

Sunday Reading.

In a Cathedral.

"The Lord is in his Holy temple," I
Through Sentence, Psalter and the Credo stand,
With mind upon the Architect Who planned
These columned walls, this fane so fair, so high;
What graceful arabesques, what wondrous dye
In windows fashioned by a master-hand,
And where in all the world a nave so grand—
This grove of redwoods reaching to the sky!

Hush! Listen to the litany of leaves
A murmur to the breeze that, seaward se,
Is bearing spice from canons far above;
And now, with sunset-veiling, twilight weaves
A purple a'ar cloth, and lingers yet
The Nunc Dimittis of a woodland dove.

THE CZAR GREET'S DR. TALMAGE.

Welcome, Him at His Summer Palace and
Conferences on International Topics.

Excepting my interview with all the imperial family eight years ago, when I came here with Dr. Kloppsch of New York on a mission of bread in time of famine, this visit has been the most interesting of my life. My family have been as royally received as myself. Before leaving London I was told that the Russian Emperor wished to see me again, but I did not know until a few hours before presentation, that my wife and daughters would be invited to appear at court. This reception is a revival of the friendship has been strengthened by tokens of regard and kindly communications again and again.

I found the Emperor strong and well, looking not a day older than when I met him before. He said:

'I was twenty-four when you were here the other time, I am now thirty-two.'

The cares of Empire have not put one wrinkle on his face although he has passed since I saw him from being Crown Prince to the throne. He is five feet ten inches in stature, is a blonde, of fair complexion, and has blue eyes. He is all animation, perfectly natural and without any assumption of manner. Kindness and good cheer are dominant in his make up. He is personally at peace with all the world, notwithstanding that the Chinese have declared war against Russia, and this country is always ready to defend itself.

The Emperor is the impersonation of the principles adopted at his suggestion at The Hague. He by no means considers his movement at that time a failure, but thinks, as most of us do that the good results of that convention will yet be felt. He said to me:

'How many important things have happened since we met. My father, whom you saw on the throne, is gone. My mother has passed through three great sorrows since you were here; the loss of my father, the loss of my brother, and during the last year the loss of her mother, the Queen of Denmark. But she endures all, and is well, and wished to see you, but in her own palace. Since we last met the Spanish American war has occurred.'

He laughed heartily at the fact, that in one battle the only loss of life was that of a mule.

When I remarked that our war with Spain had raised a new crop of heroes, he replied: 'Yes! And then he easily called over the names of some of those, who, on sea or land, distinguished themselves in that conflict.'

Speaking of the ship-load of bread-stuffs, sent on the steamship Leo by The Christian Herald for the alleviation of the famine in Russia, in 1892, he said:

'How kind that was in you Americans to send that help at a time when many of my poor countrymen so sorely needed it. It was a great mercy and we can never forget it.'

When I referred to the cordiality between our nations, and the fact that I had talked with his father about the interest that Russia had taken in American affairs during our Civil War, he said:

'Oh, yes; my father told me all about our Russian fleets in the harbors of New York and San Francisco, to keep off your foreign enemies.'

The Emperor expressed much interest in our coming Presidential election, but for which candidate he indicated a preference, I do not say. It would not be courteous to answer all the questions that have showered upon me from America and Europe concerning this interview. He remembered the royal present sent by himself and the one by his father through Count Cantacuzene, the Russian Minister at Washington, who telegraphed me to Brooklyn that he had a presentation to make me from his Emperor, but it must be on Russian soil, and so I was to appear, and did appear on a Russian war ship in Philadelphia harbor to receive the gift.

Everything promises for the present Emperor a long and happy reign, for he is admired of all classes, and is of a temperament that will not take on the worries of

responsible place. After we had expressed each for the other all good wishes I retired feeling that I had been in the presence of a splendid man, and one who, by nature education was well fitted to reign over a vast Empire.

At the close of this interview, we were conducted by officers of the Court into the room of the Empress. She talked with the ladies of my family as she would with sisters. She is very beautiful; her cheeks are aglow with health, and she has suavity in every posture and word. She is taller than the Emperor. She expresses her opinion without reserve. Evidently this royal marriage was a love match, and not a marital alliance for political and international ends. The Empress has three daughters, but no son. We heard their frolic and laughter in other rooms. The land that had an Empress Catharine the first, and an Empress Catherine the second, can never have another Empress, for the law now demands that a man and not a woman must govern Russia. Hence, with great interest this nation watches the imperial cradle. If there be no son in this family, then Michael, the brother of the present Emperor will inherit the throne.

