

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE PREACHER DESCRIBES EMPLOYMENTS OF THE BLEST.

Each Saved Soul, Each Great Painter, Each Great Scientist Laboring in the Great Workshop of Paradise—Grand Sociality—Library of the Universe.

Visions of Heaven.

Dr. Talmage's sermon Sunday gives a very unusual view of the celestial world and is one of the most unique discourses of the great preacher. The text is Ezekiel I. 1. "Now it came to pass in the thirtieth year, in the fourth month, in the fifth day of the month, as I was among the captives by the River Chebar, that the heavens were opened."

Ezekiel, with others, had been ex-patriated, and while in foreign slavery, standing on the banks of the royal canal which he and other serfs had been condemned to dig by the order of Nebuchadnezzar—this royal canal in the text-called the river of Chebar—the illustrious exile had visions of heaven. Indeed it is almost always so—that the brightest visions of heaven come not to those who are on a mountain top of prosperity, but to some John on desolate Patmos, or to some Paul in Mamertine dungeon, or to some Ezekiel standing on the banks of a ditch he had been compelled to dig—yea, to the weary, to the heartbroken, to those whom sorrow has banished. The text is very particular to give us the exact time of the vision. It was in the thirtieth year and in the fourth month and in the fifth day of the month. So you have had visions of earth you shall never forget. You remember the year, you remember the month, you remember the day, you remember the hour. Why may we not have some such vision now and it be in the twelfth month and in sixth day of the month?

What Are They Doing?

The question is often silently asked, though perhaps never audibly propounded. "What are our departed Christian friends doing now?" The question is more easily answered than you might perhaps suppose. Though there has come no recent intelligence from the heavenly city, and we seem dependent upon the story of eighteen centuries ago, still I think we may from strongest inference decide what are the present occupations of our transferred kindred. After God has made a nature he never eradicates the chief characteristic of its temperament. You never knew a man phlegmatic in temperament to become sanguine in temperament. You never knew a man sanguine in temperament to become phlegmatic in temperament. Conversion plants new principles in the soul, but Paul and John are just as different from each other after conversion as they were different from each other before conversion. If conversion does not eradicate the prominent characteristics of temperament, neither will death eradicate them. Paul and John are as different from each other in heaven as they were different from each other in Asia Minor.

The Men of the Law.

But what are the men of the law who in this world found their chief joy in the legal profession, what are they doing now? Studying law in a universe where everything is controlled by law from the flight of humming bird to flight of world—law, not dry and hard and drudging, but righteous and magnificent law, before which man and cherub and seraph and archangel and God himself bow. The chain of law long enough to wind around the immensities and infinity and eternity. Chain of law. What a place to study law, where all the links of the chain are in the hand.

Grander Sociality.

But what are our friends who found their chief joy in conversation and in sociality doing now? In brighter conversation there and in grander sociality. What a place to visit in, where your next door neighbors are kings and queens, your yourselves kingly and queenly! If they want to know more particularly about the first paradise, they have only to go over and ask Adam. If they want to know how the sun and the moon halted, they have only to go over and ask Joshua. If they want to know how the storm petted Sodom, they have only to go over and ask Lot. If they want to know more about the arrogance of Haman, they have only to go over and ask Mordecai. If they want to know how the Red Sea belled when it was cloyed, they have only to go over and ask Moses. If they want to know the particulars about the Bethlehem advent, they have only to go over and ask the serenading angels who stood that Christmas night in the balconies of crystal. If they want to know more of the particulars of the crucifixion, they have only to go over and ask who were crowned and the heavens got black in the face at the spectacle. If they want to know more about the sufferings of the Scotch covenants, they have only to go over and ask Andrew Melville. If they want to know more about the old time revivals, they have only to go over to ask Whitefield and Wesley and Livingston and Fletcher and Nettleton and Finney. Oh, what a place to visit in! If eternity were one minute shorter it would not be long enough for such sociality.

Had Big Families Then.

Mention may be made of an inscription, according to Pennant, on a tomb in Conway (England) churchyard: "Here lieth the body of Nicholas Hocker, of Conway, gentleman, who was the 41st child of his father, William Hocker, by Alice, his wife, and the father of 27 children, 1837."

A Linguistic Peddler.

