Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 14, 1891.

PERHAPS there is at present no more interesting field for the ethnologist than that afforded by Eastern Asia and the territory of the Sclav. The Russian character is daily becoming more familiar to us through the spread of the national literature. But the more we see of it the odder it grows. Strange stories come daily from the Russian press; of peasants who flog themselves to repentance; of people who trade wives; of natives who plot against monarchy and secretly believe in it. An eminent noble recently advertised that for a ruble he would sell a powder which when put in warm water would breed chicks. And the rubles poured in by thousands. The gradual exposition of this simple-minded, gullible but artful and partly insincere people is one of the most interesting studies of the time.

THE King of the Sandwich Islands wishes to have himself and his moist dominions in the Pacific ocean annexed to the United States. This is, of course, a gratifying display of intelligence on the part of his majesty, but it might lead to queer complications in the legislative function. For instance, the only languages spoken in Congress are English and Arkansas. Now, if the Senator from Hawaii wished to propose a bill to pension a native who knew a man whose friend's brother lost his breath in running behind the sutler's wagon, how could he express himself? If cosmopolitanism grows much further in this country it will be necessary to have a polyglot interpreter in the halls of the Capitol.

GEN. FRANCIS A. WALKER, in the *Forum*, makes an interesting argument to show that very few men have capacity for great leadership in practical affairs, and that men who have this capacity are likely to win, by the help of or in spite of conditions and opportunities. There are men everywhere who can satisfactorily do the work of subordinates, but those that can do the work of leaders are everywhere very few.

GEN. BOOTH's remarkable book "In Darkest England" has achieved a wide sale. It is already being translated into several foreign languages. The General hit upon a splendid theme for his literary effort, and the lavishness of the subscriptions that are pouring in in support of the philanthropic plan he proposes shows that thousands of people are with him in his desire to improve the condition of England's tremendous army of starving paupers.

A DESIRE for education induced a young man in California to rob a stage. He wanted to go to college, and at the point of a pistol he forced a number of passengers to give him their valuables, which it was his intention to convert into cash to pay for his tuition. As the heavy hand of the law brought him up with a round turn, his education will now be imparted to him in a prison, and will take the form of a useful trade.

THE widow of General Custer says that he was the first of American army officers to experiment on the rattlesnake as an entree. His cook prepared the dish under protest, and as the General was eating the dainty he saw the alarmed negro cautiously peering in through a crack in the tent, doubtless expecting to see his master drop down in a fit.

NO ONE ever talks out loud when taking dinner with Queen Victoria, unless in response to a direct question from her Majesty. The guests converse among themselves in whispers. From time to time the Queen speaks to some one of her guests; but as it is not proper to disagree with her the conversation is necessarily subject to strict limitations.

A PACK of wolves attacked a man and his dog in Northern Michigan. The man fell down and prayed to be spared, and the wolves turned tail on him. His poor dog, not being able to pray, started off on a run, but was overhauled and devoured in a fashion peculiarly characteristic of the Michigan wolves.

PROF. ROBERTS-AUSTEN, of the British mint, estimates that the great smoke cloud that overhangs London is three hundred tons in weight, and contains a carbonic acid gas of the yearly value of £2,000,000.

IT is only within a few years that photography has been applied to the investigation of the heavens with so much success as to make it one of the most powerful and fruitful means of research in astronomy.

IT is claimed that a Chinaman, Hee Li, discovered America in the year 217 B. C. Perhaps he did; there is something familiar about the name.

TASCOTT, the Chicago murderer, has been found again, this time in Colorado. This evasive criminal is a nineteenth century Flying Dutchman.

ONE WORD.

"Write me an epic," the warrior said—
"Victory, valor and glory wed."
"Prithee, a ballad," exclaimed the knight—
"Prowess, adventure and faith unite."
"An ode to freedom," the patriot cried—
"Liberty won and wrong defied."
"Give me a drama," the scholar asked—
"The inner world in the outer masked."
"Frame me a sonnet," the artist prayed—
"Power and passion in harmony played."
"Sing me a lyric," the maiden sighed—
"A dark note waking the morning wide."
"Nay, all too long," said the busy age—
"Write me a line instead of a page."
Then swift years spoke, the poet heard,
"Your poem write in a single word."
He looked into the maiden's glowing eyes,
A moment glanced at the starlit skies;
From the lights below to the lights above,
And wrote the one word poem—Love.

—[Wallace Bruce.

THE CABINET'S SECRET.

I had been mending linen all the morning for those four great, romping, precious boys, until my head ached violently, and my heart beat very impatiently. I had hoped to secure time for at least fifteen minutes' practice on Beethoven's lovely "Moonlight Sonata" that morning, and now the hands of the little ormolu clock pointed to two o'clock, the children were just home from school, and the last button sewn on. No music for me that day! My assistance would be urgently needed in the afternoon with lessons, and other mending, and I must forget my desires for reading and practising. Oh, dear!

