

the dainty little That my wife will wear on Easter n she goes to church with me; Flowers, ribbon, lace and feather Blending prettily together Make a poem most ex

And a work of art When it's time

wear the bonnet the mirror she will don it, And I'll see her smile of triumph As she, blushing, turns to show Me that lovely Easter treasure; At my gaze of admiration And the praise I shall bestow.

Then I'll walk beside that bonnet, Glancing, O, so proudly on it, Up the aisle on Easter morning With the dearest one on earth, And I'll notice the attention (Which I afterwards will mention) That the other women pay it Por It's beauty and it's worth.

O, all worthy of a sonnet Is the dainty little bonnet All it's glory on a shelf;
But the sweetest thing about it
Is—though other husbands doubt i\* Planned and made it all berself.

## DAVE'S EASTER PRAYER.

How It Was Answered in a Very Unexpected Way.



so soundly that Tom hated to wake him-he looked so pretty, too, with his flushed face and yellow, curling hair-but Mrs. Brady's words of the night before still rang in Tom's

"I will speak to Officer Williams tomorrow. Those boys must be taken care of," she had said.

To be taken care of by a blue-coated officer meant but one thing to Tomthe station in that precinct-and the lad had a wholesome terror of the law. The words brought a picture of himself and Dave dragged through the streets as he had more than once seen violators of the law treated. There was only one thing to be done, they must go, and go at once before the family awoke.

Tom was eight years old, Dave not much over five. Tom had a bright face, koen beyond its years, and a self-reliant air. Dave was a remarkably pretty child, even with his tumbled hair and generally uncared-for appearance. And be boys were literally homeless and friendless. It was the old story -so old that people become almost indifferent to It a drunken father, a murdered mother. Yes, murdered -not by a mercifully quick pistol-shot or knife-thrust, but by years of want and ill-treatment. For the two years since her death the children had been absolutely without care except that given by a father who was rarely free from the influence of liquor and by the women who lived in the old tenement house and who had families of their own to look out for.

When the father walked off the dook and ended his worthless life the boys were scarcely worse off. The neighbors gave them something to eat as they had done before when the father was not there. Tom, small as he was manifested a sort of paternal care for Dave that sometimes touched even the hearts of the dwellers of Ford's court. If he earned a penny by an errand the larger part of the red apple or the striped candy stick went to blue-eyed Dave. As for Dave he had no one but Tom, and his confidence in his brother's age and wisdom was unbounded.

So when he was awakened it was with questioning obedience that he dressed and left the house with Tom. No one was satir, for it was Sunday morning and the occupants of the tenement house

It was a bright Sunday, late in April, Easter Sunday, though the homeless boys did not know that. Although the sun shone there was a chill in the air, and Dave soon complained of being cold. A horse-car station offered a temporary shelter and the children were unmolested for a long time. There was a lunch counter in the room, and from the



OUT IN THE STREETS AGAIN.

rear came the appetizing smell of coffee. Dave's lip quivered, he was so hungry, but Tom comforted him by bidding him wait a little while. Tom was hungry, too, but there was a sturdy independ ence about the little lad that forbade begging. At last the car-starter told the boys to go-not unkindly-for they were so small and so quiet he could find no fault with them.

Out into the streets again went the boys-streets that were filled with people now on the way to church, many with the desire to display their Easter finery; some with a sincere love by the Master who had burst the bonds tomb and whose followers were ad that because He lived they, too,

Easter anthems were being sung and kere alone in the church.

Easter sermons preached the tired, hungry lads walked from street to of lilles and the Christ in street, looking into store windows where the curtains were lifted, Tom doing his best to interest and amuse weary little

Dave.
Just as they reached a great stone church the worshipers were coming out, and the boys, from a doorway across the street, watched the long line of richly-dressed people.

At last every one was gone, the little groups that lingered in the vestibule breaking up, one by one, but still the heavy doors stood wide open. The inner door, too, was open, and through the two entrances the boys could catch a glimpse of color and brightness.

"Let's go in," said Dave. Tom hesitated, but the doors still stood open, no one was to be seen, and he ventured to cross the street and as-

cend the steps.

As the boys entered the vestibule Dave cried out in wonder and delight, for through the inner door could be seen a great window, rich with glowing tints. The sexton was in the chapel, and there was no one to forbid the children entrance.

