All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct.

ONE DAY AT A TIME.

Have you sorrow, and trouble, and care?
Do your burdens seem heavy to bear?
Is the present all dark, and the future all drear?
Is the sky of your life thickly clouded with fear?
Stop for a moment! Pause, silent and still,
And note if you can the wisdom and will
That measures your strength with God's gracious design,
By bidding your ills, "one day at a time."

Would you climb up the mountain of fame?
Would you carve on its summit your name?
You must patiently work, and patiently try,
To make most of the moments that go slipping by,
You may string them like pearls in a scintillant chain
That will give back their light in the darkness again,
That will open your path, in one luminous line,
If you bind them together, "one day at a time,"

Have you found that your friend is untrue?
The friend that you trusted, the friend that you knew!
Do you mourn your betrayal, as you sit all alone?
Do you fancy your faith forever has flown?
Do you turn from your fellows and turn from each face?
Do you think you will shun the whole human race?
Love is sore wounded, but love is divine,
And the hurts will be healed "one day at a time."

Has your soul been invaded, your heart cut in twain,
By that terrible loss and terrible pain,
That anguish that comes when a dear one has died,
And the place that is vacant is close at your side?
When life seems so crushed by the force of the blow?
Even then, in a way that you never may know,
The hope of reunion is sending its shine
Through the gloom, and the shadows, "one day at a time."

—Ella Dare, in Inter Ocean.

POLLY'S NECKLACE.

A Story With an Excellent Moral for Girls.

Mrs. Pringle was "bilin' soap" in the back-yard, in a big black kettle set in an iron ring with three legs. There was a roaring fire under the kettle, and Mrs. Pringle, with her calico skirts pinned up about her ample waist, and a large green sunbonnet on her head, stood by the kettle stirring its unsavory contents with an old broom-handle.

It was a very warm day in June, but it was also "the full of the moon," and Mrs. [redacted] Polly, a slight, rosy-cheeked girl of sixteen, gave the last of the pans a quick wiping with her dish-cloth, set it in the sun with its dozen or more of shining mates, and ran lightly into the kitchen of the old farmhouse. Presently she came to the door and called out:

"Mother, there's a peddler coming in at the gate. Do you want any thing?"

"No, I dunno as I do—yes, you can get me a spool of either thirty-six or forty white tread. I aint got enough left to finish your pa's shirt."

In a few moments Polly came out to her mother with a yard or two of bright pink ribbon trailing from her brown fingers.

"O mother," she said eagerly, "can't I buy this ribbon? It's forty cents a yard, but he's got only this piece left, and he says I can have all of it for fifty cents, and there's most two yards of it."

Mrs. Pringle stopped stirring the soap, wiped her hands on her apron, and passed the ribbon between her fingers while she said:

"I dunno, Polly; money's skeerce jest now, with taxes fallin' due and crops doin' so porely, an' we hadn't ought to spend a cent we aint obleeged to. I've an idee you could get this ribbon for 'bout twenty-five cents a yard in town. But then get it if you're so crazy for it."

Polly ran back lightly, a gratified smile on her face.

She was in the main a very sensible girl, but she was somewhat self-conscious, for she had a pretty face and know it, and this made her rather over-fond of dress. She had a neat, trim figure and spent rather too much time looking at it in the glass.

The peddler noted the wistful look on Polly's face as she eyed the contents of his [redacted] here, and now I offers it sheep to you because I see it was de very ting a pooty girl like you needs, eh!"

Polly blushed at this bold reference to her beauty but she involuntarily held out her hand for the shining necklace as the peddler held it toward her suspended on one of his red and not very clean fingers.

"I tell you, upon my word, mees, I did not think I would sell dot necklace till shust now. Vould you not put it on, mees, and see how very, very becoming it ees. O my! my!"

He clasped the beads around Polly's neck as he spoke. She stepped to the glass on the bureau and gazed at the reflection of herself while she toyed fondly with the blue cross as it lay on her bosom.

"Dot vas shust made for you," said the peddler. "I vas so glad I thinks me of it."

"But I can't take it," said Polly, sighing deeply as she handed the necklace back. "I have no money."

"Vy, here is money," replied the peddler, holding up the bill Polly had given him. "For dis vund five more I would sell you dot necklace, und it cost me feefteen tollars, upon my vord it did. You vould be crazy not to take it."

Polly shook her head, still holding out the necklace.

"Let me tell you something, mees," said the peddler, persuasively. "You dond know dot you could sell dot bit of shewelry for twendy tollars in dis city, eh! vell, you can; any sheweller vould stump at de shance. I vould sell it myself, but I vas not going to the city for dis long, long vile, und I needs the money. Ten tollars vas *giving* dot necklace away."

Polly had been thinking of many things as the peddler spoke. One of them was of a party she was to attend at the village hotel that night; a party that was to be the grandest affair of her life. Then she was going to the city next day to spend a week with a young girl who had recently spent a month with Polly. Last of all, she thought of a crisp ten-dollar bill upstairs in her own little purse.

