

THE POPULAR PULPIT

A DREAM OF LIFE.

By Rev. Wallace Nutting, D. D.

Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit.—John xv., 8.

It fell on a day that I came into one of the great modern expositions, where everything is for sale. Becoming weary of walking and gazing I sat down in a retired corner, and fell into a reverie, at last into a dream. And I saw in my dream an exposition larger than that at Buffalo or Chicago or Paris. Methought it was owned by one Person, and conducted by his Son.

As I was near the exit, I sat watching the people I had known when awake as they went out. And the gates of entrance and exit were exceeding narrow. I had a gentleman good day. He cast on me a great, kindly eye, and spoke a good word. He did not perhaps know that I scrutinized what he carried. But there in his open satchel were bundles of letters containing thanks for the kindnesses he had done. He also carried a package of leaves from some aromatic tree. It was marked: "The love of many." He had expended half his talents to procure it. It seemed no weight to him, but it gave great cheer.

He had also several badges on his breast, which answered as orders or checks for anything in the exhibition. I asked him how he came by them, and he replied that the owner of the establishment, when he saw him in the department where the garments of praise were sold, attached these badges, and told him he could have anything he asked. And so my friend was well provided with the best of everything, for he was a person of discernment, and refused to carry away anything cheap. Particularly he had been careful to turn all his gold into drafts on the bank of the great Metropolis of Souls, towards which he was traveling.

The manner in which this transaction was conducted was as follows: That bank had correspondents in the exposition here and there. To them he gave of such as he had. To some sympathy, to some his substance, to some he imparted thoughts in a precious casket. But always their principal in the great City of Souls knew by direct wire the amount of the transaction, and I believe my friend is a very opulent citizen of that strong-lashed city wherein is no temple.

Presently I saw another go out. He was somewhat corpulent, and burdened by bulky and weighty parcels, which caused him some pain and anxiety. I should not get them all through the door. I noticed several deeds to real estate peeping from his pocket, and I inquired if he felt sure the rentals would pass as money of the realm where he was going. He looked at me dubiously, and puffed on, hugging the papers. He had also evidently been in the wholesale department, for he carried sacks of wheat and bolts of cloth. One said to him as he crooned along, "They hunger no more at the Soul's Metropolis. Better drop those food products."

"But what," said the poor man, "shall I do? These parcels form the greatest part of my purchases. I've spent years in procuring them, and if I let them go I shall be almost empty handed. No! I must try to get past the custom house." And with troubled, half-despairing look, he wiped his dripping forehead and passed along.

One shuffled by with only a dice box and an empty flask, and more astonishing still, one had nothing whatsoever. When I asked them how it occurred, seeing they were in an exposition teeming with bargains, they replied that they had gone from counter to counter, exchanging a better thing for a worse, which they wanted at the moment, and now they had descended to this plight, when they received an imperative summons to go as they were.

Then there were little children who ran along singing, and all they had was a halo of sunshine and a jewel case of trust. They told me they were not afraid, for what they had would buy anything. I marvelled a little because I had heard parents in that fair tell their children they must be wise and carry many things. But now I saw that these little ones were right. Indeed, I hear they have the entrance to all the parks and palaces of the City of Souls, and he that loves them spreads a tabernacle over them, and leads them to wondrous fountains that glow and play with gorgeous and manifold beauty.

Last of all, a dear little old man (of historic name) went out of the door. He had spent all he had, but left the purchase to be delivered. When I asked him if he had no fears that they would miscarry, he looked wonderingly at me, and took out a little notebook, where, at the bottom of his list of purchases, he made one read: "I know him whom I have believed and am persuaded he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." And so he went along with a bright, expectant eye. I was sure (in my dream) that he would not be disappointed.

I saw also a strange thing: All that been had with them when they entered the fair was taken from them as they went out. It seems they had been warned to expend all they had while in the fair. All unexpended balances were lost. But when a wise buyer went out, a beautiful old patriarch with a beard would turn to the gatekeeper and say, "Lift up the gate!"

I saw, therefore, that people who desired the best gifts went out richest. I perceived that quality, not quantity, was most convenient at the door, and particularly that they whose works were left to follow them were counted wise. I heard they were heirs, according to a promise of eternal life. I was most struck by this: The anxious shoppers who had tried to carry away the whole establishment got away to the other side with less than those who had converted their poverty and left their riches, clinging to the garments of the life, as if they were going to see that day.

ing and nodding kindly, always with a sweet good night.

But just here I was touched by a messenger who said, "I find you sleeping in this wide market. Go at once." I had not expected a call so soon. "That," said the messenger sadly, "is what almost everybody says."