Once inside the church there was so much to see that Tom and Dave quite forgot they were uninvited guests. They had never seen a church interior before. Tom had attended Sabbathschool at a mission chapel, and had thought the framed mottoes, the whitewashed walls and the wheezy little organ very grand, but this fairly took his breath away, the soft, rich carpet, the wonderful window, the shining pipes of the organ and its glistening banks of keys, the carvings of the dark wood. and more than all the flowers within the chancel rail.

There were masses of great white lilies everywhere on altar and pulpit and organ; just over the altar a large cross of lilies standing out with a vivid whiteness against the dark carvings of the reredos, and above altar and cross the window that was the pride of the Grace Church people, a window that represented the risen and ascending Christ. The figure, exquisite and lifelike, with outstretched hands and flowing draperies, seeemed to stand out

from the deep azure of the background. Tom and Dave went quite close to the chancel rail to look at the beautiful

"That is Jesus," said Tom. "I know it is, 'cause it's just like the picture the teacher showed me. If you want any thing you ask Jesus for it and He will give it to you. Teacher said so."
Dave opened his blue eyes wide.

"Let's ask Him for things," he cried. "But you have to pray," said Tom. 'and we don's know how. The teacher



"DEAR JESUS, PLEASE SEND MOTHER BACK TO US."

used to get down on her knees and talk to Him, but I forget what she said." "What did she ask Jesus for?"

"Oh, to be good, and to make us boys

"Well, I know what I'm going to ask lesus for. I want Him to send mother back. You said we had warm breakfasts and lots of nice things before she went away."

"But mother's dead," said Tom; "she can't come back." "You said Jesus could do any thing."

persisted Dave. "Yes, teacher said so," hesitatingly. Tom seemed to be something of a skep-

tie when it came to taking his teacher's words so literally. "Well. I'm going to pray." and Dave sank on his knees at the chancel rail and drew Tom down by his side. The perfume of lilies and roses was all about

them-a ray of golden light fell upon them-two ragged boys amid all the beauty and grandour of the temple. "How did teacher begin?" asked Dave.

"Dear Jesus," said Tom, "and then she asked Him what she wanted."

Dave looked straight up to the loving face of the Christ-he did not know he ought to bow his head-and after a little pause he said quite slowly and distinctly as though trying to make some one hear who was not very near:

"Dear Jesus, please make Tom and me good boys and send mother back to us right off, 'cause we want her so

"Now say amen." prompted Tom; teacher always did." "Amen," echoed Dave, and

strangest prayer ever voiced in that house of God was ended. But did prayer ever ascend to the great white throne more quickly? "Now let's wait here till she comes

said Dave. "Till who comes?" asked Tom. "Why, mother. I said 'right off. Didn't you hear me?"

Tom was nonplussed. He knew what ligent. Surely something should be death meant better than Dave, but was at a loss to make it clear to his brother that his prayer could not be answered. So he compromised by saying: "We'll stay a little while if you will be a good boy and go when I ask you to."

Dave assented cheerfully. He had perfect faith that his prayer would be answered and quickly, too.

The children did not know it, but they could not have left the church if they hould live. The chimes rang out an had tried. The inner door had been |-America.

Easter greeting; in church and chapel swung noiselessly to by the seaton, who flowers sent up their incense to Christ had not thought of looking in, then ho who died but rose again. And while had locked the outside doors—the boys

Dave gave one more look at the cross of lilles and the Christ in the window, then walked up the aisle a little way and went into one of the pews. First he sat down and then he lay down, and so comfortable a bed did the soft cushion make for the tired child that he objected to being disturbed when Tom suggested going. So Tom, who was tired, too, sat down on a footstool and put his head on the cushion beside Dave.

There was a rustle of skirts, a low hum of voices. A committee of lalies, to whom had been assigned the chapel decorations for the children's service that afternoon, were discussing what flowers could best be spared from within the chancel. Tom was wakened, but Dave still

slept soundly. A young lady who had been detained

in the chapel came hurriedly up the aisle to join the group, and though Tom shrank closer in his corner, she saw him, and her exclamation brought the halfdozen ladies to her side.

