only a little while to greet the generation that will come after us. And will not that be giorious? Three generations in heaven together—the grandfather, the son and the grandson, the grandmother, the daughter and the granddaughter. And so with wider range and keeper tactity we shall realize the full significance of the text. One generation passets away, and another

An Oyster Kills a Duck.

The oyster is apparently a heipless creature, but sometimes he comes out ahead of his enemies, as is shown by a recent find in Chesapeake Bay. deckhand on the steamboat Tangier discovered a duck floating dead on the water and picked it up. To his surprise he found an oyster, with its shell tightly closed on the bill of the duck. Evidently the duck had found the oyster with his suell opened, and tried to make a meal of him. oyster had shut his shell on the duck's oill, and clung there in spite of the bird's efforts to shake it off; and its weight had gradually wearied the duc . and finally pulled its head under water, and drowned it. The duck and oyster were brought to Baltimore and proved quite a curiosity. - New Oreans Picavune.

Brain Surgery.

Sawing out sections of the skull in rder to give the brain room to develop symetrically seems a rather lelicate and dangerous operation, but it is one that has on several occasions been performed with perfect success. Children apparently in a condition of hopeless idiocy have been treated upon this plan and are in prospect of developing the faculties usual in those of like age. The removal of the bone which has become unduly hardened permits growth, and the clouded intellect may become clear and normal. -Chicago Tribune.