IT NEVER COMES BACK.

AN OPPORTUNITY MISSED NEVER COMES A SECOND TIME.

The Value of Seizing Advantages "In the Nick of Time"-Elements of Commercial. Literary and Political Success-The Greatest of All Opportunities,

NEW YORK, Feb. 3.-Rev. Dr. Talmage today took for his subject "Opportunity," the text selected being Galatians vi, 10, "As we have therefore opportunity, let us

At Denver years ago an audience had as

sembled for divine worship.

The pastor of the church for whom I was to preach that night, interested in the seating of the people, stood in the pulpit looking from side to side, and when no more people could be crowded within the walls he turned to me and said with startling emphasis, "What an opportunity!" Immediately that word began to enlarge, and while a hymn was being sung at every stanza the word "opportunity" wiftly and mightily unfolded, and while the opening prayer was being made the word piled up into Alps and Himalayas of meaning and spread out into other latitudes and longitudes of significance until it became hemispheric, and it still grew in altitude and circumference until it encircled other worlds, and swept out and on and around until it was as big as eternity. Never since have I read or heard that word without being thrilled with its magnitude and momentum. Opportunity! Although in the text to some it may seem a mild and quiet note, in the great gospel harmony it is a staccato passage. It is one of the loveliest and awfulest words in our language of more than 100,000 words of English vocabulary, "As we have opportunity, let

nado good. What is an opportunity? The lexicographer would coolly tell you it is a confunction of favorable circumstances for accomplishing a purpose, but words cannot Take a thousand years to manufacture a definition, and you could not successfully describe it. Opportunity! The measuring rod with which the angel of the Apocalypse measured heaven could not measure this pivotal word of my text. Stand on the edge of the precipice of all time and let down the fathoming line hand under hand and lower down and lower down and for a quintillion of years let it sink, and the lead will not strike bottom. Opportunity! But while I do not attempt to measure or define the word will, God helping me, take the responsibility of telling you something about op-

First, it is very swift in its motions. Sometimes within one minute it starts from the throne of God, sweeps around the earth and reascends the throne from which it started. Within less than sixty seconds it fulfilled its mission. In the second place opportunity never

comes back. Perhaps an opportunity very much like it may arrive, but that one never. Naturalists tell us of insects which are born, fulfill their mission and expire in an hour, but many opportunities die so soon after they are born that their brevity of life is incalculable. What most amazes me is that opportunities do such overshadowing, far-reaching and tremendous You are a business man of large experience. The past eighteen months have been hard on business men. A young merchant at his wits' end came into your office or your house, and you said: "Times are hard now, but better days will come. I have seen things as bad or worse, but we got out, and we will get out of this. The brightest days that this country ever saw are yet to come." The young man to whom you said that was ready for suicide or something worse-namely a fraudulent turn to get out of his despairful position. Your hopefulness inspired him for all fime, and thirty years after you are dead he will be reaping the advantage of your optimism. Your opportunity to do that one thing for that young man was not half as long as the time I have taken to rehearse it.

The day I left our country home to look after myself we rode across the country, and my father was driving. Of course said nothing that implied how I felt. But there are hundreds of men here who from their own experience know how I felt. such a time a young man may be hopeful and even impatient to get into the battle of life for himself, but to leave the homestead where everything has been done for you, your father or older brothers taking your part when you were imposed on by larger boys, and your mother always around, when you got the cold, with mustard applications for the chest, or herb tea to make you sweat off the fever, and sweet mixtures in the cup by the bed to stop the sough, taking sometimes too much of it because it was pleasant to take, and then, to go out, with no one to stand between you and the world, gives one a choking ensation at the throat and a homesickbees before you have got three miles away from the old folks. There was on the day I spoke off a silence for a long while, and then my father began to tell how good the Lord had been to him in sickness and to health, and when times of bardship came how Providence had always provided the means of livelihood for the large bousehold, and he wound up by saying, "De Witt, I have always found it safe to trust the Lord." My father has been dead thirty years, but in all the crises of my life-and there have been many of them-I have felt the mighty boost of that lesson in the farm wagon, "De Witt, I have always found it safe to trust the Lord." fact was my father saw that was his opportunity and he improved it. This one reason why I am an enthusi-

astic friend of all Young Men's Christian associations. They get hold of so many young men just arriving in the city and while they are very impressionable, and it is the best opportunity. Why, how big the houses looked to us as we first entered the great city, and so many people! It seemed some meeting must have just slosed to fill the streets in that way, and then the big placards announcing all styles of amusements and so many of them on the same night and every night after our boyhood had been spent in regions where only once or twice in a whole year there had been an entertainment in schoolhouse that innocent young man in the right direction. Six weeks after will be too late. Tell me what such a young man does with his first six weeks in the great city. and I will tell you what he will be througharound the ages of eternity. Opportunity! mercy is wide open. Go in. Sit down stimated, about \$75,000.

we all recognize that commercial and literary and political successes depend "Well," you say, "I am not ready." You say, "I am not ready." You upon taking advantage of opportunity.

