

ETERNAL HAPPINESS.

Heavenly Satisfaction in Every Good Thing You Did on Earth.

A despatch from Washington says: Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text, Job xxiv, 20, "He shall be no more remembered," and Psalms cxli, 6, "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance." Of oblivion is an old monster that swallows down everything. It crumches individuals, families, communities, states, nations, continents, hemispheres, worlds. Its diet is made up of years, of centuries, of ages, of cycles, of millenniums, of aeons. That monster is called by Noah Webster and all the other dictionaries "Oblivion." It is a deep sleep down which everything rolls. It is a conflagration in which everything is consumed. It is a dirge which all orchestras play and a period at which everything stops. It is the cemetery of the human race. It is the domain of forgetfulness. Oblivion! At times it throws a shadow over all of us, and I would not pronounce it to-day if I did not come armed in the strength of the eternal God to vanquish it. I would attack it, to rout it, to demolish it.

In some old family record or descendant studying up the ancestral line may spell our name and from the faded ink with great effort find that some person by our name was born somewhere in the nineteenth century, but they will know no more about us than we know about the color of a child's eyes born last night in this village in Patagonia. Tell me something about your great-grandfather. What did he do? What year was he born? What year did he die? And your great-grandmother? Will you describe the style of the hat she wore, and how did she and your great-grandfather get on in each other's companionship? Was it March weather or June? Oblivion! That mountain surge!

ROLLS OVER EVERYTHING.

Even the pyramids are dying. Not a day passes but they are chiseled off a piece of that granite. Why there is only a crust between us and the furnace inside raging to get out. Oblivion! The world itself will roll into it as easily as a school-boy's india rubber ball rolls down a hill, and when our world does it is so interlocked by the law of gravitation with other worlds that they will go too, and so far from having our memory perpetuated by the monument of Aberdeen granite in this world there is no world in sight of our strongest telescope that will be a sure reminder of the fact that we ever lived or died at all. Our earth is struck with death. The axle-tree of the constellations will break and let down the populations of other worlds. Stellar, lunar, solar, moribund, oblivion! It can swallow and will swallow whole galaxies of words, as easily as a crocodile takes down a frog.

Yet oblivion does not remove or swallow everything that had better not be removed or swallowed. The old monster is welcome to his meal. This world would long ago have been overeroded if not for this merciful removal of nations and generations. What if all the books had lived that were ever written and printed and published? The libraries would by their immensity have obstructed intelligence and made all research impossible. The fatal epidemic of books was a merciful epidemic. Many of the state and national libraries to-day are only morgues, in which dead books are waiting for some one to come and recognize them. What if all the people that have been born were still alive? We would have been crowded by our ancestors of ten centuries ago, and people who ought to have died last week 3,000 years ago would smother us. Saying

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?" There would have been no room to turn around. Some of the past generations of mankind were not worth remembering. The first useful thing that many people did was to die, their cradle a misfortune and their grave a boon. This world was hardly a comfortable place to live in before the middle of the eighteenth century. So many things have come into the world that were not fit to stay in we ought to be glad they were put out. The waters of Lethe, the fountain of forgetfulness, are a beautiful draft. The history we have of the world in ages past is always one-sided and cannot be depended on. History is fiction illustrated by a few straggling facts.

We may build this "everlasting remembrance," as my text styles it, into the supernatural existence of those to whom we do kindnesses in this world. You must remember that this infernal and treacherous faculty which we now call memory is in the nature of state to be complete and perfect. "Everlasting remembrance!" Nothing will slip the stout grip of that celestial faculty. Did you help a widow pay her rent? Did you find a place for man released from prison to get honest work? Did you pick up a child fallen on the curbstone and by a stick of candy in his hand stop the hurt on his scratched knee? Did you assure a business man swamped by the stringency of the money market that you would after a while be better?

