

# The Bondman

By HALL CAINE.

Continued  
Story.

## CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

He was crushed, but he was strong of heart and would not despair. So he pushed on over this green plain, through a hundred thousand mossy mounds that looked like the graves of a world of dead men.

But when he came out of it his case seemed yet more forlorn, for leaving the soft valley behind he had come upon a lava stream, a sea of stones, not dust or cinders, but a bleached cake of lava rock, with never a soft place for the foot, and never a green spot for the eye. Not a leaf to rustle in the breeze, not a blade of grass to whisper to it, not a bird's sweet voice, or the song of running water. Nothing lived there but dead silence on earth and in air. Nothing but that, or in other hours the roar of wind, the rattle of rain, and the crash of thunder.

All this time Jason had walked on under the sweltering sun, never resting, never pausing, buoyed up with the hope of water—water for the fainting man that he might not die. But in the desolation of that moment he dropped Sunlocks from his shoulder, and threw himself down beside him.

And sitting there, with the head of his unconscious comrade upon his knees, he put it himself to say what had been the good of all that he had done, and if it would not have been better for them both if he had submitted to base tyranny and remained at the Mines. Had he not brought this man out to his death? What else was before him in this waste wilderness, where was there a drop of water to cool his hot forehead or moisten his parched tongue? And thinking that his yoke-fellow might die, and die at his hands, and that he would then be alone, and the only man's face gone from him that had ever brightened life for him, his heart began to waver and to say, "Rise up, Jason, rise up and go back."

But just then he was conscious of the click-clack of horses' hoofs on the echoing face of the stony sea about him, and he shaded his eyes and looked around, and saw in the distance a line of men on ponies coming on in his direction. And though he thought of the guards that had been signalled to pursue him, he made no effort to escape. He did not stir or try to hide himself, but sat as before with the head of his comrade on his knees.

The men on the ponies came up and passed him closely by without seeing him. But he saw them clearly and heard their talk. They were not the guards from the settlement, but Thing-men bound for Thingvellir and the meeting of Althing there. And while they were going on before him in their laughter and high spirits, Jason could scarce resist the impulse to cry out to them to stop and take him along with them as their prisoner, for that he was an outlaw who had broken his outlawry, and carried away this fainting man at his knees.

But before the words would form themselves, and while his blistering lips were shaping to speak them, a great thought came to him, and struck him back to silence.

Why had he torn away from the Sulphur Mines? Only from a gloomy love of life. He saw his comrade, and life for himself. And what life was there in this trackless waste, this moldering dumb wilderness? None, none. Nothing but death lay here; death in these gaunt solitudes; death in these dry deserts; death amid these ghastly, haggard wrecks of human things. What chance could there be of escape from Iceland? None, none, none.

But there was one hope yet. Who were these men that had passed him? They were Thing-men; they were the lawmakers. Where were they going? They were going to the Mount of Laws. Why were they going there? To hold their meeting of Althing. What was Althing? The highest power of the State; the Supreme Court of legislation and law.

What did all this mean? It meant that Jason as an Icelandic knew the laws of his country, and that one great law above all other laws he remembered at that instant. It concerned outlaws. And what were they but outlaws, both of them. It ordered that the condemned could appeal at Althing against the injustice of his sentence. If the ranks of the judges opened for his escape, then he was saved.

Jason leaped to his feet at the thought of it. That was what he would do for his comrade and himself. He would push on to Thingvellir. It was five and thirty miles away; but no matter for that. The angel of hope would walk with him. He would reach the Mount of Laws, carrying his comrade all the way. And when he got there, he would plead the cause of both of them. Then the judges would rise, and part, and make way for them, and they would be free men thereafter.

Life, life, life! There was left for both of them, and very sweet it seemed after the shadow of death that had so nearly encompassed them. Only to live! Only to live! They were young yet and loved one another as brothers.

And while thinking so, in the whirl of his senses as he strode to and fro over the lava blocks, Jason heard what his ear had hitherto been too heavy to catch the thin music of falling water near at hand. And, looking up, he saw a tiny rivulet like a lock of silken hair dropping over a round face of rock, and thanking God for it, he ran to it, and filled both hands with it, and brought it to Sunlocks and bathed his forehead with it, and his poor blinded eyes, and moistened his withered lips, whispering meane words of hope and simple notions, such as any woman might croon over her sick boy.

"Come, boy, come then, come, boy, come," he whispered, and clapped his moist hands together over the placid face to call it back to itself.

