

THE SUPPLY AT ST. AGATHA'S.

BY ELIZABETH STEWART PHELPS, IN "THE CENTURY."

Had these existed, stenographic records of that sermon, this narrative, necessarily so defective, would have no occasion for its being. One of the most interesting things about the whole matter is that no such records can to-day be found. Reporters certainly were in the gallery. The journals had sent their picked men as usual, and no more. Where, then, were their columns of verbal record? Why has so important a discourse gone afloat upon vague, conflicting rumor? No person knows; the reporters least of all. One, it is said, lost his position for the default of that report; others received the severest rebukes of their experience from their managing editors for the same cause. None had any satisfactory reason to give for his failure.

"I forgot," said he who had lost his position for his boyish excuse. "All I can say, sir, is I forgot. The man swept me away. I forgot that such a paper as 'The Daily Gossip' existed. Other matters," he added with expensive candor, "seemed more important at the time."

When the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?

The stranger announced this not unusual text with the simple manner of a man who promised nothing eccentric in the sermon to come. Yet something in the familiar words arrested attention. The phrase, it it was spoken, seemed less a hackneyed, biblical quotation than a pointed, personal question to which each heart in the audience-room was compelled to respond.

The preacher began quietly. He reminded his hearers in a few words of the true nature of the Christian religion, whose interests he was there to represent. One felt that he spoke with tact, and with the kind of dignity belonging to the enthusiast of a great moral movement. It occurred to one, perhaps for the first time, that it was quite manly in a Christian preacher to plead his cause with as much ardor as the reformer, the philanthropist, the politician, or the devotee of a mystical and fashionable cult. One became really interested in the character and aims of the Christian faith; it acquired the dignity of a Browning society, or a study in theosophy or hypnotism. The attention of the audience—from the start definitely respectful—became reverent, and thus absorbed.

It was not until he had his hearers thoroughly in his power that the preacher's manner underwent the remarkable change of which Saint Agatha's talks in whispers to this day. He spoke entirely without manuscript or note, and he had not left the lectern. Suddenly folding his hands upon the great Bible, he paused, and, as if the audience had been but one man, he looked it in the eye.

Then like the voice of the living God, his words began to emit them. What was the chance of Saint Agatha's? The great white throne? And who was he who dared to cry from it, like the command of the Eternal? Sin! Sinners! Shame! Guilt! Disgrace! Punishment! What words were these for the delicate ears of Saint Agatha's. What had these silken ladies and gilded men to do with such ugly phrases? Smiles stiffened upon refined, protesting faces. The haughty under lip of the vestryman's wife, and a hundred others like it, dropped. A moral dismay seized the exclusive people whom the preacher called to account like any vulgar audience. But the shabby woman in the "poor" seats humbly wept, and the young reporter who lost his position cast his eyes upon the ground, for the tears that sprang to them. From the delicate fingers of the vestryman's wife the smelling-salts fell upon the cushioned seat; she held her feathered fan against her face. Her husband did not even notice this. He sat with head bowed upon the rail before him, as a good man does when reconsecrating himself at the communion hour.

The choir rustled uneasily in their seats. The soprano covered her eyes with her well-gloved hand, and thought of the follies and regrets (she called them by these names) that beset the musical temperament. But the tenor turned his face away, and thought about his wife. Down the avenue, in the room of the "shut in" woman, where the telephone carried the preacher's voice, a pathetic cry was heard:

"Forgive! Forgive! Oh, if suffering did not put out sin!"

But now the preacher's manner of address had changed again. Always remembering that it is now impossible to quote his language with any accuracy, we may venture to say that it ran in some such way as this:

The Son of God, being of the Father, performed his Father's business. What do ye who bear his name? What holy errands are ye about? What miracles of consecration have ye wrought? What marvels of the soul's life have ye achieved upon the earth since he left it to your trust?

