WHITHER OR WHENCE?

Oh! cherished voyager, drifting down The shadow bed of the I nanown River.

DEDW.

Ah! wake at our bidding, we pray thee,

Arouse from thy languor of sleep and dream?

hand,

Thou wavest farewell to land, And floatest farther away the while; Farther away as the night comes on, Farther and farther with break of day-Already thy craft from our sight has gone,

The sunlight wooes thee, but all in vain, The wild birds call thee, but no reply, Thou shalt wake to their music no more

Nor bask in the sunlight; sweet friend, good-by! A vision of sunlight blinds our sight, We feel its glory as here we stand,

For us the voyage is toward the light, For thee the shores of the unknown

Pennsylvania Grit.

RWRY.

AUSTI,

THE KEEPER OF CRAGIE'S CUT.

thumbed blue cover, and he had ex- ledge of rocks unless it becomes alsopected to see a grizzle bearded man intely necessary. with a rough, red face and a stubby black pipe. For Cragle's was known line. Its keeper was required to walk and through the cut twice a day, windered back and forth with seeming disrules.

The new inspector had come down from Cragie's, walking the whole length of section 27. He had found everything this time? When the show covered the wearing a new coat of the "Hard in the best of order, not a bolt loose nor a spike gone and he felt, after the maning the vigilance of the keeper.

"Is I., C. Dolby in?" he asked when be reached the keeper's house on the hill

"Yes, sir, will you walk in?" asked the resy-checked girl who came to the

door. He stepped into the nentest of fittle the windows and a cheery tire on the hearth in front of which a lazy tabby cut yaward a good-humored greeting.

"My name is Baxter, the new inspector, and I wished to see L. C. Dolby, the keeper of 27/, he mid:

served that her hair was cut short like | couldn't see the train at all-only a big | many a blessing " a boy's and that her chin was firm and sharp.

"I am the keeper," she answered; "my name is Lettle C. Dolby, and I've had the place since father was injured last winter"

"That's right, and as good as a man she is, too!" came a gruff voice from the other room.

Lettle flushed again.

glad to have visitors."

Baxter had not yet recovered from his surprise at finding that the slim, blue-eyed girl who stood before him be allowed himself to be led into the window, sat a man in a rocking chair.

crippled legs with a faint smile.

"That's all right," responded Baxter, called: sympathetically; "keep your seat."

And Baxter, sitting there, heard Lettie explain the condition of section 27, and make her reports as promptly and very much more clearly than any of the keepers he had ever met. She spoke in a frank, almost boylsh way, and she understood her work as well as Barter dozen other men who had come down himself did. Her father sat watching from the train. And Jim, bein' a good her quietly, adding a word here and there. Presently the clock in the further room struck 3, and Lettle started to follow him. By this time it had stop-

"It's time for me to make the rounds. of the section," she said, and a moment later Baxter saw her lithe form, wranped in a steat, dark cloak, disappear over the brow of the hill toward the

As he looked back he found Dolby watching him intensely. When he caught his eye the cripple leaned forward and touched Baxter's knee.

There isn't a pluckler girl between St. Paul and Montana buttes," be said; "even if I do say it, who shouldn't."

"I don't see how she can manage the section," replied Baxter.

"That's what I say," exclaimed Dolby; "it's wonderful," and his pinched face lighted up with a smile that was beautiful to see. "It would go hard with all of us if it wasn't for Lettle." "How did a girl happen to be appoint- ing:

ed to such a place, anyway?" "She's deserved it," Dolby answered, energetically; "she deserved it. They ain't many people that know all the and laid me on the bed, but I didn't facts excep' the superintendent-he knows, and he says Lettle can be keeper as long as she wants to.