Her grandmother had given her the bill on her sixteenth birthday, only a week before. She was free to do as she liked with this money, but she had not thought of spending it without the approbation of her parents. She had, in fact, said that it should be the nucleus of fund with which she intended going away to school for six months during the coming year.

"Are you sure I could sell it for twenty or even fifteen dollars in the city?" she asked, slowly and thoughtfully.

"I vas shust so sure as dot I vas alive."

"Even if I had worn it a little?"

"Dot vould mek no tiff'rence."

The end of it all was that when the peddler went away he had Polly's ten-dollar bill in his wallet, and she had the necklace hidden away, and was going about her work; but she was not singing now.

"Well, did you get the ribbon?" asked Mrs. Pringle, when she came into the kitchen while Polly was laying the cloth for dinner.

"Yes," replied Polly.

"Didn't get any thing else but that and my thread, did you?"

Polly had suddenly found something to do in the pantry, and affected to be so busy there that she had not time to answer her mother's question.

Mrs. Pringle was not to be put off, however. She stepped to the pantry door and said:

"Didn't get any thing else, did you? That peddler stayed in the house so long as I was afeerd he'd coax you into buying something else, and I dunno as you'd really ought to have bought that ribbon, money's so skeerce. Did he try to wheedle you into buying some of his other gewgaws?"

"No-o-o," said Polly slowly as she bent over the bread-tray with a crimson face.

Polly was a good girl and hated a falsehood. She had told an untruth before she realized what she was saying, and now she began trying to excuse herself, and to persuade herself that she had not really told a falsehood.

"It isn't as though I had really *bought* the necklace to *keep*," she reasoned with herself; "I'm only going to wear it to-night and a few times may be when I go to the city to visit Hattie, and then I shall take it to a jeweler and sell it before I come home and get twice as much as I gave for it. Then I'll tell mother all about it, and she'll be glad I got it, so it really isn't telling a story not to tell that I have it now."

But this reasoning did not relieve Polly's conscience. She was strangely silent at dinner, and did not resume her old cheerfulness even when the subject of the coming party at the hotel had been brought up by her parents. Heretofore she had been all animation whenever the party was mentioned.

"Aint you feeling well, Polly?" asked her mother, noticing the change in her manner. "Better take a little nap when you get the dishes washed, and kind o' rest up for to-night."

"I guess I will," replied Polly, and she went up to her room an hour or two later.

Her new white muslin dress was lying on the bed, its flounces crisp and fresh, and the ribbon she had brought of the peddler knotted into a graceful bow, with long ends, and pinned to the waist. Polly's spirits revived when she looked at her first party dress, and, instead of lying down, she slipped off her dark calico dress, and arrayed herself in the muslin. Then the new necklace was clasped around her slender neck. It was easier now to make herself think that she had done nothing wrong, and she stood before her little mirror for a long time, viewing herself in this light and in that, with a satisfied smile on her face.

Her mother helped her to dress for the party.

"I guess you'll look about as well as the best of 'em," she said, with motherly pride, when Polly was ready to start. "That ribbon is the finishin' tech. I'm real glad you got it, after all. O, how would you like to wear my gold chain and pencil your pa gave me when we was married? You can, if you want to. It's to be yours some day, anyhow."

The day before Polly would have thought this a great privilege, and would eagerly have accepted the offer; but now she stammered as she said:

"I—I—don't know, mother. Mary Hazel has some lovely pink roses out, and she said she'd bring some to the hotel for me to wear."

"O, that'll be better than the chain," said Mrs. Pringle. "The chain *would* be a good deal for a girl of your age to wear. To my way of thinkin', there ain't nothin' so nice for girls to wear as natchral flowers. It's purtier'n all the jewel'ry they can pile on."

The necklace in Polly's dress pocket seemed to burn her fingers, as she touched it at that moment. She intended putting it on after she reached the hotel, and she did so with a feeling of pride that rose above all her sense of deceit and shame for the falsehoods she had told and acted.

She noted with secret satisfaction that the girls of her acquaintance looked admiringly at her necklace, and some of them praised it openly. Mary Hazel had brought the roses, but Polly wore them thrust into the ribbon of her belt, and not at her throat. But when she lay in her bed, late at night, thinking it all over, her truer nature asserted itself again, and she went to sleep with a troubled heart.

Two days later she went to the city to visit her friend, Hattie Martin. She was eager to go for several reasons, chief of which now was her desire to exchange the necklace for the money she had given for it, even though she got no more. Then she would tell her mother all about it. It would be easier to do it then, she said.

Hattie Martin had arranged for several parties for Polly's pleasure, and they were invited out several times. Polly wore her necklace on these occasions, but with diminishing satisfaction each time.

