

**ABOVE ALL**

**Dr. Talmage Discourses on the Pre-eminence of Christ.**

**An Eloquent Tribute to the Greatness and Mercy of the Savior—The Beauties of the Gospel Depicted in Glowing Words.**

In continuing his sermons in London Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, in a late discourse, selected for his subject the "Pre-eminence of Christ," taking his text from John, iii, 31: "He that cometh from above is above all." He said:

The most conspicuous character of history steps out upon the platform. The finger which, diamonded with light, pointed down to him from the Bethlehem sky was only a ratification of the finger of prophecy, the finger of genealogy, the finger of chronology, the finger of events—all five fingers pointing in one direction. Christ is the overtopping figure of all time. He is the vox humana in all music, the gracefulst line in all sculpture, the most exquisite mingling of lights and shades in all painting, the scene of all climates, the dome of all cathedral grandeur and the peroration of all splendid language.

The Greek alphabet is made up of twenty-four letters and when Christ compared Himself to the first letter and the last letter, the alpha and the omega, He appropriated to Himself all the splendors that you can spell out either with those two letters and all letters between them. "I am the alpha and omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last." Or if you prefer the words of the text "above all."

It means, after you have piled up all Alpine and Himalayan altitudes, the glory of Christ would have to spread its wings and descend 1,000 leagues to touch those summits. Pelion, a high mountain of Thessaly; Ossa, a high mountain, and Olympus, a high mountain; but mythology tells us when the giants warred against the gods they piled up these three mountains, and from the top of them proposed to scale the heavens; but the height was not great enough and there was a complete failure. And after all the giants—Isalah and Paul, prophetic and apostolic giants; Raphael and Michael Angelo, artistic giants; cherubim and seraphim and archangel, celestial giants—have failed to climb to the top of Christ's glory, they might as well write in the words of the text and say, "He that cometh from above is all."

First, Christ must be above all else in our preaching. There are also many books on homiletics scattered through the world that all laymen, as well as all clergymen, have made up their minds what sermons ought to be. That sermon is most effective which most pointedly puts forth Christ as the pardon of all sin and the correction of all evil, individual, social, political, national. There is no reason why we should ring the endless changes on a few phrases. There are those who think that if an exhortation or a discourse have frequent mention of justification, sanctification, covenant of works and covenant of grace, that therefore it must be profoundly evangelical, while they are suspicious of a discourse which presents the same truth, but under different phraseology. Now, I say there is nothing in all the opulent realm of Anglo-Saxonism or all the word treasures that we inherited from the Latin and the Greek and the Indo-European but we have a right to marshal it in religious discussion. Christ sets the example. His illustrations were from the grass, the flowers, the spittle, the saliva, the barnyard fowl, the crystals of salt, as well as from the seas and the stars; and we do not propose in our Sabbath school teaching and in our pulpit address to be put on the limits.

I know that there is a great deal said in our day against words, as though they were nothing. They may be misused, but they have an imperial power. They are the bridge between soul and soul, between Almighty God and the human race. What did God write upon the tablets of stone? Words. What did Christ utter on Mount Olivet? Words. Out of what did Christ strike the spark for the illumination of the universe? Out of words. "Let there be light," and light was. Of course, thought is the cargo and words are only the ship; but how fast would your cargo get on without the ship? What you need, my friends, in all your work, in your Sabbath school class, in your reformatory institutions, and what we all need is to enlarge our vocabulary when we come to speak about God, and Christ, and Heaven. We ride a few old words to death when there is such illimitable resource. Shakespeare employed 15,000 different words for dramatic purposes; Milton employed 8,000 different words for poetic purposes; Rufus Choate employed over 11,000 different words for legal purposes; but the most of us have less than 1,000 words that we can manage, less than 500, and that makes us so stupid.

