WINGS OF SERAPHIM.

A SWIFT, ASPIRING, RADIANT AND BUOYANT SERAPH.

The Exalted Theme That Rev. Dr. Talmage Made a Practical and Useful Thing Of—Divine Velocity and the Rustle of Angels' Pinions.

Rev. Dr. Talmage preached on Sunday from the text Isaiah vi, 2, "With twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly."

In a hospital of leprosy good King Uzziah had died and the whole land was shadowed with solemnity, and theological and phophetic Isaiah was thinking about religious things, as one is apt to do in time of great national bereavement, and, forgetting the presence of his wife and two sons, who made up his family, he had a dream, not like the dreams of ordinary character, which generally come from indigestion, but vision most instructive and under the touch of the hand of the Almighty.

The place, the ancient temple, building grand, awful, majestic. Within that temple a throne higher and grander than that occupied by any czar or sultan or emperor. On that throne the eternal Christ. In lines surrounding that throne, the brightest celestials, not the cherubim, but higher than they, the most exquisite and radiant of the heavenly inhabitants—the seraphim. They are called burners, because they look like fire. In addition to the features and the limbs, which suggest a human being, there are pinions, which sugfest the lithest, the swiftest, the most buoyant and the most inspiring of all unintelligent creation, a bird. Each seraph had six wings, each two of the wings for a different purpose. Isaiah's dream quivers and flashes with these pinions. Now folded, now spread, now beaten in locomotion. "With twain he covered his feet, with twain he covered his face, with twain he did fly."

The probability is that these wings were not all used at once. The seraph standing there near the throne, overwhelmed at the insignificance of the paths his feet had trodden as compared with the paths trodden by God, and with the lameness of his locomotion, amounting almost to decripitude as compared with the divine velocity, with feathery veil of angelic modesty hides the feet. "With twain he did cover his feet."

Standing there, overpowered by the overmatching splendor of God's glory, and unable longer with the eyes to look upon them and wishing those eyes shaded from the insufferable glory, the pinions gather over the countenance. "With twain he did cover the face." Then, as God tells this seraph to go to the farthest outpost of immensity on message of light and love and joy and get back before the first anthem, it does not take the seraph a great while to spread himself upon the air with unimagined celerity, one stroke of the wing equal to 10,000 leagues of air, "With twain he did fly."

The most practical and useful lesson for you and me—when we see the seraph spreading his wings over the feet—is the lesson of humility at imperfection. The brightest angels of God are so far beneath God that He charges them with folly. The [illegible] so far beneath God, and we so far beneath the seraph in service, we ought to be plunged in humility, utter and complete. Our feet, how laggard they have been on the divine service! Our feet, how many missteps they have taken! Our feet, in how many paths of worldiness and folly they have walked!

Neither God nor seraph intended to put any dishonor upon that which is one of the masterpieces of Almighty God—the human foot. Physiologist and anatomist are overwhelmed at the wonders of the foot. Sir Charles Bell, on the wisdom and goodness of God as illustrated in the human hand, with a result of the $10,000 bequeathed in the last will and testament of the Earl of Bridgewater for the encouragement of Christian literature, the world could afford to forgive his eccentricities, though he had two dogs seated at his table, and though he put six dogs alone in an equipage drawn by four horses, and attended by two footmen. With his large bequest, inducing Sir Charles Bell to write so valuable a book on the wisdom and goodness of God in the construction of the human foot, the world could afford to forgive his oddities, and the world could now afford to have another Earl of Bridgewater, however, idiosyncratic, if he would induce some other Sir Charles Bell to write a book on the wisdom and goodness of God in the construction of the human foot. The articulation of its bones, the lubrication of its joints, the ingenuity of its cartilages, the delicacy of its veins, the rapidity of its construction, the sensitiveness of its muscular construction, the sensitiveness of its nerves.

I sound the praises of the human foot. With that we halt or climb or march. It is the foundation of the physical fabric. It is the base of a God poised column. With it the warrior braces himself for battle. With it the orator plants himself for ought. With it the toiler reaches his work. With it the outraged stamps his indignation. Its loss an irreparable disaster. Its health an individual equipment. If you want to know its value, ask the man whose feet paralysis hath shrivelled or machinery hath crushed, or surgeon's knife hath amputated. The Bible honors it. Especial care. "Lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." "He will not suffer thy foot to be moved." "Thy feet shall not stumble." Especial charge, "Keep thou foot when thou goest to the house of God." Especial peril. "Their feet shall slide in due time." Connected with the world's dissolution, "He shall set one foot on the sea and the other on the earth."