Don't think, gentle reader, that I was an impatient, querulous mother, repining at those legitimate duties which every maternal heart loves to perform. I was only an aunt, just nineteen, with the cares and responsibilities of a woman of thirty. When sister Bessie died her husband would allow none but myself to act as her substitute. I understood the children, and dear Bessie's disciplinary methods, he said, better than any of his family. So, young as I was, I cheerfully undertook the charge, simply because I loved Bessie so much.

The circumstances of that morning had been peculiarly trying; and completely discouraged, I felt anything but patient and gentle. The cares of a wife and mother come so gradually that a woman is fully prepared to meet them, and can bear submissively the troubles which her own offspring bring. But when these same heavy burdens fall upon the shoulders of a young girl, whose education is still unfinished, and whose mind and heart need much moulding, it is more than she can carry uncompainingly.

Father and mother died when I was quite young, leaving me to Bessie's faithful keeping. So when God took her, I was left alone, indeed, in this strange world. And at the time of Bessie's death, I lost one whom I had thought to call my best earthly friend always. Philip Carrington and I had grown up together with that peculiar love which, commencing at infancy, I might say, grows and strengthens with the years, until it has twined itself so tightly around the natures of its victims, that to root it out seems like snapping the tendrils of the heart. The histories of our lives were singularly similar, with this one exception, that while his father, a rich banker, left his family abundantly provided for, mine, a poor clergyman, left scarcely enough to clothe me.

Mr. Carrington died when Philip was only a year old, leaving six children and a very delicate wife, who survived him only a year. A maiden sister of Mr. Carrington then undertook the charge of his family, bringing the children up wretchedly, and spoiling them all but Philip, who was too noble to be influenced by her proud, mercenary ideas. As father had labored very assiduously in seasons of affliction in the Carrington family, doing all in his power to relieve and help them when they were too sorrowful to think for themselves, Mrs. Esther, the aristocratic spinster, deemed it her Christian duty to call upon us, once a year. She would sail in upon us with majestic dignity, talk to us as though we were servants, and advise us with a startling authority. Her visit lasted, happily for us, about ten minutes. When, realizing the exceeding greatness of her modest charity, she would rise ostentatiously, hand a five-pound note to me, as "a little pin money, poor dear; don't speak of it to any one," and leave. Even after "rich George Thurston" married Bessie, she continued the annual call and donation, much to my humiliation and disgust. She would allow none of the girls to visit us. "The children of poor clergymen, my dears, are unsuitable companions for David Carrington's daughters," she used to say; but, after Bessie became Mrs. Thurston, she so far forgot our degradation as to permit their calling on us occasionally. With her nephew Philip she could do nothing. So, finally dismissing him from her thoughts, as "democratic and ungraceful," she never mentioned our name, except in scorn.

What a deplorable crime this poverty is! Philip loved Bessie dearly, and often, laughingly, told George that it was nothing but his (George's) age which secured her for him, for Bessie was ten years older than Philip and she had been an invalid for two or three years, but was seriously ill only three weeks. Every day Philip's card was sent up with choice fruits, exquisite flowers, and refreshing delicacies of all descriptions. Dear sister! I knew from the first time she was getting ready for the "New Jerusalem," and yet no one else could see the "angel wings." George, so completely blinded by the physician's words of comfort, confidently expected that she would be well in a week or two. But Bessie and I knew. And she was only waiting till the angels opened wide the mystic gate.

But hew mysteriously Philip and I were separated. So it is, our joys and sorrows come to us by lightning flashes; stunning us so suddenly that it seems, when we arouse ourselves, like a wonderful dream. She, sister, died on the 5th of November, Philip's twenty-first birthday; an occasion anticipated with much expectation by him, as giving him possession of his handsome property and his liberty. Only a month ago Bessie and I had hoped to assist at this celebration. And now she was lying cold and still.

At such times no human sympathy, not even the dearest, can give us consolation. I was sitting, with the big, old-fashioned Bible in my lap, reading the fifteenth chapter of Corinthians, when I heard through the open door of my room the voice of Philip in the hall below. He was asking Jane "if Miss Ruth would see him." I had given orders not to be disturbed, for I felt that I could not bear the sight of a strange face; and I hardly expected him to call, on that day at least. But at the sound of his voice I almost resolved to change my resolution; and yet, somehow, I could not let even Philip break in on that solemn hour. While I hesitated I heard the outer door shut, and the question was decided for me. He was gone.

He never came to the house but once after that, and then it was to bid us good-by, preparatory to starting on a long Continental tour. I had just returned from Greenwood, about a week after Bessie's death, when he was announced. With a glad little flutter of my heart I went down, sadly but calmly, to meet him. As I entered the parlor little Howard was lamenting, most clamorously, over something, which seemed to distress him exceedingly, and upon inquiry, I found it was in connection with Philip. "Oh, dear!" sobbed Howard. "Mr. Carrington's going away for three years; and I love him, and don't want him to go; and mamma's gone, and everybody! Oh, dear!"

With faltering and astonished voice, I turned to Philip for his explanation. With a strange and dignified demeanor, he answered evasively. "Howard is excited, and makes a great deal about nothing."

