



reason why most of the European nations are not now banded together against us is because they dare not take the part of that behemoth of cruelty, the Spanish Government, against the crusade of mercy which our nation has started. Had it been on our part a war of conquest, a war of annexation, a war of aggrandizement, there would have been by this time enough flying squadrons coming to the country across the Atlantic to throw into panic every city on our American seaboard.

MOST pertinent to the exciting times through which we are now passing is this sermon of Dr. Talmage, in which he proposes to cheer the people who are saddened by the horrors of war; text, Psalms xviii, 3, "Though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident."

The ring of battle axes, and the clash of shields, and the tramp of armies, are heard all up and down the Old Testament, and you find godly soldiers like Moses and Joshua and Caleb and Gideon and scoundrelly soldiers like Sennacherib and Shalmaneser and Nebuchadnezzar. The high priest would stand at the head of the army and say, "Hear, O Israel, ye approach this day into battle against your enemies, let not your hearts faint, fear not and do not tremble, neither be ye terrified because of them." And then the officers would give command to the troops, saying: "What man is there that hath built a new house and hath not dedicated it? Let him go and return to his house, lest he die in the battle and another man take her." Great armies marched and fought. In time of Moses and Joshua all the men were soldiers. When Israel came out of Egypt, they were 600,000 fighting men. Abijah commanded 400,000, Jeroboam commanded 800,000 men, of whom 500,000 were slain in one battle. Some of these wars God approved, for they were for the rescue of oppressed nations, and some of them he denounced, but in all cases it was a judgment upon both victors and vanquished. David knew just what war was when he wrote in the text, "Though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident."

Another alleviation of this war is that it is for the advancement of the sublime principle of liberty, which will yet engulf the earth. Not only will this war free Cuba, but finally will free Spain. By what right does a dynasty like that stand, and a corrupt court dominate a people for centuries, taxing them to death, riding in gilded chariot over the necks of a beggared population? There are 10,000 boys in Spain growing up with more capacity to govern that nation than will the weak boy now in the Madrid palace ever possess. Before this conflict is over the Spanish nation will be well on toward the time when a constitutional convention will assemble to establish a free government instead of the worn-out dynasty that now afflicts the people. The liberty of all nations, transatlantic as well as disatlantic, if not already established, is on the way and it cannot be stopped.

Napoleon III, thought he had successfully driven the principle out of France when on the 24 day of December, 1851, he rode down the Champs Elysees of Paris, constitutional government seemingly crushed under the hoofs of his steed. But did it stay crushed? Let the batteries on the heights above Sedan answer, and the shout of 250,000 conquering hosts, and the letter of surrender to Emperor William tell the story. "Sir, my brother, not having been able to die in the midst of my troops it only remains for me to place my sword in your majesty's hands. I am, your majesty, your good brother, Napoleon, Sedan, 1 September, 1870." That monarchy having fallen, then the French republic resumed its march.

Reunion of North and South.

First, I find an alleviation in the fact that it has consolidated the North and the South after long continued strained relations. It is thirty-three years since our civil war closed, and the violence are all gone and the severities have been hushed. But ever and anon in oration, in sermon, in newspaper editorial, in magazine article, in political stump and in congressional hall the old sectional difference has lifted its head, and for the first time within my memory of the memory of any one who hears or reads these words the North and the South are one. By a marvelous providence the family that led in opposition to our Government thirty years ago is represented at the front in this present war. Nothing else could have done the work of unification so suddenly or so completely as this conflict. At Tampa, at Chattanooga, at Richmond and in many other places the regiments are forming, and it will be side by side, Massachusetts and Alabama, New York and Georgia, Illinois and Louisiana, Maine and South Carolina. Northern and Southern men will together unnumber the guns and rush upon the fortification and charge upon the enemy and shout the triumph. The voices of military officers who were under Sidney Johnston and Joseph Hooker will give the command on the same side, the old sectional grudges forever dead. The name of Grant on the Northern Side and of Lee on the Southern side will be exchanged for the names of Grant and Lee on the same side. The veterans in Northern and Southern homes and asylums are stretching their rheumatic limbs to see whether they can again keep step in a march and are testing their eyesight to find whether they can again look along the gun barrel to successfully take aim and fire. The old war cry of "On to Richmond!" and "On to Washington!" has become the war cry of "On to Havana!" "On to Porto Rico!" "On to the Philippine Islands!" The two old rusty swords that in other days clashed at Murfreesboro and South Mountain and Atlanta are now lifted to strike down Hispanic abominations.

