

GOOD COMRADESHIP.
It may have been only a cheerful word. A grasp of the hand in meeting. But if hope revived at the message heard.
Or courage came from the greeting. How fine to think of a soul waxed strong.
Of a burden lighter growing.
Because you happened to come along.
When life made its dearest showing!
For this is the true good comradeship in the life we live together.
That holds to a friend with a firmer grip
The rougher the way or weather;
That sings to gladden the hearts of all.
Till, with the echoes blending,
The tranquil shadows of twilight fall,
And the road has reached its ending.
—Tippley D. Saunders, in St. Louis Republic.

A Soldier's Battle
By JENNY WREN.

Wide-open, blue eyes, fanned with jetty lashes—a little, slender nose—a mouth fit for Queen Titania, when wooed by the King of the Fairies—a low, white brow, on which clustered rings of gold, in a very fascination of disorder—a cheek exquisitely fair, with the tint upon it of the seashell—two little, soft, helpless hands—two little, alperred feet—and you have the picture before Roydon Howard's gaze, and the inventory successively dotted down by him in his mental diary.
"Awfully pretty!" was the silent verdict rendered, "and absolutely good for nothing else. Ah, life were all summer, such women would make perfect wives!"
An audible sigh followed the latter thought of this most grave philosopher—a sigh so deep, so profound, that it startled the girl from her reverie.
"A penny for your thoughts, major!" she said, in low, musical tones.
The voice suited her; it was like all else about Fay Richings—in perfect attune.
"You bid too low," answered the man; "and yet too high, since you ask upon a subject of whose reply you must be conscious. You forget that, spending the last hour in your society, my thoughts could not wander far."
"But you sighed. Must I hold myself responsible for the sigh, too?"
"I fear so—in remembering that my furlough is rapidly slipping away, and that within a month I must rejoin my regiment on the plains, leaving my many friends, leaving my charming companion of this morning. Do you still bid a penny to inquire into a thing so fleeting as a sigh?"
The color deepened a little on the beautiful cheeks.
"His charming companion of the morning!" This was how he regarded her—this man whose brave deeds had preceded him, until before meeting him, Fay had assigned him something akin to hero-worship.
A little, sharp stab of pain shot through her heart, but she smiled bravely.
"All that was scarcely worth a sigh from you," she said. "It is never those who go amid new scenes who feel most keenly the parting, but rather those who, left behind, amid the old familiar surroundings, say, 'Yesterday he sat here,' or 'Yesterday we heard his laugh,' or perchance find a glove that he has dropped, or a cigar half-smoked—to them it is something felt, something tangible."
"Do you think it so? Does the sand sigh for the retreating wave when already one oncoming claims its welcome? I should indeed be glad to feel that Miss Fay sometimes gave me a thought among the many new aspirants for the hour she occasionally has bestowed on me. A soldier's life has many charms, in spite of its hardships, and there is something fascinating, in spite of its pain, in the long, solitary musings he holds sitting at the door of his tent, when instead of the plain stretching before him, he views the mental panorama of his past. I'm afraid mine will confine itself to one figure. Can you guess whose, Miss Fay?"
There was an instant's pause—an instant when something stirred within Roydon Howard's heart, prompting the impulse to cry out, "Who but yours? Make imagination reality! Come with me! Share a soldier's life, and let our mutual love smooth the rough places!"
But scarcely was it born, than he strangled it. He had no reason to suppose that this girl cared for him; but, even so, at best it was but a passing fancy.
And in time of real danger where would she be? How would she fit him to ride forth to meet a foe? Either with hysterical weeping, or a swoon. No, no! Here under the trees, in a hall-room, at the head of a luxurious dinner-table, such women were charming enough to turn a man's brain, but in moments of peril, when death, no longer clothed in the poet's rhythm, stalked before them, bare and ungainly, it was little wonder that they fled shrieking from his grim presence.
Therefore, the pause lasted an instant only, then Roydon answered his own question with a laugh.
"I declare I am almost growing sentimental. If in anybody's presence but

