

# PERILS OF THE SEA.

Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage at Brindisi.

The Perils Encountered by Those Who Go Down to the Sea in Ships—The Christian Life a Voyage Beset with Perils—The Haven Ahead.

The following sermon was delivered by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage at Brindisi, while on his trip to the Holy Land, and after a week spent among the historic localities of Italy. His text was:

And so it came to pass that they escaped all safe to land.—Acts xxvii., 44.

Having visited your historical city, which we desire to see because it was the terminus of the most famous road of the ages, the Roman Appian Way, and for its mighty fortress overshadowing a city which even Hannibal's hosts could not thunder down, we must to-morrow morning leave your harbor, and after touching at Athens and Corinth, voyage about the Mediterranean to Alexandria, Egypt. I was reading this morning in my New Testament of a Mediterranean voyage in an Alexandrian ship. It was this very month of November. The vessel was lying in a port not very far from here. On board that vessel were two distinguished passengers; one, Josephus, the historian, as we have strong reasons to believe; the other, a convict, one Paul by name, who was going to prison for upsetting things, or, as they termed it, "turning the world upside down." This convict had gained the confidence of the captain. Indeed, I think that Paul knew almost as much about the sea as did the captain. He had been shipwrecked three times already; he had dwelt much of his life amidst capstans, and yardarms, and cables and storms; and he knew what he was talking about. Seeing the equinoctial storm was coming, and perhaps noticing something unseaworthy in the vessel, he advised the captain to stay in the harbor. But I hear the captain and the first mate talking together. They say: "We can not afford to take the advice of this landsman, and he is a minister. He may be able to preach very well, but I don't believe he knows a marinespike from a luff tackle. All aboard! Cast off! Shift the helm for headway! Who fears the Mediterranean?" They had gone only a little way out when a whirlwind, called Euroclydon, from the torn sail its turbans, shook the mast as you would brandish a spear, and tossed the hulk into the heavens. Overboard with the cargo! It is all washed with salt water, and worthless now; and there are no marine insurance companies. All hands ahoy, and out with the anchors!

Great consternation comes on crew and passengers. The sea monsters scow in the foam, and the billows clap their hands in glee of destruction. In a lull of the storm I hear a chain clank. It is the chain of the great apostle as he walks the deck or holds fast to the rigging amidst the lurching of the ship—the spray dripping from his long beard as he cries out to the crew: "Now I exhorted you to be of good cheer; for there shall be no loss of any man's life among you, but of the ship. For there stood by me this night the angel of God, Whose I am, and Whom I serve, saying: 'Fear not, Paul; thou must be brought before Caesar; and lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee.'"

Fourteen days have passed, and there is no abatement of the storm. It is midnight. Standing on the lookout, the man peers into the darkness, and, by a flash of lightning, knows they must be coming near to some country, and fears that in a few moments the vessel will be shivered on the rocks. The ship flies like chaff in the tornado. They drop the sounding line, and by the light of the lantern they see it is twenty fathoms. Speeding along a little further, they drop the line again, and by the light of the lantern they see it is fifteen fathoms. Two hundred and seventy-six souls within a few feet of awful shipwreck.

The managers of the vessel, pretending they want to look over the side of the ship and undergird it, get into the small boat, expecting in it to escape; but Paul sees, through the shawl, and he tells them that if they go off in the boat it will be the death of them. The vessel strikes! The planks spring! The timbers crack! The vessel parts in the thundering surge! Oh, what wild struggling for life! Here they leap from plank to plank. Here they go under as if they would never rise; but, catching hold of a timber, come floating and panting on it to the beach. Here, strong swimmers spread their arms through the waves until their chins plow the sand, and they rise up and wring out their wet locks on the beach. When the roll of the ship is called, two hundred and seventy-six people answer to their names. "And so," says my text, "it came to pass that they escaped all safe to land."