"Ain't you going?" shouted Howard, from behind the door, where he had hidden to conceal his tears. Anxiously I waited his reply, looking steadily at him.

"Yes, I go on Wednesday, Miss Ruth. Won't you give me your blessing, and as many commissions as I can conveniently execute in three years?"

I almost fainted, I was so overcome with astonishment and sorrow. Was this my old Philip? We were certainly not engaged, but still we had loved each other before Bessie died. Happily my pride came to my assistance, and I answered haughtily, "Thank you. I can purchase what I need here."

With a few affectionate farewell words to the children, he rose, and taking my hand in his, said: "Take care of yourself, Ruth; when you need a friend, think of me. Good-by, and God bless you all; and hastily kissing little three-year-old Ruth (not me), he was gone.

When the front door closed I flew to my room, where no one can ever know how I suffered.

But how my tide of recollections have drifted me away from that unhappy Wednesday, and my needlework! We were just seated at dinner, I with dishevelled hair and morning dress, for it was snowing hard, and I expected no visitors, when Mabel Carrington's little open carriage drove up, and she with her sister Edith alighted. For a moment I felt wickedly rebellious, and wished I was fashionable and rich, but I soon forgot these inconsistent emotions in my desire to touch up my appearance before they should enter. But a little reflection induced me to conclude that I would see them in my housewife garb. They both rushed at me with such vehemence and affection that I was nonplussed, and really would have preferred their stateliness.

"My dear Ruth," simpered Mabel, "we are getting up tableaux for Saturday night, and you must form one of the party; we need you for several characters. Let me see: what are they? 'Morning,' 'Noon,' and 'Faith.' Now don't shake your head; we have calculated upon your lovely face, and certainly shall expect you. Your sister has been dear over a year, and you must come; nobody will think strange of it," &c., &c., &c., until in perfect desperation, I promised to be present at the rehearsal the next day.

I knew full well that somebody had failed them, and in an extremity they had thought of me; still I decided to go, for I felt impelled by a strange force, which I could not explain, to enter the Carringtons' house. I wanted to see Philip's home.

I was in a strange flutter of excitement from Wednesday till Saturday. It was not that I feared my ill-success in the personification of the various characters assigned to me, or that I anticipated with enthusiastic delight the fashionable and uncongenial entertainment; but there was that premonition of "coming events."

Ah! how often "they cast their shadows before."

The intervening days flew by swiftly, and with strange emotions I recognized myself in the elegant mirror in "Miss Esther's boudoir." I was actually permitted to dress in this fastidious lady's room. The house was so immense that the amateur performers had ample accommodations, each young lady being offered a separate dressing-room. By a strange accident, or as it afterwards proved a loving providence, Miss Carrington's charming little apartment was chosen for me. My coadjutors all being well acquainted, preferred to arrange their toilets merrily in trios, and quartets, rather than be located alone.

I had noticed when I entered the room a very old-fashioned cabinet, occupying an obscure corner, and looking decidedly lonely, and one of place among its very modern neighbors. Being extravagantly fond of antiquities, I prepared for a leisure examination of it during the long intermission between my first and second tableau. The top was glass; and underneath were choice specimens of shells, which attracted my eye and attention so much that I sat down and proceeded to look them over, leaning unconsciously against the side of the cabinet.

In doing so, I must have touched a secret spring, for the whole panelled side fell out, as the lid of a desk when you drop it to write upon, and letters, books and papers were scattered around. I replaced all the articles, without glancing at their wrappings, until I picked up a little box neatly tied, whose handwriting was so singularly familiar, that I allowed myself to read the signature:

"Miss Ruth Sidney."

Certainly that was my name, and this package belonged to me indisputably. I determined to open what I felt must be mine. So, closing the parcel as best I could, I undid, with trembling fingers, the mysterious bundle. Inclosed was a dainty white box, with a few withered flowers, and a letter for me, the perusal of which produced such mingled emotions that I cannot now tell whether joy or sorrow, love or anger, were the most prominent. It was from Philip, revealing his passionate love for me, and requesting me to put the accompanying rosebuds in Bessie's hand when she was laid in her coffin.

"I shall learn my fate from these flowers," he wrote. "If they are in dear Bessie's hand, I shall be with you this evening; if not, the alternative remains with Providence. I cannot send a gift of formal flowers to precious Bessie, and I want her linked with my love in some way."

How well I remember Miss Esther's officious call the morning of the funeral; but how she secured possession of these love-freighted articles I could not tell. Just then the summons came for me to prepare for my second and third tableaux and with a happy, angry, vindictive spirit, I quickly equipped myself for the farcical performance. When it was over I retreated hastily from the congratulations and flatteries of the insipid fops who lay in wait, with rude compliments for the successful participants, and fled to the room for my quiet black dress, preferring rest to be social in my fancy, dress again. Then, with a swimming head and a raging heart, I walked straight towards the unapproachable Miss Esther, and, in an authoritative voice which she seemed to understand, for she rose immediately, I said: "Miss Carrington, I would like to see yourself and nieces alone in your private room; if you refuse, I will proclaim my business before all these, your friends; so you had better accede to my request."

