OR. TALMAGE'S IDEA OF EMPLOY-MENT IN HEAVEN.

· A Unique View of the Celestial World-Employment Suited to the Worker-Musicians, Soldiers, Artists, All Will Find Congental Occupation

Washington, Dec. 13.—Dr. Talmege's sermon to-day gives a very unusual view of the celestial world and is one view of the celestial world and is one of the most unique discourses of the great preacher. The text is Erektel i. i. "Now it came to pass in the thirtieth year, in the fourth month, in the fifth day of the month, as I was among the captives by the river of Chebar, that the heavens were opened."

Exektel, with others, had been expaintated, and while in foreign slaver; standing on the banks of the roys; canal which he and other sens but been condemned to dig by the order of Nebuchadnezzar—this royal canal in the text called the river of Chebar—the illustrious exile had visions of

the the text called the river of Chebar—the illustrious exile had visions of beaven. Indeed it is almost always so—that the brightest visions of heaven come not to those who are on mountain top of prosperity, but to some John on desolate Patmos, or to some Paul in Mamertine dungeon, or to some Ezekiel standing on the banks of a datch he had been compelled to the yea, to the weary, to the heart-broken, to those whom sorrow has banished. The text is very particular to give us the exact time of the vision. It was in the thirtieth year and in the fourth mouth and in the fifth day of the mouth. So you have had visions of earth you shall never forget. You reearth you shall never forget. You remember the year, you remember the month, you remember the day, you remember the day, you remember the hour. Why may we not have some vision now and it be in the twelfth month and in the thirteentle

day of the month.

The question is often silently asked, though perhaps never audibly propounded, "What are our departed Christian friends doing now?" The question is more easily answered than you might perhaps suppose. Though there has come no recent intelligence from the heavenly city, and we seem dependent upon the steem. dependent upon the story of 18 con-turies ago, still I think we may from strongest inference decide what are the present occupations of our transferred kinsfolk. After God has made a nature He never eradicates the chief characteristic of its temperament. You never knew a man phlegmatic in tem-perament to become sanguine in tem-perament. You never knew a man sanperament. You never knew a man sanguine in temperament to become phiexmatic in temperament. Conversion plants new principles in the soul, but Paul, and John are just as different from each other after conversion as they were different from each other before conversion. If conversion does not eradicate the prominent characteristics of temperament, neither will death eradicate them. Paul and John are as different from each other in heaven as they were different from each other in Asia Minor.

You have, then, only by a sum in

You have, then, only by a sum in subtraction and a sum in addition to decide what are the employments of your departed friends in the better world. You are to subtract from them all earthly grossness and add all earth-ly goodness, and then you are to corre to the conclusion that they are doing now in heaven what in their best moment they did on earth. The reason why so many people never start for heaven is because they could not turn, out to be the rigid and form place some people photograph it. We like to come to church, but we would not want to stay here till next summer. We like to hear the "Halleinish chorus," but we would not want to It might be on some great occasion it would be possibly comfortable to wear a crown of gold weighing several pounds, but it would be an affliction to wear such a crown forever. In other words, we run the descriptions of heaven into the aven into the ground while we that which was intended as cepecial and celebative to be the exclu sive employment in heaven. You might as well, if asked to describe the habits of American society, describe a Decoration day or a Fourth of July or an autumnal Thanksgiving, as Thanksgiving, as

or an autumnal Thanksgiving, as though it were all the time that way. I am not going to speculate in regard to the future world, but I must, by inevitable laws of inference and deduction and common sense, conclude that in heaven we will be just as different from each other as we are now different and hence that there will be at least as many different employments in the celestial world as there are employments here. Christ is to be the great love, the great joy, the great rapture, the great worship of heaven, but will that abolish employments? No more than love on earth—paternal, shiel, traternal, conjugal love—abolishes

No more than love on earth—paternal, shield, traternal, conjugal love—abolishes earthly occupation.

