TALMAGE IN THE QUEEN'S DOMINION

The Great Divine Discourses to Thousands.

He Uses the Suggestive and Appropriate Text "Great Results May Depend on Small Events"—His Beautiful Illustration of Paul's Dethronement at the Glistening Gates of Damascus—How His Optics Were Ceansed, and His Advocation of God's Word Thereafter is Something Beyond Parallel.

GRIMSBY, CANADA, August 26.—The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., of Brooklyn, preached on the camp ground this place, to day. All Canada is represented in the immense throngs assembled. Dr. Talmage has preached at Grimsby many summers. This closes his summer absence. He has preached, lectured and visited in thirteen states of the Union this summer, his audiences numbering ten and fifteen thousand prople. The subject of his sermon here to-day was 'Great Results May Depend on Small Events." Dr Talmage took for his text: "Through a window, in a basket, was I let down by the wall."—II Cor. Ch. 2, v. 33. He said:

Damascus is a city of white and glistening architecture sometimes called "the eye of the East," sometimes called "a pearl surrounded by emeralds," at one time distinguished for swords of the best material called Damascus blades, and upholstery of richest fabric called damasks. A horseman by the name of Paul, riding toward this city, had been thrown from the saddle. The horse had dropped under a flash from the sky, which at the same time was so bright it blinded the rider for many days, and, I think so permanently injured his eyesight that this defect of vision became the thorn in the flesh he afterwards speaks of. He started for Damascus to butcher Christians, but after that hard fall from his horse he was a changed man and preached Christ in Damascus till the city was shaken to its foundation.

The mayor gives authority for his arrest, and the popular cry is, "Kill him! Kill him!" The city is surrounded by a high wall, and the gates are watched by the police lest the Cilician preacher escape. Many of the houses are built on the wall, and their balconies projected clear over and hovered above the gardens outside. It was customary to hang baskets out of these balconies and pull up fruits and flowers from the gardens. To this day visitors at the monastery of Mount Sinai are lifted and let down in baskets. Detectives prowled around from house to house looking for Paul, but his friends hid him now in one place, now in another. He is no coward, as fifty incidents in his life demonstrate. But he feels his work is not done yet, and so he evades assassination. "Is that preacher here?" the fosming mob shout at one house door. "Is that fanatic here?" the police shout at another house door. Sometimes on the street incognito he passed through a crowd of clenched fists and sometimes he secretes himself on the house-top. At last the infuriate populace get on sure track of him. They have positive evidence that he is in the house of one of the Christians, the balcony of whose home reaches over the wall. "Here he is! Here he is!" The vociferation and blasphemy and howling of the pursuers are at the front door. They break in. "Fetch out that Gospelizer, and let us hang his head on the city gate. Where is he?" The emergency was terrible. Providentially there was a good stout basket in the house. Paul's friends fastened a rope to the basket. Paul steps into it. The basket is lifted to the edge of the balcony on the wall, and then while Paul holds on to the rope with both hands his friends lower away, carefully and cautiously, slowly but surely, further down and further down until the baskets strikes the earth and the apostle steps out, and afoot and alone starts on that famous missionary tour, the story of which has astonished earth and heaven. Appropriate entry in Paul's diary of travels: "Through a window, in a basket, was I let down by the wall."

Observe, first, on what a slender tenure great results hang. The ropemaker who twisted that cord fastened to that lowering basket never knew how much would depend on the strength of it. How if it had been broken and the apostle's life had been dashed out? What would have become of the Christian Church? All that magnificent missionary work in Pamphilia, Cappadocia, Galatia, Macedonia would never have been accomplished. All his writings that make up so indespensible and enchanting a part of the New Testament would never have been written. The story of resurrection would never have been so gloriously told as he told it. That example of heroic and triumphant endurance at Philippi, in the Mediterranean euroclydon, under flagellation and at his beheading would not have kindled the courage of ten thousand martyrdoms. But that rope holding that basket, how much depended on it! So again and again great results have hung on what seemed slender circumstances.

Did ever ship of many thousand tons crossing the sea have such important passenger as had once a boat of leaves, from taffrail to stern only three or four feet, the vessel made waterproof by a coat of bitumen and floating on the Nile with the infant lawgiver of the Jews on board? What if some of the cattle wading in for a drink should sink it? Vessels of war sometimes carry forty guns looking through the port-holes, ready to open battle. But that tiny craft on the Nile seems to be armed with all the guns of thunder that bombarded Sinai at the law-giving. On how fragile craft sailed how much of historical importance!

The parsonage at Epworth, England, is on fire in the night, and the father rushed through the hallway for the rescue of his children. Seven children are out and safe on the ground, but one remains in the consuming building. That one wakes, and, finding his bed on fire and the building crumbling, comes to the window, and two peasants make a ladder of their bodies, one peasant standing on the shoulder of the other, and down the human ladder the boy descends—John Wesley. If you would know how much depended on that ladder of peasants ask the millions of Methodists on both sides of the sea. Ask their mission stations all around the world. Ask their hundreds of thousands already ascended to join their founder, who would have perished but for the living stairs of peasants' shoulders.

