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From the New York Observer.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

BY REV. E. P. ROGERS, D. D.

MARCH 6.

Lesson 10:

Witness of Jesus to John.

LUKE 7 : 19—28.

GOLDEN TEXT: "He was a burning and a shining light, and ye were willing for a season to rejoice in his light."—JOHN 5:35.

Central Truth:—The Baptist, like the prophets, prepares the way for Christ.

The infamous Herod had shut up John the Baptist in a gloomy dungeon in the castle of Machœrus, in the land of Moab, but he could not shut out the report of the wondrous works and words of Jesus from his imprisoned friend and forerunner. He "heard in the prison the works of Christ," and they of course excited the deepest interest in his mind. How long John had been in prison seems not to be definitely settled; probably it was several months, possibly an entire year. The report about Jesus was carried to John by his own disciples, who seem to have been allowed to have access to him, and it immediately led to the inquiry as to the Messiahship of Jesus. To satisfy himself on this point, John sent immediately to Jesus himself, with the inquiry, "Art thou he that should come?" or, "Art thou the coming one?" We do not suppose that John himself entertained any doubts of the reality of Christ's mission or his person, but it doubtless would have been a satisfaction to him to have had a formal announcement of the Messiah's dignity, and perhaps he was naturally impatient to have Jesus make such a declaration. He naturally desired to have his own mission as the herald of the Messiah fully accredited, and to be able to point to his appearance in his kingly dignity as a triumphant vindication of his own preaching.

It was not strange that the Baptist should desire this. He was a prisoner in a gloomy dungeon, suffering from the reaction from his own enthusiastic and impassioned testimony and labors in behalf of the coming Messiah; perhaps tempted to some feeling of desertion and sadness, and longing to have his faith strengthened and confirmed by a special revelation from the Lord.

John's disciples did his errand, and repeated his inquiry to Jesus. He replied by performing some of those wonderful miracles the fame of which had already filled the land with astonishment and penetrated even into the prison where John was confined. He then told the messengers to go back to their master, and report what they had seen and heard. This was the best way of answering John's question. This was the best proof and illustration which he could offer of his being really the promised Messiah. Thus prophecy was fulfilled, and satisfactory evidence furnished that the promised One had come. The Lord also added a gentle rebuke to his imprisoned friend for any want of faith which he had cherished, and a caution to him to trust the Messiah to do his own work in his own way, even though his own ideas should be disappointed.

So the disciples of John returned to their master in prison to strengthen and confirm his faith and to comfort his heart, and thus prepare him to meet with becoming fortitude the bloody doom which was so soon to overtake him.

Jesus then proceeds to bear his testimony to John's character as his forerunner, paying to him in highly figurative terms the highest testimony to his fidelity, his courage and his resolution. He spoke to the people and asked them who and what this man was, to whose stern and uncompromising words they had so recently listened; whether he was not a man worthy of credence as a preacher of repentance, a prophet worthy of unlimited confidence; no weak, vacillating, effeminate character, but a bold, self-sacrificing, earnest man, fully worthy to be the messenger of God and the herald of the Messiah.

He pronounces John worthy of respect and obedience as the greatest of all the prophets of the Old dispensation, though not of the New—greatest because of his peculiar relation to Christ—inferior not in personal character, nor in the success of his appointed work, but only as the Old dispensation was inferior to the New, and they who are sons are greater than those who are servants, or, as an old commentator puts it, "the least of the greatest is greater—*i. e.*, more privileged—than the greatest of the least."

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. A faithful Christian must expect persecution for his Master's sake.

It may come in chains, or it may come in martyrdom, or it may come in sneers or reproaches, or social ostracism, or loss of the world's favor, but the glorious promise remains sure to all martyrs, "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life."

2. To be a consistent Christian in the midst of fashionable and worldly society in modern times may require as truly the martyr spirit as under the coarser persecution which in old times and rude ages sent its victims to the dungeon or the block.

The spirit of John Baptist still lives in every faithful, self-denying disciple.

3. Christianity is sufficiently attested by what it has done for the world.

It has brought sight to the spiritually blind, healing to the sick soul, cleansing to the leprous conscience, soundness to the halting moral cripple, heavenly comfort to the desponding heart, and good news to the sorrowful poor.

Judge it by its works. What has infidelity ever done to dry the tears of the mourner, or heal the broken-hearted, or call out the blessing of him that was ready to perish, or cause the widow's heart to sing for joy?

