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MOTHERHOOD.

When the tasks of the day are ended,
And work is folded away,
I sit by the window and study
A picture over the way.

In a room with undrawn curtains
A mother comes every night,
And sits with a dimpled baby,
In the softly flickering light.

The little one's chubby fingers
Wander over her face,
And it smiles and coos and dances
With a sweet, unconscious grace.

I know the mother is saying
Something tender and good,
By the way in which she caresses
This atom of babyhood.

Then, as the twilight deepens,
The golden head sinks to rest,
And a beautiful face bends over
The sleeping child on her breast:

And my own sad heart is throbbing,
Yearning with sudden pain,
For a touch of the dainty fingers
I never shall clasp again.

But I know the time is coming,
At the end of life's eventide,
When hushed will be every longing,
And mother-love satisfied.

So now I sit by the window,
And take what comfort I may,
Watching the dear little stranger
In the firelight over the way.

—*Christian Union.*

THE LAWYER'S WARD.

A Runaway Couple from Philadelphia.

Rev. Dr. Melton was just beginning to feel at home in his new parsonage when he was surprised one evening to receive a call from his classmate Harry Leigh. In college days they had been friends, and for awhile after their graduation they had exchanged letters and visits; but the letters and visits had come to an end long ago, and it was many years since they had met. As they sat in the book-lined study, each eyed the other curiously. Years sat lightly upon Mr. Leigh, and he was dressed fashionably, almost youthfully. In his dark-red neck-scarf was thrust a gold dog's head with ruby eyes, and to the parson the scarf and the dog's head suggested a sporting character. He knew that Mr. Leigh was not a sporting character, and wondered mildly that a highly respectable, prosperous, middle-aged lawyer should thus adorn his person. Moreover, Mr. Leigh had brought into the study a tall silk hat and a dapper little walking stick, and these he held as though they were far too precious to be laid on an unsympathetic chair. He clung to them until the parson was filled with an unchristian desire to throw them out of the window; but instead, he broke off in the middle of a sentence, took hat and stick from his guest, and carried them to the new so-called Queen Anne rack in the hall. There he left them, together with the engraved card that had announced Mr. Leigh's presence in the house.

Mr. Leigh, in the minute that he was alone, smiled, and the smile had in it a touch of pitying condescension, and when the parson re-entered the study his guest scanned him leisurely. He saw a tall, loose-limbed, awkward man, clad in black broadcloth of country cut, with a low vest that displayed a liberal expanse of spotless linen. Dr. Melton's slippers were a little the worse for wear, but he knew that his daughter would surprise him at Christmas with a new pair, and meanwhile the old ones were comfortable. His collar and cravat were neat, albeit not fashionable, and they were well hidden by a flowing gray beard that had more white hairs in it than there were in his mustache. From under his broad forehead a pair of contemplative blue eyes looked at the world with mingled shrewdness and kindness, and they rested on his guest with a sort of comical surprise. He thought Mr. Leigh rather foppish in his dress, and Mr. Leigh hoped that the country parson would soon be introduced to a New York tailor, and taught town ways by some of the deacons in the church to which he had been called upon to minister.

"Well," he said, "and how do you fancy the idea of becoming a metropolitan preacher, and seeing your sermon garbled in Monday morning's paper?"

"The papers didn't garble my sermon this week," the doctor said. "On the contrary, the reporters picked out the best and overlooked the worst in the kindest and most flattering fashion."

Mr. Leigh laughed. "You won't be so amiable to reporters when you know them better. This is quite a change from your old life, and an agreeable change, no doubt. Or do you believe that God made the country and man made the town?"

"I believe God made them both, and man tries his best to spoil both," the parson answered.

"Ah, that's neat—very neat. By-the-way, I ought to call you doctor. I read your book on the Atonement with a good deal of pleasure." The parson winced, but Mr. Leigh did not observe that. "I don't wonder the college doctored you for it, though your ideas must seem rather liberal to the musty old fogies who peddle out Latin and Greek and theology."

"I came near being one of the musty old fogies myself," said Dr. Melton. "They wanted me to be a professor, but I prefer to be a parson."

"A city parson," said his guest.

"I am not so sure about the city part," Dr. Melton said, slowly. "It was pleasant up there in the country; I was attached to my people; I liked to potter about in my garden. I was astonished when I received a call from New York. I don't know that I would have accepted it if one of my deacons had not had a promising son ready to fill my place, and I think that my congregation rather liked the idea of a young dominie. I had about come to the conclusion that I should live and die a country parson; but here I am."

"With six thousand dollars a year and a comfortable house," added Mr. Leigh.

