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LOVE'S WISDOM.

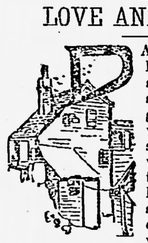
Love never sleeps when sorrow wakes
And joy the dear one's side forsakes;
As swift as thought his path he takes
Where dangers threat and lower.
His loyal lips forbear the boast,
Yet ere the chime that needs him most
Love knows the hour.

Love hath no lack of skill to find
The wound that needs his watchful mind,
And soft his touch as is the wind
That stirs the spider's lace.
What though the light be dusk and dim?
Dream not the hurt forgot by him;
Love knows the place.

Love hath no need of treasured lore
Nor mystic spells from days of yore
To teach his hand the balm to pour
Upon an aching heart.
There is no pang that grief can feel
But with a tender grace to heal;
Love knows the art.

—Samuel M. Peck, in Boston Transcript.

LOVE AND DUTY.



DAIGNTON lies inland from the coast about two miles, and the high ground that runs westward by the sea is a favorite walk in summer time for the villagers. It was late autumn and a misty evening, however, when Mary Micklethwaite took her way thither, and there was no one on the road but herself.

The sun was already near the horizon as she came in sight of the sea; in the gray mist it hung like a ball of fire, making a red pathway across the water. The girl turned in among the furze bushes out of sight of the road, and seating herself on a pile of stones, absently watched the ball drop toward the sea line.

She was a perfectly unromantic figure, with a broad, good-humored face, a thick waist, dressed in a purple gown, with red flowers in her hat. Presently, at the sound of a footstep brushing through the furze she got up, and turned to meet a young man who a moment after came in view.

They shook hands awkwardly by way of greeting, and the young man said:

"I'm sorry, my lass; I'm afraid that I'm a bit late."

"Don't name it," said the girl. "I knew it was a chance if you'd get off."

They moved slowly towards the stones, and sat down side by side in an embarrassed silence; the young man made holes in the ground with his stick, and the girl pulled off her brown thread gloves and rolled them up into a tight ball in the palm of one hand. The young man spoke first.

"Well, Mary," he said, clearing his throat, "has your father anything different to say to-day?"

"No, Jack, it's just the same—it's all no use," returned the girl. "I suppose we must grin and abide."

"You told him about the place of Binghampton and all?" said the young man.

"Yes," said the girl, sadly, "I put the best face on it I could, but he wouldn't let me say much. He's that mad to think I should want to have you at all, and when he's like that you can't change father, not if you were to crown him with gold."

"You told him we didn't mind waiting?" persisted the young man. "I dare say he'd think he couldn't do without you in the shop first off, but we're not to a few months, eh, Mary?"

"I never had the chance to tell him that," was Mary's reply. "He commenced calling me for what I'd done, and said I wanted to disgrace him. He says I needn't think to go to the choir any more; he puts it all down to that. I shan't mind that much, when you are gone."

"Mary," said the young man, suddenly and earnestly, "will you come in spite of your father? I don't see but what we should think of ourselves as well as of him. I'll go to Binghampton and get things ready for you, and I'll put up the banns, and you can come there to be married."

"Oh!" cried the girl in great distress. "I couldn't go against father like that. Why, he'd never hold his head up again! You see, he's only got me, now mother's gone, and I don't know what he'd do in the shop. I thought we could get one of my cousins, and we could show her about things, but to leave on a sudden like that—"

Jack was not easy to be turned from his point; he was slow witted, as was the girl, but the pain of this had pricked him to a keener insight than here. Mary was aware of nothing but the dull pain of parting; Jack had a forecast of the years to come. He put it to her bluntly, with the unconscious brutality of his class; they were young, they were poor, her father was old—was he to spoil their lives in this way? A few years and he would be dead, and it would concern him no more, but they had two-thirds of their lives to live, and was it right they should be spoiled for an old man's whim?

Mary had no logic wherewith to meet this cogent reasoning; she had only a blind sense of duty to guide her. It had never come in her way to question her obedience to her father, and the idea now only frightened her.

"Doesn't it stand to sense?" cried Jack, in a last despairing appeal.

