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The Easton Gazette.

THE OLDEST PAPER IN TALBOT COUNTY

The Purest in Politics, the Subscription Lists containing the most Bona-fide subscribers.

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A LITTLE SONG.

Let the winter blow its best;
Here the hearth is warm;
Safe at home with love we rest,
Sheltered from the storm.
Love that makes the darkness waite,
Lifts the lilies to the light—
Winter, winter wild,
Good night!
Good night!

Let the storm winds beat the birds
From each lonely nest;
Safe at home, we hear love's words,
Folded to his breast.
Love that bends the rainbow bright,
Parts the clouds till heaven's in sight—
Stormy, stormy winds,
Good night!
Good night!

—F. L. Stanton, in Chicago Times-Herald.

A BLACK DIAMOND.

BY MARIANNE KENT.

IT was a dull spring morning when the great steamer Nelson, which for the past four weeks had been making its way from Calcutta, came within sight of Southampton. The men at the lookout had seen the land long before the unaccustomed eye could discern it even through a glass. But, as the morning mists cleared away suddenly, a long belt of coast appeared, and very soon the harbor and its surroundings were plainly visible. Many of the passengers had gathered on deck, each eager to catch the first glimpse of land.

As I stood among the little group and watched the eager faces all turned in one direction, I told myself that, perhaps, none of them would be quite so glad to reach their journey's end as I. One is apt to reason in this fashion, for to each his own concerns seem of so much more consequence than those that engross his neighbor. Still, my egotistical reflection was, in a measure true, for to me the landing at Southampton meant more than that a safe passage from India had been accomplished. It meant that the goal had been reached on which every thought and hope had been centred for months past. It meant that a mission upon which my future career depended had been triumphantly carried through. It meant to me, in fact, the difference between success and failure.

During my five-and-thirty years of life I had gone through many varied experiences, but none that had caused me so much anxiety of mind as this voyage home from Calcutta. My fellow passengers on board the steamer little knew the responsibility with which I was weighted—that if I had found a watery grave £30,000 would have gone to the bottom with me, and Brassington, the well-known firm of London jewelers, would have been unable to fulfil a Royal commission for a wedding present for a Princess. For more than ten years I had been in the employment of the Messrs. Brassington, and although they had always treated me with confidence, sending me out to India to complete the purchase of an historical diamond belonging to an Eastern Rajah was the highest mark of distinction they had ever paid me. I can recall the thrill of delight that passed through me when the elder Brassington, the chief of the firm, called me into his room, and after speaking of the negotiations that had been going on concerning the diamond, said:

"Mr. Fenton, we have decided to intrust you with the responsible task of fetching it from India."

My fellow clerks, if a trifle envious of my preferment, were loud in their congratulations, declaring that "old Dick" was in luck's way—that his fortune was made! Indeed, I was somewhat of that way of thinking myself, for I reflected that if I carried out my mission successfully I should never again be ranked with the other clerks, but should, in all probability, be given a junior partnership in the flourishing firm of Brassington & Co. With these sanguine and ambitious thoughts in my head, I went out to the East, where I executed my instructions to the letter and secured the costly bauble, which was a magnificent stone, the size of a large hazel nut. Under my coat and waistcoat I wore a strong leather belt, in which was a small pouch, or pocket, and in this I was to carry the diamond home. I had resolved that the belt should never leave me day or night until I had delivered my precious charge to my employers.

After the diamond came into my possession I had an anxious time of it before embarking at Calcutta. For the sale of the stone was soon noised about, and the natives there are crafty, cunning set, jewelery having an attraction for them such as a magnet has for a needle. However, I managed to elude all would-be plunderers, and went on board the steamer feeling that, if only the elements were propitious, I had nothing more to fear. On the whole, the voyage home was a fair one, and once in sight of Southampton I felt elated, as one who knows that a victory is secured.

On landing, I had to make my way to a jeweler in the town, who was an agent of our firm, and to whom Mr. Brassington had promised a sight of the diamond en route. After I had interviewed this man I had to choose a convenient train and make the best of my way to London, where I hoped to arrive before our business establishment closed for the night, and so rid myself of all further responsibility.