And while he did so, sure enough Sunlocks moved, his lips parted, his cheeks quivered, and he sighed. And seeing these signs of consciousness, Jason began to cry, for the great rude fellow who had not flinched before death was touched at the sight of life in that deep place where the strongest man is as a child.

But just then he heard once more the sound of horses' hoofs on the lava ground, and, looking up, he saw that there was no error this time, and that the guards were surely coming. Ten or twelve of them there seemed to be, mounted on as many ponies, and they were driving on at a furious gallop over the stones. There was a dog racing in front of them, another dog was running at their heels, and with the barking of the dogs, the loud whoops of the men to urge the ponies along, and to the clatter of the ponies' hoofs, the plain rang and echoed.

Jason saw that the guards were coming on in their direction. In three minutes more they would be upon them. They were taking the line followed by the Thing-men. Would they pass them by unseen as the Thing-men had passed them? That was not to be expected, for they were there to look for them. What was to be done? Jason looked behind him. Nothing was there but an implacable wall of stone, rising sheer up into the sky, with never a bough, or tussock of grass to cling to that a man might climb. He looked around. The ground was covered with cracked domes like the arches of buried cities, but the caverns that lay beneath them were guarded by spiked jaws which only a man's foot could slip through. Not a gap, not a hole to creep into; not a stone to crouch under; not a bush to hide behind; nothing in sight on any side but the bare, hard face of the wide sea of stone.

There was not a moment to lose. Jason lifted Sunlocks to his shoulder and crept along, bent nearly double, as silently and swiftly as he could go. And still behind him was the whoop of the men, the barking of the dogs and the clatter of hoofs.

On and on he went, minute after precious minute. The ground became heavier at every stride with huge stones that tore his stockings legs and mangled his feet in his thin shoes. But he recked nothing of this, or rejoiced in it, for the way was as rough for the guards behind him, and he could hear that the horses had been drawn up from their gallop to a slow paced walk. At each step he scoured the bleak plain for shelter, and at length he saw among piles of vitreous snags a hummock of great slabs clashed together, with one side rent open. It was like nothing else on earth but a tomb in an old burial ground, where the vaults have fallen in and wrecked the monuments above them. Through the creaked lips of this hummock into its gaping throat, Jason pushed the unconscious body of Sunlocks, and crept in after it. And lying there in the gloom he waited for the guards to come on, and as they came he strained his ears to catch the sound of the words that passed between them.

"No, no, we're on the right course," said one voice. "How hollow and faint away it sounded! "You saw his foot-marks on the moss that we've just crossed over, and you'll see them again on the clay we're coming to." "You're wrong," said another voice, "we saw one man's footsteps only, and we are following two." "Don't I tell you the red man is carrying the other?" "All these miles? Impossible! Anyhow that's their course, not this."

"Why so?" "Because they're bound for Hafnafjord." "Why Hafnafjord?" "To take ship and clear away." "Tut, man, they've got bigger game than that. They're going to Reykjavik."

"What! To run into the lion's mouth?" "Yes, and to draw his teeth, too. What has the Captain always said? Why, that the red man has all along been spy for the fair one, and we know who he is. Let him once set foot in Reykjavik and he'll do over again what he did before."

Crouching over Sunlocks in the darkness of that grim vault, Jason heard these words as the guards rode past him in the glare of the hot sun, and not until they were gone did he draw his breath. But just as he lay back with a sigh of relief, thinking all danger over, suddenly he heard a sound that startled him. It was the snuffling of a dog outside his hiding place, and at the next moment two glittering eyes looked in upon him from the gap whereby he had entered.

The dog growled, and Jason tried to pacify it. It barked, and then Jason laid hold of it, and gripped it about the throat to silence it. It fumed and fought, but Jason held it like a vice, until there came a whistle and a call, and then it struggled afresh.

"Erik!" shouted a voice without. "Erik, Erik!" and then whistle followed whistle.

Thinking the creature would now follow its master, Jason was for releasing it, but before he had yet fully done so the dog growled and barked again.

"Erik! Erik!" shouted the voice outside, and from the click-clack of hoofs, Jason judged that one of the men was returning.

Then Jason saw that there was nothing left to him but to quiet the dog, or it would betray them to their death; so, while the brute writhed in his great hands, struggling to tear the flesh from them, he laid hold of its jaws and rived them apart and broke them. In a moment more the dog was dead.

