Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 4, 1891.

Wanted—A Boy.

Wanted—a boy. A brave, courageous, manly, hopeful boy; one who is not afraid of the truth; one who scorns a lie; one who hates deceit; one who loves his mother; one who does not know more than his parents; one who has the courage to say "no," and stick to it; one who is willing to begin at the bottom of the ladder and work up; one who thinks it unmanly to smoke; one who thinks an education is worth striving; one who is willing to obey his superiors; one who knows his home is better than the street; one who doesn't believe the marvelous tales told in the story papers, and will not read the vile stuff; one who won't cheat in a fair game; one who won't be a sneak, and do a mean act when unseen; one who won't spend every penny he earns or gets; one who thinks he should respect himself, and keep himself in decent appearance; one who won't attack an old man because he is feeble and defenseless; one who won't torture dumb animals; one who won't steal; one who won't swear; one who won't listen to or repeat nasty stories; one who won't revile and jeer at drunken persons on the street; one who won't do a dirty act for another boy who is too cowardly to do his own meanness; one who loves to do right because it is right. Wanted—a boy; a whole-souled, earnest, honorable, square boy. Where can he be found? Does he live in your neighborhood? Is he a member of your family? Do you know him?—*American Teacher.*

ONE disagreeable thing about postage stamps is that they are apt to get stuck to themselves.—*Binghamton Leader.*

Thought She'd Drop In.

A busy Chicago housewife had just dusted the furniture and was about to wash the windows, when there came a violent ring at the door-bell. A faded-looking woman, carrying a green parasol and a bag that puckered like a tobacco sack, walked in when the door was opened, and, refusing to give her name, entered the parlor.

"Would you object to giving me your name?" said the housewife, when the strange woman had seated herself.

"Never mind my name."

"Will you please state your business?"

"Never mind my business."

"Well, but why am I honored with this visit?"

"You'll find out soon enough."

"I should like to find out now, if it will not be putting you to any unnecessary inconvenience."

"All right. My business is not very important, to be sure, but perhaps you might take some little interest in it. Your name is Mrs. Natterson, I believe."

"Yes."

"Ah, hah. How long have you known your alleged husband?"

"My alleged husband?"

"Yes."

"I have been married three years."

"That is, you think you have been married that long."

"I surely do not understand you."

"Oh, it's a matter of no consequence, but as I happened to be in this town and more especially as I chanced to be passing, I thought that I would drop in and tell you that this man Natterson married me in Massachusetts some five or six years, I forget which. But it amounts to nothing, you know."

"Merciful heavens, madam, you horrify me!"

"Oh, not necessarily, I assure you."

"Is it possible that I have been deceived?"

"Well, it looks rather that way."

"And have you come here to claim my husband?"

"Oh, not at all. I just happened to be passing and thought I'd tell you. Please don't think for a moment that I want him. It is true that men are rather scarce in the East, but even if they were ten times scarcer than they are, I should not want that fellow. I have had quite enough of him, I assure you. Just happened to be passing and thought I'd drop in and tell you. Hope I haven't put you to any inconvenience. Good-day." — *Arkansaw Traveler.*

A COLORED couple called on a well-known clergyman in Boston recently to be married. They were accompanied by another couple, who came to "stand up" with the bridegroom and bride. The quartet stood in line, and by a queer misunderstanding of the requirements of the occasion the "contracting parties" got separated, the man standing at one end of the line and the woman at the other. The clergyman, supposing they were properly stationed, said: "You take this woman to be your lawful and wedded wife——" "Say, hold on boss! do woman dat I'm goin' to marry an at do oder end ob de line; I'm not goin' to marry dis yer gal." The extremes met and the ceremony was begun again and finished without interruption.

A VERY expensive fad is having your portrait cut as an onyx cameo. The work is very slow, difficult and laborious. The image when done is permanent and will last for centuries. There are enough people in New York who enjoy this kind of extravagance to give constant employment to five cameo portrait-carvers.

OUR EARLY HOPES.

D. BRAINERD WILLIAMSON.

When early hopes most brightly beam,
What beauty they reveal!
No loveliness of form they seem
To limit or conceal.
A thousand rosy shapes they take,
A thousand smiles they wear,
And to our eyes and hearts they make
Life's tenure long and fair.