A Good Beginning.

Another alleviation is that the war opens with a great victory for the United States. It took our Government four years to get over the fiasco at Bull Run. A defeat at the start of this present war would have been disastrous to the last degree and would have invited foreign intervention to stop the war before anything practical for God and humanity had been accomplished and would have prolonged the strife for which we are hoping a quick termination. In the most jubilant manner let this victory of our navy be celebrated. With the story of the exploding battleship fresh in the minds of the world, it required no ordinary courage to sail into the harbor of Manila and attack the Spanish shipping. That harbor, crowded with sunken weaponry of death—to enter it was running a risk enough to make all nations shiver. But Manila is ours, and the blow has been struck to the foundation of the palace of Madrid, and for policy's sake the doubtful nations are on our side. For Commodore Dewey and all who followed him let the whole nation utter its most resounding hurra, and, more than that, let us thank the Lord of hosts for his guiding and protecting power. "Praise ye the Lord! Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord!"

Unselfish War.

Another alleviation of the war is the fact that it is the most unselfish war of the ages. While the commercial rights of our wronged citizens will be vindicated, that is not the chief idea of this war. It is the rescue of hundreds of thousands of people from starvation and multiform maltreatment. A friend who went out under the flag of the Red Cross two years ago to assuage suffering in Armenia, and who has been on the same mission, under the same flag, in Cuba, says that the sufferings in Armenia were a comedy and a farce compared with the greater sufferings of Cuba. At least 200,000 graves are waiting to be dug and to receive the bodies of those who perished in the twentieth century crying out to the heavens: "Do you mean to pass these bones into the earth which you have dug for them? Or will you let me begin to rot in my own blood?"

Crimes Must Be Punished.

Another alleviation is in the fact that such a strictly as the destruction of 200 lives in Havana harbor is time of peace cannot with impunity be wrought in this age of the world's civilization. The question now is to see if that law of God is too well printed to need any further dissemination.

But what a small crime it was compared with the agonies putting into their graves of hundreds of thousands of Cubans or leaving them unburied for the buzzards to take care of! If Spain could destroy 200,000 men, women and children, the slaughter of 200 people was not a very great undertaking. But this one last deed will result in the liberation of Cuba, and the driving of Spain from this hemisphere and the overthrow of that Government, which will soon drop to pieces if it does not go down under bombardment of insulted nations.

There was danger that the long continued oppression of our neighbors in Cuba might be continued from generation to generation without sufficient protest on our part and the pronounced execration of the people on both sides of the Atlantic, but that bursting volcano of destruction in the harbor of Havana fired the nation and shocked the whole civilized world. All nations will learn that such an act cannot be repeated without the anathema of all Christendom. As individual criminals must be punished for the public good, and we have for them courts of eye and ear and penitentiaries and electric chairs and hangman's gallows, so governments committing high crimes against God and humanity must be scourged and hung up for the world's indignation. When in Spanish waters our battleship, looking after our commercial interests and intending nothing but quietude, was hurled into denihilation and the men on board, without time to utter one word of prayer, were dashed into the eternal world, the doom of the reigning house of Spain was pronounced in tones louder than the thunder which that night rolled out over the sea.

God is with Us.

Another alleviation is the fact that we have a God to go to in behalf of all those of our countrymen who may be in especial exposure at the front, for we must admit the peril. It is no trifling thing for 100,000 young men to be put outside of home restraints and sometimes into evil company. Many of the brave in the front are not the good of the earth. To be in the same tent with those who have no regard for God or home, to hear their holy religion sometimes slurled at, to be placed under influences calculated to make one reckless, to have no Sabbath except such Sabbath as in most encampments amounts to no Sabbath at all, to go out from homes where all sanitary laws are observed into surroundings where questions of health are never discussed, to invade climes where pestilence holds possession, to make long marches under blistering skies, to stand on deck and in the fields under fire at the mercy of shot and shell—need especial care, and to the omnipresent God we have a right to commend them and will commend them. Postal communication may be interrupted and letters carried from camps or homes may not arrive at the right destination, but, however far away our loved ones may be from us and however wide and deep the seas that separate us, we may hold communication with them via the throne of God.



BRAVE: MARIE.

