

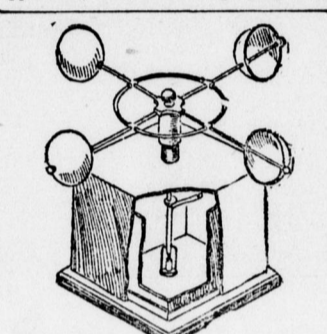
# THE WORLD'S WORKERS

SCIENCE · INDUSTRY · INVENTION

## INSURES SAFETY IN DEEP MINES

Protects Lives by Showing Danger Point in Gases.

The apparatus shown in the accompanying illustration is intended especially for use in measuring the ventilating current in a mine or other place where it is desired to ascertain the amount or velocity of the air passing, such velocity providing the essential data from which the volume can be calculated at any distant point or station, thus oftentimes acting to save the lives of miners when the ventilation fails to carry off the explosive gases from the mine. Hitherto the accuracy of such instruments, particularly in coal mines, has been affected by the deleterious matter carried by the atmosphere in which they have to be placed, such as noxious gases, moisture, smoke, greasy matter, exhalations from a number of men and animals, gases exuding from the pores of new-cut coal and the like. The inventor of this apparatus, Joseph Thompson, claims to have overcome this objection by excluding all the deleterious matter from the working parts of the apparatus, and, while employing elec-

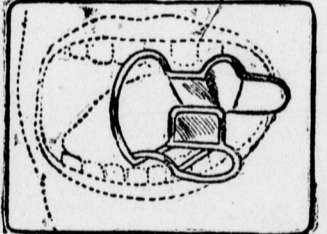


APPARATUS FOR MEASURING AIR CURRENTS.

tricity to transmit the signals, makes it safe to use in an explosive atmosphere by inclosing the contact points in a protecting casing. The vertical shaft which supports the hemispherical cups has a metallic disk in contact with a spring finger attached to the side of the chamber as shown, but one side of this disk is covered with a crescent-shaped non-conductor, which serves to break the current by interposing between the disk and the finger at every revolution. The chamber is filled with petroleum or other oil, thus excluding dust and gas from the working parts and serving as a lubricant for the spindle.

## Mirror Holds the Mouth Open.

Perhaps the invention of William Hare, as shown in the drawing, will eliminate the expression "open the mouth wide" altogether, or at least,

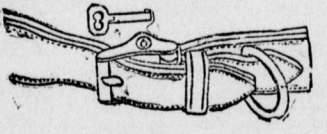


DENTAL PROP TO PREVENT CLOSING THE JAWS.

make it uncommon enough not to annoy the dentist. The arrangement consists of a steel frame of the shape shown, with mirrors fixed in different positions in the frame to direct the rays of light into a cavity in any tooth and reflect the interior to aid the dentist in his work. It will be seen that because of the shape and construction of the device, when it is placed in the mouth the cheek is held away from the teeth by the projecting brackets or retractors, while the tongue is held from contact with the teeth by the inner portion of the frame, the teeth being exposed through the opening between the parallel ribs.

## Buckle and Lock Combined.

Dog collars with locking buckles have the advantage of dispensing with the padlock.



PADLOCK AND BUCKLE COMBINED.

with an excellent lock, which is located inside the tongue and out of the way, the key entrance being at the side of the buckle and conveniently accessible.

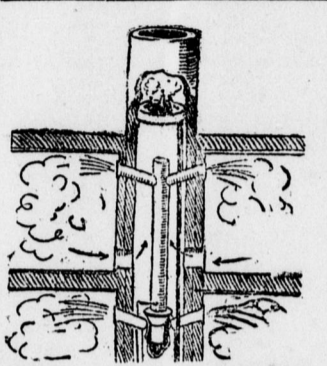
Many a man who is considered a good story-teller fails utterly when he gets home to his wife.

The lawyer rather encourages other people to tell him their troubles.

## PURE ATMOSPHERE FOR BUILDINGS

New Solution of the Heating and Ventilating System.

