

Sunday Reading.

Dr. Talmage at Austria's Capital.

The Famous Divine Describes Life and Scenes in Austria—Otto, the Royal Bully.

Vienna on fire with patriotic illumination. The figures '1880' and '1900' blazing on Parliament buildings and palaces, and suspended across streets, and decorating towers and arches. Emperor Francis Joseph is seventy years old, and for that reason 1880 and 1900 are put side by side. The night is in regalia of fire. It is amazing how the most destructive element in nature can be commanded into service, and it will take the shape of a crown or a throne or a sceptre, or a shield or a sword, or an equisage, or a human face; and how that element which unrestrained is the terror of the world can be compelled to express admiration and kind words and love; how it can be made to write on the black pages of the night coronation and betrothal. For three nights fire has reigned in Vienna and all Austrian cities, and it has been a peaceful reign. It means congratulation and victory over the wear and tear of seventy years.

The Emperor is a unique personality, and but for the people's love for him, the empire would long ago have been divided. Hungary is as anxious now to be independent as in the days when Louis Kossuth struck for freedom, and his son now stands in the Hungarian Parliament with an influence that halts legislation concerning the empire whenever he will. But Emperor Francis Joseph is so kind, so charitable, so sympathetic, so helpful, that while he lives Austria will remain intact. Every one knows some story of his compassion and generosity. Hearing that one of his officers who had become blind had said that his only comfort now was music, the Emperor gives the poor man a seat for life in the opera house. By such deeds he has won all hearts. His agonizing bereavements have intensified the affection of the people for their ruler. The suicide or murder of his only son (and it still remains a mystery how he was done to death,) and the assassination of the Empress two years ago, have called forth a loyal love seldom seen in other nations. Having no son to succeed him he is educating his nephew for the throne—a splendid lad of thirteen or fourteen years. Otto, the father of the lad, would have been the next Emperor, but he does not want the throne, and no one in the empire wants him to take it. He is one half bad and one half imbecile. He keeps the air full of scandalization. He goes into a restaurant, orders all other persons to depart, and having taken full possession of the place, he and the group of wild fellows with him drink themselves drunk, and then smash the crockery, and the decanters, and the tables, and the windowglass, and no one dare protest, for he belongs to the imperial family. But the next day the bill for this roystering destructiveness is sent to the emperor and he pays it.

Otto is the terror of the neighborhoods when he is inflamed of strong drink. Riding on horseback through the country districts, he met a funeral procession of peasants. As is the custom, they were carrying the coffin on their shoulders. Otto made them stop, and put the coffin on the ground, and then he with his horse leaped over the coffin this way and that until the drunken delirium was satisfied. Hearing of this, or some equal offensiveness, the Emperor called this erratic specimen of royalty into his presence and severely reprimanded him. Otto was soon seated at his own table with some rollicking companions, and when the Emperor's name was mentioned, Otto said: "I will show you my opinion of the Emperor." Then the outrageous eccentric lifted from the table a bowl of greens and took it to a statue or bust of the Emperor standing in the room, and poured the greens over it, thus obliterating all the attractiveness of that work of art. The Emperor heard of this, and commanded the recreant man into his presence and told him that he knew of the insult offered him on that occasion, and in the presence of the imperial family and their guests, he boxed Otto's ears.

This royal nuisance is a peculiar equestrian, and has one of his horses so trained that he can without dismounting ride up the front steps of restaurants and hotels, and into the doorway, and through the hall and into the barroom, and the horse puts his forefeet on the counter and waits for a drink, and the cup is put on the horse's mouth, either by Otto or the landlord, and

the animal is compelled to drink, without having any choice as to the style of liquor he may prefer. The old Emperor is tired of paying the bills for these reckless adventures, but he finds that the sooner such bills are paid the less disagreeable publicity. The royal outlaw is incorrigible and will never be allowed to mount the throne of Austria. His son does not take after him, but after his mother, who is a most excellent woman.

The three most interesting churches, to me, in Vienna, are "the Votive Church," "The Capuchin Church" and "The Augustine Church." The Votive Church was built by Maximilian of unhappy Mexican experiences. He and his brother, the present Emperor, while young men, were taking a walk in what were then the fields and an assassin sprang at the young Emperor and cut and stabbed him until through loss of blood, he seemed dying. Then Maximilian standing there made a vow that if God would spare his brother's life he would build on that spot a magnificent temple to the praise of God. Francis Joseph recovered, and through the efforts of Maximilian the promised church was built in commemoration. The seventy-eight stained-glass windows glorify the light as it pours into the most brilliant church in Austria. Everything beneath the two great towers three hundred and twenty feet high, is as wonderful as the three great arts of painting and sculpture and architecture can make it. Alas! that the builder of so great a cathedral in commemoration of a life spared, should have been shot as a usurper, far away from home, and in a strange land, the disaster throwing his poor wife into a dementia which for more than thirty years has possessed her, so that she hardly knows her own brother, in whose home she is mercifully isolated.

