"The day is done, but what have I
That it has brought to me?
The sinking sun may gild the sky—
Why should I stay to see?—
I that am doomed to merely rise and toil
all day and then,
Lie down to troubled sleep awhile and
toil away again?—
Day after day the same old round
Until some day the welcome ground
Shall hide my face from men?"

"My tasks are done—a golden glow
Spreads out across the sky.
And still the sweet wind whispers low,
Still sings the song that I
Have, with a haunting gladness hummed
through all the blissful day,
And all the world seems happy as I hurry

on my way
To smiling lips and loving arms—
My path is through a land of charms
Where pleasing fancies play.

S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

If such was the supposition that the

soon proved wofully in error. The

Moro had been engaged in altereation,

ments before were of such a nature

that the Moro knew his part in them

deserved little else than death. More

over, he knew that it was his fate that

escaped from their midst. For the

More had the blood of two women of

his family on the kris with the plain

The commencement of the trouble

with his wife for some reason known

only to themselves, and in the heat of

sponse with his keen kris, and, driving

her before him to the front part of the

what isolated several minutes elapsed

before those who heard her screams

arrived on the scene. By that time

Leaving her mangled form, the Moro

ran towards the stairway at the rear

stairs, attracted by the screams of her

neighbor. By that time the vengeful

blood-lust which filled the maddened

Swinging his kris over his head he

way, but the murderer jumped down

someone had "run amok"-and calling

As the More, now become a renegade,

It might seem peculiar that the ren-

obtain a beat and soon place himself

opposite shore a few miles distant,

time inquiring the cause of the distur-

and the scars of combat, which cov-

By a clever duck of his head he es-

caped what seemed for a moment to be

certain death. The weapon fell, but

its razor-edge missed the Datto, cut

well into the neck of the servant fol-

a third to the list of its victims. An-

other stroke of the cruel kris ended

the life of one of the Datto's hench

men who stood in the path of the mur-

derous Moro's escape. So suddenly was the whole affair concluded that

carcely another weapon was drawn

before the list of deaths to be credited

to the kris with the plain handle had

In cutting his way through the

rowd, most of whom had made a wild

eak away from the affair, no fewer

een swelled to four.

As Datto Baqui stepped from out the

were at the foot of the stair-

# The Kris With the Plain Handle.

By Frederic Coleman.

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women.

Upon my return to Manila in the | with the naked weapon he supposed spring of 1900 from a four months' so that the participant, or possibly the journ in the Southern Philippines I survivor, of some Moro altereation was was reminded by my friend Feldman that I had promised, before starting | tice at Baqui's hands or else protection for the south, to purchase for him a from his enemies. fine kris, a weapon much in evidence among the savage tribes of the Islands | Datto placed upon the case he was of Mindanao and Jolo.

I accordingly asked my friend to drop into my quarters and select a true enough, but, as we subsequently weapon to his liking from my store of learned, he had little thought of seek-200 or more krises. Feldman lost no ing for justice or protection. The time in calling on me, and after some events which had transpired a few mohesitation, owing to his inability to de cide between a beautiful "snake-kris" from the Lake Lango country, which had a fine ivory handle, and a Jolo weapon, the handle of which was cov- his life should be forfeited should his ered with leaf-gold, hammered from townsmen be able to take it before he Spanish coins, he selected the former, as Lake Lango curlos are extremely rare. Before Feldman left the room. however, he spied a peculiar kris with handle, and by the Moro law of an eye a plain wooden handle wrapped with for an eye and a tooth for a tooth his strong black thread, which was lying life was already declared forfeited to on my writing desk. The blade of this | the members of the family of the dead weapon was inlaid with silver, and the curves at its base began in wide sweeps at the bilt, and ceased alto- and its cause will ever remain ungether at the centre of the blade, leaving the point straight for at least a "amok." The Moro became enraged foot and a half.

