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TALMAGE'S TRIBUTE.

Three weeks ago Dr. Talmage, in his sermon, said: There lies dying at Hawarden, England, one of the most wonderful men that ever lived since the ages of time began their roll. He is the chief citizen of the whole world. Three times has he practically been king of Great Britain. Again and again coming from the house of commons, which he had thrilled and overawed by his eloquence on Saturday, on Sunday morning reading prayers for the people with illumined countenance and brimming eyes and resounding voice, saying: "I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, his only Son our Lord."

The world has no other such man to lose as Gladstone. The church has no other such champion to mourn over. I shall never cease to thank God that on Mr. Gladstone's invitation I visited him at Hawarden and heard from his own lips his belief in the authenticity of the Holy scriptures, and the divinity of Jesus Christ and the grandeurs of the world to come. At his table and in the walk through his grounds I was impressed as I was never before, and probably will never be again, with the majesty of a nature all consecrated to God and the world's betterment. In the presence of such a man what have those to say who profess to think that our religion is a pusillanimous and weak and cowardly and unreasonable affair? Matchless William E. Gladstone!

The Tale of a Dog And His Tail.

The Portland Argus is responsible for the following: This is the tale of a dog—or rather the tale of a tail of a dog—and a bicycle. It came to pass that about the 11th hour of the morning watch of Sunday a man of the name of Samuel, his other name being no matter what, was trundling calmly along the street that is called Commercial, Portland, on his bicycle, and his dog called Knox trotted on before. Now the wicked flea when no man pursueth, but Knox was not wicked so he did not flee even when his master Samuel pursued. He kept just about two paces in front of the forward wheel of Samuel—that is of his bicycle—and his tail hung down behind.

Suddenly the wicked flea grew hungry and made his presence known near the roots of the dog's, Knox, tail. Knox straightway sat him down on the stones and proceeded to annihilate that flea. He had no desire to annihilate his master Samuel, for Samuel was kind to Knox, but he did.

Samuel was so near Knox that he could not turn out and he ran over Knox's tail. Then Knox stopped chastising the flea and lifted up his voice

and wept. It was such a doleful wail and sounded so near that Samuel was sore afraid and rose up on his pedals and then he fell down, he and his bicycle.

When he got up he was a sight, verily he was more, he was a pair of sights, even more so than the parasite that caused his downfall. His bicycle escaped without injury, but Samuel will need some new bloomers.

Maine Not Afraid.

"I think it is all nonsense to talk of Spain's making an attack on the Maine coast," said a Belfast man this week. "It is still more foolish for a city like Bath or Belfast to have any fears of bombardment. A Spanish vessel isn't going to take the chances of running up a Maine river without a pilot—and pilots she can't secure. Furthermore, a vessel of light enough draft to run the risks of river navigation isn't going to a place where she is liable to be penned in by a cruiser. The trip of the Columbia and Minneapolis shows that Uncle Sam can protect any point of his coast line on mighty short notice. Let an enemy's vessel be sighted by any of the signal boys on the coast and inside of an hour one of our squadron will be on her trail. The papers have not said much about the signal stations along the New England seaboard, but in my opinion they're worth a whole squadron of those old smooth bore guns which they're setting up in the old earth works. Our cruisers travel so fast that it doesn't take one of them long to cruise from Newport to Eastport and woe to the solitary Spaniard who ventures very near the Maine coast. That's my opinion. I don't believe there is anything to get scared over and I'm not going to lose any sleep by lying awake to listen for Spanish guns."—Bangor Commercial.

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