yours, Miss Fay, I should apologize for so unwounded a mood. But you are wholly responsible for it, and it must be with you so old a story to inspire it that I will not waste the words. By the way, there is my horse. I had no idea it was so late. An revolt! Remember, I have the first and last waites this evening."
The girl sat motionless, watching him as he strode away—watching him vault upon his horse, his tall, superb figure, showing to such splendid advantage—watching the horse and rider, as they cantered out of sight, the latter turning first to give her a farewell salute with his whip.
"So, in scarce a month will he ride out of my life," she murmured to herself with white lips. "Oh, Roydon, is it that you are too proud to ask me to share the peril and privation of a soldier's life, or that it would give you no pleasure to have me share it?"
II.
"Will you go on the lake with me this afternoon, Miss Fay?" asked Major Howard, a week later. "It looks a little squally, but we will keep close in to shore, so as to run home, if the clouds thicken."
"Of course I will come," assented Fay; "and as to the clouds, don't watch them too closely. I rather like storms."
"What a perfect picture she makes!" thought Roydon, as promptly at the appointed time, he assisted her into the little sail-boat he had named in her honor—the yachting dress of dark blue, fitted closely to the exquisitely outlined figure, and on the golden braids nestled a coquettish sailor-hat. Fifteen minutes later, a splendid breeze had carried them far out on the lake.
"The storm has concluded to postpone itself in our special favor," said Roydon, glancing up at the blue sky; "or perhaps they don't think soldiers should be too severely tried, as sailors. Which is it, Miss Fay?"
"Do you appeal to me as the spirit of the storm cloud? If so, I shall call upon it to avenge me."
He answered her simply by a look; but it caused her eyes to droop.
She stretched one little, white hand down to the water's edge, watching the current resist it as the boat sped onward.
"So," he mused, "am I resisting the voice of my heart—so must I resist to the end?"
They spoke but little. They were alone and together—around them water, above them the sky, beneath them a grave. And both were young, and in each heart the same voice was speaking; yet their lips were sealed. Thus an hour passed when suddenly Roydon tacked.
"What are you doing?" cried Fay, in a tone of disappointment. "Surely we're not going home?"
"I wish we were already there!" he answered with blanched cheeks, just as a little breath of wind, fresher than any they had felt, blew upon them.
"Don't be frightened, Miss Fay," continued Roydon, reassuringly. "It's one of those treacherous squalls. We're in for it; but I'll do the best I can."
"Can't I help you?"
The man glanced up amazed. She neither cried nor groaned. There was no tremor in her tone. His cheeks were whiter than hers.
"Pshaw! she does not realize the danger," he said, mentally. "Can you hold this?" handing her a rope as he spoke.
The next moment the squall struck them. The little yacht lay fully on its side, then righted itself.
Fay's lips were a little pale now, but no sound escaped them, only she had held so tightly to the rope that it already had cut into the tender flesh.
The storm was now fully upon them. It was fierce as it was sudden. They were drenched with water. They could no longer see each other for the spray.
"Fay," cried Roydon, "you are frightened?"
"With you?" she answered. "No!" and her tone was firmer than his.
The next moment, the boat, struck by a sharper blast than the first, went over. Both found themselves clinging to its sides.
"Fay, tell me," he said, "that you forgive me for this! Oh, must we die when life holds so much sweetness?"
"The storm won't last long. We may yet be saved," she answered, "but, Roydon, if I slip, don't try to save me. It will only lose two lives, and mine is not worth so much as yours."
"My God! without you, what would mine be?"
The words escaped him ere he realized their meaning.
"Live it, then, for my sake, dear!" replied the girl, "and remember, always had I my choice, I would have chosen to have died thus with you rather than to have lived on without you. My love, good-by!"
The next instant the waters had caught her, and torn her bleeding hands, all cut by the rope, from their slight hold; but Major Howard had spoken words with no idle meaning when he had asked her what his life would be without her.
Quick as the current, in its angry greed for its beautiful prey, he threw about her his protecting arm. Then, as though heaven smiled, the winds ceased as suddenly as they had risen, and the sun burst forth from its hiding place, showing the rescue which was bearing down upon them.
"May I see you, if but for five minutes?" were the words scrawled on the card Fay held, a few hours later, in her bandaged hands, as she lay upon her couch, very pale and exhausted, but