Then turning towards my brother-in-law, George, who was waiting for me, I bade him follow us to the room.

When all were seated, I produced the flowers and letter explaining its sudden appearance to me. Without a word of reproach to her, poor, humbled woman, I told Mary, the youngest daughter, to bring her aunt's writing material, and there I, simple Ruth Sidney, dictated to her, proud Esther Carrington, a letter to Philip, recording her mean and wicked deception. I made her direct and seal it, while George, with significant look, suggested that he should post it. After this, I slowly put on my bonnet and shawl, never designing another word to the disconsolate author of the uncomfortable scene; while the, with pale face and cringing manner, begged me not to mention it. She had meant to give it to me some day, if I didn't marry, she said. I couldn't forgive her then, as I have now; so, turning unchristianly from her, George and I left for our home.

Week after week passed, bringing no word from Philip, until it was just six weeks since Miss Esther's letter started for Rome. Although there was the possibility of delayed mails, still I began to fear that Philip had found some other fairer woman to be his bride. I watched for the postman so anxiously that morning that little Ruth, who scrutinized my face for indications of "clear weather," as closely as George watched his barometer, confidentially whispered to Howard, "I s'pose Aunt Ruth is thinking of mamma, she looks so dis'pinted, and won't eat no breakfast; let's be very good to-day Howie."

I was too disappointed and heartsick to attend to household duties; so, slipping away from them all, I stole in to my dearly beloved piano. With a gush of feeling I could not express, I fairly poured forth my soul in one of Mendelssohn's little songs. I had heard the front-door bell ring, when I first opened the piano, but was too listless to inquire who the new-comer had been, thinking it was too early for calls. When the song was finished I bowed my head on the rack before me, to listen to the flood of memories which the pathetic music suggested. I did not hear the parlor door open. When I looked up, Philip stood before me.

With one eloquent glance, he said, "Is this, indeed, my Ruth?"

As for me, I ignominiously fainted in his arms, the shock was so great and so sudden.

That is all of my love story. But it was long before I could believe that I must prepare to be Ruth Carrington.

AN INSULT.

Fred—I didn't mind Taylor's discharging me so much as I did the insult he subsequently offered me.

Frank—What was that?

Fred—He advertised for a boy to fill my place.—[Yankee Blade.

MINK FARMING.

Profit and Enjoyment in Raising Little Fur Bearers.

My father had at one time thirty mink, mostly of his own raising, and they were as tame and easily handled as so many kittens; but the decline in furs, and consequently in our enthusiasm in the enterprise and our subsequent removal to Tennessee, put an end to the experiment. We lost a number, I remember, during the last by feeding them too much beef liver. The little animals were exceedingly fond of liver, and we threw into the yard one day a whole beef's liver, which they gorged themselves for several days. This brought on a kind of dysentery, of which a good many died. I also lost a number from no cause that we could ascertain, but which I now believe was from keeping too many confined in too small a space. The mink is a solitary animal by nature, and when so many are by force congregated it brings on contagious diseases among them.

Our inclosure was at first about four or five rods square, and surrounded by a clump of small spruce trees, and half a stream of water constantly running through it in a box about a foot wide and the same depth. Later we found that the animals had to be separated, most of the year, for they were vicious fighters, especially the old ones, and the inclosure was divided up into some compartments. The outside was an upright board fence six feet high, resting on a stone wall one foot below the surface, with flat stones at the bottom, projecting in, also with a board foot wide, projecting inward from the top, and the corners lined with tin. Then to insure their not climbing out we used to clip the two front nails of the fore paws. If this is done when the animal is young, and the nail clipped close up—that is, taking off the end of the quick with it—it will not be likely to grow out again, and this quite effectually spoils the animals ability as a climber or digger.

As a boy it was my part of the farm chores to look after the "minkery," an agreeable duty it was in many respects. The feed consisted almost entirely of woodchucks, in which our section of Western New York abounded, and many an afternoon the excuse of hoeing out of "mink bait" was sufficient to let me off about milking time, and many a poor woodchuck fell a victim to my little smoothbore at short range. The young ones were fed mostly on milk, lapping it up greedily like young pigs.

A young mink is easily tamed, and they are the most cute and playful little creatures in the world. They will play together for hours at a time, rolling and tumbling over each other in the wildest and out-of-the most amusing manner. They were sociable and friendly, and seemed delighted when I came into the yard to see them. They would crawl over me, and up my coat sleeve and pantaloon legs, and let me feel of their sharp, needle-like teeth without offering to bite. I have seen them rolling and tumbling in the water, when one would stretch out and appear to be dead, and the other would seize him by the back of the neck and drag him out of the water and several feet out on the ground, when the "dead" mink would suddenly jump, and they would both scramble back to the water and reverse the performance.

