

you cannot break away from, and more appalling still, that you do not want to break away from. We hug our chains. We know only slavery, and we are wretched enough to want to be let alone. Thus how deplorable it is with us as Christ finds us.

But it is to free you, O my hearer, that he lets Himself be bound. It is that you may live He dies. You think it is defeat, defeat for the Son of God and the cause He represents, defeat for all that is good, to see Him hung up as an evil-doer among evil-doers. But not so. His death means the expiation of guilt to all who believe in Him, atonement for their sins, and salvation for their souls. Our Lord's death on the cross, instead of being a defeat, was the greatest victory that the world ever saw. It was the victory over sin, Satan, the world and the flesh; and then His resurrection was the victory over death and the grave. Thus how grand a victory, a victory the grandeur of which we cannot as yet comprehend, but there are times when His people are able to appreciate it.

I cannot take time today to go into the completeness of the victory that our Lord has achieved for us by His death and resurrection, but let me briefly illustrate it.

Our Lord reclines at meat in the house of one Simon a Pharisee, and out of the evil streets comes a poor fallen woman, and washes reverently His feet with her tears, wipes them with her hair, and anoints them with the costly nard ointment. The penitent has no words to tell her sorrow, to confess her sins, to ask for forgiveness, to plead for mercy, and yet her tears and tenderness speak for her with a pleading such as no words can express. Our Lord turns to her and says with words that glorify her life ever after; "Thy sins be forgiven!"

Oh the victory over sin that is, and sinner, that victory may be yours as well as hers! Come to His feet with your tears, and bowed and broken there you will find as she found a very real victory, a glorious deliverance for your soul.

Out from the tombs of Gadara creeps a hideous monster, savage, beastlike, uncouth, unclothed, devil-possessed, to meet Jesus as He comes up the shore. With an unearthly yell he wants to know what Jesus is doing there, and orders Him to begone. Look at these two as they stand facing one another—the Son of God and the child of the devil! Look at the intelligence here, the benignant countenance, the majesty, the grace, the sweetness, the goodness; and there the savage ferocity, the tyranny of lust, the diabolical ugliness, the abandonment to evil, the badness! Oh how dreadful his condition who in any way has fallen into the devil's hands!

My hearer, are you yielding yourself to the Black Angel's will, selling your usefulness and genius, it may be, to his degrading service, giving up to him a place within you? Ah! he knows how to fool and flatter you, make you believe he is the best of masters and his the happiest of services. But there will come a day when none will be so tyrannized over, none so outcast and neglected and abandoned as you.

But there was, and still is, hope for the devil-possessed. Jesus is yonder, and He is here today, with His potent word, to cast devils out. He speaks, and at His word the dark legions swarm away from the wretched soul, and it is free, saved. Instead of burrowing in tombs, and making night hideous with his ululations, the man is sent home to his friends to tell them the story of the Saviour's love. I call that a splendid victory over the devil. And we have such victories today, and the head of the great serpent is being bruised, and victim after victim is being saved from him, and far out in heathen lands the conquest of the world is being pushed, and on headland after headland, and island after island, and on the very citadels of his power, the cross is being planted, and his poor wretched down-trodden slaves are being made free.

Look again. Jesus stands at the mouth of a tomb, the tomb of Lazarus. The stone has been rolled away. But death and corruption are within. Beauty has been turned to ashes, life to death, hope and promise buried. Death has stolen a march on the Lord. He had come in His absence, and slain His friend. What will He do? What can He do? I see the tears in His eyes. His bosom heaves, and there are sighs and groans. He steps forward and with a voice that wakes up the dead He shouts: "Lazarus, come forth!" And Lazarus comes forth. Oh the victory over death!

