A COLONIAL ROSE.

De Rochambeau came riding down
On his prancing charger through the town.
With careworn wrinkle and weary frown
His brow was shaded,
And she, with a gesture debonair,
Threw him a rose from her powdered hair,
The fairest maid of Washington Square
In gown brocaded.

Fled for a moment war and wile
As he caught the rose with courtly smile,
And thought of a maid of France, the while
His glance had met her—
A maid of France, of an ancient race,
A master painted her there, a face
Whose radiant charms and dainty grace
Let none forget her.

And again he saw the old chateau
Where the roses hung in garlands low
When he rode away long years ago.
She died soon after.
Ah, roughish maid of Washington Square
Whose gray old Puritan town has no fair,
You little know why he lingered there
To hear your laughter!
—Charlotte Becker in The Smart Set.

A Saintly Sinner.

BY ELIZABETH M. GILMER.

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When handsome Jack Orton announced his engagement to Marian Harding to his sister, she being a discreet woman, only lifted an eyebrow, and asked him if he was quite sure his choice was a wise one. The girl belonged to a very different world from the gay, fashionable, pleasure seeking one in which they were each conspicuous figures. Still, Jack was old enough to know his own tastes and mind, and when all is said, a man marries for himself and not his sister. So she forbore to say any of the nasty things a man's people usually do when he marries out of his set, and merely laid a very tender hand upon his shoulder as she asked over again if he was sure it was for the best.

She is an angel, he had replied enthusiastically, and his sister had made a mock gesture of despair.

My poor boy, she exclaimed, she is as bad as all that? Don't tell anyone, having to live with her would be a penance. You would not have her in the house.

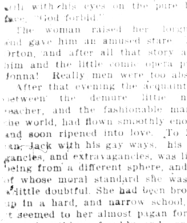
But Orton laughed with the fatuous self complacence of the newly engaged, and went off to his dressing room to "brush sweetheart" as he called it, while the girls' influence to all the other women in the house had been the first thing that attracted him to her. He had met at a big crush at a fashionable house, where she had been presented by virtue of being a far away cousin of the hostess, and there in the white frock, among all the glitter, and spangles, and flash of jewels, and cold display of white, bare shoulders and arms, she had made him think of a wild flower suddenly transplanted amidst the overblown roses in a conservatory. Then somebody had asked her to sing, and she had startled even that blase assemblage with a voice so pure, so sweet, and true, and with such a passion of expression in its tones that it had made the simple ballad she sang seem like a prayer, a part to heart. There was a minutes' silence when she was done, and then a woman standing near Orton exclaimed,

"Fancy any one with a voice like that having it "on" to be connected with the children. They say she had amazing offers from opera managers to go on the stage, but that horrible old Puritan of a father of hers has brought her up to believe that the stage is the very door to perdition."

"Go on the stage," repeated Orton, with rich eyes on the pure little face, "God forbid."

The woman raised her lorgnette and gave him an amused stare. Jack Orton and after all that, and a child like him and the little comic opera prima donna! Really men were too absurd!

After that evening the acquaintance between the demure little music teacher, and the fashionable man of the world, had flown smoothly enough, and soon ripened into love. To Marian Jack with his gay ways, his elegancies, and extravagancies, was like a being from a different sphere, and one of whose moral standard she was a little doubtful. She had been brought up in a hard, and narrow school, and it seemed to her almost pagan for one to enjoy things frankly and openly, while to love life and laughter, the delights of a good dinner, and a glass of sparkling wine, and the smile of a



"She is an angel!"

woman's fair face, seemed to her nothing less than a sinful pandering to the lusts of the flesh, as her stern old father called it.

