

A SONG OF LOVE.

I do believe her heart Is something still to me. She is the one that had no art...

DR. FRESTON'S BROTHER.

WAS sister in a large male surgical ward of a well-known hospital in the north of England at the time when the following accident occurred:

A few months previously one of those disastrous explosions, only too common in our neighborhood, had taken place, and eight of the men, poor fellows, all badly injured, had been brought into the Martin ward.

He had the satisfaction of seeing all the cases (with one exception) fairly started on the road to convalescence before he, too, came on the sick list, and was ordered absolute rest for several months.

By his constant and unwearied labors of love he had earned the blessing pronounced in Abou Ben Adhem as "One who loved his fellow-men."

Dr. Freston, the temporary house surgeon, however, made a favorable impression on his arrival and soon showed that he thoroughly knew his work.

He laid the card on the table and wiped his pen carefully—a methodical and orderly man in every detail of his work.

"I only found a few coppers and these old papers in his pocket," I said, showing the contents of a pocket-book much the worse for wear.

"Look, sister!" he said, and his strong hand shook as he held it toward me, "there can be no mistake. I remember this locket so well. Jack gave it to my father with his photograph inside before he went to school, and after father died Jack kept it."

"To me it is the most painful sight of all, because I am haunted by the feeling that somewhere in this world there now may be a man who is friendless and alone through my fault."

I looked at him with intense interest. My woman's instinct, which so seldom errs, told me that he had never spoken of this to any one before, and that it was a great relief to him to do so now.

I longed to hear more. He seemed to read the sympathy expressed in my face and went on more quietly:

"I had a younger brother. There were only the two of us. I was older by three years, and both in appearance and character we were totally unlike. He had been spoiled by my father, who always let him have his own way, chiefly, I fancy, on account of the strong likeness he bore to our mother, who died when we were quite young."

"My father had had a nasty fall in the hunting field, and was almost at the last before I got to him. All his affairs were in perfect order, but he was anxious about Jack—always his first thought."

"You'll look after him, Tom," he said. "Promise me you'll look after him. If you promise, I know you won't go back. A promise is a promise with you, Tom; I could always trust you."

"I did promise, again and again, and God knows I meant to keep my word, and my old father died quite happy with my promise still sounding in his ears and his eyes resting to the last on his darling Jack. He never doubted me for a moment. How could he foresee?"

"I went back to Oxford, and Jack entered the same college. That was the mistake. At a distance—if I had only seen him now and then—we might have got on well enough; but at my elbow, always bursting into my room when I wanted to read, filling his room with friends as noisy and light-hearted as himself, spending money recklessly on all sides, and turning everything I said into a joke

—all this was a daily annoyance to me. It grew intolerable. I had no sympathy at all with any of his pursuits and I grew more cold and reserved, until one day, exasperated more than usual, I told him that if he wanted to go to the dogs he might go by himself. His temper was as quick as mine. His sharp answer drew a sharper one from me, which roused him to a fury.

On the day following, when it was growing dusk, the door of the ward opened, and Dr. Freston came quietly in.

I saw at a glance that he had not been successful in his search. There was nothing more to be learned at that address, he told me. The people there remembered quite well a man who gave the name of George Thomas sleeping there for one night a week ago, but they were sure they had no other lodger at the time. They knew nothing whatever about the man. He was evidently very poor, but had paid for what he had had.

"I ought not to have built so many hopes upon so slight a foundation," he replied, with a poor attempt at a smile, and a tone of weary sorrow in his voice. "I have waited so long that I ventured to think that perhaps at last he—then, checking himself, and with an effort turning his thoughts elsewhere—"but I am late, sister. I must catch up my work. Have you anything for me to-night?"

"Will you sign No. 7's paper? The wound was very superficial, and Mr. Jones discharged him this morning. He is anxious to get on."

"I must speak to him first; he may be able to tell me something more," and he turned towards No. 7, sitting by the fire, and for the first time he looked him in the face—the first time for five years, rather; for I saw Dr. Freston pause as if transfixed, and the next moment he was at his brother's side.

"Jack!" he said, "Jack!" and could not say another word. But that was all he had to say. Jack had been the thought of his life, night and day, for five years. And now Jack was there, and he held him fast, with should he say but repeat "Jack!" again and again, until he could realize that this was no dream, but rather the awakening to a better and happier life than he had known before.

