VALENTINE VERSES. Lave's Victory.

HK. "Tell me, dainty lady mine, Will you be my Valentine! Long I've worsh ped at your shrine. Every thing I have is thine."

"Truly, sir, I can not say. How much is your income, pray?"

"Income, dainty lady mine? What of that? For you I pine Night and day: my heart is thine-Pray, then, be my Valentine."

SHE. "Hearts and pining touch me not. How much money have you got?

" Half a million, lady mine."

" Of course I'll be your Valentine." -Somerville Journal

JUNE'S VALENTINE.

How It Won a Lover and Caught a Thief.

(Written for This Paper.)

take it as an answer to his question of last week." And fair Helen Montjoy gave another look at

the photograph in There is a singular fascination in one's own pictured feat. ures which it is hard to account for. Helen was by no means negligent of her locking -glass, and knew every line of

the fair face, every crinkle and wave of the sunny hair reflected there, still there was a new charm in it as shown by the burnished surface of the photograph carl, and she imagined her lover's pleased surprise when he should open the envelope which he would receive on St. Valentine's Day and find her face, arch and smiling, looking up at

She had had only the one taken. Sh was a little exclusive, and preferred that her face should not be shown promiscuously, and it was a proof which spoke for itself of her affection for Harvey Ingraham, when she was willing to entrust him with the shadow of herself.

He knew of this peculiarity of hers, and would, she was sure, read the act as she intended he should. There was another aspirant to her hand and affections, Harris Miller, a mail-clerk on the B. & Y. road at one of the stations of which Harvey Ingraham was telegraph operator, but to his chagrin Helen had resolutely refused to listen to his suit, and he was angry and jealous of young Ingraham in

Harris Miller was of good reputation education and family, still there was some aing card and showed the tortured lover the "On! Harvey," she cried, and her fine furtive pair of eyes, making it difficult to catch those wary organs in a straightforward, honest look.

Helen, with her quick woman's instinct, had taken a dislike to him for which she spinning around as he entered the door could hardly account, but, with a rare sense of honor, she had kept her unfavorable opinion to herself, not wishing to harm the young man in any way, and had not spoken of her dislike even to Harvey Ingraham, who looked upon young Miller as a rival, though how dangerous he could not determine from Helen's manner. She wrote but the two conventional

words, "Your Valentine," upon the back of the photograph, but under the circumstances they conveyed all the answer to his question that he could ask for.

On the very morning on which Helen prepared her valentine for mailing, Harvey Ingraham sat before his desk, a smile upon his handsome features, as he also prepared his mail for St Valentine's Day. An elegant affair in satin and fliagree with silver cupids pointing to an impassioned love verse lay side by side with a comic monstrosity.

"June will dance with wrath when she gets that," he soliloquized, as he looked at the ugly creation of fancy. June was his sister, and the two were in the habit of playing jokes upon each other, June's last effort in that direction having been so successful that her brother had no compunctions of conscience in choosing the worst looking parody on females that he could find, even touching on her gait, her one tender spot for sensitive feeling, for June was decidedly webbly in her walk and as decidedly averse to being re

He directed his envelopes, laying them face downward as he did so, and as another matter called for his attention he silipped the valentines hastily in and scaled them, never dreaming that he could possibly make a mistake.

Helen waited impatiently for the postman

on St. Valentine's morning and eagerly broke the seal of the envelope directed in the hand she knew so well. She changed color as she took out the contents, and her eyes fairly blazed with anger as she gave comprehensive look at the hideous comic corror which it contained, for Harvey in his haste had changed the envelopes, and while June was in raptures over



ction, poor Holen was correspondingly ppy over what she supposed to be an open insult, or, at the best possible con-struction, a most lamentable lack of good

She flow to her own room and burst into

To think that be of all others should insult me with such a thing as that!" she he started homeward, his affair with cried. "Oh, how I repeat sending him my Helen sinking into insignificance com-picture; but he shall not gloat over the pared with his present anxiety, for the knowledge that I love him for long," she rejoined, with a shuddering sigh, and rising hashily she took a package of letters to her children. ing hashily she took a package of letters from a private drawer in her deek and making them into a package with his gifts. Harvey reached home, and the visit was a source of pleasure instead of pain, as he for the poor fellow have it, since it is all of formally dear. I

the express office. I have asked him to burn every thing pertaining to me, and, of course, that in cludes the photograph," she said to herself as she went out, "and if he is any gentle-

man us will comply with my request."

She did not stop to consider her own of it, but her indignation occupied all her thoughts, and she walked like an insulted

The express came thundering in the

ment, and from you?"

on with his work.

called out:

just seen her ghost."

overwrought nerves.

Harvey's startled eyes.

pect me to congratulate you."

y as he was hated in return.

he knew so well.

the last five minutes."

greater than be could bear.

vords of friendship."

pleasant.

nisery came over him like a flood.