When the present empress was being instructed by a priest in regard to the religion of the Greek church, which she was expected to adopt, she got tired of his instructions one day, and told the priest that she knew as much about the religion of the Greek church as he did. Under this affront the priest retired, declaring that she would have seven daughters but never a son. The great masses of the people had heard of this prophesy; and, accustomed to believe what the priests say, they are depressed by it. May this prophesy prove a new illustration of the truth, long ago established, that ministers of religion sometimes make mistakes as well as other people!

But there was another pleasure to come. Before we left the dining-hall in the palace of Peterhof, we received an invitation from the Dowager Empress to visit her in her palace. A more delighted group than my family were you cannot imagine, for I had so often related to them how extraordinary a woman for graciousness and charm the former Empress of Russia was. We had to wait but a short time when the Dowager Empress entered the room. Although she had gone through so many bereavements, she looked exactly as when I saw her eight years ago. She made loving inquiry concerning her brother, the Crown Prince of Denmark, who had sent her a message by us. She was full of reminiscence. She said:

'Do you remember the hand full of flowers I plucked from this arch, and sent them to your family? You stood there; and I, with my smaller children stood here. How well I remember that day, but oh, what changes!'

Then her eyes filled with tears and her voice trembled. Though she is the daughter of a king, and was the wife of an emperor, and is the sister of the King of Greece and is the mother of an emperor, her manners are as unaffected as those of any lady we ever saw. She laughed and joked with the ladies and asked familiar questions and interested us all as we have never been interested. She invited us to come, the day after, to her palace, and see the Queen of Greece who is now visiting Russia, and who had received me at Athens years ago, but our plans would not allow it.

The imperial carriage that had met us at the train, returned us, and the representative of our American Embassy accompanied us to St. Petersburg, and we felt that we all had passed a day of absorbing interest, which we will probably never again experience; and we could not help praying that the royal personages whom we had seen, might, on leaving thrones on earth, take thrones in heaven.

Didn't Have to Swear.

Albert D. Richardson, who served through the Civil War as correspondent for the New York Tribune, in his history of his adventures, gives a close picture of many of the men whose power was developed in the great conflict.

He describes Grant's calmness under the fierce attacks of the newspapers. 'He only smoked and waited. Only once he protested, saying to the correspondent of a journal which had denounced him with great severity, "Your paper is unjust to me. Time will make it all right. I want to be judged only by my acts."

'During the evening camp-fires,' says Richardson, 'I saw much of General Grant. He impressed me as possessing great purity of character, integrity and amiability. Military men seem to cherish more jealousies than members of almost any other profession. Grant was above this "mischievous, foul sin of chiding." I never heard him speak unkindly of a brother officer.'

Mr. George W. Childs, in his 'Recollections,' tells us that Grant's habits of

thought and speech were singularly clear and pure. 'I never,' he says, 'in all the years I knew him intimately, heard him say when alone with men a word that would bring a blush to the cheek of a woman.'

Washington is reported by his friends and by Secretary Lear, who lived with him for years, to have been as modest and clean in his language at all times as it he had been talking to a young girl.

Boys sometimes mistake coarseness for strength, and think that oaths and indecent language are the manifestations of manhood and force of character. Wash- and Grant evidently thought otherwise.

FIDO AND THE ALLIGATOR.

Trick Played Once Too Often Upon Hungry Saurians by a Canine Leander

'You see it is like this,' said the Mississippi planter from the shoe-string belt to the dog fancier in town. 'I must have a little water spaniel whose name must be Fido.'

The dog fancier, scenting a sale, looked sympathetic and interested.

'Fido,' the dog that was,' continued the planter, 'was a little nervous fellow of whom my daughter was very fond. The dog returned his affection in a way, but he contracted a fatal fondness for another little dog living across a river dividing my plantation from the next. Fido used to swim the river every day to see his play fellow. Now there are many alligators looking for pigs, pickanninnies and dogs, and it was natural that they coveted on sight a nice little morsel like Fido. For a long time it was a wonder to all that the alligators had not feasted on him in his numerous crossings of the river.'

'The reason why they didn't was solved one day when Margaret managed to follow Fido unseen by the little truant. Then she discovered the trick he was playing on the saurians. Fido went down near the water and made as much fuss and racket in tearing through the underbrush and barking on the river bank as a good-sized coon dog would have in treeing the real thing. The alligators that had been posing as old rotten logs along the bank awoke at this delectable sound, and floated by, snapping their jaws in disappointment that Fido was so far from reach and thus prevented a noonday luncheon. Fido, in a place of safety, seemed to enjoy their discomfort, and kept up a steady derisive barking. All the alligators in the neighborhood were soon congregated at this narrow part of the river where Fido apparently wanted to cross.

