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Herman H. Pitts, Editor and Proprietor.

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Our Poetry.

"He Satisfieth."

PSALMS cvii. 9.

The restless child upon the mother's knee
Shows but the state of every longing mind;
The luscious fruit from earth's forbidden tree,
Though sweet to taste, leaves discontent behind.

The tantalizing streams of life do flow,
And whisper wooing words to court our stay;
While rainbow colors all their beauties show,
As gurgling waters rise in melting spray.

All nature joins, with her ten thousand wiles,
To wrest the course of him who onward speeds
To yonder heavenly port—her charming smiles
Invite. With simple beauty thus she pleads.

This world is but a means—'tis not an end;
Nor should we pause at any rippling brook
To quench our thirst; nor even idly bend
To see our faces there—that tempting look.

Why then the wish for all that God hath made
If beauty satisfieth not, nor fills the heart?
Stay not, O soul, at this expanse arrayed,
But *through* it see "Who doth all good impart."

The heavens and earth point to the hand Divine;
But only as His glory they declare
Should we behold the wonders they enshrine;
We feast on Him—we see His image there.

SUNDAYS.

Bright shadows of True Rest—some shoots of bliss;
Heaven once a week;
The next world's gladness prepossest in this:
A day to seek
Eternity in time; the steps by which
We climb above all ages; lamps to light
Man through his dark days, and the rich
And full redemption of the whole week's flight.
The milky-way chalked out with suns—a clue
That guides through erring hours; and, in full story,
A taste of heaven on earth; the pledge and view
Of a full feast; and the outcourts of glory.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

A Russian saloon for tea drinking is an interesting feature of life in Russian cities. The waiters are attired in white from head to foot, with a large black purse at the waist and are all men.

Tea is drunk alone or with a lemon and the sugar eaten from the hand.

Eleven or fifteen cups are not too many for an old tea drinker.

Our Pulpit.

WISDOM'S REQUEST.

Sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

"My son, give me thine heart."—Prov. xxiii:26.

These are the words of Solomon, speaking in the name of wisdom, which wisdom is but another name for the Lord Jesus Christ, who is made of God unto us wisdom. If you ask, "What is the highest wisdom upon the earth?" it is to believe in Jesus Christ, whom God has sent—to become His follower and disciple, to trust Him and inmitate Him.

I. Let us look at this precept, My son, give me thine heart; and notice, first, that love prompts it.

Only love seeks after love. If I desire the love of another, it can surely only be because I myself have love toward him. We care not to be loved by those whom we do not love. It were an embarrassment rather than an advantage to receive love from those to whom we would not return it. When God asks human love, it is because God is love. As the sparks mount toward the sun, the central fire, so ought our love to rise toward God, the central source of all pure and holy love. It is an instance of infinite condescension that God should say, My son, give me thine heart. Notice the strange position in which it puts God and man. The usual position is for the creature to say to God, Give me; but here the Creator cries to feeble man, Give me. The Great Benefactor Himself becomes the Petitioner.

Only infinate love would come a-wooing to such wretched hearts as ours. For what has God to gain? Brothers and sisters, if we did all give our hearts to Him, in what respect would He be the greater? If we gave Him all we have would He be the richer? When He comes a wooing, he cries, Give me thine heart, it must be for our benefit, and not for his own.

Yet He does gain a son; that is a sweet thought. Every one that gives God his heart becomes God's son, and a father esteems his children to be treasures; and I reckon that God sets a higher value upon His children than upon all the works of His hand besides. We see the great Father's likeness in the story of the returning prodigal. The father thought more of his returning son than of all he possessed besides. It was meet, said he, that we should make merry, and be glad; for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found.

You who are sons of God already may take my text as a call to give God your heart anew, for—I do not know how it is—men are wonderfully scarce now; and men with hearts are rare. If preachers had longer hearts, they would move more people to hear them. A sermon preached without love falls flat and dead. My son, says God to every preacher, give me thine heart. O minister, if thou canst not speak with eloquent tongue, at least let thy heart run over like burning lava from thy lips? Let thy heart be like a geyser scalding all that come near thee, permitting none to remain indifferent. You that teach in the school, you that work for God anyhow, do it thoroughly well.

