

RELIGIOUS TOPICS.

Religious Subjects For Serious People - Carefully Edited.

The Message of Salvation.

(Take 1-77-78). Salvation is not so much an escape from evil and reprobation as it is an attainment to good and life...

Salvation is a real having; not an escape from anything, as people are led to believe by the fire or flood.

Outside of Christ, self is the high motive; and self is controlled by appetites. But with Christ we have a sufficient motive to bring our wayward hearts into subjection to spiritual passions and desires.

The spiritual life consists far more in the internal spirit in which you do that on the things themselves.

The great purpose of Christ's ministry is to persuade the soul to be receptive to spiritual things.

He plants the germ of grace within the heart, we must cultivate it with the fruits of righteousness.

An instructive and pathetic custom obtains in Munich. Every destitute child found begging in the streets is arrested and carried to a charitable institution.

After being maintained and educated, when he quits the institution to begin life, the before mentioned photo is given him; and he is required to make solemn declaration that he will keep it as a reminder of the wretched state from which he was freed, and of the kindness shown.

The charity has received many gifts from its recipient's wife.

"Do you want to shoot or be shot at?" asked Harry, impatiently.

There was the deep festering wound which nothing could close or heal. What was the remembrance of the fair, gentle girl he had loved at Upton?

But the getting well was slow work. There was the deep festering wound which nothing could close or heal.

There was the remembrance of the fair, gentle girl he had loved at Upton, and the remembrance of the woman who had knelt and called him back to forgive her. Long, dreary weeks passed, and still the time had not come when he could be called well.

"What shall I get to amuse you?" said Mrs. Archer to him on the first day that he had come down into the drawing-room. Harry was obliged to go out; and I have some letters to write. Would you like a book?

There is no denying the harmful effects of indiscriminate aid to divinity students.

The article in the January Atlantic by President William De Witt Hyde of Bowdoin on this subject is as sound as it is forcible.

His scathing criticism of the results of the charity student system is justified by facts. It stands to reason that methods which never fail to pauperize other classes of people must have a pernicious effect even on the Christian ministry.

As President Hyde says, if any other profession held out the opportunity of free board and room, heat and light, clothing and furniture, instruction and all the refinements of life to anybody who would raise \$50 a year, these professions would soon be swamped by the horde of idlers who would apply. Under such conditions, natural selection gets no chance to do its wholesome work.

The wonder is that the injury to the church has not been greater. That it is already bad enough and tending to grow rapidly worse is a parent at a distance. A year ago the Union Theological Seminary, after a careful sifting of applicants, found that out of seventy-two only thirty-six had ability enough to make it worth while to expend money upon them.

Even those who were admitted were discouraged from returning at the end of the first year. The Chicago Congregational Seminary reports a determination to move in the same direction. But what of the numerous theological institutions that do not feel able to be so independent or so exacting as to their materials?

In nearly all of these the path of the student has been made smooth and easy as to afford a special temptation to young men who lack the ability or the industry to succeed in other directions.

In proportion as theology has lost the attractiveness as a profession these artificial attractions have been multiplied by pious and well-meaning donors. Until now it is less expensive to get a theological education than to get without any education.

That this helps many a poor and deserving youth is true. But that it also attracts the unfit and lowers the intellectual average of the ministerial profession is likewise true. Concerning the temptation to hypocrisy that lies in the system of eleemosynary aid-making need here be said. Concerning the life-long habit of thought that makes the preacher regard himself as entitled to half fares and special treatment there may be a difference of opinion. But there is not a shadow of doubt that the indiscriminate and wholesale charity by which the path to the Christian ministry is in a large measure smoothed has a baneful effect upon the personnel of the profession.

Possibly the theological schools could get comparatively no students whatever if these artificial baits were removed. If so, there must be something wrong about the whole seminary system, and the time has come to stop teaching creeds and leading young men to think within certain hominized lines all the rest of their lives. President Hyde's suggestion on this point are as pertinent as any other. His article can scarcely fail to arouse discussion and to do good in more ways than one.

Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. William Beery, living about four miles from Williamport, tripped Sunday night and with a lamp in her hand, pitched headlong down stairs.

She was powerless to rise and would have been burned to death but for the presence of mind of her 7-year-old grandson, who carried water and put her on the fire. Mrs. Beery had both arms broken.

MAY'S SECRET

BY JOAN RUTHERFORD.

(Continued From Last Week)

It was long before he remembered all this, and then he was lying in a pretty little room in Harry's house, and Harry's wife was standing beside him, the tears shining in her bright eyes—she was so pleased to see him himself again.

CAPTAIN IV.

Captain Ruthven was grateful to his friends.

"What would I have done, Harry," he would say at times, "if you had not taken care of me? I had felt ill all that day, and my head had been queer."

Then Harry would say how pleased he was, how fortunate it was that he happened to be at the station, and how astonished he had felt at seeing the face of an old college companion.

