

SUNDAY'S SERMON.

ONE OF DR. T. DEWITT TALMAGE'S
STERLING DISCOURSES.

Subject: "Harp and Javelin."

Text: "And David played with his harp as at other times, and there was a javelin in Saul's hand. And Saul said to his servants, 'Behold, I will make David even to the wall with it. And David avoided out of his presence twice.'—I Samuel xviii, 10-11.

What a spectacle for all eyes! Saul, a giant, and David, a dwarf. An unfortunate war ballad had been composed and sung eulogizing David above Saul. That song threw Saul into a paroxysm of rage, which brought on one of his old spells of insanity to which he had been subject. From his disordered mind he was seized by a violent fit of rage. He is very apt to bring on one of his old attacks. Saul is a raving maniac, and he goes to imitating the false prophets or sibyls, who kicked and gesticulated wildly when they pretended to be foretelling events.

Whatever the physicians of the royal staff may have prescribed for the disordered king I know not, but David prescribed music. Having keyed up the harp, his fingers began to pull the rhythm from the vibrating strings. "Thrum! Thrum! Thrum! No use. The king will not listen to the harp," said Saul. He lets fly a javelin, expecting to pin the minstrel to the wall, but David dodged the weapon and kept on, for he was confident that he could, as before, subdue Saul's bad spirit by music.

Again the javelin is flung, and David dodges it and departs. What a contrast! Roseate David with a harp and crowned Saul with a javelin. Who would not rather play the one than fling the other? But that was not the only time in the world's history that harp and javelin met. Where their birthplace was I cannot declare. It is said that the lyre was first suggested by the right drawing of the sinews of a tortoise across its shell, and that the flute was first suggested by the blowing of the wind across a bed of reeds, and that the ratio of musical intervals was first suggested to Pythagoras by the different hammers on the anvil of the smithy, but the harp seems to me to have dropped out of the sky and the javelin to have been thrown up from the pit.

The oldest stringed instrument of the world is the harp. Jubal sounded his harp in the book of Genesis. David played many of his psalms on the harp while he sang them. The captives in Babylon hung their harps on the willows. Josephus celebrated the invention of the 10-stringed harp. Timotheus, the Milesian, was imprisoned for adding the twelfth string to the harp, because too much luxury of sound might enervate the people. Egyptian harps, Scottish harps, Welsh harps, Irish harps have been celebrated. What an inspired triangle!

Everlasting honors to Sebastian Erard, who by pedals invented called the foot as well as the hand to the harp. When the harpsichord maker, whom he worked discharging him for his superior, the employer not wanting to be eclipsed by his superior, Erard suffered from the same passion of jealousy that threw Saul of my text into the fit during which he flung a javelin at the harpist. The harp is almost human, as you find when you put your finger on its pulse.

Other instruments have lower voices, and may be better for a battle charge, but what exquisite sweetness slumbers between the harp strings, waking at the first touch of the tips of the fingers. It can weep. It can plead. It can pray. The harp is more mellow, the trumpet is more startling, the organ is more majestic, the cymbals are more festive, the drum is more resounding, but the harp has a richness of its own and will continue its mission through all time and then take part in celestial symphonies, for John says he heard in heaven the harp of God.

But the javelin of my text is just as old. It is about five and a half feet long, with wooden handle and steel point, keen and sharp. But it belongs to the great family of death dealers and is brother to sword and spear and bayonet, and first cousin to all the implements that wound and pierce and kill its way through the ages. It was old when Saul, in the scene of my text, tried to harpoon David. It has gashed the earth with grave trenches. Its keen tip is reddened with the blood of American wars, English wars, Crusader wars and wars of all ages.

The structure of the javelin shows what it was made for. The plover's beak is sharp, but aimed to cut the earth in preparation for harvest. The lightning rod is sharp, but aimed to disarm the lightning and secure safety. The ax is sharp, but aimed to fell forests and clear the way for human habitation. The knife is sharp, but aimed to cut the bread for sustenance. But the javelin is sharp only to open human arteries and extinguish human life and take human life and fill the earth with the cries of orphanage and widowhood and childlessness.