With what strange, bright smile in thy on the Pushin' Bottom ranch. Well, it held it before him. And what wondrous smile on thy lips struck the Cragie country, too. Came | "You're the bravest girl Pve ever up over the hill from back of the house | met," he said." What musees hand at thy frail burque's early in the morning, and long before Dolby paused as if he liked to remem-

10 o'clock there wasn't a fence to be her this part of the story. Is guiding thee swiftly adown the seen in the country. Lettic's mother | "The passengers, oh, they escaped by said I better not go down to the cut. Lerna's rope and were driven into Cra-She was afraid I might get lost. But gie's, And that night when the super-I'd been at Cragle's off an' on for intendent was talking about who shall more'n eight years, and I thought I'd be keeper of section 27 Lettle spoke up. seen the worst the weather could do. timid-like: We fain would stay thee, would clasp thy So I went down the bill, and before I - Mr. Bradley, let me watch it; I can got ten rods from the house the snow do it almost as well as father." (Too passing sweet is that tender smile), had wiped it out, and all I could see The superintendent looked at her for

were the whirling drifts and the path a moment, and then he said: for a dozen feet ahead of me. And It was pretry sharp and cold when I couldn't get along without Lettle-" the snow were so terrible that I keeper. couldn't stand. And first thing I knew

knew it. "'You're done for, Dolby,' I said to myself when I saw how little held me from falling into the chasm. It was 100 feet to the bottom, and jagged rocks all the way down. But I had Baxter, the new inspector of the grit, if I do say it, and I hung there for Evanshurg and Sauk Center Railroad, grim death, with the wind kicking and was not the only person who had been beating me about like a dead limb. I astonished at the first sight of the keep- knew well enough there would be no er of Cragie's bridge and the rock cut one to help me, and that I couldn't help deed, it afforded him no little amusebeyond, "L. C. Dolby, Section 27," he myself; but still I hung there. A man had read in his little book with the doesn't like to be dashed to pieces on a

I had crossed the bare knoll at the

ing over the edge of the embankment

like a but to a rafter. Slipped before I

bridge approach, and there I was bang-

"Pretty soon I heard the limited squealing down the cut. I knew that to be one of the worst sections on the Jim Crosby, the engineer, was founderthe mile from the end of the long bridge if Jim succeeded in rooting through ing in the snow. I said to myself that with his engine I might be saved, but I ter and summer, and it often required knew well enough that he wouldn't a cool head and a vigorous body to succeed. It would take four engines dodge the tramp freights that thun- and two rotary plaws to drive a tunnel through such a blizzard. And there regard for time cards and running she squenled and shricked for hours, it seemed to me, while my hands and arms grew as numb as clubs.

"And Lettie what was she doing all woodshed and began to creep up on the Times" variety. windows she was frightened. Tm ner of new inspectors, like compliment- afraid that father'll never get back. accosted by a deserving beggar at the she told her mother, who's always been contrance to his warehouse fidgety and nervous like, began to walk up and down and wring her worth neked. bands, not knowing what to do. Twelve o'clock came, and then I: Lettle started up and said: 'Mother, I'm going out with a quick giance at the man's feet, namagined celerity, one stroke of the to see if I can't find father, and in He kicked off his right shoe his shoespite of all her mother could do she strings were seldom tied and said, twain he did fly." stiting rooms. There were flowers in bundled into her clonk and bood and "Try that on, my man. How does it opened the door.

"The snow was up to her walst, but the wind had mostly gone down the cut Jimmile Crosby's engin-

callin' and screechin' for mercy, and shoe, "How will they do?" The girl flushed slightly. He on Lettie, when she looked over the chir "Illigant; yer honor! illigant! May black hole where the smeke from the "Well, well, go now," said the merstack had melted the snow. But Lettle chant, "that'll do," and then, calling a wasn't strong enough to get down the tracks, for the path was dr | |

full, and a slim girl like her commuknew well enough that I was down the section somewhere perhaps out on the bridge. But she didn't give up-not Lettle. There wasn't a man around the "It's father," she whispered; "won't place to help-only in the train, and the you step in and see him? He's very train was at the bottom of the cut buried in the snow. She thought that if only she could get word to Jim Crosby he'd help her, for she knew him well. So she ran and got a coll of rope and was really keeper of Cragle's cut, and | tied one end of it to that stubby oakthere you can see it at the edge of the other room. There, at a big, bright hill-and then she took hold of it and alld into the cut. That look grit-there His face was of the chalky whiteness aren't many men who would have riskthat comes from being always indoors, ed it-let alone girls. Of course the and his lap was spread with a plaid snow got into her eyes and hose, and comforter. He looked prematurely old the rocky ledges cut and bruised her, but she never stopped until she was at "How are you?" he asked. "I'd get the bottom. Jimmle Crosby said he saw up, only-" and he motioned to his something floundering in the snow outside of the cab and then somebody

> 'Jim. oh, Jim.' "It was Lettle. They dragged her talk she told Jim that I was lost in the blizzard.

