## THE PHILANTHROPIST.

Nearly everybody in Naples knew the condescending and benevolent old Duke, San Diodata, and nearly everybody loved him.

It was getting dark; the people of fashion were returning from their promenade on the quay. Beautiful women, bold military officers, elegant horseback riders-all of them greeted the Duke with marked attention.

Every one received the same pleasant and benevolent smile, with this difference, however, that in response to a nod from out of the cushions of a carriage, the Duke condescended to bow, while on other occasions he considered a familiar nod, a motion of his hand, a wink of his small and sparkling eyes as sufficient.

The Duke was in an unusual hurry. A magnificent dinner was to take place that evening at Irisio's, in which all the dignitaries of the city were to participate. It was almost necessary that the noble philanthropist, the darling of the people of Naples, should be present on that occasion.

His valet, a dress coat decorated with three badges and a low-cut silk waistcoat over his arm, awaited him at home.

"Eccelleoza, it is high time!" The Duchess, a stately lady of about the age of 50 years, made her appearance on the threshold.

"You are late, my dear." He kissed her hand politely and then asked the valet:



"THE SAME WITH ME, MY CHILD." "Any people waiting for me?" "Yes, Signore Duca! Shall I send

them away?" "By no means!"

But the Duchess held him by the

"Cher Duc! The Princess of Monteleone's reception is at hand; I can not possibly appear in the same robe for

the fourth time.' "You can not? Have it changed a trifle, my dear. You have an excellent taste in such things and always look elegant-always beautiful."

"Flatterer!" replied the Duchess, smiling without affectation. "But this time I am at the end of my resources. I must have money!"

"The same with me, my child! You can not find a soldo in my pockets. 1 Villa Nazionale."

"Then only one way is left for me: I will have to use a sick headache for a pretext."

"Bah! This is a small matter! For what purpose do you keep a dress-

maker?" "There are three robes charged on last year's account-"

"That leaves room for a fourth." Saying this he withdrew to the audience room. A half a dozen people

crowded around him. "Signore Duca-my son!" "Eccellenza-per pieta!" "Monsignore-have pity!"

"Adagio-adagio, my children!" interrupted the Duke kindly, taking a seat and wiping his bald head with a silk handkerchief. "Every one in due order. Who was here first?" "I, Signore Duca!"

An old man in a peasant's jacket, his legs wound in goat skins, stepped forward in a stooping attitude.

"From the country, my dear old friend? What troubles you?" "Ah, Eccellenza. The King has

drafted my son, my only son, into the cripple that I am! I and my three orphaned grandchildren."

"That, the King would regret very much!" The corners of the good old Duke's mouth twitched with emotion, but he tried to preserve his dignity, inquiring harshly for the station, age and name of the applicant and zealously jotting them down in his note ed pleasantly with his hand:

keep your son and you shall have a amidst the sounds of the Italian nation- each other in pitched battles, by at work on the farm. This is the better opinion of our most gracious al hymn. Suddenly the Duke of San means of the same materials of which ly clad, but often clean, for the poor ly clad, but often clean, for the poor King in future.

The next in order was a man who had been employed on a railway and who asserted that he had lost his situation without fault on his part. The like a gentleman, and served nothing Duke promised to obtain a new situation for him. His word sufficed to satisfy the man.

The next to approach was a neatly clad, tall young fellow with the genuine face of the lazzarone.

"Is that you, Salvatore?" said the Duke, familiarly. "Have you lost your

master again?" "Eccellenza! my political convictions have induced me to give warning to my former padrone, this Roman,

this Garibaldian -- " "Is that so? In other words, you

have explored your master's pockets again."

"No! No! Eccellenza!" replied the fellow, with the airs of hurt innocence. large intellect and small conscience but the cunning sparkle of his eyes be- were admired and feared in all Naples. traved how flattered he felt at the poked his neighbor, Onorevole Ucheri, close conjecture of his distinguished his friend and rival, in the side and protector. "I would prefer to become said jeeringly: the cameriere of some patriotic Neapolitan gentleman, to whom I could pathetic. I wager that he has some make myself useful during elections reguery in petto." without offense to my own convictions.

If Eccellenza would graciously-" mendation?" exclaimed the Duke with burns on my conscience while I am

face, but at the same time blinking him kindly.