Oh, where is oblivion now? From the dark and overshadowing word that it seemed when I began it has become something which no man or woman or child who loves the Lord need ever fear. Oblivion defeated. Oblivion dead. Oblivion sepulchred. But I must not be so hard on that devouring monster, for into its grave go all our sins when the Lord for Christ's sake has forgiven them. Just blow a resurrection trumpet over them when once oblivion has snapped them down. Not one of them rises. Blow again. Not a straggler all the pardoned iniquities of a lifetime. Blow again. Not one of them moves in the deep grave trenches. But to this powerless resurrection trumpet a voice responds, half human, half divine, and it must be part man and part God, saying, "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." Thank God for this blessed oblivion. So you see I did not invite you down into a cellar, but up on a throne; not into the graveyard, to which all man-

terialism is destined, but into a garden all a-bloom with everlasting remembrance. The frown of my first text has become the kiss of the second text. Annihilation has become coronation. The wringing hands of a great agony have become the clapping hands of a great joy. The requiem with which we began has become the grand march with which we close. The tear of sadness that rolled down our cheek has struck the lip on which sits the laughter of eternal triumph.

DETECTIVE WORK IN MAINE.

Some Very Remarkable Liquor Seizures.

It is now 50 years since prohibition, by statutory law, was enacted in Maine. In all that time, with the exception of two years, the manufacture and sale of intoxicants has been forbidden. So greatly do the people value their exemption from the excises of the traffic, that 17 years ago they carried, by a large majority, a prohibitory amendment, thus embodying in the constitution of the State what had previously been only a legislative enactment, subject to the fluctuating opinions of the politicians.

In the State, as a whole, the law has been as well observed as any other. There are whole counties where drink is unobtainable, except for medicinal or mechanical purposes, and where two generations of children have grown to adult life without knowledge of the saloon and the miseries it creates. The result is that Maine has the heaviest savings bank account of any agricultural state in the Union, and is otherwise prosperous and wealthy.

THE LARGE CITIES. In some of the large cities and towns, however, enforcement has varied with the political complexion of the civic authorities, and the moral tone of the people. Under the regime ending December 1900, the liquor sellers of Cumberland County, in which Portland is situated, have had unusual freedom. Like toad stools (such comparison is a libel on the appetizing mushroom) 336 saloons sprang up throughout the county; and while this number was hardly worthy of mention in comparison with counties of the same population in most licensed States, it nevertheless greatly stirred the Temperance hosts, rendering the Shively campaign the storm centre for the city and county elections.

The liquor fraternity and sympathizing politicians ran a candidate whose anti-prohibition views were well known. The prohibitionists ran Rev. Mr. Pierson, a city missionary, a fearless man, whose work amongst the poor had already brought him in conflict with the law-violating officials.

PORTLAND'S NEW SHERIFF. Mr. Pierson was elected by a big majority and entered upon his work January 1st, 1901. Since then he has cleared the city and county of all open sale and driven the traffic into such small compass that it is as nearly harmless as it can be and live at all. What follows will show the desperate straits to which the out-lawed trade is reduced and also the calibre of the men who are fighting it. The account is taken from the Chicago News Voice.

A CLEVER CAPTURE.

One, Frank D. Ford, of Portland, a restaurant proprietor, was, during the previous sheriff's term a notorious law violator. When Pierson began his enforcement campaign, Ford professed to acquiesce in the new order of things and declared himself ready to keep the law, so long as Pierson was administering it. The sheriff had his doubts, which were increased when Ford came to him with a purse of \$2,500 subscribed "by some of his friends to give the sheriff a vacation trip to Europe, lest he should break down under the work of his office." It is needless to say that the purse was refused and the sheriff and deputies began a vigilant oversight of the restaurant. They were soon convinced that intoxicating liquors were being sold but were unable to discover the "hide." The place was searched every day for weeks. The walls were sounded, snatches ripped off, and floors pried up, without result.

NIGHT WORK.

At last it was discovered that the "wet goods" were coming in on a midnight train over the Portland and Rochester Railroad. The deputy sheriff and an assistant taking advantage of the temporary absence of the "watcher" stationed at the rear of the restaurant, concealed themselves in an old cellar. This was done two nights in succession before they were rewarded by seeing, in the shadowy light, a silent group of workers, stealing about in the darkness in their law violating business. Four barrels were rolled into the yard, attached to pulleys and hoisted—not into Ford's building, but into the third story of the adjoining premises.