It is, however, the province of earthly angels to always judge their fellow creatures hardly, and Marian delivered many a sermon to Jack on his worldliness and wickedness, which the big hearted, loving, generous fellow received with outward meekness, and inward mirth. She really looked very delicious with that little earnest frown on her face, and it pleased him to think she was considering his soul instead of the diamonds he would give her. After all, though, one does not care to be always spoken to from the heights of superior spirituality, and there began to be jarring notes. He discovered that Marian was provincially prejudiced against things of which she knew nothing, and that in many ways she was intolerant and bigoted. Her own life had been so removed from all temptation she had no sympathy, as wiser people will have, for those who have been more pressed, and have failed.

Finally they quarreled about some question about a woman whom Jack defended, and the girl had given him a talking quoting self righteously something about being unequally yoked with an unbeliever.

It takes a saint to be unforgiving. Jack, who loved the girl with all his great soul, would have kissed, and made up, but Marian refused to see him the next day, and after making various fruitless efforts he buried himself and his troubles in the depths of a winter hunting camp.

After he left evil days fell on the little household. The old father became ill, and nurses and doctors ate up Marion's little bank account, and her cheek grew wan and thin trying to make one dollar do the work of three. It had always been her custom to go on Sunday afternoons to the hospital to sing to the patients, and it chanced, at this time, there was a little lad there in whom she took a great interest. He was a jockey who had been badly hurt in a hurdle race and who was slowly recovering from his injuries. To him Marian with her pretty face and glorious voice was the one bright spot in the dreary days of con-

valescence. [illegible] and her visit.

One afternoon [illegible] their words to [illegible] and [illegible] opportunities of the home and [illegible] were asking for it was not to see him, and he greeted her with shining eyes.

"Say miss," he said, "don't be no side partner, he was down yesterday as for give me a dollar, though I'll put you next. Anita just got a week over."

"Anita who's she," inquired Marian vaguely.

"The boy's pet. Youse don't know Anita? He, he, she's a race mare and say, de talent ain't on to her. Say, it's goin' to be a hundred to one shot Gee, don't I wish I was out of dis and he moved impatiently.

"Hundred to one shot," repeated Marian, "what's that?"

Shucks," he cried and the talking very slowly as if explaining things to a child. "Youse puts up one dollar, if de hoss he pays 'em one hundred of youse wins."

"I bet," Marian exclaimed, but doesn't somebody lose then?"

The hankies de time, she explained the boy with conviction, but dey dead lonsy wid boodle an it's a charity to relieve 'em say, she'd a fit, so let them [illegible] of us. It's [illegible] graft, it's a bad pipe cinch."

In the end Marian did. On the way home she told herself that it was because the money was to use for others, but in her soul she knew she had been tempted, and fallen, just like every other sinner, but all her misguided self-righteousness was swept away, and she understood, and pitied and loved, as she had never done before all the great sinning, struggling, suffering brotherhood of mankind.

As the boy had predicted Anita won, and the next time she went to the hospital he put in her hands a great roll of bills, but for answer she only gathered him in her arms.

"Oh, Tom," she cried, "I am nothing but a common, wicked gambler!"

"Naw yer ain't," the boy returned disgustedly, "yer ain't got de nerve. Yer ain't nothing but a bloomin saint."

That night a very humble letter went to Jack's club, and being forwarded brought that gentleman in a few days to Marian's door.

Somehow, in the new light that had come to her, she knew that a fellow sinner would understand and forgive, and that it is only the wrath of the righteous we have to fear, so without one word she fled to Jack's arms and sobbed out her story on his breast, her temptation, her sin, and her yielding. When she was done he looked at her with a very grave smile in his eyes.

"Sweetheart," he said, "you were very earthly as an angel, but you are simply heavenly as a sinner, and for the first time in her life Marian understood.

Tobacco Grown in Europe.

In nearly all European countries tobacco is cultivated and manufactured under state supervision and as a leading source of public revenue. It is a state monopoly in France, Austria-Hungary, Italy and Spain, and in other countries it is subject to state regulation and heavy excise duties. It is a curious fact that in England the cultivation of tobacco as a crop is prohibited by a tax so high on every acre sown with tobacco seed that no English man could afford to grow it, except as a sheph Chamberlain orchids as an expensive fad. The origin of this prohibition is still more curious. It originated in the reign of Charles II, when parliament passed a law forbidding the growth of tobacco in England for the express purpose of encouraging trade with the new colony of Virginia.