As I passed from the steamer with the other passengers, I noticed a tall, black man, who, strangely enough, I never remembered to have encountered during the voyage. He was dressed in a shabby suit of European clothes, but he had a striking resemblance to a native servant of the Rajah from whom I had bought the diamond. The man had an evil looking face, and I had a strong suspicion that he had designs for robbing me of the stone, for he had dogged my footsteps as I made my way from his master's palace to Calcutta. However, on reflection, I felt that the Rajah's servant and the man who disembarked with me at Southampton could hardly be the same. For while the first had lost no opportunity of following me with his cunning, watchful eyes, the latter passed me without a gleam of recognition, and was soon lost in the crowd upon the harbor.

I made my way at once to Mr. French, the first jeweler in Southampton, and was annoyed to find that he was from home. I was only instructed to show the diamond to him, so that I was forced to await his return, and this prevented me from catching the early train I had fixed upon, and I found that I should be unable to leave for London until the evening express.

I wandered about Southampton, had some refreshments, and went back to the jeweler's early in the afternoon, where I found Mr. French expecting me. He was a melancholy little man, one of those odd creatures who, dissatisfied with life themselves, try to make others see things from their gloomy point of view. He admired the diamond, as in duty bound, but when I was expressing my pleasure at having brought it over in safety, he said, with a sinister smile:

"Ah! my dear sir, don't exult before you are out of the wood! You have some miles farther to carry your treasure, and there is time for many things to happen on the road!"

Mr. French watched me critically for a few moments, and then inquired if I carried fire arms. I replied that I had not done so since I went on board the steamer. He assured me that this was a great mistake. He was so positive about it, that I was induced to go out with him and purchase a revolver before going to the train. I parted from my new friend with a sense of relief, and tried to shake off the gloomy fears with which he had infected me. I went to the railway book-stall and laid in a stock of papers to beguile my journey.

I chose my seat in the train—a small, second-class compartment—and then decided to secure the carriage to myself. I flung my rug and papers upon the seat and walked down the platform in search of the guard. Slipping something into the hand of that intelligent individual, I desired him to see that I was left undisturbed. He came back with me and, when I had taken my seat, locked the carriage door, and I settled myself comfortably in a corner, feeling a sense of security that I had not experienced for some time. Many an impatient hand tried the door before the train left the station, but without being able to effect an entrance, and I steamed out of Southampton in solitary state.

There was still sufficient daylight for me to read by. I turned over my papers and selected my favorite, and leant back on the cushions to enjoy it at my leisure. As I did so, it seemed to me that the revolver in my pocket stuck out at an unpleasant angle. I drew the weapon from my pocket and placed it on the seat beside me. It was not a wise thing to do, as a sudden lurch of the train might have sent it flying off, when the mischief would have been done. However, this was what I did, and then I resumed my reading with redoubled relish.

For some quarter of an hour I was buried in an article, but at the end of time I laid the paper down and glanced about me. Then I became aware of an extraordinary fact: the revolver had disappeared. At first I was incredulous. I looked on the seats on either side of me, I felt in my pockets to see if I could have replaced it there, but it was not to be seen. And as I sat dazed and bewildered, the horrible conviction forced itself upon me that I was not alone, that some one was concealed beneath the seat and had been locked in with me. It was a hideous thought. I sat motionless, making no sign, trying to face the position I was in as bravely as I could.

I told myself at last, that whoever was in hiding could have no possible designs on me. It was but a chance that I had selected the carriage where some unfortunate creature was already concealed; some one, perhaps, who was being pursued and in fear of a weapon of self defence, had possessed one, and been unable to resist the temptation offered by the revolver. That must be it! My hopes began to revive as I reasoned out this theory. I did not touch the alarm bell, not knowing in what quarter of the carriage my mysterious companion might be, thinking he would doubtless spring upon me to prevent my making the signal. If my notion of the felon wishing to escape were correct, I felt that by keeping still I might reach the place where the train stopped for the first time in safety.

I need not say that I was unable to continue my reading. I sat with a paper held in my hand, staring fixedly before me. I don't know what length of time passed when, suddenly, I felt something touch my foot. Without moving my body in the least, I bent my head and looked down, and what I saw sent a thrill through me, that was felt in every nerve. On the floor, close to my foot, was a hand, and the hand was black!