I learn from this subject: First, that those who get us into trouble will not stay to help us out. These shipmen got Paul out of Fair Havens into the storm; but as soon as the tempest dropped upon them they wanted to go off in the small boat, caring nothing for what became of Paul and the passengers. Ah, me! human nature is the same in all ages. They who get us into trouble never stop to help us out. They who tempt that young man into a life of dissipation will be the first to laugh at his imbecility and to drop him out of decent society. Gamblers always make fun of the losses of gamblers. They who tempt you into the contest with fists, saying: "I will back you," will be the first to run. Look over all the predicaments of your life, and count the names of those who have got you into those predicaments, and tell me the name of one who ever helped you out. They were glad enough to get you out from Fair Havens, but when, with damaged rigging, you tried to get into harbor, did they hold for you a plank or throw you a rope? Not one. Satan has got thousands of men into trouble, but he never got one out. He led them into theft, but he would not hide the goods or bail out the defendant. The spider shows

the fly the way over the gossamer bridge into the cobweb, but it never shows the fly the way out of the cobweb over the gossamer bridge. I think that there were plenty of fast young men to help the prodigal spend his money; but when he had wasted his money in riotous living they let him go to the swine pastures, while they betook themselves to some other new-comer. They who took Paul out of Fair Havens will be of no help to him when he gets into the breakers of Melita.

I remark again, as a lesson learned from the text, that it is dangerous to refuse the advice of competent advisers. Paul told them not to go out with that ship. They thought he knew nothing about it. They said: "He is only a minister!" They went, and the ship was destroyed. There are a great many people who now say of ministers: "They know nothing about the world. They can not talk to us!" Ah, my friends, it is not necessary to have the Asiatic cholera before you can give it medical treatment in others. It is not necessary to have your own arm broken before you can know how to splinter a fracture. And who stands in the pulpit, and in the office of a Christian preacher, know that there are certain styles of belief and certain kinds of behavior that will lead to destruction as certainly as Paul knew that if that ship went out of Fair Havens it would go to destruction. "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." We may not know much, but we know that.

Young people refuse the advice of parents. They say: "Father is over-suspicious, and mother is getting old." But those parents have been on the sea of life. They know where the storms sleep, and during their voyage have seen a thousand battered hulks marking the place where beauty burned, and intellect foundered, and morality sank. They are old sailors, having answered many a signal of distress, and endured great stress of weather, and gone scudding under bare poles; and the old folks know what they are talking about. Look at that man—in his cheek the glow of internal fires. His eye flashes not as once with thought, but with low passion. His brain is a sewer through which impurity floats, and his heart the trough in which lust wallows and drinks. Men shudder as the leper passes, and parents cry, "wolf! wolf!" Yet he once said the Lord's Prayer at his mother's knee, and against that iniquitous brow once pressed a pure mother's lip. But he refused her counsel. He went where euroclydons have their lair. He foundered on the sea, while all hell echoed at the roar of the wreck: Lost Pacific! Lost Pacific!

Another lesson from the subject is that Christians are always safe. There did not seem to be much chance for Paul getting out of that shipwreck, did there? They had not, in those days, rockets with which to throw ropes over foundering vessels. Their lifeboats were of but little worth. And yet, notwithstanding all the danger, my text says that Paul escaped safe to land. And so it will always be with God's children. They may be plunged into darkness and trouble, but by the throne of the eternal God, I assert it, "they shall all escape safe to land." Sometimes there comes a storm of commercial disaster. The cables break. The masts fall. The cargoes are scattered over the sea. Oh! what struggling and leaping on kegs and hogheads and corn-bins and store-shelves! And yet, though they may have it so very hard in commercial circles, the good, trusting in God, all come safe to land. Wreckers go out on the ocean's beach and find the hulks of vessels, and on the streets of our great cities there is many a wreck. Mainsails slit with banker's pen. Hulks abeam's end on insurance counters. Vast credits sinking, having suddenly sprung a leak. Yet all of them who are God's children shall at last, through His goodness and mercy, escape safe to land. The Scandinavian warriors used to drink wine out of the skulls of the enemies they had slain. Even so God will help us, out of the conquered ills and disasters of life, to drink sweetness and strength for our souls.

You have, my friends, had illustrations in your own life of how God delivers His people. I have had illustrations in my own life of the same truth. I was once in what on your Mediterranean you call a euroclydon, but what on the Atlantic we call a cyclone, but the same storm. The steamer Greece, of the National Line, swung out into the Mersey at Liverpool, bound for New York. We had on board seven hundred, crew and passengers. We came together strangers—Italians, Irishmen, Englishmen, Swedes, Norwegians, Americans. Two flags floated from the masts—British and American ensigns. We had a new vessel, or one so thoroughly remodeled that the voyage had around it all the uncertainties of a trial trip. The great steamer felt its way cautiously out into the sea. The pilot was discharged; and, committing ourselves to the care of Him who holdeth the winds in His fist, we were fairly started on our voyage of three thousand miles. It was rough nearly all the way—the sea with strong buffeting disputing our path.