He came to the sinful and the unhappy; the despised and rejected were his friends; to the poor he preached the Gospel; the sick, and overlooked, and cast-out, the unloved and forgotten, the unfashionable and unpopular, he selected. These to his church on earth he left in charge. These he cherished. For such he had lived. For them he had suffered. For them he died. People of Saint Agatha's, where are they? What have ye done to his beloved? Thou ancient church, honored and privileged and blessed among men, where are those little ones whom thy Master chose? Up and down these godly aisles a man might look, he said, and see them not. Prosperity and complacency he saw before him; poverty and humility he did not see. In the day when habit cannot reply for duty, what account will ye give of your betrayed trust? Will ye say: "Lord we had a mission chapel. The curate is responsible for the lower classes. And, Lord, we take up the usual collections; Saint Agatha's has always been called a generous church?"

In the startled hush that met these posterous words the preacher drew himself to his full height, and raised his hands. He had worn the white gown throughout the day's services, and the garment folded itself about his figure majestically. In the name of Christ, then, he commanded them: Where were those whom your Lord did love? Go, seek them. Go, find the saddest, sickest souls in all the town. Haaten, for the time is short. Search, for the message of God. Church of Christ, produce thy people to me, for I speak no more words before their substitutes!

Thus and there, abruptly, the preacher cast his audience from him, and disappeared from the chancel. The service broke in consternation. The celebrated choir was not called upon to close the morning's worship. The soprano and the tenor exchanged glances of neglected dismay. The prayer-book remained unopened on the sacred desk. The desk itself was empty. The audience was, in fact, authoritatively dismissed—dismissed without a benediction, like some obscure or erring thing that did not deserve it.

The people stared in one another's faces for one astounded moment, and then, without words, with hanging heads, they moved to the open air and melted out of the church.

The sexton rustled up to the vestryman, pale with fear.

"Sir," he whispered, "he is not in the vestry-room. He has taken himself away—God knows whither. What are we to do?"

"Trust him," replied the church officer, with a face of peace, "and God who sent him. Who he may be, I know no more than you; but that he is a man of God I know. He is about his Father's business. Do not meddle with it."

"Lord forbid!" cried the sexton. "I'd sooner meddle with something I can understand."

Upon the afternoon of that long-remembered Sunday there was seen in Saint Agatha's the strangest sight that those ancient walls had witnessed since the cornerstone was laid with a silver trowel in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost "whom we, this people, worship."

Before the chimes rang for the vesper service, the house was filled. Before the bronze lips of the bells were mute, the pews were packed. Before the stranger reappeared the nave and the transept overflowed. The startled sexton was a leaf before the wind of the surging crowd. He could not even enforce the fire-laws, and the very aisles were jammed. Who carried the story? How do such wraiths of rumors fly?

Every member of that church not absent from town or known to be ill in his bed sought his pew that afternoon. Many indeed left their sick-rooms to be present at that long-remembered service. But no man or woman of these came alone. Each brought a chosen companion; many, two or three; some came accompanied by half a dozen worshippers; and upon these invited guests Saint Agatha's looked with an astonishment that seemed to be half shame; for up those velvet aisles there moved an array of human faces at which the very angels and virtues in the painted windows seemed to turn their heads and stare.

Such wretchedness, such pallor, hunger, cold, envy, sickness, sin, and shame were as unknown to those dedicated and decorated walls as the inmates of hell. Rags and disease, uncleanness and woe and want, trod the house of God as if they had the right there. Every pew in the church was thrown open. Tattered blanket shawls jostled velvet cloaks, and worn little tan-colored reefers, half concealing the shivering cotton bosoms of last summer, rubbed against sealskin furs that swept from throat to foot. Wretched men, called in by the throbbing of repentance that follows a debauch, lifted their haggard eyes to the chancel from the pews of the wardens, and women of the town sat gently beside the "first ladies" of the parish and of the city. There were a few ragged children in the audience, wan and shrewd, sitting drearily beside mothers to whom they did not cling. The pew of our friend, the vestryman, was filled to overflowing. The wife with the underlip sat beside him and did not protest. She had herself gone with him to the hospital to select their guests. For their pew was filled with the crippled and other sick who could neither walk nor afford to ride, and whom their own carriage had brought to Saint Agatha's. One of these, a woman, came on crutches, and the lady helped her, not knowing in the least how to do it; and a man who had not used his feet in six years was lifted in by the pew-owner and his coachman and butler, and carried the length of the broad aisle.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Britain's Treasure House.

