OUR STORY TELLER

THE BROTHER OF A GENTLEMAN.

HE saw her coming along the street, and he paused, hoping she would care to stop and speak to him. She always bowed and smiled, or said a word or two, and he lived on the memory of it until he met her again. That, usually, soon happened, for in a little town of 500 inhabitants the said inhabitants are liable to meet often.

She was a sweet girl, a pretty girl, every one thought, but these mild terms did not half express Ernest Wilson's opinion of Ruth Adams. She was a perfect woman in the highest and purest sense of the word, and to a man who looked upon all women as being far superior to men, this meant a great deal. That was what he thought of her. She did not think of him at all, except when she happened to see him, and then he reminded her of his brother Will.

Ruth was engaged to Will. She had been for two years. He had been by far the handsomest man in town, and she was the prettiest girl, and he had been proud of her. That was before he went to the city. Now he thought there were girls galore better looking than Ruth, but he said nothing of the kind to her, for it was pleasant to have some one to make love to when he was obliged to go to the country sometimes, for Papa Wilson had a full pocketbook, and Will had not.

So, in the soft light of an afternoon sun, Ernest Wilson stood and waited for Ruth to pass, and, watching her as she approached him, thought with a little weariness of the injustice of fate. Not that he imagined for a moment that he deserved such a woman as did his handsome brother, who was a "gentleman," only he would have loved Ruth tenderly, been very thoughtful of her, very kind to her, if she could have cared for him—and Will was so careless.

Ruth did not pass this time; she paused and looked up into his good, honest face, and then said, a little timidly:

"Ernest, have you heard from Will lately?"

"No," he said, kindly. There was a letter in his pocket from Will, received a few moments before, speaking of hard times and asking for the loan of a few dollars. "No, not lately; he is busy, you know, Ruth; you must not think anything of not hearing from him—he does not like to write.

"Are you going home?" he asked. "I will walk with you, Ruth. Are you worrying about it? If you are, then—don't."

"I will tell you honestly that I am. You are one of the people, Ernest, that no one would ever think of deceiving. I am unhappy and I am annoyed. It is not pleasant for a girl of spirit to hear the things people are beginning to say. At the same time, I know it is only carelessness on Will's part. He has given me his word. There is no one who could say otherwise than that Will is a gentleman, and a gentleman keeps his word."

"If he does not," he said, and in his voice there was that she had never heard before, "in a case like this I would scorn him. If he were a thousand times my brother!"

"I would not have him keep his promise to me against his will," she said, proudly. "Never that. If he has changed toward me, then he owes it to himself and me to——"

"To be a man—not a gentleman," he said, savagely.

"To be both," she said. But her lip quivered. They were at the gate by this time, and he opened it and waited for her to pass. Instead, she stood and looked at him.

"Ernest," she said, "tell me just what you think."

"What I think is this—that no man, and I make no exceptions whatever, would possibly throw away the chance of winning you if he were in his right senses. If a man is not in his right senses he is deserving of our pity, not our blame. I wish you good evening." And he left her looking after him like one bewildered.

It may have been a letter she wrote to Will that night, or it may have been one that Ernest wrote, refusing the loan, but for some reason Will came home a few days later. He had learned a new way to carry his cane, and his bows were more profound than ever, but his accomplishments seemed to have small effect upon his father and brother. As for Ruth—well, it may have been that she had grown tired of giving admiration, love and everything, and receiving in return a kind of indifferent attention. When a woman begins to draw comparisons between her sweetheart and other men, things are not as they should be, for love knows no comparisons. She did [illegible] of the way Ernest had spoken to her, and of the manner in which Will talked, as if she were the one favored in their love affairs.