But one night, at eleven o'clock, after the lights had been put out, a cyclone—a wind just made to tear ships to pieces—caught us in its clutches. It came down so suddenly that we had not time to take in the sails or to fasten the hatches. You may know that the bottom of the Atlantic is strewn with the ghastly work of cyclones. Oh! they are cruel winds. They have hot breath, as though they came up from the infernal furnaces. Their merriment is the cry of affrighted passengers. Their play is the foundering of steamers. And, when a ship goes down, they laugh until both continents hear them. They go in circles, or, as I describe them with my hand—rolling on! rolling on! with finger of terror writing on the white sheet of the wave this sentence of doom: "Let all that come within this circle perish! Brigantines, go down! Clippers, go down! Steamships, go down!" And the vessel, hearing the terrible voice, crouches in the surf, and as the waters

gurgle through the hatches and port holes, it lowers away, thousands of feet down, farther and farther, until at last it strikes the bottom; and all is peace, for they have landed. Helmsman, dead at the wheel! Engineer, dead amid the extinguished furnaces! Captain, dead in the gangway! Passengers, dead in the cabin! Buried in the cemetery of dead steamers, beside the City of Boston, the Lexington, the President, the Cambria, waiting for the archangel's trumpet to split up the decks, and wrench open the cabin doors, and unfasten the hatches.

I thought that I had seen storms on the sea before, but all of them together might have come under one wing of that cyclone. We were only eight or nine hundred miles from home, and in high expectation of soon seeing our friends, for there was no one on board so poor as not to have a friend. But it seemed as if we were to be disappointed. The most of us expected then and there to die. There were none who made light of the peril, save two. One was an Englishman, and he was drunk, and the other was an American, and he was a fool! Oh! what a time it was! A night to make one's hair turn white. We came out of the berth, and stood in the gangway, and looked into the stowage, and sat in the cabin. While seated there we heard overhead something like minute guns. It was the bursting of the sails. We held on with both hands to keep our places. Those who attempted to cross the floor came back bruised and gashed. Cups and glasses were dashed to fragments; pieces of the table getting loose, swung across the saloon. It seemed as if the hurricane took that great ship of thousands of tons and stood it on end, and said: "Shall I sink it, or let it go this once?" And then it came down with such force that the billows trampled over it, each mounted on a fury.

We felt that every thing depended on the propelling screw. If that stopped for an instant we knew the vessel would fall off into the trough of the sea and sink, and so we prayed that the screw, which three times since leaving Liverpool had already stopped, might not stop now. Oh! how anxiously we listened for the regular thump of the machinery upon which our lives seemed to depend. After awhile some one said: "The screw is stopped!" No; its sound had only been overpowered by the uproar of the tempest, and we breathed easier again when we heard the regular pulsations of the overtasked machinery going thump, thump, thump. At three o'clock in the morning the water covered the ship from prow to stern, and the skylights gave way! The deluge rushed in, and we felt that one or two more waves like that must swamp us forever. As the water rolled back and forward in the cabins and dashed against the wall, it sprang halfway up to the ceiling. Rushing through the skylights as it came in with such terrific roar, there went up from the cabin a shriek of horror which I pray God I may never hear again. I have dreamed the whole scene over again, but God has mercifully kept me from hearing that one cry. Into it seemed to be compressed the agony of expected shipwreck. It seemed to say: "I shall never get home again! My children shall be orphaned, and my wife shall be widowed! I am launching now into eternity! In two minutes I shall meet my God!"