Pure air in rooms can only be obtained by thorough ventilation, and as no provision is made in many buildings for a change of air except by

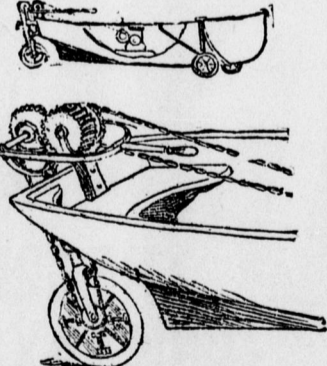


HEATING AND VENTILATING SYSTEM.

opening the windows, the latter are often allowed to remain closed in winter, owing to the low temperature outside. Or, if they are opened and the cold air admitted, increased heat must then be provided to make the rooms comfortable again. An improved heating and ventilating system recently devised by George H. Ennis solves the problem in a much better manner than is possible with the open window. The main feature of the apparatus, as shown, is the installation of a central ventilating shaft connecting with the several rooms. Inside this shaft is carried the direct heating pipe from the furnace, with branches entering each room near the ceiling. The hot air naturally rises through the pipes, and is discharged into the various rooms, where it depresses the colder air in the room, and this finds an exit through the opening close to the floor, ascending thence to the top of the shaft, and passing out. Thus the cold air is constantly withdrawn from the room and replaced by the warm air. Now, if the air for heating is obtained through a duct leading from the outer atmosphere into the furnace and thence to the air shaft the system will be found well-nigh perfect. In summer this same system may be utilized to cool the air of the rooms by displacing the warm air in the building with the cooler air from the basement.

## Boat For Land or Water.

With this contrivance the passengers may enter the boat and be driven along the beach into the water, and when finally launched the same apparatus which accomplished that work is used to propel the boat through the water. Any ordinary form of motor is used, being geared by chains to the apparatus shown in the rear of the boat. This consists of a gear wheel with concave face secured in a rigid yoke, with a tilting post carrying a second gear wheel, meshing in the first. A second chain connects the latter gear wheel to the propelling wheel. At either end of the shaft carrying the rear gear wheel is a yoke, extending forward and ending in a handle, which serves to turn the propeller after the manner of a rudder. In order that the driving wheel may serve as a propeller



LAUNCHES PASSENGERS FROM THE DRY BEACH.

ler in the water it is fitted with a series of pivoted blades, which turn at right angles to the plane of rotation during the lower half of their revolution. To accomplish this a deflector is attached to the side of the fork, which throws the blades out during half of the revolution and then returns them as they pass through the fork.

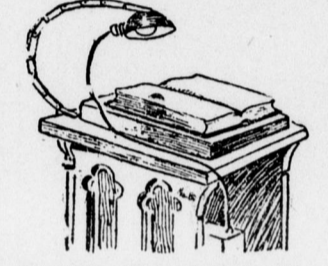
## Carnegie's Salmon Fisheries.

Mr. Carnegie has just erected within the Skibo castle grounds in Scotland a magnificent salmon and trout hatchery, in which 150,000 eggs are incubating in well appointed boxes. In connection also with his Skibo and other estates in Sutherlandshire he is the proprietor of extensive salmon fishings in Dorloch firth, and along the Kyle of Sutherland, and there are several lakes, both natural and artificial, throughout his domains that are well stocked with trout.

## LIGHTING DEVICE THAT IS HANDY

May Be Used in Places Where Illumination is Insufficient.