"What's that to you!" Harvey was

growing angry, and his tone was far from

'Oh, nothing," returned the other, with

assumed carelessness, "only the jolly old

Saint used me so well that I was hoping

you had been as fortunate also," and he

drew a photograph from his inside pocket

whom at that moment he hated as cordial-

Well, it amounts to that, don't it, old

He turned away sick and faint as the

race, had seized a water pitcher and

emptied its contents down the young

Harvey wearily arose and took the mes

"She has the perfect right to choose

scorniully, without the most ordinary

His sore heart would have been com-

forted could be have seen Helen at that

pented the haste with which she had re-

secret hope that he might yet write and re-

quest an explanation. Even now her love

whispered the possibility of a mistake, but

her pride would not allow her to take the

first step to ascertain the truth, and so the

matter seemed likely to rest where it was.

Harvey's love being stronger than his re-

sentment, and Helen's pride keeping guard

Harvey had an intimate friend, a de-

he was sending a message in cipher

to his chief he said to him in a confidential

aside: "There is a systematic robbing of

the mail going on between Omaha and Chi-

cago, and we have not as yet been able to

get any definite clew to the thief, but it

will go hard with him when he is caught.

He must be an old bird, not easily caught

with chaff, for we have sent out decays

which would have spotted him at once if

he had meddled with them, but these have

By a curious conjunction of ideas the

memory of Helen's photograph flashed over Harvey. With the sneeringly tri-

amphant expression of Harris Miller's face

s he had taken it from his pocket, and.

for the first time since that miserable

morning, he had a doubt, a happy, hopeful

doubt, as to his lawful possession of it.
The detective acticed it. "You look se-

renely happy over the intelligence. Have

"No, no," replied Harvey, vered with

his tell-tale face, "only as impression, and

if it proves to be any thing more than that

I will tell you." Much as be disliked

Harris Miller, be would not do him the in-

The evening mail brought him as sax-

ious letter from June, saying that his

mother was sick and wished him to come

justice of an accusation without proof.

been untouched."

spirit to tessing June Ingraham.

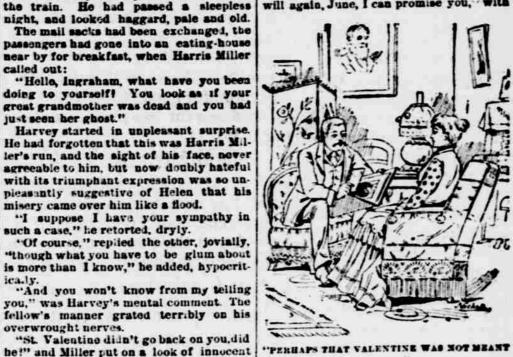
such a case," he retorted, dryly.

wrapper and scheld the fateful package of | Helen, his haughty, dignified Helen, rehis letters, together with the few simple ceiving that scarecrow in colors an gifts which he had ventured to send her, lieving that he had sent it to her. All the occurrences of the past were exhe grew pale as death with emotion. plained, and he could not blame her for He had received no valentine from her,

but knowing her proud and reserved spirit | taking it as an insuit. "if you will kindly explain what you ar he had not been surprised but this unexpected rebuff was something for which he flushing and paling about," said June, in a was totally unprepared, and he sank into piqued voice; "perhaps that valentine a chair exclaiming: "Oh, Helen, Helen, was not meant for me after all." She was what have I done to deserve such treat- quick at reaching conclusions.

To tell the truth, June, it was not, and He read her chilling note, but it gave no the mistake has caused me the keenest explanation of the mystery, and the lines agony of my whoie life," and he told the of years of suffering had been added to story. June could be a most sympathetic sister the handsome face before he tossel a

package of her letters into the glowing in any real sorrow, and her heart went out fire, as she had requested him to, together to him as he told how he had suffered. "I always told you that unboly passion with his own, and miserably strove to go you have for teasing me would bring you to grief some day, and I was a true prophet," said June, as she wiped hereyes. next morning, and Harvey stepped out It was yet too sore a subject for Harvey upon the platform as a relief to his restto smile over, but he replied: "I never lessness and paced up and down before will again, June, I can promise you, with



FOR ME.

such evident sincerity that she really believed him.

