THE GRAND, SWEET SONG OF THE WORLD'S SAVIOR

Talmage Expatiates Rapturously on the Name That Will Bring Harmony and Melody Into Every Life.

Washington report: In this discourse Dr. Talmage shows how Christ brings harmony and melody into every life that He enters. Text, Psalm cxviii., 14: "The Lord is my strength and song."

The most fascinating theme for a heart properly attuned is the Savior. There is something in the morning light to suggest Him and something in the evening shadow to speak His praise. The flower breathes Him, the stars shine Him; the cascade proclaims Him, all the voices of nature chant Him. Whatever is grand, bright and beautiful if you only listen to it will speak His praise. So when in the summer time I pluck a flower I think of Him who is "the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley." When I see in the fields a lamb, I say, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world."

Over the old-fashioned pulpits there was a sounding board. The voice of the minister rose to the sounding board and then was struck back again upon the ears of the people. And so the 10,000 voices of earth rising up find the heavens a sounding board which strikes back to the ear of all nations the praises of Christ. The heavens tell His glory, and the earth shows His handiwork. The Bible thrills with one great story of redemption. Upon a blasted and faded paradise it poured a light of glorious restoration. It looked upon Abraham from the ram caught in the thicket. It spoke in the bleating of the herds driven down to Jerusalem for sacrifice. It put infinite pathos into the speech of uncouth fishermen. It lifted Paul into the third heaven, and it broke upon the ear of St. John with the brazen trumpets and the doxology of the elders and the rushing wings of the seraphim.

Instead of waiting until you get sick and worn out before you sing the praise of Christ, while your heart is happiest and your step is lightest and your fortunes smile and your pathway blossoms and the overarching heavens drop upon you their benediction, speak the praises of Jesus.

The old Greek orators, when they saw their audiences inattentive and slumbering, had one word with which they would rouse them up to the greatest enthusiasm. In the midst of their orations they would stop and cry out "Marathon!" and the people's enthusiasm would be unbounded. My hearers, though you may have been borne down with sin, and though trouble and trials and temptation may have come upon you, and you feel to-day hardly like looking up, methinks there is one grand, royal, imperial word that ought to rouse your soul to infinite rejoicing, and that word is "Jesus!"

Taking the suggestion of the text, I shall speak to you of Christ our song. I remark, in the first place, that Christ ought to be the cradle song. What our mothers sang to us when they put us to sleep is singing yet. We may have forgotten the words; but they went into the fiber of our soul and will forever be a part of it. It is not so much what you formally teach your children as what you sing to them. A hymn has wings and can fly everywhither. One hundred and fifty years after you are dead and "Old Mortality" has worn out his chisel recutting your name on the tombstone your great grandchildren will be singing the song which last night you sang to your little ones gathered about your knee. There is a place in Switzerland where, if you distinctly utter your voice, there come back ten or fifteen distinct echoes and every Christian song sung by a mother in the ear of her child shall have 10,000 echoes coming back from all the gates of heaven. Oh, if mothers only knew the power of this sacred spell, how much oftener the little ones would be gathered, and all our homes would chime with the songs of Jesus!

We want some counteracting influence upon our children. The very moment your child steps into the street he steps into the path of temptation. There are foul-mouthed children who would like to besoil your little ones. It will not do to keep your boys and girls in the house and make them house plants. They must have fresh air and recreation. God save your children from the scathing, blasting, damning influence of the street! I know of no counteracting influence but the power of Christian culture and example. Hold before your little ones the pure life of Jesus. Let that name be the word that shall exorcise evil from their hearts. Give to your instruction all the fascinations of music morning, noon and night. Let it be Jesus, the cradle song. This is important if your children grow up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the dwelling, and the youthful pulse will begin to flutter, and little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pinch at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the nursery will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No quick following from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face with laughing blue eyes come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white blossoms on the top of it and bitter desolation and sighing at nightfall with no one to put to bed. The heavenly Shepherd will take that lamb safely anyhow, whether you have been faithful or unfaithful, but would it not have been pleasanter if you could have heard from those lips the praises of Christ? I never read anything more beautiful than this about a child's departure. The account said, "She folded her hands, kissed her mother goodbye, sang her hymn, turned her face to the wall, said her little prayer and then died."