The great surgeons of England feared to touch the tumor of King George IV. Sir Astley Cooper looked at it and said to the king, "I will cut your majesty as though you were a plowman." That was Sir inside the palace door of God's mercy inside the palace door o Astley's opportunity. Lord Clive was his already. You looked changed. You are father's dismay climbing church steeples changed. "Hallelujah, 'tis done!" Did and doing reckless things. His father you ever see anything done so quickly? sent him to Madras, India, as a clerk in Invitation offered and accepted in less than the service of an English officer. Clive a minute by my watch or that clock. Sir watched his time and when war broke out Edward Creasy wrote a book called "The came to be the chief of the host that saved Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World, India for England. That was Lord Clive's From Marathon to Waterloo." But the opportunity.

William H. Seward was given by his father a thousand dollars to get a collegiate education. That money soon gone, his father said, "Now you must fight your own way," and he did, until gubernatorial chair and United States senatorial chair were his, with a right to the presidential chair, if the meanness of American politics had not swindled him out of it. The day when his father told him to fight his own way was William H. Seward's opportunity. John Henry Newman, becalmed a whole week in an orange boat in the strait of Bonifacio, wrote his immortal hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light." That was Newman's opportunity. You know Kirk White's immortal hymn, "When Mar-shaled on the Nightly Plain." He wrote it in a boat by a lantern on a stormy night as he was sailing along a rocky coast. That was Kirk White's opportunity.

The importance of making the most of opportunities as they present themselves is acknowledged in all other directions. Why not in the matter of usefulness? The difference of usefulness of good men and women is not so much the difference in brain or social position or wealth, but in equipment of Christian common sense, to know just the time when to say the right word or do the right thing. There are good people who can always be depended on to say the right thing at the wrong time. A merchant selling goods over the counter to a wily customer who would like to get them at less than cost, a railroad conductor while taking up the tickets from passengers who want to work off a last year's pass or get through at half rate a child fully grown, a housekeeper trying to get the table ready in time for guests, although the oven has failed to do its work, and the grocer had neglected to fulfill the order given him-those are not opportunities for religious address. Do not rush up to a man in the busiest part of the day, and when a half dozen of people are waiting for him, and ask, "How is your soul?"

But there are plenty of fit occasions. It is interesting to see the sportsman, gun in hand and pouch at side and accompanied by the hounds yelping down the road, off on hunting expedition, but the best hunters in the world are those who hunt for opportunities to do good, and the game is nething to gladden earth and heaven. will point out some of the opportunities. When a soul is in bereavement is the best ime to talk of gospel consolation and heavenly reunion. When a man has lost his property is the best time to talk to him of heavenly inheritances that can never be levied on. When one is sick is the best time to talk to him about the supernatural latitude in which unhealth is an impossibility. When the Holy Spirit is moving on a community is the best time

to tell a man he ought to be saved. A city missionary in the lower parts of work in such short earthly allowance. the city found a young woman in wretchedness and sin. He said, "Why do you not go home?" She said, "They would not receive me at home." He said, "What is your father's name and where does he live?" Having obtained the address and written to the father, the city missionary got a reply, on the outside of the letter the word "immediate" underscored. It was the heartiest possible invitation for the wanderer to come home. That was the city missionary's opportunity. And there are opportunities all about you, and on them is written by the hand of the God who will bless you and bless those whom you help, in capitals of light, the word "immediate." A military officer very profane in his

habits was going down into a mine at Cornwall, England, with a Unristian niner, for many of those miners are Christians. The officer used profane language while in the cage going down. As they were coming up out of the mine the profane officer said, "If it be so far down to your work, how much farther would it be to the bottomless pit?" The Christian miner responded, "I do not know how far it is to that place, but if this rope should break you would be there in a minute. It was the Christian miner's opportunity. Many years ago a clergyman was on a sloop on our Hudson river, and hearing a man utter a blasphemy the clergyman said, "You have spoken against my best friend, Jesus Christ." Seven years after this same clergyman was on his way to the general assembly of the Presbyterian church at Philadelphia, when a young minister addressed him and asked him if he was not on a sloop on the Hudson river seven years before. The reply was in the affirmative. "Well," said the young minister, "I was the man whom you corrected for uttering that oath. It led me to think and repent, and I am trying to atone somewhat for my early behavior. I am a preacher of the gospel and a delegate to the general assembly." Seven years before on that Hudson river sloop was the clergyman's opportunity.

