### RAILWAY TRAVEL

### Accidents Are Few Compared with the Number of Passengers.

About three years ago the government at Washington, through the weather bureau, published a table of the number of persons in the United States killed by lightning in the previous twelvementh. Writing from memory, I think it was 251. Now, there are very few persons who give themselves much concern over the possibility that they may become the victims of an electrical storm, but there are many who do not set out on a railway journey without the fear before their eyes that "something may happen." It may be reassuring to such persons, as well as to many who are in temporary their lives in a railway accident.

for every one mile traveled. The second Charles Francis Adams, when he first began to study railroad problems. gave conclusive proof that a man who would stay the year round in a firstclass passenger ear on an express train had less prospect of meeting a violent death than if he were to remain for the same time in his own house. Colonel Thomas A. Scott once remarked that a railroad car was a safer place than a hotel. Franklin B. Gowen, when taking a special flyer on one of the mornings when he was whirled up to Pottsville to prosecute Jack Kehoe and other Molly Maguires, observed that he could trust his safety on a frain at fifty miles an hour a good deal more than his father could have done fifty years before in a stage coach at ten miles an hour. Channey M. Depew has pointed out how the Empire State express made its great runs daily to Chicago without the loss of a life, and the Chicago "Limited" of the Pennsyl- ward. He escaped. vania, with its tremendous rate of speed, has been running for years with its record unmarred by more than two or three serious accidents and none of them a wholesale wreck. The interstate commerce commission's report, issued last year, shows that the entire number of passengers carried on the railroads of the United States was upward of 540,000,000, and yet only 325 lost their lives in accidents.

Now, the real havoc of modern railroading is not among passengers, but among the employes of railroads and among trespassers and pedestrians and nontravelers. How to diminish this destruction of human life is one of the chief problems which thoughful railroad men are considering to-day. The introduction of the automatic car coupler is certain to lessen it among the brakemen, and the abolition of grade crossings has done something to reduce the slaughter in large cities and their suburbs. From the day when George Stephenson's Rocket, at the very beginning of railroading, struck own and killed, in the presence of the duke of Wellington, the famous Huskisson, who had been a member of his cabinet, the death roll on the rall has been numbered by the tens of thousands. I fancy that few of us pause to think that in a single twelvementh the number of lives destroyed on the railroads of this country alone is greater than the entire loss of Meade's army at the battle of Gettysburg. The whole war of the rebellion, indeed burdle presents a more ghastly record than the list of dead and wounded on the railroads of the United States in the period following the war. For example, in 1894 there were 6.447 persons who lost their lives and upward of 32. 000 who were wounded, and within the last eight years the death roll aggregated fully 50,000 persons who were not passengers, as well as more than 250,000 who were classified among the "wounded."-Philadelphia Bulletin.

# Oregon Wood Rats.

The Oregon wood rat has a curious fondness for bright colors. It is larger than the common rat, with a long, bushy tail; and it makes its nest at the top of fir trees a mass of sticks and moss. But as soon as any one builds a but in the forest, the wood rat comes to inspect it, as they are very curious, and also very fond of appropriating any bright objects, and will carry away forks, spoons, and so forth. They often desert the trees and begin to build a nest under the roof of the but, or in any undisturbed place. I once found a pest half made in an old wash tub, and fined with red flannel. When we arrived here thirteen years ago from England, save the writer it was nearly evening; the roads had been very rough from Corvallis, and we were guite tired out, and very glad to see the old but on the claim we had bought. No one felt inclined to do much that night, so we spread mattresses on the floor and prepared to have a good night's rest. But no sooner was the light extinguished than there came a hurry-scurry of little feet, and bright eyes shone all around us, much to our alarm; but they all vanished as soon as the candle was lighted, some taking flight up the wide, open chimney. others up some stairs into a loft.

The man who came with us said; "Oh, those are wood rats. They will carry to their nests any little articles you may leave about.