"Of course you will visit Helen and have the matter explained," said June. "Would it not be better to write first?" He actually dreaded to meet her after such a ridiculous mistake without a previous explanation.

as he spoke, and removing the tissue pa Had he known how sore Helen's beart per in which it was wrapped held out the was, how she longed for a sight of his picture face of Helen Montjoy before ce, he would not have been so timid. She had long since repented her haste, The action was so sudden that he had no time to collect his thoughts and bear the seeing in her cooler moments how unlikebitter blow composedly, and he was white ly it was that he had designed the foolish as death as he said in a voice which valentine for her, still, pride withheld trembled in spite of him: "Thank you for her from taking a step toward leart ing the

your good wishes, and of course you ex- truth. Harris Miller, confident that he had made a permanent estrangement between them, He did not look up to see the look of malhad urged his suit anew, only to be scornice and the triumphant hatred which was pictured on Miller's face, he only saw the fully repulsed, for girls of Helen's stamp sweet, haughty face of Helen, the girl he do not shift their affections easily.

She was sitting by her desk one evening loved so devotedly, in the hands of one her head bowed upon her hands, as she was thinking miserably how little life held for her in comparison with the hopes a boy!" replied Miller, as he turned the few months since.

in his face which gave warning of some words, "Your Valentine," upon the back eyes were full of unutterable longing, "If the past-" A ring at the door-bell aroused her and a

bell rang, and the passengers came hurryfew moments later a servant called her to ing back to the train, and the office seemed | the parior. She arose with a weary sigh as she went

down the stairs. "I am in no mood to He staggered to a chair and mercifully chatter nothings with society friends toforgot his pain for a few blissful moments | night," she reflected sadly as she opened of unconsciousness. "Guess ye fainted, the door. mister," said the office boy, who, with an A familiar form stood under the chan-

instinct seemingly common to the human | delier, a pair of pleading blue eves looked eagerly into hers, and she knew from his look that the mistake, whatever it was, man's neck and into his ears as he lay on had been righted, and she met him half the floor. "Granville's ben a callin' fur way as he advanced.

"Helen, my Helen," he said, and his voice had never sounded so sweet, so manly to sage in a listless, mechanical way, very her before.

unlike his usual brisk, business-like man-The horrors of the unhappy past were ner. He feit dazed and stunned by the all forgotten as for a few happy moments thought that Helen had so openly and de- they were claspe! in a close embrace, and cidedly shown her preference for his de then Harvey said roguishly: "For my part spised rival, the sight of the picture in of the explanation, dearest, I will say that Miller's possession having all the signifi my sister June is anxious to exchange valcance that Helen had intended it should entines with you, for she fears you do not when received by himself, but the thought properly appreciate the one I selected for never occurred to him that there could be her, not with the best of taste, I'll admit. any mistake, and his trouble seemed I think you will like the one I supposed I had sent you the best," and he drew the His first thought was to write Helen an valentine which June had enjoyed so much upbraiding letter, teiling her what he had from his breast pocket. seen, but his love for her conquered the She took it with trembling hands, look

ing at it through a mist of happy tears. "How much unhappiness I might have whom she will, but, oh! Helen, Helen, saved had I stopped to consider," she said, you need not have thrown me away so regretfully. "Did you receive my pict-

"Your picture!" It was Harvey's turn to be surprised. "Is it possible you sent ne your picture!"

"Very possible, Harvey," she replied, moment as she sat in her room idly twisting June's obnoxious valentine archly. "A cabinet photograph taken exaround her white fingers; the bt of paper pressly for you and in answer to your which was to have been a vexation of postal. I thought the most acceptable valentine I could send you would be my Tears stood in her large eyes as she looked into the fire, and she already reself."

A grave look shadowed Harvey's happy face. 'Then you did not send Harris Miller sented its receipt, and she cherished a your photograph?"

"Harris Miller! What could have put such a strange idea into your head, dear!" She blushed as the caressing word, never before used except in the privacy of her own room, escaped her lips.

"He showed it to me, claiming that it came from you as a valentine." She looked up at him in pained sur-

prise. "And you believed him!" "How could I do otherwise. It was only tective in Pinkerton's employ, and as the morning after 1 had received your package, and I had no other clew to your reasons, and knew your exclusive ideas in regard to your picture. Oh! Helea, I you knew what I have suffered."

She was looking at him seriously. "Harrey, how do you suppose Harris Miller came by that picture! It was securely wrapped and sealed and I know there is but the one copy, for I brought home the negative, and the artist positively assured me he printed no duplicates, and Harrison is a man of his word."

"I fear," and Harvey shook his head, that he came by it far from bonestly. The conviction had been growing upon him that Harris Miller was the man whom the detectives were looking for, and that he would be in duty bound to tell what be knew.

" He knows my handwriting even better than you do," Helen rejoined, "for we once attended writing-school together, and be was always laughing at my queer J's and H's, and he could pick out my valentime to you from all others. To think that he had him after doing such underhand work." "I am afraid, Holen, that he has done even worse work than that," replied Har-vey, gravely, and he related his interview

will be no mercy shows him." "Harvey, can not we get that picture

feared it would be.

"June Ingraham, where did you get this?" he asked, in an agitated voice.