4. Christ's faithful servants may leave the vindication of their character in his hands.

5. When in doubt or despondency go directly to Jesus.

Honest inquirers will never be sent away empty.

6. Blessed is the man, who, though he does not understand the Lord's doings, believes that they are his and acquiesces in them as best.

7. True greatness does not consist in outward condition.

John in the prison was greater than Herod on his throne.

8. It is one thing to live *long* and another thing to live *much*.

John's life was brief, and its close was bloody. But he did his appointed work faithfully and died, because there was nothing more for him to do. His was a finished life, and "man is immortal till his work is done."

9. It is a high honor to be "*least* in the kingdom of heaven."

"How blessed are our eyes,
Which see this heavenly light,
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight."

A GREAT UNDERTAKING.

PHILADELPHIA CAPITALISTS TO RECLAIM THE FLORIDA EVERGLADES.

From the Philadelphia Times.

An immense transaction, involving the reclamation of 12,000,000 acres of land, or one-third of one of the States of the Union, has been undertaken by company of Philadelphia gentlemen with every prospect of success.

About one-third of the State of Florida is a huge swamp, termed "The Everglades"—a dark, impenetrable, unknown region. No white man has ever fully explored it, and all that is known of it is that it is a great swamp, with a number of lakes and here and there islands, upon which roam ferocious wild beasts. It is, par excellence, the home of the crocodile, and a place of wonderfully luxuriant vegetation. On the outskirts a few miserable human beings, a mongrel race of white, Indian and negro blood, manage to exist in a state of barbarism. These people are the descendants of the unconquered warrior of the Creeks and Seminoles, Billy Bowlegs, who retreated to the fastnesses of the swamp before the United States Army. The project of reclaiming this wonderfully rich country has been talked of for years, and it has long been considered feasible by many noted engineers. Some time since the State of Florida made a move in the matter which is likely to culminate in the reclamation of the immense body of land which has lain under water for thousands of years.

Under a contract with the State of Florida a Philadelphia Company is about undertaking this great scheme. The leading man in the enterprise is a young gentleman of great business energy and ample fortune. Under the agreement already made with the State, the company is required to begin surveys within sixty days, and within six months to put a force equal to 100 men on the work, and continue as expeditiously as possible until it is completed. It is proposed to drain the land by a canal from Lake Okeechobee to the Caloosakatchee river, which empties into the Gulf of Mexico. Another canal may also be constructed to the east, tapping the St. Lucie river, which flows into the Atlantic. These canals will entirely drain the swamp, and from ten to twelve million acres of the richest land in the world will be reclaimed. The company will receive for the work one-half of the land recovered, and it is expected that this will largely repay all expenditure of money that may be made in the work. A leading Louisiana planter was shown a sample of sugar-cane raised on the islands in the swamp, and he at once said that the land which would produce so rich a specimen was worth $150 per acre, and it is said the land will produce twice the amount of sugar that can be raised in Louisiana. The entire property of the company is below the frost line, and there would be no such damage done orange plantations as those in Northern Florida have suffered this winter. Every production of the tropics can be raised on this land—indigo, sugar cane, oranges, lemons, coffee, jute, etc. The latter, which has recently become a most valuable article in manufactures, grows wild, and can be produced in large quantities at little expense. A number of Irish manufacturers who use large quantities of jute have already applied for stock of the company and will aid it financially. The company will organize at once with Hamilton Disston as president. It is proposed to issue 1,000,000 shares of stock at $10 par value. Each share will carry with it the right to an acre of land. The stock will be put on the Philadelphia stock exchange, and it is expected will be sold readily. A number of applications for stock have already been made by prominent gentlemen in this city. The proceeds of 50,000 shares will be used as the working capital. It is not known how long it will take to fully develop this stupendous scheme, but the gentlemen who have undertaken it will push it to completion as soon as possible.

A BRIGHT little boy, who had been engaged in combat with another boy, was reproved by his aunt, who told him he ought always to wait until the other boy pitched into him. "Well," exclaimed the little hero, "but if I wait for the other boys to begin, I'm afraid there won't be any fight!"

A GENTLEMAN was complaining that he had invested a rather large sum of money and lost it all. A sympathizing friend asked him if he was a bull or bear. To which he replied: "Neither; I was a jackass!"

