SECRET OF TRUE BEAUTY.

HOW OBTAINED.

Dr. Talmage Draws a Strong Lesson From the Story of Hadassah.

TEXT: "And he brought up Hadassah," Esther ii., 7.

A beautiful child was born in the capital of Persia. She was an orphan and a captive, her parents having been stolen from their Israelitish home and carried to Shushan and had died, leaving their daughter poor and in a strange land. But an Israelite who had been carried into the same captivity was attracted by the case of the orphan. He educated her in his holy religion, and under the roof of that good man this adopted child began to develop a sweetness and excellency of character, if ever equaled, certainly never surpassed. Beautiful Hadassah! Could that adopted father ever spare her from his household? Her artlessness, her girlish sports, her innocence, her orphanage, had wound themselves thoroughly around his heart, just as around each parent's heart among us there are tendrils climbing and fastening and blossoming and growing stronger.

I expect he was like others who have loved ones at home—wondering sometimes if sickness will come and death and bereavement. Alas, worse than anything that the father expects happens to his adopted child! Ahasuerus, a princely scoundrel, demands that Hadassah, the fairest one in all the kingdom, become his wife. Worse than death was marriage to such a monster of iniquity! How great the change when this young woman left the home where God was worshiped and religion honored to enter a palace devoted to pride, idolatry and sensuality! "As a lamb to the slaughter!"

Ahasuerus knew not that his wife was a Jewess. At the instigation of the infamous prime minister the king decreed that all the Jews in the land should be slain. Hadassah pleads the cause of her people, breaking through the rules of the court and presenting herself in the very face of death, crying, "If I perish, I perish!" Oh, it was a sad time among that enslaved people! They had all heard the decree concerning their death. Sorrow, gaunt and ghastly, sat in thousands of households, and mothers wildly pressed their infants to their breasts as the days of massacre hastened on, praying that the same sword stroke which slew the mother might also slay the child, rosebud and bud perishing in the same blast.

But Hadassah is busy at court. The hard heart of the king is touched by her story, and although he could not reverse his decree for the slaying of the Jews he sent forth in order that they should arm themselves for defense. On horseback, on mules, on dromedaries, messengers sped through the land bearing the king's dispatches, and a shout of joy went up from that enslaved people at the faint hope of success. I doubt not many a rusty blade was taken down and sharpened. Unbearded youths grew stout as giants at the thought of defending mothers and sisters. Desperation strung up cowards into heroes, and fragile women grasping their weapons swung them about the cradles, impatient for them to strike the blow in behalf of household and country.

The day of execution dawned. Government officials, armed and drilled, cowed before the battle shout of the oppressed people. The cry of defeat rang back to the palaces, and above the mountains of dead, above 75,000 crushed and mangled corpses, sounded the triumph of the delivered Jews, and their enthusiasm was as when the highlanders came to the relief of Lucknow, and the English army, which stood in the very jaws of death, at the sudden hope of assistance and rescue lifted the shout above belching cannon and the death groan of hosts, crying, "We are saved! We are saved!"

My subject affords me opportunity of illustrating what Christian character may be under the *greatest disadvantage*. There is a Christian now exactly what he wants to be. Your standard is much higher than anything you have attained unto. If there be any man so puffed up as to be thoroughly satisfied with the amount of excellency he has already attained, I have nothing to say to such a one, but to those who are dissatisfied with past attainments, who are toiling under disadvantages which are keeping them from being what they ought to be, I have a message from God. You each of you are under difficulties. There is something in your temperament, in your worldly circumstances, in your calling, that acts powerfully against you. Admitting all this, I produce to you Hadassah of the text, a noble Christian notwithstanding the most frantic difficulties. She whom you might have expected to be one of the worst of women is one of the best.

In the first place, our subject is an illustration of what Christian character may be under orphanage. This Bible line tells a sad story about Hadassah. "She had neither father nor mother." A nobleman becomes her guardian, but there is no one who can take the place of a parent. Who so great night to hear a child's prayer, or at night to chide youthful wanderings, or to soothe youthful sorrows? An individual will go through life bearing the marks of orphanage. It will require more strength, more persistence, more grace to make such a one the right kind of a Christian. He who at forty years loses a parent must reel under the blow. Even down to old age men are accustomed to rely upon the counsel or be powerfully influenced by the advice of parents, if they are still alive. But how much greater the bereavement when it comes in early life, before the character is self-reliant, and when naturally the heart is unsophisticated and easily tempted!