Oh, I am so glad that my text brings them so close together that we can see the contrast between the harp and the javelin. The one soothes, the other to hurt; the one to save, the other to destroy; the one divine, the other diabolic; the one to play the other to hurt, the one in David's skillful hand, the other in Saul's wrathful clutch. May God speed the harp, may God grind into dullness the sharp edge of the javelin.

Now what do all this make you think of? It suggests to me music as a medicine for physical and mental disorders. David took hold of the musical instrument which he knew how to play and evoked from it sounds which were for King Saul's diversion and the medication of his mind. Why was it a failure? Saul refused to take the medicine. A whole apothecary shop of curative drugs will do nothing toward healing your illnesses if you refuse to take the medicine. It was not the fault of David's prescription, but the fault of Saul's obstinacy.

David, one of the wisest and best of all ages, stands before us in the text displaying music for nervous disorder and cerebral disturbance, and David was right. Music is the mightiest force in all therapeutics. Its results may not be seen as suddenly as other forms of cure, but it is just as wonderful. You will never know how much suffering and sorrow music has assuaged and healed, and soldier in the United States army said that on the days the regimental band played near the hospitals all the sick and wounded revived, and men who were so lame they could not walk before got up and went out and sat in the sunshine, and those so dispirited that they never expected to get home began to pack their baggage and ask about timetables on steamboat and rail train.

Theodosius, the people of Antioch, who, on some sudden provocation, tore down the statues of emperor and empress, resolved severely to punish them, but the bishop, knowing that the emperor had a group of boys to sing to him while eating at the table, taught the boys a plaintive song in which the people lamented their bad behavior, and the king under the pathos of the music ordered, "The city of Antioch is forgiven." The rage of Achilles was assuaged by a harp. Asclepius, the god of medicine, was cured by a harp. After the battle of Yorktown, when a musician was to suffer amputation, and be-

fore the days of anesthetic, the wounded artist called for a musical instrument and lost not a note during the forty minutes of amputation. Filippo Palmis, the great musician, confronted by an angry creditor, played so enchantingly before him that the creditor forgave the debt and gave the debtor ten guineas more to appease other creditors. An eminent physician of olden time contended (of course carrying out theory too far) that all ailments of the world could be cured by music. The medical journals never report their recoveries by this means. But in what twilight hour has many a saint withered a heartache with a lyre hummed or sung or played? Jerome of Frague sang while burning at the stake. Over what keys of piano or organ consolation has walked. Yes, in church one hymn has rolled peace

over a thousand of the worried, perplexed and agonized.

While there are hymns and tunes ready for the jubilation, there is a rich hymnology for the suffering—"Naomi" and "Eventide" and "Autumn" and "The Weaver" and "The Weaver's Wife," and whole portfolios and libraries of parts set to music. All the wonderful triumphs of surgery and all the new modes of successful treatment of physical and mental disorders are discussed in medical conventions and spread abroad in medical books, and it is high time that some of the millions of souls that have been medicated by music, vocal and instrumental, let the world know what power there is in sweet sound, whether rolling from lip or organ, lighted chime or ascending from ivory key.

Music is a universal language. At the foot of the Tower of Babel language was split into fragments never to be again put together, but one thing was not hurt, and that is music, and it is the same all the world over. Last summer in Russia at a watering place where I was, we entered a great auditorium, which was filled with a crowd of Russians, whose language I could not understand any more than they could understand mine.

But after the grand band had, out of compliment to us, played our two great American airs, I stepped on the platform and said to the bandmaster: "Russian air! Russian air! Play the 'Swanee Song' and the 'Swanee Song'." The bandmaster, who was a Russian, understood our American music, and they understood our Russian music. It is a universal language, and so good for universal cure.

I should not wonder if in the day of judgment it should be found out that more souls have been saved by music than by preaching. I should not wonder if out of the one hundred and forty and four thousand named souls that John foretold before the throne of God at least 130,000 had been saved by sweet sound. Heaven is the great musical center of the universe, the place of doxologies and trumpets and harps, and in preparation for that place we ought to make more of music on earth.

