

there to become in time the main-stay of the nation.

Our Sabbath yet secure and the laws enacted for its preservation guarantee to us a continuance of our Christian life and mark us in another respect as a Christian nation. In the days of the Commune the French people abolished the Sabbath, declaring that one day in ten was sufficient rest for man. Not only did they err but by their action denied the Divine appointment of the Sabbath.

Christianity has preserved this boon and safeguard for us, and every seven days the machinery of our thousand mills ceases its rattle, the plow is housed, the windows of the store-house are barred and the quiet and rest of the Sabbath prevails. At early morn a sacred melody goes up from all the land, and soon a mighty host bow their heads in humble recognition of the Almighty Father, the creator and preserver of the nation. Ah, no! our church, our laws, our Sabbath, our Bible are yet secure despite the efforts of anarchy and infidelity.

To us, nevertheless, there comes the solemn warning that bids us watch, lest in our strength we fall.

Hebrew freedom is a relic of the past and the chosen people are living out the curse, the liberties of Greece belong to memory alone, Rome with her vaunted privileges is now no more. Does a like fate menace us? Upon freedom's foundation, we have reared here stone by stone, a noble structure, a testimony to the integrity and Christianity of the American people, and the United States stand to-day and if it please God, will stand for many days to come, as the brightest example of a Christian Nation.

Our delegates to the Y. M. C. A. State Convention, which met in Allentown, report to have been royally entertained by the citizens of that place, and the members of the Association.

### THE TWO WORDS.

One day a harsh word, rashly said,  
Upon an evil journey sped,  
And, like a sharp and cruel dart,  
It pierced a fond and loving heart;  
It turned a friend into a foe,  
And everywhere brought pain and woe.

A kind word followed it one day,  
Flew swiftly on its blessed way;  
It healed the wound, it soothed the pain,  
And friends of old were friends again.  
It made the hate and anger cease,  
And everywhere brought joy and peace.

But yet the harsh word left a trace  
The kind word could not quite efface;  
And, though the heart its love regained,  
It bore a scar that long remained;  
Friends could forgive but not forget,  
Or lose the sense of keen regret.

Oh, if we could but learn to know  
How swift and sure our words can go,  
How would we weigh with utmost care  
Each thought before it sought the air,  
And only speak the words that move  
Like white-winged messengers of love.

### LOCALS.

Cider! Apples! Cider!

The Preps have revived the cricket game.

Many of the students went home to vote.

Horse-back riding is one of the favorite pastimes of some of the students.

Hereafter, preceding the Y. M. C. A. Saturday evening prayer meeting, half-hour consecration meetings will be held.

Who are the monkey chemists?

Bates says he never heard the tick-tack on his door. What kind of an ear do you suppose he has for music?

Have you noticed how many of our young men have been trying to get something on the upper lip that resembles "Duke's" moustache wax?