When she took it off for the last time, it was with a feeling of relief. The next day was the last of her visit, and she quietly slipped out of the house alone, and went down town to the jewelry store in which she had decided to offer the necklace for sale.

She had thought that it would be an easy and simple thing to do, but she found herself trembling and her heart beating violently when she entered the large and showy establishment. She had passed it several times before she could muster courage enough to enter at all.

"But it has to be done!" she said desperately, as she finally crossed the tiled threshold, and walked across the marble floor to the counter with its glittering show-cases.

"Can I show you any thing?" asked the polite clerk, who came forward to meet her.

"I—I—wanted to—to—sell this," stammered Polly, with downcast eyes, as she laid the black morocco case, with the necklace in it, on the counter.

The clerk took up the case, opened it, and lifted the necklace between his thumb and finger. Polly gazed fixedly at the jewelry in the glass case before her, and did not notice that the clerk was eyeing her more closely than he was the necklace. Then he suddenly left her without a word, and disappeared in a small office at the end of the counter.

"I do hope he'll bring me at least ten dollars for it!" was Polly's inward wish.

When the clerk came back there was with him an elderly man, who had the necklace in his hand.

"May I ask you where you got this?" he said.

"I—I—bought it," she replied, in a hesitating, confused way.

"Of whom did you buy?"

"O, of—of—can I get ten dollars for it?"

She had a confused idea that there was something wrong, and a bewildering sense of not knowing just what she was saying. She wanted to get her ten dollars and go away as quickly as possible.

"You will have to tell all you know about this," said the man a little severely. "This necklace is worth several times ten dollars, and it was sold by this clerk a few weeks ago to a lady living in this city. Since that time it has been stolen, with other jewelry, some of which has been found in different pawn shops; but the thief is still at large. Now may be it will be easier for you to tell me all about it than it would be to tell it in court."

"In court — stolen — thief!" the words seemed burning into poor Polly's brain. "O," she gasped, "I did'nt *steal* it! I don't know—I—you can have it, sir!"

The clerk ran quickly around the counter, and caught her by the arm as she turned to walk away. She glanced up at him with a look of bewilderment in her innocent face and then fainted away.

When she recovered consciousness, she found herself lying on a sofa in the little rear office. Several men were standing around her, and she noticed, with a little shiver, that a policeman stood near the door.

"Now, my child," said a gray-haired man, after a few moments, "we don't really think you stole the necklace, but we want to find out who did. Please tell us all about how the necklace came into your possession."

The kindly tone of the man reassured Polly, and she told her story simply, in a manner that convinced most of her hearers of its truth. One member of the firm, however, seemed a little incredulous.

"With whom are you staying in the city?" he asked.

"With Mr. James Martin's family on B—— street."

"Very well, I shall go with you to Mr. Martin's house, and see how much of your story is true."

Polly's tears and confusion only strengthened the man in his resolve, and she was forced to walk home with him, feeling more than ever like a criminal.

Mr. Martin happened to be at home, and easily convinced Polly's escort that she had told him the truth; but she could not shake off her feelings of intense chagrin and humiliation.

The next day she gladly turned her face homeward, resolved to tell the whole story to her parents at once. It was harder than ever to do this after she had bought a morning paper from a newsboy, and found in it her own name, in big, black letters, at the head of a column! She read no more, but lowered her vail, and sat in tearful silence, her head leaning against the car window all the way home.

She spared herself nothing when she was alone with her parents, but told them the whole story, and then showed them the paper in which her name appeared, and in which an inconsiderate reporter had smartly referred to her as "a vain and verdant young miss from the rural districts," who had "shone for a brief season in fashionable society, in Mrs. K——'s pearls."

"Now, you see, my dear, what has come from your first attempt to keep something from mother," said Mrs. Pringle, in a kindly tone, as she sat by Polly's bedside, bathing her burning temples in cool water, and soothing her as best she could.

"I tell you, Polly, dear, it's never safe for girls to do any thing mother can't be told about. Children could so often save themselves lots of misery, if they never did any thing they wouldn't be willing for ma and pa to know all about. Now you go to sleep soon as you can, and we'll never speak of the matter again after this."

The peddler never came that way again, and they never knew how the necklace came into his possession. It seemed unlikely that he was aware of its real value when he sold it to Polly. He might, however, have been afraid to keep it longer in his possession, and suddenly determined to sell it for what he could, and rid himself of it.

For a long time Polly had a horror of being summoned to the city to testify against the criminals, but if they were caught she never knew it. She does know that it is dangerous to cultivate one's vanity, and that a girl is never too old to make a *confidante* of her mother.—*J. L. Harbour, in Youth's Companion.*

GENERAL CLUSERET.

A Man Whose Life History Reads Like That of Baron Munchausen.