I stand this minute in the presence of many heads of families. I wonder if they all realize that the opportunity of influencing the household for Christ and heaven is very brief and will soon be gone? For awhile the house is full of the voices and footsteps of children. You sometimes feel that you can hardly stand the racket. You say, "Do be quiet! It seems as if my head would split with all this noise!" And things get broken and ruined, and it is: "Where's my hat?" "Who took my books?" "Who has been busy with my playthings?" And it is a-rushing this way and a-rushing that until father and moth-

er are well nigh beside themselves. But there is one opportunity so much brighter than any other, so much more inviting and so superior to all others that there are innumerable fingers pointing to it, and it is haloed with a glory all its own. It is yours! It is mine! It is the present hour. It is the now. We shall never have it again. While I speak and you listen the opportunity is restless as if to be or church. That is the opportunity, Start gone. You cannot chain it down. You cannot imprison it. You cannot make it stay. All its pulses are throbbing with a haste that cannot be hindered or controlled. It is the opportunity of invitation on my part and acceptance on your out his life on earth and where he will part. The door of the palace of God's weighs just one ton, and will cost, it is

and be kings and queens unto God forever. most decisive battle that you will ever fight, and the greatest victory you will ever gain, is this moment when you conquer first yourself and then all the hindering myrmidons of perdition by saying, 'Lord Jesus, here I am, andone and helpless, to be saved by thee and thee alone. That makes a panic in hell. That makes celebration in heaven. Opportunity!

On the 11th of January, 1866, a collier England. Simon Pritchard, standing on the beach, threw off his coat and said, "Who will help me save that crew?" Twenty men shouted, "I will!" though only seven were needed. Through the awful surf the boat dashed, and in minutes from the time Pritchard threw off his coat all the shipwrecked crew were safe on the land. Quicker work to-day. Half that time more than necessary to get all this assemblage into the lifeboat of the gospel and ashore, standing both feet on the rock of ages. By the two strong oars of faith and prayer first pull for the wreck and then pull for the shore. Opportunity!

Over the city went the cry. Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!

Let the world go. It has abused you enough, and cheated you enough, and slandered you enough, and damaged you snough. Even those from whom you expected better things turned out your assailants, as when Napoleon in his last will and testament left 5.000 francs to the man who shot at Wellington in the streets of Paris. Oh, it is a mean world! Take the glorious Lord for your companionship. I ike what the good man said to one who and everything but religion. The affluent man boasted of what he owned and of his splenders of surroundings, putting into side. ignificance, as he thought, the Christian, "man, I have something you have "What is that?" said the worldling. The answer was, "Peace!" And you may all have it-peace with God, peace with the past, peace with the future, a peace that all the assaults of the world and all the bombardments satanic cannot inter-

Opportunity! Under the arch of that splended word let this multitude of my arers pass into the pardon and hope and triumph of the gospel. Go by companies of a hundred each. Go by regiments of a thousand each, the aged leaning on the staff, the middle ared throwing off their burdens as they pass and the young to have their present joys augmented by more glorious satisfactions. Forward into the kingdom! As soon as you pass the dividing line there will be shouting all un and down the heavens. The crowned imof the many scars will rejoice at the result be the honored guest. From the imperial gardens the wreaths will be twisted for your brow, and from the halls of eternal sic the harpers will bring their harps and the trumpeters their trumpets, and all ur, and down the amethystine stairways of he castles and in all the rooms house of many mansions it be will talked over with holy glee that this day, while one plain man stood on the platform of this vast building giving the gospel call, an assemblage made up from all parts of the earth and piled up in these galleries chose Christ as their portion and started or heaven as their everlasting home. ing all the bells of heaven at the tidings Strike all the cymbals at the joy! Wave all the palm branches at the triumph! Victory! Victory!