An English ship stopped at Pitcairn Island, and right in the midst of surrounding cannibalism and squalor, the passengers discovered a Christian colony of churches and schools and beautiful homes and highest style of religion and civilization. For fifty years no missionary and no Christian influence had landed there. Why this oasis of light amid a desert of heathendom? Sixty years before a ship had met disaster, and one of the sailors, unable to save anything else, went to his trunk and took out a Bible which his mother had placed there, and swam ashore, the Bible held in his teeth. The Book was read on all sides until the rough and vicious population were evangelized, and a church was started, and an enlightened commonwealth established, and the world's history has no more brilliant page than that which tells of this transformation of a nation by one book. It did not seem of much importance whether the sailor continued to hold the book in his teeth or let it fall into the breakers, but upon what small circumstance depended what mighty results!

Practical inference: There are no insignificances in our lives. The minutest thing is part of a magnitude. Infinity is made up of infinitesimals. Great things an aggregation of small things. Bethlehem manger pulling on a star in the eastern sky. One book in a drenched sailor's mouth the evangelization of a multitude. One boat of papyrus on the Nile freighted with events for all ages. The fate of Christendom in a basket let down from a window on the wall. What you do, do well. If you make a rope make it strong and true, for you know not how much may depend on your workmanship. If you fashion a boat let it be water-proof, for you know not who may sail in it. If you put a Bible in the trunk of your boy as he goes from home, let it be heard in your prayers, for it may have a mission as far-reaching as the book which the sailor carried in his teeth to the Pitcairn beach. The plainest man's life is an island between two eternities—eternity past rippling against his shoulders, eternity to come touching his brow. The casual, the accidental, that which merely happens so, are parts of a great plan, and the rope that lets the fugitive apostle from the Damascus wall is the cable that holds to its mooring the ship of the Church in the north east storm of the centuries.

Again, notice unrecognized and unrecorded services. Who spun the rope? Who tied it to the basket? Who steadied the illustrious preacher as he stepped into it? Who relaxed not a muscle of the arm or dismissed an anxious look from his face until the basket touched the ground and discharged its magnificent cargo? Not one of their names has come to us, but there was no work done that day in Damascus or in all the earth compared with the importance of their work. What if they had in the agitation tied a knot that could slip? What if the sound of a mob at the door had led them to say: "Paul must take care of himself, and we will take care of ourselves." No, no! They held the rope, and in doing so did more for the Christian Church than any thousand of us will ever accomplish. But God knows and has made eternal record of their undertaking. And they know. How exultant they must have felt when they read his letters to the Romans, to the Corinthians, to the Galatians, to the Ephesians, to the Philippians, to the Colossians, to the Thessalonians, to Timothy, to Titus, to Philemon, to the Hebrews, and when they heard how he walked out of prison with the earthquake unlocking the door for him, and took command of the Alexandrian corn-ship when the sailors were nearly scared to death, and preached a sermon that nearly shook Felix off his judgment-seat. I hear the men and women who helped him down through the window and over the wall talking in private over the matter, and saying: "How glad I am that we effected that rescue! In coming times others may get the glory of Paul's work, but no one shall rob us of the satisfaction of knowing that we held the rope."

There are said to be about sixty-nine thousand ministers of religion in this country. About fifty thousand I warrant came from early homes which had to struggle for the necessaries of life.

The sons of rich bankers and merchants generally become bankers and merchants. The most of those who become ministers are the sons of those who had terrific struggle to get their every-day bread. The collegiate and theological education of that son took every luxury from the parental table for eight years. The other children were more scantly appareled. The son at college every little while got a bundle from home. In it were the socks that mother had knit, sitting up late at night, her sight not as good as once it was.

And there also were some delicacies from the sister's hand for the voracious appetite of a hungry student. The father swung the heavy cradle through the wheat, the sweat rolling from his chin bedewing every step of the way, and then sitting down under the cherry tree at noon thinking to himself: "I am fearfully tired, but it will pay if I can once see that boy through college, and if I can know that he will be preaching the Gospel after I am dead." The younger children want to know why they can't have this and that as others do, and the mother says: "Be patient my children, until your brother graduates, and then you shall have more luxuries, but we must see that boy through."

The years go by, the son has been ordained and is preaching the glorious Gospel, and a great revival comes, and souls by scores and hundreds accept the Gospel from the lips of that young preacher, and father and mother, quite old now, are visiting the son at the village parsonage, and at the close of a Sabbath of mighty blessing, father and mother retire to their room, the son lighting the way and asking them if he could do anything to make them more comfortable, saying if they wanted anything in the night just to knock on the wall. And then all alone father and mother talk over the gracious influence of the day, and say: "Well, it was worth all we went through to educate that boy. It was a hard pull, but we held on till the work was done. The world may not know it, but, mother, we held the rope, didn't we?" And the voice tremulous with joyful emotion, responds: "Yes, father; we held the rope, I feel my work is done. Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." "Pshaw!" says the father, "I never felt so much like living in my life as now. I want to see what that fellow is going on to do, he has begun so well?"