The British Museum is an institution of which Englishmen are justly proud, all the prouder, perhaps, because comparatively few of them know much about it. They have a veneration that it contains vast treasures of a kind which they cannot very well appreciate, and more wonders than their simple imagination can picture. The news therefore that it is likely to be enlarged at no distant date touches them less as a matter of personal interest than as a bit of fitting romance. Those who are in the habit of using it, however, will rejoice at the prospect of an early extension. The available space in the museum has long been inadequate, and the shifts which the trustees have been forced to make in order to accommodate the growing collection were such as to interfere rather seriously with its utility and interest. It is therefore to be hoped that Parliament will grant the £290,000 necessary to buy the property which the Duke of Bedford is willing to sell, and that having acquired it, the trustees will lose as little time as possible in extending their borders. The Museum, while a noble institution, represents in some respects the nadir of literary fortunes. How many ardent youths and maidens have adopted literature as a career and have been awakened from the delusion that it is the best and easiest of all professions by finding themselves forced, inch by inch, to "devil" in the Museum for their luckier or better-equipped brothers and sisters! If the reading-room could tell tales it might relate many a tragic story of blighted prospects and disappointed hopes. But after all, the Museum is a refuge for which many a struggling writer has been and is unfeignedly grateful.

Mode of Moral Improvement.

Small Boy—"I think I'd be a better boy if I had a pony like Richie Rich's."
Father—"Better, how?"
"Well, I'd be more charitable."
"More charitable, eh?"
"Yes, I wouldn't feel so glad when Richie's pony runs away with him."

READABLE ITEMS.

Some Interesting Bits of News From All Parts of the World.

Some butterflies lay over 100,000 eggs. Germany took 2,000 World's Fair prizes. The Himalayas have been seen 224 miles away.

Cows are used in Japan exclusively as pack animals. Out of every 1,000 births in England twelve are twins.

The British Mint coins twenty-five tons of pennies every year. The lungs of the average man contain about five quarts of air.

Nearly 1,000 children are born yearly in London workhouses. The practice of hypnotism is considered a crime in Belgium.

Nearly a third of the English small-fruit area is to be found in Kent. The woodland area of the United Kingdom is stated at 3,007,569 acres.

Four-fifths of the sugar plantations in Hawaii are owned by Americans. The Tartars takes a man by the ear to invite him to eat and drink with them.

It is said that women criminals have larger hands and feet than average women. The average length of life among Paris-born families is twenty-eight years and one month.

The orchards of Great Britain cover 210,000 acres. Ten years back the area was 185,000 acres.

The county of Hants, England, possesses the largest area of woodland in England—122,574 acres.

Peru has only thirty-six telegraph offices in the entire country, and but 1,600 miles of wire.

The production of cotton yarns in Japan has increased from 1,000,300 pounds in 1888 to 64,000,000 pounds in 1892.

No fewer than 1,234,950,000 eggs were imported into the United Kingdom last year.

The population of Italy is very dense, there being 270 people to every square mile of territory.

More than four-fifths of the murders in the United States last year were by men who had no regular occupation.

The Queen of Greece is the best royal needle-woman in Europe; she cuts out and makes most of her own underclothing.

The mushroom lies for days, and in dry times for weeks, just under the surface, fully developed, waiting for a warm damp night.

The average height of men in Europe is 5 feet 7 inches, of women, 5 feet 4 inches. The English and Russians are the tallest of European peoples.

In tropical forests so large a proportion of the plants are of the sensitive variety that sometimes the path of a traveler may be traced by the wilted foliage.

