

GOOD CHRISTIANITY.

A Discourse By Rev. T. De Witt Talmage on Creeds.

The Many Persons Bound By Narrowly Interpreted Creeds—Faith in Christ the Great Criterion—Brethren Views Heeded.

In a late sermon Rev. T. De Witt Talmage preached on the "Revision of Creeds," and he took for his text John xi. 44: "Loose him and let him go."

By Bible is, at the place of this text, written all over with lead pencil marks made last December at Bethany on the ruins of the house of Mary and Martha and Lazarus. We dismantled from our horses on the way up from Jordan to the Dead Sea. Bethany was the summer evening retreat of Jesus. After spending the day in the hot city of Jerusalem He would come out there almost every evening to the house of His three friends. I think the occupants of that house were orphans, for the father and mother are not mentioned. But the son and two daughters must have inherited property, for it must have been, judging from what I saw of the foundations and the size of the rooms, an opulent home. Lazarus, the brother, was now the head of the household, and his sisters depended on him and were proud of him, for he was very popular and every body liked him, and these girls were splendid girls. Martha a first rate housekeeper and Mary a spirituelle, somewhat dreamy, but affectionate, and as good a girl as could be found in all Palestine. But one day Lazarus got sick. The sisters were in consternation. Father gone and mother gone, they felt very nervous lest they lose their brother also. Disease did its quick work. How the girls hung over his pillow! Not much sleep about that house, no sleep at all.

From the characteristics elsewhere developed I judge that Martha prepared the medicine and made tempting dishes of food for the poor appetite of the sufferer, but Mary prayed and sobbed. "Worse and worse gets Lazarus," until the doctor announces that he can do no more. The shriek that went up from that household when the last breath had been drawn and the two sisters were being led by sympathizers into an adjoining room, all these you can imagine who have had our hearts broken. But why was not Jesus there as He so often had been? Far away in the country districts preaching, healing other sick, how unfortunate that this omnipotent doctor had not been at that domestic crisis in Bethany. When at last Jesus arrived at Bethany Lazarus had been buried four days and dissolution had taken place. In that climate the breathless body disintegrates more rapidly than in ours. If, immediately after decease, that body has been awakened into life, unbelievers might have said that he was only in a comatose state, or in a sort of trance, and by some vigorous manipulation or powerful stimulant vitality had been renewed. No! Four days dead.

At the door of the sepulcher is a crowd of people, but the three most memorable are Jesus, who was the family friend, and the two bereft sisters. We went into the traditional tomb in December, and it is deep down and dark, and with torches we explored it. We found it all quiet that afternoon of our visit, but the day spoken of in the Bible there was present an excited multitude. I wonder what Jesus will do. He orders the doors of the grave removed, and then He begins to descend the steps, Mary and Martha close after Him, and the crowd after them. Deeper down into the shadows and deeper! The hot tears of Jesus roll over His cheeks and splash upon the back of His hands. Were ever so many sorrows compressed into so small a space as in that group pressing on down after Christ, all the time bemoaning that He had not come before.

Now all the whispering and all the crying and all the sounds of shuffling feet are stopped. It is the silence of expectancy. Death has conquered, but now the vanquisher of death confronted the scene. Amid the awful hush of the tomb the familiar name which Christ had often had upon his lips in the hospitalities of the village home came back to his tongue, and with a pathos and almightiness, of which the resurrection of the last day shall be only an echo, he cries: "Lazarus! come forth!" The eyes of the slumberer open and he rises and comes to the foot of the steps and with great difficulty begins to ascend, for the ornaments of the tomb are yet on him and his feet and hands are fast and the impediments to all his movements are so great that Jesus commands: "Take off these ornaments; remove those hindrances; unfasten these grave clothes; loose him and let him go!"

The unfortunate thing now is that so many Christians are only half liberated. They have been raised from the death and burial of sin into spiritual life, but they yet have the grave clothes on them. They are like Lazarus, hobbling up the stairs of the tomb, bound hand and foot, and the object of this sermon is to help free their souls, and I shall try to obey the Master's command that comes to me and comes to every minister of religion, "Loose him, and let him go."

