Popular Fallacies,

From Public Opinion.

A very common error is to suppose that birds sleep with head beneath the wing. No bird ever sleeps so; the head is turned round and laid upon the back, where it is often concealed by feathers.

That dogs are kept in health addition of brimstone to their drinking water. Seeing that stone brim. stone is utterly insoluble in water, fail to perceive what use it can possibly be to the dog.

That cows are fond of buttercups. Cows, as well as horses. in grazing carefully avoid plants, which, like althe Ranunoulaccoe, are harsh, astrini gent and somewhat poisonous.

That washing the face in morning dew improves the complexion. Dew is distilled water; but, being merely very pure water, it cannot exercise

any special juffuence on the skin. I am unwilling, however, to dispel this pleasing illusion, and therefore say, "By all means, young ladies, wash your faces in the morning dew, in the full belief of its efficacy. To do so your health, and no doubt your complexion at the same time." This is undoubtedly the lesson intended to be inculcated.

That a fire is extinguished by the case is apparent and not real. A fairly good fire looks little better than a heap of white ashes under the powerful light of the sun's rays.

firebricks or clay-balls into a fire. Considering that whatever heat they give out is derived from the fire itself, and that, being themselves utterly incombustible, they contribute nothing to the heat of the fire, there | muttered young Dr. Mostyn, as he can be no economy in their use. Our method of using fuel is, however, terribly wasteful; a very large percentage of combustible matter, as well as way along by tapping with his stout heat, goes up the flue and is wasted. | stick at the house walls, a proceed-

thaw. That thaw merely finds out damaged the legs of three of his sufeffected by the frost. It is the ex- large hole in the kitchen window of a I could help you." pansion of water when passing into fourth. "And now," he continued,

ONLY FOR AWHILK.

Dearne, draw your chair beside me, For I love to have you near. And I have some words to tell you. That you soon or late must hear! Closer, dearie, for the darkness Seems to me to come apace. And, altho' the daylight lingers:

Dearie, we have one together Liv'd. and been for fi ty years; Fac'd the world, and fought its battles Thro' its hopes and thro' its fears; Now for one the fight is ending I am first ordain'd to fall. Leaving you alone. my dearie, You, who are my all in all!

I can scarcely see your face.

Dearie, stay those tears, I pray you, Hard it is stout heart to keep! But to me 'tis, in this moment, Harder still to see you weep! We are only parting, dearie, For awhile; there! take my hand! Kiss me, for my soul is pluming For the bright Eternal Land! -Edward Oxen ord in Young Lady's Jour

A STRANGE COMPACT

It was a dreary night in the Winter of 17-. Outside a heavy fog filled the narrow, unsavory streets of the metropolis and the lungs and you must rise early and breath the eyes of such unfortunates as chanced pure morning air; this will benefit to be abroad. It even invaded the small wooden sanctums of the night. watchman, interfering with slumbers to which the inmates were both by age and office entitled. Across the sun shining on it. The effect in this | river, in the dingy, ill-paved lanes of the borough, the fog seemed at its

worst, a light warmish haze being the only indication of the presence That there is economy in putting of those shops which still remained open, and round which small, ill-clad urchins, with the most unmistakable intentions, persistently hovered.

"A sweet night for footpads," disengaged himself from a chance recontre with a post, and felt his That pipes are burst by a sudden ing by which he had already severely

hilt of a sword protruded from the skirts of his coat, while his face, from some powerful emotion, was pale

and drawn. "Are you the surgeon?" asked the new-comer, abruptly. "At your service," was the reply.

"Come in." The stranger obeyed, and waiting until the surgeon had secured the door, followed him up-stairs. "Examine me!" said he, taking off

his laced coat and standing pale and upright before him. "Unfasten your shirt," said the

other., falling in with his strange humor and commencing a careful examination. "Well?" inquired the stranger when he had finished.

"Sound as a bell and as hard as oak." "Not likely to die suddenly?" sug-

gested hls visitor. "No. I should think that that

would be the last thing to happen to you," replied the puzzled surgeon. 'Why, what is the matter with you? Do you feel ill?"

"No. I feel hale and strong, capable of enjoying life with the best. I've never had an illness in my life. But for all that I shall die at midnight." "Ofcourse," said the surgeon, somewhat provoked at all this mystery, "if you are going to kill yourself, you

can speak with more authority as to the time than an vbody else." "In have no intention of committing suicide," was the stern rejoinder. "Nevertheless, at midnight my time expires. The manner of my death is unknown to me; but I shall never see the lifting of this dreadful blackness. which, on my last night upon earth. has fitly interposed itself between me

and the heaven I have renounced." The surgeon, listening to this strange outburst, turned to the table, and filling a glass with brandy, handed it to his extraordinary patient. "'Twill put heart into you," said he.

