

"THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY."

Could we but know The land that ends our dark, uncertain travel, Where lie those happier hills and meadows low— Ah! if beyond the spirits' utmost eave Aught of that country could we surely know...

HER ONLY SON.

BY HELEN FORBES GRAVES.



"HE'S the sweetest girl in the world, mother," said Marcus Wilde. He sat on the edge of the old claw-legged table, his curly brown hair all irradiated by the specks of sunshine that sifted through the foliage of the scarlet geraniums in the window.

"Mrs. Wilde, in her slowly-moving rocking-chair, shook her plum-colored cap-strings. 'I've heard young men talk that way before,' observed she.

"She will be all to you that a daughter could be," pleaded Marcus. "All that your little Nelly would have been, had she lived!"

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Wilde, knitting energetically away, "perhaps not. Makes her livin' mealing lace, don't she?"

"Why, yes," said Mrs. Wilde, "but she's anxious to learn." "Perhaps she is, perhaps not."

"It's beautiful work that she does, mother—Mechlin lace, Point de Venise. The materials look to me like fairy veils in her basket. See, here's her photograph that she sent you," passing his arm caressingly around her shoulder, and holding the picture so that it should gain the best light.

"But Mrs. Wilde turned her obdurate old face away. 'I don't like photographs,' said she. 'They stare you out of countenance, and they don't ever look like people.'

"But this does look like Alice," said Mrs. Wilde. "Perhaps it does, perhaps not." "She would so like to know you, mother."

"Perhaps she would, perhaps not. Girls 'll say most anything to please their lovers."

"Father, she's an orphan, who has always been alone in the world. She will be so glad to have a mother."

"Don't be skeered, Mrs. Wilde," said Mrs. Stayner, in an encouraging whisper. "We hear all sorts o' noises in this flat. And, sure's I live, it's your son Marcus, comin' up to spend the evening with Alice Hooper! Now you'll go in, sure, or let me send for them!"

Mrs. Wilde caught at her friend's dress. "Not for the world!" she cried again. "I—don't want them to know I'm here!" and she retreated back into the tiny sitting room of the flat.

"Bless me, what corner cupboard of rooms these are! All I want is to lay down on the sofa and rest a little, and if you'll make me a cup o' good, strong green tea, Maria Stayner, I'll be greatly obliged!"

Mrs. Stayner hurried into her kitchen. "Something must ha' happened," said she. "I never saw Mrs. Wilde look so hurried and upset afore. I do wonder what it is!"

Mrs. Wilde herself stood close to the pasteboard lattice partition that separated the two suits of rooms, white and trembling. "I'm a regular conspirator!" muttered she to herself. "I'd ought to be hung! But—but I must know if that girl's worthy of my Marcus' love! Hush! That's a sweet voice, and how—just like a woodthrush's note! He's a kissin' her! I do believe she's glad to see him; but—"

She held up her finger, all alone though she was, and took a step or two nearer the thin partition. She trembled; the color came and went on her old cheek.

"He's talkin' now," she muttered, every line and feature of her face on the alert. "He's tellin' her. Oh, I most wish now that I hadn't! No, I don't, neither. I couldn't be kept in the dark. I must know—I must hear with my own ears before I can be satisfied! He's my boy—he's my only son—and me a widow."

She leaned forward and trembled more than ever as Marcus's voice sounded, in perturbed accents. "Darling," he said, "I don't know how I'm going to tell you, but—but I'm afraid our marriage will have to be put off. I've just had a letter from my mother. It seems she has closed the house and is coming to New York—probably to me. It must be that those Tallahassee bonds have proved a failure. I never quite liked them. She told me she was going to sell them, but she can't have done so, or—"

His husky voice faltered him. A moment's silence ensued, during which Mrs. Wilde stood more immovable than ever, her ears strained to their utmost listening capacity. "Now I shall know," she murmured to herself.

"Then, of course, Mark, you and I must wait," said the sweet, thrush-like voice. "I know you love me, but your first duty is to your mother. Don't you remember the old Scotch ballad, dear?"

"'True loves ye may as mony an one, But mither's water anither!'" "But, Alice," protested the lover, "we were planning to be married in the spring."

"We must wait, Mark. We are young, and deeply as I love you, I can but feel that she—your mother—has the first claim. Oh, Mark, don't you understand that I can comprehend how a mother feels when some outsider steals away a portion of her son's heart! There's no sacrifice that I can make great enough to atone for the mischief I have involuntarily wrought her!"