"'We'll save him, said Jim, and the climber, went up the rope hand over hand and helped a dozen or more men In Paris there are always patrons of the cologium. With it the toiler reaches his ped snowing, and the sun shone bright in the west. They wallowed down through the drifts to the bridge, Lettle following. They tried to leave her at home, but she wouldn't stay. 'If father's in danger,' she said, 'I'm going' to belp find him."

"I heard 'em when they reached the hare knoll this side of the bridge. J had crooked one leg around a sleeper and I still hung there over the chasm. I don't believe I could have let go. I guess I was frozen there. I tried to shout and let them know where to find me, but I couldn't get my mouth open. It was clean suffering, that. For there was help within reach and I couldn't

make a sound. But Lettle knew the path I usually took and first thing I knew she was on her knees at the end of the bridge cry-

'Here be is; oh, father, father. "After that I don't remember much Jim said they carried me to the house get back to my right senses for two or three days.

"I almost forgot to tell you that one

mrd we laid last winter-the one that ley, the superintendent. When he saw snowed in Even-burg, and Brockton. Lettle and heard of what she had done and Collinville and killed all the cattle he just took off his bat, this way, and

" 'I believe you can, Lettle.' when I reached the cut there wasn't "From that day to this L. C. Dolby any ext there. It was filled to the top has been keeper of 27. I've never re-Has slipped from its moorings and salled with snow. I wondered what the lim- covered-my legs and my back but the hed bound down for Cragle's would do. doctor still gives me hope. And I

reached the track this side of the But the old man's voice broke. Baxhands and knees and crawl along from went out toward Cragle's, where he tle to tie just like a baby. I was strong sent a glowing report of the excellent in those days, too, only the wind and | condition of section 27, L. C. Dolby.

> Eccentric Generosity. Nicholas Longworth, one of the wealthlest citizens of Cincinnati a few years ago, was noted for his eccentric charities. Those whom others refused to help found a friend in him. "Decent paupers will always find plenty than they, the most exquisite and radiant to help them," he would my, "but no one cares for the 'dertl's poor.' Ev- phim. They are called burners because erybody condemns them, so I must turn they look like fire. Lips of fire, eyes of to and help them."

> Mr. Longworth was plain and careless in his dress, often looking more like a beggar than a millionaire. Inment to be taken for a mendicant, as had six wings, each two of the wings for he several times was in the course of a different purpose. Isalah's dream quiv his life.

> One cold winter evening a poor man called at the boose very thinly clad, and Mrs. Lengworth improved the opportunity to suggest to her husband he should give away a certain Times" overcost which she had tired of seeing him wear. He much pleased that the objectionable trodden as compared with the paths trodgarment was out of the way, placed deaby the feet of God, and with the lame a tine broadcloth one upon the rack, where he would easily find it in the morning.

But Mr. Longworth went off to bustness without it, and came home at noon, greatly to his wife's chagrin,

At another time Mr. Longworth was

"What do you need most?" Mr. Long-"A pair of shoes," was the reply

Ht 25 "Higant, yer honor."

"Then try that one, too," said Mr. Longworth, as he kicked off the other

Longworth for another pair of

The boy soon returned. "Mrs. Longworth says there isn't a pair of shoes left in the house," said

the lad, "you've give 'em all away." "All right," laughed Mr. Longworth. "Run down to Mr. Hart's and ask him to send me up a pair of shoes, the kind I always buy; and mind, here's a twodollar bill, but don't you give more'n a dellar and a balf for them."

Revival of an Old Fashion.

The fashlon of wearing long chains of gold about the neck is attractive. The chalus should be strong enough to hold the watch tucked into the belt. and often a tlay gold purse, and bunch of gold plated keys that are better carried by the mistress than by the maid. These chains are supposed to be for use, and are seen with callor-made shopping costumes. Parisians are carrying, while shop-

ping, dainty bags of brocaded silk with gold clasps and ornaments or bags of fancy leather bound with gold or sil-This is a coquettish revival of an ver. into the cab, and as soon as she could old fashion and does not necessarily suggest a shopping trip by a subur banite. The small bags of white leather, with clasp, chain and monogram fireman agreed to help, and so did a of gold, are particularly attractive, and the extreme is a bag ten times larger than a purse, of fine gold mesh. Its price is not one of its attractions, but expensive fads introduced by the jewel-

> His Winning Suit. Mrs. Kirtland-And why do you think, Mr. Dunley, that the world is better now and more beautiful than it

> was thirty-five years ago? Mr. Dunley (who is after her sweet daughter)-Because because you were

not in it then. Cleveland Leader.