"Well, yes, it stands to sense," the girl allowed; "I don't know as I can rightly say all I want, There's sense and sense, Jack. When father talks it's sense, and when you talk it's sense; and it's as if I'd like to do one thing and my conscience tells me to do another. I can't go against father, Jack—I can't indeed!"

There was little more said between the two as they took their way homeward, Outside the village they paused by common consent.

"Then I suppose it's good-by, Mary?"

"I suppose it is, Jack."

They shook hands again awkwardly and separated.

Jack left for Binghampton early next morning without having seen Mary again.

Simon Micklethwaite was a person of consequence in Daignton. He was the owner of a small piece of land, on which were half a dozen cottages and the shop he himself occupied, the only piece of freehold not attached to the manor for miles around. There was no other shop in the village, and besides being a thriving drapery and grocery business, "Micklewaite's" possessed the only spirit license, and was the district postoffice. Simon himself was a hard headed business man, much respected by his neighbors.

He had been elected poor-law guardian for the district, and folk said that, since he had sat on the board with the squire and clergyman, he held his head higher than ever. If he had been the squire himself, he could not have been more indignant at the idea of his daughter wishing to wed with the son of one of his own cottagers.

Jack Saunders had been a schoolmate of Mary's at the village school. For some years past he had been away, first serving his apprenticeship as a carpenter and then working as a journeyman at the same trade. Chance had given him a few months' work near his old home, and in that time the friendship between the two had been renewed.

After Jack had gone, Mary went back to her old life uncomplainingly. It never occurred to her to neglect her duties, or to be "saucy with her meals" as a protest against the hardness of her lot; there was no shadow on her broad and kindly face to touch her father's compassion. Once, about a month after she had parted from her lover, there came a sore trial to her obedience.

She was stamping and sorting the morning letters, when she found one among them addressed to herself. It bore a Binghampton postmark, and Mary thrust it into her pocket, with a guilty look towards her father. All through the day it lay there unopened, a heavy load upon her conscience, it is true, but a joy deep and thrilling as well, the like of which she had never known before.

When evening came, and she could leave the house an hour or two unnoticed, it was towards the sea she went to read her letter, on the same spot where she and Jack had parted. It was then that Mary felt her father had laid a tax upon her, harder than she could bear. If she might have letters such as this now and then, life would be very easy, she thought, but there was no need to ask her father's consent to that; she knew too well what his answer would be, and to get them unknown to him would be well nigh impossible.

Mary was simple and truthful by nature, and deception of any kind would have been painful to her; yet, perhaps, if it could have been done without her father's knowledge, she might have consented to this correspondence, for the gleam of hope that it held was very sweet to her. But when she thought of the inevitable discovery, and the tempest of wrath she would have to face, she could not hesitate. That night, in her room, she wrote her answer to Jack, repeating that she could not "go agin father," and begging him to write no more.

After this, the monotony of her life went on unbroken. She formed a habit of walking out towards the sea on fine evenings, and sitting on the pile of stones where she and Jack sat together for their last talk. Sometimes she brought her knitting with her, but more often she sat watching the changing color of the sea, and the white-winged vessels passing to and fro.

It would have surprised her very much to be told that she was romantic, yet it is true that when she was not thinking of her school days with Jack, or of their shy courtship and brief spell of happiness, she was weaving impossible day dreams of how her father might relent, or how Jack, become suddenly wealthy and famous, should come to claim her, with credentials that even a landed proprietor and a poor-law guardian could not deny.

It gave the girl a curious pang now and then to be shaken out of her dreaming by the passing of a pair of lovers in their evening stroll. She could not have told why the sight of this made her own trouble more present to her, nor why it was so impossible to take up the broken thread of her reverie. She knew nothing about self analysis, and could only dry her eyes and hasten back to the village to get her father's supper, hoping the while he would not notice how the even red of her cheek had spread over nose and eyebrow.

Micklethwaite, for his part, was pleased with his daughter's obedience in his own hard way, and was at no trouble to consider moods and feelings.

Ten years had passed since Jack Saunders had gone to work at Binghampton, and many changes had come about. Jack was a good workman, and, after being foreman for three years, had been taken into partnership by his master. The firm was at work on some cottages they had built outside the town as a speculation, and one of these Jack was finishing, for he was about to be married. He had only been home once in the ten years, on a five-days' trip in Whitsun-week, and then he had not seen Mary, who was away visiting some cousins. Since then his parents had died and his connection with Daignton had ceased.

