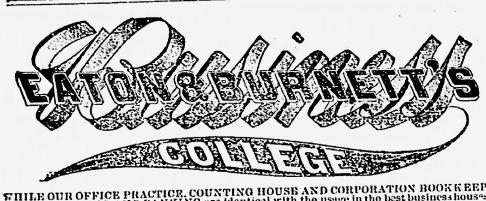
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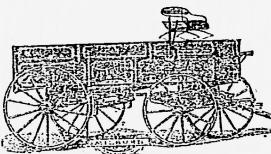
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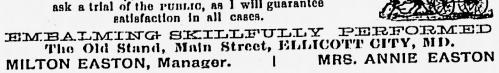


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A LOVE SONG. I was as poor as the poorest, dear, And the world-it passed me by: But not that day When you walked Love's way For heaven itse'f drew nigh,

Sweetheart! For heaven itself drew nigh. I was as lone as the loneliest, love With never a dream of bliss.

But not that day When you walked Love's way And leaned to my arms-my kiss, Sweetheart!

And leaned to my arms-my kiss! And dear to my life is your love-your love, And my soul has ceased to sigh: For sorrow seems

Like an echo of dreams, And the stars are in life's sky.

The stars are in life's sky! -Frank L. Stanton, in Atlant.. Constitution.

The Losing of Mrs. Pettit.



wide open, mild gray eyes and ruddy checks. Yet did a harmless deceit out called aloud, "Hero it is"; and the next instant the secret was dislodged and scurrying off in plain sight her. of everybody, and inobody more surprised than Mr. Pettit himself.

Consequently, when Mr. Pettit stepped into the kitchen upon a certain June evening, and hung his hat upon the per behind the door, Mrs. his breast. Pettit, suspending the kettle high in nir from the operation of pouring tone of conviction: "Ephraim, you've John Pettit, lives." got a letter from John."

bent all! I was saving that letter till street or number, now?" after supper."

have something particular to say. We brown and has bow windows." had a letter from him this week." The two snow crowned heads were

bowed for a moment in simple grace, and then, as Mrs. Pettit poured the fragrant Hyson into the old-fashioned china cups, her husband proceeded to open the letter.

square yellow tickets and one of the central police." those short notes that are always por-CHICAGO, Ill., June 10th, 1895.

Dear Father and Mother: I inclose you two round-trlp tickets for Chicago, which I expect you to make use of right away. Our boy is to be christened next week, and the christening can't go on without you. Your oving son.

P. S.—Telegraph me when you start.
J. P.

Mrs. Pettit dropped her hands into her lap with a look of blank dismay. "Why, Ephraim," she protested, "I can't go."

first grandchild, you know."

a tiny hillock, which, with its marble shaft showing dimly through the twilight, told its own tale of "Eleanor, nged seven." "I have never left her," she said,

with troubled eyes. "She would wish it," said Ephraim. gently. "John knows all, and he wife ain't owned a flower since she's

Nothing more was said after this. The soft darkness of a June night began to fall. The katydids called from the grasses; a huge June bug beat it- window behind which sat a man at a self noisily against the window screen; desk, and numberless policemen passthe cow lowed from the meadow with-

At last Mrs. Pettit pushed aside her untasted food and said, with a pitiful tremor in her old voice: "We'll go, Ephraim. It's wicked of me to be ing the loved ones that need me. We Mellen, touching his hat; "and it's but the business is a bad one an I there staying at home grieving, and neglect-

Wilson's Ferry carried with it a quaint passengers glauced idly upon her, and Into this company Mrs. Pettit walked, sweet old face, seamed with added eyes. years and care, but beautiful withal in its frame of clustering gray curls.
No one smiled at the old-fashioned they all find their friends before bonnet, the long, slender-waisted hight." She their short fingers, although they had

ings of as many tired mothers. Six hours of rumble and noise and dust, glimpses of waving green fields ance with strange faces and other and the train steamed slowly into Chi-

It seemed to be the final destination of all humanity. Such crowds of people, such noise and bustle! But fortunately the trend of humanity seemed in a general direction.