My hearer, is some one dear to you today lying yonder? O fear not. Jesus has the Keys of death, and some day He will come, and speak the word of life and power that will open graves, and lead forth death's imprisoned ones to life and liberty. Having therefore this hope, yea this assurance, can you not today sing this psalm of victory: "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?" And looking up to Heaven where your risen Lord is crowned and throned, lives and loves for you and yours, can you not say with the Apostle? "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Thus, in conclusion, there are victories

today—victories over sin, victories over Satan, victories over death. I have stood by death-beds, and heard men's words as they looked into the face of death, and I have heard them say with a calm confidence that there was no mistaking: "I fear not death. Jesus has washed away my sins with His blood, and I am happy, unspeakably happy." And they have lifted up their failing voices, and they have almost shouted: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

One deathbed I can never forget, so full of victory was it. Up to perhaps seventy he had lived a man of the world, an honorable man, a church-going man, one of the warmest friends I ever had; but then, there was no disguising the fact that he was not a Christian, and that was a grief to me. But one day I met him on the street, and he said to me: "I want you to pray for me, for I am a poor lost sinner." And he went on to tell me how he was led to feel as he now felt. I had preached a sermon that had set him to ponder the question of his salvation, and he was troubled. At our next communion he was publicly received into the church. Two years later he lost his health, and became dependent. By and by he took to his bed, and it came to be clear that he must die. The Sabbath before his death he sent word to me to request the prayers of the congregation for him in his distress. And we prayed for him, and the people were deeply affected, for he was well-known and loved. After the evening service I went to see him. It was evident the end was near. He gave me his hand, and then he said, so simply and grandly: "The light has come. The darkness has all gone. I am happy, happy, happy." And then looking up to Heaven he voiced his joy and triumph, and so died trusting in Jesus. His death was the text translated into Christian experience: "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

AMEN.

DON'T COMPLAIN.

The world is made up of all kinds of people, with different tastes and ideas. This is natural. We expect it. But there is one class that seems to be largely in the majority. We refer now to the grumblers and growlers. Those who are never satisfied; who talk much and do little. With them nothing is done right, everything is going to ruin. They can map out a course of life for an individual or a set of laws for a church or corporation with remarkable skill and be the first to break them. In other words they have lots of time for precept, but little for practice. They are little good to themselves or anybody else. There is another class, much less in number than the first, who talk little and do much. They can always see the bright side of every cloud; can see the good in every person they meet, and are always ready to give a good word for, and lend a helping hand to any enterprise that has the dimmest chances of success. They cast a flood of sunshine upon all around them. They are an acquisition to a church or a Y. M. C. A. We love to meet them. We would that all were in the latter class. How smoothly everything would move. Such will be the state of affairs, no doubt, until the end of time, and we have to do the best we can under the circumstances. But we do want to make one earnest appeal to those of the grumbling class who are members of our Association. Instead of standing off, as it were, throwing stones, why not join with the rest and do all you can to remedy the defects and improve the work of the Association. Remember the words of the Master, "He that is without sin let him cast the first stone." Stop complaining and get to work.—Our Exponent, Trenton, N. Y.

TOO BUSY.

"You will have to let me off from active duty; I am too busy. You must get others who have more leisure time." Such or similar words have often been spoken. Many of our readers will recognize a familiar sound in them. Those who say so really don't want any good cause prosecuted by men who have little or nothing to do. They would probably be among the first ones to lose confidence in the project if it was to be thus managed. Men who are standing around with their hands in their pockets are not apt, as a rule, to bring much weight of character or influence, or infuse much life into any cause, particularly in this country. One hour from a very busy man may be worth a whole year from some one who "wot" of, who have so much time they don't know what to do with it. We know how to sympathize with the very busy men, but our sympathies also extend to the cause that needs their influence. It would not become us to say how much time they should give. Every man must determine for himself. The busy men are the ones who are in front every where in the aggressive efforts now being made to reach the young men of our country. And there is room for many more.—Watchman.

ON THE STAIR.

I met a little maiden on the stair
With rose-bud lips, blue eyes and golden hair;
I barred the way, and laughingly I said:
"You can't go by until the toll is paid."

She paid the tribute with bewitching grace;
And fain a second kiss from that sweet face
Would have snatched, but, running by,
She paused not till she heard my heart-felt sigh.

