

The old man's VALENTINE.



HEY say this is the
time for youth,
When maidens sigh and lovers pine;
When birds seek out their feathered mates,
As I sought thee, my Valentine.

When "young men's fancies lightly turn
To thoughts of love"—as once turned mine;
A half a century ago.
To thee, my only Valentine.

Does love belong alone to youth?
No, in your eyes I still define,
Amid the lines old Time has traced,
The true gaze of my Valentine.

And though the snows of winter now
Are scattered 'mid those locks of thine,
Yet still I see, in memory's glass,
The tresses of my Valentine.

Your hands, perhaps, with loving care
For others, are less silken fine—
But ah! how beautiful to me,
My faithful, patient Valentine.

No, love is not for youth alone;
In toil and care it thrives—and time
But strengthens every tender tie
Which binds me to my Valentine.

My bride of fifty loving years!
Can youthful trust so brightly shine
As this, by sorrow often tried,
By toil refined, my Valentine?

God's blessing on your toll-worn face!
God's blessing on each tender line
Engraved by hard endurance there
Since you became my Valentine!

Then prate not of a fledgling love!
Ours typifies the home divine,
Which you and I together wait,
Thus—hand in hand—my Valentine.

Fannie E. Newberry, in Detroit Free Press.

BONNIE'S VALENTINE.

Bonnie got a valentine,
Gay in colors, red and gold,
But she could not read it for
She is only five years old.

So she listened while mamma,
With a smile, the verses read,

And until the very end
Not a single word she said.

"Little maid," twas thus they ran,
"Pretty, dainty valentine,
With red cheeks and fawn curlis,
And brown eyes that brightly spinn,
Auntie, to many names."

"Bridie," "Darling," "Wee Wild Rose"—
You are sweeter, sweeter far
Than the sweetest that grows."

With prettiest disdain
Bonnie said: "All that before
I have heard aousand times—
Yes, a thousand times, and more.
Great old valentine, I think."
(And her lip began to curl.)

"Telling fings a girl has known
Ever since she's been a girl."

Detroit Free Press.

BRIDGET'S VALENTINE.

RANK WOOLLETT and his sister Rose were sitting at the table one afternoon busily engaged in cutting and pasting, bits of paper of various colors together. It was St. Valentine's day and the two children were having great fun cutting out pink and blue and yellow hearts and pasting them with arrows or concocting wonderful rhymes designed to melt the heart of the receiver.

Frank was staring out of the window thoughtfully biting the end of his lead pencil as he tried to think of a suitable word that would rhyme with love, and Rose was so deeply absorbed in pasting some beautiful green stars upon a pale pink sheet of paper that a ring at the door bell was unheard; so that both the children were much delighted as well as surprised when Daisy Lawler came dancing into the room with a pasteboard box under her arm, from beneath the cover of which protruded gay bits of paper.

"Oh, halloo, Daisy!" exclaimed Frank. "Are you going to make valentines, too? That will be jolly."

"Yes, come and sit down here, Daisy," said Rose, drawing up a chair to the table as she spoke. "Have you made any yet?"

"Yes three lovely ones," was their visitor's answer, as she seated herself beside Rose and opened the box. "There! Don't you think those are pretty?" she continued, as she spread out the finished valentines, gorgeous with stars and crescents and hearts.

After these were admired and commented upon Frank and Rose displayed theirs, and then the combined wisdom and ingenuity of the three were taxed to the utmost in the making of several new ones. Their little tongues chattered merrily, and the hours sped by until it grew dark almost before they were ready. However, when Bridget came in with the lamp, they had quite a pile of valentines, all sealed and directed, and Daisy was just finishing her last one.

"Who is that one for?" asked Rose, with a cheerful disregard for the rules of grammar.

"Well, I suppose maybe you'll laugh at me when I tell you," began Daisy, "but I'm going to send it to our coachman. He's real lonesome, I guess, for he lives alone over the stable and keeps house all by himself. Yesterday, when he took me down to school because it was so stormy, he was telling me about it and how all his friends were in 'Old Ireland'."