The parson frowned. "A man with four children has no right to slight a chance of bettering his fortune; but it was not the money that brought me to New York. There is work here—" He broke off suddenly, perhaps because he saw the shadow of a sneer on Mr. Leigh's lips. "And you are still living in Philadelphia?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed; I would not live anywhere else. New Yorkers may turn up their noses and call it a village, but Philadelphia suits people who belong to the old Quaker stock."

"Quaker! You haven't turned Friend?" The parson's eye lit on the [illegible] "You used to be [illegible] in college."

"I am yet," said Mr. Leigh; but my ancestors were Quakers—sort of cousins of old Penn, you know."

"You have a son, I believe, to perpetuate the name?" the parson remarked, dryly.

"One son—an only child. Morton is twenty-four, and reading law in my office. A bright fellow, too; never gives me a moment's uneasiness; always at work; steady-going; no boyish nonsense about him."

"Twenty-four," the parson repeated, "and no boyish nonsense about him? There is a good deal of nonsense about my boys, I am happy—sorry to say. Still I hope they won't disgrace me. Their mother thinks they are all right, and I am learning every day of my life that my wisdom, as compared with hers, is beneath contempt. I can hardly believe you have a son twenty-four. Why, you are a spruce young man yourself."

"Thanks to a life free from excesses of any kind," said Mr. Leigh. And I married early—I advocate an early marriage if a man has money enough to support a family. This waiting to scrape together a paltry income is terribly hard on a young man. Yes, I married early, and I have every reason to believe that my son will follow my example."

"So!" the parson exclaimed, raising his eye-brows very high. "I am glad to hear that. I married early myself, but it was on one of the paltry incomes—a thousand dollars, to be accurate."

"A thousand dollars!" cried Mr. Leigh, in horror.

"Yes; and we were happy." Dr. Melton rose as he spoke, his eyes straying toward a photograph of his wife that stood on the mantel-shelf. He took his pipe and filled it, smiling absently the while. "I can't offer you a cigar," he said, "but if a pipe—"

"Thank you. I have a cigar with me," said Mr. Leigh.

The two gentlemen smoked for a minute in pensive silence.

"And when is your boy to marry?" asked the doctor.

"Oh, it is not quite arranged yet."

"So you arrange marriages in Philadelphia? And this particular marriage is not quite arranged? Humph! I don't understand that sort of thing. Up in the country it is, 'Mary, I love you,' and 'Jack, I love you in return,' and then my services are called for. How does one arrange a marriage in Philadelphia?"

The touch of sarcasm was quite lost on Mr. Leigh, who had crossed his legs and sat absorbed in thought, frowning at the patent-leather tip on his neat shoe. His host watched him until he uncrossed his legs and looked up.

"Have you any daughters, doctor?" he asked.

"Two of them."

"Grown up?"

"I hope so; otherwise they will tower over my head."

"And do you understand them?" asked Mr. Leigh, with a gravity that made the parson's blue eyes twinkle and the corners of his mouth twitch.

"Oh no, I don't understand them; I don't understand any creature in petticoats; but my daughters are good girls, and their mother assures me that they are remarkably gifted. What do I want to understand them for?"

"It might be an advantage under some circumstances," Mr. Leigh remarked. "Curse it!" he exclaimed, with sudden energy. "Oh, I beg your pardon," he added.

"I don't mind; there are times when a man is refreshed by the trill of a curse," said the parson, who read Jean Paul. "What is the matter, though? What girl do you think it might be an advantage to understand?"

"My ward," answered Mr. Leigh. "She is an orphan, a far-away cousin of my wife, and she has lived with us for the past five years. She has a nice little fortune; she is pretty; she is well-bred—"

"That goes without saying," muttered the parson, stroking his long beard.

"But she hasn't a grain of commonsense." Mr. Leigh rose, took up a position on the rug, slipped his left hand under the short tails of his cut-away coat, and gesticulated with his right as he warmed to his story. "Last summer," he began, "she was twenty-one, and just out of school. She went to Cape May with the Phippards, people in whom I placed the utmost confidence. I thought she was safe with them; but lo and behold! she must make the acquaintance of a young gentleman who held the responsible position of book-keeper in one of our large hardware shops, a retail concern, and he has sold many a paper of tacks over the counter. I was in Europe; so this interesting tack-seller ran down to Cape May every Sunday, and staid until Monday. Then he had a clerk's two weeks' vacation, and he spent that at Cape May. I came back in October, and before I had been home twenty-four hours who should call at the house but this young man? He wanted to see me, and I saw him, and was informed by him that he had wooed and won my ward. I asked if he proposed to take her to live over the shop."

Mr. Leigh's thin lips curled downward; he glanced at the parson for sympathy, but he encountered a steady, somewhat critical look. Dr. Melton took the pipe out of his mouth and blew a cloud of smoke upward through his mustache.

"Why shouldn't they live over the shop?" he said.