"But not a soul," said the other; and shuddering convulsively, drank it at a draught; then placing the glass upon the table, he drew a purse from his pocket and looked at the surgeon. "Your fee?"

"Nothing. I know not what your the bursting that has already been fering fellow-creatures, and poked a trouble is, but I wish much that "I'm past all help," said the other,

manner owing to its disease. A watchman whom I met directed me to your door."

"Do you iive in the neighborhood?" "No-at Westminster," was the rely. "But having put all my affairs in order, and wishing that my dear ones should be no witnesses of my death, I have been roaming about the streets to meet it there."

"Alone?" queried the wondering surgeon. I-hope so," raid the other shuddering.

"Beguided by me," said the surgeon earnestly. "Return to your home, and forget all about this mysterious compact you fancy you have made." His companion shook his head and turned to the door.

"Are you going to roam about in the fog again?" asked Mostyn.

"Unless you will let me stay here." said the other, glancing at him wistfully. "You are not nervous?you do not think Ishall die?"

"You will die of fright if you die at all, said the surgeon sturdily. "But stay, and welcome, if you will." And to avoid the thanks of his guest, he poked the fire until the resulting blaze almost caused the candles to

snuff themselves out with envy. For some time they sat silent. The streets were now entirely deserted, and no sound save the flickering of the fire disturbed the silence of the room. Then the surgeon arose and, upon hospitable thoughts intent, busied himself with the little spirit-case which stood on the sideboard; and after sundry most musical gurglings from the bottle as it confided its contents to the glasses, appeared in his place again with two steaming potations and a sugar-bowl. "Cognac," said he, "with all his fiery nature subdued, now in its tranquil old age." "Thanks," said his visitor, taking the proffered glass. "The last toast I shall drink: Long life to you." He tossed off

the contents, and again lasped into silence, while the surgeon slowly smoked his long pipe, removing it at intervals in favor of the spirit he had so highly commended.

Half an hour passed, and a neighboring church clock slowly boomed the hour of 11. One hour more. The surgeon glancing at his companion to see what effect the sound

had upon him saw that his eyes were sadly, moving toward the door; then closed and that he breathed heavily. Raising cartiously to his feet, he felt the pulse of the strong sinewy wrist said, in irresolute tones: "As you which hung over the side of the chair. and then, returning to his seat, sat closely regarding him, not without "That is the last of the building from casting certain uneasy glances into which we buried our De Witt on that cold December day when it seemed all the dark corners of the room. His Brooklyn wept with my household." pipe went out; the fire burnt low, and And it was just as hard for you to "Twenty years ago," said the lat seen through the haze of fog give up your loved ones as for us to give up ter, accepting the proffered seat and and smoke, the motionless figure in ours. A hy, like the beautiful vines that leaning toward the surgeon, "my cirthe chair seemed suddenly to loom still cover some of the fallen walls, our cumstances were very different from affections are clambering all over the large in front of him and then to be what they are now. Young and ruins, and I could kiss the ashes that mark almost obsecured by darknes. strong, I had at the death of my pathe place where it once stood. Why, now that I think of it. I cannot think of it as an rents rejected the bread of dependence For a few seconds it seemed his inanimate pi e, but as a soul, a mighty soul, an indestructible soul. I am sure that eves closed. When he opened them majestic organ had a soul, for we have the fire was out, and the figure in often heard it speak and sing and shout front of him still sat in the chair, and wail, and when the soul of that organ though its head had now fallen on entered heaven I think Handel, and its beast. Full of horrible fear, he aydn, and Mozart, and Mendelssohn, and Beethoven were at the gates to welcome it. glanced hurriedly at the clock and night, of which this is the twentieth So I do not use the words of my text in a saw that it was just upon the stroke anniversary, I was half crazed with heartless way, but in the sense that we of 4, then he sprang to the side of his poverty and despair. For two days must not and will not be diverted from our guest and seized the wrist nearest to I had not tasted food, nor did I see work by the appalling disasters which have him. As he did so, he started back the slightest prospect of obtaining befallen us. We will not turn aside one with a wild cry of horror. for some any. Added to this, I was deeply in iach from our determination to do all we can for the present and everiasting happislippery thing, darting swiftly beness of all the people whom we may be tween his feet, vanished in the gloom able to meet. "None of these things move of a neighboring corner. our best friends kept us apart. As I me. None of these things move you." Ere he could recover himself, the crouched shivering in the garret When I looked out through the dismal the man in front of him which served me for a lodging, I rain from the roof of my house and saw the stirred uneasily, and rising church crumbling br ck by brick and timthink I must have gone a little bit ber by timber, I said to myself: Does this unsteadily so his feet, gazed mad." He broke off suddenly, as stupidly at him. "What's the matmean that my work in Brooklyn is ended? though unwilling to continue, and Does this terminate my association with ter?" he asked at length in dazed stared gloomily at the fire. this city, where I have been more than "Well?" said the surgeon, who had tones. twenty years glad in all its prosperities, and "Matter!" shouted the still trembeen listening with much interest. sad in all its misfortunes? And a still small bling surgeon. "Why, it's four hours "Have you ever heard of compacts voice came to me, a voice that is no longer with the Evil One?" demanded the past midnight, and you are alive and still or small but most emphatic and commanding, through pressure of hand, and well." stranger. newspaper column, and telegram and letter "I have heard of such things?" re-With a violent start, as he rememand contributions saying: "Go forward !" bered his positiom, the stranger I have made and I now make appeal to glanced at the mantle shelf. "Four all Christendom to help us. We want ali o'clock!" said he-"four o'clock! Christendom to heip, and I will acknowl-Thank God, there was no compact!" edge the receipt of every contribution, great "I made one," said the other, or small, with my own hand. We want to Then another fear possessed him: build larger and better. We want it a na-"Is it-is the clock right?" grate, which mocked me with its cold tional church, in which people of all creeds "To the minute," said the surgeon, bars and white ashes, my thoughts and all nations find a home. The contribustanding gravely by with averted turned, as though directed by some tions already sent in make a small hearted unseen power, to all that I had heard head, as his visitor, heedless of his church forever impossible. Would not 1 be presence, fell upon his knees and a sorry spectacle for angels and men if, in a church built by Israelites and Catholics, buried his face in his bands. mind dwelt upon it, the subject lost as well as all the styles of people com-As he rose to his feet, the old church much of its horror, until a gentle monly called evangelical, I should inclock slowly struck the hour of four, stead of the banner of the Lord God fire drove me with quaking heart to appearing to both the listeners to do Almighty, raise a fluttering rag of so with an emphasis as unusal as it small sectarianism? If we had three hunwas welcome. As the last stroke dred thousand dollars we would put them all in one great monument to the mercy of termination I called upon my unseen sounded, the stranger who could God. People ask on all sides about what even now hardly realize his posiwe shall build. I answer, it all depends on tion, threw up the window and I spoke, the sounds suddenly ceased. the contributions sent in from here and extended his head. The fog had disfrom the ends of the earth. I say now to all the Baptists, that we shall have in it a