And yet to her Ernest was nothing in the world but Will's brother. When Ernest thought of it seriously, he has never been anything to any one but Will's brother. He had been so unassuming, and cared so little for appearances, and Will had cared so much. Ernest was an excellent business man; he did the thinking, Will did the talking; Will used all of his ideas as if they were his own and transacted business for his father in an easy, off-hand way, forgetting to mention that Ernest had spent hours of thought and study before the line of action had been decided upon. It had been the same when they were children. Ernest read a book carefully; Will read a criticism on it, combined it with Ernest's opinion and carried on brilliant conversations upon it with older people, impressing all with his remarkable mind, while Ernest sat by and said nothing.

"I am not good enough for Ruth," he said to himself. "I do not know any one who is; and I would not for the world make her think less of Will, if I thought he loved her or would make her happy; but he would not; so I intend to let her see how superficial is his knowledge, and what a shallow man he is."

When Ernest Wilson made a resolution it was as good as accomplished, but this was the most difficult undertaking of his life; for he intended not only to prove to Ruth that she was wasting her affections upon a man who cared nothing for her, but to teach his little world to speak of him as Ernest Wilson, not as any man's brother.

He was so accustomed to sit by silently when questions were discussed, knowing all the time that he had more knowledge of the subject than those who were talking, that it produced a surprise that amounted almost to a sensation when he first began to express his opinion in a modest way.

It was very hard for him, as he was not only a modest man, but a timid one as well, and had been long in the background; he succeeded well with the men, however, and, with a dogged determination to carry his resolution through, he was not willing to stop until he convinced all his friends that he had a mind and opinions of his own.

They were not so long in finding it out as he had been, fortunately, and soon he began to be spoken of as Ernest, instead of "Will's brother," or "Mr. Wilson's other son." Much of the attention he had formerly given to business he turned upon himself, to the delight of his mother, who understood him better than did any one else in the world, as is the way with mothers always, or nearly always. She encouraged him, then she went further; she dropped a word here and there of what Ernest thought; how much they relied upon his judgment, and the like, and all this time Will lingered, wondering why Ernest and his father did not help him pecuniarily, so that he could return to the city.

Lingered and made love to Ruth till he wearied of it, then made love to Ruth's friend till he wearied of that, and went back and made love to Ruth. And Ruth let him make love to her. She had been accustomed to it off and on for years, but for all that she was beginning to think.

The climax was reached when somebody gave a party. Ernest went to the city, returning in garments of the latest cut, and appearing as much at ease as Will had ever done.

"You are not enjoying yourself, Ruth," he said.

"How do you know that?" she asked, with a weary smile.

"Are you?"

"No."

"Do you want to go home?"

"Yes."

"Then come along."

A few minutes later they were walking together through the moonlight; the wind blew the brilliant autumn leaves about their feet, and they trampled down their red and gold glory into the soft earth. Ernest took the small hand that had been clinging to his arm, and said gently:

"Ruth, dear little woman, you are unhappy—breaking your heart over a young rascal who is not worth one thought from you."

"The man who is breaking my heart is worth every thought."

"Ruth," he said desperately, "let me tell you something. Will is a gentleman—I admit that. But he is not the man to make you or any woman happy. Believe me, I speak for your sake, and yours only. I am not pleading my own cause, for I learned long ago how hopeless that would be; but I have loved you always, and I cannot bear to see you throwing away the best part of your life grieving for an unworthy man."

"I tell you he is worthy."

"What do you women call a worthy man? What do you call a gentleman? If that is what you consider Will, then break your heart over your gentleman! I have done my best."

"I am not breaking my heart over Will."

"Over whom, then?"

"The brother of a gentleman! Oh, Ernest!"

The tone, was it, or the look she gave him out there under the stars? But in some way he understood at last, and he clasped her to his heart and thanked God with a voice that had tears in it for this great blessing that had come into his life.—Yonkers Statesman.

MEALS COST TOO MUCH.

Railroads to Substitute the "Pay-for-What-You-Eat" Plan.