Jack hardly knew himself how his marriage had come about; it was not altogether through his own volition. He had been lodging for some three years with a widow about ten years older than himself. She had been from the first almost embarrassingly kind to him, and Jack had resented many of her ways with the impatience of a man who likes to be independent. Fate had at last given him helpless into her hands with an attack of typhoid, and only her unremitting care had pulled him through.

The doctor was very emphatic to telling him that he owed his life to his nurse, and somehow it came to be understood that when he was well again they should be married. The new house was nearly ready, and if Jack lingered a little over the final details it was not from any real reluctance to fulfil his promise, but because his illness had left him disinclined to exert himself more than he could help.

At length, however, the house was furnished, and Jack awoke, one morning to realize that it was his wedding day. There was a flower in the glass on the table which he was to wear in his coat, and his new clothes were ready on a chair, laid there by the careful hands of the widow. A loud, cheerful voice hailed him from below; it was the foreman of the works, who was to be the best man, calling him to get up.

Downstairs, the parlor was already being set out with the wedding breakfast, and Jack had the kitchen to himself for his hasty meal. There was a letter on the table, which had been brought from his works; the hand was unfamiliar, and he let it lie there until he poured out some tea and helped himself to some rashers of bacon from the oven. Then he opened the letter, and propped it up against the teapot, while he read:

"Dear Jack" (it ran) "I write to tell you about father, for I suppose you won't have heard. He had the influenza very bad, and was buried three weeks ago come Friday. I would have wrote before, but my time has put up with the lawyers. It all comes to me—there is very near ten thousand invested and three hundred in the bank. If you are of the same mind, as I hope and believe there is nothing in the way now, you can come and help me manage; I can't go on without. I wouldn't have wrote in such a hurry, only they keep saying I must have a man. Father says nothing about it in his will—about marrying, I mean. I think he maybe thought better of it. Your ever constant

"MARY MICKLETHWAITE."

The widow had donned her wedding-gown, and the party was ready to start for church. She came bustling into the kitchen, and cried out in dismay when she saw Jack's untouched breakfast.

"Why, deary me! What ails the man? Is might be his own funeral he was going to!" she said, in real concern, when she saw how pale he looked. Jack pulled himself together, and protested he was all right, but he did not feel a bit hungry; and as it was too late to make any further delay the widow had to be content with thinking that she would make him have a substantial meal afterwards.

Towards evening, when the wedding party had dispersed, and the newly-married couple were left in possession of their new home, Jack had half an hour to himself, while Mrs. Saunders helped the little maid to prepare tea. It was then he answered Mary's letter. This is what he wrote:

"Dear Mary---Your letter came too late. It came on my wedding day. God help us both! I cannot say any more. Your sorrowful

"J. SAUNDERS.

"P. S.---My wife is a good woman."
---Cassell's.

The Meerschaum Industry.

Rich deposits of meerschaum have been found twenty miles to the southeast of Eski Shehir, an important station of the Anatolian Railway. Judging from the number of pits, at considerable distances from each other, it must be extensive. The localities where the most work is carried on are Sepetdji-Oljaghi and Kemikdji-Oljaghi. The meerschaum is extracted in the same way as coal. Pits from twenty-five feet to 120 feet deep are dug, and as soon as the vein is struck horizontal galleries, sometimes of considerable length, are made, but more than two galleries are seldom to be found in one pit. The stone as extracted is called "ham tash," or rough block, and is soft enough to be easily cut with a knife. It is white, with a yellowish tint, and is covered with a red clayey soil about one inch thick. In this state the blocks are purchased by dealers on the spot, not by weight or measurement, but according to approximate quantity, either per load of three sacks or per cartload, the price varying from $25 to $150 per load, according to quality. These blocks are dried and subjected to certain preparations before being conveyed to Eski Shehir. Some of them are as small as a walnut, while others attain the size of a cubic foot. Those which combine regularity of surface and size are the best. The manipulation required before they are ready for exportation is long and costly. The clayey soil is removed and the meerschaum dried. In summer exposure for five or six days to the sun's rays suffices, but in winter a room heated to the required temperature is necessary, and the drying process takes eight to ten days. When dried the blocks are well cleaned and polished, then they are sorted into about twelve classes, each class being packed with great care in separate cases, and each block being wrapped in cotton wool. The bulk of the meerschaum is sent to Vienna, where it is worked and dispersed all over the world. Most of the finest specimens are sent direct to Paris. Certain American dealers have visited Eski Shehir with the object of obtaining the raw article direct instead of through Vienna, thereby saving the higher Custom House duty payable on the worked meerschaum. The quantity annually exported is put down at 8000 or 10,000 cases.---New York Telegram.