The next day we obtained traps, and tried to catch them in the same manner English rats with tonsted cheese or a piece of bacon; but they took no noice of these dellescies. We noticed that several times, when I left a bright red crochet shawl I had lying on a ale at night, pieses were torn off it. to the loft; so we threw it over a trap. and the next mo, hing a large wood had

head to tip of tall was caught; and that was the first of ten that were attracted by the same shawl, which never failed to catch one whenever the trap was covered with it.

We very rarely see one now. I suppose they have retired farther back into the forest, away from civilization. In one of their nests here I saw a pocket kulfe, a steel fork, a collar stud, and pieces of a red flannel shirt. They five upon berries, nuts and various roots, and seeds of the fir cones, but do not care for make, outs, wheat or potatoes, and so forth, like squirrels and chformunks.

### Thieves in Africa.

The gold and diamonds of South Africa have already attracted a very fair alarm just now herenbours, to bear in Proportion of the thieves of the world mind that they are almost as likely to to that favored region. Some very lungs, there is nothing better. It keeps be struck by lightning-although the fine hauls have been made and others chances that they will be are only one in | all but made. Decidedly the most sen- best of all tonics to the spirits. It is: about 30,000 as that they will lose sational attempt was one a few years too, the most enjoyable of all sensuago on the diamond train. To reach mons. A good laugh makes us herror Dr. Lardner some time ago, when the Cape Town from Kimberley used to friends with ourselves and everyhody safety of passengers on railroads was take three days, or at least two days around us, and puts us into close not as well provided for as it is to-day, and three nights. The diamonds were touch with what is best and brightest estimated that the chance that he carried in a safe in the postoffice sort- in our lot in life. It is to be regretted might be killed was one to 65,000,000 lng car. Some expert thieves found then, that such a potent agency for out where the safe always stood in our personal good is not more offer the ear, and under that spot, beneath used. It costs nothing. All other med the bottom of the car, rigged up a plat- joines are more or less expensive form of cope and plank whereon a man 'Why,' said an old doctor not long ago could lie and work with a drill as the If people fully realized what it mean train sped on its way.

It is a lonely journey, with hours and hours between stations. The thief doctors would have to go out of bus! endured his uncomfortable position be ness.' Probably when we get a little neath the moving train long enough less busy we shall laugh more. For to bore a circlet of holes in the bottom after all, the difference between gloor of the iron safe, having first cut a and laughter is but a step. And plece out of the bottom of the car, more of us simply took a step mod-His plan was to complete the circle in oftener than we do, and rested more this tedious way so as to remove a we would laugh more. By laughing place of the safe-bottom, and leave a do not mean the silly giggle indulge hale large enough for the insertion of an arm, the removal of a bag and the There is no outward mark which den capture of a fortune in diamonds.

Unfortunately for him, he was either disturbed, or he got tired, or he dropped off his planks. At any rate, he did efit to be derived from it. It makes not cut out the piece of metal, conse- a fool of the person herself, and renquently did not reap his glittering re-

nothing of the drill-which probably laugh is the reflection of a healthful was silent save when there was the nature. What we want is more good clatter-racket of the wheels to drown laughers in the world-not more gigits noise. When the platform and glers." the pierced safe were discovered, the thief had gone, and left no clew be yond his handiwork, which never proved sufficient for tracing his whereabouts.

## Then and Now.

The Countess of Ancaster deplores the bad manners of the dancing people of to-day. The gentleman of the old style politely asks: May I have the exquisite delight of

being your ladyship's humble cavalier in the coming country dance?" "Oh sir, you are vastly polite, and I

am overwhelmed by your request," says the lady.

"Then I do not make too bold?" "Oh, sir, I would not have you mis-

construe my words!" "May I then reckon upon your treading the measure with your devoted ser-

vant?" "I may not say you nay, sir," curisey

"Madam, you are too condescending, I will not full to claim your hand," retiring with courteous humility.

The gentleman of the new style says: Ah, Lady Florence, got an entry

left, or is your book full?" "Well, here's a quadrille running loose," says the lady, looking at her

for acc. "Oh, hang quadrilles! I'm not out for walking exercise. Not on the square.

twiggey yous?" says the gentleman. You funny old cripple! Here's a polka I'm not sure about." "A polka! That's my form! We'll

fire right into the brown of 'em, and have a glass of the boy afterward, ch? "It's a bet," says the lady.