So I started out with a little basket of fruit. I excited the astonishment of the doorkeeper, for word had gone out that fruit passed free. Indeed, I had lying against my heart (and it burned me there) this saying: "It is the will of my Father that ye bear much fruit." And I passed on to the great awakening.

RELIGION THE FIRST DUTY.

By Rev. Pearce Pinch

The ten commandments seem to many people to be in the wrong order, in that they say too little about our duties to our fellowmen and leave that little to the last.

Not till we get to the sixth commandment are we forbidden to kill. Sabbath breaking and profanity seem to be made worse offenses than stealing and lying. Is there an inverted moral order in this code of the ancient law giver? Why are religious duties put before the duties we owe our fellowmen?

The world's estimate would change the order, and probably leave religious duties out of the moral code altogether. Men who would not steal a pin or a railroad are sometimes wholly irreligious, and seem to feel that there is no moral wrong in it.

Is irreligion a moral offense, or is it not? Most men do not regard it wrong. But are they right? Would irreligion be to an uncorrupted moral sense any such sin as murder? Is indifference to religion due to a low adjustment of conscience to life? This is worth thinking about.

If irreligion is a moral offense as serious as the others we certainly cannot treat it so in law.

We accept the principle that religion must be free. The sheriff cannot command it. Prison cannot enforce it. In its very nature it must be free. For that reason it may be the world is losing a sense of the moral wrong of irreligion.

Because a man must not be jailed or whipped for irreligion the average man concludes there is no wrong in it.

Irreligion puts a false estimate into all human affairs. We have to know what men are in their widest relations before we see just what are our duties to them. If we are a superior kind of brute dealing with other similar brutes, that is one thing. But if we are beings related to God with destinies, that is another thing. To destroy the life of men is murder, but to destroy the life of brutes may be innocent of all wrong. Men are subject to the first four of the ten commandments, and for that reason our duties to them are different and higher. To leave religion out is to demoralize human estimates and leave the way open to any sort of immorality.

Religion is needed for balance. Life cannot be healthy with the chief part left out.

To be irreligious is to become overgrown on the earthward side. The attempt of a nature made to be immortal to live its whole life in three score years and ten can hardly fail of being disastrous.

Religion has been a tremendous force in all human life. The material for religion is in all men. To suppress or ignore religion is to come into a disordered way of life. If we do not have religion in healthful operation we are sure to put something else in place of it.

Were our people to turn wholly away from the sane and uplifting religion of Jesus Christ, all manner of vile superstitions would come in to take its place. This all means that every man ought to attend to his religion as the first duty.

TWELVE MISSIONARIES.

By Rev. Alfrede Wheeler.

Sometimes the change of a word helps to the idea, and sets forth in clear light the thought. The word apostle is Greek, and seems much farther removed from our religious vocabulary than the Latin word missionary. What a help to the church, since the days of the King James Version at least, this slight change in translation would have been. Jesus chose twelve missionaries whom he educated and sent forth. This is exactly and definitely what Jesus did; and this one word, missionary, in the place of the Greek word apostle, might have prevented the controversy between mission and anti-mission churches.

What a fine reading that would be today, in all Christian churches, and how it would open the eyes of many of the selfishly blinded souls who call themselves followers of that Saviour who gave himself to God and to man and the truth! A Christian but not a missionary! Not sent forth in the name of Jesus, to serve him. Impossible! A Saviour who was crucified, who died upon the cross to give the truth of God to the world, to reveal the love of God to all mankind, and yet his followers giving nothing, doing little, to extend the kingdom and the knowledge of Jesus Christ! Doing little for Jesus; little for men.

Jesus chose twelve missionaries! Read your Bible that way! Put the word missionary in the place of apostle. And yet, alas! there are teachers and leaders and officers in the churches who are so orthodox that they will not give up the King James Version, nor will they accept any change in the English translation. There are teachers and officers in the churches to-day who seem to think that God and the Holy Spirit spoke English, and that the King James is the original language of Jehovah. For this reason the Bible is to-day so many a sealed, closed book. Get a new translation, a new version whenever you can; the more the better. You will get a new idea, some newer, clearer thought. You will understand the Bible better; you will be a better teacher, leader, Christian. Jesus chose twelve missionaries! Read it so. It will help you and the whole church.

Only One Thing.—The only new thing in the world is the infinite possibilities of comfort, of virtue, the infinite variations of the higher experiences of life.—Rev. T. E. Moor, Unitarian, New York.

OLD FAVORITES

The Widow Malone.