Something occurs to me quite personal. I was the youngest of a large family of children. My parents were neither rich nor poor; four of the sons wanted collegiate education, and four obtained it, but not without great home struggle. We never heard the old people say once that they were denying themselves to effect this, but I remember now that my parents always looked tired. I don't think that they ever got rested until they lay down in the Sommerville cemetery. Mother would sit down in the evening, and say: "Well, I don't know what makes me feel so tired?" Father would fall immediately to sleep, seated by the evening stand, overcome with the day's fatigues. One of the four brothers after preaching the gospel for about fifty years entered upon his heavenly rest. Another of the four is now on the other side of the earth, a missionary of the cross. Two of us are in this land in the holy ministry, and I think all of us are willing to acknowledge our obligation to the old folks at home. About twenty-two years ago the other put down the burdens of this life, but they still hold the rope.

O men and women here assembled, you brag sometimes how you have fought your way in the world, but I think there have been helpful influences that you have never fully acknowledged. Has there not been some influence in your early or present home that the world cannot see? Does there not reach to you from among the Canadian hills, or western prairie, or from southern plantation, or from English or Scottish or Irish home a cord of influence that has kept you right when you would have gone astray, and which, after you had made a crooked track, recalled you? The rope may be as long as thirty years or five hundred miles long or three thousand miles long, but hands that went out of sight long ago still hold the rope. You want a very swift horse, and you need to reward him sharp spurs, and to let the reins lie loose upon the neck, and to give a shout to a racer, if you are going to ride out of reach of your mother's prayers. Why, a ship crossing the Atlantic in seven days can't sail away from that! A sailor finds them on the lookout as he takes his place, and finds them on the mast as he climbs the ratlines to disentangle a rope in the tempest, and finds them swinging on the hammock when he turns in. Why not be frank and acknowledge it—the most of us would long ago have been dashed to pieces had not gracious and loving hands steadily and lovingly and mightily held the rope.

But there must come a time when we shall find out who these Damascenes were who lowered Paul in the basket, and greet them and all those who have rendered to God and the world unrecognized and unrecorded services. That is going to be one of the glad excitements of heaven—the hunting up and picking out of those who did good on earth and got no credit for it. Here the Church has been going on nineteen centuries, and this is probably the first sermon ever recognizing the services of the people in that Damascus balcony. Charles G. Finney said to a dying Christian: "Give my love to St. Paul when you meet him." When you and I meet him as we will, I shall ask him to introduce me to those people who got him out of the Damascene peril.

We go into long sermon to prove that we will be able to recognize people in heaven, when there is one reason we fail to present, and that is better than all—God will introduce us. We shall have them all pointed out. You would not be guilty of the impoliteness of having friends in your parlor not introduced, and celestial politeness will demand that we be made acquainted with all the heavenly household. What rehearsal of old times and recital of stirring reminiscences. If others fail to give introduction, God will take us through, and before our first twenty-four hours in heaven—if it were calculated by earthly timepieces—have passed, we shall meet and talk with more heavenly celebrities than in our entire mortal state we met with earthly celebrities. Many who made great noise of usefulness will sit on the last seat by the front door in the heavenly temple, while right up within arm's reach of the heavenly throne will be many who, though they could not preach themselves or do great exploits for God, nevertheless held the rope.

Come, let us go right up and accost those on this circle of heavenly thrones. Surely, they must have killed in battle a million men. Surely, they must have been buried with all the cathedrals sounding a dirge and all the towers of all the cities tolling the national grief. Who art thou, mighty one in heaven? "I lived by choice the unmarried daughter in an humble home that I might take care of my parents in their old age, and I endured without complaints all their querulousness and administered to all their wants for twenty years."

Let us pass on round the circle of thrones. Who art thou, mighty one of heaven? "I was for thirty years a Christian invalid, and suffered all the while, occasionally writing a note of sympathy for those worse off than I, and was general confidant of all those who had trouble, and once in a while I was strong enough to make a garment for that poor family in the back lane." Pass on to another throne. Who art thou, mighty one of heaven? "I was the mother who raised a whole family of children for God and they are out in the world Christian merchants, Christian mechanics, Christian wives, and I have had full reward of all my toil." Let us pass on in the circle of thrones. "I had a Sabbath-school class, and they were always on my heart, and they all entered the kingdom of God and I am waiting for their arrival."