Clever Remarks in Court.

Legal retorts are very numerous and form of a spar between opposing counsel and sometimes that of a facetious remark addressed to the judge, as in the case, "Woodcock vs. Bird," when the chief justice, happening to remark that birds should live together in harmony, the counsel for Mr. Bird replied, "Yes, my lord, they should, but my client complains of the

length of the plaintiff's bill !" Most frequently, however, the repartee takes the form of a pointed remark by a witness to a bullying lawyer. "How do you like your bacon and beans! Cockle once asked a witness. "Boiled, but without cockle sauce," was the satisfac

In fact, it is rather the fashion among a certain class of witnesses to decry the legal profession on all possible occasions. course such persons betray a very poor appreciation of the immense benefits the profession confers upon and receives from ciety, but some men are never satisfied unless they are disparaging something of alleged utility. These are the men wito would second the prayer uttered by the deaf Dean of Ely when, following a speak er who had commented upon an extraordinary epidemic of mortality among barristers, and whom he had imperfectly mercy may the Lord make us devoutly

SMILES BETWEEN SERMONS. The stutterer's words frequently have

great wait. - Buffalo Courier. Billing and cooing flourish during the honeymoon. Afterwards the bill-ing sometimes stops the cooing.-Lowell Courier. Stern Father Re who sows the wind reaps the wntrlwind. Prodigal Son-Well. he raises the wind, anyway .- Detroit Tri-

The Count-Ze young lady laughed when I told her zat joke. Miss M.—She must have thought she had nice teeth.—New

Largest Lens in the World.

A lens, which will be when finished the largest in the world, is now being cast at Jena, Germany. It is an objective for an inches in diameter, about five inches greater than that at the Lick observatory, in its rough state, before grinding,

VENGEANCE OF THE CZAR

THE STORY OF A SOLDIER IN THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

Experience That Would Shatter Nerves of Iron-A Thrilling Narrative of a Historical Episode From the Pen of Alex-

I was 28 years old. For two years I had been an Ensign in the Paulovsky Regiment-My regiment was stationed in the great stone barracks that still exist on the other side of the Champ de Mars, opposite the Summer Garden. Emperor Paul I. was in the third year of his reign, and he lived at the Red Palace. One night when, after some youthful

escapade, I had been refused permission to make one of a party of my comrades going into the city for the night's enjoyment, I had retired to my room and fallen into the semi-unconsciousness of my first sleep, I was aroused by the rough voice of a man brig ran into the rocks near Walmer beach, whose face was close to mine, and who whispered in my ear:
"Dmitri Alexandrovitch, awake and fol-

I opened my eyes. A man stood before me whom I did not know, and who had so fifteen suddenly brought me back to the world.

> "Follow you, and where!" I exclaimed "I cannot tell you. Sufficient for you to know that it is by the order of the Emper-

By order of the Emperor! What could he wish from me, a poor Ensign—of good family, it is true, but too far removed from the throne for my name ever to have reached the ear of the Emper-

Through my mind there ran the awful Russian proverb born in the time of Ivan the terrible: "Near to the Czar, near to

There was no time to hesitate. I sprang from my bed and dressed myself. I looked with keen attention at the man who had summoned me. He was wrapped in a great fur pelisse, but I believed I could recognize in him the Turkish slave, the favorite servant of the Emperor.

"I am ready," I said at the end of five inutes, clapping my hand with with some confidence on the sword that hung at my

My fears redoubled when my guide, in tian's possessions. "Ah." said the Chris- stead of taking the corridor that led from the barracks to the open air descended by a little circular staircase into the lower vaults of this somber building. He lighted he way with a smokey lantern.

After many turns we found ourselves before a door that I had not seen before. Thus far in our route we had seen no one it was as though the building were deserted. I believed that I saw one or two shadows, but as I approached them they lisappeared, or melted into obscurity The door which we stood before was closed. My guide struck upon it in a pe-At his signal it swung open evidently at the touch cf a man waiting on the other side. When we had passed through, I saw distinctly, notwithstanding the gloom, a man close the door and fol-

The passage in which we had entered was evidently subterranean and some 7 or 8 feet in height. The dampness was such that it penetrated the bricks over which we that I was intrusted with the affair. Then of his earthly sacrifices. Departed saints will be gladdened that their prayers are walked and made them slippery with moistture. At the end of 500 paces our progress hesitated to address me; doubtless my answered. An order will be given for the spreading of a banquet at which you will and closed it behind us

