THE MIRROR

"OH, WAD SOME POWER THE GIFTIE GIE US, TAE SEE OORSELS AS ITHERS SEE US."

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CURRENT NOTES

A thoughtful writer in one of our magazines raises the question why so many women prefer the dangers of employment behind a counter or in a factory to domestic "servitude," and suggests that it is the duty of housekeepers to make the latter more attractive than it is in a great number of cases. Of course women find food and shelter in domestic service, better food probably than they ever had before and plenty of it, and comfortable beds, and rooms often as good as those of the children of the family. But a cook has it in her power to make the other servants uncomfortable by refusing to take the trouble to prepare an attractive meal for them, and the head of the household ought to be on the watch for this possible discomfort. Then women who have risen at 6 o'clock or earlier should not have to wait till 9 before they eat their breakfast, and whenever possible each girl should be provided with a separate sleeping-room, or, if that be not attainable, the one room ought to be furnished with separate beds, washstands and bureaus. "Enforced close companionship during sleep and at meals is often one of the greatest trials of a house servant's life."

Enforced drudgery through all the waking hours is unfair, as it is unnecessary. It should be a principle so to arrange the work that every afternoon or evening a girl would have some leisure. The loneliness of housework is to many women one of the greatest drawbacks to domestic service. They fear to be isolated from the family and to be held to a wearisome routine of duty not shared by others. For this, if for no other reason, it is well for the lady of the house to take a share in the work sometimes and to let her daughters help. If a girl never sees her employers work in the parlor or kitchen and hears them always speak of such work as hateful and wearisome it hardly can be expected she will not voluntarily come to take the same view of it. The labor is dignified in the home where the daughters have charge of the parlor or of their own rooms, and where slight changes in the day's labor are recognized and honored. It is only necessary to show interest in the work and respect for it.

There is room for difference of opinion as to whether the employer fares better when she herself is able to do all kinds of housework well or whether her ignorance and helplessness do not call forth more earnest and skillful work from her servants. But it certainly is well to acknowledge to the fullest possible extent the ability of the "help." "Bridget is gratified by your acknowledging her superiority in her own place." It may seem hard to have a servant leave for higher wages in another place after she has been taught in the former one, but teaching with that result is as good missionary work as is help in city sewing or training schools or giving liberally to the kindergarten.

It is due to the servant girl that she be protected from bad companions, evil suggestions, and possible insult and contamination, but in order to do this the employer must enter into sympathy with her youth and natural longing for society and remember that the rules of etiquette are not necessarily the same in both cases. It is poor consistency to contribute to the support of coffee houses to counteract the influence of saloons and then refuse to allow any followers to the poor little maid in the kitchen. She should be encouraged to seek fresh air and friendly faces at proper times outside to relieve the tedium and confinement of the day's work, and contracts as to holidays ought to be religiously kept, though it would be well to say at the outset, "I may not be always able to give you Thursday afternoon, but if not will give another in its place."

As matters now stand our own young women dislike domestic work regarding it as socially degrading and limiting their personal freedom. Consequently these young women crowd into the shops and factories, keep down wages, and swell the ranks of the overworked and wretched till perhaps misery presses them still lower into moral degradation and ruin. The conscientious housewife owes to her sex and to society in general not less than to herself to do what she can to change the tendency by brightening and sweetening her own home and seeing that no girl ever passes through it without learning something useful, without seeing housework respected, or without the glow of a kindly interest and the influence of a right view of life and its duties.

Without Switches.

A serious trouble, causing many railroad accidents, is that our rail is not continuous, being broken in a number of places by switches and frogs. Perhaps only a higher wisdom than ours can tell us how to avoid accidents caused by open switches, as long as these dangerous devices are not eleminated from the track. This should be done, even if the cost of otherwise setting off the cars be more expensive. Let us make our rails absolutely continuous and transfer cars bodily to adjacent tracks by the use of hoisting machinery. Such devices are used in England—of course under the control of a block system—and are found very safe and satisfactory. Particularly should tracks on which very fast trains are run be made continuous, as accidents to such trains are much more serious than those that happen to slow train.

THE NEWS IN A NUTSHELL

THE VERY LATEST FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD.