O, if I could gather up in one paragraph the last words of the little ones who have gone out from all these Christian circles, and I could picture the calm looks and the folded hands and sweet departure, methinks it would be grand and beautiful as one of heaven's great doxologies! In my parish in Philadelphia a little child was departing. She had been sick all her days and a cripple. It was noonday when she went, and, as the shadow of death gathered on her eyelid she thought it was evening and time to go to bed, and so she said, "Good-night, papa! Good-night, mamma!" And then she was gone! It was "good-night" to pain and "good-night" to tears and "good-night" to death and "good-night" to earth, but it was "good morning" to Jesus—it was "good morning" to heaven. I can think of no cradle song more beautiful than Jesus.

I next speak of Christ as the old man's song. Quick music loses its charm for the aged ear. The schoolgirl asks for a schottish or a glee, but her grandmother asks for Balerma or the Portuguese hymn. Fifty years of trouble have tamed the spirit, and the keys of the music board must have a solemn tread. Though the voice may be tremulous, so that grandfather will not trust it in church, still he has the psalm book open before him, and he sings with his soul. He hums his grandchild asleep with the same tune he sang forty years ago in the old country meeting house. Some day the choir sings a tune so old that the young people do not know it, but it starts the tears down the cheek of the aged man, for it reminds him of the revival scene in which he participated and of the radiant faces that long since went to dust and of the gray-haired minister leaning over the pulpit and sounding the good tidings of great joy.

I was one Thanksgiving day in my pulpit in Syracuse, and Rev. Daniel Waldo, at 98 years of age, stood beside me. The choir sang a tune. I said, "I am sorry they sang that new tune; nobody seems to know it." "Bless you, my son," said the old man, "I heard that 70 years ago."

There was a song to-day that touched the life of the aged with holy fire and kindled a glory on their vision that your younger eyesight cannot see. It was the song of salvation—Jesus, who fed them all their lives long; Jesus, who wiped away their tears; Jesus, who stood by them when all else failed; Jesus, in whose name their marriage was consecrated and whose resurrection has poured light upon the graves of their departed. "Do you know me?" said the wife to her aged husband, who was dying, his mind already having gone out. He said, "No." And the son said, "Father, do you know me?" He said, "No." The daughter said, "Father, do you know me?" He said, "No." The minister of the gospel standing by said, "Do you know Jesus?" "Oh, yes," he said, "I know Him, chief among 10,000, the one altogether lovely!" Blessed the Bible in which spectacled old age reads the promise. "I will never leave you, never forsake you!" Blessed the staff on which the wornout pilgrim totters on toward the welcome of his Redeemer!

I speak to you again of Jesus as the night song. Job speaks of him who giveth songs in the night. John Welch, the old Scotch minister, used to put a plaid across his bed on cold nights, and someone asked him why he put that there. He said, "Oh, sometimes in the night I want to sing the praise of Jesus and to get down and pray. Then I take that plaid and wrap it around me to keep myself from the cold." Songs in the night! Night of trouble has come down upon many of you. Commercial losses put out one star, slanderous abuse puts out another star, domestic bereavement has put out 1,000 lights, and gloom has been added to gloom and chill to chill, and sting to sting, and one midnight has seemed to borrow the cold from another midnight to wrap itself in more unbearable darkness, but Christ has spoken peace to your heart, and you sing:

> Jesus, lover of my soul,
> Let me to Thy bosom fly,
> While the billows near me roll,
> While the tempest still is high.
> Hide me, O my Savior! Hide
> Till the storm of life is past,
> Safe into the haven guide;
> Oh, receive my soul at last.

Songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the sick, who have no one to turn the hot pillow, no one to put the taper on the stand, no one to put ice on the temples or pour out the soothing anodyne or utter one cheerful word. Yet songs in the night! For the poor, who freeze in the winter's cold and swelter in the summer's heat and munch the hard crusts that bleed the sore gums and shiver under blankets that cannot any longer be patched and trouble because rent day is come and they may be set out on the sidewalk and looking into the starved face of the child and seeing famine there and death there, coming home from the bakery and saying in the presence of the little famished one, "Oh, my God, flour has gone up!" Yet songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the widow who goes to get the back pay of her husband, slain by the sharpshooters, and knows it is the last help she will have, moving out of a comfortable home in desolation, death turning back from the exhausting cough and the pale cheek and the lusterless eye and refusing all relief. Yet songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the soldier in the field hospital, no surgeon to bind up the gunshot fracture, no water for the hot lips, no kind hand to brush away the flies from the fresh wound, no one to take the loving farewell, the groaning of others poured into his own groan, the blasphemy of others plowing up his own spirit, the condensed bitterness of dying away from home among strangers. Yet songs in the night! Songs in the night! "Ah," said one dying soldier, "tell my mother that last night there was not one cloud between my soul and Jesus." Songs in the night! Songs in the night!

I say once more: Christ is the everlasting song. The very best singers sometimes get tired, the strongest throats sometimes get weary, and many who sang very sweetly do not sing now, but I hope by the grace of God we will after awhile go up and sing the praises of Christ where we will never be weary. You know there are some songs that are especially appropriate for the home circle. They stir the soul, they start the tears, they turn the heart in on itself and keep sounding after the tune has stopped, like some cathedral bell which, long after the tap of the brazen tongue has ceased, keeps throbbing on the air. Well, it will be a home song in heaven, all the sweeter because those who sang with us in the domestic circle on earth shall join that great harmony,

> Jerusalem, my happy home,
> Name ever dear to me;
> When shall my labors have an end
> In joy and peace in thee?

On earth we sang harvest songs as the wheat came into the barn and the barracks were filled. You know there is no such time on a farm as when they get the crops in, and so in heaven it will be a harvest song, on the part of those who on earth sowed in tears and reaped in joy. Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let the sheaves come in! Angels shout all through the heavens, and multitudes come down the hills crying: "Harvest home! Harvest home!"

There is nothing more bewitching to one's ear than the song of sailors far out at sea, whether in day or night, as they pull away at the ropes—not much sense often in the words they utter, but the music is thrilling. So the song in heaven will be a sailor's song. They were voyagers once and thought they could never get to shore, and before they could get things snug and trim the cyclone struck them. But now they are safe. Once they went with damaged rigging, guns of distress booming through the storm, but the pilot came aboard, and he brought them into the harbor. Now they sing of the breakers past, the lighthouses that showed them where to sail, the pilot that took them through the straits, the eternal shore on which they landed.

Aye, it will be the children's song. You know very well that the vast majority of our race die in infancy, and it is estimated that sixteen thousand millions of the little ones are standing before God. When they shall rise up about the throne to sing, the millions and the millions of the little ones—ah, that will be music for you! These played in the streets of Babylon and Thebes; these plucked lillies from the foot of Olivet while Christ was preaching about them; these waded in Siloam; these were victims of Herod's massacre; these were thrown to crocodiles or into the fire; these came up from Christian homes, and these were foundlings on the city commons—children everywhere in all that land, children in the towers, children on the seas of glass, children on the battlements. Ah, if you do not like children, do not go there! They are in vast majority. And what a song when they lift it around about the throne!

The Christian singers and composers of all ages will be there to join in that song. Thomas Hastings will be there. Lowell Mason will be there. Beethoven and Mozart will be there. They who sounded the cymbals and the trumpets in the ancient temples will be there. The 40,000 harpers that stood at the anelent dedication will be there. The 200 singers that assisted on that day will be there. Patriarchs who lived amid thrashing floors, shepherds who watched amid Chaldean hills, prophets who walked with long beards and coarse apparel, pronouncing woe against ancient abominations, will meet the more recent martyrs who went up with leaping cohorts of fire; and some will speak of the Jesus of whom they prophesied, and others of the Jesus for whom they died. Oh, what a song! It came to John upon Patmos, it came to Calvin in the prison, it dropped to Ridley in the fire, and sometimes that song has come to your ear, perhaps, for I really do think it sometimes breaks over the battlements of heaven.

