

# THE BEACONLIGHT.

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## CHAPTER XV.—(CONTINUED.)

"Fancying he must have sailed for Australia—just then attracting much attention—I recklessly took passage for a port there, leaving my little girl to follow in another ship with a cousin of mine, when she had recovered from a slight indisposition. The blow that came was terrible; the ship they sailed in to join me was lost—never come to port. I returned to England, not daring to murmur, for I felt that I deserved whatever we might come. When Eleanor was returned to me, the idea of atonement grew more definite. I had heard in India that Paul had a son. Why should not my daughter's hand, and all her wealth make amends to the son for the blight flung on the father's life? At this moment my secret agents are in all parts of the world searching for Paul Kirkland, or his heirs. I never thought that he would change his name. Only two weeks ago I told his history to Eleanor, and asked if she could sacrifice herself to relieve her mother's conscience. Noble indeed was her response. O, how I thank the gracious Providence that has brought Paul for her out of her mother's evil! Paul's son and Annabel's daughter may be as good and pure and happy as our first happy dreams portrayed for us. Walter, bring me to-morrow the Bible your father writes about. I must talk no more to-day. Go, now, my children, and leave me to rest."

"Silently, almost solemnly, Walter passed out, and Eleanor followed—just one moment to raise up her white innocent forehead for the pure betrothal kiss. As Walter's arms encircled her—his own, his beloved, at last—a world of grateful joy beamed in either eye, although chastened and tempered to pensiveness by their quick sympathy in the sorrowful lives whose recital they have just listened to.

From that day Tom's Bible never left Lady Annabel's side. It was either in her hand, beneath her pillow, or pressed against her heart. She failed swiftly, as though the smothered fire that at length had leaped its barrier burned more furiously for its long concealment.

The night after the grand marriage which dazzled and astonished all London, when the distinguished artist bore away the star of the court, to lose her proud name as Lady Annabel Collingwood in the humbler but not less honorable one of Vernon—as the young couple sat tenderly beside her, Lady Annabel said softly, with a joyful gleam lighting up her faded and sunken eye:

"I believe it has come at last—the ineffable peace of forgiveness—the tranquil content of trusting all things to heavenly grace and mercy—the same that Paul received. Peace—peace!" she repeated, with a rapturous smile, raising herself to lay the well-worn Bible on the table.

The effort—the joy—something was too much for the frail system. Her head drooped, and when her frightened children flew to her relief, Lady Annabel was indeed safely on the shore of Peace!

(THE END.)

## THE MINISTER'S WIFE

By Mary Kyle Dallas.

O BE the minister's wife is the ne plus ultra of distinction in the eyes of a village maiden, particularly in the Eastern States. No one can deny that; and, knowing this to be the case, no one can wonder that a single man is generally successful in a rural district, while a married clergyman finds it far more difficult to make a favorable impression under the argus eyes perpetually fixed upon himself and his spouse, who never, in any case, comports herself in a manner which quite tallies with the preconceived ideas of the splinters in her husband's congregation as to what the virgin's wife ought to be.

The gentlemen who had successively, but not successfully, filed the pastor's of Appletown had good reason to learn this lesson by heart. They had all been married men; they had all had large families and small salaries, principally paid in what was known in the neighborhood as "green truck" and "garden sass," and had never given satisfaction. After the first few months the trustees groaned over the salary. The elders began to wonder whether Brother A. was quite right on "them there doctrinal pints." The congregation complained of not being visited enough, of not being sufficiently edified. A few influential persons gave up their pews and traveled itales every Sunday to a church in another village, where they were better pleased, even at the expense of breaking the fourth commandment with regard to the "cattle" and the "man servant." And finally matters came to a crisis, and there was a vacancy in the Appletown pulpit and a succession of young ministers and old, who preached "by request," and generally made a favorable impression. And finally another

call was made, another pastor came was welcomed, feted, treated to donation parties, ascended to the summit of popular favor on the wings of the wind, and descended as rapidly, until his light died out in darkness.

