TALMAGE'S SERMON. ment by the three angels on the plains his best parable out of the scene of a

"CHEERS FOR THE UNKNOWN" SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Text, Romans xvi, 14 and 15 as Follows: Salute Asyncritus, Phlegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philologus and Julia.



ATTHEW Henry, Albert Barnes. Adam Clark, Thomas Scott, and all the commentators pass by these verses without any especial remark. The other twenty people mentioned in the chapter were distinguished for

something and were therefore discussed by the illustrious expositors; but nothing is said about Asyncritus, Phlegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philologus and Julia. Where were they born? No one knows. When did they die? There is no record of their decease. For what were they distinguished? Absolutely nothing, or the trait of character would have been brought out by the apostle. If they had been very intrepid; or opulent, or hirsute, or musical of cadence, or crass of style, or in any wise anomalous, that feature would have been caught by the apostolic camera. But they were good people, because Paul sends to them his high Christian regards. They were ordinary people moving In ordinary sphere, attending to ordinary duty and meeting ordinary responsibilities.

What the world wants is a religion for ordinary people. If there be in the United States 70,000,000 people, there are certainly not more than 1,-000,000 extraordinary; and then there are 69,000,000 ordinary, and we do well to turn our backs for a little while upon the distinguished and conspicuous people of the Bible and consider in our text the seven ordinary. We spend too much of our time in twisting garlands for remarkables and building thrones for magnates and sculpturing warriors and apothesizing philanthropists. The rank and file of the Lord's soldiery need especial help.

The vast majority of people will never lead an army, will never write a state constitution, will never electrify a senate, will never make an important invention, will never introduce philosophy, will never decide the fate of a nation. You do not expect to; you do not want to. You will not be a Moses to lead a nation out of bondage. You will not be a Joshua to prolong the daylight until you can shut five kings in a cavern. You will not be a St. John to unroll an Apocalypse. You will not be a Paul to preside over an apostolic college. You will not be a Mary to mother a Christ. You will more probably be Asyncritus or Phlegon, or Hermas, or Patrobas, or Hermes, or Philologus, or Julia.

Many of you are women at the head of households. Every morning you plan for the day. The culinary department of the household is in your dominion. You decide all questions of diet. All the sanitary regulations of knows just how many locusts there your house are under your supervision. To regulate the food and the apparel knew just how many ravens were nec-

of Mamre, will help every woman to provide hospitality, however rare and embarrassing. It is high time that some of the attention we have been giving to the remarkable women of the Bible-remarkable for their virtue, or their want of it, or remarkable for their deeds-Deborah and Jezebel, and Herodias and Athalia, and Dorcas and

the Marys, excellent and abandonedit is high time some of the attention we have been giving to these conspicuous women of the Bible be given to Julia, an ordinary woman, amld ordinary circumstances, attending to ordinary duties, and meeting ordinary responsibilities. * * *

Now, what is wanted is grace-divine grace for ordinary business men, men who are harnessed from morn till night and all the days of their lifeharnessed in business. Not grace to lose a hundred thousand, but grace to lose ten dollars. Not grace to supervise two hundred and fifty employes in a factory, but grace to supervise the bookkeeper and two salesmen, and the small boy that sweeps out the store. Grace to invest not the eighty thousand dollars of net profit, but the twenty-five hundred of clear gain. Grace not to endure the loss of a whole shipload of spices from the Indies, but grace to endure the loss of a paper of collars from the leakage of a displaced shingle on a poor roof. Grace not to endure the tardiness of the American Congress in passing a necessary law, but grace to endure the tardiness of an errand boy stopping to play marbles when he ought to deliver the goods. Such a grace as thousands of business men have today-keeping them tranquil, whether goods sell or do not sell, whether customers pay or do not pay, v. ether tariff is up or tariff is down, whether the crops are luxuriant or a dead failure-caim in all circumstances and amid all vicissitudes. That is the kind of grace we want.