In the first place, I remark that all those of our departed Christian friends who on earth found great joy in the fine arts are now indulging their tastes in the same direction. On earth they had their gladest pleasures amid pleatures and statuary and in the study of the laws of light and shade and perspective. Have you any idea that of the laws of light and shade and perspective. Have you any idea that that affuence of faculty at death collapsed and perished? Why so, when there is more for them to look at and they have keener appreciation of the beautiful and they stand amid the very looms where the sunsets and the suinbows and the spring mornings are woven? Are you so obtuse as to suppose because the painter drops his easel and the soulptor his chisel and the sculptor his chisel and the en-er his knife, that therefore that which he was enterging and in-tying for 40 or 50 years is en-obliterated? These artists, or tirely obliterated? These artists, or those friends of art on earth, worked in coarse material and with imperfect than and with frail hand, Now they have carried their art into larger liberties and into wider circumference. They are at their old business yet, but without the fatigues, without the limitations, without the hindrances of the

tations, without the hindrances of the terrestrial studio.

Raphael could improve upon his masterpiece of "Michael the Archangel," now that he has seen him, and could improve upon his masterpiece of the "Holy Trinity," now that he has visited these Michael Angelo could better present the "Last Judgment" after he had seen its flash and heard the rumbling battering rams of its thunder, Exquisite colors here, graceful lines here, powerful chiaroscuro here, but I am persuaded that the Latest news in THE WEEKLY SUN. grander studies and the brighter galleries are higher up, by the winding marble status of the sepuicher, and that Turner and Homan Hunt and Rembrandt and Titian and Paul Voronese if they exercised saving faith in the Christ whom they portrayed upon the canvas, are painting yet, but their strength of faculty multiplied ten thousandfold. Their hand has forgotten its cunning, but the spirt has faculties as far superior to four fingers and a thumb as the supernatural is superior to the human. The reason that God took away their eye and their hand took away their eye and their hand and their brain was that. He might give them something more limber, more wieldy more skillful, more multipliant. Do not therefore be melancholy among the tapestries, and the bric-a-brac, and the embroideries, and the water colors, and the embroideries, and the water colors, and the works of art, which your departed friends used to admire. Do not say, "I am so sorry they had to leave all these things." Rather say, "I am glad they have gone up to higher artistic opportunity and appreciation." Our friends who found so much joy in the fine arts on earth are now luxuriating in Louvres and are now luxuriating in Louvres and

are now luxuriating in Louvres and Luxerabourgs celestial.

I remark again that all our departed Christian friends who in this world were passionately fond of music are still regaling that taste in the world celestial. The Bible says so much about the music of heaven that it cannot all be figurative. Why all this talk about halle uiahs and choirs on the glass and trumpets and harps and oratories and organs? The Bible over and over again speaks of the songs of heaven. If heaven had no songs of its own, a vast number of those on earth would have been taken up by the cartilly emigrants. Surely the Chriscarthly emigrants. Surely the Christian at death does not lose his memory. Then there must be millions of souls in heaven who know "Corona-tion," and "Antioch" and "Mount Pis-gah," and "Old Hundred." The keater of the eternal orchestra need only once tap his baton, and all heaven will be resdy for the hallelulah.

If heaven should ever get out of music, Thomas Hastings and Lowell bason and Bradbury would start up a