For to us, then, the future shows
Its landscape filled with light;
We see no signs of hidden woes
Rise up before the sight;
Calamities do always hide
In sheltered ambuscade,
Whence they, unthought of, undescried,
May fall on hope betrayed.

What though these hopes that now arise
May fade in coming days,
If, following them, we are not wise
To walk in virtue's ways.
All hopes die not—the best will live,
The upright heart to cheer,
And better views and comfort give
To every passing year!

A TEXAN ROMANCE.

BY EVELYN RAYMOND.

The epidemic of prosperity which had visited that portion of the Lone Star State favored by the protection of the Nugget Improvement Company had, in a measure, abated. The receding wave which had floated hundreds of delighted voyagers to havens of rest and richness had temporarily stranded upon the shore of idleness two clerks of the said company.

For the tide of business had ebbed, on that afternoon, from the office at El Dorado, and the young men in question had no choice left but to await its flow with what patience they could. "Strange," remarked Carlyle, "how everything goes in waves. Cold and heat, crime and charity, stagnation and activity, divorce and matrimony—wish I was scientist enough to explain the theory."

"You'd need an audience of scientists to comprehend you."

McCarthy moved his long legs from his colleague's desk. Whirling around in his chair, he opened a drawer of his own typewriter cabinet and took out a letter and a picture.

Carlyle looked at him through the rings of smoke he was lazily puffing, and sighed:

"Hang it! Don't you ever tire of that business?"

"You bet I don't!" McCarthy spoke apparent truth. Given a half-hour of leisure, the typewritist became certain to produce the same velvet-framed photograph and the last underscored epistle of the photograph's original. "Ah-h! don't I wish that I could see her!" He held the picture at arm's length and surveyed it through half-closed eyes.

Carlyle's mustache began to turn up at the corners, but his friend's infatuation was so sincere that he rarely let his sarcasm go to the length of words. Slipping so far down in his own chair that his head rested against its leather-cushioned back, and throwing his own long legs upon the desk which had just been relieved of his fellow toiler's, he observed:

"Speaking of girls—they're a queer animal."

McCarthy was deep in the letter. He vouchsafed an assenting, guttural "Ugh!" and read on to the end.

"Confound it—you! Talk."

"Be calm, Jack. Is it Shakespeare who says that 'speech is silver, but silence is golden'?"

"Shakespeare? Cornelius, did you ever go to Sunday-school?"

"In the dark of my youth—yes."

"You should go again. But—speaking of girls—"

"You've said that once."

"I'll say it twice. Speaking of girls, I hate your mannish, strong-minded sort. Do you know the kind I'll fall in love with?"

"No. Nor you."

"I do. She must be poor—awfully poor. She must be decedly pretty, too—and babyish. Blue eyes, yellow curls, pink cheeks; timidity, clingingness, hero-worship—for me, her hero—and all that kind. She must know nothing more of books than their covers, and she must exist but for—and in—ME."

"Bosh! Better go drown yourself!"

"Thanks. I can't, on account of my 'beggar maid.'"

"You'll marry a rich girl. Dark, independent, learned. She'll boss you from the start."

"Never."

"Sure. I've observed that one always marries the opposite of his ideal. I shall. I said I'd never love a girl who was fat and had red hair; but Kitty, here, is as round as a squab, and her hair is 'auburn.'"

"Epitaph: 'Cornelius McCarthy, aged four-and-twenty. Died of a vision on the brain.' Oh-ugh-a-ah!"

Jack Carlyle gave vent to one of his indescribable yawns—a combination of shriek, steam-whistle, and the dulcet notes of a burro. He stretched his six feet odd of length to about ten by kicking his tenacle-like arms upward, but was brought to a sudden collapse by the landing of an unabridged dictionary in the pit of his stomach.

The silence which prevailed while the "confidential clerk" of the N. I. C. gathered his anatomical fragments together was ominous. It was broken unexpectedly. A cough and a smothered laugh, both feminine, fell on the hush with startling distinctness.

"Thunder! there's somebody in the office," gasped Carlyle and rose. Glowering at the typewritist and reserving that assailant's punishment for a more convenient season, he became at once the bland, dignified gentleman whom the N. I. C. had honored with their trust.

