

HIS wheelin' game struck Bowle Forks un' stru k An' most the boys in Riley's place is talkin' of it yet, or all was kinder startled, like an' owned to bein' beat The day that Martin's Sary Ann

the street.

We knowed she'd got a two-wheeled thing, on which she aimed to ride, But not a one expected that she'd try to

ride astride; In fact, we hadn't figgered on the clothes she'd likely wear. An' when she scooted through the town

you'd oughter seen us stare. She had two bags upon her legs that end-

An' not a skirt of any kind, as all the

boys agrees. The bags were red an' fastened with a little belt of blue, While jest above a waist of white showed that her heart was true.

And as she went a-scootin' by, a-sittin' there astride.

Ole Martin's bosom seemed to swell with great an' joyons pride, An' puttin' down his ole clay pipe an'

givin' us a smile He said the things was bloomers an' the very latest style.

Then Six Notch Hank declared himself, like one who knowed the game. That he was shy in dealin' with a queer

new-fangled name.
"An' these things may be bloomers, gents; that much," he says, "I grants, But if that's so, then bloomers is another name for pants."

MISS PEMBER-TON'S PRINCIPLES.

There were two Misses Pemberton. but only one of them avowed principles, or the principle, and that was the property of Miss Pauline. Miss Griselda had never subscribed to it-openly; neither had she ever opposed itopenly, which was probably the reason the Pemberton household struck outsiders as "the dearest, coziest, most peaceful little dove-cote that ever was."

Miss Griselda, sitting quietly night after night on one side of the student iamp which stood on the center table, with her noiseless knitting needles that never clicked nor stopped, even when she talked-partly because she never talked-seemed even more placid than she was by the contract of Miss Pauline's extreme restlessness on the other side. Miss Pauline herself declared that Griselda excited her:-

"Sitting still all evening and every evening, like a dumb clockwork knitting machine, may be good for the poor folks that get the stockings," she complained, "but it's mighty hard on the poor folks that have to live with the machine. For me, it's a matter of principle to stir about some. Sister! would you please let that man or woman, whichever it is, be a few minutes bebindhand in getting that stocking, and about that child? This is the third meal she's had from us, as I suppose you've kept count."

Annie Bergen, sitting at the tiny table in the tiny kitchen, finishing the last crumbs of a meal large out of all proportion to the table, the kitchen, and, indeed, to everything except the appetite that attacked it, heard herself d "that child" with a vague sense of sixrm. She slipped down from her chair, walked over to a door between the kitchen and the flying room, knocked gently, and stood waiting for an answer that did not come.

She was a short, "stocky" little girl of twelve or fourteen, neatly and not so very shabbily dressed, whose face might be described as "honest looking." Miss Pauline's voice drowned the sound of Annie's knuckles on the door.

"No, I don't want you to leave it to me. You know my principle—never to encourage poor people to get something for nothing. If I was rolling in riches I'd think the same. But I haven't the beart, either, to turn a child away

Annie heard that-could not help but hear it, for she had pushed the door open without ceremony. "Please could I work fer me board?" she inquired in one anxious breath, lest Miss Pauline should say something which, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, could

tous, child, say it slower!" Could I work here for me board? r told me to ask, and my she dn't anywhere to let me sleep, a sweep and dust, and make fir

etally, "we don't need any on us. I told you that yesterday

Not that being hungry tter for her, I suppose," she y added, for fear Miss Griselda ht say it before her.

it was not long, however, before Auale's value to the household became so dazzlingly apparent that Miss Pauline ceased to charge her to Miss Griseida's account, and almost unconsciously transferred her to her own, frequently remarking in self-congratulation: "It was a lucky thought of mine to have a little girl in to help with the dishes came sailin' down and things. It takes considerable off sister, and Annie's a capable little crea-

ture, I must say," Miss Griselda said nothing, but she silently approved of Annie, and characteristically showed it by quietly, almost surreptitiously, presenting her with two pairs of the stockings she knit for the poor of the City Mission. She did not tell Annie to conceal these, but she did hope that Pauline would not notice that the child wore them.