And yet behold what a nobility of disposition Hadassah exhibited! Though father and mother were gone, grace had triumphed over all disadvantages. Her willingness to self denial, her control over the king, her humility, her faithful worship of God, show her to have been one of the best of the world's Christians.

There are those who did not enjoy religious early privileges. Perhaps, like the beautiful captive of the text, you were an heathen. You had huge sorrows in your little heart. You sometimes wept in the night as you knew not what was the matter. You felt sad sometimes even on the playground. Your father or mother did not stand in the door to welcome you when you came home from a long journey. You still feel the effect of early disadvantages, and you have sometimes offered them as a reason why your not being as thoroughly religious as you would like to be. But these excuses are not sufficient. God's grace will triumph if you seek it. He knows what obstacles you have fought against, and the more trial the more help. After all, there are no orphans in the world, for the great God is the Father of all.

Again, our subject is an illustration of what religion may be under the pressure of poverty. The captivity and crushed condition of this orphan girl and of the kind man who adopted her suggest a condition of poverty. Yet from the very first acquaintance we had with Hadassah we find her the happy and contented Christian. It is only by compulsion she was afterward taken into a sphere of honor and affluence. In the humble home of Mordecai, her adopted father, she was a light that illumined every privation. In some period almost every man's life there comes a season of straitened circumstances, when the severest calculation and most scraping economy are necessary in order to subsistence and respectability. At the commencement of business, at the entrance upon a profession, when friends are few and the world is afraid of you because there is a possibility of failure, many of the noblest souls have struggled against poverty and have struggling.

To such I bear a message of good cheer. I say it is a hard thing for you to be a Christian. This constant anxiety, this unceasing calculation, wear out the buoyancy of your spirit, and although you have told perhaps no one about it cannot I tell that this is the very trouble which keeps you from being what you ought to be? You have no time to think about laying up treasures in heaven when it is a matter of great doubt whether you will be enabled to pay your next quarter's rent. You cannot think of striving after a robe of righteousness until you can get means enough to buy an overcoat to keep out the cold. You want the bread of life, but you think you must get along without that until you can buy another barrel of flour for your wife and children. Sometimes you sit down discouraged and almost wish you were dead.

Again, our subject illustrates what religion may be under the temptation of personal attractiveness. The inspired record says of the heroine of my text, "She was fair and beautiful." Her very name signified "a myrtle." Yet the admiration and praise and flattery of the world did not blight her humility. The simplicity of her manners and behavior equaled her extraordinary attractions. It is the same divine goodness which puts the tinge on the rose's cheek, and the whiteness into the lily, and the gleam on the wave, and that puts color in the cheek and sparkle in the eye, and majesty in the forehead, and symmetry into the form, and gracefulness into the gait, but many, through the very excess of their personal appearance, have been destroyed. What simperings and affectations and impertinences have often been the result of that which God has sent as a blessing! Japonicas, anemones and heliotropes never swagger at the beauty which God planted in their very leaf, sepal, axil and stamen. There are many flowers that bow down so modestly you cannot see the color in their cheek until you lift up their head, putting your hand under their round chin. Indeed any kind of personal attractions, whether they be those of the body, the mind or the heart, may become temptations to pride and arbitrariness and foolish assumption. The mythological story of a man who, seeing himself mirrored in a stream, became so enamored of his appearance that he died of the effects illustrates the fatalities under which thousands of both sexes have fallen by the view of their own superiority. Extraordinary capacities cause extraordinary temptations. Men who have good moral health down in the valley on the top of the mountain are seized of consumption.

Monimia, the wife of Mithridates, was strangled with her own diadem. While the most of us will not have the same kind of temptation that Hadassah must have felt from her attractiveness of personal appearance, there may be some to whom it will be an advantage to hold up the character of the beautiful captive who sacrificed not her humility and earnestness of disposition to the world's admiration and flattery. The chief secret of the beauty of the violet is that, away down in the grass, from one week's end to another, it never mistrusts that it is a violet.