It Amused the Other Passengers.

A Mr. Foster is one who makes fun for himself and mystifies other people. He was in a Cincinnati electric car the other day, and everything was quiet. Mr. Foster drew from his pocket a bunch of keys, and, selecting a small steel one, he slipped it off from the ring and laid it on the floor of the car directly over the motor. When the current of electricity struck the key it raised it up until it stood perpendicular; then, as the current became stronger and lighter by turns, the key began to perform some strange gyrations, bobbing up and down and jumping around. Every eye in the car had been upon Mr. Foster while he was preparing for his experiment, and the surprise that was depicted upon the countenances of that carload of people when the gyrations commenced was laughable in the extreme, and Mr. Foster enjoyed it more than any one else.—Electrical Review.

Changing Grotesque Names.

The Hebrew Russians living in the city who get their names changed by order of court very often choose names that have long been familiar in New York. Thus, within a short time, Schlimiowitz has come out as Wilson, and Podobisky as Benson, and Insiewicz as Hamilton, and Schleuning as Swift, and Smitzkowitz as Hyman, and Jarretzky as Jarrett, and Shober as Aspinwall, and Assim as Raymond. The applicants for a change of name often give curious reasons for desiring it.—New York Sun.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent New York Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The All Seeing."

TEXT: "He that formed the eye, shall He not see?"—Psalm xciv., 9.

The imperial organ of the human system is the eye. All up and down the Bible God honors it, extols it, illustrates it or arraigns it. Five hundred and thirty-four times it is mentioned in the Bible. Omnipresence—"the eyes of the Lord are in every place." Divine care—"as the apple of the eye." The clouds—"the eyelids of the morning." Irreverence—"the eye that mocketh at its father." Pride—"Oh, how lofty are their eyes!" Inattention—"the fool's eye in the ends of the earth." Divine inspection—"wheels full of eyes." Suddenness—"in the twinkling of an eye at the last trump." Olivetic sermon—"the light of the body is the eye." This morning's text: "He that formed the eye, shall He not see?" The surgeons, the doctors, the anatomists and the physiologists understand much of the glories of the two great lights of the human face, but the vast multitudes go on from cradle to grave without any appreciation of the two great masterpieces of the Lord God Almighty. If God had locked anything of infinite wisdom, He would have failed in creating the human eye. We wander through the earth trying to see wonderful sights, but the most wonderful sight that we ever see is not so wonderful as the instruments through which we see it.

It has been a strange thing to me for forty years that some scientist with enough eloquence and magnetism did not go through the country with illustrated lectures on canvas thirty feet square to startle and thrill and overwhelm Christendom with the marvels of the human eye. We want the eye taken from all its technicalities, and some one who shall lay aside all talk about the pterygoma villary fissures, and the sclerotica, and the chiasma of the optic nerve, and in common parlance which you and I and everybody can understand present the subject. We have learned men who have been telling us what our origin is and what we were. Oh, if some one should come forth from the dissecting table and from the classroom of the university and take platform, and asking the help of the Creator, demonstrate the wonders of what we are!

If I refer to the physiological facts suggested by the former part of my text it is only to bring out in a plainer way the theological lessons at the latter part of my text, "He that formed the eye, shall He not see?" I suppose my text referred to the human eye, since it excels all others in structure and in adaptation. The eyes of fish and reptiles and moles and bats are very simple things, because they have not much to do. There are insects with 100 eyes, but the 100 eyes have less faculty than the human eyes. The black beetle swimming the summer pond has two eyes under water and two eyes above the water, but the four insectile are not equal to the two human. Man, placed at the head of all living creatures, must have supreme equipment, while the blind fish in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky have only an undeveloped organ of sight, an apology for the eye, which, if through some crevice of the mountain they should get into the sunlight, might be developed into positive eyesight. In the first chapter of Genesis we find that God, without any consultation, created the light, created the trees, created the fish, created the fowl, but when he was about to make man he called a convention of divinity, as though to imply that all the powers of Godhead were to be enlisted in the achievement. "Let us make man." Put a whole ton of emphasis on that word "us." "Let us make man." And if God called a called a convention of divinity to create man I think the two great questions in that conference were how to create a soul and how to make an appropriate window for that emperor to look out of.

