

SUNDAY'S SERMON

OF REV. DR. TALMAGE'S STUNNING DISCOURSES.

Subject: "Things Which Men and Women May Do."

Next: "The people that do know their duty shall be strong and do exploits."—Th...

I hear in the way of a... "Abundant: I can... "The young merchant goes home this night and says to his wife: "Well, Mary, we will have to move out of this house and sell our plans. That old merchant that has had an evil eye on me ever since I started has bought out all that clothing, and he will have it, rejuvenated, and next year put it on the market as new, while we will do well if we keep out of the poor-house."...

As the... "Jenny Lind and Grist." A Pretty Story Told of the Two Famous Songstresses. Somewhere in the 40's Grist and Jenny Lind were singing in different theatres in London. "Those who went into ecstasies over Grist's 'Norma' were the next evening enraptured with Lind's 'Casta Diva.' Great was the rivalry between them. Finally Queen Victoria, deeming it a shame that two such gifted women should be separated by a mean, unworthy jealousy, requested both to appear at a court concert. Of course, they both came. The queen warmly welcomed them together for the first time. She gave the signal for the concert to begin. Jenny Lind was the younger, and it was arranged that she should sing first. With perfect confidence in her powers, she stepped forward to begin. Chaunting to glance at Grist, she saw the Southern woman's malignant gaze fixed on her. Her courage left her, her voice trembled, everything grew black before her and she almost fell. By the greatest exertion of her will, however, she managed to finish her aria. A painful silence followed its conclusion—a silence that told of her failure. She caught a triumphant expression on Grist's face. Despite the clearness of her senses she quickly realized that failure meant lost glory, disappointed hope, the destruction of happiness, grief and mortification to her family and her friends. Suddenly a soft voice that seemed to come from Heaven whispered to her: "Sing one of your old songs in your native language." She caught at the thought like an inspiration. The accompanist was striking his final chords. She stepped up to him, asked him to rise and took the vacant seat. Softly her white fingers wandered over the keys in a loving prelude, then she sang. It was a little prayer which she had loved as a child; it belonged to her childhood's repertoire. She hadn't sung it for years. As she sang she was no longer in the presence of royalty, but singing to loving friends in her fatherland. No one present understood a word of the "prayer." Softly at first the plaintive notes floated on the air, swelling louder and richer every moment. The singer seemed to throw her whole soul into that wondrous, thrilling, plaintive "prayer." Gradually the song died away and ended in a soft sob. Again there was silence—the silence of admiring wonder. The audience sat spellbound. Jenny Lind lifted at last her sweet blue eyes to look into the scornful face that had so disconcerted her at first. There was no fierce expression now; instead a tear-drop glistened on the long black lashes. After a moment, with the impulsiveness of a child of the tropics, Grist crossed to Jenny Lind's side, placed her arm about her and kissed her warmly, utterly regardless of the admiring audience.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

The Old New England Doctor. A writer in the Atlantic on "The Old New England Doctors," says: "I like to think of the rich and pompous old doctor; riding out to see his patients, clad in his suit of sober brown or claret color with great shining buttons made of silver coins.—The full-skirted coats had great pockets and flaps, as did the long waistcoat that reached well over his hips. Rather short were the sleeves of the coat, to show the white ruffles or frills at the wrist; but the forearm was well protected in cold weather by the long gauntlets of his riding gloves and by mufflers. Full knee-breeches dressed his shapely legs, while fine silk stockings and buckled shoes displayed his well-turned calves and ankles. But in muddy weather high leather boots took the place of fine hose and shoes, and his handsome breeches were covered with long tow overalls, or "longs" as they were called. On his head the doctor wore a cocked hat and wig. He owned and wore in turn wigs of different sizes and dignity—fies, bags, periwigs, and bobs. Once in a while Russia does a thing that is really sensible. The recent ukase, requiring that all persons settling within its borders shall become citizens within five years or leave the country, is a stroke at the kind of alienism which is on the increase everywhere with swift and easy means of transportation, and the reduction of what may be called the centrifugal force of patriotism. Every large city is full of cosmopolitans who have no interest except in their own welfare, who contribute nothing to the support of the state and who, were the state threatened with war or other disaster, would leave it as soon as they could or claim the protection of a foreign flag. Gen. BROOKING'S daughter is said to have brought down the ukase in such a way that it would not apply to her. "Would you marry for me?" "I take nothing else," replied later.—[Epoch. Ethel—What do you think of my engagement to Miss Bess? Jack—He might do worse. Ethel—He will—he is good. Arabella—Why is Miss proud? Isabella—Well, there are million engagement rings and she has one of them. Circular. HE TOOK THE BIL Jack (strolling home from services)—There used to be England prohibiting kissing Maude (coolly)—Well, it now, is it?—[Puck. A NEW USE FOR THE "Hullo! where is your ring? Is your engagement off?" "Oh, no, indeed! He to get some ice cream last had to leave the ring as set cream. Harold didn't have [Harper's Bazar. TOO PLATONIC "What do you think of M asked Whyte. "Oh," said Smythe, "she in her way, but when she told you you never knew told you."—[Somerville Journal. GOT HIS VACATION Mr. Bullion—By the way, keep; you asked for a vacation. Mr. Bookkeep—Oh, Mr. not think regly you w vacation during this busy Mr. Bullion—cation. Mr. Bookkeep—Thank Bullion. Mr. Bullion—Weeks, away altogether.—[Jewelers. A SCHEME THAT MIS If he hadn't been fond they say He might have in single But he wanted a well p each day. And a cook he made lov ried. But he made a mistake w he took. If for a good cook he w She declares that she did to cook, But to have some one e ing.—[New WHAT THEY THOUGHT OF "Jones is a good enough has a wonderful faculty I self ridiculous." "Now that's very curious "Curious, is it?" "I mean you saying th precisely the same thing terday."—[New York Pro ROMANCE THAT MAY EN "The living skeleton h with the female Saimson attention to her. "Gracious! That m tragedy. "How?" "Suppose she shakes York Press. OVERHEARD AT THE "Ah," said Chappie, sea air makes me feel daisy." "Are you sure you v Mr. Hopkins?" asked th who was beginning to lo —[New York Herald. ENCOURAGING "Don't you think my some?" "I do, dear. And I co "Ah! there's many a and I sometimes fear th take him away from me. "Don't trouble your dear. The homely me handsome women, yo rule works the same t —[New York Press. TWO VIEW Miss Emerson's Russ Hill)—Don't you thi countenance would acc of the interior mechan Miss Calametta (Por gan avenue)—I don't k it would stop a clock. color. DESTITUTE "That composition of Wagnerian. Where d treat?" "My boy appa and a pack of cards."

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