with a heart full of gratitude for her wonderful escape, awaiting him who had penned the words.
How well she knew the quick, impatient step which heralded his coming! Her cheeks flushed as he strode impetuously into the room.
"I could not sleep before seeing you," he said. "My brave girl! How little I knew you! I thought because you were beautiful, that there could be no courage in your soul; that because your hands were small, and soft, and white, they could have no strength. Dear little hands!" taking them tenderly in his own. "They helped to save our lives today. Fay, will you give them to me, darling? Will you be a soldier's wife, and teach him, my own sweet love, some of the bravery only such women as you can teach to men?"
A great light shone in the beautiful eyes upraised to his.
"I owe my life," she whispered. "If a debt so rich will receive payment so poor, take it, Roydon. It is yours!"
—Saturday Night.

EMIGRANTS WARNED.
Julian Ralph Advises Fortune Hunters to Avoid South Africa.
Julian Ralph contributes to the London Daily Mail some warnings to those who intend to emigrate to South Africa. He says:
"I fear that most of these men will regret having ever asked even the barest living of South Africa. Although the most popular sayings about that unattractive region are such as to deter imagination, the idea that fortunes are to be made there by men without capital remains firmly rooted in many minds.
Where the land yields best it is mainly used for the breeding of sheep, horses and goats and ostriches. It is only where water is abundant that we see crops being raised, and they are grown in small plots, for water in South Africa has been termed 'a curio.'
To be strictly just, there is a reasonably rich region in that part of Cape Colony which is called the Hex River country. Wheat and fruit and the vine flourish in that section, and pasturage is good, genuine farming is carried on there, and the people are prosperous. But the region offers no chance for immigrants. The land is all taken up and held at a very high price, and those who own it, especially the dominant Dutch, will not sell. Instead, they want more acres, even though they cannot till what they have; for the Boer is a land-loving, land-proud mortal, who estimates his social position and his degree of content by the number of his acres.
There is a good grain-producing soil in the eastern part of the Orange River Colony, and the ravages of the war may send a few—a very few—of those farms into the market, but the price will be beyond the purses of the average fortune seekers. There is not, and will not be, any of this land to be picked up on what is called a settler's claim—i. e., free to whosoever will build on it and work.
In the Transvaal likewise there are good belts and desert belts, and there is plenty of unworked land, I believe, in the dry and hilly upper half of that country. But the soil, which is productive, even in the way of pasturage, is not in the market.
If any man thinks to find new gold or diamond mines he may as well be told that the chances of that are precisely equal to his chances of having at his disposal the time, money and expert knowledge which the great mining corporations have utilized in studying the entire country and in taking liens or paying yearly premiums for the first right to work such soils when they need or desire to do so.
The nearest thing to a gold mine that remains open to newcomers in the greater part of these colonies is the ostrich; at least, so I was informed by a great many shrewd and successful men who live in Natal, the Orange River Colony and the Transvaal. But breeding ostriches requires money—for the land and the birds—to start with. And one must know or learn the methods by which a profit is to be had in that industry. You cannot raise ostriches as you take a snapshot photograph—by pressing a button and letting nature do the rest.
In the army I found so many young men, especially among the Australians and Canadians, who talked of remaining in South Africa, that I made it my business while I was in Cape Town, Kimberley and Bloemfontein to ask the leading men for their knowledge and opinions as to the inducements the country offers to immigrants. It may have merely happened so, but I did not meet a man who favored the coming of a large number of new settlers. All who were of British blood wished for more men of their own race there in numbers sufficient to outvote the Dutch—but they could not promise the newcomers a living.
It is as true as when Mr. Bryce wrote it that South Africa is a "vast solitude with a few oases of population," and that this is due to its scanty means of sustaining life and its few openings for industry unaided by capital.

Bees Kill a Dog.
Benjamin Bachamer's English setter dog gave battle to a swarm of bees and in two hours was stung to death. The bees were so enraged that no one could rescue the dog at any stage of the fight. Soon after the battle started he was blinded and unable to run.
—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.
Alleged Political Orations.
Constituent—You don't make your speeches emphatic enough.
Candidate—I don't? Well, must I thrash my arms around more, or holler louder?—Indianapolis Journal.