"Sissignore, Eccellenza." "Well! Well!" After a short deliberation, the duke tore a leaf from his note book and wrote the following on

"MY DEAR COUNT: Knowing that you are in need of a circumspect valet, I take the liberty to recommend the bearer of these lines to you as such; he is an authority among the Cammorrists ample!" and a political power among the people of Mercato-otherwise he is a thief of the first quality.

"THE DUKE OF SAN DIODATO." The young fellow received the carefully sealed communication with de light and kissed the Duke's hand. Then the Duke terned to a pale

es on her dress with a large, unclean, black shawl. "What is your desire, my dear

cover her thin shoulders and the patch-

woman?" "Oh. Eccellenza, I am starving, together with my two children who are sick with fever!" She prostrated her self at his feet. "My husband has been sick a long time and can not find

"Very well You send him to me tomorrow. We need a porter in our club. If your husband can fill the

situation he shall have it." The woman was profuse with her

"Have you anything to eat for this evening, cara mia ?" the Duke asked,

tenderly. "How could we, Eccellenza--?" The Duke passed his hand over his Waiter! my carriage!" eyes hastily. They were moist. He thought of the feast to come. His hands instinctively groped in his pock-

Then his glance fell upon the last of the applicants. He was his tailor. "Is that you, Jerrucci? I have no small change about me. Give the

poor woman five lire!"--He arose and rubbed his hands with satisfaction. After some hesitation, Jerrucci pulled out his purse and gave the woman several pieces of silver.

"Signore Duca, Eccellenza-here are four ! I have no more -- "

"Good! good! honest Jerrucci! That will do for this evening; will it not, my little woman?" He patted her cheek in a fatherly way, "You shall be cared for to-morrow--"

And now he was alone with his tai-"Well, Jerrucci ?"

"Oh, Excellenza, I am in need of money! If you would be so kind-the little account of last year-" The Duke interrupted him impatient-

"But, Jerrucci! Don't occupy my time with such insignificant matters! Don't you see that I have not a mo-

ment to lose !" "Eccellenza, my rent is due to-morrow! My landlord threatens -- "

"He does! If the fellow dares to molest you, I will make it disagreeable gave the last I had to a beggar in the for him! You tell him that I, the Duke of San Diodato, hold you in high esteem! Dou you understand? And now addio, Jerrucci! We will talk about this some other time."



"YOURS, IN LIFE AND IN DEATH." The tailor went-vexation and care had left his heart entirely. There was even a faint smile of satisfaction on his thin and yellow face.

\* \* \* \* \* The establishment of Irisio Brothers lies on the shore of Posillipo, on a rock army to send him into America. When | that reaches some 50 yards into the my Peppe is gone, I must starve, poor | sea. Here a party of distinguished | the greatest wonders, is formed of congentlemsn were assembled around a

magnificently prepared banquet. The sea murmured gently. The crack of champagne bottles was heard now and then. There were toasts in prose and toasts in verse, accompanied

by the soft notes of the mandolina. During the last course the minstrels tabernacles formed of condensed air and run-down appearances of the withdrew to the long balcony, where are going on two legs, destroying farms generally. The owner may be book. After a little while, he motion- the coffee and cigaretts were to be other forms of condensed air which more often found lounging about the served to the guests afterward. The they may need for food or clothing, or village saloon, or dawdling about "Addio, my old friend! You shall company was to rise from the table on account of their power, destroying the streets in an aimless way, than

> The head waiter with his dress coat and white necktie, who was superintending the banquet from the distance, with his hands except perhaps some cigarettes, came to meet him with zealous politeness.

"I say, Carlino," whispered the duke: "just hand me a 20-franc piece. It is impossible to arouse enthusiasm with these shabby bank notes. Now you shall see how I remember my poor friends!"

When he re-entered the hall the noise of the moving chairs was beginning to intermingle with the last notes of the national hymn.

The duke raised his full and dignified voice: "One moment, gentlemen!"

De Sbaglio, a talented journalist, and one of the duke's partisans, whose

"Our good old Duca is becoming

"My friends!" said the Duke, with emotion, "I saw a poor woman shed "What? You rascal! My recom- tears to-day, the recollection of which an expression of moral wrath on his within this gleeful circle surrounded a girl over thirty. -Richmond Recorder.

by affluence and luxury. The man who can feast while he beholds his fellow-man starve is a heartless creature! Could I do otherwise, gentlemen, than to promise help to this unfortunate woman, whose husband and children are stricken down by sickness? Knowing your humane sentiments, my dear friends. I take the liberty to beg of you that you assist me in this charitable act. Allow me to set you an ex

He seized a silver platter with rest of macaroons on it, emptied them on to the table cloth and then dropped his gold piece into it noisily. The head waiter, overcome by admiration of this princely munificence, saw from a distance how the platter gradually filled with gold pieces. None of the young woman who was endeavoring to distinguished guests would have ais generosity appear inferior to that of pen generally allowed for rooting in others, De Sbaglio excepted. With the jeering look of a Mephistophetes that was peculiar to him, he placed some silver pieces on the platter, and smiled ambiguously.

