

CONVICT NUMBER 1307.

By Laura Ellen Beale.

back to the wall of the cell. occasionally glancing with unseeing eyes at the few obin the narrow space. As his gaze fell upon the grating which served for a window, with its few inches of the sky of liberty mocking him through the bars, he sprang up and took a quick step toward it, just as the sweet strains of my le drifted in from a band passing near the prison walls. Then a bell rang somewhere in the distance.

Oh, those sounds from the great free world without! How terrible they seemed to the grief-stricken man! He shuddered violently and dropped back on to the cot.

"No, no! I must not ruin it all now. Oh, God, help me to live through the next two years!" he exclaimed, and burying his face in his hands, he groaned aloud in the agony of despair.

Though he yearned for freedom with a longing that was almost frenzy, still the notion of escape did not often tempt him; but to-day a man had escaped, and the breast of every prisoner had been filled with envy and long

The year already spent behind those walls seemed an eternity. Could be live through two more years of such misery? he asked himself. Yes, he could and he would, for he had work to perform when the time of his sentence should have expired. He must go back to Oklahoma and prove his innocence; must live down the disgrace among the very people who had belleved him guilty, where no one

thought him innocent. Ah, yes! there was one who had be lieved in him, who had stood by him through it all, and the fires of renewed courage kindled in his eyes as he thought of Nellie, his promised wife. How brave she had been-how staunch ended, and he had not succeeded in making the judge and jury believe his story, she had not wavered in her loyalty, but again assured him of her as much as possible by good behavior. then to come home—he would find her true, and together they would prove somehow, that he had been wrongfully accused.

In the year of his imprisonment Jack had been a model prisoner. At times, in the depths of his despair, be had felt that he could not stand the maddening routine another moment, that he must attempt escape or he would surely die; but the thought of Nellie, sweetheart, and her confidence, had strengthened him to successfully combat these hopeless feelings. Attempt at flight, even if successful, meant only the destruction of his fondwho had risked so much because of her love for bim.

To-night, sitting dejectedly in his never staunch in his resolution. Now he meant it, for if he had not been on the window. a "spree" he would never have been

less prosperous neighbors had smiled in grim satisfaction, and when the had been, "It serves him right." When he insisted that he had bought the horse and saddle, but that he did not know the man who sold them to him, they winked knowingly. The property had been stolen from the Catonsville postoffice, and was found in Jack's possession. He was 'tere in consequence.

"Well," he declared mentally, "ir does serve me right, but I'll prove my innocence to those people if it takes me years to do it!"

A little before noon the next day his attention was attracted to a line of new arrivals, walking handcuffed toguards. As they passed close to where Jack stood, the look of hopeless misery on the face of one of the men made his heart throb with pity. Perhaps he too was innocent! Just then a man looked up and Jack gave a sudden start. The face seemed very familiar, Surely he had seen that man before, The line passed on into a building, but somehow he could not get the face of the man who wore the number "1307" out of his mind, and many times during the day he asked himself, "Who is and where have I seen him?"

When he returned to his cell that to have "company" for awhile, Jack word. would have been almost surprised had the man been other than "1307." In with a perplexing sense that he had somewhere seen this sullen, defiant face, but where he could not remem

In the days and weeks that followed, during which time Joe Stretter re mained gloomy and remorse, repulsing memory for some clue by which to establish his identity. Gradually, however, the new comer began to "thaw out" a little, and the two prisoners be come sociable, even friendly. Jack on learned that Joe's home was in Indiana, and as he said he had never been in Wisconsin, where Jack had inhoma, he was finally forced to the seen Joe before was but a trick of his

Occasionally, during the winter, Jotalked of escape; but as Jack did not and-freedom. enter into any of the plans, the subject

ACK POWELL sat with his the attempt-told him something of his life; his bright prospects, his folly, his ruin.

As he related the story, not defending himself in the least, of his down-ward course, and finally of his arrest and inability to prove his innocence, Joe sat pale and uneasy. Several times he opened his lips as if to speak, then with feverish nervousness, he would spring up and pace forth and back across the cell. As Jack finished the recital of his sweetheart's fidelity Joe suddenly stopped, and laying his hand on the other's shoulder, said impulsively

"Jack, I did not dream-that is, Iof course you are innocent! I have known that all the time; but I did not Imagine that it was I who could clear

"You clear me?" exclaimed Jack, in credulously. "What do you mean?" But Joe had turned away and thrown himself upon his cot; then he

said, hesitatingly: "I only meant that I could help you to escape, Jack, that's all," and despite his friend's efforts to continue their conversation, he would say no more.

In a short time Jack was fast asleep and dreaming of the time when his release should come and his innocence

Joe Streeter, however, spent the night in fitful slumbers from which he awoke with a start, sometimes half rising with the evident intention of arousing Jack; then his mood would change, and after some moments of indecision, he would again sink upon his bed.

