

# Sunday Reading.

## "Augusta, Pack the Trunks."

Dr. Talmage Pictures the Kaiser as a Ruler of Great Earnestness—A Story of His Propensity for Travel.

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Not a beggar in Berlin, not a beggar in Dresden, not a beggar in Germany—as far as we have been able to see. In other European countries, the beggar is a familiar object. Hat in hand, eyes upturned, garments in rags, and an attitude indicating that it has long been taken. His father and mother were paupers. Pedigree of rags. Inheritance of want. Squalor of centuries impersonated. But in Germany, neither at the door of churches, nor at the gate of railroad stations, nor on the street are you asked for alms. What is the reason? The German nation has no superior among nations in prosperity. The people have enough to eat, and enough to wear, and enough to shelter them. The harvest-fields which we see through the car window declare that this year a wealthy crop will be added to the national resources. Cleanliness, another sign of prosperity, is everywhere evident. Dirt is always poor. Plenty of water in Germany, wisely distributed, and everywhere used. Midsummer, and yet not a malodorous float. Berlin as healthy in August as in January. Only two cases of intoxication have we seen in all the empire. German beer is not as bad as American whiskey. No doubt there are poverty and suffering, but we do not know where to find them.

Germany's religion has much to do with its prosperity. As the most revered name in St. Petersburg is Peter the Great, and we are shown the houses where he lived, and the axes with which he cut, and the cups out of which he drank, and the staff with which he walked, and the boats which he built, and the pens with which he wrote, and the beds on which he slept, and the crown which he wore, and the throne on which he sat, so in Germany the great name is Martin Luther, and we are taken to the chairs in the window at Wittenberg, where he talked with his wife, and the door of the church on which he hammered the theses, and the pulpit where he preached, and the mugs out of which he drank before apollinaris water was found, and the tomb where near by that of Philip Melancthon he sleeps the long sleep, and the statues in all the great cities where he stands with the Bible in hand, and with lips of marble or bronze is still preaching the Gospel with which he shook the earth and proclaiming a religious emancipation which will yet give all nations the right to worship God in their own way. Luther is still the mightiest religious power in Germany.

Likewise, the long reign of Kaiser William I. was a salutary reign. He chose for his winter and summer residence the plainest and simplest of his palaces, leaving for the inspection of tourists the royal palace, where Frederick the Great entertained Voltaire in vast rooms amid painting and statuary, and chuckling together over what they considered the joke of all time, the Christian religion, and also forsaking the palace at Potsdam, its walls encrusted with precious stones, and august with masterpieces, the stupendous structure built at the close of the seven years' war to prove that the national resources were not exhausted. The two palaces occupied by Kaiser William, according to the season, look like prosperous homes, but completely unpretentious. You are led through his late residence in Berlin, admiring its simplicity, and through his study, where he sat with Bismarck, and drafted plans for the national welfare, and put down the foundation of an empire which I think will last as long as the sun and moon endure. For the history of almost every nation it requires pen and sword closely united. That which was achieved by Thomas Jefferson's pen and George Washington's sword, and Alexander Hamilton's financial genius for institutions in America, William I. and Von Moltke and Bismarck achieved for Germany.

The present emperor has enlisted the hearts of all his people. While many criticize his pronouncements and do not like this, or do not like that, William II. will hand down to his son a mightier sceptre than that which he received from the dying hand of his father, Emperor Frederick, who reigned only ninety-three days, and which his grandfather wielded twenty-seven years. German blood has iron in it, and the German government will last long after frivolous France and cruel Spain have again and again changed from republican-

ism to monarchy, and from monarchy back to republicanism. The present emperor is ubiquitous; now laying the corner stone of a church, now unveiling a monument, now launching a ship, now reviewing a regiment, now in one city now in another. At a Punch-and-Judy show, some time ago the performer gave what he considered the characteristics of the three emperors who reigned within four months over Germany, Kaiser William, Frederick and William II. The man of the show said: 'Kaiser William will be remembered by his saying, 'I have no time to be weary.' Emperor Frederick had for characteristic utterance, 'It is well to suffer without complaining.' The present emperor will be known for his familiar saying, 'Augusta! pack the trunks.' For this disrespect the showman was two months imprisoned. After he had served his time in jail and had come out, he continued his show, but with the following change of remark: 'Kaiser William will be remembered by his saying, 'I have no time to be weary.' Emperor Frederick by his saying, 'It is well to suffer without complaining.' But I am not permitted to say what is the characteristic saying of the present emperor.' Then the audience supplied the lacking information by shouting, 'Augusta! pack the trunks.'