There were about five hundred and fifty passengers in the stowage, and as the water rushed in and touched the furnaces and began violently to hiss, the poor creatures in the stowage imagined that the boilers were giving away. Those passengers writhed in the water and in the mud, some praying, some crying, all terrified. They made a rush for the deck. An officer stood on deck and beat them back with blow after blow. It was necessary. They could not have stood an instant on the deck. Oh! how they begged to get out of the ship! One woman, with a child in her arms, rushed up and caught hold of one of the officers and cried: "Do let me out! I will help you! Do let me out! I can not die here!" Some got down and prayed to the Virgin Mary, saying: "O blessed mother, keep us! Have mercy on us!" Some stood with white lips and fixed gaze, silent in their terror. Some wrung their hands and cried out: "O God! what shall I do? What shall I do?"

The time came when the crew could no longer stay on the deck, and the cry of the officers was: "Below! all hands below!" Our brave and sympathetic Captain Andrews—whose praise I shall not cease to speak while I live—had been swept by the hurricane from his bridge, and had escaped very narrowly with his life. The cyclone seemed to stand on the deck, waving its wing, crying: "This ship is mine! I have captured it! Ha! ha! I will command it! If God will permit I will sink it here and now! By a thousand shipwrecks, I swear the doom of this vessel!" There was a lull in the storm; but only that it might gain additional fury. Crash went the lifeboat on one side. Crash! went the lifeboat on the other side. The great booms got loose, and, as with the heft of a thunderbolt, pounded the deck and beat the mast—the jib boom, studding sail boom and square sail boom, with their strong arms, beating time to the awful march and music of the hurricane. Meanwhile the ocean became phosphorescent. The whole scene looked like fire. The water dripping from the rigging, there were ropes of fire; and there was a deck of fire. A ship of fire, sailing on a sea of fire, through a night of fire. May I never see any thing like it again! Every body prayed. A lad of twelve years of age got down and prayed for his mother. "If I should give up," he said, "I do not know what would become of mother." There were men who, I think, had not prayed for thirty years, who then got down on their knees. When a man who has neglected God all his life feels that he has come to his last time, it makes a very busy night. All of our sins and shortcomings passed through our minds. My own life seemed utterly unsatisfactory. I could only say: "Here, Lord, take me as I am. I can not mend matters now. Lord Jesus, thou didst die for the

chief of sinners. That's me! It seems, Lord, as if my work is done, and poorly done, and upon Thy infinite mercy I cast myself, and in this hour of shipwreck and darkness commit myself and her whom I hold by the hand to Thee, O Lord Jesus! praying that it may be a short struggle in the water, and that at the same instant we may both arrive in glory!" Oh! I tell you a man prays straight to the mark when he prays a cyclone above him, an ocean beneath him and eternity so close to him that he can feel its breath on his cheek.

The night was long. At last we saw the dawn looking through the port holes. As in the olden time, in the fourth watch of the night, Jesus came walking on the sea, from wave cliff to wave cliff; and when He puts His foot upon a billow, though it may be tossed up with might, it goes down. He cried: "Hush!" They knew His voice. The waves knew His foot. They died away. And in the shining track of His feet I read these letters on scrolls of foam and fire: "The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of God as the waters cover the sea." The ocean calmed. The path of the steamer became more and more mild, until, on the last morning out, the sun threw round about us a glory such as I never witnessed before. God made a pavement of mosaic, reaching from horizon to horizon, for all the splendors of earth and Heaven to walk upon—a pavement bright enough for the foot of a seraph—bright enough for the wheels of the archangel's chariot. As a parent embraces a child and kisses away its grief, so over that sea, that had been writhing in agony in the tempest, the morning threw its arms of beauty and of benediction, and the lips of earth and Heaven met.

As I came on deck—it was very early, and we were nearing the shore—I saw a few sails against the sky. They seemed like the spirits of the night walking the billows. I leaned over the taffrail of the vessel, and said: "Thy way, O God, is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters." It grew lighter. The clouds hung in purple clusters along the sky; and, as if those purple clusters were pressed into red wine and poured out upon the sea, every wave turned into crimson. Yonder, fire cleft stood opposite to fire cleft; and here, a cloud, rent and tinged with light, seemed like a palace, with flames burning from the windows. The whole scene lighted up until it seemed as if the angels of God were ascending and descending upon stairs of fire, and the wave crests, changed into jasper, and crystal, and crystal, and amethyst, as they were flung toward the beach, made me think of the crowns of Heaven cast before the throne of the great Jehovah. I leaned over the taffrail again, and said, with more emotion than before: "Thy way, O God, is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters!"