NOT MOVED BY FIRE.

Dr. Talmage on the Burning of Brooklyn Tabernacle.

The Destruction of the Great Church Does Not Mean that His Work in Saving Souls is Ended-He will Go Right Forward.

The burning of Brooklyn Tabernacle left he vast congregation of Rev. T. De Witt l'almage without a house for the moment but the Academy of Music was thrown open for them on Sunday, and the pastor spoke to an audience of vast size. His subect was "The Baptism of Fire," and he took as his text Acts xx, 24, "None of these things move me." He said:

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

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

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

when I say that, I do not mean that we have no feeling about it. Instead of standing here to day in this brilliant auditorium, it would be more consonant with my feelings to sit down among the ruins and ween at the words of David: "If I forget thee. O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." Why, let me say to the strangers here to-day in explanation of the deep emotion of my flock, we had there in that build ing sixteen years of religious revival. I believe that a hundred thousard souls were born there. They came from all parts of the earth and we shall never see them again until the books are opened. Why,

great natural forces, God can and does, and that God is our Father and best Friend. and this thought gives us confidence. We are also reinforced by the increased consolation that comes from confraternity of sorrow. The people who, luring the

last sixteen years, sat on the other side of the aisle, whose faces were familiar to you, but to whom you had never spoken-you greeted them this week with smiles and tears as you said: "Well, the old place is gone." You did not want to seem to cry, and so you swept the sleeve near the corner of the eye, and pretended it was the sharp wind made your eyes weak. Ah! there was nothing the matter with your eyes; it was your soul bubbling over. I tell you that it is impossible to sit for years around the same church fireside and not have sympathies in common. Somehow you feel that you would like these people on the other side of the aisle, about whom you know but little, prospered and pardoned and blessed and saved. You feel as if you

are in the same boat, and you want to glide

up the same harbor and want to disembark at the same wharf. If you put gold and iron and lead and zinc in sufficient heat, they will melt into a conclomerate mass; and I really feel that last Sabbath's fire has fused us all, grosser and finer natures, into one. It seems as if we all had our hands on a wire connected with an electric battery; and when this church sorrow started it thrilled through the whole circle, and we all felt the shock. The oldest man and the youngest child could join hands in this misfortune. Grandfather said, " expected from those altars to be buried;' and one of the children last Sabbath cried, "Grandpa, that place was next to our house. Yea, we are supported and confident in this time by the cross of Christ.