Interesting Items About Our Own Country, Great Britain, the United States, and All Parts of the Globe. Condensed and Assorted for Easy Reading.

CANADA.

The C.P.R. has reduced rates on butter, cheese and eggs from Winnipeg to Montreal.

The contractor of a T., H. & B. Railway bridge in Hamilton has left that city and his workmen with a month's pay in arrears.

The Queen's bounty has been applied for by Mr. P. A. Choquette, M. P., for a French woman who gave birth to five children within twelve months.

Out of forty thousand dollars required for the Episcopal endowment for the new Diocese of Ottawa about thirty-two thousand dollars have now been secured.

Joseph Bercier has been arrested in Montreal for fraudulently drawing the life pension of his father from the Dominion Government after his father's death.

Prof. Anderson, who has just returned from an inspection of cattle in Nova Scotia, emphatically denies the statement that there is an outbreak of cattle disease there.

The McCormick Harvesting Machinery Company, of Chicago, has begun litigation over the alleged infringement of a patent, in which companies at Ottawa and Woodstock are involved as defendants.

Dr. Dawson, director of the Geological Survey has left Ottawa for Athabaska Landing, N.W.T., to inspect the progress recently made in boring for oil. As yet oil has not been struck in paying quantities, but the indications are hopeful.

President J.S. Bousquet of the Canadian Trading & Shipping Company of Montreal, and formerly cashier of the Banque de Peuple, has been charged with an infraction of the criminal code by misrepresenting the capital stock of that company.

President Beckley, of the Toronto, Hamilton and Buffalo Railway Company, has addressed a letter to the ratepayers in Hamilton, asking that the city vote them another $250,000 before they undertake to build the road from Toronto to Hamilton.

Isadore Lanthier has entered an action for twenty thousand dollars against the city of Ottawa, because she attributes the death of her daughter Georgina to the fact that a health inspector entered the house and fumigated it while she was dangerously ill.

Part of the most valuable numismatic collection in America, owned by the late W. E. Bastian, was stolen from an unoccupied house in Montreal on Wednesday night. Some of the coins were old Roman ones, sole remaining samples of their kind. They are valued at at $5,000.

The Merryweather fire engine, which has been built in Greenwich, Eng., has arrived in Toronto as did also the J. B. Boustead engine, which has been practically remodelled, and this, with the Ronald, gives that city three of the most powerful fire engines on the continent.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Mr. William Kenny has been appointed Solicitor-General for Ireland.

The jute workers' strike in Dundee is spreading. Twenty thousand are out.

The election of John Daly, who is serving a term in prison, was cancelled in the British House of Commons.

A national conference of the Liberal party in England has been summoned to meet on October 29 and 30, in order to discuss the political situation.

The passenger steamer Seaford was sunk by the steamer Lion in the English Channel. Her passengers, among whom were a number of Canadians, were, with the crew, all saved.

Perhaps the new woman is responsible for the falling off in marriages in England. For the first quarter of this year only 10.6 persons in 1,000 married, which is the lowest rate on record.

Lord Esher, the Master of the Rolls, has just attained his 80th year; he is now the oldest judge on the English bench, has been twenty-seven years a judge, nineteen years a Justice of Appeal, and Master of the Rolls twelve years.

In the House of Commons, Mr. Chamberlain, Secretary for the Colonies, said that fifteen thousand pounds had been expended to relieve the distress in Newfoundland, and that guarantees had been given to the amount of seven thousand pounds.

Sir Maurice Duff Gordon, Bart., whose mother translated Ranke into English, and whose grandmother, Mrs. Sarah Austin, was one of the first translators of standard German works, was fined for being drunk and disorderly in a London restaurant lately.

In the Imperial House of Commons the President of the Board of Agriculture, in reply to a question, said he could not see the necessity of sending an expert to Canada to enquire into the existence of pleuro-pneumonia, as the disease had actually been detected in some Canadian cattle landed at Deptford.

UNITED STATES.

Three thousand garment-makers in Boston are out on strike.

The carpet weavers' strike at Philadelphia has been successful.

A fire in Milwaukee on Thursday destroyed property to the value of nearly half a million dollars.

Two thousand five hundred union vest makers, including seven hundred women and girls, are on strike in New York.