First, many are bound hand and foot by religious creeds. Let no man misinterpret me as antagonizing creeds. I have eight or ten of them; a creed about religion, a creed about art, a creed about social life, a creed about government and so on. A creed is something that a man believes, whether it be written or unwritten. The Presbyterian Church is now agitating about its creed. Some good men in it are for keeping it because it was framed from the belief of John Calvin. Other good men in it want revision. I am with neither party. Instead of revision I want substitution. I was sorry to have the question disturbed at all. The creed did not hinder us from offering the garden and the content of the Gospel in all lands, and the Westminster confession has not interfered with me one minute. But now that the electric light has been turned on the imperfections of that creed—and

every thing that man fashions is imperfect—let us put the old creed respectfully aside and get a brand new one. It is impossible that people who lived hundreds of years ago should fashion an appropriate creed for our times. John Calvin was a great and good man, but he died 288 years ago. The best centuries of Bible study have come since then and explorers have done their work, and as you might as well have the world go back and stick to what Robert Fulton knew about steamboats and reject the subsequent improvement in navigation; and go back to John Gutenberg, the inventor of the art of printing, and reject all modern newspaper presses, and go back to the time when telegraphy was the elevating of signals or the burning of bonfires on the hills tops and reject the magnetic wire, which is the tongue of nations, as to ignore all the exegeses and the philologists and the theologians of the last 200 years and put your own head under the sleeve of the gown of a sixteenth century doctor. I could call the names of twenty living Presbyterian ministers of religion who could make a better creed than John Calvin. The nineteenth century ought not to be called to sit at the feet of the sixteenth.

"But," you say, "it is the same old Bible, and John Calvin had that as well as the present student of Scriptures." Yes; so it is the same old sun in the heavens, but in our time it has gone to making daguerotypes and photographs. It is the same old water, but in our century it has gone to running steam engines. It is the same old electricity, but in our time it has become a lightning-footed errand boy. So it is the old Bible, but with new applications, new uses, new interpretations. You must remember that during the last 800 years words have changed their meaning and some of them now mean more and some less. I do not think that John Calvin believed, as some say he did, in the damnation of infants, although some of the recent hot disputes would seem to imply that there is such a thing as the damnation of infants.

A man who believes in the damnation of infants himself deserves to lose Heaven. I do not think any good man could admit such a possibility. What Christ will do with all the babies in the next world I conclude from what He did with the babies in Palestine when He hugged and kissed them. When some of you grown people go out of this world your doubtful destiny will be an embarrassing matter to ministers officiating at your obsequies who will have to be cautious so as not to hurt surviving friends. But when the darling children go there are no "ifs" or "buts" or "guesses."

The defect in some of the creeds is that they try to tell us all about the decrees of God. Now the only human being that was ever competent to handle that subject was Paul and he would not have been competent had he not been inspired. I believe in the sovereignty of God and I believe in man's free agency, but no one can harmonize the two.

A man who heartily accepts Christ is a Christian and the man who does not accept him is not and that is all there is of it. He need not believe in election or reprobation. He need not believe in the eternal generation of the Son. He need not believe in everlasting punishment. He need not believe in infant baptism. He need not believe in plenary inspiration. Faith in Christ is the criterion. It is the pivot, the indispensable. But there are those who would add unto the tests rather than subtract from them. There are thousands who would not accept persons into church membership if they drink wine or if they smoke cigars or if they attend the theater or if they play cards or if they drive a fast horse. Now, I do not drink wine or smoke or attend the theater, never played a game of cards and do not drive a fast horse, although I would if I owned one. But do not substitute tests which the Bible does not establish. There is one passage of Scripture wide enough to let all in who ought to enter and to keep out all who ought to be kept out: "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

Again, there are Christians who are under supernatural shadows and mislead and hopped by doubts and fears and are long ago repeated of. What they need is to understand the liberty of the sons of God. They spend more time under the shadow of Sinai than at the base of Calvary. They have been singing the only poor hymn that Newton ever wrote:

Tis a point I long to know,
Of it causes me to doubt—
Do I love the Lord or no,
Am I His or am I not?