Particulars Desired.
Treetop—A dollar for pulling one tooth?
Dentist—Yes, you took gas.
Treetop—How much a thousand do you charge for that?—Harlem Life.

He Knew.
Pastor—I suppose you know where the bad little boys go?
Johnny (who has been told to stay in the house)—Yes, I do. They go skatin' and sleddin', and have a jolly good time.—Philadelphia Press.

The Bishop and the Man.
The clergyman's little boy was spending the afternoon with the bishop's children.
"At the rectory," he said, "we've got a hen that lays an egg every day."
"Pooh!" said Master Bishop, "my father lays a foundation stone once a week."—London Globe.

Just What She Said.
Mamma—Why did you let him kiss you?
Daughter—Well, he was so nice he asked me—
Mamma—But haven't I told you you must learn to say "No"?
Daughter—That's what I did say.
He asked me if I'd be very angry if he kissed me.—Philadelphia Press.

Modern Warfare.
The heavy guns were trained.
"Why this delay?" thundered the General.
"The moving-picture operators have signalled that their machine is out of order," elucidated the Colonel.
"Then the battle is called off! Order your forces to spend the rest of the day washing their shirts!"

She Felt Sure.
"Your husband has a heap to say about how the county shall be run," said the neighbor. "I reckon he takes himself for a purty smart man."
"I reckon he does," said Mrs. Corn-tassel. "But I don't 'low he's ever going to set the world on fire."
"No, not if he has to get out himself an' 'chop the wood fur kindlin' to start the blaze."—Washington Star.

Measuring a Villain.
"How long, oh, how long!" moaned the unhappy Isabel.
Guy, generous, chivalrous Guy, heard her, and springing forward, with a single blow he caused the villain to measure his length upon the sword.
"Oh, thank you!" cried Isabel, and smiled up at him in grateful acknowledgment of this apt and timely answer to her question.—Detroit Journal.

Demonstrated His Ability.
"Do you think," jeered the fellow who had succeeded in pulling off a government clerkship, "you will be able to hold down the job you're trying to get?"
"I guess so," said the office-seeker who had cooled his heels regularly in the ante-room every day for a month.
"I seem to be a man of considerable wait."—Chicago Tribune.

Just His Luck.
"As you know," she said, "my husband is naturally a quiet man, but he talked too much yesterday."
"How was that?"
"We were at his cousin Jane's and George took her little boy on his knees and asked how old he was. 'I'll be five day after to-morrow,' the child said. Now we're got to go and buy him a birthday present."—Chicago Times.

One Warning Sufficient.
"Now, madam," said the crotchety Judge who had been annoyed by the digressions of previous female witnesses, "we want no hearsay evidence. Tell only what you know. Your name please."
"Mary Jones," replied the witness.
"Your age?"
"Well—er—I only have hearsay evidence on that point, so I won't answer."—Philadelphia Press.

A Suspicion.
"Don't you think that poet's later 'We Are Seven,'" asked the ...erary
"You mean the one in which the little girl keeps repeating that phrase every time a question is asked?" inquired the young man with wide ears.
"Yes."
"Well, to tell you the truth, I never could quite understand it. But I will say this much: That little girl wasn't frank and ingenuous in her statements. She was too wise. She was more than seven."—Washington Star.