Next day the sheriff made a raid; the property next Ford's was searched, but in vain, until a careful measurement of the inner and outer wall of the building showed that the latter was between four and five feet longer than the former. Operations were at once begun on the inner wall with a "jimmie" and after a while a hidden spring was struck, that let down a portion of the sheathing, though it had been matched so perfectly that no crack could be discovered by the eye. Back of the sheathing was a cast steel door, secured by steel bars, four inches across. Opening this a "hide" was found—but there was nothing in it.

THE "HIDE" FOUND.

Nothing discouraged, a plank was secured and using it as a battering ram they broke through a sixteen-inch brick wall at the end of the "hide" into another of similar construction. This was lined, both floor and sides, with soft mattresses to deaden the sound while taking barrels in and out. It contained four barrels of ale. Lengths of rubber hose connected each barrel with a

pipe. This pipe the deputies followed with axes, saws and "jimmies" in their hands and delight in their hearts. It was four-six feet in length and was laid in a groove hollowed out of the double flooring, so that there was a hard wood floor resting on it above and a soft one against it below, with no indication of its existence from either above or below, thus effectually hiding it, even should the ceiling of the room below be torn out. In this way they followed it to the chimney, down a groove beneath the sheathing there, along the sill of the building to a counter and up a post that supported it.

HOW WORKED.

Here it was connected with a faucet of very ingenious contrivance. Opened as a faucet ordinarily is, it gave "Uno" or Lithia beer" (adjudged non-intoxicating by the courts), drawn from the cellar; but by inserting a small wire nail into a scarcely discernible slot and pressing it in the right direction, straight ale would flow from the barrels in the third story of the other building.

Mr. Ford was very cheerful when the search began, but before its close he was wearing a somewhat weary expression because of the fact that he is under heavy bonds for his appearance upon two search and seizure cases, these and the destruction of the "hide" and the damage done his building by the deputies following his pipe, will, it is estimated cost him \$1,000.

ANOTHER SHARP TRICK.

In August another seizure was made where the "hide" was almost as ingenious as Ford's. Ingal Bros. bottlers of "soft drinks," have two stables adjoining each other, but separated by a 14-inch brick wall. In the second story of one they built a grain box 4 feet wide and 8 feet long. On the other side of the wall built in the grain box. The bottle pieces in the hostler's room was over against the grain box on the opposite side of the wall. Apparently there was no connection between the two rooms; really the mantle piece was the concealed opening into a hide 2 feet wide by 8 feet long, built in the grain box. The pictures, crossed fans and other decorations on and about the mantle, and the two feet depth of grain in the box would have deceived any but an expert detective. The "hide" contained \$100 worth of liquors.

ABOUT DISCOURAGED.

Portland dealers are about tired of the struggle, indeed would have abandoned it long ago but for the pressure of the Massachusetts brewers and distillers. The fines imposed on Cumberland County liquor violators have this far this year aggregated nearly \$9,000 some \$4,300 of which is already paid; the remainder will be due shortly. The county is now practically "dry."

Much comment has been made upon the fact that during the recent strike of the carpenters, masons and plumbers, lasting nine weeks, there was not a single act of violence, even of a trivial character, committed by the strikers. The connection between this peaceable condition and the absence of opportunity to secure liquor cannot be denied.—(Mrs.) Emma Watson, Ont. Prov. Press Supt. in W.C.T.U.

AN OLD STORY REVIVED.

Presence of Mind of General de Gallifet.

General de Gallifet, the late French Minister of War, possessed presence of mind in a high degree. During the war of the Commune he once found himself at a bridge in Paris surrounded on three sides by the insurgent National Guard. He was accompanied by a lieutenant only. Escape was impossible. Over 3,000 National Guards had their guns aimed at the breasts of the two officers.

"We shall never get out of this alive!" said the lieutenant.

"Well," said de Gallifet, "perhaps not, but I think we shall. Follow me!"

De Gallifet proceeded to ride at a slow trot towards the insurgents. Presently the Communist commander, a man with a white beard, evidently not a soldier, by occupation, stepped out and called:

"What do you want?"

