Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22, 1891.

LIFE AND DEATH.

Like unto day, from morning until eve,
Is Life, and all days do vary, so
Is each life different. And, as we know,
Not what the day will be, and yet believe
'Twill pass as have others, that the night
Does but foretun another day more bright.

So is's with life; we may not understand,
Yet, trusting Him, we read the pathway over
To Death; and find upon his darkened shore
A Heavenly bark, by Heavenly angels manned,
Which bears us swiftly o'er the dividing sea
To perfect life beyond -E ernity..
—[Harry L. Dunlap, in Drake's Magazine.

AFTER ALL.

Tom Barclay and Elizabeth Murray never understood each other very well, and yet they had been engaged for a year. They had known each other long before the engagement, too, but although a man seldom quite understands a woman, Tom was even more dense in this respect than most men; and Elizabeth, more difficult than most women for any man to comprehend, unconscious of the fact, wondered at Tom's many failures in this direction.

They were very good friends, however, and thought they loved each other—had even said so in strict confidence; and, as I said, were engaged to be married. In fact, Miss Murray was already at the mercy of dressmakers and milliners, for it was December—late December—and the wedding was set for the 10th of January.

One night, the dressmakers and milliners having kindly waived their claims for a few hours, Mr. Barclay called to see his prospective bride. He was not in the best possible humor; an ugly east wind drove the sleet into his face as he walked the few blocks from the cable cars to Miss Murray's home, for Tom thought too much of his horses to take them out on such a night; a man had failed him in an important business appointment, and it is quite possible that he was a trifle bilious; at all events, he was about as cross as he ever allowed himself to become.

Now it happened that Elizabeth was nearly worn out with the turmoil incident to the preparations for a fashionable wedding. She was nervous and irritable; probably the east wind affected her also. She needed some one to smooth her hair; talk tender, comforting words—in short, pet her until she was rested; for the woman never yet lived who did not like occassional petting.

Now Thomas Barclay was not a demonstrative man, and petting was somewhat out of his line. How was he to know, especially in his unamiable mood, that the young girl soon to become his wife was in no comdition to meet impatience patiently?

"Thank fortune," he said ungraciously, kissing her as a matter of course, and dropping into a chair, "this dress-making row will soon be over. I've scarcely seen you for a month. I won't have a dressmaker on the place after we are married."

Mr. Barclay did not mean anything by this speech; it was simply an ebullition of temper, and Elizabeth should have met it as such. It spited her mood, however, to retort with:

"Indeed! I mean to have a dressmaker in the house all the time."

"I wouldn't if I were you," disagreeably, "especially against my wishes."

"And if I should?" she returned defiantly.

"Well—" then common sense asserted itself, and he laughed. "Do you know, Beth, we are just ready to quarrel about nothing? My wife will probably do as she pleases."

Miss Murray did not smile. She was morbidly sensitive, and an ugly thought had lodged in her brain. She said quietly,—

"Tom, I don't like that remark of yours at all. I wonder if it is possible that after our marriage you would attempt to coerce me in the least?"

Tom was obstinate. It would have been better not to have asked the question. He said:

"A woman promises to obey when she marries."

"Not always; the word is frequently left out of the marriage service. It would be better left out of ours."

"Do you mean that you will not obey?" asked he, looking at her curiously.

"Just that."

"A man is the head of the family; it is a wife's duty to obey."

"So I have heard. I never thought of marriage in this light before—a bondage. It seems to me that a woman's freedom is something not to be given up lightly. I have never been dictated to by any one since I left school, and do not believe I should take it kindly. Tom, I don't believe I want to marry you or anybody; why," with a sudden flash of passion, "if you laid a command upon me after our marriage, I really believe I should hate you!"

It crossed Tom's mind that it might be as well for a man to curb his temper till after the wedding day. He rose, walked across the room, pushed aside the heavy curtain, and looked out. The prospect was not pleasing; the sky was black, and the driving sleet pelted against the plate glass. He came back to where Miss Murray sat looking into the fire and apparently lost in thought.

"Elizabeth, I thought you loved me."

"Did you? I thought so too, though I have been told often enough that I didn't."

"Who told you so?"

"Mamma for one, Aunt Clare for another. You see, mamma married papa for love when he was a poor man, and Aunt Clare's husband died before the honeymoon was over. She mourns him yet. They always said that I didn't know the first principles of love; perhaps they were right."