Did you hear of the Widow Malone,
Oh, no!
Who lived in the town of Athlone,
Alone?
Oh! she melted the hearts
Of the swains in them parts—
So lovely the Widow Malone,
Oh, no!

So lovely the Widow Malone,
Oh, no!

Of lovers she had a full score
Or more;
And fortunes they all had galore,
In store;

From the minister down
To the clerk of the crown,
All were courting the Widow Malone,
Oh, no!

All were courting the Widow Malone,
Oh, no!

But so modest was Mistress Malone,
'Twas known
That no one could see her alone,
Oh, no!
Let them ogle and sigh,
They could ne'er catch her eye—
So bashful the Widow Malone,
Oh, no!

So bashful the Widow Malone,
Oh, no!

Till one Mister O'Brien from Clare—
How queer;
It's little for blushing they care
Down there—
Put his arm round her waist,
Gave ten kisses at last—
'Oh,' says he, 'you're my Molly Malone—
My own!'

'Oh,' says he, 'you're my Molly Malone—
My own!'

And the widow they all thought so shy,
My eye!
Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh—
For why?

But, 'Lucius,' says she,
'Since you've now made me free,
You may marry your Mary Malone,
Oh, no!

You may marry your Mary Malone,
Oh, no!

There's a moral contained in my song,
Not wrong,
And, one comfort, it's not very long,
But strong;

If for widows you die
Learn to kiss, not to sigh,
For they're all like sweet Mistress Malone!
Oh, no!

Oh! they're all like sweet Mistress Malone!
Oh, no!

—Charles Lever.

Little Boy Blue.

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket molds in his hands.

Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair,
And that was the time when our Little
Boy Blue

Kissed them and put them there.

'Now, don't you go tiff I come,' he said,
'And don't you make any noise!'

So toddling off to his trundle-bed
He dreamt of the pretty toys.

And as he was dreaming an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh, the years are many, the years are
long.

But the little toy friends are true.

Aye faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.

And they wonder, as waiting these long
years through
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them
there?
—Eugene Field.

GIANT PREHISTORIC BIRD.

Egg of the Epyornis Found Off the Madagascar Coast.

The recent finding of an egg of the great epyornis floating about in St. Augustine Bay, on the southwest coast of Madagascar, has induced a party of Germans headed by Gottlieb Adolf Krause, the German explorer, to undertake an exploration of the remote interior of Madagascar in search of possible living specimens of this great bird of the post-pliocene period of the world's history. The egg may have come down with the floods from the unexplored interior of the island, or may have been buried for centuries in the sand, preserved by some curious freak of nature, and then carried to sea. Which of these theories is the proper one Professor Krause and his party will try to discover.

According to geologists, at one time Madagascar and the islands east of Africa were one, but that later the land subsided and left the islands separated by a strait, and since that time the islands have developed species to themselves. The climatic changes which ensued are believed by some to have exterminated the epyornis. But others declare that, as the country changed, the gigantic bird retired deeper and deeper into the wilderness, where it has remained for centuries without molestation, unless it has been annihilated by some unknown savage tribe in the interior, and will be found there to-day, somewhere between the desert and the Aukarab Mountains.

The finding of the egg in St. Augustine Bay has deepened this impression, and Professor Krause will try to establish the truth of the theory that the egg is of recent origin and not curiously preserved through centuries. Several French adventurers have tried to penetrate into the interior, but they have returned without definite results, telling only of brief glimpses of queer animals, which were not accepted

valuable by scientists. Possibly the German explorers may be more fortunate.

The egg found is the thirty-fourth in existence, and the largest is 9 by 14 inches in diameter. The bird itself is believed by scientists to have been fully fifteen feet high, and to have weighed more than a ton, far larger than the ostrich, which is itself a dangerous bird to handle; a blow from its claws would be fatal. Stories of some such bird in the interior have long been extant among natives, not only of Madagascar, but of other countries, and interest in them has been awakened by the finding of the new egg.

The trials the expedition will have to contend with will be the inhospitality of the inhabitants, scorching heat, scarcity of water, malarial swamps, and extreme perils of journeying through primeval tropical forests. Two other parties while in search of the epyornis met death in the burning deserts of Killarivo, but, with the better appliances carried by Professor Krause and his party, it is believed that they will make discoveries that will prove the existence or non-existence of this great bird of prehistoric times. Previous researches have not been carried on beyond the high table land, but the Germans will try to penetrate the wilds beyond the Oullaby river.

SHE WORE THE KEY.

Bad Eyes, Pathetic Droop Made It a Mystery Until Explained.

