

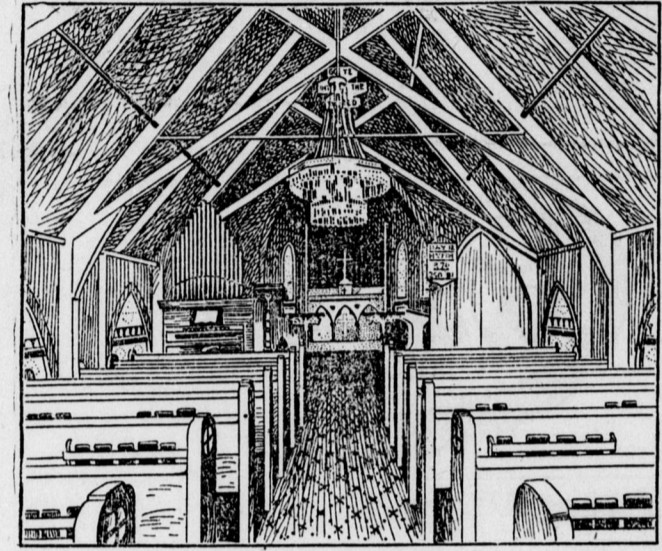
A Rhode Island Church on Wheels

IN Narragansett Bay, and forming part of Rhode Island, is a group called the Narragansett Isles. The largest of the group is Conanicut Island, which is so named from Conanicus, a chief of the Narragansetts, a once powerful aboriginal tribe. Conanicut Island is opposite to and near Newport, and is on one of the routes between those two fashionable summer resorts, Newport and Narragansett Pier.

Conanicut Island is nine miles in length, and its principal village is Jamestown—an active, bustling little place, which possesses the only hotel

red and the body of the chapel is straw color.

The Rev. Charles E. Preston, rector of St. Matthew's Church, Jamestown was the originator of the plan of the chapel, and superintended its construction. The chapel is, of course, a light-colored, built as is consistent with strength, so as to be easily drawn along country roads. But, at the same time, it is well proportioned, and all the details are in keeping with its size and purpose. It is eighteen feet wide (the wheels being nineteen feet three inches from centre to centre) and twenty-seven feet long, with a little bay window two feet deep, to give more room for the altar. From the floor (which is on a level with the platform) to the ridge-pole is eighteen feet, but the cross and belfry add several feet to the height. These additions, however, may be removed when the chapel is being conveyed along the road, so that it may pass under tele-



THE INTERIOR IS COMFORTABLE AND WELL APPOINTED.

graph and telephone wires. The outside is gray and of somewhat plain appearance, but inside the decoration is quite handsome and the arrangement excellent.

The designer, too, has contrived to give an appearance of spaciousness by leaving the interior open to the ridge-pole. The pews are comfortable, and will seat a hundred persons. The stained glass in the windows is of good color, and all appearance of crowding has been avoided. The chancel, without reckoning the little bay window, is only five feet by eight feet, but the space has been so well arranged that there is plenty of room. To the left of the chancel is the organ, a small, fine-toned instrument, which was presented by the makers. Between the organ and the chancel is a brass lectern, and opposite this a reading desk for morning prayers. The value of the entire portable church from belfry to wheels with its fittings is \$3000, but the money actually expended in constructing and fitting it was less than half this sum, because the manufacturers of church furnishings gave nearly all that was required. The pulpit and lectern, the safe, and many other articles were given in this way; while the robes, the cross on the roof and many other things were presented by individuals. The oaken altar was given by the Rhode Island branch of the Women's Auxillary, in memory of the Rev. Walter Gardner Webster, who perished on the ill-fated steamer Bourgogne.



"CHAPEL OF THE TRANSFIGURATION" AS IT APPEARS FROM THE OUTSIDE. CROSS AND BELFRY ARE REMOVABLE

the Mission of the Transfiguration was organized in 1893 at Conanicut Park, five miles from Jamestown. This is a summer mission, supported and attended by people staying in the hotel and adjacent cottages, and the services are held in a "Union Chapel."

It was, therefore, proposed to build a movable chapel or church on wheels, which might be at Conanicut Park during the summer season, while for the remainder of the year it might be taken elsewhere to minister to the needs of a farming community.