Then for a certainly I knew that I was in the deadliest peril; that I was alone and unarmed at the mercy of the malignant wretch who had followed me from the far East with the fixed determination of securing the diamond. I felt that he was trying to slip a cord about my feet and so render me more helpless. It was a hideous dream, a grim nightmare from which each moment I expected to awake. But I seemed doomed. No chance of escape was possible. Death stared me in the face. Still, whatever my failings may be, I am no coward, therefore I resolved that if die I must, I would die game.

I gathered all my strength together and, with a sudden movement, caught that dusky hand and dragged the Indian from his hiding-place. My attack was so unexpected that he had not time to get at the revolver, which he had evidently thrust into his breast while he was busy with the cord. I saw my advantage in this, and clung to his right hand with desperate energy. But the brute was on me like a panther. He was a big, powerful man, with far more physical strength than I possessed, and from the first I saw that my case was hopeless; nevertheless, the struggle was a fierce one.

In reality, I suppose, it lasted but a few seconds, yet I had time to ask myself, more than once, what the end would be, little imagining the strange termination that was at hand. All at once, without any warning, the train dashed headlong into some great obstacle in its path. There was a terrible crash, and then the carriage we were in collapsed—crushed and splintered as a nut between the crackers.

The first lurch the train gave had separated me from my enemy. I knew not what had been his fate. As for myself, I was buried in the debris of the carriage. My right side (both arm and leg) was terribly crushed. The pain was too acute to allow of my quite losing consciousness, although I was dazed and stupefied.

After a while the wood that weighed upon me was lifted, and kindly faces looked down at me, expressing pity for my condition. There was a blank, and when I next became aware of myself I was lying in a bed in a small place which had evidently been hastily arranged as a hospital for the wounded.

I felt weak and shattered by all I had gone through, and sank back on my pillows with a sigh of relief. Close to the bed a gentleman was standing, who I supposed was a doctor, and at a little distance was a nurse in a white cap. I took in all these details in a dreamy way, when suddenly, with a rush that sent my heart into my mouth, came the recollection of the diamond. What had become of it? My right arm, which must have been very badly broken and was now in splints, was quite useless. I could not move it in the least. With my left hand, which was also bruised and strained, I was able to feel that the leather belt was still about me, but the pocket, in which the stone was, was under my wounded arm. In the condition I was in, it was impossible for me to get at it, turn and twist as I might.

The doctor must have heard my restless movements, for he came and looked down at me inquiringly. He had a shrewd, kindly face, which I felt I could trust, and I explained my trouble to him. I spoke in a low tone, and as briefly as possible. It was a strange story—although I made no mention of the Indian—and my listener might have thought it the ravings of delirium, but on slipping his hand under me, as I directed, he felt the pocket in the belt and assured me that the stone was there.

"But you are hardly in a fit state to guard your treasure," he said; "shall I take charge of it until you can resume your journey?"

I thanked him warmly, but declared it was impossible that I could part with it for a moment. I know I was very excited when I said it, for I felt my temples throbbing, and my tongue seemed hardly able to form the words. The doctor watched me critically for a moment, and then, as he laid his hand upon my pulse, said soothingly:

"Never mind, do not distress yourself. Perhaps, after all, it is better as it is. For who knows of the stone's existence? So put your fears aside and try to get well."

He poured something into a glass and gave it to me, and very soon I forgot all my troubles in a long dreamless sleep.

It was in the cold darkness of early dawn that I awoke once more and gazed about me. I felt far more myself than I had done before I slept, and able to take an interest in the things about me. I noticed, now, that there were three beds in the room. The one on my left was empty; doubtless the poor creature it had contained had died and been removed while I slept. The room was only lighted by one feeble night light, so that at first it was not easy for me to distinguish the various objects, but after a while, as my eyes became accustomed to the dimness, I turned to get a better view of the bed on my right, and see who my companion in affliction might be. And there on the white pillow I saw the black head of my treacherous enemy!

