

# TALMAGE'S SERMON.

## "ENEMIES OVERTHROWN" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

"Let God Arise, Let His Enemies Be Scattered"—Book of Psalms, Chapter lxxviii, Verse 1.—The Struggles of Human Existence.

A procession was formed to carry the ark, or sacred box, which, though only three feet nine inches in length and four feet three inches in height and depth, was the symbol of God's presence. As the leaders of the procession lifted this ornamented and brilliant box by two golden poles run through four golden rings, and started for Mount Zion, all the people chanted the battle hymn of my text, "Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered."

The Cameronians of Scotland, outraged by James I., who forced upon them religious forms that were offensive, and by the terrible persecution of Drummond, Dalziel and Turner, and by the oppressive laws of Charles I. and Charles II., were driven to proclaim war against tyrants, and went forth to fight for religious liberty; and the mountain heather became red with carnage, and at Bothwell Bridge and Aird's Moss and Drumclog the battle hymn and the battle shout of those glorious old Scotchmen was the text I have chosen: "Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered."

What a whirlwind of power was Oliver Cromwell, and how with his soldiers, named the "Ironsides," he went from victory to victory! Opposing enemies melted as he looked at them. He dismissed parliament as easily as a schoolmaster a school. He pointed his finger at Berkeley Castle, and it was taken. He ordered Sir Ralph Hopton, the general, to dismount, and he dismounted. See Cromwell marching on with his army, and hear the battle cry of the "Ironsides," loud as a storm and solemn as a death-knell, standard reeling before it, and cavalry horses going back on their haunches, and armies flying at Marston Moor, at Winby Field, at Naseby, at Bridge-water and Dartmouth—"Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered!"

So you see my text is not like a complimentary and tasseled sword that you sometimes see hung up in a parlor, a sword that was never in battle, and only to be used on general training day, but more like some weapon carefully hung up in your home, telling its story of battles, for my text hangs in the Scripture armory, telling of the holy wars of three thousand years in which it has been carried, but still as keen and mighty as when David first unsheathed it. It seems to me that in the church of God, and in all styles of reformatory work, what we most need now is a battle-cry. We raise our little standard, and put on it the name of some man who only a few years ago began to live and in a few years will cease to live. We go into contest against the armies of iniquity, depending too much on human agencies. We use for a battle-cry the name of some brave Christian reformer, but after a while that reformer dies, or gets old, or loses his courage, and then we take another battle-cry, and this time perhaps we put the name of some one who betrays the cause and sells out to the enemy. What we want for a battle-cry is the name of some leader who will never betray us, and will never surrender, and will never die.

All respect have I for brave men and women, but if we are to get the victory all along the line we must take the hint of the Gideonites, who wiped out the Bedouin Arabs, commonly called Midianites. These Gideonites had a glorious leader in Gideon, but what was the battle-cry with which they flung their enemies into the worst defeat into which any army was ever tumbled? It was "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon." Put God first, whoever you put second. If the army of the American revolution is to free America, it must be "The sword of the Lord and of Washington." If the Germans want to win the day at Sedan, it must be "The sword of the Lord and Von Moltke." Waterloo was won for the English, because not only the armed men at the front, but the worshippers in the cathedrals at the rear, were crying "The sword of the Lord and Wellington."

The Methodists have gone in triumph across nation after nation with the cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Wesley." The Presbyterians have gone from victory to victory with the cry, "The sword of the Lord and John Knox." The Baptists have conquered millions after millions for Christ with the cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Judson." The American Episcopalians have won their mighty way with the cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Bishop M'Ilvaine." The victory is to those who put God first. But as we want a battle-cry suited to all sects of religionists, and to all lands, I nominate as the battle-cry of Christendom in the approaching Armageddon the words of my text, sounded before the ark as it was carried to Mount Zion: "Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered."

As far as our finite mind can judge, it seems about time for God to rise. Does it not seem to you that the abominations of this earth have gone far enough? Was there ever a time when sin was so defiant? Were there ever before so many fists lifted toward God telling him to come on if he dare? Look at the blasphemy abroad! What towering profanity! Would it be possible for any one to calculate the number of times that the name of the Almighty God and of Jesus Christ are every day taken irreverently on the lips? Profane swearing is as much forbidden by the law as theft, or arson, or murder, yet who executes it? Pro-

fanity is worse than theft, or arson, or murder, for these crimes are attacks on humanity—that is an attack on God. This country is pre-eminent for blasphemy. A man traveling in Russia was supposed to be a clergyman. "Why do you take me to be a clergyman?" said the man. "Oh," said the Russian, "all other Americans swear." The crime is multiplying in intensity. God very often shows what he thinks of it, but for the most part the fatality is hushed up. Among the Adirondacks I met the funeral procession of a man who two days before had fallen under a flash of lightning, while boasting after a Sunday of work in the fields, that he had cheated God out of one day, anyhow, and the man who worked with him on the same Sabbath is still living, but a helpless invalid, under the same flash.