"Maybe you ought to have telegraphed, John, as he said to," remarked Mrs. Pettit, in a dubious

"I know the way. We've got to Down the rows of poor humanity the coal district .-- New York San.

take the suburban train," said Mr. | moved Mrs. Pettit. Ginger cookies Pettit, grasping the big carpatsack caused baby eyes to shine, and kindly than five minutes."

the wide stairs, everybody meeting eggs were put into the hands of a and greeting everybody else, boys young woman with hectic cheeks and shouting and cabmen crying their a hollow cough, who held a wayward fares, and at last open air. That is, brother's hand anxiously in her own. not open air like the broad meadows and sunny garden plots of Wilson's Ferry, but open air much like gazing fully; "but dear knows these poor up from the bottom of a good old- creatures need it." fashioned chimney, so tall were the buildings on either side, and so very little of the blue sky visible overhead. ing onward in its wake, until they 58 was called. were well out on the streets and she

Then, as the carpetsack shifted its position for a moment to the pavement, and its owner turned to mop ATURE, in design- his brow, Mrs. Pettit saw, to her utter ing old Mr. Pettit's dismay, that, while his hair was gray, face, had not en- and from the back he presented an apdowed it with a sin- pearance not unlike that of Ephraim, glo artful furrow or this man she hed been religiously folsecret might hide. and that she herself, Mrs. Pottit, was

was quite breathless with the brisk

old face, too, with | Quite unconscious of the mischief a fringe of white he had wrought, the stranger shortly whiskers all around resumed his carpetbag and his pace together, and joined the great merrygo-round of people; while the old lady, like a bit of flotsam stayed for a molodge there but for a moment the ment in its course, clinging helplessly eyes laughed and twinkled, and all to the brown basket, stood looking about in bewilderment, while people whirled and eddied and divided about

"I guess yer lost, ain't you?" said big, kindly voice at her side. Mrs. Pettit smiled into the honest with brass buttons, and a star upon

"I don't know," she said, a little tremulously, "but perhaps I am; that boiling water upon the tea, said, in a is, if you don't know where my son, "Pettit-John Pettit. I don't seem "Well, now, I want to know!" said to place him just now," said the police-

Mr. Pettit, throwing an appealing man, placing his hand upon his chin, glance around upon an imaginary and in a thoughtful and reassuring manadmiring audience, "If women don't ner. "You don't happen to know his "No," said the old lady; "Ephraim "We can just as well have it with always directs his letters, and he has

> The old lady waited anxiously, while the officer in the kindness of his heart appeared to ruminate deeply. "I don't seem to remember such a place," he said presently; "but we

can find it. If you'll just step down to the station with me—it ain't far— tender human souls. —New York In le-Not very much, after all. Two whore lost people stay, I'll ring up pendent. Mrs. Pettit relinquished the brown asket into Officer Mellen's hands,

well," she said, politely. "The baby worries some o' nights. | hundred words. She's only two months old, you know, and colicky like."

"Well, now, I'm so glad I brought it," said Mrs. Pettit, reaching for the due consideration the authorities debasket. "Such a big bunch of catnip, eided that they could not exclude too, just in the bloom; twice as much | them. "John wouldn't like it," said Mr.
Pettit, softly, confining his gaze to careful stirring of his tea. "It's our careful stirring of his tea. "It's our careful stirring of his tea." It's our careful stirring of his tea. "It's our careful stirring of his tea." It is dishonest for a pupil to young verbena plants I dug this years. It is dishonest for a pupil to

> Thereupon a paper bag and a paste-boar box changed hands. risk. The temptation is hard to re-sist in some cases. Take, for instance, "I thank'ee kindly, ma'am," said

the policeman, touching his cap. "The catnip we get at the drugstore ain't much better than dust, and my been married." In his secret mind plant them in.

The Detention Station was a large, high-ceiled room, with rows of long, hard benches along it; walls, a little ing in and out, some accompanied,

check bearing a number, and made a they could not make in any other way. corresponding entry in a large book. It helps one class though it may in-Mrs. Pettit found herself suddenly 58. jure another. The ruling of the Postwill write to John to-night and tell much obliged I am for your kindness, ma'am." To himself he added as he Thus it came to pass that a few days | turned away: "It's a shame for the

later a certain train pulling out of likes of her to be put in this place." There were dozens of people seated old couple with whom we have to do. on the benches-men, women and The old gentleman wore his whiskers children—some with heads bowed in after a good old country style, and dejection, misery, sickness or despair, looked over his silver-bowed glasses others upright and defiant, many with the most benignant eyes in the grown old in ways of sin, others but world. As for the old lady, fellow- beginning to taste of temptation.