"Name, sister?" "George Thomas." "Age?" "I do not know; he looks about forty; but he is very weather-beaten."

"Occupation—do you know?" "Sailor." "No other particulars, sister?"

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"I felt it suddenly snatched from my hands. Dr. Freston had seized it, and was quickly across the ward, and at the gas full on, and gazed on the locket with eyes that seemed to pierce it through.

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I could find out nothing more of No. 7's history, except that his real age was twenty-eight. He looked at least ten years older. He was knocked about a good deal in the world, he told some of his fellow patients.

His injuries proved to be very slight, and on the evening of the second day he was allowed to sit up for a short time.

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SERMON ON SUICIDE. SIN OF SELF-SLAUGHTER.

A Discourse Brimful of Common Sense and Religious Proof.

Text: "He drew out his sword and I would have killed myself, supposing that the prisoners had been fled. But Paul cried with a loud voice, saying, Do thyself no harm."

Here is a would be suicide arrested in his deadly attempt. He was a sheriff, and according to the Roman law a banished criminal must suffer the punishment due an escaped prisoner, and if the prisoner breaking jail was sentenced to be imprisoned for three or four years then the sheriff must be imprisoned for three or four years, and if the prisoner breaking jail was to have suffered public disgrace, the sheriff must suffer public disgrace.

The sheriff had received special charge to keep a sharp lookout for Paul and Silas. The government had not had confidence in bolts and bars to keep safe these two clerymen, about whom there seemed to be something strange and unusual.

Sure enough, by miraculous power they are free, and the sheriff, waking out of a sound sleep and supposing these ministers have run away, and knowing they were to die for preaching Christ, and realizing that he must therefore die, rather than go under the public disgrace, resolves to precipitate his own death. But before the sharp, glittering dagger of the sheriff could strike his heart one of the unloosed prisoners arrests the blade by the command, "Do thyself no harm."

In other times, and where Christianity had not entered, with it, suicide was considered honorable and a sign of courage. Demosthenes poisoned himself when told that Alexander's ambassador had demanded the surrender of the Athenian orators.

Socrates killed himself rather than surrender to Philip of Macedon. Cato, rather than submit to Julius Cæsar, destroyed his life, and after three times his wounds had been dressed to them open and perished. Kithirides killed himself rather than submit to Pompey, the conqueror. Hannibal destroyed his life by poison from his ring, considering life unbearable. Lycurgus a chief of the Spartans, after a long illness of Moscow Napoleon always carried with him a preparation of opium, and one night his servant heard the ex-emperor arise, put something in a glass and drink it, and soon after the groans arouse all the attendants, and it was only through utmost medical skill he was resuscitated from the stupor of the opium.

Times have changed, and yet the American conscience needs to be toned upon the subject of suicide. Have you seen a paper in the last month that did not announce the passage out of life by one's own behest? Defiantly, alarmed at the idea of exposure, and life respectively. Men losing their fortunes go out of the world because they cannot endure earthly existence. Frustrated affection, domestic infelicity, dyspeptic impatience, anger, remorse, envy, jealousy, leprosy, misanthropy, are considered sufficient causes for absconding from this world.

Paris suicides. After the battle of Waterloo, by Othello's dagger, by halter, by cap from the abutment of a bridge, by firearms. More cases of "lelo de se" in the last two years of the world's existence. The evil is more and more spreading.

A pupil not long ago expressed some doubt as to whether there was really anything wrong about quitting this world, and became disagreeable, and there are found in respectable circles people apologetic for the crime which Paul in the text arrested. I shall show you before I get through that suicide is the worst of all crimes, and I shall let a warning unmistakable. But in the first place, let us see what the Bible has to say about the best of Christians, that have ever lived have committed self destruction, not always in dementia and not responsible, I have no more doubt about their eternal felicity than I have of the Christian who lies in his bed in the delirium of typhoid fever.

While the shock of the catastrophe is very great, I charge all those who have had Christian friends under cerebral aberration step out of the boundaries of this life to have no doubt their happiness. The dear Lord look them right out of their dazed and frenzied state into perfect safety. How Christ loved the insane you may know from the kind of his sermon on the mount, and the child lunatic, and the poverty with which he hushed the tempests either of sea or brain.