L. Goldstein, of West Bowdoin, Maine, speaks and writes ancient and modern Hebrew, Greek, Polish, Swedish, German, French, Latin, Russian, Chinese and English. Yet he finds contentment as a common peddler of tinware.

Omnibus Passengers.

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THE CONFESSION.

Once I was a youngster happy,
Not a shred of care I knew;
Mirth was ever on the tapis,
Winged with joy the moments flew.
If I had a heart it ne'er
Was the kind inclined to "love,"
And the meaning of "forever"
Was a thing I dreamed not of.

How I scorned my cousin Polly!
"Nothing but a girl!" I said;
How I mocked at melancholy,
Moony, spoony brother Ned!
But the height of my abhorrence
Was a chap who went around
Quoting verses to "his Florence,"
With his eyes upon the ground.

Woe for all my olden revels!
Mirth and joy—black a day!
Now I dance with the "blue devils"
If she looks the other way.
She—my heart is limp as velvet
When I touch her tiny glove,
And there haunts my corollium
"Love forever"—"ever love!"

But—(O direct alternative!)
(Awful irony of fate!)
I, who from exalted station
Made such mockery but late,
Now—and this my pen rehearses
With abatement most profound,
Love to wander, quoting verses,
With my eyes upon the ground.
Detroit Free Press.

MY OWN DECEASE.

Although undoubtedly I had been very ill, I am by no means certain of my facts at about this time; so whether I was a victim of a little too much indulgence in the flowing bowl, or of a lively imagination, or of a hypnotic trance, I really cannot say, anyway, one morning I seemed to be conscious that I was talking with a demon, who sat by my bedside. He was a very pleasant sort of fellow and not bad looking, but somehow I knew that he was a demon.

"Would you like to hear what they are saying about you and go to your own funeral?" he asked pleasantly.

"People generally do attend that ceremony personally," I suggested; then after a moment's reflection, I asked: "Am I dead, then?"

"Of course. Did you not know it?" "If I did it must have escaped my memory," I replied imperturbably.

"Well, you are dead, but I will give you the remarkable power of going among your family in the spirit and invisible to them."

"That's very kind of you, but I've heard you people seldom perform services for nothing. What recompense do you require?"

"None. The penalty you will pay will be sufficient reward to me."

"What penalty?"

"To see yourself as others see you, and hear what they say of you."

My friend then dematerialized himself into thin pale air, and the next moment I was gliding noiselessly down the stairs.

I should explain to you that I am an orphan, without parents, but a member of a large family; sisters, brothers, cousins and all the rest of it. I happen to have more money than any of the others, and have hitherto been much sought after on account of my excellent personal qualities. I am not married. Well, the fact is, I am of a rather retiring disposition, and not having yet come across a girl who would help me out with the preliminaries, I had not found courage to take the fatal plunge. My eldest sister, Priscilla, had therefore been keeping house for me.

I passed easily through the closed parlor door without opening it, which was very convenient, and found myself, unseen by them, in the midst of relatives from different parts of the country. They were waiting breakfast for some important person who had not yet made his appearance. I was foolish enough to think it might be myself and sat down in my customary seat at the foot of the table, but of course, no one saw me. I had forgotten for the moment that I was a dematerialized spirit. Soon, however, the door opened and the important individual entered the apartment. It was my eldest brother Tom. Now I began to understand. He was my executor and residuary legatee. He represented me, the late, Crawley Slowquicker, Esq., deceased, hence all the court and deference paid to him. This was absurd, you know, for a bigger fool never lived.

Well, he made straight for my chair, and sat down where I was sitting! This was stepping into my shoes with a vengeance—actually usurping the same place occupied by my disembodied spirit. Tom was a bulky fellow, and I felt the affront. Besides, wishing better to watch the proceedings, I got up quickly and sat behind my chair.

Two things especially attracted my attention, and somewhat shocked me. In the first place, Priscilla's presiding seemed more lavish than under my regime, and in the second, I was struck by the happiness and gaiety of the whole company. This was calculated to take my faculty down a few pegs, for I had fondly imagined that my death would plunge my entire family in the uttermost depths of despair. But it hadn't!

"I never like going into black," Priscilla was saying in her even tones to Aunt Gwen, "it's so very unlucky."

"I don't mind the change at all," said Aunt Gwen, "the color just suits me, you know. But I really can't tell what orders to give, not knowing how I am provided for."