It happened in 1870, which is still spoken of as the "terrible year" in Bois-le-Duc. The war between France and Prussia had raged all about him, but not a soldier had been seen in the tiny village, for which the peasants daily thanked their stars. The old man who lived alone with his son Charles, in the chateau above the town, and who was still known as "le Duc," though his title had vanished with his estates long before, firmly believed that France was on the road to ruin, but he scoffed at the idea that the Prussians would ever invade French territory.

But one fine summer morning Bois-le-Duc was startled by a sound of martial music and a body of Prussian soldiers marched through the town. Up the hill went the Prussians, and there before the old chateau the order to halt was given. The old soldier had seen their coming and had prepared, according to his own ideas, to receive them. From an upper window waved the colors of France, and as one of the Prussian officers started to enter the house, to earn the meaning of this hostile display, he was met by the old man, who and dressed himself in his ancient uniform and stood, sword in hand, in the center of the room.

"Ah, Prussian pig!" exclaimed he, drawing his sword, "draw and defend yourself, or I will hew you down. No Prussian ever yet entered my house, nor shall while I live."

His brave words seemed almost ridiculous when one looked at his white locks and shaking hand. The Prussian officer smiled at the thought of a sword combat with him and would probably have withdrawn, leaving the old man in peace, had not an overzealous soldier, thinking that his officer was in danger, rushed in and bayoneted the old man as he stood.

Scarcely was her work finished when she heard a loud knocking on the door and a Prussian officer entered. He stopped, abashed, when he saw only the little maid before him. Perhaps the thought of some little girl that he had left behind in the fatherland came to his mind, for the look in his eyes was quite gentle and his voice trembled in spite of himself when he spoke.

"We saw a man enter this house just now," he said. "Tell me, my little maid, where he is."

In the moment while she was waiting for him to speak Marie had had time to collect her wits and to reflect that the man did not look like such a monster after all. Now she replied readily:

"A man? O, yes, a soldier just came in here and left that," pointing to an old musket of her father's which stood in the corner of the room, "but he is gone now," she added.

She carefully related to the Prussians how the franc-tireur had taken the path that led from the rear of the cottage to the forest.

The girl answered his questions so readily that it was hard for the officers to suspect her of deceiving him, but he ordered his men to make a thorough search of the cottage. They looked in closets and cupboards and rummaged the loft. One of the men in passing opened the oven door and glanced in. Marie's heart almost ceased beating, but she gave no sign of her alarm. Seeing nothing but the heap of faggots the man closed the door. Marie could hardly keep from heaving a sigh of relief; it seemed in her own mind that she must shout of joy. As they were preparing to leave one of the men asked:

"Shall we not fire the cottage?"

It was the usual rule when a peasant was suspected of harboring a franc-tireur to burn his cottage as a lesson

to him and a warning to all others, but Marie's winsome manner had touched the officer's heart and the questioner received a curt, almost savage "No."

Marie watched the Prussians ride away, and when they were well out of sight, she let Captain Charles out of his narrow hiding place. He had heard all that passed in the cottage, and he kissed Marie and called her a brave girl. Then he departed by the road opposite to that which the Prussians had taken, to join his men at their meeting place in the forest.

One afternoon, shortly after the second visit of the Prussians to Bois-le-Duc, little Marie Duret was alone in her parents' cottage while they were at work in the fields. Marie was a comely little maiden, a dark-eyed, nut-brown peasant girl, and though not a dozen summers had passed over her head, she was a neat, thorough-going little housewife. Although her home stood quite apart from the other cottages and not far from the great forest, so that it could scarcely be called a part of Bois-le-Duc at all, Marie had become so accustomed to playing the mistress for a whole day at a time that she did not in the least mind the loneliness.

To-day she had set the house in order, had swept the floor and had piled beside the large brick oven a heap of faggots against the morrow's baking. All her tasks completed, Marie took possession of a low chair and began sedately to amuse herself with a large rag doll, her one playmate and inseparable companion.

Now, it happened that on this very morning Captain Charles, the franc-tireur, having gone out on a reconnoitering expedition, had been cut off from his men by half a dozen Prussian cavalrymen, and had to run for his life. The Duret cottage was the only one near him, and so, while Marie sat talking to her doll, the door was suddenly burst open and the soldier rushed in. Marie knew at once that it was Captain Charles, for she had often seen him about the village, and as she had heard of his brave deeds in aid of the French, she was not in the least frightened.