The hand of music at Waterloo played the forty-second Highlanders back to their places, and saved the battle. It turned many a faltering host of Christian and Christian and dash as Tennyson's "Six Hundreded" who can tell what has been accomplished by "The Wesley's 7000 hymns, or by the congregational singing of his fine, which could be heard by the sea." When my dear friend Dr. Lewis (you know him all too soon) conducted a campaign against the opium habit at the West, and marshaled thousands of the noblest women of the land in that magnificent campaign, and whole neighborhoods and villages and cities shut up their eyes and noses to the chief weapon used. It was the song.

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."

They sang it at the door of hundreds of liquor saloons which had been open for years, and after at the first charge of the campaign for the second the saloon shut up. At the first verse of "Nearer to Thee," the liquor dealers laughed, at the second verse they looked solemn, at the third verse they began to cry, and at the fourth verse they got down on their knees. You say they opened their saloons again. Yes, some of them did. But it is a great thing to have shut up for only for a week. Give full swing to a good gospel hymn, and it would take the whole world for God.

But when in my text I am declining this medicine of rhythm and cadence and soothly harping a javelin at the heart of David, the harpist, I think myself of the fact that Saul, who was to kill sacred music. We are not told what tune David was playing on the harp that day, but from the character of the man we know it was not a crazy madrigal, or a senseless ditty, or a sweep of strings suggestive of the melodrama, but elevated music, given music, inspired music, religious music, and the heaven of it encamped under a harpstring. No wonder that the javelin hated it and could not abide the sound, and with all his might hurled an instrument of death at it.

Now there are styles of music that sin against, and you hear it as you pass the casino or the dance hall, and the devil has stolen most of the fiddles, and the devil has the Ole Bulls have snatched up the chords and strings from their desecration, but it is a fact that sin has a javelin for sacred sounds. In many churches the javelin of criticism has killed the music, and the javelin of criticism or from adjoining person or organ loft Saul's javelin aimed at David's harp. Thousands of people so afraid they must not sing, with such low tone that no one hears them. In many a church the javelin of criticism has crippled the harp of worship. If Satan could silence all the Sunday-school songs and the hymns of Christian worship, he would gain his greatest achievement. When the millennium song shall rise—and it is believed ready—there will be such a roll of wind instruments, such continental and planetary acclamation, that it will be impossible to know where earth stops and heaven begins. Roll on, roll on, roll up, thou millennium harmony!

See also in my subject a rejected opportunity of revenge. Why did not David pick up Saul's javelin and hurl it back again? David had a skillful arm. He demonstrated on another occasion he could wield a sling, and he could have easily picked up the javelin and left the stinging and demented monster as lifeless under the javelin as he had left Goliath under a sling. Oh, David, now is your chance. No, no. Men and women with power of tongue or pen or hand to reply to an imbibed antagonist, better imitate David and let the javelin lie at your feet and keep the harp in your hand. Do not strike back. Do not play the game of tit for tat.

Gibbon, in his history, tells of Bajazet, the great Moslem General who was brought a captive to the tent of Timur. He had attempted the massacre of Timur and his men. Timur said to him: "Had you been punished as I am not ignorant of the fate which you deserve for myself and my troops, but I desire to retaliate. Your life and honor are mine, and I shall express my gratitude to God by my own hand." Beautiful.

Revenge on Christian's tongue or pen or hand is inapt and more damage to the man who employs it than the one against whom it is employed. What! A javelin hurled at you and fallen at your feet, and you not strike back? Yes, I have tried the plan.

I learned it from my father and have practiced it all my life, and it works well, and by the help of God and javelin not picked up I have conquered all my foes and preached funeral sermons in honor of most of them.

The best thing you can do with a javelin hurled at you is to let it lie where it dropped or to use it in your museum as a curiosity. The deepest wound made by a javelin is not by the sharp edge, but at the dull end of the handle to him who wields it. I leave it to you to say which got the best of that fight in the palace—Saul or David.

See also in my subject the fact that a man sometimes dodges is not against his courage. My text says that when Saul assailed him, "David avoided out of his presence twice"—that is, when the javelin was flung, he stepped out of its direction or bent this way or that—in other words, he dodged. But all those who have read the life of David know that he was not lacking in prowess. David had faults, but cowardice was not one of them.