Millions of men want it, and they may have it for the asking. Some hero or heroine comes to town, and as the procession passes through the streets the business men come out, stand on tiptoe on their store steps and look at some one who in Arctic clime, or in ocean storm, or in day of battle, or in hospital agonies, did the brave thing, not realizing that they, the enthusiastic spectators, have gone through trials in business life that are just as great before God. There are men who have gone through freezing Arctics and burning torrids, and awful Marengoes of experience without moving five miles from their doorstep.

Now, what ordinary business men need is to realize that they have the friendship of that Christ who looked after the religious interests of Matthew, the custom house clerk, and helped Lydia, of Thyatira, to sell the dry goods, and who opened a bakery and fish market in the wilderness of Asia Minor to feed the seven thousand who had come out on a religious picnic, and who counts the hairs on your head with as much particularity as though they were the plumes of a coronation, and who sidering her appearance. Of course, took the trouble to stoop down with his finger writing on the ground, although the first shuffle of feet obliterated the divine caligraphy, and who diplomacy than is displayed in the were in the Egyptian plague, and When Mrs. Binckley called Mrs. Limpessary to supply Elijah's pantry by the ed her for not coming oftener, and brook Cherith, and who, as floral commander, leads forth all the regiments asked her if she was troubled with maof primroses, foxgloves, daffodils, hyacinths, and lilies, which pitch their low,' she went on, 'and drawn. I altents of beauty and kindle their campfires of color all around the hemisphere -that that Christ and that God knows the most minute affairs of your business life and however inconsiderable. understanding all the affairs of that woman who keeps a thread and needle only a matter of a short time and not store as well as all the affairs of a Rothschild and a Baring. Then there are all the ordinary farm-We talk about agricultural life, ers. and we immediately shoot off to talk about Cincinnatus, the patrician, who went from the plow to a high position. and after he got through the dictatorship, in twenty-one days, went back again to the plow. What encouragement is that to ordinary farmers? The vast majority of them-none of them will be patricians. Perhaps none of them will be senators. If any of them have dictatorships, it will be over forty, or fifty, or one hundred acres of the old homestead. What these men want is grace, to keep their patience while plowing with balky oxen, and to keep cheerful amid the drouth that destroys the corn crop, and that enables them to restore the garden the day after the neighbor's cattle have broken in and trampled out the strawberry bed. and eaten up the sweet corn in such large quantities that they must be kept from the water lest they swell up and die. Grace in catching weather that enables them, without imprecation, to spread out the hay the third time, although again, and again, and again, it has been almost ready for the mow. A grace to doctor the cow with a hollow horn, and the sheep with the foot rot. and the horse with the distemper, and to compel the unwilling acres to yield a livelihood for the family, and schooling for the children and little extras to help the older boy in husiness, and something for the daughter's wedding outfit, and a little surplus for the time when the ankles will get stiff with ago. and the breath will be a little short. and the swinging of the cradle through the hot harvest field will bring on the old man's vertigo. Better close up about Cincinnatus. I know five hundred farmers just as noble as he was. What they want is to know that they have the friendship of that Christ who

farmer boy coming back from his wanderings, and the old farm house shook that night with rural jubilee; and who compared himself to a lamb in the pasture field, and who said that the eternal God is a farmer, declaring. "My father is the husbandman."

Those stone masons do not want to hear about Christopher Wren, the architect, who built St. Paul's Cathedral. It would be better to tell them how to carry the hod of brick up the ladder without slipping, and how on a cold morning, with the trowel to smooth off the mortar and keep cheerful, and how to be thankful to God for the plain food taken from the pail by the roadside. Carpenters, standing amid the adze, and the bit, and the plane, and the broad axe, need to be told that Christ was a carpenter, with his own hand wielding saw and hammer. Oh, this is a tired world, and it is an overworked world, and it is an under fed world, and it is a wrung out world, and men and women need to know that there is rest and recuperation in God and in that religion which was not so much intended for extraordinary people as for ordinary people, because there are more of them. .