then turned to gaze again. Such a with her dear old face and guileless

She touched a man upon the arm shawl. No one seemed to think of who sat huddled up beside her. "Are the oddity of the black silk mitts with you sick?" she inquired, anxiously. The man raised a reddened, bloated not been put on before since Eleanor's faced, and gazed unsteadily at her.

funeral. Every one seemed kindly "Yes," he said huskily, "sick of life."
A mist gathered in the old lady's with a cover and two handles. Before eyes. "I was once so, too," she said, the journey ended it had opened wide sympathetically, "when my Eleanor its hospitable cover to soothe with was taken; but with the Lord's help ginger cakes and tarts the cries of I'm living it down. Maybe some-

was plainly a trouble that catnip canand distant towns, a fleeting acquaint- not reach—a trouble of the heart. "I'm sorry for you," she said, lives, good-bys 'mid youth and laugh-ter and silent good-bys with tears, gloved hand upon his arm; "but whatever your trouble is, with the Lord's help you can live it down."

man on the shoulder. The man rose to follow, hesitated, then held out a trembling hand. "With the Lord's help, when I get Penusylvania. The vein is on the out of this I'll try to live it down," he south side of the mountain, near Pitsaid, huskily. He looked at the man, in the former county. This is a withered hand within his own a mossurgrise to coal experts, for it is five voice. "He would have been here to ment with twitching lips, then gently miles south of the Shamokin coal laid it down and left the room.

"102," said an officer, touching the

with one hand, and parcels, bags and words dropped like rain upon arid the umbrella with the other. "You hearts. The brown basket brought just keep close to me, Lucy. That forth bunches of fragrant June pinks, suburban train doesn't wait more clusters of elder blossoms and packages of marigold seeds. A bottle of Through the big iron gates and up home made cordial and a dozen fresh

"There won't be much left for John's wife," thought Mrs. Pettit, regret-

Two hours later the doors swung violently in, and an excited group entered. An old gentleman with a fringe It was all very new and very strange of white whiskers under his chin, a to Mrs. Pettit; yet, notwithstanding tall young gentleman looking very red her bewilderment, she faithfully fol- and excited, and two officers. A molowed the guiding carpetsack, hurry- ment's conversation at the desk, and But "58," close in conversation with two little vagrants, the baby girl in

her lap and the boy at her side, with traces of tears still upon her old cheeks, had forgotten that she had ever been given a number. "You will never be hungry again," she was saying, solemuly, "never beaten, never forsaken. You shall go home with me, and Tony shall own the

dog, while the white kitten that will wrinkle wherein a lowing was, in fact, an utter stranger, drink nothing but cream shall belong to the baby sister." "Mother!" said a voice at her side -n voice in which there were both joy and tears, and in a moment a pair of strong arms had her in their embrace. "Lucy," said another voice, which

sounded like Ephraim's muffled with a feather bolster, "I'll never forgive myself for losing you-never." "Why, John," said Mrs. Pettit, verted a New Jersey politician of "and Ephraim, too! I'm glad you've thirty-seven years' experience, and come. There is so much trouble in world, and here I've been sitting to home shutting my ears to it. Ephra-

im, I know you won't care. You've never opposed me in anything in my face of the man, who wore a blue suit life. I'm going to take these children home with me and keep them. There's nobody in the wide world to look after or do for them." "But, mother, such a charge

your age-" began her son. "John," said Mrs. Pettit, with the solemnity of conviction, "it's the Lord's call. They're sweet, handsome little things, and such a life as they've led? Ephraim, you don't object? We will call the baby Eleanor, in memory of our own." For answer Mr. Pettit stooped and

fted the baby girl in his arms. cosy over the teapot, and leading the way to the supper table. "John must be something regular to come with the house lately, and it's painted because of his inability to said, triumphantly. "John, you're a the house lately, and it's painted because of his inability to reach the town on account of high lawyer; you can fix up the papers as water, cause by phenomenal rains. soon as you like."

And so the losing of Mrs. Pettit,

A Growing Industry.