hundred old meanificent chorals. But what with the new song that John mentions, and the various doxologie alluded to, and the importation of sublunar harmonies, a Christian ford of music, dying, will have an abundance of regalement. What though the voice be gone ir death, what though the ear be fallen in dissolution, are you therefore to conclude that the spirit will have no power to make or catch sweet sounds? Cannot the soul sing? How often we compliment some exquisite singing by saying, "There was so much soul in her music." In heaven it will be all soul until the body after awhile comes up to the resurred tion, and then there will be an ad-ditional heaven. Cannot the soul hear If it can hear then it can hear music Do not therefore let it be in your household when some member leaves for heaven, as it is in some housecolds, that you close the plane and unstring the harp for two years be-cause the fingers that used to play cause the fingers that used to play on them are still. You must remember that they have better instruments of music where they are. You ask me, "Do they have real harps and real trumpets and real organs." I do not know. Some wiseacres say positively there are no such things in heaven. I do not know, but I should not be surprised if the God, who made all the mountains, and all the hills, and all the forests, and all the mines of the earth, and all the growths of the universe—I should not be surprised if He know. Some viseacres say positively there are no such things in heaven. I do not know, but I should not be surprised if the God. who made all the mountains, and all the hills, and all the forests, and all the mines of the earth, and all the growths of the universe—I should not be surprised if He could, if He had a mind to, make a few harps and trumps is and organs. Grand old Haydn, sick and warment and the winking of an eye taking of an eye tak old Haydn, sick and wornout, was carried for the last time into the music the first the last time into the music hall; there he heard his oratorio of the "Creation." History says that as the orchestra came to that famous passage, "Let there be light!" the whole audience tose and cheered, and Haydn waved his hand toward heaven and said "is come from the company of ven and said, "it comes from there overwhelmed with his own music, i was carried out 'n his chair, and as he oward the orchestra as in benedic ion. Hayin was right when he wave els hand toward heaven and sair comes from there." Music was born in heaven, and it will ever have its highest throne in heaven, and I want you to understand that our departed friends who were passionately fond of music here are now at the headquart. ers of harmony. I think that the our grandfathers died have gone with them to heaven. When those tunes died, they did not stay on earth, and they could not have been banished to perdition, and so I think they must be in the corridors of alabaster and

Lebanon cedar. Again, I remark that those of ou departed Christian friends who in this departed Christian friends who in this world had very strong military spirit are now in armies celestial and out in bloodless battle. There are hundreds of people born soldiers. They cannot help it. They belong to regiments in time of peace. They cannot hear a drum or a fife without trying to keep step to the music. They ing to keep step to the music. They are Christian, and when they fight on the right side. Now, when these our Christian friends who had natural and powerful military spirit entered heaven they entered the celestial army. The door of heaven scarcely opens but you hear a military de-monstration. David cried out, "The chariots of God are 20,000!" Elisha saw the mountains filled with celestial cavairy. St. John said, "The armies which are in heaven followed him on white horses." Now, when those who had the military spirit on earth car fied entered glory, I suppose they righ away enlisted in some heavenly campaign; they volunteered right away There must needs be in heaven soldier with a soldlerly spirit. There are grand parade days, when the King re-views the troops. There must be armed escort sent out to bring up from earth to heaven those who were more than conquerors. There must be crusades ever being fitted out for some part of God's dominion—battles, bloodless, groaniess, painless—angels of evil to be fought down and fought out, other rebellious worlds to be commenced. other rebellious worlds to be con worlds to be put to the torch, worlds to be saved, worlds to be demolished, worlds to be sonk worlds to be hoisted. Besides that, in our own world there are battles for the right and against the wrong where have the heavenly military, That is what keeps us Christian, reformers so buoyant. So few good men against so many bad men; so few churches against so many grog-shops; so many pure printing presses against so many polluted printing presses, and yet we

while we know that the armies of evil in the world are larger in numbers than the army of truth, there are celestial cohorts in the air fighting on our side. I have not so much faith in the army on the ground as I have in the army on the ground as I have in the army in the air. O. God, open our eye, that we may see them the military spirits before the throne-Joshus and Cabely and G deon and David and Samson and the hurdreds of Christian warriors who on earth David and Samson and the hundreds of Christian warriors who on earth fought with fleshly arm and now, having gone up on high, are coming down the hills of heaven ready to fight among the lay sides. Our departed Christian releads who had the military spirit in their sanctified are in the celestial army. Whether belonging to the artiflery or the eavairy or the infant you not. I only or the infant y : know not I only know they have started out for fleet service and courageous service and everlasting service. Perhaps they may tome this way to fight on our side and

come this way to fight on our side and drive sin and meanness and satan from all our hearts. Yonder they are coming, coming. Did you hear them as they swept by?