'It was difficult for Margaret to see how Fido could cross unless he just flew across on their backs. But Fido didn't need coaching at his own game, and his mistress had faith in his caution and ability to finish the trick which he had evidently done so many times before. After the dog had given a last yelping howl of derision at the assembly before him, he fairly flew up the hard sandy beach of the river side, exposing his tempting little morsel of a body to the most advantage. The alligators pressed hotly in the chase after their elusive luncheon. They trailed out behind Fido like wolves. Fido generally kept well ahead, but would occasionally fall back a little in order to make the chase the hotter, and to make sure that all would follow. When he had gone up stream in this manner for about a mile, he took a wide circuit from the river and came panting back again to the original site of the trick. After a few preliminary barks and a little gleeful dance on the beach to make certain that none of his enemies was in that immediate vicinity, this canine Leander swam quickly across and was probably soon in play with his mate.

'I reckoned that Fido's trick must bring grief to its originator some day, for although his alligator trick was very ingenious, ideas will penetrate in time even the alligators' thick skull. One day last week the expected happened, and little Margaret had left but a memory of her pet. One of the plantation negroes reported the scene. It seems that Fido ran up the beach as before and came back to the narrow, and the coast being apparently clear he attempted to cross; just as he was pulling himself out of the water by an old log which had been washed up by the current the log rolled over and Fido was gone, without even time for prayers. The dandy said that as the old chief sank in the foaming water he seemed to wink one eye saying, "I've seen dogs' tricks and Fido's, but they all come to same violent end when played on an old master of the art of simulation like myself."

'Margaret is inconsolable,' said the planter to conclusion, 'and I must have another Fido.' And he got one.

How He Knew.

Sir Robert Finlay, the new attorney-general of England, was once engaged on a case of warranty of a horse, the age of the animal being the chief matter in dis-

pute. Sir Robert was examining a hostler who had every appearance of rustic simplicity.

'Upon what authority do you swear to the age of the mare?' Sir Robert asked.

'I am sure of it,' was the reply.

Half a dozen more questions failed to elicit from the witness any more specific answer.

'But how do you know it?' thundered Sir Robert, at last.

'I had it from the mare's own mouth,' replied the hostler.

Manekela of Melanesia.

'The History of the Melanesian Mission' is as full of adventures as a romance. One of these which befell Manekela, a native teacher who had become totally blind from ephthemia shows on what a slender thread a man's life may hang.

Manekela rebuked a great head-hunting chief, who had threatened to attack the missionaries. Hearing of these threats, Manekela said: 'Be it so; I will go and see him. If he kills me, never mind; it is for you all.'

So he went, fully expecting death, as did his crew, who said: 'Let us go and die with him.'

The chief received him with his men armed, but he had given directions that only Manekela was to be killed. Manekela walked up to him, and said:

'Why are you angry?'

'You have insulted me,' was the reply.

'I have not insulted you, but I have told you, and I tell you still, that this head-hunting is wrong.'

He knew as he spoke that one of the men was ready waiting for the chief's signal to strike him down. To this very man he turned, pipe in hand, and quietly said: 'Have you a light?'

The man in sheer amazement let his tomahawk fall; some talk ensued, and the whole thing passed over. Manekela's presence of mind had saved his life.

Dear Little Cook.

She was a young wife, just married, from boarding school, and, although educated regardless of expense, didn't know beans from any other vegetable. Hence, this dialogue with the cook:—

'Now, Biddy, what are we to have for dinner?'

'There's two chickens to dress, mum.'

'I'll dress them the first thing. Where are their clothes?'

'Why, mum, they're in their feathers yet.'

'Oh, then, serve them that way. The ancient Romans always cooked their peacocks with their feathers on. It will be a surprise to hubby.'

'It will that, mum. Shure, if you want to help, you could be parin' the turnips.'

'Oh how sweet! I'll pair them two and two in no time. Why, I had no idea cooking was so picturesque.'

'I think, mum, that washin' the celery to be more in your line.'

'All right, Biddy. I'll take it up to the bath room, and I've some lovely Paris soap that will take off every speck.'

'Thank you, mum. Would you mind telling me the name of the asylum where you was educated? I think I'll have to take some lessons there myself if we be going to work together.'

Didn't Worry The Composer.

A musical organization, intending to give a performance of some oratorio, began to be alarmed about the probable cost of the production.

Accordingly, the director of the chorus said to the leader of the orchestra, who was a professional musician:—

'We've got to keep down our expenses, and I thought I might get you to leave out the trombones. You know, they have only four measures in the entire oratorio, and if we leave them out we can save at least three pounds, and no one will be any the wiser.'