The other day the Postollice authorand walked cheerfully along by his ities at Washington had their attenside. "I hope your family are all tion called to the circular sent through the mails to students in schools and "Well, tol'rable, thank'ee," said the colleges offering to furnish them with officer, with rather a new sensation. essays and speeches for so much per

Many heads of schools and colleges urged the department to rule these circulars out of the mails, but after

Involuntarily Mrs. Pettit's gaze morning with plenty of earth around buy an essay or a speech and palm it wandered through the open window to them. Maybe your wife would like off as his own, but there will always be youngsters who will do it at any

a bright boy who is gifted with mathematical talent. His teachers take it for granted that he can write passably well and they demand good compositions and speeches. But this is the one thing in which the pupil is defitime for grieving, mother. She is a he was wondering where he could get cient. He has a head for figures, but grown woman in heaven by this enough dirt to fill a flower pot to he has no command of language. When such a boy is pushed to the wall he is tempted to borrow or buy the productions of others. He does it to maintain his standing at school. With

him it is a case of necessity. There is one good thing about this ready-made speech industry. It ensome alone. The man at the desk ables some very clever men and wogave to each newcomer brought in, a men to earn many extra dollars which "You'll be called for," said Officer office Department is on the right line, should be some way to put a stop to it. -Atlanta Constitution.

Caba is Rich,

Cuba is by far the largest and the richest island in the West India group, having an area of a little over 43,000 square miles. In the southeastern portion there are mountains over 7000 feet high. The interior, is, for the most part, elevated and healthy, but the low coast land; have a torrid climate and abound in fevers and the accompanying diseases. The forests are of vast extent. It is estimated that, of 20,000,000 acres of land still remaining wild and unculti-vated, nearly 13,000,000 are uncleared forests. Sugar is the chief commodity. At one time enormous quantities of coffee were also exported, but it does not now figure so largely. Tobacco is indigenous, and of the finest quality. According to the census of 1887 the population numbered 1,631,-697 souls. In 1877 the figures were 1,521,684, thus showing a gain of but seven per cent. in the decade. Of the total, 492,294 were colored and 43,811 ginger cakes and tarts the cries of I'm living is down.

more than half a dozen travel-worn body's dead belonging to you."

Chinese. Illiteracy is alarmingly prevalent; 76 per cent. of the population of the pop bitterly, sinking into his old position. Intion can neither read nor write. Nor The Handles Make Umbrellas Dear. Mrs. Pettit was mystified; but this is this wholly due to the colore lelement; illiteracy among the white alone is 64.89 per cent. The number of schools in the island is one for every 2105 inhabitants.

A Surprise to Coal Experts.

Anthracite coal in a vein four feet thick has been discovered on the Line Mountain, which bounds Schuylkill and Northumberland Counties, basin, and was believed to be outside CURIOUS FACTS.

California evaporated pears are exported.

Icebergs sometimes last a great many years. At a recent wedding in Chicago the groom weighed 300 pounds and the

Host of the black pearls in existence come from the dark tipped oyster of

Sweden has a deaf and dumb corps

of the Salvation Army. Four meetings are held weekly. The first pedigreed horse on record in England was bred by Charles II

Lower California.

and named Dodsworth.

Villain once meant the serf who belonged to the farm and was bought, sold or exchanged with it. In Buena Vista, Ohio, an apple tree is reported bearing at the same time half-grown apples, buds and blos-

Paul Gee, of Lamar, Mo., colored, has thirty-eight children hustling for a living in Virginia and Missouri. He is eighty-five.

The British Parliament imposed a tax ou bachelors in 1695, and again in 1795. The impost was repealed early in this century.

A new religious sect at Zalma, Mo., employs a young girl as "angel," who flies to "heaven" and return at frequent intervals.

In Africa the telegraph posts are lightly made of steel, wooden poles being quickly destroyed by the white ants which abound. D. L. Moody is said to have con-

started him out as an evangelist. Two twelve-year-old schoolboys of Amador, Cal., last week chased and killed a mountain lion that measured

eight feet from tip of nose to end of A great kite flying fete by the Chi nese merchants was one of the features of the glorious Fourth at Port Townsend. Wash. One of the kites was

seventy-five feet long. A shark recently washed ashore at at Midian, British Columbia, had two distinct tails, three perfect eyes, and what appeared to be a rudiment of a fin or flipper hanging to the under

The secretary of a big irrigation convention called to meet at Good-"I guess we've got money enough to | land, Kan., was prevented from being

Peter Ebord, of Marquette, Mich., went after the grasshoppers in his like the wandering of a clear brook over parched meadows, leaving fresh and grateful all behind, carried also in after a turnip lunch, and were turnip patch with a mixture of paris on its bosom to a harbor of safety two | caught. The salt in the compound

attracted them to their death. Joseph Shannon, the oldest messenger of the Adams Express Company, has killed two robbers, was once desperately wounded in a fight with hieres, and one other occasion was tortured at intervals for five days without revealing the combination of

Yeal Pie All Around.