Then de Gallifet proceeded to make a speech in a somewhat grandiloquent manner. He pretended that he had come on a mission from President Thiers, at Versailles.

"Frenchmen," he said, "listen! Shall it be peace or war between Paris and Versailles? Shall we not have peace? Lay down your arms and all will be well. If you persist, it is war to the death! Frenchmen, choose!"

A great clamour arose among the insurgents. The Communist commander spoke up:

"Go back to President Thiers," he shouted, "and tell him it is war!"

"I go," said de Gallifet. He wanted nothing better, as his "mission" was a pure invention, and he was as good as a prisoner. He and the lieutenant rode away. The lieutenant's horse struck into a gallop.

THE REAL THING.

Uncle Tom, what is charity? Charity, Tommy, is finding good excuses for the faults of people we don't like.

FOR ELLA'S SAKE.

"What have you got to say to me?"

"Nothing."

"Why did you send for me?"

"A flush of red rose to her face. 'I thought yesterday, when I wrote, that I had something to say, but now—'

"You have changed your mind Miss Austin? That is a woman's privilege and you have used it ruthlessly."

"Yes, I know. Forgive me. I meant to do my best."

He frowned and his expression was not good to see.

"Her best." And this is what she had done.

Last spring he had thought himself one of the happiest men alive, engaged to be married to this girl, Eva Austin; he loved her passionately and believed her to be the ideal type of womanhood, high principled, truthful, gentle—in fact, almost faultless.

One day, a few months ago, she had written to break off her engagement, a short letter which was a masterpiece of polite reserve and feminine cruelty. She regretted if she had caused him any pain—Oh, yes, regrets cost nothing—she was conscious of the honor that he had paid her * * * she wished to remain his friend * * * she returned his ring.

Captain Humphrey travelled many miles to demand an explanation of his affianced wife. He was refused admittance, his letters were returned unopened by her sister—Eva was ill and could not write. The truth struck him in the face; in plain English he had been hopelessly jilted. Then he vowed to forget Eva Austin's existence and congratulated himself upon his freedom from domestic ties.

To-day, as he stood in the parlor of the hotel to which she had summoned him, he had so far overlooked his determination to forget her existence that his anger was waxing fierce against her. Why had she brought him here? To be made a fool of a second time? No, and a thousand times no.

"If you did your best, Miss Austin, may I ask what your worst would have been?"

She moved quickly, almost as if he had struck her.

"I cannot explain. If you knew how it all happened you would perhaps believe—you might perhaps think a little better of me."

He stood bolt upright, speechless. In his heart of hearts he was long to take her in his arms, to tell her that for him she was the only woman in the world, with all her faults.

Her faults, they were unpardonable.

"I should be glad to think well of any lady," he said at last, lightly, "more especially of a lady who once honored me with her friendship."

"Yes," she said gently, "it was because of that friendship that I wrote. I had a favor to ask you. Now—it is not necessary. I am sorry."

There was a brief silence, then she said:

"There are changes in my family. Ella is going to be married; the engagement is very sudden, it was only settled this morning."

(Ella was the younger sister of whom he had so often been jealous in those forgotten days.)

"Allow me to congratulate."

He bowed and turned to go; the interview was a farce.

At the door she stopped him. "Do you start—to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"Goodby. We that is Ella and I, wish you a happy return."

Considering their former intimacy, this was barely the farewell that good manners demanded, nothing more.

His hand was on the lock. Something else she said, her voice was almost inaudible, "I will pray for you."

his grasp he scrawled feebly, "God bless you, Eva."

The orderly brought a bundle of letters into the shed which had been hastily converted into a hospital. The men crowded eagerly round him; even Captain Humphrey, who was "dangerously" wounded, turned an anxious face toward the messenger.

The captain recognized the shape and color of the envelope that was brought to his bedside; the handwriting, too, was familiar. It was Eva Austin's.

"Now that I am happily married I must free my conscience and tell you our secret. Think as badly of me as you can. Eva sacrificed herself for me. I told her that I cared for her, that is why she wrote that letter. Afterward, when she was ill, I sent back your letters without her knowledge."