Then, glancing round, she saw my longing look,
And said: "That kiss you hadn't oughter took.
For it was grandam's, and I have no more;
What shall I do when she comes to the door?"

"Dear child," I cried, "the kiss I will not take
But give it back again—for grandam's sake;"
And so once more I kissed the maiden fair,
And she went up, and I came down the stair.
—J. R. Fairbank, in Harper's Young People.

HOW SHE KEPT BUSY.

Mrs. Hoffman's Cooking and Sewing Classes.

"This is a fine day, Arabella," said Mr. Hoffman, trying to divide his attention impartially between his second cup of coffee, his wife, and his morning paper, "it's going to be a splendid weather. What shall you do to-day?"

"Oh, I don't know," said the wife with a pronounced tinge of ennui in her tone, "the same thing I did yesterday and the day before, I suppose; visit a little, shop a little, and for the rest a great deal of nothing. I envy you, Tom, having an office to go to, and some real hard work to do."

Mr. Hoffman laid down his paper, and looked at his handsome wife pityingly. There were no children in this household, and the fact that there were none was a matter of keen regret to both husband and wife. Mr. Hoffman was an enthusiastic business man, was making money rapidly, and felt every day the zest of success.

Yet he was by no means a selfish fellow, and would cheerfully have given up some of his precious hours to society, if his wife had cared for society. But she did not. She was a quiet, earnest-minded woman, devoted to her church and all its interests, and utterly indifferent to the pursuits of fashionable life. She belonged to a great number of charitable societies, gave largely and, whenever there was an opportunity, worked industriously for their various causes. But all these were indirect, impersonal interests, and did not satisfy the lady's craving for some absorbing occupation.

Her husband looked at her pityingly. "Arabella," he said, "you may turn your house into an orphan asylum, if it will make you any happier."

Mrs. Hoffman jumped up from the head of the table, and went round to give her husband an impulsive little hug and kiss. "I don't want to do any thing, Tom, that would break up our home life," she said, "but I often wish I could put our nice big house to some more active use."

Mr. Hoffman submitted gracefully to having his hair rumpled and his coffee spilled. "All right," he said, "if you keep your orphans out of our cozy evenings, and put them at a different table, I won't say a word."

Mrs. Hoffman got into her shining carriage that morning with a light heart; not that she really wanted to have an orphan asylum in the house, but this was her husband's carte blanche for any scheme she might have, and there was one that she had long had at heart. She opened it up that very day, in a way quite unexpected to herself.

She was turning over some summer silks at Parson's, feeling out a half interest in whether pin stripes or small checks would please her best, when she chanced to look up at the face of the girl waiting upon her.

"Miss Sophy, you look pale to-day," she said, kindly. "Are you not well?"

Tears rushed to the girl's eyes, which, in a scared way, she tried to hide. "No'm," she said, with a trembling voice, "I feel so bad to-day that I can hardly stand up; but it will may be pass off presently."

"Cut me off sixteen yards of this piece, please; not enough! O, no matter, the other will do just as well; I'll be back in a minute."

Mrs. Hoffman turned away to look for the proprietor of the store. "Mr. Parsons," she said, "after buying all I need, I now want to hire something."

"My whole stock is at your disposal," said the polite merchant, bowing to one of his best customers.

"I want to take Miss Sophy away with me for a half day, and I want it charged to my account, not to hers."

"If Miss Sophy wants a holiday," began her employer, in a not particularly cordial tone.

"But this is a business proposal," insisted Mrs. Hoffman, tapping the desk impatiently with her fan; "Miss Sophy knows nothing of what I want with her, and if you can not agree to my terms, I shall say nothing more about it."

Mr. Parsons hesitated just long enough to spy Miss Sophy, deftly measuring off the shimmering lengths of silk, and answered, smoothly: "I shall be most happy to oblige you, Mrs. Hoffman."

