gray parrot.

I regret to say that the ir repressible young man that tutor of my parrot in the latest up-todate slang of the day.

I am an old sea captain—at least, not old, perhaps the word slipped out unawares. I am on the right side of 50, anyhow; but being in receipt of a pension and a small private income to boot, I have east anchor in my present abode In the expectation of weathering many a winter's storm vet.

Being without a known relation in the world, I willingly fell in with the moorings alongside my old friend and messmate, Capt. Travers, late R. N., who, having left one of his legs on the west coast of Africa while capturing a slaver, was pensioned off at an even with his sister-a most comfortable party, fat, fair, and 40, or thereabouts in the adjoining house to mine in the neighborhood of London. We had always got on well together, our tastes and dispositions were similar, and we had often met during our naval careers. His sister I had not previously been acquainted with, but, being in many respects like her brother, we were soon arm friends.

Capt. Travers and myself had each a favorite parrot-his the common Afrimine the purer variety, without a trace of color, but otherwise similar.

I had not long settled down in my new quarters, and got everything shipshape, or what seemed so to me-a very important difference, as I know to-day -when, almost unconsciously at first, I began to feel what a lonely old bachelor I was and what a set off to all my other belongings the figure of Miss Rachel Travers would be by my fireside. But just here the course of my life began began to make itself felt. Inherent shyness in the presence of the opposite sex had dogged my footsteps from my earliest recollections. Give me a gale of wind in the bay of Biscay, a tornado in the tropics, or twenty hours' duty on deck, wet through to the skin, and Capt. Manley, late of the P. and O. service, will thank you for it, and consider life well worth living; but as dispenser of delicate attentions to the fair sex, intensely as he inwardly admires their pretty ways, Capt. Manley does not, no, he certainly does not. show up to advantage.

Although fond of pets generally, I have an antipathy to cats, especially at night. I am not aware that our neighborhood was particularly beneficial in its aspect or other qualifications to feline constitution, but I know that until I was inhuman enough to start an air-gun cannonade on my numerous nocturnal visitors, I was frequently unable to get a respectable night's rest One infernal black and white Tom defied my finest efforts. If average cats have nine lives, I am sure this one must have had nineteen, and I began to wonder what sort of uncanny being this was that had no objection to letting my died quite suddenly about a week ago." bullets pass apparently through its body without suffering any inconvenlence. But after all it must have been my bad marksmanship, for one afternoon I saw my enemy quietly walking up the low fence that divided my back garden from Capt. Travers'.

The opportunity was too good to be lost, and quietly getting my airgun I took a stendy aim and fired. There was no mistake this time, and without a sound poor puss dropped on to my flower bed as dead as the proverblal door

My exultation, however, was of short duration, for to my borror and dismay. on proceeding to pick up his unfortunate carcass and give it decent burial, I saw that my shot had passed right through the unlucky animal and killed my neighbor's parrot, which had been put out to sun itself in a little summerhouse that stood at the bottom of the

I was staggered at my position; knew the parrot was a supreme favorite with Miss Travers, and how I could ever explain my carelessness I could not imagine. Suddenly a way out of my dilemma presented itself to my mind, and I bastened to put it into execution. I knew that the Traverses were out, and would not be back for some little time, so hurrying indoors and taking my own parrot from its a sign of moulting? cage I carefully painted the end of its tall with red ink in imitation of its decoased comrade, and finding no one was about I stepped lightly over the fence and substituted the living for the dead bird, which I burled, together with the cat, in my own garden. I knew that my parrot would not readily talk before strangers, and I hoped that by the time it had got used to its new surroundings it would have forgotten its former accomplishments; at any rate, I must risk it.

Alas! "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," sang some poet, who, I expect, never wore anything harder than a nightcap, but, true as it may be, compared to the torture of my mind, now launched on a course of duplicity. it would be a bed of roses.

It was toward the end of the followng week that I happened to be out in arden and saw my old friend come reen in his dot-and-carry-one style,

doa'l Captain, you're unit tain, you're quite a stranger! What's been up? Rachel aur

"Hi! Hi! All right! Now | been talking about coming in to inwe sha'n't be long!" said the quire about your health, as she was afraid something must be wrong."

