

The Great Want of Rest.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Speaks of this World and the Next.

A despatch from Washington says: Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text: "Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest."—Micah ii. 10.

This was the drum-beat of a prophet who wanted to arouse his people from their oppressed and sinful condition; but it may just as properly be uttered now as then. Bells by long exposure and much ringing lose their clearness of tone; but this rousing bell of the gospel strikes in as clear a tone as when it first rang on the air.

You and I have seen men who tried to rest here. They builded themselves great stores. They gathered around them the patronage of merchant princes. The voice of their bid shook the money-markets. They had stock in the most successful railroads, and in "safety deposits" great rolls of government securities. They had emblazoned carriages, high-mettled steeds, footmen, plate that confounded lords and senators, who sat at their table, tapestry on which floated the richest designs of foreign looms, splendour of canvas on the wall, exquisiteness of music rising among pedestals of bronze, and dropping, soft as light, on snow of sculpture. Here let them rest. Put back the embroidered curtain, and shake up the pillow of down. Turn out the lights! It is eleven o'clock at night. Let slumber drop upon the eyelids, and the air float through the half-opened lattice drowsy with midsummer perfume. Stand back, all care, anxiety, and trouble! But no! they will not stand back. They rattle the lattice. They look under the canopy. With rough touch they startle his pulses. They cry out at twelve o'clock at night, "Awake, man! How can you sleep when things are so uncertain? What about those stocks? Hark to the tap of that fire-bell; it is your strike! How if you should die soon? Awake, man! I think of it! Who will get your property when you are gone? What will they do with it? Wake up! RICHES SOMETIMES TAKE WINGS. How if you should get poor? Wake up! Rising on one elbow the man of fortune looks out into the darkness of the room, and wipes the dampness from his forehead, and says, "Alas! For all this scene of wealth and magnificence—no rest!"

"Wake up!" says a rough voice. "Political sentiment is changing. How if you should lose this place of honour? Wake up! The morning papers are to be full of denunciation. Hearken to the execrations of those who once caressed you. By to-morrow night there will be multitudes sneering at the words which last night you expected would be universally admired. How can you sleep when everything depends upon the next turn of the great tragedy? Up, man! Off of this pillow!" The man, with head yet hot from his last oration, starts up suddenly, looks out upon the night, but sees nothing except the flowers that lie on his stand, or the scroll from which he reads his speech, or the books from which he quoted his authorities, and goes to his desk to finish his neglected correspondence, or to pen an indignant line to some reporter, or sketch the plan for a public defence against the assaults of the people. Happy when he got his first lawyer's brief; exultant when he triumphed over his first political rival; yet, sitting on the very top of all that this world offers of praise, he exclaims, "No rest! No rest!"

This world for rest? "Ah!" cry the waters, "no rest here—we plunge to the sea!" "Ah!" cry the mountains, "no rest here—we crumble to the plain!" "Ah!" cry the towers, "no rest here—we follow Babylon, and Thebes, and Nineveh into the dust." No rest for the flowers; they fade. No rest for the stars; they die. No rest for man; he must work, toil, suffer, and strive.

Now, for what have I said all this? Just to prepare you for the text: "Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest." I am going to make you a grand offer. Some of you remember that when gold was discovered in California, large companies were made up and started off to get their fortunes. To-day I want to make up a party for

THE LAND OF GOLD. I hold in my hand a deed from the Proprietor of the estate, in which he offers to all who will join the company ten thousand shares of infinite value, in a city whose streets are gold whose harps are gold, whose crowns are gold. You have read of the Crusaders—how that many thousands of them went off to conquer the Holy Sepulchre. I ask you to join a grander crusade—not for the purpose of conquering the sepulchre of a dead Christ, but for the purpose of reaching the throne of a living Jesus. When an army is to be made up, the recruiting officer examines the vol-