The primary object of the inventor illustrated below is to produce a lighting device which occupies such a small space that it can be easily carried about and readily adjusted to a book or other object, thus enabling the user to read without discomfort in places where ordinarily a poor light or no light at all can be had, particularly out of doors on summer nights or in warm climates, on ship deck at night, in the sick room or in poorly lighted trains or waiting rooms. In the case of our illustration it is attached to a pulpit to afford the preacher plenty of light for reading without injuring the eyes of the congregation by the glaring rays of an ordinary light. With the improved storage batteries recently introduced very little discomfort is occasioned in carrying the entire apparatus to produce this light, the standard which supports the lamp being flexible and folding with the cord inside the case which carries the battery. When needed for lighting purposes the support is opened and clamped on the book or paper, throwing the light just where it is most useful. Of course, for the purpose of pulpit lighting a larger size of apparatus

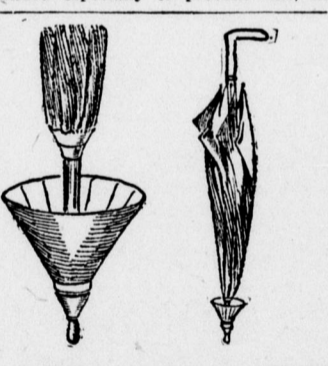


DESIGNED FOR INDIVIDUAL USE.

is necessary than for individual use, the latter concentrating its rays on a much smaller surface than the former, but the same general idea answers for both purposes. A switch is provided for turning off the current when not in use. The inventor is Burton S. Philbrook.

## Improved Umbrella Drip-Cup.

Our illustration shows a practical novelty for preventing the dripping of water over the floor from a wet umbrella when the owner, or borrower, enters a room. Oftentimes the umbrella is taken through the house to a rear room for spreading out to dry, and in this case a trail of water is generally left behind across the carpets. The drip cup here illustrated is intended especially to prevent this, as



CATCHES THE STREAM OF WATER.

well as the formation of the little puddles of water wherever the user of the umbrella stops to transact business or chat with a friend. The cup is of rubber, with a thick end on the tip of the cone to hold the flexible cup in place when slipped over the end of the umbrella handle. When the umbrella is opened as a protection for the person the drip cup covers the cloth around the stick, the very place where the cloth is apt to wear out first. When the umbrella is in use the device contracts slightly and is hardly noticeable, but when the cup is in operation it expands and holds quite a quantity of water, which is easily poured out by tilting the umbrella slightly before opening. The inventor is William W. Winter.

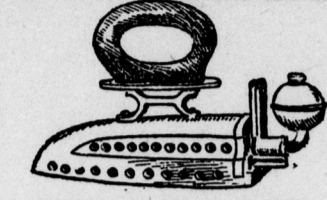
## Plant 81000 Years Old.

In the town of Hildersheim, Germany, is probably the most unique plant in the world. It is a rash bush 1000 years old, and sprouts from its branches have realized fabulous sums. Some years ago a rich Englishman offered \$250,000 for this entire tree, but the sum was indignantly refused. This wonderful plant clings amid thickly grown moss against the side of the famous old Church of St. Michael. It is claimed that it has bloomed perennially since the days of King Alfred, and this statement has never been disputed, for its record has been as carefully kept as the pedigree of the bluest-blooded family in the kingdom. It is supposed to have been discovered by some mysterious means through the medium of King Louis, of Hildersheim, as far back as 1022.

## AN INGENIOUS UTENSIL

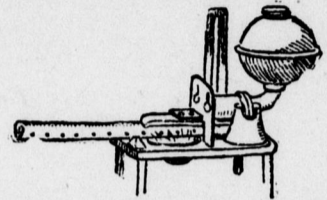
Flat Iron That is Heated in a Novel Way.

A German manufacturer has just brought upon the market a new flat-iron, heated by alcohol, as shown in



FLAT-IRON HEATED BY ALCOHOL.

the accompanying cuts. The burner is to be pulled out of the iron and to be placed upon the heating grate. The receptacle is then to be filled with alcohol, as is the little tub. The alcohol in the tub is lighted, and the heating bar soon becomes hot, whereupon gases develop and escape through the

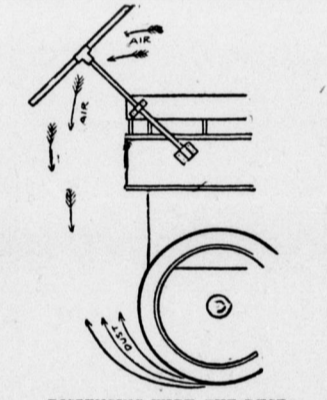


HEATING DEVICE FOR SELF-CONTAINED IRON.

holes of the heating bar. As soon as the alcohol in the tub is burned out the burner is placed back in the iron, where it is firmly kept by a spring arrangement. Heated in this way, the iron can be used for about fifteen minutes before receptacle and tub have to be filled again with alcohol.