When David, who was, I guess, about four and a half feet high, went out to meet the giant, who was, I guess, about 16 feet high, it was a big undertaking, and the inequalities of the struggle were so great that it dodged the giant's idea of the ludicrous, and he suggested to the little fellow that he would make a fine dinner for a buzzard or a jackal.

"Come to me, and I will give thee flesh unto the fowls of the air and to the beasts of the field."

When David went out to meet that giant and conquered him, he demonstrated, as he did on other occasions, his courage. But I am so glad that when Saul flung that javelin David dodged it, or the chief work of his life would never have been done. What a lesson this is to those who go into useless danger for their unselfishness or their reputations or their usefulness, and who are not in duty demands, go ahead, though all earth should oppose. Dodge not one inch from the right position. But when nothing is involved step back or step aside.

Why stand in the way of perils that you can avoid? Go into quixotic battles to fight windmills. You will be of more use to the world and the church as an efficient man than as a target for javelins. There are Christians always in a fight. If they go into phrasies or conferences or associations, they fight there. My advice to you is, if anything is to be gained for God or the truth, stand out of the way of the javelin. I Samuel, xviii, 11, "David avoided out of his presence twice."

Washington was as mighty in his retreats as in his advances. His army would several times have been destroyed if he had not dodged. He dodged on Long Island; he dodged at Jersey heights. Lincoln was waiting for by assassins, but he took another train and dodged the desperadoes. We have high example of the fact that sometimes a man will serve God best by disappearing from this or that place, this or that environment.

A rock back of Christ to the top of the hill, and he did not like. They did not like his preaching, and they did not like him. He was getting ready for the massacre Christ dangled into the crowd and amid the confusion escaped to Capernaum and continued exercising his healing and curing leprosy and filling his nets and giving healthy population to the paralytic and curing leprosy and turning corpses into living men and women and doing His chief work.

What a good thing He dodged the crowd on the rocks back of Nazareth! I think at Jerusalem one day, while He was sauntering up and down in Solomon's porch waiting for an opportunity to say kind words or do a useful deed, the people proposed to pay Him for His self-sacrifice by stoning Him to death, but the record is, "He escaped out of their hands."

See also in my subject the unresponsive attitude of javelin toward harp. What had the harp in David's hand done to the javelin in Saul's hand? Had the vibrating strings of the one hurt the keen edge of the other? Was there an old grudge between the two families of steel and sound and sharp? Had the triangle ever insulted the polished shaft? Why the deadly aim, the destroying weapon against the instrument of soothing, calming, healing sound?

Well, I will answer that if you will tell me why the hostility of so many to the Gospel, why the virulent antagonism against Christian religion, why the general antipathy of so many to the most gentle and uplifting, most salutary influence under the heavens. Why will men give their lives to writing, speaking and warring against Christ and the Gospel? Why the javelin of the world's hatred and rage against the harp of heavenly love? You know and I know men who get wrathfully red in the face and foam at the mouth and use the gesture of the clenched fist and put down their feet with indignation and emphasis and invoke all sarcasm and irony and misrepresentation and scorn and spite at the Christian religion. What has the Christian religion done that it should be so assailed? phobia with it bitten and left with hydrophobia with it bitten and left with hydrophobia sometimes be chased as though it were a maddened canine?

To head off and trip up and push down and corner our religion was the dominant thought in the life of David Hume and Voltaire and Shaftesbury and even the Earl of Rochester, until one day in a princely house, in which they blasphemed and put God on trial, and the Earl of Rochester put God on trial, and the Earl was struck under conviction and died. "Good God, that a man who walks uprightly, who uses the wonderful works of God and has the use of his senses and reason, should use them in defying his Creator! I wish I had been a crawling leper as a ditch rather than have acted toward God as I have done."