Again, our subject exhibits what religion may be under bad domestic influences. Hadassah was snatched from the godly home into which she had been adopted and introduced into the abominable associations of which wicked Ahasuerus was the center. What a whirl of blasphemy and drunkenness and licentiousness! No altar, no prayer, no Sabbath, no God! If this captive girl can be a Christian there, then it is possible to be a Christian anywhere. There are many of the best people of the world who are obliged to contend with the most adverse domestic influences, children who have grown up into the love of God under the frown of parents, and under the discouragement of bad example. Some sister of the family having professed the faith of Jesus is the subject of unbounded satire inflicted by brothers and sisters. Yes, Hadassah was not the only Christian who had a queer husband! It is no easy matter to maintain correct Christian principles when there is a companion disposed to scoff at them and to ascribe every imperfection of character to hypocrisy. What a hard thing for one member of the family to rigidly keep the Sabbath when others are disposed to make it a day of revelry, or to inculcate propriety of speech in the minds of children when there are others to offset the instructions by loose or profane utterances, or to be regularly in attendance upon church when there is more household work demanded for the Lord's day than for any secular day. Do I speak to any laboring under these blighting disadvantages? My subject is full of encouragement. Vast responsibilities rest upon you.

Be faithful, though you stand as much alone as did Lot in Sodom, or Jeremiah in Jerusalem, or Jonah in Nineveh, or Hadassah in the court of Ahasuerus. There are trees which grow the best when their roots clutch among the jagged rocks, and you verily have but poor soil in which to develop, but grace is a thorough husbandman and can raise a crop anywhere. Glassware is molded over the fire, and in the same way you are to be fitted as a vessel of mercy. The best timber must have on it saw and gouge and beetle. The foundation stone of yours and every other house came out only under crowbar and blast. Files and wrenches and hammers belong to the church. The Christian victory will be bright just in proportion as the battle is hot. Never despair being a thorough Christian in any household which is not worse than the court of Ahasuerus.

Finally our subject illustrates what religion may be in high worldly position. The last we see in the Bible of Hadassah is that she has become the queen of Persia. Prepare now to see the departure of her humility and self-sacrifice and religious principle. As she goes up you may expect grace to go down. It is easier to be humble in the obscure house of her adopted father than on a throne of dominion. But you misjudge this noble woman. What she was before she is now—the myrtle. Applauded for her beauty and her crown, she forgets not the cause of her suffering people, and with all simplicity of heart still remains a worshiper of the God of heaven!

Noble example followed only by a very few. I address some who, through the goodness of God, have risen to positions of influence in the community where you live in law, in merchandise, in medicine, in mechanics and in other useful occupations and professions. You hold an influence for good or for evil. Let us see whether, like Hadassah, you can stand elevation. Have you as much simplicity of character as once you evidenced? Do you feel as much dependence upon God, as much your own weakness, as much your accountability for talents intrusted, or are you proud and overdemanding and ungrateful and unsympathetic and worldly and sensual and devilish? Then you have been spoiled by your success, and you shall not sit on this throne with the heroine of my text. In the day when Hadassah shall come to the grander coronation, in the presence of Christ and the bannered hosts of the redeemed, you will be poor indeed. Oh, there are thousands of men who can easily endure to be knocked down of misfortune who are utterly destroyed if lifted up of success. Satan takes them to the top of the pinnacle of the temple and shoves them off. Their head begins to whirl, and they lose their balance and down they go.

While last autumn all through the forests there were luxuriant trees, with moderate out branch and moderate height pretending but little, there were foliage shafts that shot far up, looking down with contempt on the whole forest, clapping their hands in the breeze and shouting, "Aha, do you not wish you were as high up as we are?" But last week a blast let loose from the north came rushing along, and grappling the boasting oaks hurled them to the ground, and as they went down an old tree that had been singing psalms with the thunder a hundred summers cried out, "Pride goeth before distinction and a haughty spirit before a fall." And humble hickory and pine and chestnut that had never said their prayers before bowed their heads as much as to say, "Amen!"

My friends, "Good resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to humble." Take from my subject encouragement. Attempt the service of God whatever your disadvantages, and whatever our lot let us seek that grace which outshone all the splendors of the palaces of Shusham.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR OCTOBER 14.

Lesson Text: "The Draught of Fishes," Luke v., 1-11—Golden Text: Mark i., 17—Commentary.

1. "And it came to pass that, as the people pressed upon Him to hear the word of God, He stood by the lake of Gennesareth." After He was expelled from Nazareth, as we saw in last week's lesson, He for a time made Capernaum His centre (Math. iv., 13) that prophecy might be fulfilled. About that time Andrew and Peter, James and John received a call to follow Him and did so (Math. iv., 18-22). Among the many sick and suffering whom He healed in Capernaum were the man in the synagogue with an unclean spirit and the mother of Simon's wife. Throughout all Galilee He healed all manner of disease and preached the gospel of the kingdom, so that His fame spread everywhere (Math. iv., 23-25). In the midst of this popularity to-day's lesson finds Him preaching to the people hungering for the word on the shore of Galilee's sea. From my present experience in fifteen Bible classes, held in as many different cities and towns, in which I meet from 2000 to 3000 people weekly in all kinds of weather, I most earnestly testify to all preachers and teachers that people still hunger for the word of God. Why should there be a famine? (Amos viii., 11, 12).