There was somebody in the office. A very tangible somebody—firm of figure, dark of eye, alert, and self-reliant. Her face was grave and quite as dignified as Carlyle's own; but the shadow of a smile still lingered around the deep corners of the prettiest mouth in the world.

"I want to examine three of the ranches the Nugget Company have for sale." She opened a map that she drew from the natty little satchel at her side, and spread it on the table between them. "This, and this, and th's," she said indicating each by her dainty fore-finger. "One of the three will, I think, suit. I wish to visit them immediately." There was not a wasted word, movement, nor instant of time.

Carlyle felt himself as sharply aroused from his afternoon drowsiness as if he had suddenly stepped into Wall street just before closing hour.

"Well, yes; we have those ranches for sale. Glad to show them to you tomorrow, but it is now rather late in the day to start. Any hour you name in the morning I will have a carriage at your disposal."

She gave him a contemptuous survey.

"I was assured by the president of the firm that the employes would do everything to facilitate my inspection of the property. However, I have a carriage at your command. Are you ready?"

"Ready—certainly. But I must warn you that it will be dark before we get back to El Dorado."

"Very well." The brisk young woman took a sensible silver watch from the waistcoat which was the very counterpart of Carlyle's own, and glanced at its face. "Ten minutes to two. The horses I have hired are warranted to travel ten miles an hour. Two—till seven—we can accomplish fifty miles and not postpone your dinner-hour very greatly. The round distance could not be thirty, so we shall have two hours for examination. Is that convincing?"

The unmistakable scorn which emphasized her inquiry stung Carlyle like a nettle. Audibly, he said, adopting her own terse speech: "I'll get my hat." Mentally: "I'll teach that vixen!" Then rushed to the inner sanctum for his white head-gear.

The team sped along at a pace which promised to verify their owner's word as to their capabilities, and for the first distance no one spoke. As they turned out of El Dorado to the open the girl called to the driver: "Not that way. North first, to Sunset Ranch, then the Beausite. Though I expect the Luckalong will suit me, I'll look at the others, too."

"How have you learned so much of the route?" and "Reckon you've been here afore, hain't you, ma'am?" asked Carlyle and the driver, simultaneously. I produce the same velvet-framed photograph and the last underscored epistle of the photograph's original. "Ah-h! don't I wish that I could see her!" He held the picture at arm's length and surveyed it through half-closed eyes.

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SUNDAY'S SERMON.

ONE OF REV. DR. TALMAGE'S STERLING DISCOURSES.

Subject: "One Thing Lacking."

TEXT: *"One thing thou lackest."*—Mark x., 21.

The young man of the text was a splendid nature. We fall in love with him at the first glance. He was amiable and frank and earnest and educated and refined and respectable and moral, and yet he was not a Christian. And so Christ addresses him in the words that I have read to you, "One thing thou lackest." I suppose that text was no more applicable to the young man of whom I have spoken than it is appropriate to a large multitude of people in this audience. There are many things in which you are lacking. For instance, you are not lacking in a good home. It is perhaps no more than an hour ago that you closed the door, returning to see whether it was well fastened, of one of the best homes of this city. The younger children of the house already asleep, the older ones, hearing your returning footsteps, will rush to the door to meet you. And in these long evenings the children at the stand with their games, the wife plying the needle and pushing the book or the paper, you feel that you have a good home. Neither are you lacking in the refinements and courtesies of life. You understand the polite phraseology of invitation, regard and apology. You have an appropriate apparel. I shall wear no better dress at the wedding than when I come to the marriage of the king's son. If I am well clothed on other occasions I will be so in a religious assembly. However reckless I may be about my personal appearance at other times, when I come into a consecrated assemblage I shall wear on the best dress I have. We all understand the proprieties of every-day life and the proprieties of Sabbath life.

