

30 you wonder why a tellow with my talent should have left the stage, do you! Well, Ferd, I'm much obliged to you for your little compliment, so I'll tell you my true reason. which is known to but few people, either in the profession or

"The last three years of my public life were quite successful. I was lucky in having a tip-top fellow for manager-Gus Bailey, an honest, square man, who could keep his own secrets and other people's too. "Like most actors, I was not quite satisfied to play the parts for which I was best adapted: my "old men" pleased the public far better than they did me. I preferred

the Romeo business, and once in a while Bailey consented to bill me for such parts. "By one of these coincidences which really do occur now and then, Murray, our leading young man, broke his hip just at the time Mile. d'Esterre joined us, and I, having been longer in the company than any other man, was cast in his place. This made an enemy for me of Lawrence, who firmly ex-

pected the promotion, but I cared little for "Had the whole company been down on me I would not have known it, for it was patent to me as well as others that our new star was quite well satisfied with the change in her stage lover. Lawrence was a capital actor, but his private life was not of the best, and that was one reason why he did not get the vacant berth; occasionally he would become too hilarious to be depended upon and his under-study did not enjoy a sinecure.

" How much you must enjoy the 'Pastime of an Hour,' Mr. Osmyn!" said Mile. d'Esterre to me.

"Why so?' I said, in surprise. "I always see you in the wings, when you are not on the stage, through the whole of

this act,' she answered. "I was flattered; this young and pretty girl with the fanciful French name was an bonest, simple-hearted American girl without either flightiness or prudery, and I was glad that she took note of where I was. I replied carelessly:

"One must stand somewhere, and my wait fare very short.'

" 'Do you know,' she added, sinking her voice almost to a whisper, 'it is a real com-



BUT LOVE IS MORE ARDENT THAN FIRE."

fort to me to know that you are so near. I dare say you will think me very silly, but I never feel quite easy until Mr. Lawrence has stamped on that buening paper; my dress is very fluffy and-"

"Have no more uneasiness,' I said, truthfully. 'I, too, dislike that business and I watch your dress as carefully as if I were

I dared not say more nor speak in too tender a tone, for Lawrence had drawn near and was scowling fiercely at us. I fancied that he was not quite himself.

"The second scene in our play was a hackneyed one. Lawrence, the unsuccessful suitor, flourished before his lady's gaze the will her father had made subsequent to the only one found at his death; the one he had just found rescinding the old man's bequest of great wealth to his daughter, provided she marry Sir Harry Vaughn (Law-

"When she firmly and for the third time refuses to marry him or any one but Jack Les.lo (myselt) he tears the paper in his rage, thrusts the two strips into a lighted. candle, and, waving them before her, cries: "So vanishes all proof that your father

weakly changed his mind! No one but you and me knows that this will was ever made, and as these flames flicker and spread you see your ease, and luxury, and comfort disappear-disappear forever, unless you marry ine!" "Then he throws the burning ends of

the paper on the floor, and stamps on them, crying: Comfort with me or starvation with your plebeian suitor.'

"As the days had grown into months I had seen very plainly that Lawrence and I spoke our respective lines from our hearts. Did lille. d'Esterre! How I longed to know! Lawrence was a fascinating fellow, I was not; he had a fairly good social position, and I was supposed to have none; he had a good income besides his salary, I had

"No one in our company knew my history, but I will tell you the gist of it now. Though I was billed as Max Osmyn my lawful appellation was Henry Osmyn Maxwell; my grandfather, who was very wealthy, had announced his intention of making me heir to most of his property, but after years of kindness and indulgence he cut me off without a shilling because I refused flatly to marry the granddaughter of one of his

cronics, an old reprobate whom I detested. "Of course, Lawrence did not know it. and the numberless ways in which the cad tried to teach me my place, socially, were very amusing. I scorned the fellow too much to feel angered at him.

. This night when Mile. d'Esterre had confided her anxiety to me I was even more watchful than before. I imagined that Lawrence was unusually excited (I learned afterward that she really had rejected him in carnest that afternoon) and threw much

emphasis into his lines. "He brandished the burning papers in a wild manner and then cast them to the floor in a reckless way. Just what I feared would happen some time now took place.

"A breath of wind, caused, perhaps, by a sudden movement of Mile. d'Esterre's trailing robe, fliched one of the papers close to her; the dying flame gave one last flicker, bent forward, and seized a diaphanous frill or Hounce or something on her skirt, started into new life, and was fain to clasp my dar-

ling in its fiery embrace. But love is more ardent than fire. In an instant I darted forward and crushed out the flame with my hands.