Probably no living man can boast of a career more widly romantic than that of General Cluseret, the recently elected Deputy to the French Assembly. A true sketch of his life would belittle the adventures of the Baron Munchausen. Cluseret proved himself a brave and a brilliant soldier on many fields. He served in Africa, in the German war, in the Italian war, in the war of the rebellion in this country, and in the fighting of the Paris Commune. He was a war correspondent under an assumed name during the fighting in Egypt. Several of his letters appeared in the *Sun*, in which he denounced Lord Wolsely as a military humbug, and the movement on Tel el Kebir as a marche instead of a march.

His eligibility is now questioned on the ground that he is an American citizen. He contends that in 1870, when he returned to France to fight the Germans, he became once more a Frenchman, and went through all the legal requirements to that end; but on the other hand it is said that there are some legal formalities which he neglected, and that consequently he is barred out by the code. In the third volume of his Memoirs he says: "If I received by my birth and merited by my military services in Africa and in the Crimea the title of Frenchman, I have also won that of an American citizen on the battle-fields of Virginia. I might have claimed, under similar circumstances, the right to belong to the Italian family, if in Italy the quality of a citizen was not smothered under the term subject. The time will come, I hope, when public esteem will not be measured by the number of crosses and metals on a uniform, but upon the number of nationalities acquired for services rendered."

Cluseret is certainly an interesting fellow, and doubtless we will hear from him again before long.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—To roast ducks: Clean and wash them nicely; prepare a stuffing of bread-crumbs and butter, seasoned highly with onions and sage, pepper and salt. In a range or stove one hour should suffice to roast a duck. A duck is spoiled by too much cooking sooner than any other meat. Bread-crumbs grated over the ducks, while the basting with batter is well attended to, give a delicious crispness to the outer skin, which ought to be browned to a turn. Serve with rice, and current or apple jelly.—*Virginia Cookery Book.*

—The warmer and the more comfortable the bed of pigs the more rapidly will they grow and fatten, while less food will be consumed.

THE DAY OF REST.

Dr. Talmage Discourses on the Christian Sabbath.

The Day One of Rest For Weary Workers—The Sabbath Breaker's End—Necessity of Properly Raising Children—Cheerful Christians.

In a recent sermon at Brooklyn Rev. T. De Witt Talmage preached on the subject: "A Bright Sunday versus a Doleful Sunday." The text was: "And call the Sabbath a delight." Isaiah lviii. 13. Dr. Talmage said: There is an element of gloom striking through all false religions. Paganism is a brood of horrors. The god of Confucius frowned upon its victims with blind fate. Mohammedanism promises nothing to those exhausted with sin in this world but an eternity of the same passional indulgences. But God intended that our religion should have the grand characteristic of cheerfulness. St. Paul struck the keynote when he said: "Rejoice evermore, and again I say, rejoice." This religion has no spikes for the feet; it has no hooks for the shoulder; it has no long pilgrimages to take; it has no funeral-pyres upon which to leap; it has no Juggernauts before which to fall. Its good cheer is symbolized in the Bible by the brightness of waters, and the redolence of lilies, and the sweetness of music, and the hilarities of a banquet. A choir of seraphim chanted at its introduction, and pealing trumpet, and waving palm, and flapping wing of archangel are to celebrate its triumphs. It began its chief mission with the shout: "Glory to God in the highest!" and it will close its earthly mission with the ascription: "Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!"

But men have said that our religion is not cheerful, because we have such a doleful Sabbath. They say: "You can have your religious assemblages, and your long faces, and your sniffling cant, and your psalm book and your Bibles. Give us the Sunday excursion, and the horse race and the convivial laughter. We have so much joy that we want to spread it all over the seven days of the week, and you shall not have one of our days of worldly satisfaction for religious doleefulness." I want to show these men—if there are any such in the house this morning—that they are under a great delusion, and that God intended the fifty-two Sundays of the year to be hung up like bells in a tower, beating a perpetual chime of joy and glory and salvation and Heaven; for I want you to carry out the idea of the text, "and call the Sabbath a delight."

I remark, in the first place, we are to find in this day the joy of healthy repose. In this democratic country we all have to work—some with hand, some with brain, some with foot. If there is in all this house a hand that has not, during the past year, been stretched forth to some kind of toil, let it be lifted. Not one, not one. You sell the goods. You teach the school. You doctor in the sick room. You practice at the bar. You edit a newspaper. You tan the hides. You preach the Gospel. You mend the shoes. You sit at the shuttle. You carry the hod of brick up the ladder on the wall. And the one occupation is as honorable as the other, provided God calls you to it. I care not what you do, if you only do it well.

But when Saturday night comes you are jaded and worn. The hand can not so skilfully manufacture; the eye can not see so well; the brain is not so clear; the judgment is not so well balanced. A prominent manufacturer told me that he could see a difference between the goods which went out of his establishment on Saturday from the goods that went out on Monday. He said: "They were very different indeed. Those that were made in the former part of the week, because of the rest that had been previously given, were better than those that were made in the latter part of the week, when the men were tired out." The Sabbath comes, and it bathes the soreness from the limbs, quiets the agitated brain and puts out the fires of anxiety that have been burning all the week. Our bodies are seven-day clocks, and unless on the seventh day they are wound up they run down into the grave.