Hardened criminal that he was he knew his duty, but he was selfish enough to fight against and at last overcome the promptings of his con-science, as he well knew that his chances for escape alone were small. and true! Even wh n the trial was If he could but persuade Jack to go with him, why, he could then find some means of proving his innocence. In fact Joe fully made up his mind to tell Jack all as soon as they were free, love, begging him to shorten his term so the "still small voice within" was silenced.

After that night Joe kept constantly urging Jack to accompany him in his attempt at escape, and at last gained his reluctant consent.

For some time Joe had been at work in the harness shop of the prison, and upon every opportunity he possessed himself of thongs and bits of leather. A large steel ring and a small file were also deftly concealed in his clothing and conveyed to the cell. Then the full details of the plan were unfolded to Jack, who was amazed at the ingenuity of his comrade.

It took some time for the ring to be filed into a hook, which was made est hopes and those of the brave girl very sharp. Then it was carefully covered with pieces of leather wound around in such a manner that only the point was visible. After this was comcell, Jack cursed the fony which had pleted, many wearisome nights were caused his trouble. Many times he had spent, one of the men standing upon decided to "quit drinking," but was the shoulders of the other, working alternately to remove the bars from

At last this, too, was accomplished. arrested for theft. He thought of the farm, the stock, and the neat little blankers, which, strengthened by the house which she had planned, and leather thongs, were braided into a which was soon to have been their stout rope to which the hook was setedious task of all, and many nights were spent in futile attempts to throw the hook over the edge of the cornice trouble had come, the general verdict and catch it firmly there. Hundreds of times the hook fell back, and but for its leather covering, would have struck the bricks with a ringing sound. Sometimes the book caught and held slightly, and the hear a of both men would beat fast with hope, only to have their spirits drop to the depths of despair the next moment, when the

hook loosened and fell. But even in this their work was re warded, and there came a time when the hook caught and held, the com bined weight of both men in the cell failing to dislodge it. The two prisoners stood for a moment gazing at each other, speechless with emotion. The gether in pairs, in charge of armed next instant their hands clasped, and each promised the other to notify his friends in case any accident befell him Joe promised to find some way to tell Nellie of Jack's fate, but when Jack was asked to tell Joe's mother where she would find the last stolen valuables he drew back involuntarily, for in the close friendship existing between them he had not thought of Joe as a criminal, only unfortunate. But to suddenly realize that even Joe's moth er was implicated, and had no doubt encouraged her son was a shock to the honest but foolish and easy-going Jack. It was only a second, however, that night, and the guard told him he was he hesitated, then he pledged his

Joe insisted upon trying the hook first, and as he pushed himself through the closer range of the narrow cell, he the window and swung slowly out in was more strongly than ever filled to that terrible space, Jack held firmly to his clothing. He fest sick when he thought of the consequence if the hook should slip or the improvised rope break. He breathed more free when he saw Joe, after only a slight hesitation, start carefully to ascend the rope. He soon reached the corn all overtures, Jack valuly racked his ice, and in another moment was on the roof. Adjusting the book somewhat, he leaned over the edge of it and signaled to Jack, and, he, too, made the

ascent in safety. Crouching low for a few seconds they waited breathlessly, but heard no sound. Thus far they had been unobserved. Taking the book and rope always lived prior to his going to Ok. they crept cautiously along in the shadow of the cornice to the corner of conclusion that his fancy of having the building from which they lowered themselves to the roof of another, and from this they awang out and down upon the wall, and then to the ground

would be dropped. The acquaintance of the cell mates deepened gradually in silence. Neither spoke. Jack felt into strong friendsnip, and when, one fairly bursting with emotion. To be called the control of these walls free was more night in the early spring, the subject outside of those walls—free—was more uppermost in Joe's mind, escape, was than he could realize. It seemed too again mentioned. Jack told his friend good to be true. But suddenly the argued that a bis reasons for not desiring to make booming peal of a bell and the sharp and Queries.

Then came a yell, loud and terrible changing quickly from rage to exulta tion. A shot rang out-then several others, followed by the spiteful hum of many bullets. Jack ran as he never ran before. Joe was slightly in advance, and Jack saw .im hesitate and stumble, then with his hands tossed high above his head, ne staggered and sank down.

In a flash Jack was kneeling beside him. Joe turned toward him mutter

ing: "Are you mad? Go! For God's sake Jack, save yourself! Don't waste your

own life!" "No! I will not go. Are you badly hurt, Joe?" asked Jack, as his comrade dropped back into his outstretched

arms. They were almost immediately surounded by the guards, but Jack lifted the wounded man upon his knee, holding him close against him with one arm, while with his free hand he tore open the neck of Joe's shirt, upon which a crimson stain now appeared. As Joe sank back limply, Jack shook him, crying:

"Don't give way, old fellow! Here, Joe, don't die!" But the head on his shoulder only

sank the closer. Suddenly he opened his eyes, and seeing the guards, said between gasps

of pain and weakness: "Jack, I'm done for. Don't think toe hard of me because I didn't tell you. 1 couldn't belp it-I knew you wouldn't come. Forgive me if you can, I knew all the time-since that night-that I

was-the man who sold you that horse You are witnesses," he said falteringly to the guards. "Tell them-governorhe is innocent. I stole the horse and saddle and sold them to him for twenty dollars - at Pawnee crossing in Oklahoma. I never knew of the arrest, Jack, but when I came here I thought you were the fellow - didn't know for sure till that night-you told me about-Nellle. Forgive-I'm done for this time."