But who art thou, the mighty one of heaven on this other throne? In time of bitter persecution I owned a house in Damascus, a house on the wall. A man who preached Christ was hounded from street to street, and I hid him from the assassins, and when I found them breaking in my house and I could no longer keep him safely, I advised him to flee for his life, and a basket was let down over the wall with the maltreated man in it, and I was one who helped hold the rope. And I said: "Is that all?" and he answered: "That is all." And while I was lost in amazement I heard a strong voice that sounded as though it might once have been hoarse from many exposures and triumphant as though it might have belonged to one of the martyrs, and it said: "Not many mighty, not many noble are called, but God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, and base things of the world and things which are despised hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not to bring to naught things which are: that no flesh should glory in His presence." And I looked to see from whence the voice came, and lo! it was the very one who had said: "Through a window, in a basket, was I let down by the wall."

Henceforth think of nothing as insignificant. A little thing may decide your all. A Cunarder put out from England for New York. It was well equipped, but in putting up a stove in the pilot box a nail was driven too near the compass. You know how that nail would affect the compass. The ship's officer deceived by that distracted compass put the ship two hundred miles off her right course, and suddenly the man on the lookout cried, "Land ho! and the ship was halted within a few yards of her demolition on Nantucket shoals. A sixpenny nail came near wrecking a Cunarder. Small ropes hold mighty destinies.

A minister seated in Boston at his table, lacking a word puts his hand behind his head and tilts back his chair to think, and the ceiling falls and crushes the table and would have crushed him. A minister in Jamaica at night by the light of an insect, called the candle fly, is kept from stepping over a precipice a hundred feet deep. F. W. Robertson, the celebrated English clergyman, said that he entered the ministry from a train of circumstances started by the barking of a dog. Had the wind blown one way on a certain day, the Spanish Inquisition would have been established in England; but it blew the other way, but that dropped the accursed institution with seventy-five thousand tons of shipping to the bottom of the sea, or flung the splintered logs on the rocks.

Nothing unimportant in your life or mine. Three noughts placed on the right side of the figure one makes a thousand, and six noughts on the right side of the figure one, a million, and our nothingness placed on the right side may be augmentation illimitable. All the ages of time and eternity affected by the basket let down from a Damascus balcony.

Remarks by Mr. Smith, of Smithville.

The campaign and the Georgia water melon are wide open.

Wanted—Several candidates for the legislature at five dollars each. Apply at this office.

A new book is announced: "How to Get Married." Will some one please write another on "How to Live Afterwards?

A gentleman by the name of Experience has been lecturing down this way. Though his charges are exorbitant, he never lacks an audience.

The editor returns thanks to Mr, Tom Burton for three celluloid collars. We are now offering two of them in exchange for an article to wear with the odd one.

There has been no railroad wreck within the last half hour, but the town is full of life insurance drummers, and there is no telling what the morrow may bring forth.

We hope that the commencement agony is at an end now, We think we witnessed the last one Monday night. The old man commenced on him in the parlor, and the closing exercises were held at the front gate.

As we drew a chair up to the table and sat down to enjoy our humble meal yesterday it went to pieces with us and we were precipitated to the floor. Straightway the landlord raised the board on us, remarking that the fare was to fattening for the money.

A subscriber sends us a goat in payment for a year's subscription He will hereaftter take charge of the rejected manuscripts, having a fondness for poems on spring and obituary notices exceeding ten lines. He has already devowred a long letter on the Mills bill, and is looking wistfully toward a poem entitled "To My Love."

Brother don't stop your paper just because you don't agree with the editor. The last cabbage you sent in didn't agree with us either, but we didn't drop you from our subscription list on that account. No: we simply said, "Make us thankful for what we are about to receive," and after we received it we were not able to say anything.—*Smithville (Ga.) News.*

German University Students.

The number of students in attendance at the twenty-one universities of the German Empire last winter was not far from 28,500 Of these one-half were about equally divided between theology and law, and the other half divided between medicine and general education in the proportion, nearly, of three to four. It was stated by Prof. James Bryce, of Oxford, in his preface to the English translation of Dr. Conrad's "The German Universities for the Last Fifty Years," that in 1882-3 Germany, with a population of 45,250,000, had over 24,000 university students, while England, with her 26,000,000 of population, had less than 5,500 students at her universities. Dr. Conrad's statistics showed that the German students for 1882-3 paid in fees $182,150 and that the state paid $728,600, or 72 per cent. of the whole cost of the twenty-one universities, 30 per cent. of the whole being for instruction, in addition to the 18 per cent. paid by the students, and 42 per cent. standing to the account of maintenance of hospitals, museums and other establishments connected with the universities. The three greatest of the German universities are Berlin, Leipsic and Munich, with about 40 per cent. of the whole number of German students, Berlin having about twice as many as Munich and Leipsic standing about half way between the two.—*New York Mail and Express.*

A True Goose Story.

"When I was in Alabama, between Porter's Gay and Millersville," said a gentleman living in Atlanta, "I came to a country place where a man was driving ten or twelve geese from a branch toward a cotton patch. 'For heaven's sake,' said I, 'what is it you have on the necks of those geese?' 'Those are gourds full of water. I drive these geese into that cotton patch and keep them there all day weeding out the cotton. There is no water in the cotton patch, and I have to give them water this way to keep them there.' 'But how do they get the water out of those gourds under their necks?' 'They drink out of each other's gourds, Each gourd has an opening in the side so that another goose can put his bill into the gourd and drink.'