"Done. So long," says the gengleman.

# Kneipp Cure for Horse .

The Kneipp cure, or that part of it which consist in walking through the dewy grass in the early morning, has long been known to horsemen. A horse trainer and tamer commends the treatment for horses, to keep the hoofs in good condition, "I do not believe in packing and soaking horses' feet, as many horse-owners do," he says. "In the summer time I would have the horse to be treated led early in the morning through the dew. Think of it yourself. If you are out walking in the early morning, even wearing thick boots, you will remember that in a few moments the dew penetrated through to your feet. Dew passes through the boot when ordinary water would not. This works the same with horses, nature having provided this simple preventive and cure for discases of the hoof."-New York Times.

Italian's Lamp Invention. A new lamp which has just been invented by an Italian will, if all that is said of it be true, bring joy to the heart of the housewife. The lamp, which is declared to be no heavier than one of the ordinary kind, generates its own gas. The cost, however, is only onefifth that of the ordinary gas, while the illumination is as bright as that of an electric lamp and much whiter. A single lamp floods a large room with light. and as, in addition, it is clean and odorless one cannot wonder that both the electric light and the gas companies dread its rivalry. But unfortunately the promises of inventors are not always carried out to the letter.

He (playfully)-How old are you, Miss Browne? She-I cannot tell a lie. I-Oh, if that is the case, I will not take a mean advantage of you. I withdraw the question."-Cincinnati Enquirer.

One of the things that always dis tresses a man is that the girl he likes inu an existence before he discovered

## LAUGHTER A GREAT TONIC. Keeps the Spirits Booyant, the Beart and Face Young.

"I presume if we laughed more we

should all be happler and healthier," writes Edward W. Bok in the Ladies' Home Journal. "True, we are a busy and a very practical people. And most of us probably find more in this life to bring the frown than the smile But, nevertheless, it is a pity that we do not laugh more; that we do not bring ourselves to the laugh, if need be. For we all agree that a good laugh is the best medicine in the world. Physicians have said that no other feeling works so much good to the entire human body as that of merriment. As a digestive, it is unexcelled; as a means of expanding the the heart and face young. It is the to themselves to laugh, and laughed as they should, ninety per cent; of the In by some women and so many girlonstrates the woman of shallow minso unmistakably as that of giggling There is no sense in the giggle; no benders every one about her uncomfortable. But just as the giggle is the The postoffice people in the car heard outcome of a small mind, the hearty

### Story of a Dog.

In the flush days of steam-boating, before the war, the captain of a Mississippi river boat had a dog that could distinguish between the passengers if once he had heard their names. in the saloon, and a passenger sneered at the idea.

"Bet you five hundred dollars the dog can't do it once in three times," he said.

"Done," rejoined the captain, "Write a note to your wife and I will write one to mine. Both are in the ladies' deliver them properly the money is yours."

The passenger wrote merely his wife's petname inside a slip of paper, which he folded and addressed. The

Dear Wife Send me word at once what Snip does when he comes into God he will destroy it, all heaven draws You need not be surprised that those who the cabin."

He delivered both slips to the deep saying as he handed over the passen-

ger's note: "Snip, this is for Mrs, M-, who sat beside me at supper. Give it to her, then take this other note to your Miss

Catherine." Snip ran away. The men sat smoking and chatting. Very soon a waiter brought a scrap of paper to the pas-

senger. His wife had written; "What does it mean, your sending me a note by this little dog?"

Shortly after came this note from the captain's wife:

"Snip came in and ran about sniffing at all of us, then jumped in Mrs. M-'s lap, dropped a bit of paper there, and came to me with the other

The passenger offered one thousand dollars for Snip, saying luck would not go against him if he owned so wise a beast. But the captain would not park with Snip, who lived and died a river dog.

