A Tale of Three Lions

BY

H. RIDER HAGGARD

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

"'Lions, my boy,' I said; 'they are hunting down by the river there; but I don't think you need make yourself uneasy. We have been here three nights now, and if they were going to pay us a visit I should think that they would have done so before this. However, we will make up the fire.'

"'Here, Pharaoh, do you and Jim-Jim get some more wood before we go to sleep, else the cats will be purring round you before morning.'

"Pharaoh, a great brawny Swazi, who had been working for me at Pilgrims' Rest, laughed, rose, and stretched himself, and then calling to Jim-Jim to bring the ax and a reim, started off in the moonlight toward a clump of sugar-bush where we cut our fuel from some dead trees. He was a fine fellow in this way, was Pharaoh because he had an Egyptian cast of countenance and a royal sort of swagger about him. But his way was a somewhat peculiar way, on account of the uncertainty of his temper, and very few people could get on with him; also if he could get it he would drink like a fish, and when he drank he became shockingly bloodthirsty. These were his bad points; his good ones were that, like most people of the Zulu blood, he became exceedingly attached to you if he took to you at all; he was a hard-working and intelligent man, and about as darcdevil and plucky a fellow at a pinch as I ever had to do with. He was about five-and-thirty years of age or so, but not a 'keshla' or ringed-man. I believe he got into trouble in some way in Swaziland, and the authorities of his tribe would not allow him to assume the ring, and that is why he came to work at the gold fields. The other man, or rather lad, Jim-Jim, was a Mapoch Kafir, or Knobnose, and even in the light of subsequent events I fear that I cannot speak very well of him. He was an idle and careless young rascal, and only that very morning I had to tell Pharaoh to whip him for letting the oxen stray, which he did with the greatest gusto, although he was, in his own way, very fond of Jim-Jim, and I saw him consoling him afterward with a pinch of snuff from his own ear-box, whilst he explained to him that the next time it came in the way of duty to flog him, he meant to thrash with the other hand, so as to cross the old cuts and make a 'pretty pattern' on his back.

"Well, off they went, though Jim-Jim did not at all like leaving the camp at that hour, even though the moonlight was so bright, and in due course returned safely enough with a great bundle of wood. I laughed at Jim-Jim, and asked him if he had seen anything, and he said yes, he had; he had seen two large yellow eyes staring at him from behind a bush, and heard something snore.

"As, however, on further investigation the yellow eyes and the snore appeared to have existed only in Jim-Jim's lively imagination, I was not greatly disturbed by this alarming report; but having seen to making up of the fire, got into the skerm and went quietly to sleep with Harry by my side.

"Some hours afterward I woke up with a start. I don't know what woke me. The moon had gone down, or at least was almost hidden behind the soft horizon of bush, only her red rim being visible. Also a wind had sprung up and was driving long hurrying lines of cloud across the starry sky, and altogether a great change had came over the mood of the night. By the look of the sky I judged that we must be about two hours from day-break.

"The oxen, which were as usual tied to the disselboom of the Scotch cart, were very restless—they kept snuffing and blowing, and rising up and lying down again, and I at once suspected that they must wind something. Presently I knew what it was that they winded, for within fifty yards of us a lion roared not very loud.

"Pharaoh was sleeping on the other side of the cart, and beneath it I saw him raise his head and listen.

"'Lion, Inkoos,' he whispered, 'lion.'

"Jim-Jim also jumped up, and by the faint light I could see that he was in a very great fright indeed.

"Thinking that it was as well to be prepared for emergencies, I told Pharaoh to throw wood upon the fire, and woke up Harry, who I verily believe was capable of sleeping through the crack of doom. He was a little scared at first, but presently the excitement of the position came home to him, and he became quite anxious to see his majesty face to face. I got my rifle handy and gave Harry his—a Westley Richard falling block, which is a very useful gun for a youth, being light and yet a good killing rifle, and then we waited.

"For a long time nothing happened, and I began to think that the best thing that we could do would be to go to sleep again, when suddenly I heard a sound more like a cough than a roar within about twenty yards of the skerm. We all looked out, but could see nothing; and then followed another period of suspense. It was very trying to the nerves, this waiting for an attack that might be developed from any quarter or might not be developed at all; and though I was a very old hand at this sort of business I was anxious about Harry, for it is wonderful how the presence of anybody to whom one is attached unnerves a man in moments of danger, and that made me nervous. I know, although it was now chilly enough, I could feel the perspiration running down my nose, and in order to relieve the strain on my attention employed myself watching a beetle which appeared to be attracted by the fire-light, and was sitting before it thoroughly rubbing his antennae against each other.