Then, arousing himself with almost superhuman effort, he again stammered to the guards:

"See, I'm dying-you are-witnesses Jack didn't steal them-I did-Catons ville, Oklahoma. Met Jack two days after-coming from Kaw Reservation. Didn't know him-didn't care-just wanted to get rid of-stolen stuff. He was drunk. Forgive me, Jack-if you

He stopped speaking, his head sank, and the body stiffened in Jack's arms. -Waverley Magazine.

THE CHURCH "AD." TAKES. Ohio Minister Puts It in Display Type and Says It Makes Converts.

A decided innovation in church circles has been introduced by the Rev. Dr. E. E. Whittaker, of Ashtabula, Ohio, pastor of the Park Street Methdist Episcopal Church. He is using large display newspaper advertising to announce his church services, and testifies to the fact that two ten-inch advertisements resulted in doubling his average Sunday evening attendance and were instrumental in making converts to religion. His advertisements are set double measure, "top of column next to reading matter.' They are written in an attractive manner, and are set in heavy, black-faced type. Here is a sample of one of

"Wanted-A few more saints, a few more men, a few more Methodists, a few more sinners, to become saints. Meeting to-night at the First M. E. Church, Subject: 'Fools and Their Companions,"

The dodger cannot take the place of a newspaper display advertisement, the Rev. Whittaker says, and he is not satisfied with the "Church Notices" department. Dr. Whittaker pays full rates for his advertising.

The Chemistry of Soil.

Undoubtedly, one of the most wonlerful discoveries of modern chemistry has to do with the soil. It has been ascertained that the most barren land can be made rich simply by adding to it certain mineral elements which cost but little. On this basis it is estimated that the United States will be able eventually to maintain 500,000,000 people-more than one third of the present population of the world. It is merely a question of sup plying the requisite quantities of ni-trogen, phosphoric acid and potash. The last 'wo are readily obtainable at small expense, whereas the first may be supplied either by furnishing to the soil condensed nitrogen in the shape of slaughter waste or nitrate of sodn, or by planting clover, beans or peas which have an affinity for nitrogen and absorb it from the atmosphere.

It is now known that nitrogen is the most important plant food, and inasmuch as this element composes four fifths of the atmosphere the question is merely to absorb it into the soil. It has also come to be understood that only two per cent, of the material of plants is derived from the soil, the remaining ninety-eight per cent, being drawn from the air and from water It has been learned that certain spe cies of bacteria absorb nitrogen, and these may be propagated in moist earth, and the earth thus treated; sprinkled over the land.-Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Machine to Lick Postage Stamps. As a result of the persistent com plaints of persons licking postage stamps the French Minister of Posts Telephones and Telegraph Instructed the engineers attached to his depart ment to design a slot stamping ma chine. Two types are now being experimented with. In one, after the coin is inserted, the machine wets and affixes the stamp automatically if the letter is properly placed. The other weighs the letter, shows the amount of postage required and immediately upon the insertion of the price the stamp is printed directly from laked; plates. Both machines are speedy and reliable. Every French postoffice wil be provided with several as soon at they can be manufactured.

In the churchyard of Leigh, near Bolton, will be found a tombstone bearing the following amazing sen tence: "A virtuous woman is 5s, to her husband." The explanation seems to be that space prevented "a crown" being cut in full, and the stonemason argued that a crown equals 5s .- Notes

clatter of feet aroused them, and they THE MINISTRY OF TEARS.

Dr. Talmage Puts Forth the Misfortunes of Life in Cheerful Manner.

If Our Troubles Are Borne in the Right Spirit They May Prove to Be Advantages-God the First Resort.

NEW YORK CITY. — A vast audience crowded the Academy of Music in this city to hear Dr. Talmage. Discoursing on "The Ministry of Tears" he put forth the misfortunes of life in a cheerful light, showing that if they were borne in the right spirit they might prove to be advantages. His text was Rev. vii, 17, "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

What a spectacle a few weeks ago when What a spectacle a lew weeks ago when the nations were in tears! Queen Victoria ascended from the highest throne on earth to a throne in heaven. The prayer more often offered than any prayer for the last sixty-four years had been answered, and God did save the Queen. All round the world the bells were tolling, and the minute guns were booming at the obsequies of the most honored woman of many centuries. As near four years ago the English and American nations shook hands in congratulation at the Queen's ubilee, so in these times two nations shook hands in congratulation at the Queen's departure. No people outside Great Britain so deeply felt that mighty grief as our people. The cradles of many of our ancesters were rocked in Great Britain. Those ancestors played in childhood on the banks of the Tweed, or the Thanes or the Shannon. Take from our veins the English blood, or the Welsh blood, and the stream of our life would be a mere shallow. There are over there hone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh. It is our Wilberforce, our Coleridge, our De Quincey, our Robert Burns, our John Wesley, our John Knox, our Ridley, our Robert Emmet, our Baniel O'Connell, our Havelock, our Ruskin, our Gladstone, our good and great and glorious Victoria.