Most Ancient Copper Mines. The most ancient copper mines in the world are those of the Sinal peninsula, near the Gulf of Suez. They were abandoned 3,000 years ago, having been worked for some hundreds of years. The process used in the production of the ore is said to be similar in principle to that used at the present

time.

Too Young. Examining officer-How old are you? Recruit-Sixteen. "You are too young."

"Well-er-can't you put me in the infantry?"-Texas Siftings.

WHICH IS SWIFT, ASPIRING, RA-DIANT AND BUOYANT.

Pinions-Divine Velocity.

Our Washington Pulpit.

In this discourse Dr. Talmage takes a most exulted theme and makes it practical and meful to the last degree. The subert is "Wings of Scraphim," and the test is Isniah vi., 2, "With twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly. In a hospital of leprosy good King Uzmah had died, and the whole land was shudowed with solemnity, and theological and prophetic Isniah was thinking about religious things, as one is apt to do in time of great national becomement, and, orzeiting the presence of his wife and bridge, and I had to get down on my ter, shaking hands with him silently. two sons, who made up his family, he has a dream, not like the dreams of ordinary character, which generally come from indirection, but a vision most instructive and under the touch of the hand of the Almighty.

The place, the ancient temple; building grand, awful, majestle. Within that tem tile a throne higher and grander than that occupied by any exer or sultan or emperor. On that throne the eternal Christ. lines, surrounding that throne, the brightent colestials, not the cherubim, but higher of the heavenly inhabitants the sera fire, feet of fire. In addition to the features and the limbs, which suggest a bu man being, there are pinions, which saggost the lithest, the swiftest, the most buoyant and the most aspiring of all unintelligent creation, a bird. Each scraph ers and fashes with these pinions. folded, now spread, now beaten in lovo-motion, "With twain he covered his feet, with twain he covered his face, and

with twain he did fly." Buimagined Celerity.

The probability is that these wings were not all used at once. The scraph standing there near the throne, overwhelmed at the rendily assented, and Mrs. Longworth, insignificance of the paths his feet had ness of his locomotion, amounting almost to decrepitude as compared with the di tine velocity, with feathery veil of angelic modesty hides the feet. "With twain he did cover the feet."

Standing there, overpowered by the overmatching splendors of God's glory and unuble longer with the eyes to look upon them and wishing those eyes shaded from the insufferable glory, the pinious gather over the countenance. "With twain he did cover the face." Then, as God tells "With twain he this scraph to go to the farthest outposts of immensity on message of light and love and joy and get back before the first anthem, it does not take the scraph a great "Ah, yes, I see," said the millionaire, while to spread himself upon the air with wing equal to 10,000 leagues of air, "With-

spreading his wings over the feet-is the other we have only to throw ourselves, lesson of humility at imperfection. The body, mind and soul, into Christ's keeping, brightest angels of God are so far beneath "No," says irreverence, "I want no stone God that he charges them with folly. The ment: I want no pardon: I want no inseraph so far beneath God, and we so far terrention. I will go up and face God. beneath the scraph in service, we ought to and I will ask him what he wants to do be plunged in humility, utter and come with me." So the finite confronts the Inplete. Our feet, how laggard they have finite, so a tack hammer tries to break a been in the divine service! Our feet, how thunderbolt, so the breath of human noshe sent him to the house to ask many missteps they have taken! Our feet, trils defies the everlasting God, while the fully they have walked!