"I waited there half a day to see that performance and finally I saw a thirsty goose walk up to his his neighbor and coolly drink out of the gourd on his neck.—*Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.*

Gave Him Courage.

"What does that sign say up there?" asked a rather seedy looking man, as he peered over the counter.

"That sign says, 'if you don't see what you want, ask for it.'"

"Does that go?"

"I beg pardon, sir."—*Texas Sifting.*

WITH THEE.

If I could know that after all
These heavy bonds have ceased to thrall,
We whom in life the fates divide—
Should sweetly slumber side by side—
That one green spray would drop its dew
Softly alike above us two,
All would be well; for I should be
At last, dear loving heart with thee!

How sweet to know this dust of ours,
Mingling, with feed the self-same flowers—
The scent of leaves, the song bird's tone
At once across our rest be blown,
One breadth of sun, one sheet of rain
Make green the earth above us twain;
Ah, sweet and strange, for I should be,
At last, dear tender heart, with thee.

But half the earth may intervene
Thy place of rest and mine between—
And leagues of land and wastes of waves
May stretch and toss between our graves.
Thy bed with summer light be warm,
While snow drifts heap, in wind and storm,
My pillow, whose one thorn will be,
Beloved, that I am not with thee.

But if there be a blissful sphere
Where homesick souls, divided here,
And wandering wide in useless quest,
Shall find their longed for haven of rest,
If in that higher, happier birth
We meet the joys we missed on earth,
All will be well, for I shall be,
At last, dear loving heart, with thee.

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

A STORY OF THE WAR.

Coffee had just been served and the room was filled with smoke and that genial aftergiow of pleasant, reminiscent talk that always follows a good dinner, and especially a dinner where old friends have met, old friendships been revived and old stories told. These men had been comrades in war and served under the same flag, held the same political opinions and suffered the same losses. All but one had told his story, when our host turned towards him and said:

"Well, Harrison, we are waiting for your story."

Harrison smiled deprecatingly, gazed into the fire, and then began the following in his soft, Southern drawl:

Well, my story happened when we were in Georgia, just outside of Marietta, and our mess consisted of six men—two Georgians, one Alabamian, a Virginian, myself and a Creole with a beautiful face and a tenor voice that would charm the birds from the trees, named, singularly enough, Orphee. We became a very tuneful set under his inspiration, and exchanged musical information with much generosity. Our favorite air was that famous camp song, "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground." You should have heard us sing it. Orphee's tenor, my baritone, and the three other fellows chiming in softly, until the very pine trees stopped whispering to listen, and the fire burned softly in admiration, and war somehow did not seem so hard and cruel. Well, one dark night we were sitting around the fire, discussing with unwearied enthusiasm the prospects of the cause, when we heard irregular footsteps outside, and paused in our talk to listen.

"You can turn in here until further orders," said our Lieutenant's cheery voice, and a minute afterwards a short thick-set man entered. He made an apologetic little bow, shook himself like a dog, and, taking off his large wideawake, disclosed a dark, square face, with shy, dark eyes, blue-black hair, and a wide, firm mouth. He smiled tenderly, giving an air of great sweetness to an otherwise sombre face. He sat down on a blanket, Turkish fashion, quietly hoped he was not disturbing us, and then dropped his eyes meditatively on the ground. Silence reigned. We were too disconsolate to be polite, and so listened uneasily to the slow, indefinite stirrings of the wind through the trees, when suddenly a new sound arose, as of stealthy, uncertain footsteps coming nearer and nearer. The newcomer pricked up his ears, and his face wore an expression almost approaching guilt. "A spy," was my first illogical conclusion, as I rose to my feet and waited expectantly.

The flap of the tent stirred slightly, cautiously; the wind rose and swept the darkened landscape; the rain poured down with a rush, as if to give a tragic significance to what was about to happen, for—something did happen—the flap was suddenly pushed aside, and a goat walked in and went straight to the stranger, who received her with an indescribable tenderness of look and gesture. "A rum go," said the Virginian under his breath.

We all agreed, but contented ourselves with staring at the strange spectacle of a man and a goat fondling each other with uncouth marks of affection. After a while we resumed our old lazy positions and silently awaited further developments. The little man signed the goat to a remote spot, where she lay down, and then, turning towards us, said as if taking up an unrepressed thought: "You see, boys, I could not help it if Nannie would follow me. I have been good to her, and she remembers it. I had to leave home secretly to escape her, and all through the journey I felt like a scoundrel, and now—well, here she is."