My first impulse was to cry out for assistance, but I reflected that there would only be the nurses about, and they would be certain to think me delirious. Then, again, it was evident that the black man had not recognized me. So I summoned up the little courage I had left, and resolved to remain perfectly still, keeping my head turned away so that those crafty, cruel eyes should not see me. I don't know how much time passed, I only know that as I lay there my heart beat like a sledge hammer, and the bed clothes rose and fell with each laboring breath I drew.

At last a nurse stole softly into the room, and seeing I was awake gave me some medicine. I whispered an entreaty that she would not leave me. She smiled assent, and took a chair by my side. There must have been some narcotic in the mixture, for I had scarcely answered her than I fell asleep again, and then I suppose the nurse departed to look after some patient in an adjoining room.

It was feeling stealthy hands moving the bed clothes about me that at length brought me back to consciousness, and, looking up, I saw that dark, cruel head bending over me. Before I had time to utter a sound a heavy hand was laid upon my mouth, and the leather belt, which had evidently just been cut through, was dragged from me, and the next instant the Indian was stealing towards the window. Then I shouted as loudly as I could for help, but even as I did so, the black man was through the window and had disappeared in the darkness.

I had tried to struggle up to go in pursuit, but my maimed limbs refused to bear me, and I fell fainting across the bed as the nurse and doctor hurried into the room. As soon as I came to myself I cried out wildly, passionately, that I had been robbed, that I was ruined, that my position in life was lost.

The doctor looked at me with a smile.

"Don't make too sure of that," he said. And taking something from his waistcoat pocket, he placed it on the palm of his hand and held it towards me.

It was the Rajah's diamond! For the first few moments rapture and relief left room for no other thoughts. But, then, I asked, in bewilderment, how it had happened; for I had been so certain that the diamond was on me. After the doctor has assured me of its safety, I had managed more than once to press my wounded arm against my side, and had then felt, distinctly, the small, hard substance that was worth so much.

The doctor laughed.

"That was a substitute," he said; and then he explained that, seeing I was in such a weak, excited state, he had not thought it prudent to leave the diamond with me. At the same time, seeing I should fret myself into a fever at parting with it, he had compromised matters by taking the diamond from me while I slept, and putting something in its place to make me quiet.

"I intended to put a small pebble," he said, "but in the hurry of the moment could not find one of the right size, so made use, instead, of a bit of coal, which was exactly what I wanted. So you see your friend from the East has gone off with a diamond of his own color."—The Strand Magazine.

The Plow Started a Fire.

George Vogel, of York Township, Indiana, started a fire in a stubble field on his farm Friday in a very peculiar manner. He was plowing the dead weeds and dry stubble under the ground when his plowshare struck a big rock. The stroke of the steel upon the flinty surface of the stone caused it to emit sparks of fire that ignited the dry rubbish which surrounded it. This inaugurated a fire that, propelled by the wind, spread over the field and threatened to destroy his fences. He finally subdued the flames.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Steamboat on Wheels.

Sweden can boast of a steamboat on wheels. This unique vehicle makes regular trips overland from one lake to another near by. To leave one lake it approaches the shore with a full head of steam on, rushes over the rails of the connecting road to the top of the eminence midway, shoots down to the other lake, and then its screw propellers merily churn the waters again.

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A Word

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The Shops and Tools of William H. Withgott, opposite Wilson's Mill, Easton, Md., also the tools of E. J. Biery, I am now prepared to do all kinds of Blacksmithing and repair all kinds of Machinery, from a sewing machine to the largest and heaviest machinery made. A competent blacksmith and machinist always in charge of shops. I shall also continue to carry on my old line of

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LEWIS WHITEHOUSE, —Prop'r.

E. J. BIERY, Foreman.

N. B.—Mr. William J. Biery has also located his wheelwright business in the same shop with me, and is now prepared to do all kinds of Repair work in his line in his usual prompt and careful manner.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Opening Winter."

TEXT: "I have determined there to winter."—Titus iii., 12.

