

THE CHAFING DISH.

Oh, ye bachelors, a-wooing maidens fair and fortune's maid, After dance and dim flirtation and the proper promenade, If her heart you vain would capture and secure your dearest wish, Just display your lordly knowledge of the mystic chafing dish.

ROMANCE OF A HOSPITAL NURSE.

"And so," I observed to Miss Wreford-Brown, "you like your new life?" "I am delighted with it," she said. "Ah!" I said, "I rejoice to hear that you have altered your mind. A month ago, if I recollect right, your mother informed me that the duties you had to perform were injuring your health to such a degree that you seriously thought of leaving St. Matthew's hospital. However, the lapse of another month seems to have altered the complexion of matters."

herself (mine—I mean the one I was conversing with now). "And if—?" came from Mrs. Wreford-Brown's part of the room, "the nurses allow attentions to be paid to them—"

HIRAM DART'S REFUSAL.

Why He Did Not Marry the Charming Widow Breese. When old Hiram Dart was in his 75th year the faithful old wife, who had been his companion for a full half century, sickened and died, and, to the surprise and amusement of his rural neighbors, old Hiram set forth in search of another wife before Hannah, his first spouse, had been six weeks in her grave.

APPEALS FOR INDIA.

TALMAGE IN BEHALF OF A FAMINE STRICKEN PEOPLE. "Blessed is He that Considereth the Poor: the Lord will Deliver Him in Time of Trouble"—A Thrilling Story of a Prostrate People. Pleads for Provisions. Dr. Talmage is on a mission of bread for the famine sufferers of India. He is speaking every day to vast audiences in Iowa and Illinois, helping to fill the ships provided by the United States Government for carrying corn to India.

towns have died—every man, woman and child; none left to bury the dead. The vultures and the jackals are the only pallbearers. Though some help has been sent, before full relief can reach them I suppose there will be at least 10,000,000 dead. Starvation, even for one person, is an awful process. No food, the vitals gnaw up on themselves, and faintness and languor and pangs from head to foot, and horror and despair and insanity take full possession. One handful of wheat or corn or rice per day would keep life going, but they cannot get a handful. The crops failed and the millions are dying. Oh, it is hard to be hungry in a world where there are enough grain and fruit and meat to fill all the hungry mouths on the planet! But, alah, that the sufferer and the supply cannot be brought together. There stands India to-day. Look at her. Her face dusky from the hot suns of many centuries. Under her turban such aching of brow as only a dying nation feels; her eyes hollow with unutterable woe; the tears rolling down her sunken cheek; her back bent with more agonies than she knows how to carry; her ovens containing nothing but ashes. Gaunt, ghastly, wasted, the dew of death upon her forehead and a pallor such as the last hour brings, she stretches forth her trembling hand toward us and with hoarse whisper she says: "I am dying! Give me bread! Give me bread! Give me bread! Give it to me quick. Give it to me now. Bread, bread, bread!"

Character.—Character is man's inalienable possession. Death does not destroy—any, does not even change it. It only changes the conditions under which man lives. Here the conditions of life are largely material, but after death will be entirely spiritual.—Rev. E. H. Ward, Episcopalian, Pittsburg, Pa. Labor Strikes.—Let the employe think more of doing more for his employer than for himself; let the capitalist think more of his workman than of cutting additional coupons, and there will not be another strike heard in the land, except the striking hand of good-fellowship.—Rev. A. C. Dixon, Independent, New York City. The Ministry.—To teach young men and women the way of life, we need the noblest, wisest and purest men in the calling of the ministry. In the hands of the minister is the molding of souls, for the long, sweet, helpful life that now is, and as we hope, for the life that is to come.—Dr. David Starr, Jordan Unitarian, San Francisco, Cal. Experience.—It is a bitter school, the school of experience, that of which Time is the schoolmaster. What it teaches it teaches thoroughly, from the root up. When it sets itself to work to teach it does not stop at half measures, and when Time graduates a pupil it has every reason to be proud of him.—Dr. Joseph Krauskopf, Hebrew, Philadelphia, Pa. Small Things.—The possession of small things gives small satisfaction. Persons of small and mean souls do not make others happy. What men give to others is themselves, and when the self is shriveled to a mummy, there is not much to give. Emerson says the only money of God is God. And so the only money of man is man.—Rev. Dr. Gullette, Methodist, Cincinnati, O. Divine Purpose.—Whatever destroys God's thought in regard to man or the thought of woman is the deadly enemy of everything sweet and sacred to human life. The divine purpose makes man king and woman queen, and the scepter golden and jeweled in the hands of both is love. The brutal man ought not to break it or the new woman ought not to lose it.—Rev. Cortland Myers, Baptist, Brooklyn, N. Y. Soul Culture.—Whether we are rich or poor, happy or unhappy, successful or unsuccessful, will finally be determined by the condition of the soul. Our true appreciation of life will depend finally on soul culture, and this will make as our end and aim not the social and animal, but the intellectual life.—Rabbi Joseph Silverman, Hebrew, New York City. Happiness.—Happiness and joyousness come from within. The poor man believes that with the possession of his rich neighbor he would be happily content, but it is a commonplace fable, moral and life; that he would not be. His wants, his disposition, would run on as before. Wealth would not change his nature. One man may have a chest full of excellent tools and yet be a very poor workman, while another may have nothing but a jack-knife and be a very skillful artisan. One man may have ever so many external means of enjoyment, and yet be miserable, while another may have scarcely any other pleasures, and yet be supremely happy.—Rabbi David Philipson, Hebrew, Cincinnati, Ohio. The wife of a captain of a British vessel is about to apply for a captain's certificate. She has sailed with her husband for eighteen years, and for seven years has carried a second mate's papers.