"But," urged Marcus, "we might be married, and she could come to live with us. Couldn't it be arranged so?" "Oh, if it only might, how glad and willing I should be!" breathed the soft voice. "But she would not consent to that, and she has the first right to her son's home. And perhaps in time I can manage to make her love me a little, so that we can all be happy together."

"Alice," exclaimed the young man, "if you could only go to her and tell her this with your own lips! But she won't see you."

"Wait, dearest—wait!" sobbed the girl. "All will come right in good time. Remember she is your mother."

"And I'm sure," warmly added Mrs. Stayner, "she'll like you." Mrs. Wilde shrugged her shoulders. "Perhaps she will," said she—"perhaps not."

In Russian Barracks.

"Shall we take a look at the barracks?" suggested the colonel. "Nothing would suit me better," I answered; so leaving our horses in charge of the Cossack, Chumskilidze, we went through a series of vast spaces occupied mainly by little wooden beds. Each little bed had on it a hard mattress, a pillow and a coarse woolen blanket.

Beneath each bed was a box, in which the soldier's kit was kept, and at short intervals throughout the buildings were chrome portraits of the Czar, and very gaudy pictures of Russian saints. The barracks were entirely of wood, the ceilings low and the windows infrequent, yet so clean was everything kept that I detected no disagreeable odor. In the kitchen I helped myself to a taste of the soup that was simmering in vast cauldrons over the brick oven, and made up my mind that I could stand a pretty long canoe cruise if my food were no worse than this. There are two fast-days in the week—Wednesday and Friday—and this was one of them, so that all they had was lentil soup. Black bread went with the soup—not such very bad bread either. They had a drink that suggested the mead we use at harvest-time, consisting of water in which rye bread had been absorbed.

Of this I drank a whole glass with relief. So far, then, I had stumbled on nothing about the Russian soldier's life that would have discouraged me from enlisting, had I been brought up to accept the Czar's word as law.

"Do you have much desertion?" I asked. "Not many in my regiment," answered the colonel, complacently; "my men are pretty well cared for." * * *

As we galloped home to the noon-day dinner, I noticed that my colonel greeted the men of other regiments than his own by merely conforming to the usual military requirements; but when he met any of his 170th, he shouted out a hearty good-day to them, which they answered with a burst of strange sound intended to convey the notion, "we are glad to have our colonel's greeting." This struck me as a very pleasant interchange of civility—much better than the silent and perfunctory ordeal in vogue among western armies.

In the German army, the Emperor still greets his Grenadier Guards by a hearty "Good-morning!" and is answered as heartily, as in Russia. But this is, in Germany, as historically the people are "by-ones" at the Tower of London. In Russia, the life of the people is what it is in England, where Queen Bess boxed the ears of her favorites—an odd melody of barbarism and parental gentleness.—Harper's Magazine.

Submarine Mines.

The engineer corps of the United States army has been actively engaged in experiments with submarine mines. These explosive traps, designed to blow up hostile ships that enter harbors, are of two kinds—sunken and floating. They are steel cases holding dynamite, that being the explosive regarded by this Government as most suitable for the purpose.

Dynamite consists of seventy-five per cent. of nitro-glycerine, which is too dangerous to be used by itself, absorbed by twenty-five per cent. of a highly porous infusorial earth called "rottenstone." Other substances besides rottenstone have been utilized as an absorbent, such as cornmeal and brown sugar. The sunken mines are lowered to the bottom of the water, where they are held in position by their own weight.

Each of them contains a battery so arranged that a shock communicated by the hull of a vessel will set off the charge, probably sinking the ship by blowing a hole beneath her water line. Infernal machines of this description have the disadvantage that it is hardly possible without great danger for those who put them down to take them up again.

More serviceable in general are the floating mines, which are anchored to stations on shore. So long as no danger is anticipated the electric currents are shut off and the steel cases roll about on the waves as harmless as so many barrels.

London's Thirst for Milk.

In London the consumption of milk has been increasing, the supply is short, yet the price does not rise. It is estimated by the managing director of one of the large dairy companies, that London consumes upwards of 43,000,000 gallons of milk yearly.

The Great Western Railway stated before the joint committee of both Houses of Parliament last year, that his company brought 11,000,000 gallons per annum into London. The Midland brings some 7,000,000 gallons, the Great Northern 3,000,000 gallons, the Southwestern 6,000,000 gallons, the Northwestern 7,000,000 gallons, the Great Eastern 3,000,000, and the Southern lines 2,000,000 gallons. Mr. Barham calculates that the milk produced in London and the immediate neighborhood is about 4,000,000 gallons.—American Agriculturist.