By a recent treasury ruling repairs made in Canada to locomotives and cars of international railways are not dutiable.

On Wednesday morning Mr. Lewis Swift, astronomer of the Echo Mountain Observatory, Calif, discovered a new comet in the constellation Pisces.

Fierce forest fires are raging in the vicinity of Spokane, Washington. An immense quantity of valuable timber has been destroyed, and it is reported that four lives were lost.

GENERAL.

There have been 16,000 deaths from the cholera plague in Japan.

Chinese soldiers at Tien Tsin are rioting and demanding back pay.

The Porte has declined to allow the proposed reforms in Armenia to be under foreign control.

The British expedition sent to punish the revolting tribes around Mombasa, in Africa, has had some fighting.

The British and American Consuls are not allowed to be present at the examination of the prisoners arrested for the Kucheng mission massacre. Serious difficulties are expected

The largest stock company of the century will push an invention for the substitution of electricity and compressed air for waterpower, now in use in Australia gold fields.

Paris has given up the idea of instructing its school children in military drill. The Municipal Council has disbanded the battalions, and ordered the guns and equipments to be sold at auction.

It costs $100,000 a year to keep up the Bois de Boulogne, but from $40,000 to $50,000 is derived from the park itself, and from the rents of the race courses, restaurants, and private houses in it.

Advices received from Majunga, Island of Madagascar, dated the 5th inst., say that the Hovas are entrenched at Kinajz and are prepared to offer a determined resistance to the advance of the French.

Mail advices from Hakodate estimate the combined catch of all pelagic sealers in Asiatic waters this season at forty-two thousand seal skins. Last season the Canadians alone took forty-nine thousand.

Fresh outrages upon missionaries are reported from China. The American mission near Foo-Chow has been attacked by a mob, the chapel and school-house wrecked, and four of the native scholars wounded.

Rome will hold a great gymnastic meeting during the national fetes in September. Sixty societies and 1,500 Italian gymnasts will take part in it, and many competitors are expected from Berlin, Switzerland and Belgium.

The Marquise de Galliffet has been sued for maintenance by her mother, Madame Lafitte, widow of the French horse breeder, who is 81, and has an income of 40,000 francs a year which she has tied up by persistent litigation.

CHINESE ENQUIRY A FARCE.

A Commissioner Appointed Who is Accused By the Missionaries of Inciting the Looting and Murder.

A despatch from Shanghai to The Pall Mall Gazette says the Chinese Government has made a most extraordinary appointment in connection with the outrages upon the English missionaries. The formerly degraded Liu, who is generally regarded as the actual originator of the Chengtu riots, has been definitely appointed Imperial High Commissioner to investigate the circumstances which led to the outbreak and the facts connected with the outrages themselves. The appointment has caused the utmost dissatisfaction and indignation among the foreign residents.

BRITAIN AND AMERICA MUST ACT.

The London Globe, in an article on the recent attacks upon foreign missionaries in China, says: "If outrages such as have occurred near Foo-Chow, can take place with impunity near a treaty port where foreign consuls are stationed, what may happen in the outlying stations throughout the country? The refusal of the Chinese to permit European consuls to assist in the enquiries into these outrages must have convinced Lord Salisbury that it is useless to expect satisfactory proposals from the Yaung-Li-Yamen. The court which tries the perpetrators of the outrages must be composed of the English and American consuls, with European coadjutors, and attended by an effective escort of British and American sailors, not only to protect the tribunal from violence, but, if necessary, to carry its decision into effect."

NOT BRITISH FAIR PLAY.

Canada Unjustly Treated in Regard to Her Cattle.

A despatch from Ottawa says:—The announcement in the British House of Commons, by Walter Long, the new President of the Board of Agriculture, that the examination of the lungs of Canadian cattle showed unmistakable traces of pleuro pneumonia, thus precluding all hope of raising the embargo against Canadian cattle in England, is a source of serious dissatisfaction to the Agricultural Department here. "It is a conclusion," said a prominent officer, "which Prof. McEachren believes has been reached upon an altogether insufficient diagnosis. The appearance described by the Board of Agriculture in the case of the lungs of these two animals, does not at all establish the presence of pleuro-pneumonia. There is even less ground to believe these cases to be pleuro-pneumonia than there was in those so successfully contested by the report of Hon. Mr. Angers last year, a report which, by the way, has not been answered to this day or even laid before the British House of Commons. It is believed that the case referred to in the Commons (that Deptford case) will utterly break down under a touch of professional criticism.

