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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,
Sweetheart!
The stars are in life's sky!

—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlant.. Constitution.

The Losing of Mrs. Pettit.

BY EDITH KEELEY STOKELY.

NATURE, in designing old Mr. Pettit's face, had not endowed it with a single artful furrow or wrinkle wherein a secret might hide. It was a beautiful old face, too, with a fringe of white whiskers all around under the chin, wide open, mild gray eyes and ruddy cheeks. Yet did a harmless deceit lodge there but for a moment the eyes laughed and twinkled, and all but called aloud, "Here it is"; and the next instant the secret was dislodged and scurrying off in plain sight of everybody, and nobody 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 peg behind the door, Mrs. Pettit, suspending the kettle high in air from the operation of pouring boiling water upon the tea, said, in a tone of conviction: "Ephraim, you've got a letter from John."

"Well, now, I want to know!" said Mr. Pettit, throwing an appealing glance around upon an imaginary and admiring audience, "If women don't beat all! I was saving that letter till after supper."

"We can just as well have it with our tea," said Mrs. Pettit, pulling the cosy over the teapot, and leading the way to the supper table. "John must have something particular to say. We 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.

Not very much, after all. Two square yellow tickets and one of those short notes that are always portentous:

CHICAGO, Ill., June 10th, 1895.

Dear Father and Mother: I inclose you two round-trip 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 loving son, JOHN PETTIT.

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."

"John wouldn't like it," said Mr. Pettit, softly, continuing his gaze to careful stirring of his tea. "It's our first grandchild, you know."

Involuntarily Mrs. Pettit's gaze wandered through the open window to a tiny hillock, which, with its marble shaft showing dimly through the twilight, told its own tale of "Eleanor, aged seven."

"I have never left her," she said, with troubled eyes.

"She would wish it," said Ephraim, gently. "John knows all, and he wishes it. Sixteen years is a long time for grieving, mother. She is a grown woman in heaven by this time."

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 itself noisily against the window screen; the cow lowed from the meadow without.

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 staying at home grieving, and neglecting the loved ones that need me. We will write to John to-night and tell him so."

Thus it came to pass that a few days later a certain train pulling out of Wilson's Ferry carried with it a quaint old couple with whom we have to do. The old gentleman wore his whiskers after a good old country style, and looked over his silver-bowed glasses with the most benignant eyes in the world. As for the old lady, fellow-passengers glanced idly upon her, and then turned to gaze again. Such a sweet old face, seamed with added years and care, but beautiful withal in its frame of clustering gray curls. No one smiled at the old-fashioned bonnet, the long, slender-waisted black dress, or neatly folded shoulder shawl. No one seemed to think of the oddity of the black silk mitts with their short fingers, although they had not been put on before since Eleanor's funeral. Every one seemed kindly interested in the big brown basket with a cover and two handles. Before the journey ended it had opened wide its hospitable cover to soothe with ginger cakes and tarts the cries of more than half a dozen travel-worn babes, and had won the earnest blessings of as many tired mothers.

Six hours of rumble and noise and dust, glimpses of waving green fields and distant towns, a fleeting acquaintance with strange faces and other lives, good-bys 'mid youth and laughter and silent good-bys with tears, and the train steamed slowly into Chicago.

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 voice. "He would have been here to meet us."

"I know the way. We've got to take the suburban train," said Mr. Pettit, grasping the big carpetsack with one hand, and parcels, bags and the umbrella with the other. "You just keep close to me, Lucy. That suburban train doesn't wait more than five minutes."

Through the big iron gates and up the wide stairs, everybody meeting and greeting everybody else, boys shouting and cabmen crying their fares, and at last open air. That is, not open air like the broad meadows and sunny garden plots of Wilson's Ferry, but open air much like gazing up from the bottom of a good old-fashioned chimney, so tall were the buildings on either side, and so very little of the blue sky visible overhead.