Miss Sophy could hardly realize her own identity, sitting in the softly-lined carriage, bowing along the bright streets, tasting the sweet May air.

"I don't know how to thank you, ma'am," she faltered; "I don't know exactly what the matter, but it seems to me I get weaker every day; and I'm obliged to keep up, you know, I have nothing to fall back on—" with a feeble little attempt at a joke.

"Miss Sophy," said her friend, "I brought you away to talk over a plan I have set my heart on, and which I want your help about. You must know that I am one of the most industrious planners in the world; it is my calling in life. But I generally find it very hard to get people to agree to my plans at first, and so I don't want you to give me an answer for several days; give my idea time to soak in a little, and it will stand a better chance. But first let me ask about your chum, Julia. How is she getting along?"

A sad look crossed the girl's face. "As far as her work is concerned, she's getting on well, Mrs. Hoffman; but she is losing her health, just like the rest of us store girls. She is stronger than I am, but she has only been in the store two years, while I've been in four. The life is unhealthy, I think; even those who stick at it a long time do it through a heap of pain and misery. But I do not mean to spoil my ride by complaining. I beg your pardon, ma'am."

"Never mind about my pardon," said the lady, lightly; "turn your attention to my plan. I want you and Julia to try going week about to the store; giving me the off week for a job that I'll tell you about presently."

The girl gave a start of surprise at this proposal.

"I see you are just ready to fly out with discouragements," like Lucliarion Grapp," said the lady, smiling; "I'll give you leave to make two objections."

"Mr. Parsons would never agree to it," began Sophy.

"Number one; now, only one more, remember."

"Mrs. Hoffman, we couldn't afford it." "Number two. Now, listen to my answers; I am quite sure I could get Mr. Parsons to agree to it, because, you see, I would really only lose one girl. After I take away half of you and half of Julia, that still leaves him one whole, trained girl, and he could easily supply the place of the other."

Miss Sophy shook her head doubtfully. "He might be willing to do it," she said, "but I hardly think so."

"Well, you may leave that question to me. Now, for the other; what is your salary?"

"Seven dollars a week."

"How much board do you pay?"

"Three and a half."

"So at the end of four weeks you have fourteen dollars, not counting your board; just what you would get by doing half the work, if you had no board to pay. I want you and Julia to come and live at my house; I will charge you the same board, three and a half a week, and pay you the same salary for your off week, so that your two weeks' work for me would cover your four weeks' board, and your two weeks at the store would leave the same amount of money in your hand at the end of the month. Do you see how beautifully my plans work? I declare I deserve a patent!"

"I see a great many beautiful things about it," said Miss Sophy, with shining eyes, "but I don't see where you are to get paid for our board."

"Of course I am making an outlay; I'll tell you what for presently. I just want to make you understand first that it is not on you and Julia; you are fairly to earn your board. Now for my plan; I am crazy to start a cooking and sewing-school for poor children, because I am persuaded that a big part of the misery of poor homes comes from the women not knowing how to cook and sew. I want you and Julia to take week about managing this for me."

"But, Mrs. Hoffman, we can't cook or sew ourselves," said Sophy.

"That's one more objection than I gave you leave to make, but I pass it by. I'm a splendid cook, and a first rate seamstress, and can teach you and Julia quite fast enough for you to teach the school. Now, don't give me any answer till you have talked it over with Julia."

The only answer Miss Sophy could make was a soft kiss on her friend's hand. What she and Julia thought of the plan needs no saying.

By one of the little inner wheels, "working together for good" in God's blessed providence, Mr. Parsons was ready to accept the proposal at once. There happened to be at this very time a saleswoman out of employment, whom he desired to secure; he promptly accepted the "two half girls," and engaged the second woman.

