A MIDWINTER SONG.

BY ROSE ELIZABETH CLEVELAND.

Oh, where do you think, my Beauty,
Where do you think I have been?
And what, O my Beauty, my Beauty,
Do you think I have heard and seen
All in the midwinter number,
While the wild west wind was blowing,
Asunder cloud and sun,
And the snow in the air was snowing,
Weaving, with gossamer tether,
Heaven and Earth in one.

I went to the forest, my Beauty,
And I climbed the forest hill
Where wrinkled old cedars were blowing.
I think much against their will;
All powdered with snow and ruffled
And bewigged with powdered curls,
Scraping like giant old dandies
To a lot of dowager girls;
All under the sky like sapphires
Mingle with monstrous pearls;
And the pearls all ablush in the center
With the gaze of the sun in the west,
Pearls like the bed of my Beauty
When her lovely form is at rest,
Downy with odorous whiteness,
A roseleaf dropt in the nest!

Under such sky stood the forest,
Within the forest, I,
And the forest sounds so fine were fit
For a lady's lullaby.
The wind, in minor monotone,
Its wild note did supply,
And the gurgle 'neath ice of the streamlet
In the forest valley by;
And the woodchopper's chop, and its echo
Beat in the basso plain;
And the woodpeck's steady tap, tap, tap,
Stuck in a secundo strain;
And the rustle of last year's leaflet,
Keeping a shivering tryst.
With all things ghostly, whispered
Whatever notes they wist.

And another note I fancied
I heard. Was the fancy wrong?
One could never be sure by guessing,
And telling would take too long.
But one little fact is blessing
This brain where fancies throng;
When I went out I was sighing my Beauty,
But I came home singing a song.

HOW GRANDMA LOVED.

Courtship Eighty Years Ago.

OLD grandmother Lise would not let me take grandfather's miniature except when I had been very good, so it was considered by me as a sacred object, and to this day I cannot look at it without feelings of tenderness. It recalls not only its own environment, but all that pertained to the dear old lady, her little enciated face, framed with ribboned locks of white hair, which had the soft and golden tint of a silk cocoon, the short, watered silk dress, the yellow lace of her cap and neckerchief.

I see again, thanks to that picture, her chamber close at hand; the great bed, hung with figured Jouy curtains, no longer made, though still imitated; her easy chair, covered with striped

HIS LITTLE GENTLEMAN WAS NEVER IN HARMONY WITH THE REST OF HIS COUSINS.

velvet, of a brilliant blue, over which the light, streaming through muslin curtains, threw the hue of a silvery gray; the chiffonier of rosewood where her knitting lay, and where the bows of her huge gold spectacles loomed in sight.

The precious miniature was kept in an old casket lined with faded rose silk, which exalted the perfume of the iris, so light and delicate that it appeared a sensation of the memory rather than a real odor.

How many times I mused over the precious ivory in weird, childish dreams, in which respect was mingled with a large measure of lively curiosity. I used to think of the time when my young grandfather had lived—for, not having seen him, I could form no image of him but one young and elegant, as he was pictured—a time so different from ours, when every man must have had larger eyes, finer cut features, lips more reserved and always smiling, and a beardless face. Full of admiration for this fairy grandfather, I scarcely dared smile at the coat with its monstrous collar, or the cravat encroaching on the chin, in which the neck appeared to be in torture.

But I did not say what I thought, perhaps not to annoy grandmother, perhaps not to get laughed at for notions which I felt were absurd, but which I cling to so much the more. Such are children, and sometimes children of a larger growth. The curiosity excited by the portrait had grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength. I had just entered my teens, the down on the lip was just starting, and I had some vague notions about love. I could not imagine how Grandmother Lise, who, it seemed to me, must always have been old and wrinkled, could ever have been loved by the young and brilliant original of that portrait. I turned to her abruptly and almost unconsciously:

"Grandma Lise, how was it that you came to marry Grandpa Octave?"