"That's as good as asking," said Tom, with one of his horrible laughs which I used to consider so hearty.

"A nod's as good as a wink to a blind horse. I suppose the regular thing is to read the will after the funeral, but as it's all among ourselves it doesn't matter, and I'll read it to all directly after breakfast."

THE CONFESSION.

But hark! The bell of the cathedral rings—the cathedral bell of heaven. What is the matter now? There is going to be a great meeting in the temple. Worshipers all coming through the aisles. Make room for the Conqueror, Christ standing in the temple. All heaven gathered around him. Those who loved the beautiful come to look at the Rose of Sharon. Those who loved music come to listen to his voice. Those who were mathematicians come to count the years of his reign. Those who were explorers come to discover the height and the depth and the length and breadth of his love. Those who had the military spirit in heaven come to look at the Captain of their salvation. The astronomers come to look at the Morning Star. The men of the law come to look at him who is the judge of quick and dead. The men who healed the sick come to look at him who was wounded for our transgressions. All different and different forever in many respects, yet all alike in admiration for Christ, in worship for Christ, and all alike in joining in the doxology, "Unto him who washed us from our sins in his own blood and made us kings and priests unto God, to him be glory in the church throughout all ages, world without end." Amen.

To show you that your departed friends are more alive than they ever were, to make you homesick for heaven, to give you an enlarged view of the glories to be revealed, I have preached this sermon.

Two Friends.

The late Mr. H. C. Bunker, the editor of Puck, and Lawrence Hutton were the closest of friends. They began, says Mr. Hutton, in his sad reminiscence of his dead friend, published in the Bookman, in that often desirable fashion, "with a little aversion." Each avoided even an introduction to the other until fate actually threw them together, not to be parted more. Their mutual "good times" were dear at the moment and "pleasant, too, to think of." There was much "excellent fooling" there, and when Hutton was married it but added a third desirable member to the company. The marriage itself shows on what terms of happy nonsense they lived. Mr. Hutton says:

He and Mr. Telford and I spent together at the Westmoreland and in Bunker's rooms the last evening of my single life. He had heard that luck would be insured if the groom, on the occasion of his marriage, would wear "something old, something new, something borrowed and something blue."

He urged, therefore, my appearance next day in a pair of socks procured especially by him for me. One was absolutely unworn; the other had seen service and was darned. But they were both blue. And I must borrow them.

Mr. Telford, I remember, lent me a necktie for the same purpose; and both of those dear boys were married, when their time came, in something blue that was borrowed from me.

When Bunker was married we sent his wife a traveling clock as a wedding gift, to which I attached a card bearing these lines:

For Old Times' sake
Will you and H. C. B.
At this time take
The Time from mine and me?

Time, Time was,
Let Time be old or new,
The Times for us
Are High Old Times with you.

To this the lady responded:
I lack the time, in spite of time from you,
To write the heartfelt thanks I feel are due,
But every passing hour, while time endures,
Shall speak to me and mine of you and yours.

Eating Slowly.

The opinion that hurry in eating is a prolific cause of dyspepsia is founded on common observation. The ill results of bolting food have been attributed to the lack of thorough mastication and to the incomplete action of the saliva upon the food.

Two-thirds of the food which we eat is starch, and starch cannot be utilized in the system as food until it has been converted into sugar, and this change is principally effected by the saliva.

But there is a third reason why rapidity of eating interferes with digestion. The presence of the salivary secretion in the stomach acts as a stimulus to the secretion of the gastric juice.

Prospective of the mechanical function of the teeth, food which goes into the stomach incompletely mingled with saliva passes slowly and imperfectly through the process of stomach digestion.

Therefore, as a sanitary maxim, of no mean value, teach the children to eat slowly, and in giving this instruction by example the teacher, as well as the pupil, may receive benefit.

Leap Year.

The present year, 1896, is a leap year; such a year will not occur again for eight years. This arises from the year 1900 having been specially excluded by Pope Gregory, together with 1700 and 1800, as in his adjustment of the calendar three genuine leap years had to be deprived of their rights. The selected were those of the centuries which were not divisible without remainder by 400.

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THE CONFESSION.

Then they started talking about their late relation, Crawley Slowquicker, and the things I heard about myself positively astonished me.