Mr. Hoffman never again, as long as he lived, saw his wife look ennuied or dull. Anybody who has tried to cipher out one page of that great life-book, "what can I do to help," knows how rapidly other pages unroll themselves, clearly and distinctly, before the eyes. This cooking and sewing school brought along in its train unnumbered other things, here and there, that seemed crying out to be done, and Mrs. Hoffman's days were full. She kept her promise about not spoiling her husband's home life with the presence of her proteges. A long room that had been intended for her laundry, but which she did not use, as her washing and ironing were done out of the house, was partitioned into kitchen and dining-room, where the cooking class took their lessons in preparing and serving meals. A little table in this dining-room was set apart for Julia and Sophy themselves, and though they could not be expected to devour all the food prepared, they kept such part of it as they wanted, dividing the rest for the children to take home.

The two teachers had a bed-room in the third story, and adjoining it a sitting-room, where the sewing class gathered. This was taught after dark, and the cooking-class in the afternoon, in order to catch the public school children, and, as a matter of fact, mothers often came to both. In the mornings, besides getting ready for their afternoon and evening work, Mrs. Hoffman strictly required each girl to spend an hour or more in the open air; and as there was material for both classes to buy, and a great number of proteges to be "looked after," this law was readily obeyed. Mr. Hoffman's part of the scheme was paying for the materials used and the teachers' salaries, and he emphatically declared that, simply from a selfish standpoint, it was one of his best paying investments.

But all earthly plans are liable to interruption, and it looks very much as if Julia was soon to desert this charming work. Her "young man" has been promoted, and declares it is high time she was cooking and sewing for him.

"But that will only leave room for some other pale-faced girl to get her color back, under your goodness, Mrs. Hoffman," says Julia, her own cheeks showing at this particular moment red enough for two girls.—Elizabeth P. Allan, in Interior.

The Mexican Onyx.

The handsomest and lowest-priced of our ornamental stones, and one which has been introduced most extensively, is the so-called Mexican onyx or teacali, as it was first called, from the town of that name in the State of Puebla, Mexico, where it is found. The deep colors are richer than those of any marble known, and its wavy stalagmitic structure and the high polish which it can take, have made it popular throughout the whole civilized world. With a metal mounting the effect is greatly enhanced. It occurs in almost unlimited quantities, and fully \$300,000 worth has been used in the United States for table tops, mantels, vases, etc.

Show-Window Displays.

A well-known Boston detective says of the displays in our show-windows: "It may look queer, but it is true, that the stores which have large exhibitions in their show-windows do more toward educating young boys to steal than any thing else. The reason of this is that large crowds, mostly women, gather about the windows to look at the displays. Well, a young gamin comes along and sees a pocket-book protruding out of a woman's pocket, and the temptation is so great that he sneaks up behind her and steals the wallet. Maybe this is his first time, but when once given a start in this direction there seems to be a kind of infatuation about it which leads him to follow it up, and oftentimes results in his becoming a professional house-breaker."

THE ACHING TOOTH.

An Adversary That Lays Low the Weak as Well as the Heroic.

The tooth that means to come out has conquered all men and all women, remarks the Pittsburgh Chronicle. It has been held near fires until the cheek abutting it was nearly roasted. It has been chloroformed. It has been fed on essence of juniper and essence of peppermint and essence of cloves. It has been filled. Its nerve has been killed. Its miserable owner has been immured from fresh air like a prisoner.

This tooth sometimes sleeps but it never forgets. It is most treacherous when it seems tranquil. It ulcerates at the roots when its possessor is about to recite a poem, take a journey or get married. It longs for release and hungers for the forceps. It may seem to compromise, but it merely bides its time. Its favorite recreation hour is just after midnight, when druggists and dentists have retired. If the ground is covered with snow and the winds piercing, it is fairly diabolical with activity.

There is no use in contesting issues with this mischievous and remorseless molar. Fight rheumatism if you will, but throw up the sponge in this altercation. You have blistered your mouth and ruined your digestive powers and quarreled with your family and friends long enough.

Tell the dentist to pull your head off and the accursed grinder with it, and live on soup if need be, but have peace once more. Jerk the abomination out and it will be content, the everlasting plague on it.

Magnitude of the Earth.

