Consumption of Timber.

To make shoe pegs enough for American use consumes annually 100,000 cords of timber, and to make lucifer matches, 300,000 cubic feet of the best pine are required every year.

Lasts and boot-trees take 500,000 cords of birch, beech, and maple, and the handles of tools 500,000 more.

The baking of bricks consumes 2,000,000 cords of wood, or what would cover with forest about 50,000 acres of land.

Telegraph poles already represent 800,000 trees, and their annual repairs consume 300,000 more.

The ties of railroads consume annually thirty years' growth of 75,000 acres, and to fence all the railroads in the United States would cost $45,000,000 with a yearly expenditure of $15,000,000 for repairs.

These are some of the ways which American forests are going. There are others: packing boxes, for instance, cost in 1884 $12,000,000, while the timber used each year in making wagons and agricultural implements is valued at more than $100,000,000.

What Makes the Dimples.

Acording to an old legend the baby's dimples mark the spot where angels' fingers touched the child in bearing it from heaven to earth, but unromantic doctors have a different explanation. They say that dimples probably result from defective development of a muscle. When the muscle is called into use the defective portion fails to respond, and a hollow is left, into which the flesh and skin of the cheek, for example, fall, and thus the dimple is formed.

Live Oak Is Scarce.

In former times live oak was largely used in naval construction, and warships had their frames and planking principally of this wood, so that a web of historical sentiment and romance had been woven about the tree. The wood is still used to a considerable extent in building ships, but its value has increased largely on account of the diminished quantity now available.

MRS. STACKSLEY — "Ain't you ashamed to talk like that to me, John? Why, before we were married you used to say I was an angel" Mr. Stacksley—"See here, Mary, it isn't fair to twit a man about the lies he told ten years ago."—Quips.

MURRAY, the BARBER.

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Inland Cave Dwellers.

On King's Island, in Behring Straits, thirty miles off Port Clarence and the shores of Alaska, there are about two hundred of the most curious islanders that ever were seen. The island or rock they inhabit is about half a mile wide and a little more than that distance long, and the islanders are cave dwellers and live on whale blubber, seal and walrus meat.

On the southeast side, closely nestling against the cliff, is a village of cave dwellers. One abode is built over and under the other, and to the right and left, giving them a strange motley appearance, not unlike the recesses inhabited by bald eagles. There are narrow caves excavated into the side of the crumbling volcanic rock, and in the bottom of each is some of the short native grass, forming a bed on which to sleep. At the mouth of the cave and just in the interior fires are kindled, and here they warm themselves in the winter. Skins of different kinds are also suspended outside to keep out the snow and cold. In the summer the hardy natives leave their holes and live in odd houses made of poles constructed very near at hand upon the edge of the cliff.

These strange people are usually as strong and vigorous as can be found anywhere. Moreover they are entirely contented and as happy as people in the great cities of America. They have no government, no chief, and no need of laws. Living in families and setting forth every day in their kiaks for the whale, seal, and walrus, they return each night to their caves or pole tents, caring nothing for the outside world.

Odd to relate, however, the prestige of the native is determined by the clothes he wears. As these consist of skins and constitute the wealth of the islanders, it will be seen that they are not so much unlike civilized people. But the man with more clothes than anybody else has considerable extent in building ships, but its value has increased largely on account of the diminished quantity now available.

Little Lucas been known of the islanders hitherto. For a great many years after the whalers had been going to Behring Straits and the great Mackenzie River it was supposed the huge brown rock was uninhabited. It was like a beacon in the sea: about it nothing was to be seen nor heard except the roar of the waves and the weird cries of the wild fowl. Finally some one discerned smoke ascending from the other side of the cliff. A landing was made and there the islanders were found. They said they and their forefathers had been there always and that they knew no other world, though they had heard that there was one. This was only a dozen years ago. Since then the whalers have kept an eye out for them, for they liked the generous natives, who showed many good traits.

The Beginning of New York.

Fort Amsterdam, begun about the year 1626—its northern wall about on the line of the existing row of houses facing the Bowling Green—really was the beginning of the present city. The engineer who planned it, Kryn Frederick, had in mind the creation of works sufficiently large to shelter in time of danger all the inhabitants of a considerable town; and when the Fort was finished, the fact that such a stronghold existed was one of the inducements extended by the West India Company to secure its needed colonists. For these, being most immediately and personally interested in the matter, could not be expected to contemplate the possibility of their own massacre by savages of the land or sea in the same large and statesmanlike manner that such accidents of colonial administration were regarded by the Company's Directors. The building of the Fort, therefore, was the first step towards anchoring the colony firmly to the soil. By the time that the Fort was finished the population of this island amounted to about two hundred souls; and the island itself, for a consideration of $24, had been bought by Director Minuit for the Company, and so formally had passed to Dutch from Indian hands.—Harper's Magazine.