A Christian woman, the wife of a minister, was dying in the parsonage near the old church, where on Saturday night the choir used to assemble and rehearse for the following Sabbath, and she said: "How strangely sweet the choir rehearses to-night. They have been rehearsing there for an hour." "No," said some one about her, "the choir is not rehearsing to-night." "Yes," she said, "I know they are. I hear them singing. How very sweetly they sing!" Now, it was not a choir of earth that she heard, but the choir of heaven. I think that Jesus sometimes sets ajar the door of heaven, and a passage of that rapture greets our ears. The minstrels of heaven strike such a tremendous strain the walls of jasper cannot hold it.

I was reading of the battle of Agincourt, in which Henry V. figured, and it is said after the battle was won, gloriously won, the king wanted to acknowledge the divine interposition, and he ordered the chaplain to read the Psalm of David, and when he came to the words "Not unto us, O Lord, but to Thy name be the praise," the king dismounted, and all the cavalry dismounted, and all the great host, officers and men, threw themselves on their faces. Oh, at the story of the Savior's love and the Savior's deliverance shall we not prostrate ourselves before him to-day, hosts of earth and hosts of heaven, falling upon our faces and crying, "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy name be the glory!" "Until the day break and the shadow flee away turn our beloved and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether."

TO WED MISS ALTA,

Daughter of Rockefeller, of Standard Oil Fame.

Chicago, April 13.—At a dinner given last night at the home of Mrs. Harold McCormick, No. 88 Bellevue place, in honor of Miss Alta Rockefeller, her engagement to E. Parmalee Prentice was formally announced. Surrounded by her best friends, the daughter of John D. Rockefeller told of her happiness, and was toasted and congratulated.

The announcement came as no surprise, for the close friendship between Miss Rockefeller and Mr. Prentice has long been known to their friends. Miss Rockefeller has been a frequent visitor at the home of her sister, who was married to Mr. McCormick five years ago.

MISS ALTA C. ROCKEFELLER.

Mr. Prentice has been marked in his attentions to Miss Rockefeller, and they have known each other since she was a schoolgirl. Miss Alta is now 31 years old. Her younger sister, Edith, who is two years her junior, was married five years ago to Harold McCormick, the son of a millionaire reaper manufacturer of Chicago.

No woman is educated who is not equal to the successful management of a family.—Burnap.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON NO. IV APRIL 22, 1900.

The Centurion's Servant Healed.—Luke 7 : 1-10

Supt.—What is the Golden Text? School.—Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.—Psa. ciii. 13.

What is the Central Truth?—Faith in Christ will always bring good results.

What is the topic?—The centurion's humility and faith.

What is the Outline?—"I. The centurion's character. II. His influential friends. III. His faith rewarded."

When was the time?—July or August, A. D. 28.

Where was the place?—Capernaum.

Who were the persons?—Jesus. The Elders of Israel. Friends of the centurion. The centurion. The servant.

What is the parallel account?—Matt. viii. 5, 13.

Commentary.—The healing of the centurion's servant took place immediately after the Sermon on the Mount was delivered, before Jesus made His tour into Southern Galilee.

1. When He had ended all His sayings—The sayings recorded in the preceding chapter and in the sermon He had just preached. In the audience of the people—What Christ said He said publicly; whoever might come and hear Him. He himself said, "In secret have I said nothing."—John xviii. 20.—Henry. He entered into Capernaum—Capernaum was where most of Christ's mighty deeds were performed.—Matt xii. 23. His miracles failed to produce repentance.

2. A certain centurion's servant—A centurion was a Roman officer who had charge of one hundred men. This servant was a slave. Who was dear unto him—Or, "who was in much esteem with him." "By this statement Luke means that this was not an ordinary slave, but a faithful servant, distinguished by many excellences, and very highly esteemed by his master." This mutual affection between master and slave is very touching, especially when we consider the brutality that so often marked the slavery of the ancients. Was sick—"Sick of the palsy, grievously tormented." Matt. vi. 6. And ready to die—At the point of death, R. V.