"Suddenly the beetle gave such a jump that he nearly jumped headlong into the fire, and so did we all—give jumps, I mean, and no wonder, for from right under the skerm fence there came the most frightful roar—a roar that literally made the Scotch cart shake and took the breath out of you.

"Harry ejaculated and turned rather green, Jim-Jim howled outright, while the poor oxen stood and shivered and lowed piteously.

"The night was almost entirely dark now, for the moon had quite set and the clouds had covered up the stars, so that the only light we had was from the fire, which was burning up brightly again now; but, as you know, fire-light is absolutely useless to shoot by, it is so uncertain, and besides it penetrates but a very little way into the darkness, although if one is in the dark outside one can see it from so far away.

"Presently the oxen, after standing still for a moment, suddenly winded the lion and did what I feared they would do—began to 'shrek,' that is to try and break loose from the trektow to which they were tied, and rush off madly into the wilderness. Lions know of this habit on the part of oxen, which are, I do believe, the most foolish animals under the sun, a sheep being a very Solomon compared to them; and it is by no means uncommon for a lion to get in such a position that a herd or span of oxen may wind him, shrek, break their reins, and rush off into the bush. Of course, once they are there, they are helpless in the dark; and then the lion chooses the one that he loves best and eats him at his leisure.

"Well, round and round went our six poor oxen, nearly trampling us to death in their mad rush; indeed, had we not hastily tumbled out of the way, we should have been trampled to death, or at least seriously injured. As it was, Harry was run over, and poor Jim-Jim being caught by the trektow somewhere beneath his arm, was hurled right across the skerm, landing by my side only some paces off.

"Snap went the disselboom of the cart beneath the transverse strain put upon it. Had it not broken the cart would have overset; as it was, in another minute, oxen, cart, trektow, reins, broken disselboom, and everything were soon tied in one vast heaving, plunging, bellowing, and seemingly inextricable knot.

"For a moment or two this state of affairs took my attention off from the lion that had caused it, but whilst I was wondering what on earth was to be done next, and what we should do if the cattle broke loose into the bush and were lost, for cattle frightened in this manner will go right away like mad things, it was very suddenly recalled in a very painful fashion.

"For at that moment I perceived by the light of the fire, a kind of gleam of yellow traveling through the air toward us.

"'The lion! the lion!' hallooed Pharaoh, and as he did so, he, or rather she, for it was a great gaunt lioness, half wild no doubt with hunger, lit right in the middle of the skerm, and stood there in the smoky gloom, and lashed her tail and roared. I seized my rifle and fired at her, but what between the confusion, and my agitation, and the uncertain light, I missed her and nearly shot Pharaoh. The flash of the rifle, however, threw the whole scene into strong relief, and a wild one it was I can tell you—with the seething mass of oxen twisted all around the cart, in such a fashion that their heads looked as though they were growing out of their rumps and their horns seemed to protrude from their backs; the smoking fire with just a blaze in the heart of the smoke; Jim-Jim in the foreground, where the oxen had thrown him in their wild rush, stretched out there in terror; and then as a center to the picture the great gaunt lioness glaring round with hungry yellow eyes, and roaring and whining as she made up her mind what to do.

"It did not take her long, just the time that it takes a flash to die into darkness, and then, before I could fire again or do anything, with a most fiendish snort she sprang upon poor Jim-Jim.

"I heard the unfortunate lad shriek, and then almost instantly I saw his legs thrown into the air. The lioness had seized him by the neck, and with a sudden jerk thrown his body over her back so that his legs hung down upon the further side. Then, without the slightest hesitation, and apparently without any difficulty she cleared the skerm fence at a single bound, and bearing poor Jim-Jim with her, vanished into the darkness beyond, in the direction of the bathing-place that I have already described. We jumped up perfectly mad with horror and fear, and rushed wildly after her, firing shots at hap-hazard on the chance that she would be frightened by them into dropping her prey, but nothing could we see, and nothing could we hear. The lioness had vanished into the darkness taking Jim-Jim with her, and to attempt to follow her until daylight was madness. We should only expose ourselves to the risk of a like fate.