"Lawrence, who had not seen the fire,

spoil his situation, I presume, for he grasped me by the shoulder and swung me forcibly into the flies. How the audience hissed him! Most of them had understood the unexpected scene and many were breathless with terror. The orchestra leader whispered to Mile. d'Esterre that it was 'all right,' and she went on with her refusal.

"Comfort, with a craven like you! Sooner would I die! Sooner, a thousand times sooner, would I starve with my dear Jackand here he is, to learn how I love him and detest you,' were her lines.

"And how the audience applauded now! They did not seem to notice the rather disneveled condition of 'dear Jack's' wig and collar and necktie, a result of his sudden and unintentional exit at Lawrence's hands, and they certainly did not know that the hands of 'dear Jack,' so tenderly clasped by the heroine, were smarting and blistered!

"Of course she knew the condition of my paws, and it was when she insisted on dressing and bandaging them for me that I found courage enough to tell her how I loved her.

"'You say you love me and want to marry me,' she said, by and by, in a tone of surprise, 'yet you know nothing of me, not even my name, for I am not French.'

"I know that you are a sweet, noble coman, be your name what it may,' I made reply. 'But before I insist on an answer to my question I must tell you my story.' "Which I did, accidentally omitting all

". How very strange! My father, at the instance of my ambitious step-mother, turned against me because I would not agree to marry some one he had selected for me. Perhaps I was romantic, for I refused to even see the young man. I said I would be loved for myself alone and would give my hand only where my heart went.'

"'Had you seen the fellow may be you would have liked him, and then I should never have met you.' I said, jealously. "I cou'd not have fancied him! In all the country there is not an idler, gayer, more useless man than that young Henry Max-

well! A devotee of tennis-' "Who? I cried, excitedly.

"'Henry Maxwell. Did you over hear of him in New York?" "'Well, rather,' I answered, smiling.

"'I'il warrant you never heard any good of him!

"I have the impression that he once risked burnt fingers to extinguish the flames on a young lady's dress-that of a Miss Anna Gordon, I believe; did you ever hear of her? "'Who are you!' she asked, abruptly, m

open-eyed amazement. "Henry Osmyn Maxwell, billed as Max

Osmyn, very much at your service. A foolish fellow, who angered his grandfather, Colonel Maxwell, because he refused to marry one Anna Gordon, sometimes now known as Mile, d'Esterre. "'How perfectly absurd!' was all she

"It may have been perfectly absurd, but

it was all quite true. "We closed our engagement with Gus Bailey that spring, and he, who had known my wife's story, was the only person taken into our confidence and the only witness a:

our quiet wedding. "Of course, our respective families received us with open arms; to be sure, they. laughed at us, but at the same time they showered gifts upon us and my delighted grandfather presented me with a charming

villa up the Hudson. "Here's our address-come and see us on your way home and tell us whether you, too. think our conduct was 'perfectly absurd,' as our relatives express it." - Chicago Times.

SOME ODD REMEDIES.

How Ague , Was Treated and Cured in the

Days of Yore. Ague was much mere prevalent in the old days, when so many thousand acres of what is now good arable land were lying in waste marshes, recking with malarial vapor. But the sufferer was not without choice of other remedies which, if their efficacy was at all in proportion to their simplicity, left little to be desired. If he were unable to obtain the chips of a gibbet, or objected to them on superstitious grounds, many other courses were open to him. Thus, he is directed to have a cake baked of salted bran; while the fit is on he is to break up the cake and give the pieces to a dog. The disease will then leave him and stick to poor Tray. Another authority recommends him to seal up a spider in a goose-quill and hang the quill round his neck, allowing it to reach as low as the pit of the stomach. Aspen leaves were good against ague. And this reminds me of one curious principle which appears to have influenced the leech strongly in his choice of remedies-the so called "Doctrine of Signatures." To the old physician all plants seemed to possess such curative powers as would render him valuable assistance of he only knew the ailments in which a particular plant, or part of a plant, might be prescribed with propriety. His peculiar method of reading between the lines in the book of nature soon enabled him to surmount this difficulty to his own satisfaction, if not to the advantage of the patient. The shape of a leaf or flower, its color and a hundred other trifles were gladly accepted as indications of the medicinal virtues upon which he could most confidently rely. Thus, nettle tea was sure to prove helpful in a case of nettle rash; the heart-shaped leaves of the ordinary wood sorrell were remedial in cardiac disease: and turmeric, on account of its deep vellow color, was of great reputation in the treatment of jaundice. Is it any wonder, then, that the quivering leaves of the aspen were esteemed as a cure for ague.-All the Year Round.