That is used to the fire. On the dark day when Jesus died, the lightning struck it from above, and the flames of hell dashed up against it from beneath. That tearful, painful, tender, blessed cross still stands. On it we hang all our hopes; beneath it we put down all our sins; in the light of it we expect to make the rest of our pilgrimage. Within sight of such a sacrifice, who can feel he has it hard! In the sight of such a symbol, who can be discouraged, however great the darkness that may come down upon him! Jesus lives! The loving, patient, sympathizing, mighty Jesus! It shall not be told on earth, or in hell, or in heaven, that three Hebrew children had the Son of God beside them in the fire, and that a whole church was forsaken by the Lord when they went through a furnace about two

hundred feet wide. O Lord Jesus! shall we take out of thy hand the flowers and the fruits, and the brightness and the joys, and then turn away because thou dost give us one cup of bitterness to drink! Oh, no, Jesus! we will drink it dry. But how it is changed! Blessed Jesus, what has thou put into the cup to sweeten it? Why, it has become the wine of heaven, and our souls grow strong. I come now, and place both of my feet deep down into the blackened

again. "My mother who died fifteen years ago in Jesus, I think must have set that light there." No; guess again. You say, "My darling little child, that last summer I put away for the resurrection, I think she must have set that light there in the window." No: guess again. Jesus set it there; and he will keep it burning until the day we put our finger on the latch of the door and go in to be at home forever. Oh! when my sight gets black in death, put on my eyelids that sweet ointment. When in the last weariness I cannot take another step, just help me put my foot on that doorsill. When my ear catches no more the voices of wife and child, let me go right in, to have my deafness cured by the stroke of the harpers whose fingers fly over the strings with the anthems of the free.

Heaven never burns down! The fires of the last day, that are aiready kindled in the heart of the earth, but are hidden because God keeps down the hatches-those internal fires will after a while break through the crust, and the plains, and the mountains and the seas will be consumed, and the flames will fling their long arms into the skies; but all the terrors of a burning world will do no more harm to that heavenly temple than the fires of the setting sun which kindle up the window giass of the house on yonder hill top. Oh, blessed land! But I do not want to go there until I see the Brooklyn Tabernacle rebuilt. You say, "Will it be?" You might as well ask me if the sun will rise to-morrow morning, or if the next spring will put garlands on its head. You and I may not do it-you and I may not live to see it; but the Church of God doos not stand on two legs nor on a thousand legs.

How did the Israelites get through the Red seaf 1 suppose somebody may have come and said . "There is no need of trying; you will get your feet wet; you will spoil your clothes; you will drown yourselves. Whoever heard of getting through such a sea as that?" How did they get through it? Did they go back! No. Did they go the right! No. Did they go to the left? No. They went forward in the strength of the Lord Almighty; and that is the way we mean to get through the Red sea. By going forward, But says some one: "If we should build a larger church, would you be able with your voice to fill it?" Why, I have been wearing myself out for the last sixteen years in trying to keep my voice in. Give me room where 1 can preach the glories of Christ and the grandeurs of heaven.

Forward! We have to march on, breaking down all bridges behind us, making retreat impossible. Throw away your knapsack if it impedes your march. Keep your sword arm free. Strike for Christ and His kingdom while you may. No people ever had a better mission than you are sent on. Prove yourselves worthy. If I am not fit to be your leader, set me aside. The brightest goal on earth that I can think of is a country parsonage amidst the mountains. But I am not afraid to lead you I have some dollars; they are at your dispos-I have good physical health; it is yours as long as it lasts. I have enthusiasm of soul; I will not keep it back from your service. I have some faith in God, and I shall direct it toward the rebuilding of our new spiritual house. Come on, then. I will lead you. Come on, ye aged men, not yet passed over Jordan! Give us one more lift before you go into the promised land. You men in middle life, harness all your business faculties to this enterprise. Young man, put the fire of your soul into this work. Let women consecrate their persuasiveness and persistence to this cause, and they will be preparing benedictions for their dving hour and everlasting rewards; and if Satan really did burn that Tabernacle down, as some say he did, he will find it the poorest job he ever undertook. Good by, old Tabernacle. I put my fingers to my lip and throw a kiss to the departed church. In the last day, may we be able to meet the songs there song, and the prayers there offered, and the sermons there preached. Good-by, old place, where some of us first felt the Gospel peace, and others heard the last message crethey fled away into the skies! Gootby, Brooklyn Tabernacle of 1873! But welcome our new church. (I see it as plainly as though it were already built!) Your gates wider, your songs more triumphant, your ingatherings more glorious. Rise out of the ashes and greet our waiting vision! Burst on our souls, oh day of our church's resurrection ! By your altars may we be prepared for the hour when the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is. Welcome, Brooklyn, Tabernacle of 1890!

the icy state that bursts water-pipes talking to himself for the sake of of whatever material.