How Bees Flavor Honey.

In the process of honey-making the bees inject a minute portion of formic acid into the honey. This is in reality the poison of their sting. The formic acid gives to honey its peculiar flavor. The sting is really an exquisite two-pronged little trowel, with which the bee finishes off and caps the cells when they are stocked brimful with honey. While doing this the formic acid passes from the poison bag, exudes, drop by drop, from the point of the sting, and the beautiful work is finished.—New York Dispatch.

The largest tomb in the world is the Pyramid of Cheops—461 feet high and covering thirteen acres of ground.

At the National Convention of the Order of Railway Conductors, at Toledo, Ohio, E. E. Clarke, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, was re-elected Grand Chief Conductor for a term of three years.

CURIOUS FACTS.

Some oysters carry 2,000,000 eggs.

The emerald has long been regarded as a specific for sore eyes.

In Malaga workmen are allowed fifteen minutes' leisure in every hour to smoke cigarettes.

A mule owned by residents at Crowden Creek, N. C., is reported to be nearly half a century old.

New York was the first city incorporated in the limits of the United States. Its charter was dated 1664.

Life insurance dates from almost the year 1650, and was the invention of Chevalier de Mere, a Flemish nobleman and Abbe Blaise Pascal, the famous Jesuit priest.

The terrors of the famous whirlpool of Charybdis, or Golofaro, have been much exaggerated. It is hardly dangerous even to a small vessel, while larger ships do not fear it at all.

The Temple of Diana at Ephesus was 425 feet long, 225 feet broad, and with statues and columns innumerable. Of this magnificent structure not a trace remains even of the foundation.

The temple of the sun at Palmyra covered a square of twenty-two yards on each side. It was approached by a magnificent avenue over half a mile long, enclosed by rows of columns and statues.

The wealth and station of a Mongolian are told by the number and elegance of the gowns which he carries on his back. Some Chinese are known to wear no less than eighteen heavily embroidered coats on state occasions.

The ladies of Dresden have been holding a riding tournament, the honors of the joust being won by a young English girl, Miss Theresa Brooks. Her final exploit was the driving of a pair of horses tandem while riding her own horse at full speed.

The Alabaster cave is a wonerful subterranean grotto, discovered off Kidd's ravine, in California, about thirty years ago. Its vast outer halls and huge inner chambers are all bedecked with beautiful alabaster hangings, blending every shade of color from white to pink and red in perfect harmony and beauty.

Rev. Mr. A——, in Felin's Grove, Penn., had just commenced his sermon one Sunday morning when a boy, some eight or nine years of age, got up and walking straight up to the minister, asked in a voice loud enough to be heard by the congregation: "May I go home? I forgot to feed the pigs." Consent was given, but the effect upon the minister as well as upon the congregation was far from serious.

A Turkish Royal Bedstead.

A bedstead has been unpacked in the Turkish village on the plaisance that the more or less voracious men of the Orient say is worth $450,000. It weighs two tons and a half, and more than half of it is alleged to be made of silver. Special foundations had to be constructed in the room where it stands to sustain the weight. According to the entry accompanying the shipment, the couch was once the property of a royal princess of the house of Turkey, but for many years has not been occupied, and was stored away in the Sultan's palace.

The bed is of the old-fashioned high-post pattern, with a canopy worked out in massive silver filagree work, surmounted by a crown. The posts are round and perfectly plain, but the sidepieces are all carved in artistic floral designs. The head is open work and rather plain in design. At the foot is the "Toma," the reputed signature of Mahomet, who, it is said, when called on to write his name dipped his hand in ink and made the queer scrawl which is put on all Turkish designs. The bed stands about five feet from the floor, and four steps, not unlike those used in the sleeping cars of to-day, assist the personage lucky enough to sleep in the silver bedstead.

The room in which it stands is made up after the manner of a typical Turkish bedroom of the highest class. The floor is covered by heavy rugs, the walls are hung with costly fabrics, and the room is strewn with quaint settees. —Chicago Record.