. . .

At an anniversary of a deaf and dumb asylum, one of the children wrote upon the blackboard words as sublime as the Iliad, the Odyssey, and the "Divina Commedia" all compressed in one paragraph. The examiner, in the signs of the mute language, asked her, "Who made the world?" The deaf and dumb girl wrote upon the blackboard, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." The examiner asked her, "For what purpose did Christ come into the world?" The deaf and dumb girl wrote upon the blackboard, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." The examiner said to her, "Why were you born deaf and dumb, while I hear and speak?" She wrote upon the blackboard, "Even so, Father; for so it seemeth good in thy sight." Oh, that we might be baptized with a contented spirit. The spider draws poison out of a flower, the bee gets honey out of a thistle, but happiness is a heavenly elixir, and the contented spirit extracts it, not from the rhododendron of the hills, but from the lily of the valley.

MERRY WARFARE.

When Two Society Women Hate Each Other Cordially.

"You can't appreciate what may be embodied in that term bitter-sweet," sighed Limpton to the Detroit Free Press man, "till you hear two society women in conversation, each hating the other fervently, yet smiling, laughing and looking angelic while they are stabbing each other as cruelly and vigorously as though it were a duel to the death. This is between us, but I just came away from a little scene confirming my view of the case. Binckley's wife had called on mine. Mrs. Binkley had said somewhere that Mrs. Limpton looked prematurely old, and that she dressed in execrable taste, consome 'good friend' told Mrs. Limpton. I expected blue blazes when the two met, but the event showed far more management of international affairs. ton kissed her, clung to her hand, chidthen, in the softest tones of solicitude. laria, now prevalent. 'You look so yelways have you in mind as plump and rosy. Do take treatment, dear.' 'It's nothing serious,' laughed Mrs. Binckley. 'The doctor tells me that a person with strong eyes and teeth always has wonderful recuperative powers. It is at all as though I had stepped permanently from my prime into old age.' This was hot shot, for my wife has worn glasses ever since she was a little girl, and some of her prettiest teeth were supplied by a dentist, but she blandly told of how many of her dearest friends who had a misleading appearance of health had gone with quick consumption, and they fell to talking about hired girls. Woman is a sphinx."

GLADYS' 'KERCHIEFS. never been known to tell the right time THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

(By Lida Patrick Wilson, in Short Stories.)



a guilty feeling that every one who passed knew that his engagement with Gladys Lawton was broken, and that there reposed in his left-hand pocket, to be returned to their owner, one dozen little notes on heavy white paper, monogram G. L., and in his righthand pocket a diamond scarf pin and six dainty handkerchiefs, with flufly borders, especially designed to tickle a lady-like little nose. Why Philip defied custom in returning these articles in person the little god of love alone knows.

A far more imposing array of gifts and love tokens was being collected at the other end of the line, for Phil was a generous soul, and his ladylove most chary of her favors. Letter writing she detested, and Phil at an early stage in their engagement had been employed as secretary. The answers to his daily notes were, to his disgust, usually given by telephone. As to the handkerchiefs-thereby hangs a tale, for Gladys was one of those unfortunate beings-a girl without a pocketand could be traced by the trail of pretty mouchoirs she left behind her. Phil's hand involuntarily tightened ver the packet which aroused such bitter sweet remembrances. One little square of linen, with wide ruffles of lace, he pilfered the day they became engaged, and was sacred in Phil's sight, for it had wiped away two happy tears from Gladys' big eyes. Another had been put in his pocket for safe keeping one evening as they were going to see a famous tragedian. "Keep it for me, Phil, for I know I shall cry," said Gladys, fully conscious of her weak-Less. It was not needed, for the play proved more glad than sad, and Philip added the bit of cambric to his rapidly

growing collection. Gladys had a pretty habit of wearing fluffy handkerchief tucked coquettishly up her sleeve, and another of Phil's souvenirs had been used one happy night to bandage a finger he had bruised in raising a window.