Long to know, do you? Why do you not find out? Go to work for God, and you will very soon find out. The man who is all the time feeling of his pulse and looking at his tongue to see whether it is coated, is morbid and can not be physically well. The doctor will say: "Go out into the fresh air and into active life and stop thinking of yourself and you will get well and strong." So there are people who are watching their spiritual symptoms, and they call it self-examination, and they get weaker and sicker in their faith all the time. Go out and do something nobly Christian. Take holy exercise and then examine yourself, and, instead of Newton's satirical and bilious hymn that I first quoted, you will sing Newton's other hymn:

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.

What many of you Christians most need is to get your grave clothes off. I rejoice that you have been brought from the death of sin to the life of the Gospel, but you need to get your hand loose and your feet loose and your tongue loose and your soul loose. There is no sin that the Bible so arraigns and punishes and flagellates as the sin of unbelief, and that is what is the matter with you.

Christ is used to climbing. He climbed to the top of the Temple. He climbed to the top of Mount Olivet. He climbed to the top of the cliffs about Nazareth. He climbed to the top of Golgotha. And to the top of the hills and the mountains of your transgression He is ready to climb with pardon for every one of you. The groan of Calvary is mightier than the thunder of Sinai. Full receipt is offered for all your in-

debtors. If one throw a stone at midnight into a bush where the hedge bird roosts it immediately begins to sing; and into the midnight hedges of your despondency these words I hurl, hoping to awaken you to sobriety. Drop the tunes in the minor key and take the major. Do you think it pleases the Lord for you to be carrying around with you the debris and carcasses of old transgressions? You make me think of some ship that has had a tempestuous time at sea, and now that it proposes another voyage, keeps on its davits the damaged life-boats, and the splinters of a shattered mast, and the broken glass of a smashed skylight. My advice is: Clear the decks, overboard with the damaged rigging, brighten up the saluted smokestack, open a new log book, haul in the planks, lay out a new course and set sail for Heaven. You have had spiritual dumps long enough. You will please the Lord more by being happy than by being miserable.

Again, my text has good advice concerning any Christian hampered and bothered and bound by fear of his own dissolution. To such the Book refers when it speaks of those who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage. The most of us, even if we have the Christian hope, are cowards about death. If a plank fall from a scaffolding and just grazes our hat how pale we look. If the Atlantic ocean plays with the steamship, pitching it toward the heavens and letting it suddenly drop how even the Christian passengers pester the steward or stewardess as to whether there is any danger, and the captain, who has been all night on the bridge and chilled through, coming in for a cup of coffee, is assailed with a whole battery of questions as to what he thinks of the weather. And many of the best people are, as Paul says, throughout their lifetime in bondage by fear of death.

One of the first realizations in getting out of this world, I think, will be that in this world we were very much pent up and had cramped apartments and were kept on the limits.

Take the gladder, brightest, most jubilant days you ever had on earth and compress them all into one hour, and that hour would be a requiem, a fast day, a gloom, a horror, as compared with the poorest hour they have had in Heaven since its first tower was built or its first gates swung or its first song caroled.

"O," you say, "that may be true, but I am afraid of crossing over from this world to the next, and I fear the snapping of the cord between soul and body." Well, all the surgeons and physicians and scientists declare that there is no pang at the parting of the body and the soul, and all the seeming restlessness at the closing hour of life is involuntary and no distress at all. And I agree with the doctors, for what they say is confirmed by the fact that persons who were drowned or were submerged until all consciousness departed and were afterward resuscitated, declare that the sensation of passing into unconsciousness was pleasurable rather than distressful. The cage of the body has a door on easy hinges, and when that door of the physical cage opens the soul simply puts out its wings and soars. "But," you say, "I fear to go because the future is so full of mystery." Well, I will tell you how to treat the mysteries. The mysteries have ceased bothering me, for I do as the judges of your courts often do. They hear all the arguments in the case and then say: "I will take those papers and give you my decision next week." So I have heard all arguments in regard to the next world, and some things are uncertain and full of mystery, and so I fold up the papers and reserve until the next world my decision about them. I can then study all the mysteries to better advantage, for the light will be better and my faculties stronger, and I will ask the Christian philosophers who have had all the advantages of Heaven for centuries, to help me, and I may be permitted myself humbly to ask the Lord, and I think there will be only one mystery left, and that will be how one so unworthy as myself got into such an enraptured place. Come up out of the sepulchral shadows. If you are not Christians by faith in Christ come up into the light; and if you are already like Lazarus, re-animated, but still have your grave clothes on, get rid of them. The command is: "Loose him and let him go."