The question had scarcely escaped my lips when I began to blush to the roots of my hair, for I had received from grandmother one of those pleasant but penetrating looks with which she was accustomed to read the thoughts of her favorite grandson, which, although affectionate, did not on that account cause less embarrassment. Instead of a retort—the sharp repartee which she knew how to use in the style of persons raised by parents imbued with the spirit of the eighteenth century, the search at every turn for the quaint and keen expression—her face was irradiated by a smile and her dull eyes were reanimated by the luster of one of those fears of the

"I DREW MY HAND AWAY AND GAVE IT TO HIM AGAIN."

aged which are rounded, but do not fall.

Had she understood me? Perhaps so. At all events I had awakened memories which she was willing to review, in words at least, for with a mischievous expression which made her look young again, she answered me pleasantly:

"How was it, do you ask? It was very simple. We detested each other. That was it!"

I could not restrain my amazement. She expected it and continued vivaciously:

"Yes, my boy, Octave and I detested each other. It was quite natural. We were cousins-german, almost brother and sister, but very unlike. Lively, unruly, in exuberant health, having black eyes always laughing, I was, about the year 1810, one of the most turbulent young creatures who wore the hair curled a la Titus, a frock of printed calico fitting close under the arms, and embroidered pantalets playing loosely over laced shoes. Laugh, laugh, my dear child, but it was the exact costume that your sister Camille would have sported if she had lived a half century earlier. He was pale, having blue veins running over his forehead, and eyes bluer yet; a mild expression, almost sickly, he was so sedate and reflective. He resembled you, darling, and that is why I have always preferred you to others. Be careful not to boast of it."

Her wrinkled hand fondled my hair and neck, and her cold mouth brushed my forehead with a kiss. I was, as ever, pleased, and yet impatient of this habitual caressing, which, too often for my taste, interrupted the stories that she told me.

Slipping from her embrace I brought her back to the subject.

"Well! you did not detest him simply because he did not resemble you, grandma. There was something else. What was it? Tell me."

"Yes, there was something else. This little gentleman was never in harmony with the rest of his cousins (and there were plenty of them,) in cutting up a thousand pranks, dabbling in the puddles, building castles of sand and dirt, climbing trees, playing robber, fighting—yes, fighting. What was more, as if to scorn us he had forever a liking to read under our noses during play hours out of one of those old books.

"He at least looked down on us. I saw it in the way his lip curled when he saw me coming, as I often did at the head of a romping troop, with cheeks as red as mulberry blood, hair disordered and dress in tatters. He said nothing, and that was worse. A calm so insolent! a silence so insulting! I would have beaten him if I had dared."

"You must have been naughty, grandma!"

"I thought so, child; I often thought so. But I don't think so, now. Is much to be expected at that age? A fine age, all the same!"

"And then——"

"Then—that continued for years and years. I, still turbulent and giddy with play; he, always reading and pointing at us, until he was 15 years old and I 12. At that time he had to leave Paris with his parents. I did not see him again for six or seven years after. I was no longer a little girl, you know; my hair still curled, and that was my despair, for the fashion of head-dress a la Chinese had come in—all the hair drawn to the top—and I could not succeed in smoothing mine according to the style. My dresses had been lengthened out. Printed calicoes were no longer worn, but muslins, and very beautiful leg-of-mutton sleeves. In the meantime I had not ceased being sprightly and jovial, and sometimes, only occasionally, noisy.

"As for him he was the same fellow as when he left, except that he had light whiskers, which were quite becoming. He pressed my hand ceremoniously instead of kissing me as I had expected, which somewhat irritated me, because I had planned, as I still detested him so much in memory, to turn to him only the tip of the ear. Then, with scant courtesy, he seemed to pay no further attention to me—me whom everybody else was noticing. I felt outraged,

"I saw that he limped a little, having recently fallen from his horse. That passed away afterward. This lameness I made up my mind to turn to account for revenge. We were at an uncle's in the country, where I made a visit every year. Octave had scarcely gone out before I began walking round the parlor, imitating his halting step and formal manner. It set every one laughing. Elated with my success, I was trying it over again when he came in and surprised me. I expected reproaches. Wonder! He did not appear to feel hurt, or to observe my mischievousness. I never detested him more.