In the silence that followed, a faint voice came from the distance, crying, "Sigurd, Sigurd, why are you waiting!"

And then another voice shouted

back from near at hand—very near, so near as to seem to be on top of the hummock, "I've lost my dog; and I could swear I heard him growling somewhere hereabouts not a minute since."

Jason was holding his breath again, when suddenly a deep sigh came from Sunlocks; then another, and another, and then some rambling words that had no meaning, but made a dull hum in that hollow place. The man outside must have heard something, for he called his dog again.

At that Jason's heart fell low, and all he could do he did—he reached over the stretched form of his comrade, and put his lips to the lips of Sunlocks, just that he might smother their deadly babble with noiseless kisses.

This must have served, for when the voice that was far away shouted again, "Sigurd! Sigurd!" the voice that was near at hand answered, "Coming." And a moment later, Jason heard the sounds of hoofs going off from him as before.

Then Michael Sunlocks awoke to full consciousness, and realized his state, and what had befallen him, and where he was, and who was with him. At first he was overwhelmed by a tempest of agony at feeling that he was a lost and forlorn man, blind and maimed, at it seemed at that time, for all the rest of his life to come. After that he cried for water, saying that his throat was baked and his tongue cracked, and Jason replied that all the water they had found that day they had been forced to leave behind them where they could never return to it. Then he poured out a torrent of hot reproaches, calling on Jason to say why he had been brought out there to go mad of thirst; and Jason listened to all and made no answer, but stood with bent head, and quivering lips, and great tear-drops on his rugged cheeks.

The spasm of agony and anger soon passed, as Jason knew it must, and then, full of remorse, Sunlocks saw everything in a new light.

"What time of day is it?" he asked. "Evening," said Jason. "How many hours since we left Krivulvik?" "Ten."

"How many miles from there?" "Twenty."

"Have you carried me all the way?" "Yes."

There was a moment's pause, then an audible sob, and then Sunlocks felt Jason's hand and drew it down to his lips. That kiss was more than Jason could bear, though he bore the hot words well enough; so he made a brave show of unconcern, and rattled on with hopeful talk, saying where they were to go, and what he was to do for both of them, and how they would be free men to-morrow.

And as he talked of the great task that was before them, his heart grew strong again, and Sunlocks caught the contagion of his spirit and cried, "Yes, yes, let us set off. I can walk alone now. Come, let us go."

At that Jason drew Sunlocks out of the hummock, and helped him to his feet.

"You are weak still," he said. "Let me carry you again."

"No, no, I am strong. Give me your hand. That's enough," said Sunlocks. (To be continued.)

### Economic Royal Gifts.

Queen Victoria's favorite form of gift was an Indian shawl. Thousands of these articles of attire were presented by her in the course of her long reign. King Edward is exhibiting a partiality for distributing etchings and engravings among his friends. His majesty, who, while Prince of Wales, was an industrious collector of "black and white" drawings, found himself the possessor of thousands of duplicate copies of published works of art upon succeeding to his mother's unique collection. He has therefore set apart a big store of drawings to be turned to whenever he desires to make a personal gift. When one considers, that apart from frequent liberal purchases of works of art, both Queen Victoria and King Edward accepted copies of the majority of notable etchings and engravings published in the last quarter of a century and more, the magnitude of his majesty's present collection can be imagined. His friends are naturally gratified that he has decided to weed it out for their benefit.—Leeds Mercury.

### Violets on Italian Riviera.

The crop of violets on the Italian Riviera has been ruined owing to the bad season. The growers have all suffered heavy losses, and the Russian General Gorloff has sent 150,000 francs to the Russian consul at San Remo to be distributed among the poorest of the peasant growers in order that they may not be discouraged by this season's failure and to help them toward a better crop next year.

### Kinship Among Plants.

A cross between a headless cabbage and the turnip produced the rape plant. Cabbages and turnips themselves are relatives; the lettuce plant also claims near kin to them, and far back in plant life grew a parent plant with some of the characteristics that each now claims as its own, from which all three, and many another plant also, descended.

### Never Rode on a Railway.

Mrs. S. P. Mitchell, the oldest resident of Fayette, Mo., now in her 100th year, has never ridden on a railway. When the first train passed through Fayette, she went down to look at it. She vowed that she would never ride in one of "them wagons" for anything in the world, and she has kept her word.

### Elements in Star Perseus.

The observations concerning the new star in Perseus show that the star contains such substances as hydrogen, sodium, helium, calcium, magnesium and corium. The shifting of the spectral lines shows that the new star is moving away from the earth at a low velocity.

## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN  
THE SUBJECT.

"Lo, These Are Parts of the Ways"—  
But How Little a Portion Is Heard  
of Him!—Job xxvi, 14—Workings of  
Divine Power.

(Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopfch, N. Y.)  
Washington, June 16.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage raises high expectations of the day when that which is now only dimly seen will be fully revealed; text, Job xxvi, 14: "Lo, these are parts of his ways. But how little a portion is heard of him? But the thunder of his power who can understand?"

The least understood being in the universe is God. Blasphemous would be any attempt by painting or sculpture to represent him. Egyptian hieroglyphs tried to suggest him by putting the figure of an eye upon a sword, implying that God sees and rules, but how imperfect the suggestion! When we speak of him, it is almost always in language figurative. He is "Light" or "Dayspring From on High," or he is a "High Tower" or the "Fountain of Living Waters." His splendor is so great that no man can see him and live. When the group of great theologians assembled in Westminster abbey for the purpose of making a system of religious belief, they first of all wanted an answer to the question, "Who is God?" No one desired to undertake the answering of that overmastering question. They finally concluded to give the task to the youngest man in the assembly, who happened to be Rev. George Gillespie. He consented to undertake it on the condition that they would first unite with him in prayer for divine direction. He began his prayer by saying, "O God, thou art a spirit infinite, infinite, eternal and unchangeable in thy being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness and truth." That first sentence of Gillespie's prayer was unanimously adopted by the assembly as the best definition of God. But, after all, it was only a partial success, and after everything that language can do when put to the utmost strain and all we can see of God in the natural world and realize of God in the providential world we are forced to cry out with Job in his text: "Lo, these are parts of the ways. But how little a portion is heard of him? But the thunder of his power who can understand?"

### God's Way of Doing.

We try to satisfy ourselves with saying, "It is natural law that controls things, gravitation is at work, centripetal and centrifugal forces respond to each other." But what is natural law? It is only God's way of doing things. At every point in the universe it is God's direct and continuous power that controls and harmonizes and sustains. That power withdrawn one instant would make the planetary system and all the worlds which astronomy reveals one universal wreck, bereft hemispheres, dismantled sunsets, dead constellations, debris of worlds. What power it must be that keeps the internal fires of our world imprisoned—only here and there spurting from a Cotopaxi, or a Stromboli, or from a Vesuvius, putting Pompeii and Herculaneum into sepulcher, but for the most part the internal fires chained in their cages of rock, and century after century unable to break the chain or burst open the door! What power to keep the component parts of the air in right proportion, so that all around the world the nations may breathe in health, the frosts and the heats hindered from working universal demolition! Power, as Isaiah says, "to take up the isles as a very little thing," Ceylon and Borneo and Hawaii as though they were pebbles; power to weigh the "mountains in scales" and the "hills in balances"—Tenerife and the Cordilleras. To move a rock we must have lever and screw and great machinery, but God moves the world with nothing but a word; power to create worlds and power to destroy them, as from observation again and again they have been seen red with flame, then pale with ashes and then scattered.

### Workings of the Divine Power.

We get some little idea of the divine power when we see how it buries the proudest cities and nations. Ancient Memphis it has ground up until many of its ruins are no larger than your thumb nail and you can hardly find a souvenir large enough to remind you of your visit. The city of Tyre is under the sea which washes the shore, on which are only a few crumbling pillars left. Sodom and Gormorrah are covered by waters so deathful that not a fish can live in them. Babylon and Nineveh are so blotted out of existence that not one uninjured shaft of their ancient splendor remains. Nothing but omnipotence could have put them down and put them under. The antediluvian world was able to send to the postdiluvian world only one ship with a very small passenger list. Omnipotence first rolled the seas over the land, and then told them to go back to their usual channels as rivers and lakes and oceans. At omnipotent command the waters pouncing upon their prey, and at omnipotent command sinking back into their appropriate places. By such rehearsal we try to arouse our appreciation of what omnipotence is, and our reverence is excited, and our adoration is intensified, but after all we find ourselves at the foot of a mountain we cannot climb, hovering over a depth we cannot fathom, at the rim of a circumference we cannot compass, and we feel like first going down on our knees and then like falling flat upon our faces as we exclaim: "Lo, these are parts of his ways. But how little a portion is heard of him? But the thunder of his power who can understand?"