I indict this evil as the regicide, the fratricide, the patricide, the matricide, the uxoricide of the century. Yet under what innocent and delusive and mirthful names alcoholism deceives the people! It is a "cordial." It is "bit-ter." It is an "eye-opener." It is an "appetizer." It is a "digestor." It is an "invigorator." It is a "settler." It is a "night cap." Why don't they put on the right labels—"Essence of Perdition," "Conscience Stupefier," "Five Drachms of Heart-ache," "Tears of Orphanage," "Blood of Souls," "Scabs of an Eternal Leprosy," "Venom of the Worm that Never Dies?" Only once in a while is there anything in the title of liquors to even hint their atrocity, as in the case of "sour mash." That I see advertised all over. It is an honest name, and anyone can understand it. "Sour mash!" That is, it makes a man's disposition sour, and his associations sour and his prospect sour; and then it is good to mash his body, and mash his soul, and mash his business, and mash his family. "Sour mash!" One honest name at last for an intoxicant! But through lying labels of many of the apothecary shops, good people, who are only a little under tone in health, and wanting some invigoration, have unwittingly got on their tongue the fangs of this cobra, that stings to death so large a ratio of the human race.

Others are ruined by the common and all-destructive habit of treating customers. And it is a treat on their coming to town, and a treat while the bargaining progresses, and a treat when the purchase is made, and a treat as he leaves town. Others, to drown their troubles, submerge themselves with this worse trouble. Oh, the world is battered and bruised and blasted with this growing evil! It is more and more entrenched and fortified. They have millions of dollars subscribed to marshal and advance the alcoholic forces. They nominate and elect and govern the vast majority of the officeholders of this country. On their side they have enlisted the mightiest political power of the centuries. And behind them stand all the myriads of the nether world, Satanic, Apollyonic and Diabolic. It is beyond all human effort to overthrow this bastle of decanters or capture this Gibraltar of rum jugs. And while I approve of all human agencies of reform, I would utterly despair if we had nothing else. But what cheers me is that our best troops are yet to come. Our chief artillery is in reserve. Our greatest commander has not yet fully taken the field. If all hell is on our side, all heaven is on our side. Now "Let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered."

Then look at the impurities of these great cities. Ever and anon there are in the newspapers exposures of social life that make the story of Sodom quite respectable; "for such things," Christ says, "were more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah" than for the Chorazians and Bethesda of greater light. It is no unusual thing in our cities to see men in high positions with two or three families, or refined ladies willing solemnly to marry the very swine of society, if they be wealthy. The Bible all adame with denunciations against an impure life, but many of the American ministry uttering not one point-blank word against this iniquity lest some old libertine throw up his church pew. Machinery organized in all the cities of the United States and Canada by which to put yearly in the grinding-mill of this iniquity thousands of the unsuspecting of the country farm-houses, one professing confessing in the courts that she had supplied the infernal market with one hundred and fifty victims in six months. Oh! for five hundred newspapers in America to swing open the door of this lazar-house of social corruption! Exposure must come before extirpation.

While the city van carries the stench of this sin from the prison to the police court morning by morning, it is full time, if we do not want high American life to become like that of the court of Louis XV., to put millionaire Lotharios and the Pompadours of our brown-stone palaces into a van of popular indignation, and drive them out of respectable associations. What prospect of social purification can there be as long as at summer watering places it is usual to see a young woman of excellent rearing stand and sip and giggle and roll up her eyes sideways before one of those first-class satyrs of fashionable life, and on the ball-room floor join him in the dance, the maternal chaperon meanwhile beaming from the window on the scene? Matches are made in heaven, they say. Not such matches; for the brimstone indicates the opposite region.