His sleer had drawn up an easy chair before the fire, and had settled down for an ovening chat, and Harvey was looking swor a portfelle of drawings, and the object which had caused his exclamation was a light dealers a heavent was a light dealers a heavent was a light dealers.

She did not stop to consider her own pain in the matter, or how harron life was reing to become to her with Harvey left out of it, but her indignation occupied all her thoughts, and she walted like an insulted queet as able went on her way.

Harvey was alone when the express agent handed him the package, and his open handed him the package, and his open handed him the package, and his open of remembrance as his recognized to the way the package, and his open of remembrance as his recognized to the way that his open of remembrance her hand-writing, and as he tere away the last face was married as the very day that Harvey table face was married as the very day that Harvey table face was married on the very day that Harvey table face was married on the very day that Harvey table face was married on the very day that Harvey table face was married on the very day that Harvey table face was married on the very day that Harvey table face.

The truth flashed over him in a memory, and his prices gard in the position of the law in his ones."

Here as Harvey had emported, and Halvey table for the law in his ones."

Here as Harvey had supported, and Halvey the flater's photograph was the means of which had caused his exclamation was a History photograph was the means of which had caused his exclamation was a Halvey photograph was the means of the work in his ones."

Here as Harvey had emported to the law in his ones."

History photograph was the means of the law in his ones."

Here as Harvey had emported to the law in his ones."

Here as Harvey had supported to the law in his ones."

History photograph was the means of the which had caused his exclamation was a Harvey had supported to the law in his ones."

History photograph was the means of the law in his ones. The inverse and the law in his ones."

History photograph was the law in his ones. The inverse and the law in his on

PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

Dr. Talmage on the Joys of Conversion.

Joy of the New Convert - Blissful Experi sace-The Lord a Loving Father Who Rejoices at the Hoturn of a Wayward Son.

In a recent jubilee sermon at Brooklyn calf and kill it." He said:

Joy! Joy! We banquet to-day over his accession of a multitude of souls. In to celebrate joyful events by festivity- But one day a temptress with diamonded peace, the Christmas, the marriage. Howver much on other days of the year our table may have stinted supply, on Thanksgiving day there must be something boun- of you have stepped beyond that circle. teous. And all the comfortable homes of Christendom have at some time celebrated of God to step back? This, I say to you, joyful events by banquet and festivity. Something has happened in the old

ever happened before. A favorite son down on the pillow in helpless sickness, the father proclaims celebration.

ered in, and extra supply is sent out to will say: "Now, now, now now!" thanks God that his long-absent boy is Come home, come home! home again. O! how they missed him; how glad they are to have him back. One Nothing is too good; nothing is good remembrance of the trouble he has seen.

vert's joy. It is no tame thing to become ing eaten his rice, and the King said: Christian. The most tremendous moment in a man's life is when he surrenders examination find whether he has eaten himself to God. The grandest time on the the rice." And he was slain. Ah! the father's homestead is when the boy comes | cruelty of a scene like that. back. Among the great throng who in the parlors of this church professed Christ a despot, but a Father-kind, loving, forjoy I feet; I came here this morning to ez- of him that dieth." If a man does not get press it. I have found more joy in five to Heaven, it is because he will not go minutes in serving God than in all the there. No difference the color, no differyears of my prodigality and I came to say | ence the history, no difference the ante-

was informed that a large inheritance was is? his, and there was joy amounting to behas put in his hands the title-deed to the

songs are mine, its God is mine!" Christian. It is a merry-making. It is a greater hallelujah, while with a voice something bright. It is more apt to be son, was dead, and he is alive again."

transfigured morning. life and comfort and hope and Heaven, bined joy of the universe when compared it on the brow of the humblest child of God. You have seen sometimes a man in a religious assembly get up and give his exto send a message to your friends" 'Yes, will you not? You will, you will. would: tell them that only last night the ove of Jesus came rushing into my soul like the surges of the sea, and I had to cry ministers of religion. O. it is a grand

out: "Stop, Lord, it is enough; stop, thing to preach this Gospel. I know there Lord, enough!" O, the joys of this has been a great deal said about the triale Christian religion! Just pass over from these tame joys in which you are indulging joys of this world-into the raptures of the Gospel. The world can not satisfy you; you have found that out. Alexander longing for of God then I will be able to celebrate in other worlds to conquer and yet drowned in his own bottle, Byron whipped by disring his own soul while all the streets of down with emotion; but I confess to you Paris were applauding him. Henry II. plainly that when I see a man coming to concuming with hatred against poer God and giving up his sin I feel in hedy. fact that this world can not make a man happy. The very man who poisseed the habit emancipated, I rejoice ever it as pommel of the saddle on which Queen though it were my own emancipation. save the Queen!" One moment the world applicate and the next moment the world anothernises. O, come over into this greater joy, this sublime science, this magnificant bestitude.