Neither God nor secaph intended to put the masterpieces of Almighty God-the chorus of all the empires of heaven comes human foot. Physiologist and anatomist are overwhelmed at the wonders of its organization. "The Bridgewater Treatise," written by Sir Charles Bell, on the wisdom and goodness of God as illustrated in human hand, was a result of the \$40,-000 bequeathed in the last will and testament of the Earl of Bridgewater for the encouragement of Christian literature. The world could afford to forgive his ecentricities, though he had two dogs seated at his table and though he put six dogs. alone in an equipage drawn by four horses and attended by two footmen. With his large bequest inducing Sir Charles Bell to write so valuable a book on the wisdom God in the structure of the human hand, the world could afford to forgive his ddities. And the world could now afford have another Earl of Bridgewater. owever idiosyneratic, if he would induce ie other Sir Charles Hell to write a book on the wisdom and goodness of God in the construction of the human foot. The articulation of its bones, the lubrication of its joints, the gracefulness of its lines, the ingenuity of its cartilages, the delicacy of is veins, the rapidity of its muscular conraction the sensitiveness of its nerves.

Apostrophe to the Foot. and the praises of the human foot With that we halt or climb or march, a the foundation of the physical fabric is the base of a God poised column. With it the warrior braces himself for bat With it the orator plants himself for With it the outraged stamps his indignation. Its loss an irreparable dis aster. Its health an invaluable equip ment. If you want to know its value, ask the man whose foot paralysis bath shriv cled, or machinery hath crushed, or su geon's kuife bath amputated. The Biole abors it. Especial care, "Lest thou deh thy foot against a stone," "He will to suffer thy foot to be moved," "Thy first shall not stumble." Especial charge, Keep thy foot when thou goest to Papa Kirtland's objections to the house of God." Especial peril, "Their young man have been overridden. - feet shall slide in due time." Connected with the world's dissolution, "He set one foot on the sea and the other on the earth."

Give me the history of your foot, and I ill give you the history of your lifetime Tell me up what steps it hath gone, down what declivities and in what roads and in hat directions, and I will know more about you than I want to know. None of us could endure the scrutiny. Our feet hand." not always in paths of God, sometimes in paths of worldliness. Our feet a divine and glorious machinery for usefulness and work, so often making missteps, so often going in the wrong direction. God know ing every step, the patriarch saying, Thou settest a print on the heels of my Crimes of the hand, crimes of the

"Course you remember the big blir of the men who helped me was Brade SOAR LIKE A SERAPH, see want the wings of bumility to cover or it is ten handbreadths. So indicates upbs do. How much more we? "With that bulances are made of a bean son-

twain he covered the feet." man nature is bragendecto and sin. Our what vast heft has been weighed. But nature started at the hand of God regal, what are all the balances of earthly ma-Rev. Dr. Talmage Preaches Upon an Excited Theme, but He Makes It Well in Belgium which once had very pure that bands any supposed with the balances well in Belgium which once had very pure that bands any supposed when he saw water, and it was stoutly massed with God putting into the scales the Alps and stone and brick but that well afterward the Apennines and Monat Washington became the center of the battle of Water and the Sierra Nevadas. You see less. At the opening of the hattle the sal-diers, with their salvers, compelled the to have too much weight in Europe, or too gardener, William von Klysom, to draw much weight in Asia, or too much weight water out of the well for them, and it was in Africa or in America, so when God very pure water. But the battle raxed. made the mountains he weighed them. The and 200 dead and half dead were flund. Bible distinctly says so, God knows the into the well for quick and easy burial, so weight of the great ranges that cross the that the well of refreshment became the | continents, the tons, the pounds avoirdswell of death, and long after people looked pols, the ounces, the grains, the milligrams down into the well, and they saw the bleached skulls, but no water. So the just how much they weigh now. "He human soul was a well of good, but the weighed the mountains in scales and the armies of sin have fought around it and hills in a balance." Oh, what a God to fought across it and been slain, and it has run against! Oh, what a God to disobey! become a well of skeletons. Dead hopes. Oh, what a God to dishonor! Oh, what dead resolutions, dead opportunities, dead a God to defy! The brightest, the mightiambitions. An abandoned well unless est angel takes no familiarity with God. Christ shall reopen and purify and till it. The wings of reverence are lifted. as the well of Belgium never was. Un- twain he covered the face. clean, unclean.

Relic Vandals.