It was all very new and very strange to Mrs. Pettit; yet, notwithstanding her bewilderment, she faithfully followed the guiding carpetsack, hurrying onward in its wake, until they were well out on the streets and she was quite breathless with the brisk walk.

Then, as the carpetsack shifted its position for a moment to the pavement, and its owner turned to mop his brow, Mrs. Pettit saw, to her utter dismay, that, while his hair was gray, and from the back he presented an appearance not unlike that of Ephraim, this man she had been religiously following was, in fact, an utter stranger, and that she herself, Mrs. Pettit, was lost!

Quite unconscious of the mischief he had wrought, the stranger shortly resumed his carpetbag and his pace together, and joined the great merry-go-round of people; while the old lady, like a bit of flotsam stayed for a moment in its course, clinging helplessly to the brown basket, stood looking about in bewilderment, while people whirled and eddied and divided about her.

"I guess yer lost, ain't you?" said a big, kindly voice at her side.

Mrs. Pettit smiled into the honest face of the man, who wore a blue suit with brass buttons, and a star upon his breast.

"I don't know," she said, a little tremulously, "but perhaps I am; that is, if you don't know where my son, John Pettit, lives."

"Pettit—John Pettit. I don't seem to place him just now," said the policeman, placing his hand upon his chin, in a thoughtful and reassuring manner. "You don't happen to know his street or number, now?"

"No," said the old lady; "Ephraim always directs his letters, and he has his address on a card in his pocket. But I know they've put a new wing to the house lately, and it's painted brown and has bow windows."

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—whore lost people stay, I'll ring up the central police."

Mrs. Pettit relinquished the brown basket into Officer Mellen's hands, and walked cheerfully along by his side. "I hope your family are all well," she said, politely.

"Well, tol'rable, thank'ee," said the officer, with rather a new sensation. "The baby worries some o' nights. 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 basket. "Such a big bunch of catnip, too, just in the bloom; twice as much as John's baby will need. It's a sure relief for colic. And here's some young verbena plants I dug this morning with plenty of earth around them. Maybe your wife would like them."

Thereupon a paper bag and a pasteboar box changed hands.

"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 wife ain't owned a flower since she's been married." In his secret mind he was wondering where he could get enough dirt to fill a flower pot to plant them in.

The Detention Station was a large, high-ceiled room, with rows of long, hard benches along its walls, a little window behind which sat a man at a desk, and numberless policemen passing in and out, some accompanied, some alone. The man at the desk gave to each newcomer brought in, a check bearing a number, and made a corresponding entry in a large book. Mrs. Pettit found herself suddenly 53.

"You'll be called for," said Officer Mellen, touching his hat; "and it's much obliged I am for your kindness, ma'am." To himself he added as he turned away: "It's a shame for the likes of her to be put in this place."

There were dozens of people seated on the benches—men, women and children—some with heads bowed in dejection, misery, sickness or despair, others upright and defiant, many grown old in ways of sin, others but beginning to taste of temptation. Into this company Mrs. Pettit walked, with her dear old face and guileless eyes.

"Such a lot of people lost!" she thought in wonder. "It's a mercy if they all find their friends before night."

She touched a man upon the arm who sat huddled up beside her. "Are you sick?" she inquired, anxiously.

The man raised a reddened, bloated face, and gazed unsteadily at her. "Yes," he said huskily, "sick of life."

A mist gathered in the old lady's eyes. "I was once so, too," she said, sympathetically, "when my Eleanor was taken; but with the Lord's help I'm living it down. Maybe somebody's dead belonging to you."

"I'm dead to them," said the man, bitterly, sinking into his old position.

Mrs. Pettit was mystified; but this was plainly a trouble that catnip cannot reach—a trouble of the heart.

"I'm sorry for you," she said, quaveringly, laying her quaintly gloved hand upon his arm; "but whatever your trouble is, with the Lord's help you can live it down."

"102," said an officer, touching the man on the shoulder.

The man rose to follow, hesitated, then held out a trembling hand. "With the Lord's help, when I get out of this I'll try to live it down," he said, huskily. He looked at the withered hand within his own a moment with twitching lips, then gently laid it down and left the room.