But what are our mathematical friends to do in the next world? They tound their joy and delight in mathematics. There was more poetry to them in Buclid than in John Milton. They were as passionately fond of mathematics as Plato, who wrote over his door. Thet no one enter here who his door, "Let no one enter here who is not acquainted with geometry." What are they doing now? They are busy with figures yet. No place in all the universe like heaven for figures. Numbers infinite, distances infinite, calculations infinite. If they want them, arithmetics and algebras and geometries and trigonometries for all geometries and trigonometries for all eternity. What fields of space to be surveyed! What magnitudes to infeasure! What diameters, what circumferences, what triangles, what quarternions, what epicycloids, what parallelograms, what conic sections! The didactic Dr. Dick said he really thought that the redeemed in heaven spent some of their time with the hibber branches of mathematics. So of our transferred and transported metaphysicians. What are they doing his door, "Let no one enter here who taphysicians. What are they doing now? Studying the human mind, only under better circumstances than they used to study it. They used to study the mind sheathed in the dull human bedy. Now the spirit unsheathed how they are studying the sword outside the scabbard. Have you any doubt about what Sir William Hamilton is about what Sir William Hamilton is deing in heaven, or what Jonathan Edwards is doing in heaven or the multitudes on earth who had a passion for metaphysics sanctified by the grace of God? No difficulty in guessing. Metaphysics, glorious metaphysics, everlasting metaphysics, everlasting metaphysics.

What are our departed Christian friends who are explorers doing now? Exploring yet, but with lightning foco-

Exploring yet, but with lightning loco motion, with vision microscopic and telescopic at the same time. A continent at a glance, a world in a second, a planetary system in a day. Christian John Franklin, no more in disabled Erebus pushing toward the north pole; Christian De Long, no more trying to free blocaded Jeannette from the toe; Christian Liwingstone, no more amid African malarias, trying to make revelation of a dark continent, but Ill of them in the twinkling of an eye taking in that which was more unapproachable. Mont Blanc scaled without alpenstock, the coral depths of the ocean explored without a diving bell, the mountains unbarred and opened without Sir Humphrey Davy's safety lamp. tinent at a glance, a world in a secon

few thousand volumes on a few shelves all the volumes of the universe open them-geologic, ornitho ogic, botanic, astron ophic. No more need of Leyden jars or voltaic piles of electric batterles, sta ing as they do face to face with the

facts of the universe.

What are the historians doing now!
Studying history yet, but not the history of a few centuries of our planet only, but the history of the eternities whole millenniums, before Xenophon or Herodotus or Moses or Adam was born History of one world, history of all worlds. What are our departed astronomers doing? Studying astronomy yet, but not through the dull lens of earthly observatory, but with one stroke of wing going right out to Jupiter and Mars and Mercury and Saturn and Orion and the Pletades, overtaking and passing the swiftest comet in their flight. Herschel died a Christian. Have you any doubt about what Herschel is doing? Isaac Newton died a Christian. Have you any doubt shout Christian. Have you any doubt about what Isaac Newton is doing? Joseph Henry died a Christian. Have you any doubt what Joseph Henry is doing? They were in discussion, "all these astronomers of earth, about what the aurora borealis was, and none of them could guess. They know now; they have been out there to see for

they have been out there to see for What are our departed Christian chemists doing? Following out their own science, following out and followown science, following out and following out forever. Since they died they have solved 10,000 questions which puzzled the earthly laboratory. They stand on the other side of the thin walls of electricity—the thin wall that seems to divide the physical from the spiritual world; the thin wall of electricity—as thin the wall that ever and spiritual world; the thin wall of electricity, so thin the wall that ever and anon it seems to be almost broken through broken through from one side by telephonic and telegraphic apparatus, broken through from the other side by strange influences which men in their ignorance call spiritualistic manifestations. All that matter cleared up. They laughing at us as older brothers will laugh at inexperienced brothers, as they see us with comed brothers, as they see us with con-tracted brow experimenting and ex-perimenting, only wishing they could show us the way to open all the mysteries. Agassiz standing amid his student explorers down in Brazil, coming across some great novelty in the rocks, taking off his hat and saying; "Gentlemen, let us pray. We must have divine illumination. We want wisdom from the Creator fo study these rocks. He made them. Let us pray." Agassiz going right on with his studies forever and forever.