"Oh, you don't understand," Mr. Leigh exclaimed, fretfully. "She has been brought up in luxury, and she ought to have some idea of what is proper and fitting. There has been a terrible time. Why, I assure you I have had the sympathy of all Philadelphia. This hardware man had the effrontery to say that he had money enough to take care of a wife, just as though he had never thought of my ward's little fortune. He begged me to go and see his employers—people I never heard of—and I told him I did not want their recommendations; I did not propose to hire a book-keeper. He was insolent and I ordered him out. Then she blazed away at me, the weak, infatuated girl. I tried to reason with her; my wife talked to her; my son—Well, you see, my son wanted to marry her, too, and he would have made just the husband for her, but she told him if he spoke to her she would ask her hardware man to protect her. Think of it! As though Morton would insult her—the best-mannered man that ever lived."

Mr. Leigh had grown excited. His cigar had gone out, and he relighted it, drawing at it fiercely until the end burned bright like a bit of coal.

"And Morton is very fond of her," he continued—"so fond of her, in fact, that he is waiting like a hero for this to blow over. I think the farce is nearly ended, for the hardware man became partner the other day in a nail factory or something of that sort, and a week ago he sailed for Europe. He will have to stay a year, traveling for his firm, and when he comes back—" Mr. Leigh broke off to smile entirely and to drop the lid over his left eye.

"I don't exactly understand your objections to him," said Dr. Melton, slowly. "Does he drink, or keep low company?"

"No," answered Mr. Leigh; "but—"

"I beg your pardon," said the doctor, interrupting him, "but I want to speak in his behalf. He must be industrious, and no fool, and prospering, or he would not have jumped into this new position. I confess I don't think you have made out a clear case. Of course you want to see your son happy; but if she does not love your son, that ends the matter. And if she does love this other man, and he is honest and upright, why should he not have her?"

"He is not her equal," said Mr. Leigh. "You know in Philadelphia—"

The parson rose up with a stifled exclamation that, coming from a layman's lips, might have sounded profane.

"It is warm in here," he said. "I want a little fresh air; I am not used to a furnace-heated house. Poor girl! The city has not yet claimed me for its own, and I miss the fire-place in my old study. Poor fellow!"

He threw up the window, and looked out on a wild expanse of tiny high-fenced back yards; but overhead was the clear sea of sky, where the moon rode at anchor amid the fleet of stars. He stood there, drawing in the crisp December air, until a tap sounded on the door. "Come in," he cried, and one of his daughters entered—a tall, slim girl with her father's blue eyes.

"Papa," she said, pressing close to him, and smiling mysteriously, "there are some people in the parlor."

"Drawing-room, my dear," said the doctor. "We are in Philadelphia."

"We are not, but no matter," she returned. "I tell you there are some people in the parlor, and I think it is our first town wedding. She is very pretty, and she has on the loveliest little bonnet you ever saw. Go marry 'em quick, and let me be a witness, only they have two witnesses with them."

He passed his arm about her and kissed her, she did not know why; then led her to his guest.

"Mollie, this is a classmate of mine. My daughter, Mr. Leigh—Mr. Harvey Leigh, of Philadelphia. You must excuse me for a few minutes."

He went into the adjoining parlor. Yes, it was a wedding party, no doubt, but the would-be bride and groom did not look like the brides and grooms that seek out a parson in such a fashion. The man was a gentleman, with a fine face and dignified bearing. The girl was pretty, but more than that, she had an air of courage, of self-reliance; she was not a weak piece of pink and white flesh. An older couple was with them, a somewhat frightened middle-aged man and a very nervous middle-aged woman, evidently his wife, for she clung to his arm helplessly.

"I am William Dunbar," said the young man. The parson shook hands with him. "And this," he added, turning to the young lady, "is Miss Kate Perry. We are both of age—in fact I am thirty-three—and I hope you will be good enough to marry us."

Mr. Dunbar was very much in earnest, but he smiled a little. "Our marriage is sudden," she added, "because I must sail for Europe to-morrow, and I want to take my wife with me."

The parson looked at him, then at the girl. Her eyes met his steadily, though a faint flush stole into her cheeks.

"Where is your home?" he asked.

"I have none," she answered. "I have neither father nor mother. I have been living in Philadelphia with my guardian." The words were spoken softly, but her eyes flashed. "I am free to do as I please," she went on. "My guardian has no right to dictate any longer."

"Hum!" said Dr. Melton, passing his hand over his beard. "And you are from Philadelphia too?" he added, turning to Mr. Dunbar.

"I am," was the curt response.

"Your name sounds familiar," said the parson. "Could I have seen it the other day in a list of passengers for Europe?"

He scanned the faces before him. The man's jaws clicked; the girl's flush deepened into crimson.

"We are free to marry," said Mr. Dunbar. "There is no reason why we should not be man and wife. If you won't perform the ceremony, I shall find some one who is willing. We have with us my uncle and aunt; there is no use in wasting words. Will you marry us?"