That the bones are brittle in frosty weather. No doubt more bones are broken in winter than in summer, but this is due to the slippery stage of the roads at that season, not to speak of accidents on the ice and not to any abnormal condition of our bones.

That "thunderbolts" are tangible realties that can be handled and preserved as curiosities. The only thunderbolt is the flash of lightning, often no doubt very destructive, but never accompanied by any solid. The only solid bodies that ever fall to the earth from the sky are aerolites or bolides, bodies coming from outer There's two bulldogs and three men space and having nothing to do with thunderstorms.

That mirrors attract lightning and should be covered or turned to the wall during a thunderstorm. This is a pure illusion, arising from the fact that mirrors reflect the lightning ed the damsel; "because; if it's 11 flash and thus add to the terror and apparent danger of the storm.

A Somnambulist's Performance.

Residing on the south side is a man whose physician has strongly advised him to indulge in a regular exercise. This young man has been troubled with insomnia and is occasionally afflicted with somnambulism. He belies, however, that he has the making of an athlete in him, and when he received his physician's instructions he resolve to bring it out. So he had a horizontal bar erected in the back yard of the house, and upon this he practiced daily. His principal feat was to grab the smooth bar with both hands and swing around with great rapidity. One night last week the young man's mother was awakened by the nosie of a door closing. She arose and tiptoed toward the back part of the house. Looking out of the window she saw her son, clad in his nightgown, revolving on the horizontal bar with lightning rapidity. Amazed at the spectacle of the gyrating son and his flapping night garment she aroused his father and told him about it. The old gentleman arose, donned his pants and went to the rescue. When he succeeded in stopping the revolutions of the flying boy he learned that he was asleep and that he had posed as a somnambulist athlete. He awoke him with some difficulty and led him back to his bed. Now the young man has his parents lock his doors and windows when he goes to bed. He is anxious to regain his health, but he will not go so far as to do a horizontal act in his nightgown-Chicago Herald.

company, "for home and supper and | pausing. as the surgeon took up one a fire. Ah, and a patient or two, perhaps. Who knows?"

At this chering prospect his spirits rose, and he banged mightily at the wall with his stick in consequence, until at length, coming to a small street on his right, he turned smartvisitor.

ly down, and having made sure o his own door, knocked brirkly at it. "Who's there?" cried a shrill female voice in response.

"It's I, Bet," said her master. "Open the door, my good girl." "Not if I knows it," was the cheering reply. "You take yourself off, young man, whoever you are. with loaded guns standing by me, to

say nothing". "Open the door, Bet!" roared her master through the keyhole. "Don't you know me?

"Is it 9 o'clock or 11?" propoundo'clock, my eyes deceive me; and if it's 9 o'clock, your voice deceives me; for the doctor said he'd be home at love, though unhappily the interfer-11 and not before; and considering ence of those who should have been the log, I should say a good deal arter.'

"Open the door!" said the surgeon sharply. "I'm back already because my patient's dead. Come; open at once!'

There creaking and was a shooting of the bolts as h finished speaking, and the door being cautiously opened, discoved an angular woman of some 35 years, whose nervous face cleared directly she saw her master.

"I'm asking you pardon for keeping you so long, sir," said she; "but one never knows who's who; and judging by the noises and runnings, there's been rare doings round the hoarsely. "Crouched by the empty corner to-night.'

"Anybody been, Bet?" asked the surgeon, as, ten minutes later, he sat down to a carefully grilled chop. "Not, a soul, replied his hand- and read of such compacts. As my maiden.

"And a nice person you would be to open the door, if an accident had | rustling in the neighborhood of the arrived.'

"Oh, I should have opened it at my feet. My fears, however, were once." said Bet with decision. "Direct- | but momentary, and with fierce dely they used the word "accident," I should have opened it and chanced visitor to lend me his awful aid. As it."

Her master, smiling at her devo- and a voice seemed to cry in my ear: tion, drew his chair to the fire and "Write, write!" I dragged a small having carefully filled a long clay table into the moonlight, which pipe, fell to smoking with an air of struggled through the begrimed great enjoyment and content. Then, thinking it extremely unlikely that my own blood and the miserable he would be disturbed at that late stump of a pen, wrote out the terms hour, he dismissed his retainer to of an agreement, with the Prince of her quarters in a neighboring house, and being left to himself, lapsed into the horrible consciousness of somea brown study.