Dave slept on, and a pretty picture he made, the gold of his hair brought out



against the deep red of the pew cushion. Tom was frightened, but they were such kind faces he looked into that he

very simply and directly he told it. The young lady who had discovered the boys had a business-like air, and a brisk way of saying things that spoke

was not afraid to tell his story-and

volumes for her executive ability.
"Now here is mission work," she cried. "What are we going to do for these boys? Homes must be found for them. Suppose we adopt them as proteges of the Mission Society and make a monthly assessment to pay some one to care for them? How many of you will

A slender, sweet-faced woman, dressed in mourning-the only one who had been silent-interrupted her. Her voice was broken, but she tried to control It.

"Perhaps you will think me wild," she said, "but don't you see where these boys are? They are in my pew, where my boys used to sit. I am alone in the world; they are alone. Why should they not be my boys? I come here with empty arms, longing for the sound of boyish voices forever husbed, and here, hallowed to me by so many memorieswhere I was married, where my children were baptized—I find these motherless, homeless boys. And on Easter Sunday, too. It seems like a resurrection of hopes I had thought forever dead. Why should I not take these boys, care for them, educate them, make them my boys? Does it not seem that God has sent them to me?"

There was silence for a moment. Then the brisk young lady said, with a little laugh, to hide some real emotion: "At least, Mrs. Sanborn, it will be a saving for the missionary society."

Mrs. Sanborn passed into the pew and bent over sleeping Dave, and as she did so the child opened his eyes, a glad light crept into them and he stretched out his

"Mother!" he cried, "I asked Jesus to send you back."

This Easter prayer was granted. Tom and Dave were no longer homeless, no longer motherless, and above the cross of snowy lilies the pictured Christ seemed to look down in blessing upon them .- Mrs. Etta F. Martin, in Boston Globe.

## CHICAGO'S WATER SUPPLY.

It Brings to Light Many Fearfully Made Animal Curtosities

Every once in awhile-and sometimes twice in awhile-we see stories in the local papers anent the reptilian specimens that make their Chicago debuts through the faucets of the dwellings of the clite. It is with no idea of competing with the enterprising daily press that we submit the appended anecdotes garnered by our reporters in the course of their vigils in the cause of good government and pure water.

Daisy Maginty, a wash-lady in the residence of Potiphar Porkehop, of Ashland avenue, recently drew a tub of water from the faucet in the kitchen, when what was her astonishment to find in the water a half-grown specimen of the behemoth of Holy Writ. Barnum has put in a bid for it.

Bobe Pumpernickel, a French nursery maid in the family of Mrs. Obrion, of Obrion Villa, Lincoln Park, North, while giving little Raoul Obrion his morning bath one day this week was surprised to find issuing from the faucet a box-constrictor as large as a fullgrown hologna sausage. The reptile was in excellent health and very inteldone to prevent respectable people in Chicago from imbibing boa-constrictors in their drinking water.

A full-grown ichthyosaurus was drawn from the hydrant in Hon G. Whilliken's house last week. It has been sent to Mayor Cregier with a letter of intro-

duction. Miss Petite Muldoon found a phonix and a unicorn in a pitcher of drinking water yesterday. Turn the rassals out!

## THE DEAD LION.

Dr. Talmage Preaches From an Unusual Text.

The Bible a Strange But Entirely Consist ent Book-The World Pull of Dead Lions - Application of the Test to Worldly Affaire.

The subject of a late sermon at Brooklyn by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage was 4: "A living dog is better than a dead Following is the sermon:

The Bible is the strangest, the lovliest, the mightiest, the weirdest, the best of books. Written by Moses the lawyer, Joshua the soldier. Samuel the judge, Ezra the builder, Job the poet, David the shepherd, Daniel the prime minister, Amos the herdsman, Mathew the custom house officer. Luke the doctor, Paul the scholar, John the exile; and yet a complete harmony from the middle verse of the Bible, which is psalm evxii, 8, both ways to the upper and lower lids, and the shortest passage, which is John xi, 35, to the longest verse, which is Esther, vili, 9, and yet not an imperfection in all the 773,693 words which it is composed of. It not only reaches over the past but over the future; has in it a ferry boat as in Samuel II, and a telegraphic wire as in Job; and a railroad train, as in Nahum; and introduces to us a foundryman by the name of Tubal Cain, and a shipbutider by the name of Noah, and an architect by the name of Aholiab, and tells us how many stables Solomon had to take care of his horses, and how he paid for those horses. But few things in this versatile and comprehensive book interests me so much as its apothegms, those short, terse, sententious, epigrammatic sayings, of which my text is one. "A living dog is better than a dead lion."