Miss Pauline's approval of Annie inreased after a visit to the child's

"The mother goes out washing," she reported to Miss Griselda, "and leaves the little twin boys-they're nothing but bables at a day nursery, 'Annie's dollar helps pay for that," she said, and seemed so grateful to us. There's a younger girl, attending school, whom Mrs. Bergen says she can get in a Home, if she wants to. I told her I thought it would be an excellent thing for the child, but it only sent her apron to her eyes, so I was sorry I had said anything. She's a very nice, tidy woman, and must be quite thrifty, since she keeps the place and the children looking far more presentable than I had expected, and they don't seem to be in

"Did you ask?" said Miss Griselda. "No, but if they were needy they'd be quick enough to say something. We know how it is with the people who come to the City Mission."

"Yes, but do we know how it is with the people who don't come to the City Mission?"

This was a distinctly disagreeable suggestion to Miss Pauline, and it prev ed on her mind so that when she "took stock" of their winter clothing before laying it away in faith and hope and hideous-smelling "moth-proof" bags, she called Annie up to her, resolutely slammed the attic door on her principles, and said, "Annie, have you any sort of wrap for these spring days?" "Me beaver cost," said Annie, stur-

dily. "But nothing lighter?"

"No m." "Would you like this cape?" "Yes'm."

"Take it, then. I suppose your mothr can shorten it. And if you care for this dress and skirt, you can have them. too; and here, would you like this yellow ribbon for your little sister? It's too gay for a big girl like you."

Miss Griselda had meanwhile boldly knitted a striped red-and-white tam-oshanter for Annie, and felt a surprise she was too wary to express that it was not worn. They saw the yellow ribbon the next day, decking the person of a large-eyed child, smaller, shyer and more eager-looking even than Annie tell me wifat you think we ought to do had been when she first came to them. To her Annie was delivering many or ders in an important tone as she stood on the dresser, "redding up" the highest

"It's Maggie Her school was out, so the came up to help me house clean. Here, Mag, take these bottles down ellar, and don't you break one, mind

"Well, give her some supper before she goes," was Miss Pauline's incantious injunction, for which she after ward excused herself to Miss Griselda with the perturbed query:

"How could I know she was going to ome again the next day, and the next. and the next? She putters around, and suppose thinks she helps, but we don't need her, and Annie don't need her. more than a coach needs a fifth wheel; and she getting dinner and supper here regular as can be! You know I don't grudge the child her food: it's the principle of the thing. I call it cool of An

nie, and not to be encouraged." "Annie's no more than a child." "Well, then, of her mother. It is nore nor less than a scheme to make us give Maggie her meals, and I'm not going to do it. Either her work is worth oney, and we've no right to it for nothing, or it isn't, and then she's no right to her board, any more than if the brought those twin brothers of bers, and maybe that'll be the next

Nevertheless, the word of dismissa was not said. Miss Pauline's heart failed her as the mouse-like little crea ture crept around after Annie like ber shadow, doing whatsoever any one commanded her.

"She doesn't eat but a bite of bread and butter, that I can see," confessed les Pauline. "It's only principle And then, sister, have you noticed An ale wearing any of the things I gave

he wears that same old pield hawl, and you gave her a cape, didn't

which smote the Misses Pemberton TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"I wasn't so very sharp, was I?" asked Miss Pauline of Miss Griselda. "I had a good mind to ask her what she meant by pawning those clothes, but dearie me, I haven't the heart now, if I had the mind."

"How do you know she has pawned them?" asked Miss Griselda, nobly covering the tam-o'-shauter with the mantle of charity.

Miss Pauline was able to answer that question sooner than either expected. The following evening, as they walked home from prayer meeting along a gaily-lighted street that they sometimes took for a short cut, their attention was attracted by a glittering window pane, over which hung three brazen balls. There their eyes caught the oddly striped tam-o'-shanter, conspicuous among the pathetic collection of hostages flung to the wolves of want, as the Russian mother flung one child to save the rest.

"She did pawn it!" cried Miss Pautine, in subdued tones, compounded of them with it."

What different aspects "it" might present to those to whom the pawnship the mountains, or a bath in the surf to a necessary end, naturally did not dies, as they indignantly hastened to It was said that John Moffatt, the great family.

The mother opened the door, looking so pale and baggard that they asked in alarm whether she had been ill.

"No, ma'am, not ill. Won't you come in. ladies?" The room had, somehow, a desolate

look, neat as it was, and an air of almost funereal quiet, which even the bolsterous voices of the twins playing m one corner could not dispet. "Where's Annie?" naked the Misses

Pemberton. "In-in the closet," said her mother, rather stiffly, in a tone which forbade curiosity on the subject.

