

OUR STORY TELLER



STORY OF A * * * * * KLEPTOMANIAC.

A detective runs across a lot of queer things in his life, and somehow the queerest never find their way into the newspapers. It is difficult to say why; perhaps it is because they are too queer. For instance, I doubt if you have ever heard of a certain strange incident that happened only a season or two ago in that select section of the fashionable world known as "society."

A leader of fashion, Mrs. Register, requested me to call on her one morning when the season was at its height.

"I want your help, Mr. Lowe," she began, and then stopped awkwardly. "Perhaps you are not aware that at several balls and dinner parties this season there have been jewels and ornaments stolen. It has, of course, caused a great deal of unpleasantness. In several cases trinkets have even been actually taken from the wearers, without their knowing how it was done or who did it."

I had heard several wild tales of articles having been missed at fashionable gatherings, and there was much speculation as to who was the culprit. The articles were not, as a rule, of immense value, and they always disappeared singly, consequently no public notice had been directed to the matter. In one or two cases the police had been consulted, but it was impossible for them to help. There could be no doubt that the thief was a person who mixed in society as an equal, probably a woman, who had allowed her love of jewelry to tempt her to dishonesty.

"I presume, then, that the—er—thief is a guest—a person in society?" I said, inquiringly.

"I am afraid so. Two or three things were missed at a dance which I gave last week. Now, I am giving another dance next Thursday, and I am, of course, most anxious it should not occur again, at any rate in my house. I thought I would engage your services for the evening, to see if you detect anything suspicious. Of course, you would be treated as a guest."

We made arrangements about terms, and it was agreed that I should be introduced as an Englishman, by name Captain Burke.

"I suppose, Mrs. Register," I said, carelessly, "you don't suspect anybody in particular?"

"Oh, no," she said, but I noticed what I thought was a look of anxiety on her face, and made a mental note of it.

As I was leaving, Mrs. Register said: "Of course, Mr. Lowe, you quite understand, there must be no expose. If you make any discoveries, they must be treated as secrets. I can't have a scene of any kind. It must be hushed up."

I returned to the office impressed with two ideas. First, that my task was one of those delicate cases that require all your tact and yield very little credit; secondly, that Mrs. Register knew more, or, at any rate, guessed more, than she cared to tell.

Thursday evening arrived, and I went to the Register mansion. Practically, my duty was to mingle with the guests, enjoy myself, and keep my eyes wide open. Nothing seemed to me more improbable than that there should be a thief among the brilliant throng that crowded the rooms. Everything was conducted in the most luxurious style, a Hungarian band discoursed the sweetest of dance music, and the guests were among the highest in the land.

For a while nothing occurred of the smallest significance. But at about two o'clock in the morning, while I was sitting in a snug corner of the conservatory, where cigarette smoking was permitted, I noticed a couple take up a position in the opposite corner. They were both young, and evidently very much in love with one another. The girl was handsomely dressed, and wore some valuable jewels. In particular I noticed a pair of diamond ear-drops, which had just come into fashion again. Without being a connoisseur of precious stones, I understand them well enough to know that these were very valuable indeed, and likely to be worth several hundred dollars.

These two young people were sitting out during a dance, and they flirted all through a set of lancers, without any impatience at their length.

At last they got up and went into the ball-room again. On the chair, where the girl had been sitting, lay something shining. I strolled across and examined it. It was her vinaigrette, which she had probably left there by accident. I supposed it, thinking it might serve as a trap for our fashionable thief. If he were in the neighborhood, and withdrew to my corner, while I was absent, he would find it.

Presently an old gentleman crossed the conservatory. He said "I lost my vinaigrette," and I handed him mine.

with the air of the true aristocrat. His name I didn't know, but I had noticed him chatting with the guests. He was evidently known to everyone, and was a man of social importance.

Presently his eye caught the little jeweled vinaigrette. He looked carefully round the conservatory, to see if he was observed, and picked it up. He now had his back to me. I was on the point of stepping up to him, when he turned round, and replaced the vinaigrette and walked quietly away.