There is a pie shop in London that Charles Dickens used to stand before when as a child he drudged in a blacking factory. Every day, on his way to and from work, he paused to devour viands with his eyes, and sometimes, as he said, he pressed his tongue to the window panes, as if by doing that he got a little bit of a taste of the good things that lay so near, yet were

so far beyond his reach. An American who admires Dickens hunted up this pie shop when he was in London in order to gratify sentiment and curiosity. It proved to be a mere box of a place in a poor quarter of the city; but the original business was still conducted there. As

The owner of the voice was a small, dishevelled person, with whom a veal pie or any other kind would have agreed right well. The American Te-

"How many boys do you suppose that shop would hold?" "I dunno. About fifteen or sixteen, should think."

"Well, you go and get fifteen more boys and bring them back here." The boy studied the man's face for moment, as if to make sure he was in the enjoyment of his senses, then hurled himself into a side street with a yell. Hardly a minute elapse I before he returned, the head of a proto size and clothing, unantmous in appetite and hope. This ragged battalion assembled close behind the benfactor, and followed him precipitately into the shop, when he announced that he was going to give them all the that he was going to give them all the

pie they wanted. For a quarter of an hour the astonished baker served "weal an' 'am" pies, hand over hand to the sixteen astonished youths of Lonlon, while the American sat and watched the scene with hardly less astonishment. Few words were spoken, and the onslaught was as fierce and persistent while it lasted as the charge at Tel-el-Kebir. The exhaustion of supplies brought the banquet to a close, an l the traveler paid the score, thinking it little to pay in view of the fun he had, while the boys tumbled into the street, cheering, and went to spread the news of this miracle through the lanes of London. - Philadelphia Times.

A thoroughly good silk umbrella with a plain natural wood handle can he bought for \$10; umbrellas are sold up to \$50, and as high as \$100, and more; but above \$10 the cost is in the handle. Of handles for umbrellas, parasols, and canes there is an almost bewildering variety; there are thousan'ls of different styles, in wood, ivory, metals, minerals, horn, and other materials from all parts of the world. There is a demand for new

woods. Somecuriously marked woods

-New York Sun.

The Eminent New York Divine's Sun-

REV. DR. TALMAGE

day Sermon.

Subject: "Surpassing Splendor."

TEXT: "Eve hath not seen nor ear heard." –I Corinthians ii., 9. "I am going to heaven! I am going to heaven! Heaven! Heaven!" These were the last words uttered a few days ago by my precious wife as she ascended to be with God forever, and is it not natural as well as Christianly appropriate that our thoughts be much directed toward the glorious residence of which St. Paul speaks in the text I have chosen? The city of Corinth has been called the

Paris of antiquity. Indeed for splendor the world holds no such wonder to-day. It stood on an isthmus washed by two sens, the one sea bringing the commerce of Europe, the other the commerce of Asia. From her wharves, in the construction of which whole kingdoms had been absorbe t, war galleys with three banks of oars pushed out and contounded the navy yards of all the world. Huge handed machinery, such as modern invention cannot equal, lifted ships from the sea on one side and transported them on trucks across the isthmus and set them down in the sea on the other side. The revenue filters of the city went down through the olive groves that lined the beach to collect a

ariff from all Nations. tariff from all Nations.