The Chapel of the Transfiguration is a real, practical church, light, cheerful and roomy, having fourteen pews, space for twenty chairs, and an aisle three feet wide. While the chapel is in transit the running gear is exposed to view, but when it is at rest, curtainboard underpinning is put up on the four sides, and the tongue is replaced by a wide flight of steps. The pews, prayer desk, altar, bishop's chair, etc., are of oak. On one side of



"EN ROUTE"—THE CHURCH ON WHEELS MOVES ON INTO ANOTHER CONGREGATION.

the chancel is the organ, which is fitted together with brass, and on the other is a robing room, with closet, wardrobe, toilet case and mirror. The building is carpeted, the chancel in

the Sunday after the moving, and the consecration took place on June 3, the Right Rev. Dr. McViekar, Coadjutor Bishop of Rhode Island, officiating.—*The Wide World Magazine.*

Great Gift of New Plants to American Farmers

A most remarkable collection of rare economic plants and seeds is now being worked up by the Department of Agriculture. Barbour Lathrop, of Chicago, with David G. Fairchild, as assistant, recently completed a tour of the world, covering a period of two years, and embracing travels which amounted to explorations, and Mr. Lathrop has given the results of the expedition, undertaken at his own expense, to the farmers of the United States through the medium of the section of seed and plant introduction of the Department of Agriculture.

The expedition left New York on December 31, 1898, and returned last fall, having visited in order the following countries and sent in from each living economic plants and seeds for cultivation by American farmers and horticulturists: Jamaica, Grenada, Barbados, Trinidad in the West Indies; Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Chile, Argentine, Brazil, in South America; Portugal, Tyrol and Bohemia in Austro-Hungary; Italy, Egypt, Amboina, Banda, Lombok, Bali, Moluccas, Aru and Kol Islands, Tenimber archipelago and New Guinea in the Dutch East Indies; Hong Kong, Canton in South China; the Philippine Islands, Bankok, Siam; Sweden and Finland, in Northern Europe.

Although it is premature to predict the fate of these introduced plants, it will be of interest to point out some of their prospects and the reasons for their trial.

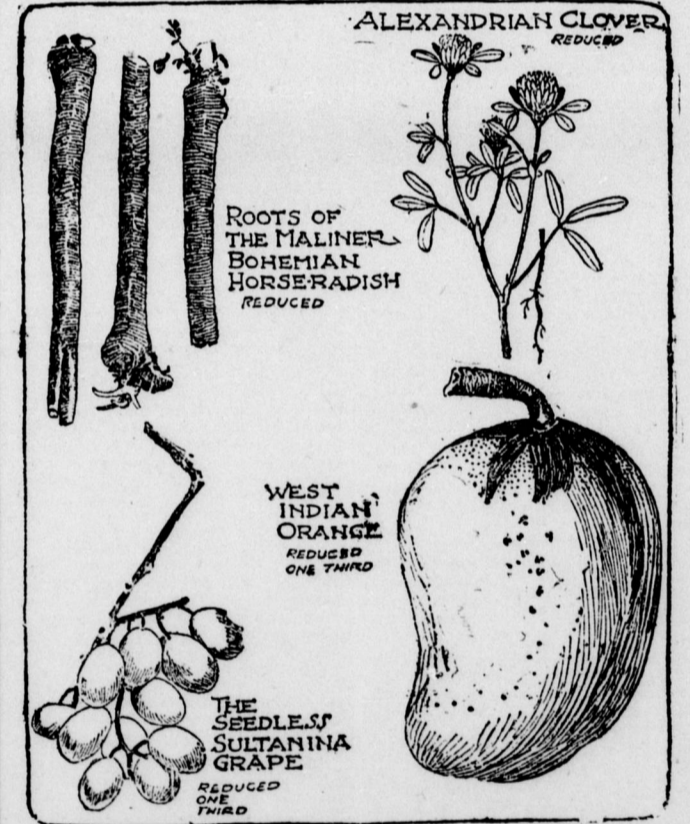
A spineless succulent cactus of the Argentine suitable for fodder purposes in the desert regions of Arizona.

A series of West Indian yams, of which at least one is superior in flavor to the Irish potato, suitable for culture in Florida and Louisiana, but demanding special care and a special market.

The Alexandrian clover from Egypt—a late fodder crop for irrigated lands in Southern California and Arizona. This is the principal fodder crop of Egypt.

Varieties of "pedigreed" barleys originated in Sweden, and of superior value for brewing purposes. Varieties which took twenty out of twenty-eight prizes at the Swedish brewers' exposition.

Fine West Indian mangoes and su-



SOME OF THE NEW THINGS BROUGHT BACK BY THE LATHROP EXPEDITION AND PRESENTED TO THE UNITED STATES.

perior sorts of East Indian bananas for culture in Porto Rico.

An evergreen poplar from Chile for the Pacific slope.

A frost-hardy alligator pear for the coming industry of this fruit growing in Florida and California.