Suicidal Ingenuity.

A curious list and description of ingenious methods which insane patients with suicidal tendencies have adopted for disposing of themselves is given by Dr. H. Sutherland in a paper on the prevention of suicide in the insane. Patients with suicidal tendencies should be put under surveillance and constant attendance at once. Care must be taken against all imaginable and even some unimagined things with which they might contrive to kill themselves—medicines, pills, lotions and plasters, and the patients' taking the prescribed doses, should be looked after, lest they by some craft accumulate a quantity sufficient to kill and take it all at once; keys, razors, knives and forks, fire-irons, even brooms, broken glass and crockery, should be kept out of their hands; and nails, wires, ropes, sash-lines, bell-pulls, tapes and string, lest they hang themselves. Even a piece of slate pencil or an old spoon may be used for the purpose of strangulation, by being attached to a string and then pushed through a keyhole and pulled taut. Patients working at their trades require constant watching and daily examination, for their tools and materials may be made to afford facilities for killing themselves. In fact, the ingenuity of these people can be matched only by ingenious vigilance and alertness.

REV. DR. DAVID H. GREER, of St. Bartholomew's, New York, told his congregation he wanted a collection of $80,000 for church improvements. In the four and one-half years of his pastorate St. Bartholomew's has paid out $1,035,000 for charity and expenses, and this from voluntary contributions.

Commerce of Long Island Sound.

"The American coast has many fair spots, but its gilt edge, so to speak, is the country bordering on Long Island Sound," said Captain Charles Hervey Townsend, of Connecticut. The captain is famous as the projector and persistent promoter of the great breakwater now being constructed by the Government at New Haven.

"It is a grand work," said he, "and will be of immense benefit to the country I have just eulogized. The breakwater will be about two and a half miles long, and will give us a roadstead of ten square miles, in which the fleets of the world may float securely.

"At low tide there will be eight fathoms of water. About one mile of the work is finished, and the completed work is estimated, according to the estimates, at $2,200,000. Its great utility will be appreciated when I tell you that the value of the shipments to New York via Long Island Sound are greater than the total of that which comes in by way of Sandy Hook. The commerce that finds its way into New York through this eastern approach surpasses any other waterway traffic in America. Along this very Sound is the not distant future, it is within the bounds of reason to believe that 10,000,000 people will have homes."—Washington Post.

The Fading of Cut Roses.

To prevent the fading of cut roses, those that are red or pink must be kept where the light is not very strong. Light is, however, beneficial to the color of yellow roses, and they as well as white ones may be placed in a strong light, providing it is not sunlight, without injury. When the flowers are placed in fresh water, which should be changed at least once a day, add a little salt and clip the ends of the stems. It is well over night to place cut roses in a cool moist place. If flowers arrive before you are ready to make use of them, lay a cloth over the ice in the ice-box, and lay the flowers upon it, or set them on the ice in the box in which they are packed.

The use to be made of roses must be thought of in ordering them, as some varieties beautiful for house decoration are not hardy enough for corsage bouquets. For the latter the Catharine Mermet, the Bride, and the Perle des Jardins retain their freshness longest. —New York Post.

Elevator Sickness.

Elevator sickness is a sensation analagous to sea sickness. You know if you've crossed Lake Michigan in a northerly gale that you bear with fortitude the motion of your end of the boat when it's on the rise, but listen for the angels' harps when it sinks. The elevator sickness is built on the same principle. It is more frequent in New York and Chicago than anywhere else in the world. The victims, mostly women, often suffer frightful qualms when the car starts on its downward plunge. Some of the less impressionable victims content themselves with tugging at the rope boy's bob-tailed coat and begging him to "go slow, please." Then with a muttered prayer or something the boy, who has heard that plea before, shakes out a reef or two more and makes the trip in double quick, and the victim shuts her eyes and shudders. Frequently she faints away completely. Experience does not seem to diminish the complaint.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Women dentists have achieved a marked success in London—so marked that a scholarship has been founded for assisting women without means in the study of their profession.



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REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Harp and Javelin."

TEXT ("*And David played with his hand as at other times and there was a javelin in Saul's hand. And Saul cast the javelin, for he said, I will smite David even to the wall with it. And David avoided out of his presence twice.*"—I Samuel xviii., 10-11.