So, I thought, will be the going off of the storm and night of the Christian's life. The darkness will fold its tents and away! The golden feet of the rising morn will come skipping upon the mountains, and all the wrathful billows of the world's woe break into the splendor of eternal joy. And so we come into the harbor. The cyclone behind us. Our friends before us. God, who is always good, all around us. And if the roll of the crew and the passengers had been called, seven hundred souls would have answered to their names. "And so it came to pass that we all escaped safe to land." And may God grant that, when all our Sabbaths on earth are ended, we may find that, through the rich mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ, we all have weathered the gale!

Into the harbor of Heaven now we glide,  
Home at last!  
Softly we drift on the bright silver tide,  
Home at last!  
Glorious to God! All our dangers are o'er;  
We stand secure on the glorified shore,  
Glorious to God! We will shout evermore,  
Home at last!  
Home at last!

## MANNERS AT TABLE

A Grace That Must Be Acquired in Early Childhood.

The time for acquiring good table manners is during childhood, and at home. Years of boarding-school, hours spent over books of social etiquette, may efface vulgar habits, but can never give the ease and grace acquired in childhood at a well-ordered table. A child who is almost a baby can be taught to handle his knife and fork, or spoon, if he is too young for those more advanced implements, with a daintiness that will offend no one. Where there are children it is not a good plan to have a wide difference between your every-day and company china, silver and napery. There is too apt to be a wide difference also between every-day and company manners. Let each child have his cover as nicely laid with plate, knife and fork, spoon, napkin and glass as his elders, and remember that he will be sure to note your own use of these articles. Teach him to say "Thank you," and "please," and if he is allowed to leave the table before the meal is ended let him learn to say "Excuse me." We were very much amused at a baby of four summers who recently dined at our table. The meal, interspersed with interesting conversation, was tedious to his infant appetite and intellect, and finally the little man spoke up with: "May I be excused, please?" I have enjoyed my dinner very much." Some one at the table—not his father—remarked that that baby had fair to be "the finest gentleman in America."—American Agriculturist.

The greatest wheel of its kind in the world, a very wonder in mechanism, stands in the main shop of the Dickson Manufacturing Company, in Scranton. It was built for the Calumet and Hecla Mining Company, of Lake Superior, Mich., for the purpose of lifting and discharging the "tailings," a waste from the copper mines, into the lake, and its diameter is 54 feet, while its weight in active operation will be 200 tons. It is called a 50-foot sand-wheel, but its extreme dimensions are 54 feet in diameter. Some idea of its enormous capacity can be formed from the fact that it will receive and elevate sufficient sand every twenty-four hours to cover an acre of ground a foot deep.

## GRANDMA'S BONNET.

Aunt Maria's Thoughtless and Bitterly-Regretted Words.



IT WAS years ago one March, when a few days of sprinckling air swelled the buds on the maples, sent small green shoots from the daffodils, and set us girls planning about spring hats.

Cousin Louise and I were to go in the city to-morrow on a shopping expedition, so my sister and I ran across the street to Aunt Maria's to consult with our cousins, the "other girls."

We always drifted into grandma's room. It was the largest, pleasantest room in the house, and grandma was so bright and cheery we loved to be with her. She sat by that morning, occasionally putting in her quiet word, while we went deep into the subject of straws and bonnets and leghorns, high crowns, rolling brims, tips, plumes, ribbons, etc. It was all settled at last, that Louise, being fair, should get a pale blue, shirred-like bonnet, and Cousin Clara a white crape one with pink roses; Sister Ruth's bonnet was to be like herself, quiet and sweet—a fine straw with a bit of delicate lace and beauteous; while mine, all agreed, should be a hat with rolling brim, faced with black velvet, and glowing with much cluster and consultation, however, for each, after receiving advice, resolved to provide herself with the identical head-gear she had in mind for the last month.

After we had somewhat subsided, grandma got up and went to her bureau drawer. "I guess I'll have my bonnet tended to while you're out it," she said, as she carefully lifted it out. "I've worn it just as it is going on five years now. Isn't it getting a little sort of rusty?"

"Grandma ought to have a new bonnet, mother," said Louise. "One of those fine black Neapolitan, trimmed with black lace, would be lovely for her."