"So with scared and heavy hearts we crept back to the skerm, and sat down to wait for daylight, which now could not be much more than an hour off. It was absolutely useless to try even to disentangle the oxen till then, so all that there was left for us to do was to sit and wonder how it came to pass that the one should be taken and the other left, and to hope against hope that our poor servant might have been mercifully delivered from the lion's jaws. At length the faint light came stealing like a ghost up the long slope of bush, and glinted on the tangled oxen's horns, and with white and frightened faces we got up and set to the task of disentangling the oxen till such time as ther should be light enough to enable us to follow the trail of the lioness which had gone off with Jim-Jim. And here a fresh trouble awaited us, for when at last with infinite difficulty we had got the helpless brutes loose, it was only to find that one of the best of them was very sick. There was no mistake about the way he stood with his legs slightly apart and his head hanging down. He had got the red water, I was sure of it. Of all the difficulties connected with life and traveling in South Africa, those connected with oxen are perhaps the worst. The ox is the most exasperating animal in the world. He has absolutely no constitution, and never neglects an opportunity of falling sick of some mysterious disease. He will get thin upon the slightest provocation, and from mere maliciousness die of 'poverty;' whereas it is his chief delight to turn round and refuse to pull whenever he finds himself well in the center of a river, or the wagon-wheel nicely fast in a mudhole. There is always something wrong with him.

"Well, it was no use crying as I should almost have liked to do, because if this ox had red-water it was probable that the rest of them had it, too, although they had been sold to me as 'salted,' that is, proof against such diseases as red-water and lung-sick. One gets hardened to this sort of thing in South Africa in course of time, for I suppose in no other country in the world is the waste of animal life so great.

"So, taking my rifle and telling Harry to follow me (for we had to leave Pharaoh to look after the oxen, Pharaoh's lean kine, I called them), I started to see if anything could be found of or appertaining to the unfortunate Jim-Jim. The ground round our little camp was hard and rocky, and we could not hit off any spoor of the lioness, though just outside the skerm we saw a drop or two of blood. Several hundred yards from the camp, and a little to the right, was a patch of sugar bush mixed up with the usual mimosa, and for this I made, thinking that the lioness would have been sure to take her prey there to devour it. On we pushed through the long grass that was bent down beneath the weight of the soaking dew. In two minutes we were wet through up to the thighs, as wet as though we had waded through water. In due course, however, we reached the patch of bush, and in the gray light of the morning cautiously and slowly pushed our way into it. It was very dark under the trees, for the sun was not yet up, so we progressed with the most extreme care, half expecting every minute to come across the lioness licking the bones of poor Jim-Jim. But no lioness could we see, and as for Jim-Jim, there was not the least trace of him to be found. Evidently they had not come there.

"So, pushing through the bush we proceeded to hunt every other likely spot about, with the same result.

"'I suppose she must have taken him right away,' I said at last, sadly enough. 'At any rate he will be dead by now, so God have mercy on him, we can't help him. What's to be done now?'

"'I suppose that we had better wash ourselves in the pool and then go back and get something to eat.'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Glorious Opportunity.

A middle-aged man, with what appeared to be a load on his mind, visited an arctic steamer and seemed interested in what he saw.

"I say," he said to the officer on deck, "I'd like to go on the next expedition."

"It's awfully cold up there," remarked the officer, discouragingly.

"I don't care about that."

"You'd have very little to eat and might have to starve."

"That would't be pleasant," said the visitor.

"I should say not," returned the officer, "and you might be eaten by your comrades."

"Is that so? That would be distinctly bad."

"And then," continued the officer, "you wouldn't see your wife for three years and possibly longer. You know you can't take her with you."

"Well," returned the gentleman, after a long pause, "I think you can put me down on your books. Your last argument captured me."—New York Dispatch.

Jews' Telegrams.

"Sending a telegram,' says a Philadelphia telegraph man, "is serious business for the ordinary man or woman. They think it's expensive and only use the wires when they have to. There's one exception, however, and a kind of complimentary business that most people would never suspect. Whenever there's a Hebrew wedding, that is, one of any importance, we handle scores of congratulations, hundreds sometimes, from all parts of the country. They are sent with directions to deliver at a certain hour and we generally send them all to the house or place where the reception is held in one bunch. It's a good thing for the company, for the senders don't count the words, and file their telegrams without any revision. Sometimes they run up to 100 or 150 words."—New York Tribune.

Brandied peaches served with ice cream form a combination for dessert that frequently replaces the Christmas mince pie and plum pudding.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"A RESURRECTION MISTAKE" EASTER SUNDAY SUBJECT.

From the Text: "She, Supposing Him to Be the Gardener, Saith Unto Him; Tell Me Where Thou Hast Laid Him and I Will Take Him Away"—John 20:15.