2. "And saw two ships standing by the lake, but the fishermen were gone out of them and were washing their nets." This is clearly a different incident from that in Math. iv., 18-22, for there the men were in the ships, two of them casting a net and two mending their nets. How interesting it is that all we do is seen and noted, and the Spirit thinks it worth while to record whether these men were washing or mending or casting their nets! If we would live always as under the eye of the Lord, what a difference it might make!

3. "And He entered into one of the ships, which was Simon's, and prayed him that he would thrust out a little from the land. And He sat down and taught the people out of the ship." To appreciate this fully one must remember that a fishing boat is not always the sweetest nor cleanest kind of a vessel, and some Christian people would consider well before stepping into a fishing boat, even to do people good. Let us consider Jesus and have more of His spirit. What He would teach the people we may imagine from His discourse with Nicodemus and the woman of Samaria, etc. It would surely be concerning the kingdom and how to reach it and walk worthy of it.

4. "Now, when He had left speaking, He said unto Simon, Launch out into the deep and let down your nets for a draft." He had been in a figure, casting the net for souls, and His word would surely accomplish His pleasure and bear fruit to the glory of God. But He has been using Simon's boat and taking Simon's time, and He will let no service go unrewarded. He is not unmindful of the needs of the body and will surely make good Math. vi., 33.

5. "And Simon, answering, said unto Him, Master, we have toiled all the night and have taken nothing—nevertheless at Thy word I will let down the net." We cannot help thinking of that other night long after when they toiled all night and caught nothing (John xxi., 3). Is there any connection? It is well for Christians to remember that no labor is ever in vain in the Lord (I Cor. xv., 58).

6. "And when they had this done they inclosed a great multitude of fishes, and their net brake." At His word something is always accomplished. When it is God who worketh there will always be results, perhaps not what we would like or wish, but always what He pleases. He controls everything, and takes more easily than men, for they do not resist Him. In the post resurrection incident the net did not break (John xxi., 11). Consider why.

7. "And they beckoned unto their partners which were in the other ship that they should come and help them. And they came and filled both the ships so that they began to sink." What a giver the Lord is! How abundantly He rewards these partners for the use of one of their boats! Why do we know so little of the Lord's fullness, of His exceeding abundance? Is it not because we do not yield fully to Him? We are so loath to present our bodies a living sacrifice, so afraid He will require too much of us or in some way afflict or grieve us, when all the while He desires to fill us with all His fullness (Eph. iii., 19). Hear Him as He says that if His people would only hearken unto Him He would feed them with the finest of the wheat and satisfy them with honey from the rock (Ps. lxxxi., 13, 16.)

8. "When Simon Peter saw it, he fell down at Jesus's knees, saying, Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord." Nothing gives such a deep conviction of sin as a sight of the Lord and His goodness. It is the goodness of God that leads us to repentance (Rom. ii., 4). Consider what abhorrent views of self were wrought in Job, Isaiah, Daniel and Paul when they saw the glory and goodness of the Lord (Job xiii., 5, 6, Isa. vi., 5; Dan. x., 8; Phil. iii., 7, 8). If we have a good opinion of ourselves, we need only to see Jesus in order to have all our comeliness turned to corruption and be enabled truthfully to say, "I know that in me—that is, in my flesh—dwelleth no good thing" (Rom. vii., 18).

9. "For he was astonished and all that were with him at the draft of the fishes which they had taken." All their night's toil had accomplished nothing, but now, with one cast of the net, both boats are filled almost to sinking. What an illustration of Prov. x., 22, R. V., "The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and toil addeth nothing thereto!" If we would only abide always and wholly under His control, how much He might accomplish through us! His name is wonderful, and there is nothing too wonderful for Him.

10. "And so was also James and John, the sons of Zebedee, which were partners with Simon. And Jesus said unto Simon: Fear not. From henceforth thou shalt catch men." Earthly partnerships are helpful if in the Lord, as these four were, but we must avoid all partnerships with the ungodly (II Cor. vi., 14-18). Esteem above all things the partnership with this very same Jesus, who in our lesson so blesses these men, for He condescends to let us be laborers with Him (I Cor. iii., 9).