"And where's Maggle?" "Oh, she's in a Home! They've gone and took her to a Home-my little, only sister." It would be impossible to convey in written words the grief and despair in Annie's voice and face as she burst from the closet, where she had been softly crying, and confronted the astonished ladies.

"She's in a Home!" she reiterated. with a tragic emphasis. "We haven't got her and she hasn't got us! I know she's crying for us every night of her life.

The tears in Miss Griselda's eyes convinced Miss Pauline that her own must be forced back. "Why did you send her, if it breaks your heart so?" she asked.

"Must is must," said Mrs. Bergen. quietly. "It was all I could do, with the washing and Annie's dollar, to keep the roof over our heads, especially when one of the twins was sick and I had to stay home, you know."

"Annie never told us about it." "No'm. I've always tried to teach 'em not to talk about their troubles. helping her, and me getting mine where I worked, and the children being fed at the nursery, we could get along, though I had to pawn some things I'd have been glad to keep."

"You don't deny having pawned the clothes we gave you, then?

'Mrs. Bergen looked surprised. "Why should I deny it?" she asked, simply "It was more than once they helped the rent out, or bought a bucket of coal. though it burt me to see Annie going without the warm cape these sharp spring nights. But oh, it hurts me more to lose my little Maggle, and her getting adopted out, maybe, and forgetting me, her own mother!" and her calmness suddenly broke down into tears and sobs.

So would Miss Griselda's have done if Miss Pauline had not given her arm an authoritative shake.

'Where's that Home?" she demanded or Maggie's mother. "I'll go down right away and bring her back, if I have to kinnap her. She shall have three meals a day at our house, or four if she wants them. Annie, stop erying for your sister, and watch for her at the window. I'm going to bring her back, I tell you."

"You know, sister-" began Miss Griselda, timidly, as they burried away from the house faster than they had nastened toward It.

"You know Maggie will be getting mething for nothing, just as she did pefore; and though I never said so, I always felt you were entirely right in

your principle—"
"Griselda Pemberton!" Miss Pauashamed to talk in such a hafd-hearted way-gradging a cup of cold water-or her bit of breakfast or dinner, which to the same thing—to 'one of these lit-tie ones!' We're not called on, you and I, to run this world on principles, but on facts, taking them as they are. Mag-gie's a fact, and we're going to take that's

beauty

HE PREACHES UPON A RAPTUR-OUS OUTLOOK.

He Says It Should Stir the World to Gladuess-Arbitration la Better than Battle-Kays of Dawn in the Day of

The Day Is at Hand.

If the clarion note of this sermon de vered at the national capital could sound through Christendom, it would give every-thing good a new start. Dr. Talmage's ext was Romans xiii., 12, "The day is at

Back from the mountains, and the seade, and the springs, and the farmhouse, your checks bronzed and your spirits lighted. I hall you home again with the ords of Gehari to the Shanammite: "Is it well with thee? Is it well with the husband? Is it well with the child? On some faces I see the mark of recent grief, but all along the track of tears I see the story of resurrection and reunion when all tears are done, the deep plowing triumph and dismay, "Sister, we must of the keel, followed by the flash of the go immediately to the house and tax phosphorescence. Now that I have asked in regard to your welfare, you nat urally ask how a am. Very well, thank Whether it was the bracing air o you. is enveloped in a lurid halo of disgrace. Long Island beach, or whether it is the and to those to whom it is but a means joy of standing in this great group of warm-hearted friends, or whether it occur to either of these estimable is I cannot tell. I simply know I am happy new appreciation of the goodness of God the very humble abode of the Bergen Methodist preacher, occasionally got fast in his sermon, and to extricate himself would cry, "Halleluinh!" such predicament to-day, but I am full same rhapsodic ejaculation.