The only part of my recent journey that I really dreaded, although I did not say much about it beforehand, was the landing at Joppa. That is the port of entrance for the Holy Land, and there are many rocks, and in rough weather people can not land at all. The boats taking the people from the steamer to the docks must run between reefs that looked to me to be about fifty feet apart, and one mis-stroke of an oarsman on an unexpected wave has sometimes been fatal, and hundreds have perished along those reefs. Besides that, as we left Port Said the evening before an old traveler said: "The wind is just right to give you a rough landing at Joppa; indeed, I think you will not be able to land at all." The fact was that when our Mediterranean steamer dropped anchor near Joppa and we put out for shore in the small boat, the water was as still as though it had been sound asleep a hundred years, and we landed as easily as I came on this platform. Well, your fears have pictured for you an appalling arrival at the end of your voyage of life and that the breakers will swallow you up, or that if you reach Canaan at all it will be a very rough landing. The very opposite will be true if you have the eternal God for your portion. Your disembarkation for the promised land will be as smooth as was ours at Palestine last December. Christ will meet you at sea and pilot you into complete safety and you will land with a hosanna on one side of you and a hailstorm on the other.

Land ahead? 'Tis fruits are waving
O'er the hills of Judaea waving
And the living trees are waving
Above where heavenly flames are seen.
Reeds and storms I fear no more,
When on that o-cean shore;
Keep the oar! Keep the oar!
I am safe within the veil!

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

BRONZE TURKEYS.

Something About Their Habits—Also Some Practical Hints on Rearing Turkeys. I have been much amused the past season, says a farmer's daughter writing to the Country Gentleman, by noticing the various and somewhat conflicting instructions given in the newspapers for raising turkeys. Judging from the boasted success of such opposite methods, the veriest amateur need not hesitate to make the attempt, for not the slightest skill is required for the business.

One poultry keeper says he knows of no better food for young turkeys than raw corn meal dough; another thinks they require eggs, rice and crackers. A third says, feed them all they will eat every two hours, while a fourth declares they will thrive best without any feeding at all. A fifth authority says let the little fellows rough it from the start, that the mother hen knows best how to rear her own children; while a sixth, who I think is a woman, says her little turkeys are so tender that she puts them in a glass-covered pen and keeps them there for weeks.

As a rule, when doctors disagree it is best to have none of their prescriptions, but to experiment for yourself until some personal knowledge is acquired. It is best to follow neither extreme, for, judging from my own experience, I can not believe that he who allows his little turkeys to "rough it" will succeed in raising a very large percentage of the number hatched or that the lady who keeps hers confined to a glass case will do very much better.

Young turkeys do not require a great deal of heat; they thrive best in temperate weather when the mornings are cool and the days are bright and sunny, as in the latter part of spring before the dry heat of summer begins; and while they do not require any extra dainties set before them every two hours, yet they do need a good wholesome meal of well-cooked food three times a day. After they are old enough to go out in the fields in the morning and remain there all day, two meals will keep them in a state of vigorous growth and accelerate their best development.

It is pleasanter to feed turkeys than chickens; they know when they have got enough and can be satisfied with a reasonable amount, that is, all except the old gobbler—he never stops eating as long as there is any thing in sight.

