

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST

The world stands at the door of a vacant tomb. The angel with his countenance like lightning has descended and rolled the stone away. The earth trembles. The seal is broken. The soldierly keepers are as the dead.

Did Jesus sleep and rise again? Has the pain and gloom of the crucifixion been succeeded by the glory of the resurrection? Has the son of the carpenter, the first born of a virgin, become the Divine Redeemer? Has he trodden the wine press alone, rejected and despised of men?

Is it he that cometh from Edom with dyed garments from Bozrah, glorious in his apparel, traveling in the greatness of his strength, speaking in righteousness, mighty to save? Has the lowly Nazarene become the conqueror of hell, death and the grave? Has the power of satan been cast down by the man in tears with a woman's face and a voice whose tones were as the sound of music? Has he who had no place to lay his head become the Lord of heaven and earth, the chief among cherubim and seraphim, angels and archangels?

Is it for him celestial hosts join in praise and speak to the heavenly gates? "Lift up your heads O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in." "Who is this King of glory?" And they answer: "The Lord strong and mighty; the Lord mighty in battle; the Lord of hosts; he is the King of glory." Is it for him the one hundred and forty-four thousand virgins redeemed from the earth, in whom was found no guile, sang the new song before the throne and before the four beasts and elders that no man could learn?

Is it he that was seen in the Apocalypse, whose head as his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow, whose eyes were as a flame of fire, whose voice was as the sound of many waters and whose countenance was as the sun shined in his strength? Is it he that John beheld and heard the voice of many angels around the throne and the beasts and the elders; whose number was ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands, saying with a loud voice, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor and glory, and blessing forever and ever."

Is the gentle teacher by the wayside the lion of the tribe of Judah and the root of David? Is it he that heaven has proclaimed king of kings and lord of lords?

Ask the fierce Sanhedrim. Back the answer comes: "He is a deceiver. He saved others; himself he could not save."

Ask Mary weeping near the tomb of the supposed gardener who said: "Woman, why weepest thou?" and then in accents mild, "Mary!" With her heart in her eyes she answers, "Rabboni! Master!" Ask Thomas with his doubts cleared away. He answers, "My Lord and my God." Ask sorrowful repentant Peter. He answers, "Lord, thou knowest that I love thee." Feed my lambs: is the divine command. Ask the disciples on the way to Emmaus. They answer, "Did not our hearts burn within us as he talked?" Ask Isacariot in Acedama, the field of blood. The dead lips have no reply. The broken body with the bowels gashed out is the witness of a seed that exiled a gifted people for centuries.

Ask Saul of Tarsus on his midwinter's journey to Damascus. And Stephen, who saw Jesus standing on the right hand of God. Ask the down-pouring spirit on the day of Pentecost, when three thousand souls were added to the church as witnesses to the truth of the resurrection and the glory of Jesus Christ. Ask the martyrs who fought the wild beasts, endured the stake to grace a Roman holiday. Ask those who have suffered through the centuries setting to their seal that God is true and Jesus Christ is his only begotten son, the Savior and redeemer of mankind.

Ask our consciousness if the story of Easter is true. From the depth of our hearts we admit it.

Ask the plague-smitten patriarch of the land of Uz. In return he asks: "If a man die, shall he live again? If I wait, the grave is my house." And then declares: "There is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, it will sprout again. Though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground; yet through the scent of water it will bud, and bring forth boughs like a plant. For I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God; whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold."

Ask the Hebrew seers, men who dwell in tombs, and pierce the visions of the future. They reply, "Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise, and the earth shall cast out the dead."

Ask the Lord. Quickly comes the message: "I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

Paul wrote: "In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. This mortal must put on immortality." And John described the new Jerusalem, when the ransomed of the Lord shall come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads.

With such a cloud of witnesses encompassing us, how can we doubt that Jesus died and rose again? Centuries before he came we believe the Israelites lived in Egypt, and migrated to the holy land. We believe they fed through

the Red sea and passed over on dry ground. The landmarks of their journey can still be traced into the wilderness of Sinai. The east wind still prevails that drew back the waters of the sea when the Israelites were flying from the hosts of Pharaoh. We never question the existence of Moses. He wrote a code, the glory of the civilization under which we live. We do not disbelieve the institution of the passover. The descendants of the children of Israel still observe it. We read of Damascus in the centuries of the past. It is still existing as the oldest city. David once reigned as the king of Israel and Solomon was his successor. Every week we hear of them and listen in our homes and churches to the songs of the sweet singer, the ruddy shepherd who killed a lion and a bear and delivered his people from their enemies.