Neither are you lacking in worldly success. You have not made as much money as you would like to make, but you have an income. While others are false when they say they have no income, or are making no money, you have never told that falsehood. You have had a livelihood, or you have fallen upon old resources, which is just the same thing, for God is just as good to us when He takes care of us by a salm of the past as by present success. While there are thousands of men with hunger tearing at the throat with the strength of a tiger's paw, not one of you is hungry. Neither are they lacking in pleasant friendship. You have real good friends. If the scarlet fever should come to-night to your house you know very well who would come in and sit up with the sick one; or, if death should come, you know who would come in and take your hand tight in mine with that peculiar grip which means "I'll stand by you;" and, after the life is fled from the loved one, take you by the arm and lead you into the sectroom, and while you are going to Greenwood they would stay in the house and put aside the garments and the playthings that might bring to your mind too severely your great loss. Friends? You all have friends.

Neither are you lacking in your admiration of the Christian religion. There is nothing that makes you so angry as to have a misanthrop Christ. You get red in the face, and you say, "Sir, I want you to understand that though I am not myself a Christian, I don't like such things said as that in my store;" and the man goes off giving you a parting salutation, but you hardly mind him. You are provoked beyond all bounds. Many of you have been supporters of religion and have given more to the cause of Christ than some who profess His faith. There is nothing that would please you more than to see your son or daughter standing at the altar of Christ, taking the vows of the Christian.

It might be a little hard on you, and might make you nervous and agitated for a little while, but you would be man enough to say: "My child, that is right. Go on. I am glad you have chosen the better by my example. I hope some day to join you." You believe all the doctrines of religion. A man out yonder says, "I am a sinner." You respond, "So am I." Some one says, "I believe that Christ came to save the world." You say, "So do I." Looking at your character, at your surroundings, I find a thousand things about which to congratulate you, and there must tell you in the love and fear of God, and with reference to my last account, "One thing thou lackest."

You need, my friends, in the first place, the element of happiness. Some day you feel wretched. You do not know what is the matter with you. You say, "I did not sleep last night. I think the whole universe is one gush of my restlessness;" or, "I have eaten something that did not agree with me, and I think that must be the reason." And you are unhappy. Oh, my friends, happiness does not depend upon physical condition. Some of the happiest people I have ever known have been those who have been wrapped in consumption, or stung with neuralgia, or burning with the slow fire of some fever.

I shall never forget one man in my first parish, who in excruciation of body cried out: "Mr. Talmage, I forget all my pain in the love and joy of Jesus Christ. I can't think of my sufferings when I think of Christ." Why, his face was illuminated. There are young men in this house who would give testimony to show that there is no happiness outside of Christ, while there is great joy in His service. There are young men who have not been Christians more than six months who would stand up to-night, if I should ask them, and say in those six months they have had more joy and satisfaction than in all the years of their frivolity and dissipation. Go to the door of that gin shop to-night, and when the gang of young men come out ask them whether they are happy. They laugh along the street, and they jest and they shout, but nobody has any idea they are happy.

I could call upon the aged men in this house to give testimony. There are aged men here who tried the world, and they tried religion, and they are willing to testify on our side. It was not long ago that an aged man arose in a praying circle and said: "Brethren, I lost my son just as he graduated from college, and it broke my heart; but I am glad now he is gone. He is at rest, and I am all sorrow and from all trouble. And then, in 1857, I lost all my property, and I see I am getting old, and it is rather tough on me; but I am sure God will not let me suffer. He has not taken care of me for seventy-five years now to let me drop out of his hands."

I put into the room of an aged man—his strength nearly gone, his hearing nearly gone—and what do you suppose he was talking about? The goodness of God and the joys of religion. He said: "I would like to go over and see my wife on the other side of the river, and I am waiting until the Lord calls me. I am happy now. I shall be happy in a million ages." What is it that gives that aged man such calm, such peace? Physical endurance? No. It is all gone. Sunshine? No. It is the voices of friends? No. Brighter than sunshine and dearer than friends outside. It is a harper takes a hold and that all the strings are broken. Yes, I will show you an aged man who has been vaccinated, but have met with no success.

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Curiosities of Vaccination.