The mirth of all people sported in her Isthmian games, and the beauty of all lands sat in her theatres, walked her porticoes and threw itself on the altar of her stupendous dissipations. Column and statue and temple bewildered the beholder. There were write marble fountains into which, from apertures at the side, there rushed waters everywhere known for health giving qualities. Around these basins, twisted into wreaths of stone, there were all the beauties of sculpture and architecture, while standing, as if to guard the costly display, was a statue of Hercules of burnished Corinthian brass. Vases of terra cotta adorned the cemeteries of the dead—vases so costly that Julius Cesar was not satisfied until he had captured them for Rome. Armed officials, the "Corinthiarii," paced up and down to see that no statue was defaced, no pedestal overthrown, no bas re-lief touched. From the edge of the city a hill arose, with its magnificent burden of columns and towers and temples (1000 slaves awaiting at one shrine), and a citadel so horoughly impregnable that Gibraltar is a

heap of sand compared with it. Amid all that strength and magnificence Corinth stood and defied the world.
Oh, it was not to rustics who had never scen anything grand that St. Paul uttered this text. They had heard the best music that had come from the best instruments in all the world. They had heard songs floatall the world. They had heard songs norting from merning portices and melting in evening groves. They had passed their whole lives away among pictures and sculpture and architecture and Corinthian brass, which had been molded and shaped, until there was no charlot wheel in which it had had not sped, and no tower in which it had not glittered, and no gateway that it had not idornéd.

Ah, it was a bold thing for Paul to stand there amid all that and say: "Ah this is nothing. These sounds that come from the temple of Neptune are not music compare with the harmony of which I speak. These waters rushing in the basin of Pyrene are not pure. These statues of Bacchus and Mercury are not exquisite. You citadel of Acrocorinthus is not strong compared with Acrosorrations is a constraint which I offer to the poorest slave that puts down his burden at that brazen gate. You, Corinthians, think this is a splendid eity. You think you have heard all sweet sounds and seen all beautiful sights, but I tell you "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of mau-the things which God hath prepared for them

You see my text sets forth the idea that, however exalt a our ideas may be of heaven, they come far short of the reality. Some wise men have been calculating how many urlongs long and wide is heaven, and they have calculated how many inhabitants there are on the earth; how long the earth will probably stand, and then they come to this estimate—that after all the nations had been gathered to heaven there will be a room for each soul, a room 16 feet long and 15 feet wide. It would not be large enough for me. I am glad to know that no human estimate is sufficient to take the dimensions. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard" nor arithmetic optulated.

I first remark that we can in this world get mo idea of the health of heaven. When you were a child and you went out in the morning, how you bounded along the road or street—you had never felt sorrow or sickness! Perhaps later—perhaps in these very summer days—you felt a glow in your cheek, and a spring in your step, and an exuberance of spirits, and a clearness of eye, that made you thank God you were permitted to live. The nerves were harp strings, and the sunlight was a doxology, and the and the sunlight was a doxology, and the rustling leaves were the rustling of the robes of a great crowd rising up to praise the Lord. You thought that you knew what it was to be well, but there is no perfect health on earth. The diseases of past generations come down to us. The airs that float now on the earth are unlike those which floated above paradise. They are charged with imthe traveler peered into the shadowy interior a voice piped at his elbow:

"Please, sir, will you buy me a weal wise."

"Please, sir, will you buy me a weal wise."

"One of the shadowy purities and distempers. The most elastic and robust health of earth, compared with that which those experience before whom the gates have been opened, is nothing but sieks ness and emaciation. Look at that sources and emaciation. standing before the throne. On earth she was a lifelong invalid. See her step now and hear her voice now! Catch, if you can, one breath of that celestial air. Health in all the pulses! Health of vision. Health of spirits. Immortal health. No racking cough, no sharp pleurisies; no consuming fevers, no exhausting pains, no hospitals of wounded men. Health swinging in the air. Health flowing in all the streams. Health blooming on the least a least blooming

on the banks. No headaches, no sideaches, no backaches. That child that died in the agonies of croup, hear her voice new ringing in the anthem! That old man that went leavest descriptions of the control of the contro owed down with the infirmities of age, see him walk now with the infirmtites of age, see him walk now with the step of an immortal athlete—forever young again! That night when the needlewoman fainted away in the garret, a wave of the heavenly air resuscitated her forever. For everlasting years, to have neither ache nor pain nor wakness nor fatigue. "Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard it."