Hannibal was once a living man who humbled Rome and nearly made it bite the dust. There is nothing left of him but the ruins of an ancient city. Alexander conquered Persia and gave Asia a Grecian civilization. It has been overturned by the fierce Mohammedan. There is nothing on which to write his epitaph. Caesar lived, fastened the imperial yoke upon republican Rome and made a slaughter house of Gaul. We never saw him.

Prono as we are to accept the records of profane history, we doubt the beautiful existence of Jesus Christ and his mission as narrated in the sacred volumes. We shut our eyes to the Jew as one of the living, imperishable witnesses of the God of the earth that Jesus lived and taught in Judea and Galilee, died on the cross, was buried, rose again on the third day and ascended into heaven, from whence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

We are urged to take the torch of reason whose rays can never penetrate the realm beyond the grave.

We are asked to put out the torch of revelation, whose light will guide us past the heights where the star of hope is shining, through the land of Babel, across the deep, cold, river, into the beauty of the celestial city where God forever reigns. E. F. TEST.

RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

Belief.—You can not make a man believe in a God that you do not convince him you believe in your self.—Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, Presbyterian, New York City.

Trust.—Trust is a positive, helpful virtue or grace. Distrust, in its very nature, is negative and destructive.—Rev. T. Jefferson Danner, Episcopalian, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Influence.—Like produces like, and all influence, good or bad, makes an eternal imprint on thought and character.—Rev. Benjamin P. Frita, United Brethren, Columbus, O.

A Transition Period.—Another transition period has come to the race, with its struggles, its anxieties, its perplexities.—Rev. Geo. W. Stone, Unitarian, Kansas City, Mo.

Effective Work.—We will be effective in doing God's work in proportion to the experience we have had of God's love and power.—Rev. J. F. Carson, Presbyterian, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Revival of Religion.—In order to obtain a widespread revival of religion, for the quickening of dormant energies and the saving of the unconverted, there must be increased liberality.—Rev. Dr. Adams, Methodist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Christianity.—Christianity is large in its orbit, its spirit universal, its heart as large as the world. But still we must remember that "he that careth not for his own is worse than an infidel."—Rev. J. A. Milburn, Presbyterian, Indianapolis, Ind.

Human Experiences.—All our human experiences are the opportunity for divine possibilities to appear, the means by which we prove God and our relation to God, and what is possible to us because of that relation.—Mrs. Geste-feld, Christian Scientist, Chicago, Ill.

The Basis of Existence.—There is but one law in all the spiritual, moral and physical universe. It is the basis of existence, and by its operation the universe and all it contains exists, and it is co-existence with all that is.—T. B. Wilson, Theosophite, Kansas City, Mo.

The New Thought.—To the new thought, space is the presence of God, time the order and sequence of his will, nature the unfolding of himself. His force is equally present in the remotest star and in the heart of man.—Rev. Dr. Samuel R. Calthrop, Syracuse, N. Y.

The Tendency of the Times.—The tendency of the times is to search for truth, no matter where it may lead us. No truth ever came ready made from heaven, the idea being that the mind of man must first be prepared for what is to follow.—Rev. Gustav Gotthel, Hebrew, New York City.

The Corner-Stone of Our Liberties.—Another step in the education of the children that has not, I believe, been recognized, is that not only should the head and hand be taught, but the soul as well. It is the corner-stone of our liberty.—Rev. William S. Rainsford, Episcopalian, New York City.

A True Theocracy.—The true citizen should first practice right principles in his own street, then in his own city, then in his own state, and then for the benefit of the nation at large. That is the sequence in a true theocracy, and a true theocracy is a true democracy.—Dr. E. G. Hirsch, Hebrew, Chicago.

The Hardest Work.—The hardest work is to make men realize that power does not mean privilege; that power means responsibility. It is difficult to make men realize the greatness of the divinity of Christ, in getting them to realize the need of a Savior.—Rev. Dr. Storrs, Congregationalist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE SNOWY EGRET.