A Useless Journey. My little four-year-old brother was led into the room to see a new sister. He stood for a moment in deep thought, and then

"Mamma, did baby tum from Heaven?" "Yes."

"Did I tum from Heaven!" "Yes, dear."

"Did 'oo tum from Heaven?" "Why, yes."

"Is we all doing back to Heaven?" "I hope so."

"Den I'd dess as leave have stayed dare nd saved tar fare."-N. Y. World.

When They Began. "Out West," says a theatrical manager, "they don't always do things in New York We played at a little theater in Salem, Ore., two weeks ago, and when I asked an old man with long whiskers, who was a sort of general factorum about the theater, what time they usually rang up the curtain, he said, shifting a quid of tobacco in his mouth: Well, we don't have no reg'lar time; we gen'ly begin when the folks be-gin to stomp.' So we waited until our audience got there and 'stomped,' which was about nine o'clock.—St. Louis Republic.

An Innevation. Bagley-So Bailey has turned over a new leaf in regard to drink, ch! He never drank very hard.

Peterby-No; but he does now. That's

where the new leaf comes in.-Judge.

Dr. Talmage on the Destruction of the Tabernacle.

Lessons Learned From the Late Fire-The Power of the Lord Acknowledged-Consolutions of Religion-An Appeal to All Men.

On the Sunday succeeding the burning of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, Rev. T. De-Witt Talmage preached at the Academy of Music in that city, his subject being 'The Baptism of Fire," and he took as his lext Acts xx, 24, "None of these things nove me." He said:

But, Paul, have you not enough : ffl ction to move you? Are you not an exile from your native land? With the most genial and loving nature, have you not, in order to be free for missionary journeys, given yourself to celibacy? Have you not turned away from the magnificent worldly successes that would have crowned your illustrious genius? Have you not endured the sharp and stinging neuralgias, like a thorn in the flesh? Have you not been mobbed on the land and shipwrecked on the sea; the Sanhedrim against you, the Roman Government against you, all the world and all hell against you?

"What of that?" says Paul. "None of these things move me!" It was not because he was a hard nature. Gentlest woman was never more easily dissolved into tears. He could not even bear to see any body cry, for in the midst of his sermon when he saw some one weeping her sobs aloud: "What mean ye to weep and to break mine heart? for I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus." What then did Paul mean when he said: "None of these things move me?" meant: "I will not be diverted from the work to which I have been called by any and all the adversities and calamities."

I think this morning I express not my own feeling, but that of every man, woman and little child belonging to Brooklyn Tabernacie, or that was converted there, when I look toward the blackened ruins of the dear and consecrated spot and with an aroused faith in a loving God cry out: 'None of these things move me."

When I say that, I do not mean that we have no feeling about it. Instead of standing here to-day in this brilliant auditorium, it would be more consonant with my fee ings to sit down among the ruins and weep at the word of David: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right forget her cunning." Why, let me say to the strangers here to-day in explanation of the deep emotion of my flock, we had there in that building sixteen years of religious revival. I believe that a hundred thousand souls were born there. They came from all parts of the earth and we shall never see them again until the books are opened. Why, sirs! our children were there baptised, and at those altars our young men and maidens took the marriage vow, and out of those gates we carried our dead. When from the roof of my house last Sunday morning at three o'clock I saw our church in flames, I said: "That is the last of the building from which we buried when it seemed all Brooklyn wept with my household." And it was just as hard for you to give up your loved ones as for us to give up ours. Why, like the beautiful vines that still cover some of the fallen walls, our affections are clambering all over the ruins, and I could kiss the ashes that mark the place where it once stood. Why, now that I think of it, I can not think of it as an inanimate pile, but as a soul, a mighty soul, an indestructible soul. I am sure that majestic organ had a soul, for we have often heard it speak and sing and shout and wail, and when the soul of that organ entered Heaven I think Handel, and Haydn, and Mozart, and Mendelssohn and Beethoven were at the gates to welcome it. So I do not use the words of my text in a heartless way. but in the sense that we must not and will not be diverted from our work by the appalling disasters which have befallen us. We will not turn aside one inch from our determination to do all we can for the present and everlasting happiness of all the people whom we may be able to meet. "None of these things move me. None of