3. When he heard of Jesus—Of his arrival at Capernaum. He must have known of his miracles before this. Sent unto him the elders of the Jews—"These were either magistrates in the place, or the elders of the synagogue which the centurion had erected." V. 5. "He sent these, probably, because he thought they would have a greater influence with Christ. He was a Gentile, and evidently feared that Christ might not receive him. Beseeching him—Earnestly entreating him. These elders of the Jews must have been strongly attached to the centurion. Would come —They evidently thought it would be proper for him to go to the house, even though the centurion was a Gentile.

4. When they came to Jesus—Distress drives to Jesus, and Jesus comes to those in distress. It would be well with us if we would all go to Christ. They besought Him instantly—That is, earnestly and without a moment's delay. He was worthy—This is what the elders said of the centurion. His opinion of himself was very different.

5. He loveth our nation—The elders supposed they would be obliged to remove the prejudice against the Gentiles from the mind of Jesus. This was all the more remarkable, because but very few of the Gentiles loved the Jewish people. Hath built us a synagogue—This he had done at his own expense, having no doubt employed his own soldiers in the work.

6. Jesus went with them—Jesus was very ready to go with them. He is the Saviour of the Gentiles as well as the Jews. He who had preached the Gospel to the poor woman at the well would certainly be ready to help this centurion. Not far from the house—Jesus thought him as worthy as the Jews. No one is worthy; the blessings of the Lord always come to us as an act of mercy on the part of God. The centurion sent friends to Him—This was the second deputation, and it is quite likely that the centurion also came himself. See Matt. vi i., 5-8. Lord, trouble not Thyself—If he had known Jesus better he would have known that Jesus was anxious to help him. Christ pleads with us to open the door and let Him in. I am not worthy—He was only a Gentile and thus outside of the favored nation. He regarded Jesus as a superior being.

7. To come unto Thee—He felt as though he could not approach into the presence of one so great and so holy. The sinner who is truly penitent, humbles himself in just this way, and trembles as he approaches into the presence of Jesus. But say in a word—It is interesting to notice that Jesus had already wrought a miracle of this kind (about six months before this), when, by His word, spoken at a distance, the son of the nobleman at Capernaum had been healed. Shall be healed—He had no doubt, whatever, of Christ's ability to perform a complete cure, instantly, by just speaking the word.

8. Set under authority—That is, under the authority of others. The argument of the centurion was, that although he was under the authority of others, yet he had authority over others, and they went at his bidding; how much more could Christ, who was under the authority of no one, accomplish what He willed. "He is confident that Jesus can as easily send an angel to cure this servant of his, as he can send a soldier on an errand."—Henry.

He marveled at him—The only other time what Jesus is said to have been astonished is in Mark vi. 6, when He marveled because of unbelief. Said unto the people—Jesus would have His followers carefully observe the examples of great faith and profit thereby. Not found so great faith—We sometimes find faith where we least expect it. There is more faith on earth than we know of." Great faith is: 1. Noticed. 2. Praised. 3. Held up for imitation. 4. Honored. "What is the faith that is well pleasing to God, but which He does not find in Israel? 1. It is faith which springs from humility. 2. Which is joined with love. 3. Which aims after what is highest, and strives to appropriate it."

10. Found the servant whole—The healing took place at a distance from Christ. He usually came in contact with the sufferer, but He could heal by the word as well as by a touch.

Thoughts.—The centurion's faith was great. 1. When we consider the man in whom it was found. 2. In his view of Christ's power. 3. In its sole dependence upon Christ and His will. It needed no help from sight or sense; it made nothing of difficulty or distance. 4. It was great in its self-forgetting humbleness. There was not a vestige of desire for honor to Himself.—Laidlaw. The words, "I have not found," would suggest that Jesus was searching for faith, and when He found it He admired it, and commended it to others.

PRACTICAL SURVEY.

1. The centurion's character. From whatever standpoint we consider the case of this centurion his character stands forth in bold relief. Though an officer in the Roman army, having under him one hundred soldiers, yet, amidst all the temptations of a military life, amidst the sneers and reproaches of his irreligious and idolatrous brethren, this Gentile officer appears to have embraced and returned the principles of true piety. Note,

1. His humility. Though he had made application for Christ to heal his servant, he felt himself utterly unworthy of a visit from the God of Israel. "I am not worthy that thou shouldest enter under my roof." Yea, he did not consider that he was even fit to go in person to Christ, but sent those whom he thought were more becoming. "Wherefore neither thought I myself worthy to come unto thee." Such is the disposition of every truly pious person.