Women Use His Plumage to Beautify Their Headgear. These birds sometimes stray through the middle of northern states, but their home is in the south. In the southern states, and particularly in Florida, they used to live in vast colonies. Now they are being surely and quickly put out of the world by the cruelty and thoughtlessness of house people—the particular kind of house people that wear women's hats and bonnets.

Once these egrets covered the southern lowlands like drifting snow—for they are beautifully white. In the nesting season when many birds are allowed some special attraction in the way of plumage, bunches of long, slender, graceful plumes grow on their backs between the shoulders and curl up over the tail.

In an evil moment, some woman, imitating the savages, used a bunch of these feathers to make a tuft upon her headgear. From that day, the spotted bird was doomed to martyrdom. Egrets, as the plumes are called, like the birds themselves, became a fashionable trimming for bonnets and have continued so to this day, in spite of law and argument. This would seem to show that many women are savages still, notwithstanding their fine clothes and other signs of civilization.

These herons only wear their beautiful plumes in the nesting season, when it is the height of cruelty to kill birds of any kind, and this is what happens: The nests are built of sticks in bushes and trees above the lagoons. When these nests are filled with young, as yet too feeble to take care of themselves, and the beautiful parents are busy flying to and fro, attending to the wants of their helpless nestlings, the plume hunters come. They noiselessly glide among the nests, threading the watercourses in an Indian dugout or canoe, and when once within the peaceful colony, show themselves with bold brutality. Well they know that the devoted parents will suffer death rather than leave their young in such danger.

Shot upon shot rings out in repeated volleys, each followed in turn by the piteous cries of wounded birds, till the ground is strewn with hundreds of the dead and dying. Then the cruel hunters tear off the plume tuft from the back of each victim as the savage does a human scalp, and move on in search of another heronry, to repeat this inhuman slaughter of the innocents.

But this is not all. The young birds must either perish slowly of hunger, or be swallowed by snakes.

Ostrich plumes are perfectly harmless decoration, for the bird earns his own and his master's living by growing them, without losing his life. They are the only kind of feathers that should be worn for ornament.—From "Citizen Bird," by Mabel Osgood Wright and Elliot Cones.

Queer Etiquette.

When a Chinaman takes his little boy to school to introduce him to his teacher it is done as follows, according to a missionary writer:

When the Chinaman arrives at the school he is escorted to the reception room, and both he and the teacher shake their own hands and bow profoundly. Then the teacher asks: "What is your honorable name?"

"My mean, insignificant name is Wong."

Tea and pipe are sent for, and the teacher says, "Please use tea." The Chinaman sips and puffs for a quarter of an hour before he says to the teacher, "What is your honorable name?"

"My mean, insignificant name is Pott."

"How many little stems have you prouted?" This means, "How old are you?"

"I have vainly spent 30 years."

"Is the honorable and great man of the household living?" He is asking after the teacher's father.

"The old man is well."

"How many precious little ones have you?"

"I have two little dogs." These are the teacher's own children.

"How many children have you in your illustrious institution?"

"I have a hundred little brothers."

Then the Chinaman comes to business. "Venerable master," he says, "I have brought my little dog here, and worshipfully intrust him to your charge."

The little fellow, who has been standing in the corner of the room, comes forward at this kneels before the teacher, puts his hands on the floor and knocks his head against it. The teacher raises him up and sends him off to school, while arrangements are being made for his sleeping room, etc. At last the Chinese gentleman rises to take his leave, saying, "I have tormented you exceedingly today," to which the teacher responds, "Oh, no; I have dishonored you." As he goes toward the door he keeps saying, "I am gone." And etiquette requires the teacher to repeat, as long as he is in hearing, "Go slowly, go slowly."

When "Around the World in Eighty Days" was published, readers enjoyed it as a work of imagination. Certainly very few ever thought that such rapid travel would ever become an accomplished fact, much less that in less than thirty years people would be talking of its being a matter of only thirty days around the earth. This is really what the trans-Siberian railroad promises us in the near future. If our methods of transportation keep on improving at this rate we shall soon be able to laugh at the fairy tale that tells about the wonderful seven league boots.

A FIGHTING DOG.