## Suppression of Dust.

The absolute impossibility of entirely abating the dust nuisance is admitted by all operators of speedy automobiles, but several devices to prevent the dust, or a great portion of it, from reaching the occupants of the carriages have been tried by foreign automobilists, one of the most successful being that shown in the accompanying drawing, from Automobile Topics. This is what may be termed a "splash board," or

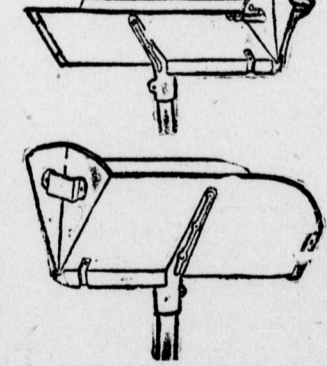


DISPENSING WITH THE DUST.

air deflector. Two T-shaped brackets are fastened diagonally to the rear of the car, and upon these is stretched a light shield of canvas or other suitable material, mounted upon a spring roller, like an ordinary window curtain, the shield being at an angle of forty-five degrees with the ground. The forward movement of the car creates a strong current of air, which, striking the shield, is forced downward to meet the uprising dust, with the effect that the dust cloud is broken up and is left behind. When not in use the loose end of the shield is unhooked from the bracket, and the whole apparatus rolls up in a small compass.

## Steel Hods.

Hods of steel are being introduced, which, beside being water-tight, are said to be from twenty-five to fifty



HODS MADE OF ONE PIECE OF STEEL.

per cent. lighter than the wooden hod. This feature is secured by the bodies being folded from a single piece of metal without the necessity of cutting the metal.

**Invented the Postal Stamp.**  
The inventor of the gummed postage stamp was a Scotsman, Mr. James Chalmers, of Dundee, who, in 1834, suggested the adoption of the present system of affixing adhesive squares of paper to envelopes.

Mr. Chalmers was ridiculed, and, among others, medical men predicted that the constant licking of gum would be prejudicial to the health of the Nation. It was not until 1841 that the plan of Mr. Chalmers received the serious attention of the postoffice authorities.

## DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: **Danger in Delay—The Folly of Postponing the Acceptance of the Gospel Invitation—Sympathy For the Skeptic—Time to Be Religious.**

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In the following discourse, prepared by Dr. Talmage, on his illness, the folly and danger of postponing the acceptance of the gospel invitation are exposed on the text, Luke xiv, 18, "And they all with one consent began to make excuse."

After the invitations to a levee are sent out the regrets come in. One man apologizes for non-attendance on one ground, another on another ground. The cost of the regrets are founded on prior engagements. So in my text a great banquet was spread, the invitations were circulated, and now the regrets come in. The one gives an agricultural reason, the other a stock dealer's reason, the other a domestic reason. All poor reasons. The first says, "I don't want to go." "And they all with one consent began to make excuse."

So now God spreads a great banquet: It is the gospel feast, and the table reaches to the hemispheres. In the banquet, the guests go out, and multitudes come and sit down and drink out of the chalices of God's love, while other multitudes decline coming, the one giving this apology, and the other giving that apology, "and they all with one consent began to make excuse."