"I say, old man," said my friend, picking up the kris with the plain han- his anger adopted a course not uncomdle, "I didn't see this one. It isn't mon in Moro-land. He attacked his very elaborate as to finish, but it certainly has a sinister look of business about it. If you have no objections, I house, finally overtook and killed her. think I will take it in preference to the They were alone in the house at the Do you know, I wouldn't time, and as the building was somewonder if that knife had a history. Where did it come from?"

Feldman was right in his surmise. The kris with the plain handle had a her cries had ceased and her troubles history, and that a pretty exciting one. were over. That her struggles must The odd thing about it was that no have been frantic in the extreme was one knew that history better than my- proved by the condition of the dwellself, for I saw the keen, cruel knife sating its lust for blood one day, and could give direct testimony to the effect that it had taken the lives of at of the house, and met another woman least five human beings, besides of his family as she was ascending the wounding and maining as many more.

It was early January in Parang-Pa-

rang, a town on the south coast of Mindanao, and the day of an event of Moro's mind had gained complete conthe greatest interest to the inhabitants. trol of him. The company of American soldiers which had been detailed to garrison cut his second victim from the shoul-Parang-Parang had arrived in the der-blade to the waist, leaving her in morning, and the vertical rays of the her death-agonies where he had struck fierce tropical sun at noonday were her down. By this time half-a-dozen make a day along the seventh parallel the steps and ran by them so swiftly of latitude. The people of the town that they had no opportunity of learnwere enjoying their siestas after the ing the extent of his crime before he excitement caused by the coming of had passed around the corner of the the first Americans they had ever seen house and was at some distance from -with the exception of Major Brett, it. In an instant, however, two or Governor of Cotta-Bato, and myself, three of his townsmen discovered the who had visited Parang-Parang a few | mangled form at the top of the stairweeks before. The landing of the way, and started off on the trail of the troops had been effected in the most fugitive, crying, 'El Moro, el Moro!"satisfactory manner, and the soldiers words whose significance were that were quartered temporarily in the cement church of the town, as the old upon anyone who had the opportunity Spanish barracks were in a most un- to assist in capturing or killing him. sanitary condition.

Parang-Parang bears rather a bad passed the first house on his way towreputation. As a post of the soldiers and the centre of the town several of Spain it caused the Dons nearly as lances were hurled at his retreating much trouble as all the rest of the figure, though none of them found great, unruly, unexplored Island of their mark. Mindanao put together. Nearly 300 Spanish soldiers were killed in and gade should make for the centre of the about Parang-Parang during the scant town; but that was his shortest route eight years that Spain maintained a to the shore of the bay, where he could garrison there.

One day Lwas standing in the main in the hands of a rival Datto on the street of Parang-Parang, unmindful of the heat, engaged in an earnest en- This was no doubt his intention. deavor to induce a big, ugly Moro to place a price on his kris, the blade of crowd about him, and walked toward which was of uncommon pattern, al- the approaching Moro, he put up his though the knife bore a plain handle hand as if to stop him, at the same and the sheath was devold of ornament. As was frequently the case bance. In answer, however, the naifamong the Meros, the owner of the crazed man awung his kris at full kris did not care to part with it, and arm's length around his head, and would not consider any offer, no mat- without doubt, had the weapon landed ter how extravagant. In reply to my question as to why so fine a blade have severed the old chief's head from should be fitted to so plain a handle his body. But Uttamama Baqui was a he answered, in a surly tone, that he Moro himself, and won his way kept his weapon for use and not for power in Moro-land as much by the sale. The remark was one I had heard strength of his good right arm as by frequently before, in reply to similar his powers of diplomacy. Although questions, but I had good cause to re- sixty years of age, he was still agile, nember it later in the day.

When the cool of the evening began ered him from head to toot, were evito replace the heat of the day the en- dence of his years of experience. He population of Parang-Parang had learned that to evade a blow was turned out to see the "Americanos." far better policy than to met it. He The Datto Uttamama Baqui, the chief saw the deadily gleam of his assailamong the Moros, who lived in the vi- ant's eye and the evil intent it bore cinity of the town, was standing in the before the kris was fairly on its way! main street, not far from the church where the Americans were quartered. surrounded by a large group of his retainers and followers.