Distribution of Foreigners.

Generalizing regarding the leading Nationalities, it may be broadly stated that the Irish are found mainly in New York. The Germans are widely distributed, mainly in the cities from New York through the Northern States to the Dakotas. The Italians live mainly in the Northeastern States and in New Orleans. The Scandinavians are found mainly in Wisconsin, Minnesota and the Dakotas. The Hungarians, Bohemians and Poles are found mainly in the great cities and in the mining regions of the North. The French Canadians have swarmed over the border into New England and New York, where they have largely replaced the Irish as factory hands.—St. Louis Republic.

REV. DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

ON THE 24TH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS TABERNACLE PASTORATE. He Speaks of What Has Made the Church Successful and Tells of a Minister's Trials and Triumphs.

TEXT: "And round about the throne were four and twenty seats, and upon the seats I saw four and twenty elders."—Revelation iv. 4.

This text I choose chiefly for the number of the elders seated around the throne of God, but that is the number of years seated around my Brooklyn ministry, and every pulpit, throne of blessing or blasting, a throne of good or evil. And to-day in this my twenty-fourth anniversary sermon 24 years come and sit around me, and they speak out the reminiscence of my gladness and tears. Twenty-four years ago I arrived in this city to shepherd such a flock as might come, and that I carried in on my arms the infant son who in two weeks from to-day I will help ordain to the gospel ministry, hoping that he will be preaching before my poor work is done.

We have received into our membership over 5000 souls, but they, I think, are only a small portion of the multitudes who, coming from all parts of the earth, have our house of God been blessed and saved. Although we have as a church raised \$1,100,000 for religious purposes, yet we are in the same position as our unknown friends in two or three months we shall have any church at all, and with audiences of 6000 or 7000 people crowded into this room and the adjoining rooms are crowded with the question whether I shall go on with my work here or to some other field. What an awful necessity that we should have been obliged to have a hundred churches, two of them destroyed by fire.

A misapprehension is abroad that the financial exigency of this church is past, but the financial exigency of the world is past, and the financial exigency of the church is past. A misapprehension is abroad that the church is a failure, but the church is a success. A misapprehension is abroad that the church is a failure, but the church is a success.

Our trust is in the Lord who divided the Red Sea and "made the mountains skip like lambs." With this paragraph I dismiss the financial subject and return to the spiritual. This morning the greatness of God's kindness obliterates everything, and if I wanted to do the greatest good for the greatest number I would hew the timber, or from what quarry I would dig the foundation stone, or who would construct for me an organ with young men will come here on Sabbath morning, I occupy my time in building one great, massive, high, deep, broad, heaven piercing hall.

In the review of the past, I think I should like to consider some of the characteristics of a Brooklyn pastor. In the first place I remark that a Brooklyn pastor is always a difficult pastor. No city under the sun has a grander array of pulpits than Brooklyn. The Methodist, the Baptist, the Congregationalist, the Episcopalians, all the denominations, their brightest lights here. He who stands in any pulpit in Brooklyn preaching may know that he stands within fifteen minutes of some of the great names of the world—Burdaloue, and a John M. Mason and a George Whitefield would not be ashamed of No city under the sun where a poor sermon is listened to with such eagerness.

For forty years Brooklyn has been surcharged with homiletics, an electricity of eloquence that struck every time it flashed in the hymn book. Some Sabbath morning I occupy my time in building one great, massive, high, deep, broad, heaven piercing hall. In the review of the past, I think I should like to consider some of the characteristics of a Brooklyn pastor.

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with holy speed did in a short time work which it takes a great many years to do. Whether for good or bad reasons a Brooklyn pastor is characterized by brevity. He is not much of the old plan, by which a minister of the gospel baptized an infant, then received him into the church, after he had become an adult married him, baptized his children, married them and lived on long enough to bury almost everybody but himself. Glorious old pastors they were. Some of us remember them: Dr. Irving Peter Laubaugh, Dominie Zabriskie, Daniel Wald, Abram Halsey.