II. Now I turn my text another way. Wisdom persuades us to obey this loving request. To take our hearts and give them up to God is the wisest thing that we can do.

Wisdom prompts it; for, first, many others crave our hearts, and our hearts will surely go one way or other, Let us see to it that they do not go where they will be ruined. Therefore, my son, says Wisdom, give me thine heart; Everybody will try to steal thy heart, therefore leave it in my charge. Then thou needest not fear the fascinations of the strange woman, for I have thy heart; and I will keep it safe unto the day of my appearing. It is most wise to give Jesus our heart, for seducers will seek it.

There is another destroyer of souls. I will not say much about it, but I will just read you what the context saith of it—Who hath woe? Who hath babbling? Who hath wounds without cause? Read carefully the rest of the chapter, and then hear the voice of Wisdom say, My son, if thou wouldst be kept from drunkenness and gluttony, from wantonness and chambering, and everything that the heart inclineth to, give me thy heart. It is well to guard your heart with all the apparatus that wisdom can provide. It is well totally to abstain from that which becomes a snare to you; but, I charge you, do not rely upon abstinence, but give your heart to Jesus; for nothing short of true godliness will preserve you from sin, so that you shall be presented faultless before His presence with exceeding great joy.

Give Jesus your hearts, beloved friends, for wisdom bids you do it at once, because it will please God. Have you a friend to whom you wish to make a present? I know what you do: you try to find out what that friend would value, for you say: I should like to give him what would please him. Do you want to give God something that is sure to please Him? You need not build a church of matchless architecture—I do not know that God cares much about stone and wood. You need not wait till you shall have amassed money to endow a row of almshouses. It is well to bless the poor, but Jesus said that one who gave two mites, which made a farthing, gave more than all the rich men who cast in of their wealth into the treasury. What would God my Father like me to give? He answers, My, son, give me thine heart. He will be pleased with that, for He Himself seeks the gift.

And does He not deserve it? I am not going to use that argument, because, somehow, if you press a man to give a thing, at last it comes not to be a gift, but a tax. Our consecration to God must be unquestionable in its freeness. Religion is voluntary or else false.

Believe me, beloved friends, there is no getting wisdom except you give your hearts to it. Certain men never get on in business; they do not like their trade, and so they never prosper. And certainly, in the matter of religion, no man can ever prosper if he does not love it, if his whole heart is not in it. Oh! you poor betweenities, you that hang, like Mahomet's coffin, between earth and heaven—you that are like bats, neither birds nor beasts—you that are like a flying-fish, that tries to live in the air and water too and finds enemies in both elements—you that are neither this nor that nor the other; strangers in God's country, and yet not able to make yourselves at home with the devil—I do pity you! Oh! that I could give you a tug to get you to this side of the border-land! My Master bids me compel you to come in; but what can I do except repeat the message of the text? My son, give me thine heart,

III. And now I close with the third observation. Let us be wise enough at once to attend to this admonition of wisdom. Let us now give God our heart. "My son, give me thine heart." *When?* At once. There is no intimation that God would have us wait a little. I wish that those persons who only mean to wait a little, would fix a time when they will leave off waiting. They are always going to be right to morrow. Which day of the month is that? I have searched the calender, and cannot find it.

How? If we attend to this precept, we shall notice that it calls upon us to act *freely*. My son, give me thine heart. Do not need to have it led in fetters. It might, as I have already said, prevent a thing from being a gift if you too pressingly proved that it was due. It is due, but God puts it, as it were, upon free-will for once, and leaves it to free agency, He says: My son, give me thine heart. All that thou hast from me comes as a gift of free grace; now give me back thy heart freely.

It seems a pity that a man should have to live a long life of sin to learn that sin does not pay. It is a sad case when he comes to God with all his bones broken, and enlists in the divine army after he has spent all his youth in the service of the devil, and has worn himself out. Christ will have him whenever he comes; but how much better it is, while yet you are in the days of your youth, to say: Here, Lord, I give Thee my heart. Constrained by Thy sweet love, I yield to Thee in the dawn of my being!