What a spectacle for all ages! Saul, a giant, and David, a dwarf. An unfortunate war ballad had been composed and sung eulogizing David above Saul. That song threw Saul into a paroxysm of rage, which brought on one of his old spells of insanity to which he had been subject. If one is disposed to some physical ailment and he get real mad, it is very apt to bring on one of his old attacks. Saul is a raving maniac, and he goes to imitating the false prophets or sibyls who kicked and gesticulated wildly when they pretended to be foretelling events.

Whatever the physicians of the royal staff may have prescribed for the disordered king I know not, but David prescribed music. Having keyed up the harp, his fingers began to pull the rhythm from the vibrating strings. Thrum! Thrum! Thrum! No use. The king will not listen to the exquisite cadences. He lets fly a javelin, expecting to pin the minstrel to the wall, but David dodged the weapon, and on, for he was confident that he could, as before, subdue Saul's bad spirit by music.

Again the javelin is flung, and David dodges it and departs. What a contrast! Roseate David with a harp and enraged Saul with a javelin. Who would not rather play the one than fling the other? But that was not the only time in the world's history that harp and javelin met. Where their birthplace was I cannot declare. It is said that the lyre was first suggested by the tight drawing of the sinews of a tortoise across its shell, and that the flute was first suggested by the blowing of the wind across a bed of reeds, and that the ratio of musical intervals was first suggested to Pythagoras by the different hammers on the anvil of the smithy, but the harp seems to me to have dropped out of the sky and the javelin to have been thrown up from the pit.

The oldest stringed instrument of the world is the harp. Jubal sounded his harp in the book of Genesis. David played many of his psalms on the harp while he sang them. The captives in Babylon hung their harps on the willows. Josephus celebrated the invention of the 10-stringed harp. Timotheus, the Milesian, was imprisoned for adding the twelfth string to the harp, because too much luxury of sound might enervate the people. Egyptian harps, Scottish harps, Welsh harps, Irish harps have been celebrated. What an inspired triangle!

Everlasting honors to Sebastian Erard, who by pedals invented called the foot as well as the hand to the harp. When the harpsicord maker for whom he worked discharged him for his genius, the employer not wanting to be eclipsed by his subordinate, Erard suffered from the same passion of jealousy that threw Saul of my text into the fit during which he flung a javelin at the harpist. The harp is almost human, as you find when you put your finger on its pulse.

Other instruments have louder voice and may be better for a battle charge, but what exquisite sweetness slumbers between the harp strings, waking at the first touch of the tips of the fingers. It can weep. It can plead. It can soothe. It can pray. The flute is more mellow, the trumpet is more startling, the organ is more majestic, the cymbals are more festive, the drum is more resounding, but the harp has a richness of its own and will continue its mission through all time and then take part in celestial symphonies, for St. John says he heard in heaven the harps of God.

But the javelin of my text is just as old. It is about five and a half feet long, with wooden handle and steel point, keen and sharp. But it belongs to the great family of death dealers and is brother to sword and spear and bayonet, and first cousin to all the implements that wound and slay. It has cut its way through the ages. It was old when Saul, in the scene of my text, tried to harpoon David. It has gashed the earth with grave trenches. Its keen tip is reddened with the blood of American wars, English wars, German wars, Austrian wars, French wars, Crusader wars and wars of all ages.

The structure of the javelin shows what it was made for. The plowshare is sharp, but aimed to cut the earth in preparation for harvests. The lightning rod is sharp, but aimed to disarm the lightnings and secure safety. The ax is sharp, but aimed to fell forests and clear the way for human habitation. The knife is sharp, but aimed to cut the bread for sustenance. But the javelin is sharp only to open human arteries and extinguish human eyesight and take human life and fill the earth with the cries of orphanage and widowhood and childlessness.

Oh, I am so glad that my text brings them so close together that we can see the contrast between the harp and the javelin. The one to soothe, the other to hurt; the one to save, the other to destroy; the one divine, the other diabolic; the one to play, the other to hurl, the one in David's skillful hand, the other in Saul's wrathful clutch. May God speed the harp, may God grind into dullness the sharp edge of the javelin.

Now what does all this make you think of? It suggests to me music as a medicine for physical and mental disorders. David took hold of the musical instrument which he best knew how to play and evoked from it sounds which were for King Saul's diversion and medicament. But, you say, the treatment in this case was a failure. Why was it a failure? Saul refused to take the medicine. A whole apothecary shop of curative drugs will do nothing toward healing your illnesses if you refuse to take the medicine. It was not the fault of David's prescription, but the fault of Saul's obstinacy.