"In the evening there was a grand dinner. My cousins had brought one of their friends whom I considered a coxcomb and whom I avoided, especially as he took pains to single me out for his pretentious compliments. He attached himself to me with familiarity and vanquishing airs which would have put me beside myself if I had not seen that Octave was frowning. Ah! that displeases you, I thought. Well, my lad, you may plague yourself. Then I got absorbed with the idea of playing the amiable with this reckless fellow. He took advantage of it and was so troublesome that I went out into the park to escape his ridiculous attentions. He followed me. Already the effect of drinking a good deal of champagne had been apparent; outside it was still worse. The phrases which he addressed to me commenced finely, but did not finish. The beginning were sufficient and I wanted no more. I turned my back and scampered away. Notwithstanding my bravery I had had enough. Alas! he ran after me, seizing my hand and trying to stop me. This time my fear was so strong that—

"You began cry?"

"Not exactly. I drew away my hand and gave it to him again, as he wished, but on his face—slap bang!"

"Bravo, grandma!"

"Do not applaud so quickly. Octave, who had rejoined us, had attended my confirmation, and made that a pretext to intervene between me and my pursuer. The next morning, held responsible for my slap, he had a tilt with the impertinent fellow and scratched him, fortunately not very deeply, so that the adventure ended better than might have been feared"

"You did not detest him any longer, grandma, did you?"

"Quite the contrary. By what right had he interfered? I was furious about it, the more furious as everybody scowled at me, attributing the trouble to my flirting. So, quite roused up, I decided to go and tell this officious youth once for all what I thought of him."

"Oh, grandma!"

"Sir, I said to him—I could think of no term more fitting and dispraraging—sir, you must tell me by what right you persecute me so."

She looked at me slyly in silence, for I was dumbfounded in my boyish simplicity of thirteen years, with whom the feelings had yet natural play

"It was cheeky, wasn't it? For it was I who had always persecuted him. But it always happens that one talks nonsense when altogether wrong and dying with rage for not being right. I expected that he would get angry, but he did not. His eyes were fixed upon me with singular mildness, and he said, calmly and slowly:

" 'Now, what have I done, Lise? Tell me.'

" 'What have you done?' cried I. 'What have you not done?'

"Then I perceived that the mere wish to make out that one is in the right will not furnish even poor arguments when one is really in the wrong.

"So I could not give the answer, and blushing, with tears flowing from my eyes, I stammered out: 'You must have a grudge against me, Octave?'

" 'No. I haven't.'

" 'Yes, you have.'

" 'It was all over.

"Then he gave me such a look, so good, so tender, so new, that my head reeled and I grew faint. It was in his arms that I heard these words which made me wild, wild with joy:

" 'Since we have detested each other so long, is not this the time to love one another?'

"That's the way it came about"

D'ABRI, Trans.

—From the French.

The Three First Men.

There are few stories of a legendary nature that are not related in several different forms. A correspondent, who has read the Indian legend of the creation, sends this excellent version of the same story:

When the Great Spirit created the world, he first made three men, all of the same color. Then he led them to a pool of water and bade them jump in and bathe. One of them obeying at once, leaped in advance of his fellows, and came out clean and white.

The others hesitated, but one soon followed the first. When he went in the water had become somewhat stained, and he came out copper-colored.

Then the third man went in. By that time the water of the pool had become black, and he was consequently black when he had bathed.

Thus it happens that there are white men, red men, and black men in the world.

Then the Great Spirit laid down three packages before the three men, which contained their future fate. Out of pity for the black man, he permitted him to have his first choice of the parcels.

The black man, without hesitation, took the largest of the parcels; the red man, whose turn was next, took the next largest parcel, and the white man got the remaining one, which was very small.

Then the men opened their packages. That of the black was found to contain shovels and other implements of labor; the red man's contained bows and arrows, and the white man's small parcel constituted of pens, ink, and tools for fine, light work.

From that time on, each man made use of the tools he had chosen.

How Cubans Work.