"Yes," said the parson. Then he asked a few formal questions, and married them according to the ritual of the Dutch Church. He begged them to be seated for a minute, while he filled out the certificate. This made it necessary for him to return to the study.

"A runaway country couple?" said Mr. Leigh.

"I can't swear to the country part," the parson answered, as he drew a certificate out of his desk.

"I wonder you are willing to perform the ceremony," Mr. Leigh remarked. "I should think it was a great risk to marry runaway couples."

"The risk is greater without it," said the parson. "If I don't tie the knot, somebody will, and it is generally a satisfaction to one to know that the knot is tied. In this case, however, I am quite sure I am doing right. Do you believe in physiognomy?"

"To a certain extent, yes."

"Well, so do I, and I am confident that I have just married a sweet girl to a man who is worthy of her."

He went back to the parlor with the certificate, taking pen and ink, so that the witnesses might sign their names. Mr. Dunbar shook him by the hand, leaving a note in his palm. The bride smiled shyly upon him, and the elderly woman bowed; but the elderly man, who so far had not spoken a word, said, suddenly: "I will tell you, sir, that you will never regret having helped this marriage."

"I don't believe I could have helped it," said the parson, with a droll glance at the new-made husband. "I might have been the means of deferring it, but Mr. Dunbar intends to take his wife to Europe in spite of a dozen tyrannical guardians and a dozen more reluctant clergymen. God bless you and make you happy!" he added, taking the young wife's hand.

Her eyes filled with tears, but her husband drew her hand through his arm and led her away.

Two carriages were waiting outside. One went to the north, the other to the south; but the parson watched the one that went to the south, for in that sat a man and woman whom he believed he had made happy for life, so far as wedded bliss brings happiness.

He returned to the study, gave the wedding fee to his daughter, who bore it off in triumph to her mother, and then he refilled his pipe.

"Does this sort of thing happen often?" said Mr. Leigh.

"Not precisely this sort of thing. The bride and groom were not girl and boy; neither did they belong to what you would call the common class. By-the-way, it was a Philadelphia party—a William Dunbar—"

Mr. Leigh started from his chair. "Dunbar!" he repeated. "And the girl?"

"Kate Perry—Katherine, rather."

Mr. Leigh stared at him vacantly. "My ward!" he cried, in sudden anger. "And after all I told you! Why didn't you call me in there?"

"How was I to know that?" said Dr. Melton. "You never mentioned the name of your ward or her lover. You simply called him the hardware man."

Mr. Leigh walked out of the library, took his hat and stick, struggled into his overcoat, and left the house without vouchsafing another word to his host. The parson showed him out, and looked at him walking swiftly down the moonlit street. When he went to his study again he had by no means the craven air of a man who had done a dastardly deed. On the contrary, he laughed outright as he sat down at his desk, whereon lay the notes of his sermon. But he did not finish the sermon. He went to his daughter and begged her to lend him a good novel, and he read a love story that evening instead of theology.—*Charles Dunning, in Harper's Weekly.*

FISH AS FOOD.

A Valuable and Cheap Article of Nutriment.

The many species that men consume giving them a great variety of flavor and many degrees of nourishment. In some parts of the earth fish form the chief sustenance of the people. In the frigid zone, fish are dried, ground to powder, and converted into a substitute for bread. Even putrid fish forms the ordinary food of whole tribes of men. From the earliest period of mankind, fish has been their common nourishment.

The flesh of fish is less nutritious than meat, and differs in the amount of plastic and fatty matter they contain. But generally we may say that they contain seventy-five per cent. of water, fifteen per cent. of nitrogenous materials. The white fish, however, contains only three per cent. of fat and eighteen of plastic matter. Some are not easily digested in the human stomach. Others dissolve readily, and enter and mingle easily in the circulation of the blood. It may be well for the mother to know that some fish are poisonous at certain seasons of the year, and under the influence of certain kinds of food, especially in hot and unhealthy climates. They should not forget that various articles of ordinary diet vary in their influence upon the health and comfort of different children. Some can not safely eat veal, or mutton, milk nor strawberries. Shell fish (as lobster) may induce cholera; in others a special form of nettle rash may appear; and in still others, nervous maladies may seemingly be caused by eating certain kinds of fish. Such cases are very rare, and have been ascribed to the food on which some fishes live, and to the idiosyncrasy of persons so affected.

If fish do not yield as much nourishment as meat, still those who live chiefly on this diet usually maintain a healthy state of body, and discharge well the usual duties of active life. Fish-eating children ultimately make healthy and active men and women.