Appletown was particularly unfortunate in this respect; it was, in fact, famed for its dismissal of pastors without peculiar provocation. Many a grave, middle-aged man gave good advice to Walter Redlaw, the newly-fledged clergyman who at last proclaimed himself willing to be installed as pastor of Appletown. Men of more experience, men old enough to be Redlaw's grandfather, had fallen there—able men, too, whose orthodoxy could not be questioned. Redlaw was a man of promise—why should he doom himself to certain disappointment at the outset of his career? Nobody approved of the act; but Redlaw, ardent, hopeful, and not twenty-five, was all the more resolved to accept the call. To succeed where no one else had ever succeeded before him, to do good, to become beloved, to see his congregation grow about him, and to end his days at that where he had begun his life of pastor, wept for by old and young, and humbly looking forward for reward in heaven for the good he (as an instrument in his Maker's hands) had done amongst his flock—a pure and beautiful ambition, albeit worldly men might smile at it as being very humble.

So Walter Redlaw came to Appletown and stood before the pulpit during the ceremony of installation one evening and received the charge from the presbytery with an humble determination (God helping him) to obey it and the next Sabbath stood in the pulpit and preached unto the people.

There are some very young men who have all a woman's beauty without being effeminate. Walter Redlaw was one of these. He had soft, golden-brown hair, which could not be dubbed "red" by his greatest enemy. A broad, high forehead, white as flesh and blood could be, regular features, pearly teeth, and a color that came and went—now the faintest tinge of rose-leaf, now the deepest carnation. Moreover, he was neither puny nor ungraceful, stood straight as an arrow, and had a voice clear and musical and powerful enough to fill the church without an effort.

That day bright eyes looked up at the young minister, and many a girl, if the truth were but known, thought more of his fair face than of his sermon, and he, preaching with all his soul in the words he uttered, thought not at all of any one of them.

Perhaps they did not quite understand this, for that night, when family prayers were over, and shutters closed and barred, and old folks snoring in their beds, more than one girl in the snug little village of Appletown stood before her glass and wondered how she would look in white muslin and orange flowers, and all the paraphernalia of a bride; or in black silk dress and broche shawl and straw bonnet trimmed with white ribbon (Appletown fashions were yet primitive), sailing slowly up the aisle of the little church some Sunday, while envious maidens gazed and whispered, "There goes the minister's wife."

And, at the same moment, Walter Redlaw, sitting at his desk, traced, at the beginning of a long and loving letter, the words—"My dearest Rosa." Sewing societies, fairs, tea-drinkings, merry-makings of all kinds followed each other in quick succession. Appletown, so to speak, caroused, though in a genteel and virtuous fashion, for the next three months, and Miss Pinchmall, the dressmaker, took a new apprentice and superintended the fitting department herself, leaving the needle to vulgar hands, so great was the demand upon her skill. New bonnets, too, purchased in "the city," came by express to Appletown, and the nine Misses Fish excited envy unparalleled by appearing in the first bodices ever seen in the village, all of black velvet trimmed with scarlet.

Successful there had never been such a success before; nobody dared to find fault with Walter Redlaw, upheld by all the womanhood of Appletown—maid and matron, young and old, grandmothers, granddaughters, mamma, spinners, aunts and schoolgirls.

By-and-by whispered rumors were set afloat. The young minister had paid particular attention to Miss Smith, he was seen walking with Miss Brown, he had taken tea twice with Mrs. Jones, who had two unmarried daughters; in fact, he was engaged in turn to every single lady in the village, if report said truly; though, on the statement being made over the tea-cups, some one was always found to aver, with downcast looks and conscious blushes, that she had "particular reasons for knowing the rumor could not possibly have slightest foundation."

Then "dearest friends" became rivals, and feminine Demons and Young Thieves "didn't speak," and young farmers, tradesmen, the schoolmaster and the doctor were jilted, one and all, in the most ruthless manner, for the fair-haired, blue-eyed young pastor, who had no more thought of aspiring to be king of hearts in Appletown than he had of attempting to become President of the United States, but was gentle and amiable to all alike.

And so the days passed on. Spring vanished, summer followed in her steps, autumn came, and every grapevine in Appletown hung heavy with their purple fruitage; and amidst its balmy days, when a golden haze hung over everything, and russets were more glorious, and the moon seemingly rounder and more brilliant than it ever was before, Walter Redlaw took the train to New York one evening, and it was known that there was to be a strange face in the pulpit on the next Sabbath.