Aunt Maria took her mother's straw bonnet and turned it about on her head, suspecting it critically, thinking meanwhile that the girls' hats were all to be rather expensive this season, and that it was time to retrench somewhere. What great difference did it make about an old lady's bonnet anyway, so that it was comfortable—she went out so little.

"Oh, I don't think I need a new one," grandma said, meekly. "That would be extravagant; but I thought a new border might be put in, and may be a new pair of strings."

"I don't see any thing the matter with the border," said Aunt Maria, in a decided tone. "The strings can be sponged and ironed, and they will look as well as ever."

So saying, she handed it back to grandma, and turned to give Louise further commissions for the city.

Ruth told me afterward that she felt like saying: "Give it to me, grandma. I will have it all freshened up for you, and I'll pay for it myself."

But none of us ever thought of going contrary to Aunt Maria's decrees. She was the commander-in-chief of both households.

Grandma took her bonnet in silence, and put it back in the drawer. She was a growing child, but I was sure that a tear trembled on her eyelid as she bent her



AUNT MARIA TOOK HER MOTHER'S STRAW BONNET.

white head an unnecessary time over her drawer. She felt hurt—I know she did. She was not a vain old lady, but her tastes were nice, and she knew as well as any of us younger ones that her bonnet had lost its freshness.

Grandma took her knitting work presently, and seated herself by the south window in her arm-chair. As I watched her, I fell to wondering if her thoughts were going back just now over the years to the time when Aunt Maria was a baby. They were poor, then, and I had heard grandma-toll how she did her own work, and made shirts for several families to make the ends meet. Was grandma recalling how she had sat up nights and sewed to earn money enough to buy a cunning little white hood made of satin and swan's down for her baby girl? Or did she remember how many weary stitches it took to earn that nice broad-brimmed straw hat trimmed with white ribbon, that her thirteen-year-old daughter might be "like other girls?" Perhaps her mind dwelt on a story she had often told me; how, when Aunt Maria was nineteen, there came an invitation for her to go to Boston and spend a month.

"Maria felt bad," grandma's story ran, "because she thought her hat wasn't fit to wear. I had a bonnet made of a splendid piece of velvet that my brother sent me from Paris. I didn't say a word to any body. I just slipped upstairs and ripped that bonnet up, then I got your grandma to take me to town. I had some money I had been saving up a good while to buy me a new bombazine dress, but I thought a cheaper one would do just as well; so I just took some of that money and went to the best milliner in town. I bought a long, black feather—I knew Maria liked 'em—and I told her to make me a hat fit to be seen in Boston. I never let on to any body what I'd done. But you ought to see Maria when that hat came home. If she wasn't happy! It was a beauty! The long, black feather curled around her golden hair, and just touched her shoulder. In front there was a little white tuft, with some tall birds o'paradise feathers waving in it. The milliner said it needed that, so I got it besides. You've no idea how handsome she looked, and I enjoyed that hat forty times better than when I had it for mine."

Was grandma thinking: "And yet Maria begrudges me a little new ribbon for my bonnet, as well as for me, too!" If any such thoughts disturbed her, she didn't appear on her placid face as she patiently knitted on.

It was only a fortnight from that day, and we gathered again in grandma's room for a merry talk. There was that strange hush which but one presence

brings, broken only by low, sad strains of music, and words of consolation spoken in subdued tones.

Grandma slept peacefully. There lingered on her dear face the light of the tender smile she had given us parting. Fair flowers were all about her, and I noticed, as I bent above her for the last time, how pure and fresh the white ribbon was which tied her cap, and then with a pang remembered her old bonnet strings. Dear grandma, she had gone where garments are without spot or wrinkle. How she would enjoy the white raiment, the purity, the unchanging freshness of the Heavenly land!

We all loved grandma dearly; for a time it seemed as if we could not go on without her. One day towards evening a longing seized me to look once more into grandma's room; so I went across the street, stole around to the side door, which opened directly into her room. It was ajar, and I stepped in. In grandma's arm-chair—she stood by the window. I leaned over it, trying to picture her as I had seen her so often sitting at dusk humming her favorite hymn:

"Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,  
But the sound of sobbing reached my ear, and, looking up, I saw in the shadows at the further end of the room Aunt Maria, standing by the bureau. Grandma's bonnet was in her hand. She turned it about and looked at it as if she would torture herself with the certainty that it was indeed shabby, then she kissed it again and bowed her head low over it in an agony of bitter weeping. And I had thought Aunt Maria self-constrained and cold! She had not heard me come in, so I went noiselessly away.