But what are the men of the law,

who in this world found their chief toy in the legal profession what are they doing now? Studying law in a universe where everything is controlled by law from the flight of humming bird to flight of world—law not dry and hard and drudging, but righteous and magnificent law! before which man and cherub and seraph and archangel and God Himself bow; the chain of law long enough to wind around the

Chain of law. What a place to study law, where all the links of the chain are in the hand!

chain of law. What a place to study law, where all the links of the chain are in the hand!

What are our departed Christian friends who in this world had their joy in the heating art doing new? Busy at their old business. No sickness in heaven, but plenty of sickness on earth, plenty of wounds in the different parts of God's dominion to be healed and to be medicated; those glorified souls coming down not in lazy doctor's gig, but with lightning locamotion. You cannot understand why that patient got well after all the skillful doctors had said he must die Perhaps Abercromble touched him Abercromble, who, after many years doctoring the bodies and the souls of people in Scotland, went up to God in 1844. Perhaps Abercromble touched him I should not wonder if my old friend Dr. John Brown, who died in Edinburgh—John Brown, who died in Edinburgh—John Brown, who died in Edinburgh—John Brown, the author of "Rab and His Friends," John Brown, who was as humble a Christian as he was a skillful physician and world renowend author—I should not wonder if he had been back again and again to see some of his old patients. Those who had their joy in healing the sickness and the woes of earth, gone up to heaven, are come forth again for benignat medicament.

But what are our friends who found

But what are our friends who found their chief joy in conversation and in sociality doing now? In brighter con-versation there and in grander socialversation there and in grander sociality. What a place to visit in, where your next door neighbors are kings and queens, you yourselves kingly and queens, you yourselves kingly and queenly! If they want to know more particularly about the first paradise, they have only to go over and ask Adam. If they want to know how the sun and moon halted, they have only to go over and ask Joshua. If they want to know how the storm pelted Sodom, they have only to go over and ask Lot. If they want to know more about the arrogance of Haman, they have only to go over and ask Mordecal. If they want to know how the Red Sea bolled, they have only to go over and ask Moses. If they want to know the particulars about the Bethlehem advent, they have only to go over and ask the serenading angels who stood ask the serenading angels who stood that Christmas night in the balconies of crystal. If they want to know more of the particulars of the crucificol. they have only to go over and ask those who were personal spectators while the mountains cronched and the heavens got black in the face at the spectacle. If they want to know more about the sufferings of the Scotch Covenanters, they have only to go over and ask Andrew Melville. If they want to know more about the old time revivals, they have only to go over to ask Whitefield, and Wesley, and Livingston, and Fletcher, and Nettleton, and Finney. they have only to go over and ask Fletcher, and Nettleton, and Finney. Oh, what a place to visit in! If eter-

nity were one minute shorter, it would not be long enough for such sociality. Think of our friends who in this world were passionately fond of flowers, turned into paradise! Think of our friends who were very fond of raising superbituit, turned into the orchard where each tree has 12 kinds of fruit at once, and hearing the fruit all the year. and bearing the fruit all the year round! What are our departed Chris-tian friends doing in heaven, those who on earth found their chief joy in the kindness of the printing press, I am permitted to preach every week in this and and in the uttermost parts of the earth. I will visit them all. I give them fair notice. Our departed friends of the ministry are now engaged in that delectable entertainment and un-