The language in which John Bunyan dreamed and Milton sang and Shakespeare dramatized and Richard Baxter prayed and George Whitefield thundered. The Prince of Wales, now King, paid reverential visit to Washington's statue address Westminster Abbey, and Abraham Lincoln in bronze looks down upon Scotland's capital. It was natural that these two nations be in tears. But I am not going to speak of national tears, but of individual tears and Biole tears.

Riding across a Western prairie, wild flowers up to the hub of the carriage wheel and while a long distance from any shelter, there came a sudden shower, and while the rain was falling in torrents the sun was shining as brightly as I ever saw it shine, and I thought what a beautiful spectacle is this! So the tears of the Bible are not

In summer you sometimes hear the growling thunder, and you see there is a storm miles away, but you know from the drift of the clouds that it will not come anywhere near you; so, though it may be all bright around about you, there is a shower of trouble somewhere all the time.

an oright around about you, there is a shower of trouble somewhere all the time. Tears, tears!

What is the use of them, anyhow? Why not substitute laughter? Why not make this a world where all the people are well and eternal strangers to pains and aches? What is the use of an eastern storm when we might have a perpetual nor wester? Why, when a family is put together, not have them all stay, or, if they must be transplanted to make other homes, then have them all live, the family record telling a story of marriages and births, but of no deaths? Why not have the harvests chase each other without fatiguing toil? Why the hard pillow, the hard crust, the hard struggle? It is easy enough to explain a smile or a success or a congratulation, but come now and bring all your dictionaries and all your philosophies and all your religions and help me explain a tear. A chemist will tell you that it is made

tionaries and all your philosophies and all your religions and help me explain a tear. A chemist will tell you that it is made up of salt and lime and other component parts, but he misses the chief ingredients—the acid of a soured life, the viperine sting of a bitter memory, the fragments of a broken heart. I will tell you what a tear is. It is agony in solution. Hear, then, while I discourse of the ministry of tears or the practical uses of sorrow:

First, it is the design of trouble to keep this world from being too attractive. Something must be done to make us willing to quit this existence. If it were not for trouble, this world would be a good enough heaven for us. You and I would be willing to take a lease of this life for a hundred million years if there were no trouble. The earth, cushioned and upholstered and pillared and chandeliered at such expense, no story of other worlds could enchant us. We would say: "Let well enough alone. If you want to die and have your body disintegrated in the dust and your soul go out on a celestial adventure, then you can go, but this world is good enough for me." You might as well and your soul go out on a celestial adventure, then you can go, but this world is good enough for me." You might as well go to a man who has just entered the Louvre at Paris and tell him to hasten off to the picture galleries of Venice or Florence. "Why," he would say, "what is the use of my going there? There are Rembrasides and Rubenses and Titians here that I have not looked at yet." No man wants to go out of this world or out of any house until he has a better house.

To cure this wish to stay here God must somehow create a disgust for our surroundings. How shall He do it? He cannot afford to efface His horizon, or to tear off a fiery panel from the sunset, or to subtract an anther from the water lily, or to banish the pungent aroma from the mignonette, or to drag the robes of the morning in mire.

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You cannot expect a Christopher Wren to mar his St. Paul's cathedral, or a Michael Angelo to dash out his own "Last Judgment," or a Handel to discord his "Israel in Egypt," and you cannot expect God to spoil the architecture and music of His own world. How, then, are we to be made willing to leave? Here is where trouble comes in.

After a man has had a good deal of trouble he says: "Well, I am ready to go. If there is a house somewhere whose roof does not leak, I would like to live there. If there is an atmosphere somewhere that does not distress the lungs, I would like to breathe it. If there is a society somewhere where there is no tittle tattle, I would like to go there." He used to read the first part of the Bible chiefly. Why has he changed Genesis for Revelation? Ah, he used to be auxious chiefly to know how this world was made and all about its geological construction. Now he is chiefly anxious to know how the next world was made, and how it looks and who live there, and how they dress He reads Genesis once. The old story. "In the beganning God created the heavens and the earth," does not totall him half, the leath," does not totall him half, the leath," does not totall him half, the leath, does not totall him half, the leath, and how they dress he reads Genesis once. The old story. "In

he reads Genesis once. The old story, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," does not thrill him half as the other story. "I saw a new neaven and a new earth."