Cuban workmen are so addicted to conversation and gesture that, if left to themselves, they would lose half their working hours in social intercourse. To prevent this loss, according to a long established custom the cigar workers employ a lector, or reader, who, from his desk in the center of the work-room, entertains his employers with the latest Havana newspapers in the morning, and with Spanish novels and ballads in the latter part of the day. Although payment is voluntary and comes in the form of a small present of money from each operator at the end of the week, it is seldom evaded and makes up a very good salary for the reader. The owners do not object to this plan, and sometimes even provide a platform and reading desk for the purpose.—*New York Ledger.*

No Arrests.

Indignant Citizen—Don't you see those two boys down there smoking cigarettes? Why don't you arrest them?

Policeman—Fact is, Mr. Taxpay, one of them is my son, and the other is your son.

Citizen — Um — or — very pleasant weather we're having.—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

A WONDERFUL WORD.

DR. TALMAGE PREACHES AN ABLE SERMON ON "COME."

This Word May Be Used for Good or for Evil—It Is Found Many Times in the Scriptures—It Beckons, Other Words Drive.

Dr. Talmage chose the following texts for his sermon: "Come" (Gen. vi, 18); "Come" (Rev. xxii, 17).

Imperial, tender and all persuasive is this word "Come." Six hundred and seventy-eight times is it found in the Scriptures. It stands at the front gate of the Bible as in my text, inviting antediluvians into Noah's ark, and it stands at the other gate of the Bible as in my second text, inviting the post-diluvians into the ark of a Saviour's mercy. "Come" is only a word of four letters, but it is the queen of words, and nearly the entire nation of English vocabulary bows to its scepter. It is an ocean into which empties ten thousand rivers of meaning. Other words drive, but this beckons.

All moods of feeling hath that word "Come." Sometimes it weeps and sometimes it laughs. Sometimes it prays, sometimes it tempts and sometimes it destroys. It sounds from the door of church and from the seraglios of sin, from the gates of heaven and the gates of hell. It is confluent and accrescent of all power. It is the heiress of most of the past and the almoner of most of the future. "Come!" You may pronounce it so that all the heavens will be heard in its cadences, or pronounce it so that all the woes of time and eternity shall reverberate in its one syllable. It is on the lip of saint and profligate. It is the mightiest of all solicitants either for good or bad.

To-day I weigh anchor, and haul in the planks and set sail on that great word, although I am sure I will not be able to reach the farther shore. I will let down the fathoming line into this sea and try to measure its depths, and, though I tie together all the cables and cordage I have on board, I will not be able to touch the bottom. All the power of the Christian religion is in that word "Come." The dictatorial and commandatory in religion is of no avail. The imperative mood is not the appropriate mood when we would have people savingly impressed. They may be coaxed, but they cannot be driven.

Our hearts are like our homes; at a friendly knock the door will be opened, but an attempt to force open our door would land the assailant in prison. Our theological seminaries which keep young men three years in their curriculum before launching them into the ministry, will do well if in so short a time they can teach the candidates for the holy office how to say with right emphasis and intonation and power that one word "Come!" That man who has such efficiency in Christian work, and that woman who has such power to persuade people to quit the wrong and begin the right, went though a series of losses, bereavements, persecutions, and the trials of twenty or thirty years before they could make it a triumph of grace every time they uttered the word "Come."

You must remember that in many cases our "come" has a mightier "come" to conquer before it has any effect at all. Just give me the accurate census, the statistics, of how many are down in fraud, in drunkenness, in gambling, in impurity or in vice of any sort, and I will give you the accurate census or statistics of how many have been slain by the word "come." "Come and click wine glasses with me at this ivory bar." "Come and see what we can win at this gambling table." "Come, enter with me this doubtful speculation!" "Come with me and read those infidel tracts on Christianity." "Come with me to a place of bad amusement." "Come with me in a gay bout through underground New York." If in this city there are twenty thousand who are down in moral character, then twenty thousand fell under the power of the word "come."