See how God honored the eye before He created it. He cried, until chaos was irradiated with the utterance, "Let there be light!" In other words, before He introduced man into this temple of the world He illuminated it, prepared it for the eyesight. And so, after the last human eye has been destroyed in the final demolition of the world, stars are to fall, and the sun is to cease its shining, and the moon is to turn into blood. In other words, after the human eyes are no more to be profited by their shining, the chandeliers of heaven are to be turned out. God, to educate and to bless and to help the human eye, set in the mantel of heaven two lamps—a gold lamp and a silver lamp—the one for the day and the other for the night. To show how God honors the eye, look at the two halls built for the residence of the eyes, seven bones making the wall for each eye, the seven bones curiously wrought together. Kingly palaces of ivory is considered rich, but the halls for the residence of the human eye are richer by so much as human bone is more sacred than elephantine tusk. See how God honored the eyes when He made a roof for them, so that the sweat of toil should not smart them and the rain dashing against the forehead should not drip into them. The eyebrows not bending over the eye, but reaching to the right and to the left, so that the rain and the sweat should be compelled to drop upon the cheek, instead of falling into this divinely protected human eyesight. See how God honored the eye in the fact presented by anatomists and physiologists that there are 500 contrivances in every eye. For window shutters, the eyelids opening and closing 33, 00 times a day. The eyelashes so constructed that they have their selection as to what shall be admitted, saying to the dust, "Stay out," and saying to the light, "Come in." For inside curtains the iris, or pupil of the eye, according as the light is greater or less, contracting or dilating.

The eye of the owl is blind in the daytime, the eyes of some creatures are blind at night, but the human eye so marvelously constructed can see both by day and by night. Many of the other creatures of God can move the eye only from side to side, but the human eye so marvelously constructed has one muscle to lift the eye, and another muscle to lower the eye, and another muscle to roll it to the right, and another muscle to roll it to the left, and another muscle passing through a pulley to turn it round and round—an elaborate gearing of six muscles as perfect as God could make them. There also is the retina, gathering the rays of light and passing the visual impression along the optic nerve, about the thickness of the lampwick—passing the visual impression on to the sensorium and on into the soul. What a delicate lens, what an exquisite screen, what soft cushions, what wonderful chemistry of the human eye! The eye, washed by a slow stream of moisture whether we sleep or wake, rolling imperceptibly on the pebble of the eye and emptying into a bone of the nostril. A contrivance so wonderful that it can see the sun, 95,000,000 miles away, and the point of a pin. Telescope and microscope in the same contrivance. The astronomer swings and moves this way and that and adjusts and readjusts the telescope until he gets it to the right focus. The microscopist moves this way and that and adjusts and readjusts the magnifying glass until it is prepared to do its work, but the human eye, without a touch, beholds the star and the smallest insect. The traveler among the Alps, with one glance taking in Mont Blanc and the face of his watch to see whether he has time to climb it.