He stopped abruptly without waiting for comment, and lay down with a short good night. I lay awake several hours after the others, wondering idly as to the probably tie which bound the new-comer to the goat, but arrived at no solution. From that night Parsons and his goat became a subject of never ending speculation to the mess. He was very quiet and unobtrusive, never resenting, although contriving to evade, impertment questions, and bearing everything with a good nature amounting to stupidity. As for the goat, she became the hapless butt of the whole division. We called her derisively "Miss Anna," treating her with an amount of mock consideration that made Parsons' eyes fairly glisten with appreciation. The second night after their arrival we began to sing, as usual, when the Virginian rose, and in a speech, the delicate humor of which I shall not attempt to reproduce, begged that "Miss Anna's rest should not be broken by our rude chanting."

I shall never forget the broken, tender, deprecating little reply that came from Parsons, and how we consented at last to sing. His face was so rapt as he sat beating time with his forefinger and occasionally quavering out an effective "Dying To-night, Dying To-night," we sang as if our very life blood was ebbing away, that I began to realize the absolute cowardice of ridiculing a perfectly innocent, unconscious man. I began to try and shield him from the funmakers, and was finally joined by Orphee, who became and eloquent partisan. As for Parsons, he grew almost to worship the handsome, sweet-voiced ad.

One luckless afternoon, Parsons, Orphee and I strolled off together, leaving "Miss Anna" to the mercies of our mess; but tormented by some vague presentment of evil, I induced my companions to return a little earlier than they intended. As we neared the tent my ear caught the sound of derision that came first from our Virginian, and were then finally caught up by the others and then ended in peal after peal of laughter. We pushed eagerly in. Alas! "Miss Anna," decked out in the most ridiculous toggery, had been tied between four stakes driven into the ground and the men were engaged in pricking her with pine burrs until the poor animal fairly writhed with agony. In a minute we had freed her and Parsons held the poor bleeding creature close to his breast. His small, square figure seemed to rise and dilate with a certain sense of superior power, as he turned his blanched face and blazing eyes upon the crowd.

"You call yourselves gentlemen," he said harshly, "you who have tortured a poor, dumb, defenseless creature left in your care. Thank God, my meaning of the word is different! You have no excuse. You are all supposed to be men and honorable men, men who are fighting for the rights of their country, and yet you can amuse yourself with such senseless cruelty as you have practiced this afternoon. You have branded yourselves as cowards and liars, for"—and here his voice broke suddenly—"I trusted you."

There was an ominous, threatening stir in the little tent, and several men stepped out towards the speaker, picturesque in his very unpicturesqueness, whose grotesque figure stood out sharply against the bit of landscape showing through the opening in the tent. But his face awed them back. The goat turned and moaned pitifully, rubbing his nose against Parson's coat with mute insistence. His face softened wonderfully, he seemed to forget the men, his anger, everything, and he whispered to her in soft, caressing tones.

"You have followed me through thick and thin, Miss Anna. When the overflow came and we were starving, it was you who struggled back to us through the water, and it was your milk that kept us alive. Everything then depended on your strength. We called our baby after you and when the poor little one died it cut me cruelly, cruelly. I cannot forgive this day's work. Be brave, Miss Anna, be brave," and putting his cheek on Miss Anna's head the tears fairly rolled out of his eyes.

He stopped a minute, drawing in his breath in short, quick little sobs and threw out both hands with a forlorn gesture of abandonment.

"Oh! great God! I was so lonely when wife and babies all were dead, and I loved Miss Anna then; I love her now as the one relic left me of that beautiful, vanished past. Then the war came and I tried to leave you, thinking it would be best, but you followed me to be ridiculed, despised and even tortured. All the conduct of the past week breaks over me and I see what a blind fool I have been."

"Parsons, you're to go on picket duty to-night, and you had better start now," called in the voice of our lieutenant. The men, now thoroughly ashamed of themselves, came nearer and were about to offer some heartfelt words of apology, but Parsons turned away, and delivering "Miss Anna" over to Orphee, said pleadingly:

"If anything should happen to me, you will take care of her?"

Orphee's eyes filled with tears as he pressed the extended hand.

Without another word or look Parsons strode out into the dark.

"We're brutes, cowardly brutes!" said our Virginian, disgustedly.

"I would rather face a million Yankees than hear that man's story told in that voice again," said another.

That night was a weary one. We could not forget the solemn figure, the dark, patient face, the broken, harsh, tender voice, and the pines above the river far away seemed to mingle their grief at our cowardice and brutality. Meanwhile "Miss Anna" slept peacefully on the best blanket of the mess, while we lay there sleepless, thoughtful, unhappy, even the greater issue of the war momentarily forgotten.

With the dawn came action. The Yankees were upon us, and we fought like wildcats. As evening came on the fight was suspended, and when our mess met everybody was there, "Miss Anna" included, except Parsons. We had made up a scheme to beg his forgiveness and to swear to be gentlemen, at least. Each of us had a separate speech of apology to make expressive of shame and contrition. When night settled down and Parsons did not appear we grew anxious, and sat silently around, not daring to breathe the great fear uppermost in our minds. "Miss Anna," too, walked up and down uneasily, sniffing the air and rubbing her nose against any convenient shoulder. As we sat thus our lieutenant called in to me:

"Harrison, step here a minute."