Suddenly a commotion was noticeable a few hundred yards up the street. lowing closely behind him, and added Attracted by the sound of cries we at once centred our interest on the stalwart figure of a man who came running toward the little group, in the centre of which stood the Datto and myself. As the approaching figure drew near I noticed with surprise that it was the fierce-looking, surly More whose plain-handled kris I had en eavored to purchase from him earlie in the day. The weapon, unshather was in his right hand as he ran rapidly toward us, and we could see bloc upon his sleeve and upper garments.
When the Datto heard the clamor and my the man running toward his

before the Datto's warriors had gath-The sunbeans play across my way,
The wind blows soft and sweet;
The sky is smiling down to-day,
And I, with dancing feet,
Speed onward to the duties that still
claim my faithful care
And to the pleasures that arise from
faithful service there—
And in my heart I'll bear along
A little of the West Wind's song
For those I love to share. ered their scattered wits and given chase. A shot was fired at the retreating figure; but the Moros are no marksmen, and he stood in no danger from their guns.

It seemed for the moment as though the man might make good his escape. Indeed, such might have been the outcome had not the desire to take human life been so strong within him. As he was running down the rond he met an aged and infirm Moro who happened to be passing, and although the old man was too weak to prove a fit antagonist for a mere child, the murderer ceased his flight long enough to bury the kris with the plain handle from the crown to chin, straight through 'ne head of the old patriarch of the village, .

and obtained a good start, unscathed.

The blow that robbed the old man of his life, however, proved the indirect means of the assassin's death. fore the maddened Moro had time again to raise the dripping blade the campilans and krises of the avengers had struck deep into his head, neck, side and back, and the spark of life left his mangled body before he could emit a single groan.

When I arrived at the depot a moment later the kris with the wooden handle was lying unnoticed in the long coming to him, either in search of jusgrass a few yards from the corpse of its former owner. I picked it up, and subsequently obtained the permission of Datto Baqui to keep it as a souve-

nir of the lurid event. All this went on in the very midst of the town, and almost within a stone's throw of the American troops as they were lounging about their quarters. When the Moros scattered in every direction, crying "El Moro, El Moro!" at the top of their lungs, Captain Gillenwater, the commander, drew his company quickly and quietly into line, not ware of the nature of the excitement. but resolved to be prepared to meet whatever developments might ensue. The whole affair was over, however, in far less time than it has taken to tell it, and the Americans breathed a sigh of relief when they learned that the Moro who "ran amok" would run no more

That is the story of the kris with the wooden handle which now forms the gem of my friend Feldman's collection.-The World Wide Magazine.

### A FUNSTON STORY. The Gallant Kansan's Exciting Experiences With a Cowboy.

This is the season for the Funston story. Some of the anecdotes told in reference to the captor of Aguinaldo are more or less apocryphal, but until the gallant general comes back from the Philippines to deny them they will probably pass unchallenged, which has been the case with a yarn that originated somewhere in the West.

After Funston's brief but exciting

experience in journalism he became a conductor on the Santa Fe line, and in this capacity found himself in almost daily association with various tough things in the cowboy line. One day a cattle puncher who had imbibed more whisky than was good for his nerves boarded Funston's train at a way station, and immediately began to make trouble. Refusing to pay his fare and shooting holes in the ceiling of the car proved to be among his specilaties. He was a deal bigger than Funston, but the latter did not hesitate to emphasize his authority by kicking the fellow's pistol from his hand and throwing nim off the train. The cowboy grabbed a chunk of balast and smashed a car window; then he fled down the track, with Funston in hot pursuit, and flinging gravel after the fugitive as he ran. Finally the cowboy got away and his pursuer, tired and breathless, returned to his train. The chase had occupied something over half an hour and Funston's train was just so much behindhand at the end of the run. The divisional superintendent made an inquiry and Funston explained.

"You did right to fire him," said the superintendent, "but what did you chase him for?"