these things move you." When I looked out through the dismal rain from the roof of my house and saw the church crumbling brick by brick, and timber by timber, I said to myself: "Does this mean that my work in Brooklyn is ended? Does this terminate my association with this city, where I have been more than twenty years giad in all its prosperities and sad in all its misfortunes?" And a still small voice came to me a voice that is no longer still or small, but most emphatic and commanding, through pressure of hand and newspaper column, and telegram and letter contribu-

tions, saying, "Go forward!" I have made and I now make an appeal to all Christendom to help us. We want all Christendom to help, and I will acknowledge the receipt of every contribution, great or small, with my own hand. We want to build larger and better. We want it a National church, in which people of all creeds and all nations find a home. The contributions already sent in make a small-hearted church forever impossible. Would not I be a sorry spectacle for angels and men if, in a church built by Israelites and Catholics, as well as all the styles of people commonly called evangelical, I should instead of the banner of the Lord God Almighty, raise a fluttering rag of small sectarianism? If we had \$30,000 we would put them all in one great monument to the mercy of God. People ask on all sides about what we shall build. I answer, it all depends on the contributions sent in from here and from the ends of the earth. I say now to all the Baptists that we shall have in it a baptistry. I say to all Episcopalians, we shall have in our services as heretofore at our communion table portions of the Liturgy. I say to the Catholics we shall have a cross over the pulpit and probably on the tower. I say to the Methodists, we mean to sing like the voices of mighty thunderings. I say to all denominations, we mean to preach religion as wide as Heaven and as good as God. We have said we had a total loss. But there was one exception. The only things we saved were the silver communion chalices, for they happened to be in another building. and I take that fact as typical that we are to be in communion with all Christendom. I beliave in the communion of saints!"

I think if all the Brooklyn firemen and all the insurance companies should search among those ruins on Schermerhorn street they would not find a plinter large as the tip end of the little finger marked with bigotry. And as it is said that the exhumed bricks of the walls of Babylon have on them the letter N, standing for Nebuchadnezzar, I declare to you that if we ever get a new church the letter we that we are on the way to a Heaven that every timber would be the letter C, for through other cities-but I am glad to per peninsula of Michigan.

THE BURNED TEMPLE, that would stand both for Christ and catholicity. The last two words I uttered in the old church on Friday night, some of you may remember, were "Hallelujah!

> The two words that I utter now as mos expressive of my feelings in this our first service after the baptism of fire, are Hallelujah! Amen! "None of these things

move me." We are kept in this mood by two or three considerations. The first is, that God rules. In what way the church took fire I do not know. It has been charged on the lightnings. Well, the Lord controls the lightnings. He managed them several thousand years before our electricians were born. The Bible indicates that, though they flash down the sky recklessly, God builds for them a road to

travel. In the Psalme it is said: "He made a way for the lightning and the thunder." Ever since the time of Benjamin Franklin the world has been trying to tame the lightnings, and they seem to be quite wel harnessed, but they occasionally kick over the traces. But though we can not master great natural forces, God can and does, and that is our Father and best friend, and this thought gives us confidence. We are also reinforced by the increased

consolation that comes from confraternity

of sorrow. The people who, during the isst sixteen years, sat on the other side of the aisle, whose faces were familiar to you, but to whom you had never spokenyou greeted them this week with smiles and tears as you said: "Well, the old place is gone." You did not want to seem to cry, and so you swept the sleeve near the corner of the eye, and pretended it was the sharp wind made your eyes weak. Ah! there was nothing the matter with your eyes; it was your soul bubbling over. I tell you that it is impossible to sit for years around the same church fireside and not have sympathy in common. Somehow you feel that you would like these people on the other side of the aisle, about whom you know but little, prospered and pardoned and blessed and saved. You fee es if you are in the same boat, and you want to glide up the same barbor and want to disembark at the same wharf. If you put gold and iron and lead and zinc in suffic ent heat they will melt into a conglomerate mass; and I really feel that last Sabbath's fire has fused usall, grosser and finer natures, into one. It seems as if we all had our hands on a wire connected with an electric battery; and when this church sorrow started it thrilled through the whole circle, and we all felt the shock. The oldest man and the youngest child could join hands in this misfortune. Grand; ather said: "I expected from these altars to be buried;" and one of the children last Sabbath cried: 'Grandpa, that place was next to our house." Yea, we are supported and confident in this time by the cross of Christ. That is used to the fire. On the dark day when Jesus died, the lightning struck it from above, and the flames of hell dashed up against it from beneath. That tearful, painful, tender, blessed cross still stands. On it we hang all our hones; beneath it we put down all cur sins; in the light of it we expect to make the rest of our pilgrimage. Within sight of such a sacrifice, who can feel he has it hard? In the sight of such a symbol who can be discouraged, however through the crust, and the plains, and the books need but 2,000. For every other great the darkness that may come down upon him! Jesus lives! The loving, patient, sympath:zing, mighty Jesus! It shall not be told on earth, or in heil, or in Heaven, that three Hebrew cuildren had not the Son of God beside them in the fire, and that a whole church was forsaken by the Lord when they went through a furnace