The lines jumped up and down before the sick man's eyes; he read on:

"Eva wanted to put things right between you and me; that is why she sent for me before you left. Didn't you guess? She found out her mistake before you came and took him the blame on herself to shield me. You will never forgive me, I shouldn't, but I can't bear to think that you are still misjudging her."

"Will he pull through, doctor?" asked a young officer that night. He it was who had found the captain and brought him into shelter.

"Pull through? Yes, now his mind's at rest."

"What do you mean by that?"

"What do we all worry about, eh?"

The officer did not answer—he wasn't going to tell his secrets to the wily doctor.

"The first night he wanted to risk his life writing or dictating letters home. Now, I think he's satisfied with the news he's received. He brought him down to-day's mail."

"He's asleep," said the other in a whisper; "and say, doctor, he's got a letter tucked away under his pillow."

THE HOME HOSPITAL.

One Room Especially for Use in Illness.

It has been suggested by latter-day sanitarians that the plan of all houses in the future should include one room especially for use in illness—a hospital room. It is urged that this could be done without any great additional expenditure of money or less of space, because such a room could be used as an ordinary bedroom until the time came to turn it into a sick-room.

Where such a room is out of the question it is not a difficult matter to prepare a hygienic room for sick nursing in the average house or apartment, if certain necessary conditions are borne in mind.

In the first place, the best room, in the sense of best lighted and ventilated, should be reserved for this purpose. It should get direct sunlight for some part of every day, and there should be provision for free ingress and egress of air.

The next consideration is the doing away with draperies and upholstery. In case of severe acute illness, fevers and the like, it is most important that there should be no dust-catching, stuffy materials about; the bed should be of metal, the necessary articles of furniture should be washable, as also the floor, and, if possible, even the walls.

The new sanitary wall-papers are good in design; a simple painted wall will be hygienic, and walls that will bear washing do not imply bare desolation. A hardwood floor, or a common stained one, can easily be wiped each day with a damp cloth wrung out of a weak solution of bichloride of mercury; plain chairs and tables and the metal bed can be treated in the same manner. All rugs should be carried away, and felt shoes should be worn if the bare floors cause noise.

It is important to remember that utensils should never be emptied and cleansed in the sick-room. They should be taken outside, and before they are brought back a little clean water, to which has been added some antiseptic solution, such as carbolic acid or chlorides, should be poured into them.

Finally, if one is suddenly called to take charge of a sick-room, it should never be forgotten that there is no illness to which fresh air is a menace; that the more freely it can be admitted by day and by night, without blowing directly on the bed, the more chance the patient has of a good recovery.

It should be remembered also that a damp cloth, as a cleansing agent, is worth all the brooms and feather dusters ever invented, and that a little common sense is better than much paraphernalia.

EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES. The British soldier is a first-class fighting man, but now and then his mental attributes make us smile. Numerous anecdotes are told of the simplicity of his ideas, and the following is, perhaps, one of the best—

A gunner in one of the campaigns in Egypt was serving his piece, when he was surrounded by a crowd of Arabs that he had to use his rammer as a club. He repulsed the enemy and saved his gun at the expense of a broken rammer, and for his bravery he was selected for the Victoria Cross.

When summoned before the board of officers the soldier thought it was for the breach of discipline in having broken the rammer, and before a volunteered plea of "guilty," with extenuating circumstances.

There was a broad smile on the face of the board, but the soldier got the Cross.

REFLEX MESSAGE. Mrs. Jones, was that trained nurse I sent you helpful? Oh, yes, doctor; Mr. Jones gets mad at her so often that his circulation is improving right along.

FAMOUS LOVERS.

Some Celebrated Men Who Have Been Rejected.

It may be some consolation to the rejected lover to remember that many of the greatest men in history have suffered equal pangs and survived the same ordeal to find married happiness elsewhere.

Even Byron, that most beautiful and gifted of men, had more than his share of refusals, and one of them at least was accompanied by words which left a sting till his last day. He was only a Harrow schoolboy of sixteen when he fell madly in love with Miss Chaworth, of Annesley, a young heiress of some beauty, who was two years older than himself.