We may find it convenient to form two grades of fishes, namely, those that have white flesh and those that have red. The former have a looser texture than the latter, and so are more easily digested. Among the white-fleshed fish are the perch, haddock, sole, cod, etc. Their bodies usually contain but a small amount of fat, such as usually accumulates in the codfish and its relatives, whose livers are ordinarily distended with oil. White-colored fish, on an average, contain nearly eighteen per cent. of plastic matter, seventy-eight per cent. of water and four per cent., or less, of fat.

The red-fleshed fishes, as the mackerel, herring, eels, salmon, etc., are distinguished by having fat mingled with the flesh, especially in the part below the belly. So the members of this second class are richer, more nutritious, but less easy of digestion. The salmon, that prince of fishes, approaches meat in color, and yields more nourishment than any other member of the finny tribe. The fat is mingled with the fibers of the muscles, and also exists in layers directly beneath the skin. In most fishes, the fat abounds in the belly part more than in the back, so that the former are not so suitable for children and weak stomachs.

The red fleshed fishes are more nutritious, but harder of digestion than the lean and white-meated ones. The latter class, cooked without much fat, are easily digested and assimilated in the weakest stomach and are particularly suitable as good for children.

The flavor of fish depends in part upon the species to which they belong, and partly upon the food they eat and the place in which they live. Those that live in deep or quickly moving waters with gravelly bottoms are sweeter and more delicate than those that spend their days in shallow, slowly moving waters on muddy bottoms. The latter are not only less nutritious but tougher, harder to digest and have an earthy flavor. We ought to repeat that the fatty class of fishes require more digestive force than the lean, and so are not proper for young children. But they may be made more digestible by adding to them when cooking a little vinegar. All fish should be beheaded and cleaned as soon as caught.—*C. H. Allen, in Western Rural.*

Why Hair Oil is Out of Fashion.

Ladies can anticipate many disagreeable possibilities with firmness, but to wait calmly to grow bald-headed is too much for their endurance. So they dropped hair oil. Hair oil is now used by dudes and flashy men in order to insure a good comb. The city is filled with prematurly bald-headed young men. But the women think too much of a head of hair to sacrifice it to oil. The great desire now is to get a fluid that is entirely free from grease to use on the hair. Several preparations have been invented. They use this to dampen and make the hair pulty. The Langtry bang is going out of style and the hair is combed upon the head, so some dampness is required to make it dress easily. Oil was once the only thing used, but now harmless fluids have supplemented it entirely. The head furnishes enough nutriment to each strand of hair, and in some even too much. Putting grease on the hair does not make it healthy, nor impart vitality to its growth. On the contrary, it clogs up the scalp, and frequently causes the hair to fall out. The days of hair oil for ladies have passed.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—The will of Thomas Hage, of Franklin, Pa., provides that "should any of the officials of the Venango National bank become conscience-stricken, and conclude to return to his executors the $94,000 they stole from him, he bequeaths that sum to the common[illegible]"

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Mark Twain says he set type in the Philadelphia *Ledger* office more than thirty years ago.

—Henry Berg's three sons are all interested in the philanthropic projects of their father.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—An English newspaper says that Parnell is soon to marry an American girl, a friend of his mother.

—Mrs. Eliza M. Morgan, widow of ex-Governor Morgan, of New York, by her will leaves $135,000 for charitable and church purposes.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Governor Lloyd, of Maryland, is the third member of his family to hold that office, the first having attained it in 1709 and the second in 1809.—*Baltimore Sun.*

—Twenty-two daughters at present live with their father, George Riddle, in Carroll County, Mo. Also eight widows of the nine deceased sons of the late Captain George Cook, of Hartford, Conn., still survive.

—Rev. Dr. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, has been a busy man. In the last twenty-five years he has written three thousand articles for the newspapers, besides writing a cord of sermons, publishing ten volumes, and doing a great deal of other work.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—Mrs. Theodore Tilton is living quietly with her mother in Brooklyn. Bessie Turner is married to a Mr. Schoonmaker. Since her marriage she has lived very quietly, and is now a middle-aged, fairly good-looking woman, passed in the streets without recognition as a notable.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—There are but few left of the officers most closely associated with Grant during the war. All but three of the ten officers composing General Grant's Mississippi Valley staff are dead. The survivors are Colonel John Riggin, of St. Louis, Colonel Webster and General Ihrie, of San Francisco.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Marguerite Cleveland's death removed from the Greeley circle its most gifted feminine member. Possessing rare musical talent, her society was everywhere welcome for this and other entertaining qualities. She was a niece of the famous editor, and is buried near him, in Greenwood Cemetery.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Elias Howe, the sewing-machine millionaire, was a private soldier during the war. It is said that once when his regiment was suffering on account of a delay in paying them he gave his personal check to the Quartermaster and they were immediately paid. The Government subsequently paid him back.—*Boston Journal.*

—In 1869, at the Theater de l'Odeon, in Paris, Adelina Patti appeared at a concert for the benefit of a young actress who had lost all her possessions by a fire. At the close of the concert the actress, wearing a black woolen dress without the slightest ornament, went timidly to the diva, and, giving her a bouquet worth two sous, kissed her hand. The actress was Sara Bernhardt.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

HUMOROUS.