A St. Louis doctor says in the Globe-Democrat: There has been an immense amount of nonsense written about vaccination, ladies refusing to be vaccinated on the arm because of the inconvenience of appearing in full dress with the scar showing. But this is not generally known by some people who will not "take on" an arm will do so on the leg. Many of the ladies have been vaccinated on the leg, although frequently vaccinated the operation was never successful until she had it performed on his leg. There may be a vengeance. The more a harpist takes a bite out of the arm, the more he will have to bring, he does not try to play upon the lyre. I will show you an aged man who has been vaccinated, but have met with no success.

the strings of whose joy are all broken save one, and yet he thrums it with such satisfaction that nobody that the angels of God stop the swift strokes of their wings and hover about the place until the music ceases. Oh, religion's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." And if you have not the satisfaction that is to be found in Jesus Christ, I must tell you, with all the concentrated emphasis of my soul, "One thing thou lackest."

I remark, again, that you lack the elements of usefulness. Where is your business? You say it is No. 45 such a street, or No. 260 such a street, or No. 300 such a street. My friend, I want to tell you that wherever there is a tear to be wiped away or a soul to be saved. You may, before coming to Christ, do a great many noble things. You take a loaf of bread to that starving man in the alley, but he wants immortal bread. You take a pound of candles to that dark shanty. They want the light that springs from the throne of God, and you cannot take it because you have it not in your own heart. You know that the flight of an arrow depends very much upon the strength of the bow, and I have to tell you that the best bow that was ever made was made out of the cross of Christ; and when religion takes a soul and puts it on that, and pulls it back and lets it fly, every time it brings down a Saul or Goliath

There are people here of high social position, and large means, and cultured minds, who, if they would come into the kingdom of God, would set the city on fire with religious awakening. Oh, hear you not the more than million voices of those in these two cities who are unconverted? Voices of those who in these two cities are dying in their sins? They want light. They want bread. They want Christ. They want heaven. Oh, that the Lord would make you a flaming evangel! As for myself, I have sworn before the throne of God that I will preach this gospel as well as I can, all the fullness, until every fiber of my body, and every faculty of my mind, and every expression of my soul is exhausted. But we all have work to do. I cannot do your work, and you can you do my work. God points us out the places where we are to serve, and yet are there no people in this house who are thirty, forty, fifty and sixty years of age, and yet have not begun the great work for which they were created? With every worldly equipment, "One thing thou lackest."

Again, you lack the element of personal safety. Where are those people who associated with you twenty years ago? Where are those people that fifteen years ago used to cross South ferry or Fulton ferry with you to New York? Walk down the street where you were in business fifteen years ago and see how all the signs have changed. Where are the people gone? How many of them are lands in eternal perdition, but how many, many. I went to the village of my boyhood. The houses were all changed. I passed the house in which once resided a man who had lived in a manner, useful life, and it is in glory now. In the next house a miser lived. He devoured widows' houses, and spent his whole life in trying to make the world worse and hell hotter. He died and the good man and the miser both gone to the same place. Ah, did they go to the same place? It is an infinite absurdity to suppose that the same place. If the miser had a harp, what tune did he play on it?

Oh, my friends, I commend you to this religion as the only personal safety! When you die, where are you going to? When we leave all these scenes, upon what ocean will we enter? When we were on shipboard, and we all felt that we must all go to the bottom, was I right in saying to one next me: "I wonder if we will reach land?" Will we go to the bottom to-night?" Was I wise or unwise in asking that question? I tell you that man is a fool who never thinks of the great future.

If you pass your business off altogether. If you buy land you record the deed. Why? Because everything is so uncertain, you want it down in black and white, you say. For a house and lot twenty-five feet front by one hundred feet deep, all security; but for a soul vast as eternity nothing, nothing! If some man or woman standing in some of these aisles should drop down, where would you go to? What is your destiny? Suppose a man is prepared for the future world, what difference does it make to him whether he goes to his home to-day or goes into glory? Only this difference—If he dies he is better off. Where is the man that one joy on earth he will have a million in heaven. Then he has a small sphere here he will have a grand sphere there. Perhaps it would cost you sixty, or one hundred, or one hundred and fifty dollars to have your physical life insured, and yet free of charge I offer you insurance on your immortal life, payable not at your decease, but now and to-morrow and every day and always.

My hope in Christ is not so bright as many Christians, I know, but I would not give it up for the whole universe, in one cash payment, if it were offered me. It has been so much comfort to me in time of trouble, it has been so much strength to me when I have been assailed, it has been so much rest to me when I have been perplexed, and it is around my heart such an incasement of satisfaction and blessedness that I can stand here before God and say: "Take away my health, take away my life, take everything rather than rob me of this hope, this plain, simple hope which I have in Jesus Christ, my Lord. I must have this robe when the last chill strikes through me. I must have this light when all other lights go out in the blast that comes up from the cold Jordan. I must have this sword with which to fight my way through all those foes on my way heavenward."