John we see a blaze of amethyst and pourl and emerald and sardonyx and chrysoprasus and sapphire, a mountain of light, a cataract of color, a sea of glass and a city like the St. John bids us look again, and we see thrones—thrones of the prophets, thrones of the patriarche, thrones of the angels, thrones of the apostles, thrones of the martyrs, throne of Jesus, throne of God! And we turn round

to see the glory, and it is-thrones! Thrones! St. John bids us look again, and we see the great procession of the redeemed passing. Jesus, on a white horse, leads the march, Jesus, on a white horses, leads in and all the armies of salvation following on white horses. Infinite cavalende passing. passing; empires pressing into line, ages following ages. Dispensation tramping on after dispensation. Glory in the track of glory. Europe, Asia, Africa and North and South America pressing into lines. Islands of the sea shoulder to shoulder. Generations before the flood following generations after the flood, and as Jesus rises at the head of that great host and waves. His sword in of that great host and waves His sword in signal of victory all crowns are lifted, and all ensigns flung out, and all chimes rung, and all halleluiahs chanted, and some cry, "Glory to God most high!" and some, the same to the Son of Deviate and some. "Hosanna to the Son of David!" and some, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!" till all the exclamations of endearment and homage in the vocabulary of heaven are exhausted, and there come up surge after surge of "Amen! Amen! Amen!" "Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard it." Skim from the summer waters the brightest sparkles, and you will get no idea of the sheen of the everlasting sea. Pile up the splenders of earthly cities, and they would not make a stepping stone by which you might mount to the city of God. Every beauter is a nature.

house is a palace. Every step a triumph. Every covering of the head a coronation.

I remark further we can get no idea on earth of the reunions of heaven. If you

years, and we come upon them, we see how differently they look. The hair has turned, and wrinkles have come in their faces, and we say, "How you have changed!" But, oh, when we stand before the throne, all cares gone from the face, all marks of sorrow dis-appeared, and feeling the joy of that blessed land, methinks we will say to each other, with an exultation we cannot now imagine. "How you have changed!" In this world we only meet to part. It is goodby, goodby. Farewells floating in the air. We hear it at the rail car window and at the steamboat wharf. Goodby! Children lisp it, and old age answers it. Sometimes we say it in a light way. "Goodby!" and we say it in a light way, "Goodby!" and sometimes with anguish in which the soul breaks down. Goodby! Ah, that is the word that ends the thanksgiving banquet; that is the word that comes in to close the Christmas chant. Goodby! Goodby!

But not so in heaven. Welcomes in the air, welcomes at the gates, welcomes at the house of many mansions—but no goodby.

What, then, will be our joy, after we have passed the seas of death, to meet in the

bright city of the sun those from whom we have long been separated! After we have been away from our friends ten or fifteen

That group is constantly being augmented They are going up from our circles of earth to join it—little voices to join the anthem, little hands to take hold of it in the great home circle, little feet to dance in the eternal glee, little crowns to be east down before the feet of Jesus. Our friends are in two groups —a group this side of the river and a group on the other side of the river. Now there goes one from this to that, and another from this to that, and soon we will all be gone over. How many of your loved ones have already entered upon that blessed place! If I should take paper and pencil, do you think I could put them all down? Ah, my friends, the waves of Jordan roar so hoarsely we cannot been the joy on the other side where not hear the joy on the other side where their group is augmented. It is graves here and coffins and hearses here.

A little child's mother had died, and they comforted her. They said: "Your mother has gone to heaven. Don't cry," and the next day they went to the graveyard, and they laid the body of the mother down into ground, and the little girl came up to the

ground, and the little girl came up to the verge of the grave, and looking down at the hody of her mother said, "Is this heaven?" Oh, we have no idea what heaven is. It is the grave here. It is darkness here, but there is merry making yonder. Methinks when a soul arrives some angel takes it around to show it the wonders of that blessed place. The usher angel says to the newly arrived: "These are the martyrs that perished at These are the martyrs that perished at Piedmont; these were forn to pieces at the inquisition; this is the throne of the great Jehovah; this is Jesus!" "I am going to see Jesus," said a dying negro boy. "I am go-Jehovah; this is seems.

Jesus," said a dying negro boy. "I am going to see Jesus," and the missionary said, ing to see Jesus," and the missionary said, "Oh, "You are sure you will see Him?" "Oh, yes. That's what I want to go to heaven for." "Bat," said the misssonary, "suppose for." "But," said the missonary, "suppose that Jesus should go away from heaven, what then?" "I should follow him," said the dying negro boy, "But if Jesus went down to hell, what then?" The dying boy thought for a moment, and then he said, thought for a moment, and then he said, "Massa, where Jesus is there can be no hell!"