unteers; he tests their eyesight; he he sounds their lungs; he measures their stature; they must be just right, or they are rejected. But there shall be no partiality in making up this army of Christ. Whatever your moral or physical stature, whatever your dissipation, whatever your crimes, whatever your weaknesses, I have a commission from the Lord Almighty to make up this regiment of redeemed souls and I cry, "Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest." Many of you have lately joined this company, and my desire is that you may all join it. Why not? You know in your own hearts' experience that what I have said about this world is true—that it is no place to rest in. There are hundreds here weary—oh, how weary—wary with sin; weary with trouble; weary with bereavement. Some of you have been pierced through and through. You carry the scars of a thousand conflicts, in which you have bled at every pore; and you sigh, "Oh that I had the wings of a dove, that I might fly away and be at rest!" You have taken the cup of this world's pleasure and drunk it to the dregs, and still the thirst claws at your tongue, and the fever strikes to your brain. You have chased Pleasure through every valley, by every stream, amid every brightness, and under every shadow; but just at the moment when you were all ready to put your hand upon the rosy, laughing slyph of the wood, she turned upon you with the glare of a fiend, and the eye of a satyr, her locks adders, and her breath the chill damp of the grave. Out of Jesus Christ no rest. No voice to silence the storm. No light to kindle the darkness. No dry dock to repair the split bulwark.

Thank God, I can tell you something better. If there is no rest on earth, there is rest in heaven. Oh ye who are worn out with work, your hands calloused, your backs bent, your eyes half put out, your fingers worn with the needle, that in this world you may never lay down; you are discouraged ones, who have been waging a hand-to-hand fight for bread; ye to whom the night brings little rest and the morning more drudgery—oh ye of the weary hand, and the weary side, and the weary foot,

HEAR ME TALK ABOUT REST.

But there are some of you who want to hear about the land where they never have any landbreaks, and no graves are dug. Where is your father and mother? The most of you are orphans. I look around, and where I see one man who has parents living I see ten who are orphans. Where are your children? Where I see one family circle that is unbroken, I see three or four that have been desolated. One lamb gone out of its fold; one flower plucked from that garland; one golden link broken from that chain; here a bright light put out, and there another, and yonder another. With such griefs how are you to rest? Will there ever be a power that can attune that silent voice, or kindle the lustre of that closed eye, or put spring and dance into that little foot? When we bank up the dust over the dead, is the sod never to be broken? Is the cemetery to hear no no sound but the rattle of the hearse-wheel, or the tap of the bell at the gate as the long processions come in with their awful burdens of grief? Is the bottom of the grave gravel, and the top dust? No! no! no! The tomb is only a place where we wrap our robes about us for a pleasant nap on our way home. The swellings of Jordan will only wash off the dust of the way. From the top of the grave we catch a glimpse of the towers gilded with the sun that near sets.

Oh ye whose locks are wet with the dew of the night of grief; ye whose hearts are heavy, because those well-known footsteps sound no more at the doorway, yonder is your rest! rest! There is David triumphant, but once he bemoaned Absalom. There is Abraham enthroned, but once he wept for Sarah. There is Paul exultant; but he once sat with his feet in the stocks. There is Payson radiant with immortal health; but on earth he was always sick. No toil, no tears no partings, no strife, no agonizing couch, no night. No storm to rattle the crystal sea. No alarm to strike from the cathedral towers. No dirge throbbing from seraphic harps. No tremor in the everlasting song; but rest—perfect rest—

UNENDING REST.

Into that rest how many of our loved ones have gone! The land is in mourning for the dead. Never in one summer of my ministry have so many of my congregation been swept off by disease. The little children have been gathered up into the bosom of

Christ. One of them went out of the arms of a widowed mother, following its father, who died a few weeks before. In its last moment it seemed to see the departed father, for it said, looking upward with brightened countenance, "Papa, take me up!"

Others put down the work of mid-life, feeling they could hardly be spared from the store or shop for a day, but are to be spared from it for ever. Two of our people went in old age. One came tottering on his staff, and used to sit at the foot of the pulpit, his wrinkled face radiant with the light that falls from the throne of God. Another that was nearer to me than them all, from my own circle she went up. Having lived a life of Christian consistency here, ever busy with kindness for her children, her heart full of that meek and quiet spirit that is in the sight of God of great price, suddenly her countenance was transfigured, and the gate was opened, and she took her place amid that great cloud of witnesses that hover about the throne!