Paul was not independent of the seasons. He sent for his overcoat to Troas on a memorable occasion. And now in the text he is making arrangements for the approaching cold weather and makes an appointment with Titus to meet him at Necopolis, saying: "I have determined there to winter." Well, this is the 8th day of December and the second Sabbath of winter. We have had a few of the opening gates of the winter. This season is not only a test of one's physical endurance, but in our great cities is a test of moral character. A vast number of people have by one winter of dissipation been destroyed, and forever. Seated in our homes on some stormy night, the winds howling outside, we imagine the shipping helplessly driven on the coast, but any winter night, if our ears were good enough, we could hear the crash of a thousand moral shipwrecks. There are many people who come to the cities on the 1st of September who will be blasted by the 1st of March. At this season of the year temptations are especially rampant. Now that the long winter evenings have come, there are many who will employ them in high pursuits, in intelligent socialities, in Christian work, in the strengthening and ennobling of moral character, and this winter many of you will be the brightest and the best of all your lives, and in anticipation I congratulate you. But I suspect it may not have such effect, and I charge you, my beloved, look out where you spend your winter nights.

In the first place, I have to remark at this season of the year evil allurements are especially bold and strong. There is much temptation for a man to plunge in on a hot night amid blazing gaslights, and to breathe the fetid air of an assemblage, but in the cold nights satan gathers a more select and at such times the casinos are in full blast. At such times the grogshops in one night make more than in three or five nights in summer. At such times the playbills of low places of entertainment seem especially attractive, and the drama is especially impressive, and the applause especially bewitching. Many a man who has kept right all the rest of the year will be overcome by the snow and the cold autumn he came from the country and there was luster in the eye and there were roses in the cheek and vivacity of life, but by this time the spring hour has come you will pass him in the street and say to your friend: "What's the matter for that man? How differently he looks from what he looked last September." Sin is of one winter's dissipation. At this time of the year there are many entertainments. If we rightly employ our socialities, allow us to make important acquaintance, that will be up in our morals, and help us in a thousand ways. I can respect thinks of anything better than good neighborhood. But there are those entertainments from which others will come bes-lied in character. There are those who by the springtime will be broken down in health, and though at the opening of the season their prospects were bright, at the close of the season they will be in the hands of the doctors or sleeping in the cemetery. The certificate of death will be made out, and the physician, to save the feelings of the family, will call the disease by a Latin name. But the doctor knows, and everybody else knows, and the end of too many leaves. Away with all these wine drinking convivialities. How dare you, the father of a family, tempt the appetites of the young people? Perhaps at the entertainment, to save the feelings of the minister or some other weak temperance man, you leave the decanter in a side room, and only a few people are invited there to partake, but it is easy enough to know when you come out, by the glare of your eye and the stench of your breath, that you have been serving the devil.

Men sometimes excuse themselves and say after late suppers it is necessary to take some sort of stimulant to aid digestion. My plain opinion is that if you have no more self control than to stuff yourself until your digestive organ refuse their office you had better not call yourself a man, but class yourself among the beasts that perish.

Of the year the Young Men's Christian Associations of the land send out circulars asking the pastors to speak a word on this subject, and so I send in my ear the words of the Lord God Almighty, "Woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips." Rejoice that you have come to the glad winter months that remind you of the times when in your childhood days you were shone on by the face of father, mother, brothers, sisters, some of them, alas! no more to meet you with a "Happy New Year" or a "Merry Christmas." But again and again have I seen on New Year's Day the sons of some of the best families in the land, and young men have excused themselves by the fact that the wine cup has been offered by the ladies, and again and again have I been found out that a lady's hand has kindled the young man's thirst. The strong drink, and long after all the day-school anniversary, and there were thousands of children present—indeed all the Sunday-schools of the town were in the building, and it was very uproarious and full of disturbance, and the presiding officer on the occasion came forward and in a very loud tone shouted, "Silence!" and the more noise the presiding officer made, the more noise the children made. Some one else rose on the platform and came forward and with more stentorian voice shouted, "Silence!" and the uproar rose to greater height, and it did seem as if there would be almost a riot and the police have to be called in when old Dr. Beeman, his hair white as the driven snow, said, "Let me try my hand." So he came forward with a slow step to the front of the platform, and when the children saw the venerable man and the white hair, they thought they would hush up that instant and hear what the old man had to say. He said: "Boys, I want to make a bargain with you. If you will be still now, while I speak, when you got to be as old as I am I will be as still as a mouse." There was not another whisper that afternoon. He was as much a boy as any of them. Oh, in these approaching holidays, let us turn back our natures to what they were years ago and be boys again and girls again and make all our homes happy. God will hold you responsible for the influence you now exert, and it will be very bright and very pleasant if some winter night when we are sleeping under the blankets of love, our children shall ride along in the merry party and hushing a moment into solemnity, look off and say, "There sleep the best father and mother that ever made a happy new year." Arm yourself against these temptations of December, January and February. Temptation will come to you in the form of an angel of light.