When to-day in our communication service ing a certain greatleman who was the next moment the world stand and stand at the presence of Heaven bleased with a nose of a Bardoiphian size and color. "He must be a heavy to Josus Christ, I feel a joy something aident bestitude.

There are places in which sheep are ingredied or suitaneous. But no lattifugent size and color. "He must be a heavy drinker," said one cieric. "Not at he turn them upon his needs.

there were thousands of wounded on the can not tell, or out of the body I can not and his grandlather, and they had the fold and the ambulances had not come, tell; God knoweth." one Christian soldier lying there a-dying O, have not ministers a right to rejoice was the reply, "eridently a case of Minterically, the cheep clearly ranks ander the startight began to sing: "There is a land of pure dell

And when he came to the next line the were everes of voices paiting: "Where counts immerial reign The song was cought up all through the folds among the wounded, patil it was said there were at least ten thousand

into life, the legend save, his guardian angel went forth with him, and getting from Luke zv. 23: "Bring hither the fatted a circle clear around where the young man stood. It was a circle of virtue and honor, and he must not step beyond that circle Armed foes came down, but were obliged all ages of the world it has been customary to halt at the circle—they could not pass. the signing of treaties, the proclamation of hand stretched forth and crossed that circle with the hand and the tempted soul took it, and by that one fell grip was brought beyond the circle and died. Would you not like this day by the grace is your hour of salvation. There was in the closing hours of Queen

whom the world supposed would become a she could not move her head or move her vagabond and outlaw forever has got tired hand. She was waiting for the hour of sight-seeing and has returned to his when the Ministers of State should gather father's house. The world said he never in angry contest, and worried and worn Father's house. would come back. The old man always out by the coming hour, and in momentary said his son would come. He had been absence of the nurse, in the power, the looking for him day after day and year strange power which delirium some times after year. He knew he would come back. gives one she arose and stood in front of but those of us who have toiled in the serclock when the nurse returned. The nurse are teme compared with the satisfaction There is a calf in the paddock that has said: "Do you see any thing peculiar of seeing men enter the kingdom of God. been kept up and fed to utmost capacity about that clock?" She made no answer, o as to be ready for some occasion of joy but soon died. There is a clock scene in that might come along. Ah! there never every history. If some of you would rise | Gol I have seen eight sen of them. Thank will be a grander day on the old home- from the bed of lethargy and come out God, thank God! stead than this day. Let the butchers do from your delirium of sin and look on the their work and the housekeepers bring clock of your destiny this morning, you onto the table the smoking meat. The mu- would see and hear something you have sicians will take their place, and the gay not seen or heard before, and every tick groups will move up and down the floor. of the minute and every stroke of the All the friends and neighbors are gath- hour, and every swing of the pendulum to the rocks and you saw people get ashore the table of the servants. The father pre- come home to your Father's house. Come sides at the table, and says grace, and home, O prodigal, from the wilderness.

Second-But I notice that when the prodigal came there was the father's joy. brother indeed stands pouting at the back | He did not greet him with any formal door and says: "This is a great ado about "How do you do?" He did not come out nothing; this had boy should have been and say: "You are unfit to enter; go out chastened instead of greeted; veal is too and wash in the trough by the well and good for him!" But the father says: then you can come in; we have had enough." There sits the young man, glad | the proprietor of that estate proclaimed at the hearty reception, but a shadow of festival it was an outburst of a father's sorrow flitting across his brow at the love and a father's joy. God is your Father. I have not much sympathy with All ready now. Let the covers lift | that description of God I sometimes hear, Music. He was dead and he is alive again! as though He were a Turkish Sultan, hard He was lost and he is found! By such and unsympathetic and listening not to bold imagery does the Bible set forth the the cry of His subjects. A man told me merrymaking when a soul comes bome to he saw in one of the Eastern lands a King riding along and two men were in alterca-First-First of all there is the new con- | tion and one charged the other with hav-"Then slay the man and by post mortem

Our God is not a Suitan, not a Czar, not Sir, I can not contain myself with the have no pleasure," He says, "in the death cedents, no difference the surroundings, You have seen, perhaps a man running no difference the sin. When the white for his physical liberty and the officers of | horses of Christ's victory are brought out story tells now the Pilgrim put his fingers than all height, and wider than all width, in his ears, and ran, crying: "Life, life, and vaster than all immensity. It overeternal life!" A poor car-driver in this tops, it undergirds, it outweighs struggle to support his family, suddenly universe. Who can tell what God's joy