Then occurred to me the tradition that old of a sunken gallery communicating of the cross and opened the letter. between the Red Palace and the barracks read the order once, he looked at me again; of the Paulovsky Grenadiers, I understood that we were in this gallery, and that when we had left the parracks we had started

Presently we reached another door, similar in every respect to that through which we had first passed. Here my guide rapped in the same manner he had upon the other; it was opened as was the other by the motion of a man who waited on the

other side. And we passed through. We found ourselves at the foot of the small staircase which we ascended. brought us into one of a number of small apartments where the atmosphere was such that I realized I was in a building intended for human habitation. Then all my doubts were set at rest. I was being conducted to often very good. Sometimes they take the the Emperor, who had sent for me, humble me, a member of the rear rank in his guard.

I recalled the instance of the young Ensign whom the Emperor had noticed in the street, whom he had called to his carriage, whom he had named successively in less than a quarter of an hour Lieutenant, Captain, Major, Colonel, and General. But I could not hope he had sent for me with the same purpose.

We had reached the last door, and before it stood a sentinel. My guide placing his hand on my shoulder, said : quiet; you are now to see the

Emperor!" He whispered a word to the sentinel The soldier opened the door, not by placing a ke, in the lock, but by means of a secret spring. I stepped into the room.

A man, short of stature, dressed in a Prussian uniform, his high boots of the softest leather, a long coat falling below his knees, was in the chamber. I recognized the Emperor. It was not difficult. I had passed in review before him every I recalled how at the last inspection day. his eyes had rested on me for a moment; he had ordered me to step out of the ranks beside my Captain; he had looked at me a moment, and then in a low tone asked some questions of one of the officers heard, he said: "For this and every other of his suite. All this increased my un-

"Sire," said my guide, bowing low, "here is the young Ensign with w hom you wished to speak The Emperor approached me, and ss he

was much shorter than I, he raised himself noticed at the review, because he made a sign as though he were satisfied, and turning on his heel, he said :

My guide, bowing again, withdrew, and left me alone with the Emperor. I assure you I would quite as willingly be left alone

The Emperor took no further notice of finally stopped before a window, where he pened one of the little squares of glass and seemed to drink in the cutting air that swept over the icy plains. Then he return ed to a table which stood in the center of the room and took a pinch of snuff from a box that rested there. This was the room where he was murdered later, and which, they say, has been closed ever since.

I had time to examine every detail of

was present, and he came closely His face was distorted with rage, he showed that he was in a furious temper, every movement indicated nervous anger.

you're nothing more than dirt, is it not so? And am I not all that there is?" I do not know how I had the strength 'You are the elect of God, the arbiter of

the destinies of men. And, turning his back upon me, he re sumed his nervous pacing of the room,

toward me. "You know, then, that when I give an order I am obeyed without hesitation, with-

out remark, without thought !" "As one would obey God, yes, Sire, I

He looked at me fixedly. There 'as ould not withstand it. I dropped my eyes. He went to the desk, took the document lying there, tolded it, placed it in an nvelope, closed the envelope, not with his of reproach was it. Imperial seal, but with a ring upon his finger. He returned to me.

"I wish you to know that I have chosen you from a thousand to carry out my orders," he said, "because I think you will execute them properly.

"I shall always have before me the consciousness of the obedience I owe my Emperor," I replied. "Good, good; and remember that you are no more than dirt, and that I am every-

thing, I ! I !" "I await the orders of Your Majesty." "Take this letter to the Governor of the ortress, go with him where he will direct you, assist him in what he will do, return me and say : 'I have seen.

I took the paper and bewed. "I have seen, you understand? I have ed behind.

Yes Sire.

The Emperor closed the door behind me and I heard him repeat to himself: "Dirt, dirt, dirt."

I hestitated outside the door. "Come !" said my guide.

We resumed our route, but by another passage. This one conducted me to the exterior of the fortress. A troup of cavalcy was stationed in the court. mounted horses, my guide and myself.

ridge was opened, and the troops passed out at a trot, followed by a sleigh. galloped across the square and reached the banks of the Neva. Our horses slipped upon the ice, and, guided by the lighted ock on the Peter-and-Paul, we crossed the frozen flood. The night was obscure, the wind blew in a manner that was awe inspiring and terrible. When we climbed the bank of the river and found ourselves again on firm earth, we were at the gates of the fortress.