I arose and went out a little unsteadily.

"Parsons was hurt last night on guard, and has asked to see you. Go now; there isn't much time I'm afraid."

He turned to lead the way.

"I may tell them?" I said.

"No use,' he answered shortly, as Orphee's stricken face appeared in the doorway.

Well, I followed him to the rude hut selected for our hospital. It was lighted by torches and the surgeons were busy with the men who had fallen in the day's fight. In the farthest corner of the room lay Parsons. I knelt down by him and took his hand. He smiled faintly, reassuringly and whispered:

"It's not so hard—it was so quick, you know—just a flash, a burn, and then a dull pain. Only I lay there so long, Harrison, that I thought everything very clearly out, and I'm sorry. How could those fellows know! I am afraid I lost my temper. I'm such a devil of a fellow when I lose my temper," he said pathetically, "and Harrison, I beg pardon, old fellow—but, Miss Anna!"

His eyes apologized amply for this inquiry, and I went in search of the men and their charge.

They followed me eagerly, and we unconsciously fell into a procession and moved through the door with "Miss Anna" in our midst. It must have been a strange sight, a half-dozen men and a goat marching solemnly up the aisle of the rude cabin, but to the credit of human nature, be it said, nobody laughed or seemed to observe the humorous side of the situation.

"Miss Anna!"

The voice broke like a sob across the stillness, and the faithful friend pressed close to her master's side. The strong men who had faced death so unflinchingly all day quivered and shrank before this new phrase. Orphee looked longingly into the dying face as the white lips murmured of bygone days, of baby hands and tender, wifely kisses.

"Miss Anna," the voice began again, weakly, "the boys all know and love her," and then suddenly recollecting, he turned his eyes on the manly bearded face around him, and noted their moist eyes, then with the old frank smile of appreciation he muttered: "Dying to-night, dying to-night. Sing it, Orphee."

The river rushed and sang, the wind sighed airily through the sorrowful pines, but distinct and clear rose the voice of Orphee, that sweet high tenor, thrilling with tears and pathos. It quivered and fell as it reached the chorus, and the "dying to-night" was sobbed out on his knees as he held the poor, cold hands close to his breast. The wounded men turned on the rough floor, the surgeons desisted from their work, and one little fellow, his breast shot to pieces, crossed himself involuntarily, stirred by the sorrowful sweetness.

Again Parsons spoke:

"Be good, boys, to 'Miss Anna.' No better, truer sweetheart could you find. Say with me now, God bless 'Miss Anna.'"

And we said it with him.

"Amen," he answered solemnly, and with a spasm of pain he was lying there quite still, smiling tenderly as of old, with "Miss Anna" close to his breast.

"And 'Miss Anna?'" asked the host.

"Was shot down the next morning in the first charge."

There was silence for a few minutes, and then Harrison raised his glass and looked wistfully around. In an instant the glasses were refilled, and with reverently bowed heads and hushed tones the whole room drank to the memory of "Miss Anna."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Fan's History in Brief.

Kan Si was the first lady who carried a fan. She lived in ages which are past and for the most part forgotten, and she was the daughter of a Chinese mandarin. Whoever saw a mandarin, even on a tea chest, without his fan? In China and Japan to this day every one has a fan; and there are fans of all sorts for everybody. The Japanese waves his fan at you when he meets you by way of greeting, and the beggar who solicits for alms has the exceedingly small coin "made on purpose" for charity presented to him on the tip of the fan. In ancient times, among Greeks and Romans, fans seem to have been enormous; they were generally made of feathers, and carried by slaves over the heads of their masters and mistresses, to protect them from the sun, or wave about before them to stir the air.

Catherine de Medici carried the first folding fan ever seen in France, and in the time of Louis XIV the fan was a gorgeous thing, often covered with jewels, and worth a small fortune. In England they were the fashion in the time of Henry VIII. A fan set in diamonds was once given to Queen Elizabeth upon New Year's day. The Mexican feather fans which Cortez had from Montezuma were marvels of beauty; and in Spain a large black fan is the favorite. It is said that the use of a fan is as carefully taught in that country as any other branch of education, and that by a well know code of signal a Spanish lady can carry on a long conversation with anyone, especially an admirer. The Japanese criminal of rank is politely executed by means of a fan. On being sentenced to death he is presented with a fan, which he must receive with a low bow, and, as he bows, presto! the executioneer draws his sword and cuts his head off. In fact, there is a fan for every occasion in Japan.

American and German Universities.

