REST COMETH AFTER ALL.

Beyond the toils, the burdens of the day,
Beyond the vampires and the vultures of life,
Are from the touch of the weary wing.
Beyond the longing and the yearning strife,
Beyond the darkness and the gloom of night,
Beyond the isles where shadows never fall,
And far beyond the vapor of mortal sight,
Rest cometh after all.

After the toast and the restless pain,
After the waking and the weary years,
After the conflict and the long, cold grave,
After the sorrow and the mortal tears,
Far, far beyond the lofty heights of Fame,
Beyond the hills where shadows never fall,
Beyond the fear of consorts and of tombs,
Rest cometh after all.

—Women's Journal.

The Soldiers of the Plains.

Our frontier swashbuckler is the best ideal of an irregular. The irregular horseman of all ages was recruited from among roving, undisciplined classes, and had, except in his own peculiar province, as plentiful a lack of good as he had a superabundance of bad qualities. Our trooper is intelligent and trained in the hardest of schools. Five civilians, who find it an easy to criticise the operations of the army in the west, would make much of a success in hunting a band of a few hundred Indians in a pathless wilderness or a waterless desert bigger than New York and New England combined; and yet, thus handicapped, what splendid work our cavalry has done!

While one civil department of the government has for years been busy sowing the seeds of strife and furnishing the red man arms of precision, the best of cartridges and plenty of them, here also, one handful of bluecoats, under orders of another, have managed to quell the Indian uprisings. A force of 50,000 men constantly on foot would have been none too great to do justice to our Indian problem since the war. The actual force has been less than a third of this number. Let whom is tempted to criticise the army make himself familiar with some of the deeds of heroism of the past twenty years by our soldiers on the plains. Criticism likewise before their recital. But the soldier is no boaster. You must seek his story from other lips than his.—Colonel T. A. Dodge in Harper's.

A Suggestion for a New Dish.

Only the silly prejudice of people has kept them from appreciating the amount of excellent nourishment to be obtained from grasshopper soup. John the Baptist seems to have preferred them with honey, probably because he could get his honey also without of the caverns and small caves in the rocks of the wilderness to which he resorted. Professor Riley, with a band of teachers, in 1873 thoroughly tested the qualities of these creatures during their invasion of Missouri. The report was altogether favorable.

An oyster is fully as objectionable as a grasshopper or a locust, but we have overcome our qualms against the eater of seaweed; why not against the eater of land vegetation? I do not know that we can make a toothsome morsel of May bugs, and so thin down the rascals, but I wish we might. I look at the ragged leaves of my pet trees with anxiety.—Mary E. Spencer in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Preaching to the Mines.

The gold fever of 1849, which it is difficult for the present generation to appreciate, is well suggested by this incident told by Dr. Charles R. Gillespie to The Century:

Passing up the street I came to a large unfinished frame house, the sashless windows and doorway crowded with a motley crew apparently intent upon something solemn happening within. After a little crowding and pushing I looked over the numerous heads in front and saw—could I believe my eyes!—a preacher, all rugged and as hairy as myself, holding forth to an attentive audience. Though the careless and noisy crowd was surging immediately without all was quiet within.

He spoke well and to the purpose, and warmed every one with his fire and impassioned delivery. He closed with a benediction, but prefaced it by saying, "There will be divine service in this house next Sabbath if in the meantime I hear of no new diggin's!"

Small Things in Telegraphy.

"Telegraph operators learn to appreciate the importance of small things," remarked a knight of the electric key the other night. "The omission of a single word or letter, or even a solitary dot or dash, in the transmission of a message may cause most serious consequences. The new writing and printing telegraphs undoubtedly would go far to insure accuracy were they in general use, but, take my word for it, no invention, however great, is going to be able to displace the old fashioned key and sounder for the next half century at least.

"The only way to secure absolute accuracy under the present system is to repeat all messages back to the sending station for comparison with the original manuscript, but this is done only in cases of the utmost importance. The proportion of errors in transmission, however, is very small indeed when the immense volume of business is considered. Yet occasionally very queer errors occur.

"I remember sending a message to Cleveland addressed thus, 'John Blank, care Bestslinger, Cleveland, Ohio.' The Bestslinger House is one of the oldest and best known hotels in Cleveland, and the dispatch was exactly equivalent to 'John Blank, care Grand Pacific, Chicago, Ills.' The message was undelivered, and after several inquiries I received an answer, 'No such vessel as steamer Ebbinger in harbor here.' The Cleveland operator in receiving my dispatch had interpreted the first three letters of the word 'Bestslinger' for the customary abbreviation for 'steamer,' and thus converted 'Bestslinger' into 'Steamer Ebbinger.'"—Chicago Mail.