Mr. Barclay was never so thoroughly outwitted in his twenty-eight years of life; for, good, rather giddy young man, he was.

"Will you kindly state why you engaged yourself to me?"

"Well, Tom, I always liked you. We've known each other for years. Our families are intimate. What more natural than that you, the only son, and I, the only daughter, should marry? Besides," with a little break in the clear voice, "until to night I thought you loved me."

Tom pulled his chair close to Elizabeth's and drew her head down to his shoulder. He ought to have done that earlier in the evening. Then he said.

"My dear, what possesses you? You know I love you."

For an instant the yellow head rested where he had placed it; then Miss Murray drew herself away and rose to her feet.

"No, Tom, it is too late to make me believe that. We are not fitted to make each other happy; I am quite certain of it. Let us break off our engagement."

"And all on account of that speech of mine about a dressmaker!" he exclaimed savagely.

"Not entirely that. I feel that you do not love me, and something tells me that I ought not to be your wife."

Mr. Barclay, man-like, loved the woman who was slipping away from him at this moment, better than ever before, and he had loved her always in his way; he had made a mistake in not showing his affection more plainly.

"Beth," he said, "forgive me. I didn't mean it. I was a brute. As my wife you will be free as air; you must know that. Think a moment; it is not an unpardonable offence, is it?"

"I tell you it is not because of what you said," she reiterated. "It is because I know you do not love me, and that I am not sure that I love you."

Mr. Barclay's temper began to rise again. He remarked:

"This is a nice statement for a man to hear three weeks before his marriage!"

"Much nicer than it would be three weeks after," she retorted. "The invitations are not out; no one outside of our families know that the day was set. I will take my finery," she added, with a smile, "and go to Italy. Take your ring, Tom, and say good-by," drawing off the diamond.

Mechanically Tom dropped the circlet into his pocket. Suddenly he took a step toward her, caught her in his arms, kissed her once—twice—three times, with all the passion of a man who loves, then, releasing her, turned and left the room, while Miss Murray, white and trembling, sank into her chair, hid her face and cried bitterly.

Much to Elizabeth's surprise Mr. Barclay made no attempt to see or speak to her again. She explained, where it was necessary:

"Mr. Barclay and I have changed our minds."

A month later she and Aunt Clare were outward bound, with Italy for their goal. The remainder of the winter and the following spring and summer were spent roaming from place to place; then one of those financial cyclones called a panic swept over the United States, and Miss Murray and her aunt were called home. Thomas Barclay, though a young man, was a large dealer in coffees, teas and spices. His was one of a dozen firms that failed that autumn. Dishonest and unfortunate creditors had cost him a hundred thousand dollars. But that cut no figure in settling up his own affairs. He cleared his stables, sold every inch of real estate, and when his own creditors were paid dollar for dollar, Mr. Barclay had a clean conscience, a stainless record, and five thousand dollars in cash.

He went West, and Miss Murray heard no more of him. Her father, an importer of silks and foreign fabrics, curtailed expenses, and, aided by a generous loan from Aunt Clare, weathered the storm.

One summer two years later, Elizabeth and her mother joined a party who were going to make a tour of the northwest, penetrating even the wilds of Alaska before their return.

It was in Portland that Miss Murray met with an accident, and a treacherous banana peeling was to blame for it. She had gone out alone to make some small purchases, and stepping on the deceitful peel fell to the ground.

A crowd was gathering. A gentleman offered his assistance, and Elizabeth was taken to the nearest store, while the gentleman called a carriage and then accompanied her home. It was Tom Barclay.

In spite of the pain, Miss Murray could not help looking at the man who was to have been her husband. That individual met her eyes and said:

"Well?"

Miss Murray blushed painfully, conscious that she had been staring.

"It is so long since I have seen you, and we used to be such good friends," she replied gently.

"Whose fault is it that you have not seen me for so long?" he demanded; and then, noting her fading color and pale lips, he said, "What a brute I am to question you so, when you are suffering such pain! I was never gentle enough to win your love, Beth."

"Did you ever try, Tom?"

"I thought I did."

"Did you take everything for granted—that you loved me, and that I cared for you, and that in the course of human events it was natural and proper that we should get married?"

"Perhaps so," he answered quietly; and then the carriage stopped, the driver was at the door, and Elizabeth was carried up to her room.