Down the rows of poor humanity moved Mrs. Pettit. Ginger cookies caused baby eyes to shine, and kindly words dropped like rain upon arid hearts. The brown basket brought forth bunches of fragrant June pinks, clusters of elder blossoms and packages of marigold seeds. A bottle of home made cordial and a dozen fresh eggs were put into the hands of a young woman with hectic cheeks and a hollow cough, who held a wayward brother's hand anxiously in her own. "There won't be much left for John's wife," thought Mrs. Pettit, regretfully; "but dear knows these poor creatures need it."

Two hours later the doors swung violently in, and an excited group entered. An old gentleman with a fringe of white whiskers under his chin, a tall young gentleman looking very red and excited, and two officers. A moment's conversation at the desk, and 58 was called.

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, solemnly, "never beaten, never forsaken. You shall go home with me, and Tony shall own the dog, while the white kitten that will drink nothing but cream shall belong to the baby sister."

"Mother!" said a voice at her side—a 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, "and Ephraim, too! I'm glad you've come. There is so much trouble in world, and here I've been sitting to home shutting my ears to it. Ephraim, I know you won't care. You've never opposed me in anything in my 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 at 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 lifted the baby girl in his arms.

"I guess we've got money enough to hire a nurse if they are a charge," he said, triumphantly. "John, you're a lawyer; you can fix up the papers as soon as you like."

And so the losing of Mrs. Pettit, like the wandering of a clear brook over parched meadows, leaving fresh and grateful all behind, carried also on its bosom to a harbor of safety two tender human souls.—New York Independent.

A Growing Industry.

The other day the Postoffice authorities at Washington had their attention called to the circular sent through the mails to students in schools and colleges offering to furnish them with essays and speeches for so much per hundred words.

Many heads of schools and colleges urged the department to rule these circulars out of the mails, but after due consideration the authorities decided that they could not exclude them.

In one shape or another this business has been going on for many years. It is dishonest for a pupil to buy an essay or a speech and palm it off as his own, but there will always be youngsters who will do it at any risk. The temptation is hard to resist in some cases. Take, for instance, 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 deficient. He has a head for figures, but 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 enables some very clever men and women to earn many extra dollars which they could not make in any other way. It helps one class though it may injure another. The ruling of the Postoffice Department is on the right line, but the business is a bad one and there should be some way to put a stop to it.—Atlanta Constitution.

Cuba 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 lands have a torrid climate and abound in fevers and the accompanying diseases. The forests are of vast extent. It is estimated that, of 20,030,030 acres of land still remaining wild and uncultivated, 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 1,631,687 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 Chinese. Illiteracy is alarmingly prevalent; 76 per cent. of the population can neither read nor write. Nor is this wholly due to the colored element; 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, Pennsylvania. The vein is on the south side of the mountain, near Pitman, in the former county. This is a surprise to coal experts, for it is five miles south of the Shamokin coal basin, and was believed to be outside the coal district.—New York Sun.

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 bride 286.

Most of the black pearls in existence come from the dark tipped oyster of Lower California.

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 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 blossoms.

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 on 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 converted a New Jersey politician of thirty-seven years' experience, and 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 tail.

A great kite flying fete by the Chinese 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 jaw.

The secretary of a big irrigation convention called to meet at Goodland, Kan., was prevented from being present because of his inability to reach the town on account of high water, cause by phenomenal rains.

Peter Ebord, of Marquette, Mich., went after the grasshoppers in his turnip patch with a mixture of paris green and got four deer. They came in after a turnip lunch, and were 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 thieves, and one other occasion was tortured at intervals for five days without revealing the combination of a safe lock.

Veal 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 traveler peered into the shadowy interior a voice piped at his elbow:

"Please, sir, will you buy me a veal pie?"

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 replied:

"How many boys do you suppose that shop would hold?"

"I dunno. About fifteen or sixteen, I should think."