"The climate of India must weaken a fellow terribly," said Harry. "You did not look as though you would live two days longer when I saw you, Charlie; but you will soon be all right now."

"It was not India that weakened me," returned Charlie.

But he said no more. He never told his friends how he had loved and married, and how his wife had deceived him. He spoke only of his great desire to get back to India as soon as possible.

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Chicago Tribune.

These were: "I know I am wrong in writing; one mistake does not excuse another. Mine has been the mistake of a life."



"DO FORGIVE ME, MAY."

time. I married without love, and I must endure the consequences of my own act until the end. Do not let me see you again. I can live without love but I cannot and will not do wrong. Wrong it would be to see you and then to you again."

Those were the few words that caused Captain Ruthven to drop his book and wonder for a moment whether he was mad or dreaming.

Then he read them again. Word for word, it was the letter for writing which he had almost cured his wife.

Like a lightning flash it struck him that she had written the book, and that the sheet of paper he had believed to be part of a letter written to another man was merely a page of the manuscript. He saw it all now. May had deceived him, as she frankly owned; but, oh, how small was the fault compared to the one of which he suspected her! She had written the book, and meant to tell him some time. Now he understood the few words that had puzzled him so. She would never do it again—dear, little, innocent May. He hated himself for his ill-will; his mad rage, his senseless jealousy.

"I might have known," he said to himself a hundred times, "that she never could and never would really deceive me."

She had written, and, moreover, had pulled a book; but what he would never have suspected as a certain news-seller's bluntness. She had done that, although she had heard him say that he did not like women writers and would never marry one, but she had not done worse. She was his love, his wife, and she had been true to him.

How small and mean and contemptible he felt as he thought of it all! Some men would have been proud of a wife who could do that; but he did not. Her name would spread all over England. People said that she was a genius—that she had written words that moved all human hearts alike; and he, in his narrow jealousy, would have kept her all to himself, would have clipped the wings of her intellect and forbidden it to soar aloft.

His prejudices against lady writers had been both sincere and strong; but when he began to reflect upon it, it seemed absurd. His wife had never neglected a duty, his house and himself were both equally well cared for. He never remembered to have seen her untidy or with ink-stained fingers; and if this gift had been given to her, why should she not use it?

His repentance and remorse were as great as his sorrow had been. He could hardly endure the two days delay which his doctor declared to be necessary before he started for London. He thanked his kind, hospitable friends for their care of him, and with an agitated heart started for the metropolis.

It was not he who had to forgive. He was the criminal; it was he who had sinned against the loving, gentle girl whom he had made his wife.

In all his after-life Charles Ruthven never forgot that journey—its fears, its hopes, its suspense. He did not even know whether he would find his wife at home; it was two months since he had left her.

He walked up to the house and rang the bell. A strange face looked into his as the door opened, and he had hardly strength or courage to ask if Mrs. Ruthven were at home.

"She is," said the girl, "but she is busy packing up. What name shall I say?"

"All right," said the captain, "what room is she in? I will go to her."

"She is packing up books in the drawing-room," answered the girl, whose eyes were full of wonder.

In two minutes he stood in the presence of his wife. He opened the door quietly, and he had time to note how pale and thin the sweet face had grown. Then she looked up and saw him. Anger and pride were forgotten. She ran to him with a low cry, and he folded her to his breast.

"You have forgiven me, Charlie!" she said, when he gave her time to speak. "I knew you would think you never could be so cruel as to leave me forever, but for such a little thing as writing a book?"

"It was not that, darling," he said; and then Charlie told her all—all he had suspected and feared and believed.

Her face wore a pained, startled look as she listened.

"And you thought I cared for some one else, Charlie?" she said. "You loved I had written a love-letter to some one but my husband?"

"I was mad," he replied. "Do forgive me, May."

"I forgive you," she gently; "you have suffered much; but, oh, Charlie, I should never have made the same mistake with regard to you!"

Charlie groaned in spirit over his folly; but he had no excuse to offer.

"Did you not see?" continued May. "That if you had only a sheet of ruled writing paper and no letter at all?"

"I never noticed it," he said humbly. "But, May, why did you not tell me what it was?"

"I thought you knew," replied the wife. "When you held it in your hand and said I had deceived you, I thought you knew all about it."

"I was mad," declared Ruthven; and whenever in after years he mentioned the subject, that was how he summed it up. "Now tell me all about it, May," he added; "how came you to write that famous book?"

"There is nothing much to tell," answered the wife, with one of her old smiles. "I was always fond of writing; I think it was because I was such a lonely child. I had many beautiful thoughts about the lives of flowers and the trees. I used to write them down, because Aunt Bessie did not like to hear me talk about them. Then afterward, when I grew older, my life was so quiet, so monotonous, that I used to write stories and romances for my own amusement. When I was seventeen I thought how much I would like to write a book. I began the one you have read, but when my aunt said because a great uncle I had I should not do so, I forgot it. After that came the bright summer when you loved and married me. My life seemed so full up that I had no time for writing stories. You said one day that you would never marry a woman who wrote so I made up my mind that I would not do so. I had no time for writing, and I forgot it. I had no time for writing, and I forgot it. I had no time for writing, and I forgot it."