### The God of Abraham.

A tradition says that Abraham of the Old Testament was when an infant hidden in a cave because of the persecutions of Nimrod. The first time the child came out of the cavern it was night, and he looked up at the star and cried, "This is my God," but the star disappeared, and Abraham said, "No, that cannot be my God." After awhile the moon rose, and Abraham said, "That is my God," but it set, and Abraham was again disappointed. After awhile the sun rose, and he said, "Why, truly, here is my God," but the sun went down, and Abraham was saddened. Not until the God of the Bible appeared to Abraham was he satisfied, and his faith was so great that he was called "the Father of the Faithful." All that the theologians know of God's wisdom is insignificant compared with the wisdom beyond human comprehension. The human race never has had and never will have enough brain or heart to measure the wisdom of God. I can think of only two authors who have expressed the exact facts. The one was Paul, who says, "Oh, the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God, how unsearchable are his judgments and his ways past finding out." The other author was the scientist who composed my text. I think he wrote it during a thunder-storm, for the chapter says much about the clouds and describes the tremor of the earth under the reverberations. Witty writers sometimes depreciate the thunder and say it is the lightning that strikes, but I am sure God thinks well of the thunder, or he would not make so much of it, and all up and down the Bible he uses the thunder to give emphasis. It was the thunder that shook Sinai when the law was given. It was with thunder that the Lord discomfited the Philistines at Eben-ezer. Job pictures the warhorse as having a neck clothed with thunder. St. John, in an apocalyptic vision, again and again heard the thunder. The thunder, which is now quite well explained by the electricians, was the overpowering mystery of the ancients, and standing among those mysteries Job exclaimed: "Lo, these are parts of his ways. But how little a portion is heard of him? But the thunder of his power who can understand?"

### The Omnipresence of God.

We have all been painfully reminded in our own experiences that we cannot be in two places at the same time. Mader, the astronomer, went on with his explorations until he concluded that the star Alcyone, one of the Pleiades, was the center of the universe, and it was a fixed world, and all the other worlds revolved around that world, and some think that that world is heaven and God's throne is there, and there reside the nations of the blest. But he is no more there than he is here. Indeed, Alcyone has been found to be in motion, and it also is revolving around some great center. But no place has yet been found where God is not present by sustaining power. Omnipresence! Who fully appreciates it? Not I. Not you. Sometimes we hear him in a whisper. Sometimes we hear him in the voice of the storm that jars the Adirondacks. But we cannot swim across this ocean. The finite cannot measure the infinite. We feel as Job did after finding God in the gold mines and the silver mines of Asia, saying, "There is a vein for the silver and a place for the gold where they fine it." And after exploring the heavens as an astronomer and finding God in distant worlds and becoming acquainted with Orion and Mazzaroth and Arcturus and noticing the tides of the sea the inspired poet expresses his incapacity to understand such evidences of wisdom and power and says: "Lo, these are parts of his ways. But how little a portion is heard of him? But the thunder of his power who can understand?"

So every system of theology has attempted to describe and define the divine attribute of love. Easy enough is it to define fatherly love, motherly love, conjugal love, fraternal love, sisterly love and love of country, but the love of God defies all vocabulary. For many hundreds of years poets have tried to sing it and painters have tried to sketch it and ministers of the gospel to preach it and martyrs in the fire and Christians on their deathbeds have extolled it, and we can tell what it is like, but no one has yet fully told what it is. Men speak of the love of God as though it were first felt between the pointing of Bethlehem star and the pounding of the crucifixion hammer. But no! Long before that existed the love of God.

### Seeing God Face to Face.

Only glimpses of God have we in this world, but what an hour it will be when we first see him, and we will have no more fright than I feel when I now see you. It will not be with mortal eye that we will behold him, but with the vision of a cleansed, forgiven and perfected spirit. Of all the quintillion ages of eternity to us the most thrilling hour will be the first hour when we meet him as he is. This may account for something you have all seen and may not have understood. Have you not noticed how that after death of the old Christian looks young again or the features resume the look of 20 or 30 years before? The weariness is gone out of the face; there is something strikingly restful and placid; there is a pleased look where before there was a disturbed look. What has wrought the change? I think the dying Christian saw God. At the moment the soul left the body what the soul saw left its impression on the countenance. I think that is what gave that old Christian face after death the radiant and triumphant look. The bestormed spirit has reached the harbor; the hard battle of life is ended in victory. The body took that look the moment heaven began, and the curtain was completely lifted and the glories of Jehovah's presence rushed upon the soul. The departing spirit left on the old man's face a glad good-

by, and that first look gave the pleased curve to the dying lip and smoothed out the wrinkles and touched all the lineaments with an indescribable radiance. As no one else explains that improved and gladdened post mortem look, I try to explain it, saying: "He saw God!" "She saw God!"