Starting out this morning on a new ecclesiastical year, I want to give you the keynote of my next twelve months' ministry. I want to set it to the tunes of "Antioch," "Ariel" and "Coronation," I want to put a new trumpet stop into my sermons. We do wrong if we allow our personal sorrows to interfere with the glorious fact that the kingdom is coming. We are wicked if we allow apprehension of national disaster to put down our faith in God and in the mission of our Ameri-can people. The God who hath been on the side of this nation since the Fourth of July, 1776, will see to it that this nation shall not commit suicide on Nov. 3, 1896. By the time the unparalleled harvests of this summer get down to the seaboard we shall be standing in a sunburst of national presperity that will paralyze the pensimists who by their evil prophecies blaspheming the God who hath blessed this nation as he bath blessed no other

Notes of Gladne s

In all our Christian work you and I want more of the element of gladness. No man had a right to say that Christ never laughed. Do you suppose that he was glum at the wedding in Cana of Galilee? Do you suppose that Christ was unresponsive when the children clambered over his knee and shoulder at his own invitation? Do you suppose that the evangelist meant nothing when he said of Christ, "He rejoiced in spirit?" Do you believe that the divine Christ, who pours all the waters over the rocks at Vernal Nalls, Yosemite, does not believe in the sparkle and gailop and tumultuous joy and rushing raptures of human life? believe not only that the morning laughs and that the mountains laugh, and that the seas laugh, and that the cascades laugh, but that Christ laughed. over, take a laugh and a tear into an alembic and assay them, and you will often find as much of the pure gold of and wear out people's patience with religion in a laugh as in a tear. Deep whining. You see Annie got her meals spiritual joy always shows itself in facial closer corner, until one clay I look around from you and when Maggie was there illumination. John Wesley said he was produced because of what he calls the great gladness he saw among the people. Godless merriment is blasphemy any where, but expression of Christian Joy is appropriate everywhere.

Moreover, the outlook of the world ought to stir us to gladness. Astrono-mers disturbed many people by telling them that there was danger of stellar col lision. We were told by these astronmers that there are worlds coming very near together, and that we shall tangues and wars and tumults and per sepred. If you have ever stood at a rail road center where ten or twenty or thirty fall tracks cross each other and seen tha by the movement of the switch one or two inches the train shoots this way and that stand bow fifty worlds may come within an inch of disaster and that inch be as good as a million miles. If a human switch tender can shoot the trains this way and that without harm, cannot the and that for thousands of years has upheld the universe keep our little world out of harm's way? Christian geologists tell us that this world was millions of years in building. Well, now, I do not think God would take millions of years to build a house which was to last only 6,000 years. There is nothing in the world or outside the world, terrestrial or astronomical, to excite dismay. I wis that some stout gospel breeze miset seat-The sun rose this morning at about To clock, and I think that is just about the hour in the world's history, at hand."

Victory for Peace.

The first ray of the dawn I see in the gradual substitution of diplomatic skill for human butchery. Within the last twenty-five years there have been inter-national differences which would have brought a shock of arms in any other day, but which were peacefully adjusted the pen taking the place of the sword The Venezuelan controversy in any other age of the world would have brough shock of arms, but now is being so adjusted that no one knows just be

The Alabama question in any of of the world would have caused tween the United States and F How was it settled? By men-of-war the Narrows or off the Mersey? By gulf stream of the ocean crosse gulf stream of human blood?

through the percadillo of an embassador, bring on a battle with other nations. She sees that God, in punishment at Sedan, blotted out the French empire, and the only aspirant for that throne who and any right of expectation dies in a war that has not even the dignity of being re-Zulu war. Down with the sword and up with the treaty!

We in this country might better have settled our sectional difficulties by arbitration than by the trial of the swe Philanthropy said to the north, "Pay lown a certain amount of money for the purchase of the slaves, and let all those orn after a certain time be born free. Philanthropy at the same time said to the South, "You sell the slaves and get rid of this great national contest and The North replied, "I won't pay a cent." The South replied, "I won't War, war! A million dead men. and a national debt which might have ground this nation to powder! Why did we not let William H. Seward of New York and Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia go out and spend a few days under the trees on the banks of the Potomac and talk the matter over and settle it, as settle it they could, rather than the North pay in cost of war \$4,700,000,000 and the outh pay \$4,750,000,000, the destroying angel leaving the firstborn dead in so many houses all the way from the Penobscot to the Alabama? Ye aged men whose sons fell in the strife, do you not think that would have been better? Ob, yes! We have come to believe, I think, in this country that arbitration is better than Too Dear a Price.