The old man's hand trembles as he turns over this apocalyptical leaf, and he has to take out his handkerchief to wipe his speciacles. The book of Revelation is a prospectus now of the country into which he is soon to immigrate, the country in which he has lots already laid out and avenues opened and mansions built.

It is trouble, my friends, that makes us feel our dependence upon God. We do not know our cwn weakness or God's strength intil the last plank breaks. It is contemptible in us that only when there is bothing else to take hold of we catch held of God. Why, do you know who the Lord is? He is not an autocrat scated

tar up in a paiace, from which He emerges once a year, preceded by heralds awinging swords to clear the way. No: He is a father, willing at our call to stand by us in every crisis and predicament of life. I tell you what some of you business men make me think of. A man is unfortunate in his business. He has to raise a good deal of money and raise it quickly. He borrows on word and note all he can borrow. After a while he puts a second mortgage on his house. Then he puts a lien on his furniture; then he makes over his life insurance; then he assigns all his property; then he goes to his father-in-law and asks for help. Well, having failed everywhere, completely failed, he gets down on his knees and says: "O Lord, I have tried everybody and everything; now help me out of this financial trouble!" He makes God the last resort instead of the first resort.

A young man goes off from home to earn

God the last resort instead of the first resort.

A young man goes off from home to earn his fortune. He goes with his mother's consent and benediction. She has large wealth, but he wants to make his own fortune. He goes far away, falls sick and gets out of money. He sends for the hotel keeper where he is staying, asking for lenience, and the answer he gets is, "If you do not pay up Saturday night you'il be removed to the hospital." The young man sends to a comrade in the same building; no help. He writes to a banker who was a friend of his deceased father; no relief. Saturday night comes, and he is moved to the hospital. Getting here, he is frenzied with grief, and he borrows a sheet of paper and a postage stamp, and he sits down, and he writes home: 'Dear mother, I am sick unto death. Come.'' It is twenty minutes of 10 o'clock when she gets the letter. At 10 o'clock the train starts. She is five minutes from the depot. She gets there in time to have five minutes to spare. She wonders why the train that can go forty miles an hour cannot go eighty miles an hour. She rushes into the hospital. She says: 'My son, what does all this mean? Why did you not send forme? You sent to everybody but me. You linew I would and could help you. Is this, the reward I get for my kindness to you always?'' She bundles him up, takes him home and gets him well very soon.

Now, some of you treat God just as that young man treated his mother. When you get into a financial perplexity you call on the booker, you

young man treated his mother. When you get into a financial perplexity you call on the braker, you call on the braker, you call on the braker, you call on your lawyer for legal coursel, you call upon everybody, and when you cannot get any help then you go to God. You say, "O Lord, I come to Thee! Help me now out of my perplexity." And the Lord comes, though it is in the eleventh hour. He says: "Why did you not send for Me before? As one whom his mother comforteth so will I comfort you." It is to throw us back upon God that we have this ministry of tears.

us back upon God that we have this ministry of tears.
Your troubles are educational. I go into the office of a lapidary, an artificer in precious stones, and I see him at work on one precious stone for a few minutes, and he puts it aside finished. I see him take up another precious stone, and he works on that all the afternoon, and I come in the next day and still find him working on it, and he is at work on it all the week. I say to him, "Why did you put only twenty minutes' work on that one precious stone and put a whole week on this other?" "Oh," he says, "that one upon which I put only twenty minutes' work is

twenty minutes' work on that one precious stone and put a whole week on this other?" 'Oh.' he says, 'that one upon which I put only twenty minutes' work is of but little worth, and I soon got through with it. But this precious stone upon which I have put such prolonged and careful work is of vast value, and it is to flash in a king's coronet." So God lets one man go through life with only a little cutting of misfortune, for he does not amount to much, he is a small soul and of comparatively little value, but this other is of great worth, and it is cut of pain, and cut of bereavement, and cut of persecution, and cut of all kinds of trouble, and through many years, and I ask, 'Dear Lord, why all this prolonged and severe process?" and God says: "This soul is of infinite value, and it is to flash in a king's coronet. He shall be Mine in the day when I make up My jewels."

You know, on a well-spread table the food becomes more delicate at the last. I have fed you to-day with the bread of consolation. Let the table now be cleared, and let us set on the chalice of heaven. Let the King's cupbearers come in. "Oh" says some critic in the audience, "the Bible contradicts itself. It intimates again and again that there are to be no tears in heaven, and if there be no tears in heaven how is it possible that God will wipe any away?" I answer, "Have you never seen a child crying one moment and laughing the next and while she was laughing you saw the tears still on her face?" And perhaps you stopped her in the very midst of her resumed glee and wiped off those delayed tears. So I think after the heavenly raptures have come upon us there may be the mark of some earthly grief, and while these tears are glittering in the light of the jasper sea God will wipe them away. How well He can do that!