There was a special tea-drinking at Deacon Yarrow's to discuss the cause of this; and stories, hatched no one knew how or by whom, were circulated.

Mr. Redlaw's mother was ill. No, that could not be, for Miss Brown knew "for certain sure," that he lost his mother in infancy.

"His sister was about to be married, and he was to perform the ceremony," Mrs. Morris had this from good authority, but better contradicted her. Mr. Redlaw was an only child, and therefore had no sister to be given in marriage.

Somebody had told Deacon Yarrow that a maiden aunt had died, leaving the minister a large fortune in real estate. This was very favorably received, and gained universal belief. It would have been firmly established, but for a suggestion of old Aunt Brown, who had neither daughter nor granddaughter herself, and who threw cold water on the air-castles of maids and matrons by saying, with a solemn shake of her head, "Mebbe minister's gone to git married himself."

Aunt Brown was sent to Coventry at once; but, nevertheless, her suggestion made an impression even on those who averred most loudly that it couldn't possibly be so.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

## NEW YORK FOOD SUPPLY.

Enough on Hand to Withstand a Four-Months' Siege.

If the city of New York and the neighboring district were to be besieged or in some other way entirely cut off from the outside world, and therefore deprived of the food supplies which in normal times come in daily in large quantities, how long would it be before the pinch of hunger would be felt? That is a very hard question to answer, for the reason that there are such inequalities of purchasing capacity in New York society that some go hungry in times of greatest prosperity for lack of means, while the great majority eat more than is good for them. Undoubtedly the number of those who always go hungry would be increased after two or three days of a siege, and then day by day this number would increase until the public authorities would feel compelled to take possession of the food supplies and distribute them among the people. With the exception of milk and some other things the supply of meat, poultry, hardy vegetables and fruits would last for two months at the present rate of consumption. If all the supplies were taken charge of at the beginning of a siege—and this could easily be done—the food within New York could be made to last for four months at least. The siege of Paris lasted only four months. Before two months had passed high and low, rich and poor, had learned what hunger was. And, as is well known, the French are the most thrifty and economical people in the world. In the arrangement and disposition of food the Parisians are especially distinguished. But the food supply in New York could be made to last as long as the Paris siege lasted, and the people would still be comfortable.—Ladies' Home Journal.

## English Adulterated Beer.

English legislators are making an effort to protect beer drinkers from adulterated beverages masquerading as pure malt liquors. They are confronted by the fact that the adulteration of beer is a very ancient practice in England. A curious tract published in London in 1592 asks several embarrassing questions of unprincipled brewers. "And you, malster brewer that growth to be worth \$200,000 by selling of soden water, what subtilty have you in making your beer to spare the malt? You can when you have taken all the harte of the malt away. Then clap on store of water (tis cheap enough) and mash out a turning of small beer like Rennish wine; in your conscience how many barrels draw you out of a quart of malt?" It is asserted that there are English brewers to-day who use actually no malt in their beer. They use a saccharine solution that is made bitter by almost anything but hops and put on the market as beer. The fact is it is not beer in any sense of the word and parliament has been asked to pass a measure that will put a stop to this antique imposture.

## Fumes of Kerosene.

Many physicians believe that the fumes of kerosene, when the lamp is turned low, may cause diphtheria. Many sleeping rooms are thus semi-lighted all night, and the windows are closed, or raised but slightly. The atmospheric conditions become deathly. A turned-down kerosene lamp is a magazine of deadly gas to which the healthiest lungs cannot be exposed safely.—Health.

## With More Nerve Than Heals.

A Lyons (France) cyclist named Garand, a plumber by trade, who had undertaken to ride around the copings of a house in course of construction, successfully accomplished his feat in the presence of a large gathering. This coping-stone is barely two feet wide, and is about fifty feet from the ground.

Employment is nature's physician.—Gales.

## FALMAGE'S SERMON

'PAGEANTRY OF THE WOODS' SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Following Text: "We All Do Fade as a Leaf; and Our Iniquities, Like the Wind, Have Taken Us Away"—Isaiah 64-6.