I may be mistaken, but I hope that the last war between Christian nations is ended. Barbarians may mix their war paint and Chinese and Japanese go into wholesale massacres and Afghan and Zulu hurl poisoned arrows, but I think Christian nations have gradually learned that war is disaster to victor as well as vanquished, and that almost anything ught by blood is bought at too dear price. I wish to God this nation might be a model of willingness for arbitration. No need of killing another Indian. need of sacrificing any more brave Gen. Custers. Stop exasperating the red man, and there will be no more arrows shot out from the ambushments. A general of the United States army in high repute throughout this land, and who perhaps had been in more Indian wars than any other officer, and who hild been wounded again and again in behalf of our Gov-ernment in battle against the Indians. told me that all the wars that had ever occurred between Indians and white men had been provoked by white men, and While we are arbitrating with Christian nations let us toward barbarians carry ourselves in a manner unprovocative of ontest.

Let me put myself in their place: I inherit a large estate, and the waters are rich with fish, and the woods are songful with birds, and my cornfields are silken and golden. Here is my sister's grave, Out yonder under the large free my father died. An invader comes and proposes to drive me off and take possess: of my property. He crowds me back, he crowds me on, and crowds me into a closer corner, until after awhile I say: "Stand back! Don't crowd me any more, or I'll strike. What right have you to come here and drive me off my premises? I got this farm from my father, and he got it from his father. What right have you to come here and molest me?" You blandly say; "Oh, I know more than you do. I belong to a higher civilization I cut my hair shorter than you do. I could put this ground to a great deal better use than And you keep crowding me back and

erowding me on into a closer corner and men my suffering family, and fired by their hardships, I how you in twain Forthwith all the world comes to your funeral to pronounce eulogium, comes to are the hero. I am the culprit. Behold the United States Government and the North American Indian! The red man has stood more wrongs than I would, or you. We would have struck sooner, deep-That which is right in defense of a Washington home is right in defense of a home on top of the Sierra Nevada, Before this dwindling race dies completely out I wish that this generation might by common justice atone for the inhumanity of its predecessors. In the day of God' judgment I would rather be a blood smeared Modoc than a swindling United States officer on an Indian reservation. One was a barbarian and a savage, and never pretended to be anything but a barbarian and a savage. The other pretend ed to be representative of a Christian nation. Notwithstanding all this the gen eral disgust with war and the substitution of diplomatic skill for the glittering edge of keen steel is a sign unmistakable that

'the day is at hand.' The World's Nearness

I find another ray of dawn in the com-pression of the world's distances. What a slow, snail-like, almost impossible thing would have been the world's rectification with 1,400,000,000 of population and no facile means of communication, but now through telegraphy for the eye and tele steamboating and railroading the 25,000 miles of the world's circumference are shriveling up into insignificant brevity. Hong Kong is nearer to New York than a few years ago New Haven was; Bombay, Moscow, Madras, Melbourne within speaking distance. Purchase a telegraphic chart, and by the blue lines see the telegraphs of the land and by the red lines the cables under the ocean. You see what opportunity this is going to give for the final movements of Christianity. A fortress may be months or years in

may do all its work in twenty minutes bristianity has been planting its batteries for nineteen centuries and may go out when those batteries are thoroughly uted, those fortresses are fully built,
y may all do their work in twenty-four
irs. The world sometimes decides the
irch for slowness of movement. Is
suce any quicker? Did it not take ing as the circulation of the id? With the earth and the sky

ject that Christ will come among the nations personally; suppose that to morrow morning the Son of God from a hovering cloud should descend upon these cities Would not that fact be known all the world over in twelify-four hours? Suppose he should present his gospel in a would like to tear out of her history? The God. I came to pardon all your sins and to heal all your serrow. To prove that I am a supernatural being I have just deseconded from the clouds. Do you be me, and do you believe me now?" all the telegraph stations of the earth would be crowded as none, of them were ever crowded just after a shipwreck.