He smiled to himself as he remembered how many times he had heard her agonized whisper, "Please lend me your handkerchief, Phil, I can't think what has become of mine." This common occurrence had caused Phil, in making his toilet, to invariably add an extra one for Gladys and her emergencies.

Phil heaved a sigh that would have been a credit to the staglest lover, and his honest heart thumped hard as he



its happy faculty of insisting it was only 10 o'clock, when well-regulated time pieces were mildly hinting it was

nearly 12. Gladys was studying Greek history and sculpture, and the usual pictures in the room had been removed to give place to her attic treasures. The Parthenon had the pdace of honor over deep flush of red the plano, and the gods and goddesses were assembled on the walls in almost as great numbers as in the days of old when they had gathered on Mount Olympus.

Phil grew uneasy as a flood of assoclations rolled over him, and he moved restlessly about. There on the desk was that mummy hand paper weight which old Van Tyle had sent to Gladys at Christmas. How jealous he had been of Van for the pleasure his present had given! He remembered how cuttingly he had remarked that it was just like Van's meanness to offer her some other fellow's hand!

On the table was the novel they had been reading together. Phil had used his scarf pin as a bookmark, and it had been left undisturbed.

From its place on the chandelier a little sprig of mistletoe suddenly dropped on Phil's hand. Christmas eve he had stood in this same spot, and Gladys, shy, reserved, undemonstrative Gladys, had softly stolen up behind him and actually-

Phil shook himself impatiently, put his hands in his pockets and turned to look at the dying embers in the grate. Yes, Gladys had evidently just left the room-fled, he supposed, when she heard his voice. Drawn up cozily in front of the fire was her favorite lounging chair, in which she curled herself comfortably like a cat.

In the depths of the chair a small white object attracted Phil's attention. Mechanically, from pure force of habit, he stopped to pick it up, and a wretched little specimen of mouchoir it was. It looked as if Telemachus had wept abundantly upon it, and Niobe added her ceaseless tears. It was as damp as a cobweb left out over night in the dew.

A great light came into Phil's eyes. Gladys crying! Gladys unhappy! Rapturous thought-she must care for him after all! Philip drew a long breath that sounded like a sob; then, with a boyish, happy laugh, he walked toward the door. There was a light step on the stair, a rustle of drapery in the hall, and she entered. "Gladys," said Philip, pocketing the tell-tale treasure, "I came to tell you-how much I love you."

The Florida Indians.

The Indian question, says a correspondent of the New York Evening Post, is so associated in most minds with the west that few persons recall the fact that we have a good many red men still in the east, living in characteristic Indian fashion and their progress in civilization subject to the same drawbacks as that of their western brethren. The most interesting of these are the Florida Seminoles, of whom there are between four hundred and six hundred scattered through the Everglades. Until within a little while no one thought of disturbing them there, for they were living on land belonging to the United States and in a district which no one else cared to oc-Various speculative schemes cupy. by two (Mark 6: 7). (1) Because thus they were complete and well balanced. Each for redeeming the Everglades have been pushed to the front of late, howwould suplement the work of the other. ever, and, to crown all, the United They would reach different classes of minds, and where one failed the other minds, and where one failed the other would be ready with the right word. (2) They would aid and encourage one an-other, keep up each other's courage in time of difficulty, be suggestive of plans, States government has decided to make a gift of this tract to the state of Florida. With the prospect that the land occupied by the Indians might become and aid one another's warmth and glow of spiritual life. "With two there is warmth." (3) Two is the best number. valuable, there arose a local demand for their removal to some spot where warmth." (3) Two is the best number. More would be a hindrance, and would be divisive, while two would accomplish nearly all that more could do. (4) This is still one true and effective method of they would be out of the way of white development of the country; and a board of trustees appointed by the Christian work. Two are more than twice state government to select a site for a nermanent reservation has reported to the governor. Brave Attempts at English. From the New York Tribune: The

LESSON VIII., FEB. 20-MATT 10. 2-15-APOSTLES DEPART.