A Canine Fighter in the Great Battle Off Santiago. Every person who loves dogs, and especially those who possess fox-terriers, will be more than interested in the story told by Commander J. Giles Eaton in the April St. Nicholas, of his fox-terrier, Prince, who went through the exciting time down at Santiago last July. After a short introduction describing his adventures, amusing and otherwise previous to the declaration of war, Commander Eaton says: "When the war with Spain was declared and his master had been ordered to command one of the ships of our navy, it was decided that Prince should enlist as a mascot. So he sailed for Cuba on board the Resolute in May.

When target practice began, Prince took a decided interest in the great guns firing. At each discharge he would twirl round like a top, and then would spring high in the air with one loud "Wow!" In a very short time he mastered the details of the loading, and soon recognized the fact that until the cartridge was put in no report could come.

Standing beside the gun, he would watch in an interested way the various operations until the cartridge was inserted and the breech closed. As soon as the sharp click of the breech-block reached his ears, his whole bearing changed. From this instant his whole attitude was that of "attention!" Standing on three legs, with his fourth raised in expectancy—his little body quivering with suppressed excitement, and his short, black, rudder-like tail, tipped at the end with white, cutting the air, his ears cocked like the hammer of the gun—his eyes fairly sparkled with excitement.

The boom of the gun would be followed by his bark, and at first he would jump frantically to grab the ejected cartridge case. The hot brass soon cured him of any desire to carry these in his mouth, and he took to running to and fro with the men who were bringing fresh ammunition. Generally he stationed himself near the after-gun at quarters; but once the firing began he betook himself to the one which was firing most rapidly, and each discharge he noted with a quick turn on his haunches and one resounding bark. Later, when Spanish shells fell about us, he barked defiance at every explosion, and was with difficulty kept from jumping overboard in pursuit of bursting fragments.

The Resolute was designated to receive the Spanish prisoners, and when their arrival began Prince had his hands full. To him it was incomprehensible that from just at nightfall till far into the night it was midnight before the last "Don" was aboard.

We should convert the clean and orderly Resolute into a cart, crowded with over 500 begrimed and excited strangers. For a time his tired bark, which had been strained all day with over-use, was again and again raised in protest. Finding this of no avail, he then essayed a series of rushes, feinting serious attacks on the marineres. In these he grew so earnest that he was summarily placed under arrest and put in confinement in the cabin; and here, at 1 o'clock, I found him, worn out and tired with his long day of battle, but not content to sleep until joined by his master.

On the morrow he was awake betimes, and promptly resented the appearance on deck of the Spanish sailors, who were brought up for a bath and for the next five days, while we held those poor fellows on board Prince never ceased to protest against their coming on deck. With his dislike aroused almost to its highest pitch, he would at once growl when a Spaniard passed "between the wind and his nobility." Last international complications should follow, Prince was deprived of his usual privilege of having the run of the whole ship and was confined for a time to the cabin and pilot-house.

It was a relief to all when the Spaniards, who outnumbered the Resolute's crew five to one, were sent to the Harvard, but to Prince their going was more than a relief—it was absolute happiness; and his short tail, which had hung dejected—half-masted, the sailors called it—was once again held proudly upright. Still, until soap and sand and water had done their perfect work, Prince's nose sniffed suspiciously when he passed the former quarters of the Spanish prisoners.

The Anvil Bird.

At dusk in the wilds of the gloomy Brazilian forest, you will think it strange, says Our Animal Friends, to hear the clink of a hammer on an anvil. You would imagine that you were approaching some settlement and the picture would come up before your eyes.

But if your guide were a native, he would tell you that the sound was made by a campanero, as they call it, although to foreigners it is known as the anvil bird.

This bird is a little larger than a thrush. The plumage is perfectly white; the eyes are a pale gray color, and the naked throat and skin around the eyes are of a fine bright green, while its more northerly relative is orange and black, very much like our oriole.

It is generally in the early part of the day that the campanero sends forth the wonderful note that can be heard at a distance of three miles. Marvelous indeed must be the mechanism of the vocal organs of so small a bird to produce so far-reaching a note; but there is no doubt of the fact, for many travelers have heard the strange sound uttered by the bird when perched on the topmost branch of some withered tree.

BRAZILIAN FUNERALS.

Grave Clothes and Invitations Prepared Before Death. One of the first things that strike the eye of the stranger in Rio are some old-looking carriages. You think there must be a circus in town, but on inquiring are told that "those are hearses."