Glorious consolation! They are not dead. You cannot make me believe they are dead. They have only moved on. With more love than that with which they greeted us on earth, they watch us from their high place, and their voices cheer us in our struggle for the sky. Hail, spirits blessed, now that ye have passed the flood and worn the crown! With weary feet we press up the shining way, and in everlasting reunion we shall meet again. Oh! won't it be grand when, our conflicts done and our partings over, we shall clasp hands, and cry out, "This is heaven!"

It is sad to say farewell on earth, but how sad to say farewell in the judgment—to gaze eternally up toward the place where our loved ones dwell, but be ourselves thrown out! Oh the bitterness, and the agony, and the heart break of that last parting! By the thrones of your departed kindred, by their gentle hearts, and the tenderness and love with which they now call you from the skies, I beg you to start on the high-road to heaven.

J. BULL, EMPIRE BUILDER.

ALL ABOUT AN ART IN WHICH HE IS A PAST-MASTER.

Immense Amount of Work Required to Civilize Savages—How the Ways and Means Are Provided—The Powers of a Governor—History of a New Country.

When England, on her great civilizing mission, takes over a large tract of country, with millions of human beings who have little idea of law and order, and none whatever of just and stable government, her task is no light one, says London Answers. Englishmen are certainly born with a genius for governing, and the very best of them are sent to the Colonies, Crown colonies, protectorates, and other Imperial possessions. Still, even these have their work cut out for them. Just consider all that has to be done in a place like the Sudan.

The very first necessity of good government and prosperity is a system of railways and canals, if the country favors the latter. This in itself is a big job. Surveyors are SENT OUT IN ALL DIRECTIONS to ascertain the best routes between the various towns. Tenders are invited for rails, sleepers, station-fittings, engines, and carriages, as well as for the invariable modern companion of every railway—telegraphs. Engineers, artisans, and navvies are hired by the thousand. Engine-drivers, stokers, porters, mechanics, stationmasters, signallers, telegraph operators, have to be searched for. Horses and vans are bought, stables and coach-houses are erected, offices are built or rented, and a big commercial staff is employed.

Quite as important as railways are the police, the magistrates, and the higher courts. The English surpass every other race in organizing these, and the curious reason of their superiority is that they are naturally opposed to radical and revolutionary measures. Instead of forcing on the colony a brand-new system or laws, carried out from top to bottom by English officials, they take the customary law of the country, cut away all the cruel and unjust provisions, and

PATCH IT UP.

with some simple laws of the Mother Country. Special administrators are appointed to draw up the new code of laws; Englishmen—if possible those who have lived in the country—are appointed as magistrates, and the natives are trained to act as police. Curiously, these, no matter how savage and ignorant they may have been, quickly fall into the spirit of their profession, and make first-rate "coppers."

Then, the education of the children has to be thought of. Schools are built, teachers are employed, textbooks are imported, and, as a rule, the native children come for instruction readily enough. Churches are built everywhere, of course. Banks are opened at a very early stage; so are post-offices, custom-houses, and other public departments. They are very different from the Bank of England and the Government offices at home, and the employees have a rather easy time. Still, they have to be there.

Very soon the large towns are vis-

ited by those energetic business men who roam all over the world in quest of profitable investments. These construct tramways of the most improved and up-to-date pattern. Often indeed, our newest possessions are better off in this respect than our own English towns. They also

START ELECTRIC LIGHT and gas works, find out a good source of water supply, and lay down mains and service pipes. A municipal body is quickly elected, or come capable man is put in charge of the affairs managed by our vestries and county councils.

Of course, the ways and means of government must be provided. And here John Bull shows his genius more than in any other direction. Witness Egypt, where the people are twice as prosperous as they were twenty years ago, pay less taxes per man, and yet provide an abundant national revenue. The difficulty in a new country arises from the simple life of the people. What is there to be taxed among people who live in a half-naked state and eat nothing but rice and maize, or something of that kind? Here at home the consumer of beer and whisky pays one-third of the revenue, and the remainder comes mainly from the smoker, the owner of property, and the man in receipt of a good income. Now, the great effort of the British in a new country is to keep the natives to strict totalitarianism. Therefore, drink yields a

VERY SMALL REVENUE. Very few people have any income worth speaking of; the income-tax payers form only one in a thousand; while the postal service is likely to be carried on at a loss. Hence a pretty heavy duty has to be imposed on most imported commodities, and generally there is a heavy poll-tax, or something equally disagreeable.