Not Allowed to Escape.
"Professor, are you ready?" asked his friend, opening the door of his study and putting his head inside the room.
"Ready?" echoed the absent-minded man at the desk. "Ready for what?"
"Your wedding, of course! Have you forgotten you are to be married at 8 o'clock this evening?"
"I knew," muttered the professor, struggling with his reverie and looking in the pigeonholes before him for his hat and overcoat. "I knew I had an engagement of some kind for 8 o'clock. I'll be ready in a moment."—Chicago Tribune.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.
THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.
Subject: God's Saving Grace—Religion is an Active Principle Which Works Constantly For the Welfare of Body and Mind and Soul—Hope For Sinners.
(Copyright 1904.)
WASHINGTON, D. C.—Dr. Talmage is now traveling in Norway where he has been deeply interested in the natural phenomena and the quaint social life of that wonderful land. In this sermon he argues, contrary to the opinion of many, that religion is an active principle which works constantly for the welfare of body and mind and soul. His text is Luke xiv, 34. "Salt is good."
The Bible is a dictionary of the finest similes. It employs among living creatures storks and eagles and doves and unicorns and sheep and cattle; among trees, sycamores and terebinths and pomegranates and almonds and apples; among jewels, pearls and amethysts and jacinths and chrysoberyls. Christ uses no stale illustrations. He plucks in His discourses as dew fresh; the ravens in His discourses are not stuffed specimens of birds, but warm with life from wing tip to wing tip; the fish He points to are not dull about the gills, as though long captured, but a-squirm in the wet net just brought up on the beach of the fisheries. In my text, which is the peroration of one of His sermons, He plucks up a crystal and holds it before His congregation as an illustration of divine grace in the heart when the sun, which we all know by experiment, "Salt is good."
I shall try to carry out the Saviour's idea in this text and in the first place say to you that grace is like salt in its beauty. In Gallia there are mines of salt water, and underground passages reaching, I am told, 280 miles. Far underground there are chapels and halls of reception, the columns, the altars and the pulpits of salt. When the king and the prince come to visit these mines, the whole place is illuminated, and the glory of crystal walls and crystal ceilings and crystal floors and crystal columns, under the glare of the torches and the lamps, needs words of crystal to describe it. But you need not go so far as that to find the beauty of salt. You live in a land which produces millions of bushels of it in a year, and you can take the evening rail train and in a few hours get to the salt mines and salt springs, and you have this article morning, noon and night on your table. Salt has all the beauty of the snowflake and water foam, with durability added. It is beautiful to the naked eye, but under the glass you see the stars, and the diamonds, and the white tree branches, and the splinters, and the bridges of fire as the sun glints upon them. There is more architectural skill in one of these crystals of salt than human ingenuity has ever demonstrated in an Alhambra or St. Peter's.
It would take all time, with an infringing-spoon eternity, for an angel of God to tell one-half the glories in a salt crystal. So with the grace of God; it is perfectly beautiful. I have seen it smooth out wrinkles of care from the brow; I have seen a tired man feel almost young again; I have seen it lift the stooping shoulders and put sparkle into the dull eye. Solomon discovered its therapeutic qualities when he said, "It is marvelous to me, it helps to digest the food and to purify the blood and to calm the pulses and quiet the spleen, and instead of Tyndall's prayer test of twenty years ago, putting a man in a philosophical hospital be experimented upon by prayer, it keeps him so well that he does not need to be prayed for as an invalid. I am speaking now of a healthy religion—not of that morbid religion that says for three hours on a grand scale, reading Hervey's 'Meditations Among the Tombs'—a religion that prospers best in a bad state of the liver! I speak of the religion that Christ preached. Jesus says that religion has conquered the world, that disease will be banished, and that a man 100 years of age will come in from business and say, 'I am tired; I think it must be time for me to go; and without one physical pang heaven will have him.'