It was lucky I had not moved. I should have looked rather foolish. Some curious instinct bade me cross the conservatory, and look at the vinaigrette again. Without thinking about it, I put it to my nose.

The next thing I remember is, that I found myself sitting in a chair. Gradually, things became clearer. The vinaigrette lay by my side. It was drugged. For a few minutes I had lost consciousness. I still felt dizzy and sick, but knowing that everything depended on my being prompt and acute, I managed with an effort to pull myself together.

Then arose the question, What should I do next? Should I go straight to the man who had tampered with the vinaigrette? A moment's thought showed me that that would be worse than useless. I had no proof of anything. The situation must be allowed to develop itself before I interfered.

After some little reflection, I decided to go back to the drawing-room, where I could see what was going on. Under any circumstances I must not lose sight of the girl to whom the vinaigrette belonged.

For nearly half an hour I waited in vain. She danced with two or three different men, but did not seem to have missed it.

At last, after one of the dances, she appeared to be looking for something. With what was, I presume, an apology to her partner, she skipped across the room to a group of girls. Evidently she was asking if any of them had seen her vinaigrette. For some time she got no information, but presently a girl who was passing, leaning on a man's arm, turned round and made some remark, pointing with her fan to the conservatory door. The owner of the vinaigrette gave a little nod of thanks, and hurried across the room.

All this time I observed that the man who had drugged the scent bottle, and who was chatting with some of the people standing about watched the girl closely.

As soon as she had left the drawing-room he broke off his conversation, and strolled quietly toward the conservatory. As he passed through the curtains I noticed that he glanced around to see if he were being followed.

That settled it. I had found my man, and must act promptly. Mrs. Register was standing near the piano. Remembering her injunction that there was not, under any circumstances, to be an expose or a scene, it was necessary to proceed with caution. I caught her eye without much difficulty. She understood at once that I had something to say, and disengaged herself from her friends.

"Will you come with me to the conservatory?" I said, quietly. "I believe I have solved the mystery."

She turned pale. "Very well," she said. "Give me your arm. Be careful what you do, Mr. Lowe," she added, in a troubled voice; "it must be hushed up."

When we reached the conservatory we found, just as I expected, the young lady lying back in a chair unconscious. Her ear drops were missing.

"Miss Benton has fainted," said Mrs. Register.

"One moment," I said; "there is no cause for alarm. Do you see what has happened? Her diamond ear-drops have disappeared."

"Do you know who it is?" she whispered.

"Yes. Her vinaigrette has been drugged—not sufficiently to do her any harm. I saw it done."

"What shall I do? Fetch General Register, will you? He must advise me."

"Which is General Register?"

She came to the curtains and pointed him out to me.

"Very well," I said. "Chafe Miss Benton's hands, and try to bring her round, but don't send for any help at present."

I don't think I ever felt so reluctant to proceed with a case as I did at that moment. The man whom Mrs. Register had pointed out as her husband was the man who had drugged the vinaigrette, who had followed Miss Benton into the conservatory. In a word, General Register was a kleptomaniac.

"Will you come with me into the conservatory, General?" I said. As I spoke I looked him sternly in the face. He turned deadly white, and his eyes shifted nervously about the room.

"What's the matter?" he said, hastily. "Is anything wrong?"

"Miss Benton has fainted."

"Oh," he murmured with relief. "And her ear-drops have disappeared."

"For a moment I thought he was going to drop down. I put my arm through his, and led him toward the conservatory. He was trembling like a leaf.

"When we got well into the shadow of the curtains I stopped. 'General Register,' I said, quietly, 'take my advice, and give them up to me at once.'

"What do you mean?" he said, hoarsely.

"The ear-drops. It will prevent a scene."

He put a trembling hand into the breast pocket of his dress coat and gave me the ear-drops. He did it like a man in a dream, and I really believe that for the time being he was unconscious. Then he turned away and left the drawing-room hurriedly.

