

GOOD TIMES COMING.

REV. DR. TALMAGE PREACHES ON RETURNING PROSPERITY.

He Gives Three Prescriptions for the Cure of Business Depression and eloquently Urges Their Claims to Confidence—The Voyage of Life.

Our Weekly Sermon.
This discourse of Dr. Talmage shows how all may help in the restoration of good times and is most appropriate. Text, Lamentations iii., 33, "Wherefore doth a living man complain?"

A cheerful interrogatory in the most melancholy book of the Bible! Jeremiah wrote so many sad things that we have a word named after him, and when anything is surcharged with grief and complaint we call it a jeremiad. But in my text Jeremiah, as by a sudden jolt, wakens us to a thankful spirit.

Our blessings are so much more numerous than our deserts that he is surprised that anybody should ever find fault. Having life, and with it a thousand blessings, it ought to hush into perpetual silence everything like criticism of the dealings of God. "Wherefore doth a living man complain?"

While everything in our national finances is brightening, for the last few years the land has been set to the tune of "No, no." There has been here and there a cheerful soloist, but the grand chorus has been one of lamentation accompanied by dirges over prostrated commerce, silent manufacturers, unemployed mechanism and all those disorders described by the two short words, "hard times." The fact is that we have been paying for the bloody luxury of war more than thirty years ago. There were great national differences, and we had not enough Christian character to settle them by arbitration and treaty, and so we went into battle, expending life and treasure and well nigh swamping the national finances, and North and South, East and West, have ever since been paying for those four years' indulgence in barbarism.

But the time has come when this depression ought to end—yes, when it will end if the people are willing to do two or three things by way of financial medication, for the people as well as Congress must join in the work of recuperation. The best political economists tell us that there is no good reason for continued prostration. Plenty of money awaiting investment. The national health with never so strong an arm or so clear a brain. Yet we go on groaning, groaning, groaning, as though God had put this nation upon ground and allowed us but one decent breakfast in six months. The fact is the habit of complaining has become chronic in this country, and after all these years of whimper and wailing and obsequiousness we are under such a momentum of snivel that we cannot stop.

Three Prescriptions.
There are three prescriptions by which I believe that our individual and national finances may be cured of their present depression. The first is cheerful conversation and behavior. I have noticed that the people who are most vociferous against the day in which we live are those who are in comfortable circumstances. I have made inquiry of those persons who are violent in their jeremiads against these times and I have asked them, "Now, after all, are you not making a living?" After some hesitation and coughing and clearing their throat three or four times they say stammeringly, "Yes." So that with a great multitude of people it is not a question of getting a livelihood, but they are dissatisfied because they cannot make as much money as they would like to make. They have only \$2,000 in the bank, where they would like to have \$4,000. They can clear in a year only \$5,000, when they would like to clear \$10,000, or things come out just even. Or in their trade they get \$3 a day when they wish they could make \$4 or \$5. "Oh," says some one, "are you not aware of the fact that there is a great population out of employment, and there are hundreds of the good families of this country who are at their wits' end, not knowing which way to turn?" Yes, I know it better than any man in private life can know that sad fact, for it comes constantly to my eye and ear, but who is responsible for this state of things?

Much of that responsibility I put upon men in comfortable circumstances who by an everlasting growling keep public confidence depressed and new enterprises from starting out and new houses from being built. You know very well that one dependent man can talk fifty men into despondency, while one cheerful physician can wake up into exhilaration a whole asylum of hypochondriacs. It is no kindness to the poor or the unemployed to think of something cheerful to say, then keep silent. There is no man that can be independent of depressed conversation. The medical journals are ever illustrating it. I was reading of five men who resolved that they would make an experiment and see what they could do in the way of depressing a stout, healthy man, and they resolved to meet him at different points in his journey, and as he stepped out from his house one morning in robust health one of the five men met him and said, "Why, you look very sick to-day. What is the matter?" He said, "I am in excellent health. There is nothing the matter." But, passing down the street, he began to examine his symptoms, and the second of the five men met him and said, "Why, how bad you do look!" "Well," he replied, "I don't feel very well." After while the third man met him, and the fourth man met him, and the fifth man came up and said, "Why, you look as if you had had the typhoid fever for six weeks. What is the matter with you?" And the man against whom the strategists had been laid went home and died. And if you meet a man with perpetual talk about hard times and bankruptcy and dreadful winters that are to come you break down his courage. A few autumns ago, as the winter was coming on, people said, "We shall have a terrible winter. The poor will be frozen out this winter." There was something in the large store of acorns that the squirrels had gathered and something in the phases of the moon and something in other portents that made you certain we were going to have a hard winter. Winter came. It was the mildest one within my memory and within yours. All that winter long I do not think there was an icicle that hung through the day from the eaves of the house. So you prophesied falsely. Last winter was coming, and the people said, "We shall have unparal-