"Because I was mad," replied the conductor. "You would be mad, too, if anybody flung a rock through your

"Probably," said the superintendent, "but I wouldn't do it again if I were von."-Brooklyn Engle.

Inbouchere on Queen Victoria. "I had the honor of being one of her Majesty's dislikes. I do not supppose that it was due to my having opposed so many Royal grants, but probably had its origin at my having jeered at the Battenbergs or some other of her likes. And yet I have no doubt that I hac a more sincere admiration for her then most of the flunkeys who bowed

and scraped before her.
"What I admired in her was her contempt for those who were trying to buy social distinction by means of their money bags, and the simplicity of her habits; while I always felt that where the Moro intended, it would if she did occasionally interfere too much in politics, she did so less than uny other of her predecessors and always yielded to the advice tendered to ber by responsible advisers in regard to policy and sometimes in regard to less important matters. She would not have been a woman had she not acted on her likes and dislikes, and in everything she was thoroughly wom-

anly."-London Truth. "Keep Off the Grass" signs are no longer to be found in Cleveland parks, or, if they are, they have been overlooked. According to the Plain Dealer. Mayor Johnson has ordered them

"What's the use of having parks that people may on'y look at?" said he yesterday. "If these people whose ousiness it is to keep the parks green and pretty can't do it we'll get others who can. But the people are going to walk on the grass if they want to."

The Lives of 'Bus Horses The average working life of a Lonion omnibus horse is five years; that of a tram horse is only four. He is the same sort of horse; he comes to work at the same age; he costs about the same; and he works the same few cours; but so much greater is his efthan five of bis fellow-townsmen were fort that it costs a shilling and wounded by the renegade. Incredible more to feed him, and he is as it may seem, the fleeing More out in four-fiths of the time. fort that it costs a shilling a week more to feed him, and he is worked

gained the farther edge of the crowd . THE TROOPS IN CHINA

WHAT THEY EAT AND HOW THEY ARE LOOKED AFTER.

The Camp Arrangements of the Differen Nations Were All Dissimilar - Our Troops Paid Small Attention to Dress -Russians Had the Best Cooking.

The report of Captain Thomas Franklin, of our commissary corps, already referred to in these dispatches, gives a very interesting account of the way the various troops were fed and cared for during the campaign of the allies in China. The Japanese has rice bread, dried fish and tea, which they supplemented by the use of the sheep and cattle the country produced. They also had American canned meats, but these were not used freely, and seemed to be more in the cle of their diet. The British white troops had a ration similar to ours in tard' was the fastest, quality and quantity, but not so troops had about three-quarters of a pound of flour, about one pound of rice, one gill of vegetable oil, salt, and once a week a pound of fresh meat, bone and all. The Sihks ate only meat or goat, but the Mohammedans ate everything except pork. The Russians had little besides a brack bread and soup. They were given quarterpound cans of some sort of preparation at intervals, much in the same way as the Japanese used American meats. They had the finest cooking arrangement, though, of any, On a springless wagon was mounted a iron furnace under a semi-spherical boller, water-jacketed. The boller was fitted with a tight cover and the wholwas very strongly and compactly built. Into this they put all the materials for a soup or stew that they possessed-and nothing came amissscrewed down the cover, lighted the fire, and away went the perambulating soup tureen with its company. When they made camp all they had march past the soup machine, the cook opening a faucet, and each man receiving his ration of hot, well-cooked thick soup; the assistant cook in the meantime was chopping up a loaf of black bread with an axe, and each man got a liberal chunk.