Owing to the climate, a corpse cannot be kept over 24 hours, nor will the law allow it, and so many have their clothes made and funeral invitations printed before they are ready to die.

I received an invitation to the funeral of a child of a friend. It was printed on white paper, having a scarlet border. Scarlet is the color used by the Brazilians for the funeral decorations of the young, while violet is for adults.

The invitation has not only the names of the parents of the child but the grandparents, uncles, aunts and cousins. I was supposed to bring a wreath or other emblem of artificial flowers (real ones are seldom used) and drive to the mourners' house. There I was met by an usher, who took the wreath and led me into the "chamber of death," where the mourners and priests were praying for the departed soul. Every article of furniture, knick-knacks, etc., had been removed from the room, and the coffin was placed in the center upon a bier draped with scarlet cloth, round which the wreaths, etc., were put.

Most Brazilian coffins are poorly made of the thinnest pine, perfectly oblong in shape and covered (according to your means) with velvet, cloth, cotton or paper. The coffin was of scarlet velvet, having its edges bordered with gold-figured paper. The child was dressed in gorgeous red silk and lace and literally covered with artificial flowers of every hue. The reason for such a display of color, I was told, was that a child has no sin and was going happily to heaven. Lighted candles were placed around the coffin, with a crucifix at the head and another in the hand of the child.

When the masses had been said the father and brother carried the coffin to the hearse. The hearse was also scarlet and gold, but, oh, so shabby, and so were the two men on the seat, who were dressed from head to foot in the same bright colors and looked more like two organ monkeys than men.

History of Arbor Day.

From J. Sterling Morton's Conservative: At an annual meeting of the state board of agriculture at Lincoln, Neb., January 4, 1872, J. Sterling Morton introduced the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

"Resolved, That Wednesday, the 10th day of April, 1872, be and the same is hereby especially set apart and consecrated for tree planting in the state of Nebraska, and the state board of agriculture hereby name it Arbor Day, and urge upon the people of the state the vital importance of tree planting, and hereby offer a special premium of \$100 to the agricultural society of that county in Nebraska which shall upon that day plant properly the largest number of trees; and a farm library of \$25 worth of books to that person who, on that day, shall plant properly, in Nebraska, the greatest number of trees."

Over a million of trees were planted in Nebraska on the first Arbor day, April 10, 1872.

In 1875 the governor of Nebraska, by public proclamation, set apart the third Wednesday of April as a day to be observed in the planting of trees. Annually thereafter other governors made such proclamation until the winter of 1885, when the legislature passed the act which designates the 22d of April, birthday of Mr. Morton, of each year as Arbor day, and making it one of the legal holidays of the state.

Then in 1895 the name and fame of Nebraska was further recognized and tied, by the following joint resolution which which was approved by the governor April 4, 1895:

"Whereas, The state of Nebraska has heretofore, in a popular sense, been designated by names not in harmony with its history, industry, or ambition; and

"Whereas, Numerous and honorable state organizations have, by resolution, designated Nebraska as the 'Tree Planters' State; therefore be it

"Resolved, By the legislature of the state of Nebraska, that Nebraska shall hereafter, in a popular sense, be known and referred to as the 'Tree Planters' State.'"

SECULAR SHOTS AT THE PULPIT

Philadelphia Press: While the eloquent preacher, Dwight L. Moody, was exhorting a San Francisco audience on Saturday to show charity to criminals a thief stole his overcoat. The daring rascal gave Mr. Moody instant opportunity to put in practice his own preach.

Chicago Times-Herald: A Methodist minister is to be appointed chief of police at Hampton, N. H., in the hope that he will suppress the liquor traffic. It may be recalled in this connection that no tacticians were ever more expert than the puritan clergy in surrounding a stiff horn of rum.

Chicago Tribune: Pope Leo has turned the corner and seems to be well on the way to complete recovery. The reserve forces of a careful and abstemious life have rallied to his aid, and the only disease of which the aged pontiff will probably die will be old age and time, "under whose wings all things wither."

Brooklyn Eagle: Cardinal Gibbons has a great many admirable qualities, but he is not a diplomat, and does not pretend to be; he is not a profound scholar and he does not pretend to be; he is not an expert theologian, and he does not pretend to be. And he understands very well that he never will be pope.