Golden Text: "Freely Ye Have Roceived, Freely Give"-Matt. 10:8-The Disciples Go Forth for the Salvation of Men.

The section includes the chapter, the instructions to his disciples as he sends them out to work for the salvation of men.

Time .- Autumn of A. D. 28 and winter of 28 and 29. Place.-Some village or town in Galilee. The exact place is unknown. The Third Circuit of Galilee was begun at this time by Jesus with his disciples, the instructions for which are given in the chapter of to-day's lesson.

Review briefly the gradual development of the work of bringing in the kingdom of God, as seen in the first two years of of God. Christ's ministry.

Our next interest is in the persons lected to be the intimate friends and pu-pils of Jesus, to be instructed in his truths and trained in his work, and filled with his spirit, so that after his death they would be prepared to build up the church and spread the gospel over the world. This work is very practical for us all. It is full of instruction, inspira-tion, and comfort for us all. We are to look at the principles involved, and follow those principles. So far as our cir-cumstances are the same, we can follow the definite instruction given here for those circumstances. So far as our cir-cumstances differ, we can only apply the principles. Jesus did the same with his disciples, and later bade them preach to those to whom he now forbade them to preach. We cannot work miracles as the disciples did, but we can do good and help the sick and afflicted even more than they than they.

Their Great Variety of Character. "Je-sus chose twelve disciples, that every man, in all time, might find himself rep-resented among the apostles. The doubt-ef finds himself in Thomas; the fierce, hot-headed, quick-tempered man finds • ef finds himself in Thomas; the flerce, hot-headed, quick-tempered man finds himself in John, the Son of Thunder; the opinionated, impulsive man in Peter; the hard-headed, practical man desiring the first place in the kingdom, in James, etc. We are all there. And to all of us can come like fitness, worthy of apostle-ship."--Bp. H. W. Warren. All kinds of men can become Christians; all kinds can serve the Lord in some good way. This great variety in Christians enables Christianity to meet the vast variety of men in the world. But all were one in heart, in the love of Jesus, in seeking the higher life, in building up the kingdom higher life, in building up the kingdom of heaven.

Counterbalances. "One of the ways Je-sus takes to overcome their imperfection sus takes to overcome their imperfection in doing a work, which called for per-fection in the workers, was in his group-ing of the apostles. Our imperfection very commonly is of the nature of half-ness. We see one side of a truth, and not the other. We feel the greatness of some quality so strongly that we depre-ciate some other quality which seems op-posed to it, but is really complementary. Our Lord seems to have acted with care-ful reference to this in sending out his experimentary in the order indiful reference to this in sending out his apostles two by two, in the order indi-cated in Matthew." Peter, the boid, im-petuous man acting on the spur of the moment is load with Andrew the petuous man acting on the spur of the moment, is joined with Andrew, the apostle instinctively chosen by the Scotch as their national patron, as far-seeing, cautious, careful, full of the sense of dif-ficulty. James and John differed greatly in age. John must have been very young, for he outlived Jesus nearly savesty In age. John must have been very young, for he outlived Jesus nearly soventy years. So the Master paired them off, old and young together. Philip, the slow-witted, was paired with Nathaniel Bar-tholomew, the quick-witted. Thomas, the doubting, skeptical intellect, was joined with Matthew, one of the heroes of faith. James, the author of the epistle, the most practical of men, was united with Jude, the man of doctrine. Simon, the Zealot, a man of zeal, enthusiasm, independence, and patriotism, was with Judas Iscariot. and patriotism, was with Judas Iscarlot, the business economist. "So the Master made one whole man out of two half men. And so his church should go forth, men. And so his church should go forth, two by two, each with the one most un-like himself, and therefore best able to help him."-Pres. R. E. Thompson, S. T. D., in Sunday-School Times.