It was an ugly, obstinate sprain, and held its victim a prisoner for six long weeks. The party went on to Alaska, leaving Mrs. Murray and her daughter at the hotel, and quite as a matter of course, Tom Barclay called to see the was wonderfully gentle toward the woman who had refused to be his wife. Elizabeth did not know that he was trying to win her love, but Mrs. Murray was well aware of that fact, and well satisfied, too. Tom was established in the old business in Portland, and again on the road to wealth. She had always liked him, and shrewdly suspected that his presence on this planet had something to do with her daughter's strange indifference to certain brilliant matrimonial chances.

As for Elizabeth, she was utterly content and happy during the period of invalidism that confined her to the house. What cared she for the beauties of Alaska, of which her friends wrote such glowing descriptions! Did she not have long talks with Tom every other evening. Though she took care that he knew nothing of her quickening heart beats and bounding pulses whenever he approached.

Elizabeth had been able to walk for a week. Her friends were due in two days on their return trip, and she and her mother were to join them and start immediately for home.

Mr. Barclay asked the convalescent to take a ride with him. He was thirty-one, Elizabeth twenty-five. Mrs. Murray did not think a chaperon necessary; neither did Tom. They went alone.

They were far better acquainted than in the days when they were engaged. Miss Murray admired the honest courage, the persevering independence, with which her friend was rebuilding his fortune, and Tom loved her as he always had, as he always would, and had learned to show his affection in many of the thousand ways that delight a woman's heart.

They talked of the scenery, of her accident, and then of the coming parting. Suddenly Tom exclaimed:

"Oh Beth, my darling, give me a word of hope before you go! You were mistaken in the old days. I always loved you, and now that we have met again, I cannot let you go out of my life forever."

"If you always loved me, why have you been silent all these years?" inquired Elizabeth.

"Because I was stunned that night when I left you, realizing that by my own stupid blundering I had lost you. Then I set myself to do a penance. I said, 'I will wait three years; if another wins her I shall know she could never love me; if not, I will try again to gain her love. Perhaps I shall know her better.' You know the rest. The crash came. I had to come West and begin over again. I am not as rich as I was then, but there is every prospect that I shall be, and I know, Beth, that money makes no difference. I can give you everthing you want, even the dressmaker; and indeed, indeed, darling, that speech of mine was only the outcome of bad temper, and" (hesitatingly) "perhaps I understand a woman's moods little better now than then."

There was a short silence, while Mr. Barclay, having made his plea, waited for the verdict. At length Elizabeth said softly—

"Perhaps I loved you then, Tom. I could never care for any one else. I always compared othermen with you, to their disadvantage. If you care to come after me, some time, I will be your wife."

Out of an inner pocket Tom took a tiny morocco case, and opening it, Miss Murray saw the solitaire that had been her engagement ring.

"I have always carried it with me," he said simply, "because you had worn it."

Somehow, the tears sprang to Elizabeth's eyes when he slipped it on her finger.

Mrs. Murray was not at all surprised when her daughter announced with a blush, that she was going to marry Thomas Barclay.

"I always thought you would," that lady replied calmly.

The next winter Tom went east after his bride. They are happier than they would have been without that quarrel, a blending of comedy and high tragedy, but it does not follow that any one should go and do likewise.—[Yankee Blade.

Paper Whaleboat Gigs.

An interesting experiment is about to be made by the Navy Department with a paper whaleboat gig that is to be bought from the Writers Paper Construction Company of New York. Paper racing boats have been in successful use for many years and have been in high favor with boating men on account of their superior lightness, but ship's boats of this material have never before been used. Some experiments have been made showing that such boats can be completely submerged under water for a long time without becoming soaked, and it is claimed by the manufacturers that they are as strong and durable as wooden boats. The experimental gig will be sent to the New York Navy Yard and will be put aboard the next vessel fitted out with boats there, and will be given a practical trial in regular service with the other boats of the ship. There will be a saving of about fifty per cent. in weight over a wooden boat and the cost will be about the same.—[Army and Navy Register.

No Soap in India.

It is stated that soap in India is regarded almost in the light of a natural curiosity, for it is rarely if ever to be obtained of a shopkeeper there. Of course it is sold in the larger towns; but the amount used by the natives must be very small, seeing that the total consumption of soap in India last year was only 2,000 tons. This means that the amount used by each person for the year was considerably less than one ounce.—[Chambers' Journal.

TONE.

Some Facts Concerning Its Cause In Crystal Structure Little Dreamed Of.