2. His faith. Here is "a stranger to the commonwealth of Israel," one who might be regarded by the chosen people as a heathen, manifesting such unheard of faith in Christ that, unlike Naaman who wanted the prophet to come to him and make a display of his power, he declared that all that was necessary for the Son of God to do was simply to speak the word and the glorious work would be done.

3. His generosity. At his own expense he built the Jews a new synagogue—probably the only one at Capernaum, in so doing he not only showed his large heartedness, but his veneration for the God of these conquered people, and his desire, like King Darius, to have an interest in their prayers. He proved the strength of his faith by his works, and wherever his name shall be spoken this act of his shall come up as a sweet memorial, "He hath built us a synagogue."

4. His deep concern for a sick servant. The centurion evidently had a tender heart. The many duties of his official life did not, as they often do in others, make him careless of the welfare of those who waited upon him.

II. His influential friends.—Not the least marvellous circumstance in this narrative is the earnestness with which the elders pleaded for this uncircumsized Gentile. "They besought him instantly"; were exceedingly urgent in their suit. The centurion thought he was not worthy of a visit, but these elders held the very opposite opinion. What they seemed particularly anxious to mention was that, though he was a Gentile, he was a hearty well-wisher to the Jewish nation and religion.

III. His faith rewarded. So well pleased was Christ with the centurion's faith that he said, as one amazed "I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel." What a wonderful eulogy from the Son of God! In that same hour was the cure instantly and perfectly wrought.

Let us learn, that all real goodness of character gives us a tremendous influence for good over others. In this case the persevering goodness and kind behavior of the centurion did much towards softening the inveterate prejudices of the Jews.

THE GLENCOE OUTRAGE.

Victim Reported to be in a Critical Condition.

FIVE MEN UNDER ARREST.

Sarah Dorsey, the victim of Tuesday night's brutal outrage at Glencoe, is still in a very critical condition, and her recovery is a matter of grave doubt. When found on Wednesday afternoon the woman was wandering in the streets in a dazed state, and despite the best medical treatment, she continues in the same condition.

The woman is colored, 38 years of age, and has been employed for several months as a laundress at the McKellar House. She was seldom known to go away from the hotel, spending her spare time in reading, her only fault being that she occasionally took a little too much to drink. On Tuesday she decided to go to London on the train which arrives in London about 11 p. m., and on going to the village station she purchased a return ticket. While waiting for the train, however, she was met by a young man known in the village, who told her the accommodation was half an hour late and suggested that they might pass the time by taking a walk. The young man said he also was going to London.

Shortly after leaving the station, the couple took a drink from a bottle of whiskey, which the woman had purchased, and later they took a drink from a bottle which the man produced, and from that time the woman was unconscious of her movements. After the assault she lay unconscious in McAlpine's ice house for eleven hours, and was subsequently locked up in a box stall at a hotel stable, from which she was released and turned into the street. When found by Mrs. McKellar, the woman was suffering intensely from cold, and Dr. Walker says that if she had not been possessed of a vigorous constitution she would soon have succumbed to her injuries.

When the woman left the hotel for the railway she was nicely dressed but the following day her clothing was badly torn.

The five persons arrested in connection with the affair are Monte Golding, William Archer, James Kelly, Arch McCallum and Bert Filmore. Golding is a married man. Filmore, who is only 16 years of age, was the stable boy at the McAlpine House, and the day following the outrage he was caught at Windsor.—St Thomas Journal.

A dishonest man is always a coward. He dare not take his chances with his fellow-man in an even and fair competition.

PUT HIS HEAD UNDER ICE.

How a Cookstown Man Committed Suicide.

HAD BEEN DRINKING HARD.

Beeton, April 13.—Alex. Lamont arrived in Cookstown from the vicinity of Bradford a few years ago, and worked two years for Col. Banting. Afterwards he was employed as hostler for Mr. Harry Leadley, but had been out of employment for some months, and during the past few weeks had been partaking too freely of the "cup that inebriates."