"Well, you go and get fifteen more boys and bring them back here."

The boy studied the man's face for a 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 elapsed before he returned, the head of a procession of sixteen gamins, assorted as to size and clothing, unanimous in appetite and hope. This ragged battalion assembled close behind the benefactor, and followed him precipitately into the shop, when he announced 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 London, 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, and 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.

The Handles Make Umbrellas Dear.

A thoroughly good silk umbrella with a plain natural wood handle can be 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 thousands 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. Some curiously marked woods 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 Sun.

REV. DR. TALMAGE

The Eminent New York Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Surpassing Splendor."

TEXT: "Eye 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 seas, 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 absorbed, war galleys with three banks of oars pushed out and contounded the navy yards of all the world. Huge headed 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 officers of the city went down through the olive groves that lined the beach to collect a 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 white 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 Cæsar 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 relief 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 thoroughly 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 seen 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 floating from morning porticoes 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 chariot wheel in which it had not sped, and no tower in which it had not glittered, and no gateway that it had not adorned.

Ah, it was a bold thing for Paul to stand there amid all that and say: "All this is nothing. These sounds that come from the temple of Neptune are not music compared 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 that which I offer to the poorest slave that puts down his burden at that brazen gate. You, Corinthians, think this is a splendid city. 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 man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

You see my text sets forth the idea that, however exalted our ideas may be of heaven, they come far short of the reality. Some wise men have been calculating how many furlongs 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 calculated.

I first remark that we can in this world get no 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 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 impurities 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 sickness and emaciation. Look at that soul 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 banks. No headaches, no sideaches, no backaches. That child that died in the agonies of croup, hear her voice now ringing in the anthem! That old man that went bowed down with the infirmities 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 weakness nor fatigue. "Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard it."

I remark further that we can in this world get no just idea of the splendor of heaven. St. John tries to describe it. He says, "The twelve gates are twelve pearls," and that "the foundations of the walls are garnished with all manner of precious stones." As we stand looking through the telescope of St. John we see a blaze of amethyst and pearl and emerald and sardonyx and chrysoprasus and sapphire, a mountain of light, a enhancement of color, a sea of glass and a city like the sun.

St. John bids us look again, and we see thrones—thrones of the prophets, thrones of the patriarchs, 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! 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, and all the armies of salvation following on white horses. Infinite cavalcade 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 signal of victory all crowns are lifted, and all ensigns flung out, and all chimes rung, and all hallelujahs chanted, and some cry, "Glory to God most high!" 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 splendors of earthly cities, and they would not make a stepping stone by which you might mount to the city of God. Every house is a palace. Every step a triumph. Every covering of the head a coronation. Every meal is a banquet. Every stroke from the tower is a wedding bell. Every day is a jubilee, every hour a rapture and every moment an ecstasy. "Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard it."

I remark further we can get no idea on earth of the reunions of heaven. If you have ever been across the sea and met a friend, or even an acquaintance, in some strange city, you remember how your blood thrilled and how glad you were to see him. 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 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 disappeared, 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 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. 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 cast 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 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 verge of the grave, and looking down at the body 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 the blessed place. The usher angel says to the newly arrived: "These are the martyrs that perished at Piedmont; these were torn 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 going to see Jesus," and the missionary said, "You are sure you will see Him?" "Oh, yes. That's what I've come to heaven for." "But," said the missionary, "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, "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, our loved ones seem so far away. When we are in trouble and lonesome, they don't seem to come to us. We go to 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 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 reunion, 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 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 rallied, 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 inspiring to me than a whole congregation lifted up on the wave of holy melody. When we sing some of those dear old psalms 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 sparkling 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 doxology and the scepters of eternity beat 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.

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—choirs of white robed children. Choirs of patriarchs! Choirs of apostles! Morning stars clapping 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 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 music 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 coming up from earth!

Unpleasantly Surprised.

"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 discovered."

Rudyard Kipling is going back to India in the fall and announces that he 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 that subject.