The Lapland six-rowed barley and the early-ripening Finnish black oat for experiments in Alaska and such short-seasoned regions.

Chilean alfalfa varieties, for breeding experiments on this most remarkable of all fodder plants.

A Bohemian horse-radish, superior in size and flavor to any American sort.

Several novel Swedish leguminous (clover-like) fodder plants lately brought to the notice of the agricultural public of Sweden.

The "Jannovitch" Egyptian cotton, which is now being tested by over 1000 experimenters in the upland cotton regions of the South, and regarding which many encouraging reports have been received.

The "Algarobillo," a tannin-producing shrub from the Chilean deserts, with most remarkable desert-resisting characteristics and large tannin-producing capacity, for Arizona conditions.

A fodder bamboo for the arid regions of the Southwest, which forms in South Chile one of the principal sources of fodder for large herds of cattle.

"Zucchini," from Northern Italy. One of the most important vegetables of the Venetians, and worthy serious consideration by our truck growers. The seedless Sultanina grape from Padua, Italy, for the seedless raisin industry of the Colorado desert region.

"SLED SPURS."

A New Winter Sport of Which the Germans are Growing Fond.

"Racing Wolf" is the name of a sled now used extensively in Germany. On



ONE OF THE "SLED SPURS."

each of the runners in the rear of the sled as shown in the picture is a vertical bar with a horizontal bar connecting them, which acts as a support for the apparatus.

By fastening the "sled spurs" in one of the slides and holding with the hands the bar in front of the sled can be propelled at a great speed by pushing with the other foot. Tourists use this sled extensively, as it is portable and



THE "RACING WOLF."

can be conveniently taken into a railroad car. The sled has been often called the "winter velocipede."

Largest Hat in the World.

Here is a picture of the largest hat in the world, so far as can be ascertained, and it was made by an ambi-

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: Christian Heroism—Those Who Bear Scars Won in the Service of Jesus Christ Shall Be Richly Rewarded—God Will Honor Them.

(Copyright 1901.)

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage praises Christian heroism and tells of great rewards. The text is Galatians vi, 17, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus."

We hear much about crowns, thrones, victories, but I now tell the more quiet sort of scars, honorable and dishonorable. There are in all parts of the world people bearing dishonorable scars. They went into the battle of sin and were worsted, and to their dying day they will have a sacrifice of body or mind or soul. It cannot be hidden. There are tens of thousands of men and women now consecrated to God and living holy lives who were once corrupt, but they have been regenerated, and they are no more what they were. There is a difference in their nature, than balm in vitriol, than noonday in midnight. But in their depleted physical health or mental twist or style of temptation they are ever and anon reminded of the obnoxious past. They have a memory of scars. In some twinges of pain or some tendency to surrender to the wrong which they must perpetually resist they have an unwholesome reminiscence. They carry scars, deep scars, ignoble scars. I but Paul in my text shows us a scarification which is a badge of honorable and self-sacrificing service. He had in his weak eyes the result of too much study, and in his body, bent and worn, the signature of scourgings and shipwrecks and imprisonment by mobs. In my text he shows those scars as he declares, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus."

Notice that it is not wounds, but scars, and a scar is a healed wound. Before the scar is well defined upon the flesh the inflammation must have departed, and right circulation must have been restored, and new tissue must have been formed. It is a permanent indentation of the flesh—a cicatrix. Paul did well to show these scars. They were positive and indisputable proofs that with all his body, mind and soul he believed what he said; that he was a graduate from the school of hardship for Christ; that they were credentials proving his right to lead in the world's evangelization.

Men are not ashamed of scars got in battle for their country. No American is embarrassed when you ask him, "Where did you get that gash across your forehead?" and he can answer, "That was from a sabre cut at San Juan." When you ask some German, "Where did you lose your right arm?" he is not ashamed to say, "I lost it at Sedan." When you ask an Italian, "Where did you lose your eye?" he is not annoyed when he can answer, "I suffered from the last battle under our glorious Garibaldi." But I remind you of the fact that there are scars not got in war which are just as illustrious. We had in this country years ago a eminent advocate who was called into the Presidential Cabinet as attorney general. In middle he was in a Philadelphia courtroom engaged in an important trial. The attorney on the opposite side of the case got irritated and angry, and in most glib manner, raised his hand to the distinguished attorney's disfigured face, and more deeply scarred than any face I ever saw. The legal hero of whom I am speaking in his closing argument said: "Gentlemen of the jury, when I was a little child I was playing with my sister in the nursery, and her clothes caught fire, and I ran to her to put out the fire. I succeeded, but I myself took fire, and before it was extinguished my face was awfully burned and as black as the heart of the scoundrel who had set the fire. It is in the case who has referred to my misfortune." The eminent attorney of whom I speak carried all his life the honorable scar of his sister's rescue.