Players' Club Shows Gratitude.

Members of the Players' club, New York, have just given to the Church of the Transfiguration, the "little church around the corner," a Bible for the lectern, whose paper, typography and binding are the finest possible. The present rector of the church is George C. Houghton, son of the rector, Rev. George H. Houghton, who opened the church for the funeral services of George Holland, the comedian, after another Episcopalian clergyman had refused to perform them.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

RESURRECTION OF THE REDEEMER SUNDAY'S SUBJECT

Now Is Christ Risen from the Dead and Become the First Fruits of Them That Slept"—First Book Corinthians, Chapter Twenty-Five, Twentieth Verse

Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopsch, N. Y.

Washington, April 7.—The great Christian festival celebrated in all the churches is the theme of Dr. Talmage's discourse. I Corinthians xv, 20, "Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept"

On this glorious Easter morning, amid the music and the flowers, I give you Christian salutation. This morning, Russian meeting Russian on the streets of St. Petersburg hails him with the salutation, "Christ is risen!" and is answered by his friend in salutation. "He is risen indeed!" In some parts of England and Ireland to this very day there is the superstition that on Easter morning the sun dances in the heavens. And well may we forgive such an superstition, while it records the fact that the natural world seems to sympathize with the spiritual.

Hail Easter morning! Flowers! Flowers! All of them a-once all of them a-tongue all of them full of speech to-day. I bend over one of the lilies and I say to it, Consider the lilies of the field how they grow, they toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. I bend over a rose and it seems to whisper, "I am the rose of Sharon." And then I stand and listen. From all sides there comes a voice, and the flowers are saying, "If God so clothed the grass of the field which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

Flowers, flowers! Heard them in the cradle hair. Heard them on the bridal hair. Heard them [illegible] of the [illegible] of the dead sweet emblems of the coming Flowers, flowers! Twist them into a garland for my Lord Jesus on Easter morning, and Gods be to the Father, and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen. The women came to the Saviour's tomb, and they dropped spices all around the tomb, and those spices were the seed that began to grow, and from them came all the flowers of this Easter morn. The two angels robed in white came down, and rolled away the Saviour's tomb, and they buried it with such force down the hill that it crushed in the dogs of the world's sepulchre, and the stars and the dead must come forth.

The Word, Great Conqueress.

If I should come to you and ask you for the name of the great conqueress of the world you would say Alexander, Caesar, Philip, Napoleon I. Ah, you have forgotten to mention the name of a greater conqueress than all these, a regal, a ghastly conqueror. Rode on a black horse across Waterloo and Chalons and Austerlitz, the horse's hoofs crushing the hearts of nations. It is the conqueror Death. He carries a black flag and he takes no prisoners. He digs a trench across the human species and fills it with the carcasses of nations. Fifty times would the world have been depopulated had not God kept making it for the generations. Fifty times the world would have swung lifeless through the air no man on the mountain, no man on the sea, an abandoned ship plowing through imminently. Again and again has he done this work with all generations. He is doing it well at a conqueror, his palace a sepulcher, his footfalls the falling tears of a world. Blessed be God! In the light of this Easter morning, I see the prophecy that his sceptre shall be broken, and his palace shall be demolished. The time will come when all the dead are their graves shall come forth. Christ risen, we shall rise. Jesus, the first fruits of them that slept"

Now, around this doctrine of the resurrection there are a great many mysteries. You come to me and say, If the bodies of the dead are to be raised, how is this and how is that? Can you ask me a thousand questions I am incompetent to answer. But there are a great many things you believe that you are not able to explain. You would be a very foolish man to say, "I don't believe anything I can't understand." Why, putting down a single kind of flower seed, comes there up this flower of this color? Why, putting down another flower seed, comes there up a flower of this color? One flower white, another flower yellow, another flower crimson. Why the difference when the seeds look to be very much alike are very much alike? Explain three things Explain that wart on the finger. Explain the difference why the oak leaf is different from the leaf of the hickory. Tell me how the Lord Almighty can turn the chariot of his omnipotence on the axletree of a pebble? Tell me these things if you can, and questions about your existence you cannot answer. I will ask you a thousand questions about everyday life you cannot answer.