11. "And when they had brought their ships to land they forsook all and followed Him." On previous occasion it is written that they left their nets and followed Him (Matt. iv., 20), but now they forsook all. Yet, after the resurrection, we find some of them, at Peter's suggestion, toiling at their nets again, but fruitlessly. It was on that occasion that Jesus said to Simon, "Lovest thou Me more than these?" (John xxi., 3, 15.)—Lesson Helper.

The Adirondack Silence.

It is the silence of Adirondack woodlands that impresses the visitor at this season. Save the occasional cry of a woodpecker, the voice of neither beast nor bird is ordinarily heard. No living creature is visible save at early morning or at evening in the woodlands bordering the region of civilization, and the solitude, disturbed only by a faint insect hum, is oppressive.

Russia Likes American Methods.

The new Russian Government railroad will be operated exclusively on American methods. There is no prominent American line which has not been called upon by the Russians for advice. In every case it has been cheerfully given.

EISLEBEN, Germany, the birthplace of Martin Luther, is sinking into the moor upon which it is built. Measures have been taken in recent years to drain the bog without avail, and the inhabitants are seriously thinking of abandoning the town.

RELIGIOUS READING.

THE DYING DEACON'S PRAYER.

He had long been faithful and exemplary as a Christian, and now he lay upon the bed of death. He felt and his physician assured him, that the close of life was at hand, and in a few short hours he must enter eternity! His minister came in to see him, and before departing proposed prayer, asking for what he should pray—if there was any particular petition that his dying friend wished him to offer. And the answer of the good old man was, "Yes, pray for me the first three petitions of the Lord's prayer: Hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven!"

What a spectacle of sublimity! What a triumph of faith! What an example of self-forgetfulness, in the all-absorbing interest in Christ's kingdom, and the desire that it might everywhere be extended through the world! In circumstances in which of all others, the holiest saint might well feel his need of Divine support and comfort, and specially pray for upholding and sustaining grace, he forgets himself, to pray that God's name be hallowed, and his kingdom come, and his will be done on earth as in Heaven!

"Thy kingdom come!" Is this our daily prayer; our constant desire; the end for which we toil and give and pray and habitually live? Does this lead us to speak for God, to pray for the impenitent, to supplicate the influence of the Holy Spirit, to circulate the Bible, the tract, the religious paper, to be faithful to the means of grace, to co-operate with the ministry of reconciliation, and earnestly pray for a blessing on their labors, to look well to our own example, to do good at home, to send the missionary to the end of the earth? For this do we seek to be holy ourselves and to train up our families for God? For this are we faithful in the church, and consistent and exemplary before the world?

"Thy kingdom come!" There is no better prayer, no loftier end that we can propose to ourselves or others; no higher object to fill our thoughts and engage our pursuits in life, or to engage our desires in the very article of death! He whose interests and aims and ends are one with those of God must be useful, must be happy, both here and hereafter. —Let the pray then of our lips and also of our life be "Thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven!"—Pur. Rec.

"THERE ARE NO GRAVES THERE."

Late in the afternoon of a beautiful summer day, I entered a quiet graveyard, where slept one of my dearest friends. It occupied the brow of a hill, which, with many a knoll and graceful undulation sloped to the green meadow, watered by a winding stream, now catching, at its repeated curves, the rays of setting sun. On the left was a pleasant wood where the sturdy pine and fruit bearing beech concealed narrow paths to cool caves and mossy banks. White birches and the tremulous aspen, with the sweet-scented willow grew upon the right, and, from beyond, rose the curling smoke from cottage homes. A robin sang its song of love and praise, a sparrow passed me, bearing food to its little progeny, and the chirp of the merry grasshopper mingled with the hum of hundreds of flitting insects.

But for this peace breathing scene I had no greeting. The wild storm, thunder and rain and darkness had seemed far more welcome, and yielding utterly to my grief, I threw myself upon the sod. I took no heed of time, but many minutes must have passed when a child approached me. She looked on me tenderly for an instant, and then lying one hand upon my arm, and raising one toward heaven, said earnestly, "There are no graves there."

There was something almost seraphic in the countenance of the child, a power not of earth in her quick and undoubting faith. My eye sought the blue depths toward which she pointed, my heart bounded toward the Infinite. All the [illegible] lions of the gospel, adapted as th[illegible]th and cheer, came to me so vivid[illegible] so full of meaning that they absorbed my [illegible] plenty of rest[illegible] abundant promises seemed [illegible]ctfully solicit[illegible] hues of that heaven from whe[illegible]faction in. At once I perceived the selfishne[illegible] sorrow, and kneeling, I thanked God [illegible] had transferred my loved one to himself.