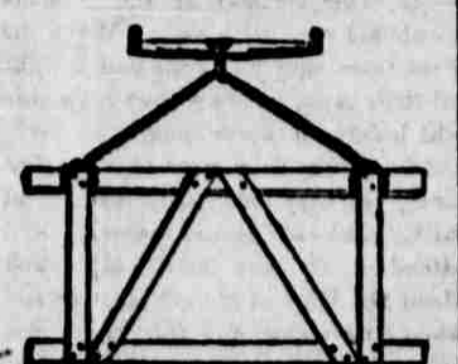
Bronze turkeys do not reach maturity until two or three years of age, when an ordinary male weighs from 35 to 40 lbs., and a female from 30 to 25 lbs., though when fattened their weights may easily exceed these figures. When six months old, without being pushed, the hens weigh from 15 to 16 lbs., and the males from 10 to 10 lbs.

My flock now is really ornamental; the turkeys are ninety in number, and all so healthy and handsome. In the morning we give them a light breakfast and send them off to the fields to glean the last remnant of buckwheat and to spend the day hunting insects. About four o'clock they start homeward, taking the orchard en route, and pausing to lunch on fallen apples. When the yard fence is gained they raise their wings and fly to their feeding ground, for they are as glad to get home as children let loose from school, and bring with them quite as fine appetites.

SEEDING WASHED GROUND.

Manner of Plowing the Soil, Levelling and Fertilizing.

"I. W.," in the Ohio Farmer, asks how he can get his field that is badly washed out in grass, and is answered by W. C. Agin, in the issue of January 18. Mr. Agin's advice is wholly impracticable, as it involves plowing and leveling the land in a raw state from July until after the wheat crop is sown, during which time, if there is a hard shower of an inch or an inch and a half in two hours' time, his field will be as badly washed as before. Neither does he want to fill in the gullies with old logs, straw, etc., but with earth, which is already close at hand and is the easiest to handle. If I understand the situation his field is pretty hilly and the object of seeding is to get a sod that will keep his red limestone soil from going down on to his neighbor's below and at the same time afford him some profit in the way of pasture, etc. Let him commence this spring as early as the ground will work well, say from the 15th to 15th of April. Plow as well as it can be done, throwing the furrows into the ditches as much as possible. When the field is all plowed



make what is called a "granger" (see out) of two pieces of cut scantling 8 or 10 feet long.

Lay these down parallel with each other, three feet apart, and splice some cross-pieces on, attach a chain to each end around the cross-pieces and hitch to the middle with a clevis. If the ground is very soft you will need to hitch three horses so that a man can ride when the tool is upon the highest ground, getting off when in the depressions so that the lever can unload. It is surprising how soon a man and team can level up a piece of loose ground. Go over several times, cross-ways and corner-ways, and when it is level enough to suit you are ready to seed. Blue-grass may be good for Eastern Ohio, but here in Michigan it will come in if we do not sow the seed. I would sow nothing but clover and timothy, about six quarts of each to an acre, and drag with something heavy until the seed is covered; roll if ground is dry, but if reasonably moist do not.

HOME-MADE CORN-MARKER.

Any Farmer Can Make This and Will Find It a Useful Tool.

We illustrate herewith a very convenient corn-marker, from sketches and descriptions furnished by N. E. Teale, Erie County, Pa. Any farmer can make it during the winter days. It is free from the excessive weight which makes many other similar implements clumsy and difficult to handle. The largest stick in it is a piece of scantling four inches square, eight and a half feet long. This is of whitewood or pine. To this are bolted two peeled hemlock poles, ten feet long, of suitable size for shafts. The large ends are beveled to give the correct upward slant. A cross-bar of inch boards ten inches wide is bolted to these shafts three feet from the lower ends. Two hooks are set into this, to which the horse may be attached. The runners are each made of plank, two and a half inches thick, six



inches wide, and two feet long; rounded up at the front like a sled-runner. A notch, half an inch deep, admits the bed-piece.