David, one of the wisest and best of all ages, stands before us in the text administering music for nervous disorder and cerebral disturbance, and David was right. Music is the mightiest force in all therapeutics. Its results may not be seen as suddenly as other forms of cure, but it is just as wonderful. You will never know how much suffering and sorrow music has assuaged and healed. A soldier in the United States army said that on the days the regimental band played near the hospitals all the sick and wounded revived, and men who were so lame they could not walk before got up and went out and sat in the sunshine, and those so dispirited that they never expected to get home began to pack their baggage and ask about timetables on steamboat and rail train.

Theodosius, the emperor, wrathful at the behavior of the people of Antioch, who, on some sudden provocation tore down the statues of emperor and empress, resolved severely to punish them, but the bishop, knowing that the emperor had a group of boys to sing to him while eating at the table, taught the boys a plaintive song in which the people lamented their bad behavior, and the king under the pathos of the music cried out, "The city of Antioch is forgiven." The rage of Achilles was assuaged by a harp. Asclepiades swayed rebellious multitudes by a harp.

After the battle of Yorktown, when a musician was to suffer amputation, and before the days of anæsthetics, the wounded artist called for a musical instrument and lost not a note during the forty minutes of amputation. Filippo Palma, the great musician, confronted by an angry creditor, played so enchantingly before him that the creditor forgave the debt and gave the debtor ten guineas more to appease other creditors.

An eminent physician of olden time contended (of course carrying our theory too far) that all ailments of the world could be cured by music. The medical journals never report their recoveries by this mode. But in what twilight hour has many a saint of God solaced a heartache with a hymn hummed or sung or played! Jerome of Prague sang while burning at the stake. Over what keys of piano or organ consolation has walked. Yea, in church one hymn has rolled peace over a congregation of the worried, perplexed and agonized.

While there are hymns and tunes ready for the jubilant, there is a rich hymnology for the suffering—"Naomi" and "Eventide" and "Autumn Leaves" and "Come ye disconsolate," and whole portfolios and libraries of tears set to music. All the wonderful triumphs of surgery and all the new modes of successful treatment of physical and mental disorders are discussed in medical conventions and spread abroad in medical books, and it is high time that some of the millions of souls that have been medicated by music, vocal and instrumental, let the world know what power there is in sweet sound, whether rolling from lip or leaping from tightened chord or ascending from ivory key.

Music is a universal language. At the foot of the Tower of Babel language was split into fragments never to be again put together, but one thing was not hurt, and that is music, and it is the same all the world over. Last summer in Russia at a watering place we were greeted as we entered a great auditorium, which was filled with thousands of Russians, whose language I could not understand any more than they could understand mine.

But after the grand band had, out of compliment to us, played our two great American airs, I stepped on the platform and said to the bandmaster: "Russian air! Russian air!" and then he tapped with his baton on the music rack, and with a splendor and majesty of power that almost made us quail the full band poured forth their National anthem. They understood our American music, and we understood their Russian music. It is a universal language, and so good for universal cure.

I should not wonder if in the day of judgment it should be found out that more souls have been saved by music than by preaching. I should not wonder if out of the one hundred and forty and four thousand ransomed souls that stand forever before the throne of God at least 130,000 had been saved by sacred song. Why does not the church on earth take the hint? Heaven is the great musical center of the universe, the place of doxologies and trumpets and harps, and in preparation for that place we ought to make more of music on earth.

The band of music at Waterloo played the retreat of the Forty-second Highlanders back to their places, and sacred music has returned many a faltering host of God into the Christian conflict with as much determination and dash as Tennyson's "Six Hundred." Who can tell what has been accomplished by Charles Wesley's 7000 hymns, or by the congregational singing of his time, which could be heard two miles off? When my dear friend Dio Lewis (gone to rest all too soon) conducted a campaign against drunkenness at the West, and marshaled thousands of the noblest women of the land in that magnificent campaign, and whole neighborhoods and villages and cities shut up their grog shops, do you know the chief weapon used? It was the song.

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

They sang it at the door of hundreds of liquor saloons which had been open for years, and either at the first charge of the campaign or the second the saloon shut up. At the first verse of "Nearer, My God, to Thee" the liquor dealers laughed, at the second verse they looked solemn, at the third verse they began to cry, and at the fourth verse they got down on their knees. You say they opened their saloons again. Yes, some of them did. But it is a great thing to have hell shut up if only for a week. Give full swing to a good gospel hymn, and it would take the whole world for God!