When I was in London I saw there the wonderful armor of Henry VIII. and Edward III. And yet I have to tell you that there is nothing in chain mail or brass plate or gauntlet or halberd that makes a man so safe as the armor in which the Lord God clothes His dear children. Oh, there is a safety in religion! You will ride down all your foes. Look out for that man who has the strength of the Lord God with him. In olden times the horseman used to ride into battle with lifted lances, and the enemy fled the field. The Lord on the white horse of victory and with lifted lances of divine strength rides into the battle, and down goes the spiritual foe, while the victor shouts the triumph through the Lord Jesus Christ. As a matter of personal safety, my dear friends, you must have this religion.

I apply my subject to several classes of people before me. First, to that great multitude of young people in this house. Some of these young men are in boarding houses. They have but few social advantages. They think that no one cares for their souls. Many of them are on small salaries, and they see cramped and hobbled perpetually, and sometimes their heart fails them. Young man, to-night at your bedroom door on the third floor you will hear a knock. It will be the hand of Jesus Christ, the young man's friend, saying, "Oh, young man, let Me come in! I will help thee. I will comfort thee. I will give you rest." Take the Bible out of your trunk if it has been hidden away. If you have not the courage to lay it on the shelf or table, take the Bible that was given to you by some loved one, take it out of its trunk and lay it down on the bottom of the chair, then kneel down beside it, and read and pray and read and pray until all your doubts are gone, and you feel that peace which neither earth nor hell can rob you of. Thy father's God, thy mother's God, waits for thee, O young man. "Escape for thy life! Escape now!" "One thing thou lackest!"

But I apply this subject to the aged—not many here—not many in my assemblage. People do not live to get old. That is the general rule. Here and there an aged man in this house. I tell you the truth. You have lived long enough in this world to know that it cannot satisfy an immortal nature. I must talk to you more reverentially than I do to these other people, while at the same time I must use your familiar phrase, Oh, father of the weary step, Oh, mother bent down under the ailments of life, has thy God ever forsaken thee? Through all those years who has been your best friend? Seventy years of mercies! Seventy years of food and clothing! Oh, how many bright mornings! How many glorious evening hours you have seen! Oh, father, mother, God has been very good to you. Do you feel it? Some of you have children and grandchildren; the former cheered your young life, the latter twine your gray locks in their tiny fingers. Has all the goodness that God has been making pass before you produced no change in your feelings, and must it be said of you, notwithstanding all this, "One thing thou lackest?"

Oh, if you could only feel the hand of Christ smoothing the cares out of wrinkled faces! Oh, if you could only feel the warm arm of Christ steadying your tottering steps! I lift my voice loud enough to break through the deafness of the ear while I cry out, "One thing thou lackest." It was an importunate appeal a young man made in a prayer meeting when he rose up and said: "I pray for my old father. He is seventy years of age, and he don't love Christ." That father passed a few more steps on in life, and then he wandered. He never gave any intimation that he had chosen Jesus. It is a very hard thing for an old man to become a Christian. I know it is. It is so hard a thing that it cannot be done by any human work; but God Almighty can do it by His omnipotent grace; He can bring you at the eleventh hour—at half-past eleven—at one minute of twelve He can bring you to the peace and the joys of the glorious gospel.

I must make application of this subject also to those who are prospered. Have you, my friends, found that dollars and centuries no permanent consolation to the soul? You have large worldly resources, but have you no treasures, no heaven? Is an embroidered pillow all that you want to put your dying head on? You have heard people, all their week-talk about earthly values. Hear a plain man talk about the heavenly. Do you not know it will be worse for you, O prospered man, if you reject Christ, and reject Him finally—that it will be worse for you than those who had it hard in this world, because the contrast will make the discomfiture so much more appalling? As the hart bounds for the water brooks, as the roe speeds over the hillside, speed thou to Christ. "Escape for thy life, look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain; escape to the mountain lest thou be consumed!"