HERE are Mary Magdalen and Christ, just after his resurrection. For four thousand years a grim and ghastly tyrant had been killing people and dragging them into his cold palace. He had a passion for human skulls. For forty centuries he had been unhindered in his work. He had taken down kings and queens and conquerors, and those without fame. In that cold palace there were shelves of skulls, and pillars of skulls, and altars of skulls, and even the chalices at the table were made of bleached skulls. To the skeleton of Abel had been added the skeleton of all the ages, and no one had disputed his right until one good Friday, about eighteen hundred and sixty-seven years ago, as near as I can calculate it, a mighty stranger came to the door of that awful place, rolled back the door, and went in, and seizing the tyrant threw him to the pavement and put upon the tyrant's neck the heel of triumph.

Then the mighty stranger, exploring all the ghastly furniture of the place, and walking through the labyrinths, and opening the dark cellars of mystery, and tarrying under a roof the ribs of which were made of human bones—tarrying for two nights and a day, the nights very dark and the day very dismal, he seized the two chief pillars of that awful palace and rocked them until it began to fall, and then laying hold of the ponderous front gate hoisted it from its hinges, and marched forth crying, "I am the Resurrection!" That event we celebrate this Easter morn, Handelian and Beethovean miracles of sound added to this floral decoration which has set the place abloom.

There are three or four things which the world and the church have not noticed in regard to the resurrection of Christ. First, our Lord in the gardener's attire. Mary Magdalen, grief-struck, stands by the rifled sarcophagus of Christ, and turns around, hoping she can find the track of the sacrilegious resurrectionist who has despoiled the grave, and she finds some one in working apparel come forth as if to water the flowers, or uproot the weeds from the garden, or to set reclimbing the fallen vine—some one in working apparel, his garments perhaps having the sign of the dust and dirt of the occupation.

Mary Magdalen, on her face the rain of a fresh shower of weeping, turns to this workman, and charges him with the desecration of the tomb, when lo! the stranger responds, flinging his whole soul into one word which trembles with all the sweetest rhythm of earth and heaven, saying, "Mary!" In that peculiarity of accentuation all the incognito fell off, and she found that instead of talking with an humble gardener of Asia Minor, she was talking with Him who owns all the hanging gardens of heaven. Constellations the clusters of forget-me-nots, the sunflower the chief of all, the morning sky and the midnight aurora, flaring terraces of beauty, blazing like a summer wall with coronation roses and giants of battle. Blessed and glorious mistake of Mary Magdalen. "She supposing him to be the gardener." What does that mean? It means that we have an every-day Christ for every-day work in every-day apparel. Not on Sabbath morning in our most seemly apparel are we more attractive to Christ than we are in our every-day work dress, managing our merchandise, smiting our anvil, ploughing our field, tending the flying shuttles, mending the garments for our household, providing food for our families, or toiling with weary pen, or weary pencil, or weary chisel. A working-day Christ in working-day apparel for us in our every-day toil. Put it into the highest strain of this Easter anthem, "Supposing him to be the gardener."

If Christ had appeared at daybreak with a crown upon his head, that would have seemed to suggest especial sympathy for monarchs; if Christ had appeared in chain of gold and with robe bediamonded, that would have seemed to be especial sympathy for the affluent; if Christ had appeared with soldier's sash and sword dangling at his side, that would have seemed to imply especial sympathy for warriors; but when I find Christ in gardener's habit, then I spell it out that he has hearty and pathetic understanding with every-day work, and every-day anxiety, and every-day fatigue.

Roll it down in comfort all through these aisles. A working-day Christ in working-day apparel. Tell it in the darkest corridor of the mountain to the poor miner. Tell it to the factory maid in most unventilated establishment at Lowell or Lancaster. Tell it to the clearer of roughest new ground in the western wilderness. Tell it to the sewing woman, a stitch in the side for every stitch in the garment, some of their cruel employers having no right to think that they will get through the door of heaven any more than they could through the eye of a broken needle which has just dropped on the bare floor from the pricked and bleeding fingers of the consumptive sewing-girl. Away with your talk about hypostatic union, and soteriology of the Council of Trent, and the metaphysics of religion which would freeze practical Christianity out of the world; but pass along the gardener's coat to all nations that they may touch the hem of it and feel the thrill of the Christly brotherhood. Not supposing the man to be Caesar, not supposing him to be Socrates, but "supposing him to be the gardener."