But when in my text I see Saul declining this medicine of rhythm and cadence and actually hurling a javelin at the heart of David, the harpist, I bethink myself of the fact that sin would like to kill sacred music. We are not told what tune David was playing on the harp that day, but from the character of the man we know it was not a crazy madrigal, or a senseless ditty, or a sweep of strings suggestive of the melodrama, but elevated music, God given music, inspired music, religious music, a whole heaven of it encamped under a harpstring. No wonder that wicked Saul hated it and could not abide the sound and with all his might hurled an instrument of death at it.

I know there are styles of music that sin admires, and you hear it as you pass the casino or the dance hall, and the devil has stolen most of the fiddles, though I am glad the Ole Bulls have snatched up the charmed strings from their desecration, but it is a fact that sin has a javelin for sacred sounds. In many churches the javelin of criticism has killed the music, javelin flung from organ loft or from adjoining pew of the supersensitive. Saul's javelin aimed at David's harp. Thousands of people so afraid they may not sing scientifically, they will not sing at all, or sing with such low tone that no one hears them.

In many a church the javelin of criticism has crippled the harp of worship. If satan could silence all the Sunday-school songs and the hymns of Christian worship, he would gain his greatest achievement. When the millennial song shall rise—and it is being made ready—there will be such a roll of voices, such a concentrated power of stringed and wind instruments, such majesty, such unanimity, such continental and hemispheric and planetary acclamation, that it will be impossible to know where earth stops and heaven begins. Roll on, roll in, roll up, thou millennial harmony!

See also in my subject a rejected opportunity of revenge. Why did not David pick up Saul's javelin and hurl it back again? David had a skillful arm. He demonstrated on another occasion he could wield a sling, and he could have easily picked up that javelin, aimed it at Saul, the would-be assassin, and left the foaming and demented monster an helpless heap for the javelin he had left Goliath under a sling. Oh, David, now is your chance. No, no. Men and women with power of tongue or pen or hand to reply to an imbittered antagonist, better imitate David and let the javelin lie at your feet and keep the harp in your hand. Do not strike back. Do not play the game of tit for tat.

Gibbon, in his history, tells of Bajazet, the great Mosiem General who was brought a captive to the tent of Timur. He had attempted the massacre of Timur and his men. Timur said to him: "Had you vanquished us I am not ignorant of the fate which would have served for myself and my troops, but I disdain to retaliate. Your life and honor are secure, and I shall express my gratitude to God by my clemency to man." Beautiful.

Revenge on Christian's tongue or pen or hand is inapt and more damage to the one who employs it than the one against whom it is employed. What! A javelin hurled at you and fallen at your feet, and you not hurl it back again? Yes. I have tried the plan. I learned it from my father and have practiced it all my life, and it works well, and by the help of God and javelins not picked up I have conquered all my foes and preached funeral sermons in honor of most of them.

The best thing you can do with a javelin hurled at you is to let it lie where it dropped or hang it up in your museum as a curiosity. The deepest wound made by a javelin is not by the sharp edge, but at the dull end of the handle to him who wields it. I leave it to you to say which got the best of that fight in the palace—Saul or David.

See also in my subject that the fact that a man sometimes dodges is not against his courage. My text says that when Saul assailed him, "David avoided out of his presence twice"—that is, when the javelin was flung, he stepped out of its direction or bent this way or that—in other words, he dodged. But all those who have read the life of David know that he was not lacking in prowess. David had faults, but cowardice was not one of them.

When David, who was, I guess, about four and a half feet high, went out to meet the giant, who was, I guess, about 10 feet high, it was a big undertaking, and the inequalities of the struggle were so great that it struck the giant's idea of the ludicrous, and he suggested to the little fellow that he would make a fine dinner for a buzzard or a jackal —"Come to me, and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air and to the beasts of the field."

When David went out to meet that giant and conquered him, he demonstrated, as he did on other occasions, his courage. But I did so glad that when Saul flung that javelin David dodged it, or the [illegible] of his life would never have been [illegible]. What a lesson this is to those who go into useless danger and expose their lives or their reputations or their usefulness unnecessarily. When duty demands, go ahead, though all earth and hell oppose. Dodge not one inch from the right position. But when nothing is involved step back or step aside.