about two hundred feet wide. O Lord Jesus! shall we take out of Thy hand the flowers and the fruits, and the brightness and the joys, and then turn away because Thou doot give us one cup of bitterness to drink? O. no, Jesus, we will drink it dry. But how it is changed! Blessed Jesus, what hast Thou put into the cup to sweeten it? Why, it has become the wine of Heaven, and our souls

grow strong.
I come now, and place both of my feet deep down into the blackened ashes of our consumed church, and I ery out with an exhilaration that I never felt since the day of my soul's emancipation. "Victory! victory! through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the willows take, Loud to the praise of love divine Bid every string awake. We are also reinforced by the catholicity

that I have already referred to. We are in the academy to-day, not b cause we have no other place to go. Last Sabbath morning at nine o'clock we had but one church; now we have about thirty, all at our disposal. Their pastors and their trustees say: "You may take our main audience rooms, you may take our lecture rooms, you may take our church parlors, you may baptise in our baptistries, and sit in our anxious seats." O! if there be any larger hearted ministers or larger hearted churches anywhere than in Brooklyn, tell me where they are, that I may go and see them before I die. The millenium has come. People keep wondering when it is coming. It has come. The lion and the lamb lie down together, and the tiger eats straw like an ox. I should like to have seen two of the old time bigots, with their swords, fighting through that great fire on Schermerborn street last Sabbath. I am sure the swords would have melted and they who wielded them would have learned war no more. I can never say a word against any other denomination of Christians. I thank God I never have been tempted to do it. I can not be a sectarian. I have been told I ought to be and I have tried to be, but I have not enough material in me to make such a structure. Every time I get the things most done there comes a fire or something else and all is gone. The angels of God shake out on this air "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men." I do not know but I see on the horizon the first gleam of the morning which shall unite all denominations in one organization, distinguished only by the locality as in apostolic times. It was then the Church of Thyatira, and the Church of Thessalonica, and the Church of Antioch, and the Church of Laodices. So I do not know but that in the future history, and not far off either. it may be simply a distinction of locality. and not of creed, as the Church of New York, the Church of Brooklyn, the Church of Boston, the Church of Charleston, the Church of Madras, the Church of Constantinople, the Church of America. My dear brethren, we can not afford to

the great foes of our common Christianity. we want to put on the whole armer of God and march down in solid column shoulder to shoulder! one commander! one tri-

The trumpet gives a martial strain O Israel! gird thee for the fight; Arise, the combat to maintain: Arise and put thy foes to flight. We also feel reinforced by the thought

know that the New Jerusalem is fireproof There will be no engines rushing through those streets; there will be no temple consumed in that city. Coming to the doors of that Church, we will find them open, resonant with song-, and not, cries of fire. O, my dear brother and sister! If this short lane of life comes up so soon to that blessed place, what is the use of our worrying? I have felt a good many times this last week like Father Taylor, the sailor preacher. He got in a long sentence while he was preaching one day and lost himself and could not find his way out of the sentence. He stopped and said: "Brethren, I have lost the nominative of this sentence and things are generally mixed up, but I am bound for the kingdom anyhow."