IT is so hard for us to understand religious truth that God constantly reiterates. As the schoolmaster takes a blackboard, and puts upon it figures and diagrams, so that the scholar may not only get his lesson through the ear, but also through the eye, so God takes all the truths of his Bible, and draws them out in diagram on the natural world. Champollion, the famous Frenchman, went down into Egypt to study the hieroglyphics on monuments and temples. After much labor he deciphered them, and announced to the learned world the result of his investigations. The wisdom, goodness, and power of God are written in hieroglyphics all over the earth and all over the heaven. God grant that we may have understanding enough to decipher them! There are scriptural passages, like my text, which need to be studied in the very presence of the natural world. Habakkuk says, "Thou makest my feet like hind's feet;" a passage which means nothing save to the man that knows that the feet of the red deer, or hind, are peculiarly constructed, so that they can walk among slippery rocks without falling. Knowing that fact, we understand that, when Habakkuk says, "Thou makest my feet like hind's feet," he sets forth that the Christian can walk amid the most dangerous and slippery places without falling. In Lamentations we read that "The daughter of my people is cruel, like the ostriches of the wilderness;" a passage that has no meaning save to the man who knows that the ostrich leaves its egg in the sand to be hatched out by the sun, and that the young ostrich goes forth unattended by any maternal kindness. Knowing this, the passage is significant—"The daughter of my people is cruel, like the ostriches of the wilderness."

Those know but little of the meaning of the natural world, who have looked at it through the eyes of others, and from book or canvas taken their impression. There are some faces so mobile that photographers cannot take them; and the face of nature has such a flush, and sparkle, and life, that no human description can gather them. No one knows the pathos of a bird's voice unless he has sat at summer evening-tide at the edge of a wood, and listened to the cry of the whip-poor-will.

There is today more glory in one branch of sumach than a painter could put on a whole forest of maples. God hath struck into the autumnal leaf a glance that none see but those who come face to face—the mountain looking upon the man, and the man looking upon the mountain.

For several autumns I have made a tour to the far west, and one autumn, about this time, saw that which I shall never forget. I have seen the autumnal sketches of Cropsy and other skillful pencils, but that week I saw a pageant two thousand miles long. Let artists stand back when God stretches his canvas! A grander spectacle was never kindled before mortal eyes. Along by the rivers, and up and down the sides of the great hills, and by the banks of the lakes, there was an indescribable mingling of gold, and orange, and crimson, and saffron, now sobering into drab and maroon, now flaming into solferino and scarlet. Here and there the trees looked as if just their tips had blossomed into fire. In the morning light the forests seemed as if they had been transfused, and in the evening hour they looked as if the sunset had burst and dropped upon the leaves. In more sequestered spots, where the frosts had been hindered in their work, we saw the first kindling of the flames of color in a lowly sprig; then they rushed up from branch to branch, until the glory of the Lord submerged the forest. Here you would find a tree just making up its mind to change, and there one looked as if, wounded at every pore, it stood bathed in carnage. Along the banks of Lake Huron there were hills over which there seemed pouring cataracts of fire, tossed up and down, and every whither by the rocks. Through some of the ravines we saw occasionally a foaming stream, as though it were rushing to put out the conflagration. If at one end of the woods a commanding tree would set up its crimson banner, the whole forest prepared to follow. If God's urn of colors were not infinite, one swamp that I saw along the Maumee would have exhausted it forever. It seemed as if the sea of divine glory had dashed its surf to the tip top of the Alleghenies, and then it had come gripping down to the lowest level and deepest crevice.

Most persons preaching from this text find only in it a vein of sadness. I find that I have two strings to this gospel harp—a string of sadness, and a string of joy infinite.

"We all do fade as a leaf." First, like the foliage, we fade gradually. The leaves which, week before last, felt the frost, have, day by day, been changing in tint, and will for many days yet cling to the bough, waiting for the fit of the wind to strike them. Suppose you that the pictured leaf that you hold in your hand took as its color in an hour, or in a day, or in a week? No. Deeper and deeper the flush, till all the veins of its life now seem opened and bleeding away. After a while, leaf after leaf, they fall. Now those on the outer branches, then those most hidden, until the last spark of the gleaming forge shall have been quenched.