Give me the history of your foot, and I will give you the history of your lifetime. Tell me up what steps it hath gone, down what declivities and in what roads and in what directions, and I will know more about you than I want to know. None of us could endure the scrutiny. Our feet not always in paths of God, sometimes in paths of worldliness. Our feet a divine and glorious machinery for usefulness and we get so often making to sense, sometimes even in the wrong direction, tied knowing every step, the patriarch saying, "Thou settest a print on the heels of my feet." Crimes of the hand, crimes of the tongue, crimes of the eye, crimes of the ear, not worse than crimes of the foot. Oh, we want the wings of humility to cover the feet! Ought we not to go into self-abnegation, before the all-searching, all-scrutinizing, all-trying eye of God? The seraphs do. How much more we! "With twain he covered the feet."

All this talk about the dignity of human nature is braggadocio and sin. Our nature started of the hand of God regal, but it has been pauperized. There is a well in Bethesda which once had very pure water, and it was stoutly masoned with stone and brick, but that well afterward became the centre of the battle of Waterloo. At the opening of the battle the soldiers, with their sabres, compelled the gardener, William von Kylsom, to draw water out of the well for them, and it was very pure water, but the battle raged and 200 dead and half dead were flung into the well for quick and easy burial, so that the well of refreshment became the well of death, and long after people looked down into the well, and they saw the bleached skulls, but no water. So the human soul was a well of good, but the armies of sin have fought around it and fought across it and been slain, and it has become a well of skeletons. Dead hopes, dead resolutions, dead opportunities, dead ambitions. An abandoned well unless Christ shall reopen and purify and fill it as the well of Belgium never was. Unclean, unclean.

Another seraphic posture in the text "With twain he covered the face." That means reverence Godward. Never so much irreverence abroad in the world as to-day. You see it in the defaced statuary, in the cutting out of the figures from the paintings, in the chipping of monuments for a momento, in the fact that military guard must stand at the grave of Lincoln and Garfield, and that old shade trees must be cut down for firewood, though 500 George P. Morrises beg the woodman to spare the tree, and that calls a corpse a cadaver, and that speaks of death as going over to the majority and substitutes for the reverend terms father and mother "the old man" and "the old woman" and finds nothing impressive in the ruins of Baalbee or the columns of Karnac, and sees no difference in the Sabbath from other days except it allows more dissipation, and reads the Bible in what is called higher criticism, making it not the word of God, but a good book with some fine things in it. Irreverence never so much abroad. How many take the name of God in vain how many trivial things said about the Almighty! Not willing to have God in the world, they roll up an idea of sublimentality and humanitarianism and impudence and imbecility and call it God. No wings of reverence over the face, no taking off of shoes on holy ground. You can tell from the way they talk they could have made a better world than this, and that the God of the Bible shocks every sense of propriety. They talk of the love of God in a way that shows you they believe it does not make any difference how bad a man is here he will come in at the shining gate. They talk of the love of God in a way which shows you they think it is a general jail delivery for all the abandoned and the scoundrelly of the universe. No punishment hereafter for any wrong-doing here.

The Bible gives two descriptions of God, and they are just opposite, and they are both true. In one place the Bible says God is love. In another place the Bible says God is a consuming fire. The explanation is plain as plain can be. God through Christ is love. God out of Christ is fire. To win the one and escape the other we have only to throw ourselves, body, mind and soul, into Christ's keeping. "No," says irreverence, "I want no atonement; I want no pardon; I want no reverence. I will go up and face God, and I will challenge Him, and I will defy Him and I will ask Him what He wants to do with me." So the finite confronts the Infinite, so a tack hammer tries to break a thunderbolt, so the breath of human nostrils defies the everlasting God, while the hierarchs of heaven bow the head and bend the knee as the King's chariot goes by, and the archangel turns away because he cannot endure the splendor, and the choirs of all the empires of heaven comes in with full diapason, "Holy, holy, holy!"

Reverence for sham, reverence for the old merely because it is old, reverence for stupidity, however learned, reverence for incapacity, however finely immaturated, I have none. But we want more reverence for God, more reverence for the sacraments, more reverence for the Bible, more reverence for the pure, more reverence for the good. Reverence a characteristic of all great natures. You hear it in the roll of the Raphaels and Titians and Girlandiaios. You study it in the architecture of the Aholiabs and Christopher Wrens. Do not be flippant. Do not joke about death. Do not make fun of the Bible. Do not deride the Eternal. The brightest and mightiest seraph cannot look unabashed upon Him. Involuntarily the [illegible]

Who is this God before whom the arrogant and intractable refuse reverence? There was an engineer of the name of Strasierates who was in the employ of Alexander the Great, and he offered to bow a mountain into the shape of his master, the emperor. The enormous figure to hold in the left hand a city of 10,000 inhabitants, while with the right hand it was to hold a basin large enough to collect all the mountain torrents. Alexander applauded him for his ingenuity, but forbade the enterprise because of its costliness. Yet I have to tell you that our King holds in one hand all the cities of the earth and all the oceans, while He has the stars of Heaven for His tiara.

