

BY THE WAYSIDE

Little way, my dearie, In the world's gloom or gleam; A few feet years of smiles and tears, And then—the last, sweet dream.

SUSPENDED ANIMATION.



HEY had been the fondest of lovers once—before her sudden fancy for a "life work" and a "career" had postponed the wedding day indefinitely—and the aroma of the experience still lingered, with a vague, illusory sweetness in his memory.

They had parted then, with ostentatious and studied coolness so far as outward appearance went, but with surreptitious and intense bitterness upon his part, and keen, if suppressed, regret upon hers.

"You will take in, Miss Winston, please," their hostess remarked, a trifle hurriedly, as the young man entered the drawing room just in time to hear the announcement that dinner was served.

"Yes, we have met before," was his bold reply, given with embarrassed hesitation as Mrs. Dudley looked questioningly from one to the other.

"Yes, indeed? We were quite intimate once," she said, sweetening the commonplace words with the brilliant impersonal smile she had adopted as part of her professional outfit, and which was so widely and intrinsically different from the frank and unstudied smile of the girl he remembered.

"She laid her fingers lightly on his arm as their hostess fluttered away, and they walked out to the dining room together in due course and order; but neither spoke again until the soup had been disposed of and the fish was well under way.

"Then—"You are greatly changed," he blurted out, feeling that courtesy imperatively demanded an utterance of some kind, and hardly knowing what to say.

"Yes, I have changed much, I suppose," she returned, fingering her fork with just a touch of nervousness. "I have been working hard for some years, you know, and steady, earnest work almost transforms one, I think. Besides, it is over seven years since we last met, is it not? I was very young then."

"You were just 20," trembled upon his lips, but he suppressed it. He was by no means certain as to the precise amount of personal conversation she would allow. But presently, as he made no audible reply, she spoke again.

"In fact"—with that nervous action of the fork and fingers—"I have changed so much since that time that I am hardly the same person at all. The

girl you knew," with sudden decision, "died a long time ago." "She was a very dear little girl," he exclaimed tenderly, without stopping to think. But, somewhat to his surprise, she neither reproved him nor looked indignant. Instead, he could have sworn that her voice trembled a little as she uttered her calm and judicious reply.

"Yes," she responded with unexpected gentleness and acquiescence, "I think she was. She has been dead so long, you see, I can speak of her just as though she had never belonged to me at all, and I really do think she was a nice little thing. So faithful to the ridiculous little ideals that seemed of such vital importance to her, I am surprised now, when I think of her occasionally, to remember how really good she was, or tried to be, and really, I am fond of her memory, too. Would you believe," turning upon him impulsively, with a smile and glance so precisely like those of the girl under discussion that he started involuntarily, "that I, practicing physician and surgeon the fabled that she laid an unnecessary if slight emphasis upon the last four words, within two milestones of my thirtieth birthday, would be foolish enough to do as I did yesterday? I came accidentally upon the satin slippers I wore at—at that ball, you know, just before—well, a long time ago—"

"Just seven years," he interrupted, softly; but she did not recognize the interruption, and only went on with heightened color.

"And put them on to see how my feet would look in them now. Why, I haven't worn satin slippers or danced for an age. And I fancy I almost dropped a tear over the pretty, foolish things. What do you think of that, and I, a practicing physician for nearly four years?"

"You are a physician, then? You took your degree?" he queried gently, refusing to notice either the palpable and defiant challenge of her manner or the unstudied confession, and quite un mindful of the fact that he was perfectly aware of her professional status and could even have named the date and place of her graduation. "Well, well, I can hardly grasp it. It seems so astonishing somehow. I cannot fancy the dear little girl we were talking about taking up a profession of that kind. She was such a dear, timid little thing. Not so brilliant as you, of course, but so tender and loving. She could never have borne to inflict pain—physical pain at least—upon others, even if it had been for their ultimate good. She—"

"I took up the work because it was the hardest for me of anything I could imagine, and I fancied it noble—then—to compel myself to do the things you shrank from, whether other people suffered with you or not," she broke in impulsively, with a smile of mingled pity and regret for the girl who had passed through this state of mind. "It hurts me to conduct or witness an operation even now," she added.

"She was so tender-hearted and affectionate," he went on quietly, tacitly declining to recognize or accept any explanation which she might offer, "and she would have made—you don't mind my speaking familiarly of her now that she is dead? No? Then I will go on. She would have made such a lovable wife for some lucky fellow if she had only lived. The man whom she married could not have helped being happy, and a fairly good fellow, even if he had tried. Her love," lowering his head and voice reverently as he uttered the word, "would have constrained him to right ways even against his will—her love and her beauty. Those starry, earnest eyes of hers seemed to look one's soul through and through and find out only the goodness in it all. She was too pure and innocent to see anything but good, dear little saint. It is not often that one sees or knows such a perfect woman as she would have made, I have never met with such another," he finished.