Do *it thoroughly*. My son, give me thine heart. You cannot give Christ a piece of a heart, for a heart halved is killed. A heart that has even a little bit taken off is a dead heart. The devil does not mind having half your heart. He is quite satisfied with that, because he is like the woman to whom the child did not belong: he does not mind if it be cut in halves. The true mother of the child said: Oh! spare the child! Do not divide it. And so Christ, who is the true Lover of hearts, will not have the heart divided.

Did I hear somebody say, I am willing to give God my heart? Very well, then; let us look at it practically. *Where is it now?* You cannot give your heart up till you find out where it is. I knew a man who lost his heart. His wife had not got it, and his children had not got it, and he did not seem as if he had got it himself. That is odd! say you. Well, he used to starve himself. He scarcely had enough to eat. His clothes were threadbare. He starved all who were round him. He did not seem to have a heart. A poor woman owed him a little rent. Out she went into the street. He had no heart. A person had fallen back a little in the payment of money that he had lent him. The debtor's little children were crying for bread. The man did not care who cried for hunger, or what became of the children He would have his money. He had lost his heart. I never could make out where it was till I went to his house one day, and saw an iron safe; it stood behind the door of an inner room; and when he unlocked it with a heavy key, and the bolts were shot, and the inside was opened, there was a musty, fusty things within it, as dry and dead as the kernel of a walnut seven years old. It was his heart. If you have locked up your heart in an iron safe, get it out. Get it out as quickly as ever you can.

I knew a young lady—I think I know several of that sort now—whose heart I could never see. I could not make out why she was so flighty, giddy, frothy, till I discovered that she had kept her heart in a wardrobe. A poor prison for an immortal soul, is it not? You had better fetch it out; before the moth eats it as wool. When our garments become the idol of our hearts, we are such foolish things that we can hardly be said to have hearts at all. Even such foolish hearts as these it were well to get out of the wardrobe, and give to Christ.

Where is your heart? I have known some to leave it at the public house, and some in places that I shall not mention, lest the check of modesty should crimson But wherever your heart is, it is in the wrong place if it is not with Christ. Go, fetch it, sir. Bring it here, and give it into the hand of Him that bought it.

But in what state is it? Ay, there's the rub! For men's hearts begin to smell of the places wherein they keep them. Some men's hearts are cankered through keeping them among their gold; and some are rotten through and through, through keeping them steeped in vice. Where is the drunkard's heart? In what state must it be? Foul and filthy. What! such a thing as that? Yet still give it to Him, for I will tell you what He will do with it: He will work wonders for your heart. You have heard of alchemists who took base metal—so they say—and transmuted it into gold; the Lord will do more than this. Give me thine heart. Poor, filthy, defiled, polluted, depraved heart!—give it to Him. It is stony now, corrupted now. He will take it, and in those sacred hands of Christ that heart shall lie, till in its place you shall see a heart of flesh, pure, clean, heavenly. Oh! say you, I never could make out what to do with my hard heart. Give it now to Christ, and He will change it. Yield it up to the sweet power of his infinite grace, and he will renew a right spirit within you. God help you to give Jesus your heart, and to do it now! Amen.

NO FUN TO BE A CZAR.

If anything could reconcile the average American boy to the fact that he is not a czar, it would be the late story of Mr. Strakosch to the effect that his imperial majesty once, when the czarowitz played a French obligato to the song given by Mme. Nilsson, and that years after, when he had become a full blown czar, the orchestra affected him to tears, for it brought back the memory of that blessed time when he did not have to put on a sheet iron overcoat to go out and get the morning paper.

Happier indeed was this great man, with his French horn and his portfolio as czarowitz, living from hand to mouth, than in after years as a thirty-second degree czar with a mighty empire under his thumb and a fractious bomb under his throne.

Greatness brings with it newspaper criticism, loss of appetite, languor, cold feet and death. And even in death a great man does not stand much of a chance. Relic hunters come and try to break into his grave and carry fragments of his system away to remember him by and the historian criticises him to his heart's content.