POPE LEO XIII.

HIS APPEARANCE, HIS FAMILY AND HIS DAILY LIFE AT THE VATICAN.

From the Liverpool Post.

Pope Leo XIII. is tall and of ascetic thinness. His features remind one irresistibly of Voltaire's, though the expression of the face is kindly without being less keen; his complexion is extremely pale. His movements are slow and dignified, and his address is simple and resolute. His voice, somewhat nasal and drawling in familiar conversation, is sonorous and brilliant in oratory. In such private life as a Pope may be said to have, he is simple, courteous, witty and amiable. M. Teste says that Louis Venillot and Leon Lavedan have issued from his presence bearing away a gratifying sense of compliments paid them, but without being able to say, after the first moment of satisfaction, that the Pope was with the Ultramontanes or with the Liberals. Pius IX. was expansive, warm, always in a hurry and demanding bustling service, generous to magnificence—even to prodigality; Leo XIII. is thoughtful and reserved, dislikes any form of adultation, and, in monetary affairs shows that he has not administered the business of a diocese down to its smallest details, without learning a great deal. In the splendid ceremonies of the Church his gentle grandeur compares favorably with the beaming magnificence of his predecessor. While Pius was an orator, and took fire at the sight of an audience, Leo is, as a speaker, measured and reserved, and prefers the pen to the tongue. He is an accomplished Latinist as well as a master of Italian, and his style is worthy of study for its purity, innovation and, above all, for its convincing clearness and calmness. He has written verses not a few in both languages, and worships at the shrine of Dante, whose "Divine Comedy" he knows by heart. He is scrupulously careful on all points of literary style, and a rigid censor of the dispatches and documents of all the secretariats. His health is delicate, for he is subject to an intestinal complaint and a nervous affection, and in extremes of cold and heat he is loth to take the absolute rest prescribed for him by his physicians, Drs. Ceccarelli and Valentini. But though the Pope is delicate, and by no means a docile patient, he has so much energy and vitality that a long life is confidently predicted for him. He rises at six, and after his devotions celebrates mass in his own chapel, to which a few persons are admitted on Sundays. After mass he breakfasts very rapidly and lightly in his room—he is a great lover of chocolate, condensed and spiced. Sometimes his brother is present, though it is not easy to lure the bookworm Cardinal from his shelves and desk. When the Pope desires to show a mark of especial favor to any one, he has a more abundant collation served in his library. After breakfast work is begun. At 9:30 Leo XIII. receives the Cardinal Secretary of State and the other officials of importance, and such persons as are entitled to special audience. On Monday—and sometimes on Thursdays—he gives public audiences, for which, however, he has no predilection, as they exhaust him and consume time. He is especially averse to making addresses on all occasions, though he recognizes the disappointment that this must often cause the delegations of pilgrims that arrive from all parts of the Catholic world.

CHECKING BLASPHEMY.

A JUDGE'S CHARGE ON COLONEL INGERSOLL'S LECTURE.

In his charge to the grand jury at the formal opening of the new court house at Wilmington, Delaware, the other day, Chief Justice Comegys called their attention to the recent address of Col. Robert Ingersoll, in that city, as coming under the law of blasphemy. Long ago an impudent defiler of Christ had dared to utter his defamatory language in the face of the community, and was convicted by a Delaware jury, Hon. John M. Clayton then presiding on the bench. The prisoner moved for arrest of judgment, urging the clause of the constitution securing freedom of speech. Judge Clayton took six months to consider the matter, and decided against the prisoner. Alluding to this, Judge Comegys said: "It is our and your duty to follow that law; and whenever, hereafter, a man shall stand up in the face of the people in the county, while they remain a Christian people, and insult their religion or bring it into contempt and ridicule, it will be the duty of the grand jury to bring such offense to the notice of the court by presentment; as well as it will be that of others to arrest him for his open offense. It is, I hope, hardly necessary to say to this community, and to assure the people of it, that if any one shall be convicted of the crime of blasphemy there will be no stint of the full measure of punishment the law now prescribes. And we shall in no wise be deterred from the performance of our duty by the sneers of the devotees of any other faith than that of the body of the people of this State, or the deprecatory expressions of those who think the right of *free speech* will be infringed thereby. We respect free speech, and shall protect it when the public peace shall not be disturbed by it or is not in danger of being so; but we shall not consent to allow the privilege to be used, if we can help it, to the dishonor of the God of Jew and Gentile, Hebrew and Christian, in whose existence and omnipotence the people of this State believe, and whom they fear and also trust; or in the revilement or reproach of Christ, or the disparagement of the religion he taught. No community such as ours can exist as a healthy, moral organization where men are allowed to speak without challenge against the very and only foundation upon which it securely rests—the overruling power of God. When we dethrone His majesty and erect in His place our own notions of right and wrong, we shall soon pass into a state of life not restraining but, in effect, promoting our inherent propensity to evil; for no candid man can pretend that our impulses are not toward the gratification rather than in restraint of our passions."