You remember reading the story of a wilderment; but that is a small thing King, who on some great day of festivity pie, and sent valuable presents to his joys, the raptures, the spiendors of courtiers; but methinks when a soul come Heaven, and he can truly say: "Its man- back, Got is so glad that to express His sions are mine, its temples are mine, its joy He flings out new worlds into space, and kindles up new suns, and rolls among O, it is no tame thing to become a the white robel anthems of the redeemed the killing of the fatted calf. It is jubilee. that reverberates among the mountains of You know the Bible never compares it to a frankincense and is echoed back from the funeral, but always compares it with everlasting gates, He cries: "This, my compared to a banquet than any thing At the opening of the Exposition in New else. It is compared in the Bible to the Orleans, I saw a Mexican flutist, and he water, bright flashing water; to the played the solo, and then afterward the morning, reseate, fire-worked, mountain- eight or ten bands of music, accompanied by the great organ, came in; but the sound I wish I could to-day take all the Bible of that one flute as compared with all the expressions about pardon and peace and orchestra was greater than all the com-

and twist them into one garland and put | with the resounding heart of Almighty of God in this assemblage, and cry: For ten years a father went three times "Wear it, wear it now, wear it forever, son a day to the depot. His son went off in of God, daughter of the Lord God Al- exasperating circumstances, but the father mighty." O, the joy of the new convert! said, "He will come back." The strain O, the gladness of the Christian service. | was too much, and his mind parted, and early morning be watched the train, its perience. Well, Paul gave his experience. arrival, the stepping out of the passengers. He arose in the presence of two churches, and then the departure of the train. A the church on earth and the church in noon he was there again watching the ad-Heaven, and he said: "Now this is my ex- | vance of the train, watching the departure. perience: 'Sorrowful, yet always rejoic- At night there again; watching the comng: poor, yet making many rich; having ing, watching the going for ten years. He nothing, yet possessing all things." If was sure his son would come tack. God the people in this house this morning knew has been watching and waiting for some the joys of the Christian religion, they of you, my brothers, ten years, twenty would all pass over into the king lom of years, thirty years, forty years, perhaps God the next moment. When Daniel fifty years-waiting, waiting, watching. Sandeman was dying of cholera his at- watching; and if this morning the proditendant said: "Have you much pain?" gal should come home what a scene of "O," he replied, "since I found the Lord gladness and festivity, and how the great I have never had any pain except sin." Father's heart would rejoice at your com-Then they said to him: "Would you like | ing home. You will come, some of you

Third-I notice also that when a pro gal comes home there is the joy of the and the hardships of the Christian ministry. I wish somebody would write a good, rousing book about the joys of the Christian ministry. Since I entered the profersion I have seen more of the goodsess all otornity. I know some beast about their equilibrium, and they do not rise into enthusiasm, and they do not break mind and soul a transport. When I see a man who is bound hand and feet in evil akin to that which the apostic de The night after the battle of Shiloh, and when he says: "Whether in the body I all?" said another; "I knew his father

when a proligal comes home? They blow damaces harreditas."—St. James' Go-though they sentimen fall into discussions of the guthering of the heat? They pointed to the full supply, and ought they not to re-juice when seniospant as the bart for the

Q, it is a great religion to live by, and it more exhausting. I have seen ministered is a great religion to die by. There is only kept on miserable stipends by parsimonone heart throb between you and that re- loss congregations who wondered at the ligion this morning. Just look into the duliness of the sermons, when the men of face of your pardoning God, and surren- God were per plexed almost to death by der yourself for time and eternity, and He questions of livelihood, and had not is yours, and Heaven is yours and all is enough nutritious food to keep any yours. Some of you like the young man fire in their temperement. No fuel, no of the text, have gone far astray. I know fire. I have sometimes seen the inside of not the history, but you know it, you the life of many of the American clergyknow it. When a young man went forth | men-never accepting their hospitality. because they can not afford it; but I have seen them struggle on with salaries of \$500 Rev. T. De Witt Talmage took his text him into a field the guardian angel swept and too a year the average less than that-their struggle well depicted by the Western missionary who says in a letter: "Thank you for your last remittance; ustil it came we had not any meat in our house for one year, and all last winter, although it was a severe winter our children wore their summer clothes." And these men of God I find in different parts of the land, struggiling against annuy ances and exasperations innumerable; some of them week after week entertaining agente who have maps to sell and submitting themselves to all styles of annoyance, and yet without complaint and cheerful of soul How do you account for the fact bomestead greater than any thing that has | Anne what is called the clock scene. Fiat | that these life insurance men tell us that ministers as a class live longer than any others? It is because of the joy of their work, the joy of the harvest field, the joy of greeting prodigals home to their

> We are in sympathy with all innocent hilarities. We can enjoy a hearty song and we can be merry with the merriest; The great eras of every minister are the outpourings of the Holy Ghost, and I thank

Fourth-I notice also when the prodigal comes back all earnest Christians rejoice. if you stood on Montauk Point and there was a hurricane at sea, and it was blowing toward the shore, and a vessel crashed inon the rocks in safety, you could not control your joy. And it is a glad time when the church of God sees men who are tossed on the ocean of their sine plant their feet on the rock Christ Jesus.