But Emperor William loses nothing through this facetiousness. There is an earnest side to his nature which all recognize. He preached a sermon on his yacht a few days ago, a mere pretext going through the press, but my learned and genial friend, Rev. Dr. Dickey, pastor of the American church in Berlin, for whom I preached Sabbath before last, has translated the Emperor's sermon, which must have taken three-quarters of an hour in delivery, and is very forceful and brilliant. He is the only emperor I ever heard of who preached, although King David provided texts for a great many sermons, but why not kings and emperors take the pulpit? They would surely have an audience, and the impression made would be deep and lasting.

But I am most impressed with the fact that Germany is the home of pictures and music. You walk through the palaces at Berlin and Potsdam with their glorified walls, and the galleries at Dresden, containing the best work of the great masters dead and living, and you study until you are bewildered with the battle pieces, the midnight-aurores, the dawns, the dusks, the shipwrecks, the repentant Magdalens, the temples, the cities, the mountain-crag, the transfigured faces, the dying Christs, and the Madonnas. But I care not whether you visit the room in Dresden Gallery containing the "Sistine Madonna" first or last, you will come again and again to look at it. It is a picture from which you never get away. That face of Mary contains so much of motherly pang, and expectation, such shadows of apprehension and such light of victory, such eyes as never before or since looked out from any other canvas, tenderness and strength and love and hope: eyes suggestive of bitter memories and holy ambitions, eyes that contain the story of cold manger in Bethlehem caravansaries, and yet of realization that she held in her arms the Redeemer of Nations: the far-away look, as though she saw what thirty-two years after would occur of abuse and torture to the Divine Boy. The curve of the mother's lip, the slight inflation of the nostril, the rounding of the chin, the poise of the neck, the harmony of all the features make one think the work was divinely inspired, for I suppose painter's pencil may be inspired, as well as author's pen, and there is such a thing as prophetic and apostolic work in colors on canvas as well as prophetic and apostolic work in ink on parchment. The Holy Child is a healthy child, with foot that might bound the playground before it was spiked to the cross. His hair dishevelled as a boy's hair is apt to be. He will pick wild flowers in the field, and cause his mother some anxieties by his climbing the rocks, and from the hill back of Nazareth will watch the sunset. Maternity and infancy nowhere else were ever so well presented. Some of the colors, for expressiveness, seem a mixture of tears and blood. There is on the canvas enough light for a morning, and enough shadows for a night. She holds the child not with too tight a pressure, as

if she would not give him up, for she will have to give him up, nor with too little grasp as though there were anything lacking in affection. She seems by her manner to say 'Here is the matchless child for which the ages have waited. God gave him to me, I gave him to the world.' The child—how strong he is! Prophetic of the fact that he will yet be able to carry a world on his shoulder, the forehead by its shape implying that he knew already the majesty of the mission on which he had entered the world, yet a thorough child, and not prematurely old, a child's eye, a child's arm, an infant handed out of the eternities, the most precious gift that heaven ever lowered on the earth ever took. All the great painters of the German school and the Italian school and the Dutch school and the French school and the English school have made at least one attempt in colors to tell the story of Mary and the Child, and there may be greater artists now in the cradle than any who have yet touched easel with pencil, but the probability is that in the last day of the world's existence if a group of artists discuss the comparative merits of those who have attempted to show the world the Infant Christ, that group of artists will agree that the greatest Madonna of all time is the 'Sistine Madonna,' by Raphael, in the gallery at Dresden.

But I had no idea what music could do until I heard it do its best in the royal church at Dresden. The arches have a mighty sweep. The pillars are stupendous for circumference and height. The audience was larger than any human voice could reach, but the music filled all the place with cadences seraphic. The organ alone for some minutes discoursed of God and the soul and the eternal world, but at the moment when it could tremble, with no softer vox humana and thunder with no louder diapason, from the galleries rolled up and rolled down the sound of stringed instruments, whole orchestra of performers drawing bows of enchantment across bass viols of inspiration, under batons that commanded perfect harmony; and then there came in to help the throbbing viols, the wind instruments, trumpets and bugles and cornets, adding their triumphs to the hour; and when the great organ and the stringed instruments had wrought their mightiest sounds and rolled up their grandest hosannas, then the voices of whole choirs of men singers and women-singers, basses and sopranos and baritones augmented the harmony, and grand marches moved in procession with other grand marches, and billows of anthem rolled into the skies, and all that holy minstrelsy and drilled voices, helped by echoes from the inside arches and reverberations from the outside heavens, united in one 'Praise ye the Lord!'