—An ordinary woman's waist is thirty inches around. An ordinary man's arm is about thirty inches long. How admirable are thy works, O, nature!—*N. O. Star.*

—"My dear," asked Mrs. Wiggs of Mrs. Diggs, "can you tell me why they call them tournures?" "Yes," was the reply, "it is because you have to tournure head around to see how it hangs." "O!"—*Oil City Derrick.*

—That was a clever boy who, when he was given five shillings to dig up his aunt's garden, hid a two-shilling piece in it and told all the boys in the neighborhood. The next morning the ground was pulverized two feet deep.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Through the telephone—"Is that you, doctor?" "Yes, who is it?" "Mrs. Jerony. Oh, doctor! what shall I do for baby? He has swallowed a dime." "Well, you surely don't want to spend two dollars to get a dime, do you?"—*N. Y. Herald.*

—A nurseryman says that the best kind of dogwood is the red-flowering. Our experience is that a clothes-pole is the best, because it is light enough to handle easily, and long enough to enable you to hit the dog at almost any range.—*Puck.*

—An exchange contains an article entitled "How to Breathe." We didn't suppose there was so much ignorance in the world. When a man doesn't know how to breathe the best health resort for him is a lot in a cemetery. He would spoil if kept many days above ground.—*Norristown Herald.*

—A book-agent went into a barber's shop and asked the proprietor if he could sell him an encyclopedia. "What is it like?" asked the barber. "It is a book that contains exhaustive information upon every subject in the world." "No," said the barber, with an injured air, "I don't need it."—*N. Y. Times.*

—He Loved Her Still—

Her voice was harsh and she jawed all day,
Till the man was crazy, as one may say.
From morn till night it was chin, chin, chin,
And people who couldn't help hearing the din
Knew well that the man had a cross to bear,
And he cried in the depths of his wild despair:
"I've loved, I've loved her through good and ill,
And with all her faults I love her still."

—*Boston Courier.*

—This ancient but still perfect specimen of a "bull" has recently been hed out: "As I was goin' over the bridge," said a native of Erin, "I met Pat Hewins. 'Hewins,' says I, 'how are you?' 'Pretty well, thank you, Donnelly,' says he. 'Donnelly!' says I, 'that's not my name.' 'Faith, then, no more is mine Hewins.' So with that we looked at aich other again, an' sure enough it was naither of us."—*N. Y. Post.*

—Of what did Charles Dudley Warner? On what did Henry Cabot Lodge? Why did Frances Hodgson Burnett? Why and what does Mary Mapes Dodge? What did Harriet Martineau? What did Buchanan Read? Why was Edgar Allan Poe? What did Leigh Hunt? Why did Henry Guy Carleton? What did Ralph Waldo Emerson? Why did James Whitcomb Riley? Who cares if William Carew Hazlitt? Why was Laurence Sterne?—*N. Y. Independent.*

He Was Too Intelligent.

Judson N. Colt is one of the most noticed men in Texas. Not long since the sitter, while taking a ride out in the suburbs, came across "Jud" Colt, as he is familiarly called, hiding behind a tree.

"What are you doing out there?" he asked.

"I am afraid the Sheriff will put me on the jury in that big law case."

"But you are exempt because you are a fireman."

"I know that I am legally exempt, but I'm afraid they'll take me anyhow. I heard one of the lawyers in the case say he was going to have an intelligent jury if it took the last man in Austin. The trouble with me is that I am too intelligent for this town."—*Texas Siftings.*

RELIGIOUS READING.

DELIVERANCE.

Sometimes the day grows bleak and dark,
The storm beats wild and sore,
Borne on the swelling flood, my bark
Drifts fast toward rocky shore.

But, ere its bow has touched the reef,
Swift prayer has pierced the sky;
The Lord, who rules the sea, relief
Has sent for danger nigh.

So storms, by Satan's malice sent
To drive a wreck my soul,
Sink cowering and impotent,
Beneath the Christ's control.

Then hush, my soul, thy loud complaint,
When skies are overcast,
Deliverance hastes; be thou content
Since God's love holds thee fast.

—*Richard Gear Hobbs, in Current.*

TALMAGE VS. INGERSOLL.

The Preacher Puts Him on the Witness Stand and Tries Him by Jury.

In the Trinity Baptist Church, Camden, last evening, Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, of Brooklyn, lectured on "Ingersollism," under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association. The church was crowded to its utmost, and laughter and applause were frequent. Dr. Talmage had left his home on the four o'clock train and arrived just in time to step upon the platform and begin his address.