When all these great arrangements are carried out, a lot of work still remains to be done.

Butchers, bakers, publicans, grocers, milkdealers, doctors, lawyers, engineers, estate agents, etc., come from all quarters, or spring up from among the native population. It need scarcely be said that their one and only object is to make money. Hence bogus doctors and lawyers abound, or would abound if regulations were not made to prevent them. This duty falls on the governing body. It also has to deal with the adulteration, sale of diseased meat, light-weight bread, watered milk, and such things. And very often so exorbitant are the profits demanded by business people that the Government has to step in and fix prices. This is a high-handed policy, only suitable to new and strictly governed colonies. But the strictness of the government of new colonies is something we do not dream of in this land of liberty. To take a single example, it is not very many years since the Governor of New South Wales could, of his own free will inflict five hundred lashes on a criminal, or sentence him to death, for a comparatively

TRIFLING OFFENCE.

Of course, our Colonies have not all been formed in the same way. The history of a new country is pretty much like this, as a rule: First, seeds are carried to it on the wind; then birds make their way hither. Next there appear in it—but how nobody knows—quadrupeds and savages. By and by a few white men come along. Perhaps they are explorers; perhaps shipwrecked sailors; perhaps men escaping from the law. Fishermen were the first real settlers in Newfoundland. Hunters opened up many new regions in Africa and America; prospectors after gold and silver did the same. Then followed the farmers. Later on towns were formed, and all sorts of tradesmen trokked to them. Generally a country is first really populated by agriculturists. Later on they discover coal and iron and then it becomes industrial.

But instead of it being an agricultural country, it may be a mining country from the beginning, as some parts of Australasia and South Africa. Then the governing authority has a pretty hard time, for miners are the most disorderly citizens a State can possess—that is to say, the gold, silver, and diamond miners, who rush to countries where these precious things are discovered.

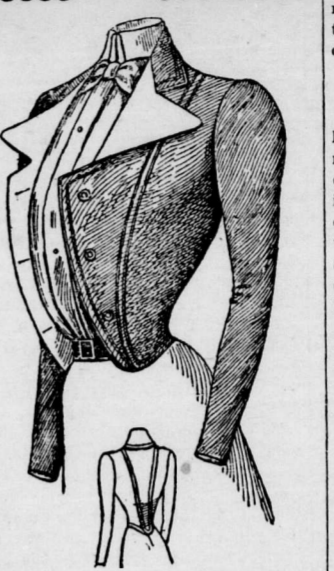
Finally, a gradual change in the government takes place. Until the people are

FAIRLY EDUCATED.

and reduced to obedience to the law, the governor remains king, and more than king. But as the community develops it is given a voice in its own affairs. Some of its most prominent members are selected to form a council, which assists and advises the governor.

And, lastly, they get a regular Parliament, which is elected by the people, and rules the country as the people desire. But the governor still remains as a check. We have governors in Australia, Canada, the Cape, and in our other Colonies which possess a Parliament. He has a certain amount of power, but practically the people in these cases rule themselves.

The Home



Jacket of slate gray homespun, trimmed with bias folds of the same material. One side has buttons and the other buttonholes, which close the jacket. The revers are of white faille and the fronts are faced with the same material. Coat collar of homespun edged with a bias fold. Material required, 50 inches wide, 17-8 yards.

TESTED RECIPES.

Creamed Chicken.—One pint cold chicken cut into dice, one tablespoonful butter, one tablespoonful flour, one half pint milk, salt and pepper to taste. Put the butter in a frying pan to melt, being careful not to brown; when melted add the flour and mix well, then add the milk and stir continually until it boils, add the chicken, salt and pepper; stir carefully until thoroughly heated. If the dressing seems too thick, add more milk. A little chopped parsley is an improvement. The yolk of a hard-boiled egg also makes it richer.