"Yes, I have been a bit poorly," said I. Oh, how easily the words slipped out, brings the dally milk is the although I had been as right as ninepence—why that particular sum should e endued with more rectitude than its fellows I have never been able to discover this by the way.

"A bit of cold, perhaps," said Capt. Travers. "Well, come over the fence and have a dish of tea in the summer house, and Rachei shall come in afterward and make you a good glass of something stiff for a nightcap."

Punctually at 5 o'clock I donned my sprucest attice, and with a smart dowsuggestion that I should pick up my er in my buttonhole-gay dog that I was slipped over the fence. Miss Rachel was there, looking as fresh as a spring cabbage with the dew on it. which I consider a very pretty simile, and she bade me welcome with one of earlier age than myself, and now lived her beaming smiles. There, too, was the unlucky parrot in its cage, and standing just outside the summer house. I had noticed that it had been set out to sun itself as usual on all fine days, and as far as I could see nothing bad transpired to make me think they had any cause to suspect my imposition.

I purposely sat with my back to it, and avoided taking notice of it in any way whatever.

Tea went off all right; my old friend was very cheery and Miss Rachei showed me great attention. I could can gray, with a red-tipped tail, and hear Polly rubbing her beak up and



MEAN-THAT IS TO SAY-YOU, SIR.

down the wires of the cage, and swinging backwards and forwards in the metal ring.

After the meal Capt, Travers went indoors to get his supply of necessaries for the evening, and, turning to me, Miss Travers commented:

"By-the-by, Capt. Manley, how is your parrot? I have not seen it out in

the garden lately." I felt my heart beating a bit faster, but with every semblance of outward first of January as the proper time, the calm I said:

"No; the fact is, it's not been at all

well: in fact, it is dead." "Dead!" she exclaimed, "Well, I

never. What did it die of?" "I really don't know," I replied. "It "I hope our Polly isn't going to follow suit," she continued. "She has been very dull and quiet the last few days, but seems a bit more lively this even-

ing. I don't think she has spoken a word all the week." "Thank goodness!" I inwardly ejaca-

lated. Things were beginning to look a bit awkward, and I cast about for some thing to change the course of conversation. I am not a quick thinker. however, and before I could collect my wits Miss Travers continued:

"Dear, dear, to think your poor Polly's dead! Well, I am sorry! I should be sorry to lose you, Polly, dear," she said, addressing the parrot. "But, really, Capt. Manley," looking me straight in the face, "I can't make our Polly out. Sometimes I could almost believe she was a different bird. She hasn't once seemed pleased to see me all the

I felt the blood rapidly rising to my cheeks and forehead, but I trusted to my tanned complexion for it not to show. I feebly replied: "Perhaps she's moulting."

It was an unlucky slip. "Well, now I come to think," said Miss Travers "I noticed that its tall looked much paler after its bath the other morning. and the water was quite red. Is that

"Yes, I often used to notice it about my own parrot. "But I thought your bird had no red

about it," she pursued. "Confound the woman's persistence," I thought, but I stammered; "I meanthat is to say-you see-I've noticed it in all red parrots I have ever come

across. They shouldn't be bathed at

all; it injures their constitution." "Oh! I thought you recommended it." So I had, dozens of times. "Only for the gray ones," I said, forming a convenient distinction on the spur of the

Miss Travers didn't seem inclined to pursue the subject further, much to my satisfaction, and then there was a dead

During the whole of our conversation the subject of it had not ceased to continue "Its antics in the wire sage. Whether it was the sound of my voice that caused it to be thus excited 1 do not know, but at this opportunity it

burst in with "Hi, bil" I was getting desperate, and could inch.

think of nothing to change the subject: PRAISE FOR GREECE. and yet if I didn't say something I was terribly afraid the parrot would. A bicycle bell sounded down the

"Are you thinking of getting a bicy-

cle, Miss Travers?" I said. "No, certainly not," she replied; "how can you ask such a question?" Another awful pause, during which I mopped the perspiration from my

brow. "Ra-Ra-Rachel, I love you!" came in clear tones from behind my back The wretched bird had caught the ex-

act tone of my voice. "Capt. Manley! Sir!" said Miss Travers, raising herself to her full five feet one and one-half inches. "Did you address that remark to me, sir?"