I must make my application to another class of persons—the poor. When you cannot pay your rent when it is due, have you nobody but the landlord to talk to? When the flour has gone out of the barrel, and you have not ten cents with which to go to the baker, and your children are tugging at your dress for something to eat, have you nothing but the world's charities to appeal to? When winter comes, and there are no coals, and the ash barrels have no more cinders, who takes care of you? Have you nobody but the overseer of the poor? But I preach to you a poor man's Christ. If you do not have to pass the blankets enough to cover you in the night, I want to tell you of Him who had not where to lay His head. If you lie on the bare floor, I want to tell you of Him who had for a pillow hard cross, and whose foot bath was the streaming blood of His own heart.

Oh, you poor man! Oh, your poor woman! Jesus understands your case altogether. Talk it right out to Him to-night. Get down on your floor and say: "Lord Jesus Christ, Thou wast poor and I am poor. Help me. Thou art rich now, and bring me up to Thy riches!" Do you think God would cast you off? Will He? You might as well think that a mother would take the child that feeds on her breast and dash its life out, as to think that God would put aside roughly those who have fled to Him for pity and compassion. Yes, the prophet says, "A woman may forget her sucking child, that she would not have compassion on the son of her womb, but I will not forget thee."

If you have ever been on the sea you have been surprised in the first voyage to find there are so few sails in sight. Sometimes you go along two, three, four, five, six and seven days, and do not see a single sail, but when a vessel does come in sight the sea-wave comes up to the eye, the vessel is watched, and if it come very near then the captain, through the trumpet, cries loudly across the water, "Whither bound?" So you and I meet on the sea of life. We come and we go. Some of us have never met before. Some of us will never meet again. But I hail you across the sea, and with reference to the last great day, and with reference to the two great worlds, I cry across the water: "Whither bound? whither bound?"

I know what service that craft was made for, but hast thou thrown overboard the compass? Is there no helm to guide it? Is the ship at the mercy of the tempest? Is there no gun of distress booming through the storm? With priceless treasures—with treasures absord worth more than all the Indies—will thou never come up out of the trough of the sea? O Lord God, lay hold of that man! Son of God, if thou wert ever needed anywhere, thou art needed here. There are so many sins to be pardoned. There are so many wounds to be healed. There are so many souls to be saved. Help, Jesus! Help, Holy Ghost! Help, ministering angels from the throne! Help, all sweet memories of the past! Help, all prayers for our future deliverance! Oh, that now, in this the accepted time and the day of salvation, you would hear the voice of mercy and live! Taste and see that the Lord is gracious.

In this closing moment of the service, when everything in the house is so favorable, when everything is so still, when God is so loving and heaven is so near, drop your sins and take Jesus. Do not cheat yourself out of heaven. Do not do that. God forbid that at the last, when it is too late to correct the mistake, a voice should rise from the pillow or drop from the throne, uttering just four words—four sad, annihilating words, "One thing thou lackest."

SWINDLERS CAPTURED.

Two Green Goods Men Arrested in a Very Clever Manner.

ERIE, Pa., Feb. 2.—Charles and Eugene Duryea, two green goods swindlers, were arrested by Constable Shreve, near Union City, in a very clever manner. They made an appointment with Miles Walrod, a butcher, to meet him in the woods near that place, and for $300 deliver to him $5,000 in spurious currency.

Walrod concealed Constable Shreve in a large meat box in his wagon, where the officer overheard all the conversation, and at the proper time, with the aid of Walrod, captured the swindlers.

Emma Duryea, a sister of the defendants, is now under bail to appear at the next term of Quarter Sessions to answer to the same charge. More arrests will follow.

FOOD FOR INDIANS.

DISTRIBUTING RAW BEEF TO THE SIOUX TRIBE.

Chasing and Killing the Steers—Festivities Which Follow the Distribution of Provisions—A Squaw Dance.

Three miles from the Pine Ridge Agency, in South Dakota, are the corrals, strongly fenced yards with connecting gates and one gradually narrowing lane leading to the scale-house gate—the gate of death for the starved-looking steers that are huddled together at the lower end of the yard. The issue of beef at this Agency is made twice a month. At one issue about two hundred and fifty head of cattle are killed, at the other only