A half-inch bolt is firmly driven into the middle of each notch in the runner, projecting five inches, with screw-thread cut on the upper end. This bolt is to project through a half-inch hole bored for the purpose in the bed-piece, and a nut and washer fastens it. The middle marker is a cultivator tooth set into a stick three by four inches, twelve inches long, loosely bolted between two pieces of similar size, each eight inches long, which are halved and firmly bolted to the bed-piece. On each side is a tracker to aid the operator in maintaining uniform distance between the rows. Each tracker is of pine or whitewood, five feet long, two inches thick and three inches wide at the large end, tapered to two inches at the other end. A half-inch hole in the large end for the bolt which holds it to the bed-piece.

At the small end is a row of five holes to permit the shoe to be adjusted at different intervals. The shoe is of any tough, hard wood, shaped as shown in the engraving. Securely bolted to the top of the bed-piece are two sticks of hard wood, three and a half feet long, two and a half by three and a half inches, beveled at the lower end to admit of standing at a proper angle. Three inches from the top of each is bored a hole, through which an old rake-handle is thrust, to serve as a handle for the marker. The two trackers and the middle marker can be turned over on the top when not in use. In the upper part of the engraving are shown at the left the marker used for hand-planting, with a section of the hard-wood shoe beneath. At the right is the form of runner used to mark for machine-planting.—American Agriculturist.

Roosters for Money. Plymouth Rocks and Light Brahmas are the best breeds for market purposes, or a cross between the two, using the Plymouth Rock cockerel. I am careful, says a writer in Farm and Home, while the little birds are young to feed a large share of bran and oatmeal and some animal food, together with all the green food they will eat, to secure a growth of bone, muscle and feathers. I take care to give young birds plenty of exercise and keep things well disinfected. Feed often, say four or five times a day for the first two weeks, giving no more each time than they will eat clean. Indeed, it is best to keep them just a little short. Do not give too much heat. More chicks are killed in that way than in any other. Chicks will always crowd when they are uncomfortable, either with too much or too little heat. With the former many are smothered, resulting in diarrhea to many more, while all become weak and debilitated, soon causing a great mortality. As chicks and ducklings grow older I gradually increase the quantity of corn meal, while during the last three weeks it is fed almost exclusively. I hold my chicks for roasters and often have them weigh twelve pounds per pair at four months old. These chicks always bring more for roasters than for broilers when small, and I have always found that the last four pounds can be put on a great deal cheaper than the first.

Farm Mortgage.

People who have a real interest in the farming community have been in hopes that the present census would show the value of farm mortgages, but it seems that they are doomed to disappointment. There has been much guess-work in regard to this class of mortgages. The Western Rural believes that the amount of such mortgages, if once ascertained, would astonish the American people. It believes that the amount ought to be ascertained, not only because it would greatly aid the movement for legislation to prevent double taxation, but because it would put the condition of the farming classes more intelligently before the people. This Government will be compelled to make a new and radical departure in regard to the treatment of agriculture. It must save our agriculture from ruin. Perhaps when it reveals all class legislation and gives the farmer a fair chance nothing more will be needed to be done. But if that is not sufficient, Government must do more. The most important duty that our Government has to do is to preserve the Republic. To do that it must encourage general prosperity, and it certainly must encourage the prosperity of our fundamental industry. Now the reader can finish this article in his own thoughts. We simply start out with the proposition that this Government must protect agriculture, whatever may be required to do it.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

—A swallowtail coat may be just the proper thing for the bridegroom at a fashionable wedding, but for an elopement there is nothing like a cut-away.—Puck.

—A Newark (N. J.) landlady undertook to detain the trunk of one of her boarders until a bill of four dollars for wear and tear of a sofa during a three months' courtship should be paid, but a local justice of the peace suppressed her effort.

—Attention has lately been called to the fact that there are to-day in Massachusetts more than one hundred towns which have no public libraries. In many of them there is no library whatsoever except in connection with the Sunday-schools. An effort is being made to supply this need.

—The handiness of a hairpin in the hands of a woman has long been so secret or mysterious. From buttoning a boot to mending an umbrella it is useful in almost any emergency, but a New York woman has capped the climax by utilizing the ever-present hairpin for stabbing a policeman.