# John P. Hale's Pleasantries.

In speaking of the Mexican war, Hale referred to the Western man who said he "got caught by opposing the last war, and he didn't mean to get caught again; he intended now to go for war, pestilence, and famine." Not less amusing was his reference to President Polk's backdown on the Oregon treaty, in which he said: "The President exhibited a Christian meekness in the full scriptural degree: but he didn't inherit the blessing of the meek-he didn't get the land." The Congressional records abound in such examples of Mr. Hale's pleasantries They always embodied some truth which could thus be more imperssively told than in the form of a serious argument,-Century.

A Remarkable Echo One of the most remarkable echces in the world is that produced by the suspension bridge across the Menai straits in Wales. The sound of a blow with a hammer on one of the main piers is returned in succession from each of the cross beams which support the roadway, in addition to which the sound is many times repeated between the water and the roadway, at the rate of twenty-eight times in five seconds.

Hendricks-Say, if we can't get this crowd in front of us out of the way, we are going to miss our train. What shall we do? Carr-I have it. Let's start a discussion on the coinage question.--Cincippati Enquirer.

The trouble with making a confidan of a friend is that you do not dare to be anything else but a friend afterward

## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

### THE PREACHER ON WRESTLING WITH THE SUPERNATURAL

He Draws Lessons of Remarkable Power from a Strange Bible Scene -The Struggles of Life-It Is Prosperity Kills and Trouble Saves.

A Severe Struggle, Out of this strange scene of Bible times Dr. Talmage, in his sermon Sunday, draws remarkable lessons of good cheer and triumph. His subject is "Wrestling with the Supernatural" and the text Genesis xxxii., 25, 26; "And when he saw that he prevailed not against him he touched the hollow of his thigh, and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint as he wrestled with him. And he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh. And he said, I will not let thee go except thou

There is a cloud of dust from a traveling herd of cattle and sheep and goats Jacob sends to gain the good will of his offended brother. That night Jacob halts by the brook Jabbok. But there is no rest. for the weary man, no shining ladder to let the angels down into his dream, but a severe struggle that lasts until morning with an unknown visitor. They each try to throw the other. The unknown visitor, to reveal his superior power, by a touch wrenches Jacob's thigh bone from its socket, perhaps maiming him for life. As on the morning sky the clusters of purple cloud begin to ripen, Jacob sees it is an angel with whom he has been contending and not one of his brother's condiutors. "Let me go," cries the angel. ifting himself up into increasing light; the day breaketh

You see, in the first place, that God allows good people sometimes to get into a terrible struggle. Jacob was a good man, but here he is left alone in the miduight to wrestle with a tremendous influence by the brook Jabbok. For Joseph, a pit for Daniel, a wild beast den; for David, dethronement and exile; for John the Bantist, a wilderness diet and the executioner's ax; for Peter, a prison; for Paul, shipwreck; for John, desolate Patmos; for Christ, the cross. For whom the racks, the gibbets, the prisons, the thumbscrews? For the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. Some one said to a "Then," he replied, "I am against the world.'

## The Struggle.

I will go further and say that every With finan Christian has his struggle. cial misfortune some of you have had the dropped into your store from loft to cel-What you bought you could not sell. The matter was mentioned one night Whom you trusted fied. The help you expanic, with long arms, and grip like death, took hold of you in an awful wres tle, from which you have not yet escaped. and it is uncertain whether it will throw you or you will throw it. Here is another soul in struggle with some bad appetite. He knew not how stealthily it was growing upon him. One hour he cabin. We will give the notes to Snip woke up. He said, "For the sake of my at the same time, and if he fails to soul, of my family, of my children and of deliver them properly the money is my God I must stop this." And behold he found himself alone by the brook of Jabbok, and it was midnight. That evil appetite seized upon him, and he seized upon it, and, oh, the horror of the conflict! When once a bad habit hath roused hilarity of your household? Ah, it is beitself up to destroy a man, and the man cause the angel of trouble hath touches has sworn that by the help of the eternal you that you go limping on your way. itself out in long line of light to look from have passed through the fire do not feel above, and all hell stretches itself in as gay as once they did. Do not be out myrmidons of spite to look up from be- of patience with those who come not out neath. I have seen men raily themselves of their despondency. They may trifor a struggle, and they have bitten their sumple over their loss, and yet their gait lip, and clinched their fist, and cried with shall tell you that they have been trouble a blood red enruestness and a rain of touched. Are we Stoles that we can un-