A young college student in England found all the artistic world in distress, pursued by William Turner, the painter. The young graduate took up his pen—in some respects the most brilliant pen that was ever put to paper—and wrote those five great volumes on modern painting, the chief thought of which was his defense of the abused painter.

The heroic author by some was supposed in his old days to be cynical and fault finding, and when I saw him a little while before his death he was in decadence, but I know that over his face and all over his manner were the scars of heroic defense.

In the seventies of his lifetime he was suffering from the wounds and fatigues of the twenties. Long after he had quit the battle with author's pen and painter's pencil he bore the scars of literary martyrdom.

But why do we go so far for illustration when I could take right out of the memories of some whom I address instances just as appropriate? To rear right for God and heaven a large family of children in that country home was a mighty undertaking. Far away from the village doctor, the garret must contain the herbs for the cure of all kinds of disorders. Through all infantile complaints the children of that family went. They missed nothing in the way of childish disorders. Busy all day was that mother in every form of housework, and twenty times a night called up by the children, all down at the same time with the same contagion. Her hair is white a long while before it is time for snow; her shoulders are bent long before the appropriate time for stooping.

Spectacles are adjusted, some for close by and some for far off, years before you would have supposed her eyes would need re-enforcement. Here and there a headstone bearing the name of this child and another headstone bearing the name of another child. Hardly one bereavement lifts its shadow than another bereavement drops one.

After thirty years of wifehood and motherhood the path turns toward the setting sun. She cannot walk as far as she used to. Colds caught hang on longer than formerly. Some of the children are in the heavenly world, for which they were well prepared through maternal fidelity, and others are out in this world doing honor to a Christian ancestry.

When her life closes and the neighbors gather for her obsequies, the officiating clergyman may find appropriate words in the last chapter of Proverbs: "Her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life; she stretcheth out her hand to the poor; she is not afraid of the snow for her household, for all her household are clothed with scarlet. Her husband is known in the gates when he sitteth among the elders in the land; her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

Then after the Scripture lesson is read let all come up, and before the casket is closed look for the last time at the scars of her earthly endurance.

She never heard the roll of a gun carriage or saw a banner hoisted upon a parapet, but she has in all the features of her face the marks of many a conflict—scars of toil, scars of maternity, scars of self-sacrifice, scars of bereavement.

She is a heroine whose name has never been heard of ten miles from the old homestead, but her name is inscribed high up among the enthroned immortals. People think they must look for martyrs on battlefields or go through a history to find burnings at the stake and tortures on racks when there are martyrs all about us. At this time in this capital city there

are scores of men wearing themselves out in the public service.

In ten years they will not have a healthy nerve left in their body. In committee rooms, in consultations that involve the welfare of the nation, under the weight of great responsibilities, their vitality is being subtracted. In an every-day village of the country you find some broken-down State or National official.

There is a woman who has suffered dogmatic injustice of which there is no commiseration. She says nothing about an inquisitor's machine of torture could not bring from her the story of domestic wrong. Ever since the day of orange blossoms and long white veil she has done her full duty and received for it harshness and blame and neglect. The marriage ring that was supposed to be a sign of unending affection, has turned out to be one link of a chain of horrible servitude. A wreath of nettles and mistletoe of a righteous form would have been a more accurate prophecy. There are those who find it hard to believe that there is such a place as hell, but you could go right out in any community and find more than one hell of domestic torment. There are men and women who are as good as dead, and that compared with the life she now lives, will be an arbor of jasmine and of the humming bird's song poured into the ear of the honey-suckle. Scars of that sort are not on the brow showing where he struck her, coming home from midnight carousal, nevertheless there are scars all up and down her injured and immortal soul which will be remembered on the day when there shall hear forth for her avenger the live thunderbolts of an incensed God.

When we see a veteran in any land who has lost a limb in battle, our sympathies are stirred; but, oh, how many have in the domestic realm lost their limbs and yet are denied a mill of dust on which to slumber! Better enlarge your roll of martyrs; better add a new mode of counting human sacrifices. A broken bone is not half as bad as a broken heart.