I tell you all these things to show you

it is not among the impossibilities or even the improbabilities that Christ will conquer the whole earth, and do it instanter when the time comes. There are fore tokenings in the air. Something great is going to happen. I do not think that Jupiter is going to run us down or that the axle of the world is going to break, but I mean something great for the world's blessing and not for the world's damage is going to happen. I think the world has had it hard enough. Enough the famines and plagues. Enough the Asiatic choleras. Enough the wars. Asiatic choleras. Enough the shipwrecks. Enough the conflagrations. I think our world could stand right well a procession of prosperities and triumphs. Better be on the skout. Better have your observatories open toward the heavens and the lenses of your most powerful telescopes well polished. Better have all your Leyden jars ready for some new pulsation of mighty influence. Better have new fonts of type in your printing offices to set up some astounding good news. Better have some new banner that has never been carried ready for sudden processions. Better have the bells in your church towers well hung and rope within reach, that you may ing out the marriage of the King's Son. Cleanse all your court houses, for the Judge of all the earth may appear. Let all your legislative halls be gilded, for the Great Lawgiver may be about to come. Drive off the drones of despotism all the occupants, for the King of heaven and earth may be about to reign. The darking into the tilles of morning cloud and the lilies reddening into the roses of stronger day - fit garlands, whether white or red, for him on whose head are many rowns. "The day is at hand."

Rays of Dawn.

One more ray of the dawn I see in facts hronological and mathematical. Come now, do not let us do another stroke of work until we have settled one matter. What is going to be the final issue of this great contest between sin and righteousness? Which is going to prove himself the stronger, God or Diabolus? Is this world going to be all garden or all desert? Now, let us have that matter settled. we believe Isaiah and Hosea and Micah and Malachi and John and Peter and Paul and the Lord himself, we believe that it is going to be all garden. But let us have it settled. Let us know whether we are working on toward a success or toward a dead failure. If there is a child in your house sick and you are sure he is going to get well, you sympathize with present pains, but all the foreboding is cone. If you are in a cyclone off the Florida coast and the captain assures you the vessel is stanch, and the winds are changing for a better quarter, and he is sure he will bring you safe into the harbor, you patiently submit to present distress with the thought of safe arrival. Now I want to know whether we are coming on toward dismay, darkness and defeat or on toward light and blessedness. You and I believe the latter, and if so every year we spend is one year subtracted from the world's woe, and every event that passes, whether bright or dark, brings us one event nearer a happy consummation, and by all that is inexorable chronology and mathematics I com mend you to good cheer and courage. If there is anything in arithmetic, if you subtract two from five and leave three, then by every rolling sun we are coming on toward a magnificent terminus. Then every winter passed is one severity less for our soor world. Then every summer gone by brings us nearer unfading arborescence. Put your algebra down on the top of your

If it is nearer morning at 3 o'clock than it is at 2. if it is nearer morning at 4 o'clock than it is at 3, then we are nearer the dawn of the world's deliverance. God's clock seems to go very slowly, but the pendulum swings, and the hands move. and it will yet strike noon. The sun and the meen steed still once. They will never stand still again until they stop forever. If you believe arithmetic as well as your Bible, you must believe we are nearer the dawn. "The day is at hand." In the Sunlight.

Beloved people, I preach this because I want you to toll with the sunlight in your faces. I want you old men to understand before you die that all the work you did for God while yet your ear was alert and your foot fleet is going to be counted up in the final victories. I want all these younger people to understand that when they toil for God they always win the day; that all prayers are answered and all Christian work is in some way effectual, and that the tide is setting in the right direction, and that all heaven is on our side saintly, cherubic, archangelic, omnipotent, chariot and throne, doxology and procession, principalities and dominion, he who hath the moon under his feet, and all the armies of heaven on white horses.

Brother, brother, all I am afraid of is ot that Christ will lose the battle, but that you and I will not get into it quick enough to do something worthy of our blood bought immortality. Oh, Christ, how shall I meet thee, thou of the scarred brow, and the scarred back, and the scarred hand, and the scarred foot, and the scarred breast, if I have no scars or wounds gotten in thy service? It shall not be so. I step out to-day in front of the battle. Come on, ye foes of God, I dare you to combat. Come on, with pens dipped in malignancy. Come on, with with types soaked in the scum of the eternal pit. I defy you! Come on; I bare my brow; I uncover my heart. Strike! I cannot see my Lord until I have been hurt for Christ. If we do not suffer with him on earth, we cannot be glorified with him in heaven. Take good heart. On, on, on! See, the skies have brightened! See, the hour is about to come! Pick out all the cheeriest of the anthems. Let orchestra string their best instru-sts. "The night is far spent; the day

Laws are not made like lime twigs or ets, to catch everything that toucheth m; but rather like sea marks, to le from shipwrock the ignorant pas-