"With twain he covered the face." That means reverence Godward. Never so means reverence Godward. much irreverence abroad in the world as to-day. You see it in the defaced statuary, in the cutting out of figures from fine paintings, in the chipping of monuments for a memento, in the fact that military goard must stand at the graves of Lincoln and Garfield, and that old shade trees must be cut down for firewood, though fifty George P. Morrises beg the woodmen to spare the tree, and that calls a corpse a cadaver, and that speaks of death as going over to the majority and substitutes for the reverend terms father and mother "the old man" and "the old woman," and finds nothing impressive in the ruins of Baalbec or the columns of Karnac, and sees no difference in the Sabbath from other days except it allows more dissipation, and reads the Bible in what is called higher criticism, making it not the word of God, but a good book with some fine things in it. Irreverence never so much abroad. How many take the name of tied in vain, how many trivial things said about the Almighty! Not willing to have God in the world, they roll up an idea of sentimentality and humanitarianism and impudence and imbecility and call it God. No wings of reverence over the face, no taking off of shoes on hely ground. You can tell from the way they talk they could have made a better world than this, and that the God of the Bible shocks every sense of propriety. They talk of the love of God in a way that shows you they believe it does not make any difference how had a man is here he will come in at the shining gate. They talk of the love of God in a way which shows you they think It is a general full delivery for all the shandoned and the scoundfelly of the universe. No punishment hereafter for any

wrong done here. The Bible gives two descriptions of God, and they are just opposite, and they are both true. In one place the Bible says God is love. In another place the Rible says God is a consuming fire. The exdanation is plain as plain can be The most practical and useful lesson for through Christ is love. God out of Christ you and me when we see the seruph is fire. To win the one and to escape the in how many paths of worldliness and hierarchs of heaven bow the head and bend the knee as the King's chariot goes by, and the archangel turns away because any dishonor upon that which is one of the cannot endure the splendor, and the in with full diapason, "Holy, holy, holy!"

Reverence. Reverence for sham, reverence for the old merely because it is old, reverence for stupidity, however learned, reverence for incapacity, however finely inaugurated, I have none. But we want more reverence for God, more reverence for the sacraments, more reverence for the Bible, more reverence for the pure, more reverence for the good. Reverence a characteristic of all great natures. You hear it in the coll of the master oratorios. You see it in the Raphaels and Titians and Ghirlandaios. on study it in the architecture of the Aboliabs and Christopher Wrens. Do not he flippant about God. Do not joke about Do not make fun of the Bible. Do not decide the Eternal. The brightest and mightiest scraph cannot look unabashed upon him. Involuntarily the wings come "With twain he covered his face,

Who is this God before whom the arrogant and intractable refuse reverence There was an engineer of the name Strasicrates who was in the employ of Alexander the Great, and he offered to hew a mountain in the shape of his master, the emperor, the enormous figure to hold in the left hand a city of 10,000 inhabitants. while with the right hand it was to hold a basin large enough to collect all the mountain torrents. Alexander applauded him for his ingenuity, but forbade the enterprise because of its costliness. have to tell you that our King holds in one hand all the cities of the earth and all the oceans, while he has the stars of heaven for his tinea.

Elarthly power goes from hand to hand, rom Henry I. to Henry II. and Henry III., from Charles I. to Charles II., Louis I, to Louis II, and Louis III, but from everlasting to everlasting is God. God the first, God the last, God the caly He has one telescope, with which he sees everything his omniscience. He has one bridge with which he crosses everything his omnipresence. He has one ham ner, with which he builds everything his omnipotence. Put two tablespoonfule of water in the palm of your hand, and it will overflow, but Isaiah indicates that God puts the Atlantic and the Pacific and the Arctic and the Antarctic and the Mediterranean and the Black sea and all the waters of the earth in the hollow of his hand. The fingers the beach on one ride. the wrist the beach on the other. holdeth the water in the hollow of his

A Measure of the Earth. As you take a pinch of salt or powder between your thumb and two fingers, so Isaiah indicates God takes up the earth. He measures the dust of the earth, the original there indicating that God takes all the dust of all the continents between the thumb and two fingers. You wrap tongue, crimes of the eye, crimes of the around your hand a blue ribbon five times, ear not worse than crimes of the foot. Oh, | ten times. You say it is five handbreadths,

the feet! Ought we not to go into self the prophet God winds the blue ribbon of negation before the all searching, all eru-thizing, all trying eye of God? The ser-the heavens with a span." You know pended in the middle with two basins at All this talk about the dignity of hu- the extremity of equal heft. In that way