But the chief beauty of grace is in the soul. It takes that which was hard and cold and repulsive and makes it all over again. It pours upon one's nature what Jesus calls "the beauty of holiness." It extirpates everything that is hateful and unclean. If jealousy and pride and lust and worldliness lurk about, they are chained and have a very small sweep. It takes the smell of the fetid fragrance of a summer garden as he comes in saying, "I am the Rose of Sharon," and He submerges it with the glory of a spring morning, as He says, "I am the light of the world." It took John Bunyan, the fowl-mouthed, and made him John Bunyan, the immortal dreamer; it took John Newton, the infidel sailor, and in the midst of the hurricane made him cry out, "My mother's God, have mercy upon me!" It took John Sumnerfield from a life of sin and by the hand of a Christian maker of edge tools led him into the pulpit, that faithful man, with the light of that Christian eloquence which charmed thousands to the Jesus whom He once despised. Ah, you may search all the earth over for anything so beautiful or so beautiful as the grace of God! God! God! through the deep mine passages of Wielezka and amid the underground kingdoms of salt in Hallstadt and show me anything so transcendently beautiful as the grace of God fashioned and hewn in eternal crystals.
Again, grace is like salt in the fact that it is a necessity of life. Man and beast perish without salt. What are those paths across the western prairie? Why, they were made there by deer and buffalo going to and coming away from the salt "licks." Chemists and physicians all the world over tell us that salt is a necessity of life. And so with the grace of God; you must have it or die. It is a great money speak of it as a mere adornment, a sort of shoulder strap adorning a soldier, or a light frothing desert brought in after the greatest part of the banquet of life is over, or a medicine to be taken after powders and mustard plasters have failed to do their work, but ordinarily a mere superfluity, a string of bells around a horse's neck while he drags the load, and in no wise helping him draw it. So far from that I declare the grace of God to be the first and the last necessity. It is food we must take or starve into an eternity of famine. It is a mine of the soul. It is a necessity of the most of infinite terror. It is the plank, and the only plank, on which we can float ashoreward. It is the ladder, and the only ladder, on which we can climb up into the sky. It is a positive necessity for the soul. You can tell very easily what the effect would be if a person refused to take salt into the body. The energies would fail, the lungs would struggle with the air, slow fevers would crawl through the brain, the heart would flutter, and the life would be gone. Salt, a necessity for the life of the body; the grace of God, a necessity for the life of the soul.
Again, I remark that grace is like salt in vast profusion all over the continents. Russia seems built on a salt-cellar. There is one region in that country that turns out 90,000 tons of salt in a year. England and Russia and Italy have inexhaustible resources in this respect. Norway and Sweden, white with snow above, white with salt beneath. Austria, yielding 900,000 tons annually. Nearly all the nations rich in it—kick salt, spring salt, sea salt.
Christ, the Creator of the world, when He uttered our text, knew it would become more and more significant as the shafts were sunk, and the springs were bored,