There are many in the same sense that Paul uttered it say, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus"—that is, for the sake of Christ and His cause they carry scars which even their immortality through a time and all eternity. Do you not think that you are a martyr when he said that? If you have studied his career you have no doubt of it. In his youth he learned how to fashion the hair of the Cilician goat into canvas, a quiet trade, and then went to college, the President of which was Gamaliel, an institution which scholars say could not have been very thorough because of what they call Paul's imperfect command of Greek syntax. But his history became exciting on the road to Damascus, where he was unhorsed and blinded. His conversion was a convulsion. Whether that fall from the horse may have left a mark upon him, I know not, but the mob soon took after him and flogged and imprisoned and maltreated him until he had scars more abundant enough to assure the truthfulness of his utterance, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus."

All ye who bear in your body the marks of the Lord Jesus, have you thought about use those marks will be the heavenly world? What source of glorious reminiscence! In that world you will sit together and talk over earthly experiences. "Where did you get that scar?" saint will say to saint. Do you not think that you are a martyr when he said that? If you have studied his career you have no doubt of it. In his youth he learned how to fashion the hair of the Cilician goat into canvas, a quiet trade, and then went to college, the President of which was Gamaliel, an institution which scholars say could not have been very thorough because of what they call Paul's imperfect command of Greek syntax. But his history became exciting on the road to Damascus, where he was unhorsed and blinded. His conversion was a convulsion. Whether that fall from the horse may have left a mark upon him, I know not, but the mob soon took after him and flogged and imprisoned and maltreated him until he had scars more abundant enough to assure the truthfulness of his utterance, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus."

"Where did you get that long, deep scar?" says another immortal to listening immortal, and the answer comes, "That was the awful fatigue of a lifetime struggle in attempting amid adverse circumstances, to achieve a livelihood. For thirty years I was tired—oh, so tired! But you see it is a healed wound, for I have found rest at last. It is the complete rest, the everlasting rest that I heard of before I came here as the rest that remaineth for the people of God."

Some one in heaven will say to Martyr John Rogers, "Where did you get that scar on your foot?" and the answer will come, "Oh, that was a burn I suffered when the flames of martyrdom were kindled beneath me." "Ignatius, what is that mark on your cheek?" "Oh, that was made by the point of the lance which I was thrown by the order of Trajan."

Some one will say to Paul, "Great apostle, that must have been a deep cut once—the mark which I see on your neck." And Paul says, "That was made by the sword which struck me at my beheading on the road to Ostia." But we all have scars of some kind, and those are some of the things we will talk over in the heavenly world while we celebrate the grace that made us triumphant over all antagonisms.

Now, what is the practical use of this subject? It is the cultivation of Christian heroics. The most of us want to say things and do things for God when there is no danger of getting hurt. We are all ready for easy work, for popular work, for compensating work, but we all greatly need more courage to brave the world and brave satanic assault when there is something aggressive and bold and dangerous to be undertaken for God and righteousness. And if we happen to get hit what an advantage make about it! We all need more of the stuff that martyrs are made out of. We want more sanctified grit, more Christian pluck, more holy recklessness as to what the world may say and do in any crisis of our life. Be right and do right, and all will be well; but combined cannot out you down.

The same little missionary who wrote my text also uttered that piled up magnificence to be found in those words which ring like battalions on spitting helmets: "In all these things we are more than conquerors, through Him that loved us, for I am persuaded that neither death nor life nor angels nor principalities nor powers nor things present nor things to come nor height nor depth nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

How do you like that, you cowards, who shrink back from aggressive work, and if so much as a splinter pierce your flesh cry out louder than many one-toned soldiers. Many a soldier has gone through a long war, been in twenty battles, led a regiment up a hill mounted by cannon and swept by musketry, and yet came home without having been once hit and without a mark upon him. But it will not be so among those who pass in the grand review of heaven. They have all in the holy wars been wounded, and all bear scars. And what would the newly arrived in heaven do with nothing to show that he had ever been struck by human or diabolic weapon? How embarrassed and eccentric such a one in such a place! Surely he would want to be excused awhile from the heavenly ranks and be permitted to descend to earth, crying, "Give me another chance to do something worthy of an immortal! Show me some post of danger to be manned, some fortress to be stormed, some difficult charge to make. Like Leonidas at Thermopylae, like Miltiades at Marathon, like Marathron at Blenheim, like Godfrey at Jerusalem, like Winkielred at Sempach gathering the spears of the Austrian knights into his bosom, giving his life for others; show me some place where I can do a brave thing for God. I cannot go back to heaven without scars. Give me in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus."

My hearer, my reader, quit complaining about your misfortunes and disappointments and troubles and through all time and all eternity thank God for scars.



A PHILIPPINE HAT.

hat and the smallest man's straw ara held up for comparison with this giant, which measures seven and one-half feet across the brim and three feet around the crown.