leled suffering among the poor. It will be a dreadful winter." Sure enough it was a cold winter, but there were more large hearted charities than ever before poured out on the country; better provision made for the poor, so that there have been scores of winters when the poor had a harder time than they did last winter. Weather prophets say we will have frosts this summer which will kill the harvests. Now, let me tell you, you have lied twice about the weather, and I believe you are lying this time.

Some people are so overcome by the dolorousness of the times that they say we shall have communitistic outrages in this country such as they had in France. I do not believe it. The parallel does not run. They have no Sabbath, no Bible, no God in France. We have all these defenses for our American people, and public opinion is such that if the people in this country attempt a cutthroat expedition they will land in Sing Sing or from the gallows go up on tight rope. I do not believe the people of this country will ever commit outrages and riot and murder for the sake of getting bread, but all this lugubriousness of tone and face keeps people down. Now I will make a contract. If the people of the United States for one week will talk cheerfully, I will open all the manufacturing; I will give employment to all the unemployed men and women; I will make a lively market for your real estate that is eating you up with taxes; I will stop the long processions on the way to the poorhouse and the penitentiary, and I will spread a plentiful table from Maine to California and from Oregon to Sandy Hook, and the whole land shall carol and thunder with national jubilee. But says some one, "I will take that contract, but we can't affect the whole nation." My hearers and readers, representing as you do all professions, all trades and all occupations, if you should resolve never again to utter a dolorous word about the money markets, but by manner, and by voice, and by wit and caricature, and, above all, by faith in God, try to scatter this national gloom, do you not believe the influence would be instantaneous and widespread? The effect would be felt around the world. For God's sake and for the sake of the poor and for the sake of the unemployed, quit growling. Depend upon it, if you men in comfortable circumstances do not stop complaining, God will blast your harvests, and see how you will get along without a corn crop, and he will sweep you with floods, and he will devour you with grasshoppers, and he will burn your city. If you men in comfortable circumstances keep on complaining, God will give you something to complain about. Mark that!

Christian Investment.
The second prescription for the alleviation of financial distresses is proper Christian investment. God demands of every individual State and nation a certain proportion of their income. We are parsimonious! We keep back from God that which belongs to him, and when we keep back anything from God he takes what we keep back, and he takes more. He takes it by storm, by sickness, by bankruptcy, by any one of the ten thousand ways which he can employ. The reason many of you are cramped in business is because you have never learned the lesson of Christian generosity. You employ an agent. You give him a reasonable salary, and, lo, you find out that he is appropriating your funds, besides the salary. What do you do? Discharge him. Well, we are God's agents. He puts in our hands certain moneys. Part is to be ours, part is to be his. Suppose we take all that then? He will discharge us; he will turn us over to financial disasters and take the trust away from us. The reason that great multitudes are not prospering in business is simply because they have been withholding from God that which belongs to him. The rule is, give and you will receive; administer liberally and you shall have more to administer. I am in full sympathy with the man who was to be baptized by immersion, and some one said, "You had better leave your pocketbook out; it will get wet." "No," said he, "I want to go down under the wave with everything. I want to consecrate my property and all to God." And so he was baptized. What we want in this country is more baptized pocketbooks.