According to F. W. Buskirk, assistant general passenger agent of the Erie, railroads soon will have to drop the $1 flat price for a meal in the dining-car. He bases this prediction on his experience when he exhibited one of the new trains of the Erie, which are to run between Cleveland and New York. One of the features of the new equipment is a Parisian cafe service, a sort of a compromise between the table d'hote served for a dollar bill on dining-cars, and the canned-goods delivery found in buffet service. He also cited the success which attends the a la carte service recently put on dining-cars by the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, and other Western roads.

"People want to pay for what they eat," said Mr. Buskirk. "They do not want to pay an even dollar for a bowl of soup and a slice of rhubarb pie, but they are willing to pay $2, if the sum of their order amounts to that much. Some of the roads are beginning to recognize that little fact, and before long you will see the dining-car methods changed considerably. When dining-cars were novelties it was all well enough to charge $1 for a full meal or a snack; but dining-cars to-day are essential parts of the equipment of every well-regulated railroad. The dining-cars have lost the charm of novelty, and passengers are becoming critical. The Erie, I think, has struck a happy medium in its cafe service. Such a service, of course, is unsuited for long trips, but is admirable for such runs as the Cleveland-New York run on our line.

"This cafe service is elastic. One can get a full meal or one can get a sandwich and a bottle of beer, and pays for just what he gets. The luncheon or meal is served on little tables which are movable, and one end of the car is reserved for men who want to smoke after eating. If a young man or woman wants to give a chafing-dish party at the rate of fifty miles an hour, the chafing-dish and ingredients required are at hand, and the young person can try his hand at a Welsh rarebit, lobster a la Newburg, or what not. But the feature in the service which meets the requirements of the traveling public is found in the pay-for-what-you-get plan, and this plan will be adopted by all first-class lines before long, for the American people have never taken kindly to the table d'hote scheme. Railroads will be gainers, because hundreds of passengers are deterred from entering a dining-car from the fact that it means $1 if only a sandwich and a cup of coffee are ordered."

Why Snow Is White.

The pure white luster of snow is due to the fact that all the elementary colors of light are blended together in the radiance thrown off from the surface of the crystal. It is quite possible to examine the individual snow crystals in such a way as to detect these several colors before they are mingled together to constitute the compound impression of whiteness upon the eye. The soft whiteness of the snow is also in some degree attributable to the large quantity of air entangled amid the frozen particles. Snow is composed of a great number of minute crystals, more than a thousand distinct forms of which have been enumerated by various observers. These crystals and prisms reflect all the compound rays of which white light consists. Sheets of snow on the ground are known to reflect beautiful pink and blue tints under certain angles of sunshine, and to fling back so much light as to be painful to the eyes.

Most Blase Man.

Another of the pretty sisters of the Queen of Wurtemberg is soon to marry. The betrothal is announced of Princess Adelaide of Schaumburg-Lippe to Prince Ernest of Saxe-Altenburg, the heir presumptive to the sovereign duchy of that name. The reigning duke has no male issue and the heir to the throne is his only brother, Moritz, father of Prince Ernest. Prince Moritz, who is about 67, is called "the most blase man in Europe," and although in perfect physical condition, stays in bed for weeks at a time, simply because, to use his own words, "there was nothing worth getting up for." Under the circumstances it is probable that when his elder brother, the duke, who is reported very ill, dies, he will abandon his rights of succession to his only son on the ground that it would be "too much of a bore" to reign.

Losses in Battle.

Italy had 10,450 white troops engaged at Adava; of these 3,097 were killed in the battle.

If the angel Gabriel has enterprise, he will take kinetoscope pictures of the way the graves yawn on that noted horn-blowing event.

Some people are so polite that they are dishonest.

THE GOUT OF A KING.

WHY THE PHYSICIANS COULD NOT CURE IT.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Shows the Mistake of Shutting Out God from the Realm of Pharmacy and Therapeutics—A Benediction for Doctors.

Discourse to Doctors.