I bad, however, utterly collapsed, and, burying my head in my hands, I leaned down on the little round table. Whether the sight of the poor old ship in distress touched her tender heart, I don't know, but she added, in sofier

"This is very unexpected, Capt. Man-

I could hold out no longer.

'Miss Rachel," I cried, "I'm a thundering old hypocrite. My parrot isn't dead at all; there it is in that cage; it's yours that's dead-I shot it. I didn't mean to. Can you forgive me for all the lies I told you?

"All right! All right!" said the solemn voice of the parrot behind me.

"It was Polly that made that remark just now, not I. Believe me, she speaks the truth if I don't. Rachel, I do really love you."

I ventured to look up. Tears were standing in her eyes, and the expressionton her face made me hope that I did not look quite such a big booby in her eyes as I felt I did in my own.

Moving nearer, I clasped her hand, and, as it was not withdrawn, I put one arm gently round her ample waist. "Now, we sha'n't be long," said the gray parrot.-Tit-Bits.

A Chinese New Year's. Chinatown of San Francisco was keeping hold and all was galety and

The narrow, picturesque streets were decorated with brightly-colored lan- plain, but had for cradle the valley beterns, while overhead above the rooftops, the yellow dragon-flags floated against a blue California sky.

It was a sunny day in February; and the streets were swarming with a multitude of Chinese-men, women and children-all arrayed in their richest holiday attire. The children especially, with their bright faces and black eyes, and in their pretty costumes, formed a most pleasing and interesting feature of this living Oriental picture.

Everybody seemed to be happy and good-natured; and ever and anon, as a group of friends met, they stopped and amid much ceremonious bowing exchanged the compliments of the season; for this festive occasion was nothing more nor less than the celebration of the Chinese New Year.

The idea of celebrating New Year's Day in February may strike some of my readers as odd. But, since this has been the Chinese custom from time immemorial, and is older, by several thousand years, than our acceptance of the in supposing themselves to be at least as in ich in the right as ourselves. This question, however, was of no concern to this merry holiday throng. They were quite satisfied with the arrangement; and, with the utmost belief in their own superiority, they felt at beart an inborn contempt-common to all Chinese-for "outside barbarians." This term embraces all nations not living within the sacred boundaries of "The Flowery Kingdom," and includes the inhabitants of all the world; and these unfortunate outsiders are broadly divided into classes - Eastern and Western barbarians.-St, Nicholas.

Locomotive Without a Fire Box. In the city of Marseilles, France, a railroad has recently been completed which possesses the original feature that its motive power consists of steam locomotives without firebox. This peculiar engine was adopted in order to effect the passage of a tunnel, half a mile long, without development of smoke. Teh locomotive consists of a cylindrical boiler, which is filled with hot water under a maximum pressure of 227.5 pounds per square inch. At the end of the line the pressure decreases to 43 to 70 pounds. The water is then heated again to 203 degrees, corre sponding to a pressure of 227.5 pounds by means of steam produced by the generators at the central station. The boiler is 10 feet long, 3.8 feet in diameter and holds besides 550 gallons of water and 21 cubic feet of steam. The steam from the generators is uniformly distributed through the water by suitably arranged pipes. After having been used in the cylinders, the steam is condensed in a condenser, consisting of 1,154 pipes, provided over the boiler.

Charcoal from Leather. The manufacture of charcoal of an important commercial value, from common leather waste or scrap, that is as charcoal produced from leather has been found to be of such peculiar value in certain processes of tempering, a plan has been brought forward for utilizing the waste leather which accumulates in shoe shops, etc., by converting it into charcoal. The plant for manu facturing this kind of charcoal consists essentially of a metal retort, something like those for the production of illuminating gas, and the cost of such an equipment is calculated not to much exceed \$200, while one man unaided can easily operate the whole, The ahrinkage of the leather in thus becom-ing charcoal is said to be not more than 50 per cent.