Often since then have I looked upon t[illegible] resting-places of my kindred, often has there come over me a sense of utter and hopeless desolation, often has an agony like that of death turned to bitterness the continued blessings of my lot. Yet, when the first burst of grief has passed, I see again that lovely child, and hear the soul-cheering assurance, "There are no graves there."—Watchman.

THE DEATH ON THE CROSS.

The Head, the Hope, the Supporter of those who gave their bodies to be burnt, drank himself of a bitterer cup. Of all the devices of cruel imaginations, crucifixion is the masterpiece. Other pains are sharper for a time, but none are at once so agonizing and so long. One aggravation, however, was wanting, which owing to the want of knowledge in painters, is still, we believe, commonly supposed to have belonged to the punishment. The weight of the body was borne by a lodge which projected from the middle of the upper beam, and not by the hands and feet, which were probably found unequal to the strain. The frailty of man's frame comes at last to its own defence but enough remained to preserve the pre-eminence of torture to the cross. The process of nailing was exquisite torment, and yet worse, in what ensued than in the actual infliction. The spikes rankled, the wounds inflamed, the local injury produced a general fever, the fever a most intolerable thirst; but the misery of miseries to the sufferer was, while racked with agony, to be fastened in a position which did not permit him even to writhe. Every attempt to relieve the muscles, every instinctive movement of anguish, only served to drag the lacerated flesh, and wake up new and acute pangs; and this torture, which must have been continually aggravated, until advancing death began to lay it to sleep, lasted, on an average, two or three days.—Quarterly Review.

GOD SEES THROUGH ALL PRETENCES.

And he will one day make his intelligent universe see through them, too. No wolf can carry his sheep's clothing with him to the judgment seat. He must leave everything false and painted behind. There he must appear as he is, not as he would like to have men think of him. Why then spend my time in garnishing the outside of my character, while my character itself is neglected.

God sees through all pretences—and he will blow them away at the last day like chaff before the whirlwind. Everything false and hollow will be carried into eternal oblivion. Nothing but the naked reality will remain. And O, what a wreck of human pomp and parade, a vain show! How insignificant will the great ones of this world appear, when all their outward "pomp and circumstance," in which their greatness lay, is left behind, and they appear in their own proper littleness before the Judge of all the earth. Would men take a hundredth part of the pains to be, that they do seem good and fair, how well would it be for them, and for society, too.—Ohio Obs.

HELP YOUR PASTOR.

A pastor needs help. He has a great work to do, and in many respects it is a very discouraging work. Great obstacles have to be overcome. The world, the flesh, and the devil are in the way. Gospel truth meets opposition in all quarters. The wisest measures and the most zealous efforts often result in no visible good.

Our safety is in having lofty ideals, and in constant labor to secure their realization. Let the getting of money be a man's ideal, and he will of necessity grow toward the dust.—Joseph Parker.

A Christian with some unconfessed sin in his life is like a blasted tree in the desert.

TEMPERANCE.

THE BEST DRINKING PLACE.

"Here's a nickel for you to show the way
To the best drinking place you know."
"All right," the boy answered—a quick-witted youth;
"Just turn up that street, sir, and go
Till you come to another upon your right,
Then turn into that and keep on
Till you come to another, turn right again,
And you'll see it quite plainly," said John.

So, thanking the lad, the stranger rode off,
And John gave a hop, skip and jump;
For back came the stranger within a trice,
Brought up—at the old town pump;
"Here you are, sir," said John with a smile,
"The best 'drinking place' to be found.
Take a good drink, sir, it's free, and you're welcome, too.
It's good for your health, I'll be bound."

He took the glass in a good-natured way,
And drank of the water clear,
Then said, "'Tis an excellent drink, I'm sure—
The best I've had for a year."
So saying, he tossed the lad a coin;
"The lesson is worth that to me.
I'll cease playing your temperance joke;
'Twill make the world better," said he.
—Union Signal.

TEMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES.

The man who never drinks, never has to make a fight to leave off.

One of the greatest mistakes ever made in this world is in thinking that drinking is good for the health.

There are more than two hundred thousand saloons in the United States. All the money paid into them is wasted.