"My Duke" he said, "we people of the press are the gypsies among the aristocrats of the mind; we have nothing that we can call our own, and we can get and give what we have."

The Duke was moved, and shook him by the hand. The journalist made a wry face, and whispered to his neighbor at the left:

"He is uncommonly tender and affec-

tionate, our good old Duca! He must be in an awfully tight pinch!" "I hasten, gentlemen," exclaimed the Duca, "to make a needy family happy! I will return in half an hour.

The head waiter respectfully opened the door of the antechamber for him and the Duke handed him a gold piece: "Ecco! Carlino! Grazie!

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* On the following morning the Duchess was surprised by the present of a new robe from her husband. The amiable lady thanked him, tenderly kissing him on both cheeks, but she was a great deal too sensible and experienced to inquire whence the blessing had come.

An Aristocratic Canine.

"You mean dog collars," said a New York Press reporter to the omniscient | there may be an immense increase society man. "No, sir; I mean a dog ring. You

sec, fashionable people who love their pets tired of gold and silver and studded collars, so, after much laborious brain searching, they hit upon the idea of a jeweled ring." "Isn't the ring liable to slip off the

animal's leg when in action?" "It isn't for the leg. It's for the

"Don't you think their jewels will excite the cupidity of dog-stealers?" "Undoubtedly; but you must remem-

ber they will only be worn by animals who are well able to take care of themselves." "Don't you think that it would be

and toothpicks?" "I never gave the subject any

provided their dogs with eye-glasses

thought." "And with increasing civilization, culture and refinement oughtn't society cats to be provided with bracelets?" "Realty, now, don't ask me such questions. We men look after the dogs. The welfare and adornment of the cats is a matter for the considera-

tion of the ladies." At first the reporter was inclined to believe that his informant, who sucked most of his knowledge from the head of his walking-stick, was lying with Munchausea-like aplomb. A stroll up Fifth avenue, however, convinced him that he had not been listening to an innocent fiction. Within a quarter of an hour half a dozen ring-tailed bulldogs were encountered. Each of them waddled along with a proper pride, and each of them was accompanied by one or more of those vapid specimens of incipient manhood known as dudes.

Man is Composed of Air.

The following is from Justus Liebig the greatest chemist of the nineteenth century: "Science has demonstrated that man, the being which performs densed air, or solidified and liquefied gases; that he lives on condensed as well as on uncondensed air, and, by means of the same agent, moves the heaviest weights with the velocity of the wind. But the strangest part of the matter is that thousands of those plies the clearest proof that, so far as concerns this, the ultimate and most minute composition and structure. senses, man is, to all appearances, identical with the ox, or even with the animals lowest in the scale creation."

Alaska Resources. The list of Alaska resources grows larger almost every month. Not only is it said to have an abundance of minerals and an inexhaustible supply of coal, but it is now claimed by a few enthusiasts that it is a great natural wheat | ded. The stock is thrifty and accountry in some parts. Still further, a learned crank now comes forward to prove that the heart of Alaska is a magnificent semi-tropical region, being of the home of Farmer Thrift is preprotected from the cold of the north by a lofty chain of mountains and arti- Fortunately, in the West, comparficially warmed by vast a number of volcanoes and hot springs. He admits class are found. There are however, that he has never been in Alaska, but enough to keep in mind the fact that the fact, he says, is really a point in favor of his theory, for he is not bur- that an accurate knowledge from dened with any prejudices on the sub-

The man who is most ready to give advice is the one who received a great deal that he

The weather is as uncertain as the age of

## THE FARM.

Agricultural Notes. Cayenne pepper in moderation is valuable ingredient in the soft food for chickens. Too much of it is irri-

tating to the internal organs. The winds of this season will make sad havoc with the flocks if they are exposed, and especially should the hens be protected at night.

When a man is frightened or angry his digestive organs do not work; this is also true of an animal-hence the profit of keeping it in a peaceful and fearless state by kind treatment.