And during this last week, when I saw the rushing to and fro and the excitement, I said to myself: "I do not know just where we shall start again, but I am bound for the kingdom anyhow." I do not want to go just yet. I want to be a paster of this people until I am about eighty-nine years of age, but I have sometimes thought that there are such glories ahead that I may be persuaded to go little earlier-for instance at eightywo or eighty-three-but I really think that if we could have an appreciation of what God has in reserve for us we would want to go, stepping right out of the Academy of Music into the glories of the

Ah! that is a good lan'L Why, they tell me that in that land they never have a heartache. They tell me that a man might walk ave hundred years in that land and never see a tear or hear a sigh. They tell me that our friends who have left us and gone there, their feet are radiant as the sun, and that they take bold of the band of Jesus familiarly, and that they open that hand and see in the palm of it a healed wound that must have been very cruel before it was healed. And they tell me there is no winter there, and that they never get hungry or cold, and that the sewing girl never wades through the snowbank to her daily toil, and that the clock never strikes twelve for the

night, but only twelve for the day. See that light in the wnidow. I wonder who set it there. "O!" you say, "my father that went into glory must bave set that light in the window." No; guess years ago in Jesus, I think, must have set that light there." No; guess again. You sav: "My darling little child, that last summer I put away for the resurrection, I think she mu t have set that light there in the window." No; guess again. lesus set it there; and He will keep it burning until the day we put our finger on the latch of the door and go in to be at home forever. O, when my sight gets black in death put on my eyelids that sweet cintment. When in the last weariness I can not take another step, just help me put my foot on that doorsilk When my ear catches no more the voice of wife and child let me go right in to have my deafness cured by the stroke of the harpers whose fingers fly over the strings with the anthems of the free.

Heaven never burns down! The fires of the last day, that are already kindled in the heart of the earth, but are hidden because God keeps down the tatchesthose internal fires will after awhile break a total number of 2,700 leaves. Eighty and the flames will flirg their long arms into the skies; but all the terrors of a burning world will do no more harm to that beavenly temple than the fires of the setting sun which kindle up the window glass of the house on yonder hill top.

O, blessed land! But I do not want to go there until I see the Brooklyn Tabernacle rebuilt. You say: "Will it be?" You might as well ask me if the sun will rise to-morrow morning, or if the next spring will put garlands on its head. You and I may not do it-you and I may not live to see it; but the Church of God does not stand on two legs nor on a thousand

How did the Iraelites get through the Red sea? I suppose somebody may have come and said: "There is no need of trying, you will get your feet wet, you will spoil your clothe, you will getting through such a sea as that?" How did they get through it? Did they go back? No. Did they go to the right? No. Did they go to the left? No. They went forward in the strength of the Lord Almighty and that is the way we mean to get through the Red sea. By going forward. But says some one: "If we should build a larger church would you be able with your voice to fill it?" Why, I have been wearing myself out for the last sixteen years in trying to keep my voice in. Give me room where I can preach the glories of Christ and the grandeurs of Most are Englishmen. Gold-beating

Heaven. Forward! We have to march on, breaking down all bridges behind us, making retreat impossible. Throw away your knapsack if it impedes your march. Keep your sword arm free. Strike for Christ and His kingdom while you may. No peop'e ever had a better mission than you are sent on. Prove yourselves wor by. If I am not fit to be your leader, set me a-ide. The brightest goal on earth that I can think of is a country parsonage personal outfit is worth some \$250, the amidst the mountains. But I am not afraid to lead you. I have some dollars; they are all at your disposal I have good physical health; it is yours as long as it asta. I have enthusiasm of soul; I will not keep it back from your service. I have some faith in God and I shall direc. it toward the rebuilding of our new spiritual house. Come on, then; I will lead

Come on, ye aged men, not yet passed over Jordan! Give us one more lift before you go into the promised land. You men in middle life, barness all your business faculties to this enterprise. Young man, put the fire of your soul into this work. Let women consecrate their persuasiveness and persistence to this cause, and they will be preparing benedictions for their dying hour and everlasting rewards: and if Satan really did burn that tabernacle down, as some say he did, he will find it the poorest job he ever undertook. Good-bye, old tabernacie. I put my fingers to my lip and throw a kiss to the departed church. In the last day may we able to meet the songs there sung and the prayers there offered and the sermons there preached. Good-bye, old place, where some of us first felt the Gospel peace and others heard the last message ere they fied away into the skies! Good-bye, Brooklyn tabernacle of 1873! But welcome our new church. (I see be severely divided. Standing in front of it as plainly as though it were already built)! Your gates wider, your songs more triumphant, your ingatherings more glorious. Rise out of the ashes and greet our waiting vision! Burst on our souls, O day of our church's resurrection! By your alters may we be prepared for the hour when the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is. Welcome, Brooklyn Tabernacie of 189)!