and the pumps were worked, and the crystals were gathered. So the grace of God is abundant. It is for all lands, for all ages, for all conditions. It seems to undergird everything—pardon for the worst sin, comfort for the sharpest suffering, brightest light for the thickest darkness.
Around about the salt lakes of Saratov there are 10,000 men toiling day and night, and yet they never exhaust the stores down-ure. And if the 1,000,000,000 of our race should now cry out to God for His mercy there would be enough for all—for those furthest gone in sin, for the murderer standing on the drop of the gallows, for the ocean, the sea, and the mountains, and Asia, Africa, North and South America, and all the islands of the sea went down in it to-day they would have room enough to wash and come up clean.
Let no man think that his case is too tough a one for God to act upon. Though your sin may be deep and raging, let me tell you that God's grace is a bridge not built on earthly piers, but suspended down, spanning the awful chasm of your guilt, one end resting upon the rock of eternal promises and the other on the foundations of heaven. Demetrius wore a robe so intricately woven with jewels that he never ever dared to wear it. But our King, Jesus, takes off the robe of His righteousness, a robe blood dyed and heaven imperiled, and reaches it out to the worst wretch in all the earth and says: "Put that on! Wear it now! Wear it forever!"
Again, the grace of God is like salt in the way we come at it. The salt on the surface is almost always gathered—taken from the surface of the Rocky Mountains and the South American pampas and in India—but the miners go down through the shafts and through the dark labyrinths and along by galleries of rock, and with torches and pickaxes find their way under the very foundations of the earth to where the salt lies that makes up the nation's wealth. To get to the best saline springs of the earth huge machinery is used, boring depth below depth depth below depth, until from under the very roofs of the mountains the saline water supplies the aqueduct. This water is brought to the surface and is exposed to the sun for evaporation, or it is put in boilers mightily heated and the water evaporates, and the salt gathers at the bottom of the tank. The work is completed, and the fortune made.
Have you not been in enough trouble to have that work go on? I was reading of Aristotle, who said there was a field of flowers in Sicily so sweet that once a month, coming on the track of the winds, that field and so bewitched by the perfumes and so lost the track. Oh, that our souls might become like "a field which the Lord hath blessed" and exhalo so much of the sweetness of Christ, that the hounds of temptation, coming on our track, might lose it and go howling back with disappointment!
But I remark again that the grace of God is like the salt in its preservative quality. You know that salt absorbs the moisture of articles of food and infuses them with brine, which preserves them for a long while. Salt is the great preservative of the world. Experimenters in preserving wood, have tried sugar and smoke and air-tight jars and everything else, but as long as the world stands Christ's words will be suggestive, for men will admit that as a great preservative "salt is good."
But for the grace of God the earth would have become a stale carcase long before this. That grace is the great preservative of laws and constitutions and literatures. Just as soon as a government loses this salt of divine grace it perishes. The philosophy of this day, so far as it is antagonistic to the religion, putrefies in our schools. The great want of our schools of learning and our institutions of science to-day is not more Leyden jars and galvanic batteries and spectroscopes and philosophical apparatus, but more of the grace that will teach our men of science that the God of the universe is the God of the Bible.
How strange it is that in all their magnificent sweep of the telescope they have not seen the morning stars of God, and that in all their experiments with light and heat they have not seen the light and felt the warmth of the Sun of Righteousness. We want more of the salt of God's grace in our homes, in our schools, in our colleges, in our social life, in our Christianity. And that which has it will live; that which has it not will die. I proclaim the tendency of everything earthly, putrefaction and death, the religion of Christ the only preservative.
My subject is one of great congratulation to those who have within their souls this gospel anti-septic. This salt will preserve them through the temptations and sorrows of life and through the ages of eternity. I do not mean to say that you will have a smooth time because you are a Christian. On the contrary, you do your whole duty I will promise you a rough time. You march through an enemy's country, and they will try to double up both flanks and to cut you off from your source of supplies. The arrows will not be with toy arrows, but sword plunged to the hilt, and spruing on your steed over heaps of the slain. But I think that God omnipotent will see you through. I know He will. But when you are an atheist when I ought to say I know He will? "Kept by the power of God through faith unto complete salvation."
When Governor Geary, of Pennsylvania, died years ago I lost a great friend. He impressed me mightily with the horrors of war. In the eight hours that we rode together in the cars he recited to me the scenes through which he had passed in the civil war. He said that there came one battle upon which everything seemed to pivot. Telegrams from Washington said that the life of the nation depended on that struggle. He said to me: "I went into that battle, sir, with my eyes rolled and I thought everything of him. You know how a father will feel toward his son who is coming up manly and brave and good. Well, the battle opened, and concentrated, and it was awful. Horses and riders bent and twisted and piled up together. It was awful, sir. We quit firing and took to the point of the bayonet. Well, sir, I didn't feel like any man any more. I had prayed to God for strength for that particular battle, and I went into it feeling that I had in my right arm the strength of ten giants," and as the Governor brought his arm down on the back of the seat it fairly made the car tremble. "Well," he said, "the battle was terrible, but after awhile we gained a little, and we marched on a little. I turned round to the troops and shouted, 'Come on, boys!' and I stepped across a dead soldier, and lo, it was my son! I saw at the first glance he was dead, and yet I did not dare to stop a minute for the crisis had come in the battle, so I just got down on my knees, and I threw my arms around him, and I gave him one good kiss and said, 'Good-by, dear,' and sprang up and shouted, 'Come on, boys!'" So it is in the Christian conflict. It is a fierce fight. Heaven is waiting for the bullets to announce the tremendous issue. Hail of shot, gash of sabre, fall of battle-axes, grinding on every side. We cannot stop for losses or setbacks or anything else. With one ardent embrace and loving kiss we utter our farewells and then cry: "Come on, boys!" There are other heights to be captured, there are other foes to be conquered, there are other crowns to be won.
Yet as one of the Lord's surgeons I must bind up two or three wounds. Just lift them now, whatever they be. I have been told there is nothing like salt to stop the bleeding of a wound, and so I take this salt of Christ's gospel and put it on the lacerated soul. It smarts a little at first, but see, the bleeding stops, and in the flesh comes again as the flesh of a little child "Salt is good." "Comfort one another with these words."
Great Britain imported 16,000,000 great hundreds (1,920,000,000) of eggs last year.