The average age of American college students at graduation is certainly not greater than that of the German student in leaving his university. The American student is, however, not only a better educated man, in the best sense of the word, than the German student at a corresponding age, but the average American college graduate, who has not yet entered upon any professional study whatever, either in law, medicine, theology or science, but has spent three years at an academy of the grade of Andover, Exeter or Easthampton, and four years at any of the leading colleges of New England, is, by any fair test to be instituted by a committee of British or European educational experts, a better educated man than the average German student who has completed both his gymnasium and university studies.—Rev. Henry Loomis in American Magazine.

A Beautiful Plant.

Mr. Geeting, Superintendent of Public Instruction in Indianapolis, has a rare plant in his possession. It is what travelers in the east and all tropical countries call the resurrection plant. He has had it for a number of years receiving it from his uncle, who was a sailor. The plant resembles a small ball, with delicate little fragile roots hanging to it. It is apparently perfectly dead, and could be crushed to powder in one's hand, so dry and crisp is it. When thrown into a basin of water and immersed for a short time it soon begins to unroll its fibers and spread out upon the surface of the water like a lily. From a dull straw color it becomes a beautiful green, and floats upon the surface like a mass of beautiful green moss, radating like a starry flower from its heart in the center When it is taken out of the water it life seems to ebb slowly away, its beautiful green dies, and once more it rolls its fibres together, and in short time gives no evidence of the slightest vitality, hanging upon its stem awaiting once more the touch of the water to wake it into renewed life. The story of the plant is told thus by a great naturalist:

"While traveling on a professional tour in Upper Egypt eight years before, engaged in exploring for some lost emerald and copper mines, he chanced to render medical service to an Arab attached to his party. In gratitude, the child of the desert formally presented to him this now called 'resurrection flower,' at the same time enjoining him never to part with it. Like the fabled gift of Egyptian lore, it was supposed to have magic in the web of it.'

"The doctor was solemnly assured by the Arab and others of his race that it had been taken ten years before from the breast of an Egyptian mummy, a priestess, and was deemed a great rarity; that it would never decay if properly cared for; that its possession through life would tend to revive hope in adversity.

"For years the doctor carried his treasure with him everywhere, prizing it for its intrinsic qualities, and invariably awakening the deepest interest whenever he chanced to display its wondrous powers. During the remainder of his life, it is claimed, he caused the flower to open many times without causing any diminution of its marvelous property or any injury whatever to it."

Mr Geeting has had the plant in his possession for a number of years and has had many offers to buy it. He will not part with it, however, prizing it very highly, on account of its rarity and because of the way he, came into its possession.

An Ingenious Medical Invention,

The English papers describe an ingenious invention for producing vapors and gases for medical and sanitary purposes. A very pure carbon combined with oxidizing agent is molded into a hollow cone, the walls of which are part for part equal, the size varying with the use, and the central cavity fitted with a glass flask containing the matter to be dispersed, either in vapor or as a gas; the carbon cone and flask are secured on an incombustible base. Being placed in a room to be disinfected or deodorized, the cone is lighted at the apex and burns slowly and steadily downward, and as the carbon encasement is adjusted in substance to the amount of heat to be obtained, the result of this steady progression of heating is that the neck of the flask is the first to become intensely elevated in temperature, the heat slowly reaching the inner contained principle; the layer of the contained substance first affected by the heated glass is at once raised into a state of vapor, which is propelled with great force along the super-heated inbulure of the flask and eventually escapes into the air in the form of a high visible column. Thus, with these cones, a volume of vapor or gas may be produced of any magnitude, from a few cubic inches to many thousand cubic feet.

Georgia's Munchausen on Pigeons.

Reading your pigeon story reminded me of a pigeon story I have heard my friend Mr. John O. Holmes tell. It ran thus: "One morning before it was light I went up on Pigeon Creek to shoot pigeons. I tied my horse to a swinging limb and waited for it to become light enough for me to see how to shoot. When it was light enough I shot at some pigeons near by and when the smoke cleared away I noticed that my horse was gone. I looked all around for him, but could not see him nowhere until, hearing a groan, I looked up and saw him hanging in the air. I had tied him to the top of the tree on which the pigeons were roosting, and when I fired the gun the pigeons flew, the tree straightened up and carried my horse with it. Friend John is a strict member of the church."—Talbottom (Ga.) New Era.

He Gave His Bond for $50,000,000.

Paris Despatch, London Standard.

M. Charles Demachy, the great banker, who died suddenly just as he was getting ready to go to business, was buried recently. He was one of those who, during the siege of Paris by the Germans, gave his bond to Prince von Bismarck, at the office of Messrs. Rothschild, for the 200,000,000 francs which the conquerors asked for in gold as the price of refraining from marching their triumphant battalions right through Paris. M. Jules Ferry, then Mayor of Paris, and M. Mallet witnessed the signatures, and when the bond was shown to the Chancellor he immediately postponed his request for ready cash. M. Demachy had a splendid house in Paris, the feature of which was that every thing there was a l' Anglais.

Bride—Henry, do you know that snore? Bridegroom—No; do I? I'm very sorry to hear it. Bride (dryly) —So am I.