But what are our departed Christian friends who in all departments of use-fulness were busy finding their chief loy in doing good-what are they doing now? Going right on with the work. John Howard visiting dungeons; the dead women of northern and southern battlefields still abroad looking for th wounded; George Peabody still watching the poor; Thomas Clarkson still looking after the enslaved—all of those who did good on earth busier sinc death than before: the tombstone no the terminus, but the starting pos What are our departed Christian friends who found their chief joy in studying God doing now? God yet. No need of revelation now, for, unblanched, they are face to face. Now they can handle the omnipotent thunderboits just as a child handles the sword of a father come back from a victorious battle. They have no sin, no fear, consequently. Studying Christ, not through a revelation, save a reveation of the scars—that deep lettering which brings it all up quick enough Studying the Christ of the Bethleh caravansary; the Christ of the awful massacre, with its hemorrhage of head and hand and foot and side; the Christ and hand and foot and side; the Christ of the shattered mausoleum; Christ the sacrifice, the Star, the Son, the Man, the God, the God-Man, the Man-God. But hark! The bell of the cathedral rings—the cathedral bell of heaven. What is the matter now? There is going to be a great meeting in the temple; worshippers all coming through temple; worshippers all coming through the aisles. Make room for the Conqueror. Christ standing in the temple.
All heaven gathering around him.
Those who loved the beautiful come to ook at the Rose of Sharon. Those who oved music come to listen to his hose who were mathematicians comto count the years of His reign. Those who were explorers come to di he height and the depth and the length and breadth of His love. Tho had the military spirit on earth sanotified, and the military spirit in heaven, come to look at the Captain of their salvation. The astronomers come to ook at the Morning Star. The men of look at the Morning Star. The men of the law come to look at Him who is the judge of quick and dead. The men who healed the sick come to look at Him who was wounded for our trans-gressions. All different and different forever in many respects, yet all alike in admiration for Christ, in worship for Christ, and all alike in joining in the dixclory. Unto Him who washed us oxology, 'Unto Him who we rom our sins in His own blood, and made us kings and priests unto Ged-to Him be glory in the church through out all ages, world without end." Amen.

To show you that your departed friends are more alive than they ever, were, to make you homesick for heaven, to give you an enlarged view of the glories to be revealed, I have

ached this sermon, Advertise in THE WEEKLY SUN. | Subscribe for THE WEEKLY SUN. | THE WEEKLY SUN \$1.00 a year. RUN BY SUN'S RAYS.

Chicago Inventer Claims to Have One That Can Be Run Without the Aid of Coal, Oil or Any Other Kind of Expensive Fuel.

If the hopes of Louis Gathemann, a Chicago inventor, are realized, the heat of the sun's rays, furnished free of cost, will run the machinery of the world a few years hence, says the Chicago Chronicle. The solar engine, as Gathemann calls his invention, is to displace coal oil and other expensive displace coal, oil and other expensive fuels now in use.

Louis Gathemann believes that he

can make old Sol his prisoner and force the sun to the work hitherto assigned to weaker agents. The sun, he says, will do the work better, quicker and infinitely cheaper than coal, gas and oil. By the use of his solar enand oil. By the use of his solar engine he proposes to collect the rays of the sun in huge lenses and facus these upon boilers filled with water. The heat of the sunlight, which averages 100 degrees through the entire year, and rises to 150 degrees in the summer, will, it is said, be concentrated to 800 degrees Fahrenheit. This temperature is sufficient to convert the water in the boiler into steam almost instantly. The steam is then to be conducted by pipes to an engine of the ordinary type, where a dynamo may convert the steam power into electricity and conduct it to distant places. The electricity may also be stored away for future use, or the steam power may be utilized on the spot. A single solar motor is to contain a sectional lens of not more than 500 square feet, being 50 feet long and 10 feet. square feet, being 50 feet long and 10 feet wide, with a curvature of one-eighth of a circle. As Mr. Gathemann figures it, such a machine would cost about \$1500 and could furnish the year round at a mean solar temperature of 100 degrees a constant force equal to 100 degrees a constant force equal to seven horse power. By covering an acre of ground in the outskirts of a city with these machines, Gathemann believes that he could get a constant equivalent of not less than 600 horse power. He estimates the cost of a plant like this at \$20,000 to \$30,000, which is about twice as much as a steam boiler with 600 horse power would cost.

steam boiler with 600 horse power would cost.