In fattening hogs, have a dryfloored pen and plenty of clean bedding. Dispense with that half of the the ground.

The dairy interests of the United States, says an exchange, foot up to \$3,000,000,000, while the entire banking capital of the country is only about \$981,000,000. The number of milch cows is 21,000,000, giving an average of 350 gallons each annually, or 7,350,000,000 gallons in

Cows are liable to severe accidents if compelled to tramp over icy paths to water. or if ice is allowed to accumulate around the watering trough in the yard. There is no room for question about the economy of taking the extreme chill from the drinking water for stock. Yet there are few farmers who will take the trouble, and the least they can do is to see that the chilly watering places are not rendered inaccessible by ice block-

Clover For Swine.

It will be a sign of progressive farming when the owner of swine saves clover for his hogs in winter, or goes further and preserves in a silo sweet corn with which to winter and help fatten his hogs. The possibilities of hog rearing with the right kind of silage are beyond reckoning. We must have more hogs on the farm to make more fertility. The cost of wintering is the present drawback; but with clover, silage, and roots with corresponding profit. A good oreeding sow is a good investment, with a little more faith in the natural food for swine.

Care of Cattle. If the cattle are turned out of doors to drink or for exercise, do not let them remain out to long, and guard against their having to plunge through snowdrifts or against slipping upon icy places. A little exercise in the open air in pleasant weather is beneficial to all animals. but a half-hour in each afternoon is enough when the thermometer marks below the freezing point in the sun, and is too much in a cold rain or a an excellent idea if society people blustering cold wind. Perhaps the young stock, if well fed and lively enough to caper and play about the yard, may not be injured by a longer season out of door, but they should be taken in before they begin to hump up their backs and turn their tails toward the wind .- Cultiva-

How to Milk a Cow. The most economical way to milk a cow, all things considered, is to milk the two fore teats clean, leaving off with a pretty full stream, and then milk the hind ones down to a short stream, and, returning to the fore ones, milk them to the same condition, not touching the hind ones again. This will leave the teats empty, and the bags too. It is a false notion that tugging away at the teats stimulates a cow to give more milk; but, on the contrary, emptying the bag as soon as possible vields more; then the cow can have the extra time to eat, which is a better stimulus than either. A slow milker is never tolerated in the dairy districts, and a "stripper" is an injury anywhere. The sooner the cow is milked, and all the organs connected with feeding, digestion and secretion are left in their natural condition, the better it is for the cow.-Rural Canadian.

Shiftless Farming. That farming is too often carried forward in a happy-go-lucky way, may account for the large number of shabby buildings, dilapidated fences, wife may be struggling to do her best by them, despite the intemperance of the husband. If the husband is struggling to better himself and famwhich is beyond the reach of our ilv, the buildings and fences will be kept in decent repair until the time comes when bettter can be built, and the farmer will be found at home, working earnestly to this end. He is not unthrifty. Years may come and go. A good vegetable garden will be cultivated, and trees here and there will be planted to give needed shade and protection. The time as length arrives when, the mortgages having been lifted, a modest house is built, and barns and sheds are adcumulating from year to year, the farm becomes more and more fertile and somethinglike the picture sented to the view of the passer by. thrift in agriculture means a careful attention to the work in hand, and month to month is necessary to oring the balance at the end of the right side of the ledger. Young farmers, commencing to carve out farm, which picture will be your im through life?—Prairie Farmer.

TALMAGE AT ATHENS.

Progress of the Celebrated Brocklyn Divine on His Pilgrimage.

He Discourses to a Group of Friends and Countrymen in Ancient Athens on "The Glorious Revelation to Bo"-In Eloquent

Having reached Athens on his pilgrimage to the Holy Land, Rev. T. De Witt Tal-mage last Sunday preached to a group of friends, basing his discourse on the following two passages from the Pauline epistles: I. Corinthians, ii, 9: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," and I. Corinthians, xiii, 2: "For now we see through a glass, darkly." The sermon was as follows:

Both these sentences were written by the most illustrious merely human being the world ever saw, one who walked these streets, and preached from yonder pile of rocks, Mars Hills. Though more classic associations are connected with this city than with any other city under the sun, because here Socrates, and Plato, and Aristotle, and Demosthenes, and Pericles, and Xenophon, and Praxiteles wrote or chiseled, or taught or thundered or sung, yet in my mind all those men and their teachings were elipsed by Paul and the Gospel he preached in this city and in your near by city of Corinth. Yesterday, standing on the old fortress of Corinth, the Acro-Corinthus, out from the ruins at its base arose in my imagination the old city, just as Paul saw it. I have been told that for splendor the world beholds no such wonder to-day as that ancient Corinth standing on an istamus washed by two seas, the one sea bringing the commerce of Europe, the other sea bringing the commerce of Asia. From her wharves, in the construction of which whole kingdoms had been absorbed, war galleys with three banks of oars pushed out and confounded the navy yards of all the world. Huge-handed machinery, such as modern invention cannot equal, lifted ships from the sea on one side and transported them on trucks across the isthmus and set them down in the sea on the other side. The revenue officers of the city went down through the olive groves that lined the beach to collect a tariff from all nations. The mirth of all people sported in her Isthmian games, and the beauty of all lands sat in her theatres, walked her porticos and threwitself on the altar of her stupendous dissipations. Column and statue and temple bewildered the beholder. There were white marble fountains into which, from apertures at the sides, there rushed waters everywhere known for health giving qualities. Around these basins, twisted into wreaths of stone, there were all the beauties of sculpture and architecture, while standing, as if to guard the costly display, was a statue of Hercules of burnished Corinthian brass. Vases of terra cotta adorned the cemeteries of the dead-vases so costly that Julius Casar was not satisfied until he had captured them for Rome. Armed officcials, the corintharii, paced up and down to see that no statue was defaced, no pedestal over-

thrown, no bas-relief touched. From the edge of the city the hill held its magnificent burdens of columns and towers and temples (1,000 slaves waiting at one shrine). and a citadel so thoroughly impregnable that Gibraltar is a heap of sand compared with it. Amid all that strength and magnificence Corinth stood and defied the world. Oh! it was not to rustics who had never seen anything grand that Paul uttered one of my texts. They had heard the best music that had come from the best instruments in all the world; they had heard songs floating from morning porticos and melting in evening groves; they had passed their whole lives among pictures and scuipture and architecture and Corinthian brass, which had been molded and shaped until there was no chariot wheel in which it had not sped, and no tower in which it had not glittered, and no gateway that it had not adorned. Ah, it was a bold thing for Paul to stand there amid all that and say: "All this is nothing. These sounds that come from the temple of Neptune are not music compared with the harmonies of which I speak. These waters rushing in the basin of Pyrene are not pure. These statues of Bacchus and Mercury are not exquisite. Your citadel of Acro-Corinthus is not strong with that which I offer to the poorest slave that down his burden at that brazen gate. You Corinthians think this is a splendid city; you think you have heard all sweet sounds and seen all beautiful sights; but I tell you eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." Indeed, both my texts, the one spoken by Paul and the one written by Paul, show us that we have very imperfect eyesight, and that our day of vision is vet to come: For now we see through a glass larkly, but then face to face. So Paul takes the responsibility of saying that the Bible is an indistinct mirror, and that its mission shall be finally suspended. think there may be one Bible in beaven fastened to the throne. Just as now, n a museum, we have a lamp exhumed from Herculaneum or Nineveh, and we look at it with great interest and say: "How poor a light it must have given, compared with our modern lamps." So I think that this Bible, which was a lamp to our feet in this world, may lie near the throne of God, exciting our interest to all eternity by the contrast between its comparatively feeble light and the illumination of heaven. The Bible, now, is the scaffolding to the rising temple, but when the building is done there will be no use for the scaffolding. The idea I shall develop to-day is, that in this world our knowledge is comparatively dim and unsatisfactory, but

nevertheless is introductory to grander and more complete vision. This is eminently true in regard to our view of God. We hear so much about God that we conclude that we understand him. He is represented as having the tenderness of a father, the firmness of a judge, the pomp of a king and the love of a mother. We hear about him. talk about him, write about him. We lisp his name in infancy, and it trembles on the tongue of the dying octogenarian. We think that we know very much about him. derstand it! The Bible blossoms all over with that word-Mercy. It speaks again and again of the tender mercies of God: of the sure mercies; of the great mercies; of the mercy that endureth forever; of the multitudes of his mercies. And yet I know that the views we have of this great being are most indefinite, one sided and incomplete. When, at death, the gates shall fly open, and we shall look directly upon him, how new and surprising! We see upon canvas a picture of the morning. We study the cloud in the sky, the dew upon the grass, and the husbandman on the way to the field. Beautiful picture of the morn ing! But we rise at daybreak, and go upon a hill to see for ourselves that which was represented to us. While we look, the mountains are transfigured. The burnished gates of heaven swing open and shut, to let pass a host of fiery splendors. The clouds are all abloom, and hang pendant from arbors of alabaster and amethyst. The waters make pathway of inlaid pearl for the light to walk upon; and there is morning among the mountains. Now you go home, and how tame your picture of the morning seems in contrast! Greater than that shall be the contrast between this Scriptural view of God and that which we shall have when standing face to face. This is a picture of the morning; that will be the morning itself.

Again: My texts are true of the Saviour's excellency. By image, and sweet rhythm of expression, and startling antitheses, Christ is set forth-his love, his compassion, his work, his life, his death, his resurrection. We are challenged to measure it, to compute it, to weigh it. In the hour of our broken enthrallment, we mount up into high experience of his love, and blood bounds, and the whole nature is ex- distance multitudes approaching, but has morality.

is through a glass, darkly. We see not half of that compassionate face. We feel not half the warmth of that loving heart. We wait for death to let us rush into his outspread arms. Then we shall be face to face. Not shadow then, but substance. Not hop: then, but the fulfilling of all prefigurement.
That will be a magnificent unfolding. The rushing out in view of all hidden excellency; the coming again of a long absent Jesus to meet us-not in rags and in penury and death, but amidst a light and pomp and outbursting joy such as none but a glorified intelligence could experience. Oh! to gaze full upon the brow that was lacerated, upon the side that was pierced, upon the feet that were nailed; to stand close up in the presence of him who prayed for us on the mountain, and thought of us by the sea, agonized for us in the garden, and died for us in horrible crucifixion, to feel of him, to embrace him, to take his hand, to kiss his feet, to run our fingers along the sears of ancient suffering, to say: "This is my Jesus! He gave himself for me. I shall never leave his presence. I shall forever behold his glory. I shall eternally hear his voice. Lord Jesus, now I see thee! I behold where the blood started, where the tears coursed, where the face was distorted. I have waited for this hour. I shall never turn my back on thee. No more looking through imperfect glasses. No more studying thee in the darkness. But as long as this throne stands, and this everlasting river flows, and those garlands bloom, and these arches of victory remain to greet home heaven's conquerors, so long I shall see thee, Jesus of my choice, Jesus of my song, Jesus of my triumph-forever and forever-face to The idea of my texts is just as true when

applied to God's providence. Who has not come to some pass in life thoroughly inexplicable? You say: "What does this mean? What is God going to do with me now! He tells me that all things work together for good. This does not look like it." You continue to study the dispensation, and after awhile guess about what God means. "He means to teach me this, I think he means to teach me that. Perhaps it is to humble my pride. Perhaps it is to make me feel more dependent. Perhaps to teach me the uncertainty of life." But, after all, it is only a guess-a looking through the glass, darkly. The Bible assures us there shall be a satisfactory unfolding. "What do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.' You will know why to himself that only child. Next door there was a household of seven children. Why not take one from that group instead of your only one? Why single out the dwelling in which there was only one heart beating responsive to yours? Why did God give you a child at all, if he meant to take it away? Why fill the cup of your gladness brimming, if he meant to dash it down! Why allow all the tendrils of your heart to wind around that object, and then, when every fiber of your own life seemed to be interlocked with the child's life, with strong hand to fear you apart, until you fall bleeding and crushed, your dwelling desolate, your hopes blasted, your heart broken? Do you suppose that God will explain that? Yea. He will make it plainer than any mathematical problemas plain as that two and two make four. In the light of the throne you will see that it was right-all right. "Just and true are all thy ways, thou king of saints." Here is a man who cannot get on in the world. He always seems to buy at the wrong time and sell at the worst disadvantage. He tries this enterprize, and fails; that business, and is disappointed. The man next door to him has a lucrative trade, but he lacks customers. A new prospect opens. His income is increased. But that year his family are sick; and the profits are expended in trying to cure the ailments. He gets a discouraged look. Becomes faithless as to success. Begins to expect disasters. Others wait for something to turn up; he waits for it to turn down. Others, with only half as much education and character. get on twice as well. He sometimes guesses as to what it all means. He says: "Perhaps riches would spoil me. Perhaps poverty is necessary to keep me humble. Perhaps I might, if things were otherwise, be tempted into dissipation." But there is no complete solution of the mystery. He sees through a glass darkly, and must wait for a higher unfolding. Will there be any explanation? Yes; God will take that man in the light of the throne and say: "Child immortal, hear the explanation! You remember the failing of that great enterprise. This is the explanation." And you will

answer: "It is all right!" I see, every day, profound mysteries of Providence. There is no question we ask oftener than Why! There are hundreds of graves that need to be explained. Hospitals for the blind and lame, asylums for the idiotic and insane, almshouses for the destitute and a world of pain and misfortune that demand more than human solution. Ah! God will clear it all up. In the light that pours from the throne no dark mystery can live. Things now utterly inscrutable will be illumined as plainly as though the answer were written on the jasper wall or sounded in the temple anthem. Bartimeus will thank God that he was blind; and Lazarus that he was covered with sores; and Joseph that he was cast into the pit: and Daniel that he denned with lions; and Paul that he was humpbacked; and David that he was driven from Jerusalem; and the sewing woman that she could get only a few pence for making a garment; and that invalid that for twenty years he could not lift his head from the pillow; and that widow that she had such hard work to earn bread for her children. You know that in a song different voices carry different parts. The sweet and overwhelming part of the hallelujah of heaven will not be carried by those who rode in high places, and gave sumptuous entertainments; but pauper children will Again: The thought of my text is true

sing it, beggars will sing it, redeemed hod carriers will sing it, those who were once the offscouring of the earth will sing it. The hallelujah will be all the grander for earth's weeping eyes, and aching heads, and exhausted hands, and scourged backs, and martyred agonies when applied to the enjoyment of the righteous in heaven. I think we have but little idea of the number of the righteous in heaven. Infidels say: "Your heaven will be a very small place compared with the world of the lost; for, according to your teaching, the majority of men will be destroyed." I deny the charge. I suppose that the multitude of the finally lost, as compared with the multitude of the finally saved, will be a handful. I suppose that the few sick people in the hospitals of our great cities, as compared with the hundreds of thousands of will people, would not be smaller than the number of those who shall be cast out in suffering, compared with those who shall have upon them the health of heaven. For we are to remember that we are living in only the beginning of the Christian dispensation, and that this whole world is to be populated and redeemed, and that ages of light and love are to flow on. If this be so, the multitudes of the saved will be in vast majority. Take all the congregations that have assembled for worship throughout Christendom. Put them together, and they would make but a small audience compared with the thousand and tens of thousands, and ten thousand times ten thousand, and the hundred and forty and four thousand that shall stand around the throne. Those flashed up to heaven in martyr fires; those tossed for many years upon the invalid couch; those fought in the armies of liberty, and rose as they fell; those tumbled from high scaffoldings, or slipped from the mast, or were washed off into the sea. They came up from Corinth, from Laodicea. from the Red sea bank and Gennesaret's wave, from Egyptian brickyards and Gideon's threshing floor. Those thousands of years ago slept the last sleep, and these are this moment having their eyes closed, and their limbs stretched out for the sepulcher. A general expecting and an attack from the enemy stands on a hill and looks shout until the countenance glows, and the I through a field glass and sees in the great

bilarated, "I' have found him!" And yet it 100 idea of their numbers. He says: "I cannot tell anything about them. I merely know that there are a great number.' And so John, without attempting to count, says: "A great multitude that no man can number." We are told that heaven is a place of happiness; but what do we know about happiness! Happiness in this world is only a half fledged thing; a flowery path with a serpent hissing across it; a broken pitcher, from which the water has dropped before we could drink it; a thrill of exhibaration, followed by disastrous reactions. To help us understand the joy of heaven, the Bible takes us to a river. We stand on the grassy bank We see the waters flow on with ceaseless wave. But the filth of the cities is emptied into it, and the banks are torn, and unhealthy exhalations spring up from it, and we fail lo get an idea of the River of Life

> We get very imperfect ideas of the reunions of heaven. We think of some festal day on earth, when father and mother were yet living, and the children came home. A good time, that! But it had this drawback -all were not there. That brother went off to sea, and never was heard from. That sister-did we not tay her away in the freshness of her young life, never more in this world to look upon her! Ah! there was a skeleton at the feast; and tears mingled with our laughter on that Christmas day. Not so with heaven's reunions. It will be an uninterrupted gladness. Many a Christian parent will fook around and find all his children there. "Ah!" he says, "can it be possible that we are all herelife's perils over! the Jordan passed and not one wanting! Why, even the prodigal is here. I almost gave him up. How long he despised my counsels! but grace hath triumphed. All here! all here! Tell the mighty joy through the city. Let the belis ring, and the angels mention it in their song. Wave it from the top of the walls. All here!"