Two by Two. They were sent out two

and the babits, and decide the thousand questions of home life is a tax upon brain and nerve and general health absolutely appalling, if there be no divine alleviation.

It does not help you much to be told that Elizabeth Fry did wonderful things amid the criminals at Newgate. It does not help you much to be told that Mrs. Judson was very brave among the Bornesian cannibals. It does not help you very much to be told that Florence Nightingale was very kind to the wounded in the Crimea. It would be better for me to tell you that the divine friend of Mary and Martha is your friend, and that he sees all the annoyances and disappointments and abrasions, and exasperations of an ordinary housekeeper from morn till alght, and from the first day of the year until the last day of the year, and at your call he is ready with help and reinforcement.

They who provide the food of the world decide the health of the world. You have only to go on some errand amid the taverns and the hotels of the United States and Great Britain to appreciate the fact that a vast multitude of the human race are slaughtered by incompetent cookery. Though a young woman may have taken lessons in music, and may have taken lessons in painting, and lessons in astronomy, she is not well educated unless she has and gone through the Lima bean patch, taken lessons in dough! They who decide the apparel of the world, and the food of the world, decide the endurance of the world.

An unthinking man may consider it a matter of little importance-the cares of the household and the economies of domestic life-but I tell you the earth is strewn with the martyrs of kitchen and nursery. The healthshattered womanhood of America cries out for a God who can help ordinary women in the ordinary duties of housekeeping. The wearing, grinding, unappreciated work goes on, but the same Christ who stood on the bank of Galites in the early morning and kindled the fire and had the fish - already cloaned and broiling when the sportsmen atepped ashore, chilled and hungry, will help every woman to prepare breakfast, whether by her own hand, or the hand of her hired help. The God who made indestructible eulogy of Hannah, who made a coat for Samuel, her son, and carried it to the temple every year, will help every woman in proparing the family ward- often drew his similes from the farmrote. The God who opens the Bible | er's life, as when he said, "A sower

Women the Best Conversers.

Of one thing there can be very little doubt, and that is the greater readiness in conversation of women than men. A woman can create conversation, which is a very useful thing, and is frequently found a great social diffi-If we give a man a subject on culty. which he knows anything at all, unless he be a fool or morbidly reticent. he can talk about it so as to make himself fairly intelligible and perhaps interesting for those to whom the subject has any interest at all. Men, when their feeling of enthusiasm is excited, throw off the slowness and hesitation which frequently cramp their power in society, just as they throw off the physical infirmity of stuttering under the influence of some awakening theme or some strong sympathy. But the power of conversation in some women and not always those of remarkable ability, is the very art of making bricks without straw. They will talk to one by the hour about nothing-that is, on no particular subject and with no particular object, and talk coherently and not foolishly and withal very pleasantly all the time. It would, we are free to confess, be rather difficult for the listener to carry away with him any mental notes of what had been said; he may not be conscious of having gained any new ideas or of having had his old ones much enlarged; but he will rise and go his way, as one does after a light and wholesome meat, sensibly cheered and refreshed, but retaining no troublesome memories of the ingredients which have composed it.

Why does a man always lose his with the story of Abraham's entertain | went forth to sow," as when he built | nerve just when he needs it most?

"IN THE LIBRARY, SIR." walked up the steps of Mrs. Lawton's

cuse. "Ah, well, Gladys is the only I in the world for me; but our first quarrel is to be our last, for she does lot care for me, that's evident, fool that I was." And he pulled the bell flew to the door. Phil's eyes dropped as he met the beaming gaze of Polly. the maid, Polly, who had opened the door so sympathizingly through all the stages of his courtship-she, at least, ding, and Phil's voice faltered a triffe as he asked for Miss Lawson.

"She is in the library, sir," Polly said in her usual encouraging tones. Phil hesitated. The library was the only her intimate friends. Waring felt that it would be a hard matter to end his engagement in that room.