Oh, this wonderful camera obscura which you and I carry about with us, so to-day we can take in our friends, so from the top of Mount Washington we can take in New England, so at night we can sweep into our vision the constellations from horizon to horizon. So delicate, so semi-infinite, and yet the light coming 95,000,000 of miles at the rate of 200,000 miles a second is obliged to halt at the gate of the eye, waiting for admission until the portcullis be lifted. Something hurled 95,000,000 of miles and striking an instrument which has not the agitation of oven winking under the power of the stroke! There also is the merciful arrangement of the tear gland, by which the eye is washed, and from which rolls the tide which brings the relief that comes in tears when some bereavement or great loss strikes you. The tear not an augmentation of sorrow, but the breaking up of the arctic of frozen grief in the warm gulf stream of consolation. Incapacity to weep is madness or death. Thank God for the tear glands, and that the crystal gates are so easily opened. Oh, the wonderful hydraulic apparatus of the human eye! Divinely constructed vision! Two lighthouses at the harbor of the immortal soul, under the shining of which the world sails in and drops anchor! What an anthem of praise to God is the human eye! The tongue is speechless and a clumsy instrument of expression as compared with it. Have you not seen it flash with indignation, or kindle with enthusiasm, or expand with devotion, or melt with sympathy, or stare with fright, or leer with villainy, or droop with sadness, or pale with envy, or fire with revenge, or twinkle with mirth, or beam with love? It is tragedy and comedy and pastoral and lyric in turn. Have you not seen its uplifted brow of surprise, or its frown of wrath, or its contraction of pain? If the eye say one thing and the lips say another thing, you believe the eye rather than the lips.

The eyes of Archibald Alexander and Charles G. Finney were the mightiest part of their sermon. George Whitefield enthralled great assemblages with his eyes, though they were crippled with strabismus. Many a military chieftain has with a look hurled a regiment to victory or to death. Martin Luther turned his great eye on an assassin who came to take his life, and the villain fled. Under the glance of the human eye the tiger, with five times a man's strength, snarls back into the African jungle. But those best appreciate the value of the eye who have lost it. The Emperor Adrian by accident put out the eye of his servant, and he said to his servant: "What shall I pay you in, money or in lands? Anything you ask me. I am so sorry I put your eye out." But the servant refused to put any financial estimate on the value of the eye, and when the Emperor urged and urge I again the matter he said, "Oh, Emperor, I want nothing but my lost eye!" Alas for those for whom a thick and impenetrable veils draws across the face of the heavens and the face of one's own kindred. That was a pathetic scene when a blind man lighted a torch at night and was found passing along the highway, and some one said, "Why do you carry that torch, when you can't see?" "Ah," said he, "I can't see, but I carry this torch that others may see me and pity my helplessness, and not run me down." Samson, the giant, with his eyes put out by the Philistines, is more helpless than the smallest dwarf with vision undamaged. All the sympathies of Christ were stirred when He saw Bartimeus with darkened retina, and the only salve He ever made that we read of was a mixture of dust and saliva and a prayer, with which He cured the eyes of a man blind from his nativity. The value of the eye is shown as much by its catastrophe as by its healthful action. Ask the man who for twenty years has not seen the sun rise. Ask the man who for half a century has not seen the face of a friend. Ask in the hospital the victim of ophthalmia. Ask the man whose eyesight perished in a powder blast. Ask the Bartimeus who never met a Christ or the man born blind who is to die blind. Ask him.

This morning, in my imperfect way, I have only hinted at the splendors, the glories, the wonders, the divine revelations, the apocalypses of the human eye, and I stagger back from the awful portals of the physiological miracle which must have taxed the ingenuity of a God, to cry out in your ears the words of my text, "He that formed the eye, shall He not see?" Shall Herschel not know as much as his telescope? Shall Fraunhofer not know as much as his spectroscope? Shall Swammerdam not know as much as his microscope? Shall Dr. Hooke not know as much as his micrometer? Shall the thing formed know more than its master? "He that formed the eye, shall He not see?"

The recoil of this question is tremendous. We stand at the center of a vast circumference of observation. No privacy. On us, eyes of cherubim, eyes of seraphim, eyes of archangel, eyes of God. We may not be able to see the habitants of other worlds, but perhaps they may be able to see us. We have not optical instruments enough to descry them; perhaps they have optical instruments strong enough to descry us. The mole cannot see the eagle mid sky, but the eagle mid sky can see the mole mid grass. We are able to see mountains and caverns of another world, but perhaps the inhabitants of other worlds can see the towers of our cities, the flash of our seas, the marching of our processions, the white robes of our weddings, the black scarfs of our obsequies.