There are thousands of men who have had their lives dashed out against the golden gates of the Sabbath. A prominent London merchant testifies that thirty years ago he went to London. He says: "I have during that time watched minutely and I have noticed that the men who went to business on the Lord's day or opened their counting houses have, without a single exception, come to failure." A prominent Christian merchant in Boston says: "I find it don't pay to work on Sunday. When I was a boy I noticed out on Long Wharf there were merchants who loaded their vessels on the Sabbath day, keeping their men busy from morning till night, and it is my observation that they themselves came to nothing—these merchants—and their children came to nothing. It doesn't pay," he says, "to work on the Sabbath."

I appeal to your observation. Where are the men who twenty years ago were Sabbath breakers, and who have been Sabbath breakers ever since? Without a single exception, you tell me, they have come either to financial or to moral beggary. I defy you to point out a single exception, and you can take the whole world for your field. It has either been a financial or moral defalcation in every instance. Six hundred and forty physicians in London petition Parliament, saying: "We must have the Sabbath obeyed. We can not have health in this city and in this Nation unless the Sabbath is observed." Those in our own country have given evidence on the same side. The man who takes down the shutters of his store on the Sabbath takes down the curse of Almighty God. That farmer who cultures his ground on the Sabbath day raises a crop of neuralgia, and of consumption and of death. A farmer said: "I defy your Christian Sabbath. I will raise a Sunday crop." So he went to work and plowed the ground on Sunday, and harrowed it on Sunday, and he planted corn on Sunday, and he reaped the corn on Sunday, and he gathered it into the barn on Sunday.

"There," he says, "I have proved to you that all this idea about a fatality accompanying Sabbath work is a perfect sham. My corn is garnered, and all is well." But before many weeks passed the Lord God struck that barn with his lightnings, and away went the Sunday crop.

So great is the moral depression coming upon those who toil upon the Sabbath day that you may have noticed (if you have not, I call your attention to the fact) that in cases where the public interest demands Sabbath toil the moral depression is so great that there are but very few who can stand it. For instance, the police service, without which none of our houses would be safe—there are very few who stand the pressure and temptation of it. In London, where there are 5,000 policemen, the statistics is given that in one year 921 of that 5,000 were dismissed, 323 were suspended and 2,402 were fined. Now, if the moral depression be so great in occupations that are positively necessary for the peace and prosperity of society, I ask you what must be the moral depression in those cases where there is no necessity for Sabbath work, and where a man chooses worldly business on the Lord's day just because he likes it, or wants to add to his emoluments? During the last war it was found out that those public works which passed on the seventh day turned out more war material than those which worked all the seven days. Mr. Bagnall, a prominent iron merchant, gives this testimony: "I find we have fewer accidents in our establishments and fewer interruptions now we observe the Lord's day; and at the close of the year, now that we keep the Sabbath, I find we turn out more iron and have larger profits than any year when we worked all the seven days."

The fact is, Sabbath-made ropes will break, and Sabbath-made shoes will leak, and Sabbath-made coats will rip, and Sabbath-made muskets will miss fire, and Sabbath occupations will be blasted. A gentleman said: "I invented a shuttle on the Lord's day. I was very busy, so I made the model of the new shuttle on the Lord's day. So very busy was I during the week that I had to occupy many Sabbaths. It was a great success. I enlarged my buildings; I built new factories, and made hundreds of thousands of dollars; but I have to tell you that all the result of that work on the Sabbath has been to my ruin. I enlarged my buildings, I made a great many thousands of dollars, but I have lost all, and I charge it to the fact of that Sunday shuttle." I will place in two companies the men in this community who break the Sabbath and the men who keep it, and then I ask you who are the best friends of society? Who are the best friends of morals? Who have the best prospects for this world? Who have the best for the world that is to come?

The bar of the unopened warehouse, the hinges of the unfastened store window, the quiet of the commercial warehouse seem to say: 'This is the day the Lord hath made." Rest for the sewing woman, with weary hands and aching side and sick heart. Rest for the overtasked workman in the mine or out on the wall or in the sweltering factory. Hang up the plane, drop the adze, slip the band from the wheel, put out the fire. Rest for the body, for the mind and for the soul.

"Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes."