"During the past four or five years," began the speaker, "a distinguished gentleman has been lecturing through the country on what he has been pleased to call 'Talmagian Philosophy.' It is kind of him to thus talk of me to those who probably never saw or heard of me, and so, when this talented gentleman shall have become changed in his convictions, I shall invite him to preach his first sermon in my pulpit. This shows that I have no personal feeling against him, for he will change, I hope. Voltaire, who wrote some two hundred and forty volumes, all of which were more or less attacks on Christianity, asked to have the sacrament administered to him when he was dying, and requested that he should be buried in consecrated ground.

"From what we have heard of late, it seems that the Christian religion is a huge blunder, that the Bible, from lid to lid, is stuffed with lies and shams, that there never was a miracle, and that the Flood and Noah's Ark are great absurdities; that those who have died for its truths have been dupes; that we should blush for such men as William H. Seward, and Thomas Jefferson, and William E. Gladstone, and Daniel Webster because they believed such trash; that your father was a fool to lean on the Bible to his grave; your mother was but cajoled by lies and superstitions; that the Book which has deluded so many of the great intellects of the past must not be allowed to delude our so much greater ones. So, then, out with it from the Church, the court and the home."

Dr. Talmage then proposed to give the Bible a fair trial before condemning it, and he impaneled the audience as the jury before whom to try the case. Then he called Robert G. Ingersoll to the witness stand, and was obliged to swear him "by the spots on the sun, the caverns in the moon, the belts about Saturn, the Milky Way and the Aurora Borealis." [Laughter.] He next stated a principle of law that if he could prove that the witness had misrepresented one set of facts, he could not be trusted in another—false in one, false in all.

"In Mr. Ingersoll's lecture," continued the reverend gentleman, "he states that the Bible favors polygamy, and he asks if his audience believes in such a procedure. No, not one. Then you are better than your Bible,' concluded Mr. Ingersoll in triumph. Now let me ask you how many wives did God make for Adam, and I presume that He started the institution as He wanted it to continue. How many wives did He tell Noah and his sons to take into the Ark, at the second launching of the human race? One each." This point was elaborated at some length, and then Dr. Talmage replied in regular order to the following claims of Ingersoll: That the Bible is an impure book; that it is a cruel book; that it is woman's tyrant and degradation; that the story of the creation of woman is most ridiculous. On this he said:

"My friend pronounces the rib story as absurd. That poor old rib of Adam's. [Laughter.] It is run through all my friend's lectures, so that when people come in late they ask: 'Has he come to the rib story yet?' [Laughter.] It is like a greyhound of mine who used to devote himself to gnawing an old, dry bone, when there was an abundance of good food at hand. One day I lost my temper and was about to throw the bone over the fence, when that dog seemed to look at me as though he wanted to say: 'If you only knew how much I depend on this bone—I'm an infidel.'" [Laughter.]

By a liberal quotation of statistics Dr. Talmage answered the next claim, that Christianity is falling back and the Bible becoming extinct, and declared that today the most popular name on earth is Jesus, and the most popular book the Bible. He then, in a humorous, illustrative way, considered the substitute which infidels offered for religion, and recited their creed, which began: "I believe in nothing, the maker of the heavens and the earth; born of nothing, etc.," in the form of the Apostles' Creed. He stated that "every infidel had died either in stolid indifference or horror, and they always will." With an earnest conclusion Dr. Talmage retired from the platform amid hearty applause.—*Philadelphia Press.*

MAN'S CONSTANT NEED.

Living Apart from God—Man Need Not Be without His Conscious Presence and Supervision.

God is the supreme need of every soul. A universe without Him would be as the earth thus bereft, "without hope." Theoretical atheism says: "There is no God;" practical atheism tries to live without Him. Men who resent being called atheists, live and think and act atheistically. "There is one living and true God, maker of all things, ruler of Heaven and earth," is not an uncomfortable creed to those worldlings so long as they can manage to feel that God has His own separate sphere of activity which does not interfere with theirs. The thought of taking God into their lives, their business and their hearts rarely comes to them; and when it does, they revolt from it as impracticable and fanatical. This habitual feeling of avowed theists that a God remote from human affairs is shut up in the solitude of His own eternity is as irrational and indefensible as atheism itself. Others have a theoretical belief that "the tabernacle of God is with men," that He is a factor in human affairs, and has something to do with individuals; but they fail to verify their belief in daily experience. They pray, but to a God afar off, who is not nigh them in their hearts. Such men sing: "I need Thee every hour," but in almost all hours feel not their need of God. Sung as lived, their practical creed is: "I need Thee in prayer-meeting and in bereavement; I need Thy general supervision, but I have no abiding consciousness of Thy presence."