The sentinel took the password and adnitted us. We entered the fortress, the cavalry stopping at the door of the Governor's apartments. The password was given the second time, and we entered into the us. presence of the Governor. The Governor had retired, but he quickly appeared in response to the all-i werful summons:

The Governor questioned us with his eyes my guide made a sign to him signifying or. He stepped aside beneath the light of said to them. nat stood upon the table examined the seal, he bowed, made a sign and then he said:

'You have come here to see ?" "I have come to see," I responded. "What have you come to see?"

"That which you know." "But you; do you know?" The Governor remained silent for a mo

"You are accompanied by a squad

cavalry?" he demanded. "How many are there?" Three.

"Will this man go with us?" he continu ed, indicating my guide.

I hesitated, not knowing what to say. "No," the guide responded.

"Where !" "Here,"

"What shall you wait for ?"

"For that which you shall do." "Very well. Order another squad of avalry, take four more soldiers, and let hem be armed with a crowbar, a hammer and two axes."

The man who had been thus addressed by the Governor left us. Then the Governor, approaching me, said: 'Come and you shall see.

He walked down the corridor and I fol owed him; a doorkeeper came behind us. We continued thus until we reached the outer walls of the prison. There the Governor stopped and pointed to a door. The lailor opened it, passed in ahead of us, lighting the way with a lantern, and we

We descended 10 steps and found our selves in a long gallery, but we did not stop; we descended 10 steps further and reached another gallery, then five more steps and there we stopped.

Along this lower gallery were many doors all of them numbered. The Governor walked directly to that which bore the figure 11. He made a sign. There was not a word said. In the silence of the tomb, among the dead resting there, one loses the faculty of speech. The temperature was far below freezing, but the cold was mingled with a dampness which penetrated to the driver.

on his toes and looked at me intently. No steps, steep and slippery. We found our-doubt he recognized in me the one he had selves in a cell eight feet square. There seemed to me by the dim light of the lan- time before. He came forward and looked tern that I could distinguish a human form at the further end of the rell. I looked intently about me and saw a long slit in the opposite wall a foot in length and fou ches in width. The wind, cold and cutting, came through this window, and with the open door, made a killing draught. A ventilator ran up from this window to me, he strode up and down the room, and the air far above, for the cell was beneath the bed of the Neva, whose waters splashed against the walls.

"Get up and dress yourself." I was curious to know to whom he ad

ressed these words. "The light," he said to the jailer The jailer directed the flame from

antern into the corner of the cell. Then I saw, crouched upon a pile of rags | Go ! the apartment, every piece of furniture, hair and beard. Doubtle s he had entered every chair. Near to the window was a this cell dressed in the clothes he wore when desk. On the desk was an open document. he had been arrested, but they had long recounted to you.

Finally the Emperor seemed to realize I since dropped off him, piece by piece, and he now shivered in the cold, protected only by a ragged quilt. Beneath the light of the lantern his almost naked body looked INTERNATIONAL LESSON FEB. 17. shrunken and bony. Possibly he had been clothed in splendid robes, possibly the in-signias of the most noble orders had covered his breast. To-day he existed without rank, his dignity, even his name were lost; he was known merely as No. 11.

At the order of the Governor the man arose, covering his nakedness as well as he could with the tattered garment, and without uttering a word. His body was bent, weakened by confinement, by the dampness, opened the window again, a second time by age, by the gloom, perhaps by hunger. took a pinch of snuff and then advanced But his eye was fiery and defiant, almost

"and already at the orders of a tyrant !" ooked steadfastly at the door of his cell. referred him back to his own through it? Perhaps he himself was sponded with the summary of love to God ignorant of the time. He had, no doubt, and the neighbor, which Jesus himself had the nights at the bottom of that tomb.