The camp arrangements of the different nations varied as much as their nations. The Americans appear to have kept the cleanest and best policed camps. All garbage was promptly removed and buried in pits at a distance, and other offal limed or covered with dry earth daily. The British kept fairly clean camps, but in a spasmodic way. They would let them get dirty and then turn a thousand coolles loose and do a week's cleaning in two hours. The Japanese kept their immediate quarters clean, but were not at all particular concerning their surroundings. The Russians and French paid little attention to camp sanitation, and but for the cool weather in September would probably have had a hard time. On the other hand, the Germans kept their camps very clean and guarded the health of their men by the most stringent rules, but withal had the biggest sick report of

The American transportation ar rangement seems to have surprised the foreigners. We used light wagons, loaded with from 3500 to 4000 pounds, so as to defy the muddy roads. One man cared for four mules, and each mule hauled from 700 to 1000 pounds could be driven without any change of speed over a crowded road or through the laybrinthine streets of Chinese cities.

a light platform, with neither sides nor ends, mounted on two small brush.-Army and Navy Journal. wheels. The Russians also had carts larger than the Japanese, with flaring sides and ends and drawn by Manchurian ponies of great strength. The British had a number of active, victors little pack mules, led tandem, three in a bunch, a coolle leading the head mule. The burdens were held in place by an ingenious apparatus with loop and hooks, but the lead did not stay on if the mule trotted or neted fool ish. The same army had also at first a number of carts with wooden axles and solld wooden wheels, which proved too cumbrous and were east aside all along the road. Afterwards some very good carts, steel built, ar rived from India and proved service. able. The French, Italians and Aus trians had no transportation excep what they picked up in the country The Germans were similarly lacking until late in the season, when a large number of military baggage wagons reached them. These wagons were not nearly the equal of ours in shape capacity or strength, and required two teamsters to our one.

All the foreigners appear to have paid more attention to the appearance of their uniforms than our troops did. but to have been less sensibly dressed. In hats and shoes our men were bet ter off than any, and their blue flannel shirts were greatly admired. The and on Saturday at 10 p. m. Japanese marched with very light they wanted. The British troops were also lightly loaded. But both these nations took along a small army of coolies to attend upon their men. The fifty hours' labor per week. Russians carried little. Their rough are also eight or ten whole holidays in blankets were rolled and the ends tied the year. together, and stuck into their sou cans and a wooden water bottle and a canvas baversack completed their outfit. The French and Italians curried very heavy packs. The Germans were heavily laden and seemed to have a pelt and a pounch for every schaum pipe. All the armies excep the American revelled in color and gold lace in their winter unifand had to spend much labor in keep ng themselves presentable.-Bost Transcript.

MUSTARD TOO SLOW.

In Skipping Rope the Highest Speed is Called Tabasco.

They were two handsome old ladies sitting at the window with their work in their laps, one the hostess and the other the visitor. They were children together and still talked of their former playmates as the "girls." "Where's Margaret?" asked the visi-

"Out in the back yard with some little friends skipping the rope. My favorite granddaughter, you know." "Rather delicate, I'm afraid. I declare I don't know what the race is coming to, judging from the girls now

we used to skip the rope, Sue?" "Just as though it was yesterday. 'Salt' was the designation when we nature of a special or emergency arti- just jumped an ordinary rate of speed, 'pepper' was faster and 'mus-

growing up. They don't seem to en-

dure anything. Do you remember how

"That's right. To do anything fastvaried or flexible. They used tea in-stead of coffee. The British Indian tation of the heart. Dear me! I don't suppose that there is one of those children out there could skip 'mustard' without having a sick spell. We certainly go backward with each generation, Sue. Let's take a look at them."

When they reached the back door there was Margaret flying up and down as though she had wings, springs and meat lungs like a long-distance runner. She was jumping two ropes going in opposite directions at the same time and whirling as rapidly as the operators could make them.

"Come here at once, Margaret," called the hostess, "what in the world are you doing, child? It's enough to give you convulsions. Why, it's faster by far than mustard."

"Mustard," sneered the granddaughter, who was breathing easy. "It's too slow for us. That's 'Tabasco' I'm doing."

Then the old ladies filed back, looked sheepishly at each other, and went to talking about how much better looking to do was to "stack arms," and then girls used to be than they are now .-Detroit Free Press.