I propose, so far as God may help me, to examine the apologies which men make for not entering the Christian life. Apology the first: I am not sure there is anything valuable in the Christian religion. It is pleaded that there are so many impositions in this day; so many things that seem to be real are sham. A fabled outside may have a hollow inside. There is so much quackery in physics, in ethics, in politics, that men come to the habit of incredulity, and after awhile they allow that incredulity to collide with our holy religion. But, my friends, I think religion has made a pretty good record in the world. How many men's wounds have been saved! How many pillars of fire it has lifted in the midnight wilderness! How many simoom struck deserts it hath turned into the gardens of the Lord! How it hath stilled the chopped sea! What rain it hath sent down, and what streams of life and of the storm-cloud! What pools of cool water it hath gathered for thirsty Hagar and Ishmael! What manna whiter than coriander seed it hath dropped all around the camper of hardy desert tribes! What promises it hath sent out like holy watchers to keep the lamps burning around deathbeds, through the darkness that lowers into the sepulcher! What flashes of resurrection morn!

Besides that, this religion has made so many heroes. It brought Summerfield, the Methodist, across the Atlantic ocean with his silver trumpet to blow the acceptable year of the Lord until it seemed as if all our American cities would take the name of heaven by violence. It sent Jehudi Ashman into Africa alone, in a continent of naked barbarians, to lift the standard of civilization and Christianity. It made John Milton among poets, Raphael among painters, Christopher Wren among architects, Thorwaldsen among sculptors, Handel among musicians, Dupont among military commanders, and to give new wings to the imagination and better balance to the judgment and more determination to the will and greater usefulness to the life and grander nobility to the soul there is nothing in all the earth like our Christian religion. Nothing in religion? Why, then, all those Christians were deceived when in their dying moment they thought they saw the castles of the blessed, and a child, that with unutterable agony you put away into the grave, you will never see him again or hear his sweet voice nor feel the throbs of his young heart.

There is nothing in religion? Why, then, I'll come upon you. Roll and turn on your pillow; no relief. The medicine may be bitter, the night may be dark, the pain may be sharp; no relief. Christ never comes to the sick-room. Let the pain stab; let the fever burn; curse the disease. There is nothing in religion? After awhile death will come. You will hear the pawing of the pale horse on the threshold. The spirit will be breaking away from the body, and it will take flight whither, whither? There is no God, no ministering angels to conduct, no Christ, no heaven, no home. Nothing in religion? Oh, you are not willing to adopt such a dismal theory!

And yet the world is full of skeptics. And let me say there is no class of people for whom I have a warmer sympathy than for skeptics. We do not know how to treat them. We deride them, we caricature them. We, instead of taking them by the hand and leading them to the light, thrust them with the iron pinchers of ecclesiasticism. Oh, if you knew how those men had fallen away from Christianity and become skeptics you would not be so rough on them. Some were brought up in homes where religion was odious. The most wretched day in the week was Sunday. Religion was driven into them with a triphammer. They had a surfeit of prayer meetings. They were stuffed and choked with catechisms. They were told by their parents that they were the worst children that ever lived because they liked to ride down hill better than to read "Pilgrim's Progress." They never heard their parents talk of religion but with the corners of the mouth drawn down and the eyes rolled up. Others went into skepticism through mal-treatment on the part of some who professed religion. There is a man who says: "My partner in business was conspicuous in prayer meeting, and he was officious in all religious duties. He cheated me out of \$3000, and I don't want any of that religion." Then there are others who get into skepticism by a natural persistence in asking questions, why or how? How can God be one being and three persons? They cannot understand it. Neither can I. How can God be a complete sovereign and yet man a free agent? They cannot understand it. Neither can I. They cannot understand why a holy God let sin come into the world. Neither can I. They say: "Here is a great mystery; here is a disciple of fashion, frivolous and godless all her days; she lives on to be an octogenarian. Here is a Christian mother, training her children for God and for heaven, sacrificing, Christlike, indispensable seemingly to that household; she gets a cancer and dies." The skeptic says, "I can't explain that." Neither can I.

I can see how many reason themselves into skepticism. With burning feet I have trodden that blistering way. I know what it is to have a hundred nights poured into one hour. There are men in the arid desert of doubt who would give one day while coming down over the Alleghany Mountains at noon by the train, to run our ship from coast to coast carrying cargoes for ourselves and then, when the ship is crushed in the rocks, give to God the shivered timbers. It is a great thing for a man on his dying pillow to repent better than that never. So short is time, how much better, how much more generous, it would have been if he had repented fifty years before! My friends, you will never get over these procrastinations.