Oh, land of Handel and Schumann and Humboldt and Schiller and Goethe and Lessing and Krumpholtz and Melancthon and Luther! Peace be within thy walls and prosperity within thy palaces!  
T. DEWITT TALMAGE

### An Afternoon's Amusement.

How slowly the hours passed! Only three o'clock, and it seemed days to Harry since morning!

Poor Harry had been sick, and now, although he was much better, he had to lie in bed from morning till night. Mamma had read to him and told him stories, and he had looked at pictures, but now there seemed nothing left to do.

Two big tears slowly found their way out from under the eyelids which were shut tight to keep them back, for Harry was not a very little boy, and would have scorned to cry had he been strong and well. Now he felt so weak and tired!

Just then mamma came up to the bed, and somehow her bright smile cheered Harry up wonderfully. She had both hands behind her, and Harry wondered what she had for him.

'You can never guess,' said mamma. 'It is round and lighter than air and is a bright red.'

'It is a—no, it can't be—but I can never guess it, I know!' exclaimed Harry.

Just then above mamma's shoulder Harry saw it—a bright red toy balloon.

'Why, what am I to do with it?' he asked. Mamma held the balloon by a string about a yard long which was fastened to it.

'You hold on to the string,' she told Harry 'while I get some paper.'

Harry watched her. She tore quite a good-sized piece out of a newspaper, and then she took the balloon and tied the paper to the end of the string and let go. Harry thought of course it would go up to the ceiling; but no, down it came until the paper rested on the floor.

Then mamma tore off some of the paper to make it lighter, and let it go again. It was going up this time, surely; no, down it came and again rested on the floor. Some more paper was torn off, and this time it did not go to the floor, but sailed about



## "Take it back"

—go to some grocer who will give you Pearl-ine. That's the only way to do when they send you an imitation. The popularity of Pearl-ine begets the habit of calling anything that's washing-powder, "Pearl-ine." Those who notice the difference in name, think perhaps "it's about the same thing." It isn't. Nothing else equals Pearl-ine, the original and standard washing compound.

Millions use Pearl-ine

the room as the little currents of air moved it.

Harry watched it. It hovered over the bed, and then moved away again. It would be so quiet for several minutes, and Harry would wonder if it would again come towards the bed; and soon back it would come.

Before Harry knew it, mamma brought him his supper, and the lights were lit and the long afternoon had passed.

Any little boy or girl can try this and it will help to pass a rainy day; or you can amuse little sister or brother who is sick.

### Poisoned at the Foundation.

About thirty years ago there stood, on the most splendid avenue of Newport, a palace built by one of the richest men in New York. It was said to be a copy of the Palazzo Doria in Venice. Nothing which wealth or taste could command had been spared to add to its beauty. There was a Moorish room, a Chinese room, a gallery of pictures of the most famous of modern masters. It was a luxurious, beautiful home.

The owner took possession of it in May, and in July his only son died of a low, lingering fever. During the seven succeeding years the house was occupied by different tenants, but ill health or death visited each. It was found at last, after repeated fruitless examinations, that an old drain existed under the foundations of the house, and that unseen it had been pouring death into the beautiful dwelling all these years. The walls were so impregnated with poison that the house, after remaining without a tenant for some time, was razed to the ground.

The lives of some men are like this dwelling. They have every fortunate circumstance which good birth, influence, wealth or education can give to make them strong and noble and helpful to other men; yet some foul trait, inherited or acquired, breathes poison and death through the whole life.

There is a marble bust of the boy, Nero, in the gallery of the Uffizi palace which shows him to have been 'that noble child' of whom history tells us, affectionate, gay and kind; but the sensual lip hints of deadly poison, already at work within, and it foreshadowed the monster of history.