The evil is overshadowing all our cities. By some these immoralities are called peccadilloes, gallantries, eccentricities and are relegated to the realms of jocularity, and few efforts are being made against them. God bless the "White Cross" movement, as it is call-

ed—an organization making a mighty assault on this evil! God forward the tracts on this subject distributed by the religious tract societies of the land! God help parents in the great work they are doing, in trying to start their children with pure principles! But is this all? Then it is only a question of time when the last vestige of purity and home will vanish out of sight. Human arms, human pens, human voices, human talents are not sufficient. I begin to look up. I listen for artillery rumbling down the sapphire boulevards of heaven. I watch to see if in the morning light there be not the flash of descending scimitars. Oh, for God! Does it not seem time for his appearance? Is it not time for all lands to cry out: "Let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered?"

Not only are the affairs of this world so a-twist, a-jangle and racked, that there seems a need of the Divine appearance, but there is another reason. Have you not noticed that in the history of this planet God turns a leaf about every two thousand years? God turned a leaf, and this world was fitted for human residence. About two thousand more years passed along and God turned another leaf, and it was the Deluge. About two thousand more years passed on, and it was the Nativity. Almost two thousand more years have passed, and he will probably soon turn another leaf. What it shall be I cannot say. It may be the demolition of all these monstrosities of turpitude, and the establishment of righteousness in all the earth. He can do it, and he will do it. I am as confident as if it were already accomplished. How easily he can do it, my text suggests. It does not ask God to hurl a great thunderbolt of his power, but just to rise from the throne on which he sits. Only that will be necessary. "Let God arise!"

It will be no exertion of omnipotence. It will be no bending or bracing for a mighty lift. It will be no sending down the sky of the white horse cavalry of heaven or rumbling war chariots. He will only rise. Now he is sitting in the majesty and patience of his reign. He is from his throne watching the mustering of all the forces of blasphemy and drunkenness and impurity and fraud and Sabbath-breaking, and when they have done their worst, and are most surely organized, he will bestir himself and say: "My enemies have denied me long enough, and their cup of iniquity is full. I have given them all opportunity for repentance. This dispensation of patience is ended, and the faith of the good shall be tried no longer." And now God begins to rise, and what mountains give way under his right foot I know not; but, standing in the full radiance and grandeur of his nature, he looks this way and that, and how his enemies are scattered! Blasphemers, white and dumb, reel down to their doom; and those who have trafficked in that which destroys the bodies and souls of men and families will fly with cut foot on the down grade of broken decanters; and the polluters of society, that did their bad work with large fortunes and high social sphere, will overtake in their descent the degraded rabble of underground city life, as they tumble over the eternal precipices; and the world shall be left clear and clean for the friends of humanity and the worshippers of Almighty God. The last thorn plucked off, the world will be left a blooming rose on the bosom of that Christ who came to gardenize it. The earth that stood snarling with its tigerish passion, thrusting out its raging claws, shall lie down a lamb at the feet of the Lamb of God, who took away the sins of the world.

And now the best thing I can wish for you, and the best thing I can wish for myself, is, that we may be found his warm and undisguised and enthusiastic friends in that hour when God shall rise and His enemies shall be scattered.

### Earth's Oldest Flower.

So great is the antiquity of the rose that all account of its origin has been lost. There seems every reason to believe that the national flower of England is the oldest of which there is any record; to Englishmen, at least, it seems a case of the survival of the fittest. It is not mentioned in the Biblical writings earlier than the reign of Solomon, but the allusion to it then made is such as to indicate that the flower had already long been known. In Egypt the rose is depicted on a number of very early monuments, believed to date from 3000 to 3500 B. C., and in the tomb of an Egyptian princess, disinterred a year ago in southern Egypt, several hermetically sealed vials were found, which, when opened, contained genuine attar of roses, so that the modern claims for the discovery of this delicious perfume are vain. Rose water, or the essence of roses, is mentioned by Homer in the "Iliad." Both the Greeks and Hebrews probably borrowed the idea of its manufacture from the Egyptians, and these, for aught anybody can tell, may have had it from the Chinese. The rose in one of those flowers which are supposed by the people of every land to be so well known as to need no description and hardly mention, for it is a singular fact that every continent on the globe, with the solitary exception of Australia, produces wild roses. Even the frozen regions of the north, where the summer lasts but two or three months, and is at best a season which may be described as very late in the autumn, produce their wild roses and travelers through Greenland, Kamschatka and northern Siberia found, in the proper season, an abundance of blossoms, while the crews of whaling vessels which call at Spitzbergen usually come off shore with bouquets of the native Spitzbergen rose.

## FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

### SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

#### Seven Johnnies, a Comical Sketch that Will Probably Make You Laugh and Think—A Bedtime Junction—The Best Music.

**My Mother.**  
My mother! oft as thy dear name I mention,  
Or trace thine image in my musing dream,  
How strain my heart nerves to their fullest tension;  
How swell and bounds, like an imprisoned stream,  
My restless spirit to go forth to thee,  
Whose dear, dear face, in each nightly vision see!

Dear mother, of the thousand strings which waken  
The sleeping harp within the human heart,  
The longest kept in tune, though oft forsaken,  
Is that in which the mother's voice bears part;  
Her still, small voice, which e'en the careless ear  
Turneth with deep reverence and pure delight to hear.

But once, kind mother, might this aching forehead  
Feel the soft pressure of thy gentle hand—  
Could this poor heart, that so hath pined and sorrowed,  
Expand more free its pulse of hope  
At thy dear presence—oh, mother, might this be,  
I could die blessing God, for one last look at thee!

For one last word—alas! that I should ever  
E'en carelessly have caused thy heart a pain!  
How oft, amid my late life's "fitful fever,"  
Thy many acts of kindness rise again!  
Unheeded then, but well remembered now,  
Oh for thy blessing said once more above my brow!

Fond wish, but vain! and I am weak to smother  
The human yearnings that my bosom fill;  
Thou canst but hope and pray, dear distant mother,  
That all thy praying may aid me still—  
And thy frail child to lift, in lowly trust,  
The burden of her heart above this trembling dust.

And pray that as the shadowy hour draws near,  
God may irradiate and purify  
My spirit's inmost vision, to see clearer  
Through Death's dim veil the pathway to the sky!  
Mother beloved! oh let this comfort thee,  
That in thy blissful heaven shall no more partings be.

#### Seven Johnnies.

Lyndon stood by the window, tearfully watching a van as it bore away the last of the goods belonging to the family who had lived next door. Alas, they were to live there no longer! That was the reason of Lyndon's doleful face. Reason enough, too, Lyndon thought. For were not Johnny Hinman and he the best of friends? And now Johnny had gone to a distant part of the state, and sorrowful Lyndon never expected to see him again.

"Perhaps the new neighbors will make up for the loss of Johnny," said mamma, comfortingly; but Lyndon refused to be comforted.

"I can get along daytimes," he whined; "but evenings I shall be so lonesome."

"You never saw Johnny then," laughed mamma.

"No, because he went to bed early, and I couldn't have seen through the curtains if he hadn't; but I knew he was inside, and that made the difference."

Lyndon's mamma worked for a dressmaker down-town, and she was often obliged to be away evenings. These were lonesome hours for Lyndon. Sometimes he went to bed early, but usually he would sit at the window, weaving odd fancies about the passing strangers on the street, or of the twinkling stars overhead.

For a few dreary days all that met Lyndon's eyes as he looked out at the next house were bare, curtainless windows and a big placard "To Rent." Then he spied a tall man and a rosy-cheeked little woman walking about the vacant rooms, and the next morning the placard was gone, and he rightly guessed that the house was rented. After awhile he saw women, with mops and pails and brooms, putting the rooms in order for the new tenants, and Lyndon recognized the tall man as he gave directions about the disposition of the goods. He wondered if there were any children, and when the children began to come he wondered if there were any end to them. After considerable counting he made out that there were a big boy, a little boy, and a boy about his own age; a big girl, little girl, a middling-sized girl and twin babies. Such a merry troop as they were!

Lyndon had a sore throat the day they moved, so he could not go outdoors, and he watched them from the window. There was plenty to see. Men were carrying in beds and tables and chairs and trunks, the biggest boy was helping with the smaller articles, the boy about Lyndon's size was cutting up articles on the front terrace and getting in everyone's way, while the eldest girl had the other children in the sitting-room, where she seemed to have her hands full to keep them within bounds.

When Lyndon's mamma had gone back to the dressmaker's, after tea, and he had washed the cups and plates, he peeped out to see if there were lights at the next house. Oh, joy! The gas was brilliant and not a curtain to hide the pictures. He was not lonely that evening. He could see the father and mother putting things in order, and the little ones being undressed and made ready for bed. He was so interested in his new neighbors that he was astonished when mamma and nine o'clock came. Never

had an evening seemed so short. But the next afternoon Lyndon bade good-bye to his evening sightseeing, for every curtain was in its place. Still, after tea he could not forbear a look, and there were the windows just as they had been on the preceding night! Not a curtain was down! Every moment he expected that somebody would shut out the pretty pantomimes, but no one did.

Those were only the first of many happy evenings, and as for the days—why, Lyndon's mamma said that about all she heard at her home-comings was what "the Perkins boys" said, and what "the Perkins girls" did; for the lonely little boy was not slow in making friends of the whole family.

"Just think, mamma," Lyndon said, "how I cried when the Hinmans went away! And if they hadn't gone the Perkins couldn't have come. Folks wouldn't worry so much if they knew what good things were ahead, would they? Of course," he added, loyally, "I don't want Johnny gone, but it is almost as nice as having seven Johnnies,—counting the twins as one,—they are all so sweet and jolly!"

#### At Bedtime Junction.

"Change cars for Dreamland!"  
Boy roused up a little. He moved his hand and it touched the arm of the low rocker. He felt for his picture-book. It was gone. He thought it had dropped on the floor; still he did not open his eyes.

"Passengers for Dreamland change cars!"  
Boy knew the voice; he wanted to answer; he tried to lift his head, but it was so heavy he could not move it. His lips parted, and after a while he said, "Wh-a-?"

"This is the place where we change cars," said the voice. "It is Bedtime Junction. We reach here at seven fifty-nine. The gentleman called Mr. Charles Albert has taken the Dreamland car. I came back after you and we must go at once."

Boy felt himself lifted by strong arms. The next he knew he was laid in a soft bed, and a soft hand was drawing a white sheet over him, while a soft voice said: "This is the Dreamland car. You do not change again till morning. I will let you know. I look after all the passengers. I am the conductor."

Boy's eyes opened wide. "You're mamma!" he said.

Mamma kissed Boy's plump, pink cheeks. His eyes closed again and the Dreamland car moved on, carrying Boy, with a through ticket in his night-cap.

#### The Best Music.

"What do you consider the finest piece of music you ever heard?" a professional musician was asked.

"Well," he replied, after some reflection, "altogether the most thrilling, soul-satisfying melody I ever listened to was the yowling of a cat."

"You are joking."  
"I never was more in earnest in my life. I will tell you about it. For several years I resided in a small town. I was an unmarried man, and my lodgings were on the top floor of a tall wooden building used as a store and postoffice. The only means of access to my room was a narrow, winding stairway, and up there I pursued my studies, sometimes until very late at night. On one occasion I had sat up until after midnight and went to bed very tired.

"About 1 o'clock I was aroused by the appalling cry of 'Fire!' It was repeated two or three times. There was no fire department in our little town. Every man was his own fireman. In imagination I had often dwelt upon the horrible probability of a conflagration's breaking out in that store building, and the slender chance I should have of escaping if it took place at night.

"I was wide awake in an instant, and nearly paralyzed with fright. I could see no flame, but I seemed to smell smoke. Grasping my clothes and hurriedly putting them on as I ran, I hastened to the stairway. I heard the terrible cry repeated, apparently on the roof, and I paused a moment at the top step.

"It was repeated again, and this time I heard it distinctly. It was not 'Fire!'"

"It was 'Me-a-ow! me-a-ow!'"  
"Don't talk to me of the 'concord of sweet sounds,'" he continued. "The yowling of that cat, as it came distinctly to my ears, assuring me that my fears were groundless, and that I was in no immediate danger of being burned alive, was the sweetest music I ever heard. I listened to it thankfully for half an hour."

#### Distance of the Stars.

From the New York Sun: From measurements of the mean parallaxes of the stars the Beta, Gamma, Epsilon and Zeta, in the Great Bear—five of the seven stars which form the Great Dipper—astronomers now obtain values so small as to indicate that the system formed by these stars is separated from the earth by such a distance that it is no random assertion to say that 200 years must be required by the light to reach us. The distance of Beta and Zeta is found to be at least 4,000,000 times greater than that which separates the earth from the sun, and from calculations made by Mr. Hoffer the star Epsilon of this group is calculated to be forty times brighter than Sirius. A few years ago Professor Pickering of the Harvard college observatory deduced from spectroscopic observations of the star Eta Ursae Majoris—Mizar, the middle star in the handle of the Dipper—that its distance is about 150 light years, an estimate with which these later determinations of the distance of other Dipper stars accord fairly well.

## HIGHT OF SOLDIERS.

### Average Stature of Most Countries Declines as Armies Increase.

As the size of modern armies is increased the average height of fighting men is diminished. The Tageblatt, of Berlin, ascribes the reduction in the average stature of soldiers in modern armies to conscription and says that in the German army it is now only 69.62 inches. In the British army the height is 64.96 inches, showing the tallness of the average Englishman and Scotchman. Frenchmen and Spaniards are taken at 1.54 meters, Italians at 1.55 meters (61 inches), and the same minimum measurement is the rule in Austria. The Russian minimum is 1.54 meters and in the United States it is 1.619 meters (63.78 inches). In 1860, before the beginning of the American civil war and before the general arming of Europe, the average height of men serving in the various European armies was as follows, given in inches—Italian, 65; Spanish, 65.5; French, 66; Hungarian, 66.1; Austrian, 66.5; Belgian, 66.9; Russian, 67; English, 67.5; Irish, 68; Scotch, 68.5; Norwegian, 69. Although the average height of soldiers has decreased during the last few years considerably in those countries in which conscription is the rule, it is found generally that in countries in which peaceful conditions prevail and no great standing army is maintained the stature of new soldiers is gradually increasing. This is shown conspicuously in the case of Sweden, where the average height of new soldiers between 1840 and 1850 was 68 inches, 66.2 between 1850 and 1860, 66.6 between 1860 and 1870, 65.8 between 1870 and 1880, and 69 between 1880 and 1890.

## PORTUGUESE ENGLISH.

### Marvelous English in a Rio Janeiro Zoological Garden Circular.

It was a renowned Portuguese instructor in language who first taught us, some twenty years ago, "English as she is spoke." Remembering still these brilliant exposition of our mother tongue, we are glad to note that the instruction still goes on and that the gift of tongues has not passed from the Portuguese and their children. At Rio Janeiro there has lately been produced some of the finest specimens of our language used for the education and information of persons temporarily sojourning in that city. One of the undoubted attractions of the Brazilian capital is the Zoological gardens, and a circular advertisement addressed "to visitors lying at anchor" runs thus: Zoological Gardens—In these gardens the visitor will find some of the rarest of best specimens of wild beasts of Brazil, also a collection of Snaks (snakes), reptiles, etc. Which will prove a source of interest to Entertaiment to many who have a four hours to spare while in Rio Janeiro. Tramways belonging to Compy Erry 10 Minutes. The waryfarer man, as well as the saagong passenger, cannot misunderstand this very choice piece of Portuguese-English as she is spoke. Who can doubt that these "snaks and reptiles" will furnish no end of "witeress" to whoever has "a four hours to spare" in Rio? May those Zoological Gardens long survive!

### Well Done On Both Sides.

Private Snelling of the First Illinois regiment had a peculiar experience while doing patrol duty on the wharf at Tampa when General Shafter's forces were there. Smoking was prohibited, a big warehouse being near and notices were posted on all hands. So says the Chicago News, which thus continues the story: The order was strictly obeyed, as a general thing, but Private Snelling was patrolling his beat he saw a round man in full uniform walking and conversing in an absorbed manner with a gray-moustached, straight, soldierly-looking gentleman dressed plainly in black, and wearing a straw hat. Both were smoking, and continued to do so in entire forgetfulness till their path was barred by a Springfield rifle. "Sirs, you will have to quit smoking," ordered the Chicagoan, a tremor creeping into his voice as he noted that the man in uniform had on his shoulders the two-star insignia of the rank of major-general. "Yes, certainly," calmly observed the smokers, grinding their wheels under their heels. "First Illinois, I perceive," remarked he of the citizen's clothes. "Very good, very good, indeed," and with that they passed on. Snelling joined his lieutenant a minute later and gasped, "Say, I just ran into a major-general and made him quit his weed; it was Shafter, wasn't it?" "Yes, that was Shafter, my boy," said the lieutenant, "and do you know who that amiable gentleman with him was?" "No, who was he?" "Anybody big?" "Nobody at all; only Gen. Nelson A. Miles, whose name is sometimes in the newspapers."

### Intellect.

The subject of a young lady's essay, who was graduated from a high school in an Ohio town, was "Hawthorne," and in her essay she said: "At the age of thirty-nine Hawthorne married and took his wife to the old manse." The day after the commencement one of the village maidens called on Miss E., and in talking the affair over, remarked: "Wasn't it awful that Maude should say such a thing in her essay?" Miss E., inquired to what she alluded. "Why, she said at the age of thirty-nine Hawthorne married and took his wife to the old manse. Why didn't she say to his father-in-law's?"

### Duty.

Never to tire, never to grow cold, to be patient, sympathetic, tender; to look for the budding flower and the opening heart; to hope always, like God; to love always—that is duty—Amiel.