So gradually we pass away. From day to day we hardly see the change. But the frosts have touched us. The work of decay is going on. Now a slight cold. Now a season of over-fatigue. Now a fever. Now a stitch in the side. Now a neuralgic thrust. Now a rheumatic twinge. Now a fall. Little by little. Pain by pain. Less steady of limb. Sight not clear. Ear not so alert. After a while we take a staff. Then, after much resistance, we come to spectacles. Instead of bounding into the vehicle, we are willing to be helped in. At last the octogenarian falls. Forty years of decaying. No sudden change. No fierce cannonading of the batteries of life; but a fading away—slowly—gradually. As the leaf! As the leaf!

Again: Like the leaf we fade, to make room for others; Next year's forests will be as grandly foliaged as this. There are other generations of oak leaves to take the place of those which this autumn perish. Next May the cradle of the wind will rock the young buds. The woods will be all a-hum with the chorus of leafy voices. If the tree in front of your house, like Elijah, takes a chariot of fire, its mantle will fall upon Elisha. If, in the blast of these autumnal batteries, so many ranks fall, there are reserve forces to take their place to defend the fortress of the hills. The beaters of gold leaf will have more gold leaf to beat. The crown that drops today from the head of the oak will be picked up and handed down for other kings to wear. Let the blasts come. They only make room for other life.

So, when we go, others take our spheres. We do not grudge the future generations their places. We will have had our good time. Let them come on and have their good time. There is no sighing among these leaves today, because other leaves are to follow them. After a lifetime of preaching, doctoring, selling, sewing, or digging, let us cheerfully give way for those who come in to do the preaching, doctoring, selling, sewing and digging. God grant that their life may be brighter than ours has been! As we get older, do not let us be affronted if young men and women crowd us a little. We will have had our day and we must let them have theirs. When our voices get cracked, let us not snarl at those who can warble. When our knees are stiffened, let us have patience with those who go fleet as the deer. Because our leaf is fading, do not let us despise the unfrosted. Autumn must not envy the spring. Old men must be patient with boys. Dr. Guthrie stood up in Scotland and said, "You need not think I am old because my hair is white; I never was so young as I am now." I look back to my childhood days, and remember when, in winter nights, in the sitting-room, the children played, the blithest and the gayest of all the company were father and mother. Although reaching fourscore years of age, they never got old.

Again: As with the leaves, we fade and fall amid myriads of others. One cannot count the number of plumes which these frosts are plucking from the hills. They will strew all the streams; they will drift into the caverns; they will soften the wild beast's lair, and fill the eagle's eyrie.

All the aisles of the forest will be covered with their carpet, and the steps of the hills glow with a wealth of color and shape that will defy the looms of Axminster. What urn could hold the ashes of all these dead leaves? Who could count the hosts that burn on this funeral pyre of the mountains?

So we die in concert. The clock that strikes the hour of our going will sound the going of many thousands. Keeping step with the feet of those who carry us out will be the tramp of hundreds doing the same errand. Between fifty and seventy people every day lie down in Greenwood. That place has over two hundred thousand of the dead. I said to the man at the gate, "Then if there are so many here, you must have the largest cemetery." He said there were two Roman Catholic cemeteries in the city, each of which had more than this. We are all dying. London and Pekin are not the great cities of the world. The grave is the great city. It hath mightier population, longer streets, brighter lights, thicker darknesses. Caesar is there, and all his subjects. Nero is there, and all his victims. City of kings and paupers! It has swallowed up in its immigrations Thebes, and Tyre and Babylon, and will swallow all our cities. Yet, City of Silence, No voice. No hoof. No wheel. No clash. No smiting of hammer. No clack of flying loom. No jar. No whisper. Great City of Silence. Of all its million million hands, not one of them is lifted. Of all its million million eyes, not one of them sparkles. Of all its million million hearts, not one pulsates. The living are in small minority.

Again: As with variety of appearance the leaves depart, so do we. You have noticed that some trees, at the first touch of the frost, lose all their beauty; they stand withered, and uncomely, and ragged, waiting for the northeast storm to drive them into the mire. The sun shining at noonday glides them with no beauty. Ragged leaves! Dead leaves! No one stands to study them. They are gathered in no vase. They are hung on no wall. No death smites many. There is no beauty in their departure. One chary frost of sickness, or one blast off the cold waters, and they are gone. No tinge of hope. No prophecy of heaven.