Oh, that is what helped Joseph Wedgwood, toiling amid the heat and the dust of the potteries, until he could make for Queen Charlotte the first royal table service of English manufacture. That was what helped James Watt, scoffed at and caricatured, until he could put on wheels the thunderbolt of power which roars by day and night in every furnace of the locomotive engines of America. That is what helped Hugh Miller, toiling amid the quarries of Cromarty, until every rock became to him a volume of the world's biography, and he found the footsteps of the Creator in the old red sandstone. Oh, the world wants a Christ for the office, a Christ for the kitchen, a Christ for the shop, a Christ for the banking-house, a Christ for the garden, while spading and planting and irrigating the territory. Oh, of course, we want to see Christ at last in royal robe and bediamoned, a celestial equestrian mounting the white horse, but from this Easter of 1897 to our last Easter on earth we most need to see Christ as Mary Magdalen saw him at the day-break, "supposing him to be a gardener."

Another thing which the church and the world have not noticed in regard to the resurrection of Christ is that he made his first post-mortem appearance to one who had been the seven-deviled Mary Magdalen. One would have supposed he would have made his first posthumous appearance to a woman who had always been illustrious for goodness. There are saintly women who have always been saintly, saintly in girlhood, saintly in infancy, always saintly. In nearly all our families there have been saintly aunts. In my family circle it was aunt Phebe; in yours saintly aunt Martha or saintly aunt Ruth. One always saintly. But not so with the one spoken of in the text.

While you are not to confound her with the repugnant courtesan who had made her long locks do the work of towel at Christ's footwashing, you are not to forget that she was exorcised of seven devils. What a capital of demonology she must have been. What a chorus of all diabolism. Seven devils—two for the eyes, and two for the hands, and two for the feet, and one for the tongue. Seven devils. Yet all these are extirpated, and now she is as good as once she was bad, and Christ honors her with the first posthumous appearance? What doth that mean? * * *

There is a man seven-deviled—devil of avarice, devil of pride, devil of hate, devil of indolence, devil of falsehood, devil of strong drink, devil of impurity. God can take them all away, seven or seventy. I rode over the new cantilever bridge that spans Niagara—a bridge 900 feet long, 850 feet of chasm from bluff to bluff. I passed over it without anxiety. Why? Because twenty-two locomotives and twenty-two cars laden with gravel had tested the bridge, thousands of people standing on the Canadian side, thousands standing on the American side to applaud the achievement. And however long the train of our immortal interests may be we are to remember that God's bridge of mercy spanning the chasm of sin has been fully tested by the awful tonage of all the pardoned sin of all ages, church militant standing on one bank, church triumphant standing on the other bank. Oh, it was to the seven-deviled Mary that Christ made His first post-mortem appearance.

There is another thing that the world and the church have not observed in regard to this resurrection, and that is, it was the morning twilight.

If the chronometer had been invented and Mary had as good a watch as some of the Marys of our time have, she would have found it was about half-past 5 o'clock a. m. Matthew says it was in the dawn. Mark says it was at the sunrising; Luke says it was very early in the morning; John says it was while it was yet dark. In other words, it was twilight. That was the o'clock at which Mary Magdalen mistook Christ for the gardener. What does that mean? It means there are shadows over the grave unlifted, shadows of mystery that are hovering. Mary stooped down and tried to look to the other end of the crypt. She gave hysteric outcry. She could not see to the other end of the crypt. Neither can you see to the other end of the grave of your dead. Neither can we see to the other end of our grave. Oh, if there were shadows over the family plot belonging to Joseph of Arimathea, is it strange that there should be some shadows over our family lot? Easter dawn, not Easter noon.

Shadow of unanswered question! Why were they taken away from us? why were they ever given to us if they were to be taken so soon? why were they taken so suddenly? why could they not have uttered some farewell words? why? A short question, but a whole crucifixion of agony in it. Why? Shadow on the graves of good men and women who seemed to die before their work was done. Shadow on all the graves of children because we ask ourselves why so beautiful a craft launched at all if it was to be wrecked one mile outside of the harbor? But what did Mary Magdalen have to do in order to get more light on that grave? She had only to wait. After a while the Easter sun rolled up, and the whole place was flooded with light. What have you and I to do in order to get more light on our own graves and light upon the graves of our dear loved ones? Only to wait.

