SIXTH OF THE SERIES.

REV. DR. TALMAGE DISCOURSES UPON

THE ACROPOLIS.

The Agera, the Interesting Market Place, of Greece-The Stadium, from which St. Paul Drew Many Illustrations—A Mighty

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 22, 1891.-At the Tabernacle, the sermon, which was on the Acropolis, is the sixth of the series Dr. Talmage is preaching on the subjects suggested by his tour in Bible lands. His text was taken from Acts 17: 16: "While Paul wasted for them at Athens his spirit was stirred in him when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry."

It seemed as if morning would never come. We had arrived after dark in Athens, Greece, and the night was sleep-less with expectation, and my watch slow-ly announced to me one and two and three and four o'clock; and at the first ray of dawn I called our party to look out of the window upon that city, to which Paul said he was a debtor, and to which the whole earth is debtor for Greek architecture, Greek sculpture, Greek poetry, Greek eloquence, Greek prowess and Greek history. That morning in Athens we sauntered forth armed with most generous and lovely letters from the President of the United States, and his Secretary of State, and during all our stay in that city those letters caused every door and every gate and every temple and every palace to

This morning we pass through where stood the Agora, the ancient market place, the locality where philosophers used to meet their disciples, walking while they talked, and where Paul the Christian logician flung many a proud Stoic, and got the laugh on many an impertinent Epi-curean. The market-place was the centre of social and political life, and it was the place where people went to tell and hear the news. Booths and bazars were set up for merchandise of all kinds, except meat, but everything must be sold for cash, and there must be no lying about the value of commodities, and the Agoranomi who ruled the place could inflict severe punishment upon offenders. The different schools of thinkers had distinct places set apart for convocation. The Plateans must meet at the cheese market, the Decelians at the barber shop, the sellers of perfumes at the frankincense headquarters. The market-place was a space three hundred and fifty yards long and two hundred and fifty wide, and it was given up to gossip and merchandise, and lounging, and philoso-phizing. All this you need to know in order to understand the Bible when it says of Paul, "Therefore disputed he in the market daily with them that met him." You see it was the best place to get an audience, and if a man feels himself called to preach he wants people to preach to. But before we make our chief visits of today we must take a turn at the Stadium. It is a little way out, but go we must. The Stadium was the place where the foot-races

Paul had been out there no doubt, for he frequently uses the scenes of that place as figures when he tells us: "Let us run the race that is set before us," and again, "They do it to obtain a corruptible garland, and we an incorruptible." marble and the gilding have been removed, but the high mounds against which the seats were piled are still there. The Stadium is six hundred and eighty feet long, one hundred and thirty feet wide, and held forty thousand spectators. There is to day the very tunnel through which the defeated racer departed from the Stadium and from the hisses of the people, and there are the stairs up which the victor went to the top of the hill to be crowned with the laurel. In this place contests with wild beasts sometimes took place, and while Hadrian, the Emperor, sat on yonder height, one thousand beasts were slain in one celebration. But it was chiefly for foot-racing, and so I proposed to my friend that day while we were in the Stadium that we try which of us could run the sconer from end to end of this historical ground, and so at the word given by the lookers-on, we started side by side, but before I got through I found out what Paul meant when he compares the spiritual race with the race in this very Stadium, as he says:—"Lay aside every weight." My heavy overcoat, and my friend's freedom from such encumbrance showed the advanevery weight."