At the entrance to the Governor's apartents we found the two squads of cavalry. They placed the prisoner in the sleigh, the Governor at his side. I rode in advance. The second squad of four soldiers follow-

Where were we going? Of that I was ignorant. What were we to do? Of that I was also ignorant. My orders were merely to see, that was

all. I was merely to say: "I have seen."
We went from the fortress at a rapid pace. Sitting, as I was, on the forward seat of the sleigh, the knees of the prisoner were between mine, and I could feel them tremble. The Governor was wrapped in his furs. My military heavy coat was about my ears, and yet I shivered with the cold. The old man was The door of the fortress on the Frontanks naked, or nearly so, and the Governor offered him nothing to protect him from the freezing wind. I involuntarily started to take off my coat and throw it about him, but the Governor, divining my intention, said:

"It is not permitted." We recrossed the Neva, and when we had reached the further side we turned in the directon of Cronstadt, keeping along on the ice of the river. The wind came down from the Baltic with awful violence, Splinters of ice cut our face. One of those terrible snowstorms that exist only in the nated as were our eyes to the obscurity, w could not see more than ten paces before

Finally we stopped. We had reached the spot a very short distance below the Petersburg. The Governor epped from the sleigh and went back to the four cavalrymen that were right behind us. They had already dismounted, and he looked at me with more attention; he each man was holding in his hand the ax or crowbar with which he had armed himself his law can be truly said to love him. All

he I gave a cry of terror. I began to under- tional nature, having feeling and warmth. "Ah!" murmured the old man, with a

hilling laugh. "The Empress has remempered me, then? I feared she had forgotten Of what Empress did he speak? Three Empresses had succeeded each other-

Anne, Elizabeth, Catherine. It was evident

that he still believed that he was living

under one of them, and he was ignorant even of the name of him to whom he owed his death. The four soldiers began their work. They rushed the ice with their hammers, they cut it with their axes, they lifted out the blocks with their crowbars. At each blow

the icy water spurted into the air. "Get out," said the Governor to the old nan, as he turned toward him. It was a needless order-the old man ad already left the sleigh. He was upon his knees on the ice, in prayer. The Governor whispered an order to the four soldiers, and then he came back and took

sleigh. At the end of a minute the old man "I am ready," he said. The four soldiers threw themselves upon him. I turned my eyes away, but, if I could not see, I heard. I heard the sound

of a body plunged into the water. In spite of myself, I looked back again. The old man had disappeared. I forgot that it did not rest with me to give orders, and I shouted to the driver: "Pachol ! Pachol ! "Stoi !" cried the Governor.

tantly stopped. "It is not finished," the Governor said to me in French. "What more have we to do?" I asked.

The sleigh, that had begun to move, in-

"To wait," he responded. We waited half an hour. 'The ice has formed again, Excellency.' said one of the soldiers. " Solid?" demanded the Governor.

The man struck upon the ice with his ax ; the water had b ecome firm. "Go," said the Governor, The horses started at a gallop. flew as though the demon of torment pursued them. In less than 10 minutes

guide was waiting. "To the Red Palace!" he said to the Five minutes later the door of the Em The door opened and we descended six peror's apartments opened and I passed

were within the walls of the fortress. My

within. He was dressed as I had seen him a short me in the eyes.

"Well?" he said.

"I have seen," I answered. "You have seen, seen, seen !" doubt it." I said. I stood before a glass. I saw myself.

was pale; my features were drawn and aggard; I hardly knew myself. The Emperor looked at me intently, and

"I have given you," he said, "between Troitza and Pereslof an estate upon which dwells 500 peasants. Leave for there tonight, and never return to St. Petersburg. If you speak you know how I can punish.

this cell dressed in the clothes he wore when told any living soul that which I have just sympathy spends itself not is feelings, but

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The Good Samaritan." Luke 10. 25-37

Golden Text, Lev. 19.18. GENERAL STATEMENT.

Jesus is now in Jerusalem attending the Feast of Tabernacles. He had come in secrecy, yet was soon recognized and followed by vast throngs, in which were a few friends, but many enemies. For a fortnight he remained in and around the "It is well," said the Governor, "come." city, calmly meeting his foes in the colo-The Governor stepped into the gallery nades of the temple, and retiring at even-The prisoner looked for the last time ing to the shelter of the home at Bethany. about his cell, on his stone pillow, on his In one of these discussions at the temple a cruse of water, on his straw mattress. He man learned in both the written and trasighed. It was impossible that he should regret anything here. He followed the Governor and passed before me, and I shall deeper penetration into the truth than most never forget the look he gave me, so full of his order, offered to dispute with Jesus. and asked the old question, how immortal-"So young," he seemed to say to me, ity might be won. His aim was not to obtain light, but to entrap the Master in to I turned away my eyes, his look had one statement which might expose him penetrated my heart like a dagger. He to criticism or lead to controversy. Christ How long had it been since he had entered asked what were its teachings. He reong since ceased measuring the days and declared embodied all the commandments. "Do this," said Christ, "and thou shalt I came out behind him. The jailer live." Still intent on discussion, the scribe added another question, "But who is my neighbor, that I may love him?" The great Teacher gave no direct answer, but told the story of a wayfarer, robbed by enemies neglected by passers-by of his own race and ligion, but succored by an alien stranger, and then bade the questioner follow his example, and count as his neighbor every