The only safe investment that a man can make in this world is in the cause of Christ. If a man give from a superabundance, God may or he may not respond with a blessing, but if a man give until he feels it, if a man give until it fetches the blood, if a man give until his selfishness cringes and twists and cowers under it, he will get not only spiritual profit, but he will get paid back in hard cash or in convertible securities. We often see men who are tight fisted who seem to get along notwithstanding all their parsimony. But wait. Suddenly in that man's history everything goes wrong. His health fails or his reason is dethroned, or a domestic curse smites him, or a midnight shadow of some kind drops upon his soul and upon his business. What is the matter? God is punishing him for his small heartedness. He tried to cheat God, and God worsted him. So that one of the remedies for the cure of individual and national finances is more generosity. Where you bestow \$1 on the cause of Christ give \$2. God loves to be trusted, and he is very apt to trust back again. He says, "That man knows how to handle money. He shall have more money to handle." And very soon the property that was on the market for a great while gets a purchaser, and the bond that was not worth more than 50 cents on a dollar goes at par, and the opening of a new street doubles the value of his house, or in any way of a million God blesses him.

Once a man finds out that secret and he goes on to fortune. There are men whom I have known who for ten years have been trying to pay God \$1,000. They have never been able to get it paid, for just as they were taking out from one fold of their pocketbook a bill, mysteriously somehow in some other fold of their pocketbook there came a larger bill. You tell me that Christian generosity pays in the world to come. I tell you it pays now, pays in hard cash, pays in Government securities. You do not believe it? Ah, that is what keeps you back. I knew you did not believe it. The whole world and Christendom is to be reconstructed on this subject, and as you are a part of Christendom, let the work begin in your own soul. "But," says some one, "I don't believe that theory, because I have been generous and I have been losing money for ten years." Then God repaid you, that is all. What became of the money that you made in other days?

You say to your son, "Now, I will give you \$500 every year as long as you live." After a while you say, "Well, my son, you prove yourself so worthy of my confidence I will just give you \$20,000 in a single

lump." And you give it to him, and he starts off. In two or three years he does not complain against you: "Father is not taking care of me. I ought to have \$500 a year." You prepaid your son, and he does not complain. There are thousands of us now who can do this year get just enough to supply our wants, but did not God provide for us in the past, and has he not again and again and again paid us in advance—in other words, trusted you all along, trusted you more than you had a right to ask? Strike, then, a balance for God. Economize in anything rather than in your Christian charities.

A Divine Promise.
People quote as a joke what is a divine promise, "Cast thy bread upon the waters and it will return to thee after many days." What did God mean by that? There is an allusion there. In Egypt when they sowed the corn, it is at a time when the Nile is overflowing its banks, and they sow the seed corn on the waters, and as the Nile begins to recede this seed corn strikes in the earth and comes a harvest, and that is the allusion. It seems as if they are throwing the corn away on the waters, but after awhile they gather it up in a harvest. Now says God in his word, "Cast thy bread upon the waters and it shall come back to thee after many days." It may seem to you that you are throwing it away on charities, but it will yield a harvest of green and gold—a harvest on earth and a harvest in heaven. If men could appreciate that and act on that, we would have no more trouble about individual or national finances.

Prescription the third, for the cure of all our individual and national financial distresses—a great spiritual awakening. It is no mere theory. The merchants of this country were positively demoralized with the monetary excitement in 1857. There never before nor since has been such a state of financial depression as there was at that time. A revival came, and 500,000 people were born into the kingdom of God. What came after the revival? The grandest financial prosperity we have ever had in this country. The finest fortunes, the largest fortunes in the United States, have been made since 1857. "Well," you say, "what has spiritual improvement and revival to do with monetary improvement and revival?" Much to do. The religion of Jesus Christ has a direct tendency to make men honest and sober and truth telling, and are not honesty and sobriety and truth telling auxiliaries of material prosperity? If we could have an awakening in this country as in the days of Jonathan Edwards of Northampton, as in the days of Dr. Finley of Basking Ridge, as in the days of Dr. Griffin of Boston, the whole land would rouse to a higher moral tone, and with that moral tone the honest business enterprise of the country would come up. You say a great awakening has an influence upon the future world. I tell you it has a direct influence upon the financial welfare of this world. The religion of Christ is no foe to successful business. It is its best friend. And if there should come a great awakening in this country, and all the banks and insurance companies and stores and offices and shops should close up for two weeks and do nothing but attend to the public worship of Almighty God, after such a spiritual vacation the land would wake up to such financial prosperity as we have never dreamed of. Godliness is profitable for the life that is as well as for that which is to come; but, my friends, do not put so much emphasis on worldly success as to let your eternal affairs go at loose ends. I have nothing to say against money. The more money you get the better, if it comes honestly and comes in an empty bread tray, and makes shivers for clothes and fire. All this ranting tirade against money as though it had no practical use, when I hear a man indulge in it, it makes me think the best heaven for him would be an everlasting poorhouse. No, there is a practical use in money, but while we admit that, we must also admit that it cannot pay for our ferrage across the Jordan of death; that it cannot unlock the gate of heaven for our immortal soul.