scalding tears, "God help me!" From a wrestle with habit I have seen eyes and the sweet lips? Can we stand men full back defeated. Calling for no help, but relying on their own resolutions, they have come into the struggle. and for a time it seemed as if they were getting the upper hand of their habit. But that habit rallied again its infernal power and lifted the soul from its stand- loved dead to us? No. We have a right ng, and with a force burrowed from the to weep. Our tears must come,

pit harled it into darkness. But, thank God, I have often seen a heart. They fall into God's bottle. Afbetter termination than this. I have flicted ones have died because they could seen men prepare themselves for such a not weep. Thank God for the sweet, the wrestling. They laid hold of God's help as they went into combat. The giant lears. Under this gentle rain the flowers. habit, regaled by the cup of many dissipa- of hope put forth their bloom. God pity tions, came out strong and defiant. They that dry, withered, parched, all consuming clinched. There were the writhings and grief that wrings its hands, and grinds distortions of a fearful struggle. But the its teeth, and bites its nails into the old giant began to waver, and at last, in quick, but cannot weep. We may have the midnight alone, with none but God to witness, by the brook of Jabbok, the giant ever after show that in the dark night fell, and the triumphant wrestier broke and by the brook Jabbok we were trouble the darkness with the cry, "Thanks be touched. unto God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

# Humble Heroes.

the auxieties and trials that came in the see a man contending for a livelihood under disadvantages, but to see a delicate woman, with helpless little ones at her back, fighting the giants of poverty and sorrow is more affecting. It was a humble home, and passers by knew not that within those four walls were displays of courage more admirable than that of Hannibal crossing the Alps, or in the pass of Thermopylae, or at Balaklava, where "into the jaws of death rode the six hundred." These heroes had the whole world to cheer them on, but there humble home. She fought for bread, for clothing, for fire, for shelter, with aching head and weak side and exhausted strength, through the long night by the brook Jabbok. Could it be that No, contending soul. The midnight air is full of wings coming to the rescue. She hears it now, in the sough of the night wind, in the ripple of the brook Jabbok, the promise made long ago, ringing down the sky, "Thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me!" Some one said to a very poor woman, "How is it that in such distress you keep She said: "I do it by what I call cross prayers. When I had my rent to pay and nothing to pay it with and bread to buy and nothing to buy it with. I used to sit down and cry. But now I do not get discouraged. If I go along the street, when I come to a corner of the street, I say "The Lord help me?" I then street, I say "The Lord help me." I then
go on until I come to another crossing of
the street, and again I say, "The Lord
help me." And so I atter a prayer at its blossoming spring, its autumnal

have been able to keep up my courage"

that which they have been struggling with in the darkness is really an "angel an enemy, but a God dispatched messenhas been trying to threw down his own blessing. If you are a Christian man, I the grandest things that have ever happened to you have been your trials. Nothing short of acourging, imprisonment and shipwreck could have made Paul what he was. When David was fleeing through the wilderness, pursued by his own son, he was being prepared to become the sweet singer of Israel. The pit and the dungeon were the best schools at which Joseph ever graduated. The hurricane that upset the tent and killed Job's children prepared the man of Uz to be the subject of the magnificent poem that has astounded the ages. There is no way to and camels. They are the present that get the wheat out of the straw but to thrash it. There is no way to purify the gold but to burn it. Look at the people who have always had it their own way. They are proud, discontented, uscless and unhappy. If you want to find cheerful folk, go among those who have been purified by the fire. After Rossini had rendered "William Tell" the five hundredth time a company of musicians came under his window in Paris and serenaded him. They put upon his brow a golden crown of laurel leaves. But amid all the applause and eathusiasm Rossini turned to a friend and said, 'I would give all this brilliant scene for a few days of youth Contrast the melancholy feeling of Rossini, who had everything that this world could give him, with the joyful experience of Isaac Watts, whose sorrows were great, when he says:

The hill of Zion yields A thousand sacred sweets Before we reach the heavenly fields Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound And every tear be dry. We're marching through Induanuel's ground

## To fairer worlds on high. Trouble and Prosperity.

It is prosperity that kills and trouble that saves. While the Israelites were on Christian reformer, "The world is against the march amid great privations and hardships they behaved well. After awhile they prayed for meat, and the sky darkened with a great flock of quails, and these quails fell in great multitudes all about them, and the Israelites are and ate and stuffed themselves until they died. midnight wrestle. Redhot disasters have Oh, my friends, it is not hardship or trial or starvation that injures the soul, but abundant supply. It is not the vulture of trouble that eats up the Christian's life. pected would not come. Some giant It is the quails. It is the quails. You will yet find out that your midnight wrestle by the brook Jabbok is with an angel of God come down to bless and to save.

Learn again that, while our wrestling with trouble might be triumphant, we must expect that it will leave its mark upon us. Jacob prevailed, but the angel touched him, and his thigh bone sprang from its socket, and the good man went limping on his way. We must carry through this world the mark of the con-What plowed these premature wrinkles in your face? What whitened your hair before it was time for frost? What silenced forever so much of the moved see our cradle rifled of the bright unmoved and see our gardens of earthly delight uprooted? Will Jesus, who wept himself, be angry with us if we pour our tears into the graves that open to swallow down what we loved best? Was Lazarus more dear to him than our beshall not drive them back to scald the mysterious relief that comes to us in found the comfort of the cross, and yet

# The Day Dawn.

Again, we may take the idea of the text and announce the approach of the day There is a widow's heart that first was dawn. No one was ever more glad to se desolated by bereavement and since by the morning than was Jacob after that night of struggle. It is appropriate for support of a family. It is a sad thing to philanthropists and Christians to cry out with his angel of the text, "The day The world's prospects are brenketh." brightening. Superstition has had its strongest props knocked out. The tyrants of earth are falling flat in the dust, church of Christ is rising up in its strength to go forth "fair as the morn, clear as the sun and terrible as an army with banners." Clap your hands, all ye people, "the day breaketh.

As I look around about me I see many who have passed through waves of trouble that came up higher than their girdle was no one to appland the struggle in that In God's name I proclaim cessation of hostilities. You shall not always go sade dened and heartbroken. God will lift your burden. God will bring your dead to life. God will stanch the heart's bleeding. I know he will. Like as a father would give her help? Had God forgotten pitieth his children, so the Lord pities you. The pains of earth will end. dead will rise. The morning star trem bles on a brightening sky. The gates of the east begin to swing open. "The day

brenketh. Lather and Melanchthon were talking ogether gloomily about the prospects of the church. They could see no hope of deliverance. After awhile Luther got up and said to Melanchthon, "Come, Philip, let us sing the Forty-sixth Psaim, God is our refuge and strength in every time of trouble."

The Daybreak. Death to many-nay, to all-is a strug-gle and a wrestle. We have many friends whom it would be hard to leave. I care

every crossing, and since I have got into fruits, its sparkling streams and to say the habit of saying these cross prayers I farewell to those with whom we played in childhood or counseled in manhood. In Learn again from this subject that peothat night, like Jacob, we may have to ple sometimes are surprised to find out wrestle, but God will not leave us unblessed. It skall not be told in beaven that a dying soul cried unto God for help, of blessing." Jacob found in the morn- but was not delivered. The lattice may ing that this strange personage was not be turned to keep out the sun, or a book set to dim the light of the midnight taper, ger to promise prosperity for him and for or the room may be filled with the cries his children. And so many a man at the of orphanage or widowhood, or the close of his trial has found out that he church of Christ may mourn over our going; but, if Jesus calls, all is well. The strong wrestling by the brook will cease. will go back in your history and find that | The hours of death's night will pass along-1 o'clock in the morning, 2 o'clock in the morning, 4 o'clack in the morning, 5 o'clock in the morning -"the day break-