"Will he not come?" said Mrs. Register, with an awful look of terror in her eyes.

"General Register is not well," I replied. "Here are the ear-drops."

The poor woman went scarlet. She knew what I meant, and I was deeply grieved for her. From the first she must have had a faint suspicion of the truth, and was anxious to save him from public disgrace and scandal.

She was thoroughly unerved. Miss Benton showed signs of returning consciousness.

"Now," I said, "put the ear-drops back into her ears. She won't know what has happened."

Mrs. Register replaced them with trembling fingers.

"Send someone to look after this girl; I'll stop with her till help comes. But you must go and find your husband. Make haste," I added, significantly, "or you will be too late."

My work was not quite over. When Mrs. Register found her husband in his dressing-room, as he was, as I feared, on the point of committing suicide. She saved him. A number of trinkets, some of great value, were found in his safe. There is, of course, only one explanation. On that point the General was mad. There was no object in his stealing ladies' ornaments, as he is a very wealthy man, and had not put them to any use.

There was not much difficulty in finding their respective owners. I returned them myself, asking each one as a matter of courtesy to make no inquiries as to how they fell into my possession.—Buffalo Times.

New York's Sanitation.

The appeal to the public conscience told at last. With that attack in the churches, which had not been without blame, the new era began. That year (1879) a public competition evolved the present type of tenement, far from perfect, but an immense improvement upon the wicked old barracks. The sanitary reformers got the upper hand, and their work told. The death-rate came down slowly. It is to-day, at the end of thirty years, quite 25 per cent. lower than it was when the health department was organized, and New York has been redeemed from a reproach for which there was no excuse, for no city in the world has such natural opportunities for good sanitation.

The immense stride it has taken was measured by the mortality during the unprecedented hot spell of last summer. It was never so great, as, indeed, there never was an emergency like it since records were kept. During the ten days it lasted the heat craved many more victims than the last cholera epidemic during its whole season. Yet, beyond those killed by the direct effects of the sun, the mortality was singularly low; the infant mortality—ever the finger that points unerringly to the sore spots in a community, if any there be—was so noticeably low as to cause a feeling almost of exultation among the sanitary officials. And it was shown, by comparison with earlier hot spells, that the population yielded more slowly to the heat. Where it had taken two or three days to reach the climax of sunstroke, it now took five. The people, better housed, better fed, and breathing clean air in clean streets, had acquired a power of resistance to what the past had no parallel. The sanitarians had proved their case.—"Light in Dark Places," by Jacob A. Riis, in the Century.

An Old City. Toulouse is the chief city of Gascony. Its authentic record is older than Paris can attest. It was a metropolis before Christ was dreamed of, the Caesars were sheltered within its walls; Charlemagne so esteemed the town 800 years after Christ that he left it as the crown jewel of the inheritance of his heir; its possession was the cause of fierce and vengeful wars; about its devoted walls the soldiery of the "Albigenses" reformation, waged their desperate and hopeless warfare in defense of their houses and their faith, besides giving a line of princes to the thrones of France and the Roman empire.

"I am deeply interested in discovering the lost tribes of Israel," said Mr. Musty, as he came in and sat down by the busy editor for an hour's discussion of the subject. "So?" replied the man of resources; "why don't you advertise for them? The business office is on the first floor. Here, Dick, show the gentleman to the advertising department."—Puck.

The Arkansas river was named from a nation of Indians, also called Quappas.

No one works hard enough if he has any time left to talk.

A KING EATING GRASS

DR. TALMAGE ON THE DESECRATION OF SACRED THINGS.

Two Styles of Character to Illustrate God's Word—One Is Like a Light-house, and the Other Is Like a Black Buooy—A Word Scene.

Our Washington Palpit.