A Word of Warning.
Yet there are men who act as though pockets of bonds and mortgages could be traded off for a mansion in heaven and as though gold were a legal tender in that land where it is so common that they make payments out of it. Salvation by Christ is the only salvation. Treasures in heaven are the only incorruptible treasures. Have you ever ephored out that sum in loss and gain, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?" You may wear tie apparel now, but the winds of death will flutter like razors. Homespun and a threadbare coat have sometimes been the shadow of robes white in the blood of the Lamb. All the mines of Australia and Brazil, strung in one carcanet, are not worth to you as much as the pearl of great price. You remember, I suppose, some years ago, the shipwreck of the Central America? A storm came on that vessel. The surges tramped the deck and swept down through the hatches, and there went up a hundred voiced death shriek. The foam on the jaw of the wave. The pitching of the steamer, as though it would leap a mountain. The glare of the signal rockets. The long cough of the steam pipes. The hiss of extinguished furnaces. The walking of God on the wave. Oh, it was a stupendous spectacle. But that ship did not go down without a struggle. The passengers stood in long lines trying to bail it out and men unused to toil tugged until their hands were blistered and their muscles were strained. After while a sail came in sight. A few passengers got off, but the most went down. The ship gave one lurch and was lost.

So there are men who go in life—a fine voyage they are making out of it. All is well, till some cyclone of business disaster comes upon them, and they go down. The bottom of this commercial sea is strewn with the shattered hulks, but because your property goes shall your soul go? Oh, no! There is coming a more stupendous shipwreck after awhile. This world, God launched it 6,000 years ago, and it is sailing on, but one day it will stagger at the cry of "Fire!" and the timbers of the rocks will burn, and the mountains flame like masts, and the clouds like sails in the judgment hurricane. God will take a good many off the deck, and others out of the berths, where they are now sleeping in Jesus. How many shall go down? No one will know until it is announced in heaven one day: "Shipwreck of a world! So many millions saved! So many millions drowned!" Because you are certain, go, because your house goes, because all your earthly possessions go, do not let your soul go! May the Lord Almighty, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, save your soul!



"NO," said Tom Moran, "adventures don't seem to come my way. My experiences in that line would hardly be worthy of mention, but somehow Brother Bob has a genuine talent for tumbling into all manner of adventures. Brother Bob has had quite a number of pretty close calls in the wild regions in which we have traveled, but he has plenty of grit and has always been able to pull through."

Tom Moran is a miner who was graduated in the Comstock school of mining years ago and who has since had much experience in Mexico, Australia, India and other gold-producing countries.

"It is singular that you should have been able to travel through so many strange countries without a few hair-breadth escapes or some other experiences worthy of being related," said one of the old Comstock friends who were questioning Tom in regard to his travels in foreign lands. "Did you never run against a tiger while in India?" "Tiger," said Tom, with a laugh. "Well, yes, I've run against the tigers' of nearly every country on the two sides of the globe."

"I am speaking now of the real, roaring, ramping Bengal tiger—the striped beast of the jungle," said the Comstocker.

"I saw quite a number of tigers while in India and went after the animals on regular hunts. I killed a few while I was there, in order to get some good skins."

"Never got into close quarters with one?"

"Well, not very; but Brother Bob had rather a bad bout with a big hill tiger up in Nepal."