They were all sadly deficient in the bump of reverence, and I found that not one of them entertained that respect and affection for me of which I had imagined they were all possessed. Now I fully realized the truth of my friend the demon's words. It was a dreadful penalty to pay, a sad mortification to hear what they said of me, and to see myself as others saw me.

"Well, of course," my cousin Vernon said, responding to some remark in a virtuously deprecatory tone, "of course, de mortuis nil nisi bonum, and all that sort of thing, you know; but I can't help saying that Crawley was always mean—horribly mean!"

Confound the fellow! And this was a man to whom I had left \$500, forgiving him all the money he owed me which was as good as doubling the legacy!

"No, no; not mean," Tom answered, and I blessed him for those words, but he spoiled it all by adding, "A bit careful, you know."

"Ah, I should think so," says Priscilla. "You would hardly believe it, but it's a fact he never allowed me money enough to keep house decently."

Of course, this was not true, as you may imagine. She was always wanting more money, and yet it never succeeded in purchasing anything remarkable. And this was my sister Priscilla, whom I had always thought so affectionate, so entirely devoted to me. Oh, it was too horrible.

These three were my principal legates. But how was that possible?

I knew what I would do. I had made up my mind—and having no body, I was all mind now—I would go at once to my solicitor's, and have a codicil drawn up while there was yet time. But say, there was no time; it was too late. I had quite forgotten that I was only a poor ghost, a dematerialized spirit, and that old idiot, Sharpshaw, was so wedded to routine and old-fashioned custom that he would certainly regard a posthumous testament as informal, and as I was invisible he would treat my signature as null and decidedly void.

When next I turned toward my amiable and disinterested family circle, I perceived that the breakfast things had been removed, and Tom Slowquicker sat in the armchair with my will spread out before him.

"There's some one missing," he said, looking around him magisterially; "who is it?"

"Only my sister Minnie," Vernon remarked casually. "I went to her this morning, but she's so upset about his death that she feels quite ill, and could not come down to breakfast."

"Don't be absurd," said Priscilla; "why, she never gave him so much as a civil word." Then, sotto voce to her brother, I expect. She is afraid she has spoiled her chances of a legacy."

Oh, that spiteful Priscilla! If I could only alter my will! But it was too late, for here was my executor standing, or rather sitting, in my place. At least, there was one thing I could do; I would find my friend the demon and see if arrangements could not be made for haunting them!

But those precious words about Minnie had sent balm into my tortured spirit, so that I incorporate heart throbbled, shaking the venetians, and Tom asked where the draft came from. I would go to her at once, so I traversed the closed door again, passing them all as the sigh of a summer breeze, which is we know not what, or whence it comes, or whether it goes—a breath from—well, no matter where; I don't exactly know myself.

This I went upstairs, and into Minnie's room, where I found the poor girl still in bed, her cheeks pale, her eyes red with weeping, all the signs upon her of a sleepless night of sorrow, and pressed close to her soft bosom she held a likeness of my unworthy self, which I had given her once long ago. And this was the girl who never spoke save to ridicule and poke fun at me, whose dislike for me was almost proverbial in the family, and yet the girl whose love—with usual human perversity—I would have given all the world to win.

Ah, this knowledge of her heart's secret was sweet to me! It gave me courage. I would comfort her. I would pour forth my love. I would tell her—stay! What could I tell her? Was I not forgetting again that I was only a poor ghost—merely the shadow of a shade? Was I not unseen by her? And even were it possible for me to make myself visible for a few moments I should only succeed in terrifying my poor love out of her senses.

Alas! was this the realization of a hereafter? The punishment of early vanities and sins? To see things just as they are and yet to be so miserably impotent to alter them; to see too what might have been and to beat out my weary spirit on into eternity in vain longing for a fruition that can never come!

My funeral was appointed to take place the next day. It was a very grand affair altogether, and cake and wine had been laid in the parlor to entertain the guests upon this festive occasion. I dare say I should have done the same had I been burying a relation, but somehow it hurt me to see my best dry sherry being put away.

As I accompanied the mourners down the steps I suddenly perceived my friend the demon by my side. Vainly I sought a coach, but could find no room. I turned to him somewhat angrily and remarked:

"I say, you promised I should go to my own funeral, but I don't seem to have been considered in the arrangement at all."

"You forget that corporally you hold the place of honor at the head of

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the procession, but in the spirit you can get in here. There's only the doctor and the clergyman."