"The advantage of the solar engine," said Mr. Gathemann, "lies in the reduced running expense. To obtain 600 horse power from an ordinary engine coal to the value of \$500 a month is required. This does not include oil, repairs and other current outlays. With the solar engine the expenses are almost nil. The sun does not charge us for the use of its rays. The water may be obtained from an antesian well especially drilled for the purpose. The expenses of supervision would also be greatly reduced with the use of the solar engine.

"I am not the first man to experiment with a solar motor. A Frenchman

"I am not the first man to experiment with a solar motor. A Frenchman
recently made some experiments in this
direction, and John Ericsson, of Monitor fame, bulk and operated a solar
engine. I believe it worked successfully, though it did not present sufficlent advantages over the systems in
use to bring about a change. When
Captain Ericsson died his project was
neglected. The engine was built on
the plan of a concave glass, with the
boiler suspended within the curvature.
The trouble was that the entire surface was exposed to the air, so that
a large part of the heat was allowed a large part of the heat was allowed to escape, and furthermore, the boiler by being above the glass threw a shade

over the reflector,"

Mr. Gathemann is an old settler, and
is well known in Chicago, especially among the Germans. He has won considerable reputation on certain inven-tions in milling machinery which have netted him a small fortune. He is the inventor of the sectional lens escope, for which he claims a great ure, and has invented a subn sunboat with many new devices, son of which were accepted by the Ger

Wonders of P ant Growth. The growth of all plants is, in the essential analysis, the same thing, says the Republic, viz., the simple reproction of cells. If a thin slice of the stem of a rapidly growing plant be made and this be laid in water and examined under a microscope, it will e found to be composed of a tissue containing numerous cavities separated from each other by very delicate partitions. These little cavities are sells. Under the microscope these minute cells may be seen to expand until they burst, each forming two or more smaller cells, but each perfect in every detail. These two or more cells which have been forme from the original one under observation expand and go through the bursting process just as their progenitor did. Sometimes the division of cells takes place only in one direction; other times it acts on all sides alike New cells sometimes grow on the sur-faces of the old ones, thus forming what the botanists term "cell aggregates," or new tissue. These tissues are later on provided with all the various organs which go to build up the higher life of the plant, All vege

table growths are carried on by A Long Nose. Elephantiasis is a peculiar form of leprosy in which the limbs and features well to horrible proportions and out of all semblance to the legs, arms and faces of human beings. Cases are known where the legs have become so swollen that they measured four and a half feet in circumference. The ears of the same victim, Walter Brisbane, an English sailor, were eighteen inches in length, and his nose elongated to up-wards of two feet when in the last stages of the horrible malady.

Conditional, "Doctor, do you think that a little mince pie now and then would hurt me?" "Not if you can have it in the hou without eating any of Ht."

Tenant—"If you don't have that oof patched we will be drowned out," Landlord—"I'll send you down half a lozen life preservers. Anything else?"

Good Enough. Counsel-And you say now you are on good terms with this judge? Handcuff Harry—Pretty good. About six months as a rule.

THE MITTEN.

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SETTION ...

The night was frosty, bright and clear,
And Bessie, coay as a kitten,
Was sungiled at my side, her dear
Small hand held in mine, for fear
It might chill through her mitten, PRACTICAL SOLAR ENGINE TO WORK THE WORLD'S MACHINERY The sieigh hells jingled. I, absurd.
With Beasle's charms was deeply smitten.
The mare skimmed onward like a bird;
Of love i uttered not a word.
But still clasped hand and mitten.

'Tis love that makes the world go round." No truer words were ever written.

My tongue and Bessie's lips I found;
And when we parted, on the ground
I found her thry mitten.

I have it yet. It's contraband.
My wife don't know how I was I
Twas long ago; you understand.
Some other fellow got her hand,
And I—I got the mitten.

DREAM WITHIN A DREAM.

