

DIogenes.

(A LEGEND.)

Diogenes, the frugal, sat one day in contemplative mood before his caulk; sleek luxury, untroubled, passed his way. And left him in the cheerful sun to bask. There came to him a miser, one whose aim was but to stint, and starve, and hoard his pence.



CHAPTER XIX.

"YOU AND YOU NO CROSS SHALL PART." A year passed away. Anon and Jane had married, and were living in a cottage near the mill. Both had often written to remind Olive of her promised visit; but the visit was not paid yet, and the happy pair said to each other that it was strange to find Olive still clinging to London.

Quite suddenly there came a lull in the conversation. It was one of those pauses which romantic people attribute to the passing of an unseen angel. A silence like this is always full of possibilities; slow hearts struggle with the difficulty of expression, and are dumb when they ought to speak; quick hearts break out into over-much speaking and so lose their cause.

Olive's color deepened when that pause came. She sat still for a few seconds, her heart beating fast. Then she made a slight movement as if she were about to rise; but a hand was laid lightly on her own. "No, you must not leave me yet," Seaward said. "I will say something now that I have long wanted to say. Olive, I love you. I want you to be with me always, to help me, dear, and comfort me with your love. If a man and woman love truly they may make a garden of Eden in the middle of a noisy world. Their home may be as fresh and calm as this old chapel garden, set in the midst of the turmoil of busy life."

It seems to have been decreed, said Mrs. Villiers, resignedly, "that one of my grandsons should marry a person of low origin. Of course, I have not been consulted!" "Well, granny," remarked Adeline, who was hovering near her with bright, mischievous eyes, "I think you must admit that his own heart was a safer counselor. As yet, you see, you have not been a successful matchmaker."

"Am I to have my misfortunes cast up in my face?" demanded the old lady, her cap ribbons quivering. "Am I never to see anyone belonging to me making a decent marriage? If you were not thoroughly heartless, Adeline, you would be a little sorry for a disappointed old woman; and if you had more softness in your nature you would forgive Claud and make me happy yet."



"No, granny." The bright eyes were suddenly grave. "I would do a good deal to please you, heartless as I am supposed to be, but I cannot marry a man who very nearly cheated me out of a true love."

"That is just one of your harsh speeches," Mrs. Villiers said, irritably. "Claud would have made a kind husband. He would have let you go your own way."

"I don't want to go my own way, granny. If I am married," answered Adeline, turning upon her with flushing cheeks. "We will walk side by side, my husband and I, or I will have no husband at all. Oh, I am not so proud as you think me! I am even willing to go—"

Down on my knees and thank Heaven fasting for a good man's love. when that love is offered to me; but I will not thank Heaven for the mere semblance of a lover. Mrs. Villiers sighed profoundly. "When is this—this disastrous event going to take place?" she asked. "Don't talk as if it were a dynamite explosion," said Adeline, recovering her good humor and laughing. "Try to take it pleasantly, granny. It is coming off on the first of June, and it will be the prettiest wedding ever seen. Seaward has arranged that four of his little models—lovely children—are to be bridesmaids. He says that while he has been painting child-faces he has studied child nature and has learnt a great deal from these little friends of his."

ers. He was a single man, too; and once or twice of late a faint gleam of hope had found its way into granny's bosom. This man was Seaward's intimate friend, and there was a firm bond of sympathy between Seaward and Adeline.

The wedding morning was as fair and bright as it was possible for a June morning to be. The steep little street leading to the Savoy chapel was thronged with an eager crowd. The path leading to the principal entrance was carpeted with crimson; and the old plane-trees, with all their fresh green leaves whispering softly in the sunshine, seemed to be in a gentle flutter of expectation. The chapel was full. Bright faces, summer dresses, and gay flowers filled every pew. Granny was there—verily there, arrayed in some of her best black lace, and looking calm and stately; Adeline was there, more charming than ever, with a light in her eyes that spoke of inward triumph and satisfaction.

The clergy and choristers went to meet the bride at the gate; and when the procession entered the church the wedding-hymn pealed forth, and the jeweled lights from the windows fell on the lovely face and soft white robes of the bride. She wore no ornaments, nor did she want any; her rich and glowing beauty needed no inster of gems or gold. A few choice white blossoms, set in their deep green leaves, were her only adornments. But her price was far above rubies, and in her heart the far above husband did safely trust.

"That ye may please Him both in body and soul, and live together in holy love unto your lives' end," said the chaplain's quiet voice. He had no fear for them, nor did they fear for each other. They went out of the old chapel, and under the whispering plane-trees into the June sunshine; and in their hearts was the never-fading light of eternal peace.

[THE END.]

A NEW LAWN GAME.

Tenn, a Pastime for Both Sexes and All Seasons. At the Queen's club West Kensington, an exhibition was recently given of the new lawn game Tenn, which has recently been introduced. The game, which can be played with equal enjoyment by both sexes, possesses many claims to popular favor. It can be followed in any season, and by as few as four or as many as fourteen persons at once. Skill, agility and a good eye are far more requisite than mere physical strength, and the proper manipulation of the wand by means of quick wrist turns develops and renders flexible the muscles of the arms and wrists.

A screen of wood or canvas fixed on a light frame, and having in the center a circular aperture eighteen inches in diameter, is erected. Behind the hole is fixed a bag-net, and the main object of the players, who stand some distance away, is to throw a number of colored balls by means of the wand into this bag. The wand has at one end a peculiarly shaped hook for holding the ball, but some little skill is necessary to retain the ball in it for the purpose of making the throw.

The number of "pot balls" to be scored by each side before it can complete the first stage of the game corresponds with the number of players on each side. When either side has scored the number of "pot balls" agreed upon, it enters upon the second stage, and it at once obtains a single "zoned" ball. Whichever side then first succeeds in scoring its "zoned ball" wins the game. The public exhibition of the new pastime was witnessed with interest, and a favorable opinion of its merits was expressed by many of the spectators.—London Daily News.

NATURAL ASPHALT.

Wherein It Differs from Certain Coal Tar Products.

A correspondent of the Railroad and Engineering Journal takes occasion to lay stress upon the essential difference between natural asphalt and certain coal tar products. A well made paint, the body of which is true natural asphalt, can be subjected to any amount of heat not exceeding that of boiling water, and even on vertical surfaces will not run. Moreover, its covering power is great, and its toughness and adhesiveness remarkably enduring. The use in trade of the term asphalt as applied to certain coal tar products has led to some confusion of mind upon the subject. While these artificial products bear a certain resemblance in some of their physical properties to natural asphalt, the two commodities are chemically very dissimilar. They are so wide apart in their natures, that it is as improper to classify them under the same name as it would be to confuse "things volatile and involatile, or destructible and indestructible." There is no product of coal tar, short of the final residuum of coke in the still, the constituent oils of which do not gradually volatilize in the sun's heat; and coal tar products suitable for use as paints are easily become fluid when exposed to sun heat, until by evaporation they become so far brittle as to solidify, after which, a little further progress in the same direction causes them to perish and scale off. On the other hand, the constituent oils of natural asphalt are absolutely non-volatile at the highest sun-temperature, and the material does not oxidize under any atmospheric conditions.

Remarkable Generosity.

Pater—So to-morrow's Lord Engle's birthday, eh? Well, as his fiancée, I suppose you're expected to give him a handsome present or two? The Daughter—Why, yes—of course. Pater—Then I'm going to let you give him a receipted bill for every dollar he owes me, and a first-class ticket to Liverpool.—Life.

An Eye for a Bargain.

Swankey Jim (begging)—Give us a nickel for a bed, boss? Boss—Why certainly, my man. Where is the bed?—Judge.

NO EXCUSE FOR DELAY.

Dr. Talmage Continues His Discourses While Abroad.

The Gospel a Powerful Medicine For the Disease of Sin—Salvation Free For All—None Can Escape the Final Judgment.

Dr. Talmage continues to draw crowds while abroad. The sermon selected for publication the past week was entitled "The Soul's Crisis," from Isaiah iv. 6: "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found." Following is the sermon:

Isaiah stands head and shoulders above the Old Testament authors in vivid descriptions of Christ. Other prophets give an outline of our saviour's features. Some of them present, as it were, the side face of Christ; others a bust of Christ; but Isaiah gives us a full length portrait of Christ. Other Scripture writers excel in some things. Ezekiel more weird, David more pathetic, Solomon more epigrammatic, Habakkuk more sublime; but when you want to see Christ coming out from the gates of prophecy in all His grandeur and glory, you involuntarily turn to Isaiah. So that if the prophecies in regard to Christ might be called the "Gloriole of the Messiah," the writing of Isaiah is the "Hallelujah Chorus," where all the batons wave and all the trumpets come in. Isaiah was not a man picked up out of insignificance by inspiration. He was known and honored. Josephus and Philo, and Sirach extolled him in their writings. What Paul was among the apostles, Isaiah was among the prophets.

My text finds him standing on a mountain of inspiration, looking out into the future, beholding Christ advancing and anxious that all men might know Him: his voice rings down the ages: "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found." "O," says someone, "that were for olden times." No, my hearer. If you have traveled in other lands you have taken a circular letter of credit from some banking house in London, and in St. Petersburg, or Venice, or Rome, or Antwerp, or Brussels, or Paris, you presented that letter and got financial help immediately. And I want you to understand that the text, instead of being appropriate for one age, or for one land, is a circular letter for all ages and for all lands, and whenever it is presented for help, the help comes: "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found."

I come to-day with no hair spun theories of religion, with no nice distinctions, with no elaborate disquisition, but with a plain talk on the matters of personal religion. I feel that the sermon I preach this morning will be the savor of life unto life, or of death unto death. In other words, the gospel of Christ is a powerful medicine; it either kills or cures. There are those who say: "I would like to become a Christian. I have been waiting a good while for the right kind of influence to come," and still you are waiting. You are wiser in worldly things than you are in religious things. And yet there are men who say they are waiting to get to Heaven—waiting, waiting, but not with intelligent waiting, or they would get on board the line of Christian influences that would bear them into the kingdom of God.

Now you know very well that to seek a thing is to search for it with earnest endeavor. If you want to see a certain man in London, and there is a matter of much money connected with your seeing him, and you cannot at first find him, you do not give up the search. You look in the directory, but cannot find the name; you go in circles where you think, perhaps, he may mingle, and, having found the part of the city where he lives, but perhaps not knowing the street, you go through street after street and from block to block, and you keep on searching for weeks and for months.

You say: "It is a matter of ten thousand pounds whether I see him or not." O that man were as persistent in seeking for Christ! Had you one-half that persistence you would long ago have found Him who is the joy of the forgiven sinner. We may pay our debts, we may attend church, we may relieve the poor, we may be public benefactors, and yet all our life disobey the text: never seek God; never gain Heaven. O that the spirit of God would help this morning while I try to show you in carrying out the idea of my text, first, how to seek the Lord, and in the next place, when to seek Him. "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found."

I remark, in the first place, you are to seek the Lord through earnest and believing prayer. God is not an autocrat or despot seated on a throne with his arms resting on brazen lions and a sentinel pacing up and down at the foot of the throne. God is a father seated in a bower, waiting for his children to come and climb on his knee and get his kiss and his benediction. Prayer is the cup with which we go to the fountain of living water; and dip up refreshment for our thirsty soul. Grace does not come to the heart as we set a cask of water to catch the rain in the shower. It is a pulley fastened to the throne of God which we pull, bringing the blessing.

I do not care so much about what posture you take in prayer, nor how large an amount of voice you use. You might get down on your face before God, if you did not pray right inwardly, and there would be response. You might cry at the top of your voice, and unless you have a believing spirit within your cry would go no farther up than the shout of a plowboy to his oxen. Prayer must be believing, earnest, loving. You are in your house some summer day, and a shower comes up, and a bird affrighted darts into the window and wheels around the room. You seize it. You smooth its ruffled plumage. You feel its fluttering heart. You say: "Poor thing, poor thing!" Now a prayer goes out of the storm of this world into the window of God's mercy, and He catches it and he feels its fluttering pulse, and He puts it in his own bosom of affection and safety.

Prayer is a warm, ardent, pulsating exercise. It is the electric battery which, touched, thrills to the throne of God. It is the diving bell in which we go down into the depths of God's mercy and bring up "pearls of great price." There is an instance where prayer made the waves of Gennesaret solid as granite pavement. O, how many wonderful things prayer has accomplished! Have you ever tried it? In the days when the Scotch Covenanters were persecuted and the enemies were after them one of the head men among the Covenanters prayed: "O Lord, we be as dead men unless Thou shalt help us. O Lord, throw the lap of Thy cloak over these poor things." And instantly a Scotch mist enveloped and hid the persecuted from their persecutors—the promise literally fulfilled: "White they are yet speaking I will hear."

O, impenitent soul, have you ever tried the power of prayer? God says: "He is loving and faithful and patient." Do you believe that? You are told that Christ came to save sinners. Do you believe that? You are told that all you have to do to get the pardon of the gospel is to ask for it. Do you believe that? Then come to Him and say: "O, Lord, I know Thou canst not lie. Thou hast told me to come for pardon, and I could get it. I come, Lord, keep Thy promise and liberate my captive soul."

O, that you might have an altar in the parlor, in the kitchen, in the store, in the barn, for Christ will be willing to come again to the manger to hear prayer. He would come in your place of business as he confronted Matthew, the tax commissioner. If a measure should come before congress that you thought would ruin the nation, how you would send in petitions and remonstrances. And yet there has been enough sin in your heart to ruin it forever and you have never remonstrated or petitioned against it. If your physical health failed, and you had the means, you would go and spend the summer in Germany and the winter in Italy, and you would think it a very cheap outlay if you had to go all around the earth to get back your physical health. Have you made any effort, any expenditure, any exertion for your immortal and spiritual health? No, you have not taken one step.

I remark, again, you must seek the Lord through Bible study. The Bible is the newest book in the world. "O," you say, "it was made hundreds of years ago, and the learned men of King James translated it hundreds of years ago." I confute that idea by telling you it is not five minutes old, when God, by His blessed Spirit retranslates it into the heart. If you will, in seeking of the way of life through Scripture study, implore God's light to fall upon the page you will find that these promises are not one second old, and that they drop straight from the throne of God into your heart.

There are many people to whom the Bible does not amount to much. If they merely look at the outside beauty, why it will no more lead them to Christ than Washington's farewell address or the Koran of Mahomet or the Shaster of the Hindoos. It is the inward light of God's word you must get or die.

O my friends if you merely want to study the laws of language do not go to the Bible. It is not made for that. Take Howe's Elements of Criticism. It would be better than the Bible for that. If you want to study metaphysics better than the Bible will be the writings of William Hamilton. But if you want to know how to have sin pardoned, and at last to gain the blessedness of Heaven, search the Scriptures, "for in them ye have eternal life."

When people are anxious about their souls—and there are some such here to-day—there are those who recommend good books. That is all right. But I want to tell you that the Bible is the best book under such circumstances. Baxter wrote, "A Call to the Unconverted," but the Bible is the best call to the unconverted. Philip Doddridge wrote, "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," but the Bible is the best rise and progress. John Angell James wrote, "Advice to the Anxious Inquirer," but the Bible is the best advice to the anxious inquirer.

O the Bible is the very book you need, anxious and inquiring soul! A dying soldier said to his mate: "Comrade, give me a drop!" The comrade shook up the canteen and said: "Comrade, here is a drop of water in the canteen." "O," said the dying soldier, "that's not what I want; feel in my knapsack for my Bible," and his comrade found the Bible and read him a few of the gracious promises, and the dying soldier said: "Ab, that's what I want. There isn't anything like the Bible for a dying soldier, is there, my comrade?" O, blessed book while we live. Blessed book when we die.

I remark again, we must seek God through church ordinances. "What," say you, "can't a man be saved without going to church?" I reply there are men, I suppose, in glory, who have never seen a church; but the church is the ordained means by which we are to be brought to God; and if truth affects us when we are alone, it affects us more mightily when we are in the assembly—the feelings of others, emphasizing our own feelings. The great law of sympathy comes into play and a truth that would take hold only with the grasp of a sick man beats mightily against the soul with a thousand heart throbs.

When you come into the religious circle, come only with one notion and only with one purpose—to find the way to Christ. When I see people critical about sermons and critical about tones of voice, and critical about sermonic delivery they make me think of a man in prison. He is condemned to death, but an officer of the government brings a pardon and puts it through the wicket of the prison and says: "Here is your pardon. Come and get it." "What!" do you expect me to take that pardon, offered with such a voice as you have, and with such an awkward manner as you have? I would rather die than so compromise my rhetorical notions! Ah, the man does not say that; he takes it. It is his life. He does not care how it is handed to him. And if this morning that pardon from the

throne of God is offered to our souls should we not seize it, regardless of all criticism, feeling that it is a matter of Heaven or hell?

But I come now to the last part of my text. It tells us when to seek the Lord. "While He may be found." When is that? Old age? You may not see old age. To-morrow? You may not see to-morrow. To-night? You may not see to-night. Now! O, if I could only write on every heart in three capital letters that word N-O-W now!

Sin is an awful disease. I hear people say with a toss of the head and with a trivial manner: "O, yes, I'm a sinner." Sin is an awful disease. It is leprosy. It is dropsy. It is consumption. It is all moral disorders in one.

Now you know there is a crisis in a disease. Perhaps you have had some illustration of it in your family. Sometimes the physician has called, and he has looked at the patient and said: "That case was simple enough; but the crisis has passed. If you had called me yesterday, or this morning, I could have cured the patient. It is too late now; the crisis has passed." Just so it is in the spiritual treatment of the soul—there is a crisis. Before that, life! After that, death! O my dear brother, as you love your soul do not let the crisis pass unattended to!

There is a time which mercy has set for leaving port. If you are on board before that you will get a passage for Heaven. If you are not on board, you miss your passage for Heaven. As in law courts, a case is sometimes adjourned from term to term, and from year to year, till the bill of costs eats up the entire estate, so there are men who are adjourning the matter of religion from time to time, and from year to year, until Heavenly bliss is the bill of costs the man would have to pay for it.

Why defer this matter, O my dear hearer? Have you any idea that sin will wear out? that it will evaporate? that it will relax its grasp? that you may find religion as a man accidentally finds a lost pocketbook? Ah, no! No man ever became a Christian by accident or by the relaxing of sin. The embarrassments are all the time increasing.

I would not be afraid to challenge this whole audience, so far as they may not have found the peace of the Gospel, in regard to that matter. Your hearts, you are willing frankly to tell me, are becoming harder and harder, and that if you come to Christ it will be more of an undertaking now than it ever would have been before. O fly for refuge! The avenger of blood is on the track!

O, if men could only catch just one glimpse of Christ, I know they would love Him. Your heart leaps at the sight of a glorious sunrise or sunset. Can you be without emotion as the Sun of Righteousness rises behind Calvary and sets behind Joseph's sepulchre? He is a blessed Saviour! Every nation has its type of beauty. There is German beauty, and Swiss beauty, and Italian beauty, and English beauty, but I care not in what land a man first looks at Christ, he pronounces Him "chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely."

The diamond districts of Brazil are carefully guarded, and a man does not get in there except by a pass from the government; but the love of Christ is a diamond district we may all enter and pick up treasures for eternity. O, cry for mercy! "To-day, if ye will, hear His voice, harden not your hearts."

Why should I stand here and plead and you sit there? It is your immortal soul. It is a soul that shall never die. It is a soul that must soon appear before God for review. Why throw away your chance for Heaven? Why plunge off into darkness when all the gates of glory are open? Why become a cast-away from God when you can sit upon the throne? Why will ye die miserably when eternal life is offered you and it will cost you nothing but just willingness to accept it? "Come, for all things are now ready." Come, Christ is ready, pardon is ready! The church is ready, Heaven is ready.

It is very certain that you and I must soon appear before God in judgment. We cannot escape it. The Bible says: "Every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him, and all the kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him." On that day all our advantages will come up for our glory or for our discomfiture—every prayer, every sermon, every exhortatory remark, every reproof, every call of grace, and while the heavens are rolling away like a scroll and the world is being destroyed your destiny and my destiny will be announced. Alas! alas! if on that day it is found that we have neglected these matters. We may throw them off now; we cannot then. We will all be in earnest then. But no pardon then. No offer of salvation then. No rescue then. Driven away in our wickedness—banished, exiled forever!

But I want you to take the hint of the text that I have no time to dwell on—the hint that there is a time when He cannot be found. There is a man in this city, eighty years of age, who said to a clergyman who came in, "Do you think that a man at eighty years of age can get pardoned?" "O, yes," said the clergyman. The old man said: "I can't; when I was twenty years of age—I am now eighty years—the spirit of God came to my soul, and I felt the importance of attending to these things, but I put it off. I rejected God, and since then I have no feeling." "Well," said the minister, "wouldn't you like to have me pray with you?" "Yes," replied the old man, "but it will do no good. You can pray with me if you like to." The minister knelt down and prayed, and commended the man's soul to God. It seemed to have no effect upon him. After a while, the last hour of the man's life came, and through his delirium a spark of intelligence seemed to flash and with his last breath he said: "I shall never be forgiven!" "O, seek the Lord while He may be found!"

—A West Philadelphia man wants to sell his parrot, which he advertises as being "suitable for a Jeat family."—Philadelphia Record.