MUSCLE AND JUDGMEN The Two Prime Requirements of the Gold

beater's Trade. Gold-beating is a trade of muscle and judgment. There is judgment in knowing how to strike the little package on the stone, muscle in the hammer's clock-like rise and fall. The motion is one of the wrist. The workman's elbow joint stiffens, the hammer falls and rebounds nearly to its starting point. So, actually, it is not the physical effort, it seems, even though the hammers, one for each process, weigh eighteen, twelve, and seven pounds.

Each beater receives fifty pennyweight of gold, roiled from the bar into the form of a crinkly ribbon seven yards long and an inch in width. Cut into 180 pieces these go into the "cutch." This consists of detached leaves of a vegetable fiber, between each of which is placed a pieze of gold. Slipped into a tightly-fitting pad, the package is hid on the stone, and the hammer falls again and again, the aims being to drive the weight toward the edges. From the "cutch" the sheets, then leaves, are picked out with curious boxwood pincers. Hardling with the fingers, especially at the latter stages, would be most likely to break the leaf. Each leaf is then quartered by a section of bamboo cane on alittle implement known as a "wagoo." but in reality a ting sled.

The second pad is the "shoder." It has 720 leaves and is \$\ \! inches square. The force of the blows here is greater. The leaves are beateness to the very edge, as they were not before, and the gold sozes out. These particles are carefully brushed off into an apron attached to the stone, for the workman must account for every one of his tifty pennyweights.

In the third process there are three "molds" of 900 leaves each and five again. "My mother who died fifteen inches square. Each mobil requires some four hours' work. The leaves are now so thin that the slightest misjudgment will produce disastrous results. In spite of the heat generated by the blows dampness crosps in between the edges. Dryness is positively essential here; so, whenever accessary. the mold is placed in a press-not unlike an ordinary copying press just taken from an oven. A short pressure liberates the moisture.

When sufficiently beaten the molds go to girls, who with pincers and "wagon" make up books of twenty-fire leaves each, three and three-eighth inches square. Each workman, from his beating of three molds is to fill eighty books. That is called a "tail." For it he receives \$5. The moits show book he can fill, perfect leaves only being used, 6] cents is paid. Thus, if every leaf was perfect, he would make \$1.75 extra.

As the "wagon" cuts the leave " inches square there is a continual waste. This, with the imperfect leaves, is put in with the shoder waste. It is all melted into a "button" and weighed. This must come to 33 rennyweights. For the 80 books 17 pennyweights is allowed, but they may weigh whatever the workman can make them. The thinner the leaf, so long as perfect, the better. Whatever the waste weighs over 33 pennyweights \$1 a pennyweight is paid the workman. For every pennyweight under \$1, is deducted. drown yourselves. Wheever heard of Thus, although the gold is used over again, it takes 50 pennyweights to turn out 17. And, again, a man, even though he turns out an over number of books, may have such shortages in his wastes as to bring his balance co the wrong way.

> Three beatingsa week is the average number. The skilled workman can make \$20, and perhaps a little more. The actual number of men employed is small, there being only 175 in this city. is done principally in the East, Roston and Philadelphia furnishing most of the other workmen. It is in the latter city that the largest shop in the United States is located. A union regulates wages and matters of the trade. The fiting out of a gold-beaters' shop where a number of men are employed is a rather expensive matter. Each man's molds alone costing \$50 apiece. -N. Y. Mail and Express,

Winsomeness in Women. Do you recollect what your feeling

were immediately after you had spoken the first unkind word to your husband? Did you not feel ashamed and grieved, and yet too proud to admi t it? That was, is, and ever will be, your evil genius! It is the temper which labors incessantly to destroy your peace, which cheats you with an evil delusion that your husband deserved your anger, when he really most required your love. If your husband is basty, your example of patience will chide as well as teach him. Your violence may alienate his heart, and your neglect impel him to desperation. Your soothing will redeem him-your softness subdue him; and the good natured twinkle of those eves, now filling with tears, will make him all your own.-Catholie Standard.

-The phonograph has reached such a degree of perfection that gapes and yawns are reproduced by it with great distinctness. At a recent trial given at Mr. Edison's laboratory a meeting between two lovers was recorded, and persons of experience say that the kisses were reproduced with tantalizing accuracy and fervor.

-A hired man struck because he had worked thirty days for a farmer Typhoid fever is reported epidemic in and had been served with ninety meals of griddle-caires during that tip