I know that the poets represent satan as horned and hoofed. So I would be were a poet and I were going to picture satan, I would represent him as a human being, with manners polished to the last perfection, hair falling in graceful ringlets, eye a little bloodshot, but floating in bewitching langor, hand soft and dimpled, foot exquisitely shaped, voice mellow as a flute, breath perfumed as though nothing had ever touched the lips but balm of a thousand flowers, conversation facile, carefully toned and Frenchy. Now, I would have the heart incased with the scales of a monster and have it stuffed with all pride and beastliness of desire and hypocrisy and death, and then I would have it touche l with the red of disenchantment until the eyes became the cold orbs of the adder, and to the lip should come the foam of raging intoxication, and to the foot the spring of the panther, and to the soft hand the change that would make it the clammy hand of the wasted skeleton, and then I would suddenly have the heart break out in unquenchable flames, and the affected lisp of the tongue become the hiss of the worm that never dies. But until disenchanted, ringleted and dismonded and flute voiced and conversation facile, carefully toned and Frenchy.

Oh, what a beautiful thing it is to see a young man standing up amid these temptations of city life incorrupt while hundreds are falling! I will tell your history. You will move in respectable circles all your days, and some day a friend of your father will meet you and say: "Good morning! Glad to see you. You seem to be prospering. You look like your father for all the world. I thought you would turn out well when I used to hold you on my knee. If you ever want any help or any advice, come to me. As long as I remember your father I'll remember you. Good morning." That will be the history of hundreds of these young men. How do I know it? I know it by the way you start. But here's a young man who takes the opposite route. Voices of sin charm him away. He reads bad books, mingles in bad society. The glow has gone from his cheek, and the sparkle from his eye, and the purity from his soul. Down he goes little by little. The people who saw him when he came to town while yet hovered over his head the blessing of a pure mother's prayer and there was on his lips the dew of a pure sister's kiss, now as they see him pass cry, "What an awful wreck!" Check fruited in grog-shop fight. Eye bleared with dissipation. Lip swollen with indulgences. Be careful what you say to him; for a trifle he would take your life.

Lower down, lower down until, outcast of God and man, he lies in the asylum, a sketch of loathsomeness and pain. One moment he calls for God and then he calls for rum. He prays, he curses, he laughs as a fiend laughs, then bites his nails into the quick, then puts his hands through the hair hanging around his head like the mane of a wild beast, then shivers until the cot shakes, with unutterable terror, then with his fists fights back the devils, or clutches for serpents that seem to wind around him their awful folds, then asks for water, which is instantly consumed on his cracked lips. Some morning the surgeon going his rounds will find him dead. He will want to look out of his brush back the matted locks. Straighten out the limbs, wrap him in a sheet, put him in a box, and let two men carry him down to the wagon at the door. With a piece of chalk write on top of the box the name of the destroyer and eternal destiny of hundreds of men in this audience.

Then the winter has especial temptations in the fact that many homes are positively unattractive at this season. In the summer months the young man can sit out on the steps, or he can have a bouquet in the vase on the mantel, or, the evenings being so short, soon after gaslight he wants to retire anyhow. But there are many parents who do not understand how to make the long winter evenings attractive to their children. It is amazing to me that so many old people do not understand how to amuse young people. To hear some of these parents talk you would think they had never themselves been young and had been born with spectacles on. Oh, it is dolorous for young people to sit in the house from 7 to 11 o'clock at night and to hear parents groan about their ailments and the nothingness of this world. The nothingness of this world! How dare you talk such blasphemy? It took God six days to make this world, and He has allowed it 6000 years to hang upon His holy heart, and this world has shone on you and blessed you and caressed you for these 6 x 6 or seventy years, and yet you dare talk about the nothingness of this world! Why, it is a magnificent world. I do not believe in the whole universe there is a world equal to it, except it be heaven. You cannot expect your children to stay in the house these long winter evenings to hear you denounce this star lighted, sun warmed, shower baptized, flower strewn, angel watched, God inhabited planet.