"Poor fellow!" murmured Bridget as she went about the room putting things

to rights. "It's a hard thing to be so far from your friends," and she hastily wiped her eyes on a corner of her apron as she spoke.

"I don't know just what to put on this page," said Daisy. "I haven't any pretty pictures left and, besides, I'd like to put something on it to remind him of Ireland."

"Indeed now, Miss Daisy," replied Bridget, "I've got what will just suit you if you'll wait till I go and get it," and she hurried out of the room and upstairs. A moment after she returned with something in her hand which she placed carefully upon the empty page of the valentine. It proved to be a pretty little leaf cut out of bright green satin and was just the right size for the space it was to occupy. It did look very pretty lying upon the pink paper, and Bridget was greatly pleased at the admiration expressed by the three children.

"It's a shamrock leaf," she explained, as Daisy carefully gummed it to the paper. "It was given to me in the old country and your coachman will be sure to like it, Miss Daisy, for all who are homesick for Ireland love the dear little shamrock," and she sighed as she spoke.

"Thank you, Bridget, for giving it to me. It's perfectly lovely, and I know

treat to where the other two were secreted behind a convenient tree or a neighboring stoop.

Once or twice they were pounced upon and nearly caught by children on the watch just within the door, but they managed to escape and fled laughing down the street. At last all the valentines had been disposed of except the one designed for Dennis, and the children made their way to the narrow street in the rear of Daisy's house, where the stable was situated over which Dennis lived.

"He'll have to come all the way downstairs, so let's all go up to the door and knock as loud as we can and then run," proposed Daisy. So the three stepped on the broad doorsill and knocked with all their might and then ran as fast as they could go—straight into the arms of a big, broad-shouldered man. For a moment they were frightened, and Rose screamed right out, but then Daisy recognized him and laughed: "Why, it's Dennis himself."

"Yes, now I've caught you, you young rogues," he said. "And what is this you are leaving on the doorstep?" and he stooped and picked up the white envelope, which could be plainly seen by the light of the street lamp.

"It's a valentine Daisy sent you, be-

GOD AMONG THE FISHES.

Dr. Talmage Discourses on the Ichthyology of the Bible.

The Importance of the Finny Tribes in the Economy of Nature—The Monsters of the Deep—Fishing for Souls with Bible Bait.

The following discourse, in continuation of his series on "God Everywhere," was delivered by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage in the Brooklyn tabernacle. The text was:

And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creatures that hath life. Genesis 1.20.

What a new Book the Bible is! After thirty-six years preaching from it and discussing over three thousand different subjects founded on the word of God, the Book is as fresh to me as when I learned, with a stretch of infantile memory, the shortest verse in the Bible, "Jesus wept," and I opened a few weeks ago a new realm of biblical interest that neither my pulpit nor anyone else's had ever explored, and having spoken to you in this course of sermons on "God Everywhere" concerning the "Astronomy of the Bible, or God Among the Stars;" "The Chronology of the Bible, or God Among the Centuries;" "The Ornithology of the Bible, or God Among the Birds;" "The Mineralogy of the Bible, or God Among the Amethysts," this morning, as I may be divinely helped, I will speak to you about "The Ichthyology of the Bible, or God Among the Fishes."