"Did Bob get away with the tiger?"

"Yes, Brother Bob is true grit; the tiger was killed."

"As you had no adventures of your own during your travels, Tom," said a Comstocker, "suppose you give us the story of Bob's tiger fight."

"I am sorry Brother Bob is not here to tell you about his battle with 'Mad-



"THE TIGER SPRANG UPON BROTHER BOB."

ame Stripes," but as he is not with us this evening, I will give you a little sketch of the affair as I saw it.

"Brother Bob and I were up on the Nepal frontier, headed for the lower slopes of the Himalayas.

"In place of the ducks, cranes, coots and pelicans of the lagoons along the lowland course of the Koosee we now began to see quail, partridges, pea fowl, francolin and other upland birds. In places hidden in patches of dense jungle and overgrown with vines and creepers were dilapidated temples indicating that the whole country had at some time been inhabited, though in the present age only a few scattered villages are to be found. Outside of the villages there are here and there huts inhabited by the 'gwalla,' or cowherd caste, and these huts of the men of the cattle stations are often in the heart of almost impenetrable stretches of jungle.

"While in this beautiful region our guns kept us well supplied with all kinds of game, and we first and last killed many wolves, jackals, leopards and about a dozen tigers, great and small. The British and wealthy natives almost always use elephants in hunting tigers, sometimes having fifty or more of the huge beasts in line; but as we were not in a position to command a supply of elephants, we did our work on foot, hiring a score or more of coolies, with tom-toms, firecrackers and horns to beat through small patches of jungle. At first we mounted ourselves on 'mehans,' bamboo platforms, at the point where we expected the game to appear, but after we had learned something of the nature and ways of the tiger we did not bother with platforms, but took our chances on the ground.

"The gwallas of the region were always ready to bring us news of a tiger having killed one of their cattle, and when we got news of a 'kill' we were soon out after the killer. Often the gwallas would be able to point out the patch of jungle to which the tiger had retired after making the kill and feasting his fill.

"It was here in this foothill region that Brother Bob had his adventure with a big hill tiger. A 'shekarry,' a native expert hunter, who keeps himself well posted in regard to the movements of game and manages hunts for both British and rich natives, one day came to our camp and proposed to give us some sport. He said that as neither the English nor the native princes were

hunting at that season business was very slack with him. He offered for a very reasonable price to bring out his people and beat through a piece of jungle which he knew to be alive with all kinds of game. As a part of the bargain Brother Bob and I were to kill as many wild hogs, deer and the like as we could knock over, the shekarry saying his people were all very hungry for meat.

"The particular piece of jungle selected by the old game expert to be beaten through lay between the forks of two large streams with high and steep banks. A more favorably situated jungle for sport could not have been found. As Bob and I would station ourselves near the junction of the two streams nothing could pass that way without being seen. We took stations about fifty yards apart at a point where the jungle became somewhat thin and open, each thrusting into the ground a leafy branch of parasa to serve as a screen or blind. After a long wait we heard faintly in the distance the sound of the tom-toms and the shouts of the beaters as they advanced into the jungle.

"Presently we heard a rustling upon the stray leaves in front, and a troop of monkeys, loudly chattering their alarm, came hopping out of the dense jungle.

"As yet we had seen no deer or other desirable game, but the beaters were still far away. Taking a peep from behind my screen, I was somewhat surprised to see a large female tiger come gliding out of the thick jungle, crouching close to the ground as she passed into the open. She was on Brother Bob's side of the jungle and was moving straight toward him, apparently more concerned about the commotion behind her than afraid of danger in front. Bob had also seen the tiger and had dropped to one knee behind his screen and leveled his rifle. Every moment I expected to hear the report of Bob's gun, as the tiger was within ten yards of his blind and was moving slowly.