Oh, make your home bright! Bring in the violin or the picture. It does not require a great salary, or a big house, or chased silver, or gorgeous upholstery to make a happy home. All that is wanted is a father's heart, a mother's heart, in sympathy with young folks. I have known a man with $700 salary, and he had no other income, but he had a home so happy and bright that, though the sons had gone out and won large fortunes and the daughters have gone out into splendid spheres and become princesses of society, they can never think of that early home without tears of emotion. It was to them the vestibule of heaven, and all their mansions now and all their palaces now cannot make them forget that early place. Make your homes happy. You go around your house growling about your rheumatism and your neuralgia, and your sons will go into the world and plunge into dissipation. They will have their own rheumatisms after awhile. Do not forestall their misfortune. You were young once, and you had your bright and joyous times. Now let the young folks have a good time. I stood in front of a house, and I said to the owner of the house, "This is a splendid tree." He said in a whining tone, "Yes, but it will fade." I walked around in his garden and said, "This is a glorious garden you have." "Yes," he said, "but it will perish." Then he said to my little child, whom I was leading along, "Come and kiss me." The child protested and turned away. He said, "Oh, the perversity of human nature!" Who would want to kiss him? I was not surprised to find out that his only son had become a vagabond. You may groan people out of decency, but you can never groan them into it, and I declare in the presence of these men and women of common sense that it is a most important thing for you to make your homes bright if you want your sons and daughters to turn out well.

Alas, that old people so much misunderstand young folks! There was a great Sunday-school anniversary, and there were thousands of children present—indeed all the Sunday-schools of the town were in the building, and it was very uproarious and full of disturbance, and the presiding officer on the occasion came forward and in a very loud tone shouted, "Silence!" and the more noise the presiding officer made, the more noise the children made. Some one else rose on the platform and came forward and with more stentorian voice shouted, "Silence!" and the uproar rose to greater height, and it did seem as if there would be almost a riot and the police have to be called in when old Dr. Beeman, his hair white as the driven snow, said, "Let me try my hand." So he came forward with a slow step to the front of the platform, and when the children saw the venerable man and the white hair, they thought they would hush up that instant and hear what the old man had to say. He said: "Boys, I want to make a bargain with you. If you will be still now, while I speak, when you got to be as old as I am I will be as still as a mouse." There was not another whisper that afternoon. He was as much a boy as any of them. Oh, in these approaching holidays, let us turn back our natures to what they were years ago and be boys again and girls again and make all our homes happy. God will hold you responsible for the influence you now exert, and it will be very bright and very pleasant if some winter night when we are sleeping under the blankets of love, our children shall ride along in the merry party and hushing a moment into solemnity, look off and say, "There sleep the best father and mother that ever made a happy new year." Arm yourself against these temptations of December, January and February. Temptation will come to you in the form of an angel of light.

I know that the poets represent satan as horned and hoofed. So I would be were a poet and I were going to picture satan, I would represent him as a human being, with manners polished to the last perfection, hair falling in graceful ringlets, eye a little bloodshot, but floating in bewitching langor, hand soft and dimpled, foot exquisitely shaped, voice mellow as a flute, breath perfumed as though nothing had ever touched the lips but balm of a thousand flowers, conversation facile, carefully toned and Frenchy. Now, I would have the heart incased with the scales of a monster and have it stuffed with all pride and beastliness of desire and hypocrisy and death, and then I would have it touche l with the red of disenchantment until the eyes became the cold orbs of the adder, and to the lip should come the foam of raging intoxication, and to the foot the spring of the panther, and to the soft hand the change that would make it the clammy hand of the wasted skeleton, and then I would suddenly have the heart break out in unquenchable flames, and the affected lisp of the tongue become the hiss of the worm that never dies. But until disenchanted, ringleted and dismonded and flute voiced and conversation facile, carefully toned and Frenchy.

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