"I think I will wait in here," he said, going toward the drawing room. "Oh sir, Mrs. Lawton has a mother's meeting in there," said Polly, and led the way to the sacred precincts so familiar to him of late. No one was there. and Waring sat down in a remote corner, feeling ill at case with these surroundings. When Mrs. Lawson had become such a club woman that her drawing room was in constant requisition of meetings for all sorts and conlitions of women. Gladys had arranged a little parlor of her own. It was a quaint apartment, so full of her fads and fancies that you felt you had been taken into her confidence the moment you entered the room. Miniature gardens grew in the windows, ivy climbed adventurously toward the ceiling, the cut glass howl on the odd little table was overflowing with roses, and holly herries, the beautiful hadge of Christman, was lavishly scattered everywhere,

A queer little Dutch clock ticked How long ago did you happen in ?"--away crazily on the wall, It had Boston Court

following notice is displayed in a hotel in Norway: "Bath! First-class bath. Can anybody get. Tushbath. Warm and cold. Tub bath and shower bath. At any time. Except Saturso savagely that Polly, the maid, fairly day. By two hours forbore." And this is the notice that was posted up recently in an art exhibition in Tokio, Japan: "Visitors are requested at the entrance to show tickets for inspection. Tickets are charged 10 cens and would be sorry there was to be no wed- 2 cens, for the special and common respectively. No visitor who is mad or intoxicated is allowed to enter in, if any person found in shall be claimed to retire. No visitor is allowed to carry in with himself any parcel, umbrelprivate sanctum where Gladys received | In, stick and the like kind, except his purse, and is strictly forbidden to take within himself dog, or the same kind of beasts. Visitor is requested to take good care of himself from thievely."

His Knowledge of Jusic.

While Meade's army as marching out of the Wilderness drum corps in passing Grant's her | sarters caught sight of the chief and at once struck up a then popular negro camp-meeting air. Everyone began to laugh What's the fun?" inquired the general. "Why," was the roply, "they are playing 'Ain't I Glad to Get Out oh de Wilderness!"" The general smiled at the ready wit of the musiciana and said "Well, with me a musical joke always requires explanation. I know only two tunes-one is 'Yankes Donile' and the other isn't."-Rochestor Democrat and Chronicle.

numental Personal.

Saftleigh-"I tell you what it is;

there's some funny things happen in

this world." Keeper-"That's a fact.

Their Personality and Possibilities, Their Personality and Possibilities, They were plain men who had not been perverted by the false philosophies, tra-ditions, and morals of the day. They were mostly working men, business men, practical men, but of great variety of early training, and of business life. Some early training, and of business life. Some were poor; some were comparatively well off; some belonged to country villages, some to the city; several were fishermen. "There were two, at least," says Dr. Gibson, "the choice of whom seemed to violate all dictates of wisdom and pre-dence-Matthew the publican, of a hater. dence-Matthew the publican, of a hater class, inviting hostility; and Simon the Zealot, a radical revolutionist in poli-tics." Yet the choice of these showed the broadness of the gospel, and its power. They were men of ability; there were great possibilities in them. Christ transformed common men into apostles, the foundation stones of the New Jeru-salem, the leaders of the kingdom that was to transform the world. The char-coal was changed into diamonds. They were far from faultless, but the faults were flaws in a jewel, not the crudeness of the charcoal.

of the charcoal. of the charcoal. Hilustration. It is very noticeable in all history that the larger part of the great men in every department have sprung from the common people, so far as the absence of wealth or rank, or great ancestry can make them con

VERBAL BRILLIANCIES.

Speech is the small change of silepce.

Observation is the most enduring of the pleasures of life.

What a woman thinks of women is the test of her nature.

We women miss life only when we have never met the man to reverence. There is nothing the body suffers that the soul may not profit by.

The future not being born, my friend, we will abstain from bapting H.

After 40, men have married their habits, and wives are only an item in the list, and not the most important.

That small motives are at the bottom of many illustrious actions in a modern discovery.

The hero of two women must dis and be wept over in comm