* * *

After Christ's interment every cellular tissue broke down, and nerve and artery and brain were a physiological wreck, and yet he comes up swarthy, rubicund and well. When I see after such mortuary silence such radiant appearance, that settles it that whatever should become of the bodies of our Christian dead, they are going to come up, the nerves restrung, the optic nerve reillumined, the ear drum a-vibrate, the whole body lifted up, without its weakness and worldly uses for which there is no resurrection. Come, is it not almost time for us to go out to meet our reanimated dead? Can you not hear the lifting of the rusted latch?

Oh, the glorious thought, the glorious consolation of this subject when I find Christ coming up without any of the lacerations, for you must remember He was lacerated and wounded fearfully in the crucifixion—coming up without one. What does that make me think? That the grave will get nothing of us except our wounds and imperfections. Christ went into the grave exhausted and bloodless. All the currents of His life had poured out from His wounds. He had lived a life of trouble, sorrow, and privation, and then He died a lingering death. His entire body hung on four spikes. No invalid of twenty years' suffering ever went into the grave so white and ghastly and broken down as Christ, and yet here He comes up so rubicund and robust she supposed Him to be the gardener.

Ah! all the side-aches, and the head-aches, and the back-aches, and the leg-aches, and the heart-aches we will leave where Christ left His. The ear will come up without its heaviness, the eye will come up without its dimness, the lungs will come up without oppressed respiration. Oh, what races we will run when we become immortal athletes! Oh, what circuits we will take when all earthly imperfections subtracted and all celestial velocities added we shall set up our residence in that city which, though vaster than all the cities of this world, shall never have one obsequy!

Standing this morning round the shattered masonry of our Lord's tomb, I point you to a world without hearse, without muffled drum, without tumulus, without catafalque, and without a tear. Amid all the cathedrals of the blessed no longer the "Dead March in Saul," but whole libretti of "Hallelujah Chorus." Oh, put trumpet to lip and finger to key, and loving forehead against the bosom of a risen Christ. Hallelujah, Amen. Hallelujah, Amen!

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

The Junior Society of Christian Endeavor was thirteen years old on March 27. On March 20 there were enrolled on Secretary Baer's books 11,537 societies, with 346,110 members. The first society was organized in Tabor, Iowa, by Rev. John W. Cowan. The first signer of the Junior pledge is now a clergyman.

"She hath done what she could." The members of the Christian Endeavor society in the Indiana state prison at Michigan City have no money to contribute toward state Christian Endeavor work, but the other day the state treasurer received from this society fifty-two stamped envelopes. One of these envelopes is issued to each prisoner every two weeks and an extra one is given instead of a ration of tobacco. By abstaining from the luxury of correspondence, and from the use of tobacco, the men were enabled to fulfill their pledge.

An endeavor after apostolic fashion is recorded of a native Christian Endeavor society in Shaingay, West Africa. The young men of the society set out, two by two, to preach the gospel throughout all their district, a region forty by seventy miles in extent. They held 238 services and reached 4,572 hearers, and all without a penny of expense. The young men had many interesting experiences. One of them philosophically remarked, when deterred from crossing a river by the alligators in the stream, "The Lord sent us to preach the gospel, not to feed these fellows."

A company of Endeavorers from the Broadway Baptist church, Cambridgeport, Mass., hold weekly meetings in a rescue mission in Boston, providing a free lunch for the men, in opposition to a free lunch saloon in the neighborhood. These meetings have resulted in many conversions, and in several accessions to the church. The Endeavorers make it a practice to secure employment for the converts when possible.

The Endeavorers in the State of Washington have made earnest efforts to secure temperance and Sabbath observance legislation. A temperance bill was recently before the legislature and the Endeavorers prompted prominent representatives to personally visit the capitol, while about five hundred telegrams were sent from all parts of the state to the senators and representatives. Mass meetings were also held in many districts, all with the aim of properly influencing legislation.

The first year of Christian Endeavor in Tremont Temple Baptist church, Boston, has been a fruitful one. Several members of the society have united with the church. One of the first deeds of the society was the publication of a sermon on baptism by Dr. Lorimer. Two more of the pastor's sermons were published during the year, a total of eight thousand copies. The instruction committee of the society has maintained a Bible history class under the direction of the assistant pastor, and it has also provided two courses of university extension lectures. Since Tremont Temple is very peculiarly situated in the business district, the society has made every effort to apply business enterprise to its methods, and at the beginning of the year it issued for general distribution a beautiful calendar, advertising the church and society and time of meetings.

As a recognition of the good work done by the Salvation Army in Detroit in relieving distress among the poor, the citizens have contributed $74,000 to purchase the building used by the army as headquarters.