

# THE MID-CONTINENT

VOL. XXII.—NO. 50

ST. LOUIS, DECEMBER 9, 1896.

\$2 A YEAR

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CHRISTMAS IS coming nearer and nearer. Many must economize on presents this year, as never before. What better or more economical gift than one of those Bibles or books offered above? We guarantee satisfaction. The price is cut in two (and we pay postage.)

LET US all do our best to make it possible that every Presbyterian missionary may have a salary check by Christmas! Surely we will. Might it not be a wise thing for the great Presbyterian church to borrow a few ideas of "self-denial week" from the Salvation Army?

MASS WILL most decidedly not be said on West Point grounds. That crafty scheme to hoist a Romanist chapel on government property, at the expense of the taxpayers, has been largely thwarted by the brave and brainy action of the Protestant religious press.

The Interior spoke most wisely when stating that the formation of the proposed print paper trust was all that was needful to arouse the entire Press of the land for war to the death upon all trusts. There is no opposition which that "combination" of editorial

brains and money cannot batter down and trample upon.

WE ACKNOWLEDGE the prompt courtesy of our esteemed Cincinnati contemporary, the *Journal and Messenger*, in correcting its mistake of ascribing to the MID-CONTINENT an editorial sentiment which had emanated from some other exchange. At the same we acknowledge our mistake, when referring to it last week, in confounding the names of Ian Maclaren and Bishop Vincent. It was the latter and not the former who had been the subject of remark.

THE GROWING disposition on the part even of some who formerly may have been known as "churchgoers" now to be careless in that good practice, or even to altogether neglect the Sunday evening service is a matter of grave concern to many a pastor. We think of the plain-spoken "local preacher" who prayed the Lord would bless those at home on beds of sickness and also those on the "sofas of wellness". Mr. Spurgeon used to describe the "onecers" in the matter of church going as those who "loved one meal a week".

IT IS by many deemed incredible that any fish should have been able to swallow Jonah. It is stated on the authority of Rene Bach, that the great white shark, occasionally seen on both coasts of America and more often in tropical waters, sometimes forty feet in length, is easily able to swallow a man. After the head of one has been taken off the sailors frequently amuse themselves by crawling through its opened jaws. And always should it be recalled that no "whale" swallowed Jonah. Whales have very small throats. It was a "great fish". The throat of whales and sharks are very different things.

IT IS passing strange, the notion many good people have of the editor's duties. They send their "changes of address", and their complaints of missing or torn papers, and everything else to him. Bless their souls! the editor never sees those letters. They go to the business office, every time. Only personal letters and manuscript reach the editor's way "up stairs." And most assuredly the editor knows absolutely nothing concerning the time John Smith is "paid up to." Yet Mr. J. Smith will keep right on remitting to "Dear Mr. Editor" year after year. It was partly because of these strange notions of editorial duties, that the "announcement" headed this page, during the past two weeks.

A FRIEND recently died leaving four or five thousand dollars for a monument to be placed at his grave. It is well. We shall be glad to see a handsome monument at the grave of an old friend. But we should feel far greater satisfaction in a simple inexpressive stone with this inscription on it, "he hath done what he could," provided it were true to history. The finest, most satisfactory memorial is found in the record of a life of diligent culture of the moral vineyard. The marble monument will at some time disappear, and the name it bears be forgotten. A name written in the earth will perish, but "they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."

TURN TO page 5 and read what the Presbyterian Board of Publication has to say. The St. Louis Depository is splendidly stocked. One shipment last week brought twenty tons of literature, and every day witnesses additions made to their stock. Our readers should bear in mind that this Depository is prepared to furnish anything wanted by our ministers and Presbyterian people. It carries the largest and finest stock of Bibles west of New York and the best selection of religious literature to be found anywhere. Our readers will save time and money by sending their orders here. Sabbath-schools should especially remember that this is the place to get their supplies. It is all a mistake that they can do better by sending elsewhere. Several schools which had been "switched off" last year by tempting offers from outside pub-

lishers, have restored their orders to the Presbyterian Board of Publication, and find that they save several dollars on each quarterly supply. Remember that the number of illustrated papers has been increased and the prices reduced, and that profits made by the board go to the support of our own mission schools, and not to swell the profits of other publishers.

"NEARER MY God to Thee" is a favorite hymn at funerals. It seems to have a peculiar appropriateness as we contemplate the passing of a soul into the boundless and unknown future. We love to hear it. And yet it sometimes impresses us, not only peculiarly, but with a peculiar sadness, when sung by request of those whose life has been spent far, very far from God. Distance from God in life and the plaintive desire for nearness to God in death bring sad and anxious thoughts. Will death bring into close sympathy, likeness and communion with God those whose lives have been far from honesty, truth, purity, benevolence, love; far from every Christian virtue, whose hearts have been alienated from God and righteousness, who have disliked all thought of God and religion? Should the hope be encouraged that death will bring the unrighteous into sympathy and communion with God? How different the feeling when we hear this hymn sung at the funeral of one who has lived near to God in life. "He walked with God and was not for God took him". "Where I am, there shall ye be also", was spoken only to disciples.

WITH GREAT pleasure have we read in a recent published journal of the Missouri Historical Society, the paper of Mr. Wm. Hyde on "St. Louis Newspapers and Newspaper People of Three Decades". Mr. Hyde was for twenty-eight years a working newspaper man of the city, and knows well the interesting reminiscences, and how to tell them. The old *Republican* was the first. Nathaniel Paschall was the editor; Wm. Holmes associate editor; W. H. McHenry, commercial; T. E. Garrett, river (and "river editor" meant something "big" in those palmy days of "steamboating"). Mr. Hyde was the local editor. In addition to that historic staff, Judge W. S. Allen and Christian Kribben, were staff contributors. The old paper was of immense size; and, says the writer of the history, "to say nothing of its other merits was, on account of its size, considered the best for making kites and dress patterns." Then came the *Missouri Democrat* and Gratz Brown. On the staff of that paper Mr. McCullough, the eminent editor of the *Globe-Democrat* of to-day, was then a hunter of local news. While, to quote further: "My friend 'Dan' Houser was at that time earning about \$40 a month feeling the pulse of its circulation". The necrology of daily newspapers in St. Louis is enough to dampen the ardor of the most optimistic promoter of such enterprises. Among the most hopeful which "turned up their toes" in the journalistic graveyard since the war, were the *Herald*, *Bulletin*, *Eagle*, *Journal*, (old) *Star* and *Times*. In German journalism St. Louis stands *facile princeps*. Witness Dr. Carl Schurz, and the (originally) German *Puck* which here first struggled, in one small room. Among the great names of men who were former St. Louis newspaper reporters is that of Henry M. Stanley, the explorer—who, says Mr. Hyde, "was at that period considered rather fond of relying on his fancy for his facts." Mark Twain used to send amusing letters to the river columns. Eugene Field was a noted reporter here. Sad to relate, St. Louis failed to recognize that genius in her midst—but soon the rest of the country did. When his gifted daughter reads before a St. Louis audience, this week, due homage then, we hope, will be done the memory of the St. Louis poet. One of the humorous memories recalled is too good to be kept from this resume. "The *Tages Chronicle* was located in the third story of the *Republican* office. The local editor \* \* made a practice \* \* of taking copy off the *Republican* foreman's hook, translating as much as he wanted. I tired of this and set a trap." The trap was the elaborate preparation of a most startling piece of (wholly imaginary) "news". Names, places, time, all details were given. The lazy German "took the cork clear under". As a result, he was the laughing stock of all St. Louis.



## INDIAN SUMMER.

BY LESTER P. BRYANT.

This thoughtful and rhythmical poem is taken from the *Nassau Literary Magazine* of Princeton University. We have the more pleasure in reprinting it as its writer, only a few years ago, was one of the young boys in the church of which the Editor of THE MID-CONTINENT was then pastor.

In the wane of the year, when overhead,  
The sun, with a face of copper red,  
Looks down through the crisp autumnal air,  
On fields of brown and hill-tops bare,  
And over all  
In a royal pall,  
With a sigh and a murmur the dead leaves fall.

The Indian sun-god, wearied quite  
Of balmy airs and skies so bright,  
Prepares for sleep, and he slowly fills  
His massive pipe, while o'er the hills  
A dreamy haze,  
A soft, blue haze  
Spreads out, as he smokes away the days.

And the mellow light of the sunshine brings  
To my memory half-forgotten things;  
When lo! in the smoky atmosphere,  
Which floats aloft, now far, now near,  
I see a face  
Of matchless grace  
Half hid in the folds of filmy lace.

Ah! those eyes of blue and golden hair  
Are the same which once I held so fair;  
And I love to think, tho' friends must part  
With sad farewell, while tear-drops start,  
'Tis sweet to know,  
As the seasons go,  
We will see them again in that autumn glow.

## ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

BY MEADE TYRRELL WILLIAMS.

The following is the Biddle Prize Essay of the Sophomore class Princeton University, the prize having been awarded to a son of the Editor of the MID-CONTINENT at the Commencement exercises of 1896. It is reprinted from the *Nassau Literary Magazine*, of that institution.

One hears a great deal nowadays about—to use Mr. Howell's expression—"the counter-current of romanticism in the swift stream of realistic fiction"; and all critics agree that this counter-current owes not a little of its force to the work and to the influence of Robert Louis Stevenson.

It is perfectly proper to speak of Stevenson as a romanticist. He loved a story for the story's sake. He saw no evil in the narration of fictitious adventures, even if they were such as most people never experience in their own small lives. And in all his successful novels he carefully arranged the incidents and characters as leading up to the final and lasting effect. Stevenson was so patient and had so sedulously studied the models of the past that, in this work of romantic literary construction, he was a master.

However, this excellence alone cannot account for the peculiar fascination of Stevenson's fiction. Like all sympathetic persons he was very susceptible to influence: conservative as he was, he imbibed many of the literary ideas of the present day. One of the most noticeable of these modern tendencies is the love for describing, in straightforward language, commonplace physical sensations. While reading "Kidnapped" or "The Wrecker," one does not conceive of a thing vaguely, but, as far as the artistic appreciation goes, he actually sees it, hears it, tastes it, smells it, feels it, as the case may be. In this vivid elaboration of detail Stevenson was a realist as truly as any of the continental novelists. And, in general, throughout his novels it will be seen that the plan is romantic but the treatment realistic. To this remarkable combination of tactics may be attributed, in great degree, the success of Stevenson as a novelist. In the average mind there is a craving for romance. Stevenson strove to satisfy it. But, at the same time, he was careful to supply that scientific exactitude and plain-spoken truth in matters of detail which our last of the century education demands.

This is the rule. "Prince Otto" is the exception. This novel, although possessing a languid interest and the music of perfect English, is most certainly not an old-fashioned romance in conception. And this is the very reason it is not a popular work. "Treasure Island," on the other hand, was a success from the start, and more dissimilar to "Prince Otto" no novel could possibly be. The latter describes the artificial and luxurious life in a corrupt German

court; the former shows us physical combat, active and rude, on board ship and in an unsettled island. The one has a slight, feeble plot; the other enthralles through the rapidity of its incident and the succession of marvelous adventures. But every one of these adventures possesses the charm of seeming actuality.

In "Kidnapped" and the sequel, "David Balfour,"—planned years before it was written—there is again to be noticed the same subtle fascination of old-fashioned frankness. *David Balfour* is as much a hero as *Quentin Durward*, but he sometimes suffers from a sore throat, and he often feels like kicking himself; and, when he falls in love, he does not tell the girl about it in long, drawn out, feelingless sentences. In other words, he is more like ordinary mortals, and so ordinary mortals can appreciate his personality as well as admire his performances.

Likewise, in regard to "The Master of Balantrae," one is attracted no more by the unusual train of circumstances than by the naturalness of it all. As an artistic creation the Master deserves to rank with *Alan Breck*, and his dark tragedy of fraternal hate is unfolded with an air of truth that is solemn and almost terrifying.

Sometime before the appearance of "The Master of Balantrae," Stevenson had published "The Black Arrow." This must be deemed a failure when judged by the standard of his other works. The story itself is good, but the telling of it is unsatisfying. There is plenty of incident, but little vividness. The fact is, probably, that Stevenson the romanticist was all right, but Stevenson the realist was at fault. The comparative feebleness of this work, however, only serves to emphasize the importance of the author's realism. When this quality is lacking the romantic plot fails to charm.

There are some who do not pretend to have any interest in Stevenson, save as the author of "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and they say that the work is wonderful merely because the idea is bizarre. But these persons, in their amazement at the nightmare variety of intellect which conceived such an idea, forget to admire the same intellect for such a treatment of that idea. For, if the scene had been laid anywhere but in a great metropolis; if the narrator had been represented as anyone but a dry, matter-of-fact lawyer; if the witnesses had not been a bigoted, pedantic physician and a stupid, unimaginative butler; in short, if the whole affair had not been treated as such a common, every-day matter, it is very likely that the tale would have fallen flat through its very grotesqueness. All of which goes to show that Stevenson was able, not only to dream a dream, but also to tell it, therein differing from *Nebuchadnezzar* and some other people.

Of the three novels written in collaboration with Lloyd Osbourne, "The Wrong Box" is almost entirely the work of the younger man (as Stevenson's admirers were probably glad to learn), and so need not be considered. But "The Wrecker" and "The Ebb Tide" show evidence of being in the main from Stevenson's own hand. In these tales of modern life the author deviated somewhat from the path pursued in his archaic novels. Wonderful things still happen, but the hero idea is given up entirely, and sometimes incidents and characters are introduced which disgust. The effect of a picture may often be strengthened by a touch of glaring red; but it is possible to have too much red. This possibility is realized in "The Ebb Tide." It is powerful—wonderfully so; but the final effect is revolting. Hush, the cockney mucker, may be true to life, but not to the kind of life that one ought or wishes to think about. In both of these novels the realist seems to have got the better of the romanticist.

Thus, throughout his novels, it is seen that the author of "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" had himself a sort of dual personality. In a skillful way he combined peculiarities of the two schools of fiction. In this union lay his strength. But, if we compare his earlier work with his later, and especially if we compare the essay, "A Humble Remonstrance" (published in 1884) with "The Vailima Letters" (published in 1895), it is easy to see that the Mr. Hyde of realism was slowly gaining the ascendancy. If Stevenson had lived ten years longer, who knows but that he would have written a novel which even Mr. Howells could commend with unqualified praise!

## PREACHING THE GOSPEL.

To preach the Gospel is often termed to break the bread of life. But the bread of life, as served in many pulpits, has far less consistency with itself than has the ordinary bread of the restaurants. Judging their definitions by their practices, preaching the Gospel means various things to various men. If some are right, others are woefully wrong. If the

end of the preaching is to save souls, that end is seldom considered by many preachers. Orators, essayists, sermonizers, lecturers, entertainers, some of them are, but preachers of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus many of them are not. One who is used to true preaching finds himself dissatisfied as to mind and unsatisfied as to soul after an hour of "worship" at some churches. The form is present, but the substance unknown; the Lord's word is present—in the Bible—but the Lord's power is absent. He questions Himself honestly: Is not the time wasted? I had a right to expect from the pulpit the finest of the wheat of Scripture, but there has been doled out a saw-dust mixture of literature and philosophy. This must be "another Gospel." If some are called to preach, others seem called merely to collect the salary.