Like all meat-eating animals the mink would gorge themselves with enough at a time to last them two or three days, and during such periods they are stupid and quiet, spending most of the time asleep, and when handled will lazily open their eyes and stretch out and go to sleep again. But let them once be fairly hungry and they are almost as lively a varmint as I ever saw. At such times it is best to be careful about feeding them bits of meat from your hand, for they are liable to grab hold of your finger instead, and then a mink will bite any bull terrier that ever lived in a matter of hanging on, and a dozen tomcats cannot do as lively snarling and scratching. You may swing the mink around, rap them against the fence, duck them under the water, they will hold their grip, and nothing but a good strong choking until the breath is fairly gone will induce them to let go.—[Forest and Stream.

Chinese Physicians.

The Eastern cities are repeating California's experience with Chinese physicians. The facts about Chinese medical science are that they have no adequate conception of anatomy, physiology, or pathology. During centuries of experience they have recorded and filed a mass of observations, and have learned that they have certain effects from certain causes, but all this body of knowledge is if it may be dignified by that name, is undigested and void of scientific system. Sometimes they happen to hit the disease and the remedy, and a great number about Oriental wisdom is raised, but it is almost purely a matter of accident. Those who put themselves in the hands of these humbugs run serious risks, besides the chance of imbibing concoctions of lizards, spiders and sundry other vermin whose pulverized bodies compose the bulk of Chinese medicines.—[San Francisco Bulletin.

The Human Ear.

The crumpled and rusted form of the human ear is accounted for by Prof. D. Garrison as a result of the habit of lying on the side of the head, which habit has been induced by the increased weight of the brain. The opinion of the author, in his paper on the subject read at the American Association, originally been whether the auditory through which it had been developed would profit most by large brains and perfect and symmetrical hearing apparatus, and had been promptly decided by natural selection in favor of large brains.

SUNDAY'S SERMON.

DR. TALMAGE'S STERLING DISCOURSE.

Subject: "Other Sheep I Have."

TEXT: "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold." John x., 16.

There is no monopoly in religion. The gospel that is not a nice little property shut off all for ourselves. It is not a king's park, at which we look through a barred gate, wishing we might go in and pluck the flowers and look at the deer and the dinary. It is a father's orchard, and there are bars to let down and gates to swing open. In my boyhood days, next to the country schoolhouse where I went, there was an orchard of great luxuriance, owned by a very lame man who did not gather the apples, and they went to waste by scores of bushels. Sometimes the lads of the school, in the sinfulness of a nature inherited from our first parents, who fell through the same temptation, would climb over the fence and take some of these apples, and notwithstanding the fact that there was a surplus, and that it was going to waste, the owner of that orchard, guilty of making his lameness worse, would hobble after these lads and shout, "Boys, drop those apples or I'll set the dog on you!" Now there are Christians who have severe hard over the Church of God. They have rough and unsympathetic way of treating strangers. It is a great orchard into which they would like to have all the people come and take the richest and the ripest fruit, and the more they take the better He likes it. But there are those who act as if they were stationed at the gate of heaven to keep out the poor sinners. I wish you would say something that will be startling at the first, and that is that you are going to become his Lord's sheep. "Oh," you say, "that is impossible; you don't know my sins; you don't know how far I am from anything of that kind." I know all about your sins. I have been up and down the world. I know why some of you do not attend upon Christian services.

I go further, and make another announcement in regard to you, and that is, you are not only to become the Lord's sheep, but you are going to become the Lord's sheep this day. God is going to call you graciously by the spirit, you are going to come into the fold of Christ. This sermon shall not be so much for those who are Christians. I have preached to them hundreds and thousands of times. The sermon that I preach now is going to be chiefly for those who consider themselves sinners, but who may happen to be in the church. The chief employment of the gracious people here to-day will be to pray for those who are not accustomed to frequent Christian sanctuaries.

The last summer Atlantic went to pieces off Long Branch, did that brave minister of the Gospel, of whom we have all read, go out in the lifeboat? Why did he not stay in the wreck and let the passengers that got ashore, swimming through the surf and climbing up the rigging, and preparing their own food? No, he was busy of work to be done on the wreck, for those who had already escaped. Perhaps some man knew that there were people who would take care of those, and so he put off in the lifeboat! Pull away, my brave man! Yonder is a man; there is another freezing to the rigging. Pull for the oar blades beat in the faces of the oarsmen. Then they come to the wreck. The woman is frozen. She drops into the waves—alas! poor woman—and washes out to sea. But then Mr. Ancient Piety: "There is a man yet hanging to the rigging. Come, my lad! pull away!" They come up, and he can reach them—only three minutes and we will have you. Steady! steady! Now give me your hand. Leap into this lifeboat! God be praised! Thank God, he is saved!"

So there are men now in the breakers. They have made a shipwreck of life. While we come out to save them, some are swept off—swept off before we can reach them—and there are others still hanging on. Steady there among the slippery places! Steady! Leap into this lifeboat! Now is your chance for heaven! This hour some of you are going to be saved. Far away from God, you are going to be brought nigh. "Other sheep have I which are not of this fold."