THE WORLD'S WHEAT.

Total Production in Importing and Exporting Countries—A Shortage in the Crops as Compared With Last Year.

A despatch from Buda Pesth, says: The Minister of Agriculture announces as a result of data obtained from Consuls and specialists that the world's wheat crop for 1895 is as follows:—The total production in countries which import wheat is estimated at 749,022,000 bushels. In countries which export, the total production is 1,651,701,000 bushels. The Minister also amends the estimate of the crop of 1894 so as to make the total in that year 2,632,736,000 bushels, showing that the crop of 1895 is 232,000,000 less than that of 1894.

USES OF AFFLICTION.

DR. TALMAGE FINDS CONSOLATION IN GOD'S WORD.

A Sermon From the Very Appropriate Text, "And God Shall Wipe away all tears From their Eyes"—The comforts of Religion.

NEW YORK Aug. 18—Rev Dr. Talmage could not have selected a more appropriate subject than the one of to-day considering the bereavement that has come upon him and his household. He had already prepared his sermon for to-day, selecting as a topic "Comfort," and taking as his text, "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes," Revelation vii, 17.

Riding across a western prairie, wild flowers up to the hub of the carriage wheel, and while a long distance from any shelter, there came a sudden shower, and while the rain was falling in torrents the sun was shining as brightly as I ever saw it shine, and I thought what a beautiful spectacle this is! So the tears of the Bible are not midnight storm, but rain on bansied prairies in God's sweet and golden sunlight. You remember that bottle which David labeled as containing tears, and, Mary's tears, and Paul's tears, and Christ's tears, and the harvest of joy that is to spring from the sowing of tears. God mixes them. God rounds them. God shows them where to fall. God exhales them. A census is taken of them, and there is a record as to the moment when they are born and as to the place of their grave.

Tears of bad men are not kept. Alexander in his sorrow had the hair clipped from his horses and mules and made a great ado about his grief, but in all the vases of heaven there is not one of Alexander's tears. I speak of the tears of God's children. Alas, me, they are falling all the time! In summer you sometimes hear the growling thunder and you see there is a storm miles away, but you know from the drift of the clouds that it will not come anywhere near you. So though it may be all bright around about you, there is a shower of trouble somewhere at the time. Tears! Tears!

What is the use of them, anyhow? Why not substitute laughter? Why not make this a world where all the people are well and eternal strangers to pain and aches? What is the use of an eastern storm when we might have a perpetual nor'wester? Why, when a family is put together, not have them all stay, or if they must be transplanted to make other homes, then have them all live, the family record telling a story of marriages and births, but of no deaths? Why not have the harvests chase each other without fatiguing toil? Why the hard pillow, the hard crust, the hard struggle? It is easy enough to explain a smile, or a success, or a congratulation; but, come now, and bring all your dictionaries and all your philosophies and all your religions, and help me explain a tear. A chemist will tell you that it is made up of salt and lime and ather component parts; but he misses the chief ingredients—the acid of a soured life, the viperine sting of a bitter memory, the fragments of a broken heart. I will tell you what a tear is; it is agony in solution. Hear then, while I discourse of the uses of trouble.

First, it is the design of trouble to keep this world from being too attractive. Some thing must be done to make us willing to quit this existence. If it were not for trouble this world would be a good enough heaven for me. You and I would be willing to take a lease of this life for a hundred million years if there were no trouble. The earth cushioned and upholstered and pillared and chandeliered with such expense, no story of other worlds could enchant us.

We would say, "Let well enough alone. If you want to die and have your body disintegrated in the dust and your soul go out on a celestial adventure, then you can go, but this world is good enough for me!" You might as well go to a man who has just entered the Louvre at Paris, and tell him to hasten off to the picture galleries of Venice or Florence. "Why," he would say, "what is the use of my going there? There are Rembrandts and Rubenses and Raphaels here that I haven't looked at yet."