But the body of the unfortunate Maximilian rests in illustrious company. It sleeps in the Capuchin Church, another building of absorbing interest in Vienna. For near three hundred years it has stood, the mausoleum of the imperial family. Maria Theresa is there. Marie Louise, Empress of the French, is there. Charles VI. is there. Joseph I. is there. Elizabeth, the last Empress, the wife of Francis Joseph, is there. The obsequies two years ago differed in one respect from all the other interments.

The mausoleums are in the basement of the church. The litany and the dirges are rendered in the main audience room. Those services ended, the body of the deceased is carried down the steps preceded by the priesthood and followed by the family of the departed. The place of the sepulchre is closed with a huge iron gate, the nearest relative knocks on the gate, and the robed ecclesiastic within asks, "Who is there, and why do you come?" and the leader of the procession replies, "I am Maria Theresa, Empress of Austria. I come wishing my soul conducted to the realms of the blessed and my body put in sepulchre." Then the gate is opened, and with chanting, the body is welcomed and entombed. Of course, the right name of the ruler buried is mentioned. But Empress Elizabeth was taken to the tomb in this church with a different utterance. The service for the dead in the main audience-room and the requiem being concluded, the body was taken down the steps accompanied only by the Emperor, and the bearers, and the priests who officiated.

The Emperor, overwhelmed with the assassination of his wife, and not having left the palace during the week that passed between the cruel deed and the day of entombment, descended with slow and feeble gait at the head of the casket, and then there was a halt, and the Emperor with trembling hand knocked at the iron gate of the mausoleum, and the priest within asked: "Who is there, and why do you come?" And the answer given was this: "I Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, come with Elizabeth, Empress of Austria, asking that her soul be conducted to the realm of the blessed, and that her body be put in sepulchre." Then she who had been the most beautiful woman in Europe and who had ridden with the Emperor into battle with the hosts of Austria and who had been the dashing equestrienne on as spirited a horse as was ever bitted or saddled, easily controlling the whirlwind with her riding-

whip, now lies down haggard and broken-hearted over the behavior and tragic death of a foolish son, who was 'the heaviness of his mother.'

Another difference that Emperor Joseph ordered in regard to Elizabeth, the dead Empress, was that her heart should not be taken and placed in the Church of Augustine, another of the great churches. For centuries, it had been the custom, that while the rest of the body of prince or princess, king or queen, archduke or archduchess, emperor or empress was buried in the Capuchin church, the heart was removed from the body and taken to the Augustine Church. In a darkened room of this church we looked upon about one hundred and twenty-five earthen or metallic jars containing the hearts of the princely and royal dead. But the heart of Elizabeth, the Empress, for some reason, is not among them. The Emperor probably thought that the sacred form that had been pierced with the assassin's dagger ought not to be touched with post-mortem incision.

This Augustine Church is the place of marriage for the imperial family, and the story of bridal processions in the aisles of this cathedral would, if well told, thrill nations. You must visit the treasury of the place to get a competent idea of what diamonds and emeralds and rubies have glowed and flashed on the foreheads and necks of royalty moving to the altar in this St Augustine Church at Vienna. Here they are in bracelets, in knots of brilliants, in aigrette and corsage, in heraldic embroidery, in diadems. Bridal gifts from kings and queens to those who were about to take the path of life together. But I do not suppose that this radiance of wedding attire and the pomp of entrance and departure of this St Augustine Church assured any more happiness to those there united in wedlock, than is assured by the grasp of backwoodsman's hand taking the hand of the mountain lassie in the presence of the country parson, and without so much as a ring placed on the third finger of the left hand, the wedding trip neither to Berlin, nor Newport nor Niagara, but to the door of the next farmhouse. It is not the jewels on the forehead or the jewels on the hand that make a happy marriage, but the jewels of the heart. These are the rubies presented on marriage day by the King whose robe is the morning light and Heaven itself is only one of his palaces.

T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

Roll a Pumpkin.

The Rev. John Haynes was famous for his pithy sayings. At one time, says one of our Western exchanges, he overheard his daughter and some young friends criticizing certain neighbors more severely than was pleasing to him, whereupon he proceeded to read them a lecture on the sinfulness of scandal. "But, father," remonstrated his daughter, "we must say something." "If you can do nothing better," retorted Mr. Haynes, dryly, "get a pumpkin and roll it about. That will be at least an innocent diversion."

Not long afterward a conference of ministers met at his house. During the evening an earnest discussion on certain points of doctrine arose, and from the lofty pitch of some of the voices it seemed as if part of the disputants, at least, were in danger of losing their temper.

At that juncture Mr. Haynes's daughter quietly entered the room, bearing a huge pumpkin. She put it down in front of her father, and said:

"There, father, roll it about; roll it about."

Mr. Haynes was called upon for an explanation, and good humor was restored.

Patience and Persuasion.

The late Townsend Harris, the first American envoy to Japan, whom the Japanese call "Our Benefactor," had that gentleness of disposition and serenity of temper which enable a man to endure without vexation the vicious and the irritating. He was also gifted with powers of persuasion, by which he often won over to virtue men of vice and turbulence. Doctor Griffiths, in his life of Mr. Harris, mentions a remarkable effect of the good man's patience and persuasive power.