Dr. Talmage in his sermon uses a weird and strange scene of ancient times to illustrate the behavior of modern people who desecrate sacred things and for their arrogance get a bad tumble. His subject was "A King Eating Grass" and the text Daniel iv, 33, "The same hour was the thing fulfilled upon Nebuchadnezzar, and he was driven from men and did eat grass as oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven, till his hairs were grown like eagles' feathers and his nails like birds' claws."

Better shade your eyes lest they be put out with the splendor of Babylon, as some morning you walk out with Nebuchadnezzar on the suspension bridges which hang from the house tops, and he shows you the vastness of his realm, as the sun kindles the domes with glistenings almost insufferable, and the great streets thunder up their pomp into the ear of the monarch, and armed towers stand around, adorned with the spoils of conquered empires. Nebuchadnezzar waves his hand above the stupendous scene and exclaims, "Is not this great Babylon, that I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty?" But in an instant all that splendor falls from his vision, for a voice from heaven, saying, "O, King Nebuchadnezzar, to thee it is spoken. The kingdom is departed from thee, and they shall drive thee from men, and thy dwelling shall be with the beasts of the field. They shall make thee to eat grass as oxen, and seven years shall pass over thee, until thou know that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men and giveth it to whomsoever he will." One hour from the time that he made the boast he is on the way to the fields, a maniac, and rushing into the forests he becomes one of the beasts, covered with eagles' feathers for protection from the cold, and his nails growing to birds' claws in order that he might dig the earth for roots and climb the trees for nuts.

You see, there is a great variety in the Scriptural landscape. In several discourses we have looked at mountains of excellence, but now we look down into a great, dark chasm of wickedness as we come to speak of Nebuchadnezzar. God in his Word sets before us the beauty of self-denial, of sobriety, of devotion, of courage, and then, lest we should not thoroughly understand him, he introduced Daniel and Deborah as illustrations of those virtues. God also speaks to us in his Word as to the hatefulness of pride, of folly, of impiety, and lest we should not thoroughly understand him, he introduced Nebuchadnezzar as the impersonation of these forms of depravity. The former style of character is a lighthouse, showing us a way into a safe harbor, and the latter style of character is a black buoy, swinging on the rocks, to show whose vessels wreck themselves. Thanks unto God for both the buoy and the lighthouse! The host of Nebuchadnezzar is thundering at the gates of Jerusalem. The crown of that sacred city is struck into the dust by the hand of Babylonian insolence. The vessels of the temple, which had never been desecrated by profane touch, were ruthlessly seized for sacrifice and transportation. Oh, what a sad hour when those Jews, at the command of the invading army, are obliged to leave the home of their nativity! How their hearts must have been wrung with anguish when, on the day they departed, they heard the trumpets from the top of the temple announcing the hour for morning sacrifice and saw the smoke of the altars ascending around the holy hill of Zion! For well they knew that in a far distant land they would never hear that trumpet call nor behold the majestic ascent of the sacrifice. Behold those captives on the road from Jerusalem to Babylon! Worn and weary, they dare not halt, for roundabout are armed men urging them on with hoot and shout and blasphemy.

Acid men tottered along on their staves, weeping that they could not lay their bones in the sleeping place of their fathers, and children wondered at the length of the way and sobbed themselves to sleep when the night had fallen. It seemed as if at every step a heart broke. But at a turn of the road Babylon suddenly springs upon the view of the captives, with its gardens and palaces. A shout goes up from the army as they behold their native city, but not one huzza is heard from the captives. These exiles saw no splendor there, for it was not home. The Euphrates did not have the water gleam of the brook Kedron or the pool of Siloam. The willows of Babylon, on which they hung their untuned harps, were not as graceful as the trees which at the foot of Mount Moriah seemed to weep at the departed glory of Judah, and all the fragrance that descended from the hanging gardens upon that great city was not so sweet as one breath of the acacia and frankincense that the high priest kindled in the sanctuary at Jerusalem.