Queen Victoria has a fondness for relics of her girlhood, and to this day uses to cut the pages of new books an ivory paper-cutter that was given to her when she was a little princess.

Mr. Stanley, from what he has seen of the Australian people, has come to the conclusion that they much more closely resemble the people of the United States than those of Great Britain.

Liverpool-street Station of the Great Eastern Railway is now the largest railway station in the United Kingdom. With the additions just completed it covers 14½ acres, occupying nearly the whole of the parish of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate.

Some of the German cafes serve hot milk as a beverage. It is said that this drink is a remedy for various disorders of the stomach.

Clothier bees cover their nests of eggs with a cloth made from the woody fibre of plants, and thus preserve their young from sudden changes of temperature.

The secretary bird of South Africa, can whip any snake of twice its size. Stanley used to aver that the reptiles would crawl away from this bird's shadow in wild fear.

Philadelphia is a brick city, and well illustrates the durability of brick houses as a building material. There are brick houses apparently as good as new in Philadelphia which were built in 1760.

When the Queen ascended the throne more than 41 per cent. of the English people could not write their names. The proportion in that condition has been reduced to 7 per cent.

There are nearly 100,000 electric lamps—incaudescents and arc—in use in Paris. At the end of March, 1890, the number was 22,000, so that, during a period of four years the number of lamps in use increased by nearly 80,000.

Of sixty-seven Queens of France, only thirteen have died without leaving their histories a record of misery. Eleven were divorced, two executed, nine died young, seven were widowed, three cruelly treated, three exiled; the poisoned and broken-hearted make up the rest.

Crime in the army is punished on a scale ten times more severe than anything known to civil life; the most trifling offenses against discipline—a momentary ebullition of temper, or a casual indiscretion in the matter of drink—are almost every day involving men in the loss of rank and permanent disadvantage in their profession, more often than not accompanied by sharp terms of imprisonment.

An Australian confectioner has hit upon the idea of printing the news of the day upon thin paste of dough, using chocolate instead of ink. He delivers these cakes to his customers, who first read them, and then eat them with their coffee.

Holland is the land of flatness, windmills, dykes, canals, and cheese. Of the latter it produces 40,000 tons and more in a year, and consumes only a fourth part. Alkmaar, one of the most noted and historical towns in the country, is the great cheese market, and in its streets over 12,000,000 lbs. are sold annually.

In a very short time the shako will be a thing of the past in the French army. It has lingered only in the garrison of Paris. The shako was born in Hungary, and de-throned the cocked hat. It has assumed many shapes, all of them ugly; but it has been worn in so many famous battles, and depicted in so many military pictures, that the flavor of history attaches to it.

Lavender has suddenly appeared in

South Australia, the plan springing up a variety over a large area of black swamp in the south of the colony. At first the settlers thought the plant was a weed, but on finding out its true nature they resolved to cultivate lavender on a considerable scale, with the view of establishing a regular perfumery trade.

Though considerably smaller in quantity than the yield of 1875, the most prolific on record, and less abundant also than that of some other years previous to 1875, the production of wine throughout France last year exceeded in quantity that of any one of the last fourteen years; for it amounted to 1,101,535,910 gallons, and thus was 461,000,000 gallons, or nearly 80 per cent. in excess of the yield of 1892.

CANADIAN GOLD MINING.

More Than Equals That of Copper and Trebles That of Iron.

If any considerable development of the gold industry of Canada were to take place, it would solve our difficulty of sparse population in a shorter time than anything else would. The discovery of gold in Australia had much to do with the building up of Australia's settlements and it would be the same here. Under these circumstances, it is interesting to note that in the published report of the Geological Survey Department on the mineral production of Canada in 1893, the output of gold in the Dominion more than rivals that of copper, and trebles that of iron ore.