It was the usual crowd of well-gowned femininity that filled the car, wedding its way matineeward. Every woman at all young or at all aiming to be fashionable, wore a chain of some sort from which dangled charms of every kind and descriptions, lockets, heart-shaped and round, small gold or silver purses, lozenges and watches.

The girl in the smart black costume, with exquisite sables, appeared to be exempt from the prevailing mania, and therefore became the mark for the attention of the observer of details. As the atmosphere of the car grew warmer she slipped the long fur scarf from her neck, revealing the fact that so far from being immune she had eclipsed all the others in the originality of her "dangle."

A small gold chain was worn around her neck and fell half way to the waist. On it was a key set with diamonds. It was no caprice of the jeweler, but the real article, an ordinary every-day affair such as one wrestles with at the front door.

Now, what was the romance connected with that very prosaic key making it worthy to be set with diamonds and displayed so prominently as a treasured possession? The sad eyes of the owner had that misty, far away look of unshed tears. The Parisian had failed to hide the pathetic droop of the graceful head.

Here was a story, surely. Imagination conjured up a picture of a betrothal rudely broken by the death of the fiancée, the key treasured as a memento of the many happy evenings they had spent together, and the stolen kisses in the vestibule as he hesitated before opening the door for her. The wistful eyes and sweet lips accentuated the idea.

Or could the key be that of the vault where the young man had been entombed? Could it be? Fancy waxed more and more gruesome with the new contemplation of the unusual charm worn by this fair heroine of modern romance.

At Sixty-fourth street another very smart young woman boarded the car, and with a friendly greeting to the girl with the key at once opened up a conversation.

"I see you are wearing your key," she began.

"How shockingly unfeeling," thought the observer.

"Yes," replied she of the pathetic eyes. "I can go out now with a peaceful mind, knowing that Marie will not be wearing my frocks. I never could hide it where she couldn't find it."

Somehow the unshed tears and the pathetic droop weren't so noticeable now.—New York Herald.

No Chance for Him.

"Now that we are engaged," said the fair young thing, "I will tell you that I do not fear mice."

"That is nice," said the prospective groom.

"And," continued the fiancée, "I can drive nails without hitting my thumb; and I know how to use a paper cutter without ruining a book; and I can add a row of figures without making a separate sum for each consecutive figure; and I can build a fire; and I can tell when a picture is hung straight on the wall."

Here the man drew himself up with much dignity and sorrow, and cried: "Then I cannot marry you, alas!"

"What prospect is there for my ever being able to demonstrate the superiority of man over woman if I marry a woman who possesses such traits of character as you?"—Baltimore American.

The Logical Youth.

"In the sentence, 'The train wound around the foot of the mountain,'" directed the teacher, "you may parse the word 'mountain.'"

"Mountain," began Johnny Wise, "is a noun, common, feminine gender." "Why do you say it is feminine?" "Didn't you just say that the train was wound around its foot?"—Baltimore American.

An old man of seventy told a whopper on the streets to-day; he said he felt as spry as a cat.

People shake hands on mighty small vocations.

BURYING THE DEAD AT MANILA.



HOW THE DEAD ARE BURIED AT MANILA.

The Manila cemetery consists of two circular walls, about seven feet thick pierced with holes, in which the coffins are placed. After a coffin has been deposited the hole is bricked up and faced with a memorial tablet. These graves are leased for five years, at the end of which time, unless the lease is renewed, the coffins are taken out and the bones thrown into a pile just outside the wall. The walls of the cemetery are constructed of earth and rubble faced with stone, and the tropical rains soak through and rot the coffins. This method of burial dates back to the days of the domination of the Spanish friars. All sorts of designs are placed on the memorial tablet which seals the tomb and sometimes after a lease expires and another body has been placed in the grave the same tablet is replaced. The women of Manila are ever faithful in their mourning for their dead and fresh wreaths adorn the tombs of the departed ones constantly.

CHICAGO TO HAVE A HOME FOR DESITUTE DOGS.

Destitute dogs that have not the comforts of home will no longer be given the short shrift of the city pound in Chicago, owing to the ministrations of the exclusive set of society women, who have interested themselves in the cause of the lone lorn canine.

Led in the movement by Mrs. C. A. White, of Michigan avenue, 100 women will found a retreat for canines, called the Home for Destitute Dogs.

Mrs. White is a lover of animals, and the sufferings of vagabond canines appeal especially to her. She has herself a large assortment of dogs of high

breed, and has entertained many a "blue ribboner" in her kennels. She possesses the finest Japanese spaniels in the country, and is Vice President of the Chicago Kennel Club.