Oh, to stand in His presence! That will be heaven! Oh, to put our hand in that hand which was wounded for us on the cross -to go around amid all the groups of the redeemed and shake hands with prophets and apostles and martyrs and with our own dear, beloved ones! That will be the great reunion. We cannot imagine it now, ou in trouble and lonesome, they don't seem to eome to us. We go on the banks of the Jordan and call across to them, but they don't seem to hear. We say: "Is it well with the child? Is it well with the loved ones?" and we listen to hear if any voice comes back over the water. None! None! Unbelief says, "They are dead and extinct forever," but, blessed be God, we have a Bible that tells us different. We open

nave a Bible that tells us different. We open it and find that they are neither dead nor extinct; that they never were so much alive as now; that they are only waiting for our coming, and that we shall join them on the other side of the river. Oh, glorious re-union, we cannot grasp it now! "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.' I remark again, we can in this world get no idea of the song of heaven. You know there is nothing more inspiriting than music. In the battle of Waterloo the Highlanders an the battle of Waterloo the Highlanders were giving way, and Wellington found out that the bands of music had ceased playing. He sent a quick dispatch, telling them to play with utmost spirit a battle march. The music started, the Highlanders were relief and they desired on till the day were railied, and they dashed on till the day was won. We appreciate the power of secular music, but do we appreciate the power of sacred song? There is nothing more inspir-ing to me than a whole congregation lifted up on the wave of holy melody. When we sing some of those dear old psaims and tunes they rouse all the memories of the past. Why, some of them were cradle songs in our father's house. They are all spark-

ling with the morning dew of a thousand Christian Sabbaths. They were sung by brothers and sisters gone now, by voices that were aged and broken in the music, voices none the less sweet because they did tremble and break. When I hear these old songs sung it seems as if all the old country meeting homes joined in the chorus, and Scotch kirk and sailor's Bethel and Western cabins, until the whole continent lifts the dexology and the scepters of eternity bent time to the music. Away then with your starveling tunes that chill the devotion of the sanctuary and make the people sit silent when Jesus is coming to hosanna.

hosanna.

But, my friends, if music on earth is so sweet, what will it be in heaven? They all know the tune there. Methinks the tune of heaven will be made up partly from the songs of earth, the best parts of all our hymns and tunes going to add to the song of Moses and the Lamb. All the best singers of all the ages will join it—shoirs of white robed children. Choirs of patriarchs! Choirs of anostles! Morning stars clapping their of apostles! Morning stars elapping their cymbals! Harpers with their harps! Great anthems of God roll on, roll! on! Other empires joining the harmony till the thrones are full of it and the Nations all saved. Anthem shall touch anthem, chorus join chorus, and all the sweet sounds of earth ehorus, and all the sweet sounds of earth and heaven be poured into the ear of Christ. David of the harp will be there. Gabriel of the trumpet will be there. Germany redeemed will pour its deep bass voice into the song, and Africa will add to the muste with her matchless voices. I wish we could anticipate that song. I wish in the closing hymns of the churches to-day we might catch an echo that slips from the gates. Who knows but that when the heavenly door opens to-day to let some soul through there may come forth the strain of the jubilant voices until we catch it? Oh, that as the song drops down from heaven it might meet half way a song com-

Unpleasantly Surprised.

ing up from earth!

discovered."

that subject.

"The fact of painting a fly or bee so true to nature that the observer attempts to brush it away is not so difficult as is generally supposed," remarked a painter of still life. "The art lies in making the insect stand out from the background. Not long ago a patron brought me six saucers and a card upon which was pinned a house centipede, or "thousand legs," requesting me to copy it exactly upon each of the saucers, so that the base of the cup would cover it. I did so. Afterward he told me that he had given a little tea party, and without the knowledge of his wife had substituted the painted saucers for the plain ones. His amusement consisted in observing the horrified expression on the faces of the guests when they raised their cups and the quickness with which they put them down again to keep the monster imprisoned. It was only when the hostess noticed that none of the guests drank their tea that the deception was

Rudyard Kipling is going back to Ralia in the fall and announces that he come from France, where the young growing woods are cut with tools in a variety of patterns which are more or less preserved in the maturer growth.

New York Controllers who have more or less preserved in the maturer growth. will publish a new book on "Backwoods Life in America." As he has lived in Vermont and New York of course he is well qualified to discuss