### Keeping Flowers Fresh.

Cut flowers, though universally employed, are seldom treated as they ought to be, so here are a few hints for those who like to keep their blossoms fresh as long as possible.

First of all, they should be put into some large receptacle and sprinkled freely with water all over. Only after this preliminary operation it is wise to transfer them to the several pots they are to occupy. They ought to be taken out every morning, sprinkled as on the first day, the tip of the stem then being cut off, and fresh water, flowing from a tap, should be allowed to run over the stalks, holding the flowers head downward, says the Philadelphia Press.

Finally, and herein lies the principal secret of success, the water in the vases may be "doctored" in this manner. Mix thoroughly together a tablespoonful of finely shredded yellow soap, enough chloride of sodium to cover a florin, and half a pint of water. Put in a portion of this mixture into every receptacle and fill in the usual way.

A pinch of borax in each one will preserve all the coloring of the most brilliant flowers, and by renewing the supply of the above solution every two or three days the flowers will last for a couple of weeks or more. Palms and all foliage plants must be carefully but moderately watered, washed, put outside daily for a bath of air and sunshine and must not be stood in draughty places.

### Electricity at Long Range.

The street cars in Oakland, Cal., are now operated with electricity from the Yuba river, 140 miles distant. The water power, having been converted into electricity, is carried on wires six-tenths of an inch in diameter, made of an alloy of copper and aluminum. The electrical pressure is 40,000 volts, and the loss in transmission is said to be 5 per cent. This is by far the longest electrical transmission system for power purposes in existence, and if the loss is as small as it is stated to be, it is the most promising indication of the possibilities of long-distance transmission yet furnished. "Something like six years ago," says the Railway Engineering Review, "a test of electric transmission over a line between Frankfurt and Lauffen, in Germany, a distance of 110 miles, was made for experimental purposes, but not until the test of the plant above referred to has transmission for commercial purposes over a line of such great length been a fact."

### Cutting Down the Army.

The initial step has been taken by the War department toward the reduction of the force of regulars in the Philippines to 40,000. Orders were cable General MacArthur to send to the United States the Fourteenth, Eighteenth and Twenty-third regiments of infantry, Fourth cavalry, Twenty-ninth, Thirtieth, Thirty-second and Thirty-third companies of coast artillery and the First, Eighth, Tenth, Twelfth and Thirteenth batteries of field artillery. The homeward movement of these troops can not be begun until after the volunteers have been returned. At present it is believed that 40,000 men will be enough for the Philippines. The manner in which the troops shall be distributed among the different arms of the service is as follows: Cavalry, 15,840 men; artillery, coast and field, 18,802, and 35,529 infantrymen. The total enlisted strength will be 74,564 men. The army, including officers, will aggregate about 80,000.

### Five Talents.

The last man to go for a helping hand for any new undertaking is the man who has plenty of time on his hands. It is the man and woman who are doing most who are always willing to do a little more.

The people who are tired of life are not those who work, but those who are too proud or too lazy to do so. Many of the rich are morbidly restless, while those who have to earn their daily bread are comparatively contented and happy. The Bible says that "the sleep of a laboring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much." (Ecc. v. 12); and the busy worker has health and blessing which the listless idler never knows.—Selected.

### Topers' Children Are Weak.

"Not infrequently, the children of toppers die of hereditary weakness, not only showing a pronounced tendency toward diseases of the brain, epilepsy and idiocy, but they are also frequently subject to vicious inclinations and criminal tendencies. They lack perception for that which is moral and which contributes to a steady, well-ordered career. Weighted with the burden of hereditary mental weakness, they not infrequently take to tramping, fall into crime, or become the victims of drunkenness or insanity. The tendency to drink degenerates not only the existing race, but also the coming generation."

### Individual Responsibility.

Francis E. Clark says: "Many revivals can be traced, so far as human agency goes, directly to the prayer of some individual Christian; sometimes to the prayer of a helpless invalid who could never attend a prayer meeting. What God has done, God will do, if we are ready for Him to work through us."

The first American theater was opened in 1750 in the city of New York.