> Hawk and Buzzard Fight. The Observer saw a flerce aerial battle recently between a buzzard and a hawk. The hawk had a nest in a giant sycamore along the Olentangy and the buzzard in flying over the tree had evidently gone too close to the nest of the hawk. The female bird left her home and gave battle to the sailing buzzard. The hawk-would soar up above the buzzard and then come down with the rapidity of a stroke of lightning. Every time she landed a few feathers would fly and the buzzard would croak out a protest. Finally the "skeleton cleaner" evidently learned a little wisdom, and dodged the hawk as she made her downward plunge. Then the hawk tried the side attacks, and for a time the buzzard was powerless. Then he got on the curves again, but as far as the Observer could see the combat kept up. The buzzard's mate paid no attention to the trouble his companion was in and calmly sailed along about a quarter of a mile from where the fight between the welter and the heavyweight was waging .- Columbus Dispatch.

Snakes in the Philippines. That our men in the Philippines are not campaigning in Ireland is brought home every now and then in a startling manner, as was the case with First Sergeant Ducklett, of Company A. Forty-ninth Volunteer infantry, of stores. The other armies depended stationed at Cordon, Isabela Province, on carts which carried loads of only Northern Luzon. He was walking 500 pounds per animal, and each ant- down the main street, when he came mal required one man to care for it. face to face with a boa constrictor The way our mules followed the bell- that had just made a meal of a young mare excited general interest; a herd pig and was casting voracious glances of fifty mules would be turned loose at a juvenile Filipino. Sergeant Ducand kept under control by two or kett's Krag clipped off the bon's head, three men, and when in harness they to the great relief of the natives. The Aparri News says that the constrictor was "young." If the baby boas out there enjoy a pig for breakfast, probably those full grown can get along The Japanese had many little stal- on nothing better than a rotund porklions with shaggy manes and bulging er, or even a private, U. S. A., unieyes, serving as pack-horses with form, ammunition belt and all. Prob panniers, each led by a soldier. Beform, ammunition belt and all. Probsides these they had a multitude of pearance of native guides sent ou small one-horse carts, consisting of ahead of American columns, that never come back once they get into the

> Why the Chinaman is Different. He shakes his own hand instead of

He keeps out of step when walking ith you.

He puts his hat on in salutation, He whitens his boots instead of leckening them. He rides with his beels in his stir-

ups instend of his toes. His compass points south. His women folks are often seen in trousers, accompanied by men in

Ofren he throws away the fruit of the melon and cars the seeds. He laughs on receiving bad news,

(this is to deceive evil cpirits). His left hand is the place of honor. He thinks it polite to ask your age

and income. He says west-north instead of northwest, and sixths-four instead of foursixths.

His favorite present to a parent is a coffin.-Tit Bits.

Shop Assistants' Hours. Shop assistants in Australia work only fifty hours per week. In Ballarat every shop, except those of tobacconists, fishmongers and hairdressers closes at 6 p. m. for the first four days of the week, on Friday at 1 p. m. majority open at S a. m., to be swept equipments, but seemed to have all and dusted by errand boys, the assist ants arriving at 8.30 a. m. An hour is allowed for dinner and on Saturday an hour for tea, the total being about There

> Slow Recruiting of the English Clergy. The stendy and increasing diminu tion in the number of candidates for holy orders in the Church of England is a painful symptom. At the last advent ordinations only 465 deacons and clests were ordained as against 519 Lt the previous advent. The seriousness of this condition of affairs rises out o the fact that the population of Eng-land is still increasing at the rate, it

## THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

International Lesson Comments For June 16.

Subject: Jesus Appears to John, Rev. L. 9-20 "Golden Text, Heb. xill., 8-Mcmery Verses, 17, 18 .- Commentary on the Day's Lesson.

9. "I John." John, the author of this book was St. John, the apostle, the son of Zebedee, the beloved disciple, and the author of the four other books of the New Testament that bear his name. "Your brother." A member of the family of God, a Christian. "Companion." "Partner." (R. V.) "In tribulation." A word derived from the threshing of wheat. It took hard blows of sorrow and persecution to separate the chaff from the Whest. John was at this time an exile for Jesus's sake, and had all the ressons other persecuted Christians had for being discouraged. "In the kingdom," He was a member of Christ's kingdom, which was in time to triumph over every enemy. "Patience." Meekly bearing all sufferings for the sake of his Lord and Master. "Patmos." This island is in the Aegean Sea, about seventy miles southwest of Echasus. "For the word of God, and because he testified about Jesus. John was the only apostle who died a natural death; that is, if he ever did die, for John Wesley and others believe that he was translated. John survived all of the other apostles a whole generation. At the time he wrote the Apocalypse, Paul and the other apostles as whole generation. At the time he wrote the Apocalypse, Paul and the other apostles and been dead thirty years; hence John was truly the patriarch of the apostolic age.

10. "In the Spirit," Under the influence of the Spirit, and fixed and quickened by the spirit, and fixed and guickened by the carried and the characteristic and the search of the fixed and guickened his decided and lea

notes His stability and strength. His feet

ithe senses.

15. "Burnished brass" (R. V.) This denotes His stability and strength. His feet are like brass when in the furnace and subjected to a very great heat. His feet were "strong and steadfast, supporting His own interest, subduing His enemies and treading them to powder." "His voice." Described the same in Ezek. 43: 2. He will make Himself heard; it is a commanding voice that must be obeyed; it is terrible in its denunciation of sin.

16. "In His right hand." The "right hand." is an emblem of power. "Seven stars." These stars are the faithful preachers of the gospel. "A sharp two-edged sword." His word, which both wounds and heals, and strikes at sin on the right hand and on the left. This wonderful sword has two edges, sharp as God's lightning—the edge that saves and the edge that destroys. Compare Heb. 4: 12; Eph. 6: 17. The sharpness of the sword. "As the sun." We know of nothing brighter than the sun shining in its strength. Christ is the true light. John 1: 9.

17. "As dead." His countenance was too bright and dazzling for mortal eyes to behold, and John was completely overpowered with the glory in which Christ appeared. Compare Ezek. 1: 28; Dan. 8: 17. "Right hand upon me." His hand of power and protection, in which the churches were held. "Fear not." There is no occasion to fear when in the presence of Christ.

18. "The living One" (R. V.) The source of all lie—the One who possesses absolute life in Himself. "I was dead." I became a man and died as a man; I am the same One you saw expire on the cross. "I am alive." Having broken the bands of death, I am alive "for evermore." "The keys." An emblem of power and authority. "Of death and of hades" (R. V.) Hades is a compound Greek word, meaning the unseen world, and including both heaven and hell. Gebenna is the Greek word which always means hell, and nothing else. Christ has power over life, death and the grave.

19. "Which thou hast seen." The visions he has just seen. "Which are." The actual condition of the seven churches. See chaps. 2 and 3. "W

Multi-Millionaire's Pecular Death. John P. Duncan of New York, who made \$6,000,000 in the wholesale grocery business and in real estate deals in Broadway and Fifth avenue in that city, died from blood poisoning, Sun-While eating oysters a bit o shell was swallowed which lacerated of membrane of the stomach leading to poisoning of the blood. Mr. Duncan was 72 years old, born in New York, of Scotch parents. He was a Presby terian of the Calvanistic school and one of his customs was to close the shades of the house and serve cold meals on Sunday so that the servants might spend the day religiously.

Sugar From Sawdust.

A patent for the manufacture of glu-cose sugar has been granted in London to a resident in Germany, says the Lon-don Pall Mall Gazette. The process is as follows: "Fermentable sugar is ob-tained by heating sawdust with sulphur-ic acid; then compressing the mixture and boiling the pressed mass with water. The solution thus obtained is ready for treatment in the usual manuer."

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPICS.

June 16 - Reverence for Sacred Things -Exod. III., 1-16.

Scripture Verses-Psa. Ixxxix. 7; cxl. 10; Heb. xii. 28; Lev. xix. 30; Pr lxxxvi. 11; xcvi. 1-10; John iv. 24. LESSON THOUGHTS.