For this reason we ought to appreciate a country where we need not be great if we would rather not. A czar really has no alternative. He can avoid being a czarina by beginning in time, but when he discovers that he is a czarowitcz he knows that it is good-by, John, as the Russians have it. Here the rules are less severe. A man may escape greatness for years and years. He may be president of the United States to-day and promoting pullets tomorrow.

The utmost latitude is given to an American. He cannot only abstain from being great, but after he has been great our people will excuse a man and allow him to insert himself into obscurity again in case he feels more comfortable that way. But a czar has no chance. He really has no fun at all. As soon as he discovers that his lineage is big he is open to criticism, and cannot do anything undignified.

A czar who would play shorstop in a picked nine or go about the country delivering a humourous lecture, would be ostracized. Many a long, hot summer day he has to stay on a big red throne and reign while mediocre men go fishing. Just as he thinks he is alone and takes off his hat, ermine trimmed robes, thinking that he will sit in his shirt sleeves and play a few strains on his French horn, a courtier comes in and, making a low obeisance, states that he has a ukase which ought to be issued in time to catch the 2 o clock mail.

Then it is disagreeable for a man to be a czar and suddenly find himself the parent of a grand duke whom he don't exactly feel at liberty to spank! No man really wants to spank a grand duke, no matter how little he is. As Americans, we do not fully appreciate the blessings of freedom which are denied to a czar. Czarinas also have a pretty hard row to hoe, to use an Americanism. They also have to have general oversight of the children, so that their distracted country will not run short of a monarch.

It is no uncommon thing for a czarina to say to a visiting dynasty: Excuse me a moment, your royal altitoodleum; his nibs, the grand duke, has just informed me that her eminence, the grand duchess, his sister, has got a Lima bean up her nose.

IN THE HIGHLANDS.

A correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* writing from near Balmoral in the Highlands of Scotland says: The transformation of several correct gentlemen, faultlessly arrayed in London clothes into Highland chieftains, is daily taking place before one's eyes. When the Scotch gentlemen, or even Englishmen having places in Scotland, come up here, they immediately put on kilts. In the morning, when they are shooting or tramping over the moors, they wear woollen kilts, and carry hunting knife, instead of the regulation dagger in their stocking leg. But in the evening they appear at dinner in tartans of beautiful weave, with a jewelled sticking out of their right stocking leg. Not only the gentlemen, but their upper servants put on kilts, and, if anything, the change in the servants is more startling than that in the masters. Mr. Panmure-Gordon is a great landed proprietor up here. His coachman, who was one of the most immaculate jehus in London, sitting up on the box as rigid as iron, and looking as if he were made of the same stuff as the carriage, came up to the Highlands, and suddenly turned into a Highlander, and a rampageous Highlander at that, and wheezed and blew and puffed at the bagpipes like a Trojan. It was really alarming to see him heading the Gordon pipes. The Highland Fling is as popular as the Highland dress, and the Prince of Wales' sons dance beautifully, as indeed their father and the Duke of Edinburgh did before them. The Prince of Wales even now, with middle age adipose upon him, can dance the Highland Fling gracefully loupin and skreechin with all his might. No wonder the Scotch like the Guelphs.

They've been the makin' o' us, remarked a Ballater shopkeeper, in a burst of confidence.

QUEER THINGS BY MAIL.

The Chinese in this city send many letters to San Francisco, said a post-office official to a St. Louis Globe reporter. A few days ago our examiner found some rats' tails, fried chicken and other queer things in some Chinese packages. We have had from China and Japan packages of books containing translations of Chinese and Japanese fables in their languages and in English. The Italians sent through the mails dried mushrooms that were so rank in smell as to make nearly every person in the offices shy around the pouches in which they arrived. Quite a number of Indian moccasins have gone through lately, and we had a little pappoose with strings wherewith to fasten it to a small tree, upon which hung three little gourds. Another curious thing that we got was a lot of Mexican jumping beans. They are about the size of a government navy bean, but when they are laid on the table they will hop all over it and leap around on the floor. A superstitions clerk was about to run out of the office in terror, when we stroked down his rising hair and told him that science taught that each of these hopping, footless beans was inhabited by a little spring backed worm that sprung itself under the influence of heat just enough to make the bean leap around in lively style. A box of these beans in a mail bag makes a sound like the ticking of a group of clocks.