Our horses were lathered and tired out, and their fetlocks were red with the blood cut out by the rocks, and I could hardly get my feet out of the stirrups as on Saturday night we dismounted on the beach of Lake Galilee. The rather liberal supply of food with which we had started from Jerusalem was well nigh exhausted, and the articles of diet remaining had by oft repetition, three times a day for three weeks, ceased to appetize. I never want to see a fig again, and dates with me are all out of date. For several days the Arab caterer, who could speak but half a dozen English words, would answer our requests for some of the articles of food with which we had been delectated the first few days, by crying out, "Finished." The most piquant appetizer is abstinence, and the demand of all the party was, "Let us breakfast on Sunday morning on fresh fish from Lake Gennesareth," for you must know that that lake has four names, and it is worth a profusion of nomenclature, and it is in the Bible called Chinnereth, Tiberias, Gennesareth and Galilee. To our extemporized table on Sabbath morning came broiled perch, only a few hours before lifted out of the sacred waters. It was natural that our minds should revert to the only breakfast that Christ ever prepared, and it was on those very shores where we breakfasted. Christ had, in those olden times, struck two flints together and set on fire some shavings or light brushwood, and then put on larger wood, and a pile of glowing bright coals was the consequence. Meanwhile, the disciples, fishing on the lake, had awfully "poor luck," and every time they drew up the net it hung dripping without a fluttering fin or squirming scale. But Christ, from the shore, shouted to them, and told them where to drop the net, and one hundred and fifty-three big fish rewarded them. Simon and Nathaniel having cleaned some of those large fish, brought them to the coals which Christ had kindled, and the boy who acted as sutler to the seven thousand people of the wilderness handed over—five barley loaves and two fishes. The boy must have felt badly when called on to give up the two fishes which he had brought out after having caught them himself, sitting with his bare feet over the bank of the lake and expecting to sell his supply at good profit, but he felt better when by the miracle the fish were multiplied and he had more returned to him than he had surrendered.

What made the twelve apostles such stalwart men that they could endure anything and achieve everything? Next to Divine inspiration, it was because they were nearly all fishermen, and lived on fish and a few plain condiments. Paul, though not brought up to swing the net and throw the line, must of necessity have adopted the diet of the population among whom he lived, and you see the phosphorus in his boldest of all utterances before the seers on Mars Hill, and the phosphorus as he went without fright to his beheading, and the phosphorus you see in the lives of all the apostles, who moved right on undaunted to certain martyrdom, whether to be decapitated or flung off precipices or hung in crucifixion. Phosphorus shining in the dark without burning! No man or woman that ever lived was independent of questions of diet. Let those who by circumstances are compelled to simplicity of diet thank God for their rescue from the temptation of killing delicacies. The men and women who are to decide the drift of the twentieth century, which is only seven or eight steps off, are now five miles back from the rail station and had for breakfast this morning a similar bill of fare to that which Christ provided for the fishermen disciples on the banks of Lake Galilee. Indeed, the only articles of food that Christ by miracle multiplied were bread and fish, which the boy who acted as sutler to the seven thousand people of the wilderness handed over—five barley loaves and two fishes. The boy must have felt badly when called on to give up the two fishes which he had brought out after having caught them himself, sitting with his bare feet over the bank of the lake and expecting to sell his supply at good profit, but he felt better when by the miracle the fish were multiplied and he had more returned to him than he had surrendered.

Notice also how the Old Testament writers drew similitudes from the fisheries. Jeremiah uses such imagery to prophesy destruction: "Behold, I will send for many fishers, saith the Lord, and they shall fish them." Ezekiel uses fish imagery to prophesy prosperity: "It shall come to pass that the fishers shall stand upon it from En-gedi even to En-eglaim; they shall be a place to spread forth nets; their fish shall be according to their kinds, as the fish of the great sea, exceeding many." The explanation of which is that En-gedi and En-eglaim stood on the banks of the Dead Sea, in the waters of which no fish, but the prophet says that the time will come when these waters will be regenerated and they will be great places for fish. Amos reproves idolatries by saying: "The day shall come upon you when He will take you away with hooks and your prosperity with fishhooks." Solomon, in Ecclesiastes, declares that those captured in temptation are as fishes taken in an evil net. Indeed, Solomon knew all about the finny tribe and wrote a treatise on ichthyology, which has been lost.