Their spring was all abloom with bright prospects; their summer thick foliaged with opportunities; but October came, and their glory went. Frost ed! In early autumn the frosts come, but do not seem to damage vegetation. They are light frosts. But some morning you look out of the window and say, "There was a black frost last night," and you know that from that day everything will wither. So men seem to get along without religion, amid the annoyances and vexations of life that nip them slightly here and nip them there. But after awhile death comes. It is a black frost, and all is ended. \* \* \*

Why go to the death-bed of distinguished men, when there is hardly a house on this street but from it a Christian has departed? When your baby died there were enough angels in the room to have chanted a coronation. When your father died you sat watching, and after awhile felt of his wrist, and then put your hand under his arm to see if there were any warmth left, and placed the mirror to the mouth to see if there were any sign of breathing; and when all was over, you thought how grandly he slept—a giant resting after a battle. Oh! there are many Christian death-beds. The chariots of God, come to take his children home, are speeding every-where. This one halts at the gate of the almshouse; that one at the gate of princes. The shout of captives breaking their chains comes on the morning air. The heavens ring again and again with the coronation. The twelve gates of heaven are crowded with the ascending righteous. I see the accumulated glories of a thousand Christian death-beds—an autumnal forest illumined by an autumnal sunset! They died not in shame, but in triumph! As the leaf! As the leaf!

Lastly: As the leaves fade and fall only to rise, so do we. All this golden shower of the woods is making the ground richer, and in the juice, and sap, and life of the tree the leaves will come up again. Next May the south wind will blow the resurrection trumpet, and they will rise. So we fall in the dust only to rise again. "The hour is coming when all who are in their graves shall hear his voice and come forth." It would be a horrible consideration to think that our bodies were always to lie in the ground. However beautiful the flowers you plant there, we do not want to make our everlasting residence in such a place. \* \* \*

Crossing the Atlantic the ship may founder, and our bodies be eaten by the sharks; but God tameth Leviathan, and we shall come again. In awful explosion of factory boiler our bodies may be shattered into a hundred fragments in the air; but God watches the disaster, and we shall come again. He will drag the deep, and ransack the tomb, and upturn the wilderness, and torture the mountain, but he will find us, and fetch us out and up to judgment and to victory. We shall come up with perfect eye, with perfect hand, with perfect foot, and with perfect body. All our weaknesses left behind.

We fall, but we rise; we die, but we live again! We moulder away, but we come to higher unfolding! As the leaf! As the leaf!

## Lord Rosebery's First Speech.

Lord Rosebery's first speech was delivered when the future premier was fourteen years of age, at a dinner to volunteers given by his grandfather. He had even then his cool self-possession, and the speech—in acknowledgment of a vote of thanks to his grandfather—was considered a very good effort for one so young.

## The Air After a Snowfall.

The air, after a heavy snowfall, or shower, is usually very clear, because the snow or rain in falling brings down with it most of the dust and impurities, and leaves the atmosphere exceedingly clear.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The canning of horse-meat is a thriving industry in Holland, whence it is shipped to France. The meat is largely supplied by worn-out horses from England.

A terrier that was only four inches long, and therefore the smallest in the world, died recently in London. The little animal was the property of Sir Archibald MacLaine.

The Arabs harbor a superstition that the stork is a bird of good omen. When one of them builds its nest on a housetop, the occupants of the house believe that their happiness is insured for a year.

A London clergyman asserts that the over-dressing of most church-goers has been a curse to Christianity, by influencing those who cannot buy good clothes to absent themselves from church.

A cold snap visited Phoenix, Ariz., and during the night a barber there dreamed that he was shivering on an Arctic journey. He awoke, and discovered that somebody had stolen the blankets from his bed.

A wild boar, roasted whole, was the chief dish at a state dinner given by the Prince of Montenegro. It was brought in smoking hot. Inside the boar was a turkey, and inside the turkey a snipe, which had been shot by the host.

In Wales there exists the "falling tower" of Caerphilly Castle, which is seventy-seven feet in height, and inclines no less than eleven feet out of the perpendicular. In proportion this is much greater than the tower of Pisa, which is 133 feet, and leans 31-feet feet.

Slow steps, whether long or short, suggest a gentle or reflective state of mind, as the case may be.

Where a revengeful purpose is hidden under a feigned smile the step will be sinking and noiseless.