The amount of gold mined was 51,609 ounces valued at \$827,214, whereas the value of the copper was only \$875,864, and that of the iron ore dug up \$298,018. It will, therefore, be seen that gold mining in Canada has arrived at a recognized position among the industrial pursuits of the country, a fact which is encouraging on the whole, though it is possible there has been no department of mineral prospecting which has been fuller of disappointment, and, in some cases, ruin to individuals.

Gold in Canada does not appear to be found in such quantities as have at various times in history been the cause of mad rushes to the site of the "pay dirt." In Australia, a shepherd might pick up a nugget, and be in five minutes a comparatively rich man. In '49 a digger, after a few days washing might become extravagant, might order champagne suppers, and throw nuggets on to the stage of the improvised theatre. Here another state of things seems to prevail. The precious metal is so combined with the ore that it takes industry, machinery, and business tact to develop its value.

Instead of being a business composed of mad rushes and feverish excitement, it is one in which patience of a dogged character, combined with mechanical skill, are required. It is more a question of good ore-crushing mills than of happy luck. There are ores of various qualities, but many of them are of such a nature as to yield no return to merely individual exertion. But capital rightly employed in the purchase of the proper machinery seems to have its reward. It has been found that ore containing only 65 cents' worth of gold to the ton can be profitably worked. A recent instance taken from others shows that thirty days' work produced 4,047 tons of ore. The bullion produced by working this, which took 29 days, was worth \$2,644, and the total expense of reduction was \$2,120, leaving a profit of \$524. There are many locations in Canada where richer ore than this is to be found, and the moral is that it is best not to expect an El Dorado, but when a mine containing moderately rich ore is found, it has to be worked on business principles, just like other mines.

In the Antarctic Region.

It is a region of eternal winter and of unmelting snow,—so far as is known—not a single plant finds life within the inner circle, and where never a living creature roams. The zoologist is not drawn to the southern circle as he is to the northern, and yet the attractions for him are great, because they have all the charm of the unknown. It is believed that only a few of the hardest birds build in a few of the sheltered corners of the inner Antarctic; but who knows? Who can say that deep within those awful solitudes may not be revealed the mystery of the life of the fur seal when he vanishes from the waters of the north Pacific? Or that on some Antarctic continent or island may not be found the priceless remnant of the great auk tribe? We know not, at any rate, what riches or poverty may be there until we go to see. And nobody has yet gone to see—beyond the fringe.

It is a curious fact that no one has ever wintered within the Antarctic, many as have been the expeditions and ships' companies which, compulsorily or voluntarily, have wintered in the Arctic. There has been no need to do so, for there has been no possible goal beyond, such as India, which first led our mariners into the Arctic; no scientific romances such as has characterized the quest for the North Pole.

And yet another thing differentiates the Arctic from the Antarctic. In the North there is—unless Dr. Nansen is grievously mistaken—a pole surrounded by water. In the south there is a pole surrounded by land—a polar basin as opposed to a polar continent. While the books and essays, the theories and journals, which have been published concerning the Arctic regions would fill a library, a handful of volumes contain all that has ever been printed of records in the Antarctic.

The Doctor's Advice.

"It's pretty damp for a person with the rheumatism to be prowling around, Uncle Josh."

"Mebbe, Boss, but it's der doctor's advice."

"Do you mean to tell me the doctor advised you to be out nights?"

"Not 'zactly dat way—but he said I must have chicken brof."

And Ethel Blushed.

Tommy—"Yea, cats can see in the dark and so can Ethel; 'cause when Mr. Wright walked into the parlor when she was sittin' all alone in the dark, I heard her say to him 'Why, Arthur, you didn't get shaved today.'"

HOW THE STEAMER EMS WAS SAVED.

Towed Into Faval by the Wildflower in Heavy Weather, Though that Boat Was Disabled.

The story of the rescue of the steamer, *Ems*, as told by Capt. Livingston of the *Wildflower* is thrilling throughout and depicts the heroism of the master in saving the ship under decidedly adverse circumstances. The *Wildflower* left Cape Henlopen March 19. On March 26 she passed a number of icebergs. The *Ems* was sighted the next morning in the trough of a heavy cross sea, and was firing guns and flying signals of distress. Captain Livingston lowered the only boat left on his vessel, and, after placing the chief officer in command and picking a crew, sent the frail craft on its errand of mercy. After a long and tedious struggle the *Ems* was reached and the chief officer was greeted as one from Heaven.