While reverence will manifest itself in outward forms, it loss not consist of those manifestations; it is an inner

All ground is holy ground; all time is holy time; every honest work is holy work, if we realize that God is everywhere, and we are constantly in his presence and under his eye. Reverence is not servile fear, but

worshipful love SELECTIONS In the spirit of that significant Oriental usage which drops its sandals at the palace door, the devout worshipper will put off his travel-tarnished shoes, will try to divest himself of secular anxieties and worldly projects, when the place where he stands is converted into holy ground by the words, "Let us worship God."

We must come to God; we must not come too near him. When we meditate on the great mysteries of his word, we come to him. We come too near him when we search into his counsels. The sun and the fires say of themselves, Come not too near; how much more the light which none can attain unto? We have all our limits

None but a man having fellowship None but a man having relieve his with God could have seen the bush that day, for it required eyes unscaled to the insight of faith. God reveals his secrets and gives his calls to those who live in communion with

EPWORTH LEAGUE MEETING TOPICS. June 16 - Reverence for Sacred Things --Exod. III., 1-16.

It is probably true that the universal sin of our time is irreverence. The most sacred things are referred to in a manner that we are commanded not to profane, is used in the most ordinary conversation, as though it had no significance beyond any ordinary name. Objects which, by their long association with religion, devout people have learned to revere have meaning to the average person. God's day as well as God's house are ignored. It is believed that everyone may push aside with ruthless hand whatever is designed to hide the mysteries of the faith from the vulgar

Much of the irreverence undoubtedly comes from the spirit of inquiry which is abroad. Science has disclosed so many of the deeper truths, which were hidden from the wisest of other days, that there is a general impression that no knowledge is too deep for us. The man with the probe and the scalpel has gone everywhere, and behind him are a large company who rather take delight than otherwise in seeeing these instruments used, whatever may be the cost in pain or suffering. In the minds of many religion is only another name for mystery. It is associated with superstition and ignorance. To remove or break down the symbols of religion seem to be a means to the dis-closure of truth. This is the way many feel. Then there is the rabble that gets enjoyment simply out of the de-struction and suffering that are caused. For the cultivation of rever-ence several things must be observed.

Objects of Our Reverence.-Next to those things which best interpret God. To one person it will be one thing; to another, another. To many, by reason of their early training and habits of thought, it will be the Church, with its symbols of worship. To others the Bible will be invested with a sacred awe. Whatever the object is which seems to us to represent God or is the means by which we draw near to God, it should be handled reverently. or spoken of in a reverent manner. Let us beware how we spoil for ourselves our early habits of reverence by

### RAMS' HORN BLASTS



OVE is the pertume of life. Only he who can worship can attain. Religion is not a

rouge for rogues. A moderate a moderato drunk-

There is no dotage in the Christian life.

Some sort of creed preceeds every deed. A swift run sometimes indicates a

ight cargo. Christ gave no law till he had tried t in life The devil is the president of the sin

It is the grip on a better world that enables us to rise above this one. The Jordan will divide when faith

moves on to conquest. You cannot scatter sunshine if your religion is all moonshine.

Christlike indignation is always accompanied with compassion. The scheming preacher seldom for-

wards the plan of salvation. Souls are not saved by concerts whatever concerted effort may do. The life of our Lord has value to us only as He is the Lord of our life.

You cannot take the road withow Religion without conviction is like a lean-to shed, without foundation. The man who is most conscious o

coming from God will be most likely to return to Him. If we are not humble toward God, we are not forgiving toward our brothe Probably the story of this earth his be but a chapter in the history of

heaven. The man who packs water on botl shoulders is liable to stand in mud. He who times his efforts by his in clinations is pretty sure to miss boll opportunity and blessing.

Teach Me Day by Day.

I need Thee to teach me day by day, according to each day's opportunities and needs. Give me, O my Lord, that purity of conscience which alone can receive, which alone can improve Thy inspirations. My caus are dull, so that I cannot hear Thy voice. My eyes are dull, so that I cannot see Thy takens. Thou alone caust, quicken my hearing and purge my sight, and cleanse and renew my heart. Tench me to sit at Thy feet, and to hear Thy work.