The text seems often to serve as an apology for calling what follows a sermon. It is sometimes the only Christian thought. The text ought to be the root from which the sermon-tree grows; the applications being, so to speak, the fruit of the branches. The text is often the foundations upon which the sermon is built; sometimes the firstly and secondly are only placed thereon without due care about their squaring with the foundation. Again, it serves as a point of departure, and is not recalled by the speaker or hearers. Often it has absolutely no valid connection with the spirit of the essay. The speaker may suggest an original conceit or construction for the truly "original" discussion that follows. Preaching the Gospel ought to mean the rehearsal and enforcement of the commandments and requirements of the Lord God; but recently I listened to three sermons in churches of different denominations in one town. There were no other churches in which regular preaching services were held. Let me recall the texts, themes and treatment. The first church had beautiful appointments and a large congregation. It was a grand opportunity to press home the truth. The text and the theme fitted the occasion, Rev. 21:1—The Water of Life. But the preaching! A grand voice, choice diction and these thoughts: a brief exposition as to the relative value of living and standing water, between a spring and a cistern. The same anecdotes as to oriental water carriers with the leather water bottles. This consumed one-half the time allotted to the service. In the other half—less five minutes—we were told of aqueducts, ancient and modern, near and afar; their length, capacity and cost. It was as interesting to the hearers as if they had read the encyclopædia themselves. The last five minutes were filled with generalizations and platitudes as to the freeness of the water of life. These seemed as dices thrown, hit or miss, and not as the Spirit's sword aimed at the unregenerate heart of the sinner, or as vials of balm for the souls of the believers. Did this sermon receive its inspiration and power from secret prayerful communion with the great teacher? How different was the Lord's treatment of the same theme on that last great day of the feast, John 7:37. The residents and strangers at Jerusalem went from that feast with knowledge more valuable for eternity than the length and probable capacity of Solomon's pools and aqueducts.

Soul-feeding seemed not to be the object of preaching here, so another church was visited, and another preacher heard. This man would have us "Consider the lilies," but of so little consequence did he deem it that, although there were lilies in the stained-glass windows, and water-lilies on the desk before him, he never once referred to them, nor to the text. The merciful care of the Creator and Father was not mentioned; but perhaps such mention would detract from the "original" sermon. Why rehearse God's bounties; don't everyone know them? The burden of this breaking of the bread of life (?) was thusly: In early days there was much simplicity, but to-day life is more complex, condensed, intensified. Once men were satisfied with a candle, now they have the electric light; they used to mow by hand, but farm machinery has driven all that away; a whole suit of home-spun could be purchased for the price of a society belle's gloves, etc., etc. These "facts" multiplied led us—or led him—to these conclusions: The world did well to be dissatisfied with itself and to press forward. Pessimists should behold the great advance our age had made; we were much better off than were our fathers. He did not positively state it, but the impression seemed to be left with me, that lilies of the field might do for such by-gone days, but hot-house American Beauty roses were the correct thing to-day. Nor did he state definitely what value of modern improvements was to be exchanged for a soul, but seeing that we had so rapidly advanced toward perfection, perhaps the end-of-the-century method of salvation differs from the old-time method. Perhaps our fathers needed salvation more than we do.—*Episcopal Recorder*.



## HOLD TO THE MORAL STANDARDS.

BY REV. H. T. FORD.

There are certain convictions or judgments touching moral questions which prevail in the public mind. There is a public conscience. These general convictions and judgments, like the yard stick of the merchant and the acids of the chemist, are the measure and test of conduct. Both individuals and the public are largely influenced by them. These moral judgments or standards have large influence in legislation, in business, in social life and still more in the sphere of religion.

They differ widely in different countries and communities and in different ages. During the last century slavery was approved by the moral standards of the time and as a consequence very generally maintained. Even New England colonies held slaves. The moral standards of the present time will not tolerate it, and it has been abolished. Some fifty years ago one or two States repudiated a large amount of honest indebtedness. Recent events have shown that the moral standards of the country as a whole will not tolerate what is believed to be repudiation.

In Turkey and Persia the moral standards touching the matter of truthfulness are extremely low. Lying is universal. A returned missionary stated to the writer that a Turk would deliberately deceive you and if you discovered his falsehood, laugh at you for believing him. Lying in those countries brings with it no public disgrace or condemnation. In Turkey the moral standards not only tolerate, but approve of the most terrible cruelties, as we see in Armenia. In this country teamsters are arrested and punished for working a horse with a sore breast or for a too free use of the whip.

Moral standards are vastly higher and more healthy in this country than in oriental and barbarous countries where the principles of Christianity are unknown, yet in many points they are dangerously low here and apparently losing their tone of energy. There is reason to fear that we are on the down grade in this all important matter. No one fifty years old can fail to observe the great change in public opinion concerning the Sabbath and its influence as a moral factor. Open theatres and saloons, ball games, travel, business and amusements of all kinds measure the decline of the standard.

The rapidly increasing number of divorces and the extremely laws in most of the newer States and territories show how the moral standard is declining concerning the final and fundamental institution of society. The immense amount of watered stocks and bankrupt corporations and dishonest manipulation of corporations indicate a lowering of the moral standards in the business world. Trusts and large combinations of capital take unfair advantages of those financially too weak to compete with or to withstand them.

In the mad strife for wealth moral principles and considerations are forgotten and the alarm now felt for the safety of our institutions is not without reason. A conflict is rising between the propertyless or poorer classes and those denominated plutocrats because moral principles and considerations are so largely forgotten in the business world, because they have ceased to be the regulative principles of business.

The corruption in the government of American cities is notorious and dangerous and largely commented upon in Europe. Many of the most excellent laws on the statute books are not enforced and remain as a dead letter on account of the weakened tone. The verdicts of juries do not command the confidence they once did and witnesses can be, and are with increasing frequency, procured by purchase. The ballot box is not as pure as it was in the earlier days of the republic and there is less confidence in the moral integrity of our legislatures.

The present state of society and condition of our country seems to call for a very careful and profound study by the ministry and the churches. The moral vineyard is peculiarly their sphere. It is here that moral convictions originate. They teach the public. They form public opinion and are chiefly responsible for the moral tone of society. It is for them to explain moral laws and principles and to establish their validity and make the public see that their importance transcends all other considerations. The country must look to the ministry for this most important service. Selfishness and sin obscure moral laws and very general scepticism prevails concerning their validity and importance. Unless the church lets its light shine in this matter, darkness will prevail.

There has never been a time when the church was more important to the country's safety and welfare than now and there has never been a time when an

able and courageous ministry was more important; we do not believe that there has ever been a time when there was greater need that the moral law should be thoroughly expounded and enforced. Revelation gives us the only perfect moral law, the only perfect standard of right and wrong.

The great advantage of the church in teaching morals is that it has religion behind it and divine authority as its support. Unless we can convince men that they are living under a divine government and responsible to, and to be judged by the divine law, little attention will be paid to moral considerations either in society, business, legislation, politics or even the church itself. The church and its public teachers must always be held responsible for the maintenance of the moral standards.

Kansas City, Mo.

## CLERGYMEN'S STORIES.

There was lately reported in the New York Tribune some curious experiences related by certain of the clergy of that city which while humorous were perhaps not without some salutary effect in their training. We take from the paper's report of the same:

Not a few clergymen have a keen sense of humor, and in spite of the serious nature of their calling, they see many funny things in the course of their professional life. Indeed, they themselves are frequently the chief actors in ludicrous mishaps, and though at the time they may not fully appreciate the humor of the situation, they are pretty certain to do so after it is all over, and they even enjoy telling a joke at their own expense.

A young Episcopal clergyman who was painfully diffident had occasion shortly after his ordination to hold a service in a rural schoolhouse. It is, perhaps, not easy at best to make a liturgical service impressive in an edifice not intended for worship, and with a congregation most of whom are either ignorant or indifferent to such a service. The young man was keenly aware of this, but at the same time, being a good churchman, he was especially desirous of conducting the service in such a way as to impress the non-Episcopalians. Indeed, with that unconscious egotism pardonable in youth, he rather felt that the future of the church in that neighborhood depended on the way in which he acquitted himself.

Nervous before he began at all, an untoward incident occurred that added to his unhappiness. There was, of course, no robing-room in the school. But one of the good ladies with the love of the church in her heart had tried to make a temporary robing-room by stretching a sheet across one of the corners. Behind this sheet he retired, and started to take off his coat and waistcoat in order that he might put on his cassock. But he was a large man, and the three-cornered space was very small. The result was that in stretching his arms he struck the sheet, and, the fastening being weak, it fell down, revealing him to the congregation divested of his coat and waistcoat in all the glory of a bright red flannel shirt with a white "dickey" in front.

There was an audible snicker in the congregation, in which it is needless to say that the poor fellow did not join. And the merriment was increased by the loud, piping remark of a little boy, "Ma, what is the minister undressin' hisself for?" With a face almost as scarlet as his unfortunate shirt, he hurried on his robes and came out to begin the service.

But his troubles were not yet ended. For a kneeling stool the ladies had provided one of those little low benches the ends of which extend quite a distance beyond the legs. He proceeded to kneel on this bench for his opening silent prayer, but in his disturbed state of mind he miscalculated and knelt too far toward one end. The result was, of course that the other end tilted up, and he fell ingloriously to the ground, whereat several ungodly youths near the door laughed loudly. Such a series of mishaps might have disturbed the equanimity of the most seasoned public speaker, and it is not strange that this poor fellow was reduced almost to the verge of collapse. He is now a distinguished man and a charming and self-possessed speaker. But he says that he never recalls that dreadful incident without feeling a shiver of stage fright.

"Some years ago," says a well-known clergyman, "when I was younger and greener than I am now, I was spending a portion of the summer at a summer hotel. There was no church near by, and so it was the custom to hold a service on Sunday morning in the hotel parlor if there was a clergyman in the house available. If not, the people tried as best they could to do without religious privileges. Well, one Sunday I was very much set up by receiving from the landlord an invitation to officiate on the Sunday following. Who, I thought, could have told him

that I was spoken of by my friends as a rising man? My pride soon had a fall, however, when I learned that he had tried in vain to get two eminent neighboring clergymen to come, and had only fallen back on me as a last resort. Sunday was very breezy, and at the same time hot; so all the parlor windows were open. I preached then wholly from notes, and was in the habit of writing my sermons on loose sheets of paper. As it happened my pulpit, which consisted of four or five soap boxes with the piano cover thrown over them, was right in the path of a small cyclone. I could not ask to have the windows closed on such a hot day, therefore I decided that I must keep one hand, or at least a finger, on my manuscript to prevent the pages from being blown away. I didn't like the prospect, for a man can't be impressive while thus holding down his eloquence; but there was no help for it.

"There was a pretty good attendance in the parlor, and the piazza outside was lined with men. The service went off well, largely owing to a choir of girls, and I stepped forward to my soapbox pulpit, spread my sermon on it and firmly held it down with my left hand. I announced the text, and had got through about three pages when, the wind appearing to die down for a few moments, I thought I might venture to lift my left hand off the pages for a second in order to make an impressive gesture with my two hands. It was a fatal move. Without the slightest warning a terrific gust swept in and blew every page of my sermon away, each page being blown in different direction.

"What a catastrophe this was to a young and easily flustered man only a public speaker can understand.

"Unfortunately, in my effort to clutch my manuscript when I saw the wind coming, I disturbed the equilibrium of the soapbox pulpit, and it fell over. There I was, the picture of desolation, my sermon scattered all over the room, my pulpit a heap of soap boxes with big stencilled letters on the side, 'Cleanem's Best Laundry Soap,' and everybody inside and outside laughing fit to kill. Can you imagine a situation more terrible?

"A couple of harem-scarem college boys proceeded to rebuild my pulpit, and I bless them to this day for doing it with faces as sober as judges. I think my misery touched their hearts. Various persons came forward with pages of my sermon, and most of them kept from laughing outright. The merriment was renewed, however, when one little girl asked in anxious tones, heard in every corner of the room: 'Mamma, is he going to do it all over again?' Finally I got all my sermon back, and wiping the tears from their eyes, the people tried to resume their church faces, expecting me to resume my discourse. It was then that I took a heroic resolve. Putting the sermon in my pocket, I said: 'My friends, after this distressing accident I cannot preach the sermon I had written, but if you will bear with me I will say a few words without notes.' I think I really gave them a better sermon than the one I started to preach, and I have never used a manuscript since."

## CHRIST A FIGHTER.

BY REV. C. H. WETTERBE.

This seems like a somewhat coarse phrase to apply to Christ, but it is quite true of Him. He certainly fought against Satan and sin; He battled mightily against error and wrong-doing; He warred wondrously against hypocrisy and false religion and all that opposed God. He carried a sword in his hand and wielded it with telling effect upon the foes of truth and righteousness. He overcame the world by fighting the evil power and principles of the world. Dr. Maclaren says: "I believe with all my heart that Jesus Christ fought. I believe in his perfect sinlessness. I believe that no temptations that had on them the least taint of the evil nature, rose within Him and that when such came surging upon Him there was nothing in Him to which they appealed. But I believe, too, that He meant something when He said, 'I have a baptism to be baptized with,' and that He meant something when He taught us to think of Him as bowing beneath the quivering olives in the moonlight in Gethsemane and praying that 'this cup' might pass from Him. But whatever the struggle, his will stood immovable and He overcame because, never for an instant, was He deflected from the straight course of doing the will of the Father and giving Himself for the salvation of man.

From the time that Christ began his ministry to its very close He was constantly on the war path against sin in every form. Many times the foe was dressed in the respectable garments of religion, appearing very fair and favorable on the outside; at other times the foe was hideous in form and transparently devilish in spirit, stalking about like a roaring lion, ready to devour Christ and all that was good; but Christ always fought the enemy with weapons precisely adapted to the attitude of the enemy and the form He assumed, coming off an eternal conqueror.



## Kansas Department.

SAMUEL B. FLEMING, D.D.,

Special Correspondent, Wichita, Kan.

## NOTES BY THE WAY.

BY S. B. F.

"Behold! now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation."

These words ought to be rung out clear and strong, at the present time in the ears of the unsaved. Now is God's time. Tomorrow is of the devil. "It might have been," will be the saddest wail that will come from those who reject present opportunity and "sin away the day of grace."

There is a day of opportunity also, to the church of God.

Thus speaketh the Lord of Hos's, saying, *This people say the time is not come.*

The particular time here spoken of was the building of the house of the Lord. The Lord's house was lying waste while Israel was dwelling in "ceiled houses." The sin consisted in misappropriated means. "He that earneth wages" hath "put it into a bag with holes." Is it not manifest that the Lord's time has come, in the rearing of this mighty spiritual temple which lies so sadly waste, for his people to "consider their wages" and consecrate their means to the Lord? Too many "bags with holes" have been receiving the surplus wealth of this country. The amount of wealth that is thoughtlessly and wickedly wasted in self-indulgence and for our own pleasure, is simply appalling. Wise and thoughtful men in the church do not believe that there can be any marvelous movement in building up the kingdom of Christ upon earth until, at least within the church, there is a solemn recognition of the obligation to cease putting money into "bags with holes" and to put it where it is greatly needed, *into the treasury of the Lord*. If we could, as a church, recognize the "Lord's time" in this matter and "now" make a whole-souled offering unto the Lord commensurate with our ability and the church's need, then indeed would we find the Lord taking pleasure in his church and glorifying Himself through it.

The time, too, has come for most earnest and active work, in the way of "seeking and saving that which is lost." In every community in the city, town and village, as well as in the rural regions there are scores and thousands of our neighbors and friends who are as surely sinking down to the "second death" as though they were hopelessly sunk in heathen degradation. Pride of intellect, pride of life, lusts of the flesh, lusts of the world, false and unscriptural views of truth, the blind following of false creeds and false teachers and a thousand other things are contributing to the eternal undoing of those with whom we live and move. 'Tis true that "they love darkness rather than light" and therefore their condemnation is the greater, but ought not this sad fact to arouse the church of Christ to redoubled energy. Is it a fair return for an organized church to spend a whole year with the regularly ordained ministry and perhaps with a hundred members, and only report three or four souls won for Christ? Should there not be greater returns? What is the trouble? Where lies the blame? Do not too many of our ministry "stand upon their dignity" and fail to "go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in"? "This kind cometh not forth but by prayer and fasting" and alas! the prayer and fasting is wanting on the part of too many ministers and too many churches. Ought not the sad condition of thousands of the unsaved all around us spur the church onward to do a better work than she has been doing? Rest, an easy time, indifference unovercome obstacles, lack of hearty consecration and deep earnestness, doubtless, sounds the eternal death knell of an immortal soul with every passing moment. O brethren in the ministry and in the eldership, will we not learn that now, even now, during this winter, is "God's accepted time" to labor for those whom we know to be perishing all around us.

Now, too, is the time for a thoughtful consideration of those who are engaged in the great work of Christian education. Spe-

cially ought our hearts and help to go out for those noble and self-denying servants of God who are keeping our smaller colleges and denominational schools alive by standing at their posts and enduring great hardship that our sons and daughters may have what they need more than anything else, next to their own personal salvation, a *Christian education*. While I am in sympathy with all our colleges and academies, engaged in this noble work, yet I want particularly to emphasize the need of our own Synodical College at the present time. Rev. J. D. Hewitt, D. D., is charged with the important responsibility of securing the necessary funds with which to meet the current expenses of the college for this year. When he approaches you or your church on this all important matter, do not say him nay. Do not crowd your own church or personal interests to the front and decline to give him a hearing. He represents not his own. He seeks not his own. He is representing you and yours and the great and vital interests of the church in the cause of Christian education. He seeks the honor and glory of the Divine Lord in such a way that ought to appeal to every true follower of Christ. The burden is great for a few to lift, it is small, it is insignificant, when the many unite to bear it. Will not the tens of thousands of Presbyterians in the Synod of Kansas do a little to help in this matter? The overdue and unpaid salaries of the faithful servants of the Synod who have more than rendered an equivalent for what is due them—ought to be an appeal which shall not go unheeded. The time is now to bring substantial and much needed help to our own College?

## KANSAS ITEMS.

WELCOME.—Rev. J. S. McClung spent a week with this little almost defunct Presbyterian church in the extreme north part of Emporia Presbytery and succeeded in so reviving it that they have asked him to minister to them one half the time. It is to be hoped that he will consent to do this. Here is a promising field, in a rural community which ought not to be left to die by the Presbyterian church. It is only one of many in this Synod which would live and by and by flourish if they could only be maintained for a time.—S. B. F.

CAWKEE CITY AND GLEN ELDER.—We are gratified to know that Rev. A. T. Aller has consented to take these churches, so recently left vacant by the removal of Rev. H. M. Shockley to Phillipsburgh. Brother Aller is a man who could well sustain himself in a larger and more inviting field—but the spirit of the home missionary seems to have been bred in him and he is one of those who goes where the Master "has need of him." Surely we shall have a brighter and better day in the church when our ministry, generally, will be willing to go where they are needed.—S. B. F.

CANEY AND EDNA.—Rev. B. F. Smith takes charge of our work in Caney and Edna. There is a good parsonage at Caney and it is hoped that Bro. Smith will not only find this a pleasant field, but that he will be greatly useful in building up the kingdom here.—S. B. F.

SEDAN.—Rev. R. M. Wimmel formerly of Mound Valley, has accepted an invitation to supply this church and has entered upon his work.—S. B. F.

EL DORADO.—Rev. J. C. Miller is assisting the pastor of this church, Rev. W. W. Curtis in a series of meetings.—S. B. F.

## Communicated.

"FROM 1856 to 1896."

BY MRS. S. A. GAMBLE.

The Presbyterian church of Woodhull, Ill., has just enjoyed one of the happiest series of services in its history, held in honor of the fortieth anniversary of its organization. Commencing on Saturday evening, Nov. 28th, a church home-coming was observed. Reminiscences were given by old settlers and letters from absent members, interspersed with music by the remaining members of the old-time choir of the church. Toasts were responded to by

Rev. J. H. Marshall of Mediapolis, Iowa; Mrs. S. Ferris, Riverside, Col.; Mrs. J. A. Laird, St. Louis, Mo.; and Master Wayne Mackey, Woodhull, Ill., representing respectively the four decades of the church's existence. The programme was followed by a bounteous repast wherein about two hundred met around the tables in the lecture room and enjoyed not only the temporal feast, but the "feast of reason and the flow of soul;" and more than all else the spiritual communion and uplift which comes all too rarely to mark the milestones of church life.

On Sabbath morning the services were resumed, when a crowded house listened to the reading of the Church History by Elder M. E. Overstreet, and this was followed by a memorial sermon from the lips of Rev. J. H. Marshall who was the first pastor of the church. Tender and touching were the memories recalled by this sermon and the very impressive communion season which followed it. Sabbath evening was devoted to music of a very high order by the choir, to reports from the various societies connected with the church; that on the Sabbath-school presented by A. A. Mackey; Christian Endeavor, Miss Kate Sturgeon; Junior work, Miss Julia Ferris; Missionary Society, Mrs. S. A. Gamble. A fitting tribute to the departed was given by Miss Nellie Russell, and a beautiful solo by Miss Florence Overstreet.

Letters of greeting were read from James H. Barton, Mulvane, Kas., the only surviving member of the church who was present at its organization. Hon. S. M. Inglis, State superintendent of public instruction, whose father organized the church in 1856. Dr. W. S. Knight, who preached the sermon at the dedication of the old church in 1866, and who is now president of Lindenwood College. Rev. W. C. Wagner, Morris, Ill., Dr. J. W. Crawford, Ironton, Mo., Rev. Josiah Moore, Lake Forest, Ills., Rev. A. E. Chase, Timoth, Col., Rev. D. C. Montgomery, Barronquilla, South America, all former pastors of the church. Also many from others formerly connected with the church, and who still remember and are remembered by the "old home church." The exercises were closed by a parting word from Rev. Mr. Marshall, and the singing of the hymn, "Blest be the tie that binds."

A very pleasing feature was the portraits of all the ministers and ruling elders who have served or are still serving the church, arranged in a large frame in front of the pulpit. Another item of interest was the presentation of a flag, which was made in 1856, to the Sabbath-school. The house was beautifully decorated with ripe grain, mottoes, palms and flowers, and the occasion will long be remembered by a people whom the Lord has bountifully blessed through all the changing years.

And now the years are gone,  
Those forty years of planting and of care,  
Of gathering sheaves and merry harvest homes,  
Of wedding bells; of days' some dark some fair.  
None gather here to-night who sowed the seed,  
From which our present, sweetened pleasures grew,  
And few remain who watched since long ago,  
The church tree watered rich with heaven's dew.  
The four decades are past; spring,  
Summer, autumn time and winter's hours;  
'Tis not decay that follows time's advance,  
Eternal life points on to blooming flowers!  
And so, to-night the spring begins again;  
The resurrection of the sainted past—  
In brighter hope, and faith, and loyalty,  
Which through another forty years shall last.

So God will lead us ever on and on,  
Our work, our hope, our life shall never end,  
Eternity already has begun,  
Christ lives within us, all our steps  
He will attend.

## HOME MISSIONS IN BOSTON PRESBYTERY.

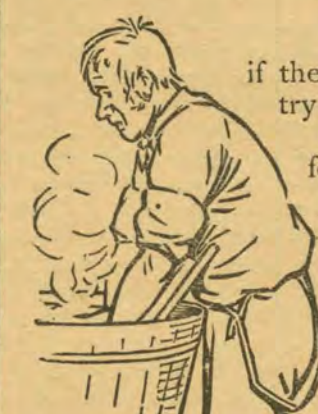
BY SCOTT F. HERSHEY, PH. D.

(Pastor First Presbyterian church, Boston.)

A very great, but natural misunderstanding exists through the West about Presbyterianism in New England. I find that because of this misunderstanding it is misjudged and misrepresented. A couple of short articles may have to give a better understanding, and create a more sympathetic view of Presbyterianism in the land of the Puritan. In this brief note I only desire to correct an unfair showing of the New England churches in their relations to our home mission work. My friend, the Rev. Dr. Solomon Dickey of Indiana is whole-hearted and full of life and zeal, as I found him in our fellowship during days and nights of intercourse in the Committee on Home Missions at the Saratoga Assembly; yet in a recent article in a church paper on the home mission situation, he gave a showing for the Boston Presbytery calculated to give a wrong impression and do much harm. He would be the last to have such a purpose. In giving a tabulated statement of the amounts given to, and received from the Home Mission Board by several Presbyteries, he says, the Boston Presbytery received from the Board in New York, \$6,351, and raised for the board only \$581.50. This is so apt to give the impression of carelessness on the part of New England pastors and stinginess on the part of New England Presbyterians, that I cannot pass it without saying two things.

First. It must be remembered, which it is not, that New England is missionary ground for the Presbyterian church. Boston Presbytery occupies a home missionary territory, in character and promise exceeding that of any other section east of the Mississippi. Six thousand dollars is a sum very small for the five States in which it operates. If some one would give me fifty thousand a year for ten years, and allow me to pick the men for the work, I will guarantee such a growth in Presbyterianism as has been unmatched for any ten years in Presbyterian history in this land.

Second. It must not be thought that the \$581.50 was the whole amount sent last year to New York, by the churches of Boston Presbytery for home missions. The First church of this city gave almost two-thirds of that sum alone. Dr. Dickey's \$581 does not include the money raised for home missions by the Sunday-schools, the Christian Endeavor Societies, and the Missionary societies. But only the public offering, taken once a year, and which some churches consider a very small part of their duty. Where systematic methods for raising money for missions are worked, the annual public collection is often a mere fragment. The fact is, the churches connected with Boston Presbytery gave last year for home missions \$2,037, and an additional \$1,349 to the anniversary fund, most of which went to home missions. So, let it be known that our New England churches received less than \$3,000 more than they gave. And this less than \$3,000 to carry on an aggressive mission work over a field co-extensive with five States!



## Let the men wash,

if they won't get you Pearlina. Let them try it for themselves, and see if they don't say that washing with soap is too hard for any woman.

This hard work that Pearlina saves isn't the whole matter; it saves money, too—money that's thrown away in clothes needlessly worn out and rubbed to pieces when you wash by main strength in the old way. That appeals—where is the man who wouldn't want to have the washing made easier—when he can save money by it?

**Beware**  
Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearlina." IT'S FALSE—Pearlina is never peddled; if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—send it back.  
JAMES PYLE, New York.



## ST. LOUIS PRESBYTERIAN MOVEMENTS.

## MENARD STREET MISSION.

The following succinct facts describe the past, present and the hopes for the future of that noble work known formerly as the Souland, and to-day as the Menard street Mission.

April 1, 1896, the actual attendance was 1,321 scholars and 57 officers and teachers. It had the largest primary class under one teacher in the world, the attendance often exceeding 800. Gospel meetings, conducted by their own young people, were held Sunday and Thursday evenings for many years past. Sacramental services under direction of Lafayette Park Presbyterian church session, bi-monthly since October 1892, with accessions to the church at every service. Sewing school, largely attended by young girls of the neighborhood, on Saturday afternoons during the winter months for several years. By its thoroughly organized system of visiting, the Relief Committee has furnished help to many poor and needy in this district. The chief of police is reported to have said: "The restraining influence of Souland Market Mission is worth 100 policemen a year to that part of the city." The wrecked building never was suitable for the work, either in size or conveniences. Six years ago, a few friends of this mission made an earnest effort to secure proper accommodations for these hundreds of little children. By that effort about \$8,000 was raised. The mission, by great exertion, paid \$1,000 of this. W. H. Markham, W. T. Haydock, Christopher & Simpson, each paid \$1,000. Edward Bredell and Mrs. Virginia B. Wright subscribed \$500 each. Given Campbell, \$450. William Burg, \$350. Robert Ranken, George H. Shields, J. W. Kaufman and A. H. Blanke, \$250 each. The rest in smaller sums. A lot was purchased and plans drawn for a new building, but the hard times, and the death of some of these friends, compelled the trustees to postpone its erection. The work of the Sunday-school went right on in the old market hall until it was destroyed by the cyclone, May 27th, 1896. It has been impossible to find quarters accessible for these children, large enough to accommodate them, anywhere in this part of St. Louis. The trustees have therefore determined to build on a part of the lot purchased six years ago, at the corner of Menard and Julia streets, that this important and encouraging work may be saved for Christ and his church as well as good citizenship.

New building facts and figures. The cost of this new mission building with necessary furnishings will be at least \$12,000. The lot on which it is to stand, worth \$3,000, is paid for, and we had \$5,000 with which to begin its construction. The corner-stone was laid Oct. 30th, 1896, and every effort will be made to complete the house in time for the approaching Christmas anniversary. We must have \$7,000 to complete it. This is a rare opportunity to take stock in a business sure to pay large dividends both in time and eternity. Churches, Sunday-schools and individuals may participate.

Two missionaries have sent \$20 from China to help build a permanent home for this mission. Hope Chapel, Plainfield, New Jersey, gave \$19.38. The First Presbyterian church Sunday-school, St. Louis, has given \$10.88. The children of St. Louis Methodist Orphan's home gave \$10, by actual self-denial. Money may be handed or sent to any of the following gentlemen: Trustees—William S. Simpson, president, 800 Park ave.; William H. Markham, vice-president, 117 N. 3rd st.; William Burg,

secretary, Railway Exchange building; D. C. Jaccard, treasurer, Mermod & Jaccard; Given Campbell, National Bank of Commerce building; Edgar McClelland, Wear-Boogher Dry Goods Company; Rev. Samuel C. Palmer, Pastor Lafayette Park church.

The building committee consists of Wm. S. Simpson, Wm. H. Markham and A. H. Frederick.

## A NEW CHURCH.

Rev. Dr. John B. Brandt, who has been very successful in founding and building up new churches in our city, has for a number of months past, devoted his time to the Tyler place community and the surrounding districts, with a view of organizing a Presbyterian church. Preliminary steps have already been taken, and Monday evening, Dec. 14, was appointed for completing the organization. With this in view, special services have begun, beginning last Sunday, as follows:

At 10:45 a. m. and 8 p. m., preaching by the acting pastor: Monday at 8 p. m., by Rev. Dr. S. J. Niccolls; Tuesday, Rev. J. H. Gauss; Wednesday, Rev. Dr. James H. Brookes; Thursday, Rev. George E. Martin; Friday, Rev. John Weston, D. D.; Sunday, Dec. 13, at 10:45 a. m., the acting pastor; 8 p. m., Rev. J. W. Allen, D. D.; Monday, Dec. 14, at 7:30 p. m. the meeting to organize the church, Rev. S. J. Niccolls, D. D., to preside and Rev. Dr. S. C. Palmer to preach the sermon. All of the meetings will be held at 3809 Flad ave.

## A HAPPY SELF-DENIAL.

A suggestion in a religious paper, that the superfluities of the Thanksgiving feast be curtailed and the cost given to home missions, was happily carried out in a certain church in Illinois, and the result is too good to keep.

It was before the arrival of the pastor-elect, but a good elder presented the appeal and plan, in behalf of the ladies, who had in preparation a missionary box for a family in Missouri, and asked for an offering to be applied toward filling it full. Only the willing-hearted were invited to join in this service and sacrifice.

On Wednesday evening a general Thanksgiving service of church and Sabbath-school was held and, as previously announced, the offering was taken then. It was most gratifying in amount, in the number of givers, and in the cheerful spirit shown, in spite of the "many calls" so often heard of. As yet, not a single case of suffering or of regret through the self-denial, has come to light, and it is confidently believed that no one was worse off because the table groaned a little less, and that missionary box laughed correspondingly.

Public thanks are due, and should be paid, to the writer who made the opportune suggestion, and now, emphasized by this bit of happy experience, it is passed on for Christmas time as a hint to be used for the benefit of the suffering mission cause. Shall we feast unduly, while so many fast, and even for the bread of life?

J. H. J.

Peoria, Ill.

We cannot too strongly endorse and commend this Christmas use of the happy Thanksgiving day idea. Let Christmas gifts this year, to a degree at least, be of a character and take a direction, out of the ordinary and usual. Let our giving, this season, be dominated by the thought—how shall it do the most good?—ED. MID-CONTINENT.

## HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS.

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The Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath-School Work asks the attention of the readers of THE MID-CONTINENT, to the fact that their large and elegant store at 1516 Locust St., St. Louis, is now well stocked with a splendid assortment of books, booklets, calendars, Christmas and New Year's cards eminently suitable for Holiday presents.

What would make a more appropriate Holiday Gift

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N. B. Send for our Holiday catalogue.

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has attracted a world-wide attention, and almost universal commendation. It is an exhaustive work on the subject, comprising two large volumes of about 800 pages each. The price heretofore has been \$6.00 for the set. Circumstances have recently led the publisher to offer this incomparable work at a greatly reduced price, if purchased in large quantities. We have secured a sufficient number of volumes to be able to offer the set to our patrons at the *Remarkably Low Price of \$1.50*, (if delivered at our store) for the two ponderous volumes. To this must be added the cost of postage if sent by mail, which is *50 cents*. This is the *Authorized Edition*. Guaranteed to be complete and equal in every respect to the former \$6.00 edition. We agree to deliver it in any part of the country, postage or express charges *prepaid*, for only \$2.00.

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**CORRESPONDENCE WITH C. E. SOCIETIES:** Miss Lillian Trusdell, 4219A Olive St.  
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**CORRESPONDENCE CONCERNING SPECIAL OBJECTS:** Mrs. G. E. Martin, 4045 Westminster Place.  
**TREASURER:** Mrs. Wm. Burg, 1756 Missouri Ave

#### Notice

All matter intended for this department must be in the office not later than Wednesday noon of the week preceding the issue of the paper.

#### TOPICS FOR DECEMBER.

FOREIGN.—SYRIA.  
 HOME.—THE SOUTH.

### RECEIPTS OF THE WOMAN'S PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS OF THE SOUTHWEST.

FOR THE MONTH ENDING NOV. 24, 1896.

INDIAN TERRITORY.	
Oklahoma	\$ 11.15
KANSAS.	
Neosho	\$ 69.61
Bolomon	38.18
	\$107.79
MISSOURI.	
Palmyra	\$ 38.43
Platte	65.10
	\$103.53
NEW MEXICO.	
Santa Fe	\$ 4.00
TEXAS.	
North Texas	\$ 5.00
MISCELLANEOUS.	
St. Louis Bethesda, M. S.	\$ 24.60
Medical Committee	105.10

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Blood is absolutely essential to health. It is secured easily and naturally by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, but is impossible to get it from so-called "nerve tonics," and opiate compounds, absurdly advertised as "blood purifiers." They have temporary, sleeping effect, but do not CURE. To have pure

## Blood

And good health, take Hood's Sarsaparilla, which has first, last, and all the time, been advertised as just what it is—the best medicine for the blood ever produced. Its success in curing Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Nervous Prostration and That Tired Feeling, have made

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A friend, through Rev. C. B. McAfee, 500.00  
 A friend, for Enid, Okla., - - - 5.00  
 Total for the month - - - \$ 866.17  
 Total to date - - - \$3123.90  
 Mrs. Wm. Burg, Treas.,  
 1756 Missouri Ave.  
 St. Louis, Nov. 24, 1896.

### DECEMBER MONTHLY MEETING.

Mrs. McCulloch had charge of the first hour. After a hymn and prayer for the presence of God, she said:

No one sitting in the midst of the King's Daughters during their recent gathering and hearing Mrs. Boltoma could fail to see that the secret of her power lay in her wonderful genius of spiritual insight. How through the commonest experience of the humblest lives she goes, touching them at every point, and drawing out of what seems often to us, common iron, the most beautiful treasures of spiritual truth.

In looking over things that help us, we all find that they are the near things. So this morning we will take our thought out of the eleventh chapter of Hebrews. It is so familiar that we need not read it to recall its wonderful story of faith. Just this little verse out of Abraham's experience "For he looked for a city." How in the midst of his toilsome pilgrimage with all earthly indications opposed to his faith he must have been sustained by the beautiful vision. "Looking for," are we, this morning? Entering a car one day and finding a friend, I said, "I hardly ever see anyone I know" "Perhaps you do not look for them" was her suggestive reply. That we see what we look for is a great spiritual truth. So we need to cultivate our spiritual powers of observation. A habit of looking for the bright and helpful things of life, or of the opposite grows as surely as seed in spring time. One says "what a gloomy miserable day this is." Another says "How bright it makes the many lovely days seem that have just passed." We who are in middle life need especially to practice our powers of observation, that as we decrease Christ may increase. We lose our youthful enthusiasm, our hopefulness toward earthly comforts. May we not use our precious privilege, that that daily grows larger of looking constantly up the future for the blessings that are surely on the way to us.

There was very little actual business before the Executive Committee. The letters from different societies were read and disposed of. A touching letter was read during the first hour, bringing word from dear Mrs. Morrison, our Annie Geisinger. Her little babe was taken to its heavenly Father, and in the midst of that sadness they are preparing to send their eldest daughter away from them, to be educated. Remember, this tried family, when you look around upon your own unbroken circle.

A. W. M. S. was most cordially received from Nattawaka in Highland Presbytery, Kansas.

The treasurer reported collections for the month, \$866.17. All the way along we are short in our contributions.

### OUR ASHEVILLE SCHOOLS.

Probably no schools in the South are so well advertised and so well and favorably known as our Asheville schools. Some have not known how we have tried to cultivate a proper spirit of independence by insisting upon pupils paying something toward their own support wherever it was possible. From a report of Rev. Thos. Lawrence, D.D., President of the Normal and Collegiate Institute, Asheville, N. C., I take the following extracts:

"During the time this report covers we have enrolled in all one hundred and ninety pupils, of which number one hundred and sixty-five were boarders and twenty-five day scholars. Ninety-five pay in whole or in part the charge for board and tuition, fifty dollars per term. We have tried to the utmost to develop a spirit of self-help among our pupils, not only for their own sakes, but that we might lighten the burdens of the Board in the maintenance of the school. The remaining seventy are on scholarships which have been provided by generous friends, whom they have never seen. When at all practicable the benefi-

ciary is expected to supplement the seventy five dollar scholarship by the payment of twenty-five dollars, as the estimated expense of the pupil is fifty dollars a term or one hundred dollars for the school year. When the payment of twenty-five dollars cannot be made, the beneficiary is permitted to do extra work. No girl who was found to be needy and deserving has been permitted to withdraw from school for want of means. As will appear from the financial statement in the hands of the treasurer, we have received for board and tuition some four thousand, four hundred and ninety-two dollars.

"Our teachers have enjoyed good health and have been enthusiastically engaged in their work, and have been very much encouraged by the progress of their classes. The pupils for the most part have been earnest and studious, rendering cheerful obedience to rules and manifesting a desire to make the most of their privileges. Their attitude when in attendance upon the daily devotional exercises of the school and the Sabbath service is attentive and serious. Some twenty of the scholars of either school expressed a hope that they had found the Saviour and a number of others who had made a profession were greatly revived.

"The session thus far has been a laborious one, but we trust it is one that will be fruitful in results. During the prevailing sickness, the young women manifested a thoughtful, sympathetic spirit; were ready to help nurse and assume the duties of their sick classmates. Other and more valuable lessons were learned than those taught in the class-room, and such as have much to do with usefulness in life. The Home Industrial School, as will be seen from the reports which it has been my privilege to sign and forward is doing excellent work under its efficient and admirable corps of teachers.

"The quarterly report from the Farm School with financial statement was transmitted to your Board last week. During this season of course work is suspended in the field and there is little else to note save the routine work of the school room. Encouraging progress is reported in all the classes and the Christian teachers are rejoicing over the deep religious feeling which pervades the school home.

"Perhaps I should add a single word with reference to the farm which I cultivate in connection with the Normal and Collegiate Institute and the Home Industrial. I raised last year some 450 bushels of potatoes eighty bushels of onions, four and one-half barrels of first-class sorghum, which the girls prefer to the best syrup, four barrels of cucumber pickles, a large quantity of beans, peas, cabbage, lettuce, radishes, squash, pie plant, asparagus, green corn with green food for the dairy of twelve cows. The task of supervising this additional work adds greatly to my labor, but we think the cultivation of our little farm is greatly beneficial to the school in providing wholesome food for the tables which else could neither be had at all, or only at increased expense. All of which is respectfully submitted."

Miss Florence Stephenson, Principal of our Home Industrial School at Asheville, in a recent letter says:

"Our vacation family was about the size that it has been for the past three years, the average being fifteen. None remained who could otherwise have been provided for satisfactorily. The influence upon our most unpromising girls of a summer vacation spent in the school in encouraging; and at the close of every vacation I am ready to give heartiest approval to the plan of having boarding schools provided for by building cottages accommodating twenty-five pupils. Nothing can be a substitute for the personal touch in the home life.

"The only discouragement I could mention during vacation arises from lack of funds to meet bills incurred before the last school term closed, and to get money to supply our daily needs. This however is no new discouragement, but it is as long standing as the debt which you at the rooms and we on the field, feel the burden of every day of our lives. If the membership of the church could change places with us for one week, there would be such a realization of the need that the debt would be lifted at once. I am sure they do not know how the prayers of the church are hindered while portions of the Lord's body suffer such distress. We are not so truly



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one in Him as we ought to be else there would be more sympathy and help; we would be able to show more clearly that this is the Lord's work, and the membership of the church would be more ready to respond to calls for assistance. I look forward hopefully to the dawning of a day of better things for our beloved church and its mission work, and I can truly say that during the greatest trials arising from want of money the past two years, my heart has always been filled with gratitude that the Master has put me in touch with these little ones whose need is such a constant appeal to self-sacrifice that one cannot grow indifferent."

A. R. H.

### SOME DIFFICULTIES HEDGING THE WAY TO SELF-SUPPORT IN SYRIA.

Rev. O. J. Hardin thus writes in the *Church at Home and Abroad*:

The poverty of the people, which is always great, has certainly not decreased in recent years. With all the influx of money sent home by Syrian adventurers in America and elsewhere, the tide of poverty is scarce stayed.

Bigotry of the sects. Though this is a decreasing quantity, owing to the greater diffusion of knowledge, it still remains a real force among some of the sects, and in some parts of the country presents an unbroken barrier to any real progress.

Reluctance to part with money. It is for the most part gained by hard work, imperceptibly growing under the fostering care of the severest economy, and moreover the people always have an eye toward the "rainy day." It must indeed be a forlornly poor family that has no hoard most religiously kept for emergencies.

Increased competition and the deeply rooted hope of getting foreign assistance are also serious difficulties. What hours, yes, days, I have spent in the dreary effort to convince people of the duty and privilege they owe to themselves and their children, of paying at least something toward their education.

For several years men have come from certain Maronite villages, apparently quite fixed in their determination to put their boys in school. The bargaining, rather call it dickering, goes on for half a day at a time. They come, they go, they come, and finally after endless palaver settle the matter, apparently to their entire satisfaction, but the boy never appears. This is all merely a side play to enable them to make better terms with their bishop, who has a school of his own. There they finally pay a hundred francs or so, the boys are boarded and taught, after a fashion, and at the same time they get a hundred francs worth of masses for their dead friends thrown into the bargain! Evidently there is no possibility of meeting such competition. These difficulties, though very real, are by no means insurmountable. The principle of self-support to which we are committed is sound; the progress, though halting, is on the whole encouraging, and the prospect for the future certainly not without hope. It needs the constant support of all friends of Syria, and an unchangeable determination to fight out the issue to a victorious end.



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Our offer explained more fully in Mid-Continent Nov. 18th and 25th.

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J. C. Kilner, Manager The Advance, says: Six years ago my family received a box of the Larkin soaps with the premium. We found it so satisfactory that we have been regular customers ever since.

### Church Prayer-Meeting.

The Mid-Continent Topics.

For Dec. 16.

DEPARTED STRENGTH.

Judges 16:20.

[See Prayer-Meeting Editorial, page 8.]

### Young People's Meeting.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPIC.

December 20.

Joys that were born into the world with Christ. Luke 2:8-20.

(A Christian song service suggested.)

Daily Readings.—Monday: life, 2 Tim. 1:1-12. Tuesday: strength, Col. 1:1-11. Wednesday: freedom, Gal. 4:1-9. Thursday: peace, Heb. 13:1-21. Friday: salvation, Heb. 7:19-28. Saturday: glory, 2 Tim. 2:8-13.

(For Scripture references look up those on these passages in your own Bible.)

Man was made not to mourn but to rejoice. Gladness comes with Christ and with his departing joy departs. That is to say, the joy that is pure, high and lasting. The world's "jolly time" is such a mockery of joy! The Christian's joy is too deep as a rule to be loud, too real to be flaunted. If our Christmas joys are then to be noble joys we shall be blessed by them just as we

1. Give gifts to others. Better give than get.
2. Give gifts that mean self-sacrifice.
3. Give self-forgetting gifts to those whose lives are least joyous.
4. Give "Christmas peace" to all.

HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

Practice at least one new Christmas hymn for this meeting. Get one of the best readers to read the story of the angels' song. Let a Christmas prayer be prepared and copies of it be distributed so that all may join in that prayer audibly. Let some member outline possible ways in which the society can this week take a real part in the distribution of Christmas blessings. Thus may the Christmas bells summon us one and all to the noble Christ joy of service in his name.—Endeavor Herald.

Starved to Death

in midst of plenty. Unfortunate, yet we hear of it. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is undoubtedly the safest and best infant food. Infant Health is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address to the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.

### Sunday-School.

[By special arrangement with the Sunday-School World, the Exposition of the lesson, as prepared by Dr. Edwin Wilbur Rice, is given to the readers of the MID-CONTINENT.]

Fourth Quarter.

Dec. 20, 1896.

Lesson XII.

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

Matt. 2:1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And the angel said unto them, fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.—Luke 2:10.

NOTES.

The Christ.—The story of Christ is old, yet ever new. Perhaps more works have been written settling forth his person, character and mission in this century than in any other five centuries of the Christian era. It is evident that Christianity is not dying out, nor is interest in its Founder abating.

Every scrap of history and tradition has been picked up, to put the view of his life from every conceivable angle of sight, and into every known literary form. One would think that the simple gospel facts about his life were in serious danger of being obscured, if not completely hidden, under this deluge of tradition and writing of the imagination.

All Scripture centers upon Christ, as does all history secular and sacred. The manger and the cross are the pivotal places in human history. Matthew first notes that Jesus was of the house of David, and after Hebrew custom gives the order of his descent. Then he tells of the birth at Bethlehem and the visit of wise men from the east. This incident is introduced, not to exalt the wise men, but to show how prophecy concerning Christ is fulfilled in Jesus in a mysterious and unintentional manner, so far as Herod and the Jewish rulers had a part in it.

The story of the birth of Jesus is very brief in Matthew's narrative. He says nothing of the previous residence of the parents at Nazareth, nor of how they came to visit Bethlehem, nor of the vision and visit of the shepherds. He omits the preceding events relating to the birth of John, the visit of Gabriel to Mary, and her visit to Elizabeth. These were not essential to his purpose. But he lays emphasis on the miraculous birth of Jesus, the purity of Mary, the perplexity of Joseph, and that Jesus fulfilled the conditions of prophecy.

SPECIAL WORD STUDIES.

Wise Men. Greek *magi*, or magicians.

Some of this class were sorcerers, as Simon Magus of Samaria, Acts 8:9, and Elymas the magician at Paphos, Acts 13:6, 7. Others of the magicians appear to have been candid observers of the stars and students of nature, honestly trying to understand and interpret the natural occurrences about them, and to read the meaning of human events of unusual character. So these magi had interpreted the appearance of the star to have some relation to a great event in human history.

Troubled. The Greek word means to stir up, to shake and so to perplex. It is applied to the sea-waves, to the stirring up of water in a pool or a vessel. Then it is used to describe mental disturbance, perplexity.

Chief priests. Either the heads of the courses of the priests or the more influential among them.

Scribes. These were the copyists and interpreters of the law and of the sacred writings.

Governor. Tyndale renders it "captain;" the Greek word means a leader, hence one who controls; though the next Greek verb indicates one who rules or shepherds a flock. See Revised Version.

Diligently, or "carefully" as in Revised Version. In the Greek there is one word for "inquired carefully" or "accurately," but it is an intensive verb.

Exceeding great joy. This is the rendering of the common and of the Revised Version. Tyndale renders "were marvelously gladd." The Greek has two emphatic words, "great" and "greatly," to qualify joy; thus the English fairly represents the thought.

LESSON EXPOSITION.

I. Wise Men and Herod.—Wise men from the east, v. 1. Bethlehem was a hill-town six miles south of Jerusalem. Its name means "home of bread." It was in the last year of Herod the Great, about 753 years after the founding of Rome. The wise men were magi or magicians. They were originally a priestly class, and studied astronomy and other ancient sciences. They were usually devout or religious. Tradition says there were three of these wise men, and that their names were Caspar, Melchior and Balthasar. It also says they came from different quarters and met somewhere before reaching Jerusalem, as represented in *Ben Hur*. But the tradition is really of no value.

The apostle says not many wise are called; but among the first that sought the infant Saviour were these heathen wise men. The most profound scholars are among the most devout believers. The broad-minded student of the sky is always reverent; the "undevout astronomer is mad."

King of the Jews . . . we have seen his star, v. 2. All the world was looking for some great ruler among the Jews. Whether these wise men looked upon the star as his personal guide, or rather as some omen of a great one born to the west of them, is not clear. The latter is more probable. What the "star" was that attracted their attention, whether a comet, a conjunction of planets, or some meteor, it is useless to conjecture. Kepler supposed the star was a conjunction of Saturn and Jupiter; but this has been shown by Pritchard to be very improbable, as the planets would not have appeared as one star. A comet would hardly answer the conditions of the narrative, for it would not go before and stand over a fixed place. Whatever the star was, they had seen it in the east, that is, when they were in the east. They had come to honor this great ruler.

Herod . . . gathered all the chief priests, vs. 3, 4. Herod and his court were naturally jealous of any new candidates for power in Judaea. He was startled by this news from the distant east. It meant the downfall of his sway, if true. All Jerusalem would be startled also, but in a different way and for different reasons from Herod. Many in Israel were looking for deliverance; Herod was not generally loved, but hated.

He gathered the chief priests and scribes, for they would best understand the history and prophecy to which the wise men's inquiry pointed. It was the Messiah. Where was he to be born?

In Bethlehem . . . for thus it is written, vs. 5, 6. The priests and scribes answered without hesitation, in Bethlehem of Judaea; for there was a Bethlehem in Zebulun, Micah 5:2. They give their authority for the answer. The prophets long ago had foretold the exact place; they were confident that the prophets were to be believed.

## ICUREFITS

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Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York

and that they were accurate in their predictions. The ruler would not come from Jerusalem, but from the obscure town of Bethlehem. The priests gave the sense rather than the exact words of the prophecy.

Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, v. 7. Now Herod shows his wicked cunning. He assumed the star would first appear soon after the birth of this rival. If then he could find out about when the wise men first saw the star, he could know about how old this new ruler now was. So he sought a secret interview with the wise men, and made careful inquiry of them, as if interested and devout as themselves. He had already formed his plans in secret for destroying the child. His hypocrisy deceived the wise men. His pretended devoutness was as false as it was satanic.

Go and search, v. 8. So he sent them away, as if deeply interested in and friendly to the object of their search. A wicked man may unwittingly help a sincere seeker toward the Saviour. The jealous and cruel Herod was able to furnish information to these wise men about the place where Jesus was to be born, and to forward them on their way to find him. He did not go himself to seek, but sent them. So it is with the wicked man now; if another reminds him of the way to Christ, he says that is well, you go and seek Him diligently. If he is a hypocrite he will add, then tell me how you find it, that I may come and be religious too.

II. Wise Men and Jesus.—The star . . . went before them, v. 9. They had lost sight of the star for a time. Perhaps it had been caused to disappear for a time that they might get definite information at Jerusalem; for it appears to have guided them to that city, and then disappeared to reappear when they were on their way to Bethlehem. Its appearance would be reassuring of the directions received from Herod. It passed on before them, stopping apparently over where the young child was. This may mean the house, or the town, where he was. The first clause of v. 11 seems to imply that it was the house, though it is possible that it is more general, referring only to the town. In that case it would give them no new information. Herod told them the child must be in Bethlehem. The reader would infer from the joy, and the lack of any further inquiry being made, that the star led them to the house.

They saw the young child, v. 11. It was no longer a manger and an inn, as when the shepherds came; but now it was in a house. The wise men had no doubt of the dignity and character of the child; they worshipped him. It was not merely the usual homage of an Oriental to a superior. God may have given them some insight into the divine character of this holy child. It is worthy of remark that here, and always in the Scripture, the child comes first, the mother afterward. Her position is distinctly subordinate. This is quite the reverse of what the Romish church preaches and practices. They opened their treasures, their bags and boxes. It was customary for those who called on kings and others of distinction to bring gifts. Thus the queen of Sheba came to Solomon. It is still customary in the east. Frankincense is a product of Arabia and India. It is a white gum of bitter taste, secured by making incisions in the bark of the tree. It is highly fragrant and is used in offering sacrifices. Myrrh is also a gum obtained from a low tree which grows both in Arabia and Africa. This is also bitter, but the odor is pleasant. It was used in perfumes and is an element in the holy ointment. In these gifts we see that learning and all precious things find their true place in being consecrated to Christian service.

Warned of God, v. 12. This was a divine intimation, and strengthens the view that the star was also a miraculous and not a natural nor ordinary appearance. They obeyed the warning dream and left for the east without returning to Jerusalem. This the magi could easily do, going direct to Jericho and across the Jordan.

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WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1896.

## NOTICE.

To prevent errors, notice is hereby given that from this date, all subscription moneys from old or new subscribers must be sent direct to this office. We will not be responsible unless it be sent direct to us by post-office or express money order, or draft on St. Louis, Kansas City, Chicago or New York.

THE MID-CONTINENT.

THE REMARK is quoted of Daniel Webster to the effect that ministers should return to the simplicity of the gospel and there would then not be so much complaint of the decline of religion. That many took a text from Paul and preached from the newspapers. "When they do so," said the great lawyer and orator, "I prefer to enjoy my own thoughts. I want my pastor to say to me, 'you are mortal; you have a brief probation and your work must be done speedily. You are hastening to the bar of God.' When I am thus addressed I have no disposition to muse or fall asleep."

DR. CRAIG, of McCormick Seminary, has been most heartily elected president of Centre College, Danville, Ky., as successor of Dr. Young recently deceased. We can well understand the strong desire of that institution in the matter, and the reasons for their earnest pressing of the call. But on the other hand the seminary's need of Dr. Craig, the large work he is doing for the whole church in the central west and northwest in his place as a McCormick professor, his long and honored term of service there—these are considerations which must be reckoned with and make strong reasons for his remaining at his present post.

THE FACT that Christendom is divided into different denominational bodies is by some bewailed as the supreme sin of the day, and the unity of the church is preached as the immediate duty and as if, at the same time, the method of accomplishing such end was perfectly simple and easy. We hear certain ones talking much about the fundamental oneness of all schemes and all dreams that call themselves religious, and in the broad "catholicity" of these advocates Paganism, the various oriental cults, Judaism and Christianity are lumped together as being but different manifestations of the divine yearnings of man, and which at bottom are all alike. We are reminded of the remark of Dean Swift: "Those who called themselves of a catholic spirit only because they were of a muddy understanding."

WE HAVE received a copy of the complaint to the Synod of Illinois, made at its recent session, in the matter of the Presbytery of Chicago and its reception of the Rev. F. B. Vrooman. This is a very important paper. It contains, besides the statement of the Complaint, the argument of the complainants together with the judgment of the Synod settling the case. As an ecclesiastical document it is one of the most complete and thorough and pains-taking, and withal the calmest and best tempered, we have ever seen. As a precedent for reference and as an examination of all the points involved—not only the points of theological doctrine, but the questions of jurisdic-

tion, it is a publication of great importance. We are authorized to say that while this document is not on sale, yet any one who is interested in the subject and desirous to obtain a copy of the pamphlet, may receive it without charge by application to Mr. James Bryce, 13 Chalmers Place, Chicago.

TO PREACH the distinctive truths which Jesus Christ as our Prophet made known by his own word of mouth, and to set forth likewise the excellence and sublimity of his life as the loftiest example before men—these of course, are involved in preaching Christ. But they do not adequately represent it. They do not give its core and real essence. Preaching Christ is an expression of Scripture. Hence the Scriptures can best interpret it for us. The apostles after the resurrection and ascension of their Master, and particularly after they had received the Pentecostal power of the Spirit who had been promised to lead them into all truth and to show them the things of Christ, "ceased not to preach and teach Jesus Christ." We can not observingly read their records without catching the key-note of their preaching. It was that He whom they everywhere proclaimed, had died and had risen again; and that through his name whosoever believeth should receive remission of sins. Their doctrine of Christ meant principally, "redemption through his blood"—an "exalted Prince and Saviour to give repentance to Israel and forgiveness of sins." They preached Christ not as an abstraction, nor as a summary term denoting general religious truth, nor as a new starting point in the development of humanity, but as a lamb slain from the foundation of the world. Chief stress was laid on his death. When Philip, the evangelist, seated beside the inquiring eunuch, "preached unto him Jesus," it was with his finger on that part of Isaiah which reads, "He was led as a lamb to the slaughter."

## REMEMBERING THE POOR.

The principles and facts of social economics only confirm the truth of what the Son of Man has said: "The poor ye have always with you." That poverty can be eliminated from the conditions of the present earthly life by "anti-poverty societies" and other plausible schemes for rectifying the world, is a utopian dream. We are told by experts in the study of industrial statistics that the whole wealth of the world put together, if equally distributed, would not suffice to make all rich, nor even to relieve from the pressure of want. This of course is not saying that the extent and the bitterness of poverty is not capable of great reduction. But the fact remains that poverty, like sickness and other misfortunes, inheres in the fabric of human life.

How best to deal with the poverty of our fellow beings and the suffering it brings them, is becoming one of the social problems in our land to-day. The exercise of charity on a large scale is required, and organization and system in dispensing it are made necessary. Many different schemes are under experiment, not all equally wise, but all, we rejoice to think, prompted by the spirit of philanthropy. But all methods of relief, whether by the hands of organizations and committees, or by a personal "doing good as we have opportunity," must find their source of supply in the compassions of the human heart. County "Poor Houses," charity under the compelling power of statute enactment and *per capita* contracts, or by anything like socialistic agrarianism—this does not properly come under the name of benevolence. Back of the administering there must be the "bowels of compassion"—even a spontaneous and sympathetic movement of the heart towards our needy fellow men.

This "considering the poor" is especially the part of those in whom "dwelleth the love of God." Their Master introduced and most signally illustrated it, and engrafted it as a characterizing feature for all time upon our Christianity. The world before He came into it was a world without love. Hence, as He proclaimed, "A new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another." A new commandment indeed! an innovation in the world's ethics. Students of the ancient systems of morals tell us that they search in vain for charity among the virtues enumerated by Aristotle, beyond its faint suggestion under the name of generosity; and that Seneca, the great Roman moralist, considered the feeling of pity unworthy a wise man as showing a weak spirit. The Bible by revealing another world, and our immortal portion in it, and our relation to the supreme God as made in his image, exalts every man as one worth doing for. While that teaching which views him in respect to his wants and duties as a creature only of the life that now is will, in course of time, prove fatal to all real charity. True love for our neighbor is

rooted in love for God and belief in a world to come.

Times like the present when on every hand we can "see a brother having need" serve to remind us of duties to our neighbor. "Blessed is he that considereth the poor." The possession of property begets duties to those who are not thus blessed of God. The Jewish Talmud has a proverb: "He who hides his eyes from the wants of the poor is as guilty as if he worshiped idols or shed blood." In Europe one often sees over the doors of charitable institutions the touching inscription: "*Christo In Pauperibus*"—to Christ in the poor. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

## DEPARTED STRENGTH.

The incident in Samson's life of the sudden and woful loss of his strength suggests by instructive analogy the declension and loss of spiritual power sometimes sadly seen in the Christian.

1. There is a lifeless formality in the service of God. Although Samson's strength was gone he still said "I will go out as at other times before, and shake myself." He will do as he has been wont to do. The outward motion was the same as formerly but how different its significance. He would go through exactly the same acts as "before", but the fetters fell not off from his limbs. So in the time of spiritual deadness when "the secret of the Lord" is no longer with them, professing Christians may still "go out as at other times." They keep up the same formalities and externals of the Christian life. This is the groove their feet have grown accustomed to. The force of custom is upon them, and the habit of former years which has become almost as a part of nature. It is as if the principle in the Book of Ecclesiastes applies, "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be." The Sabbath and the church bell by years of association connect them with the sanctuary. Long years of training, too, have given conscience a voice which they cannot altogether ignore. But there is no worship of God in spirit, and there is no girding with power, and no "delighting after the inward man," and it is a vain oblation they bring. They have no spiritual apprehensions, and no spiritual movings. They do not love the church although they can not give it up. The Sabbath is outwardly observed although they cannot call it "a delight, the holy of the Lord and honorable." Private devotions may not be omitted but it comes to lie on their minds as one of the things which must be "gone through with." Thus an outward form of religion is maintained—the bones and framework without flesh, the automatic motions of a body without life or spontaneity.

2. Along with formality comes spiritual insensibility. Samson thus shorn and denuded "wist not that the Lord had departed from him." The influences of the Spirit of God may be withdrawn from men and they, like Samson, not be aware of their desertion. No outward sign is made. There is no convulsive tearing as when the evil spirit, at the command of Jesus, came forth from the unfortunate ones. It may be as gentle as the withdrawing of the moon behind the cloud, or the extinguishment of a silent star for out in space. Samson was as strong and sinewy-looking as before, and knew not that the Lord was departed from him. So Christians yield under the allurements of temptation; venture into paths which are perilous to spirituality, and then presume to think it is with them as in former days. Others may take note of their lapses but they themselves seem unconscious of them. They correspond to those of the church in Laodicea, saying, "We are rich and increased in goods and have need of nothing, and knew not that they are miserable and poor, and blind and naked." Losing the sensible influences of the Spirit of God, they seem to be entirely unaware of their loss. Hence we hear from them little complaint of this absence. They even "wist not that He has left them." It is somewhat as we occasionally see in the case of old men who will not note, what others can not fail to see, that the decrepitude of age has come upon them. They will almost resent it if a younger man offers assistance, and in mournful conceit imagine themselves still in the strength and vigor of their prime. So with the Christian from whom, for the time, the Spirit may have withdrawn—"gray hairs are here and there upon him, yet he knows it not." He thinks his state is the same as at other times. And so it continues until perhaps he is made sensible, as was Samson, by frustrated schemes and adverse providences, that it is not with his soul as in days that are past, and in his hour of darkness he experiences the sad reproach of the prophet, "It is an evil thing and bitter that thou hast forsaken the Lord thy God."



## THE BIBLE: ITS PRACTICAL EFFECTS.

There is no believer, and there is no calmly reflecting man who may not be an experimental Christian, but will assent to these cogently put claims for the Bible. The extract is taken from that admirable book, "God Spoke All These Words," by Dr. Brookes of St. Louis.

## ITS PRACTICAL EFFECTS.

Infidelity has made much of the fact that the church has engaged in bitter persecutions, that it has excited wars and massacres, that it is broken up into discordant and disputing factions, that it despises the poor, and that it contains vast numbers of hypocrites and rascals. It is strange that infidelity does not see the tribute of praise it offers to the Bible in these accusations, because the Bible condemns the very things of which they complain. It is true that under the Law God used His people, as He might have used famine or flood, to punish vile nations; but under Grace He forbids His children to resist violence. It is a little difficult to see why infidels find fault with the Bible for denouncing the evils they themselves denounce.

"A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I loved you, that ye also love another," Jno. xiii. 34; "Resist not evil," Rom. xii. 17; "Love suffereth long, and is kind," 1 Cor. xiii. 4; "Forbearing one another, and forgiving one another, if any man have a complaint against any: even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye," Col. iii. 13. "Let brotherly love continue," Heb. xiii. 1; "That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me," Jno. xvii. 21; "Endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. There is one body, and one Spirit; even as ye are called in one hope of your calling: one Lord one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all," Eph. iv. 3-6.

As to the personal character and conduct of believers the Bible is equally plain. "Providing for honest things, not only in the sight of the Lord, but also in the sight of men," 2 Cor. viii. 2 Cor. viii. 21. "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if they be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things," Phil. iv. 8. "Let him that stole, steal no more, but rather let him labor, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may give to him that needeth," Eph. iv. 28. "That we should remember the poor," Gal. ii. 10. "Lie not one to another, seeing that ye have put off the old man with his deeds," Col. iii. 9.

Those who are despicable according to the Bible are fully described: "Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God? Be not deceived: neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor effeminate, nor abusers of themselves with mankind, nor thieves, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God," 1 Cor. vi. 9, 10. "But fornication and all uncleanness, or covetousness, let it not once be named among you, as becometh saints; neither filthiness, nor foolish talking, nor jesting, which are not convenient; but rather giving of thanks. For this ye know, that no whoremonger, nor unclean person, nor covetous man, who is an idolator, hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and of God," Eph. v. 3-5.

"God spake all these words," saying, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me"; "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image"; "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain"; "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy"; "Honor thy father and thy mother"; "Thou shalt not kill"; "Thou shalt not commit adultery"; "Thou shalt not steal"; "Thou shalt not bear false witness"; "Thou shalt not covet." The same God said, "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging," Prov. xx. 1, "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that addeth thy venom thereto, and maketh him drunken also," Hab. ii. 15; "Swear not, neither by heaven, neither by the earth, neither by any other oath," Jas. v. 12; "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father, is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world," Jas. i. 27.

It is certain that none can object to these precepts, except those of vicious habits and vile tastes, who object simply upon the ground that the Bible makes no allowance for the sins they are determined to indulge. But this only shows how supernatural are the requirements of the Book, and how unnatural it is to yield them a prompt obedience. Every one admits that if its injunctions were faithfully carried out, all houses of prostitution, all gambling halls, all drinking saloons, all prisons would close their doors, all criminal courts would be abolished, peace would prevail in every family, good order in every community, and the whole country would rejoice in the truth of the Word, "Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people," Prov. xiv. 34.

The Bible does more for man than to enable him through grace to lead an upright life, and to secure the salvation of his soul. It assures him of protection under the watchful providence of God, Matt. x. 29, 30; it pledges the un-failing companionship of the Lord Jesus Christ, Heb. xiii. 5, 6; it promises the abiding presence of the Holy Spirit to help his infirmities, Rom. viii. 26. It does more for him still, for sincere believers can say, "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory," 2 Cor. iv. 17. Already they can raise the song of triumph: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ," 1 Cor. xv. 55-57.

## \$85,000, STILL BEHIND.

The Board of Home Missions wishes to acknowledge its great obligation to pastors, sessions and contributors for their noble efforts to furnish money to meet the unpaid salaries of our Home Missionaries. None regret the delay in paying the salaries of these self-denying men more than the members of the Board, but they have been unable to prevent it. The appeal recently made to the Church has been responded to very generously, and a large number of the most needy men and women have been relieved of their distress. Still the work so well begun should be kept up until all are wholly paid. On the first of December according to the acting treasurer, \$85,000.00 were still due the missionaries and missionary teachers under the Board. Shall not this be made up before the holidays? Winter is upon us causing a demand for money, fuel, food and clothing. A number of our missionaries are stationed in localities in which the thermometer goes down forty degrees below zero. Think of such a prospect before our missionary families when they have no funds to provide the necessary fuel and clothing to meet it with any degree of comfort!

## THE SHORTER CATECHISM.

Of the average Scotch Presbyterian emigrant going out to his new and lonely home in some part of the British Colonies it is told that he is sure to take with him his Bible and his Shorter Catechism, and through their use he is biblically fed and nourished. The strong meat contained in a work intended for those of "tender years and of weaker capacities," is enough to satisfy all his needs, and to tax all his powers to digest. The Scottish peasant regards the Catechism as a book of meditation, quite as much as a Catechism to be repeated, and so it holds in his thoughts a place absolutely unique. Years ago, the writer was visiting an aged church member, whose little home was far away on a lonely hill-side, in the midst of turf mosses and moors. Through infirmity, she was confined to bed, and in addition had lost her sight. As the little house was entered, the visitor was told to "come ben," and found his parishioner in bed, and alone in the house, the members of her family being engaged in their farm labour. "Are you not lonely here, Mrs. A.?" was asked. "Oh no," was the reply; "I say my psalm to myself", and I know a great many chapters of the Bible off by heart, and I gae ower them, and then I tak' the Questions (Shorter Catechism) and I gae ower them, asking m'sel the questions, and when I come to the end, I just gang ower them backwards." "Go over them backwards!" the secret and the measure of the dying saint's familiarity with the little book she had learned in childhood.

Dr. Schaff has said, "The Shorter Catechism is one of the three typical catechisms, of Protestantism, which are likely to last to the end of time;" while Thomas Carlyle said, "The older I grow—and I now stand on the brink of Eternity—the more comes back to me the first sentence in the Catechism which I learned when a child, and the fuller and deeper its meaning becomes:—

"What is the chief end of man?"

"Man's chief end is to glorify God and to enjoy Him for ever."

It is interesting to learn that the late Pan-Presbyterian Council at Glasgow unanimously recommended arrangements be made for the celebration of the two-hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the completion of the Shorter Catechism, by suitable public observances in our churches. That anniversary day will be the 25th, of September 1898.

## MR. MOODY ON SIN AND REPENTANCE.

"Talk about adulterers going into heaven, reeking with sin!" he exclaimed during a New York meeting, recently. "Away with such heresy! I wish we could get back to the old religion—to the A B C of religion. If a man will not repent, how can God forgive him?"

"Repentance is not fear. A man can't be scared into repentance. I was criticised because I didn't do more work on the steamship Spree, in the storm. It was the worst place I ever saw to work. Everybody was scared. Every one I spoke to about his sins would say: 'O, do you think the vessel will sink?' Fright isn't repentance. I supposed that right after the great Chicago fire was a good time for work, but it wasn't. There were fewer conversions that year than in any of my experience."

"Feeling bad is not repentance. Every prisoner in the Tombs feels bad, but it is because he has been caught. Feeling bad is not repentance. Remorse is not repentance. That is the trouble with the suicide. That is what Judas felt, not repentance. Doing penance is not repentance. We must have contrition as well as conviction. There is no such thing as repentance unless you give up sin. Without repentance you cannot be saved. Do you believe that? You say you know it? And how do you know it? Because you have tasted a little bit of hell down here on earth."

## WHAT REPENTANCE IS.

"Repentance is an after thought. Repentance is to change your mind, to change your course, to give up all sin, to right about face and march the other way. You never saw a road without two ends, did you? My boy caught me up on that proposition once, and said a race course hadn't two ends. But that's a race course. Repentance is to turn around on the road you are traveling and travel the other way. If I want to go to Philadelphia and get on the train for Albany, and my friend convinces me that I am on the wrong train, I don't feel badly about

it and stay aboard the train, but I grab my gripsack and get off and start the other way. That is repentance. It is a mistake to think you can do all your repenting for sin at once. I find that I have to repent for something every day.

## DOWN BRAKES!

As a Nation of Individuals we live too fast. In the wild and ceaseless struggle of ambition, in the mad trail of the almighty dollar, we seem to be ever grasping at the future, never living in the present. The weird sisters on the heath looked forward to a time when "the hurly-burly's done." But this end-of-the-century generation seems to possess no such pleasing prospect. It is a constant bustle and hustle, a never-ending hurry and worry. We are like the crowd that Vathek found in the halls of Eblis, each darting hither and thither, driven back and forth by a fire in the heart.

It is a good thing to sit down once in a while and ask the question, *Qui bono?* what's the use? Why exhaust the mental and physical tissues in a race which knows no rest until the Reaper and his sickle enforces rest? Why be making constant overdrafts on the bank of life? Why rush breathlessly to catch that car or ferryboat when the next one will do just as well?

There is plenty of time. There are ages and ages ahead of us. Why consume our tissues in the sacrifice of the present to the future? Posterity will not complain. We have already accomplished in this generation wonders which during thousands of years were never dreamed of. We have also opportunities for enjoyment, for self-improvement and for doing good to others, such as mankind has never known before. What's the use of this constant hustle and worry? Why not live more slowly, and so live better and longer and happier lives?

Act, act in the living Present,  
Heart within, and God o'erhead.

—Mail and Express.

## WHAT OTHERS SAY.

The old adage, "Birds of a feather flock together" is illustrated in the "Congress of Religions," recently held at Indianapolis. It gave itself principally to "the Sociological Problems of the Church," and adopted the name of "The Liberal Congress," its purpose "the promotion of liberalism in religion." Among its members and officers are some of the most notorious skeptics of the country, and all are known as "off color" in their different denominations, so far as they have any denominational affiliations. They are Unitarians, Universalists, Materialists, and general kickers.—*Journal and Messenger.*

The Chicago Presbytery, in receiving Rev. Frank B. Vrooman into its membership and allowing him to occupy the pulpit of Kenwood church for a time, has learned a costly lesson. Now that the Synod of Illinois has decided that his views are not in accordance with our Confession of Faith, he has withdrawn from the Kenwood church and become copastor with Dr. Thomas in the latitudinarian People's church at Chicago. But by reason of his year or more spent in the pastorate of a Presbyterian church, his personal friendships, formed during this time, have enabled him to take a very large proportion of the members of the Kenwood church with him out of Presbyterianism into a semi-rationalistic organization. The experiment does not pay.—*Christian Observer.*

Our Presbyterian brethren of Chicago, have just got through with a troublesome case. A young man named Vrooman came to them from the Congregationalists and became pastor of one of their younger and weaker churches. When he came for examination before the Presbytery (for Presbyterians do not take anyone who comes along without any question as to antecedents and belief) Vrooman was found to cherish views not consistent with those which he was expected to teach as a Presbyterian, and, though the Presbytery, by a majority accepted him, an appeal to the Synod resulted in his rejection. He could not become pastor of a Presbyterian church. The church kicked up its heels a little; but, knowing that it could not get along without the help and the favor of the Presbytery, it finally submitted. Meantime Mr. Vrooman became associate pastor with the notorious Rev. H. W. Thomas, D. D., who, having been disciplined by the Methodists, is carrying on an independent Church in the great city. Thus is proved the wisdom of the Synod and of the objectors in the Presbytery, in the refusal to receive Mr. Vrooman.—*Journal and Messenger, (Bap.)*

This paragraph is from a letter bearing the name of John G. Wooley, and printed in the *Voice* of October 1: Many of you have written me: "How can we arouse the ministers?" You can't. "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded tho' one rose from the dead." Let them alone, expect nothing of the ministers as such, but let your money rot before you pay a cent to support one who is not frankly and openly a party prohibitionist.

The author of this advice is the gentleman who of all others is most frequently invited to teach the young people of the churches their duties as to Christian citizenship. According to this oracle, no matter how godly his character or how fruitful his ministry, "let your money rot before you pay a cent to support" the man who baptized you, married you, buried your dead, counseled and comforted you—no matter though through a generation he may have practiced total abstinence and advocated and voted for prohibition—no matter, "let your money rot before you pay a cent to such a man—unless he is 'frankly and openly a party prohibitionist.'"—*United Presbyterian.*



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**The Family Circle.**

**A PUZZLE IN AGES.**

Dot is five and Jack is ten,  
She's just half as old as he;  
When she's ten, why, Jack will be  
Only one-third more than she.  
When Jack is twenty she'll be then  
Just three-fourths as old as he.  
Now Dot's puzzled—don't you see?—  
To know just how long it will be  
Till she's as old as brother Jack,  
Who now is twice as old as she.

—St. Nicholas.

**THE BEST NUTS.**

One morning Harold called for Charlie, his friend, on his way to the kindergarten. And they stopped at what Harold called the hot peanut man's to spend Harold's nickel, which had been given him because for a whole week he had not missed his lessons.

"I think peanuts are the best nuts in the world," said Charlie, as they walked on eating.

"Butternuts are good too," said Harold, "and walnuts. But I tell you what, Charlie, when I was at grandma's farm last summer, and when we were playing all day, and came in tired and hot and thirsty, grandma made us wash our faces and sit down for a while, and then would bring out a glass of milk and a plate of doughnuts and doughnuts are the very best of all."

"That's so," said Charles, "especially if she gave you a great big plateful hot. I believe I do like them better than peanuts."

"She always did," said Harold. "And she never seemed to mind how many of them we eat, and always asked if they were good, and if we had enough; and there isn't a shell to 'em, and they're just as big and fat and good!"

"Just like a grandma themselves," said Charlie.

**A PEACE-MAKING DOLL.**

We often hear of dolls sent out in missionary boxes to delight some child in a far-off land, but "The Outlook" tells this story of how a doll sent to a little American girl out West fell into the hands of an Indian child, comforted her and was the means of preventing what might have been serious trouble:

"Some Apache Indians had left the reserve, and one of our generals had a good deal of trouble in trying to get them back. One day a little papoose—that is, a little Indian girl—three years old strayed away from her father's wigwam. One of the soldiers found her and took her to the fort. All day she was very quiet, but when night came she sobbed and cried, just as any little white child would, for her mother and her home. The Soldiers did not know what to do with her; they could not quiet her.

"At last the commander in charge remembered that a beautiful doll had been sent from the East to the daughter of one of the officers. He went to this officer's house and asked to borrow the doll for the little Indian girl in the fort. The doll was beautifully dressed. The little girl loaned it to the officer, and it was carried to the fort to the little Indian baby. It was placed in her arms, and she was made to understand that she could take it to bed with her. Immediately she stopped crying and fell asleep with the beautiful doll closely held in her arms.

"When morning came she was radiantly happy the moment she opened her eyes and saw her beautiful little companion. She petted it, she rocked it, she talked to it, just as any little white child would. But now there came a new difficulty. The soldiers hoped, if they kept the little girl, that her parents would come after her, and they could enter into some negotiations with them to get them back on the reserve. But the father and the mother of the little Indian girl did not appear.

"It was a very serious thing for a lot of soldiers to have charge of a little three-and-a-half-year-old girl, and they were greatly puzzled. Several days passed, and at last the soldiers decided that the little papoose must be taken back to her family, as they would not come for her. With her doll in her arms she started with her protectors for the wigwam. When she reached the tribe with her doll she created the greatest excitement. The soldiers left the child with her mother and returned to the fort.

"The next day the little papoose's mother appeared at the fort with the doll to return it. She was received with the greatest courtesy by the soldiers, treated with great consideration, and made to understand that her little daughter was to keep the doll. The result was that the soldiers' kindness to the little girl and their courtesy to her mother created a revulsion of feeling among the wandering Indians and led to negotiations which resulted in the Indians going back to the reserve—that is, the land set apart for them by the United States government—without any trouble."

**ANCIENT HORNS.**

Every midsummer day a unique concert is given in Copenhagen, Denmark, such as the whole world cannot show the like of. There are kept in the Copenhagen Museum a number of ancient Scandinavian horns, more than three

thousand years old, called "Lauren." Of this collection fourteen are in good condition. They have an elegant shape, and the flat metal plates at the mouth-piece show good technical perfection and a developed taste for art. They are of different pieces fitted together. They were found buried in moorland, and their good preservation is believed to be due to the turfy water. They are of very tin metal, and generally seven feet long. They were always found in pairs, the one in tune with the other. A few years ago it was found out by Dr. Hammerich that they could still be blown or played upon. Their tones resemble those of the tenor horn, and they have a soft but powerful sound. Some are turned in C and E sharp, others in D, E, or G, and these tones form an accord, but no "scala." The midsummer concert is held as follows: On the balcony in the court of the princely palace in which is kept the Northern Museum two members of the royal "Capella" blow tunes on two of these primeval horns. An enormous crowd fills the court, the streets, the marble bridge, and the neighboring square, as far as it is possible to hear the sounds.—*Music.*

**HOW THE CHINESE DO THINGS.**

Everything relating to the Orient is of interest. The Chinese do everything backward. They exactly reverse the usual order of civilization.

Note first that the Chinese compass points to the south instead of the north.

The men wear skirts and the women trousers.

The men carry on dressmaking and the women carry burdens.

The spoken language of China is not written, and the written language is not spoken.

Books are read backwards, and what we call footnotes are inserted at the top of the page.

The Chinese surname comes first instead of last.

The Chinese shake their own hands instead of the hands of those they greet.

The Chinese dress in white at funerals, and in mourning at weddings; while old woman always serve as bridesmaids.

The Chinese launch their vessels sideways and mount their horses from the offside.

The Chinese begin dinner with dessert, and end with soup and fish.—*Union Signal.*

The C. S. Bell Co., of Hillshire, Ohio, are selling their Steel Bells to Churches and Schools for a limited time, at half the List Price.

Churches and Schools in need of Bells will find it to their advantage to send for Catalogue and Special Prices.

**A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.**

Many a discouraged preacher has been given a lift by a few words of sincere praise from an appreciative listener. It is not often, however, that one who is not present to hear the sermon or address overflows with complimentary references.

When Max O'Rell was on his recent lecturing tour in this part of the country he was one day approached by a young man, who thanked him most earnestly for his lecture the previous night, saying: "I never enjoyed myself more in my life."

The pleased lecturer grasped his admirer's hand. "I am glad," he said, "that my humble effort pleased you so much."

"Yes," said the young man, "it gave me immense pleasure. You see, I am engaged to a girl in town, and her family all went to your show and I had her at home all to myself. O, it was a happy evening for me! Thank so much, Mr. O'Rell. Do lecture again soon."



What an inconsistent thing a human being is. Men go with dread through narrow, noisome streets. They walk wide of the corners, and look frequently over their shoulders. And the things of which they are most afraid are perhaps

a hundred times less dangerous than the thing they think of not at all. The assassin's stiletto is less deadly than the little, insignificant, invisible germs, the bacilli of consumption. This is the thing that causes more deaths than all the wars and pestilences. This is the thing that causes one-sixth of all the deaths in the world. It finds easy lodgment in a body made weak by wasting sickness or debility from lack of proper nourishment. Impure blood is a fertile resting and breeding place for them.

The man who allows his health to decline, who allows his blood to remain impure, and who feels that he is growing weaker every day is holding out an invitation to consumption and to death. When signs of weakness and failing first appear, they should be met by taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This is a medicine for people who have lingering coughs, whose lungs are weak—either by reason of colds or heredity. It builds up strength immediately. It purifies and invigorates the blood, tones up the digestion, strengthens the nerves, makes the sleep sound and refreshing. It assists the body in throwing off all disease germs. Druggists are sometimes unscrupulous enough to try and sell something else in its place. Nothing is "just as good." Nothing is nearly as good.

No home library is complete without Dr. Pierce's "Common Sense Medical Adviser." This handsomely illustrated, thousand-page volume will be sent free, paper-bound, to all who will send twenty-one one-cent stamps, to pay the cost of mailing only, to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. If a handsome, French cloth binding is desired, send ten cents additional (thirty-one cents in all).

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**FATHER SUN AND JACK FROST.**

"Ah, now," cried Jack Frost, "is a fine time to freeze!  
The Sun's gone to bed, and I'll do as I please."  
So he hung little icicles over the trees.

When the fiery old Sun came again the next day,  
He glared at Jack's frost-drops, and, to his dismay,  
Quickly set them to weeping their young lives away!

—Martha Burr Banks.

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The meek are not self-seekers. They spend no time in scheming and planning to promote their own good. They do not think of themselves more highly than they ought to think. They do not try to raise themselves up by pulling others down. They find much of their happiness in seeing others happy. They want everybody to have a good time in a proper way. The meek never have the presumption to suppose that they are meek.—*Ram's Horn.*

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## Our Young People.

### FLOWERS INVISIBLE.

She'd watched the rose-trees how they grew  
With green hands full of flowers;  
Such flowers made their hands sweet, she  
knew,  
But tenderness made ours.

So now, o'er fevered brow and eyes  
Two small cold palms she closes.  
"Thanks, darling!" "Oh, mamma," she  
cries,  
"Are my hands full of roses?"

—W. Canton.

### SCHOOLDAYS AT LOUGHINSHOLLEN.

#### AN OLD-IRISH STORY.

BY MRS. M. A. NICHOLL.

(Concluded.)

When they were gone he addressed the school.

"The boys against whom the circumstantial evidence is strong are our best boys. Appearances are against them, I must confess, and if found guilty, their punishment shall be severe. But, should it, at some future date be found out, that for spite or revenge, they have been thus deeply wronged, by any boy or boys, he, or they shall be expelled." But his eye, scanning the long forms, saw no contrite nor blushing face among them. The gardener returned with the lads, and, alas, the foot prints proved to fit Ferier's exactly, and not at all those of the older two. The evidence seemed clear.

"It's dead against him but Terry never did so mean a trick," whispered Fits to "Mountie".

"I'd risk my life, he did not," said his companion.

"Have you anything to say for yourself, O'Rourke?" asked the doctor. Ferier's face was pale his eyes bright with anger and excitement.

"No sir! I have never done the mean action of which I am accused;" then as the thought of his marred record came to his mind, he said hotly, his cheeks aflame

"And my punishment shall be unjust, Dr. Garret!"

"Upon my soul," said the little lord, who was seated in the Doctor's chair, "the boy looks true, but why on earth is it that the footmarks fit his feet?" A sudden thought struck the Doctor.

"Has anyone worn your boots?" he asked.

"No Sir." It was all clear, then! "Birching" in the old days was very severe punishment, and the tutor neither considered Ferier's age nor size. But no tear fell from our boy's eyes. "My father will believe me" he said to himself that night, as he lay alone in his room, black and blue on back and arms and legs, "and I bore myself like the son of a soldier!" But the memory of that grave, on the green hillside of Cromarty came to him, and the thought of the great distance between himself and his father came with it, and at last his tears fell thick as the thunder-showers used to fall around the White Hall at old Glenlynn.

"Oh! mother, mother!" he sobbed "if you had only lived!"

And the rising wind through the branches of the tall sycamores on the campus, made a wierd, lonely sound, through the sad night, till he slept.

"It's a black shame!" cried Fits indignantly, to the older boys the following morning. "I tell you old O'Donovan laid it on to that little chap cruelly."

"Why not pay him back?" said Mountie.

"How?" asked MacCartney, and a consultation took place. Bell, the oldest boy in the seminary joined the group.

"That little fellow whom the tutor

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makes  
thin  
people  
plump.

Plumpness is prosperity, good-nature, happiness. It is not to shiver with every cold breeze; it is defense against coughs, shelter from Neuralgia, shield against nervous prostration; better than all—security from germs of Consumption and an escape from a thousand aches and pains which cling to a poorly nourished body. Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites will make thin people not over-fat but plump. It smoothes out the wrinkles and brings the dimples back.

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birched last night, is to be put in disgrace for a week." Now disgrace meant separate meals, of the poorest kind.

"We'll do it boys!" cried Mountjoy and Fitzgerald together, for this last piece of news was as the spark to the tinder. For a week, things were quiet. The old boys never went into the campus, scorned the tutor, were coldly polite to the Doctor, and kept a sharp outlook on a boy who occupied one of back benches. Alone, they talked of "the boy". "Old Donovan" and "the little chap." It was the night that Ferier's long lonely week of disgrace was ended. Bravely he had borne the sneers of Hal Vesey and his "set". But the disgrace and confinement told on him, a fact which Dr. Garret noticed.

"I do not feel easy about young O'Rourke's case. The boy's face looks true, and if it should turn out that I have had him punished in the wrong, I shall not care to ever look his father in the face: and I can see the older boys are every one on his side, he said to his wife at the tea-table.

The other boys had taken the Saturday half-holiday to go fishing in the Bawn, or White river, a tributary of the Shannon. But silent, busy hands were at work during the supper hour, and when the work was over a hungry band came home, just when supper was about over. The supper was at eight, one hour later, on Saturday evenings, thus allowing the boys the full benefit of the holidays.

After supper came prayers, and the reading of the Psalms for the following day, the Sabbath, when all the boys marched, two by two, with the tutor at their side, to Clancarty church, one mile from the Seminary.

Prayers were over. The grim tutor, O'Donovan keeping watch on the long lobby which ran between the rows of bedrooms on either side. It was lit by one rather small window, and for many a year had been called the "Glory-hole." Strange stories had got afloat somehow, during the last week about the rooms being haunted. Even Fitzgerald and his class had warned O'Donovan about the glory-hole, and Hal Vesey, whether conscience-stricken or not, averred that strange, queer noises were heard along the glory-hole in the night-time. Nearly all the boys were in their rooms. Passing O'Donovan, Mountjoy seemed accidentally to brush against him and his candle, (they used candles, in those days) was put out somehow. Vesey's and Thorntons met with the same accident. The others sought their rooms, but Bell who was concealed by the darkness, and remained near Vesey's and Thornton's open door. A moment's silence, then a thrilling, terrible scream broke on the silence. It was Vesey, who stood transfixed before a livid, white fiery form in his room.

"Liar! Liar! Traitor!" the awful thing said, and, after another scream, Vesey fled down stairs, almost knocking down

Dr. Garret, who had heard, and was coming to the scene.

Turning to fly, as Vesey had done, but in his excitement and fear—for all heard the voice—O'Donovan took the wrong turn, and found himself almost in the face of another awful thing. His yell was worse than Vesey's. "Monster!" "Cruelty!" it shouted in his ears, and he too, running and shouting, nearly upset the Doctor, at the foot of the second flight. No spook was visible, when that gentleman reached the glory-hole, but in his hurry, he had brought no light. Every one's candle was out, but Fitzgerald lighting his, helped the Doctor to inspect the rooms. All was orderly and quiet by that time. But Vesey begged to room with Fitzgerald for the night.

O'Donovan and Vesey were in the parlor, which was still lit up. Vesey was trembling from head to foot. "I can find nothing; everything is as usual," the Doctor assured them.

"It may be so now," Vesey solemnly assured them. Then he broke down.

"Oh! Dr. Garret I deserved it! I wore Ferry's shoes and spoiled the beds."

Next day Ferier was fully exonerated. But as he pleaded earnestly for Vesey, he was not expelled. For months the glory-hole and Vesey's room were suspected, so our brave Ferier exchanged rooms with his one-time enemy.

It was not till many years had passed away, and Bell was a prosperous barrister in Clancarty that Doctor Garret learned the secret of the "Spooks." Bell was a ventriloquist, and by aid of long broom-handles, sheets, wild-fire or the phosphorescent wood, so common in Irish bogs, the talking spooks were easily made, and easily demolished.

And Ferier? Well, his father soon returned, and found golden reports of his boy. In after years, the lad made a brave soldier, and fought by his father's side at Waterloo.

### MY ANGELIC HUSBAND.

There are husbands who are pretty,  
There are husbands who are witty,  
There are husbands who in public are as smiling as the morn:  
There are husbands who are healthy,  
There are husbands who are wealthy,  
But the real angelic husband—well, he's never yet been born.

Some for strength of love are noted,  
Who are really so devoted  
That where'er their wives are absent they are lonesome and forlorn;  
And now and then you'll find one  
Who's a fairly good and kind one.  
Yet the real angelic husband—O, he's never yet been born.

So the woman who is mated  
To a man who is rated  
As "pretty fair" should cherish him forever and a day:  
For the real angelic creature,  
Perfect, quite, to every feature—  
He has never been discovered, and he won't be, so they say.

—T. B. Aldrich.

### A YEAR AGO.

A year ago!

A year ago I had my baby here,  
With hair of gold, and eyes so blue and clear;

A year ago I heard his pattering feet,  
And listened to his childish babble sweet,  
Now he is gone—gone whither? Who can say?

I only know he left me that sad day,  
A year ago.

And is that all?

Is there no comfort for the aching heart?  
No balm to ease, no hand to bind the smart?  
Are all my hopes lost in a bleak unknown,  
And is my baby wandering forth alone?  
My baby, whom I loved and tended so,  
And soothed to sleep with mother-croonings low,

A year ago!

Nay, heart, not all!

For, see! beyond, in countries not unknown,  
My baby waits, well loved, and not alone;  
A strong Hand guides him, lest his feet should fall,

And loving ears are quick to hear his call;  
He waits full happy, safe from all alarms;  
For Jesus took my baby in His arms

A year ago.

### Stenographer

and office assistant, who can furnish highest references from present St. Louis employers, would like to hear of any similar opening from Jan. 1st. For particulars, address S., care MID-CONTINENT, 1516 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo.

### WITHOUT A RIVAL.

The "Denver and Pacific Coast Limited" via the Union Pacific is the fastest and finest train out of Kansas City. It leaves 10:40 a. m., arrives Denver the next morning, Salt Lake City the second morning and San Francisco 9:45 a. m. the third morning. All the principal lines from the east make connection with this train.

See your local agent or address Jas. F. Agler, Gen'l. Agent, St. Louis, Mo.

San Antonio, Texas. The City of Missions. Printed in two colors, with an exquisite lavishness of type and views, this beautiful brochure tells San Antonio's history from its occupancy by the Spanish in 1715, to the present time. Much care was exercised in the compilation of the data of this work and the illustrations are particularly noticeable for their accuracy of execution and detail. Eighty pages are consumed in telling The City of Missions' Story. Copy of same can be procured free of cost by addressing agents of the Company, or H. C. Townsend, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Iron Mountain Route, St. Louis, Mo.

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The Missouri Pacific Railway and Iron Mountain Route will sell Home Seekers Excursion Tickets, Nov. 3d and 17th and Dec. 1st and 15th, to certain points in the West, South, Southwest and Southeast at half rates (plus \$2) for the round trip. Descriptive pamphlets on the various states and full information can be obtained at city ticket office.

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## Ministers and Churches.

### ST. LOUIS AND VICINITY.

St. Louis Presbytery will meet next Monday, Dec. 14, 10 a. m., at 1516 Locust St.—*J. H. Gauss.*

Cote Brilliante church and Pastor Campbell last the pleasure of welcoming nine new members last Sunday, by letter.

Dr. Evans, of Kirkwood, is rejoicing over his Home Missionary collection last Sunday—the largest in the history of the church.

Dr. Brookes conducted evangelistic services at the Peoples' Central church, last week. One evening saw a harvest of six souls for Christ.

Eighteen members received by Central church on Dec. 8th, sixteen by profession of faith. Dr. E. O. Guerrant recently closed a twelve days' meeting in this church.

The teachers' annual recital was given in Lindenwood College hall on the evening of Dec. 8th, for the benefit of the Library fund. An enjoyable occasion.

At the Washington and Compton avenue church last Sunday, three new members were received by profession of faith. The Ladies of that church have sent off their annual missionary boxes—four boxes valued at \$300, to bring comfort and joy to certain Home Missionary families.

Rev. L. L. Overman, has been appointed assistant pastor to Dr. S. C. Palmer, of the Lafayette Park church. Dr. Palmer may decide upon a trip eastward in the interest of his large and varied work. Mr. Overman will "hold the fort" at that time and assist at other times.

There were a number of pleasant reports at the ministers' meeting Monday. The First church had twenty-three accessions, last Sunday; the Second church, eleven; the West church received fifteen; Glasgow avenue welcomed five new members. These are all reports that came to us. It was a very happy meeting.

### Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

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The good work of the fixed St. Louis institution, the "Provident Association", has been well known for many years. The work on its hands is ever growing, and of course its sense of dependence on the local sentiment of Christian philanthropy is ever felt. The directors of the Association are among the best known of our citizens. At the opening of this winter they issue a most earnest call for aid to meet the extraordinary demand which is made its benevolence. The President is Mr. R. M. Scruggs. The General Manager is Rev. Thos. M. Finney, and the office is at 1117 Locust St.

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#### Horseford's Acid Phosphate.

It acts directly on the food, thus assisting the stomach, and also stimulates the secretion of the digestive fluids, putting the stomach in an active, healthy condition."

### MISSOURI.

ST. JOSEPH.—The Westminster church has made its first mile post in its new quarters. The Sabbath-school has advanced twenty-five per cent, and all lines of church work are well sustained. Dr. Bullard is anchored in the esteem and confidence of the people. His summer vacation on Lake Superior was much enjoyed and proved a genuine round up in the way of rest and recreation.

HOPE CHAPEL.—This is now six years old and has nearly 100 members, eight uniting in September. The Senior and Junior endeavors are wide awake. Elder W. K. Adams is a host in himself. Rev. Simons, the pastor, strives unceasingly to win souls. The Ladies' Missionary Society with Miss Speaker as president, is doing a good work.

NORTH CHURCH.—One of the finest Sabbath-schools in northwest Missouri is what may be said of the one which meets weekly in this church. The young people constitute a large part of pastor Roberts' congregation. They seem to be in the front everywhere. The good seed is being sown and a joyful harvest is anticipated.

SAVANNAH.—Rev. Mr. Cravens is unceasing in his efforts to build up the good work in this city. He has much reason to be encouraged and thankful; steadily the cause moves onward. Willing hands and warm hearts co-operate and the divine benediction is added.

BUTLER.—The Presbyterian Academy here under President Richardson, was never in a more prosperous condition. It now has an enrollment of 107 students. The building has been greatly improved in some of the interior departments and the grounds are said never to have looked more beautiful. The hopes and expectations of the people are greatly revived and the prospect for the future are very encouraging. The church has the word faithfully expounded by pastor Watkins and is steadily pushing onward along the usual lines.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are of great service in subduing Hoarseness and Coughs Sold only in boxes. Avoid imitations.

FAIRVIEW.—This is the name of one of the finest country churches in the Kansas City Presbytery. It has about 80 members on the roll and has recently built and dedicated free of debt a very handsome building at a cost of about \$2,500. The situation is most charming, elevated above a large area of the most beautiful prairie country, in a fine state of cultivation with liberal dimensions. Spacious auditorium, lecture room, organ and all needed furniture. The work speaks well for the good taste and sound judgment of the people. Rev. Mays, the late pastor, did a grand work for this community. Rev. Coleman, of Butler, is now in charge. There is certainly a fine field for usefulness here.

RICH HILL.—The good ladies of this church put their heads and pocket-books together and repapered the walls and the Sabbath-school not to be outdone, came forward with their voluntary offerings and procured a carpet for the floor. It is reported and the facts go to prove it that this is the banner school in Bates county, and that Bates is the banner county in the State for attendance. We enjoyed a visit with our old friend and classmate, Judge Huckleby of this place. He has a pleasant home and an interesting family.—S. T. McClure.

### KANSAS.

NORTON.—During the past five months the church at Norton has built an addition to the parsonage, papering the building and painting the rooms within. The church building has just received two good coats of paint outside. The inside of the building has just been repainted and the paper hanger is at work papering the room. The Norton church is a home mission church and the small membership and friends of the church have manifested great faith and courage in their pushing forward church work in the face of the hard times. Two persons were received into the church last Sabbath on profession of their faith in Christ.—\*

### Good Digestion

Is a requisite to good health. The stomach is to the body what the engine is in the mill, and food is the fuel engine. Cut off the supply of fuel or allow the engine to get out of order and the supply of power ceases. Indigestion leads to weakness, loss of flesh and chronic dyspepsia. Stimulate and tone the stomach by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and overcome indigestion. This medicine has a most beneficial effect on the digestive organs, which it tones and strengthens. It also creates an appetite, purifies the blood, and builds up health. Remember Hood's Sarsaparilla is the one true Blood Purifier.

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A semi-humorous contemporary has recently referred to The Encyclopædic Dictionary as "the Jonah's gourd of literature," the allusion being, of course, to the rapid and altogether unprecedented development of that now famous reference work. It may be further said, however, that The Encyclopædic shows no signs of "withering," although it is reasonably certain that sundry worms have been unsuccessful nibbling at its root.

It would not have been believed two years ago that a new-comer in the ranks of standard reference works could win a commanding place among the giants of lexicography already in the field; yet within that period The Encyclopædic has forged its way to the very front, with growing popularity and a steadily increasing sale, now said to equal that of all its competitors combined.

This phenomenal success is largely due to persistent and liberal advertising, more than \$250,000 having been so expended by the Syndicate Publishing Co. during the two years, yet this vast sum would have been practically wasted but for the acknowledged superiority of the work itself, which combines all the essentials of a complete, up-to-date dictionary and a condensed general encyclopædia of the most practically useful character. The new edition, now on sale, is revised to date and contains hundreds of new words and definitions not found in any of the older works. The added illustrations are superb. One of the striking features is the magnificent array of chromatic plates in seventeen colors, among which we note 109 exact facsimiles of



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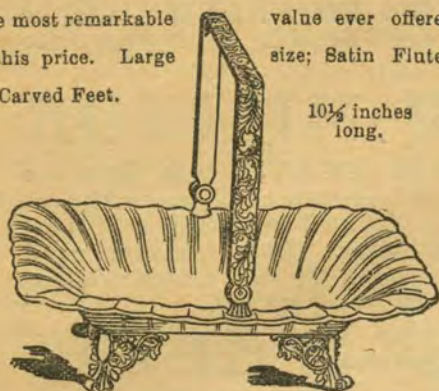
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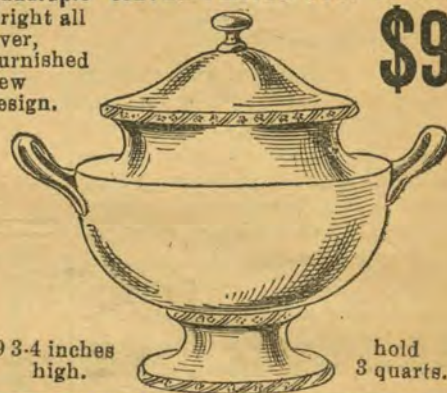
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## AFTER THE COAMPAIGN.

The season dawns for autumn sports,  
And, to our joy intense,  
The football club comes gaily forth  
To chase the glee club hence.

The effect of making oneself the only  
subject of solicitude is illustrated by the  
remarks of Elwes, the miser-million-  
aire, to a clergyman. "Your sermon on  
charity touched me greatly. I almost  
determined to turn beggar."—*Youth's  
Companion.*

A Scotch pastor, addressing a plain-  
spoken woman, a member of his church,  
said "Janet, I am sorry to hear that you  
didn't like my preaching on Sabbath.  
What was the reason?" The reply  
came frankly. "I had three very guid  
reasons, sir. Firstly, ye read the sermon;  
secondly, ye didna read it well, and,  
thirdly, it was na worth readin' at a'!"

[= Very amusing was the error (uncous-  
cious, perhaps) of a young student of  
theology who went out on Saturday to  
preach to a church one of his fledgling  
sermons. When he returned on Mon-  
day one of the venerable professors who  
had great interest in the young theo-  
logian said to him.

"Well, how did you get along?"

"Oh, very well, I thought."

"Glad to hear it. What was your  
text?"

"How shall we escape if we neglect

so great salvation?"

"Very good text—very good text. How  
did you handle it?"

"Well, first I showed them how great  
this salvation was—"

"That's right. And then?"

"And then I told them how they  
might escape if they neglected it."

The family of a professional man,  
living on the East Side, is the owner of a  
parrot of such precocity, wit and enter-  
prise, that there often is some doubt as  
to whether the family owns the parrot  
or the parrot owns the family. On  
Christmas Day, all the members of the  
household, where this bird holds forth,  
with some relatives and guests, par-  
took of a late breakfast and, afterwards,  
went into the parlors, where gifts were  
distributed, with the usual merriment  
and chatter. This started the parrot  
and, all day long, it made more noise  
than a sewing society. This was amus-  
ing at first, but became monotonous, as  
the hours passed and at last, after vain  
efforts to quiet the bird by expostula-  
tion, its master took it from the cage,  
and cuffed its head severely. This had  
often proved sufficient as a means of  
discipline, but the master of the house  
fled in terror, when the parrot, cocking  
his head one side, exclaimed in falsetto:  
"Thank you so much; that is exactly  
what I needed." The bird evidently had  
stored up the expressions of the morn-  
ing.—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.*

## MET HIS MATCH.

The other morning, as a belated mem-  
ber of the Owl Club was steering home  
through the dense fog, which the writer  
is reliably informed hangs over the city  
at 3 A. M., he passed the house of a well-  
known physician. The vestibule of this  
residence was open, and on its side the  
dim rays of the moon, struggling  
through the gloom produced by the ef-  
forts of the city gas company, disclosed  
the mouth of an acoustic tube, under-  
neath which was the inscription  
"Whistle for Dr. Potts."

Not wishing to be disobliging about  
so small a matter, the Owl stumbled up  
the steps, and steadying himself against  
the wall, blew into the pipe with all the  
strength of his lungs.

The physician, who was awakened by  
the resultant shrill whistle near his  
head, arose; and after wondering at the  
singular odor of whisky in the room,  
groped his way to the tube and shouted,  
"Well."

"Glad to know you're well," was the  
reply; "but, being a doctor, I s'pose you  
can keep well at cost price, can't you?"

"What do you want?" said the man  
of pills, not caring to joke in the airy  
nothing of his nightgown.

"Well," said the party at the other  
end of the tube, after a few moments  
meditation. "Oh, by the way, are you  
young Potts or old Potts?"

"I am Dr. Potts. There is no young  
Potts."

"Not dead, I hope?"

"There never was any. I have no  
son."

"Then you are young Potts and old  
Potts too. Dear, dear, how singular."

"What do you want?" snapped the  
doctor, who was beginning to feel as  
though his legs were a pair of elongated  
icicles.

"You know old Mrs. Peavine, who  
lives in the next block?"

"Yes. Is she sick? What's the mat-  
ter?"

"Do you know her nephew, too—Bill  
Briggs?"

"Yes. Well?"

"Well, he went up to Bridgeport,  
shooting this morning, and—"

"And he had an accident?" Hold up a  
minute. I'll be right down."

"No, he's all right; but he got sixty-  
two-ducks—eighteen of 'em mallards. I  
thought you might like to hear it."

And the joker hung on to the nozzle  
and laughed like a hyena digging up a  
fat native. "I say," came down from  
the exasperated M. D., "that's a jolly  
good joke, my friend. Won't you take  
something?"

"What" said the surprised humorist,  
pausing for breath.

"Why, take something. Take this."

And before the disgusted funny man  
could withdraw his mouth a hastily-  
compounded mixture of ink, ippecac and  
asafoetida squirted from the pipe and  
deluged him from head to foot, about a  
pint monopolizing his shirt-front and  
collar.

And while he danced frantically  
around, sponging himself off with his  
handkerchief, and yelling like a pirate  
in the last act, he could hear an angel  
voice from above sweetly murmur:

"Have some more? No? Well, good  
night. Come again soon, you funny  
dog, you. By-bye."—*Louisville Medical  
News.*