Earthly power goes from hand to hand, from Henry I to Henry II and Henry III from Charles I to Charles II from Louis I to Louis II and Louis III, but from everlasting to everlasting is God. God the first, God the last, the only. He has one telescope, with which He sees everything—His conscience. He has one bridge, with which He crosses everything—His reverence. He has one hammer with which He builds everything—His omnipotence. Put two tablespoonfuls of water in the palm of your hand and it will overflow, but Isaiah indicates that God puts the Atlantic and the Pacific and the Arctic and the Antarctic and the Mediterranean and the Black Sea and all the waters of the earth in the hollow of His hand. The fingers the beach on one side, the wrist the beach on the other. "He holdeth the water in the hollow of His hand."

As you take a pinch of salt or powder between your thumb and two fingers, so Isaiah indicates God takes up the earth. He measures the dust of the earth, the original there indicating that God takes all the continents between the thumb and two fingers. You wrap around your hand a blue ribbon five times, ten times. You say it is five handbreadths, or it is ten handbreadths. So indicates the prophet. God winds the blue ribbon of the sky around His hand. "He meteth out the heavens with a span." You know that balances are made of a beam suspended in the middle with two boxes at the extremities to weigh left. In that way what vast heft has been weighed. But what are all the balances of earthly manipulation compared with the balances Isaiah saw suspended when he saw God putting into the scales the Alps and the Apennines and Mount Washington and the Sierra Nevadas. You see the earth had to be ballasted. It would not do to have too much weight in Europe, too much weight in Asia, or too much weight in Africa or in America, so when God made the mountains He weighed them. The Bible distinctly says so. God knows the weight of the great range that cross the continents. He knows the pounds avoirdupois of the forests, the grains, the millions—yes, how much they weighed when they were made, and how much they weigh now. He weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance. Oh, what a God to run against! Oh, what a God to disobey! Oh, what a God to dishonor! Oh, what a God to do! The brightest, the mightiest angel takes no familiarity with God. The wings of reverence are lifted. "With twain He covered the face."

Another seraphic posture in the text. The seraph must not always stand still. He must move and it must be without clumsiness. There must be celebrity and beauty in the movement. "With twain he did fly." Correction, exhilaration. Correction at our slow gait, for we only crawl in the service when we ought to fly at the divine bidding. Exhilaration in the fact that the soul has wings, as the seraphs have wings. What is a wing? An instrument of locomotion. They may not be like seraph's wing, they may not be like bird's wing, but the soul has wings. God says so. "He shall mount up on wings as eagles." We are made in the divine imagine, and God has wings. The Bible says so. "Under whose wings hast thou come to trust." The soul, with folded wing now, wounded wing, broken wing, bleeding wing, caged wing. Aye, I have it now! Caged within bars of bone and under curtains of flesh, but one day to be free. I hear the rustle of pinion in Seagrave's poem, which we sometimes sing:

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings.

I hear the rustle of wings in Alexander Pope's stanza, where he says:

I mount, I fly,
O death, where is thy victory?

A dying Christian not along ago cried out, "Wings, wings, wings!" The air is full of them, coming and going, coming and going. You have seen how the dull, sluggish chrysalis becomes the bright butterfly—the dull and the stupid and the lethargic turned into the alert and the beautiful. Well, my friends, in this world we are in the chrysalid state. Death will unfurl the wings. Oh, if we could only realize what a grand thing it will be to get rid of this old clod of the body and mount the heavens! Neither seagull nor lark, nor albatross, nor falcon, nor condor, pitching from highest range of Andes, so buoyant or so majestic of stroke.

See the eagle in the mountain nest? It looks so sick, so ragged feathered, so worn out and so half asleep. Is that eagle dying? No. The ornithologist will tell you it is the molting season with that bird. Not dying, but molting. You see that Christian sick and weary, and worn out, and seeming about to expire on what is called his deathbed? The world says he is dying. I say it is the molting season for his soul—the body dropping away, the celestial pinions coming on. Not dying, but molting. Molting out of darkness and sin and struggle, into glory and into God. Why do you not shout? Why do you sit shivering at the thought of death and trying to look back and wishing you could stay here forever and speak of departure as though the subject were filled with the skeletons and varnish of coffins, and as though you preferred lame foot to swift wing?

Oh, people of God, let us stop playing the fool and prepare for rapturous flight. When your soul stands on the verge of this life and there are vast precipices beneath and saphired domes above, which way will you flyf Will you swoop, or will you soar? Will you fly downward, or will you fly upward? Everything on the wing bidding us this day aspire. Holy spirit on the wind. Angel of the New Covenant on the wing. Time on the wing, flying away from us. Eternity on the wing, flying toward us. Wings, wings, wings!