When we come to set forth the love of Christ we are going to take the tenderest phraseology wherever we find it, and if it has never been used in that direction before, all the more shall we use it. When we come to speak of the glory of Christ, the Conqueror, we are going to draw our similes from triumphal arch and oratorio and everything grand and stupendous. The French navy has eighteen flags by which they give signal; but those eighteen flags they can put into sixty-six thousand different combinations. And I have to tell you that these standards of the cross may be lifted into combinations infinite and varieties everlasting. And let me say to young men who are after a while going to preach Jesus Christ, you will have the largest liberty and unlimited resource. You only have to present Christ in your own way.

Jonathan Edwards preached Christ in the severest argument ever penned, and John Bunyan preached Christ in the sublimest allegory ever composed. Edward Payson, sick and exhausted, leaned up against the side of the pulpit

and wept out his discourse, while George Whitfield, with the manner and the voice and the start of an actor, overwhelmed his auditory. It would have been a different thing if Jonathan Edwards had tried to write and dream about the pilgrim's progress to the celestial city, or John Bunyan had attempted an essay on the human will.

Brighter than the light, fresher than the fountains, deeper than the seas are all these gospel themes. Song has no melody, flowers have no sweetness, sunset sky has no color compared with those glorious themes. These harvests of grace spring up quicker than we can sickle them. Kindling pulpits with their fire and producing revolutions with their power, lighting up dying beds with their glory, they are the sweetest thought for the poet, and they are the most thrilling illustration for the orator, and they offer the most intense scene for the artist, and they are to the ambassador of the sky all enthusiasm. Complete pardon for direct guilt. Sweetest comfort for ghastliest agony. Brightest hope for grimmest death. Grandest resurrection for darkest sepulchre. O, what a gospel to preach! Christ over all in it. His birth, His suffering, His miracles, His parables, His sweat, His tears, His blood, His atonement, His intercession—what glorious themes! Do we exercise faith? Christ is its object. Do we have love? It fastens on Jesus. Have we a fondness for the church? It is because Christ died for it. Have we a hope of Heaven? It is because Jesus went ahead, the herald and the forerunner.

The royal robe of Demetrius was so costly, so beautiful, that after he put it off no one ever dared to put it on; but this robe of Christ, richer than that, the poorest and the waviest and the worst may wear. "Where sin abounded grace may much more abound."

"Oh, my sins, my sins," said Martin Luther to Staupitz, "my sins, my sins!" The fact is that the brawny German student had found a Latin Bible that had made him quako, and nothing else ever did make him quako; and when he found how through Christ he was pardoned and saved, he wrote to a friend, saying: "Come over and join us great and awful sinners saved by the grace of God. You seem to be only a slender sinner, and you don't much extol the mercy of God; but we who have been such very awful sinners praise His grace the more now that we have been redeemed." Can it be that you are so desperately egotistical that you feel yourself in first rate spiritual trim, and that from the root of the hair to the tip of the toe you are fearless and immaculate? What you need is a looking glass, and here it is in the Bible. Poor, and wretched, and miserable, and blind, and naked from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, full of wounds and purifying sores. No health in us. And then take the fact that Christ gathered up all the notes against us and paid them, and then offered us the receipt.

And how much we need Him in our sorrows! We are independent of circumstances if we have His grace. Why, He made Paul jail in the dungeon, and under that grace St. John from desolate Patmos heard the blast of the apocalyptic trumpets. After all other candles have been snuffed out, this is the light that gets brighter and brighter unto the perfect day; and after, under the hard hoofs of calamity, all the pools of worlds enjoyment have been trampled into deep mire, at the foot of the eternal rock the Christian, from cups of granite, lily rimmed and vine covered, puts out the thirst of his soul.

Again, I remark, that Christ is above all in dying alleviations. I have not any sympathy with the morbidity abroad about our demise. The Emperor of Constantinople arranged that on the day of his coronation the stonemason should come and consult him about his tombstone. And there are men who are monomaniacal on the subject of departure from this life by death, and the more they think of it the less they are prepared to go. This is an unmanliness not worthy of you, not worthy of me.