THE DEMAND OF THE TIMES.—I can't altogether agree with you about the teacher in your district being such a poor one, said an Iowa county superintendent of schools to a member of a school board who called with a complaint. He is not, of course, the best teacher we have, but he works hard, and I think you will like him better before the term is out. His greatest failing seems to be that he is rather too loquacious,

Y-a-s-s-, replied the school officer, doubtfully, mebby,: but the wust thing I've got agin the feller is that he talks too much with his mouth, We want moor figgerin' and less chin musie.

SUBJECTS FOR THOUGHT.

DR. CHAMBERS truly says: Observation shows that a secular Sunday rests upon a sacred Sunday. Guarantee the day of rest by a religious sanction, and you secure it permanently; give up any such sanction, and you imperil the whole institution. There would still be a Sunday but it would be neither a holy day nor a day of rest.

The best things are nearest; breath in your nostrils, light in your eyes, flowers at your feet, duties at your hand, the path of God just before you. Then do not grasp at the stars, but do lifes plain, common work as it comes, certain that daily duties and daily bread are the sweet things of life.

How easy it is for one to say a thing from which he can never fully recover himself as long as he lives. He may be sorry, and ask and receive the pardon of men, but in their estimation he is never afterward the same man he was before. Keep thy heart with all diligence, and tongue, too.

A HIGH sense of honor, a determination never to take a mean advantage of another—an adherence to truth—delicacy and politeness toward those with whom you may have dealings—are the essential and distinguishing characteristics of a gentleman.

A MAN would have no pleasure in discovering all the beauties of the universe, even in heaven itself, unless he had a partner to whom he might communicate his joys.

FACTION is the excess and abuse of party; it begins when the first idea of private interest preferred to public good gets footing in the heart. It is already dangerous, yet always contemptible.

The sky—sometimes capricious, sometimes awful, never the same for two minutes together; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity.

The large proportion of sins committed against the laws of right are done without reflection, and many of them are bitterly repented of too late.

There are two sorts of content; one is connected with exertion, the other with habits of indolence; the first is a virtue, the other a vice.

When you are in prosperity, you need seek no other revenge against him who envies you than the mortification he has from it.

There is a small chance of truth at the goal if there is not child-like humility at the starting post.

False men are not to be taken into confidence, nor fearful men into a post requiring resolution.

An unkind words falls easily from the mouth, but six coach-horses cannot draw it back again.

An effort made for the happiness of others lifts us above ourselves.

CLOSE WORK WITH A PANTHER.

Engineer Markham and his fireman had a thrilling encounter with a panther last Sunday night on the Burlington and Missouri River Railroad, between Minden and Axtell. Between the two places named the engine slipped an eccentric and came to a standstill. Markham and the fireman got out to set matters to rights and had about completed the job when both heard a yell that made their blood run cold, and before either could turn a large panther sprang upon the engineer and buried his claws in his shoulders. The fireman had a heavy wrench in his hand, and with this struck the brute on the head. This partially stunned the animal, and he loosened his hold on the engineer, but before either man could take advantage of this situation he made a vicious leap for the fireman and buried one of his claws in his left arm. Engineer Markham by this time had drawn his revolver and by a lucky shot struck the brute between the eyes, killing him instantly. Both men were badly hurt, and will be laid up. The panther measured nearly six feet from the end of the nose to the tip of his tail, and weighed nearly 200 pounds.

THE PHYSICIAN of a military hospital on going his rounds one morning, found one of his patients sitting in the bath and on the point of swallowing a dose of medicine. Corporal! whatever are you doing there instead of being in bed? inquired the astonished practitioner; and the brave fellow quietly responded: Well, doctor, you told me as how I was to take the drops in a little water, and that's what I am doing.

Mamma, said a little Chicago girl.

Yes, dear.

Do you think I'll have the same papa all this year?—*Epoch.*