Significance of a Great Sound.

You have noticed, I suppose, in reading the story of the resurrection that almost every account of the Bible gives to us that the characteristic of the day will be a great sound. I do not know that it will be very loud, but I know it will be very penetrating. In the mausoleum where silence has reigned a thousand years that voice must penetrate. In the coral cave of the deep that voice must penetrate. Millions of spirits will come through the gates of eternity, and they will come to the tombs of the earth, and they will say, Give us back our bodies, we gave them to you in corruption, surrender them now in incorruption. Hundreds of spirits hovering about the fields of Gettysburg, for there the bodies are buried. A hundred thousand spirits coming to Greenwood, for there the bodies are buried, waiting for the reunion of body and soul.

All along the sea route from New York to Liverpool, at every few miles where a steamer went down, departed spirits coming back, hovering over the wave. There is where the City of Boston perished. Found at last. There is where the President perished. Steamer found at last. There is where the Central America went down. Spirits hovering, hundreds of spirits, hovering waiting for the reunion of body and soul. Out on the prairie a spirit alights. There is where a traveler died in the snow. Crash goes Westminster Abbey, and the poets and the orators come forth; wonderful mingling of good and bad. Crash go the pyramids of Egypt, and the monarchs come forth.

The Immortal Body.

"But," you say, "if this doctrine of the resurrection is true, as prefigured by this Easter morning, can you explain to us satisfactorily the resurrected body?" I can. There are mysteries about that, but I shall tell you three or four things in regard to the resurrected body that are beyond guessing and beyond mistake.

In the first place I remark in regard to your resurrected body, it will be a glorious body. The body we have now is a mere skeleton of what it would have been if sin had not married and defaced it. Take the most exquisite statue that was ever made by an artist and chip it here and chip it there with a chisel and batter and bruise it here and there with the storms of ages, the storms of a hundred years, and the beauty would be gone. Well the human body has been chipped and battered and bruised and damaged with the storms of thousands of years, the physical defects of other generations coming down from generation to generation, we inheriting the infelicities of past generations. But in the morning of the resurrection the body will be adorned and beautified according to the original model. And there is no such difference between a gymnast and an emaciated wretch in a lazaretto as there will be between the bodies as they are now and our resurrected forms. There you will see the perfect eye after the waters of death have washed out the stains of sin, and how it will flash with delight and how it will see! No more dimness of vision, no more [illegible] from the kindness of the sun, no more [illegible] from the brightness of the sun, but the eye created and clarified after the [illegible] and the shoulder, the very life of God in the body. In this world the most conspicuous thing is the most expressive thing is the human face, but that face is filled with the ghosts of a thousand years of sin and sorrow, but in that world will be taken away from the face, and the mondays will be dull and dim and stupid compared with the enthralling glories of the countenances of the saved. When those faces of the right song, those resurrected faces turn toward the gate of heaven to await the throne it will be like the dawning of a new morning on the bosom of everlasting [illegible] of glorious resurrected bodies!

But I remark, also, in regard to that body which you are to get in the resurrection, it will be an important body. Now you are sick, and you say, Some day my body has said that as soon as we begin to live we begin to die. Unless we keep putting the fuel into the furnace the furnace goes out. The blood vessels are canals taking the freight ships to all parts of the body. We must be respired and born by hour, day by day. We must eat and drink from time to time, or else we get there are rivers of [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and