So I would have it when I die. I am in no haste to be gone. I would like to stand here twenty years and preach this gospel. I have no grudge against this world. The only fault I have to find with this world is that it treats me too well. But when the time comes to go I trust to be ready, my worldly affairs all settled. If I have wronged others, I want them to be sure of their forgiveness. In that last wrestling, my arm enfeebled with sickness and my head faint. I want Jesus beside me. If there be hamls on this side of the flood stretched out to hold me back, I want the heavenly hunds stretch ed out to draw me forward. Then, O Jesus, belo me on and belo me up! Unfearing, undoubting, may I step right out into the light and be able to look back to my kindred and friends, who would detain me here, exclaiming; me go! Let me go! The day breaketh.

## Short Sermons.

Influence of Sin.-Every sinner sinks in the eyes of his fellows. Men may Join you in evil doing, but they can not respect you for it. Sin debases the soul in the estimation of others. There is a moral tonic in the good opinion men have of us. It helps us to keep up a certain standard of conduct .-Rev. A. R. Bartholomew, Episcopalian, Pottsville, Pa.

Christianity. -Christianity has given the world its best civilization. It has raised the estimate of human life, and has been the unconquering foc of every corruption in church and state. No other religion had such a mass of evidence in its favor. Christ and the Christian religion fit the human life exactly, -Rev. David Gregg, Presbyterian, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Church Side Shows.-The church is not a theater, a lecture room or an amusement hall. I've seen a thousand and one things tried which filled the pews for the time being. They were secular affairs, and when they were done there were no results. A minister should preach the gospel, and only that.-Rev. J. W. Hathaway, Presbyterian, Jersey City, N. J.

Prayer.-Let us pray. Prayer is converse of the heart with God. In it we address him as our omnipotent and loving father. In response we receive the whispered word of direction, the needed balm of consolation, the experience, the comfort that flows from feeling that our little lives are floating on the stream of the divine purposes.-Rev. S. G. Nelson, Baptist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Self-Indulgence.-Nine men out of ten will not allow malicious propensities to dominate them. Respect for themselves, the respect of society, the desire for worldly applause or indifference, restrains many a hand that else would have stained its apparent whiteness in the foul stream of self-indulgence. And all this simply in the interest of self. Rev. Hunter Davidson, Episcopalian, Augusta, Ga.

The Living God.-The teaching of the Bible is not merely that there is a God, who is a righteous God, supreme among the gods, but that he is a living God, a God among us; not a God afar off, not in the heavens more than on earth, not among the angels more truly than among men, not in past history any more than in present circumstances-living God among men.-Rev. Lyman Abbott, Congregationalist, Brook-IVD. N. Y.

Evolution.-All transformations of character must needs be gradual. Men mature slowly. They can not be in the April of their life what they may in its mellow autumn. Sanctification, too, is gradual. Holiness is a conquest, a struggle culminating in the peace of glory of attainment. Life is a series of agonies a Calvary which we can only climb on bruised and aching knees.-Rev. Malcolm Dana, Congregationalist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

To Save the Nation.-The hope of our nation lies in the church. If the church can be aroused from its seeming state of apathetic lethargy, if the church can be brought back into a condition of humility, confess its unfaithfulness and pour forth an earnest appeal for pardon for her own sins and the sins of the nation; If the church throws off her secular and worldly practices, then this nation is saved.-Rev. D. S. Kennedy, Presbyterian, Toledo, Ohio

The Preacher's Mission. The minister who is true to his commission does not serve self, nor does he preach to please men. He who serves self is elf-called, and he who serves men alone is usually called of men, but he who is truly called of God serves God. and even though he is truly called of God, he is but human. The people he serves must recognize that he is but a human being, and as liable to err as the member of the church. The pastor and his people are co-laborers together with God.-Rew W. B. Hollingshaud, Methodist. Spokane, Wash.

Finish every day and be done with it. You have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities, no doubt, crept in; forget them as soon as you can. To-morrow is a new day; begin it well and serenely, and with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense. This day is all that is good and fair. It is too dear, with its hopes and invitations, to waste a moment on

Gossip is the language of pigmies.

the yesterdays.- Emerson.