It passes out from the guess into the positive when we are told in the Bible that the inhabitants of other worlds do come as convoy to this. Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation? But human inspection, and angelic inspection, and stellar inspection, and lunar inspection, and solar inspection are tame compared with the thought of divine inspection. "You converted me twenty years ago," said a black man to my father. "How so?" said my father. "Twenty years ago," said the other, "in the old schoolhouse prayer meeting at Bound Brook you said in your prayer, 'Thou, God, seest me,' and I had no peace under the eye of God until I became a Christian." Dear it. "The eyes of the Lord are in every place." "His eyelids try the children of men." "His eyes were as a flame of fire." "I will guide thee with Mine eye." Oh, the eye of God, so full of pity, so full of power, so full of love, so full of indignation, so full of compassion, so full of mercy! How it peers through the darkness! How it outshines the day! How it glares upon the offender! How it beams on the penitent soul! Talk about the human eye as being indescribably wonderful! How much more wonderful the great, searching, overwhelming eye of God! All eternity past and all eternity to come on that retina.

The eyes with which we look into each other's face to-day suggest it. It stands written twice on your face and twice on mine, unless through casualty one or both have been obliterated. "He that formed the eye, shall He not see?" Oh, the eye of God! It sees our sorrows to assuage them, sees our perplexities to disentangle them, sees our wants to sympathize with them. If we fight Him back, the eye of an antagonist. If we ask His grace, the eye of an everlasting friend. You often find in a book or manuscript a star calling your attention to a footnote or explanation. That star the printer calls an asterisk. But all the stars of the night are asterisks calling your attention to God—an all observing God. Our every nerve a divine handwriting. Our every muscle a pulley divinely swung. Our every bone sculptured with divine suggestion. Our every eye a reflection of the divine eye. God above us, and God beneath us, and God before us, and God behind us, and God within us.

What a stupendous thing to live! What a stupendous thing to die! No such thing as hidden transgression. A dramatic advocate in olden times, at night in a courtroom, persuaded of the innocence of his client charged with murder and of the guilt of the witness who was trying to swear the poor man's life away—that advocate took up two bright lamps and thrust them close up to the face of the witness and cried, "May it please the court and gentlemen of the jury, behold the murderer!" and the man, practically under that awful glare, confessed that he was the criminal instead of the man arraigned at the bar. Oh, my friends, our most hidden sin is under a brighter light than that. It is under the burning eye of God. He is not a blind giant stumbling through the heavens. He is not a blind monarch feeling for the step of His chariot. Are you wronged? He sees it. Are you poor? He sees it. Have you domestic perturbation of which the world knows nothing? He sees it. "Oh," you say, "my affairs are so insignificant I can't realize that God sees me and sees my affairs." Can you see the point of a pin? Can you see the eye of a needle? Can you see a mote in the sunbeam? And has God given you that power of minute observation, and does He not possess it Himself? "He that formed the eye, shall He not see?"

But you say: "God is in one world and I am in another world. He seems so far off from me I don't really think He sees what is going on in my life." Can you see the sun 95,000,000 miles away, and do you not think God has as prolonged vision? But you say, "There are phases of my life and there are colors—shades of color—in my annoyances and my vexations that I don't think God can understand." Does not God gather up all the colors and all the shades of color in the rainbow? And do you suppose there is any phase or any shade in your life He has not gathered up in His own heart? Besides that I want to tell you it will soon all be over, this struggle. That eye of yours, so exquisitely fashioned and strung, and hinged and roofed, will before long be closed in the last slumber. Loving hands will smooth down the silken fringes. So He giveth His beloved sleep. A legend of St. Frobert is that his mother was blind, and he was so sorely pitiful for the misfortune that one day in sympathy he kissed her eyes, and by miracle she saw everything. But it is not a legend when I tell you that all the blind eyes of the Christian dead under the kiss of the resurrection morn shall gloriously open. Oh, what a day that will be for those who went groping through this world under perpetual obscuration, or were dependent on the hand of a friend, or with an uncertain staff felt their way, and for the angel of dim sight about whom it may be said that "they which look out of the windows are darkened," when eternal daybreak comes in! What a beautiful epitaph that was for a tombstone in a European cemetery: "Here reposes in God, Katrina, a saint, eighty-five years of age and blind. The light was restored to her May 10, 1840."

A Master of Languages.