I was reading of a wife whose husband had been overthrown by strong drink, and she went to the saloon where he was ruined and said: "Give me back my husband." And the bartender, pointed to a maudlin and battered man drowsing in the corner of the bar-room said: "There he is. 'Jim, wake up; here's your wife come for you.'" And the woman said: "Do you call that my husband? What have you been doing with him? Is that the manly brow? Is that the clear eye? Is that the noble heart that I married? What vile drug have you given him that has turned him into a fiend? Take your tiger claws off of him. Uncoil those serpent folds of evil habit that are crushing him. Give me back my husband, the one with whom I stood at the altar ten years ago. Give him back to me!" Victim was he, as millions of others have been, of the word "come!"

Now we want all the world over to harness this word for good as others have harnessed it for evil, and it will draw the five continents and the seas between them; yea, it will draw the whole earth back to the God from which it has wandered. It is that wooing and persuasive word that will lead men to give up their sins. Was skepticism ever brought into love of the truth by an ebullition of hot words against infidelity? Was ever the blasphemer stopped in his oaths by denunciation of blasphemy? Was ever a drunkard weaned from his cups by the temperance lecturer's mimicry of staggering step and hiccough? No. It was, "Come with me to church to-day and hear our singing;" "Come and let me introduce you to a Christian man whom you will be sure to admire;" "Come with me into associations that are cheerful and good and inspiring;" "Come with me into joy such as you never before experienced."

With that word which has done so much for others I approach you to-day. Are you all right with God? "No," you say, "I think not; I am sometimes alarmed when I think of Him; I fear I will not be ready to meet Him in the last day; my heart is not right with God." Come, then, and have it made right. Through the Christ who died to save you, come! What is the use in waiting? The longer you wait the further off you are and the deeper you are down. Strike out for heaven! You remember that a few years ago a steamer called the Princess Alice, with a crowd of excursionists aboard, sank in the Thames, and there was an awful sacrifice of life. A boatman from the shore put out for the rescue, and he had a big boat, and he got it so full it would not hold another person, and as he laid hold of the oars to pull for the shore, leaving hundreds helpless and drowning, he cried out, "Oh, that I had a bigger boat!" Thank God, I am not thus limited, and that I can promise room for all in this gospel boat. Get in; get in! And yet there is room. Room in the heart of a pardoning God. Room in heaven.

I also apply the word of my text to those who would like practical comfort. If any ever escape the struggle of life, I have not found them. They are not certainly among the prosperous classes. In most cases it was a struggle all the way up till they reached the prosperity, and since they have reached these heights there have been perplexities, anxieties and crises which were almost enough to shatter the nerves and turn the brain. It would be hard to tell which have the biggest fight in this world—the prosperities or the adversities, the conspicuities or the obscurities. Just as soon as you have enough success to attract the attention of others, the envies and jealousies are let loose from their kennels. The greatest crime that you can commit in the estimation of others is to get on better than they do. They think your addition is their subtraction. Five hundred persons start for a certain goal of success; one reaches it, and the other four hundred and ninety-nine are mad. It would take volumes to hold the story of the wrongs, outrages and defamations that have come upon you as a result of your success. The warm sun of prosperity brings into life a swamp full of annoying insects.

On the other hand the unfortunate classes have their struggles for maintenance. To achieve a livelihood by one who had nothing to start with, and after a while for a family as well, and carry this on until children are reared and educated and fairly started in the world, and to do this amid all the rivalries of business, and the uncertainty of crops, and the fickleness of tariff legislation, with an occasional labor strike, and here and there a financial panic thrown in, is a mighty thing to do, and there are hundreds and thousands of such heroes and heroines who live unsung and die unhonored. What we all need, whether up or down in life or half way between, is the infinite solace of the Christian religion. And so we employ the word "Come!" It will take all eternity to find out the number of business men who have been strengthened by the promises of God, and the people who have been fed by the ravens when other resources gave out, and the men and women who, going into this battle armed only with needle or saw or ax or yardstick or pen or type or shovel or shoelast, have gained a victory that made the heavens resound. With all the resources of God promised for every exigency, no one need be left in the lurch.