Mr. J. E. Studd, the famous cricketer, is a total abstainer. He recommends hot tea as the best drink for quenching thirst.

The political programme of the Progressive party of South Africa includes a clause demanding "further restrictions on liquor."

The President of Mexico has decreed that an impost of $500,000 shall be levied upon the distilleries of alcoholic liquors for the next fiscal year.

A statement was recently made in the German Reichstag that there are 11,000 persons in hospitals in Germany who are suffering with delirium tremens.

Many men have been ruined by drink who were never drunk in their lives. Moderate drinking often means constant steady soaking, and that means sickness and death sure.

Count Tolstoi has written the libretto of an opera entitled "The Brandy Burner," in which he gives expression to his views respecting the evils resulting from the abuse of stimulants.

Some of the delegates attending a district convention of the W. C. T. U. in North Dakota, drove seventy miles to be there. Such a drive in these days to a temperance meeting speaks volumes.

The drinker's body and mind are like a horse that is whipped. For a while he works harder, but it is only a spurt. He soon gets exhausted and good for nothing, and lies down on the road and dies.

What is the sense in "treating?" Why must you give your friend something to drink? Why not give him something to eat, or a pair of suspenders to wear, or a paper of pins? They would do him some good, but a drink is of no use to him.

NON-ALCOHOLIC TREATMENT OF DISEASE.

Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, M.D., in the last quarterly number of the Asclepiad, gives a summary of 500 cases treated in the London Temperance Hospital from March 31, 1892, to March 31, 1894, from the conclusion of which we quote the following

"Referring again to the mortality of the five hundred cases under review, I feel quite content to rest on the general results. By comparison with other upoon[illegible] be easy to show that [illegible]

Lounges, Couche[illegible]
Seat Chairs—fine, medium and chea[illegible]
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[illegible] and so for the [illegible] very their b[illegible] det that new and p[illegible] be admitted. The wards we[illegible] charged, therefore, with persons su[illegible] from acute or very serious chronic disease. The general result is, consequently, most satisfactory. Nevertheless, I do not rest on the general outcome. Having no prejudice against alcohol as a medicine, and having no desire to breathe a word that leans improperly on one side or the other, having no object in view but to collect facts derived from natural observation, I have questioned myself seriously whether there was a single case ending fatally that could have been benefited—shall I say saved—by the administration of alcohol? Unhesitatingly and conscientiously, I believe there was not. When I was accustomed to prescribe alcohol I should have prescribed it in every one of the fatal cases, not, in all probability, with the expectation that they would have recovered under its use as a matter of necessity, but from habit, and from so ingrained an idea that its employment was such a necessity that if they had died in large numbers I should still have believed that its administration was right. In like manner, and for the same reasons, I should have administered alcohol largely in the sixty per cent. of cases that recovered, and in the twenty-four per cent. of cases that were relieved; and if any of these had died I should not for a moment have assumed that alcohol had anything to do with death. I should also have been sure to have believed that in every instance where alcohol was given, it had assisted the recovery; a belief which we now see had no actual foundation, since recovery without alcohol was certainly as good, and in many instances better."

WHAT IT WOULD DO.

The money paid for one glass of beer would pay for one loaf of bread.

The money paid for one glass of whisky would pay for one pound of beef.

The money paid for two glasses of beer would pay for a pack of potatoes.

The money paid for two glasses of whisky would pay for one pound of coffee.

The money paid for three glasses of beer would pay for a quarter of a pound of tea.

The money paid for three glasses of whisky would pay for a dressed fowl.

The money paid for four glasses of beer would pay for a dozen eggs.

The money paid for four glasses of whisky would pay for three pounds of butter.

The money paid in one month for two glasses of beer a day would pay for a half ton of coal.

The money paid in one month for two glasses of whisky a day would pay for a suit of clothes.

The money paid in one year for three glasses of beer a day would pay the rent for a small suite of rooms for one year.

The money paid in one year for three glasses of whisky a day would pay for an outfit of household furniture.

The money paid in one year for four glasses of beer a day would pay for a carriage.

The money paid in one year for four glasses of whisky a day would pay for a horse and harness.—Worcester Herald.

DEAD DRUNK AT THREE YEARS.

One day recently the medical staff at the Episcopal Hospital, Philadelphia, treated a three-year-old baby for seven hours, in an attempt to sober up the toddler who had been given a half-cup of whiskey by a relative, it was said. When asked by the doctors why whisky was given the child, the parents seemed surprised, and the father replied that it was customary for people who lived in his neighborhood to give whisky to their children.