IS ALCOHOL A FOOD?

Novel Experiment to Be Made to Find Out.

Is alcohol a food? It is more nourishing than beef tea? Prof. W. O. Atwater, chief food expert in the employ of the United States, proposes to solve these questions by boxing up human subjects and feeding them exclusively on alcohol. In this project he is backed by President Seth Low of Columbia university and a committee of fifty citizens.

This is a proposition all the more surprising in connection with the recent discovery that meat extracts are stimulants, rather than foods, and that in passing through the system they leave nothing which permanently aids in building or repairing blood, bone, brain or brain.

The men on whom Prof. Atwater will experiment as soon as the necessary appropriation is made by the government will be taken to an especially equipped laboratory at Middletown, Conn. Through their aid he will determine exactly what happens to alcohol and to body when the latter contains the former. One at a time, they will be subjected to solitary confinement in an apparatus consisting primarily of three hermetically sealed concentric boxes, in other words, a cell within a cell. They will be given alcohol in various doses and under various conditions.

Every particle of the occupant's expired breath will be collected by a system of tubes and air pumps and analyzed for traces of alcohol. Every molecule of perspiration secreted upon his skin and evaporated into the rapidly changing atmosphere will be as scrupulously searched. The air passing into the chamber must be compared with that passing out. Hence, both must be analyzed. Just before admitted and just after expelled the air current will pass through U-shaped tubes containing pumice saturated with concentrated sulphuric acid. There will determine the amount of water contained in the air when it is admitted and when it is expelled. Similar tubes filled with soda lime will show how much carbon dioxide has been breathed out by the subject. Others containing glass beads drenched with other solutions will serve similar purposes, and thus by separating the contents of the atmosphere it will be an easy matter to detect the amount of alcohol leaving the patient in the form of vapor. Cold water tubes arranged inside the cell will measure the heat given off by the body.

By analyzing, weighing and measuring every drop of the alcohol supplied to the subject through a tube, and by subtracting from this the sum of all that is given off by him in vapor or otherwise during the experiment, it will be possible to estimate the exact amount retained by his body, assimilated and utilized in the formation of tissue or energy. If old-fashioned notions be true, a long series of experiments will prove that all of the alcohol, or very nearly all, which has been supplied to the cell will come out again. If the suspicions of several modern dietitians be true, the amount rejected by the subject will be found much smaller than that fed to him.

Of course, men will not be required to subsist in this air-tight box for days at a time without nourishment other than alcohol. By so doing the dietarian would acquire responsibilities more serious than bargained for. The subject would find himself in a box figuratively as well as literally, while his attendants would have a good-sized hermetically sealed case of delirium tremens on their hands. The "oil of joy" must be administered with other food. It will be a simpler matter to divide the period of each subject's confinement into equal parts with menus exactly uniform, except for an allowance of alcohol for one period and an enforced abstinence therefrom during another. Comparison will indicate how the alcohol is disposed of and its influence in the digestion of the foods taken with it. By comparing results obtained with subjects who have been habitual drinkers, the exact effect of the drinking habit upon the digestive system may be learned.

By pursuing the inquiry with large numbers of subjects of various ages, sexes, constitutions and habits, it may be estimated whether alcohol in the diet is more injurious to a child than to an adult, to a woman than to a man, or to the weak, perhaps, than the robust. It may be possible also to discover at what time of day alcohol is most injurious; whether it is more dangerous to drink it at night than in the day time; just before or just after meals, sleep or exercise. By altering the temperature, moisture or pressure of the air in the chamber, the exact foundation data may be obtained; also whether alcohol in some foods is more harmful than in others might be investigated. It is well known, for instance, that the Frenchman can drink more wine and the German more beer than the American. Is this due to a difference in liquor or in the climate? By dividing the time of the subject's confinement into periods of physical exercise with gymnasium apparatus, mental work with books or absolute rest upon his folding cot, and by directly studying subjects of different occupations, it may also be determined whether the physiological effects of alcohol are more or less injurious to the laborer than to the student or to the idler.

Whatever they may develop, Prof. Atwater's experiments will be of interest, for no investigator has yet succeeded in proving that alcohol, when consumed in the stomach, is necessary in any way to the normal workings of the system.