Pride and Ruin. On a certain night a little while after these captives had been brought to his city Nebuchadnezzar is scared with a night vision. A bad man's pillow is apt to be stuffed with deeds and forebodings which keep talking in the night. He will find that the eagles' down in his pillow will stick him like porcupine quills. The ghosts of old transgressions are sure to wander about in the darkness and beckon and hiss. Yet, when the morning came, he found that his vision had entirely fled from him. Dreams drop no anchors and therefore are apt to sail away before we can fasten them. Nebuchadnezzar calls all the wise men of the land into his presence, demanding that by their necromancy they explain his dream. They, of course, fail. Then their wrathful king issues an edict with as little sense as mercy, ordering the slaying of all the learned men of the country. But Daniel the prophet comes in with the interpretation just in time to save the wise men and the Jewish captives.

My friends, do you not see that pride and ruin ride in the same saddle? See Nebuchadnezzar on the proud throne of all the earth and then see him graze with the sheep and the cartilage. Pride is commander, well plumed and caparisoned, but it leads forth a dark and frowning host. The arrows from the Almighty's quiver are apt to strike a man when on the wing. God's shafts his great spear

in defiance, but the smother stones from the brook make him stagger and fall like an ox under a butcher's blade. He who is down cannot fall. Vessels ascending under bare poles do not feel the force of the storm, while those with all sails set capsize at the sudden descent of the tempest.

Remember that we can be as proud of our humility as of anything else. Antitheses walked the streets of Athens with a ragged cloak to demonstrate his humility, but Socrates declared he could see the hypocrisy through the holes in his cloak. We would all see ourselves smaller than we are if we were as philosophic as Socrates, the emperor of Rome who said at the close of his life, "I have been everything, and everything is nothing." And when the urn that was to contain his ashes was at his command brought to him he said, "Little urn, thou shalt contain one for whom the world was too little."

Do you not also learn from the misfortune of this king of Babylon what a terrible thing is the loss of reason? There is no calamity that can possibly befall us in this world so great as derangement of intellect—to have the body of man and yet to fall even below the instinct of a brute. In this world of horrible sights the most horrible is the idiot's stare. In this world of horrible sounds the most horrible is the maniac's laugh. A vessel driven on the rocks, when hundreds go down never to rise and other hundreds drag their mangled and shivering bodies upon the wintery beach, is nothing compared to the foundering of intellects full of vast hopes and attainments and capacities. Christ's heart went out toward those who were epileptic, falling into the fire, or maniacs, cutting themselves among the tombs.

We are accustomed to be more grateful for physical health than for the proper working of our mind. We are apt to take it for granted that the intellect which has served us so well will always be faithful. We forget that an engine of such tremendous power, where the wheels have such vastness of circle and such swiftness of motion and the least impediment might put it out of gear, can only be kept in proper balance by a divine hand. No human hand could engineer the train of immortal faculties. How strange it is that our memory, on whose shoulders all the misfortunes and successes and occurrences of a lifetime are placed, should not offend break down, and that the scales of judgment, which have been weighing so much and so long, should not lose their adjustment, and that fancy, which holds a dangerous wand, should not sometimes maliciously wave it, bringing into the heart forebodings and hallucinations the most appalling! Is it not strange that this mind, which hopes so much in its mighty leaps for the attainment of its objects, should not be dashed to pieces on its disappointments? Though so delicately tuned, this instrument of untold harmony plays on, though fear shakes it, And vexations rack it, and sorrow and joy and loss and gain in quick succession beat out of it their dirge or toss from it their anthem. At morning and at night, when in your prayer you rehearse the causes of your thanksgiving, next to the salvation by Jesus Christ, praise the Lord for the preservation of your reason.