Again I remark, we ought to have in the Sabbath the joy of domestic reunion and consecration. There are some very good parents who have the faculty of making the Sabbath a great gloom. Their children run up against the wall of parental lugubriousness on that day. They are sorry when Sunday comes, and glad when it goes away. They think of every thing bad on that day. It is the worst day to them, really, in all the week. There are persons who, because they were brought up in Christian families where there wrong notions about the Sabbath, have gone out into dissipation and will be lost. A man said to me: "I have a perfect disgust for the Sabbath day. I never saw my father smile on Sunday. It was such a dreadful day to me when I was a boy, I never got over it and never will." Those parents did not "call the Sabbath a delight;" they made it a gloom. But there are houses represented here this morning where the children say through the week: "I wonder when Sunday will come?" They are anxious to have it come. I hear their hosanna in the house; I hear their hosanna in the school.

God intended the Sabbath to be especially a day for the father. The mother is home all the week. Sabbath day comes and God says to the father, who has been busy from Monday morning to Saturday night at the store or away from home: 'This is your day. See what you can do in this little flock in preparing them for Heaven. This day I set apart for you." You know very well that there are many parents who are mere suttlers of the household; they provide the food and raiment; once in a while, perhaps, they hear the child read a line or two in the new primer, or, if there be a case of especial discipline and the mother can not manage it, the child is brought up in the court martial of the father's discipline and punished. That is all there is of it. No scrutiny of that child's immortal interests, no realization of the fact that the child will soon go out in the world where there are gigantic and overwhelming temptations that have swamped millions. But in some households it is not that way: the home, beautiful on ordinary days, is more beautiful now that the Sabbath has dawned. There is more joy in the "good morning," there is more tenderness in the morning prayer. The father looks at the child and the child looks at the father. The little one dares now to ask questions without any fear of being answered: "Don't bother me—I must be off to the store." Now the father looks at the child, and he sees not merely the blue eyes, the arched brow, the long lashes, the sweet lips. He sees in that child a long line of earthly destinies; he sees in that child an immeasurable eternity. As he touches that child he says: "I wonder what will be the destiny of this little one." And while this Christian father is thinking and praying, the sweet promise flows through his soul: "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven." And he feels a joy, not like that which sounds in the dance, or is wafted from the froth of the wine cup, or that which is like the crackling of thorns under a pot, but the joy of domestic reunion and consecration.

Have I been picturing something that is merely fanciful, or is it possible for you and for me to have such a home as that? I believe it is possible.

I have a statistic that I would like to give you. A great many people, you know, say there is nothing in the Christian discipline of a household. In New Hampshire there were two neighborhoods—the one of six families; the other of five families. The six families disregarded the Sabbath. In time five of these families were broken up by the separation of husbands and wives; the other by the father becoming a thief. Eight or nine of the parents became drunkards, one committed suicide, and all came to penury. Of some forty or fifty descendants, about twenty are known to be drunkards and gamblers and dissolute. Four or five have been in State prison. One fell in a duel. Some are in the almshouse. Only one became a Christian, and he after first having been outrageously dissipated. The other five families that regarded the Sabbath were all prospered. Eight or ten of the children are consistent members of the church. Some of them became officers in the church; one is a minister of the gospel; one is a missionary to China. No poverty among any of them. The homestead is now in the hands of the third generation. Those who have died have died in the peace of the gospel. O, is there nothing in the household that remembers God's holy day? Can it be possible that those who disregard this holy commandment can be prospered for this life, or have any good hope of the life that is to come?

Again, we ought to have in the Sabbath the joy of Christian assemblings. Where are all those people going on the Sabbath? You see them moving up and down the street. Is it a festal day? people might ask. Has there been some public edict commanding the people to come forth? No, they are only worshipers of God who are going to their places of religious service. In what delicate scale shall I weigh the joy of Christian convocation? It gives brightness to the eye, and a flush to the cheek, and a pressure to the hand, and a thrill to the heart. You see the aged man tottering along on his staff through the aisle. You see the little child led by the hand of its mother. You look around and rejoice that this is God's day, and this the communion of saints. "One Lord, one faith, one baptism." Some familiar tune sets all the soul aquiver and squeaks with rapture. We plunge into some old hymn, and all our cares and anxieties are bathed off. The glorious gospel transports us, the spirit descends, Jesus appears, and we feel the bounding, spreading, electric joy of Christian convocation.

I remark also, we are to have in this day the joy of eternal Sabbatism. I do not believe it possible for any Christian to spend the Lord's day here without thinking of Heaven. There is something in the gathering of people in church on earth to make one think of the rapt assemblage of the skies. There is something in the song of the Christian church to make one think of the song of the elders before the throne, the harpists and the trumpeters of God accompanying the harmony. The light of a better Sabbath gilds the top of this, and earth and Heaven comes within speaking distance of each other, the song of triumph waving backward and forward, now tossed up by the church of earth, now sent back by the church of Heaven.

"Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest."