Exhibited in a glass case at the National Museum there is a bone—a human tibia—tied in a knot. It has been rendered thus flexible by soaking it in acid which has dissolved out of it all its mineral parts, leaving only the animal portion. This portion makes about one-third of the bone, which fact might surprise some people who suppose that their bones are almost wholly lime.

"There are funny things about bones other than funny things," said an osteologist connected with the Smithsonian Institution to a writer for the Washington Star. "For example, the bones of birds are hollow and filled with warm air from the lungs, so it may be said that a bird breathes down to its very toes and to the tips of its wings. In fact, if you break off the wing of a duck the animal can actually breathe through the broken end of the bone though you hold its head under water. Some of the gigantic reptiles of the mesozoic epoch, which some scientists claim to have been the ancestors of man, had hollow bones similarly filled with air from the lungs, for the support of their bodies in the water while they browsed upon seaweeds near shore, their massive and solid legs bones performing duties as anchors, in a depth about sufficient to cover their backs.

"People continually imagine that their bones are of solid mineral construction, without any feeling in them. No one who has ever had a leg or an arm cut off is likely to indulge such a mistaken notion. Comparatively speaking, little pain is felt when the flesh is being cut through, but when the bone is attacked by the saw, oh, my!'

"You see, as a matter of fact, there are blood vessels and nerves inside the bones, just as there are on the outside. Any one who has purchased a beefsteak at the market knows about the marrow in the bone. It is the same with other animals than the beef, including human beings. Through the marrow run the nerves and blood vessels, entering the bones from the flesh without by little holes, which you can see for yourself any time by examining a skeleton or part of one. When the disease called rheumatism, which no physician understands, affects the nerves within the bones, no way has been discovered for treating it successfully. It does not do to smile when a person says he feels a thing in his bones.

"Nature adapts the bony structure of various animals to their habits in a very interesting manner. Sluggish creatures like the sloth have solid bones, whereas the bones of the deer and the antelope are comparatively light, so that they may run fast, and the leg bones of the ostrich are hollow. You will find in the bones of any skeleton the application of mechanical principles which have only become known to man through the processes of laborious and long-considered invention. In your own shoulder you have a most beautiful and perfect illustration of the ball-and-socket joint, while at your elbow there is a combination of the hinge and ball-and-socket which in its way surpasses anything that human invention has been able to accomplish thus far. But these are simple things compared with the hand, the bones of which exhibit the most perfect and complete apparatus, in its adaptation to the purposes for which it is intended, that has ever been imagined."

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"No, the Humane Society doesn't disturb itself about the slow death that is dealt out to the sharks. Everybody takes part in the good work. I have seen at one time as many as forty logs being dragged around by the captives. Some of the bobbers were tearing over the bay at a terrific rate, while others would scarcely move, so near death were they. As soon as a shark dies the corpse is relieved of its log and rope, which are used to torture another intruder."

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SUNDAY

OF REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE'S STERLING DISCOURSES.

"The Brilliancy of Religion."

TEXT: "*The crystal cannot equal it.*"—Job xxviii., 17.

Many of the precious stones of the Bible are come to present recognition. But for the present I take up the less valuable crystal. Job, in my text, compares saving wisdom with a specimen of topaz. An infidel chemist or mineralogist would pronounce the latter worth more than the former, but Job makes an intelligent comparison, looks at religion and then looks at the crystal and pronounces the former as of superior value to the latter, exclaiming, in the words of my text, "The crystal cannot equal it."

Now, it is not a part of my sermonic design to depreciate the crystal, whether it be found in Cornish mine or Hartz mountain or Mammoth Cave or tinkling among the pendants of the chandeliers of a palace. The crystal is the tear of the mountain; it is the sweat of the cave; it is the cartdrop of the skies; it finds its heaven in the diamond. Among all the pages of natural history there is no page more interesting to me than the page crystallography. But I want to show that Job was right when, taking religion in one hand and the crystal in the other, he declared that the former is of far more value and beauty than the latter, recommending it to all the people and to all the ages, declaring, "The crystal cannot equal it."