Live so near to Christ, that when you are dead, people standing by your lifeless body, will not soliloquize, saying: "What a disappointment life was to him how diverse he was to departure, what a pity it was he had to die; what an awful calamity." Rather standing there, may they see a sign more vivid on your still face than the vestiges of pain, something that will indicate that it was a happy exit—the clearance from oppressive quarantine, the cast off chrysalid, the molting of the faded and the useless and the ascent from malarial valleys to bright, shining mountain tops, and be led to say as they stand there contemplating your humility and your reverence in life and your happiness in death, "With twain he covered the feet, with twain he covered the face, with twain he did fly." Wings, wings, wings!

DON'T EAT EGGS WHEN ANGRY.

A Boston Man Says It Is Dangerous and May Cause Death.

"Never eat eggs while you are angry," says A. E. Stewirt, of Boston. "My attention was first called to this strange fact by the tragic and sudden death of a lady acquaintance in Boston several years ago. No one was with them. Just as we were going in to dinner a servant did something that caused the lady to fly into a terrible rage. She had been irritable from some minor complaint for several days, and her husband calmed her ruffled feelings sufficiently for the dinner to to be eaten in good temper. I noticed that she ate an unusually large amount of soft scrambled eggs. Fifteen minutes after we left the dining room she was a corpse. She died in frightful convulsions before the nearest doctor reached the house. The doctor was unable to ascribe the cause. A few months later I was visiting a brother in Connecticut and one of his sons died under similar circumstances. Before breakfast one morning the boy, who was about 15 years old, had a fight with a neighbor's boy. Before his anger had subsided my nephew was called to breakfast. He ate four soft-boiled eggs. Had I known as much then as I do now I would have prevented it. In less than half an hour after breakfast the boy died with exactly the same symptoms that were present when my friend's wife died. This set me to thinking about the matter.

"It wasn't long after this before a Beacon Hill friend of mine expired suddenly after a meal. The doctors, as usual were divided in opinion on the cause of death. Some of them contended that it was heart failure, whatever that is, and others are still holding out that it was apoplexy. Inquiry by me developed the fact that my friend was very angry when he sat down at table, and that he ate five eggs. With these developments I searched no further for the cause of his death. He was angry, he ate eggs, and he died. If these are not links in the chain of cause and effect the human intellect is incapable of logical thinking."

MUST HUSTLE FOR HIS PRACTICE.

Seventy-five Year Old Medical Student Gets His Degree.

A student named Borysik has just passed the final examination at Warsaw University qualifying him to practise as a doctor of medicine in Russia. Borysik was born in 1822, and was educated at Suvalk Higher Grade School with a view to becoming a medical man. After passing his matriculation lack of funds prevented him from at once proceeding to the university, and he was compelled to work as a tutor for twenty years in order to save enough money to enable him to continue his studies. At the end of that time he presented himself at Warsaw Medical Academy and passed the entrance examination with distinction. Before he could begin his studies the Polish rebellion of 1863 broke out, and Borysik, who was now 41 years of age, threw himself into the movement with all the enthusiasm of a youthful revolutionist. The revolt was suppressed, and Borysik was exiled to Siberia, where for thirty-two years he underwent hard labor in the silver mines. In 1895 he received a free pardon and returned to Warsaw. In spite of his age and the hardships he had endured, Borysik had lost none of his enthusiasm for medical work, and took up his studies where he had left them off in 1863. After a two years' course this remarkable man has now at the age of 75 years passed the final examination with honors, and will begin a practise in Warsaw.

DEATH OF CHIEF THEODORE.

"Old Theodore," said Larry, "was kicking up a row. We picked him up dead inside the walls of Magdala, when we blew up the gates. This was in '68."

THE NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

THE VERY LATEST FROM ALL THE WORLD OVER.

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

CANADA.

An Indian boy met death in Jasper Pass by falling from a tree which overhung a precipice to the rocks and ice 200 feet below.

Israel Gravelle was fined $10 and costs by Recorder Champagne, of Hull, on Wednesday for swearing on the streets.

The Diana sailed from Halifax on Thursday with the expedition sent out to inquire into the possibilities of the Hudson bay route.

Hamilton Sons of Scotland will light a bonfire on the mountain brow on the night of June 22nd, and will carry the fiery cross in honor of her Majesty's jubilee.

Sir Richard Cartwright is a busy man at present. He is Minister of Trade and Commerce, Acting Minister of Militia, Acting President of the Council, and Acting Premier.

There is a block of business in the Supreme Court, many of the Judges being unable to sit on cases with which they were connected before being appointed Judges.

Mr. W. Molson Macpherson has been elected President of the Molsons Bank to succeed the late Mr. J. H. R. Molson.

The Winnipeg City Council has made a grant of $10,000 towards a fund to be raised for the erection of a wing to the hospital to be known as the Victoria wing.

Joseph Maloney of Grantham Township is in the St. Catharines hospital suffering from a gunshot wound inflicted by his father in a quarrel. The father has been arrested.