"The constant lookout for collisions in the overcrowded district below Canal street, in Broadway, keeps the gripman in a state of extreme nervous tension from the time he goes on his car till he goes off. Besides keeping an eye open for visible trouble, his mind dwells on possibilities that are under his feet. He does not know where there is to be a pooling of interests between the grip and a broken strand in the cable, which will whisk him along the street, crashing into trucks, smashing wagons, frightening people and exasperating the city fathers. This nervous strain results first in wakefulness, then in loss of appetite and extreme irritability; after this a tremor in the facial muscles. At the end of a week, says the medical examiner, all these symptoms disappear, and do not come for ten days, but afterward the intervals are regular, about a week or seven days in a state of nervous terror, and seven days in a healthy state, apparently. These symptoms apply only to men of nervous, nervous-sanguine and bilious temperaments. While present in other temperaments, they are not pronounced.

Daily Occupation.
It is not unusual to banish from this portion of life any idea or hope of peace. That is kept for the evening, when labor is over, and the comforts of home and rest takes its place; or it is reserved for the evening of life, when exertion ceases and energy droops; or it is relegated to some time in the future, when sufficient means have been secured to make work appear unnecessary. It stands for the realization in some way of ease, comfort, leisure, luxury, opportunity. On the other hand, toil, effort, hardship, struggle are all put in opposition to it. Thus men will often live lives of labor and sacrifice, hoping by this means to obtain peace and tranquility when the toil is over. But, to unite the two, to enjoy peace in toil, tranquility in effort, seldom occurs to them. Yet no peace worth having exists without power, and power must have its outlet in activity.

Uniformity of Size.
An evidence of the striking uniformity of size among the Japanese is found in the fact that recent measurements taken of an infantry regiment showed no variations exceeding two inches in height or twenty pounds in weight.

A model husband lets his wife have her own way, even when he knows it is not good for her.

jungle and halted within ten feet of where I stood. I had my pistol upon him in an instant, and as his head was so held that a bullet would not glance from his skull I took good aim and gave him a shot between the eyes that brought him down as dead as though he had been a sheep or an ox. Seeing that the shot had killed the tiger I ran down to the river, filled my hat with water and went to work to try to restore Bob's senses. He had been badly stunned and was breathing heavily, but I saw he had no bad wounds and soon had the satisfaction to see him open his eyes, when it was not long before his wits returned and he was able to sit up. The paw of the tiger had struck him on the side of the head and knocked him senseless, but had only slightly wounded his scalp. The weight of the tiger on his chest had almost stopped his breath and he felt some internal soreness. We found that his life had been saved by a lucky chance. In a game bag he had slung to his side were some quail and a pea fowl or two, and it was these the tiger had seized upon and crunched in her blind rage, not Bob's ribs.

"Bob was much astonished and bewildered when he saw two dead tigers stretched out alongside of him. I told him that he had gone into a sort of delirium of rage and killed them both, and for a time he believed my story. He said he had an indistinct recollection of having done a good deal of fighting. We found that his shot had plowed through the muscles of the female tiger's left shoulder, only slightly wounding her, but probably paralyzing her left fore leg.

"When the old shekarry came up with his crowd of beaters he was at first much disappointed that we had killed no deer or wild pigs. 'Alas, sahibs,' cried he, 'no meat—no meat!' He, however, soon cheered up and took great credit to himself for having said there were tigers in the jungle. After the tigers were skinned we went down to the river and killed for the old fellow quite a lot of pigs. We were well satisfied with our prizes, the skins of the two tigers. The male measured, as he lay on the ground, eleven feet two inches from tip to tip and the female ten feet four inches.

"They were unusually large hill tigers, which are of heavier build than the tigers of the valleys, but average less in length. To kill tigers with a pistol was a feat before unheard of on the frontier, and obtained for us great credit for nerve, but give a tiger a square shot in the head and he will go down like a bullock. Many tigers are killed by single shots from rifles, but the man who goes after tigers on foot must have a considerable amount of nerve. I could always bet on the nerve of Brother Bob."

Nervousness of Motormen.
Neurologists are watching with great interest a new expression of nervous malady which has appeared since the introduction of the Broadway cable cars and the Brooklyn trolley system. With the exception of Chicago there are no other cities having so much street traffic as New York and where these methods of transportation are in operation. A nervous state, unlike that which is excited by great noise or sudden danger, has developed in several gripmen employed on the Broadway road, and among the motormen of the Brooklyn trolley lines.

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