'That would be an insult to the composer!'

The chorus director reflected a moment, and then said, cheerfully:—

'Oh, never mind him; he's dead!'

People in the Northwest.

Know from experience that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is the only remedy to be relied upon for the extraction of corns. This is the case everywhere throughout the Dominion. Be sure to get Putnam's sure pop corn cure. At dealers everywhere.

Cooling the Water.

Bridget Leary has an inventive genius which displays itself, not only through the medium of elaborate and mysterious 'made dishes,' but in other ways as well.

'Bridget, did the iceman fail to come today, or what is the reason there was no ice in the water pitcher at dinner tonight? asked Bridget's mistress one hot summer evening.

'He came, mim,' said Bridget, 'but the ice melts away so fast on me that I thought 'twas well so save it all for the 'frigerator,

and not be chippin' it off for the table. So I filled the pitcher half an hour before dinner was served, mim, and I set Mary Ann to fannin' it, which she did against her will the lazy creature, up till the very minute the folks came into the dining room, mim!'

Soon Got Rid of Mr. Ginx.

Sharp Dame: 'I must frankly tell you, Mr. Ginx, that my consent to your marrying my daughter has been wrung from me under protest.'

Mr. Ginx: 'Eh? Protest?'

Sharp Dame: 'Yes, sir. I knew that if I did not consent she would disgrace the family by an elopement. When she wants anything we all have to give in to her, or take the consequences; and long experience has taught me that I might as well try to fan off a cyclone as reason with her when she gets angry, especially if there is a flat iron or a rolling pin handy, and so I just give up at once. Has the wedding day been fixed on yet, Mr. Ginx?'

Mr. Ginx: 'Um—er, not yet; and in fact, madam, I'm a little afraid I can't afford to marry. Goo—good-day.'

At the Telephone.

Here is rather a good story, which has also the merit of being true. A large firm in Aberdeen recently engaged as office boy a raw country youth. It was part of his duties to attend to the telephone in his master's absence. When first called upon to answer the bell, in reply to the usual query, 'Are you there?' he nodded assent. Again the question came, and still again, and each time the boy gave an answering nod. When the question came for the fourth time, however, the boy, losing his temper, roared through the telephone:— 'Man, a' ye blin'! I've been noddin' me heid aff for t' last hauf 'oor.'

This Busy World

There are times when progress moves so rapidly that it taxes a man's strength to keep abreast of civilization. Many of us can sympathize with an unhappy-looking English farmer, who always shook his head when the word 'progress' was mentioned. 'What are you so low about, my friend?' some one asked him.

'Why,' said he, 'what w' faith and gas and balloons and steam-engines a-booming and a-fizzling through the world, and what w' thi' 'arth a-going round once in twenty-four hours, I'm fairly muzzled and staggered.'

Dobbs—Old Bargains is dead.
Bobbis—Oh, yes; he is the man who used to have so many fire sales.
Dobbs—That's so. Well, maybe he'll not notice the change.

A MANIA FOR OPERATIONS.

Seems to Exist Among Physicians—The Knife Not Necessary as a Cure for Piles When Dr. Chase's Ointment is Used.

The surgical side of medicine has made gigantic strides during the past quarter of a century, and everywhere we hear of surgical operations being performed, sometimes successfully, oftentimes unsuccessfully and always at great expense to the patient, both physically and financially.

Doctors seem to have for operations, and abandon medicine whenever there is an opportunity of trying their skill with the knife. This may account for the fact that physicians usually hold that the only cure for piles, and more especially protruding piles, is a surgical operation.

It is all nonsense to make such claims, as thousands of persons can testify who have been victims of unsuccessful operations. Dr. Chase had the welfare of the people at heart when he declared against operations when other names could be used. He bestowed an incalculable blessing on mankind when he placed on the market his favorite prescription for piles—Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Rev. J. A. Baldwin, Baptist minister, Akron, Ont., writes: 'For over twenty years I was a great sufferer from itching and protruding piles. I used many remedies and underwent three very painful surgical operations, all without obtaining any permanent benefit. When about to give up in despair I was told to use Dr. Chase's Ointment, and did so, finding relief at once. I used three boxes, and am almost entirely cured. The itching is gone. I have advised others to use it, believing it would cure them as it has me.'

It frequently happens, as in Rev. Mr. Baldwin's case, that when operations have failed to cure piles, Dr. Chase's Ointment succeeds. But it is more prudent to avoid the risk, expense and suffering of an operation and be cured at once thoroughly and permanently by Dr. Chase's Ointment, the only absolute cure for every form of piles. 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson Bates & Co., Toronto.