"Mamma examining the photos of her small daughter's photographs—Gracie, why didn't you smile?

Gracie (aged six years, with an injured air)—I did, mamma, but the train didn't put it down.—Harper's Bazar.

TO BE SAVED.

What It Means—You Must Believe and Freely Confess Your Belief.

"I wish to be educated," "I want his character developed," "I desire my son to be trained," "I am striving for his reform," "I want to keep him from bad ways," "I am aiming at the right molding of my daughter's life," "I wish my children rightly-started in life"—such aspirations we often hear, uttered more or less articulately by parents and friends concerning others, or by the aspirants themselves. They are all laudable, but they are all included as to their essence in one word and an often used word. That word is "saved"—in the Bible sense, and merely from ignorance, bad habits, failure in life, and the like, but "saved," body and spirit, for time and eternity.

To be saved is to Deed from an evil ruling conscience, the dominion of sin, its ill consequences and the fear of them; to be content, at peace, even full of hope as to the great unknown future. It is to have the day of judgment divested of terror. It is to have positive gain and peace of conscience, freedom from the mastery of the world, an abiding, elevating, purifying motive toward well doing, which we's within, and is not dependent on human observation, and a hope which offsets present limitations like grief, poverty and pain, and actually converts these into benefits. It is to have a hope realized in the time of all that is involved—and how much that is eternity alone can disclose—in "eternal life."

The ordinary mind can see how much this heart believing implies. "I was guilty, guilty, God's law was broken by me, and I was under its penalty. Christ here is, and brought in righteousness. It is a free gift to me. I love God, who gifted me. I love Jesus, who saved me. I know his work is enough, for God raised him from the dead. I will be grateful as long as I live. I will try to please him, to honor him. I can never repay him, but in every way that he desires and shows me I will try to please him."

Now one of the ways in which he can be pleased and honored is the owning of him before men. When the Sanhedrim intrigued get Peter Alexander out of the way, the authors and subjects who were loyal to him felt bound to acknowledge him; stand up for him, call him their prince, and respect his government. What else could they do and be honest, manly and true to their convictions? When the Son of Man is cast out, rejected, disowned, by men in this world, and steps are set up in his place, what should, what could, his friends do but confess him? The believing with the heart is the privilege grace gives; the open confession is the duty inseparable from it. The two are put together. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."

Having accepted the grace, he assumes the duty. The doing of the duty is the evidence that the heart has accepted the grace. They are together in the prescription, but on different grounds. No special genius is necessary to the understanding of this. "Here," says the doctor to a patient shaking in disease, "is the specific for your malady. Take it, and keep as quiet as possible." The quiet may not be perfect, is not specific, but it is necessary in its place. So it is with the confession. Hence the strong language of the master, "Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my father which is in heaven."

Reader, are you doing these two things—believing and confessing? He who cannot lie says that they who do these things—two and yet one—do them "unto salvation." The means never fail of the end. The investment is never a failure. The remedy is never without the hoped for relief. The being saved is not, therefore, a mere sentiment, hope, or line of religious conduct. It carries the very man along, and makes right with God, and it brings, therefore, in its train the present well doing.—Rev. John Hall, D. D., in Congregationalist.

The South's Prosperity.

Financially the southern states are glowing with health and promise and rejoicing in the consciousness of their essential greatness. No force has been created by sensational advertising, but the world has been astonished by the latest statistics of wonderful growth, as shown in the national census of 1890. The sum of all is in the fact that the assessed value of property in nine states is estimated by the census officials to have grown from $3,000,000,000 in 1880 to $6,000,000,000 in 1890.

The reports of the census everywhere tell of enlarged and enlarging areas of cultivation, of new mines of coal and iron, excellent in quality and inexhaustible in quantity, of new manufactories in every department of human industry. All the bases of wealth and of sound and satisfactory finance are here; and in my opinion southern enterprises are animated, sustained and fortified by as sincere and high a regard for commercial credit and personal honor, and by as profound a conviction of the necessity of fair dealing as are to be found anywhere.

A Bad Breath.

A bad breath is certainly repulsive, and very properly so, not only because it is unpleasant in itself, but because it was always be remedied with proper care. If it proceeds from decayed teeth a dentist should be consulted; if from a disordered stomach it is a case for the physician. Two drams of chlorate of potash mixed with six ounces of rose water will make a purifying wash to rinse the mouth with every few hours.—Good Housekeeping.

Fast Livers.

"They live faster in the old world than we do here," said Hicks. "Why, its Friday morning in London before it reaches Thursday night here."—New York Truth.

Too Big for the Door.

Every man has a hobby and Judge Pratt has his. Strange to say, he imagines that he is something of a carpenter and would amuse new wood—not in the metaphorical sense, however—than grapple with the mysteries of the law. Once upon a time he undertook to build a boat. It was a good boat, staunch and trim. But there was one trouble with it. It could not be launched without pulling down the house in which it was built.