When the *Wildflower's* chief officer returned and reported that the *Ems* was leaking badly and to leave her meant certain death to those on board, Captain Livingston promptly decided to risk everything in an effort to tow the ship to a haven of safety. It required delicate and skilful maneuvering to work the *Wildflower* about in such heavy seas in a thick fog and so close to the *Ems*, but after four hours of patient toil the two hawsers were stretched between the vessels. When the *Wildflower*, with steam all on, her funnel belching out great thick clouds of black smoke, forged ahead and the lines creaked under the fearful strain, the passengers on the *Ems* sent up a mighty cheer. The greatest peril, however, had just begun, for there was imminent risk of the lines fouling in the *Wildflower's* propeller and disabling her, too, but she forged ahead for Faval. Good weather was enjoyed for two days, but on the 30th and 31st very heavy gales were encountered, and the *Wildflower* plunged again and again beneath the mountainous seas. Time and again she was almost wholly submerged the towing strain keeping her stern down and preventing her from rising to the sea.

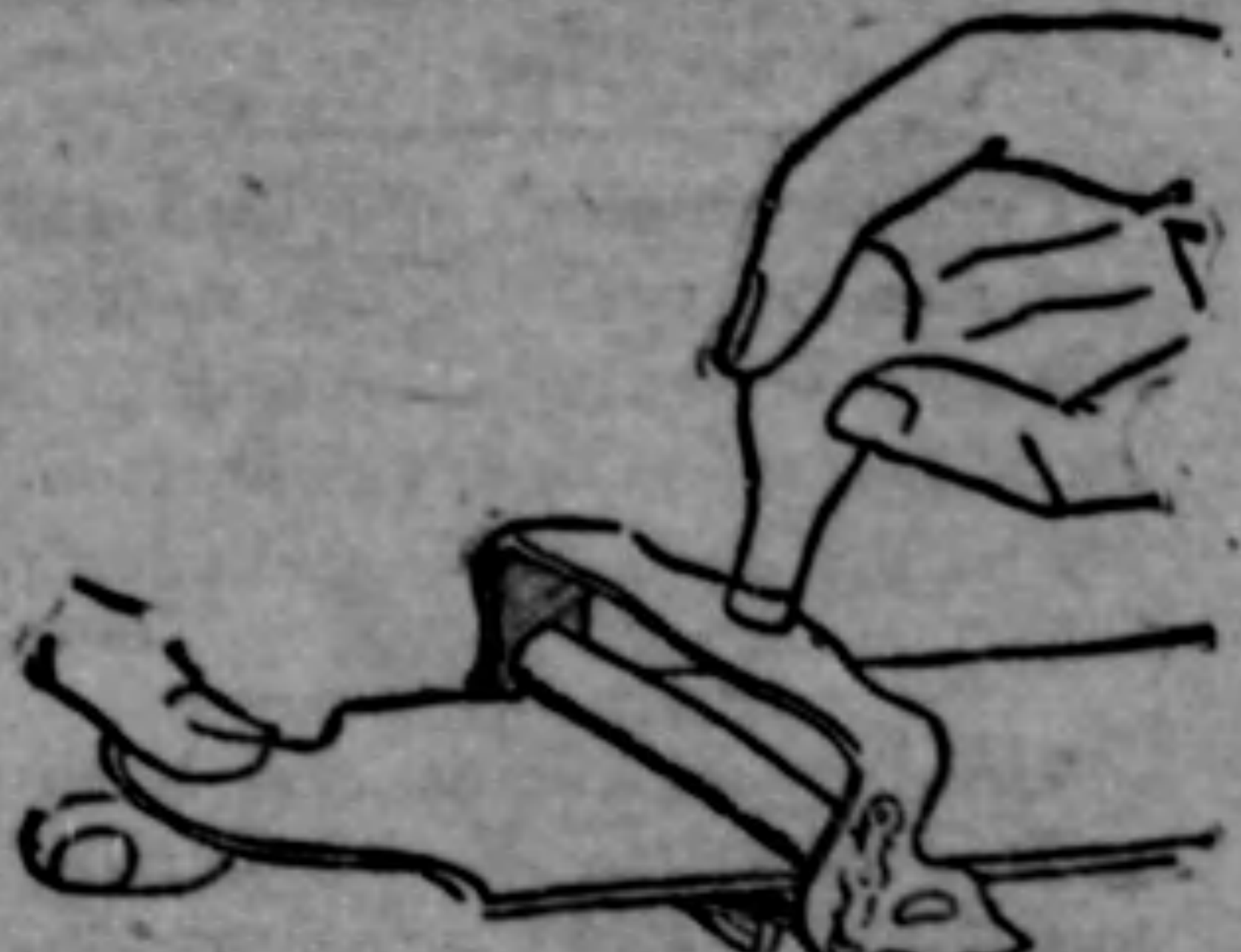
On April 1 a terrific gale came up with seas that rose to mountainous heights, and the brave fellows on the *Wildflower* expected that their vessel would founder beneath them. Captain Livingston never flinched.