I like the faith displayed years ago in Drury Lane, London, in a humble home where every particle of food had given out, and a kindly soul entered with tea and other table supplies, and found the kettle on the fire ready for the tea. The benevolent lady said, "How is it that you have the kettle ready for the tea when you had no tea in the house?" And the daughter in the home said, "Mother would have me put the kettle on the fire, and when I said, 'What is the use of doing so, when we have nothing in the house?' she said: 'My child, God will provide. Thirty years he has already provided for me through my pain and helplessness, and He will not leave me to starve at last. He will send us help though we do not yet see how.' We have been waiting all day for something to come, but until we saw you we knew not how it was to come." Such things the world may call coincidences, but I call them almighty deliverances, and though you do not hear of them, they are occurring every hour of every day and in all parts of Christendom.

But the word "Come" applied to those who need solace will amount to nothing unless it be uttered by some one who has experienced that solace. That spreads the responsibility of giving this gospel call among a great many. Those who have lost property and been consoled by religion in that trial are the ones to invite those who have failed in business. Those who have lost their health and been consoled by religion, are the ones to invite those who are in poor health. Those who have had bereavements and been consoled in those bereavements are the ones to sympathize with those who have lost father or mother or companion or child or friend. What multitudes of us are alive to-day, and in good health and bouyant in this journey of life, who would have been broken down or dead long ago, but for the sustaining and cheering help of our holy religion! So we say "Come!" The well is not dry. The buckets are not empty. The supply is not exhausted. There is just as much mercy and condolence and soothing power in God as before the first grave was dug, or the first tear started, or the first heart broken, or the first accident happened, or the first fortune vanished. Those of us who have felt the consolatory power of religion have a right to speak out of our own experiences and say "Come!"

What dismal work of condolence the world makes when it attempts to condole! The plaster they spread does not stick. The broken bones under their bandage do not knit. A farmer was lost in the snow storm on a prairie of the far west. Night coming on, and after he was almost frantic from not knowing which way to go, his sleigh struck the rut of another sleigh, and he said, "I will follow this rut, and it will take me out to safety." He hastened on until he heard the bells of the preceding horses, but, coming up, he found that that man was also lost, and, as is the tendency of those who are thus confused in the forests or on the moors, they were both moving in a circle, and the runner of the one lost sleigh was following the runner of the other lost sleigh round and round. At last it occurred to them to look at the north star, which was peering through the night, and by the direction of that star they got home again. Those who follow the advice of this world in time of perplexity are in a fearful round, for it is one bewildered soul following another bewildered soul, and only those who have in such time got their eye on the morning star of our Christian faith can find their way out, or be strong enough to lead others with an all persuasive invitation.

"But," says some one, "you Christian people keep telling us to 'come,' yet you do not tell us how to come." That charge shall not be true on this occasion. Come believing! Come repenting! Come praying! After all that God has been doing for six thousand years, some time through patriarchs and sometimes through the culmination of all tragedies on Golgotha, can any one think that God will not welcome your coming? Will a father at vast outlay construct a mansion for his son, and lay out parks white with statutes and green with foliage, and all a-sparkle with fountains, and then not allow his son to live in the house or walk in the parks? Has God built this house of gospel mercy, and will He then refuse entrance to His children? Will a government at great expense build life saving stations all along the coast, and boats that can hover unhurt like a petrel over the wildest surge, and then when the lifeboat has reached the wreck of a ship in the offing not allow the drowning to seize the lifeline or take the boat for the shore in safety? Shall God provide at the cost of His only Son's assassination escape for a sinking world, and then turn a deaf ear to the cry that comes up from the breakers?

"But," you say, "there are so many things I have to believe, and so many things in the shape of a creed that I have to adopt, that I am kept back." No, no! You need not believe but two things—namely, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, and that you are one of them. "But," you say, "I do believe both of these things!" Do you really believe them with all your heart? "Yes." Why, then you have passed from death into life. Why, then you are a son or daughter of the Lord Almighty. Why, then you are an heir or heiress of an inheritance that will declare dividends from now until long after the stars are dead! Hallelujah! Prince of God, why do you not come and take your coronet? Princess of the Lord Almighty, why do you not mount your throne? Pass up into the light. Your boat is anchored, why do you not go ashore? Just plant your feet hard down, and you will feel under them the Rock of Ages.