Get Out Doors.

Manage to somehow, but get out doors. Man was made to live in the open air. The Almighty is declared to have made man—though it is hard to believe it in case of some specimens we meet—but man certainly made houses. They are a necessary evil, but they rob us of our health, our good looks, our good figures and perfect limbs. Because we have protected ourselves with walls, with flannels and with felt hats, therefore we take cold if we sit in draughts or cool ourselves comfortably when overheated, and we grow hunchbacked.

Let us get back to nature. However man has petted, pampered and housed domestic animals and birds, they cannot begin to compare with those simply left alone in their native wilderness. The most of the best fed fowls and animals lose not the favor of wild birds or creatures. The brightest plumaged bird ever grown to captivity looks dull beside the dazzling colors of the wildwoods songster. A traveler writes that an grooming, carrying or oil rubs feeding of a gentleman's blooded carriage horse ever gave his coat the luster, lustre the fleece his form the grace displayed by the wild horse of the plains, which picks up its own food or starves. Reason—All these creatures live in the open air, as nature meant them to do.

Therefore get outdoors. Life in a tent on the water is good; life in a tent in the woods is good. Only get near to Mother Earth and draw electricity and the vital fluid from her into your own body. You are starved of red blood, and your eyes are dimmed with much poring over miserable books. Your back is crooked and your feet are covered with corns. Go barefooted if you can, and hardshadow. If mankind would do that, rheumatism and bald heads would flee into the dark and muddy past.

Spend several weeks with the waters, the sky and the earth. Let the winds blow around you freely. You will learn to love them so that they will never again give you cold. Make the elements your friends and they will not harm you. Throw away your umbrella and let the loving, life bringing rays kiss your cheeks at will. Swim, fish, walk, row, ride, or just lie upon the grass and listen to the sweet whisperings of the trees. Two-thirds of our ailments have come because we have ceased to live outdoors.

The First Gold Discovery.

Rev. R. T. Cross tells in The Magazine of American History an old story of the first gold discovery in western America. Lieutenant, afterward General Zebulon M. Pike, for whom Pike's peak was named, was in New Mexico, then Mexican territory, in 1807. At Santa Fe, working at the carpenter trade among the Mexicans, was a citizen of the United States named Pursley, originally from Bardstown, Ky. The carpenter had been out on the plains with a hunting party. Encountering hostile Horse they were driven to the high grounds in the rear of Pike's peak. In this region, near the headwaters of the La Plata river, Pursley found gold. He carried it with him to Santa Fe and had it still in his possession when Lieutenant Pike found him in 1807.

The Mexicans had used every inducement to persuade Pursley to go with them and show them the gold region. They had even offered to send a strong force of cavalry with him as an escort, but he had refused, because he believed the district in which the yellow metal had been found belonged properly to the United States. If gold really existed in large quantities there, as Pursley believed it did, then Mexico would certainly have claimed the discovery. So Pursley kept his secret from patriotic motives and hided his time. Unfortunately, his time never came. Lieutenant Pike published the story in his reports, but nobody followed up the clue. Time went on. The Mexican war was fought and a vast territory gained for the United States. Then it was, only a few years later, that the gold field was rediscovered, undoubtedly in United States territory, for we had conquered it.

The death of Sir John Macdonald may make great changes in Canadian politics. The party hostile to the United States has lost its head and front. Sir John did not hate us for ourselves, but because he went in with all his soul for the independent greatness of Canada. It meant his own greatness. For this reason he wrought and schemed year by year to make the Dominion of Canada onward. He tried to keep Canada hostile to us because he feared annexation, knowing in his heart that the real interests of that country lie with the United States. So he did all he could to belittle and annoy us. And after all they buried him in a Yankee coffin, made at West Meriden, Conn. He would not rest easy in his grave if he knew it.

"The Right Honorable the Earl of Meath" believes strongly in compulsory physical education, and looks forward to the time when physical culture in schools will be thought as much a necessity as to learn the alphabet. Certainly, with the decreased physical exercise consequent on mankind's living in office and engaging in sedentary employments, some compensation must be found somewhere for the loss of the active outdoor habits man gave up when modern civilization entered in.

Seventy-five hundred is the limit in seal killing this season by order of the treasury department.

AN AFTERNOON MEDITATION.

Mr. Spurgeon was once asked to lash the then prevailing folly—the bicycle hornet. This he did in the following words, "I have been requested to rebuke the bonnets of the day." All faces were immediately upturned, and scanning the index of the congregation he added, "Really, I see none!"—no more bitter rebuke than any other words could have conveyed.—London Tit-Bits.

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