No man wants to go out of this world or out of any house until he has a better house. To cure this wish to stay here God must somehow create a disgust for our surroundings. How shall he do it? He cannot afford to deface his horizon or to tear off a fiery panel from the sunset, or to subtract an anther from the water lily, or to banish the pungent aroma from the mignonette, or to drag the robes of the morning in mire. You cannot expect a Christopher Wren to mar his own St. Paul's Cathedral, or a Michael Angelo to dash out his own "Last Judgment," or a Handel to discord his "Israel in Egypt," and you cannot expect God to spoil the architecture and music of his own world. How, then, are we to be made willing to leave? Here is where trouble comes in.

After a man has had a good deal of trouble he says: "Well, I am ready to go. If there is a house somewhere whose roof doesn't leak. I would like to live there. If there is an atmosphere somewhere that does not distress the lungs, I would like to breathe it. If there is a society somewhere where there is no tittle tattle. I would like to live there. If there is a home circle somewhere where I can find my lost friends. I would like to go there."

He used to read the first part of the Bible chiefly, now he reads the last part of the Bible chiefly. Why has he changed Genesis for Revelations? Ah! he used to be anxious chiefly to know how this world was made and all about its geological construction. Now he is chiefly anxious to know how the next world was made, and how it looks, and who lives there, and how they dress. He reads Revelation ten times now where he reads Genesis once. The old story. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," does not thrill him half as much as the other story, "I saw a new heavens and a new earth." The old man's hand trembles as he turns over this apocalyptic leaf, and he has to take out his handerchief to wipe his spectacles. That book of Revelation is a prospectus now of the country into which he is soon to immigrate, the country in which he has lots already laid out and avenues opened and mansions built.

But there are people here to whom this world is brighter than heaven. Well, dear souls, I do not blame you. It is natural. But after awhile you will be ready to go. It was not until Job had been worn out that he wanted to see God. It was not until the prodigal got tired of living among the hogs that he wanted to go to his father's house. It is the ministry of trouble to make this world worth less and heaven worth more.

Again, it is the use of trouble to make us feel our dependence upon God. Men think that they can do anything until God shows that, they can do nothing at all. We lay our great plans, and we like to execute them. It looks big. God comes and takes us down. As Prometheus was assaulted by his enemy, when the lance struck him it opened a great swelling that had threatened his death, and he got well. So it is the arrow of trouble that lets out great swellings of pride. We never feel our dependence upon God until we get trouble. I was riding with my little child along the road and she asked if she might drive. I said "Certainly." I handed over the reins to her, and I had to admire the glee with which she drove. But after awhile we met a team, and we had to turn out. The road was narrow, and it was sheer down on both sides. She handed the reins over to me and said, "I think you had better take charge of the horse." So we are all children, and on this road of life we like to drive. It gives one such an appearance of superiority and power. It looks big. But after awhile we meet some obstacle, and we have to turn out, and the road is narrow, and it is sheer down on both sides, and then we are willing that God should take the reins and drive. Ah, my friends, we get upset so often because we do not hand over the reins soon enough.

After a man has trouble prayer is with him a taking hold of the arm of God and crying out for help. I have heard earnest prayers on two or three occasions that I remember. Once, on the Cincinnati express train, going at 40 miles the hour, the train jumped the track and we were near a chasm 80 feet deep, and the men who, a few minutes before, had been swearing and blaspheming God, began to pull and jerk at the bell rope, and got up on the back of the seats, and cried out. "O, God, save us!" There was another time, about 800 miles out at sea, on a foundering steamer, after the last lifeboat had been split finer than kindling wood. They prayed then. Why is it you so often hear people, in reciting the last experience of some friend, say, "He made the most beautiful prayer I ever heard?" What makes it beautiful? It is the earnestness of it. Oh, I tell you, a man is in earnest when he's stripped and naked and wades out in the soundless, shoreless, bottomless ocean of eternity.

It is trouble, my friends, that makes us feel our dependence upon God. We do not know our own weakness or God's strength until the last plank breaks. It is contemptible in us when there is nothing else to take hold of that we catch hold of God only. Why, do you not know who the Lord is? He is not an autocrat seated far up in a palace from which he emerges once a year, preceded by heralds swinging swords to clear the way. No. But a Father willing at our call to stand by us in every crisis and predicament of life. I tell you what some of you business men make me think of. A young man goes off from home to earn his fortune. He goes with his mother's consent and benediction. She has large wealth, but he wants to make his own fortune. He goes far away, falls sick, gets out of money. He sends for the hotel-keeper where he is staying, asking for lenience, and the answer he gets is, "If you don't pay up Saturday night, you'll be removed to the hospital."

The young man sends to a comrade in the same building. No help. He writes to a banker who was a friend of his deceased father. No relief. He writes to an old schoolmate, but gets no help. Saturday night comes, and he is moved to the hospital.

Getting there, he is frenzied with grief, and he borrows a sheet of paper and a postage stamp, and he sits down and he writes home, saying, "Dear mother, I am sick unto death. Come." It is ten minutes of 10 o'clock when she gets the letter. At 10 o'clock the train starts. She is five minutes from the depot. She gets there in time to have five minutes to spare. She wonders why a train that can go 30 miles an hour cannot go 60 miles an hour. She rushes into the hospital. She says: "My son, what does all this mean? Why didn't you send for me? You sent to everybody but me. You knew I could and would help you. Is this the reward I get for my kindness to you always?" She bundles him up, takes him home and get him well very soon. Now, some of you treat God just as that young man treated his mother. When you get into a financial perplexity, you call on the banker, you call on the broker, you call on your lawyer for legal counsel, you call upon everybody and when you cannot get any help, then you go to God. You say: "O, Lord, I come to thee! Help me now out of my perplexity." And the Lord comes, though it is the eleventh hour. He says: "Why did you not send for me before? As one whom his mother comforeth, so will I comfort you." It is to throw us back upon God that we have this ministry of tears.

Again, it is the use of trouble to capacitate us for the office of sympathy. The priests, under the old dispensation, were set apart by having water sprinkled upon their hands, feet and head, and by the sprinkling of tears people are now set apart to the office of sympathy. When we are in prosperity, we like to have a great many young people around us, and we laugh when they laugh, and we romp when they romp, and we sing when they sing, but when we have trouble we like plenty of old folks around. Why? They know how to talk.

Take an aged mother 70 years of age, and she is almost omnipotent in comfort. Why? She has been through it all. At 7 o'clock in the morning she goes over to comfort a young mother who has just lost her babe. Grandmother knows all about that trouble. Fifty years ago she felt it. At 12 o'clock on that day she goes over to comfort a widowed soul. She knows all about that. She has been walking in that dark valley 20 years. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon some one knocks at the door, wanting bread. She knows all about that. Two or three times in her life she came to her last loaf. At 10 o'clock that night she goes over to sit up with some one severely sick. She knows all about it. She knows all about fevers and pleurises and broken bones. She has been doctoring all her life, spreading plasters and pouring out bitter drops and shaking up hot pillows and contriving things to tempt a poor appetite. Drs. Abernethy and Rush and Hossack and Harvey were great doctors, but the greatest doctor the world ever saw is an old Christian woman. Dear me! Do we not remember her about the room when we were sick in our boyhood? Was there any one who could ever so touch a sore without hurting it?

Where did Paul get the ink with which to write his comforting epistle? Where did David get the ink to write his comforting Psalms? Where did John get the ink to write his comforting Revelation? They got it out of their own tears. When a man has gone through the curriculum and has taken a course of dungeons and imprisonments and shipwrecks, he is qualified for the work of sympathy.

When I began to preach my sermons on the subject of trouble were all poetic and in semiblank verse, but God knocked the blank verse out of me long ago, and I have found out that I cannot comfort people except as I myself have been troubled. God make me the son of consolation to the people! I would rather be the means of soothing one perturbed spirit to-day than to play a tune that would set all the sons of mirth reeling in the dance.

I am an herb doctor. I put into the caldron the Root out of dry ground, without form or comeliness. Then I put in the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley. Then I put into the caldron some of the leaves from the tree of life, and the Branch that was thrown into the wilderness Marah. Then I pour in the tears of Bethany and Golgotha. Then I kindle under the caldron a fire, made out of the wood of the cross and one drop of that portion will cure the worst sickness that ever afflicted a human soul. Mary and Martha shall receive their Lazarus from the tomb. The damsel shall rise. And on the darkness shall break the morning, and God will wipe all tears from their eyes.

Jesus had enough trial to make him sympathetic with all trial. The shortest verse in the Bible tells the story, "Jesus wept." The scar on the back of his either hand, the scar on the arch of either foot, the row of scars along the line of the hair will keep all heaven thinking. Oh, that great weeper is just the one to silence all earthly trouble, wipe out all the stains of earthly grief. Gerthe! Why, his step is softer than the step of the dew. It will not be a tyrant bidding you to hush up your crying. It will be a Father who will take you on his left arm, his face beaming into yours, while with the soft tips of the fingers of the right hand he shall wipe away all tears from your eyes.

Friends, if we could get any appreciation of what God has in reserve for us, it would make us so home sick we would be unfit for our everyday work. Professor Leonard formerly of Iowa university, put in my hands a meteoric stone a stone thrown off from some other world to this. How suggestive it was to me! And I have to tell you the best representations we have of heaven are only aerolites flung off from that world which rolls on, bearing the multitudes of the redeemed. We analyze these aerolites and find them crystallizations of stars. No wonder, flung off from heaven! "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Have you any appreciation of the good and glorious times your friends are having in heaven? How different it is when they get news there of a Christian's death from what it is here! It is the difference between embarkation and coming into port. Everything depends upon which side of the river you stand when you hear of a Christian's death. If you stand on this side of the river you mourn that they go. If you stand on the other side of the river, you rejoice that they come. Oh, the difference between a funeral on earth and a jubilee in heaven—Between requiem here and triumph there—parting here and reunion there! Together! Have you thought of it? They are together. Not one of your departed friends in one land and another in another land, but together in different rooms of the same house—the house of many mansions. Together!

I never more appreciated that thought than when we laid away in her last slumber my sister Sarah. Standing there in the village cemetery, I looked around and said: "There is father, there is mother, there is grandfather, there is grandmother, there are whole circles of kindred," and I thought to myself, "Together in the grave—together in glory." I am so impressed with the thought that I do not think it is any fanaticism when some one is going from this world to the next if you make them the bearer of dispatches to your friends who are gone, saying, "Give my love to my parents, give my love to my children, give my love to my old comrades who are in glory, and tell them I am trying to fight the good fight of faith, and I will join them after awhile." I believe the message will be delivered, and I believe it will increase the gladness of those who are before the throne. Together are they, all their tears gone.

My friends, take this good cheerment that course your cheek, and of persecution, and of trial, are not always to be there. The motherly hand of God, will wipe them all away. What is the use, on the way to such a consummation—what is the use of fretting about anything? Oh, what an exhilaration it ought to be in Christian work! See you the pinnacles against the sky? It is the city of our God, and we are approaching it. Oh, let us be busy in the days that remain for us!

I put this balsam on the wounds of your heart. Rejoice at the thought of what your departed friends have got rid of and that you have a prospect of so soon making your own escape. Bear cheerfully the ministry of tears and exult at the thought that soon it is to be ended.

There we shall march up the heavenly street:
And ground our arms at Jesus' feet.

Sleight of Hand.

We need no ring to plight our troth, he suggested, as he kissed her impetuously.

Oh, yes, we do, retorted the maiden. None of your sleight-of-hand tricks with me.

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

DISCORD ENTERS WITH A RELIC OF A MASTODON.

Brother Gardner Arrives In Time To vent a Casualty—Ignorance as a Power In Promoting a Fight—The Club Called Upon to Receive Sad News.

During the past week the club has received at the hands of a prominent South Carolina scientist a part of the vertebræ of a mastodon—one of the playful animals which lived, roamed and died about five-hundred years ago. It so happened that Judge Congo and Walk-Around Green were the first two members to arrive at the hall at the usual Saturday night meeting, and the relic at once engaged their attention. Judge Congo squinted up his left eye, puckered his mouth and declared that the mastodon who lost this piece of backbone must have been twenty-four feet long, sixteen feet high, and heavy enough to jar the city hall by rubbing against a corner. Walk-Around Green is heavy on poultry statistics and light on mastodons, and it therefore came about that when Windy White, Samuel Shin and Sir William Tompkins arrived it was to find a terrible struggle going on between the two men and the backbone kicking around under the benches. The combatants were separated, but had not gotten the blood wiped off before Brother Gardner arrived and opened the meeting. When the triangle had sounded and Waydown Bebee had finished his lonesome coughing fit, the president arose and said:

"Gem'len, human natur' am a mighty curus thing. De aiverage man will git mad quicker an' fight harder ober what he doan' know an' has no chance to fin' out dan fur something he am posted about. What Judge Congo doan' know about mastodons would make a book as big as a one-hoss wagin. What Walk-Around Green doan' know about de same anamile would weigh two tons an' a half. Dar'fore dey were de werry two men to git up a fight wid ignorance fur de basis.