The ward of New York in which Mr. Harris lived, "Ninth," was infamous for its fights between rival gangs of rowdies. One of the leading spirits of such a gang was a young Irishman, the incarnation of lawlessness. He was the son of an Irish gentleman who had lost position in Ireland by marrying his father's cook, an illiterate but beautiful woman. They came to New York; the man gradually sank to the level of his wife, who added drunkenness to her ignorance.

The children grew up without moral training. The father, who had become a blacksmith, was killed in his own shop by

the bursting of a bomb shell, bought as old iron.

Townsend Harris saw his opportunity. He went to the funeral, rode with the young rowdy in a carriage, and while going to the grave had a good talk with him. He invited the youth to come and see him. The rowdy went; kindness won him, and he changed his life. Mr. Harris studied the bent of the young man's mind, lent him books, and pointed out the way to better himself.

In later years, when Mr. Harris was in Asia, this reformed man represented in Congress the state in which he was then living.

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To Each His Own Share.

A number of practical men were discussing, the other day, the burdens of duty, and one of them declared that they were sometimes too heavy to be borne.

"Not," said another, "if you carry only your own burden, and don't try to take God's work out of His hands. Last year I crossed the Atlantic with one of the most skilful and faithful captains of the great liners. We had a terrific storm, during which for thirty-eight hours he remained on the bridge, striving to save his passengers. When the danger was over I said to him: 'It must be a terrible thought, in such a crisis, that you are responsible for the lives of over a thousand human beings.'

"No," he said, solemnly, "I am not responsible for the life of one man on this ship. My responsibility is to run the ship with all the skill and faithfulness possible to any man. God Himself is responsible for all the rest."

"I remember," said a listener, "that I once heard an anxious young woman say to Bishop Made of Virginia: 'There is so much wickedness in the world! It is dreadful to think that God will hold me, as a Christian, accountable for it! What can I do?'

"The duty that He has set before you," said the old man. "That first of all; afterward, the duty of your own choosing. But God will not reckon with you upon the shortcomings of your neighbors."

The present age is one of reforms—wise and unwise. Americans, especially the American woman and young girl, not content with their own duties, are shouldering many of their own seeking. They should not forget that the great cathedrals were centuries in building, and that each man had his work to do. The painter did not carry the hod, nor the hodman carve statues.

So in the temple of human life, each of us has his appointed work. If we try to take our brother's work from him, we may find the burden too heavy, and fail.

In His Own Coin.

The following story was told to Mr. Robert Barr during his visit to Syria, and is given by him in "The Unchanging East." It is a beautiful instance of a rogue paid in his own coin. The kaimakam referred to is the head of the civil administration of the district.

A native had made a profitable deal in goats, which had been taken by him to Jaffa and sold. He had cleared something like two thousand medjities, and one of his neighbors saw the money paid to him in Jaffa.

When the two men returned, the second one went to the kaimakam, and said that he had seen one thousand medjities paid to the goat keeper. If some charge were trumped up against the goat-keeper the informing neighbor went on to suggest, he would visit him in prison and get him to disgorge the coin, trusting to the generosity of the kaimakam for a reward.

The goat keeper was immediately thrown into prison on the charge of having

committed a murder in the mountains some time before.

He was naturally panic-stricken. After he had spent a week in jail, the neighbor was allowed to visit him and tender him advice. The neighbor said that the kaimakam had complete proof regarding the murder, but he himself had learned that if two thousand medjities were paid to the kaimakam, the prisoner would be released.

The accused man swore that he had no such sum at his disposal, and the neighbor, with a sigh, recommended him in that case to commend his soul to Allah, for his execution would be only a matter of days.

The doomed man then urged his supposed friend to remain with him, and finally told him where the two thousand medjities were concealed. The traitor took the money, kept half of it and gave the other half to the kaimakam, who returned to the informant fifty medjities, or thereabouts.

The ruined man was then released, and went to the kaimakam, hoping to get back part of the money. Being a liar also, he swore that he had given the neighbor three thousand medjities.

The kaimakam was naturally indignant, seeing he had received but a third of the supposed haul, and promptly put the conspirator into prison for the same murder of which the first man had formerly been accused. Before the informant got out of jail he had to return the thousand and medjities he had stolen from the goat keeper, and also to collect another thousand medjities of his own to bestow upon the kaimakam. So he was one thousand medjities worse off than before he meditated his treacherous design.

Blasts From the Ram's Horn.

God is not in the religion that is not using both hands to lift up men.

Love never turns back because it sees a mountain or hears a lion roar.

Time sets his chisel a little deeper whenever there is a trown upon the face.

It is not wise to cut down the thistles in such a way as to scatter the seeds.

When man makes a religion he tries to make one that will let him stay mean and still respect himself.

Angels can tell how much righteousness there is in a nation by the way it deals with the liquor traffic.

It is remarkable how many different kinds of fish the devil can catch when he baits his hook with money.

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Ask the pale, weak, nervous, irritable and despondent women who have found new health, new hope and new vitality by its use.

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