Mr. W.A. Craig, B.A., a graduate of Queen's University, and a well-known figure around Kingston, Ont., dropped dead on Friday in a yard at the rear of the St. Lawrence hotel, in that city.

John Mile, an assistant engineer at the American Rattan Company's factory in Toronto, was fatally scalded and choked on Sunday morning, by allowing in mistake some cold water to run on hot ashes.

On Friday night the Grand Trunk railway department of the Y.M.C.A. of Toronto formally opened their splendid new building, which has been fitted up by the G.T.R. General Manager Hays was present.

Mrs. Elisha M. Fulton, wife of Manager Fulton of the Consumers' Cordage Company, has entered suit against the Montreal Park and Island Railway Company for $50,000 damages for injuries.

The jury in the case of Mrs. Fisher of St. Catharines, who was found drowned in a cistern a week ago, returned a verdict this afternoon of found drowned. The husband was discharged from custody.

The list of Jubilee honours to be recommended by the Premier is not yet completed, but it is said the list will include Lieutenant-Governor Kirkpatrick, Hon. A. S. Hardy and Chief Justice Taylor of Winnipeg.

Mr. J. H. R. Molson's will was probated at Montreal, and disposes of an estate of about $2,000,000, divided among relatives and friends, also a number of bequests to public institutions, including $100,000 to McGill University.

The London City Council passed a by-law providing for the annexation to the city of the Village of London West. The people of the village will vote on it, and if it is carried the municipalities will become united on December 20 next.

Winnipeg expresses his conviction that the Winnipeg & Duluth Railway could be made to pay, and that considerable American traffic would be diverted to Canadian territory by its construction.

Harry Hamilton, a fifteen-year-old son of Ald. Hamilton of Guelph, was presented on Monday with a parchment certificate of the Royal Humane Association for bravery in saving the life of a lad named Peter Christie, who went through the ice.

At a meeting of the Hamilton, Ont., branch of the King's Daughters on Monday, it was decided to sever connection with the International Association, whose headquarters are in New York city, and a new organization called the Canadian Independent Order of King's Daughters, has been formed.

The convict, Gahan, who forged Hon. R. R. Dobell's name on a check for $150 recently, was sentenced by Judge Chaveau in the Quebec Police Court to ten years in penitentiary. Gahan was recently released from penitentiary, where he was serving a term for vitriol throwing.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The new Japanese loan was subscribed several times over in London.

Mr. Chamberlain states that Belgium and Germany have protested against British goods entering Canada at a lower tariff.

It is reported that the Dublin aldermen at their morning meeting will elect Mr. John Redmond, the Parnellite leader, Lord Mayor of Dublin.

Among the jubilee proposals the renaming of Great Britain has been suggested. The two names offered as substitutes are Wiseland and Enwisiolia.

The Queen's abstention from visiting Ireland is said to be the result of the refusal of Dublin in the sixties to grant a site in Phoenix park for a monument to the late Prince Consort.

Mr. Stead makes a very bitter attack upon Mr. Chamberlain for withholding, as he asserts, information from the Committee of Enquiry that would have shown an anticipatory knowledge of the Jameson raid.

A resolution calling upon the Irish to abstain from taking part in the diamond jubilee of Queen Victoria was carried at the annual meeting of the Irish National League of Great Britain, held at Manchester.

The son of the Rev. George Brooks, otherwise known as the "Prince of Begging Letter Writers," whose doings were exposed in the columns of Truth, attempted to horsewhip Mr. Labouchere, M.P., the editor, in London.

Mr. Chamberlain stated in the Imperial House of Commons on Tuesday that the Canadian Government was fully satisfied of the competency of the firm of Petersen, Tait and Co. to carry out their engagements for the fast Atlantic service.

UNITED STATES.

It is said George Gould will go to England to live.

Whitecaps are "administering justice" in the district of Lamar county, near Birmingham, Ala.

The Ohio Supreme Court has declared the law unconstitutional which last winter accepted the Torrens system of recording land titles.

The Princess Troubetzkoy, formerly Amelia Rives Chanler, author of "The Quick and the Dead," is a patient in a private sanitarium at Philadelphia.

GENERAL.

Rumours are current in Paris of serious dissensions in the Meline Cabinet.

President Faure will leave Paris on the 25th of July to visit the Czar in St. Petersburg.

The sea armistice was signed in Athens on Saturday by the Turkish and Greek delegates.

The King of Siam, who is now in Rome, is on his way to England to attend the jubilee ceremonies.

The Cape Legislative Assembly has unanimously adopted a proposal to contribute towards the maintenance of the Imperial navy.

Japan has ordered a battleship of eleven thousand tons burden to be built on the Clyde. She will be a duplicate of the British ship Jupiter.

It is likely that the Spanish Cabinet crisis will be arranged by calling General Weyler from Cuba and Senor Castillo remaining in office.