A size in finger rings is 1-16 of an

DR. TAI MAGE ON A SUBJECT OF WORLDWIDE . NTEREST.

He Shows What We Owe the Greeks A Debt in Language, Art, Heroism and Medicine-The Beat Way to Pay the Deb

Cor Washington Pulpit.

As Dr. Talmage's sermons are published on both sides of the ocean, this discourse on a subject of world-wide interest will attract universal attention. text was Romans i., 14, "I am debtor both to the Greeks and to the barbarians,

At this time, when that behemoth of Mohammedanism, after chominations. having gorged itself on the carcasses of 100,000 Armenians, is trying to put its paws upon one of the fairest of all tions, that of the Greeks, I preach this sermon of sympathy and protest, for evby intelligent person on this side of the n, as well as the other side, like Paul, who wrote the text, is debtor to the Greeks. The present crisis is emphasized by the guns of the allied powers of Eu or, ready to be unlimbered against the Hellenes, and I am asked to speak cut. Paul, with a master intellect of the ages, sat in brilliant Corinth, the great Acro Corinthus fortress frowning from the height of 1,686 feet, and in the house of Cains, where he was a guest, a big pile of money near him, which he was taking to Jerusalem for the poor.

In this letter to the Romans, which Chrysostom admired so much that he had it read to him twice a week, Paul practically says: "I, the apostle, am bankrupt I owe what I cannot pay, but I will pay as large a percentage as I can. It is at obligation for what Greek literature and Greek sculpture and Greek architecture and Greek prowess have done for me. I will pay all I can in installments of evangelism. I am insolvent to the Greeks." Hellas, as the inhabitants call it, or Greece, as we call it, is insignificant in size, about a third as large as the State of New York, but what it lacks in breadth it makes up In height, with its mountains Cylene and Eta and Taygetus and Tymphrestus, each over 7,000 feet in elevation, and its Parnassus, over 8,000. Just the country for mighty men to be born in, for in all lands the most of the intellectual and moral giants were not born on the tween two mountains. That country, no part of which is more than forty miles from the sea, has made its impress upon the world as no other nation, and it to-day holds a first mortgage of obligation upon all civilized people. While we must leave to statesmanship and diplomacy the settle ment of the intricate questions which now involve all Europe and indirectly all na tions, it is time for all churches, all schools, all universities, all arts, all literature, to sound out in the most emphatic way the declaration, "I am debtor to the Greeks."

The Greek Language.

In the first place, we owe to their lan-guage our New Testament. All of it was irst written in Greek, except the book of Matthew, and that, written in the Aramaean language, was soon put into Greek by our Saviour's brother James. To the Greek language we owe the best sermon ever preached, the best letters ever written, the best visions ever kindled. All the parables in Greek. All the miracles in Greek. The sermon on the mount in Greek. The story of Bethlehem and Golgotha and Olivet and Jordan banks and Galilean beaches and Pauline embarkation and Pentecostal tongues and seven come to the world in liquid, symmetrical, picturesque, philosophic, unrivaled Greek, instead of the gibberish language in which many of the nations of the earth at that time jabbered. Who can forget it, and who can exaggerate its thrilling importance, that Christ and heaven were troduced to us in the language of the Greeks, the language in which Homer had sung and Sophocles dramatized and Plato dialogued and Socrates discoursed and Lycurgus legislated and Demosthenes thundered his oration on "The Crown? Everlasting thanks to God that the waters of life were not handed to the world in the unwashed cup of corrupt languages from which nations had been drinking, but in the clean, bright, golden lipped, emerald handled chalice of the Hellenes. Learned Curtius wrote a whole volume about the Greek verb. Philologists century after century have been measuring the symmetry of that language, laden with elegand philippic, drama and comedy, "Odys and "Iliad," but the grandest thing that Greek language ever accomplished was to give to the world the benediction the comfort, the irradiation, the salvation of the gospel of the Son of God. For that we are debtors to the Greeks.