Wednesday morning he proceeded to Mr. Sam Milligan's, where he awakened the occupants of the household by walking up and down the veranda, crying murder and yelling that "they were after him."

It was easily discernible that Lamont was suffering from delirium tremens, and imagined he was being pursued by some men from Cookstown, who were desirous of taking his life. Mr. Milligan urged him to go to Constable Gilroy, of Cookstown, and finally got him started down the line. Instead, however, of going towards Cookstown, he turned in the direction of Alliston, and nothing more was heard of him until John Murphy's children noticed him go to a small creek, a few feet wide, with about eighteen inches of water therein, and deliberately take his own life by putting his head under the ice. Mr. Andrew Kidd, teacher in school section No. 18, being notified of the occurrence, went to the stream and found Lamont's head and shoulders under the ice. Mr. James Banting was notified, and immediately went to Alliston for a coroner, and an inquest was held yesterday. Deceased was about 50 years of age and an Englishman. He worked as hostler for Mr. Jos. Wardman, of the Commercial Hotel, Beeton, last December.

WIDOWER IN DEMAND.

Got 300 Offers of Marriage by an Advertisement.

BAIT, DEAD WIFE'S WARDROBE.

To those who find a pleasure in fathoming the feminine motive, an interesting study is afforded by the case of A. C. Holmes, widower, of Walton, N. Y., who advertised for a wife, and has received 300 replies, with letters still coming and several back counties yet to be heard from. Holmes is old and unattractive, but what he lacks in personal appearance is amply atoned for by his deep knowledge of woman nature. In his cunningly worded advertisement he offered as a matrimonial inducement the fact that his deceased wife had left a large assortment of wearing apparel in prime condition, also that he receives a pension of $16 a month. He insinuated that the ratio of 16 to 1 was rather heavy and that he yearned for some one to assist him in spending the stipend. With equal shrewdness he made the most of the great shame of so much good clothing being allowed to become motheaten in disuse. His method was so sordid and so altogether palpable that few expected the offer would be accepted by any. An avalanche of answers, however, was promotive of pessimism, for it seemed certain that many women were willing to give themselves in a mercenary marriage. Now, another cause for this flood of correspondence has been found, and faith in human nature is in a measure restored. Holmes is out with a card to the public, of which the following is an excerpt:

I Received about thre Hundred letters from Different ladeys from the Advertisement I Had Published and it seams that all of these Ladeys want to marry. It scams that some of them is almost crasey for me to marry them. But I don't know as I could marry the Hundred very well, * * I may say that the report Published in the Middletown Papers is a False Hood and the man that Published it no man at all. If a man can't speak good of another don's speak anything. Because the bible says, Thou shalt not go up and down as a Tail Bearer. * * * and I wood say that i wood say that I thank the Kind Ladeys every where for wrighting to me and i wood not Have Published this statement for a wife so soon but I could not live alone it was so loansome.

This effusion causes a belief that the widespread anxiety to wed Mr. Holmes springs not from a desire to don the late wife's wardrobe and assist in disbursing the lavish income, but rather from an admiration of his intellectual gifts. Such literary genius, combined with so exalted an idea of the mission of marriage, is enough to win the heart of any woman at once cultured and susceptible. There is a touch of pathos, however, in Mr. Holmes' expression of doubt as to his ability to relieve the insanity by wedding 300 women, betraying, as it does, a lack of self-confidence not at all related to statutory regulations. — N. Y. Telegraph.

Consideration for Wheelmen.

Public pumping stations are to be established in all the bicycle paths around St. Paul and Minneapolis. By dropping a penny in the slot the rider with a deflated tire may have the use of an air pump as long as necessity may require.

Educational Opportunities.

German women will hereafter enjoy an educational opportunity that has until now been withheld from them. It has been decided by the university at Heidelberg to admit women to the lectures of the university, and permit them to enter the examinations on an equality with men.

Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale is to write a volume of recollections dealing with the great number of men famous in literature and affairs with whom he had been intimate during his long life.

A famous artist is said to have replied to an inquiring visitor when asked with what he mixed his colors, "With brains, sir!"

THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION