with laurel.

with trouble-



As he rode through the dusky night to tell That "the British were almost here," Had sounded a prelude, to echo Down the fair Colonial coast, To call from the peaceful farms and fields A sturdy, dauntiess host-And now there had gathered, swiftly, In the town of the Quaker, Penn. With a steadfast purpose in their hearts, A bard of earnest men.

There was Hancock, the brave, the daring, And Jefferson, the wise; Franklin, the prophet of bonest thrift, And Morris, with kindly eyes; And they framed a Declaration, That pleasant summer day, Which neither Prince, nor Queen, nor sword, Has eyer snatched away; And the hard-pressed soldiors brightened. And through long months fought on, Until kingly sway o'er their wide land cea And their right was grandly won!

Can we sing of them too proudly, This early July day, Who out of servitude and shame, So bravely made a way? Nay-honor, praise and blessing Supreme to them be given, Our grand old "Continentals," may Their land be long usr.ven By conflict, and with revere Their names be spoken, ever, While patriots and freemen live, And nations stand together! -Helen Chase, in G cod Housekeeping.

EZRA GALLUP.

An Interesting Fourth of July Episode.

[Written for This Paper.]

WISH it might be lone," said Nahum "It's very easy to wish that," observed

Solomon Ripley. 'But it can't be." "Certainly w can' doit" concluded Silas Nelson.

So the three stood at pause, dolefully consenting that the thing which in all right and propriety ought to be could not be. Their re-

marks, as given above, came at the close of a lengthy discussion of the subject, and having reached this unprofitable finale, there was a brief silence. Nahum Jones whittled a stick, Solomon Ripley drummed on an empty box with his finger ends, and Silas Nelson softly whistled "In the Sweet By and By."

It was a hot forenoon in the village of Crammond, which lies somewhere east of the Mississiumi and north of the Ohio. The

old hunks came into the room, and said: "Well, sir?" I told him I would like to see SWEET were the land Eudora, and he bluntly told me that my visits there would not be agreeable, and he wanted them stopped. And I stopped And mallow, and spicy bay, ad bronzed were the fields with fallen

Jones and Ripley exchanged glances that indicated a positive fellow-feeling. Nelson That early July dayobserved, and was in a slight degree com-But the air was rife forted. "Well, it must be very mortifying to Mis

Gallup," said Jones. "Yes, but not near as much so as if she cared for either of us."

"Who does she care for?" "They say the new minister manages to walk with her a good deal on the street, and\_'

"But he don't go to the house?" "No, indeed! I guess he's been warned

of old Gallup's aversion to those of his

"Well-speak of-you know what. Here comes the new minister himself." IL

He came along at a nimble pace, a tall, red-cheeked, large-eyed young man, dressed like a clergyman and acting as little as possible like the conventional type of put it through. Exercises on the green in that class. He stopped and shook hands with each of the three friends, and began to talk to them in a hearty, cheery way.

"Glad to meet you all. What's the news? May I know what you three are talking so carnestly about?"

"Yes-part of it, at least," said Jones, with a wink at his companions. "We were talking of getting up a Fourth of July celebration.

"Excellent idea! The day ought always to be observed in an appropriate manner. What can I do to help along with it?" "Nothing, sir. The fact is, we have con-

luded that there's no use to try it here in Crammond."

"You astonish me," said Mr. Wager. " have been settled in two places befog coming here. Each was smaller than this; but each observed our National holiday with great enthusiasm. What's the matter

The farmer and the merchant looked at the teacher.

"It is not," said the latter, "that there i any lack of patriotism in Crammond.

There is little wealth here, as you have learned, but the people are naturally liberal and open-hearted. But for some years past they have been chilled and discouraged by

the wretched example of that old hunks on the hill." "Of whom?" asked Rev. Mr. Wager, ele-

vating his eyebrows. "Ezra Gallup, of course."

"Ah! I've heard something of him. Go on and tell me more."

"He's the richest man in the town-the richest man in the county. They say he's worth a million."

"Every cent of it," put in the merchant. "Has mortgages on half the town. Income so big that he is troubled to invest it. And he's the meanest old Shylock out. Escapes every public burden he can; swears down his taxes, extorts compound interest, and as for charity or giving any thing away, he'd think you crazy to ask him. So you see the people have fallen into what I may call an exasperation of temper over the situation. They won't give from their humble means when old miserly Gallup escapes every thing with his great riches. This is the

SONG OF THE FOURTH OF JULY. each of you. I called at the house, and the it ought to be freely given. He will

The spectators of that extraordinary scene said that there was something so terrible in the minister's tone and manner as he uttered this warning that they trem-bled themselves. But Mr. Gallup, they said, appeared badly frightened. His fas cheeks turned pale, and he shook in his chair like a pudding in a beg. Was not this the one thing needful that had never been tried upon him? He had been coaxed, teased, argued with and begged; but to have the wrath of an offended God held over him in this way-ah! that was different!

"Wait," he said. "How much do you want of me?"

"Fifty dollars," replied the minister. Mr. Gallup took the paper and went in. He returned in a moment with his name written down for the amount named and his check.

"Many thanks, sir," said Mr. Wager.

"We hope you'll attend the whole per formance," remarked Jones, finding his voice with an effort. "We had laid out a remarked Jones, finding his liberal programme for the day. conditional on your heading the paper, and now we'll

all's THIS . WAIT," HE SAID; "HOW MUCH DO TOS WANT?"

the morning; singing of National airs by the school; reading the declaration by Mr. Nelson; oration by Rev. Mr. Wager; splendid fire-works, all the way from Cincinnati, at night. You must not miss any of it, sir."

"And a brass band, too," added Mr. Ripley. "if we have to send fifty miles for it."

Ezra Gallup and analyze the power that had softened and changed it in a moment. We go our ways through life, influencing others for good or ill, but we never know the extent of that influence, and how much weal or woe we have wrought. In this instance it happened that the effect produced became widely known, and then men said that there must always have been some element of the human in Ezra Gallup waiting for the skilled hand that could bring it forth to the light.

His astonished daughter was further astonished by his request made the following bration with him. He remarked upon returning home that afternoon that Mr. Wager seemed different to him from other ministers, and that his address was a very fine effort. They also attended the grand exhibition of fire-works that night, which, on account of its novelty in that vicinity, the whole surrounding country came to see. The crush was tremendous, and Mr. Gallup, finding some difficulty in taking care of his own fat person, made no objection to his daughter accepting the minister's protec-Two years later, when Eudora accepted the same protection for life, and a large party attended at the Gallup home to see the ceremony, Jones, Ripley and Nelson came also. "Why, to be sure," said the latter to his companions in a corner, "there was fear in it at first; conscience awakened at last, I suppose. But it's grown to something dif-ferent now. Wager's influence has entire-ly changed the old man. Look at his charities and his munificent public spirit! He has really learned the luxury of doing good." JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

# THE GOSPEL WEAPON.

### Dr. Talmage on Worldly Philosophy and Bible Truths.

The Weapons of Worldly Philosophy Turned to Christianity's Service-Every Thing Useful to Christians-The Lord's

Army of Business Men.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage in a recent sermon at Brooklyn took for his subject: "The M ghtiest Weapon Is the Gospel." His text was from 1 Samuel IXL 9: "There is none like that; give it me." Tae preacher said:

David fled from his pursuers. The world runs very fast when it is chasing a good man. The country is trying to catch David and to slay him. David goes into the house of a priest and asks him for a sword or spear with which to defend himself. The priest, not being accustomed to use deadly weapons, tells David that he can not supply him; but suddenly the priest thinks of an old sword that had been carefully wrapped up and laid away -the very sword that Go iath formerly used-and he takes down the sword, and while he is wrapping the sharp, glittering, memorable blade, it flashes upon David's mind that this was the very sword that was used against himself when he was in the fight with Goliath, and David can hardly keep his hand off it until the priest has unwound it. David stretches out his hand toward that old sword and says: "There is In none I ke that; give it me." other words: "I want in my own hand the sword that has been used against me, and against the cause of God." So it was given him. Well, my friends that is not the first or last sword once used by giant and Philistine iniquity which is to come into the possession of Jesus Christ, and of his glorious Church. I want, as well as God may help me, to show you that many a weapon which has been used against the armies of God is yet to be captured and used on our side; and I only invite David when I stretch out my hand toward the blade of the Philistine, and cry: "There is none like that; give it me !"

I remark, first, that this is true in regard to all scientific exploration. You know that the first discoveries in astronomy and geology and chronology were used to battle Christianity. Worldly phylosophy came out of it : laboratory and out of its observatory, and said: "Now, we will prove, by the very structure of the earth, and by the movement of the heavenly bodies, that the Bib'e is a lie and that Christianity, as we have it among men, is a positive imposition " Good men trembled The telescope, the Leyden jars, the electric latteries, all in the hands of Philist nes. But one day, Christianity, looking about for some weapon with which to defend itself, happened to see the very old swords that these atheistic Philistines had been using against the truth and cried out: "There is none like that; give it m-!" And Cop-rnicus, and Galileo, and Kepler and Isaac Newton

Lord Jesus Christ have stormed the observatories of the wor.d's science, and from the highest towers have flung out the banner of the cross, and Christianity to-nigh'. from the observatories of Albany and Washington, stretches out to hand toward the opposing scientific weapon, crying: "There is none like that; give it to me!" I was reading this afternoon of Herschel. who was looking at a meteor through a telescope, and when it came over the face of the telescope it was so powerful he had to avert his eyes Aud it has been just so that many an astronomer has gene into an observatory and looked up into the midnight beavens, and the Lord God has. through some swinging world, flamed upon his vision, and the learned man cried out: "Who am l? Undone! Unclean!

Have mercy, Lord God!" Again, I remark, that the traveling disposition of the world, which was averse to morals and religion is to be brought on our side. The man that went down to Je icho and fell amidst thieves was a type of a great many travelers. There is many a man who is very honest at home who, when he is abroad, has his honor filched and his good habits stolen. There are but very few men who can stand the stress of an expedition. Six works at a watering place has damned many a man. In the olden times God forbade the traveling of men for the purposes of trade because of the corrupting influences attending it. A

good many men now can not stand the transition from one place to another. Some men who seem to be very consistent at home in the way of keeping the Sabbath, when they get into Spain, on the Lord's day always go out to see the bull fights. Plato said that no city ought to be built nearer to the son than ten miles, lost it be tempted to commerce. But this traveling disposition of the world, which was averse to that which is good, is to be brought on our side. These rail trains, why they are to take our Bibles: these steamships, they are to transport our missionaries; these sailors rushing fr. m city to city all around the wor'd, are to be converted intoChristian heralds and go out and preach Christ among the heatnen nations. The gospels are infinitely multiplied in beauty and power since Robinson, and Thompson, and Burckhardt have come back and talked to us about Siloam, and Capernaum, and Jerusalem, pointing out to us the lilies about which Jesus preached, the beach upon which Paul was shipwrecked, the fords at which Jordan was passed, the Red sea bank on which were lossed the carcasses of the drowned Egyptians. A man said: "I went to the Holy Land an infidel; I came back a

Christian. I could not help it." I am not shocked at the idea of building a railroad to the Holy Land. I wish that all the world might go and see Golgotta and Bethlehem. If we can not afford to pay for nuleteers now perhaps when the rail train gots we can afford to buy a ticke: from Constantinople to Joppa, and so we will get to see the Holy Land. Then let Christians travel. God speed the rail trains and guide the steamships th s night panting across the deep in the phosphorscent wake of the shining feet of Him who from wave cliff to wave cliff to wave cliff trod the stormed Tiberias. The self out of this world every thing that is our civilization and examine our Christianity, and go back and tell the story, and keep the Empire rocking until Jesus shall Where'er the sun Does his uccessive journeys run-And the firearms with which the infidel traveler brought down the Arab horseman and the jackals of the desert, have been surrendered to the Church and we reach forth our hands, crying: "There is none like that; give it to me." So it has always been with the learning and the elequence of the world. People say: "Religion is very good for women, it is very good for children, but not for men." But we have in the roll of Christ's host Mozart and Handel in music, Canova and Angelo in sculpture, Raphael and ANAY. Reynolds in painting, Harvey and Boerbaava in medicine, Cowper and Scott in poetry, Crotius and Burke in statesmanship, Boyle and Lietnits in philosophy, Thomas Chaimers and John Mason in theology. The most brilliant wr.t ngs of a worldly nature are all aglow with scriptural al usions. Through sensational speech and through essayis:'s discour-e Sinai thunder and Calvary pleads and Siloam sparkles. Samuel L. Southard was mighty in the court room and the senate chamber, but he reserved his strongest eloquence for that day when he stoo I before the literary societies at Princeton and pleaded for the gran leur of our Bible. Daniel Webster won not his chief garlands while he was consuming Hayne, nor when he opened the batteries of his eloquence on Bunker Hill, that rocking Sinai of the American revolution, but on that day when, in the famous Girar I wil! case, he showed his affection for the Christian religion and eulog zed the Bib'e. The eloquence and the earning that have been on the other side came over to our side. Where is Gibbon's historical pen? Where is Robespierre's It is more probable that during the swerd? Captured for God. "There is none like that; give it to me!" So, also, has it been with the picture making of the world. We are very anxious on this day to have the printing press and the platform on the side of Christianity; but we overlook the engraver's knife and the painter's pencil. The antiquarian goes and looks at pictured ruins, or exmines the chiseled pillars of Thebes, and Nineveh, and Pompeii, and then comes back to tell us of the beast inces of ancient art; and it is a fact now, that many of the finest specimens-merely artisticly considered-of sculpture and painting hat are to be found amidst those ruins are not fit to be looked at and they are locked up. How Paul must have felt when standing amidst those impurities that stared on him from the walls and the pavements, and the bazyars of Corinth, he presched of the purs and boly Jesus. The art of the world on the side of obscenity and crime and death. mine. In later days the palaces of kings were dorned with nictures. But what to unof the Madonna? What to Lord Jaffrica. the unjust judge, the picture of the "Last Judgmont?" What to Nero, the unwashed, a picture of the baptism in the Jordan? The art of the world is still on the sile of superstition and death. But that is being changed now. The Christian ranged the whole universe. Joshua right and God right; infidelity wrong every time. I know it would be wrong. I thank God that the time has come when Chris-tians need not be scared at any scientific time time time time has come when Chris--If the

all the better for us. The armies of the in the court, Daniel in the den. Shadrack in the fire, Paul in the shipwreck, Christ on the cross. O, that we might, in our famil on think more of the power of the Christian pictures! One little sketch of Samuel kneeling in prayer will mean more to your children than twenty sermons on devotion. One patient face of Christ by the band of the artist will be more to your child than filty sermons on forb arance. The art of the worll is to be taken for Christ. What has terome of Thorwaldsen's chisel and Ghirlandajo's erayon? Captured for the truth. "There is no no like tha ; give it me!"

So, I remark, it is with business acumer and tact. When Carist was upon earth 2 the people that followed Him for the most part had no social position. There was but one man natural y brillient in all the apostleship. Joseph of Arimathen, the rich man, risked nothing when he offered a hole in the rock for the dead Christ. How many of the mercuants in A is Minor tetriended Jesus? I think of only one, Lydia. How many of the castles on the beach of Galilee entertained Christ? Not one. When Peter came to Joppa he stopped with one Simon, a tanner. What power had Christ's name on the Roman exchange or in the tazars of Corinth? None The prominent men of the day did not want to risk their reputation for sanity by pretending to be one of His followers. Now that is all changed.

Among the mightiest men in our great cities to-day are the Christian bankers; and if to-morrow at the loard of trade apy man should get up and malign the name of Jesus he would be quickly silenced or put out. In the front rank of all our Christian workers to-day are the Christian merchants; and the enterprises of the world are coming on the right side. There was a farm wille I away some years ago, all the proceeds of that farm to go for spreading infidel books. Somehow matters have changed and now all the proceeds of that farm go toward the missionary cause. One of the finest printing presses ever I uilt was built for the express purpose of publishing infidel tracts and books. Now it does nothing but print Holy Bibles. I believe that the time will come when in commercial circles the voice of Christ will be the mightiest of all vo ces, and the ships of Tarshish will bring presents and the Queen of Shebs her glory and the wise mon of the East their myrih and frankincense. I look off upon the business men of our cit es and rejoica at the prospect that their tact, and ingenuity, and talent will, after awhile, all be brought into the service of Christ. It will be one of the mightiest of weapons. There is none like that; give it me!"

Now, if what I have said be true, away with all downheartedness! If science is to be on the right side, and the traveling disposition of the world on the right side, and the learning of the world on the right side, and the picture making on the right side, and the business of acumen and tact of the world on the right sidethine, O Lord, is the king lom! O, fall into line, all ye people! It is a grand thing to be in such an army, and led by such a commander, and on the way to such a victory. If what I have said be true, then Christ is going to gather up for Hingany thing, and but the scum left. A proclamation of amnesty goes forth now from the throne of God, saying: "Whoso-ver will, let him come." However long you may have wandered, however great your s ns may have been, "whosoever will, let him come." O that I could marshal all this audience on the side of Christ. He is the best friend a man ever had. He is so king -so lovely, so sympathetic. I can not ee how you can stay away from Him. Come now and accept His mercy. Behold H m as He stretches ou the arms of His salvation. saying: "Look unto Me, all yp ends of the earth, and be ye saved; for I am God" Make final choice now. You will either be willows planted by the water course or the chaff which the wind driveth



IV. It is not for us to dissect the heart of

long, dusty street, shaded by patriarchal elms from the glare of the sun, lay very quiet and still. Few figures could be seen along its length except these three who stood in front of Jones' general "country store." Mr. Ripley was a farmer who had just ridden into town for the doing of divers errands connected with practical agriculture, and Mr. Nelson was the teacher of the village school, and had some leisure in this time of summer vacation.

All three were alert, brisk-looking young men, who talked and acted as though they had something to do in life, and were zealously trying to do it. Their meeting at this place on this morning was a chance one, and their discussion also came about in a chance way; for as Ripley alighted from his wagon to enter the st re, Jones stood just outside the door, and Nelson, happening along after mutual "good mornings," remarked that Fourth of July would be along next week-whereupon sprang up a debate upon the practicability of having a public celebration in Crammond. It soon ended as we have seen, with an unanimous vote in the negative. But the subject being an interesting one, the young men hated to give it up so easily, and were about to make regretful remarks about it, when a subject of much greater ent interest appeared and pres drew all their attention. A young woman came along the broad walk, presenting, with her nest summer dress and ribbons, with hat and sunshade to match, and her sweet face under the hat, a picture of the kind that the world everywhere, in and out of Crammond, pronounces charming. The young men suspended their talk and looked re-



A YOUNG WOMAN CAME ALONG THE BROAD WALL

spectfully at the passing vision. Their hats were lifted together; the vision gave them a little amile, and was immediately lost to sight around the corner.

The young men were bachelors, even to Ripley, who carried on the farm with no other hou ewife than an elderly female relative. The three were warm friends, who were in the habit of exchanging mu-tual confidences; and the fact that each tual confidences; and the fact that each had cast covetous but hopeless glances upon Eudora Gallup was no secret. It may seem strange to some that there could be such a tripartite friendship as would admit of the exhibition of unsatisfied heart-hunger of this kind; yet that was the fact, and as such we record it. He other person was in hearing, so they continued to con-verse, but with a change of subject. "That wasn't much of a smile," said the storekeeper, "but what there was of it is to be divided among us, I suppose." "Of course," said the teacher. "Precious Nittle encouragement de any of us get in that quarter."

"Either frum father or daughter," added the farmer.

e from the teacher.

reason why we can have no Indep Day doings here. The first man and each man we might go to with a subscriptionpaper would say: 'Take it up to Gallup.'" Mr. Jones and Mr. Ripley nodded emphatic assent to every assertion. "Has he been asked to give to public ob-

jects?" inquired Mr. Wager. "Not lately; what would be the use? His

hard heart has been well known for years; nobody would think of asking him."

"I propose to give him a chance," said the minister, decidedly. "I am not old in the ministry or in knowledge of human nature; but I've known very hard shells to be softened by the proper means. If you will add me to your committee, I will go around with you and solicit to-morrow. We will begin with Mr. Gallup, meeting here at nine o'clock.'

The others were amazed, and at first un willing; but as they found that the minister was firm and in carnest, they finally agreed. "It'll be great fun, any way," said Jones. ш

Ezra Gallup, sitting on his broad and shaded doorstep with his pretty daughter by his side, did not look in the least like the traditional miser. He was portly in body and rubicund in face, but with a severe chin and little, twinkling eyes. He loved to acquire and to enjoy, but was not willing that another soul, save his beloved daughter, should share the fruit of any of his gains. This was his character in a nutshell; it was the refinement of selfishness. His wife, a delicate creature of sentiment and feeling, had died when Eudora was a child, saying that she hoped there was a world where larks and doves did not mate with barn-yard fowls. "Dora," exclaimed Mr. Gallup, "who are

those men coming up the walk?"

"They are the new minister, pa, and Mr. Jones, Mr. Ripley and Mr. Nelson." "What the devil do they want here? Pd like to see-"

"Good morning, Mr. Gallup," said the minister, a little in advance of the others, and tipping his hat to the daughter, who seemed surprised but not displeased to see him there. "These gentlemen and myself are a committee soliciting subscriptions in aid of the proper celebration of Independ-ence Day in Crammond. We-"

"You have come to the wrong place. I never give any thing to anybody."

"We are sure you will make an exception in this instance, sir. If you will head the list with a reasonable amount we shall have no difficulty in getting five hundred dollars subscribed. The people all seem to wait on you."

"Let them wait and be -! You're a minister, ain't you? Nice business for you to be engaged in-begging money to spend in fire-crackers and such foolishness."

"A minister ought to take an interest in every thing that winds to humanize and broaden the people that he dwells among. When I heard that the anniversary of our Nation's birthday had not been cel for years in Crammond, I resolved that it for years in Crammond, I resolved that it should be this year. We can't afford to do without the leasons that it tenches! The young people must know all about the day, and what makes it glorious. We must fulfill grand old John Adams' prediction, when he said: 'When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thankagiving, with festivity, with bonfires and illuminations. On its annual ""- anuder

"Bosh!" growled Mr. Galtup. "John Adams nover said that. It's one of Dan Webster's ally flights. But I don't care a button. I won't give you a cent for this purpose; not a cent, sir! Do you hear?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Wager, warming to his task, "I hear, and have got more to say. You have been described to me as a selfah, soulless missr, and I fear there is too much reason for the opinion. Now, I have a duty to do as a servent and minister of God, and I shall do it fearlessly. Miserable man! 1 warn you that His wrath will surely over-

PATRIOTIC POEMS.

A Fourth o' July Song. The jolly old Fourth o' July is here,

Hurrah! hurrah! We welcome it gladly, the King of th

Year. Hurrah! hurrah!

'Tis the happiest holiday under the sun To the merry American boys-The day of all days for frolic and fun, For bustle, commotion and poise.

For jolly old Fourth o' July we cheer, Hurrah! Hurrah!

To true-hearted youth 'tis the day that ! dear,

Hurrah! hurrah!

A happy procession, we march through th street

Keepingstep to the beat of the drum, Of laddies so merry, and lassies so sweet,

With hearts all a-flutter, we come. From the house-top and turret the ruddy

flags fly. Hurrah! burrah!

And all in gay greeting to Fourth o' July,

Hurrah! hurrah!

If we wish he would take all the common

-M. Thayer Rouse, in Golden Days.

And let the deep-mouthed cannon roar Each patriot bosom swells, When light descends what joys are his!

O'er his pillow, they reckons the cost Which the day's sport imposed,

ter-Have you any good cigars? "Have you say good cigars !"

their ransacking of earth and Heaven. they had found overwheiming presence of the God whom we worship; and this old Bible began to shake itse f from the Koran | reign

and Shaster and Zendavesta with which it had been covered up, and lay on the desk of the scholar, and in the laboratory of the chemist, and in the lap of the Christian, unharmed and unanswered, while the towers of the midnight heavens struck a silvery chime in its praise.

Worldly ph losophy sail: "Matter is sternal. The world always was. God did not make it" Christian phi'osonhy plunges its crowbar in'o recks, and finds that the world was gradually made, and if gradually made there must have been ome point at which the process started; then, who started it? And so that objection was overcome and in the first three words of the Bible we find that Moses Stated a magnificent truth when he said: "In the beginning." Worldly philosophy said: "Your Bible

is a most inaccurate book; all that story in the Old Testament, again and again told, about the army of the locusts-it is preposterous. There is nothing in the coming of the locusts like an army. An army walks, locusts fly. An army goes in order and procession, locusts without order." "Wait !" said Christian philosophy ; and in 1868 in the southwestern part of this country Christian men went out to examine the march of the locust. There are men right before me who must have noticed in that very part of the country the coming up of the locust like an army; and it was found that all the newspapers unwittingly spoke of them as an army. Why? They seem to have a commander. They march like a host. They halt like a host. No arrow ever went with straighter dight than the locusts come-not even turning aside for the wind. If the wind rises the locusts drop and then rise again after it has gone down, taking the same line of march, not varying a foot. The Bible is right every time when it speaks of locusts coming like an army; worldly philosophy wrong.

Worldiy philosophy said: "All that story about the light 'turned as clay to the seal' is simply an absurdity." Old time worldly philosophy said: "The light comes straight." Christian philosophy said: "Wait a little while," and it goes on and makes difcoveries and finds that the atmosphere curves and bends the ray of light around the earth, literally "as the clav to the seal." The Bible right again; worldly philosophy wrong again. "Ah," says worldly philosophy, "all that illusion in Job about the foundation of the earth is simply an absur lity. 'What wast thou,' says God, 'when I set the foundations of the earth!' The earth has no foundations." Christian philosophy come and finds that the word as translated "foundation" may be better translated "sockets." So now see how it will read if it is translated right: "Where wast thou when I sat the sockets of the earth?" Where is the socket? It is the bollow of clean Henry VIII, was a beautiful ple Gcd's hand--a socket large enough for any

world to turn in. Worldly philosophy said: "What an ab-surd story about Joshua making the sun and moon stand still. If the world had stopped an instant, the whole universe would have been out of genr." "Stop," said Christian been out of gent." "Boop," said Coristian philosophy, "not quite so quick." The world has two motions—one on its ax s and the other around the sun. It was not necessary in making them stand still that both motions should be stopped—only the one turning the world on its own axis. There was no reason why the helting of can pulpit to talk as never before of the the earth should have jarred and disar-

## CAUSES OF MALARIA.

#### A Physical Disturbance Attributable to Electricity and Heat.

A popular delusion is malaria, so called. The word malaria means bad air. The diseases that are attributed to this cause are frequently common in districts where there is no stagnant water or any thing else to taint the atmosphere. It will be remembered that during the autumn of 1881 there was an unusual number of people who were attacked by these diseases in Southwestern and West Central Missouri and Eastern Kansas, when there had been no rains of any consequence for months, and that, too, in districts far removed from decomposing water or any other substance.

The cause or causes of these diseases were surely not in the air, consequently should not be attributed to malaria. dry, hot weather of summer the heat that is radiated and the electricity that is generated by the sun have an enervating influence on the systemthat from the nerve centers this induence reaches the muscular system. principally through the pneumo-gastric nerve, and the stomach being the most delicate and intricate of almost any of the involuntary muscles, is the principal sufferer from such enervating influence. Indigestion follows as a symptom, and an increase of bile brings what is called biliousness and malaria. I hope my medical friendsand I claim many as such-will pardon the presumption on my part of the discussion of a subject that comes more wichin their province than that of

But this conclusion has been forced from observations that reach over a period of many years as a surveyor in the West. I have observed that there were more cases of sickness of this kind during or immediately after the season in which there were the greatest number of electric showers or electric disturbances as shown by the surveyor's instruments. I conclude, then, that heat and electricity are the prime causes of "malaria," and that they weaken the stomach and, in a large majority of cases, produce the diseases usually attributed to this cause. I give the thought to the profession with the hope that it will offend none.-Cor. St. Louis Republic.

Ring Out, Ye Bells. Ring out, ring out, ye merry bells,

The glorious Fourth is here once more. The hissing rocket cleaves the skies.

Hark! hear the roman candle fizz, Bebold the red and blue lights rise.

Now, whizz! z-z-zip! bang! torpedoes And aptit the fretted car of might;

And spirt the irreted car or minus; P.re-crackers jump, toy-pistols flash, Mid exciamations of delight. Now biase the barrels smeared with tar, Slow matches pass from hand to hand, And salve and sticking-plaster are At druggists' stores in great demand. Bardent

-Boston Budget

### The Aftermath.

Alas! when the day has gone by How heavy and heartfelt the sigh, As the bills all come in For the fire-works and din, And we find the fun costs mighty high.

And the boy, as with pain he is too

In his both optics closed And the finger or two he has lost.

Henesty in the Cigar Trade, Honest Dealer-Hey!

Then, at night, there's the fire-works, bright in his praise, So the Year ought to deem it not strange place days. And give Fourth o' Julys in exchange.