Alexandra and Her Daughters.

From the Figaro.

The Marquis Du Lau owns a statuette of white marble by a celebrated sculptor. It represents a lady of the Court of Henry II. Her frail and pliant figure is moulded in a long brocade petticoat, slightly turned up on one side. Her bust is encased in a stiff waist, loaded with precious stones. The head is delicate and noble, with a profile of the Renaissance, and her features are chiseled as finely as a cameo. A cap adorned with streaming feathers hides a portion of her hair. Such is this statuette—a jewel become a woman—a little fairy—half object of art, half apparition. It is the portrait of Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales by M. D'Epinay. An exquisite and truly royal image, representing better than any other an almost supernatural beauty.

Once descended from her pedestal the princess becomes a gentle, kind young woman, a careful mother and an unpretending, almost citizen-like housewife. It is noticeable that when people seek to praise a princess they call her citizen-like, while in praise of an ordinary citizen's wife they will say that she is a princess in manner. A blending of these two qualities so vastly different from one another, is necessary to the real gentlewoman. She must be a princess in heart, in soul, in generous sentiments, in courage and in appearance, and a *bourgeoise* in hospitality, in the love of the fireside, in the care of her children and in principles of wise economy.

Every morning at 9 o'clock the three daughters of the Princess of Wales take their music lesson. They have "Mamma" waked up, who, a few moments later, appears in her dressing gown, and remains with them till the lesson is over. Nothing interests the Princess more than the education of her daughters. In music she can fully appreciate their progress, being herself a consummate musician. Her delicate, dreamy, thoroughly Danish nature betrays itself in her touch. She dotes, above all, on the melodies of Chopin and Schumann, and she plays them with wonderful talent.

The three young Princesses, Louise, Victoria and Maud, differ as greatly in character as in physiognomy. The eldest, Louise, has the fine features and the grace of her mother; she is gentle, gay and affable, in short the Parisienne of the three. Victoria, the second daughter, is the image of her father. She is proud, rather reserved and attaches herself little to people. When she does grow fond of any one, however, her affection never wavers. She unites to a thorough consciousness of her own dignity a generous heart, easily moved. Her intellect, which is greatly developed, only renders her the more engaging. The youngest sister, Princess Maud, can still be called a baby. She is but ten years of age. In appearance she bears a great likeness to her grandmother, the Queen. She is good-hearted and at times even a little serious.

The private apartments of the Princess of Wales, both at Sandringham and at Marlborough House, are fitted up completely in French style. One would belive oneself transported to a mansion in the Champs-Elysees. Scattered about everywhere on plush-covered tables are an infinity of knick-knacks, such as small percelain dogs, bird-cages, with stuffed birds, figures in Dresden china, tiny flowerstands of Faience or Sevres, inkstands, blotters, knives and what not, just as in the shops of the Rue de la Paix. The Princess' writing paper always comes from Paris, as well as her dressing tables and all the latest fashionable baubles. Her different pieces of furniture are surrounded by low screens, which, in many cases, she herself has embroidered. Many objects in ivory, enamel, silver and mother of pearl recall Prince "Bertie's" voyage to India.

Friendship, grace and kindness—such is the motto of that royal home, where Paris is proud to occupy so large a space.

CARLYLE once asked an Edinburgh student what he was studying for. The youth replied that he had not quite made up his mind. There was a sudden lightning flash of the old Scotchman's eye, a sudden pulling down of the shaggy eyebrows, and the stern face grew sterner as he said: "The man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder; a waif, a nothing, a no man. Have a purpose in life, if it is only to kill and divide and sell oxen well, but have a purpose; and having it, throw such strength of mind and muscle into your work as God has given you."

DOGS THAT ARE FASHIONABLE.