See also in this story of Nebuchadnezzar the use that God makes of bad men. The actions of the wicked are used as instruments for the punishment of wickedness in others or as the illustration of some principle in the divine government. Nebuchadnezzar subserved both purposes. Even so I will go back with you to the history of every reproach that the world has ever seen, and I will show you how to a great extent his wickedness was limited in its destructive power and how God glorified himself in the overthrow and disgrace of his enemy. Babylon is full of abomination, and wicked Cyrus destroys it, Persia fills the cup of its iniquity, and vile Alexander puts an end to it. Macedonia must be chastised, and bloody Emilius does it. The Bastille is to be destroyed, and corrupt Napoleon accomplishes it. Even so selfish and wicked men are often made to accomplish great and glorious purposes. Joseph's brethren were guilty of superlatively perfidious and meanest when they sold him into slavery for about \$7, yet how they must have been overwhelmed with the truth that God never forsakes the righteous when they saw he had become the prime minister of Egypt! Pharaoh oppresses the Israelites with the most diabolic tyranny, yet stand still and see the salvation of God. The plagues descend, the locusts, and the hail, and the destroying angel, showing that there is a God who will defend the cause of his people, and finally, after the Israelites have passed through the parted sea, behold, in the wreck of the drowned army, that God's enemies are chaff in a whirlwind! In some financial panic the righteous suffered with the wicked. Houses and stores and shops in a night foundered on the rock of bankruptcy, and healthy credit, without warning, dropped dead in the street, and money ran up the long ladder of 25 per cent, to laugh down upon those who could not climb after it.

Dealers with pockets full of securities stood shouting in the deaf ears of banks. Men rushed down the streets, with protected notes after them. Those who before found it hard to spend their money were left without money to spend. Laborers went home for want of work, to see hunger in their chair at the table and upon the hearth. Winter blew his breath of frost through fingers of icicles, and sheriffs, with attachments, dug among the cinders of fallen storehouses, and whole cities joined in the long funeral procession, marching to the grave of dead fortunes and a fallen commerce. Verily, the righteous suffered with the wicked, but generally the wicked had the worst of it. Splendid estates that had come together through schemes of wickedness were dashed to pieces like a potter's vessel, and God wrote with letters of fire, amid the ruin and destruction of reputations and estates that were thought impregnable, the old-fashioned truth, which centuries ago he wrote in his Bible, "The way of the wicked he turneth upside down." As the stars of heaven are reflected from the waters of the earth, even so God's great and magnificent purposes are reflected back from the boiling sea of human passion and turmoil. As the voice of a sweet song uttered among the mountains may be uttered back from the cavernous home of wild beasts and rocks split and thunder scared, so the great harmonies of God's providence are rung back from the darkest caverns of this sin struck earth. Sennacherib and Abimelech and Herod and Judas and Nero and Nebuchadnezzar, though they struggled like beasts unbroken to the load, were put into a yoke, where they were compelled to help draw ahead God's great projects of mercy.

Desecration.

Again, let us learn the lesson that men can be guilty of polluting the sacred vessels of the temple and carrying them

away to Babylon. The sacred vessels in the temple at Jerusalem were the cups and plates of gold and silver with which the rites and ceremonies were celebrated. The laying of leathen hands upon them and the carrying them off as spoils was an unbounded offense to the Lord of the temple. Yet Nebuchadnezzar committed this very sacrilege. Though that wicked king is gone, the sins he inaugurated walk up and down the earth, cursing it from century to century. The sin of desecrating sacred things is committed by those who on an sacramental day take the communion cup, while their conversation and deeds all show that they live down in Babylon. How solemn is the sacrament! It is a time for vows, a time for repentance, a time for faith, Sinai stands near, with its fire split clouds, and Calvary with its victim. The Holy Spirit broods over the scene, and the glory of heaven seems to gather in the sanctuary. Vile indeed must that man be who will come in from his idols and unrepented follies to take hold of the sacred vessels of the temple. O thou Nebuchadnezzar! Back with you to Babylon!