A BIG FRUIT FARM.

It Embraces 2,364 Acres on a Battle Ground.

Just across the line which divides Loudon County, Va., and Jefferson County, W. Va., and located in the latter, is a fine fruit farm, said to be one of the largest in the United States east of the Rocky Mountains. This estate comprises a little less than 2,400 acres and is situated on the far-famed Loudon Heights, noted for the many interesting events which occurred there during the late war, and rising about 1,000 feet above Harper's Ferry, which was famous in history before and during the war, and where there is scenery of which President Thomas Jefferson declared, "It is worth a trip across the Atlantic Ocean to see." All along the Blue Ridge Mountains, to which range Loudon Heights belongs, are foothills on which are fine flowing springs.

The present owners of the estate are Messrs. Charles and Louis Becker. In the spring of 1887, while looking for investments, the Messrs. Becker purchased a farm of 500 acres in this belt, and the first season set out a peach orchard of 33,000 trees. Since then eight other tracts have been added, and now the Beckers' fruit farm comprises 2,364 acres in one continuous tract, and is one of the largest fruit farms in the world. The orchards contain 45,000 peach trees, 8,500 quince trees and about 15,000 apricot, plum, damson and pear trees. Of the peach trees, 35,000 are in full bearing, ripening from July to November.

The method adopted in these orchards of "heading in" the peach trees close to the ground is followed. The strength that would go to maintain 3 or 4 feet of branchless trunk by other methods is thrown into the very fruit-producing branches. This results in producing a pyramidal-shaped tree, with strong, robust branches that are capable of sustaining a large yield of fruit without bending or breaking, as would be the result of a like yield on trees of ordinary growth. Another important consideration is the fact that these trees are much less affected by the high winds, a feature of much importance when the fruit commences to get ripe enough to pick.

It is a rare thing to find a peach tree on this large farm with a trunk six inches long from the ground to the branches. The pruning is done with the main object of letting in sunlight to the center of the trees and to slightly check a too free growth of some of the highest branches. The plan has been to plow and harrow the orchards early in the spring. Some orchards have crops of corn and potatoes growing therein, and others have received regular cultivation without being planted with any other crop.

Extensive as are these peach orchards, they are not the only fruit trees that are planted in large[illegible] [illegible] price on the [illegible] at high prices and [illegible] to suit a[illegible] plums in variety, a[illegible]nt. asons, [illegible] apricots, 500 J[illegible]an persimmons, [illegible],000 quinces, and c[illegible]erries, nectarines, English walnuts, Italian chestnuts and paper-shell almonds.

The vineyards cover sixty acres, which are to be extended to contain 100 acres. They contain 60,000 vines, 38,000 of which are in full bearing. The grapes grown on the Blue Ridge Mountains mature from ten to twenty days earlier than those grown in the Eastern States.

To the Point.

When Abraham Lincoln was a young man he developed that liking for telling stories which will be remembered as long as his courage and statesmanship. He is said to have kept a grocery store audience spellbound with his story-telling and his jokes, on court days, until midnight.

However, as Lincoln found time about these days to master and practice the law, and to delve into literature and perfect his skill in the use of the English language, he could hardly have wasted much time in this amiable diversion.

A Senator of the United States recently related an incident which illustrates Lincoln's aptness in quaint and vigorous allegory. The Senator said that Mr. Lincoln's son had given him copies of two letters, both addressed to a certain corps commander of the Army of the Potomac on the eve of a forward movement, one of them written by General Halleck, chief of the staff, and the other to President Lincoln.

General Halleck's letter was full of formal and military technical terms, and containing a warning couched in this fashion:

"In undertaking to place your command on the opposite shore of the Rappahannock River, you will exercise extreme caution in affording full protection to advance, rear and flanks, in order that the enemy may not be encouraged to make an attack while your forces are separated in the act of crossing."

This was good advice. Lincoln gave it to the same commander in the note which he wrote to him; but this was the form in which he expressed it:

"Look out, when you cross the river, that you don't hang yourself up in the middle like a steer on the fence, neither able to hook with your horns nor kick with your hoofs."

"Lincoln's comments on men and things during his presidency often had a piquancy which forced them deep into men's minds. This very quality of distinct and concise utterance undoubtedly saved many hours of time which might otherwise have been spent in explanations. It was well adapted, too, to the rough and and perilous times of the Civil War. —Youth's Companion.

GOD'S laws are never kept until they are written in the heart.