O, when prodigals come home just hear those Christians sing. Just hear those Christians pray. It is not a stereotyped supplication we have beard over and over again for twenty years, but a putting of enough trouble with you." Ah! no. When the case in the hands of God with an importunate pleading. No long prayers. they have nothing to say and their hearts are hard and cold. All the prayers in the Bible that were answered were short prayers: 'God be merciful to me a sinner. "Lord, save me or I perish." The longest | bores made. prayer, Solomon's prayer at the ded cation of the tempel, was less than eight minutes in length, according to the ordinary rate of enunciation.

And just bear them pray now that the prodigals are coming home. Just see cies of the heart seem to clunch the fingers Mix the flour with a little cold milk morning rang my door bell and said: again when a prodigal comes back. "I then see those Christian faces, how illu- and stir it into the cream when it boils, get up and with the same voice that he the cream, drain the cysters from their meeting house, say: "Now, Lord, lettest cream, and they are ready to be served. Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." There was a man of Keith who was the law after him and you saw him escape to celebrate the triumph, you may ride and one day he got off his shackles and he

or afterward you heard the Governor one of them, and as God is greater than came and stood by the prison door, and had pardoned him and how great was the all. His joy is greater, and when a soul when the jailer was opening the door, glee of that rescued man; but it is a very comes back there is in His heart the surging with one struck down the man tame thing that, compared with the run- of an infinite ocean of gladness, and to who had incarcerated him. Passing along hing for one's everlasting life—the terrors express that gladness it takes all the the streets he wondered where his family of the law after him, but Christ coming in rivers of pleasure, and all the thrones of was. He did not dare to ask lest be excite Emery, of the New York Experimental You remember John Bunyan in his great joy deeper than all depth, and higher from the prison be saw a Keith tankard, a whole family sits around the sacred tankard one on earth, one in Heaven.

Hallelujab!" "Pleased with the news the saints below In songs their tongues employ, Reyard the sizes the tidings go,

"Nor angels can their joys contain. But bindle with the fire The sonner lost to found, they sing,

And strike the sounding lyre." At the banquet of Luculius est Cirora quet sat Socrates, the philosopher; but at proligals, more than conquerors. The table is so wide its leaves reach arross every hand the robe of a Reviour's rightcounses adreep from every shoulder. The wine that glows in the cape is from the bowle of 10,000 sacraments. Let all the redrink to the return of 1,000 prodigule. Sing! sing! sing! "Worthy to the lamb that was alain to receive blessing and riches and bonor and glory and power,

-From a cathedral close comes to us the story of a discussion concers-

-New Yorker-"I suppose a horse can be kept very chespiy in Texas?" Teras.- That all depends on circum- advance in human development. I hall Life increase nea will tell you that minimize of religion as a clear live image. A seighbor of religion as a clear live image. Since the control by the control bearing a few sharp on every tensor in the control bearing a few sharp on every control of the control by the control by the control bearing a few sharp on every control of the control by the control of the control by the control of the

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

-The last milk drawn from the cow at a milking, is richer in butter than the first -A fow iron nails, or a pie

rusty iron kept in the drinking makes a good tonic for the fowls. -In the management of a farm, as with all other pursuits, attending to details has done much to assure 1 -

-Experience proves that cows which have a due allowance of salt give milk richer than those which are not supplied with sait.

-Don't get up an excitement in the hen house. If you want chickens for dinner to-morrow take them quietly off the room to-night. Frightening a hen out of her wits is as bad as dogging a cow. - Nut Pudding: One cupful of sugar.

one-half of a cupful of butter, two cup-

fuls of flour, one-half of a cupful of cold water, three opes, one and onehalf teaspoonfule of baking powder. one-half of a cupful of whole walnut meats added the last thing. Bake and eat with sauce. Good Housekeeping. -Stewed Eggs: Cut in thick slices aix hard-boiled eggs. Place in a stew pan with one cap of boef, veal, mutton, chicken or roast pork gravy, one tea Now, having returned to his father's house, the clock, and stood there watching the vice are ready to testify that all these joys | cup of sweet milk, butter size of an es; one onion chopped very fine; sait and pepper to season. Predge into stew one tablespoonful flour. Stew ten minutes, then pour over six slices

of soaked and buttered toast -English Pancakes: One pint of milk, two eggs, one tablespoonful of sugar, one cupful of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one cupful of cream, a little sait; melt a little butin the life toats and the very last man got | ter in frying-pan; pour half a cupful of batter in it: put on hot fire and brown on both sides; butter each cake, and sprinkle with powdered sugar, and

roll up like jelly roll and serve Nearly all failures with peaches are due to the work of the borer, which operates in the collar of the tree near the ground, and this should not be mistaken for the disease known as the vellows. The trees must be examined Men never pray at great length unless for the borer, as it can not be avoided by any remedy except to kill it when it first begins to work on the tree. though occasionally it is destroyed late "Lord, that I may receive my sight." in the season by inserting wire in the