"The girl—she was nothing but a girl still, in spite of her 27 years and her physician's diploma—looked down at her hands in silence as the roast was served, and his glance followed hers. They were beautiful hands, smooth, white and well shaped, but—the girl of whom they had been speaking possessed hands like those of a little child, and he missed the rosy dimples which used to crown the juncture of each slender finger with the dainty palm. Perhaps the woman beside him divined and resented it. At all events she withdrew the altered hands into her lap and faced him with all the tender softness of the last few moments banished, and with the newer air showing forth again.

"She must have been delightful indeed. I am glad to have had the privilege of knowing her," she exclaimed sarcastically, "even if, at the time of our acquaintance, I did not realize one-tenth of the loveliness and saintliness which she possessed. But unfortunately," her voice growing harder and colder as she went on, and the professional smile appearing brilliantly again, "like all the other paragons and saints, she is dead. And in her place," she continued with a defiant air, "you behold Dr. Helen Winston."

He bowed ceremoniously, and as though to a new acquaintance; she colored indignantly.

upon rare occasions that I drop my workaday name and attire for a few hours, and become somewhat of a butterfly again. For the girl, you know, who loved social festivities so dearly"—dropping a little of her defiant manner and ceasing to talk against time as her cheeks grew colder—"is dead."

He did not reply, and there was silence between them for some time. The dessert had been nearly disposed of before he broke it.

"Do you believe in the resurrection of the dead?" he then asked, with a suddenness purposely startling; and the girl supposed to be so long buried rose up unmistakably in her eyes as they turned swiftly and full of unshed tears upon him.

"What?" she gasped, in breathless astonishment. "What do you mean?" Then she flushed with anger.

"Not in this life," she cried, with sharp emphasis; but he saw, or fancied he saw, the trace of a tear on the bright cheek nearest to him, and was in no wise daunted by her wrathful and chilling manner.

"Have you ever," he persisted, watching her with keen scrutiny as he spoke, "in the course of your professional and scientific observations, come across such a thing as a case of suspended animation or supposed death?"

"And this time he was certain that the vivid blush which reminded him so irresistibly of the girl whom they had been discussing was accompanied by a fear. He saw it fall from her cheek to the napkin in her lap; and his heart leaped for joy.

But her reply was long in coming, and the rising signal of the hostess, given just as she struggled for words in which to frame it, saved her from the necessity of making it at all. He held the door open for her to pass through in silence, noticing, as he did so, the long richly colored velvet robe, so exceedingly unlike the fluffy white-ness of that other girl's holiday attire—and in another moment repeating his unanswerable question to himself, as he made his way back to the table.

Possibly, however, he propounded it again later in the evening with better success. Anyhow, early the next morning, the chum who shared his confidence and his apartments found him dreaming over a cigar with a smile so blissfully happy that he yielded, for once, to a most unmaidenly curiosity.

"So you took Dr. Winston out to dinner?" he remarked. "And what, I wonder, did you find to talk about?"

The other smiled again; his voice, too, was strangely tender and youthful as he made reply.

"She told me how completely dead her old self—the self that I used to know—was," he answered, "and I—agreed with her."

"The listener gave an exclamation of impatience.

"Well," he ejaculated, "I must say that you chose an exhilarating subject for conversation, after all those years. And I must say, too, that for a man who used to be too precious fond of that old self of hers you are looking strangely joyous after the funeral."



IN this sermon of Dr. Talmage the character of a wise, sympathetic and self-denying sister is set forth as an example, and the story will set hundreds of men to thinking over old times; text, Exodus iii, 4. "And his sister stood afar off to see what would be done to him."

Princess Thermutis, daughter of Pharaoh, looking out through the lattice of her bathing house, on the banks of the Nile, saw a curious boat on the river. It had neither oar nor helm, and they would have been useless anyhow. There was only one passenger and that a baby boy.

But the Mayflower, that brought the pilgrim fathers to America, carried not so precious a load. The boat was made of the broad leaves of papyrus, lashed together by bitumen. Boats were sometimes made of that material, as we learn from Pliny and Herodotus and Theophrastus.

"Kill all the Hebrew children born," had been Pharaoh's order. To save her boy, Jochebed, the mother of little Moses, hid him in that queer boat and launched him. His sister Miriam stood on the bank watching that precious craft. She was far enough off not to draw attention to the boat, but near enough to offer protection. There she stands on the bank—Miriam, the priestess, Miriam, the quick-witted, Miriam, the faithful, though very human, for in after time she demonstrated it.