Scotland, the land profile of intellectual giants, had none grander than Hugh Miller, great for science and great for God. He was of the last Highlanders, and was a descendant of Donald Ross, the minister for his piety and the rare gift of second sight. His attainments, climbing up as he did from the quarry and the wall of the stonemason, drew forth the astonished admiration of Buckland and Murchison, the scientists, and Dr. Chalmers, the theologian, and held universities spellbound, and sold them the story of what he had seen of God in the old red sandstone.

That man did more than any being that ever lived to show that the God of the hills is the God of the Bible, and he struck his uniting link with the rocks of the mountains brought geology and theology accurate in divine worship. His two books, entitled "Footprints of the Creator" and the "Testimony of the Rocks," proclaimed the banners of an everlasting marriage between genuine science and revelation. Of this latter book he tolled day and night, through love of nature and love of God, until he could not sleep, and his brain gave way, and he was found dead with a revolver by his side, the cruel instrument having had two bullets—one for him and the other for the gunsmith who, at the coroner's inquest, was examining it and fell dead. Have you any doubt of the beatification of Hugh Miller after his hot brain had ceased throbbing that winter night in his study at Portobello? Among the mightiest of earth, among the mightiest of heaven.

No one ever doubted the piety of William Cowper, the author of those three great hymns, "Oh, For a Closer Walk With God," "What Various Hindrances We Meet," and "The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life." William Cowper, who shares with Isaac Watts and Charles Wesley the chief honors of Christian hymnology. In hypochondria he resolved to take his own life and to the river Thames, but found a man seated on some goods at the very point from which he expected to spring and rode back to his home and that night threw himself upon his own knife, but the blade broke, and then he hanged himself to the ceiling, but the rope parted. No wonder that when God mercifully delivered him from that awful dementia he sat down and wrote that other hymn just as memorable.

God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform. He plants His footsteps in the sea And rides upon the storm. Blind unbelief is sure to err, And deaf obedience never can hear, And He will make it plain.

While we make this merciful and righteous allowance in regard to those who were plunged into mental incoherence, I declare that the man who in the use of his reason, by his own act, snaps the bond between his body and his soul goes straight into perdition. Shall I prove it? Revelation xii. 8, "Murderers shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." Revelation xxii. 15, "Without are dogs and sorcerers and whoremongers and murderers."

You do not believe the New Testament? Then perhaps you believe the Ten Commandments. "Thou shalt not kill."

Do you say all these passages refer to the taking of the life of others? Then I ask you if you are not as responsible for your own life as for the life of others? God gave you a special trust in your life. He made you the custodian of your life as he made you the custodian of no other life. He gave you as

weapons with which to defend it two arms to strike back assailants, two eyes to watch for invasion and a natural love of life which ought ever to be on the alert. Assassination of others is a mild crime compared with the assassination of yourself, because in the latter case it is treachery to an especial trust, it is the surrender of a castle you were especially appointed to keep. It is treason to a natural law, and it is treason to God added to ordinary murder.

To show how God in the Bible looked upon this crime I point you to the rogues' picture gallery in some parts of the Bible, the pictures of the people who have committed this unnatural crime. Here is the headless trunk of Saul on the walls of Bathsheba. Here is the man who chased little David—ten feet in status chasing four. Here is the man who consulted a clairvoyant, witch of Endor. Here is a man who, whipped in battle, instead of surrendering his sword with dignity, asks his servant to slay him, and when the servant declines then the giant plants the hilt of the sword in the earth, the sharp point sticking upward, and he throws his body on it and expires, the coward, the suicide! Here is Athithophel, the Machiavelli of olden times, betraying his best friend, David, in order that he may become prime minister of Absalom, and joining that fellow in his attempt at perdition. Not getting what he wanted by change of politics he takes a short cut out of a disgraced life into the suicide's eternity. There he is, the ingrate!