"Between the doctor and the parson! Really, my dear demon, you are remarkable for a most sardonic humor."

Well, the men of medicine and religion talked politics all the way, which I thought inappropriate, but as they were both conservatives they did not disagree. I am a liberal myself, and began vociferously expounding Mr. Gladstone's policy, quite oblivious that my gesticulations were unseen, my words unheard by them.

"Good job for yourself you are dead," said the demon. "You're just the sort to get into a jolly row with red-hot politicians."

The cemetery was soon reached, and I looked down and saw my coffin lowered into the grave.

"Earth to earth—"

A few lumps were thrown, and fell upon the lid with a growling rattle, and—

I awoke with a start, and my eyes met those of my brother Tom, who asked cheerily, "Well, how do you do now, old fellow?" But I turned from him—for I could not help thinking of him as I had seen him last, reading my will down in the parlor—turned away and encountered my darling little Minnie, who sat unobtrusively in a remote corner of the room, and I felt, oh so grateful and happy at seeing her there. I felt then that it was not all a dream.

I have used feigned names in this veracious tale, because I think she would not like to know the strange experiences which led me to take the courage to woo and by and by wed her.—Spare Moments.

Hanging Above a Tiger.

A British officer in India had gone on upon an elephant in search of a tiger, which had just killed a man and two bullocks within half a mile of camp. The hunt was brief, and the officer presently got two shots at the tiger, but without killing him. The jungle was heavy, and it was already getting dusk when the servant touched the officer from behind and said, "There he is!" The adventure is best described by the man himself, as quoted by Gen. Withington.

The tiger was lying within ten yards of me, unable to rise, as I afterward found out, from his loins being broken. Seeing that he was not dead, however, I was in the act of taking up my rifle, when something struck me on the back and jammed me to the front of the howdah. I had just time to lay hold of the branch of a tree and pull myself out of the branch of a tree and pull myself out of the howdah, otherwise my back would have been broken.

Then the frightened elephant ran away, and left me suspended immediately over the tiger, which lay looking up at me, growling and lashing his sides.

You may imagine my feelings. In vain I tried to get into the tree, and at last my fingers becoming cramped, I lost my hold and fell on the tiger. It was like dropping into the jaws of death.

The instant I touched the ground, the tiger with a terrific roar seized my left foot in his mouth, and with one bite crushed the heel and ankle bone to powder. Then he gave me three other bites, two on the calf of the leg and one on the knee, every bite breaking the bone to pieces.

My agonies were dreadful. In vain I called for help, but after a struggle I got my right leg free and gave the tiger a tremendous kick on the head, which induced him to let go. Instantly I got up and hobbled to the foot of the tree, where I fell exhausted, with the tiger still a few paces off.

The sepoy, who had been with me in the howdah, had lodged safely in the tree, and witnessed the whole scene. Now he came down within a few feet of the ground, and begged me to get into the tree. At first I thought I could not, but when the sepoy told me that the tiger would be at me again, I gave the fellow my hands, and he managed to pull me up into the lower branches.

By and by my brother officer, whose elephant, like my own, had become unmanageable, came back, and finally killed the tiger, after which I was somehow got into the howdah and carried back to camp.

A Russian Crime.

A simple method of murder and robbery, with small chances of detection, devised by some Russian peasants on the Prussian border, has recently been brought to light. A fever for emigration has existed for some years in Poland, and people who could not obtain passports to leave Russia after selling all they had, would secrete their money upon their persons and hire these peasants to smuggle them across the frontier. As their departure had to be kept secret, and the emigrants were generally illiterate persons of no prominence, it was easy to lead them into out-of-the-way places, murder them and strip them, with little probability of their being missed.

For Preservation of Timber.

Another method of preserving timber has recently been tried. It consists in dissolving in naphtha the heavy oils and waxes left after the distillation of petroleum, and forcing the solution into the seasoned timber in the same manner as in creosoting. The timber is then heated, when the naphtha evaporates and is recovered in a cooling chamber, while the waxes, etc., remain behind in the wood, waterproofing it.

Two thousand nine hundred and ninety-two peonies have been taken up in the Canton, O., schools as a collection for the Francis Key monument which is being erected at Frederick, Md.

How a man does hate to tidy anything that will please his wife!