Miriam was a splendid sister, but had her faults, like all the rest of us. How carefully she watched the boat containing her brother! A strong wind might upset it. The buffaloes often found their might in a sudden plunge of their sink it. Some- times water fowl might swoop and pick his eyes out with iron beak. Some crocodiles or hippopotamuses—creeping through the rushes might crush the babe. Miriam watched and watched until Princess Thermutis, a maiden on each side of her building palm leaves over her head to shelter her from the sun, came down and entered her bathing house. When from the lattice she saw that boat, she ordered it brought, and when the leaves were pulled back from the face of the child and the boy looked up he cried aloud, for he was hungry and frightened and would not even let the princess take him. The infant would rather starve hungry than acknowledge any one of the court as mother.

Now Miriam, the sister, incoherent, no one suspecting her relation to the child, hops from the bank and rushes down and offers to get a nurse to nurse the child. Consent is given, and she brings Jochebed, the baby's mother, incoherent, none of the court knowing that she was the mother, and when Jochebed arrived the child stopped crying, for its fright was calmed and its hunger appeased. You may admire Jochebed, the mother, and all the ages may admire Moses, but I clap my hands in applause at the behavior of Miriam, the faithful, brilliant and strategic sister.

A Nonsuch in History. "Go home," some one might have said to Miriam. "Why risk yourself out there alone on the banks of the Nile, breathing the miasma and in danger of being attacked of wild beast or ruffian? Go home!" No. Miriam, the sister, more lovingly watched and more devotedly defended Moses, the child, than either his mother or nurse. Oh, yes; the sixty centuries of the world's history have never had so much involved in the arrival of that papyrus boat calked with bitumen! His one passenger was to be a nonsuch in history—lawyer, statesman, politician, legislator, organizer, conqueror, deliverer. He had such remarkable beauty in childhood that, Josephus says, when he was carried along the road people stopped to gaze at him and workmen would leave their work to admire him. When the king playfully put his crown upon this boy, he threw it off indignantly and put his foot on it.

The king, feeling that this might be a sign that the child might yet take down his crown, applied another test. According to the Jewish legend, the king ordered two bowls to be put before the child, one containing rubies and the other burning coals, and if he took the coals he was to die. For some reason the child took one of the coals and put it in his mouth, so that his life was spared, although it burned the tongue till he was indistinct of utterance ever after. Having come to manhood, he spread open the palms of his hands in prayer, and the Red Sea parted to let 2,000,000 people escape. And he put the palms of his hands together in prayer, and the Red Sea closed on a straggled host.

Miriam the Faithful. Oh, was not Miriam, the sister of Moses, doing a good thing, an important thing, a glorious thing when she watched the boat woven of river plants and made afloat with rowing, carrying its one passenger? Did she not put all the ages of time and of a coming eternity under obligation when she defended her helpless brother from the perils aquatic, reptilian and ravenous? She it was that brought that wonderful babe and his mother together, so that he was reared to be the deliverer of his nation, when otherwise, if saved at all from the rushes of the Nile, he would have been only one more of the God-defying pharaohs; for Princess Thermutis of the bathing house would have inherited the crown of Egypt, and as she had no child of her own this adopted child would have come to coronation. Had there been no Miriam there would have been no Moses. What a guardian for faithful sisterhood! For how many a lawyer and how many a hero and how many a deliverer and how many a saint are the world and the church indebted to a watchful, loving, faithful, godly sister? Come up out of the farm- houses, come up out of the inconspicuous

THE ELDER SISTER'S GUIDING HAND.

homes, come up from the banks of the Hudson and Penobscot and the Savannah and the Mobile and the Mississippi and all the other Niles of America, and let us see you, the Miriams who watched and protected the leaders in law and medicine and merchandise and art and agriculture and mechanics and religion! If I should ask all physicians and attorneys and mercantile men of all professions and trades who are indebted to an elder sister for good influences and perhaps for an education or a prosperous start to let it be known, hundreds would testify. God knows how many of our Greek lexicons and how much of our schoolings were paid for by the replenishing of a sister's wardrobe. While the brother sailed off for a resounding sphere, the sister watched him from the banks of self-denial.