Friends, if we could get any appreciation of what God has in reserve for us, it would make us so homesick we would be unfit for our every-day work. Professor Leonard, formerly of lows University and

Friends, if we could get any appreciation of what God has in reserve for us, it would make us so homesick we would be unfit for our every-day work. Professor Leonard, formerly of lowa University, put in my hands a meteoric stone, a stone thrown off from some other world to this. How suggestive it was to me! And I have to tell you the best representations we have of heaven are only aerolites flung off from that world which rolls on, bearing the multitude of the redeemed. We analyze these aerolites and find them crystallizations of tears. No wonder, flung off from heaven! "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Have you any appreciation of the good and glorious times your friends are having in heaven? How different it is when they get news there of a Christian's death from what it is here! It is the difference between embarkation and coming into port.

Everything depends upon which side of the river you stand on the other side of the river you rejoice that they come.

Do you not this moment catch a glimpse of the towers? Do you not hear a note of the eternal harmony? Some of you may remember the old Crystal Palace in this city of New York. I came in from my country home a verdant lad and heard in that Crystal Palace in this city of New York. I came in from my country home a verdant lad and heard in that Crystal Palace the first great music I had ever heard. Jullien gave a concert there, and there were 3000 voices and 3000 players upon instruments, and I was mightily inspressed with the fact that Jullien controlled the harmony with the motion of his hand and foot, beating time with the one and emphasising with the other. To me it was overwhelming. But all that was tame compared with the scene and the sound when the ransomed shall come from the east, and the west, and the north, and the south, and sit down in the kingdom of God, myriads above myriads, galleries above galleries, and Christ will rise, and all heaven will rise with Him, and with His wounded hand and wounded foot He will conduct that larisony

One of the newest ideas for the wa man who gives dinners is to serve penches or nectarines which bear the names of her guests. Some time be fore the invitations are cent out she visits the fruiterer's and gives him the names of the guests whom she ex pects to entertain. There are copied separately on tissue paper and then are carefully cut out and pasted on the sunny side of the still unripe peach o necturing. As the fruit ripens and bluches the name remains written icrosa its fair cheek in white or deli-

A Home-Made Library. B. W. Pearce, SI years of age, a retired printer and editor of Newport R. I., has what is probably the mas unique library in Rhode Island, if no in New England, it is compose wholly of scrap books, numbering about 100, all made within recent During all of that time he has duplicate copics of the Utica Saturday Globe each week in order to use matter from each of the

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

International Lesson Comments For

March 17. Subject: Jesus and Pilate, Luke xxiii., 13-26-. Golden Text, Luke xxill. 4-Memory Verses, 20-24--Commentary on the Day's Lesson.

Introduction.-We left Jesus condemned

Introduction.—We left Jesus condemned by an irregalar meeting of the Sanhedrin, hastily called together during the night, at the palace of the high priest. The Sanhedrin reassembled at daybreak (Matt. 27: 1; Mark 15: 1; Luke 22: 66-71), at their proper place of meeting in the council chamber near the temple gate. A formal vote was taken and Jesus was taken to the Roman court before Pilate for the approval of the sentence.

13. "And Pilate." His capital was at Cesarea, but it was his custom to go to Jerusalem at the times of the great festivals for the purpose of securing order. Writers speak of "his corruption, his acts of insolence, his habit of insulting the people, his cruelty, his continual murders of people untried and uncondemned. The Jews naturally expected that he would willingly put Jesus to death without special inquiry into His guilt. Pilate greatly hated the Jews, but he was afraid of them lest they should report him to the emperor at Rome; which they did six years later, and he was deposed. "Called together." Pilate summons the rulers and the people and makes another strong appeal to them in order to get their consent to release Christ. Instead of calling them together he should have dispersed them as a riotous and seditious assembly.

14. "As one that perverteth." As one that has taught doctrines injurious to your religion, and also to the civil peace and the Roman Government. "Having examined." At the first trial he had heard all that could be brought against Him. "No fault." They had failed to prove a single charge.

15. "Nor yet Herod." Christ had travials avergively in Galike one are Haud."

could be brought against Him. "No fault." They had failed to prove a single charge.

15. "Nor yet Herod." Christ had traveled extensively in Galilee and yet Herod brings no charge that He had ever attempted to raise an insurrection among the Galileans. "He sent Him back unto us" (R. V.) This involved a distinct acquittal of our Lord from every political charge brought against Him. Had He in any way been guilty of (1) perverting the people, (2) forbidding to pay tribute, or (3) claiming to be a king, it would have been Herod's duty, and still more to his interest, to punish Him. His dismissal of the case was a deliberate avowal of His innocence. "Is done unto Him." "Nothing worthy of death hath been done by Him." R. V.