It is not often that men of one profession have much encouragement for men of another profession, but this sermon, prepared by Dr. Talmage, contains enthusiastic words of a clergyman to physicians. The text is II. Chronicles xvi., 12, 13, "And Asa, in the thirty and ninth year of his reign, was diseased in his feet until his disease was exceeding great; yet in his disease he sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians. And Asa slept with his fathers."

At this season of the year, when medical colleges of all schools of medicine are giving diplomas to young doctors, and at the capital and in many of the cities medical associations are assembling to consult about the advancement of the interests of their profession, I feel this discourse is appropriate.

In my text is King Asa with the gout. High living and no exercise have vitiated his blood, and my text presents him with his inflamed and bandaged feet on an ottoman. In defiance of God, whom he hated, he sends for certain conjurors or quacks. They come and give him all sorts of lotions and panaceas. They bleed him. They sweat him. They manipulate him. They blister him. They poultice him. They scarify him. They drug him. They cut him. They kill him. He was only a young man, and had a disease which, though very painful, seldom proves fatal to a young man, and he ought to have got well, but he fell a victim to charlatanry and empiricism. "And Asa in the thirty and ninth year of his reign was diseased in his feet, until his disease was exceeding great; yet in his disease he sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians. And Asa slept with his fathers." That is, the doctors killed him.

In this sharp and graphic way the Bible sets forth the truth that you have no right to shut God out from the realm of pharmacy and therapeutics. If Asa had said: "O Lord, I am sick. Bless the instrumentality employed for my recovery!" "Now, servant, go and get the best doctor you can find"—he would have recovered. In other words, the world wants divinely directed physicians. There are a great many such. The diplomas they received from the academies of medicine were nothing compared with the diploma they received from the Head Physician of the universe on the day when they started out and he had said to them: "Go heal the sick, and cast out the devils of pain, and open the blind eyes, and unstop the deaf ears." God bless the doctors all the world over, and let all the hospitals and dispensaries and infirmaries and asylums and domestic circles of the earth respond, "Amen."

Balm in Gilead.

Men of the medical profession we often meet in the home of distress. We shake hands across the cradle of agonized infancy. We join each other in an attempt at solace where the paroxysm of grief demands an anodyne as well as a prayer. We look into each other's sympathetic faces through the dusk as the night of death is falling in the sick room. We do not have to climb over any barrier to-day in order to greet each other, for our professions are in full sympathy. You, doctor, are our first and last earthly friend. You stand at the gates of life when we enter this world and you stand at the gates of death when we go out of it. In the closing moments of our earthly existence, when the hand of the wife, or mother, or sister, or daughter shall hold our right hand, it will give strength to our dying moments if we can feel the tips of your fingers along the pulse of the left wrist. We do not meet to-day, as on other days, in houses of distress, but by the pleasant altars of God, and I propose a sermon of helpfulness and good cheer. As in the nursery children sometimes re-enact all the scenes of the sick room, so to-day you play that you are the patient and that I am the physician, and take my prescription just once. It shall be a tonic, a sedative, a dietetic, a disinfectant, a stimulus and an anodyne at the same time. "Is there not balm in Gilead? Is there not a physician there?"

In the first place, I think all the medical profession should become Christians because of the debt of gratitude they owe to God for the honor he has put upon their calling. No other calling in all the world, except it be that of the Christian ministry, has received so great an honor as yours. Christ himself was not only preacher, but physician, surgeon, aurist, ophthalmologist, and under his mighty power optic and auditory nerve thrilled with light and sound, and catalepsy arose from its fit, and the club foot was straightened, and anchylosis went out of the stiffened tendons, and the foaming maniac became placid as a child, and the streets of Jerusalem became an extemporized hospital crowded with convalescent victims of casualty and invalidism. All ages have woven the garland for the doctor's brow.

Public Hygiene.