On April 2 the welcome spires of Faval loomed up and more mighty shouts of joy arose from the decks of the disabled *Ems*. Reaching a moorage Capt. Livingston boarded the *Ems* and was at once surrounded by the overjoyed passengers. The women embraced and kissed him in spite of his blushes and protest, and the passengers cheered him till they grew too hoarse to cheer more, and then told him over and over of their gratitude. When the people got off the *Ems* they crowded around the *Wildflower* in boats and cheered the officers and crew to the echo.

RAZOR-STROPPING DEVICE

The Blade Always Is in the Right Position.

A cutler has recently brought out a razor-stropping device to be used in connection with safety razors, as here shown. It consists of a nicked frame, with a round wooden part fastened rigidly to the centre of two side arms pivoted at the top. These move back and forth, reversing the blade every time the direction of the machine is changed. At the end of the arms is a spring metal receiver for the blade of safety razor. A slight pressure on the stop when



CANNOT CUT THE STROP.

the machine is in motion causes the blade to turn always in an opposite direction to which the apparatus is going, making it impossible to cut the stop and at the same time requiring no skill to sharpen the razor.

NOT HALF HER HUSBAND'S AGE.

Mme. de Lesseps a Fine Equestrienne and an Accomplished Linguist.

The wife of Count de Lesseps was a young governess in a country gentleman's house when the builder of the Suez canal met and fell in love with her. Her husband, one of the most distinguished men of modern history, is now wavering in mental darkness on the brink of the grave—a pitiable close to such a notable career—but his faithful wife is his constant attendant. Considerably less than half her husband's age, she is still handsome and attractive in spite of her sorrow. In the days before social and financial ruin overcame the count Mme. de Lesseps was a frequent and favorite entertainer at her country home, but of late years her time has been almost entirely occupied in superintending the education of her numerous family of children. For this task she is eminently well fitted, being a woman of varied accomplishments. She is an especially fine linguist, the study of languages being almost her chief delight. Mme. de Lesseps is also a splendid horse-woman, and in the days of her prosperity her seat in the saddle was the admiration and envy of many a gay Parisienne. She has the typical complexion of women who habitually reside in Paris, and has a fine though slender figure, with Spanish eyes and small features.

According to Class.

In a certain town in the north of Yorkshire a traveling American found an omnibus which carried first, second and third class passengers. As the seats were all alike, the traveler was mystified, but not for very long. Midway of the route the omnibus stopped at the foot of a long, steep hill, and the guard shouted: "First-class passengers, keep your seats. Second-class passengers, please get out and walk. Third-class passengers, get out and push."