—Visitor to Editorial Sanctum—"Here is an article I have prepared on the political situation." Editor—"Really, my dear sir, we have so many articles on hand that—" Visitor—"I know it. Half the justices of the county are writing on the subject, and I thought it was time for me to say something."—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

—A Mexican letter says: If you chance to be a visitor at a Mexican "balle," quietly sitting on a bench, do not be surprised if some bewitching eyes, trips lightly up to where you are sitting and unconsciously smashes an egg over your head. This curious action is merely to show her preference for you, and means an invitation for you to get up and dance with her.

—Several remarkable pictures have recently been discovered on a rock on the Rio Grande, in Texas. They were painted by the Indians and represent a series of battles between two tribes. The paintings are eight in number, and the work shows evidence of a skillful hand. The stone was nearly covered with sand, but the paint, a bright red, was apparently as fresh as when first put on.

—A puddler went to get his child christened. "What name," asked the parson, "shall I call the child?" "Thoo can call the kid owt thou likes," says the father. "Well," says the parson, "I think Benjamin is a very nice name." "Varry well," says the father, "call him Benjamin." The puddler came out of the church with his wife and child, highly delighted with the name, when a thought struck him. Rushing back to the church, and overtaking the parson walking down the aisle, he exclaimed, "Hey, Mister, the young squeaker's a lass." The parson was at a loss what to do under the circumstances. However, he put in an "a" at the end of the name, and they called the child Benjamin.—Leed's Mercury.

—A St. Louis police judge one day had a gambler on trial before him. The prisoner denied having played for money, but said chips were used. The judge fined him ten dollars, however, saying that "chips" were money. After the docket had been disposed of, the judge was approached by the poker player, who wanted to know if the judge still thought that chips were money. On receiving an answer in the affirmative, he said: "Well, I suppose I will have to pay my fine." Coolly counting out ten chips, he laid them on the magistrate's desk and disappeared. The fine was afterward remitted by the judge, but the "chips" are still in his possession as a reminder of his ruling that "chips" were money.

THE PARIS CATACOMBS.

Ancient Quarries Containing the Bones of Millions of Human Beings.

At the gates of entrance we were fallen upon by women selling candles, which they had arranged on sticks and cardboard so as to keep the sperm from dripping. We fought them off—it is scarcely too strong an expression, so pressing, roughly, persistent were they—and entered where a thick double line of people was passing and had been passing for over an hour through a narrow door.

An official at the barrier examined the guide's permits, counted us, and on we went with tapers lit, a most curious procession of hundreds, descending a spiral stair until we were seventy-five feet below the city. Then on for fifteen minutes through an arched stone passage and so on into the osuary. A black line on the vault above was formerly the guiding mark from entrance to exit, but the side passages are now all chained across to prevent people from getting lost. The bones are arranged symmetrically on either side of the damp, oozy and in some places even muddy path. Legs, arms and skulls fashion crosses of various forms, while ribs and smaller bones are piled on top. Every now and again we arrive at a pile where the path widens into a circle and an official stands with a lantern. In one of these a spring wells up. Skeletons in process of forming glitter on the vault. Weird shadows fall from the ghastly relics of the dead. The tramp, tramp of the foot-falls and the murmur of voices echo and echo again.

We have read it all up for ourselves, but we listen while the guide explains that these excavations are ancient quarries extending under nearly all of old Paris, that when, in 1764 (the church-yards throughout the city having fallen into a bad condition), it became necessary, for sanitary reasons, to remove the dead, the quarries were prepared and duly consecrated, and the bones of three millions of human beings were removed into these receptacles by night, with solemn religious rites. Each cemetery was kept separate and carefully marked.

We passed to examine various tablets fastened here and there with quotations from Scripture, verses from Latin and French poets, or moral sentiments in memory of the dead or for the consolation or warning of the living. After an hour's walk, we leave the osuary, pass through another stone vault and up a spiral shaft which brings us out on a street a mile and a half from where we started. An officer stands at the exit to count as we emerge, in case of any one being lost, and a crowd of children scramble for the candle ends which people throw away.—Christian at Work.