When Mrs. White invited a number of her friends to her home to see if something could not be done for the four-footed friendless, she found enthusiastic support in her philanthropic plans from the women assembled. She argued that while there was a cat hospital in the city, homeless dogs were unprovided for, and she proposed that a retreat for them be built. She offered to give up her intended visit to the seashore to perfect the scheme. The site for the home has been selected and the work of putting up the home will soon be started.

Sick as well as homeless dogs will be cared for, and the destitute dogs will be offered for adoption to any who will promise to care for them and treat them as a canine pet should be treated.

Funds for maintaining the home will be secured by subscriptions. Dogs which cannot be cured will be made away with painlessly.

SAYS LONDON IS SQUALID.

Eminent English Architect Compares It with Cities in America.

A candid friend of London appeared recently, says the London Mail, in the person of Mr. Trevall, the new president of the Society of Architects. In his presidential address at St. James hall Mr. Trevall said:

"The impression that always falls upon one when returning from either the European or American continents to London is the wretchedly narrow and insignificant looking streets, with the low, mean, small shops and dwellings by contrast with what we have just left behind us. It is of little interest to be told just how many hundreds of miles of the same sort of thing London contains more than does any other metropolis in Christendom or elsewhere.

"The fact still remains in your mind in a general sense that London looks squalid and miserable by comparison and that feeling affects one for days, until he once more gets seasoned into the old haunts and relaxes into that comfortable frame of mind that, after all, even the Strand and Chancery lane, or Fleet street and Ludgate circus, with all their advertising abominations, look at least familiar and homely.

"Take the city of London. It may have some of the finest commercial palaces in the world, rivaling those of old Venice herself, but look how they are huddled together. There is positively not the space to appreciate their design, their proportions, nor their detail. Compare the Champs Elysees, Place de la Concorde, or the boulevards of Paris with our best streets and squares and where are we?"

"Or, say the Ringstrasses of Vienna, or the Boulevard Andrassy at Budapest, or carrying our thoughts across the Atlantic, to Broadway, Fifth avenue, Riverside and Central Park, New York, the Commonwealth avenue, Boston; Victoria square, Montreal; East avenue, Buffalo; Drexel boulevard, Washington avenue, or State street, Chicago; Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, or dozens of others that might be named. Alongside of these our Strand, our Whitehall, our Victoria street, Regent street, Piccadilly, Park lane, Oxford street, etc., are but wretched apologies for what leading streets and thoroughfares should be.

"If we except the Thames embankment, Shaftesbury avenue and the new thoroughfare that is about to be made between the Strand and Holborn, nothing of an adequate scale to the size and importance of this metropolis has yet been attempted. With the dilapidated, rickety, old ramshackle properties that we see in some of the best and most central parts of London, what is wanted is a general rebuilding and improving scheme fixed after mature deliberation by a competent central authority specially constituted by parliament, after consultation with the chief local authorities and perhaps the representative societies of architecture, sculpture and engineering with a special regard to its qualifications and fitness for the purpose.

"This would be merely following the example that has been set in such capitals as Paris, Vienna and Washington."

DAMAGED BY VIOLIN-PLAYING.

Regular Vibrations of the Instrument Make Trouble with Walls.

"What force least expected does the greatest damage to buildings?" is a question which a representative of the Indianapolis News asked a well-known architect. The architect's answer may be a surprise to those who do not understand that it is the regularity of vibration that makes it powerful.

It is difficult to tell, replied the architect, but I will venture to say that you would never expect violin-playing to injure the walls of a building. Yet it certainly does. There have been instances when the walls of stone and brick structures have been seriously damaged by the vibrations from a violin. Of course these cases are unusual, but the facts are established.

The vibrations of a violin are really serious in their unseen, unbounded force, and when they come with regularity they exercise an influence upon structures of brick, stone or iron. Of course it takes continuous playing for many years to loosen masonry or to make iron brittle, but it will do it in time.

I have often thought of what the result might be if a man would stand at the bottom of a nineteen-story light well, on the first floor of the great Masonic Temple in Chicago, and play there continuously. The result could be more easily seen there than almost anywhere else, because the vibration gathers force as it sweeps upward.

A man can feel the vibrations of a violin on an iron-clad ocean vessel, and at the same time be unable to hear the music. It is the regularity which means so much. Like the constant dripping of water which wears away a stone, the incessant vibration of the violin makes its way to the walls, and attacks their solidity.

The husband of a jealous wife nearly always thinks to himself, "Well, there is some reason for it; I am a sweet old thing."

Who is the most worthless man you ever knew?