HOW TASTES RUN THIS SEASON IN THE MATTER OF CANINE COMPANIONS.

From the New York Sun.

"The fashion in dogs," said Mr. Dan Foster, the fancier, "changes from year to year, the same as in women's dresses. I should name as the most fashionable dogs at this time the rough-coated St. Bernard and the English pug. The St. Bernard dogs are rare, but there is a demand for them reaching as far as Colorado. The pups are worth from $50 to $1,000. The English pug is a dog that went and came. He has undergone vicissitudes, he has. Near a hundred years ago there wasn't a fashionable lady's coach in England that didn't have his singularly ugly muzzle poking out of it. He had been brought over by a sailor from Japan. The first strain imported was very black, and went to Lord Willoughby; the second, lighter, was brought over by the same sailor, and went to Mr. Morrison. By these names the two strains of pugs are still known. Ten years ago they were almost unknown here; now, fat and sleek, they may be seen by the score waddling with ladies in Broadway and looking out of curtained windows on Fifth avenue. They cost from $25 to $200 each. Col. Sellers bought one, a male, at the bench show some years ago and made the mistake of calling it Clytemnestra. The pug has no voice. He is worthy on account of his ugliness and affection.

"Then, for a scarce and fashionable dog, I should name next the King Charles spaniel. He first came to England as a present to Charles II. from King Charles of Spain. I pretend to have a supply of dogs, but I own only a single pair of these, which I keep for breeding purposes. The male weighs five pounds and the female seven pounds. The animal is black and tan in color, and is worth from $100 to $200.

"Then comes the small black and tan, a common lady's pet, with a bark so big that it shakes him all over. He is worth from $25 to $125, according to his size and marking. The small bull and terrier is a pet of fashionable men. He is pure white and is worth from $50 to $250. And the Japanese pug is a remarkably fashionable dog. He rides in carriages that have coats of arms on their panels. He is rough coated, and is black and white or yellow and white, and he costs $150 and $200.

"Did you ever," continued the fancier, relapsing into the region of soul, "see a Scotch cooly? He is as soft and beautiful as a dream. He's got eyes like a maiden in love. He is very rare in America. Mr. Joe Jefferson, the actor, had one, and I presume has him now, that was a beauty. A colly will cost from $50 to $300.

"Then, I shall name, to close the list, the Italian greyhound, which is worth from $25 to $150. But," continued the fancier, "I must say a word about my two noble dogs, Wallace, an English mastiff, and Monk, my St. Bernard, who is dead. Wallace is a big fellow, who is as well trained as most servants, and more faithful. He can fetch and carry as well as anybody. He would do for a bank messenger. He will go shopping with a lady, and is trained to keep strangers and tramps at bay. Mr. Samuel J. Tilden is negotiating for his purchase," added the fancier, with pride, "and I am pretty sure he will get him. If he does, it will cost Mr. Tilden $800.

"Monk," continued the fancier, relapsing into profound melancholy, "died in December last. I brought him over with me the August previous from the monastery of St. Gothard. He was the finest dog that ever stepped, and as to his money value I might have sold him for $1,000. He only lacked speech to have been a human being. He was the only dog I ever really loved. He measured over six feet from tip to tail, his head was the most sagacious and magnificent that was ever set upon canine shoulders, and when he died the ladies sent me mourning cards inscribed, 'Alas, poor Monk!'"

A Broken Hearted Dog.

A remarkable story of a dog that died of a broken heart is told by Dr. Martin, of Atlanta, Ga. W. H. Harvili, the father-in-law of Dr. Martin, who died recently at a ripe old age, was the owner of a very fine bulldog, by name Ponto. "For months before his death," says Dr. Martin, "this dog was his constant companion. There was something almost human in the devotion of the dog to his master, and as a natural consequence, the master was particularly fond of his dog. The daily movements of the old gentleman for a long time before his last sickness were as regular as those of a clock, and Ponto followed him as surely as his very shadow. When the old man died, Ponto took his place by the coffin, and did not budge until it was taken from the room. Then he got up and followed it close to the hearse, and followed the hearse to the grave. Ponto came back to the house a changed dog. Every night he lay upon his rug in the porch and moaned piteously all night long. Every day found him making the rounds just as he used to do before the old man died. I tempted him with the choicest meat, but he refused to eat. I offered him the warmest milk; he refused to drink. He went about with his head down, the very picture of sorrow. He dwindled away almost to a skeleton. One day, about five weeks after the old man died, Ponto came dragging his lank and weak body down the street. When he got by the fence there stopped and sank upon the ground. I ran to him and lifting him in my arms, carried him into the yard, for he was dead."