According to a recent authority, the circumference of the globe is twenty-five thousand and twenty miles. It is not as easy to comprehend so stupendous a circle as it is to put down its extent in figures. It becomes more palpable, perhaps, by comparison, such as this: a railway train traveling incessantly night and day, at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, would require six weeks to go around it. The cubical bulk of the earth is two hundred and sixty thousand millions of cubic miles. If the materials which form the globe were built up in the form of a column, having a pedestal of the magnitude of England and Wales, the height of the column would be nearly four and a half millions of miles. A tunnel through the earth, from England to New Zealand, would be nearly eight thousand miles.

DOGS IN WARFARE.

How They Are Taught to Detect the Presence of the Enemy.

Among the various uses to which the intelligence of dogs has been put is that of scouts in military affairs, says Blackwood's Magazine. Here the well-trained dog does such services as to become well nigh invaluable.

That Napoleon fully realized how important a role might be assigned to dogs is well known. In 1799 he wrote to Marmont: "There should be at Alexandria a large number of dogs, which you ought to be able to employ by massing them in groups at a short distance from the walls." The marvel is that, after so plain an expression on the subject from such an authority in the art of war, the employment of dogs should not have become a matter of course, instead of which, eighty-nine years later, it is still regarded as a tentative measure.

Recent experiments prove that the well-trained dog will give notice of the presence of a man, dressed in the uniform of a foe, at a distance of one thousand feet. And just as the custom-house dog passes quietly by honest peasants and only calls the attention of their masters to law-breakers, so these wise regimental dogs ignore the movements of unattached civilians, but seem to develop a strong personal antipathy to any person whom they intuitively recognize as being in the service of the enemy. Probably, however, no dog has ever rendered such signal military service, or has been so honorably recognized as the celebrated poodle Mustache, who shared the victorious fortunes of the French army through most of the wars of the Consulate and the French empire. He won special honor at Marengo, and was decorated on the battlefield of Austerlitz by Marshal Lannes as a reward for having rescued his regimental standard from an Austrian soldier when in the act of snatching it from the grasp of the standard-bearer as he fell mortally wounded. The plucky poodle drove off the assailant, and then seizing the tattered colors in his teeth, dragged them triumphantly till he reached his own company.

It is evident that were military dogs to be exclusively chosen from any special breed, all animals of that race would become targets for the foe, whenever seen, therefore dogs are to be settled on account of individual merit—or rather promise of merit, as it is necessary to begin their tuition in early youth, and canine education should be commenced in good earnest at six months of age. So the dogs now to be seen in training at certain German and French military stations are of all sorts and sizes—"dachshunds" and poodles, retrievers and collies, greyhounds, foxhounds, fox terriers and others, male and female. The Italians prefer the latter as possessing keener senses of hearing and scent. All are trained to rigid silence—a result only to be obtained after long and patient tuition, indeed it is at all times difficult to insure obedience when music strikes up, so great is the temptation to give vocal accompaniment.

REAL SCOTCH HUMOR.

Bright Flashes Gathered Here and There by a Highland Editor.

Dr. Scott, of Greenock, says the Scottish World, used to tell of a sailor who came to be married, but when asked if he would take the woman to be his wife, looked blank and said: "I would like to know first what you are going to say to she." At another time when the woman was asked if she would obey, but did not answer, the man—also a sailor—exclaimed: "Leave that to me, sir."

Conscience and Kreutzers.

Maria Theresa, of Austria, was greatly addicted to gambling, and played for exceedingly high stakes. The court functionaries did all in their power to overcome this passion, but to no purpose. They finally appealed to the Empress's confessor, who induced the imperial gamester not to give up cards, but to play for only a copper kreutzer a point. The cunning Empress, however, ordered her jeweler to make her 100 kreutzers in a peculiar manner so that each one could be opened in the middle and a ducat inserted. The two pieces were put together so that only the initiated knew that they were not what they seemed. Thus the Empress kept the letter of the confessor's demand and at the same time enjoyed the excitement in which she delighted.