It is the prevalent opinion in Constantinople that Germany is playing a bold game in order to force Russia to openly declare either for or against Turkey.

The Chinese-Belgium railway contract was signed May 30. Under its terms the railway from Kau-Kau to Paotong-Fu is to be completed in 1903.

The Berlin public were excluded from the great spring parade on the Templehof on Tuesday, and in consequence the Emperor was hooted on his way to the parade.

The acquittal of Herr von Tausch, the former chief of the Berlin secret political police, who has been on trial for nearly two weeks, charged with prejury, high treason, and forgery, was acquitted on Friday.

The trouble still continues in the Spanish Cabinet. It is said that the Duke of Mandao, the Spanish Ambassador to Paris, will be recalled to take the place of the Duke of Tetuna, the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

The Czar and Czarina, attended a requiem mass on Sunday at the Imperial church of Peterhof, in memory of the terrible panic in Moscow a year ago, when several thousand persons were crushed to death.

Hadja Michalis, as chief of the Cretan insurgents, has issued a proclamation calling upon the Cretans to elect a General Assembly to resume their ordinary everyday relations, and to respect the lives and property of the Mussulmans.

The Spanish Premier, Senor Canovas del Castillo, has tendered to the Queen Regent the resignation of the Cabinet, owing to the difficulty the Ministers experience in carrying on the Government in view of the Parliamentary situation caused by the refusal of the Liberals to take part in the deliberations of the Cortes. The resignation was accepted.

PLAYING WITH A DEN OF LIONS.

How a Woman Commands the King of Wild Beasts.

In front of a semi-circle of chairs in one of the mysterious recesses of the Royal Aquarium at Westminster, was a vast iron cage, in which a huge lion and four lionesses were pacing up and down. As we had foregathered there to see a lady pay them a visit in the cage, I naturally supposed and hoped that they were docile and harmless. But instead of this they apparently retained an unseemly amount of their native ferocity, for they growled and snarled at each other and flashed their great paws against the bars as the attendant walked by. It occurred to me that something had disturbed their usual placidity, and I hoped the Countess X— would notice this and not venture among them. I was watching the beasts nervously and speculating that the chances were of surviving a blow from one of these paws, when a little lady in a low-cut black silk bodice and knickerbockers, came out from her dressing-room, and with a smile to the audience, which necessarily included me, she ran up the steps and through the double door into the cage.

She carried only a wooden shield in one hand and a stick in the other, and beating these on the floor she drove the lions back to one end growling and striking at her while she shouted commands to them at the top of her voice in a perfect hurricane of French.

The audience caught their breath. It was terrible to see this woman facing those five enraged creatures, their great mouths open, their tails lashing furiously against the bars behind them. She wore a black mask, but nevertheless one could see that she was perfectly composed. Evidently she did not know what fear was. But not one of those five glaring pair of eyes ever felt that her eyes were off theirs for a moment. She flashed from one to the other so rapidly that it seemed like a continuous gaze. The whole time she is in the cage, and it must be a quarter of an hour or more, the Countess X— never sees anything but the lions' eyes. At her command the monsters crouched down or chased from one end of the cage to the other as if under some hypnotic influence from which they were striving to shake themselves. There was nothing of that heartrending humanity that one sometimes sees in these unfortunate caged creatures. The ferocious animals had found some one more fearless than themselves, and submitted to her will though it was with a very bad grace.

The great lions began a steeplechase at her command; they descended to the indignity of mere performing dogs, leaping through paper drums and flying burning hoops. Every now and then one would seem to turn upon her, and fresh marks would be scratched on the fragile wooden shield, but her torrent of words subdued it again in a moment.

She knelt before the big lion and spoke to it carefully, and stretched herself in front of them all in a position which to the onlooker seemed full of awful peril, and then, springing to her feet she moved slowly backward toward the door and with a rapid movement darted through. Quick as she was, however, she was only just in time, for as the door opened her eyes were shifted for a moment, and the big lion, who had been waiting for his chance, sprang forward with a furious bound that made my heart stand still.

"He always watches for that moment," said the countess to me afterward, when dressed in the habiliments of every-day life, she had expressed her willingness to receive a visitor. "Once I was too slow, and his claws tore me horribly; but that is the only injury I have ever received.

"How long have I been performing? Eighteen months, that's all. I was down in my fortunes, and was looking for some way to replenish them, when I happened to see the gentleman who is now my manager performing in Paris. I was enchanted immediately, because I have always loved animals, and these great wild beasts most of all, and I offered to do all that he did myself. For the first six or seven days, however, I wore a sort of iron cage to protect me from their iron claws, but very soon they got to know me. Do you know, I love the excitement. It is delightful to feel so much power."

We chatted for a long time about her life. Undoubtedly the Countess X— was very charming. I began to understand why the lions were fascinated. But the little theatre was being closed, and I had to go.