Why stand in the way of perils that you can avoid? Go not into quixotic battles to fight windmills. You will be of more use to the world and the church as an active Christian man than as a target for javelins. There are Christians always on a fight. If they go into churches, they fight there. If they go into presbyteries or conferences or consociations, they fight there. My advice to you is, if anything is to be gained for God or the truth, stand out of the way of the javelin. I Samuel, xviii., 11, "David avoided out of his presence twice."

Washington was as mighty in his retreats as in his advances. His army would several times have been destroyed if he had not dodged. He dodged on Long Island; he dodged on New Jersey heights. He dodged on New York peninsula. The inauguration at Washington was waited for by assassins, but he took another train and dodged the desperadoes. We have high example in the text and sometimes a man will serve God best by disappearing from this or that place, this or that environment.

A mob brought Christ to the top of the rocks back of Nazareth. They did not like His preaching, and they proposed to hurl Him down the precipice. But while they were getting ready for the massacre Christ escaped to Capernaum and continued exercising devils and cooling fevers and filling fish nets and giving healthy circulation of blood to paralysis and curing dementia and turning corpses into living men and women and doing his chief work.

What a good thing He dodged the crowd on the rocks back of Nazareth! Likewise at Jerusalem one day, while He was sauntering up and down in Solomon's porch waiting for an opportunity to say kind words or do a useful deed, the people proposed to pay Him for His self sacrifices by stoning Him to death, but the record is, "He escaped out of their hands."

See also in my subject the unreasonable attitude of javelin toward harp. What had that harp in David's hand done to the javelin in Saul's hand? Had the vibrating strings of the one hurt the keen edge of the other? Was there an old grudge between the two families of sweet sound and sharp cut? Had the triangle ever insulted the polished shaft? Why the deadly aim of the destroying weapon against the instrument of soothing, calming, healing sound?

Well, I will answer that if you will tell me why the hostility of so many to the Gospel, why the virulent attacks against Christian religion, why the angry antipathy of so many to the most genial, most inviting, most salutary influence under all the heavens. Why will men give their lives to writing and speaking and warring against Christ and the Gospel? Why the javelin of the world's hatred and rage against the harp of heavenly love? You know and I know men who get wrathfully red in the face and foaming at the mouth and use the gesture of the clinched fist and put down their feet with indignant emphasis and invoke all sarcasm and irony and vituperation and scorn and spite at the Christian religion. What has the Christian religion done that it should be so assailed? Whom hath it bitten and left with hydrophobia virus in their veins that it should sometimes be chased as though it were a maddened canine?

To head off and trip up and push down and corner our religion was the dominant thought in the life of David Hume and Voltaire and Shaftesbury and even the Earl of Rochester, until one day in a princely house, in which they blasphemously put God on trial, and the Earl of Rochester was the attorney against God and religion and received the applause of the whole company, when suddenly the earl was struck under conviction and cried: "Good God, that a man who walks uprightly, who sees the wonderful works of God and has the use of his senses and reason, should use them in defying his Creator! I wish I had been a crawling leper in a ditch rather than have acted toward God as I have done."

Javelin, of wit, javelin of irony, javelin of scurrility, javelin of sophistry, javelin of human and diabolical hostility have been flying for hundreds of years and are flying now. But aimed at what? At something that has come to devastate the world? At something that slays nations? At something that would and example under foot and execuciate and crush the human race?

No, aimed at the gospel harp—harp on which prophets played with somewhat lingering and unsertain fingers, but harp on which apostles played with sublime certainty, and martyrs played while their fingers were on fire. Harp that was dripping with the blood of the Christ, out of whose heartstrings the harp was chorded and from whose dying groan the strings were keyed. Oh, gospel harp! All thy nerves a-tremble with stories of self sacrifice. Harp thrummed by fingers long ago turned to dust. Harp that made heaven listen and will yet make all the earth hear. Harp that sounded pardon to my sinful soul and peace over the grave where my dead sleep. Harp that will lead the chant of the blood washed throng redeemed around the throne. May a javelin slay me before I fling a javelin at that. Harp which it seems almost too sacred for me to touch, and so I call down from their thrones those who used to finger it and ask them to touch it now. "Come down, William Cooper, and run your fingers over the strings of this harp." He says, "I will," and he plays:

There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins.

"Come down, Charles Wesley, and touch the strings." He says, "I will," and he plays:

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly.

"Come down, Augustus Toplady, and sweep your fingers across this gospel harp." He says, "I will," and he plays:

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

"Come down, Isaac Watts, and take this harp." He says, "I will," and he plays:

Alas, and did my Savior bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?