The medical profession steps into the court room, and after conflicting witnesses have left everything in a fog, by chemical analyses shows the guilt or innocence of the prisoner, as by mathematical demonstration, thus adding honors to medical jurisprudense.

This profession has done wonders for public hygiene! How often they have stood between this nation and Asiatic cholera, and the yellow fever! The monuments in Greenwood and Mount Auburn and Laurel Hill tell something of the story of those men who stood face to face with pestilence in Southern cities, until, staggering in their own sickness, they stumbled across the corpses of those whom they had come to save. This profession has been the successful advocate of ventilation, sewerage, drainage and fumigation, until their sentiments were well expressed by Lord Palmerston when he said to the English nation at the time a fast had been proclaimed to keep off a great pestilence: "Clean your streets or death will ravage, notwithstanding all the prayers of this nation. Clean your streets, and then call on God for help."

See what this profession has done for human longevity. There was such a fearful subtraction from human life that there was a prospect that within a few centuries this world would be left almost inhabitantless. Adam started with a whole eternity of earthly existence before him, but by cut off the most of it and only comparatively few years were left—only 700 years of life, and then 500, and then 400, and then 200, and then 100, and then 50, and then the average of human life came to 40, and then it dropped to 18. But medical science came in, and since the sixteenth century the average of human life has risen from 18 years to 44, and it will continue to rise until the average of human life will be 50, and it will be 60, and it will be 70, and a man will have no right to die before 80, and the prophecy of Isaiah will be literally fulfilled, "And the child shall die 100 years old." The millennium for the souls of men will be the millennium for the bodies of men. Sin done, disease will be done—the clergyman and the physician getting through with their work at the same time.

The Dispensaries.

But it seems to me that the most beautiful benediction of the medical profession has been dropped upon the poor. No excuse now for any one's not having scientific attendance. Dispensaries and infirmaries everywhere under the control of the best doctors, some of them poorly paid, some of them not paid at all. A half starved woman comes out from the low tenement house into the dispensary and unwraps the rags from her babe, a bundle of ulcers and rheum and pustules, and over that little sufferer bends the accumulated wisdom of the ages from Aesculapius down to the last week's autopsy. In one dispensary in one year 150,000 prescriptions were issued. Why do I show you what God has allowed this profession to do? Is it to stir up your vanity? Oh, no. The day has gone by for pompous doctors, with conspicuous gold-headed canes and powdered wigs, which were the accompaniments in the days when the barber used to carry through the streets of London Dr. Brockelsby's wig, to the admiration and awe of the people, saying: "Make way. Here comes Dr. Brockelsby's wig." No, I announce these things not only to increase the appreciation of laymen in regard to the work of physicians, but to stir in the hearts of the men of the medical profession a feeling of gratitude to God that they have been allowed to put their hand to such a magnificent work and that they have been called into such illustrious company. Have you never felt a spirit of gratitude for this opportunity? Do you not feel thankful now? Then I am afraid, doctor, you are not a Christian, and that the old proverb which Christ quoted in his sermon may be appropriate to you, "Physician, heal thyself."

Another reason why I think the medical profession ought to be Christians is because there are so many trials and annoyances in that profession that need positive Christian solace. I know you have the gratitude of a great many good people, and I know it must be a grand thing to walk intelligently through the avenues of human life and with anatomic skill poise yourself on the nerves and fibers which cross and recross this wonderful physical system. I suppose a skilled eye can see more beauty even in malformation than an architect can point out in any of his structures, though it be the very triumph of arch and plinth and abacus. But how many annoyances and trials the medical profession have! Dr. Rush used to say, in his valedictory address to the students of the medical college, "Young gentlemen, have two pockets—a small pocket and a big pocket; a small pocket in which to put your fees, a large pocket in which to put your annoyances."

A Doctor's Sacrifices.

In the first place, the physician has no Sabbath. Busy merchants and lawyers and mechanics cannot afford to be sick during the secular week, and so they nurse themselves along with lozenges and horehound candy until Sabbath morning comes, and then they say, "I must have a doctor." And that spoils the Sabbath morning church service for the physician. Besides that, there are a great many men who dine but once a week with their families. During the secular days they take a hasty lunch at the restaurant, and on the Sabbath they make up for their six days' abstinence by especial gormandizing, which before night makes their amazed digestive organs cry out for a doctor. And that spoils the evening church service for the physician.

Then they are annoyed by people coming too late. Men wait until the last fortress of physical strength is taken and death has dug around it the trench of the grave, and then they run for the doctor. The slight fever which might have been cured with a footbath has become virulent typhus, and the hacking cough, killing pneumonia. As though a captain should sink his ship off Amagansett, and then put ashore in a yawl and then come to New York to the marine office and want to get his vessel insured. Too late for the ship, too late for the patient.

Then there are many who always blame the doctor because the people die, forgetting the Divine enactment, "It is appointed unto all men once to die." The father in medicine who announced the fact that he had discovered the art by which to make men in this world immortal himself died at 47 years of age, showing that immortality was less than half a century for him. Oh, how easy it is, when people die, to cry out, "Malpractice." Then the physician must bear with all the whims, and the sophistries, and the deceptions, and the stratagems, and the irritations of the shattered nerves and the beclouded brains of women, and more especially of men, who never know how gracefully to be sick, and who with their salivated mouth curse the doctor, giving him his dues, as they say—about the only dues he will in that case collect. The last bill that is paid is the doctor's bill. It seems so incoherent for a restored patient, with ruddy cheeks and rotund form, to be bothered with a bill charging him for old calomel and jalap. The physicians of this country do more missionary work without charge than all the other professions put together. From the concert room, from the merry party, from the comfortable couch on a cold night, when the thermometer is 5 degrees below zero, the doctor must go right away; he always must go right away. To keep up under this nervous strain, to go through this night work, to bear all these annoyances, many physicians have resorted to strong drink and perished. Others have appealed to God for sympathy and help and have lived. Which were the wise doctors, judge ye?

Piety and Medical Skill.

Again, the medical profession ought to be Christian because there are professional exigencies when they need God. Asa's destruction by unblessed physicians was a warning. There are awful crises in every medical practice when a doctor ought to know how to pray. All the hosts of ills will sometimes hurl themselves on the weak points of the physical organism, or with equal ferocity will assault the entire line of susceptibility to suffering. The next dose of medicine will decide whether or not the happy home shall be broken up. Shall it be this medicine or that medicine? God help the doctor. Between the five drops and the ten drops may be the question of life or death. Shall it be the five or the ten drops? Be careful how you put that knife through those delicate portions of the body, for if it swing out of the way the sixth part of an inch the patient perishes. Under such circumstances a physician needs not so much consultation with men of his own calling as he needs consultation with that God who strung the nerves and built the cells and swung the crimson tide through the arteries. You wonder why the heart throbs—why it seems to open and shut. There is no wonder about it. It is God's hand shutting, opening, shutting, opening, on every heart. When a man comes to doctor the eye, he ought to be in communication with him who said to the blind, "Receive thy sight." When a doctor comes to treat a paralytic arm, he ought to be in communication with him who said, "Stretch forth thy hand, and he stretched it forth." When a man comes to doctor a bad case of hemorrhage, he needs to be in communication with him who cured the issue of blood, saying, "Thy faith hath saved thee."

I do not mean to say that piety will make up for medical skill. A bungling doctor, confounded with what was not a very bad case, went into the next room to pray. A skilled physician was called in. He asked for the first practitioner. "Oh," they said, "he's in the next room praying." "Well," said the skilled doctor, "tell him to come out here and help. He can pray and work at the same time." It was all in that sentence. Do the best we can and ask God to help us. There are no two men in all the world, it seems to me, that so much need the grace of God as the minister who doctors the sick soul and the physician who prescribes for the diseased body.

Christian Usefulness.

Another reason why the medical profession ought to be Christians is because there opens before them such a grand field for Christian usefulness. You see so many people in pain, in trouble, in bereavement. You ought to be the voice of heaven to their souls. Old Dr. Gasherie De Witt, a practitioner of New York, told me in his last days, "I always present the religion of Christ to my patients, either directly or indirectly, and I find it is almost always acceptable." Drs. Abercrombie and Brown of Scotland, Drs. Hey and Fothergill of England and Dr. Rush of our own country were celebrated for their faithfulness in that direction. "Oh," says the medical profession, "that is your occupation; that belongs to the clergy, not to us." My brother, there are severe illnesses in which you will not admit even the clergy, and that patient's salvation will depend upon your faithfulness. With the medicine for the body in one hand and the medicine for the soul in the other, oh, what a chance! There lies a dying Christian on the pillow. You need to hold over him the lantern of the gospel until its light streams across the pathway of the departing pilgrim, and you need to cry into the dull ear of death, "Hark to the song of heaven's welcome that comes stealing over the waters." There lies on the pillow a dying sinner. All the morphine that you brought with you cannot quiet him. Terror in the face. Terror in the heart. How he jerks himself up on one elbow and looks wildly into your face and says: "Doctor, I can't die. I am not ready to die. What makes it so dark? Doctor, can you pray?" Blessed for you and blessed for him if then you can kneel down and say: "O God, I have done the best I could to cure this man's body and I have failed! Now I commit to thee his poor, suffering and affrighted soul. Open paradise to his departing spirit."

But I must close, for there may be suffering men and women waiting in your office, or on the hot pillow, wondering why you don't come. But before you go, O doctors, hear my prayer for your eternal salvation. Blessed will be the reward in heaven for the faithful Christian physician. Some day, through overwork, or from bending over a patient and catching his contagious breath, the doctor comes home and he lies down faint and sick. He is too weary to feel his own pulse or take the diagnosis of his own complaint. He is worn out. The fact is his work on earth is ended. Tell those people in the office there they need not wait any longer; the doctor will never go there again. He has written his last prescription for the alleviation of human pain. The people will run up his front steps and inquire, "How is the doctor to-day?" All the sympathies of the neighborhood will be aroused, and there will be many prayers that he who has been so kind to the sick may be comforted in his last pang. It is all over now. In two or three days, his convalescent patients, with shawls wrapped around them, will come to the front window and look out at the passing hearse, and the poor of the city, barefooted and bareheaded, will stand on the street corner, saying, "Oh, how good he was to us all!" But on the other side of the river of death some of his old patients, who are forever cured, will come out to welcome him, and the Physician of heaven, with locks as white as snow, according to the apocalyptic vision, will come out and say: "Come in, come in. I was sick and ye visited me!"

Short Sermons.

Matter and Spirit.—This is one universe, one law, one life, one element. The old antagonism between matter and spirit is fading away; in their ultimate forms they are one.—Rev. Minot J. Savage, Unitarian, New York City.

Immortality.—The immortality of the soul makes it the great masterpiece of the Creator. Heaven and earth may pass away, but the spark of eternal life given to each human being will last for all time. Consequently although we obtain worldly wealth, and honor, and glory, we still are dissatisfied, unless we are at peace with Almighty God.—Rev. J. F. McGinty, Catholic, San Francisco, Cal.

Things That Last.—There is nothing lasting but truth, goodness, love—the abstract virtues. Power, wealth, fame—all pass away. Man thinks to accomplish great achievements, to build houses, to construct railways, to flash his thoughts and words across land and seas, to build cities and conquer empires, but at the end he is taken away, his body returns to the dust, and his labors are for him as if they had never been.—Rev. John Hemphill, Presbyterian, San Francisco, Cal.

An aristocracy of wealth is of more harm and danger than benefit to society.