We have started on a march from which there is no retreat. The shadows of eternity gather on our pathway. How insignificant is time compared with the vast eternity! As I was thinking of this one day while coming down over the Alleghany Mountains at noon by the train, I thought of the man who has heard described as the Horseshoe—a depression in the side of the mountain where the train almost turns back again upon itself, and you see how appropriate is the name of the Horseshoe—and thinking on this very theme and preparing this very sermon, it seemed to me as if the great course of eternity speeding along had just struck the mountain with one hoof and gone on into illimitable space. So short is time, so insignificant is earth, compared with the vast eternity! This moment voices roll down the sky and all the worlds of light are ready to rejoice at your disenfranchisement. Rush not into the presence of the King ragged with sin when you may have this robe of righteousness. Dash not your feet against the throne of a crucified Christ. Throw not your crown of life off the battlements of hell, the scribbles of God are at this hour receding, the flames of living light to record the news of your soul emancipated.

Other persons apologize for not entering the Christian life because it is time enough yet. That is very like those persons who send regrets and say, "I will come in perhaps at 11 or 12 o'clock; I will not be there at the opening of the banquet, but I will be there at the close." Not yet? Not yet? Now, I do not give any doleful view of this life, but I have nothing in my nature, nothing in the grace of God, that tends toward a doleful view of human life.

I have not much sympathy with Addison's description of the "Vision of Mirza," where he represents human life as being a bridge of a hundred arches and both ends of the bridge covered with clouds and the race coming on, the most of them falling down through the first span and all of them falling down through the last span.

It is a very dismal picture. I have not much sympathy with the Spanish proverb which says, "The sky is good and the earth is good; that which is bad is between the earth and the sky."

But, what we as Christian men are bound to take cheerful view of life, we must also content that life is a great uncertainty and that man who says, "I can't become a Christian because there is time enough yet," is running a risk infinitely.

You do not perhaps realize the fact that this descending grade of sin gets steeper and steeper and that you are gathering up a rush and velocity which after awhile may not answer to the brakes.

Be not among those who give their whole life to the world and then give their course to God. It does not seem fair that while our pulses are in full play of health we serve ourselves and serve the world and then make God at last the present of a coffin. It does not seem right that we run our ship from coast to coast carrying cargoes for ourselves and then, when the ship is crushed in the rocks, give to God the shivered timbers. It is a great thing for a man on his dying pillow to repent better than that never. So short is time, how much better, how much more generous, it would have been if he had repented fifty years before! My friends, you will never get over these procrastinations.

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never mind, and by that dying couch where she talked so slowly, catching her breath between the words—by all those memories I ask you to come and take the same religion. It was good enough for her; it is good enough for you. Aye, I make a better plea: By the wounds and the death throes of the Son of God, who approaches you in infinite love with torn brow and lacerated hands and whipped back, crying, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest!"

Other persons apologize for not entering the Christian life because of the incorrigibility of their temperament. Now, we admit it is harder for some people to become Christians than for others, but the grace of God never came to a mountain that it could not climb or to an abyss that it could not fathom or to a bondage that it could not break. The wildest horse that ever trod Arabian sands has been broken to bit and trace.

The maddest torrent tumbling from mountain to sea has been harnessed to the mill wheel and the factory band, setting a thousand shuttles all a-buzz and a-clatter. And the wildest, the haughtiest, the most ungovernable man ever created by the grace of God may be made to bow down on ministry of kindness, as God sends an August thunderstorm to water the wild flowers down in the grass. Peter, with nature tempestuous as the sea that he once tried to walk, at one look from Christ went as if he were a weevil. Rich harvests of grace may be grown on the summit of the jagged steep, and flocks of Christian graces may find pasturage in fields of bramble and rock.