In the first place, I remark that religion is superior to the crystal in exactness. That shapeless mass of crystal against which you accidentally dashed your foot is laid out with more exactness than any mansion of city. There are six styles of crystallization, and all of them divinely ordained. Every crystal has mathematical precision. God's geometry reaches through it, and it is a square, or it is a rectangle, or it is a rhomboid, or in some way it hath a mathematical figure. Now, religion beats that in the simple fact that spiritual accuracy is more beautiful than material accuracy. God's attributes are exact God's law exact. God's decrees exact God's management of the world exact—never counting wrong, though He counts the grass blades, and the stars, and the sands, and the cycles. His providences never dealing with us perpendicularly when those providences ought to be oblique, nor lateral when they ought to be vertical. Everything in our life arranged without any possibility of mistake. Each life a six sided prism. Born at the right time, living at the right time. There are no "happen so's" in our theology. If I thought this was a slipshod universe I would go crazy. God is not an anarchist. Law, order, symmetry, precision, a perfect square, a perfect rectangle, a perfect rhomboid, a perfect circle. The edge of God's robe of government never frays out. There are no loose screws in the world's machinery. It did not just happen that Napoleon was attacked with indigestion at Borodino so that he became incompetent for the day. It did not just happen that John Thomas, the missionary, was in heathen island, waiting for an outfit and orders for another missionary tour, received that outfit and those orders just at the time fixed ashore, while the ship and the crew that carried the box were never heard of. The barking of F. W. Robertson's dog, he tells us, led to a line of events which brought him from the army into the Christian ministry, where he served God with world renowned usefulness. It did not merely happen so. I believe in a particular providence. I believe God's geometry may be seen in all our life more beautifully than in crystallography. Job was right. "The crystal cannot equal it."

Again I remark that religion is superior to the crystal in transparency. We know not when or by whom glass was first discovered. Beads of it have been found in the tomb of Alexander Severus. Vases of it are brought up from the ruins of Herculaneum. There were female adornments made out of it three thousand years ago—those adornments found now attached to the mummies of Egypt. A great many commentators believe that my text means glass. What would we do without the crystal? The crystal in the window to keep out the storm and let in the day; the crystal over the watch defending its delicate machinery, yet allowing us to see the hour; the crystal of the telescope, by which the astronomer brings distant worlds near that we can inspect them. Oh, the triumphs of the crystals in the celebrated windows of Rouen and Salisbury!

But there is nothing so transparent in a crystal as in our holy religion. It is a transparent religion. You put it to your eye and you see man—his sin, his soul, his destiny. You look at God and you see something of the grandeur of His character. It is a transparent religion. Infidels tell us it is opaque! Do you know why they tell us it is opaque? It is because they are blind. The natural man receiveth not the things of God because they are spiritually discerned. There is no trouble with the crystal, the trouble is with the eyes which try to look through it. We pray for wisdom, Lord, that our eyes might be opened. When the eye salve cures our blindness then we find that religion is transparent.

It is a transparent Bible. All the mountains of the Bible come out—Sinai, the mountain of the law; Pisgah, the mountain of prospect; Olivet, the mountain of instruction; Calvary, the mountain of sacrifice. All the rivers of the Bible come out—Hiddekel, or the river of paradisical beauty; Jordan, or the river of holy chrism; Cherith, or the river of prophetic supply; Nile, or the river of palaces, and the pure river of life from under the throne, clear as crystal. While reading this Bible after our eyes have been touched by grace we find it all transparent, and the earth rocks, now with crucifixion agony and now with judgment terror, and Christ appears in some of His two hundred and fifty-six titles, as far as I can count them—the bread, the rock, the captain, the commander, the conqueror, the star, and on and beyond any capacity of mine to tabulate them. Transparent religion!

The providence that seemed dark before becomes pellucid. Now you find God is not trying to pull you down. Now you understand why you lost that child, and why you lost your property; it was to prepare you for eternal treasures. And why sickness came, it being the precursor of immortal juvenescence. And now you understand why they lied about you and tried to drive you hither and thither. It was to put you in the glorious company of such men as Ignatius, who, when he went out to be devoured by the lions, said: "I am the wheat, and the teeth of the wild beasts must first grind me before I can become pure bread for Jesus Christ;" or the company of such men as Polycarp, who, when standing in the midst of the amphitheatre waiting for the lions to come out of their cave and destroy him, and the people in the galleries jeering and shouting: "This is our Polycarp," replied: "Let them come on," and then stooped down to warm the cave where the wild beasts were waiting to get out. "Let them come on." Ah, yes, it is preposterous to pet you in glorious company, and while there are many things that you will have to postpone to the future world, remember, if full you do not, it is too late to get them. Heaven is transparent religion!