"It has bin so from de beginnin', and it will be so to de end. Men who know de least 'bout de Bible have de moas' disputes ober it. De biggest ignoramusses on astronomy an' philosophy hold to deir opinyons de strongest and de longest. Prejudice will beat facks nine times outer ten, an' bigotry am de club which knocks down sense an' argyment. Judge Congo wouldn't take an inch nor an ounce off de weight an size of dat mastodon, though he neber saw one nor come within 3,000 y'ars of it. Walk-Around Green wouldn't believe one side of no sich story, bekase a mastodon wasn't chained up at de doah whar' he could measure him wid a two-foot rule. Neither would accept naterl history an' scientific research. While dar' am some mitigatin' sarcumstances an' excuses fur dis quarrel, de sentence of dis cha'r am to de effect dat both offenders shall pay a fine of $3.50 an' costs.

"I would further state dat it agin becomes my painful dooty to announce de fack dat death has invaded our ranks," said the president as the applause evoked by his very just decision died away. "Word has bin received dat Elder John Spooner, of Winchester, Va., am no mo'. He jined dis club about two y'ars ago, an' his interes' in it was unabated up to his dyin' hour. In his death we lost a good man, but we has at de same time gained some waluable experience, in case we feel like acceptin' it. Elder Spooner believed in de motto: 'Honesty am de bes' policy,' an' he died poo'. He loved his naybur as himself, an' his naybur had altogether de bes' of it. He had charity fur all, an' dat kept his chill'en widout shoes an' his wife tied down to a kaliker dress fur Sunday. His motto was 'Excelsior,' an' his Sunday dinner was as thin as sheet iron.

"Durin' de summer season, when fuel doan' cost nuffin, folks kin go barfut an' any sort of a man kin airn a dollar a day, it am well 'nuff to hang 'God Bless Our Home' ober de doah an' spank de chill'en wid a boot-jack labeled 'Dar am room at de top,' but arter winter has shet down de man who won't trade proverbs fur 'taters and motto's fur bacon, may make up his mind to feel hungry half de time. Elder Spooner was honest, an' darefore poo'. He was conscienshus, an' darefore ragged. He was full of mercy an' pity an' sympathy, an' darefore had de reputashun of bein' weak in de second story. I doan advise any man to be wicked, but I desire to carelessly remark dat de real good man who am obleeged to turn his paper collars am shunned by society an' laffed at by de world. Let us now proceed to bizness."

The Average Man.

The "average man," is, for the most part, a very astonishing person, whom no one has ever seen. He is like the average weather, which is mathematically computed or aimed at, at the end of a month, and which is not like any actual weather that prevailed at any time during the month.

The average man, it should be noted, is lazier than one would suppose. A statistician has reckoned up his labours, and finds that at fifty years of age he has toiled six thousand five hundred days of twenty-four hours each.

During the same time the average man has slept six thousand days of twenty-four hours each. He has played four thousand days and been ill five hundred.

He has travelled twelve thousand miles, taken thirty-six thousand meals, eaten fifteen thousand pounds of meat and four thousand pounds of fish, eggs and vegetables, and drunk eleven thousand gallons of liquids.

Under this account the average man appears to be a greedy person; and yet there have undoubtedly been occasions when he has gone hungry.

Samuel Edison, father of the inventor, celebrated his 92nd birthday on Friday.

It is only the finite that has wrought and suffered; the infinite lies stretched in miling repose.—Emerson.

Scoff not at the natural defects of any. O, it is cruel to beat a cripple with his own crutche[illegible] more spe[illegible] ada. I mak[illegible] cially o[illegible] yes others hav[illegible] ed to ben-