You are now this hour in the tide or Christian influence. You are going to be swept in; your voice is going to be heard in prayer; you are going to be consecrated to God; you are going to live a life of usefulness, and your deathbed is going to be surrounded by Christian sympathizers, and devout men will carry you to your burial when your work is done, and these words will be chiseled for your epitaph: "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." And all that history is going to begin today. "Other sheep have I which are not of this fold."

Again I remark, the Heavenly Shepherd is going to find many of His sheep among those who are now rejecters of Christianity. I do not know how you came to reject Christianity. I do not know whether it was through hearing Theodore Parker preach, or whether it was reading Renan's "Life of Jesus," or whether it was through some skeptic in the store or factory. Or it may be—probably is the case—that you were educated under religious influences, and disgusted with Christianity because some man who professed to be a Christian defrauded you, and he being a member of the church, and you taking him as a representative of the Christian religion, you said, "Well, if that's religion, I don't want any of it."

I do not know how you came to reject Christianity, but you frankly tell me you do reject it; you do not think the Bible is the word of God, although there are many things in it you admire; you do not think that Christ was a divine being, although you think He was a very good man. You say, "If the Bible be true—the most of the Bible be true—I nevertheless think the earlier part of the Bible is an allegory." And there are fifty things that I believe you do not believe. Nevertheless they tell me in regard to you that you are an accommodating, you are obliging person. If I should come to you and ask of you a favor you would grant it if it were possible. It would be a joy for you to grant me a favor. If any of your friends come to you and wanted an accommodation and you could accommodate them, how glad you would be!

Now I am going to ask of you a favor. I want you to oblige me. The accommodation will cost you nothing, and you will give me great happiness. Of course you will not deny me. I want you as an experiment to try the Christian religion. If it does, receive it.

If you were very sick, and you had been given up of the doctors, and I came to you, and I took a bottle of medicine from my pocket and said, "Here is medicine I am sure will help you; it has cured fifty people," you would say, "I have no confidence in it; they tell me all these medicines will fail me." "Well," I say, "will you not, as a matter of accommodation to myself, just try it?" "Well," you say, "I have no objection to trying it; if it will be any satisfaction to you I will try it." You take it. Now you are sick in disquietude, sick in sin. You are not happy. You laugh sometimes when you are miserable. There come surges of unhappiness over your soul that almost swamp you. You are unhappy, struck through with unrest. Now, will you not try this solace, this febrifuge, this anodyne, this Gospel medicine?

"Oh," you say, "I haven't any faith in it." As a matter of accommodation, let me introduce you to the Lord Jesus Christ, the Great Physician. "Why," you say, "I haven't any faith in Him." Well, now, will you not just let him come and try His power on your soul? Just let me introduce Him to you. I do not ask you to take my word for it. I do not ask you to take the word of the clergymen. Perhaps the clergymen may be prejudiced; perhaps we may be speaking professionally; perhaps we may give you wrong advice; perhaps we are morbid on that subject; so I do not ask you to take the advice of clergymen. I ask you to take the advice of very respectable laymen, such as William Shakespeare, the dramatist; as William Wilberforce, the statesman; as Isaac Newton, the astronomer; as Robert Boyle, the philosopher; as Locke, the metaphysician; as Morse, the electrician.

These men never preached—they never pretended to preach—but they come out, and putting down, one his telescope, and another the electrician's wire, and another the parliamentary scroll—they come out, and they commend Christ as a comfort to all the people, a Christ that the world needs. Now I do not ask you to take the advice of clergymen. Take the advice of men living. It does not make any difference to me at this juncture how you may have cariccatured religion. Take the advice of men who are prominent in secular affairs, as these men whom I have mentioned and others who immediately occur to my mind. You see I am not much at skepticism. I never scoffed at skepticism. I have been a natural skeptic. I do not know what the first word was that I uttered after entering the world, but I think it must have been "why?"

There were times when I doubted the existence of God, when I doubted the divinity of Christ, when I doubted the immorality of the soul, when I doubted my own existence, when I doubted everything. I have been through the whole curriculum of doubt, and you can tell me nothing new about it. I have come out from a great Sahara desert into the calm, warm, sunshiny land of the Gospel. I know about the other land. I have been there. You can tell me nothing new about it. And I know all about the other condition of which you do not know anything—the peace, the comfort, the joy, the triumph of trusting in God and in Jesus Christ, whom He has sent. So I am not scoffing in regard to it.

It outrages me to see how soon Christian people give up the prodigal. I hear Christian people talk as though they thought the grace of God were a chain of forty or fifty links, and when they had run out then there was nothing to touch the depth of a man's iniquity. If a man were out hunting for deer, and got off the track of the deer, he would hunt, and the bushes and the brakes longer for the lost game than he would look for a lost soul.