Those also desecrate sacred things who use the Sabbath for any other than religious purposes. This holy day was let down from heaven amid the intense secularities of the week to remind us that we are immortal and to allow us preparation for an endless state of happiness. It is a green spot in the hot desert of this world that gushes with fountains and waves with palm trees. This is the time to shake the dust from the robes of our piety and in the tents of Israel sharpen our swords for future conflict. Heaven, that seems so far off on other days, alights upon the earth, and the song of heavenly choirs and the hosanna of the white robes seem to mingle with our earthly worship. We hear the wailing infant of Bethlehem, and the hammer stroke of the Carpenter's weary son in Nazareth, and the prayer of Gethsemane, and the bitter cry of Golgotha. Glory be unto the Lord of the Sabbath! With that one day in seven God divides this great sea of business and gentry, so that dry shod we may pass between the worldly business of the past and the worldly business of the future.

Every week we have just enough work given us to do in six days. God makes just enough breaks in our continuous occupations to thrust in the Sabbath. If you have not before noticed, observe here after that when Saturday night comes there is almost always a good stopping place in your business. All things secular and spiritual in providence and revelation seem to say, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." When the six days of creation had passed, God stopped working. Not even a pure flower or a white cloud would he make, because it was the Sabbath, and, giving an example to all future times, he rested.

The Best of All Days.

He who breaks the Sabbath not more certainly robs God than robs himself. Inevitably continuous desecration of the sacred day ends either in bankruptcy or destroyed health. A great merchant said, "Had it not been for the Sabbath I have no doubt I should have been a maniac long ago." This remark was made in a company of merchants, and one of them said: "That corresponds with the experience of my friend, a great importer. He often said, 'The Sabbath is the best day of the week to plan successful voyages.' He has for years been in an insane hospital and will probably die there."

Those also repeat the sin of Nebuchadnezzar who in any way desecrate the Holy Scriptures. There are men who use the Word of God as an instrument of angry controversy. Bigots at heart and zealots in the advocacy of their religious peculiarities they meet other sects with the fury of a highwayman, thrusting them through and through with what they consider the sword of the Spirit. It is a wonder to me that some men were not made with horns to hook with and hoofs to kick with and claws to grab with. What Christ said to rash Peter when he struck off the ear of Malchus he says to every controversialist, "Put up again thy sword into its place, for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword."

Rev. William Jay met a countryman who said to him: "I was extremely alarmed this morning, sir. It was very foggy, and I was going down to a lonely place, and I thought I saw a strange monster. It seemed in motion, but I could not discern its form. I did not like to turn back, but my heart beat, and the more I looked the more I was afraid. But as I approached I saw it was a man, and who do you think it was?" "I know not." "Oh, it was my brother John." Then Mr. Jay remarked, "It was early in the morning and very foggy, and how often do we thus mistake our Christian brethren."

Just in proportion as men are wrong will they be boisterous in their religious contentions. The lamb of religion is always gentle, while there is no lion so fierce as the roaring lion that goes about seeking whom he may devour. Let Gibraltar belch their war flame on the sea, and the Dardanelles darken the Hellespont with the smoke of their batteries, but for ever and ever let there be good will among those who profess to be subjects of the gospel of gentleness. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men."

What an embarrassing thing to meet in heaven if we have not settled our controversies on earth. So I give out for all people of all religions to sing John Fawcett's hymn, in short meter, composed in 1772, but just as appropriate for 1872:

Best be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love,
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

From sorrow, toil and pain,
And sin we'll free the free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

Living Heresies.—When the church has been pure it has always conquered, and always will, but when the temple of the living God is defiled by money-changers and self-seekers will be bred an after-age of scorn, when the world will pass to the winds its best books of evidence. It was not the heathen in the temple in the time of Christ, but the Hebrew himself. A dead faith causes a living heresy, and inaction causes unchristian activity. A holy church, with holy people and a holy priesthood, is the lifeblood of the church.—Bishop William D. Walker, Episcopalian, Buffalo, N. Y.

One English railway company alone issues over a ton of railway tickets weekly.

It is a great art to do the right thing at the right season.