It might have been the fog, or it vowed that if for twenty years he might have been the unexpected death | gave me wealth and the possession | mad if I had not done so."

of the candles to light him down, he

shall judge, if you care to hear?" "By all means," said Mortyn heartily, as, replacing the candle, he poked the fire and drew up a chair for his

offered me by relatives, and, full of hope I came to London to make my fortune. It proved to be harder work than I had anticipated; and in very short while I was reduced to the verge of starvation. One dreadful

plied the surgeon, on whose spirits the occasion and the stranger were beginning to tell.

panes of the window, and with Darkness, possessed, as I did so, with

thing in the room watching me. I

appeared, the air was crisp and clear, and the distant rumbling of the early baptistry. I say to all Episcopalians, we shall have in our services as heretofore at market-carts betokened the beginour communion table portions of the ning of another day.

Liturgy. I say to the Catholics "How came I to sleep?" he inquirshall have a cross over the pulpit and ed, closing the window and turning probably on the tower. I say to the Methodists, we mean to sing there like to the surgeon.

the voices of mighty thunderings. I say to "I drugged your drink. It was the all denominations, we mean to preach only thing I could do. You were in religion as wide as heaven and as good as such a strange state of alarm that God. We have said we had a total loss. you would either have died or gone | But there was one exception. The only

sirs! our children were there baptised, and ashes of our consumed church, and I cry at those altars our young men and maidens out with an exhibaration that I never felt took the marriage vow, and out of those since the day of my soul's emancipation, "Victory! victory! through our Lord Jesus gates we carried our dead. When from the roof of my house last Sunday morning at Christ? 3 o'clock I saw our church in flames, I said :

Your narrs, ye trembling saints, Down from the willows take, Loud to the praise of love diviae Bil every string awake.

We are also re-enforced by the catholicity that I have already referred to. We are in the Academy to-day, not because we have no other place to go. Last Sabbath morning at 9 o'clock we had but one church; now we have about thirty, all at our disposal. Their pastors and their trustees say "You may take our main audience rooms, you may take our lecture rooms, you may take our church parlors, you may baptise in our baptisteries, and sit on our anxious seats." Oh! if there be any larger heartel ministers or larger hearted churches any. where than in Brooklyn, tell me where they are, that I may go and see them before I die. The millennium has come. People keep wondering when it is coming. It has come. The lion and the lamb lie down together, and the tiger eats straw like an ox. I should like to have seen two of the old time bigots, with their sworls, fighting through that great fire on Schormerhorn street last Sabbath. I am sure the swords would have melted, and they who weilded them would have learned war no more. I can never say a word against any other denomination of Christians. I than's God I never have been tempted to do it. I cannot be a sectarian. I have been told I ought to be, and I have tried to be, but I have not enough material in me to make such a structure. Every time I get the thing most done, there comes a fire, or something else, and all is gone. The angels of God shake out on this air, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." I do not know but I see on the horizon the first gleam of the morning which shall unite all denominations in one organization, distinguished only by the locality as in apost die times. It was then the Church of Thyatira, and the Church of Thessalonica, and the Church of Antioch, and the Church of Laodicea. So I do not know but that in the future history, and not far off either, it may be simp'y a distinction of locality, and not of creed, as the Church of New York, the Church of Brooklyn, the Church of Boston, the Church of Charles ton, the Church of Madras, the Church of

Constantinople, the Church of America. My dear brethren, we cannot afford to be severely divided. Standing in front of the great foes of our common Christianity, we want to put on the whole armor of God and shoulder! one commander! one triumph! The trampet gives a martial strain

> O istael: gird thee for the fight; Arise, the combat to maintain; A ist and ju thy fees to fight. We also feel reinforced by the thought

that we are on the way to a heaven that can never burn down. Fires may sween through other cities-but I am glad to know that the New Jerusalem is fireproof. There will be no engines rushing through those streets; there will be no temples consumed in that city. Coming to the doors of that Church, we will find them open, resonant with songs, and not cries of fire. Oh, my dear brother and sister! if this short lane of life comes up so soon to that blessed place, what is the use of our worrying! I have felt a

we

He Never Got Used to Battles.