16. "Chastise Him." John says that Pilate took Jesus and scourged Him, but this was not done till a little later. The evangelists "make it clear that the scourging was inflicted as a secretar nuclear.

this was not done till a little later. The evangelists "make it clear that the scourging was inflicted as a separate punishment, in the hope that it would suffice, and not merely as the usual accompaniment of crucifixion." The scourge of leather thongs was loaded with lead or armed with spikes and bones, which lacerated the back, chest and face till the victim sometimes fell down before the judge a bleeding mass of torn flesh. Thus "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace, was upon Him, and by His stripes we are hoped that when they saw Jesus scourged they would be satisfied, but not so; they were clamoring for His blood, and nothing short of death on a cross would satisfy them.

short of death on a cross would satisfy them.

17. "Must release one." This verse is omitted in the Revised Version. But see the parallel accounts. This custom was in harmony with the nature of the feast and, however it originated, was so completely established that Pilate was obliged to at-

established that Pilate was obliged to attend to it.

18. "They cried out all together" (R. V.) The chief priest moved the people (Mark 15: 11); they were like a pack of bloodthirsty wolves. "Barabbas." An insurrectionist, a robber and a murderer. He was actually guilty of much worse crimes than they had charged against Jesus.

19. "Insurrection made in the city" (R. V.) He had a short time before this serious control of the city" (R. V.) He had a short time before this serious control of the city" (R. V.) He had a short time before this serious control of the city" (R. V.)

19. "Insurrection made in the city" (R. V.) He had a short time before this evidently been a ringleader in an outbreak in Jerusalem against the Roman Government.

"Willing to release Jesus." It was 20. Willing to release Jesus. It was probably at this time, while the people were clamoring for His death so loudly that the messenger came from Pilate's wife (Matt. 27: 19), urging the release of Jesus, and stating that she had just suffered many things in a dream because of

21. "Crucify, crucify Him die the most ignome "Crucify, crucify Him" (R. V.) Let

22. "What evil bath He done?" How many and what various persons bear testimony to the innocence of the Holy One—Pilate, Herod, Pilate's wife, Judas Iscariot, the thief on the cross, and the centurion at the crucifixion. "And let Him go." Pilate is laboring hard to release Him; he could have ended this whole matter with one word. It was at this juncture that Pilate asked, What shall I do then with Jesus, which is called Christ?

23. "Instant." Insistent, urgent. "Prevailed." The reason why He finally yielded seems to have been the one given in John 19: 12, If thou let this man go, thou art not Caesar's friend; whosoever maketh 22. "What evil bath He done?"

ed seems to have been the one given in John 19: 12, If thou let this man go, thou art not Caesar's friend; whosoever maketh himself a king, speaketh against Caesar.

24. "Pilate gave sentence." Before Pilate pronounced the sentence he took water and washed his hands publicly, thus expressing in acts what he uttered in words. "I am innocent of the blood of this just Person; see ye to it." Matt. 27: 24. Pilate again ascends the judgment seat, which was set up in a raised place in the open square, and delivers his final decree. Jesus is now mocked the third time, about 8 o'clock Friday morning in the court of Pilate's palace. Matt. 27: 26-30; Mark 15: 15-19; John 19: 1-3. When Jesus is brought out before them Pilate makes one last effor to release Him. John 19: 4-15. Now it is that he permits Jesus to be scourged, hoping that will satisfy them, but the cry is still, "Crucity Him," and He is taken back into the court and His own clothes are put upon Him.

26. "Laid hold." Compelled "Simes"

back into the court and His own clothes are put upon Him.

26. "Laid hold." Compelled. "Simon of Cyrene" (R. V.) Cyrene was a city situated in a province of the same name, west of Egypt on the Mediterranean Sea. "There was a colony of Jews in Cyrene, and they had a synagogue in Jerusalem. Acts 6. 9. "Coming out of the country." They were taking Jeaus out of the city, and they met this man. "Bear it after Jesus." He assisted Jeaus, who evidently was exhausted. Simon bore the hinder part, Jesus the fore part. part, Jesus the fore part.

The Bull and the Bonnet.

Fashion has decreed the wearing of gold roses, with green foliage, in la dies' hats. An incident which took place at the Dublin Cattle Show suggests that the new mode possesse disadvantages hitherto unsuspected A lady armed with a drawing-block and pencil, says the Freeman's Jour nal, was sketching one of the big black polled bulls, and backed away to get a good view of him, until she heedlessly brought herself within range of a similar beast on the opposite side Bull No. 2 being thirsty and bored took note of the gleaming rose and succulent-looking leaves worn in the lady's headgear, and made a snatch at them. He obtained more than bargained for-no less than the whole hat-and then the astonishing spectacle was witnessed of an intrepid woman attacking a brute like a black buffalo with a B pencil.

ludes to the fact that, in his day, the shops of the perfumers in London wer lounging places for young nobl men and other fashionable idlers.

EPWORTH LEAGUE MEETING TOPICS. March 17 -- "Christ Our High Priest." Heb. vII., 24-28.