Here the lion stands for nobility and the dog for meanness. You must know that the dog mentioned in the text is not one of our American, or European or Scottish dogs, that in our mind is a synonym for the beautiful, the graceful, the affectionate, the sagacious and the true. The St. Bernard dog is a hero, and if you doubt it ask the snows of the Alps, out of which he picked the exhausted traveler. The shepherd dog is a poem, and if you doubt it ask the highlands of Scotland. The Arctic dog is the rescue of explorers, and if you doubt it ask Dr. Kane's expedition. The watch dog is a living protection, and if you doubt it ask ten thousand homesteads over whose safety he watched last night. But Solomon, the author of my text, lived in Jerusalem, and the dog he speaks of in the text was a dog in Jerusalem. Last December I passed days and nights within a stone's throw of where Solomon wrote his text, and from what I saw of the canines of Jerusalem by day and heard of them by night I can understand the slight appreciation my text puts upon the dog of Palestine. It is lean and snarly and disgusting, and afflicted with parasites, and takes revenge on the human race by filling the nights with clamor. All up and down the Bible, the most of which was written in Palestine or Syria, or contiguous lands. the dog is used in contemptuous comparison. Hazaol said: "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" In crumbs which fall from the master's table." Paul says, in Philippians: "Heware of dogs," and St. John, speaking of Heaven, says: "Without are dogs."

On the other hand the lion is healthy, stong and loud voiced, and at its roar the forests echo and the mountains tremble. It is marvelous for strength and when its hide is removed the muscular compactness is something wonderful and the knife of the dissector bounds. back from the tendons. By the clearing ties, to properly direct the building of off of the forest of Palestine and the use of fire-arms, of which the lion is particularly afraid, they have disappeared from places where once they ranged, but they were very bold in olden times. They attacked an army of Xerxes while marching through Macedonia. They were so numerous that 1,000 lions were slain in forty years in the amphitheater good fashions now starting will sweep

As most of the Rible was written in regions lion haunted, this creature appears in almost all parts of the Rible as a simile. David understood its habits of night prowing and day slumbering, death, gone into ligitation. Attorneys as is seen from his description: "The young lions roar after their prey and seek their meat from God. The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their dens." And, again he cries out: "My soul is among lions," Moses knew them and said: "Judah is conched like a lion." Samson knew them, for he took honey from the careass of a slain lion. Solomon knew them and says: "The King's wrath is as the roar of a lion," and again: "The slothful man says, there is a lion in the way." Isaiah knew them, and says, in the millenium, "The lion shall eat straw like an ox." Ezeklel knew them, and says: "The third was as the face of a hon." Paul knew them, and says: "I was delivered out of the that he knew not what he was signing mouth of the lion." Peter knew them and says: "The devil as a roaring bion walketh about" St. John knew them, and says of Christ: "Rehold the Lies of the tribe of Judah!"

Now, what does my text mean when it puts a living dog and dead lion side by side and says the former is better than the latter? It means that small faculties actively used are of more value than great faculties unemployed. How often you see it! Some man of limited capacity vastly useful. He takes that which God has given him and says: "My mental endowment is not large and the world would not rate me high for my intelligence, and my vocabulary is limited. and my education was defective, but here goes what I have for God and salvation and the making of the world good and happy." He puts in a word here and a word there, encourages a faint hearted man, gives a Scripture passage in consolation to some bereft woman. picks up a child fallen in the street and helps him brush off the dust and puts a five-cent piece in his hand, telling him

or a message to deliver; comes into a property, through all these severe winrail train, or stage coach, or depot, or shop with a smiling face that sets every-body to thinking. "If that man can, with what appears small equipment in life, be happy, why can not I, possessing far may it do you!" Now we begin to unmore than he has, be equally happy?" derstand the text: "One day of that kind of doing things dog than a dead lion." may not amount to much, but forty years of that-no one but God Himself can appreciate its immensity.

There are tens of thousands of such people. Their circle of acquaintances is small. The man is known over at the store. He is clerk or weigher or drayman and he is known among those who under the galleries, and at the ferry gates where he comes in knocking the arms about his body to revive circulation on some January morning. But if he should die to-morrow there would not be hundred people who would know about it. He will never have his name in the newspapers but once and that will be the announcement of his death. if some one will pay for the insertion, so much a line for the two lines. But he will come up gloriously on the other side, and the God who has watched him all through will give him a higher seat | dead lion." and a better mansion and a grander oternity than many a man who had on earth, before his name the word Honorable and after his name LL D. and F. R. S. Christ said, in Luke vi. that in Heaven some who had it hard here of delight and congratulation will run mortanes.