A thousand feet under ground, by light of torch toiling in a miner's shaft, a ledge of rock may fall upon us, and we may die a miner's death. Far out at sea, falling from the slippery ratlines, and broken on the halyards, we may die a sailor's death. On a mission of mercy in hospital, amid broken bones and reeking leprosy and raging fevers, we may die a philanthropist's death. On the field of battle, serving God and our country, slugs through the heart, the gun carriage may roll over us, and we may die a patriot's death. But, after all, there are only two styles of departure; the death of the righteous and the death of the wicked, and we all want to die the former.

God grant that when that hour comes you may be at home! You want the hand of your kindred in your hand. You want your children to surround you. You want the light on your pillow from eyes that have long reflected your love. You want the room still. You do not want any curious strangers standing around watching you. You want your kindred from afar to hear your last prayer. I think that is the wish of all of us. But is that all? Can earthly friends hold us when the billows of death come up to the girdle? Can human voice charm open Heaven's gate? Can human hands pilot us through the narrowness of death into Heaven's harbor? Can an earthly friendship shield us from the arrows of death and in the hour when Satan shall practice upon us his internal archery? No, no, no, no! Alas! poor soul, if that is all, better die in the wilderness, far from tree shadow and from fountain, alone, vultures circling through the air waiting for our body, unknown to men, and to have no burial, if only Christ could say through the solidates, "I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee." From that pillow of stone a ladder would soar heavenward, angels coming and going; and across the solitude and barrenness would come the sweet notes of heavenly minstrelsy. Gordon Hall, far from home, dying in the door of a heathen temple, said: "Glory to Thee, O God!" What did

dying Wilberforce say to his wife? "Come and sit beside me, and let us talk of Heaven. I never knew what happiness was until I found Christ." What did dying Hannah More say? "To go to Heaven. Think what that is! To go to Christ, who died that I might live! O, glorious grave! O, what a glorious thing it is to die! O, the love of Christ, the love of Christ!" What did Mr. Toplady, the great hymn maker, say in his last hour? "Who can measure the depth of the third Heaven? O, the sunshine that fills my soul! I shall soon be gone, for surely no one can live in this world after such glories as God has manifested to my soul."

What did the dying Fenway say? "I can as easily die as close my eyes or turn my head in sleep. Before a few hours have passed I shall stand on Mount Zion with the one hundred and forty and four thousand, and with the just men made perfect, and we shall ascribe riches and honor, and glory, and majesty, and dominion unto God and the Lamb." Dr. Taylor, condemned to burn at the stake, on his way thither broke away from the guardsmen and went bounding and leaping and jumping toward the fire, glad to go to Jesus and to die for Him. Sir Charles Hare, in his last moment, had such rapturous vision that he cried: "Upward, upward, upward!" And so great was the peace of one of Christ's disciples that he put his fingers upon the pulse of his wrist and counted it and observed it; and so great was his placidity that after a while he said: "Stopped, and his life had ended here to begin in Heaven. But grander was the testimony of the worn out first missionary, when, in the Mamartine dungeon, he cried: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, will give me in that day, and not to me only, but to all of them that love His appearing!" Do you not see that Christ is above all in dying alleviations?

Toward the last hour of our earthly residence we are speeding. When I see the sunset I say, "One day less to live." When I see the spring blossoms scattered, I say, "Another season gone forever." When I close this Bible on Sabbath night I say, "Another Sabbath departed." When I bury a friend I say, "Another earthly attraction gone forever." What nimble feet the years have! The roebucks and the lightnings run not so fast. From decade to decade, from sky to sky, they go at a bound. There is a place for us, whether marked or not, where you and I will sleep the last sleep and the men are now living who will, with solemn tread, carry us to our resting us. Aye, it is known in Heaven whether our departure will be a coronation or a banishment. Brighter than a banquet hall through which the light feet of the dancers go up and down to the sound of trumpets will be the sepulcher through whose rifts the holy light of Heaven streams. God will watch you. He will send His angels to guard your slumbering ground until, at Christ's behest, they shall roll away the stone.