And while speaking of our philological the fact that many of the intellectual and moral and theological leaders of the ages got much of their discipline and effective ness from Greek literature. It is popular to scoff at the dead languages, but 50 per cent of the world's intellectuality would have been taken off if through learned in stitutions our young men had not, under Greek masterpieces, Hesiod's "Weeks and Days," or the eulogium by Simonides of the slain in war, or Pindar's "Odes of Vic ory," or "The Recollections of Socrates," or "The Art of Words," by Corax, or Xenophon's "Anabasis.

History and the Greeks From the Greeks the world learned how

to make history. Had there been no He rodotus and Thucydides there would been no Macaulay or Bancroft, Had there been no Sophocies in tragedy there would been no Shakspeare. Had there been no Homer there would have been no Milton. The modern wits, who are now or have been put on the divine mission of making the world laugh at the right time, can be traced back to Aristophanes, the Athenian, and many of the jocosities that are now taken as new had their suggestions 2,300 years ago in the fifty-four comedies of that master of merriment Grecian mythology has been the richest have drawn their illustrations and paint ers the themes for their canvas, and, al though now an exhausted mine, Gree mythology has done a work that nothing else could have accomplished. Boreas, representing the north wind; Sisyphus, the same thing to do over again; Tantalus, with fruits above him that he could not reach; Achilles, with his arrows; Icarus, with his waxen wings, flying too near the with his waxen wings, flying too near the sen; the Centaurs, half man and half

the world on his back-ull these and more have helped literature, from the graduate's speech on commencement day to Ru fus Choate's enlogium on Daniel Webster at Dartmouth. Tragedy and comedy were born in the festivals of Dionysius at Athens. The lyric and elegiac and epic poetry of Greece 500 years before Christ has its echoes in the Tennysons, Longfellows and Bryants of 1800 and 1900 years after Christ. There is not an effective pulpit or editorial chair or professor's room or cultured parlor or intelligent farm house to-day in America or Europe that could not appropriately employ Paul's ejaculation and say, "I am debtor to the

Greeks." The fact is this-Paul had got much of his oratorical power of expression from the Greeks. That he had studied their literature was evident when, standing in the presence of an audience of Greek cholars on Mars hill, which overlooks Athens, he dared to quote from one of their own Greek poets, either Cleanthus or Aratus, declaring, "As certain also of your own poets have said, 'For we are also his offspring.'" And he made accurate quotation, Cleanthus, one of the poets, having written:

For we thine offspring are. All things

that creep Are but the echo of the voice divine. And Aratus, one of their own poets

had written : Doth care perplex? Is lowering danger

We are his offspring, and to Jove we fly.

It was rather a risky thing for Paul to aftempt to quote extemporaneously from poem in a language foreign to his and before Greek scholars, but Paul did it without stammering and then acknowledged before the most distinguished audience on the planet his indebtedness to the Greeks, crying out in his oration, "As one of your own poets has said.

Grecian Architecture. Furthermore, all the civilized world,

like Paul, is indebted to the Greeks for

architecture. The world before the time of the Greeks had built monoliths, obe lisks, cromlechs, sphinxes and pyramids, but they were mostly monumental to the dead whom they failed to memorialize. We are not certain even of the names of those most for the living. Ignoring Egyptian precedents and borrowing nothing from other nations, Greek architecture carved its own columns, set its own pediments, adjusted its own entablatures, rounded its own moldings and carried out as never before the three qualities of right building, called by an old author "firmitas, utilitas, venustas"-namely, firmness, use fulness, beauty. Although the Parathe non on the Acropolis of Athens is only a wreck, of the storms and earthquakes and bombardments of many centuries, and al though Lord Elgin took from one side of that building, at an expense of \$250,000, two shiploads of sculpture, one shipload going down in the Mediterranean and the other shipload now to be found in the British museum, the Parthenon, though in comparative ruins, has been an inspiration to all architects for centuries pas and will be an inspiration all the time from now until the world itself is a temple of ruin. Oh, that Parthenon! One never gets over having once seen it. But what architects, Ikitnos and Kallikrates, built it out of Pentelican marble, white as Mont Blane at noonday and as overwhelming. Height above height. Overtopping the august and majestic pile and rising from its roof was a statue of Pallas Promachus in bronze, so tall and flash plume of her helmet. Without the aid of the eternal God it never could have been planned and without the aid of God | dom of heaven." the chisels and trowels never could have There is not a fine church constructed it. building in all the world, or a properly constructed court house, or a beautiful art gallery, or an appropriate auditorium, or a tasteful home, which, because of tha Parthenon, whether its style or some other style be adopted, is not directly or indirectly a debtor to the Greeks.