The Elder Sister's Guiding Hand. Miriam was the eldest of the family; Moses and Aaron, her brothers, were younger. Oh, the power of the elder sister to help decide the brother's character for usefulness and for heaven! She can keep off from her brother more evils than Miriam could have driven back water fowl or crocodile from the ark of bulrushes. The elder sister decides the direction in which the crafty boat shall sail. By gentleness, by good sense, by Christian principle she can turn it toward the palace, not of a wicked Pharaoh, but of a holy God, and a brighter princess than Thermutis should lift him out of peril, even religion, whose ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace. The elder sister, how much the world owes her! Born while yet the family was in limited circumstances, she had to hold and take care of her younger brothers. And if there is anything that excites my sympathy it is a little girl lugging round a great fat child and getting her ears boxed because she cannot keep him quiet. By the time she gets to young womanhood she is pale and worn out and her attractiveness has been sacrificed on the altar of sisterly fidelity, and she is assigned to cadavery, and society calls her by an unflattering name, but in heaven they call her Miriam. In most families the two most undesirable pieces in the record of births are the first and the last—the first because she is worn out with the cares of a home that cannot afford to hire help, and the last because she is spoiled as a pet. Among the grandest equips that sweep through the streets of heaven will be those equipped by sisters who sacrificed themselves for brothers. They will have the finest of the Apocryptic white horses, and many who on earth looked down upon them will have to turn out to let them pass, the charioter crying: "Clear the way! A queen is coming!"

Blessing or Curse. Let sisters not begrudge the time and care bestowed on a brother. It is hard to believe that any boy that you know so well as your brother can ever turn out anything very useful. Well, he may not be a Moses. There is only one of that kind needed for 6,000 years. But I tell you what your brother will be—either a blessing or a curse to society and a candidate for happiness or wretchedness. He will, like Moses, have the choice between rubies and living coals, and your influence will have much to do with his decision. He may not, like Moses, be the deliverer of a nation, but he may, after your father and mother are gone, be the deliverer of a household. What thousands of homes today are piloted by brothers! There are properties now well invested and yielding income for the support of sisters and younger brother because the elder brother rose to the leadership from the day the father lay down to die. Whatever you do for your brothers will come back to you again. If you set him an ill-natured, censorious, unaccommodating example, it will recoil upon you from his own irritated and despondent nature. If you, by patience with his infirmities and by nobility of character, dwell with him in the few years of your companionship, you will have your counsel reflected back upon you some day by his splendor of behavior in some crisis where he would have failed but for you.

Don't snub him. Don't depreciate his ability. Don't talk discouragingly about his future. Don't let Miriam get down off the bank of the Nile and wade out and upset the ark of bulrushes. Don't tease him. Brothers and sisters do not consider it any harm to tease. That spirit abroad in the family is one of the meanest and most devilish. There is a teasing that is pleasurable and is only another form of innocent rivalry, but that which provokes and irritates and makes the eye flash with anger is to be reprehended. It would be less blameworthy to take a bunch of thorns and draw them across your sister's cheek or to take a knife and draw its sharp edge across your brother's hand till the blood spurts, for that would damage only the body, but teasing is the thorn and the knife scratching and lacerating the disposition and the soul. It is the curse of innumerable households that the brothers tease the sisters and the sisters the brothers. Sometimes it is the color of the hair, or the shape of the features or an affair of the heart. Sometimes it is by revealing a secret or by a suggestive look or a guzzle or an "Ahem!" "Teasel, Teasel, Teasel!" For mercy's sake, quit it. Christ says, "He that hateth his brother, make your brother or sister hate, you turn him or her into a murderer or murderer."

Beware of Jealousy. Don't let jealousy ever touch a sister's soul, as it so often does, because her brother gets more honor or more means. Even Miriam, the heroine of the text, was struck by that evil passion of jealousy. She had possessed unlimited influence over Moses, and now he married, and not only so, but married a black woman from Ethiopia, and Miriam is so disgusted and outraged at Moses, first because he had married at all, and next because he had married niece-geration, that she is drawn into a frenzy, and then begins to turn white and gets white as a corpse and then whiter than a corpse. Her complexion is like chalk—the fact is, she has the Egyptian leprosy. And now the brother whom she had defended on the Nile comes to her rescue in a prayer that brings her restoration. Let there be no room in all your house for jealousy either to sit or stand. It is a leprous abomination. Your brother's success, O sisters, is your success! His victories will be

your victories. For while Moses the brother led the vocal music after the crossing of the Red Sea, Miriam the sister, with two sheets of shining brass uplifted and glittering in the sun, led the instrumental music, clapping the cymbals till the last frightened neigh of pursuing cavalry horses was smothered in the wave and the last Egyptian helmet went under.