The simple fact is that the world has lions. They are people of great capacity and large opportunity, doing nothing for the improvement of society, nothing for the overthrow of evil, nothing for the salvation of souls. They have accumulated so many hundreds of thousands of dollars that you can feel their tread when they walk through any best of what remains. Your shortest street or come into any circle. They can by one financial move upset the money market. Instead of the ten per cent, of their income, which the Ribie lays down as the proper proportion of their contribution to the cause of God, they do not give five per cent, or three per cent, or two per cent, or one per cent, or a half per cent, or a quarter the missionary explorer and with its per cent. That they are lions no one jaws crushed the bone of his arm to doubts. When they roar Wall street, State street, Lombard street and the bourse tremble. In a few years they will lie down and die. They will have a great funeral, and a long row of fine carriages, and mightiest requiems will roll from the organ, and polished shaft of Aberdeen granite will indicate where their dust lies, but for all use to the world that man might as well have never lived.

But I thank God that we are having est now an outburst of splendid benefionce that is to increase until the earth is girdled with it. It is spreading with the speed of an epidemic, but with just the opposite effect of an epidemic. Do you not notice how wealthy men are opening free libraries, and building churches in their native villages? Have self-abnegation the Syro-Phonician you not seen how men of large means, woman said. "Even the dogs eat of the instead of leaving great philanthropics in their wills for disappointed heirs quarrel about, and the orphan courts to swamp, are becoming their own executors and administrators? After putting aside enough for their

own families (for "he that provideth not for his own, and especially those of his own household, is worse than an infidel"), they are saying: "What can I do, not after I am dead, but while liv ing, and in full possession of my faculthe churches, or the hospitals, or the colleges, or the libraries that I design for the public welfare, and while yet 1 have full capacity to enjoy the satisfaction of seeing the good accomplished?" There are bad fashions and good fashions, and, whether good or bad, fashions are mighty. One of the the earth-the fashion for wealthy men to distribute, while yet alive, their surplus accumulation. It is being belped by the fact that so many large estates have, immediately after the testator's with large fees are employed on both sides, and the case goes on month after month, and year after year, and after one court decides, It ascends to another court and is decided in the opposite direction, and then new evidence is found, and the trials are all repeated. The children, who at the father's funeral seemed to have an uncontrollable grief, after the will is read go into elaborate process to prove that the father was crazy, and therefore incompetent to make a will; and there are men on the jury who think that the fact that the testator gave so much of his money to the Bible society, and the missionary society, or the opening of a free library is proof positive that he was insane, and when he subscribed to the words. the name of God, amen. I, being of sound mind, do make this my last will and testament"

A pour Scotch lad came to America at twelve years of age and went to Pittsburgh. He looked around for work and became an engineer in a cellar, then rose to become a telegraph messenger boy, then rose to a position in a railroad office, then rose to a place in a telegraph office, then rose to be superintendent of a railroad, then rose till he became an fron and steel manufacturer, then rose until be opened free libraries in his native land and last month a free library in Allegheny City and now offers \$2,000. 000 for a free library in l'ittsburgh This example will be catching until the earth is revolutionized. How majestic such men in comparison with some I wet of, who amasses wealth and clutch it with both bands until death begins to feel for their heart strings and then they dictate to an attorney a last will and testament in which they spite some daughter because she married against not to cry, so that the boy is singing be- ber father's wish and fling a few crusts fore he gets around the corner; waiting to God and suffering humanity, as much on everybody that has a letter to carry as to say: "I have kept this surplus antitod admits them free.

ters and all through these long years from a needy and suffering world and would keep it longer if I could, but I must give it up, take it and much good derstand the text: "Better is a living

Who sould attempt to write the obituary of the dead lions of commerce, the dead lions of law, the dead lions of medicine, the dead lions of social in-fluence? Vast capacity had they, and mighty range, and other men in their presence were as powerless as the antelope or heifer or giraffe when from the sit near him clear back in the church jungle a Numidian lion springs upon its prey. But they get through with life. They lay down in their magnificent snow from his shoes and threshing his lair. They have made their last sharp bargain. They have spoken their last hard word. They have committed their last mean act. When a tawny inhabitant of the desert rolls over helpless, the lioness and whelps fill the air with shricks and howls and lash themselves into lamentation and it is a genuine grief for the poor things. But when this dead lion of monstrous uselessness expires there is nothing but dramatized woe, for "Better is a living dog than a