But there is another art in my mindthe most fascinating, elevating and in spiring of all arts and the nearest to the divine-for which all the world owes a debt to the Hellenes that will never be paid. I mean sculpture. At least 650 years before Christ the Greeks perpetuated the human face and form in terra cotta and marble. What a blessing to the human family that men and women mightily useful, who could live only with in a century may be perpetuated for five or six or ten centuries! How I wish that some sculptor contemporaneous with Christ could have put his matchless form in marble! But for every grand and exquisite statue of Martin Luther, of John Knox, of William Penn, of Thomas Chalmers, of Wellington, of Lafayette, of any of the great statesmen or emancipators or conquerors who adorn your parks or fill the niches of your academies, you are debtors to the Greeks. They covered the Acropolis, they glorified the temples, they adorned the cemeteries with statues, som in cedar, some in ivory, some in silver. some in gold, some in size diminutive and ome in size colossal. Thanks to Phidias, who worked in stone; to Clearchus, who worked in bronze; to Dontas, who worked in gold, and to all ancient chisels of commemoration. Do you not realize that for many of the wonders of sculpture we are debtors to the Greeks? The Art of Healing.

Yea, for the science of medicine, the great art of healing, we must chank the There is the immortal Greek doctor, Hippocrates, who first opened the door for disease to go out and health to come in. He first set forth the importance of cleanliness and sleep, making tient before treatment to be washed and take slumber on the hide of a sacrificed beast. He first discovered the importance of thorough prognosis and diagnosis. He formulated the famous oath of Hippoc rates which is taken by physicians of our day. He emancipated medicine from superstition, empiricism and priesteraft. He was the father of all the infirmaries, hospitals and medical colleges of the last twenty-three centuries. Ancient medica-ment and surgery had before that been anatomical and physiological assault and battery, and long after the time of Hippocrates, the Greek doctor, where his theo-ries were not known, the Bible speaks of fatal medical treatment when it says. "In his disease he sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians, and Asa slept with his fathers." And we read in the New Tesament of the poor woman who had

heast; Orpheus, with his lyre; Atlas, with glorious science of medicine and surgery -more sublime than astronomy, for have more to do with disease than wice the stars; more beautiful than botany, for bloom of health in the cheek of wife and child is worth more to us than all the roses of the garden-for this grandest of all sciences, the science of healing, every pillow of recovered invalid, every ward of American and European hospital, may well cry out: "Thank God for old Dr Hippocrates. I, like Paul, am indebted to the Greeks."

Furthermore, all the world is obligated to Helias more than it can ever pay for its heroics in the cause of liberty and right. United Europe to-day had not better think that the Greeks will not fight. There may be fallings back and vaciliations and temporary defeat, but if Greece is right all Europe cannot put her down. The other nations, before they open the portholes of their men-of-war against that small kingdom, had better read of the battle of Marathon, where 10,000 Athenians, led on by Miltiades, triumphed over 100,000 of their enemies. In full run the men of Miltiades fell upon the Persian hosts, shouting: "On, sons of Greece! Strike for the freedom of your country! Strike for the freedom of your children and your wives, for the shrines of your fathers' gods and for the sepulchers of your sires!" While only 102 Greeks felt, 6,400 Perstans lay dead upon the field, and many of the Asiatic hosts who took to the war vessels in the harbor were consumed in the shipping. Persian oppression was rebuked, Grecian liberty was achieved, the cause of civilization was advanced, and the western world and all nations have felt the heroics, Had there been no Miltiades there might have been no Washington.