DANGERS OF BICYCLING.

EXCESSIVE EXERCISE PRODUCES ALBUMINURIA.

Big Insurance Companies Now Heed It—The Effect the Same as Hard Drinking—A Wheelman Who Is a Teetotaler Found to Have Kidneys of a Hard Drinker.

A man who applied for a life insurance policy to one of the biggest companies in the United States was amazed last week when his application was rejected on the ground that he was suffering from albuminuria. In his mind, as with most other people, this disease was associated with over-indulgence in beer. He had been a total abstainer all his life. About the only thing he indulged in to excess was bicycle riding. When he made inquiries about the result of his examination he was told that too much bicycle riding was as bad for the kidneys as too much beer. Intemperance in physical exercise counts as much as any other form of intemperance in determining whether a man is a "good risk."

This subject was discussed at length at a meeting of the Association of Life Insurance Medical Directors held in New York last week. Dr. T. Glover Lyon, of London, Secretary of the British Life Insurance Association, took part in the discussion. Dr. J.C. Young, of Newark, read a paper on albuminuria, in which he said that prolonged physical exercise brought on the disease as frequently as the use of alcoholic stimulants. He spoke of bicycling, fencing, boxing, football and other forms of sport or recreation in which people might easily indulge in an excess that would make them bad risks for a life insurance company.

Albuminuria is the stumbling-block of two-thirds of the people whose applications for a life insurance policy are rejected. A few years ago it would have been considered absurd to say that life insurance companies would, under any circumstances, issue a policy to a person afflicted with it. But now it is practically assured that at least three of the big companies will do so within a short time. Their medical boards have been devoting a great deal of attention to the subject, and they have come to the conclusion that under ordinary conditions albuminuria should not bar a man's ability to obtain life insurance.

A reporter asked one of the chief medical directors of a big Insurance Company how a bicycle rider should know whether or not he was riding to excess, and what amount of physical exercise of any character a man might safely take without danger to his kidneys.

"He should stop when his heart tells him to," was the reply. "If a person rides until he is tired he has ridden a little too far. If he rides so fast that he feels his heart beating against his chest it is time for him to get off his wheel. If he makes his evening spin so long that he cannot readily get to sleep when he gets home it is time for him to take warning. Of course a man could experience both fatigue and palpitation and still not have strained himself, but I mention this as a very safe way for if a person never goes beyond it he will never do himself any harm on a bicycle.

EXCESSIVE CYCLING CONDEMNED.

"At the meeting of medical directors you ask me about. I was only the excess of bicycle riding and other forms of exercise. For example, that wrestlers, football players, prize-fighters and persons undergoing training, that form of physical exercise get up a temporary congestion of the kidneys and show the bad effects for some time afterwards. But even in these cases it was not claimed that the congestion took a permanent character.

GOLF NOT DANGEROUS.

"Golf has the advantage over the bicycle in never permitting a person to overstrain his heart. It gets a man out of doors and makes him tired without the danger of excess. Baseball is carried to excess in the base running. A man has to be in good training to run bases well, and it is just training that is likely to do him harm."

Dr. George F. Shrady said: "It is always demoralizing to a man to have his application for a life insurance policy rejected. He rushes off to his family physician and imagines that he is going to die right away. Each applicant imagines that the insurance company passes on his individual case. Nothing of the kind. They decide by a system of averages and take no chances with the individual. The averages show that men afflicted with albuminuria are bad risks, and they reject them. I have known them to reject men who lived for forty years afterwards.

"Excessive exercise is almost sure to bring an albuminuria. Men in training for a severe form of sports are seldom in good health, although they think they are. It is the vital organs and not big muscles that fit a man for a long and healthy life. A person should not be examined for insurance when he is in training. Anything that calls for great exertion of muscular force will produce temporary albuminuria. But it is not permanent, and should not, under ordinary circumstances, debar a man from obtaining a life insurance policy."

AGE OF THE EARTH.

Lord Kelvin Thinks It Solidified Between 20,000,000 and 30,000,000 Years Ago.

Lord Kelvin, in an address upon the age of the earth as an abode fitted for life, has summed up the evidence into what must be accepted as the latest dictum of science. He affirmed that geologists and biologists no longer consider the question of absolute dates outside their province. The old idea was of a solid earth nearly 200,000,000,000 years old. Modern science makes an immense reduction inside estimate. He was able to declare with confidence that the earth solidified between 20,000,000 and 30,000,000 years ago. The latest estimate of the time required for the formation of all strata since the beginning of the Cambrian rocks is 17,000,000,000 years.

Lord Kelvin asserted that the earth could not have been habitable more than 30,000,000 years.

CONTENTS OF THE BOTTLE.

Where a Rheumatic Sufferer Was Cured With One Bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure.