Another serged posture in the text. The seraph must not always stand still. Another seraphic posture in the text, He must move, and it must be without clumsiness. There must be rejerity and beauty in the movement. "With twain he did fly." Correction, exhibaration. Correction at our slow gait, for we only crawl in the service when we ought to fly at the divine bidding. Exhiberation in the fact that the soul has wings, as the scraphs have wings. What is a wing? An instrument of locomotion. They may not be like seraphs' wing, they may not be like birds' wing, but the soul has wings. God says so. "He shall mount up on wings as eagles." We are made in the divine image, and God has wings. The Bible says so. "Healing in his wings." "Under the shadow of his wings." "Under whose wings hast thou come to trust?" The soul, with folded wing now, wounded wing, broken wing bleeding wing enged wing. Aye, I have it now! Caged within bars of bone and under curtains of flesh, but one day to be free. I hear the rustle of pinions in Seagrave's poem, which we

Rise, my soul, and stretch the wings. I hear the rustle of pinions in Alexander Pope's stanza, where he snys:

I mount, I fly. O death, where is thy victory?

Wings to Heaven. A dying Christian not long ago cried on, "Wings, wings, wings?" The air is ont. full of them, coming and going, coming and going. You have seen how the dull, singgish chrysalis becomes the bright butterfly-the dull and the stupid and the lethargic turned into the alort and the beautiful. Well, my friends, in this world we are in the chrysulid state. Death will unfurl the wings. Oh, if we could only realize what a grand thing it will be to get rid of this old clod of the body and mount the heavens! Neither sea gull nor ark nor affectness nor falcon nor condor, pitching from highest range of Andes, so

movant or so malestic of stroke. See that eagle in the mountain nest? It looks so sick, so ranged feathered, so wormout and so half asleep. In that engle dying? No. The arnithologist will fell you it is the molting season with that bird. Not dying, but molting. You see that Christian sick and weary and worn out and seeming about to expire on what is called his deathbed? The world says he is dying. I say it is the molting senson for his soul- the body dropping away, the celestial pinions coming on. Not dring, but molting. Molting out of darkness and sin and struggle into glory and into God Why do you not shout? Why do you sit shiver ing at the thought of death and trying to hold back and wishing you could stay here forever and speak of departure as though the subject were filled with the skeletons and the varnish of coffins and as though you preferred inme foot to swift wing?

Oh, people of God, let us stop playing the fool and prepare for rapturous flight When your soul stands on the verge of this life and there are vast precipices beneath and sapphired domes above, which way will you ity? Will you swoop, or will you soar? Will you ily downward, or will you fly upward? Everything on the wing this day bidding us aspire. Holy Spirit on the wing. Angel of the New Covenant on the wing. Time on the wing, flying away from us. Eternity on the wing, flying toward us. Wings, wings, wings! Live so near to Christ that when you

are dead people standing by your lifeless body will not soliloquize, saying: "What a disappointment life was to him; how averse he was to departure; what a pity it was he had to die; what an awful calam-Rather, standing there, may they see a sign more vivid on your still face than the vestiges of pain, something that will indicate that it was a happy exit-the clearance from oppressive quarantine, the cast-off chrysalid, the molting of the faded and the useless and the ascent from mularial valleys to bright, shining mountain tops, and be led to say, as they stand there contemplating your humility and your reverence in life and your happiness in death, "With twain he covered the feet, with twain he covered the face, with twain he did fly." Wings, wings, wings!

Measure the Results.

If we fall to measure the results that are hourly wrought on shingle and on sand, it is not because these results are unreal, but because our vision is too limited in its powers to discern them. When instead of comparing day with day we compare century with century, we may often find that land has be come sea and sea has become land. Even so we perceive, at least in our neighbors, towards whom the eye is more discerning and impartial than towards ourselves, that under the steady pressure and experience of life, human characters are continually being determined, modified, altered or un lermined. It is the office of good sense no less than of faith to realize this great truth before we see it, and to live under the conviction that our life from day to day is a true, powerful and searching discipline, molding and making us whether it be for evil or for good.-W. E.

Gladstone. People biccough because of a mus cular contraction of the diaphragm. It is supposed to be sympathetic and to arise from an effort of the diaphragin to assist the stomach to get rid of some indigested or disagresable