So also Christ is above all in Heaven. The Bible distinctly says that Christ is the chief theme of the celestial ascription, all the thrones facing His throne, all the palms waved before His face, all the crowns down at His feet. Cherubim to cherubim, seraphim to seraphim, redeemed spirit to redeemed spirit shall recite the Saviour's earthly sacrifice.

Stand on some high hill of Heaven, and in all the radiant sweep the most glorious object will be Jesus. Myriads gazing on the scars of his suffering, in silence first, afterward breaking forth in acclamation, the martyrs, all the purer for the flame through which they passed, will say: "This is Jesus for whom we died." The apostles, all the happier for the shipwreck and the scourging through which they went, will say: "This is the Jesus whom we preached at Corinth, and at Cappadocia, and at Antioch, and at Jerusalem." Little children clad in white will say: "This is the Jesus who took us up in his arms and blessed us, and when the storms of the world were too cold and loud brought us into this beautiful place." The multitudes of the bereft will say: "This is the Jesus who comforted us when our heart broke." Many who had wandered clear off from God and plunged into vagabondism, and were saved by grace, will say: "This is the Jesus who pardoned us. We were lost on the mountains and he brought us home. We were guilty and he made us white as snow. Mercy boundless, grace unparalleled." And then, after each one had recited his peculiar deliverances and peculiar mercies, recited them as by solo, all the voices will come together in a great chorus, which shall make the arches echo and re-echo with the eternal reverberation of gladness and peace and triumph.

Edward I. was so anxious to go to the Holy Land that when he was about to expire he bequeathed \$160,000 to have his heart, after his decease, taken to the Holy Land in Asia Minor, and his request was complied with. But there are hundreds to-day whose hearts are already in the Holy Land of Heaven. Where your treasures are, there are your hearts also. John Bunyan, of whom I spoke at the opening of the discourse, caught a glimpse of that place, and in his quaint way he said: "And I heard in my dream, and lo! the bells of the city rang again for joy; and as they opened the gates to let in the men I looked in after them, and lo! the city shone like the sun, and there were streets of gold and men walked on them, harps in their hands to sing praises with all; and after that they shut up the gates, which when I had seen I wished myself among them."

"Is Mrs. Hicks at home?" asked the caller. "She is not," returned Bridget. "And when will she be in?" "Just wait a bit while Oliver run upstairs and ask her?"—Harper's Bazar.

—Our domestic affections are the most salutary basis of all good government.—Disraeli.

**"BLOSSOM."**

**A Life Drama Witnessed From My Chamber Window.**



OR years I have been an invalid. The nature of my malady makes it impossible for me to leave my room, but I can sit at the window and watch the movements of so much of the great, busy world as passes along the street in which I dwell. Men and women, boys and girls, go and come day after day. Dozens of them carry dinner pails and lunch boxes. In the morning they go by with bright faces and sprightly steps, many of them wearing a fresh flower on their breast. In the evening they return, not a few of them weary and worn, and I wonder who, beside the Great Pitier of us all, waits for their coming with a welcome of love. All day long they have been busy at office, store, factory and mill, and the thousand and one places where duty has called them. Work, work, work, hour after hour, day in and day out. And while hands are delving, minds are busy with the thoughts of fading yesterdays, earnest to-days and brighter to-morrows. How many of them will ever realize the hope that is sustaining muscle and mind? How many of them are performing a labor of love for those who are worthy of the offering and the sacrifice? Day after day the lunch boxes go and come, while the hands that are carrying them are building a city, copying the books and documents, and are mingling all the checkerboard thoughts and deeds from which the mighty weaver, Time, is making the world's history. What insignificant, and yet what all-important, parts these humble toilers play! Down in dingy basements, up in towering office buildings, everywhere amid the busy marts of trade they perform the work that fate or fortune has brought to them. As I watch them go and come I try to imagine what hopes inspire their hearts, what love sustains their hands. I wonder if the aged laborer, homeward bound, still lingers the old wife as he did long years ago when they together dreamed sweet dreams. He was to be a prince of men and she his loving princess. I am sure the gorgeous palace in which they were to dwell has faded away, and in its place is an humble cottage or a rented flat. And the coach and four has never, never stood before their door. Neither has any other conveyance designed for pleasure. Only the wagons belonging to the grocer, the baker and the milkman have ever stopped there. Or it may be yet one other vehicle—the symbol of death—the hearse.