Religion is a glass case at the National Museum there is a bone—a human tibia—tied in a knot. It has been rendered thus flexible by soaking it in acid which has dissolved out of it all its mineral parts, leaving only the animal portion. This portion makes about one-third of the bone, which fact might surprise some people who suppose that their bones are almost wholly lime.

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Reflecting and irradiate. Job was right. It is a precious transparency. "The crystal cannot equal it."

I remark again that religion surpasses the crystal in its beauty. That lump of crystal is put under the magnifying glass of the osteologist—snowdrift and spindrift of hoarfrost and corals and wreaths and stars and crowns and castellations of conspicuous beauty. The last thing I expect to be beautiful that I can think of but one thing in all the universe that is so beautiful, and that is the religion of the Bible. No wonder this Bible represents God's saving as the day break, as the apple blossom, as the glitter of a king's banquet. It is the joy of the whole earth.

People talk too much about their crown and not enough about their crown. Do you know the Bible mentions a crown but twenty-seven times, while it mentions a crown eighty times? Ask that old man what he thinks of religion. He has been a close observer. He has been culturing an æsthetic taste. He has seen the sunrises of half a century. He has been an early riser. He has been an admirer of cameos and corals and all kinds of beautiful things. Ask him what he thinks of religion, and he will tell you, "It is the most beautiful thing I ever saw." "The crystal cannot equal it."

Beautiful in its symmetry. When it presents God's character it does not present Him as having love like a great protuberance on one side of His nature, but it makes that love in harmony with His justice—a love that will accept all those who come to Him, and a justice that will by no means clear the guilty. Beautiful religion in the sentiment it implants? Beautiful religion in the hope it kindles! Beautiful religion in the fact that it proposes to garland and enthrone the immortal souls of men. Paul in Corinthians says it is a lily, Paul says it is a crown. The Apocalypse says it is a fountain kissed of the sun. Ezekiel says it is a foliaged cedar. Christ says it is a bridegroom come to fetch home a bride. While Job in the text takes up a whole vase of precious stones—the topaz, and the sapphire, and the chrysoprase—and he takes out of this beautiful vase just one crystal, and holds it up until it gleams in the warm light of the eastern sky, and he exclaims, "The crystal cannot equal it."

Oh, it is not a stale religion, it is not a stupid religion, it is not a toothless hag, as some seem to have represented it; it is not a Meg Merrilies with shriveled arm come to scare the world. It is the fairest daughter of God, heiress of all His wealth. Her cheek the morning sky; her voice the music of the south wind; her step the dance of the sea. Come and woo her. The Spirit and the bride say come, and whosoever will, let him come. Do you agree with Solomon and say it is a lily? Then pluck it and wear it over your heart. Do you agree with Paul and say it is a crown? Then let this hour be your coronation. Do you agree with the Apocalypse and say it is a springing fountain? Then come and slack the thirst of your soul. Do you believe with Ezekiel and say it is a foliaged cedar? Then come and take shadow. Do you believe with Christ and say it is a bridegroom come to fetch home a bride? Then strike hands with your bridegroom. Do it now, while I pronounce you forlastingly one. Or if you think with Job that it is a jewel, then put it on your hand like a ring, on your neck like a bead, on your forehead like a star, while looking into the mirror of God's Word you acknowledge "the crystal cannot equal it."

Again, religion is superior to the crystal in its transformations. The diamond is only a crystallization of coal. Carbonate of lime rises till it becomes calcite or aragonite. Red oxide of copper crystallizes into cubes and octahedrons. The crystals which adorn our persons and our homes and our museums have only been resurrected from forms that were far far inferior. Scientific men have been examining these wonderful transformations. But I tell you in the gospel of the Son of God there is a more wonderful transformation. Over souls by reason of sin black as coal and hard as iron God by His comforting grace stoops and says, "They shall be Mine in the day when I make up My jewels."

"What," say you, "will God wear jewelry?" If He wanted He could make the stars of heaven His belt and have the evening cloud for the sandals of His feet, but He does not want that adornment. He will not have that jewelry. When God wants jewelry He comes down and digs it out of the depths and darkness of sin. These souls are all crystallizations of mercy. He puts them on, and He wears them in the presence of the living universe. He wears them on the hand that was nailed, over the heart that was pierced, on the temples that were stung. "They shall be Mine," saith the Lord, "in the day when I make up My jewels." Wonderful transformation! "The crystal cannot equal it." There she is, a waif of the street, but she shall be a sister of charity. There he is, a sot in the ditch, but he shall preach the gospel. There, behind the bars of a prison, but he shall reign with Christ forever. When sin wounded grace shall much more abound. The carbon becomes the solitaire. "The crystal cannot equal it."