Javelin, David, javelin of irony, javelin of scurrility, javelin of sophistry, javelin of human and diabolical hostility, javelin of flying for hundreds of years and are flying now, but aimed at what? At something that has that slays nations? At something that would maul and trample under foot and extinguish and crush the human race? No, aimed at the gospel harp—harp on which prophets played with some that inspired apostles played while their fingers were on the harp, and that was dripping with the blood of the Christ, out of whose strings the groan the strings were keyed. Oh, gospel harp! All thy nerves a-tremble with stories of self sacrifice. Harp thrummed by fingers heaven turned to dust. Harp that made hear. Harp that sounded near to my sinful soul and peace over the grave to my sinful sleep. Harp that will lead the chain of my dead blood washed through redeemed around the javelin at the harp. Harp which it seems all down from their throats to touch, and so I finger it and ask them to touch it now. "Come down, William Cooper, and run, harp, fingers over the strings of this harp," He says, "I will," and he plays.

There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins. "Come down, Charles Wesley, and touch the strings." He says, "I will," and he plays. Let me tell you of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly.

"Come down, Augustus Toplady, and give your fingers across this gospel harp." He says, "I will," and he plays.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee.

"Come down, Isaac Watts, and take this harp." He says, "I will," and he plays. Alas, and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Saviour die?

"P. P. Bliss, come down and thrum this gospel harp." He says, "I will," and he plays. Hallelujah, he done! I believe on the Son.

Ineffable harp! Transporting harp! Harp of earth! Harp of heaven! Harp saintly and seraphic! Harp of God! Oh, I like the idea of that old monument in the ancient church at Ulster, near Kilkenny, Ireland. The sculpture on that monument, though chiseled more than a thousand years ago, is appropriate to-day as then, the sculpture representing a harp upon a cross. That is where I hang it now; that is where you had better hang it. Let the javelin be forever buried, the sharp edge down, but hang the harp upon the cross.

And now upon our souls let the harp of heaven rain music, and as when the sun's rays fall slant in Switzerland at the approach of eventide, and the shepherd among the Alps puts the horn to his lips and blows a blast and says "Glory be to God," and all the shepherds on the Alpine heights or down the deep valleys respond with other blasts of horns, saying, "Glory be to God," and all the shepherds uncover their heads and kneel in worship, and after a few moments of silence some shepherd rises from his knees and blows another blast of the horn and says, "Thanks be to God," and all through the mountains the good comes from other shepherds. "Thanks be to God," so the mountain let all the valleys of the earth respond to the hills of heaven, with sounds of glory and thanks, and it be harp of earthy worship to harp of heavenly worship, and the words of St. John in the Apocalypse be fulfilled, "I heard a voice from heaven as the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of a great thunder, and as the voice of harpers harping with their harps."

CAN'T AGREE ON PRICE
Eastern Railroad Men Still Quarrelling
Over That 20-Hour Train.

New York, May 13.—At the meeting of the presidents of the trunk lines to consider the fare to be charged on the 20-hour train between New York and Chicago which will begin running over the New York Central and the Lake Shore roads May 28, the Pennsylvania road objected to the running of the train, but insisted that it was to be run that \$30 should be charged for the trip on it, with \$5 extra for sleeping and parlor car privileges. The New York Central desired to make the fare \$25. As an agreement could not be reached by the presidents it was voted to leave the question to arbitration. The arbitrators will be persons having no personal interest in the matter. They have not yet been named.

The joint committee of the trunk line and Central Traffic association had recommended an increase of \$2 for trains running to Chicago in 20 hours. For trains covering the distance in 24 hours they recommended an addition of \$3, and for trains covering 22 1/2 hours an addition of \$1.

Trials Begin for Men in Jail.

NEWTON, Mass., May 13.—For the first time since the incarceration of Izzard Ismail, a Russian, at the State Prison here, under the care of a physician. She has a slight attack of tuberculosis, and it is thought that no more alarming symptoms will appear. She caught cold on the day of arraignment and has been ailing ever since. Should anything more serious result she will be removed from her cell to the keeper's house and will continue to receive the best of care.

Y. M. C. A. Convention Over.

INDIANAPOLIS, May 13.—The international convention of the Y. M. C. A. closed last night with a farewell service held in Tomlinson Hall. At a men's meeting in the afternoon ex-President General Wainwright came and made a brief address. Outgoing trains in all directions this morning are carrying the delegates away. The majority of them going to Chicago.