Professor H. Soerin says that a man who speaks only seven languages is not remarkable on that account. This was drawn from him by an article printed relating to a young lawyer who could write briefs in that many languages. Professor Soerin claims no ability at law pleading in any language, but he can teach singing in twenty languages. He says he is master of the following twenty languages: English, Hebrew, Sanscrit, ancient Greek, modern Greek, Latin, German, Low German, French, Italian, Spanish, Polish, Russian, Dutch, Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, Bohemian, Hungarian and Portuguese. He has acquired these languages as an amusement. His business is the teaching of vocal music. He is tired of singing, however, and wants to be an interpreter.

Professor Soerin talked yesterday concerning his singular linguistic talents. He is a remarkably small man, fifty years of age, with thin black hair, a wide mouth, spectacles, and apparently no eyes. He was friendly and voluble in conversation, and it was evident that he had some acquaintance with many languages. He was asked to write the words "God made the world" in all the languages he professed to know. He did so without a moment's hesitation, adding Chinese, Coptic, Syrian and Turkish to those already mentioned. The correctness of his spelling in all those tongues is not certified. He apologized when he wrote the sentence in Chinese, saying "Joss" was the best translation for God the language afforded.—Chicago Tribune.

What is a Cow Worth?

Professor C. S. Plumb, director of the Indiana station, reports a week's test of a Jersey cow owned by the station that shows 249.4 pounds of milk and 15.35 pounds of fat in the seven days. The cream was also churned, and made seventeen pounds thirteen and one-fourth ounces of commercial butter, salted one ounce to the pound. The cow was purchased at a public sale in Indianapolis in 1890 for $200.

Such a cow would be cheap at $200, even if no account was taken of the value of her calf. The amount of butter she would make, over the cost of her feed per year, would easily amount to the interest on $500. We have never been satisfied with the way the average farmer estimates the value of a good cow. We have heard many man say he would never pay $100 for a cow, because there was never a cow that was worth it. The first principle a business man has to learn in getting his financial education and judgment is that money is worth no more in market than what it will bring in interest. The interest on $100 is $6. A cow that will produce 400 pounds of butter in a year at twenty cents a pound, pays for her keep and $10 over. This is the interest at six per cent. on $666.66. Yet there are thousands of men who would not pay $100 for such a cow. Any investment that would pay the original sum invested in two years and a half would be snapped up very quickly by any good financier. Good business understanding and financial judgment are as greatly needed in this business of dairy farming as in banking.—Hoard's Dairyman.

The Draught of Chimneys.

Some chimneys are made smaller at the top than at the base of the flue; others are larger at the top, and still others are of uniform size throughout, according to the fancy of those who designed them, writes W. H. Wakeman in Power and Transmission. Those who advocate the first claim that it is the most natural way to build a chimney, and as the products of combustion ascend they become cooler, consequently contract, and no not need as much space as when they commenced their ascent. Advocates of the second, while they admit that the gases contract on cooling, call attention to the fact that as the chimney is higher the friction of the contents increases rapidly, and so deem it advisable to enlarge area of the chimney or stack, as the draught is materially increased thereby. Those who are in favor of the third tell us that the contraction of the gases and other products of combustion counterbalances the friction, and so a flue of uniform size is correct. Each can show chimneys built according to their ideas which are doing good work, but it is a hard matter to show that the same draught could not be obtained with a chimney built according to another design, and until this is done the matter of which is the best must remain an open question.

Trolley Parties.

Trolley parties have become amazingly popular in Philadelphia, and so great is the demand for cars to accommodate the excursionists that orders have to be booked several days ahead. Six or eight private excursions are run every fine evening from the city to some of the pleasant suburban places reached by the new electric lines that have in the past few months been built like a spider's web over the region round about Philadelphia. The parties are organized by clubs, church and social organizations, or often by a company of mutual friends. Special cars have been fitted up with illuminations in colored electric lights, and with conveniences for serving ice cream and cake en route, and usually the parties take a band, or at least a handful of string musicians, along. In size the parties run from one to as much as eight car loads. "Trolliosis" is the name that has been given to the craze.

The Sultan of Turkey is in a fair way to learn what the world thinks of him. And there is nothing he stands more in dread of than the free-speaking newspapers of the world. He is not by any means a fool. He keeps posted as to what the newspapers not only of London, but of New York and Chicago are saying. The formal utterances of mass meetings and of the various religious bodies, crying out against the fiendish misgovernment and massacre in Armenia and other parts of Turkey, get to his ear soon or late.