They say if a man has had the delirium tremens twice he cannot be cured. They say if a woman has fallen from integrity she cannot be redeemed. All of which is an infinite slander on the Gospel of the Son of God. Men who say that know nothing about practical religion in their own hearts. How many times will God take back a man who has fallen? I cannot give you the exact figures, but I can tell you at what point He certainly will take him back. Four hundred and ninety times. Why do I say four hundred and ninety times? Because the Bible says seventy times seven. Now figure that out, you who do not think a man can fall four times, eight times, ten times, twenty times, one hundred times, four hundred times, and yet be saved. Four hundred and ninety times! Why, there is a great multitude before the throne of God who plunged into all the depths of iniquity. They were so far down that they did not comprehend they were washed of body and washed of mind and washed of soul, and they are before the throne of God now forever happy. I say that to encourage any man who feels there is no chance for him.

Good Templars will not save you, although they are grand institutions. Sons of Temperance will not save you, although there is no better society on earth. Signing the temperance pledge will not save you, although it is a grand thing to do. No one but God can save you. Do not put your confidence in bromide of potassium or anything that the apothecary can mix. Put you trust in God! After the church has cast you off, and the bank has cast you off, and social circles have cast you off, and all good society have cast you off, and father has cast you off, and mother has cast you off, at your first cry for help God will send clean down to that ditch of your iniquity to help you out. Oh, what a God He is! Long suffering and gracious!

There may be in this house some whose hand trembles so with dissipation they could hardly hold a hymn book. I say to such if they are in the church. You will preach the Gospel yet. You will yet, some of you, carry the holy communion through the aisles, and you will be acceptable to everybody because everybody will know you are saved and purified by the grace of God, and a consecrated man, wholly consecrated. Your business has got to come up, your physical health is to be rebuilt, your family is to be restored, the Church of God is to be made in heaven is to rejoice over your coming. "Other sheep have I which are not of this fold." If this is not the Gospel I do not know what the Gospel is. It can scale any height, it can fathom any depth, it can compass any infinity. I think one reason why there are not more people saved is we do not swing the door wide enough open.

Now there is only one class of persons in this house about whom I have any despondency, and that is those who have been hearing the Gospel for perhaps twenty, thirty, forty years. Their outward life is moral, but they tell you frankly they do not love the Lord Jesus Christ, have not trusted Him, have not been born again by the spirit of God. They are Gospel hardened. The Gospel has no more effect upon them than the shining of the moon on the city pavement. The publicans and the harlots go into the kingdom of God before they. They went through, some of them, the revival of 1837, when 500,000 souls were brought to God. Some of them went through great revivals in modern churches. Still unpardoned, unblessed, unsaved. They were merely spectators. Gospel hardened! After awhile we will hear that they are sick, and then that they have died, and then that they died without any hope. Gospel hardened!

But I turn away from all such with a thrill of hope to those who are not Gospel hardened. You are not Gospel hardened; you know you are not Gospel hardened. The whole subject comes freshly to your mind. I hear some soul saying: "Oh, my wasted life! Oh, the bitter past! Oh, the graves I stumbled over! Without shall I fly? The future is so dark, so dark, so very dark! God help me!"

Oh, I am so glad for that last utterance! That was a prayer, and as soon as you begin to pray that turns all heaven this way, and God steps in, and He beats back the bounds of temptation to their kennels, and He throws all around the pursued soul the covert of His pardoning mercy. I heard something fall. What was it? It was the bars around the sheepfold, the bars of the fence around the sheepfold. The Heavenly Shepherd let them fall, and the hunted sheep of the mountain come bounding in, some with fleece torn of the brambles, and others with feet lame from the dogs, but bounding in. Thank God! "Other sheep have I which are not of this fold."

God forbid that any of you should have the lamentation of the dying nobleman who had every opportunity of salvation, but rejected all, and who wrote or dictated these words: "Before you receive this my final state will be determined. I am throwing my last stake for eternity, and tremble and shudder for the important issue. Oh, my friend, with what horror do I recall the hours of vanity we have wasted together; but I have a splendid passage to the grave. I die in state, and languish under a canopy. I am expiring on soft and downy pillows, and am respectfully attended by my servants and physicians. My dependants sigh, my sisters weep, my father bends beneath a load of years and grief. But oh, which of these will answer my summons at the high tribunal? And which of these will bail me from the arrest of death? While some flattering panegyric is pronounced at my interment, I may be hearing my just condemnation at a supreme tribunal. Adieu!"

How Chadd Participated

Down in Central Pennsylvania there is a college in which military instruction is included in the curriculum, and the State has placed four heavy cannon on the campus for use during military drill. Just before the last commencement several students, in the dead of night, loaded the cannon to the mouth and fired them. The reports awoke every one in the neighborhood and the next morning the members of the faculty were busy trying to get a clue to the perpetrators. Finally they summoned a young sophomore named Chadd to appear before them.

"Mr. Chadd," said the president of the college, "you have been reported to the faculty as being interested in or at least as knowing something about the firing of the cannon last night, and the faculty, before taking any decided action in your case, have given you this opportunity to say something in your own defense. You should know that the leniency of the faculty is extended to those who confess and promise to conduct themselves properly in the future. What have you to say?"