Suicide Rather Than Arrest.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., May 13.—Arthur St. Clair Baker of Brooklyn, N. Y., committed suicide here last night by putting two bullets through his heart while walking through the public square. After spending his money and selling his jewels he forged checks, and being discovered resorted to suicide rather than be arrested. The body was shipped to his home this morning.

Family of Twelve Reunited.

CANADARIE, N. Y., May 13.—A remarkable family reunion took place at the home of Frederick K. M. Burton, yesterday. Mr. Burton is 72 years old, his wife is 68. Their 12 children, eight boys and four girls, were all present. The oldest is 44 and the youngest 21. There has never been a death in the family.

Jailed Under a Serious Charge.

NEW YORK, May 13.—William Flannery, who is charged with having caused the death of Mary Sexton, with home he was living at 222 Chrystie street, Saturday morning, has been committed without bail to await the action of the coroner's inquest.

More Armor to Be Tested.

WASHINGTON, May 10.—The test plate of the side armor for the portable turret turret monitor Amphitrite has been placed in position at the Indian Head proving ground, and will be tested to-morrow. The plate is nickel steel and represents 355 tons of armor.

Smead System Declared Unhealthy.

BUFFALO, N. Y., May 10.—The State Convention of Plumbers and Gas Fitters came to a close last night. The Smead system of heating and ventilating was the principal subject under discussion at the closing session and was declared an unsanitary system.

Mexico to Better Her Army and Navy.

CITY OF MEXICO, May 13.—Warships of the most improved pattern are to be purchased by the government and the navy is to be otherwise improved and increased. It is President Diaz's intention to also improve the regular army. New rules and regulations are soon to be issued to govern the age and physical condition of men entering the army.

Y. M. C. A. Building has been organized. The purpose of the building is to give employment to the poor men and women.



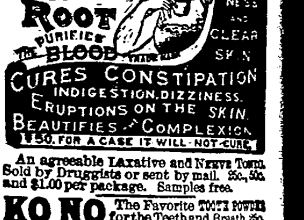
Mr. Geo. W. Twiss, Coloma, Wis.

All Run Down A Puzzling Case—How Health Was Restored

Gained From 135 to 176 Pounds.
"A few years ago my health failed me, and I consulted several physicians. Not one could clearly diagnose my case and they all failed to give relief. After much persuasion I commenced to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I have taken several bottles and am much improved. From an all run down condition I have been restored to good health. Formerly I weighed 135 pounds, now I balance the scales at 176 pounds. Hood's Sarsaparilla has been a great benefit to me, and I have recommended it to friends, who realize good results by its use." Geo. W. Twiss, Coloma, Wisconsin, U. S. A.

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla CURES

135 pounds, now I balance the scales at 176 pounds. Hood's Sarsaparilla has been a great benefit to me, and I have recommended it to friends, who realize good results by its use. Geo. W. Twiss, Coloma, Wisconsin, U. S. A.



KARL'S CLOVER ROOT CURE

It gives fresh blood, cures constipation, indigestion, dizziness, eruptions on the skin, beautifies complexion, and is a cure for all these troubles. It is a great benefit to the human system.

"German Syrup"

I am a farmer at Edom, Texas. I have used German Syrup for six years successfully for Sore Throat, Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Pains in Chest and Lungs and Spitting-up of Blood. I have tried many kinds of Cough Syrups in my time, but let me say to anyone wanting such a medicine—German Syrup is the best. We are subject to so many sudden changes from cold to hot, damp weather here, but in families where German Syrup is used there is little trouble from colds. John F. Jones.

THE BEST

Is the best Blood Medicine, because it assists nature to throw off the impurities of the blood, and at the same time tones up the entire organism. This is just contrary to the effect of the various purgative, sarsaparilla mixtures, which bottle up the impurities in the system, thus producing much sickness and suffering. Therefore, for

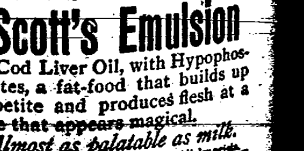
BLOOD MEDICINE

You cannot do better than take S. S. S. "As a physician, I have prescribed and used S. S. S. in my practice as a tonic and for every remedy which gave such general satisfaction to myself and patients."