My text also means that an opportunity of the living present is better than a great opportunity passed. We spend much of our time in saying: "If I only had." We can all look back and see some occasion where we might have would laugh there. And I think a laugh effected an important rescue, or we might have dealt a stroke that would around the heavenly circle when this have accomplished a vast result humble one of whom I spoke shall go Through stupidity or lack of appreciaup and take the precedence of many tion of the crisis, or through procrastibristians who in this world felt them- nation, we let the chance go by. How selves to be of 99 per cent, more im- much time we have wasted in thinking of what we might have said or might have done? We spend hours and days been and the world is now full of dead and years in walking around that dead lien. We can not resuscitate it.

The most use ess and painful feeling is the one of regret. Repent of lost opportunities we must, and get pardon we may, but regrets weaken, dishearten and cripple for future work. Take what you have of opportunity left. Do your winter day is worth more to you than can be the longest day of a previous summer. Your opportunity now, as compared with previous opportunities, may be small a a rat terrier compared with the lion which at Matabosa, fatally wounded by the gun of David Livingstone, in its death agony leaped upon splinters and then rolled over and expired, but "Better is a living dog than & dead Hon. My text also means that the condition

of the most wretched man alive is bet-

tor than the most favored sinner departed. The chance of these last is gone. Where they are they can not make any earthly assets available. Aftor Charlemagne was dead he was set in an ornamented sepuicher on a golden throne, and a crown was put on his cold brow and a scepter in his stiff hand, but that gave him no dominton to the next world. One of the most intensely interesting things I saw last winter in Egypt was Pharaoh of olden times, the very Pharaoh who oppressed the Israeltes. The inscription on his sarcophagus, and the writing on his mummy bandages, proved beyond controversy that he was the Pharaob of Bible times. All the Egyptologists and tions agree that it is the old scoundrel himself. Visible are the very teeth with which he gnashed against the Israelitish brick makers. There are the sockets of the merciless eyes with which he looked upon the overburdened people of God. There is the hair that floated in the breeze off the Red sea. There are the very lips with which be commanded them to make bricks without straw. Thousands of years afterward, when the wrappings of the mummy were unrolled, old Pharach lifted up his arm as if in imploration, but his skinny bones can not again clutch his shattered scepter. He is a dead lion.

What a thing to congratulate you on is your life! Why, it is worth more than all the gems of the universe kindled into one precious stone. I am alive! What does that mean? Why, it means that I still have all opportunity of being saved myself and helping others to be saved. To be alive! Why, it means that I have get another chance to correct my past mistakes and make sure work for Heaven

What encouragement in the text for all Christian workers! Despair of no one's salvation. While there is life there is hope. Go forth and save the lost and remember however depraved, however ragged, however fifthy and undone a child is, or a man is, or a woman is, they are worth an effort. I would ather have their opportunity than any hat will over be given to those who ived in magnificent sin and splendid unrighteousness and then wrapped their gorgeous tapestry around them and without a prayer expired. "Hetter Is a living dog than a dead lion." In the great day it will be found that

the last shall be first. There are in the gregshops and in the baunts of iniquity to-day those who will yet be models of holiness and preach Christ to the people. In yonder group of young men who came here with no useful purpose, there is one who will yet live for Christ and perhapadie for Him. My bearer, give no one up. Therase may seem desperate, but the grace of tied likes to undertake a dead lift. I proclaim it this day to all the perple-free grace! Living and dying, be that my theme-free grace! Sound it across the continent, sound it across the seasfree grace! Spell out those words in thewers lift them in arches, build them in thrones roll them in oratorios-free grace! That will yet Edenize the earth and people Heaven with nations redeemed. Free grace.

Salvation! O, the joyful sound Tis pleasure to our cars. A covereign balm for every wound. A cordial for our fears.

Paried in surrow and in ain At death's dark done we tay, But we arise by grave divine, To see a beavenly day.

-The United States Liberta Haytt, the Argentine Republic, Guatemala at Spain put a duty on books. Every other