"D. P. Bliss, come down and thrum this gospel harp." He says, "I will," and he plays:

Hallelujah, 'tis done!
I believe on the Son.

Ineffable harp! Transporting harp! Harp of earth! Harp of heaven! Harp saintly and seraphic! Harp of God! Oh, I like the idea of that old monument in the ancient church at Ullard, near Kilkenny, Ireland. The sculpture on that monument, though chiseled more than a thousand years ago, as appropriate to-day as then, the sculpture representing a harp upon a cross. That is where I hang it now; that is where you had better hang it. Let the javelin be forever buried, the sharp edge down, but hang the harp upon the cross.

And now upon our souls let the harps of heaven rain music, and as when the sun's rays fall asiant in Switzerland at the approach of eventide, and the shepherd among the Alps puts the horn to his lips and blows a blast and says: "Glory be to God," and all the shepherds on the Alpine heights or down the deep valleys respond with other blasts of horns, saying, "Glory be to God," and then all the shepherds uncover their heads and kneel in worship, and after a few moments of silence some shepherd rises from his knees and blows another blast of the horn and says, "Thanks be to God," and all through the mountains the response comes from other shepherds, "Thanks be to God," so this moment let all the valleys of the earth respond to the hills of heaven, with sounds of glory and thanks, and it be harp of earthy worship to harp of heavenly worship, and the words of St. John in the Apocalypse be fulfilled, "I heard a voice from heaven as the voice of many waters and as the voice of a great thunder, and as the voice of harpers harping with their harps."

WHERE ANCHORS ARE MADE.

The Little Maine Town Where Nearly All of Them Are Forged.

"The little town of Camden, Me., ought to have its name changed to Hope," said a dealer in ship supplies and stores to a New York Sun man, "for it turns out more of the emblems of hope than all the other places in this country combined. All of the stately ships that come out of the Maine shipyards look to that little village on the Penobscot for their anchors. Scores of sturdy smiths swing their hammers day after day all the year long in the black, smoky, long, low Camden shops, where only anchors are forged. Sometimes the triphammers are going all night about the forges, and the blazing of the fires and the ring of the hammers are seen and heard miles away. Thousands of tons of old iron are purchased by these queer establishments every year, for anchors are forged largely from cast-off iron. The material is cut into small pieces by great shears that clip through the iron as easily as a cheese knife slices a cheese. The pieces are bound into bundles by strong wires, and are then fused in the forges. Then they are pounded and welded into the various parts of the anchor, some workmen fashioning the rings, others shaping the flukes, others hammering out the palms, and others forging the shanks. Then the completers take the different parts and fuse and weld them into the finished anchor. Anchors of all sizes and weights are turned out from the noisy shops of Camden, the graceful little pleasure-boat anchor, weighing but a few pounds, as well as the great 50,000 and 75,000 pound anchors of the biggest ships.

"There are many interesting relics at Camden in the line of rusty and broken anchors that did duty in their day on famous merchant vessels, historic war ships, and sturdy whalers. What is left of the anchor of the United States frigate Cumberland is among these relics."

MRS. JONES' MISTAKE.

She Jumps at a Conclusion and Gets the Wrong Idea.

"How long is it since you've seen Hank Smith?" asked Mrs. Jones, as she washed up the silver and put it in the china closet.

"I saw him yesterday," said Mr. Jones pensively; "he was buried——"

"Mercy goodness, Jeptha! You don't mean to tell me that great strong Hank Smith was buried yesterday! Dear, dear, what are we coming to? And so Mrs. Hank Smith's a widow! I do wonder how she'll look in black. Won't she splurge round, though, on Hank's money! She ain't a little bit good-looking, but she thinks she is. Poor Hank, the world isn't worth much to a man when his wife's a widow. Something has stained that butter knife black. Do you suppose it's sterling silver? I know Mr. Sterling's name is on it somewhere. And so poor Hank Smith is gone?"

"Gone where?" asked Mr. Jones, looking up with a curious twinkle in his eye.

"How should I know, Jeptha? That depends on how he has lived. What was it that carried the poor fellow off?"

"Who said anything about his being carried off?"

"Why, you did, Mr. Jones, you said he was buried yesterday."

"So he was, but you chipped in, as usual, and interrupted me before I got to the end of my sentence—he was buried in thought."

"The land s