With what revulsion and with what pity we must look out on that large class of persons in our day who would throw discredit upon the Lord's day. There are two things which Christian people ought never to give up: the one is the Bible, the other is the Sabbath. Take away one and you take both. Take either and farewell to our civil and religious liberties. When they go all go. He who has ever spent Sunday in Paris, or Antwerp, or Rome, if he be an intelligent Christian, will pray God that the day will never come when the Sabbath of continental Europe shall put its foot upon our shores. I had a friend in Syracuse who lived to be one hundred years of age. He said to me in his ninety-ninth year: "I went across the mountains in the early history of this country. Sabbath morning came. We were beyond the reach of civilization. My comrades were all going out for an excursion. I said: 'No, I won't go; it is Sunday.' Why, they laughed. They said: 'We haven't any Sunday here.' 'O yes,' I said, 'you have. I brought it with me over the mountains.'"

There are two or three ways in which we can war against Sabbath-breaking usages in this day; and the first thing is to get our children right upon this subject, and teach them that the Sabbath day is the holiest of all the days, and the best and the gladdest. Unless you teach your child under the paternal roof to keep the Lord's day, there are nine hundred and ninety chances out of a thousand it will never learn to keep the Sabbath. You may think to shirk responsibility in the matter, and send your child to the Sabbath school and the house of God; that will not relieve the matter. I want to tell you in the name of Christ, my Maker and my Judge, that your example will be more potential than any instruction they get elsewhere, and if you disregard the Lord's day yourself, or in any wise throw contempt upon it, you are blasting your children with an infinite curse.

It is a rough truth, I know, told in a rough way; but it is God's truth nevertheless. Your child may go on to seventy or eighty years of age, but that child will never get over the awful disadvantages of having had a Sabbath-breaking father or a Sabbath-breaking mother. It is the joy of many of us that we can look back to an early home where God was honored, and when the Sabbath came it was a day of great consecration and joy. We remember the old faces around the table that Sabbath morning. Our hearts melt when we think of those blessed associations, and we may have been off and committed many indiscretions and done many wrong things; but the day will never come when we forget the early home in which God's day was regarded, and father and mother told us to keep holy the Sabbath.

There is another way in which we can war against the Sabbath breaking usages of the country at this time and that is by making our houses of worship attractive and the religious services inspiriting. I plead not for a gorgeous audience chamber; I plead not for grained rafters or magnificent fresco; but I plead for comfortable churches, home-like churches—places where the church-going population behave as they ought to. Make the church welcome to all, however poorly clad they may be, or whatever may have been their past history; for I think the Church of God is not so much made for you who could have churches in your own house, but for the vast population of our great cities, who are treading on toward death, with no voice of mercy to arrest them. Ah, when the prodigal comes into the church, do not stare at him as though he had no right to come. Give him the best seat you can find for him.

Sometimes a man wakes up from his sin and says: "I'll go to the house of God." Perhaps he comes from one motive, perhaps from another. He finds the church dark and the Christian people frigid (and there are no people on earth who can be more frigid than Christian people when they try), and the music is dull, and he never comes again. Suppose one of these men enters the church. As he comes in he hears a song which his mother sang when he was a boy; he remembers it. He sits down and some one hands him a book, open at

"Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me."

"Yes," he says, "I have heard that many times." He sees cheerful Christian people there, every man's face a psalm of thanksgiving to God. He says: "Do you have this so every Sunday? I have heard that the house of God was a doleful place, and Christians were lugubrious and repelling! I have really enjoyed myself!" The next Sabbath the man is again in the same place. Tears of repentance start down his cheek; he begins to pray; and when the communion table is spread he sits at it, and some one reaches over and says: "I am surprised to find you here. I thought you didn't believe in such things." "Ah!" he says, "I have been captured. I came in one day and I found you were all so loving and cheerful here that I concluded I would come among you. Where thou goest I will go; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried."

Ah, you can not drive men out of their sins, but you can coax them out—you can charm them out.

I would to God that we could all come to a higher appreciation of this Sabbath heritage! We can not count the treasures of one Christian Sabbath. It spreads out over us the two wings of the archangel of mercy. O, blessed Sabbath! blessed Sabbath! They scoff a great deal about the old Puritanic Sabbaths, and there is a wonderful amount of wit expended upon that subject now—the Sabbaths they used to have in New England.

I never lived in New England, but I would rather trust the old Puritanic Sabbath, with all its faults, than this modern Sabbath, which is fast becoming no Sabbath at all. If our modern Sabbatism shall produce as stalwart Christian character as the old New England Puritanic Sabbatism, I shall be satisfied, and I shall be surprised.

O, blessed day, blessed day! I should like to die some Sabbath morning when the air is full of church music and the bells are ringing. Leaving my home group with a dying blessing, I should like to look off upon some Christian assemblage chanting the praises of God as I went up to join the one hundred and forty and four thousand and the thousands of thousands standing around the throne of Jesus. Hark! I hear the bell of the old kirk on the hillside of Heaven. It is a wedding bell, for behold the Bridegroom cometh. It is a victor's bell, for we are more than conquerors through Him who hath loved us. It is a Sabbath bell, for it calls the Nations of earth and Heaven to everlasting repose.