"Where canst thou hide me, little one?" the man hurriedly asked. "The Prussians are on my track."

Marie had heard those stories of the Prussians and her heart sank with fear at the thought of facing such monsters. Nevertheless she showed herself a brave little woman. For an instant she glanced helplessly around the room. Truly there were few hiding places in the little cottage. Then her eyes fell on the large baking oven and her busy little brain found a way out of the difficulty. She quickly bade the franc-tireur get inside the oven and then she filled it with the loose faggots.

necessary for the goddess of pot to put the raw food on the kitchen table, touch a button, and ring the bell for the hungry. One man makes a clock wake the sleeper and light the lamp, says invention. Now another inventor makes a clock light the fire while the cook is in bed dreaming of her new bicycle and bloomers. This other smart clock is of the alarm kind. When the hour for lighting the fire arrives the time piece "goes off," so does a fire-carriage with which it is connected. The carriage slides on a track, which extends from the clock base to the wood to be ignited, being put in motion by a spring released by the clock mechanism. First a match, carried by a sliding match-holder, is struck as the latter moves, and from this the fire carriage is lighted, after which it slides down to the wood and completes the job.

THE GREAT SEAL OF ENGLAND.

What Was Done with the Old Seal of George IV.

The great seal is not allowed to leave the kingdom without special permission. In 1521 Cardinal Wolsey carried the seal into the low countries and sealed writs with it at Calais, a violation of duty which formed one of the articles of his impeachment. Nowadays, if the chancellor leave London the great seal goes with him, and if necessary the traveling sealer attends the chancellor for the purpose of actually applying the seal to documents.

When the great seal is to change hands the retiring lord chancellor goes to the queen, attended by his purse bearer, who carries the seal in its purse. The purse is handed to the queen by the purse bearer, given back to that official by her majesty, and is then handed by the purse bearer to the incoming chancellor.

George IV. had one seal only, and when William IV. succeeded him there was some contention as to the disposal of the pieces of the defaced seal of George. The difficulty came out of the fact that when William's seal was ordered (August 4, 1830), Lord Lyndhurst was chancellor, but when it was finished and ready to take the place of George IV.'s seal (August 31, 1831) Lord Brougham was chancellor. Lyndhurst claimed the old seal, on the ground that the transaction must be referred back to the date of the order for the new seal, and that the fruit must therefore be considered as having fallen in his time; while Lord Brougham insisted that the point of



ONE OF THE MEN OPENED THE DOOR AND LOOKED IN.

time to be regarded was the moment when the old seal ceased to be the clavis regni. The matter was submitted to William IV. Greville, in his Memoirs, gives the following account of the incident:

"King William IV. is a queer fellow. Our council was principally for a new great seal, and to deface the old seal. The chancellor (Brougham) claims the old one as his perquisite. I had forgotten the hammer, so the king said, 'My lord, the best thing I can do is to give you the seal and tell you to take it and do what you like with it.' The chancellor said, 'Sir, I believe there is some doubt whether Lord Lyndhurst ought not to have half of it, as he was chancellor at the time of your majesty's accession.' 'Well,' said the king, 'then I will judge between you, like Solomon; here' (turning the seal round and round), 'now do you cry heads or tails.' 'We all laughed, and the chancellor said, 'Sir, I take the bottom part.' The king opened the two compartments of the seal and said, 'Now, then, I employ you as ministers of state. You will send for Brougham, my silversmith, and desire him to convert the two halves each into a silver, with my arms on one side and yours on the other, and Lord Lyndhurst's the same, and you will take one and give him the other, and both keep them as presents from me.'—Pall Mall Magazine.

Centennial Celebrations.

This year's crop of centennial celebrations includes observations of the four hundredth anniversary of Vasco da Gama's discovery of the way to India by way of the Cape of Good Hope, at Lisbon in May; of the burning of Savonarola at Florence, also in May, and of the birth of Holbein at Basel, in Switzerland. Montpellier will celebrate the hundredth birthday anniversary of the philosopher Auguste Comte; Ancona that of the poet Leopardi, who was born at Recanat, close by, and Paris that of Michelet, the historian.

America's First Street Railway.

The first street railway in America started on the Bowery, New York, and ran from Prince street to Fourteenth street, in 1831.

Many really clever and deceiving people are unpopular because they try to make out that they amount to more than they really do.

Care to own collars adds a nail, but doubt and every grin, as merry, shows one out.—Wheat.