fellow-man in need. EXPLANATORY AND PRACTICAL NOTES. Verses 25, 26. Lawyer. A professed interpreter of the Mosaic law and of the rabbinical comments upon it, which were far more extensive than the law itself. Stood up. To indicate a desire for discussion with Jesus. Tempted him. Rather, tested him," to ascertain the measure o his knowledge and wisdom. Master. The word means "teacher." What shall I do? It was not the question of a convicted sinner, but of a seif-conscious theorist, who sought not for light, but for the opportun ity of airing his own learning. To inherit eternal life. The question so closely pressed upon Christ as upon every religious teacher. (1) The deepes: hunger of the human soul is for immortality. written. Instead of giving detailed pre cepts Christ sends him back to the law o which he was a teacher. (2) God's word contains an answer for every question of the soul. How readest thou? (3) How we read is of more importance than what we read. Ten persons may read the same book, Gulf of Finland was approaching. Habit- yet no two of them may bring out of it the same results.

27. He answering said. He presented the very summary of the law which Christ himself gave on another occasion, showing either that he had already heard it from Christ, or that he had penetrated much deeper than most of his class into the spiritual meaning of the word. Love the Lord. Love involves communion, fellowship, and the relation of amity with God. No man who neglects God or fails to obey thy heart. With sincerity and earnest-Without a before leaving the fortress.

the Emper"Cut a hole in the ice," the Governor all the supposed to a formal or divided affection. All the soul With the emperaffection. All thy soul. With the emo-All thy strength. With intensity and de votedness, as the one great All thy mind. An intelligent affecthe tribute of reason rather than blind passion. Thy neighbor. No more, not less, but to the same measure with ourselves, in absolute justice of dealing as between man and man, and with true bene

volence of heart. 28, 29. Answered right. Christ was ever ready to recognize and commend whatever was worthy, even in an enemy. This do. A personal application of the great principle. (4) Christ's words are always adressed to the individual, and definite in their directions. To justify himself. The burden of the argument had already been thrown from the questioned to the questioner, and the lawyer felt that he must somehow extricate himself from his own dilemma. Who is my neighbor? would start a new discussion on an abstract question: "To whom is the obligation of neighborliness due?" Whether to kinsmea

his place beside me. I had not left the or tribesmen? 30. Jesus answering. Instead of a de finition the lawyer finds pointed at himself another application in the shape of a story. A certain man. Who, by the terms of the parable, is supposed to be a jew. Went down. The journey of eighteen miles from Jerusalem to Jericho is a continuous descent, through the wildest ravines, which in all ages have been haunted by robbers. To Jericho. In the early days a royal city of the Canaanites, destroyed by (Josh, 6, 24), but afterward rebuilt (1 Kings 16. 34), at one time the home of the prophet Elisha, and just before Christ's day adorned by King Herod. Fell among thieves. More correctly, "highway robbers." Jerome says that in this time the road was called "the bloody way." Stripped him. The word "raiment" is not in the original. They probably robbed him of both money and clothing. Half dead. Unable to help himself, yet with a chance of life if assisted. (5) See how far crime will lead from the paths of right. (There are robbers who plunder in business and under forms of law who are guilty as these in God's sight.

31, 32. By chance. "By a coincidence" Not by accident, but by divine order the sufferer was met that day. (7) What mee call chance is often a divine plan. (8) Seems ing chance reveals real character. A certain priest. Many priests had homes in Jericho, from which they went up to the temple for their fortnight of service each year. He saw him. So that his passing was not an oversight through ignorance (9) Every man is responsible for whatever of wrong he sees and can remedy. by. Doubtless he could find abundant excuses in the danger of the way, the impossibility of saving the wounded man's life, "Look at me, sire, and you will not the haste of his journey. (10) Men may oubt it." I said. neglect. On the other side. In a chear compassion, he would not look on the sui fering which he did not think to cure ; just as many hasten out of the way of the needy without a word he went to his desk and one stay at home from church when took from it a paper. instruction. Came and looked. Pausing to glance at the sufferer, perhaps to drop a sentimental tear, and then passing on his

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