Col. James M. Thompson gave his opinion as follows: "The quality of courage in battle I regard as being to a large extent a physical attribute. I have heard a good deal of talk about the nonchalence of men in action, and their ease and composure after the first gun was fired, but I never took much stock in it. I went through the war in the army, and it was my fortune to be in a portion of the service in Virginia. where there was a gool deal of hard fighting to do, and there wasn't any creditable way to get out of it, either. I saw service in twenty-eight battles. and I can freely saw that I for one never got 'used to it.' I never went into a fight without an all-prevaling march down in solid column, shoulder to sense of danger, and always glad when it was over. Of course moral courage, high patriotism, and the military spirit kept the majority of men right up to the mark, but there were notable instances of men whose physical natures simply failed to respond when called on. They could not possibly go into a fight. A clear head and a full conception of the enormous consequences of cowardice to themselves failed to spur them to the staving point, and on the first whiz of a bullet their signals of distress

were visible to all in sight. "A well-known New York colonel, a perject gentleman and scholar, a patriot, and a really noble fellow, was so weak in point of courage, and his hugood many times this last week like Father miliation so great at really being afraid Taylor, the sailor preacher. He got in a to face danger, that he was forced to things we saved were the silver communion long sentence while he was preaching one retire from the array, went to Wash-

	-0-0		gave me weaten and the possession	minin in a minin more done not	things we saved were the silver communion	day, and lost himself, and could not find his	retire from the array, went to wash-
		of his patient; whatever the cause,	of her whom I loved better than my	The stranger extended his hand	chalices, for they happened to be in another		ington pined away, and died in a few
	Animal Life in the Gulf Stream,	his thoughts took a very gloomy	own life, my soul should be the for-	and caught the young sergeon's in a	building, and I take that fact as typical that	way out of the sentence. He stopped and said: "Brethren, I have lost the nomina-	weeks. I knew another prominent of-
	The surface waters of the Gulf	direction indeed, and he shook his	feit. If the next morning brought	mighty grasp. "You ran a fearful	we are to be in communion with all Chris- tendom. "I believe in the communion of	tive of this sentence, and things are gener-	ficer whose friends, out of considera-
	stream teem with minute life of all	head despondingly as he thought of	change of fortune, I should take it	risk! Suppose that I had died My	spints!"	ally mixed up, but I am bound for the king-	tion for his well-known failing, used
		inture prospects. His mood was not	for a sign that he had accepted my	death would have been attributed to	1 think if all the Brooklyn firemen and	dom anyhow."	to manage, on one pretext or another,
	kinds. There the young of larger ani-	made more cheerful by the room,		the drug, and you would have been	all insurance companies should search	And during this last week, when I saw	to keep him out of engagements, and thus shield him from exposure. Men
	mals exist, microscopic in size; and	which was large and dark: and pan-	ed. When I awoke from the sleep in-	accused of my murder."	among those ruins on Schermerhorn street,	the rushing to and fro and the excitement,	like that are to be pitied, not blamed.
	adult animals which never grow	eled with cak, and ornamented with	to which the stupor had merged, the	"I chanced it," said Mostyn simply.	they would not find a splinter large as the	I said to myself, "I do not know just where we shall start again, but I am bound for the	They want to fight, but their bodies
	large enough to be plainly visible to	battered oil-portraits of dead and	sun was shining brightly into my	"There was no time for considera-	tip end of the little finger marked with bigotry. And as it is said that the exhum-	kingdom anyhow." I do not want to go just	
	the naked eye occur in immense	gone worthies, with whom he claimed	foul lodging, and below was a mes-	tion."	ed bricks of the walls of Rahylon have on		Globe Democrat.
			senger who brought me news of a		them the letter N, standing for Nebuchad-	until I am about eighty-nine years of age,	
	quantities. By dragging a fine silk	who seemed to stare at him to-night	large fortune which had fallen to me	said the other. "What could it have	nezzar, I declare to you that if we ever get	but I have sometimes thought that there are	The Smoking Compartment.
	net behind the vessel, these minute	in a particularly ghostly not to say	through the death of an uncle. God	been that was in my many that	a new church the letter we should like to	such giories ahead that I may be persuaded	A crusade against the smoking com-
÷	forms are easily taken, and when	wooden manner. Besides all this, he	forbid that my rash vow should have	night, and what could have taken	have on every stone and every timber	to go a little earlier-for instance, at eighty-	partment of sleeping cars has, it is
	placed in glass dishes millions un-	was in love; and he had no sooner	had aught to do with it. Since then,	the agreement?"	would be the letter C, for that would stand	two or eighty-three; but I really think that, if we could have an appreciation of what	asserted, been inaugurated by Mrs.
	counted are seen swimming bark-	built a maghificent castle—in the air	everything has prospered with me.	"Rate" coid Mostron amiling	both for Christ and for Catholicity. The last two words I uttered in the old church	God has in reserve for us, we would want	