But if to-night they can greet each other at the door and call back the old love light to fading eyes—if he can hold her worn palm in his, or press against his cheek the one whose touch once brought such exquisite pleasure—if the fire in the heart still burns, fate has been kind to them, and their paths have not yet led them out of Paradise. Sometimes there passes my window a face that awakens in my mind more than usual interest and I watch its goings and comings with a deeper thought than that born of curiosity. I remember very distinctly the first time I saw "Blossom" pass my window. She wore a pink dress and a hat trimmed with ribbons of the same color; she looked like a fresh spring flower. Her real name I have never known; to me she will always be "Blossom." Her face was as bright and pretty as a dew-washed clover mead on a June morning, and her neatly-fitting dress and very becoming hat added to the winsomeness of her appearance.

The street in which I dwell is by no means the most aristocratic in the city. It is what some would call a plebeian neighborhood. There are saloons on the business corners and all about is an air of arrested growth that for some shadowy reason seems to be sadly satisfied with the present state of things. All the people who go by my window do not possess bright, happy and intelligent faces. I always watched for "Blossom's" coming. Her presence was refreshing and reminded me of a sweet rose growing among the plain grasses. Her step was elastic, her manner sprightly. I fancied she had recently come from a home in the country, where the odor of apple-blossoms and the songs of birds filled the air. One morning I saw her going toward the suburban station, carrying a lunch-box; then I knew she was a member of the great company of toilers. Thereafter she went and came regularly. By and by a sturdy young mechanic, whom I had often seen pass my window alone, walked beside "Blossom" one evening on her way home. He had a frank, many face, but his working clothes were soiled and worn and his hands were rough. After that I saw them pass by together quite often. He seemed to be very happy in her society, but "Blossom," with her pretty pink dresses and pink ribbons, often looked far away as though she were trying to discover some one whose appearance was more in harmony with her ideal.

Near the walk at the side of the saloon that stood at the corner was a large maple tree. Men used to bring chairs from the saloon and sit in the shade of the tree during the long June afternoons and smoke, and chat, and laugh boisterously. Some of the men who used to meet there became familiar figures to my eye. Among the number was a young man who dressed splendidly, though somewhat flashily. From my window across the street, I could see the sparkle of his diamonds set in his rings and pins. He wore a heavy gold chain and an elaborate watch, and carried a massive gold-headed cane and umbrella. I should have guessed that he had plenty of money, but I would

not have dared to commend his method of getting it. Something in his appearance led me to believe he could deal himself an extra card, or turn a tramp from the bottom of the deck. After all, had I seen him in different surroundings and in different company, I might have been as favorably impressed with him as when I was a young and thoughtless "blossom" for whom he used to wait at the drug store on the opposite corner to the saloon. I do not know how they became acquainted, but I have always doubted if they were formally introduced to one another. He it is as it may, there came a time when the manly young mechanic walked alone once more. There were many other girls going and coming, but he did not seem to notice them. His eyes were usually wandering toward the girl with the pink cheeks and pink dress and ribbons, whom he often saw strolling homeward with the young man who wore the diamonds and fine clothes. By and by there was a wedding up the street somewhere; at the house of a widow lady, I suspected, for "Blossom" had never been accompanied by anyone whom I thought was father, or brother, or sister; but I had on several occasions seen her with a lady who appeared to be almost an invalid, and whom I guessed might be her mother. One morning a fine carriage drove by, and "Blossom," wearing a strikingly large hat covered with white plumes, occupied a seat beside the young man whom I had seen sitting in the shade of the maple tree at the side of the saloon. Later an express wagon passed in which were trunks I thought might have belonged to "Blossom."