Furthermore, in order that you may understand the ichthyology of the Bible, you must know that there were five ways of fishing. One was by a fence of reeds and canes, within which the fish were caught. But the Herodic government forbade that on Lake Galilee, lest pleasure boats be wrecked by the stakes driven. Another mode was by spearing; the waters of Galilee so clear, good aim could be taken for the transfixing. Another was by hook and line, as where Isaiah says: "The fishers also shall mourn and they shall cast angle into the brooks shall lament." And Job says: "Canst thou draw out Leviathan with a hook?" And Habakkuk says: "They take up all of them with the angle." Another mode was by a casting net or that which was flung from the shore. Another by a dragnet or that which was thrown from a boat and drawn through the sea as the fishing smack sailed on. How wonderful all this is wrought into the Bible imagery, and it leads me to ask in which mode are you and I fishing, for the church is the

fish part. The top part, which was the figure of a man, was dashed to pieces, and the Lord, by demolishing everything but the stump or fish part of the idol, practically said: "You may keep your fish, but know from the way I have demolished the rest of the idol that it is nothing Divine."

The Lord, by placing the fish in the first course of the menu in Paradise, making it precede bird and beast, indicated to the world the importance of the fish as an article of human food. The reason that men and women lived three hundred, and four hundred, and five hundred, and nine hundred years was because they were kept on parched corn and fish. We mix up a fantastic food that kills the most of us before thirty years of age. Custards and whipped sillabubs and Roman punches and chicken salads at midnight are a gauntlet that few have strength to run. We put on a tombstone glowing epithets saying that the person beneath died of patriotic services or from exhaustion in religious work when nothing killed the poor fellow but lobster eaten at a party four hours after he ought to have been sound asleep in bed. There are men to-day in our streets so many walking hospitals who might have been athletes if they had taken the hint of Genesis in my text and of our Lord's remark and adhered to simplicity of diet. The reason that country districts have furnished most of the men and women of our time who are doing the mightiest work in merchandise, in mechanics, in law, in medicine, in theology, in legislative and congressional halls, and all the presidents from Washington down—at least, those who have amounted to anything—is because they were in those country districts of necessity kept on plain diet. No man or woman ever amounted to anything who was brought up on floating island or angel cake. The world must turn back to paradise diet if it is to get paradise health. The human race to-day needs more phosphorus, and the fish is charged and surcharged with phosphorus. Phosphorus, that which shines without burning.

What made the twelve apostles such stalwart men that they could endure anything and achieve everything? Next to Divine inspiration, it was because they were nearly all fishermen, and lived on fish and a few plain condiments. Paul, though not brought up to swing the net and throw the line, must of necessity have adopted the diet of the population among whom he lived, and you see the phosphorus in his boldest of all utterances before the seers on Mars Hill, and the phosphorus as he went without fright to his beheading, and the phosphorus you see in the lives of all the apostles, who moved right on undaunted to certain martyrdom, whether to be decapitated or flung off precipices or hung in crucifixion. Phosphorus shining in the dark without burning! No man or woman that ever lived was independent of questions of diet. Let those who by circumstances are compelled to simplicity of diet thank God for their rescue from the temptation of killing delicacies. The men and women who are to decide the drift of the twentieth century, which is only seven or eight steps off, are now five miles back from the rail station and had for breakfast this morning a similar bill of fare to that which Christ provided for the fishermen disciples on the banks of Lake Galilee. Indeed, the only articles of food that Christ by miracle multiplied were bread and fish, which the boy who acted as sutler to the seven thousand people of the wilderness handed over—five barley loaves and two fishes. The boy must have felt badly when called on to give up the two fishes which he had brought out after having caught them himself, sitting with his bare feet over the bank of the lake and expecting to sell his supply at good profit, but he felt better when by the miracle the fish were multiplied and he had more returned to him than he had surrendered.