Do Your Part. If you only knew it, your interests are identical. Of all the families of the earth that ever stood together perhaps the most conspicuous is the family of the Rothschilds. As Mayer Anselm Rothschild was about to die, in 1812, he gathered his children about him—Anselm, Solomon, Nathan, Charles and James—and made them promise that they would always be united on "Change. Obeying that injunction, they have been the mightiest commercial power on earth, and at the raising or lowering of their puppet nations have risen or fallen. That illustrates how much, on a large scale and for selfish purposes, a united family may achieve. But suppose the object is not doing good and making a mental impression, and raising the sinking world, how much more ennobling! Sister, you do your part and brother will do his part. If Miriam will lovingly watch the leopards on the Nile, Moses will help her when leopards disperse strike.

When father and mother are gone—and they soon will be, if they have not already made exit—the sisterly and fraternal bond will be the only ligament that will hold the family together. How many reasons for your deep and unflinching affection for each other! Rocked in the same cradle; bent over by the same mother's weary arm and aching brow; with common inheritance of all the family secrets and with names given you by parents who started you with the highest hopes for your happiness and prosperity, I charge you to be loving and kind and forgiving. If the sister see that the brother never wants a sympathizer, the brother will see that the sister never wants an escort. Oh, if the sisters of a household knew through what terrific and damning temptations their brother goes in this life, they would hardly sleep nights in anxiety for his salvation! And if you would make a holy conspiracy of kind words and gentle attentions and earnest prayers, that would save his soul from death and hide a multitude of sins. But let the sister dash off in one direction in discipleship of the world, and the brother flee off in another direction and dissipation, and it will not be long before they will meet again on the iron gate of despair, and their blistered feet in the hot ashes of a consumed lifetime. Alas, that brothers and sisters though living together for years very often do not know each other, and that they see only the imperfections and none of the virtues!

Know Thy Brother. General Bauer of the Russian cavalry had in early life wandered off with the army, and the family supposed he was dead. After he gained a fortune he encamped one day in Husnam, his native place, and made a banquet, and among the great military men who were to dine he invited a plain miller and his wife who lived near by and who, affrighted, came, fearing some harm would be done them. The miller and his wife were placed one on each side of the general at the table. The general asked the miller all about his family, and the miller said that he had two brothers and a sister. "No other brothers?" "My younger brother went off with the army many years ago and no doubt was long ago killed." Then the general said, "Soldiers, I am this man's younger brother, whom he thought was dead." And how fond was the cheer and how warm was the embrace!

Brother and sister, you need as much of an introduction to each other as they did. You do not know each other. You think your brother is greedy and cross and queer, and he thinks you are selfish and proud and unlovely. Both wrong. That brother will be a prince in some woman's eyes, and that sister a queen in the estimation of some man. That brother is a magnificent fellow, and that sister is a morning in June. Come, let me introduce you: "Moses, this is Miriam. Miriam, this is Moses." Add 75 per cent to your present appreciation of each other, and when you kiss good morning do not stick your cold cheek, wet from the recent washing, as though you hated to touch each other's lips in affectionate caress. Let it have all the fondness and cordiality of a loving sister's kiss.

To Part No More. Make yourself as agreeable and helpful to each other as possible, remembering that soon you part. The few years of boyhood and girlhood will soon slip by, and you will go out to homes of your own and into the battle with the world and amid ever changing vicissitudes and on paths crossed with graves and up steeply hard to climb and through shadowy ravines. But, O my God and Saviour, may the terminus of the journey be the same as the start—namely, at the father's and mother's knee, if they have inherited the kingdom. Then, as in boyhood and girlhood days, we rushed in after the day's absence with much to tell of exciting adventure, and father and mother enjoyed the recital as much as we who made it, so we shall on the hillside of heaven rehearse to them all the scenes of our earthly expedition, and they shall welcome us home, as we say, "Father and mother, we have come and brought our children with us." The old revival hymn described it with glorious repetition: Brothers and sisters there will meet, Brothers and sisters there will meet, Brothers and sisters there will meet, Will meet to part no more. Copyright, 1898.

Short Sermons. Take Away the Pain.—Let us take away the pain from the heart of God by removing it from the souls and bodies of men. Let us remember that "To lift the burden of humanity is to lift the burden of God."—Rev. C. W. Williams, Baptist, Denver, Colo.

The Truth of Christ.—Christ is the living truth, not a string of formulas intellectually perfect, however venerable. He is embodied truth, the knowledge of whom is better than the discipline of sacred metaphysics.—Rev. Dr. Barrowe, Presbyterian, Chicago, Ill.

A Vast Problem.—Every generation of the world's history is confronted by some important problem to the solution of which the best minds and the truest hearts must lend their every energy. Our time has a vast problem.—Rev. Father Ducey, Roman Catholic, New York City.