"O when, then ate of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend?
Where congregations ne'er break up
And Sabbaths have no end."

—"Steam heat is first-rate," said a market man, "but it won't do for a grocery store. The heat is so dry that it shrinks all the profit out of sugar, grain and several other staple articles."—Augusta (Me.) Journal.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—A Scotch geologist claims to have discovered in Scotland evidences to prove that the earth lay for 150,000 years in a liquid state.

—Cases have been observed of restoration of the voice after a considerable destruction of vocal chords. It seems to show that they are mere duplicatures of elastic membrane and not special structure.—*Foot's Health Monthly.*

—London *Truth* says that the art of the working goldsmith is disappearing, owing to the cheapness of diamonds. Every one who buys an ornament insists now upon precious stones, and estimates it rather by the value of the stones than by the beauty of the workmanship.

—When the rosewood tree is first cut, the fresh wood exhales a very strong, rose-like fragrance, which soon passes away, leaving no trace of the peculiar odor. There are several varieties of rosewood trees. The best, however, are those found in South America and the East Indies and neighboring islands.

—The new explosive now being manufactured in Germany is called secunite. It is described as a granulated powder of a light yellow color, with an odor resembling that of bitter almonds. It is quickly manufactured, does not deteriorate and costs about the same as dynamite and is of nearly equal explosive power. It can not be fired by friction, blow or jar, only strong fulminating caps producing the explosion.

—A new life-boat, which is supplied with a reservoir or oil in order to support bodies in the water, is based on the recent cases of successful experiences with oil in overcoming the power of the waves. The reservoir in this case is provided with an outlet, by means of which the oil may escape automatically, no matter on which side the float, or buoy, may be turned when thrown into the water.

—A microscopic examination of a great number of specimens of ancient paper, dating back to the eighth century, has shown them to have been made, as now, from rags, and not from new fiber. The most common constructed is linen, but cotton, hemp, and animal fibers have also been detected. Furthermore, it is discovered that many of the samples are "clayed" with starch paste.

—Iron, when heated, bends very readily under weight, so that it can not be considered the best of material for fireproof buildings. Stone, and especially granite, is very little better than iron to withstand the ravages of fire. There is no material, according to the best fire insurance authorities, that can be used for construction equal to brick. It is the opinion of both insurance men and heads of fire departments that brick has stood the test better than any other material.

—One of the troublesome questions which architects have never been able to settle is the placing of permanent foundations under large buildings. The latest experiment, according to the *American Architect*, is to cover before commencing the footings—the entire area of the excavation of the building with a thick stratum of concrete, laid directly upon the top of the clay hard-pan. The depth of this course is nearly two feet, and its object is to strengthen the clay that the settlement may be reduced to a minimum.

—A recent analysis of the potato shows that the starch in the tuber is chiefly formed at a comparatively late period of its growth. In an early stage the experimenter found of ash 10.8 and of starch 18.4. The same variety yielded when near maturity but .70 of ash and 24.4 starch, showing that the proportionate increase of starch toward the end of the growing season was very great. There is much less water in a potato tuber toward the end of its growth than in the earlier stages. It is from these facts that "new" potatoes are more waxy than those that are ripe."

PECULIAR CUSTOMS.

How Competitive Examinations Are Conducted in China.

At Foochow the candidates underwent much suffering, and even death. One man went mad directly he saw the themes, and cut himself nearly to pieces with broken bits of pottery; a second also lost his senses and began to eat mud. On the second day a candidate spit blood from over-exertion, and died. Each student was in a separate cell, which was hurriedly run up, without any proper raised place for the men to sleep, so that many rolled off on the damp ground and injured themselves, while one was stung to death by a poisonous snake. Thousands of students went up for the examination, but hundreds were plucked in the preliminary before the literary chancellor, who was exceptionally severe this year. The present examination rules have been in force for over a century, and are most strictly observed, no district being allowed more than a certain number of degrees. If any district offends, this number is reduced as a punishment; while next year additional numbers will be allowed in honor of the emperor's marriage. At each examination there are two chief and two subordinate examiners, with a corps of eighteen readers, who go through all the essays and submit the best only to their superiors. Copyists then transcribe these essays in red. The examiners are shut up for five weeks. Hard-headed students, who can not get through after many efforts, are accorded an honorary degree when they reach a venerable age—i. e., over ninety.—*North China Herald.*

A Debtor's Clear Logic.

"Could you manage to pay me what you owe me?" asked one traveling man of another.

"Yes, I might, but you may as well wait for it."

"I like your cousiness."

"My dear fellow, you are really better off as it is. You don't doubt that I am going to pay you this money, do you?"

"Not the slightest."

"And if I were to give it to you now, I would only borrow it again."

"That's more than likely."

"And the next time I borrowed it I might not pay you at all. So you see, you are safer as it is."—*Merchant Traveller.*