To Cook Mushrooms.—Put 12 tablespoonfuls of thin brown sauce in a small stewpan to boil, then have six or eight small mushrooms well cleaned and washed, chop them fine, and place in sauce and boil for five minutes; taste if it is to your liking; the addition of a little sugar is an improvement; a little cayenne, if liked, may be introduced. This sauce is also good for outlets, broiled fowl and game.

To Serve Asparagus.—Wash and drain half inch lengths of asparagus tops, about half a pint of them, throw them into plenty of boiling salt and water, and boil quarter of an hour or less until tender, then turn them into a strainer to drain. When ready to serve put them into thickened veal gravy, mixed with the yolks of two eggs, with seasoning of salt and cayenne, or into melted butter into which a little lemon juice has been squeezed.

Pickled Onions.—Take some nice onions; peel and throw them into a stewpan of boiling water, set them over the fire and let them remain until quite clear, then take them out quickly and lay them between two cloths to dry. Boil some vinegar with the ginger and whole pepper, and when cold pour it over the onions in glass jars, and tie them closely over.

Celery With Sauce.—Cook celery roots in stock until tender. Make a sauce with a piece of butter, flour, a little salt and pepper and when boiled five minutes pour it on the yolk of an egg. Stir well and put in the celery.

Fruit Toast.—Heat a pint of stewed and sweetened strawberries and pour over five slices of crisp white wheat toast which has been buttered; serve at once.

Spanish Puffs.—Put into a saucepan a teacupful of water, a tablespoonful of salt, and two ounces of butter, while it is boiling add sufficient flour for it to leave the saucepan; stir in one by one the yolks of four eggs, drop a teaspoonful at a time into boiling lard; fry them a light brown. Eat with maple sirup.

Rhubarb Pie.—Take off the thin skin, cut the stalks in small pieces, add a little flour, place it in the pie. When the paste is done remove the top crust and add sugar and butter, mixing it thoroughly with the rhubarb. Put the top crust on and serve warm. A little nutmeg grated over the top of the fruit before putting on the crust, if it is relished.

Banana Cake.—Cream one third of a cupful of butter with one of sugar; add two well-beaten eggs, half a cupful of milk and one cupful and three quarters of flour. When baked put on the top four bananas, peeled and cut in halves lengthwise; cover with cream filling; brown delicately; serve with hot jelly sauce.

Strawberry Ice Cream.—Take two pounds of fresh strawberries, carefully picked, and with a wooden spoon rub them through a hair sieve, about half pound of powdered sugar, and the juice of one lemon, color with a few

drops of prepared cochineal; cream, one pint. When the sugar is dissolved, ascertain that the sweetness is correct; then freeze. This will make a quart. When fresh strawberries are in season, take strawberry jam, the juice of two lemons, cream, to one quart. Color, strain and freeze.

FRUIT ON THE TABLE.

It is an evident fact that the time-honored fruit-dish, with its assortment of fruit, no longer has any place on a modern table; each kind of fruit is put by itself on a separate silver dish artistically arranged. Any one who has a little taste can imitate the arrangement. Take four plates of equal size; put on them some green leaves—bay leaves, geraniums, or whatever happens to be at hand—and arrange the fruits to suit the different kinds. Make a pyramid of bright red apples, with four apples for a base, three on top, and one on top of all, with the leaves in between. Arrange oranges in the same way, but on the third plate lay bunches of grapes carelessly on leaves, and on the fourth put bananas. Let the four plates at the four corners your table is dressed at once. Nuts may be used instead of fruit on one plate, and figs and dates on the other, but beware of the old-fashioned fruit basket or dish if you wish your table to be up to date.

TO OIL A PINE FLOOR.