I challenge the universe for one instance in which a man in the right spirit appealed for the salvation of the gospel and did not get it. Man alive! are you going to let all the years of your life go away with you without your having this great peace, this glorious hope, this bright expectancy? Are you going to let the pearl of great price lie in the dust at your feet because you are too indolent or too proud to stoop down and pick it up? Will you wear the chain of evil habit when near by you is the hammer that could with one stroke snap the shackle? Will you stay in the prison of sin when here is a gospel key that could unlock your incarceration? No; no! As the one word "Come" has sometimes brought many souls to Christ, I will try the experiment of piling up into a mountain and then sending down in an avalanche of power many of those gospel "Comes." "Come thou and all thy house into the ark;" "Come unto me all ye who labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest;" "Come, for all things are now ready;" "The Spirit and the Bride say 'Come;' and let him that heareth say 'Come' and let him that is athirst come."

The stroke of one bell in a tower may be sweet, but a score of bells well tuned, and rightly lifted, and skillfully swung in one great chime fill the heavens with music almost celestial. And no one who has heard the mighty chimes in the towers of Amsterdam or Ghent or Copenhagen can forget them. Now it seems to me that this Sabbath hour all heaven is chiming, and the voices of departed friends and kindred ring down the sky saying "Come!" The angels who never fell, bending from sapphire thrones, are chanting "Come!" Yea, all the towers of heaven, tower of myrtyrs, tower of prophets, tower of apostles, tower of evangelists, tower of the temple of the Lord God and the Lamb, are chiming "Come, come!" Pardon for all, and peace for all, and heaven for all who will come.

When Russia was in one of her great wars the suffering of the soldiers had been long and bitter, and they were waiting for the end of the strife. One day a messenger in great excitement ran among the tents of the army shouting "Peace! Peace!" The sentinel on guard asked, "Who says peace?" And the sick soldier turned on his hospital matress and asked, "Who says peace?" and all up and down the encampment of the Russians went the question, "Who says peace?" Then the messenger responded, "The Czar says peace." That was enough. That meant going home. That meant the war was over. No more wounds and no more long marches.

So to-day, as one of the Lord's messengers, I move through these great encampments of souls and cry: "Peace between earth and Heaven! Peace between God and man! Peace between your repenting Soul and a pardoning Lord!" If you ask me, "Who says peace?" I answer, "Christ our King declares it." "My peace I give unto you!" "Peace of God that passeth all understanding!" Everlasting peace!

The Pyramids as Building Material.

The Bosphore Egyptian (writes "An Anglo-Egyptian" to the London *Times*) announces a new act of astounding vandalism, which that amiable journal does not hesitate to insinuate, is connived by the Egyptian Government. Three gangs of workmen, under two local sheiks, are daily extracting blocks from the lower courses of the two largest pyramids of Gizeh. These are broken up on the spot and carried away on a camel-back for building purposes. The sheiks allege that they are doing this work of destruction by permission of the government, whereas they, it is said, obtained only a permit authorizing them to remove scattered blocks (*des blocs eparpilles*). That these Arabs should exceed their license is not surprising; but it is surely, to say the least of it, extraordinary that a Government partly administerd by Europeans should have granted such powers to native overseer, unchecked by the presence of one of their own officials. The pyramids do not belong to the Khedive nor to his government; they do not even belong to the Egyptians. They are the inheritance of the world.

Disease Germs in Boiled Water.

We are accustomed to be told that the most impure water will be rendered pure by boiling, and that in this we have an absolute safeguard against the danger of water containing disease germs. Now, while it is true that boiling will kill the germs of disease, the fact that has been brought to our notice, says *Annals of Hygiene*, by so high an authority as Dr. Charles A. Cresson, that while boiling kills the germ of a particular disease, it yet, in reality, renders the water more impure than it was before, because by the very death of those germs dead organic matter is allowed to remain in the water which is polluted by putrefaction. Hence, while boiling is a most excellent precaution against the occurrence of typhoid fever or similar diseases, when we have occasion to think that the germs of these diseases exist in the water that we drink, yet we must remember that this boiling does not purify the water; it simply removes from it the specific power to produce specific disease.