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"What a nonsense, selfish fellow I was!" interrupted Charlie.

"No," said May. "You had a right to your own opinions. I burned all my short stories that night, Charlie; but when I came to my book I could not destroy it; so I looked it away and decided to ask you at another time to let me finish it."

"And what then?" asked Charlie, seeing that his wife stopped abruptly.

"Why, then, Charlie, please do not be angry with me; I could not help it. Now," she continued, growing excited as she spoke—"would you stop the sun from shining, the birds from singing, the flowers from blooming?"

"No," acknowledged Charlie, "I could not."

"Nor could I," said his wife solemnly—"cannot my desire to write. I could not help myself; the thoughts would come, the words would come, and I was obliged to write them down. So after we came here, during the hours you were away from home, I finished my book. I took it myself to several publishers, and one bought it. I always thought you would forgive me and be pleased, dear, when you saw that I had written it. I did not want to tell you until then. I pictured to myself how I should bring it to you and what you would say. I was always very careful not to leave any papers about. I cannot tell how that leaf got into my desk. It must have been a mistake. You know the rest, Charlie."

"Yes," said the husband, smiling. "I know the rest. I am not worthy of you, May. As you know, people say you are a genius."

"Do they?" questioned his wife, merrily. "They know nothing at all about it. I don't believe I have a bit of genius in me; but, Charlie, I will promise never to do so again."

But Ruthven would take no promise. He humbly acknowledged his prejudice had been a very unjust one; and he gave it up gracefully, owing that he had been wrong.

"The books were not tucked into their places, and May Ruthven did not return to Upton, as she had meant to do. That was the first and last misunderstanding they ever had. Charlie says now, "Each one to his vocation—like is fighting, my wife's is writing."

"They went to India together; but there is a rumor that Ruthven's regiment will soon be ordered home. The world knows now who wrote "A Life's Mistake," and Mrs. Ruthven is one of the most admired writers of this day. She is best pleased when she hears her husband say to his friends—

"Yes, my wife writes beautiful books; but I tell you what she does best, besides. She makes the nicest of puddings, keeps a most orderly house, and dresses more neatly than anybody I know. Besides which," he continues in a solemn whisper, "since I have been married I have never had to sew on a button myself—you understand."

And, coming from Charlie Ruthven, his wife thinks that very high praise.

THE END.

Spontaneous Combustion of Hay.

There has been many theories to account for the spontaneous combustion of hay stacks.

This phenomenon is now ascribed to a microbe which breeds in the close, moist atmosphere of the hay and causes a fermentation which generates heat, and finally ignites. Herr Ruesch, who has an experimental farm at Melhof, has long been making tests of hay under various conditions of moisture and pressure.

During his experiments he discovered a method by which farmers can always be cognizant of the state of the interior of the stack. He has devised a kind of long fork, by which a sample of hay can be drawn from any part of a stack at any time and examined to see whether it is abnormally warm or not.

Length of the Ideal Foot.

A London anatomist is authority for the statement that the ideal foot should be the length of the ulna, a bone in the forearm, which extends from a protuberance in the outer portion of the wrist to the elbow. Of course, the ulna is longer in tall people, and to be graceful the foot should be also.

Many people may be surprised that the foot should be as long as the forearm, and might be inclined to dispute the fact unless proved by demonstration. But it is in the perfectly formed woman.

He Was Once a Waif.

From street wall to Governor—that is the story of John G. Brady. As a boy he roamed the streets of New York, until the Children's Aid Society picked him up and sent him out west to grow up with the country.

He was adopted by a good family, who, though poor, sent him to the district school, where he got a taste for education, and later worked his way through Yale College. Then he went to New York, entered the Union Theological Seminary, was graduated and became a Presbyterian minister. He decided to do missionary work in the west and went to Colorado and Idaho, then to Alaska, where he found a wide field. He plunged into the work of making the country better in a business and moral way, and went into parties so that he could do more for the people. To-day he is the Governor of that immense and little known territory and the head of the Presbyterian Church affairs in our great Northwest. He is only one more example of what an American boy with grit and pluck has a chance to do.

A Happy Family.

The family of John G. Brady, Governor of Idaho, is a happy one.

They live on the shores of Lake Tahoe, in the mountains of California.

The Governor is a man of great ability and high character.

His wife is a woman of great intelligence and high character.

They have several children, all of whom are well educated.

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A Word to New Beginners Going to Housekeeping:

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CUMBERLAND VALLEY

TRAVEL TABLE—Nov. 19, 1890.