Now, I have no liking for those people who are always enlarging in Christian meetings about their early dissipation. Do not go into the particulars, my brothers. Simply say you were sick, but you make no display of your ulcers. The chief stock in trade of some ministers and Christian workers seems to be their early crimes and dissipations. The number of pockets you picked and the number of chickens you stole make very poor prayer meeting rhetoric. Besides that, it discourages other Christian people who never got drunk or stole anything. But it is pleasant to know that those who were farthest down have been brought highest up. Out of infernal serfdom into eternal liberty. Out of darkness into light. From coal to the solitaire. "The crystal cannot equal it."

But, my friends, the chief transforming power of the gospel will not be seen in this world, and not until heaven breaks upon the soul. When that light falls upon the soul then you will see the crystals. Oh, what a magnificent setting for those jewels of eternity! I sometimes hear people representing heaven in a way that is far from attractive to me. It seems almost a vulgar heaven as they represent it, with great blotches of color and bands of music making a deafening racket. John represents heaven as exquisitely beautiful. Three crystals. In one place he says, "Her light was like a precious stone, clear as crystal." In another place he says, "I saw a pure river from under the throne, clear as crystal."

In another place he says, "Before the throne there was a sea of glass clear as crystal." These crystals! John says crystal atmosphere. That means health. Balm of eternal June. What weather after the world's east wind! No rack of storm clouds. One breath of that air will cure the worst tubercle. Crystal light on all the leaves. Crystal light shimmering on the topaz of the temples. Crystal light tossing in the plumes of the equestrians of heaven on white horses. But "the crystal cannot equal it." John says crystal river. That means joy. Deep and ever rolling. Not one drop of the Thames or the Hudson or the Rhine to soil it. Not one tear of human sorrow to imbitter it. Crystal, the rain out of which it was made. Crystal, the bed over which it shall roll and ripple. Crystal, its infinite surface. But "the crystal cannot equal it." John says "there was no more sea." That means multiplied crystal sea. That means Saurine vast as the ocean, deep as the sea, strong as the sea, ever changing as the sea. Billows of light. Billows of beauty, blue with skies that were never fathomed. Arctics and Antarctics and Mediterraneans and Atlantics and Pacifics in crystalline magnificence. These crystals—crystal light falling on a crystal river; crystal river rolling into a crystal sea. But "the crystal cannot equal it."

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MONTE CARLO.

THE NOTORIOUS GAMBLING RESORT AT MONACO.

A Miniature Principality With an Enormous Revenue Which Comes From the Pockets of People Addicted to Gambling.

The mighty principality over which the present Lord of Monaco holds sway is a little larger in area than Pelham Bay Park. But although comparatively diminutive in size, and with its Customs and Post Office in the hands of France, the revenues from this limited territory give the Prince an income which places him among the wealthiest potentates of Europe. These revenues are derived almost entirely from the royalties paid each year by the stock company which has secured the privilege of running the celebrated gambling establishment known as the Casino at Monte Carlo.

The principality of Monaco belongs to the Grimaldi family, one of those great Italian houses which 200 years ago was almost as powerful as royalty itself, and is at present ruled by a prince of the family named Albert Honore-Charles. Monaco was originally of considerable extent, but during the trouble between France and Italy in 1848 was whittled down to its present size and put under the protectorate of France. It is therefore practically independent, capable of making its own laws, and controlling its own subjects and the stranger within its gates, and at the same time able to appeal to one of the greatest powers in Europe for protection if its rights are interfered with by any other nation. During the lifetime of Prince Charles III., the father of the present ruler, a number of French capitalists, recognizing the advantageous position of Monaco, determined to establish a gambling establishment within its borders and to obtain a franchise from Prince Charles which should guarantee to them the exclusive privilege of managing the same for a term of years. The franchise was obtained, a stock company formed, the grounds graded and improved, a handsome casino erected, and the establishment opened. It was so successful that on the expiration of the term the company wanted a renewal, which was granted upon its agreeing to pay the enormous rental of $250,000 a year. The company also agreed, it is said, to pay the cost of maintaining the town of Monaco. The running expenses of the Casino proper are very great. Each table requires a force of eight men and a manager, and each table has