When the snow melts from their forehead, they reveal the features of an unfading coronal. Pastors of 30, 40, 50, 60, 70, 80, 90, 100, 110, 120, 130, 140, 150, 160, 170, 180, 190, 200, 210, 220, 230, 240, 250, 260, 270, 280, 290, 300, 310, 320, 330, 340, 350, 360, 370, 380, 390, 400, 410, 420, 430, 440, 450, 460, 470, 480, 490, 500, 510, 520, 530, 540, 550, 560, 570, 580, 590, 600, 610, 620, 630, 640, 650, 660, 670, 680, 690, 700, 710, 720, 730, 740, 750, 760, 770, 780, 790, 800, 810, 820, 830, 840, 850, 860, 870, 880, 890, 900, 910, 920, 930, 940, 950, 960, 970, 980, 990, 1000.

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the gospel. You are not afraid of me, and I am not afraid of you, and some day, O brother, I will class your name together, and I will turn your face the other way, and I will take hold of your shoulder, and while you are helpless in my grasp I will give you one heaving push, and you will be gone to God. Christ says we must compel you to come in. I will compel you to come in. Can I consent to anything else with these men, who are as dear as my own soul? I will compel you to come in.

Profiting by the mistakes of the past, I must do better work for you and better work for God. Let's might, through some sudden illness or casualty, be snatched away before I have the opportunity of doing so. I take this occasion to declare my love for you as a people. It is different to have a pastor placed in a church already built up, and he is surrounded by established circumstances. There are no ten people in this church that have not been brought into the church through my ministry. You are my family. I feel as much at home here as I do in my residences on Oxford street. You are my family, my father, my mother, my sister, my son, my daughter. You are my joy and crown, the subject of my prayers.

Your present and ever-aching welfare is the object of my ambition. I have no worldly ambition. I had one. I have not now. I know the world about as well as any one knows it. I have heard the hand-clapping of his applause, and I have heard the hiss of his opposition, and I declare to you that the former is not especially to be sought for, nor is the latter to be feared. The world has given me about the comfort and prosperity it can give a man, and I have no worldly ambition. I have an all-consuming ambition to make full proof of my ministry, to get to heaven myself and to take a great crowd with me. Upon table and cradle and armchair and pillow and lounge and nursery and in the kitchen and in the parlor, I have the blessing of the Almighty God come down!

During these 24 years there is hardly a family that has not been invaded by sorrow or grief. Here are a man's grand, old men, those glorious Christian women, who used to worship with us? Why, they went away into the next world so gradually, that we did not notice it. All through the city a society of kind, genial, generous, sympathetic people. How they fly to you when you are in trouble! How they watch over you when you are sick! How tender they are with you when you have buried your dead! Brooklyn is a good place to live in, a good place to die in, a good place to be buried in, a good place from which to rise in the beautiful resurrection.

In such a city I have been permitted to have 24 years of pastorate. During these years how many heartbreaks, how many losses, how many bereavements! Hardly a family of the church that has not been struck with sorrow. But God has sustained you in the past, and He will sustain you in the future. I exhort you to be of good cheer, O thou of the broken heart, but joy cometh in the morning. I wish over every door of this church we might have written the word "Sympathy"—sympathy for all the young.

We must crowd them in here by thousands and propose a radiant gospel that they will take on the spot. We must make this place so attractive for the young that young men will come here on Sabbath morning, put down his hat, brush his hair back from his forehead, unbutton his overcoat and look around wondering if he has not been taken into heaven. He will see in the faces of the old people not the gloom which some people take for religion, but the sunshine of celestial peace, and he will say, "Why, I wonder if that isn't the same place that some one on the face of my father and mother, when they lay dying?"

And then there will come a dampness in his eyes through which he can hardly see, and he will close his eyes to imprison the emotion, but the hot tear will break through the fringes of eyelashes and drop upon the cheek. He will put his hand on the back of the pew in front and sob, "Lord God of the old people, help me!" We ought to lay a plan here for the religious capture of all the young people in Brooklyn.

Yes, sympathy for the old. They have their aches and pains and distresses. They cannot see or walk or see as well as they used to. We must be reverential in their presence. On dark days we must help them through the aisle and help them find the place in the hymn book. Some Sabbath morning we shall miss them in their place, and we shall say, "Where is Father So-and-so to-day?" and the answer will be: "What haven't you heard? The King's wagons have taken Jacob up to the palace where his Joseph is yet alive."

Sympathy for business men. Twenty-four years of commercial life in New York and Brooklyn are enough to tear one's nerves to pieces. We want to make our Sabbath service here a respite for all these wearying trades, a foretaste of the land where they have no rents to pay, and there are no business rivalries, and where riches, instead of taking wings to fly away, brood over other riches.

Sympathy for the fallen, remembering that they ought to be pitied as much as a man run over with a rail train. The fact