No more breaking of heartstrings, but face to face. The orphans that were left poor, and in a merciless world, kicked and cuffed of many hardships, shall join their parents over whose graves they so long wept, and gaze into their glorified countenances forever, face to face. We may come up from different parts of the world, one from the land and another from the depths of the sea; from lives affluent and prosperous, or from scenes of ragged distress; but we shall all meet in rapture and jubilee,

face to face. Many of our friends have entered upon that joy. A few days ago they sat with us studying these Gospel themes; but they only saw dimly-now revelation hath come. Your time will also come. God will not leave you floundering in the darkness. You stand wonderstruck and amazed. You feel as if all the loveliness of life were dashed out. You stand gazing into the open chasm of the grave. Wait a little. In the presence of your departed and of him who carries face to face. Oh! that our last hour may kindle up with this promised joy! May we be able to say, like the Christian not long ago, departing: "Though a pilgrim walking through the valley, the mountain tops are gleaming from peak to peak!" or, like my dear friend and brother, Alfred Cook man, who took his flight to the throne of God, saying in his last moment that which has already gone into Christian classics: "I am sweeping through the pearly gate, washed in the blood of the lamb!"

A Drunkard's Riches.

Whisky has various effects upon its drinkers, but it usually brings to the surface their most prominent traits. When it proceeds to get in its work it makes some men sorrowful, others boisterous, some quarrelsome and others happy. There is a certain newspaper man in Chicago, according to the Herald, upon whom hard liquo: has a very pleasing effect, so far as he is concerned himself. For instance, he will awake in the morning with a head constructed of the effect of the night before, and vainly search through empty pockets for cocktail money. Then he will go forth upon the highway, feeling like the pauper which he is for the moment. A friend will come along and ask him to have a drink. He accepts the invitation, and this first drink represents an immaginary two-dollar bill in his pocket. The second drink raises this to \$10, and when he downs his fifth drink he is drawing an immaginary salary of \$50 per week. Along about 4 p. m., if his luck in meeting convivial friends stands by him, he begins to consider the advisibility of purchasing the paper on which he works, and at 6 p. m. he goes out to hire a good local staff. Before he retires he is, in his mind, the proprietor of a great metropolitan daily, and is intending to give away gold watches as premiums with his "great dollar weekly." When he awakes the next morning he is again a reporter out of a job, but before night he owns the paper again. Whisky with him means fortune and prosperi-

Strange Life in Alaska.

"The furniture in the native huts is very sparse, says a traveler writing from the Yukon river in Alaska-a few birch-bark baskets, some spoons of ivory, wooden dishes, arrows, spears, maybe a gun, straw mats, and furs. Every thing smells worse than a soap factory. The people are literally covered with vermin. They are miserably poor. They get very little for the game and fish they have to sell. Both are so plentiful that we have tired of ducks, geese, and salmon. 'As I am writing there are some magnificent mountains in sight. They remind me of the first range of the Rockies in Colorado. In the woods there are lots wild roses, and the hillsides are as green as any lawn in spring. It is difficult to believe that this is an arctic land when you observe the luxuriant forests, the green grass, the flowers, and mark how warm the days are. But dig down ten inches anywhere and you will find the ground frozen hard. At Mulato they have dug twenty-five feet to get water, and the ground was frozen all the way down. In spite of this the weather is so warm that every man is going around in his shirt sleeves. Mosquitoes are plentiful and ferocious."

One Plate for Two. Books of the sixteenth century speak of the employment of trenchers at the table. They introduced, says Mr. Hazlitt, "the fashion of placing a lady and gentleman alternately at meals, the couple thus seated eating from one trencher." Walpole relates that "so late as the middle of the last century the old duke and duchess of Hamilton occupied the dais at the head of the room, and preserved the traditional manner by sharing the same plate."

As long ago as the tenth century, and the habit continued long after, two meals a day was the rule with all classes. As the times became better, and more luxurious ways were possible, the supper was added, and even in some cases a sub-supper.

They Are Kicking.

A Canadian marriage, under exist ing laws, is a partnership for life: but the Canadians are tired of the formalities which stand in the way, and are moving to secure a divorce court and the conveniences which surround it. They aver that separation without divorce tends to lower the standard of