Aunt Maria meant to be a good daughter. She had always abundantly supplied her mother with necessities and comforts, but she would have given all she possessed that night standing there in that desolate room to be able to recall the thoughtless words, which for the sake of a few paltry dollars denied the dear old mother almost the last request ever made.

"Let love anticipate the work of death," and savoring the sweet spices of a fresh ribbon, a flower, a tender word, a loving thankfulness, which will brighten hearts that are weary.—Congregationalist.

## MAKING PRESENTS.

It is a custom as the giving of gifts ought in our day to be brought to a high state of perfection. Yet we are still crude givers. Some excellent people give to churches or charities with insulting words, declaring that the gospel is free, and it was not intended sinners should pay car-fare to Heaven.

There is a bounteous gush of giving peculiar to Americans which rises like a tide and sweeps cities and villages at every public calamity. We give to the unfortunate with both hands; give him our coats, our shoes, our food. If he is burnt out, or flood-out, or plague-driven out of his home, he becomes that instant grandly our own flesh and spirit. We suffer in him until we can relieve his suffering. The human race does rise to high points. We are never deluged here.

It is the little, every-day, common giving in which we are still deficient.

But in the person who never gives at all there dwells a meaner nature than in the poorest giver.

He is the man who regards a lax hold of any kind of property a weakness. He looks with contempt and astonishment on a person who gives.

"And she was always making presents," I heard a woman once say in summing up a young teacher's demerits.

The thoroughness of a man's or woman's civilization may actually be gauged by his tact and sense in making presents. You know the fellow who comes in and kneels you down, with his gift. He pats himself. He has been going to do something handsome for you for a long time, and he has done it. Oh, that's all right. You needn't say any thing. He knows he has laid you out flat under an obligation which is to last your lifetime. Just hold still and let him stand on the top of it and crow. That is your role. You know the dear friend who buys you some costly, ugly thing which you have looked on with aversion, but which you must accept with smiles while your heart sinks in your pocket-book. He must not rob himself on your account. Verily, your money, which would have bought you just what you desired, must go for a token, when occasion arises, to this discerning friend. How much we do waste in our miserable guesses work!

Well also do you know the wretch who brings you a mongrel dog or broken-legged bird and "makes a present" of it.

"The poor creature was suffering and I thought I'd bring it to you."

This donor is complimentary to your humanity.

We all have a weakness for presents, which is amiable and human. They testify to our popularity. The man who is "surprised" by his neighbor's gift, and a cane upholstered chair or any object which he please to call a testimonial, and who is touched to tears as he draws his prepared speech from his pocket, is really a more amiable being than that uncomfortable creature I have seen just one such) who make it a rule never to accept any present.

Very seldom are wedding presents regarded as gifts. They come under the head of taxes. Yet there are occasions when costly presents are graceful. The "small little gift" theory may be run into the ground. It signifies more or less stingsiness. "To-morrow is Grace's birthday," says a sister who owes the life and health of her own family to Grace's long and faithful service—Grace, who took care of the babies and nursed them through more illnesses than the hairs on their little heads would number. I want to give her a present and I don't know what to give her. (Who ever does know what to give another except the most highly-trained human beings?) "I want to give her some simple little thing. She would like that just as well as she would a costly present."

"Give her a timothy straw," suggests the sarcastic hearer of this economical desire. "You are over head and ears under obligations to Grace, but she is used to your saving money on her. Some simple little thing like a broken tea-cup or a bottle of 'Small little gift' theory may be run into the ground. It signifies more or less stingsiness. "To-morrow is Grace's birthday," says a sister who owes the life and health of her own family to Grace's long and faithful service—Grace, who took care of the babies and nursed them through more illnesses than the hairs on their little heads would number. I want to give her a present and I don't know what to give her. (Who ever does know what to give another except the most highly-trained human beings?) "I want to give her some simple little thing. She would like that just as well as she would a costly present."

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Ben Jonson appears to be the Englishman on record who drops his words full.

MR. WASHINGTON is very far himself; but he doesn't intend to have his words full.