"Do I understand that I shall not be suspended if I make a full confession?"

The gravity of the offense is such, Mr. Chadd, that, were your guilt established by any other means than your own confession, an immediate suspension would ensue; but, as I have said, a confession mitigates the punishment."

"I should be averse to my own interests if I did not confess under the circumstances. Gentlemen, I'll make a clean breast of it; I took part in the disturbance."

"What particular part, Mr. Chadd?"

"I heard the reports of the guns."

When the faculty got over the shock they excused Mr. Chadd.

PERUVIAN PORTS.

SINGULAR SCENES IN SOUTH AMERICAN CITIES.

Gorgeous Local Officials—Buying from Native Women—Aged Inhabitants—A Street Car with Sails.

Describing a trip along the coast of Peru, Fannie B. Ward says in the Washington Star:

At every port an army of local officials comes on board, to improve the opportunity of a square meal and a drink or two at the expense of the steamship company. They wear gorgeous red breeches, bright swords and plenty of brief authority" and there is usually one of them to about every half dozen packages of merchandise. There are the captain of the port and all his retinue; the governor of the district with his entire staff; the commandant of the military garrison and several of his subordinates; and last, but by no means least either in numbers or importance, the collector of customs and battalion of inspectors, till the decks are fairly swarming with them. As the arrival of a steamer is the one event that breaks the monotony of their lives, they never fail to celebrate it for all it is worth.

Most of the ports are mere collections of mud huts, inhabited by the officials aforesaid, employes of the various steamship companies, and a few fishermen. We stop at every one of them to take on the produce of the neighboring valleys, mainly sugar, cotton, cocoa, wine and coffee, for shipment to Liverpool and Germany or to points lower down the coast. Nearly every port has its railway line running to rich plantations in the interior, and as there are no harbors on this coast, but only open roadsteads, expensive iron piers have been built out over the surf in most places, from which the merchandise is transferred to barges or lighters and then by them to the ships, which anchor a mile or more from shore. Where there is no pier, lighters are run through the surf when the tide is highest. They are loaded at low tide and then floated off to buoys to await the arrival of vessels. There are always plenty of row boats to take passengers ashore at reasonable prices when bargained for before starting, and the tourist misses a good deal who does not avail himself of every opportunity to put his feet on terra firma.

In several places the women have beautiful straw baskets, cigar cases and "Panama" hats of their own manufacture to sell, besides a variety of fruit, cheese, dulces, poor pottery and other truck. They have not the remotest idea of the value of money and are habitually imposed upon by local traders, who take their wares at a merely nominal rate in exchange for the necessaries of life and sell them again at an enormous advance on the original price. It is difficult for a stranger to buy anything of these people, because they are imbued with the idea that all foreigners are walking gold mines, who may as well pay one price as another. I asked an old woman the price of a little straw basket. "Fifteen dollars," she replied. Finding that would not do she gracefully dropped to fifty cents, about double the sum that a local dealer would have given her.

The northernmost town of Peru is Tumbez, interesting only from the fact that here Pizarro was met by the Inca messengers whom King Atahualpa had sent out to inquire the object of the white man's visit. Back of the town are some extensive petroleum deposits, which were known to the Indians long before the coming of the Spaniards. Since time out of mind the oil has been used for lubricating and coloring purposes, but the natives were entirely ignorant of its real character and value until a Mr. Larkins, from western New York, came down here to peddle kerosene; and then it was immediately recognized as the same stuff.

A little farther down is Paita, or Payta, as it is sometimes spelled, the ocean gate of the fertile valley of Piura, which, with its town of the same name, lies sixty miles away across the desert of Sechura and close to the cordillera. Being completely surrounded by bare sand bluffs, except the little space to seaward, there is not a trace of vegetation anywhere in sight. All the water that is used is brought from a point more than thirty miles away, formerly on the backs of mules, but now through an iron pipe. Though lying within the so-called "rainless belt" of Peru it is said that smart showers occasionally fall here, say once in three or four years. To form a tolerably correct idea of the appearance of Paita you have only to imagine a collection of the mud nests of the barn swallow, somewhat enlarged and turned bottom side up. Its queer shops and houses are set close together, mainly on one long street near the beach, their wicker-work frames so thinly plastered over with mud that a passer-by might thrust his finger through, and roofed with a matting of braided rushes tied on to the rafters. Some of them are two-storied and very well furnished, being occupied by agents of foreign commercial houses, who are paid extraordinary salaries for consenting to a residence here. There is a big bamboo cathedral and the most notable objects in it are an image of the Virgin with chains on her wrists, and a (to me) unknown saint who carries a hatchet.

Paita has no cemetery, and it is said that none is needed, as nobody ever dies hereabouts—they dry up in course of centuries and blow away into the desert. We are informed that the public-spirited citizens were very desirous of starting a graveyard a few years ago, having heard that such an institution is a feature of all first-class towns. They laid out an inclosure, but even motives of patriotism could not induce anybody to be interred alive. Finally a vessel came along which had a man on board at the