Also at Themopylae 300 Greeks, along a road only wide enough for a wheel track between a mountain and a marsh, died rather than surrender. Had there been no Thermopylae there might have been no Bunker Hill. The echo of Athenian and Spartan heroics was heard at the gates of Lucknow, and Sevastopol, and Bannockburn, and Lexington, and Gettysburg. English Magna Charta, and Declaration of American Independence, and the song of Robert Burns, entitled. "A Man's a Man for a' That," were only the long con tinued reverberation of what was said and done twenty centuries before in that in whose commemoration the pyramids little kingdom that the powers of Europe were built. But Greek architecture did are now imposing upon. Greece having again and again shown that ten men in the right are stronger than 100 men in the wrong, the heroics of Leonidas and Aristides and Themistocles will not cease their mission until the last man on earth is as free as God made him. There is not on either side of the Atlantic to-day a republic that cannot truthfully employ the words of the text and say, "I am debtor to the Greeks."

Debt to the Greeks,

But now comes the practical question, How can we pay that debt or a part of it? For me cannot pay more than 10 per cent of that debt in which Paul acknowledged himself a bankrupt. By praying Almighty God that he will help Greece in its present war with Mohammedanism and the concerted empires of Europe. I know her queen, a noble, Christian woman, her face the throne of all beneficence and love. liness, her life an example of noble wifehood and motherhood. God help those palaces in these days of awful exigency! Our American Senate did well the other must it have been when it stood as its day, when, in that capitol building which owes to Greece its columnar impressiveness, they passed a hearty resolution of sympathy for that nation. Would that all who have potent words that can be heard in Europe would atter them now, when they are so much needed! Let us repeat to them in English what they centuries ing that sailors far out at sea beheld the ago declared to the world in Greek, "Blessed are those who are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the king-

Another way of partly paying our debt to the Greeks is by higher appreciation of the learning and self-sacrifice of the men who in our own land stand for all that the ancient Greeks stood. and there one comes to public approval and reward the most of them live in privation or on salary disgracefully small. They are the Greeks of our country and time, and your obligation to them is infinite

But there is a better way to pay them. and that is by their personal salvation. which will never come to them through books or through learned presentation because in literature and intellectual realms they are masters. They can outargue, outquote, outdogmatize you. Not through the gate of the head, but through the gate of the heart, you may capture them. When men of learning and might are brought to God, they are brought by the simplest story of what religion can do for a soul. They have lost children. Oh, tell them how Christ comforted you when you lost your bright boy or blue-eyed girl! have found life a struggle. Oh, tell them how Christ has helped you all the way through! They are in bewilderment. Oh, tell them with how many hands of joy heaven beckons you upward! Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war," but when a warm-hearted Christian meets a man who needs pardon and sympathy and comfort and eternal life, then comes victory.

The Secret of Life.—The great secret of life is to learn how to repulse irrelevant ideas, and how to cherish and maintain those which will externalize into harmonious phenomena for thoughts, and thoughts alone make up our environments here or hereafter. We have the same right to decline or accept a spurious thought as a counterfeit coin. and we should exercise the privilege, whether people call us "narrow" or not. Rev. T. E. Mason, Christian Scientist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Church and State.-It is for Christians in America to give to the world an example and a proof that we can live in peace and amity as brethren in Christ and children of one Father. Let us be warned by English history to keep church and state separate, and to maintain at every bazard liberty of conscience for all. God speed the day when we shall forget the battle of the Boyne and join our forces in the only warfare in which Christians should participate the warfare against sin. We want to see our children, Catholic and Protestant, marching in friendship and unity under the banner of our Lord Jesus Christ and the flag of our common co

Philadelphia, Pa. Why is it easier to tell your friends about your baby than to listen to the

try .- Rev. J. V. O'Connor, Catholic,