But be sure before you start out to the Gospel fisheries to get the right kind of bait. "But, how," you say, "am I to get it?" My answer is: "Dig for it." "Where shall I dig for it?" "In the rich Bible grounds." We boys brought up in the country had to dig for bait before we started for the banks of the Raritan. We put the sharp edge of the spade against the ground, and then put our foot on the spade, and with one tremendous plunge of our strength of body and will, we drove it in up to the handle, and then turned over the sod. We had never read Walton's "Complete Angler," or Charles Cotton's "Instructions How to Angle for Grayling in a Clear Stream." We knew nothing about the modern red hackle, or the fly of orange-colored mohair, but we got the right kind of bait. No use trying to angle for fish or angle for souls unless you have the right kind of bait, and there is plenty of it in the promises, the parables, the miracles, the crucifixion, the Heaven of the grand old Gospel. Yes, not only must you dig for bait, but use only fresh bait. You can not do anything down at the pond with old angle worms. New views of God. New views of the soul. There are all the good books to help you dig. But make up your mind as to whether you will take the hint of Habakkuk and Isaiah and Job and use hook and line, or take the hint of Matthew and Luke and Christ and fish with a net. I think many lose their time by wanting to fish with a net and they never get a place to swing the net; in other words, they want to do Gospel work on a big scale or they will not do it at all. I see feeble-minded Christian men going around with a Bagster's Bible under their arm, hoping to do the work of an evangelist and use the net, while they might be better content with hook and line and take one soul at a time. They are bad failures as evangelists; they would be mighty successes as private Christians. If you catch only one soul for God that will be enough to fill your eternity with celebration. All hail, the fishermen with hook and line! I have seen a man in a rough corduroy outfit come back from the woods loaded down with a string of tiny treasures hung over his shoulder and his game bag filled, and a dog with his teeth carrying a basket filled with the surplus of an afternoon's angling, and it was all the result of a hook and line; and in the Eternal World there will be many a man and many a woman that was never heard of outside of a village Sunday school or a prayer meeting buried in a church basement who will come before the throne of God with a multitude of souls ransomed through his or her instrumentality, and yet the work all done through personal interview, one by one, one by one. You do not know what that one soul may be. Stupitz helped one soul into the light, but it was Martin Luther. Thomas Bliney brought salvation to one soul, but it was Hugh Latimer. An edge-tool maker was the means of saving one soul, but it was John Summerfield. Our blessed Lord healed one blind eye at a time, one paralyzed arm at a time, one dropsical patient at a time, and raised from the dead one girl at a time, one young man at a time. Admire the net that takes in a great many at once, but do not despise the hook and line.

"You take a turn around the block," is what the busy man said to the organ grinder who was playing in front of his office.



"OPEN IT," SAID DAISY.

cause she thought you were lonesome living here all alone," said Frank, as Daisy looked bashfully down at the sidewalk and said nothing. "Take it out and see if you don't think it is a pretty one."

So Dennis drew out the dainty valentine and held it in his big, clumsy fingers while he gazed at the pink heart transfixed with a silver arrow, as if lost in admiration.

"I wish we had made a valentine for you," put in Rose. "We would if we had known how homesick you felt, but I don't believe there's time now."

"Never you mind about me; I'd rather that poor man had one, for he's worse off than I am," replied Bridget, as she went downstairs to her work.

"Just think of having all your family away off in Ireland!" exclaimed Rose. "I just couldn't stand it!"

"Dennis was telling me yesterday about coming across the ocean from Ireland and how dreadful it was," said Daisy. "All the poor people when they come over have to stay in a part of the ship called the steerage, and it is so close and hot and dirty that they often get sick, and they are crowded in so that they can hardly move. There was a girl in Ireland that Dennis wanted to marry, but he was too poor, so he said good-bye and came over to America to try and earn money enough to send for her. At first he couldn't find much to do, but at last he got a position, and after awhile he managed to save up enough money to send back to Ireland to this girl whom he had left there. She didn't know how to write, but she got some one to write a letter for her, telling what steamer she would come on, and then he waited for the time to come when he should see her again, and the days seemed very long because he was in such a hurry; but just three or four days before it was time for her to come he was taken sick with a fever. For three weeks he didn't know anyone he was so sick, and then he was so weak that it was a good while before he could get out, and by that time it was too late to find the girl. He felt dreadfully to think that she should come over here to this strange country and find no one to meet her, but though he inquired all around no one remembered her and he had never been able to find her. That is why I feel so sorry for him and want to send him a valentine. And now, Frank, will you print on it for me, because you make so much nicer letters than I can?"

"All right," replied Frank, seizing his pen and dipping it in the ink. "Here goes! What do you want written?"

Then Bridget smiled and Dennis came nearer. "