tage in any kind of a race of "laying aside We come now to the Acropolis. It is a rock about two miles in circumference at the base and a thousand feet in circumference at the top, and three hundred feet high. On it has been crowded more elaborate architecture and sculpture than in any other place under the whole heavens. Originally a fortress, afterward a congregation of temples and statues and pillars, their ruins an enchantment from which no observer ever breaks away. No wonder that Aristides thought it the center of all things. Greece, the center of the world; Attica, the center of Greece; Athens, the center of Attics; and the Acropolis, the center of Athens. Earthquakes have shaken it; Verres plundered it. Lord Elgin, the English Ambassador at Constantinople, got per mission of the Sultan to remove from the Acropolis fallen pieces of the building but he took from the building to England the finest statues, removing them at an expense of eight hundred thousand dollars. A storm overthrew many of the statues of the Acropolis, Morosini, the General, attempted to remove from a pediment the sculptured car and horses of Victory, but the clumsy machinery dropped it, and all was lost. The Turks turned the building into a powder magazine, where the Venetian guns dropped a fire that by explosion sent the columns flying in the air and falling cracked and splintered. But after all that time and sterm and war and iconoclasm have effected, the Acropolis is the monarch of all ruins, and before it bow the learning, the genius, the poetry, the art, the history of the ages. I saw it as it was thousands of years ago. I had read so much about it and dreamed so much about it that I needed no magician's wand to restore it. At one wave of my hand on that clear morning, 1889, it rose before me in the glory it had when Pericles ordered it, and Ictinus planned it, and Phidias chiselled it and Protogines painted it and Pausanias described it. Its gates, which were carefully guarded by the ancients, open to let you in, and you ascend by sixty marble steps to the propylea, which Epaminondas wanted to transer to Thebes, but permission, I am glad to say, could not be granted for the removal of this architectural miracle. In the days when ten cents tural miracle. In the days when ten cents would do more than a dollar now, the building cost two million three hundred thousand dollars. See its five ornamented gates, the keys entrusted to an officer for only oneday lest the temptation to go in and misappropriate the treasures be too great for him, its ceiling a mingling of blue and scarlet and green, and the walls abloom with pictures utmost in thought and coloring. Yonder is a temple to a goddess called "Victory without Wings." So many of the triumphs of the world had been followed by

defeat that the Greeks wished in marble to indicate that victory for Athens had come never again to fly away, and hence to this "Victory without Wings,"—a temple of marble, snow-white and glittering. Yester danked; whereof He hath given assur-

beheid the pedestal of Agrippa, twenty-seven feet high and twelve feet square. But, the overshadowing wonder of all the hill is the Parthenon. In days when money was ten times more valuable than now, it

base of it, to hear this man, whom some called a fanatic, and others called a madcap, and others a blasphemer, and others styled contemptuously "this fellow." Paul arrived in answer to the writ or invitation, and confronted them and gave them the biggest dose that mortals ever took. He was so built that nothing could scare him, and as for Jupiter and Athenia, and god and the goddess, whose images were in full sight on the adjoining hill, he had not so much regard for them as he had for the ant that was crawling in the sand under his feet. In that audience were the first orators of the world, and they had voices like flater when they were passive and like flutes when they were passive and like trumphets when they were aroused, and I think they laughed in the sleeves of their gowns as this insignificant-looking man rose to speak. In that audience were Scholiasts, who knew everything, or thought they did, and from the end of the longest hair on the top of their craniums to the end of the nail on the longest toe, they were stuffed with hyper-criticism, and they leaned back with a supercilious look to listen. As in 1889, I stood on that rock where Paul stood, and a slab of which I brought from Athens by consent of the Queen, through Mr. Tricoupis, the Prime Minister, and had placed in yonder Memorial Wall, I read the whole

story, Bible in hand. What I have so far said in this discourse was necessary in order that you may understand the boldness, the defiance, the holy recklessness, the magnificence of Paul's speech. The first thunderbolt he launched at the opposite hill—the Acropolis—that moment all aglitter with idols and temples. He cries out, "God who made the world." Why, they thought that Prometheus made it, that Mercury made it, that Apollo made it, that Poseidon made it, that Eros made it, that Pandrocus made it, that Boreas made it, that it took all the gods of the may say:—"My last walk out on the road to Ostia." But. I think he will say: "The day I stood on Mars Hill addressing the indig-Parthenon, yea, all the gods and goddesses of the Acropolis to make it, and here stands a man without any eclesiastical title, neither a D.D., nor even a reverend, declaring that the world was made by the Lord of heaven and earth, and hence the inference that all the splendid covering of the Acro- wholly given up to idolatry!" polis, so near that the people standing on the steps of the Parthenon could hear it, was a deceit, a falsehood, a sham, a blasphemy. Look at the faces of his auditors they are turning pale, and then red, and then wrathful. There had been several earthquakes in that region, but that was the severest shock these men had ever felt. The Persians had bombarded the Acropolis from the heights of Mars Hill, but this Pauline bombardment was greater and more terrific. "What," said his hearers, "have we been hauling with many yokes of oxen for centuries these blocks from the quarries of Mount Pentelicum, and have we had our architects putting up these structures of unparalleled splendor, and have we had the greatest of all sculptors, Phidias, with his men, chiselling away at those wondrous pediments, and cutting away at these freizes, and have we taxed the nation's resources to the utmost, now to be told that these statues see nothing, hear nothing, know nothing?" Oh, Paul, stop for a moment and gives these startled and overwhelmed auditors time to catch their breath! Make a rhetorical pause! Take a look around you at the interesting landscape, and give your hearers time to recover! No, he does not make even a period, or so much as a colon or semicolon, but launches the second thunderbolt right after the first, and in the same breath goes on to say: God "dwelleth not in temples made with hands." Oh, Paul! Is not deity more in the Parthenon, or more in the Theseum, or more in the Erechtheium, or more in the temple of Zeus Olympius than in the open air more than on the hill where we are sitting, more than on Mount Hymettus out

yonder, from which the bees get their honey. "No more!" responds Paul, "He dwelleth not in temples made with hands."

But surely the preacher on the pulpit of rock on Mars Hill will stop now. His audience can endure no more. Two thunderbolts are enough. No, in the same breath he launches the third thunderbolt, which, to them, is more fiery, more terrible, more demolishing than the others, as he cried out: "hath made of one blood all nations." O, Paul! you forget you are speaking to the O, Paul! you forget you are speaking to the proudest and most exclusive audience in the world. De not say "of one blood." You cannot mean that. Had Socrates, and Plato, and Demosthenes, and Solon, and Lycurgus. and Draco, and Sophocles, and Euripedes, and Æschylus, and Pericles, and Phidias, and Miltiades blood just like the Daysians like the Turks, like the like the Persians, like the Turks, like the Egyptians, like the common herd of humanity? "Yes," says Paul, "of one blood

all nations.

Surely that must be the closing paragraph of the sermon. His auditors must be let up from the nervous strain. Paul had smashed the Acropolis and smashed the national pride of the Greeks, and what more can he say? Those Grecian orators, standing on that place, always closed their addresses with something sublime and climateric, a peroration, and Paul is going to give them a peroration which will eclipse in power and majesty all that he has yet said. Heretofore he has hurled one thunderbolt at a time; now he will close by hurling two at once. The little, old man, under the power of his speech, has straightened himself up, and the stoop has gone out of his shoulder, and he looks about three teet taller than when he began, and his eyes, which were quiet, became two flames of fire, and his face, which was calm in the

introduction, now depicts a whirlwind of emotion as he ties the two thunderbolts together with a cord of inconsumable courage and hurls them at the crowd now standing or sitting aghast—the two thunderbolts of Resurrection and Last

seven feet high and twelve feet square. But, the overshadowing wonder of all the hill is the Parthenon. In days when money was tent times more valuable than now, it cost \$4,600,000.

But we cannot stop longer here, for there is a hill near by of more interest, though it has not one chip of marble to suggest a statue or a temple. We hasten down the Acropolis to ascend the Areopagus, or Mars Hill, as it is called. It took only about three minutes to walk the distance, and the two hill tops are so near that what I said in 'religious discourse on Mars Hill was heard distinctly by some English gentlemen on the Acropolis. This Mars Hill is a rough pile of rock fifty feet high. It was famous long before New Testament times. The Persians easily and terribly assaulted the Acropolis from this hill top. Here assembled the court to try criminals. It was held in the night time, so that the faces of the judges could not be seen, nor the faces of the judges could no pieces. The record says: "Some mocked.
I suppose it means that they minicked the solemnity of his voice, that they took off 7 years of age. A ransom of 400 Turkish pounds was asked for the children, who his impassioned gesticulation, and they orators speak! You had better go back to your business of tent-making. Our Lycurgus knew more in a minute than you will know in a month. Say, where did you get that crooked back, and those weak eyes from? Ha! Ha! You try to teach us Grecians! What nonsense you talk about when you speak of Resurrection and Judgment. Now little old man climb down ment. Now, little old man, climb down the sides of Mars Hill and get out of sight as soon as possible." "Some mocked."
But, that scene adjourned to the day of which the sacred orator had spoken—the day of Resurrection and Judgment.
As that night in Athens I put my tired

But, that scene adjourned to the day of which the sacred orator had spoken—the day of Resurrection and Judgment.

As that night in Athens I put my tired head on my pillow, and the exciting scenes of the day passed through my mind, I thought on the same subject on which as a boy I made my commencement speech in Niblo's Theatre on Graduation Day from the New York University, viz.: "The moral effects of sculpture and architecture. But further than I could have thought in boyhood, I thought in Athens that night that the moral effects of architecture and sculpture depend on what you tecture and sculpture depend on what you do in great buildings after they are put up, and upon the character of the men whose forms you cut in the marble; yea! I thought that night what struggles the martyrs went through in order that in our time the Gospel might have full swing; and I thought that night what a brainy religion that must be that could absorb a hero like him whom we have considered to-day, a man the superior of the whole human race, the infidels but pigmies or humonculi compared with him; and I thought what a rapturous consideration it is that through the same grace that saved Paul, we shall confront this great Apostle, and shall have the opportunity, amid the familiarities of the skies, of asking him what was the greatest occasion of his life. He may say:
"The shipwreck of Melita." He may
say:—"The riot of Ephesus." He may nant Areopagites, and looking off upon the towering form of the goddess Minerva, and the majesty of Parthenon, and all the brilliant divinities of the Acropolis. That account in the Bible was true. "My spirit was stirred within me when I saw the city

DOINGS OF A BRIGAND.

STORIES OF HIS OWN VILLAINY RELAT-ED BY HIMSELF.

Life Incidents of the Famous Turkish Bandit Stephani-The Mercy of War Correspondents-The Knights of the Road are Truthful-A Stirring Story.

It was once my privilege to become personally acquainted with a brigand in Turkey. I almost missed knowing him by reason of an accident that had befallen him a while before. It happened in this wise: Mr. O'Donovan (afterward of Merv) had taken a run up to Sofia to call on his friend, Mr. Schuver (it was his birthday), and the two had ridden across the mountains to-

ward Sammakoff. Brigands have their runs of ill-luck, like everybody else, and it was the climax of this particular bandit's misfortune that he should have selected the two war correspondents as victims. He went blithely to his fate, however, and attacked them with four of his young men, with the result that in about half a minute, two of the young men were stretched on the ground with several bullets in them. The other two thought they would not play any more, and were rolling down the mountain side faster than was good for their clothes, while the leader with a cracked skull and collar bone, was struggling blindly by the road-side, looking for some hole into which he

could creep.

They caught him and tied him to the pack horse and took him on to Sammokoff to be hanged, but by the way he groaned and bled so freely that Schuver's compassion was aroused so that he bound up his wounds and put him on his own horse and walked beside him. And when they reached Sammakoff he forebore to have him hanged, but took him to his own inn and tended him carefully. At all of which the brigand so greatly marveled that when he recovered he vowed he would never leave his new found

friend as long as he lived.

He kept his vow. Brigands have this queer failing of truthfulness. He became Schuvr's henchman, accompanied him on Schuver's henchman, accompanied him on all his travels, saw spirits with him on Mt. Ararat, was lost with him in the snows of Erzinghian, had fever with him at Gondar and the Bagdad button at Basrah, startled quiet Amsterdam at times—his master's native town—by his quaint kilted dress and multiferious wearons, and finally periahed multifarious weapons, and finally perished at his side in that Dinka village on the Bahr el-Ghazal when Schuver was mur-

It was in the early days of his voluntary servitude that I first knew Stephani. Though not in the first fight, he had a wellmerited reputation for steady, plodding ruffianism. A small man, with a hook nose ruffianism. A small man, with a hook nose and a bright, keen eye. He was a very quiet man—full of resources in difficulties, full of camping dodges, and of knowledge on many points on which we were wholly ignorant. Full of quaint superstitions, too. He wore an eikon in his bosom, charms blessed by a priest on his arms, blue beads on his horse's frontal, against the evil one, and a shred of rope by which an old friend was hanged, in his pistol belt, and he would ever make a motion of expectoration and murmur: "T—th, T—th Scortho" (Romaic for garlie), to avert ill-fortune when rash words had been spoken.

At night, in our hut or around the camp fire, he would talk. He was full of ancodote, of scenes he had witnessed, of vicingly tudes he had undergone, of horrors in which he had taken part. He would give deprecatory hints as to the fearful eaths—he never divulged them—that linked their

members of a Klepht fraternity, and bound them to fulfil their compact, be it what it might. In default of ransom, he said, there might. In default of ransom, he said, there was no help for a prisoner—nothing could save him. He had known fights, pitched battles, among members of the band, many of whom rebelled against the murder of some poor wretch whose ransom had not come; but always the decree had been car-

ried out. He pointed out to us one day, as we rode together down a mountain path, a deep ravine, whose iron stone wall ran sheer down 150 feet beside the roadway, a horrible place. "Here," he said, gloomily, "I executed a sentence. He was a Greek, but Ryah (Turkish subject); we would have let him go, but he had killed one of us. His ransom was fixed at 200 Turkish pounds." ransom was fixed at 200 Turkish pounds. It never came. He was with us for a month. We liked him. He nursed me when I had a fever, and he was always Sophocles, but neither had the ancestors of these Grecians on Mars Hill, or themselves, ever heard or witnessed such tornadoes of moral power as that with which Paul now whelmed his hearers. At those two thoughts of Resurrection and Judgment, the audience sprang to their feet. Some moved they adjourn to some other day to hear more on the same theme, but others would have torn the sacred orator to Then he went over.

came a heartrending letter from the un-happy father, saying that he had sold all he had in the world and borrowed all he could obtain, and even then all he was able to offer was 220 pounds.

Ultimately he received word to pay what he could, and his children, he was told, would be found at the head of the valley, two miles from his house. When he got there, one child, in new clothes clean, healthy, and happy, ran to meet him. Her sister, she said, was close by, "with the man." She led him to the place—she had

in the treasures of the library of the Medical Society of London, tells nothing about the poet's long conviviality, although the poet himself leaves much to be inferred in that line. But it does convey that just previously to his last natal day he joined some boon companions (Ben Jonson and Drayton the player) in convivial pursuits, and that the result was his death from the "surfeit."

This shows a rapid death after a convivial outbreak, and supports the suggestion that the cause of death was some respiratory mischief. Nothing is more probable than that the mischief was what would be called in his (Shakespeare's) day "a peripneumonia, an inflammation or impostume of the lungs, with a shortness of breath." The description of the pneumonic cast of face after death is also true, and, taken in combination with the climatic conditions so faithfully noticed, adds strong and, as far as can be gathered from the facts coming down to us, all but conclusive evidence that the poet of England—some think of the world—died of that form of pneumonic disease lately named "pneumoparesis," a form apt to strike suddenly and fatally those in whom the nervous energy has become reduced.-London Lancet.

STORY OF A VIVANDIERE-A Heroine Now Reduced to Selling

Matches for a Living. A Paris despatch in the London News runs: A heroine has been discovered. She is Mlle. Louise de Beaulieu, who a few days ago was authorized to sell matches in the streets on the ground that she had been deprived of her arm by a gunshot! received in 1870. He license also states that she was decorated with the military medal and eight medals for saving life by her intrepidity and heroism.

A CALL UPON MLLE.

I have been to see her in the dingy street near the Central Markets in which she has lived for several years. She has been earning a living by "knocking up" market people in the small hours of the morning, being paid a small fee by each. One is at once aware that she must have seen better days. Though weather-beaten and bearing the traces of twenty years of hardship, she is not a "manish" woman. She says she is fifty, and looks her age, and is decently though coarsely dressed. Louise de Beaulieu was a lady who had independent means.

HEROINE OF EIGHT BATTLES.

When the war broke out twenty vears ago she joined a regiment as a vivandiere. She was in eight battles, picked up under fire many soldiers, and was near being shot at St. Denis by the French as a spy. Her aristocratic air struck some soldiers, who took her prisoner and kept her in a hole in the ramparts till she could be tried. The trial was by a drumhead court-martial, which sentenced her to be shot. On being taken to be executed she refused to let her eyes be bandaged, and asked as a last privilege, to be allowed to give the word to fire. An officer, admiring her pluck, saved her. LOST HER ARM AT CHAMPIGNY.

She was in the fights at Nanterre, Lebourget, Bry-sur-Marne, and Villiers, and always kept in the van. She attended, at one of these places, to twenty-five wounded men, and lost her right arm at Champigny while she was carrying a soldier to an ambulance. This did not disable her from work.

HOW SHE SAVED A CHILD. Her record is one of the most splendid Her record is one of the mcst splendid that man or woman could wish for.

Though so badly wounded she was up and about and helpful at Groslay, Drancy and in the sortie of Buzenval. One of her feats was saving a child from the sixth floor of a house which took fire in the Rue Saint Honore. She spent \$4,000 in Rue Saint Honore. She spent \$4,000 in the terrible winter of the war in procuring comforts for the wounded whom she nursed n ambulances

6 Cents Per Hour for Fuel, A Swedish engineering firm has recently constructed several small launches operated by petroleum engines of two-horse-power, and making about six knots per hour, at a cost of only 6 cents per hour for fuel. The boats cost about \$850.

Diamond Mine Capital. Twenty-nine-thirtieths of all the diamond Twenty-nine-thirtieths of all the diamond mines in the world are controlled by one company, whose capitalization is \$18,000,000. In the mines at Kimberly, South Africa, eight-tenths of one carat is found in every 1,600 pounds of dirt taken out. To light these mines, ten electric circuits, burning lights of 64,000 candle power, are employed.

The people of Japan evidently can't get enough of a good thing. They are so hugely pleased with their new Parliament that a number of citizens in Tokio have established a mimic Legislature of their own. The proceedings of the real Parliament are followed. nutely, and the members discuss the same

PEERESSES IN THEIR OWN RIGHT. The Strange History of the Peerage of de la Zouche.

In presenting Lady Macdonald of Earns-cliffe with the patent of her pectage on Oct. 22, the Canadian Secretary of State intimated to the new baroness that it is a mark of her Majesty's sense of "the zealous de-votion to public interests manifested by Lady Macdonald herself during the lifetime of her illustrious husband," as well as being a mark of the royal approbation of the career of the late Premier of Canada. The precedent so recently made in that instance has been followed by the Queen in conferring a peerage upon Mrs. W. H.

In the latter case, however, the "personal interest in politics" has received no such public illustration as Lady Macdonald was wont to give, and the private wishes of those concerned can alone account for the bestowal of the peerage upon Mrs. Smith instead of upon her son directly. Presumably, as in the case of Lady Stratheden and the Countess

recent times of a peerage passing from a mother to a son, for peeresses in their own right are few. It is a curious fact that peerages in feudal days were generally conferred to pass to lineal descendants, whether female or male; but in recent and more civilized times it has grown customary to confine the succession to heirs male. I say that this is a curious fact, because, in those olden times, when titles were allowed to descend through daughters, a peerage implied certain obligations of service in the field and certain seignorial rights over large bodies of men.

There were, therefore, some appar ent reasons in feudal times why a woman in her own person should not hold a peerage. But those reasons have long disappeared, so that it is hard to understand why peerages now created should not descend through the female line, in default of male heirs. lap. But her throat was cut from ear to a title is inherited through a female heir however, it will almost always be found that the peerage is not of modern, but on

the contrary, of very old creation.

Thus the late Baroness de la Zouche, who died in 1870, inherited her peerage—which was created in 1308—from her father, who had it as being the eldest of the sixth generation in the line of descent from Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the baron who died in 1625. Lady de la Zouche married the Hon. R. Curzon, and her peerage passed in due course to their eldest son. Another curious illustration of the descent of an old title through the female line is that of Lord Camoys. The present peer is only the fourth baron, though the peerage originally belonged to one of the heroes of Agincourt, and was created in 1383.

In 1426 the first baron's line represented only by two granddaughters, and from that date the title remained in abeyance till 1839, when it was claimed and obtained by the descendant of the elder of these two female heirs—the ancestress having then been in the dust for four long centuries! For a final illustration, take the title of Baroness Berners. The peerage was created in 1455, and some seventy years later passed to a great-granddaughter of the first baron. The title fell into abeyance, and was revived by a lady, who claimed in 1720, as that heiress in the seventh generation.

The baroness died without children in 1891. 1734, and again the title lay dormant till it was claimed once more, in 1832, by another descendant—in the eleventh generation this time—of the lady who died when Henry VIII. sat on the throne. Curiously, this branch also died out in a few years, then passed to the niece of the late holder, Mrs. Tyrwhitt, who became Baronness Berners, and whose son, the Hon. H. Tyrwhitt Wilson, once Equerry to the Prince of Wales, inherits from her; and he has each prothers.

—Mrs. Fenwick Miller, in the Illustrated London News.

Women in the Ministry.

In just a decade after its refusal to admit woman, a Meadville, Pa., theological school (Unitarian) opened its doors to women students. Since that time it has received about twenty. About one-third of these bave graduated, while others have left to become the wives of ministers. Among the graduates every woman stood above the average. An amusing incident in the do-mestic life of one of these women pastors may indicate a possibility of growth in the woman ministry likely to startle conservative minds. A little boy and girl, the children of a mother whose work as a minister evidently contained no surprises for them, were discussing plans for their own future. "I shall help mamma preach," said the little girl. "I shall preach, too," stoutly said the small brother. His sister, looking thoughtfully and doubtfully at him, said slowly, "Yes, mens do preach sometimes."

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