	ward and forward. When looked at	-and placed her in it, than an any-	I married the woman I loved. We	"One of them frightened me terrible		to go, stepping right out of the Academy of	Frances Willard, the eloquent temper- ance reformer. In an interview with
	through a microscope we see young		have a large family. I have kept my	just now, but it would not have done	bea, were "Hallelujah! Amen!"	Music into the glories of the skies.	Mr. George M. Pullman, this energetic
*	jelly fishes, the young of barnacles,	rent. and the dream was spoiled.	secret to myself. To-night at 12 my	so if I had not been in a very excited	The two words that I utter now as most	Ah! that is a good land. Why, they tell	lady argued that the smoking rooms
	crabs and shrimps, beside the adult	He had been sitting thus for some		condition. The same state of mind,	expressive of my feelings in this our first	me that in that land they never have a	should be abolished and special cars
	microscopic species, which are very	time, nursing his woes and sipping	"The change in your fortunes was	perhaps, though in a milder form,	service after the Baptism of Fire, are Hal	heart ache. They tell me that a man might	provided for users of the weed, declar-
	abundant. The toothless whale finds	a glass of hot coghac which he had	a mere coincidence for you, then,"	that way many in an the willt man	lelujah ! Amen ! "None of these things move me."	walk five hundred years in that land and never see a tear or hear a sigh. They tell	ing that under the present arrangement
2	in these his only food. Rushing	prepared, when he was disturbed	said his visitor, whose face was now	which your component "	We are kept in this mood by two or three	me that our friends who have left us and	the smoke is blown into the body of the
	through the water, with mouth wide	by a loud imperative knocking	livid. "In the morning, when I awoke,	WThen many asta in the second T	considerations. The first is, that God rules.	gone there, their feet are radient as the	cars, to the disgust of the female occu-
	open, by means of whalebone strain-	at the front door, whereat he	the agreeement which I had left on	member," said the stranger, "but I	In what way the church took fire I do not	sun, and that they take hold of the hand of	pants. It is to be admitted that if the
	ers the minute forms are separated	snatched up one of the guttering	the table had disar peared."	member, sald the stranger, but I	know. It has been charged on the light-	Jesus familiarly, and that they open	odor of stale tobacco smoke invaded a
	from the water. Swallowing those	candles and marched down the nar-	"Mostyn rose and, taking great	never once thought of them. You	nings. Well, the Lord controls the light-	that hand and see in the palm of it a	sleeping car it would not be agreeable
	obtained after a short period of	row stairs to open it. The feeble	care not to extinguish the flames.	, have baved my abou, n not my me,	nings. He managed them several thous- and years before our electricians were	healed wound that must have been very	to most people, but the smooking rooms
	straining, he repeats the operation.	light of the candle, when he had	snuffed the candles.	and he again crasped him by the hand. "You shall not find me un-	born. The Bible indicates that, though	cruel before it was healed. And they tell me there is no winter there, and that they	of the modern sleepers are so thorough-
	The abundance of this kind of fife	done so, showed him a tall, strong-	"As Isupposed my death would be	amatoful !!	they flash down the sky recklessly, God	never get hungry or cold, and that the sew-	ly divided off that it takes a very criti-
	can be judged from the facts that	ly built man of middle age, whose	a stricly natural one," continued the	graterur.	builds for them a road to travel.	ing girl never wades through the snow	cal nose in any other part of the car to
	nearly all kinds of whales exist ex-	naturally fine proportions were in-	stranger, "I thought 1 would	not did ne, ior, alded by his in-	In the Psaims it is said: "He made a	bank to her daily toil, and that the clock	know that the combustion of tobacco is
18.3	clusively upon these an mals, most	creased by the fog. which clung to	consult a surgeon, in or-	fluence, the young sergeon rose rapid-	way for the lightning and the thunder."	never strikes twelve for the night, but only	going on, and it is rare that the most
6	of them so small that they are not no-	them and exaggerated them. The	der to see whether my heart	ly to fame and fortune, which he	Ever since the time of Benjamin Franklin	twelve for the day.	fastidious traveler has any complaint to
	ticed on the surface,-Ralph S. Tarr	surgeon noted that he was richly	was sound, or whether I was, to die	shared in the most liberal manner	the world has been trying to tame the lightnings, and they seem to be quite well	See that light in the window. 1 wonder	make on that score Railway Age.
	in Popular Science Monthly.	clad, and also that the embossed	and Floren and I for a manifestion of the	when the giff for whom mis poverty	harnessed, but they occasinally kick over	who set it there. "Oh!" you say, "my father that went into glory must have set	Manufactor a fact and and the second to
23				had long kept him waiting.	the traces. But though we cannot master		Marriage is a feast where the grace is sometimes better than the dianerColton.
Pierce .						that when a set that the trong a fusion i	sometimes better than the didder,-Corton,
				the second states and second states and second	Available in the second s		and the second of the second s
	The second s	and the second of the second of the second		the second and the second of the second second	The way is a state of the second state of the		