Story Told by a Broker That Terrified an Attentive Listener. They were discussing the subject of

dreams, says the Detroit Free Press, and the broker, after hearing from most of the others, declined to advance an opinion, but said he would relate a dream he once had, and leave his hearers to draw their own conclusions. "I was a young man of active habits and anxious to get rich by the shortest possible method consistent with honesty. I found myself in the western part of what is now the State of Washington. I met a rough miner who said he was about to depart for the section where the Blewett gold mines are now being operated, and wanted me to go along. His inducement was that we could realize 50 cents a pan at placer miner, which was a dazzling benanza.
"I also met a man whom. I had known in the East, and he advised against the project, because my pro-posed partner was under suspicion. He had started out on half a dozen expeditions with some tenderfoot, and always reurned alone, though nothing had been proven against him. But I resisted all opposing advice and went. The third night out we spread our blankets early and laid down, for we were tired, and a storm threatened. It must have been about midnight when I had the most blood-curdling dream. As plainly as I see you gentlemen now I saw that rough miner, who was accustomed to losing men whom he took out, standing over me with a drawn bowie and about

to plunge it into my breast. "I could not scream or move to offer resistance. The very terror of the situation must have awakened me. The cold sweat was pouring from every pore, and it was only when I realized the immediate safety of my position that I could move. Stealthily I moved with my trappings to where my horse was tethered, hastily prepared him for the journey, and soon went galloping over the back trail. I imagined pursuit, but no shots were fired, and my escape

"Did the man turn out to be a murderer? "What man? The whole thing was a dream, I told you. There was a dream within a dream. I was never west of

St. Louis in my life." A Way to Test Your Eyesight, You may be your own oculist, and in a very practical and simple way. All you need is a stereoscope and a photo-

That arrangement in which the picture holder slides up and down a flat frame, trombone fashion, is the best sort of stereoscope for the purpose, although any will do, and the photograph that will give the best results is a cabinet size view of several leading with People in it.
You put the photograph in the holder

and focus it just so that you can see the faces clearly. Then close the left cye and look at the picture intently with your right eye, while you count thirty slowly. Now close the right eye and look at the picture with the left eye for the same time. Then open both eyes and stare at the picture without

changing the focus.

Something queer will happen. The figures on the one side of the view will seem to move across the view and group themselves with those on the other side, and—this is the point of the experiment—the figures will always move away from the weak eye. Moreover, they move with a very precise relation of speed to the weakness of vision.

If the left eye, for example, is quite weak, the figures will move very quickly across the plane of sight to the right side, while if there is but a slight defect, the movement will be gradual

A queer thing about this experiment is that, simple as it seems, it will bring out defects of vison that have never been suspected, and another queer thing is that it will demonstrate the cases in which both eyes are of equal power to be surprisingly exceptional.

A British sailor being a witness in a murder case, was called to the stand and was asked by the counsel for the Crown whether he was for the plaintiff or defendant "Plaintiff or defendant?" said the sailor, scratching his head. "Why, I don't know what you mean by plain-

tiff or defendant. I come to spe me friend," pointing to the prisoner. "You're a pretty fellow for a witness," said the counsel, "not to know what plaintiff or defendant means." Later in the trial the counsel asked the sailor what part of the ship he was in at the time of the murder. "Abaft the binnacle, me lord," said

the sailor "Abaft the binnacle?" replied the arrister. "What part of the ship is "Ain't you a pretty feller for a councounsel, "not to know what abaft the

binnacle is!" The court laughed .- Harper's Round Table.

A Venomous Bird. New Guines is the home of the most wonderful feathered creature known to the student of ornithology—the awful rpir n'doob, or "bird of death." The venom of this bird is more deadly than rangos sun adsoxe justices for the life of the creature is known. A wound from its part of the body, loss of sight, speech and hearing, convulsions, lockjaw and certain death.-Philadelphia Ledger,

Gran Fenst. "Did you have plenty of good things to eat on Thanksgiving, Tommy?" "You bet! I just been orful sick ever

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