Though your disposition may be all a-bristle with fretfulness, though you have a temper a-gleam with quick lightnings, though your avarice be like that of the horse leech, crying, "Give! though damnable impurities have wrapped you in all consuming fire, God can drive that devil out of your soul, and over the chaos and the darkness He can say, "Let there be light."

The best place for a skillful doctor is in a neighborhood where there are all poor except the best; a place where a merchant to open his store is in a place where the bargain makers do not understand their business, and the best place for you who want to become the illustrious and complete Christian, the best place for you is come right down among us who are so incompetent and so inconsistent sometimes. Show us how. Give us an example.

Exhortations from poisonous trees in our neighbor's garden will make a very poor balm for our wounds. Give us an example. Sickness will come, and we will be pushed out toward the Red Sea which divides this world from the next, and not the inconsistency of Christians, but the rod of faith, will wave back the waters as a commander waves a sword, and judgment will come, with its thunder shod solemnities. Oh, then we will not stop and say, "There was a mean Christian; in that day as now, thou bist wise, and shalt be wise for thyself; but if thou scornest thou alone shalt bear it." Why, my brother, the inconsistency of Christians, so far from being an argument to keep you away from God, ought to be an argument to drive you to Him.

No time to be religious here! You have no time now to be religious. You might as well have no clerks in your store, no books in your library, no compass on your ship, no rifle in the battle, no hat on your head, no coat for your back, no shoes for your feet.

Better travel on toward eternity bare-headed and barefooted and houseless and homeless and friendless than to go through life without religion.

Did religion make Raleigh any less of a statesman or Havelock any less of a soldier or Grinnell any less of a merchant or West any less of a painter?

Why, my friends, religion is the best security in every bargain; it is the sweetest note in every song; it is the brightest gem in every crown. No time to be religious? Why, you will have to take time to be sick, to be troubled, to die. Our world is only the wharf from which we are to embark for heaven.

No time to secure the friendship of Christ? No time to buy a ticket for him to get that walk through the darkness which otherwise will be illumined only by the whiteness of the tombstones? No time to educate the eye for heavenly splendors or the hand for choral harps or the ear for everlasting songs or the soul for honor, glory and immortality? One would think we had time for nothing else.

Other persons apologize for not entering the Christian life because it is time enough yet. That is very like those persons who send regrets and say, "I will come in perhaps at 11 or 12 o'clock; I will not be there at the opening of the banquet, but I will be there at the close." Not yet? Not yet? Now, I do not give any doleful view of this life, but I have nothing in my nature, nothing in the grace of God, that tends toward a doleful view of human life.

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Be not among those who give their whole life to the world and then give their course to God. It does not seem fair that while our pulses are in full play of health we serve ourselves and serve the world and then make God at last the present of a coffin. It does not seem right that we run our ship from coast to coast carrying cargoes for ourselves and then, when the ship is crushed in the rocks, give to God the shivered timbers. It is a great thing for a man on his dying pillow to repent better than that never. So short is time, how much better, how much more generous, it would have been if he had repented fifty years before! My friends, you will never get over these procrastinations.

We have started on a march from which there is no retreat. The shadows of eternity gather on our pathway. How insignificant is time compared with the vast eternity! As I was thinking of this one day while coming down over the Alleghany Mountains at noon by the train, I thought of the man who has heard described as the Horseshoe—a depression in the side of the mountain where the train almost turns back again upon itself, and you see how appropriate is the name of the Horseshoe—and thinking on this very theme and preparing this very sermon, it seemed to me as if the great course of eternity speeding along had just struck the mountain with one hoof and gone on into illimitable space. So short is time, so insignificant is earth, compared with the vast eternity! This moment voices roll down the sky and all the worlds of light are ready to rejoice at your disenfranchisement. Rush not into the presence of the King ragged with sin when you may have this robe of righteousness. Dash not your feet against the throne of a crucified Christ. Throw not your crown of life off the battlements of hell, the scribbles of God are at this hour receding, the flames of living light to record the news of your soul emancipated.

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