In the same old humdrum workaday manner men went and came, but "Blossom's" pink cheeks and bright eyes were not to be seen. The street for a time seemed cheerless without her; and I wondered if the world missed her as I did, and as I felt sure the pale woman did whom I had seen walking with her. The leaves on the maple tree, through which the summer sunshine and harvest moonbeams had splintered and sifted, lost their bright green hue. By and by the blighting kiss of the frost fell upon them and in a cream and scurlet blush of mingled death and glory they fell to the earth and were swept into the gutter by the first breath of winter. The snow-shrouded season stalked slowly past. The bare limbs of the maple seemed like uplifted hands pleading for the coming of the sun and the south wind.

One morning a robin perched in the branches of the maple, sounded the first note of the coming spring, and, before I scarcely realized it, nature had thrown a blanket of glossiest green over the lawns and fastened it down with a thousand golden dandelions. And the summer with her voluptuous attendants came again, and joy ran riot through the hearts of men. But "Blossom" tripped along the street no more; neither did the young mechanic pass that way as he once did. Under my window I heard some one say he had studied out an invention for simplifying some process of manufacturing and that he had become rich. In the afternoon men sat in the shade of the maple tree, but the young man with the diamonds was not among them.



Only the pale woman remained, and I saw her pass but once in a long time, and then she was always alone and appeared to be in melancholy study. But one day, however, she did not come alone. She carried a child in her arms, and beside her walked a woman dressed in black. It was "Blossom." The pink cheeks, the pink ribbons and the pink dress were gone. After the two women had passed beneath the branches of the maple tree and were well down the street I heard one of the men sitting in the shade say: "He was shot. I always expected he would get it some time."

A year had elapsed, during which time "Blossom," a sober matron dressed in mourning, had passed my window but three times, when the cloud that I had watched her through lifted a little and the golden sunshine of hope was sprinkled across her pathway, and brought me joy as well.

Grateful am I that I one day saw another carriage dash past my window, in which were "Blossom's" mother, "Blossom's" baby and "Blossom's" own fair self—pink dress, pink ribbons and, better still, pink cheeks—and beside her was the young mechanic. I have never seen any of them since that day, but I am sure they are all happier, though I do not know where in this wide, strange world they may be. And I who from my invalid's chair see the spring sunshine once more sifting through the maple leaves, and hear the tramp of hundreds of toilers going to and from their work, have a kinder thought for the fates that gave my "Blossom" "one more chance" to procure the happiness that might have been forever denied to her.

And I would that we all might be as graciously favored.—Nixon Waterman, in Banner of Gold.

—Little Willie—"Papa, when a man takes up the law it means he starts in being a lawyer, doesn't it?" His Father—"Yes." "And when he's a judge and lays down the law is that where he quits?" But his father told him it was time he was in bed long ago.—Kate Field's Washington.

**SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.**

—The Swiss National council has appropriated 120,000 francs (\$24,000) for an exhibit at the world's fair of the Swiss watchmaking industry. It also approved subsidies for exhibits of other industries, including female work in the manufacturing line.

—London manufacturers of musical instruments have discovered that the skill of their workmen has deteriorated since the abolition of the apprentice system, and recommend a return to it "with a view to raise the standard of British workmanship in the trade."

—The deep sea explorations that have been conducted by the Austrian government in the eastern part of the Mediterranean show greater depths than any before recorded, and as a result, the great depression of this sea must be shifted considerably east from its former central position on the maps.

—Miss Ormerod, an English woman who is enjoying a high scientific reputation, bit the tail of a live triton some years ago in order to study the effects of the acid secretion the animal gives out when angry. She was seized with spasms and convulsions that lasted several hours, and a sore throat that lasted as many days.