If the boards are new they will need to be saturated with rather hot boiled linseed oil. Be sure that your floor and room are perfectly clean and free from dust. With a broad painting brush put the oil on the floor, rubbing back and forth until the entire floor has been gone over. Leave it for an hour or so, then with a weighted brush covered with soft woolen cloth polish, rubbing with the grain of the wood until the floor looks smooth and not oily. Remember that oil alone makes a floor dark. To make lighter, use one-third turpentine. If your floor has been used it will need cleaning before oiling, this is done by rubbing with crude petroleum. Oil occasionally after the first application with two-thirds boiled oil and one-third turpentine. This will dry quickly.

WHAT UNCLE SAM IS AT.

ITEMS OF INTEREST ABOUT THE BUSY YANKEE.

Neighborly Interest in His Doings—Matters of Moment and Birth Gathered from His Daily Record.

Seven counties in Western New York received nearly \$5,000,000 for their apple crop.

In the Klondike region in midwinter the sun rises at 9:30 and sets from 2 to 3 p.m.

J. W. Churchill, D.D. Bartlett Professor of Sacred Rhetoric and Professor of Elocution at Andover Seminary Mass., is dead.

The exports of wheat this month have been 6,733,661 bushels, flour included, against 5,368,419 last year, partly making up the decline in March.

The scarcity of pig-iron has necessitated a suspension of operations at the mills of the Burden Iron Company at Troy, N.Y. and the factories are closed.

The fund to a Boston monument to Richard Hovey, the poet, has reached proportions sufficient to guarantee the beginning of actual work upon the project.

The Navy Department at Washington has signed a contract with the Holland Submarine Torpedo Boat Company for the addition of some of their boats to the navy.

In the last thirty years the world's output of iron has more than trebled, and now exceeds 40,000,000 tons a year, of which the United States produced very nearly a third.

Between three and four thousand horses for the use of the British cavalry, dragoons, mounted infantry and artillery are being purchased in the United States by the War Office.

In addition to the national military parks, at Gettysburg, Chickamauga, Antietam, Shiloh, and Vicksburg, others are proposed at Stone River, around Fredericksburg, and at Atlanta.

The will of the late Jacob Justice, Philadelphia, bequeaths about \$63,000 for establishing a dispensary at Mount Pleasant, Pa. for the free use and benefit of sick and disabled poor persons.

S. Robinson, a Boston policeman, has left a fortune of \$53,000, of which \$40,000, is to go to the town of Gilmanton, N.H., and the income to be expended exclusively in building and maintaining good roads about the place.

Mayor Carter Harrison, of Chicago, tells as true a story to the effect that he recently received from New York a letter enclosing a two-cent stamp with a request that a copy of the Chicago directory be sent to the writer by return mail.

W  
Th  
The  
momet  
erupti  
appear  
yellow  
and ch  
ad I  
makes  
the liv  
brough  
is port  
It  
medical  
supplies  
that ov  
extract  
stomach  
cresses  
organs  
blood i  
that the  
substance  
without  
upon th  
In a  
builds a  
body; it  
that gas  
other ret  
such a  
humanity  
Make  
will conv  
you most  
Put you  
When  
Bus you  
Ere you  
WILL IN  
FIGHT  
CATARRH  
THROAT  
The Ivi  
Toronto w  
form. Sh  
known in  
receiving t  
the almost  
Agnes's C  
persevered  
was fully r  
dreaded dis  
She says, "I  
to be free  
Sold by J  
Lieut.-Co  
Kitchener's  
land, was  
(says M. J  
eleemosynar  
preserve yo  
maid. On l  
pious wish,  
nose have y  
He is in fa  
nearly help  
It I  
No discov  
created one  
has been ca  
every for G  
have been  
Consumption,  
Flourish and  
It has restor  
Coughs, Col  
Hoarseness a  
quickest, sur  
aid by J. I  
satisfaction  
bottles 50c ea  
This illustr  
of exousin  
professor kin  
Diary. Thor  
me from doi  
phwat is th  
tongues.  
Where  
In spite of  
daily press an  
mony of your  
skeptical regar  
Dr. Chase's O  
an actual trial  
possibility of d  
ment is an abso  
hex will be a  
enthusiastic as  
Dr. Chase's Oil  
cure you,  
Are you in f  
Well, yes, when  
short.  
CAS  
For Infa  
or fo  
rmitia  
signature  
of