Ivan of Russia was gentle and winning as a lad, but the black, malignant drop was in his blood which in middle age tainted his whole nature.

Physicians sometimes examine the blood of their patients and detect disease by the revelations of the microscope. Every one who is beginning his work in the world should search his heart if perchance there may be in it a poisoned drop which may corrupt and ruin his life.

### Why the Ship was Held.

The steamship Werra, of the North German line, was ready to sail from her pier at New York. The parting tears had been shed, the parting embraces and handclaps were over, and the men at the gangplank, rope in hand, stood impatiently waiting to hoist it clear of the ship. But the gangplank remained unhoisted, the Werra immovable, all because a six-year-old boy would have it so.

He had bolted for the pier when the warning whistle sounded for visitors to go ashore, and obstinately refused to get on board till he and his grandmother were reunited. She had gone 'up-town,' he said, to buy him a hat to replace one that had been blown overboard, and till she returned, go on board the Werra he would not.

Minutes were passing into the half hour, and the captain, becoming impatient, gave orders that the baggage of the boy and his grandmother should be put ashore. It was found, however, that they were 'first-class' passengers, and that their baggage was extensive; and as undesirable complications might follow if it were uncereemoniously dumped upon the pier and the boy left behind, the order was recalled, and new advances were made to the affectionately obstinate youngster.

Pleadings and commands were alike lost upon him, however. No, his grandmother had not deserted him. She would come back. He knew she would, and till he saw

her, the Werra was not for him. So the Werra waited. The captain, from the quarter-deck, viewed the lad with grim perplexity. The passengers, who crowded the rail, eagerly and intensely interested in the outcome, smiled upon him with sympathetic approval, and the crew grinned at the humor of a situation in which their autocratic commander was powerless before the loving determination of a small boy.

Meanwhile, the grandmother had returned, and had entered the vessel unseen by the boy and unrecognized by the others. She missed him, and in her eager search approached the gangplank and gazed toward the pier. The two saw each other instantly, and the grandmother, ignorant of the boy's reasons for leaving the vessel, and fearing she knew not what, knelt and extended her arms toward him in a dumb entreaty that was needless, for a joyously exultant, 'O grandma, I knew you'd come!' was followed by a swift rush of eager feet along the gangplank, and the yearning arms were happily filled. A tremendous cheer rang from decks and pier, and the Werra, released went on her way.

PAIN-KILLER cures all sorts of cuts, bruises, burns and strains. Taken internally it cures diarrhoea and dysentery. Avoid cures there is but one Pain-Killer, Ferry Davis' 25c. and 50c.

'Blinkins is going to adopt a coat of arms, and wants me to suggest a suitable motto for him. Do you think of anything appropriate?'

'How did he make his money?'

'Selling some kind of mineral water?'

'How would 'Veni, vidi, vichy,' do?'

'Ferdinand sold his great grandfather's family Bible for \$15.'

'How odd!'

'Not at all; he said he was bound his ancestors should help him out that much, anyway.'

## Put Iron in the Blood

It Makes the Blood Red, the Cheeks Rosy, and Restores Vigor and Vitality to Every Organ of the Body.

In Other Words, Use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

The blood is composed of certain elements of nature which are supplied in the food we eat. During the winter season the food is of an artificial nature and not sufficiently varied to properly sustain the quality of the blood. Consequently very many people suffer in the spring from the results of thin blood.

A pale face, and more especially paleness of the lips, gums and the inside of the eyelids, tells of weak, watery blood. There are languid, worn out, despondent feelings, lack of energy and appetite, weakness and irregularities, and frequently stomach disorders, headaches and nervous troubles.

To say that the blood is thin, weak and watery is to mean that it lacks iron and other elements, which are found in Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Put iron in the blood and you will help nature to overcome the ill of spring. Use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and you will supply to the blood not only iron, but all the most effective elements of nature which go to make the blood rich and red.

Through the medium of the circulation of the blood, and the nervous system, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has a direct influence on every organ of the body. It tones strengthens and revitalizes the system, reconstructs the wasted tissues, creates new nerve force, and prevents and cures disease caused by weak blood and exhausted nerves.

Are you pale and weak? Put iron in the blood by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Do you need a spring restorative? There is no preparation to be compared to Dr. Chase's as a Nerve Food as a blood builder and nerve restorer; 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanron, Bates & Co., Toronto.