—More shingles are being shipped to the east from Puget Sound than ever before. Twenty to twenty-five carloads go east every day from Tacoma alone. Last year the output of shingles in western Washington was 500,000,000, and the sales about 425,000,000. This year the cut will reach 1,000,000,000 and the shipments 900,000,000.—N. Y. Post.

—The healthiest children are those whose mother has not reached 35 years. Those born of mothers between 35 and 40 years of age are 8 per cent. weaker, and those of mothers of over 40 are ten per cent weaker. The children of aged fathers and younger mothers have, as a general thing, a strong constitution, but if the parents are of the same age, the children are less robust.

—At the Royal gardens in Edinburgh is a large insectivorous plant, of the genus *Reseda*. The plant is a native of Tasmania. It is a branching bush, with filiform leaves, more slender than those of *Drosera*, and, like the latter, furnished with glandular hairs, with which it captures flies. The glandular hairs of the leaf of *Drosera* will not more on contact with inorganic matter, but will contract on a minute piece of fresh meat in the space of twenty seconds. The insects most abundantly captured by *Drosera* are ants.

—It appears that what have been considered a "good," i. e., perfectly distinct species of moths and butterflies, are "wet season" and "dry season" forms of the same insect. Several so-called species, some described even by Linnaeus, have been shown by Mr. Jenner Weir to be such forms. We thus have not only winter and summer forms, or seasonal varieties, but "wet season" and "dry season" varieties of forms. Thus "species" are more and more, as closer observations are made, becoming arbitrary, or artificial sets of individuals.

—The lighthouse board has received information relating to a magnesium flash light, which, it is said, is going to prove far superior to anything which is yet known for lighthouse purposes. The light, which was devised by Prof. Schlim, of Berlin, Germany, is produced by blowing a small quantity of magnesium powder with a current of air, which has previously passed through pumice stone saturated with benzine, into a benzene gas flame. The flash produced is exceedingly intense. With the use of ten centigrams of magnesium powder a flash of 500,000 candle power can be produced, which can be seen on a clear sunny day at a distance of six miles.

—In Mindinao, the farthest southern island in the Philippine group, upon one of its mountains, the volcano Apo, a party of botanical and ethnographical explorers found recently, at the height of 2,500 feet above the sea level, a colossal flower. The discoverer, Dr. Alexander Schadenberg, could scarcely believe his eyes when he saw amid the low-growing bushes the immense buds of this flower growing like gigantic cabbage heads. But he was still more astonished when he found a specimen in full bloom, a five-petaled flower nearly a yard in diameter, as large as a carriage wheel, in fact. Weighing these when opportunity served, it was found that a single flower weighed over 23 pounds.

**HIS REASON.**

Why "Arry" Wished He Had Skin Like a Negro.

Some people contend that the white man is born with an antipathy for the negro, and that no amount of legislation, argumentation or exhortation will ever induce him to regard his colored brother as his social equal. I used to be of that opinion, too, but I have my doubts about it now. This is what caused me to doubt it:

Some few months ago the firm engaged a new office boy. He was a bright little chap, just turned fourteen and fresh from England. "Arry," the clerks call him, because that is the way he first pronounced his own name when asked what it was. When he grows a bit bigger and acquires a better knowledge of United States English he will punch somebody's head for calling him "Arry," and then he will be called Harry. But that will make another story when the time comes round.

"Arry" at once struck up a close friendship with the little colored errand boy in the office. The pair often take bites out of the same apple and otherwise manifest congeniality of tastes and temperaments. The other morning "Arry" showed up at the office with a dirty face.

"Go and wash yourself," said one of the clerks to him, reprovingly; "do you want to be taken for a nigger boy?"

"Arry" shot an envious glance at his colored chum, and then replied with the utmost seriousness:

"I wish I was like 'im; then when I didn't wash my face nobody wouldn't know it."—N. Y. World.