Here is Abimelech practically a suicide. He is with an army bombarding a tower, when a woman in the tower casts a great stone from its place and drops it upon his head, and with what life he has left in a cracked skull he smashes his armor bearer, "Draw thy sword and slay me, lest men say a woman slew me." There is his post mortem photograph in the book of Samuel. But the hero of this group is Judas Iscariot. Dr. Donne says he was a martyr, and we have in our day apologies for him. A well known detestable Aaron Burr as a pattern of virtue, and in this day when we uncover a statue to George Sand as the benefactress of literature, and in this day when there are tributes to Christ on the part of some of His pretended apostles, it is a disgraceful blot on the escutcheon of Judas Iscariot white! Yet this man by his own hand hung up for the execration of all ages, Judas Iscariot.

All the good men and women of the Bible led to God the decision of their earthly tribulations, and they could have said with Job who had a right to commit suicide it any man ever had—what would I do with my property, and his body all aflame with insufferable carbuncles, and everything gone from his home except the chief course of it—a pestiferous wife—and four garrulous people getting him with comfortless talk while he sits on a heap of ashes scratching his sores with a piece of broken pottery, and yet cry out in triumph, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come."

Notwithstanding the Bible is against this evil and the aversion which it creates by the loathsomeness and ghastly spectacle of those who die prematurely. Men losing their life of life, and notwithstanding Christianity is against it and the arguments and the useful lives and the illustrious deaths of its disciples, it is a fact alarming to patent that suicide is on the increase. What is the cause? I charge upon infidelity and upon those who have no religion, no God, no hereafter, or if that hereafter be blissful without reference to how we live and how we die, why not move back the folding doors between this world and the next? And when our existence here becomes troublesome why not pass right over into Elysium? But this world among your most solemn reflections and consider it after you go to your homes—there has never been a case of suicide where the operator was not either demented, and therefore irresponsible, or an infidel. I challenge all the ages, and I challenge the whole universe, to produce a single case of self destruction while in full appreciation of his immortality and of the fact that that immortality would be glorious or wretched according as he accepted Jesus Christ or rejected Him.

You say it is business trouble, or you say it is electrical currents, or it is this, or it is that, or it is the other, or it is the other, or it is clear back, my friend, and acknowledge that in every case it is the abdication of reason or the teaching of infidelity which practically says, "If you don't like this life, get out of it, and you will land either in annihilation, where there are no notes to pay, no persecutions to suffer, no for your money, but you will land where there will be everything glorious and nothing to pay for it." Infidelity always has been apologetic for self immolation. After Tom Paine's "Age of Reason" was published and widely read there was a marked increase of self-suicide.

Rousseau, Voltaire, Gibbon, Montaigne, under certain circumstances, were apologetic for self immolation. Infidelity puts up no bar to people's rushing out from this world into the next. They teach us it does not make any difference how you live here or go out of this world, you will land either in an oblivious nothingness, or you will land where there will be everything glorious and nothing to pay for it. Infidelity holds the upper end of the rope for the suicide, and aims the pistol with which a man blows his brains out, and mixes the strychnine for the last swallow. If infidelity could carry the day and persuade the majority of people that it does not make any difference how you live out of the world you will land safely, the rivers would be so full of corpses the ferries-boats would be impeded in their progress, and the crack of a suicide's pistol would be no more alarming than the rattle of a street car.

Ah, infidelity, stand up and take thy sentence! In the presence of God and angels and men, stand up, thou monster, thy lip blasted with blasphemy, thy cheek scarred with lust, thy breath foul with the corruption of the ages! Stand up, satyr, filthy goat, bazaar of the nations, leper of the centuries! Stand up, thou monster of infidelity, part man, part panther, part reptile, part dragon, stand up and take thy sentence! Thy hand is red with the blood in which thou hast washed, thy feet crimson with the human gore through which thou hast waded, stand up and take thy sentence! Draw with thee to the pit and sap on the soles and groans of families thou hast blasted, and roll on the bed of knives which they hast sharpened for others, and let thy music be that everlasting misere of those whom thou hast damned! I brand the forehead of infidelity with the crimes of self immolation for the last century on the part of those who had their reason.

My friends, if ever your life through its abrasions and its molestations should seem to be unbearable, and you are tempted to quit it by your own behest, do not consider yourselves as worse than others. Christ Himself was tempted to cast Himself from the roof of the temple, but as He resisted so resist ye. Christ came to medicine all our wounds. In your trouble I prescribe life instead of death. People who have had it worse than you will ever have it, have gone onward on their way. Remember that God keeps the chronology of your life with as much precision as He keeps the chronology of nations.