The cures effected by South American Rheumatic Cure are so quick and certain that they may well be termed marvellous. The secret is that the medicine removes from the system the acids that are really the cause of rheumatism. W. H. Cooper, of Delhi, Ont., says: "My son, 15 years old, was a sufferer from rheumatism for six months. He became so bad that he was unable to walk. I purchased one bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure from Mr. Byers, our local druggist, and the following day he was able to drive a load of wood to Delhi."

For sale by H. C. Thomas.

GREAT SMOKES.

Last year about $31,000,000 worth of tobacco was smoked in Spain—an average of $1.80 per head.

SOME LATE CABLE NEWS.

RUSSIANS ALARMED AT BRITISH INFLUENCE IN TURKEY.

Question of Etiquette Between the Pope and the Czar Settled—Norwegian Steamer Sunk in a Collision—Street Railway Strike in Vienna.

A despatch from London says:—In a dense fog off the mouth of the Tyne the British steamer Ganger, Capt Dykes from Montreal, May 18, for Newcastle, collided with and sank the Norwegian steamer Diana. The latter went down almost immediately, but her crew clambered aboard the Ganger and were saved.

A despatch from Rome says the papers state that the Judiciary Council now considering the Bank of Naples scandals, has rejected Signor Crispi's demand to be tried by the Senate, and will direct that he be prosecuted by the ordinary courts of justice.

The correspondent of the Times at St. Petersburg says:—"The Russian papers show that they are greatly alarmed by the reports that an English firm is about to overhaul the Turkish fleet. They declare that Russia must steadfastly oppose such an extension of English influence."

The little difficulty about the Czar's proposed visit to the Pope has been arranged. His Majesty was at first inclined to stand upon his Imperial dignity and refuse to go to the Vatican except direct from the Quirinal, but he was at length persuaded to leave the matter to the diplomats and courtiers. These gentlemen have now decided that the Czar shall follow the plan adopted last week in the case of another non-catholic monarch, the King of Siam. He will occupy the Grand hotel for a half hour, and thence drive to the Vatican. It is now probable that the Czar will arrive in Rome early in September, instead of October.

The correspondent of the Standard at Constantinople says:—"Acting upon the advice of Izzet Bey, the sultan is leaving the peace negotiations wholly in the hands of his Ministers, thus evading personal responsibility, and placing himself in a position to sacrifice them to popular indignation if necessary. It is reported that the Palace party has entered into extensive Stock Exchange operations, on the theory that the market will show a rise as the prospects of peace increase. The Ottoman ambassador at St. Petersburg has informed the Porte that Count Muroveiff, the Russian Minister, told him he personally objected to Russian intervention on behalf of Greece, and had counteracted the feminine intrigues started with that object, but the Holy Synod induced the Czar to intervene.

A despatch from Athens says:—It is officially announced that the Turks have committed serious excesses in Epirus, and in the vicinity of Larissa, also violating women, defiling churches and engaging in general pillage.

A general street railway strike is in progress in Vienna. All the employes including the reserve men, have gone out. Only a few cars were running on Sunday, and were guarded by strong bodies of police. So far there has been no violence, and the strikers show a disposition to secure their ends in orderly fashion.

MUST BE DISSOLVED.

Kidney disease cannot be cured by pills or powders—the common sense of science. For a disordered stomach or a sick headache pills and powders are not without effect, but when these same remedies are said to cure kidney disease, the common-sense of science rejects the claim. This insidious and given that will dissolve the hard substance—uric acid and oxalate of lime—that give rise to the distress and pain that is common to all who suffer from kidney complaint. South American Kidney Cure is a kidney specific. It dissolves these hard substances, and while it dissolves it also heals. The cures effected leave no question of its powers.

For sale by H. C. Thomas.

THE TURK'S VITALITY.

Big stories are being told of the vitality of the Turk. One man shot through the stomach in a recent battle stayed in the ranks till the fighting was over, and then marched 10 miles before reporting to the doctors. Another, with a wound in each leg and one in the shoulder, kept on duty for 24 hours when an officer noticed him and sent him to the hospital. The doctors attribute the quick recovery of the Turkish wounded to their abstemious habits.

DEATH FROM DELAY.

A life lost by heart disease when prompt measures would have saved it. This is not to be said of one death from heart disease only, but of tens of thousands. If the symptoms that warn one of heart trouble are not heeded, the outcome is almost sure to be serious. When one is fortunate enough to be acquainted with the merits of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart in 95 per cent. of cases disaster is averted. This medicine will positively give relief in half an hour's time, and taken with some little degree of perseverance radically cures. If your heart palpitates flutters, or tires out easily, and you value life, use this remedy.

For sale by H. C. Thomas.

NOT A SUCCESS.

Aluminum helmets have not proved entirely successful in the German army, the saving in weight being more than offset by the metal's storing heat even to blistering the foreheads of the wearers.

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