It is time to revise our thinking on this subject of human want. Our habit of limiting our need of God to spiritual concerns and great temporal crises makes it all the more important that we should appreciate our dependence in apparently trivial matters. Nothing is really trivial that in any degree affects the welfare of a man. What seem to be "trifles" are often laden with eternal consequences. A man's path is constantly beset with perils and significant crises in which only God can direct.

There is no human philosophy more sound than the statements: 1. That if God is ruler in general over this world, that general supervision grows out of His omniscient specific supervision over individual men. 2. That if God ever controls the world He controls it all the time. This philosophy does not involve the sequence that God ordains evil, or that He is powerless and indifferent, and therefore is overruled. Sin and evil are but the ordinary results of disloyalty, brutish obstinacy, disobedience and rebellion against God's personal law. In one sense He permits evil in that He does not summarily strike down the rebel or allow rebellion to destroy the traitor instantly. Specific promises and invitations give some ground for faith that God will guard the human soul that trusts, and will lead it beside sweet waters. The man or woman who surrenders to a personal father in Heaven, and constantly consecrates himself to obedient service, surely will mount a human Pisgah from which he can see God's land in this life. Our need of God is satisfactory proof that we need not be without His conscious presence and supervision. A world made by God is a woeful failure if the Creator does not abide among the men whom He has pronounced His noblest creation. When the world was young, angels walked with, and talked to, some saints. Later, Christ was flesh, and tarried on earth thirty-three years. Now in these latter days the third person in the Trinity "abides" as the comforter, guide and saver of all who invite the Divine Guest to tarry until the end.—*N. W. Christian Advocate.*

ONE LIFE'S INFLUENCE.

A Great and World-Wide Association Which Owes Its Origin to the Faith and Faithfulness of a Young Apprentice.

A little more than forty years ago there came to London a young apprentice. He was poor and friendless; he had but a single endowment—Christian faith. He took lodgings in St. Paul's Churchyard. His bed-room overlooked the vast wilderness of homes, with the dome of St. Paul's hanging like a crown of faith above it. He came to his room unknown, and there made a simple prayer of consecration alone. He felt the solitude of the city. Some eighty young men were employed in the same establishment as himself.

"I resolved," said a great reformer, "to have no friends by chance, but by choice, and to choose only such as would help me in my spiritual life and development."

The young apprentice had a like purpose. He found a few young men among his fellow-workmen whose lives had a moral aim and purpose. Some of these he invited to hold religious services with him in his room. These invited others to meet with them for the same purpose. The meetings grew in numbers. They multiplied. Young men's meetings for young men became a movement among the London trades, and in 1844 they led to the forming of the first Young Men's Christian Association.

The society spread. Its influence was felt throughout England; America took up the work; the islands of the Pacific; parts of Asia. Nearly three thousand associations were represented or reported at the Tenth Annual Conference held in Berlin. Now the movement is found to meet the needs of colleges, and more than two hundred associations have been formed in colleges and schools.

Some months ago, a gentleman walking along the Thames embankment saw the grand dome of St. Paul illumined by the twilight, and recalled to a friend the historic associations of the church.

"And yet," said the friend, still gazing upon London's crown, "the influence of that church during the present century has, I think, been outweighed by the work of a single individual."

"Who?"

"A mere boy." He added, "I mean the apprentice who began in his simple room in St. Paul's Churchyard the work of Young Men's Christian Associations in the world."

We can not weigh influences, but the above remark is inspiring in its lesson to those who seek to be helpful to others, but whose only resources is—Faith.—*Youth's Companion.*

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

—We shall be judged hereafter, not by what we have felt, but by what we have done.—*R. Hall.*

—This is a noble idea of greatness given by Phillips Brooks: "No man has come to true greatness who has not felt in some degree that his life belongs to his race, and that what God gives him He gives him for mankind."

—Keenness in a man is not always to be taken as a sign of capacity, for it is generally observed most in those who are selfish and overreaching; and his keenness generally ends in that kind of penetration into other people's interests which will tend to benefit his own.

—The wealth of Mammon is locked up in burglar-proof vaults; the wealth of God is stored in the hearts of men. The lock combination to open the first is only known to him who sets it, but the combination that opens the latter is known to every Christian.—*Exchange.*

—The way to argue down a vice is not to tell lies about it—to say that it has no attractions, when everybody knows that it has—but rather to let it make out its case, just as it certainly will in the moment of temptation, and then meet it with the weapons furnished by the Divine armory.—*Holmes.*

—"No one liveth to himself," an apostle declares. Whether the man thinks of it or not he wields an unconscious influence. His words, his manners, his acts, make an impression upon others. In the household, the counting-room, in the workshop, this silent power makes itself felt. According as his life is controlled by godly or ungodly principles this influence will be for good or for evil, and he will be a blessing or a bane in the circle where he moves.—*Christian Secretary.*