The Epistle to the Hebrews is one of the most careful and elaborate pieces of argumentation in the whole Bible, of argumentation in the whole Bible, and one of the most remarkable productions in all literature. In chapters it, 1-6 and iv. 14, v. 11, the author endeavors to show that Christianity is the final religion, and thus that it supersedes Judaism. He supports this by the fact that Jesus is greater than Moses, Joshua and the founder of the Jewish system by as much as the architect who con-ceives the idea and plan of a building s superior to the mere mechanics who tollow his directions in constructing it; and by the fact that Jesus more than met the conditions of priesthood which he names in iv. 14-v, 10, as follows: The High Priest must be called not of men-but of God, must offer sacrifice for himself as well as for his people; must be mild-spirited toward the ignorant and wandering; must be taken from men and must be appointed of God to offer gifts and sacrifices for sins.

As the Jewish high priest kept the

As the Jewish high priest kept the idea of holiness and atonement for sin before the people, so his Sonship, his mediation in which he showed the character of God to man perfectly in terms of human understanding, and brought man back to God in terms of Godlike character, constitutes his high-priestly right and proclaims him higher than the Jewish priest, as his presentation of God to the people was by a method suffi-cient for all time. The ancient priest of Israel, himself morally stained, must offer a brute beast physically faultless, a mere shadowy emblem of holiness; Jesus, the High Priest of humanity, ofered himself, an exact embodiment of loving obedience to divine will, of per-fect holiness, of self-effacing devotion to the well-being of man; and just be-

cause the othering was the very ideal of perfect sacrifice it need not be repeated—it was once for all.

Christianity is not ritual and ceremony, but spirit and life. See the passage in John vi. 60-65, in which Jesus thimself explains this. Christianity is a life, a spirit of search after truth, a perfect consecration to truth in which the fect consecration to truth in which the soul pants as the heart pants for the water brook, to know the truth, to do the truth, and to be the truth; and hence it includes everything which helps to bring man to his broadest and deepest

Jesus, our chief leader, showed us that our highest development may go on even through a life attended by sorrows, by inevitable suffering and misfortune. He answered the soul's need by interreting God to man, by restoring us the picture of our true destiny, and by showing us how suffering and sacrifice may be turned to glory and profit. He underwent all that man undergoes, even unto death itself, yet came to a great triumph which was gloriously completed by his resurrection and immortality. Thus he begets that character which renders God propitious to us and ren-ders us eternally approved before God,

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPICS. March 17 -- "Christ Our High Priest." Heb. vil., 24-28.

Scripture Verses .- As our High Priest, Christ has redeemed us by his blood, (1) From sin and death, Col. ii. 13; 14, 15; (2) From the power of Satan, Heb. ii, 14, 15, 17; (3) Reconciled us with God: Eph. ii, 16; (4) Purchased and delivered us out of our state of sin and wrath. Eph. ii. 13.

Lesson Thoughts.

"The high priest alone could enter the holy of holies. 'No man hath seen God at any time.'"

"The high priest, while pure himself, must bear before God his people's sins. He hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin,

Selections When Aaron entered the Most Holy Place, he was bound to carry the names of the tribes of Israel upon his shoulders and upon his breast,—on his shoulders in token that he bore the burden of their breast in token of his love and care for them. Such a High Priest is our Advocate. He died to make satisfaction, He lives to make intercession. We are on his shoulders, to have our burdens borne for us. We are near his heart,

that he may both die and live for us.

Suppose a king's son should get out of a besieged prison, and leave his wife and children behind, whom he loves as his own soul; would the prince, when he arrived at his father's palace, please and delight himself with the splendor of the court, and forget his family in distress? Nor will Christ, though gone up from the world and ascended into his glory, forget his children for a moment that

left behind him. 'A child," saith Ambrose- "that is willing to present his father with a bo-quet, goes into the garden, and gathers flowers and weeds together; but coming to his mother, she picks out the weeds, and binds the flowers, and so it is pre-sented to the Father." Thus, when we have put up our prayers, Christ as our interceding High Priest comes, and picks away the weeds, the sin of our prayers, and presents nothing but flow-ers to his Father, which are a sweetsmelling savor.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.



THE great question is not, are you rea-dy to die, but are you ready to live again? dy to amend the gospel and then

put the amendment Giving love by the way is the way

to getting love. If you do not fice from the devil you

will be fleeced. The gilt on the ginger bread does the hungry little good. Only he can secure success who is willing to face failure.

The dance is as much the propaganda of hell as the gospel is that of heaven, You cannot expect to feel at home in the church while you gtay out on the

The skeptic hits at the New Testament miracles with a view of hurting its morals.

Many preachers yield to a reversed temptation; they turn, the bread into stones. There is no promise that the church

which is a poor beggar will rest in Abraham's bosom. There is a tremendous chasm be-

prose we apply. The greate t contradiction is thursh that pretends to pray to Gothle it preys on the world.