Why was it at midnight, just at midnight, the destroying angel struck the blow that set the Israelites free from bondage? The 430 years were up at 12 o'clock that night. The 430 years were not up at 11, and 1 o'clock would have been tardy and too late. The 430 years were up at 12 o'clock, and the destroying angel struck the blow, and Israel was free. And God knows just the hour when it is time to set your hands free from bondage. By his grace make not the worst of things, but the best of them. If you must take the pills, do not chew them. Your everlasting rewards will accord with your earthly perturbations, just as Caius gave to Agrippa a chain of gold as heavy as and as long as a chain of iron. For your asking you may have the same grace that was given to the Italian martyr, Algerius, who, down in the darkest of dungeons, dated his letter from "the delectable orchard of the Leonate prison."

There is a sorrowful world, and it is so radiant that the noonday sun is only the lowest doorstep, and the aurora that lights

up our northern heavens, confounding the tremors as to what it can be, is the shining of the banners of the procession, to take the conquerors home from the militant to church triumphant, and you I have 10,000 reasons for wanting there, but we will never get there until self immolation or impenitency. All sins slain by the Christ who came to die, we want to go in at just the divinely arranged, and from a couch of spread, and then the clang of the choral gates behind us will be overpowered by the clang of the opening of the pearl before us. O God, whatever you may choose, give me a Christian's life, a Christian's death, a Christian's burial, a Christian's immortality!

MAJ. GEN. SCHOFIELD.

The Man Who Holds the Highest Position in the United States Army. The calling of the regular army troops to the scene of the recent road strike draws special attention to Maj. Gen. Schofield, who holds the highest position in the army, has an authority second only to the President.

John McAllister Schofield was born in Chautauqua County, N. Y., 1831. He was graduated from United States Military Academy, 1853 and was assigned to duty in South Carolina and Florida. He held positions as a teacher in important educational institutions, the opening of the civil war he entered the volunteer service as Major of the First Missouri Volunteers, was appointed chief of staff to Nathaniel Lyon. He held one important military position after other, and in 1864 was assigned the command of the Army of Ohio. With Gen. Sherman he campaigned in the Atlanta campaign, Georgia, and when the latter stan-



MAJ. GEN. SCHOFIELD.

for the sea Schofield was in Tennessee. Here and in other places Schofield showed himself a gallant soldier and won the admiration of all.

He was present at the surrender of Johnston's army in 1865, and was charged with the duty of carrying out certain details of the capitulation. Schofield succeeded Edwin Stanton as Secretary of War in 1868 and held that office for a year, when he was appointed major general of the United States army. He is present senior major general and will be retired next year, as he will at that time reach the age limit.

IT COST \$10,000,000.

George Gould's Hunting Lodge in the Catskill Mountains.

George Gould's mountain luxury Furlough Lodge, cost \$10,000,000 and an expenditure of upward of \$1,000,000 a year is necessary to maintain it. The lodge, which is located in the Catskill mountains, stands a 1,000-acre tract of very expensive land. The tract is surrounded with a barbed wire fence ten feet high. Within this inclosure is the finest pigeon warren in the world, and the richest pheasantry. There is an immense deer park, a small herd of buffalo and foxes that run wild the year around, inviting visitors to shoot them.

To take care of this great supply of game there are ten men employed all the year around. And these are under the direction of a head game keeper, who is personally responsible



GEORGE GOULD'S SHOOTING BOX.

for a supply of things to be shot when Mr. Gould and his friends come up for a holiday. The winter supply of horses is always seventeen, and the summer supply twice that number.

The Russian dogs, with Czarist kennel, and the kennels of other rare, hardy winter dogs, have their special keepers; and all the place is kept on as large a scale and as luxuriantly as any royal estate. No one else on earth spends as much on a shooting box.

History of Gotham.

At one of the annual dinners of the New England society of New York at which Mr. Blaine and the late Governor Van Zandt, of Rhode Island, were both guests, a little good natured chaff was indulged in as to the relative influence of the Hollanders and Yankees in the settlement and development of New York. "I can give you the history of New York in a sentence," said Van Zandt, "whose veins coursed both Dutch and Yankee blood." "The Dutch settled the Dutch."

The only successful way to advertise a newspaper is to publish a good one.