But Miss Chaworth treated all the boy's shy advances with laughter and contempt, and although he was "suffering the tortures of the lost" for her sake, refused to take him seriously. But the crowning blow came when, from an adjacent room, he overheard Miss Chaworth say to her maid: "Do you think I could care anything for that lame boy?" "This cruel speech," he afterwards said, "was like a shot through my heart. Although it was late and pitch dark I darted out of the house and never stopped running until I reached Newstead."

Even Byron's future unhappy wife rejected him decisively when he first asked her hand; and only after long resistance consented to receive letters from him.

Shelley, too, almost as handsome and as gifted as Byron, knew, from more than one experience, the

"PANGS OF REJECTION."

After he had been expelled from Oxford and went to London with his fellow culprit, Hogg, to live, he fell violently in love with his landlady's daughter, who bore the unromantic name of Eliza Jenkins; but Eliza, even though he threatened to commit suicide in his despair, refused to have anything to do with him; and when a few months later, having thought better of his suicidal threat, he sought to console himself by paying court to Miss Harriet Grove, a pretty cousin, she was so alarmed at his heterodoxies that she sent him very decisively about his business.

When Sheridan, following the example of many other armoured young men, fell over head and ears in love with Miss Linley, the beautiful singer, "she only laughed at his ardor, and made faces at him behind his back"; and yet he used that eloquent and subtle tongue of his to such purpose that he actually ran away with her to a French nunnery, and married her after fighting several duels with his rivals and her persecutors.

When Burke, the great politician and orator, was a student at Trinity College, Dublin, he is said to have had more than one love disappointment. His first infatuation was for the daughter of a small publican, "whose dark eyes fired the blood of the young Irishman"; but after coquetting with him for a time she jilted him in the

MOST HEARTLESS FASHION. His success, too, with his beautiful countrywoman, Margaret Woffington, was no greater, although he remained her loyal lover to the last.

It is well known that Joan Baptiste Bernadotte, when he was a private of Marines, was indignantly refused by a girl of very humble rank who thought herself "much too good to marry a common soldier." What her reflections were in later years, when the despised private was the powerful King Christian XIV. of Sweden and Norway, history does not record.

Seldom has there been a more persistent wooer than Alexander Cruden the eccentric bookseller and author of the famous "Concordance." For unwearied years he made love to Miss Abney, an heiress, following her about slavishly and writing to or calling on her daily in spite of her almost contemptuous indifference to him. He even went so far, whenever she went on a journey, as to distribute circulars inviting congregations to pray for her safety. But, alas! she was obstinate, and refused to be known as "Mrs. Cruden."

HIS MARRIAGE FEE. A poor couple living in the Emerald Isle went to the priest for marriage, and were met with a demand for the marriage fee. It was not forthcoming. Both the consenting parties were rich in love and in their prospects, but destitute of financial resources. The father was obliged to give money no marriage.

Give me love, your reverence, said the blushing bride to go and get the money.

It was given, and she sped forth on the delicate mission of raising a marriage fee out of pure nothing. After a short interval she returned with the sum of money, and the ceremony was completed to the satisfaction of all. When the parting was taking place the newly-made wife seemed a little uneasy.

Anything on your mind, Catherine? said the father.

Well, your reverence, I would like to know if this marriage could not be spoiled now?

Certainly not, Catherine. No man can put us under.

Could you not do it yourself, father? Could you not spoil the marriage?

No, no, Catherine. You are past me now. I have nothing more to do with your marriage.

That raises me mind, said Catherine, and God bless your reverence. There's the ticket for your hat. I picked it up in the lobby and pawned it.

KEPT BUSY. I suppose you have nothing to do since your wife went away, said Cumso.

Haven't I? replied Cawker. I'm kept busy shipping things that she forgot to pack in her trunks, and that she writes for by every mail.

Mr. Hardhead—I saved a pile of money to-day. Mrs. H.—That is lovely! How? Mr. H.—Instead of using a man for what he owed me, I let him have it.