L. B. KIRCH, M. D., Mackey, Ind.
Treatise on blood and skin diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Perfect Baby Health

ought to mean glowing health throughout childhood, and robust health in the years to come. When we see in children tendencies to weakness, we know they are missing the life of food taken. This loss is overcome by



Scott's Emulsion

of Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, a fat-food that builds up appetite and produces flesh at a rate that appears magical. Almost as palatable as milk.

ANIMALS AND MUSIC.

Foot of Different Instrument in the Harte-Creation.

A curious account of the effects of various kinds of music on different animals is given by a writer in the "General order of the Harte-Creation."

based upon the supposition that animals are not unlike us, and so arranged that the attention of animals should be first attracted to gradually increasing volume of sound, in those melodious min-

the piccolo was then to follow high-pitched contrast; after the flute was to be played to soothe ruffled by that instrument pleasure and dislike were strongly shown where least effort and the last experiments stronger dislikes, if not stronger likes, in the musical scale, in the most intelligent anthropomorphic "Jack," a six-months-old rattle, began, he suspended himself by his ears, and then, with one hand dropped, dropped the other to his head, crept away on all fours, back over his shoulder, like a four-footed animal, and covered himself with pleasure, and he sat down, with his hair, and listened to the music. The piccolo at first frightened him, soon held out his hand for the instrument and was allowed to play. "The flute did not interest him, but the bagpipes—reproduced violin—achieved a triumph."

chins were busy eating their fast; "but the violin soon attracted audience. The capuchins dropped and clung to the bars, with their heads on one side, with attention. The keeper drew out to the next cage. There clinging to the front wires, was a silent of a dozen macaques, all listening to the concert which, the first of the flute most of these run away the piccolo excited loud screams from all sides. Clearly, the flute was played to the he stood listening with deep interest, one foot raised from the ground, its whole body still. But then the piccolo was resented.

first bar, the elephant twisted and stood with its back to the piano, whistling and snorting and stamping its feet. The violin was less disapproved of by the deer were strongly by the violin, and showed equal at the tones of the flute. The seemed to enjoy the violin although it showed marked dislike for the piccolo. "The ibexes were attracted, and then taking refuge of rock, from which, however, music of the flute brought them listen at the railing. The wild zebra left the hay with which racks had just been filled; and tapir, which lives next door, listen to the violin; while the Indian wild ass kicking with ment. But the piccolo had no for any of them, and they all to their interrupted breakfasts sleeping tiger was awakened soft playing of the violin time. "In a very fine attitude, "mured," lay down again, and "sprang to its feet and rushed down the cage, shaking its ears, and lashing its tail from side to side. As the notes became softer and more piercing, the tiger across the den, reared on its hind legs and exhibited the most ludicrous contrast to the calm dignity with which it had listened to the With the flute, which followed tiger became quiet, the leaps subsided, and coming to a gentle walk, and coming to a standing still and quiet as the animal listened with pleasure to the music."

The Bed of the Atlantic.

Proceeding westward from the coast the ocean bed deepens gradually; in fact, for the first 230 miles it is but six feet to the next twenty miles, however, is over 9,000 feet, and so proceeds the sudden descent that in depths of 1,200 to 1,600 fathoms counted in very close proximity to the shore, the bottom is 1,600 to 2,000 fathoms the part of the Atlantic becomes undulating plain, whose gradual light that they show but little of depth for 200 miles.

ordinary flatness of these prairies renders the familiar sinuities rather inappropriate. The of the Atlantic is not strictly whose depth increases regular the centre; it is rather a saucer-like one, so even is the contour.

The greatest depth of the Atlantic has been found some 100 miles to the westward of the Island of St. where soundings of 3,875 fathoms can hardly be regarded as forming the Atlantic hollow. They are part of the platform banks of a ocean continent which the overpowered. An elevation of 100 fathoms would suffice to level the greatest part of the North Sea, England to Denmark, Holland and France. A deep channel would run down the west coast way, and with this the major of the Bay of Biscay would disappear.