QUEER THINGS IN WAR.

HOW MEN ARE SOMETIMES KILLED WHEN THEY LEAST EXPECT DEATH.

From the Detroit Free Press.

Men might write for a hundred years of the curious phases of war and still leave the subject fresh. War is a lottery, and the prizes are shot, shells, wounds and death. Tens of thousands of men served four years in the late war and returned home. In a thousand cases recruits were killed within twenty-four hours after reaching the front. War's missiles are no respectors of persons, and the soldier who fights an all day's battle without receiving a wound may be killed in his tent at night by the accidental discharge of a musket.

At the battle of Franklin, the first shell sent from the first Union field-piece to open fire, killed twenty-six Confederates. The next five shells from this same gun either failed to explode or cleared the advancing lines. In this same fight the horse of a Confederate colonel was cut square in two by a shot and the rider escaped unhurt. Ten minutes after a Union officer behind the earthworks stumbled and fell forward on the ground and broke his neck.

In one of the assaults on Fort Wagner, in Charleston Harbor, the iron-clad fleet, assisted by land batteries, numbering twenty-seven heavy cannon, bombarded the fort for two hours before killing a single soldier. From seventy to eighty heavy cannon were hurling three tons of iron into the fort each minute, and yet no one was hurt until over 300 tons of "solid death" had been wasted. As an offset to this, witness the work of a single solid shot thrown from a Federal gunboat on the lower Mississippi. A Confederate flying battery was just taking position, and once piece had already opened fire. The Federal shot was directed at this piece. The big mass of iron struck the six-pounder square on the muzzle and upset gun and carriage. A piece of the muzzle weighing about twenty pounds was broken off, and this flew to the left and killed two men. Three were wounded by small fragments or flying splinters. The big shot next struck and exploded a caisson, killing three more men and wounding two others. From the caisson it turned to the right, killed a horse, smashed a wheel for a field-piece and crushed the leg of a sergeant to a bloody mass. That one shot so disorganized the battery that it limbered up and dashed away to cover.

While heavy ordnance is necessary in reducing forts and earthworks, it is doubtful if there was any profit in the work of the big guns carried by the iron-clads on the rivers. When McClellan fell back he had the cover of gunboats, and some writers have claimed that their fire saved his army from capture. So far as the Confederate record show the loss by the hundreds of enormons shells thrown over the heads of our troops into the woods by these great cannon did not amount to a hundred men. They were a new thing then, and the effect of the awful crash and tremendous explosion was demoralizing on the troops in line.

A Union gunboat on the White River threw three shells into a Confederate camp, killed nearly fifty men, and routed a force of 800. Within a week after that event the Confederate General Shelby planted four pieces of flying artillery on the levee within 400 feet of the same gunboat at anchor, and without the least cover for men or guns, kept up the fight for over an hour, or until the gunboat backed out of it and steamed away.

The chances in a lottery can be figured down fine, and a certain per cent. of escapes is allowed in a steamboat explosion, but he who goes to war has nothing to console him. He may dodge a two hundred pound shell and be killed by two buckshot. He may receive a dozen bullets and live on, or the first one may be fatal. He may ride in the wildest charge unhurt, and he may be killed by a stray bullet beside his camp-fire.

The Lord's Prayer Revised.

The changes made in the revised version of the New Testament, in the text of the Lord's Prayer, have already been noted, but the following comparison will be of interest:

REVISED VERSION.	COMMON VERSION.
MATTHEW 6 : 9-13.—Our Father which art in heaven Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done as in heaven, so on earth. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive our debts, as we also have forgiven our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from the evil ONE.	MATTHEW 6 : 9-13.—Our Father which art in heaven Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors, and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

SAYS the Pittston *Gazette*: Aside from all questions of price, there seems to be no doubt that the American consumption of iron is steadily and rapidly increasing in all departments of business, and that, colossal as the iron industries of the republic have become under the benign influence of twenty years' protection, the country is destined to experience a very much larger expansion of the annual production and consumption, unless the tariff tinkers can succeed in paralyzing the trade by destroying protection.