-Creamed Oysters: For this excellent dish take equal proportions of ovsters and cream, say a pint of each. a small bit of onion cut fine, a shred of mace, a tablespoonful of floor, and salt them shake hands. No putting forth of and pepper to taste. Scald the union the four tips of the fingers in a formal and mace in the cream, and the system way, but a hearty grasp, where the mus- in their own liquor until they curl. minated they are. And see that old man then skim out the onion and mace from sang fifty years ago in the old country liquor, add them to the prepared

---RYE FOR HORSES.

hurled into prison in time of persecution, It Is Cheaper at Staty Conta Than Gots at Thirty-five Lents & Bushel. In answer to an inquiry whether it is better to sell ryg al

cents and buy outs at 40 cents than fil have the rye ground for horses, F. E. to pardon and bless and rescue and save. pomp and all the ages of eternity. It is a suspicion, but, passing along a little way Station, says: "It appears that Amerlean winter rye is a little richer in tigeneration to generation be saw it in gestible substance and digestibility. a window. His family, hoping that owing, no doubt, to its containing no city some years ago, after having had a all the united spiendor and joy of the some day he would get clear, came water. The digestibility never having and lived as near as they could to been determined under American the prison bouse, and they set that conditions can only be taken Keith tankard in the window, hoping he with considerable allowance and compared with the experience of one who scattered silver and gold smoog the peo- it and knocked at the door and went in, then only relatively. Here is cheaper and the long absent family were all to- at 60 cents per bushel than gether again. O if you would start for oats at 36 cents. He being a much the Kingdom of God to-day I think some heavier grain and containing nearly of you would find nearly all your friends one-fourth less hull than onte should and nearly all your familles around the holy tentard of the holy communion— be ground and mixed with nearly its fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, around own weight of cut hay, moistened that exceed tankard which commemorates enough to hold the rye meal, otherthe love of Jesus Christ our Lord. O. it wise it might form a heavy, indigestiwill be a great communion day when your mass in the stomach and produce colic. If the horses are at all constipated on Fifth-Once more I remark that when this mixture a little bran or catinoal the prod gal gets back the inhabitants of will suffice to keep the bowels in a good. Heaven keep festival. I am very certain healthy condition, but this will hardly of it. If you have never seen a telegraphic be necessary if the horses are at work chart, you have no idea how many cities or exercise regularly. The amount of are connected together and how many inde. Nearly all the neighborhoods of feed depends so much upon the conthe earth seem articulated, and news flee stitution, age and work of the horse from city to city and from continent to that the feeder must be guided largely continent. But more rapidly go the tid- by his own judgment, observing, howings from earth to Heaven, and when a ever, to feed about as many pounds of prodigal returns it is announced before the throne of God. And if these souls the ground rye as he would of oats, but this morning should enter the kingdom not so many quarts by nearly half. We three times a day the father went. In the there would be some one in the heavenly should begin with about ten pounds of kingdom to say: "That's my father." out hay and increase and diminish ac-"That's my mother," That's my sea." cording to the apparent need of each "That's my daughter, 'That's my friend," That's the one I used to pray for animal, giving all that would be caten "That't the one for whom I wept so many up clean. Loss grain would be required tears." And one woil would say, with clover hay, and about one-fourth "Hosanna" and another soul would say, more should be added if straw constitutes part of the ration.

SHEEP FOR BURETY. The Salest Way of Restoring Partitley to

There have been many upe and downs in the business since my boyhood; many changes from sheep to he orator; at the Macedonian feetal sat something else, and back again, and Philip, the conqueror; at the Grecian ban- many thousand shoop have been slaughtered for their pelts and tallow alone in times of depression, but the men who have permistently stuck to seas and scross lands. Its guests are the sheep through thick and this improvredeemed of earth and the glorified of ing their forms while others were sell Heaven. The ring of God's forgiveness on ing out or killing theirs, have in the end come out shoul every time, and have kept up the condition of their farms better then any other class of lesmed of earth and all the gierified of farmers among un. No man arquainted fearen rice and with gleaming challes with the situation will attempt to reatrovert this assertion. If I desired to bring back into condition a rendown or wors-out farm I should stock it up just as heavily as it would bear with sheep, provided, of course, that it was

he turn them upon his newly seeded and the clover-plots, say more than dairymen against them, they are bound to go up higher in popular estimation with every