"THE END OF TIME"

Sunday Sermon By the Rev. Dr. David James Burrell.

Discourses instructively on a Theme That in Less Eloquent Mouths Might Seem Threadbare-Economize Fragments of Time.

NEW YORK CITY.—The Rev. Dr. David James Burreil, pastor of the Marbie Colle-giste Church, Fifth avenue and Twenty-minth street, preached on "The End of Title." He took his text from Revelations x: 5 and 6: "And the angel which I saw stand upon the sea and upon the earth hitted up his hand to beaven, and sware by Him that liveth forever and ever, who created heaven, and the taings that therein are, and the sarch, and the things that therein are unliking sea, and the things which are thereins that there should be time no longer.

time no longer. • Our theme is a trifle threadbare, but per-haps none the less profitable on that ac-count. It is an easy matter to make a housily on time, but not all homilies are as much to the point as that of the court jes-ter lasence. for Jucques.

"Good morrow, fool," quoth I. "No, sir," quoth he, "Call me not fool till heaven liath sent me

iortune. And then he drew a dial from his poke, And, looling on it with lack-luster cye, Says very wisely. "It is ten o'clock: Thus may we see," quoth he, "how the world wage:

'Tis but an hour ato since it was nine; And after one hour more 'twill be eleven; And so, from hour to hour, we ripe an

And then, from hour to hour, we rot and

And thereby hangs a tale."

And thereby hangs a tale." And thereby hangs a tale." Let this melancholy "tale" engage us for a while. The issues of interminable acons may depend upon the attention we give to the circling bands on the dial. He who learns aright the leasons of time is ready to mest the responsibilities of eternity. But what is time? "Time is money." they say. So far so good, if we would real-ize it. A man went into Benjamin Frank-lin's book store and inquired the price of a volume. "One dollar." was the clerk's answer. "Call your enologier." and the would be purchaser. When Franklin was saked the price of the volume he answered. "One dollar and quarter." "Wy, your clerk asked only a dollar." "To be sure, but you called me from my printing press and I am charging you for my time." The man argued and remonstrated in vain. Fresently he said, "Now, Mr. Franklin, really what us your lowest figure for this hook." "One dollar and a naif." "Pre-poterous! You only asked me a dollar and quarter." Yes, but my time is vain up." This was sound philosophy and good business. It our days and hours were all marking with a price in pain figures we should probably up less modifies the mode the probably up less and hours were all marking with a price in pain figures we

business. If our days and hours were all marked with a price in pain figures we should prohably to less proligate of them. We have no unit scruple about wasting time as we would have in throwing gold carles into the so. But time is more than money. It is "the stuff that life is made of." It stands for privilege, opportunity, resnonsibility, judg ment, heaven or hell. You may throw away a dollar and earn another, but no two moments over in. The last one said farewell forever: the next is-already gone! Time is a talent, a talent of gold stamped with the image and superscription of thi King. God made it, as He mode the trees and mountains, and He owens it. He has entrusted it to us, to be put at usury for

and mountains, and He owns it. He has entrusted it to us, to be put at usury for Him. "Will a man rob God." Yet ye have robbed Me, saith the Lord of hosts." The misappropriation or misuse of days and hours and moments is as really dishonest as the tapping of an employer's till. This is a serious matter, and gives us sufficient food for thousht, if our question were pushed no further. But we cannot stop have.

I asked an aged man with hoary hairs, Wrinkled and curved with many worldly

"Time is the warp of life," he said, "O tell The young the fair, the brave to use it ward, "O tell

I asked the mighty angel and silvery spheres, Those bright chronometers of passing

They answered, "Time is but a melcar's

And hade me for elernity prepare.

I asked the mighty angel who shall stand One fact on see, the other on the land; "Mortal," he cried, "the mystery is o'er;

moserve our nignest interests as children of God. It is not enough that we should close the shop; we must open the windows of our souls toward God. The Sabbath is a "hallowed" or holy day. The Lord knew how busy we would be on the secular days —so busy that we are likely to give little or no thought to spiritual things—where-fore He said. "I will give them a day for their souls; when they may come up into the mountains and breathe the clear air with Me."

So He has given us time divided and ad-So the has given us time divided and ad-justed to our needs, and it behaves us to make an economical use of it. Some people are always in haste; others are always be-hind time. It was a wise saying of Fla-vels. "To come before the opportunity is to come before the bird is hatched; to

vels, "To come before the opportunity is to come before the bird is hatched; to come after the opportunity is to come af-ter the bird is flown." Every day, every hour, every moment strikes its own bal-ance. Postponement is profilgacy. Pro-crastination is a spendthrift as well as a thief. It was Lord Chesterfield, one of the worldliest of men, who wrote to his son. "Never put off until to-morrow what you can be to-day." But the worst of all capital crimes is "killing time." The phrase is significant--significant of murder most foul. The youth who seeks to quiet memory and an uneasy conscience by plunging into dissipa-tion; the old social campaigner who wan-ders about with a worn-out stomach and a wizened heart in search of pastures new; the devotee of fashion, whose idle days are spent in recovering from worse than idle nights--these all are chronocide, and they are moral suicides as well. Oh, the waste, the frightling irrevocable waste. Dreaming empty dreams, building windmills, entertaiming vain regrets and foolish hopes, brooding on old grudges, taring characters to tatters over the tea-cups, borrowing tromble, writing books that never will be published nor ought to be, groaning over imaginary aches and pains, crossing bridges before we come to

that never will be published nor ought to be, groating over imaginary aches and pains, crossing bridges before we come to them—what a large part of life these fill? And every moment lost this way is lost to self culture, lost to bumanity, filehed from the service of God. The world is full of commonplace people who have squandcred their birthright and fallen abort of all the large possibilities of their being through the misuse of time. They sit tilted hack in their chairs and twiddling their thumbs while Waterloo is being fought, and they wake up and begin to fret when nothing is going on. They never catch up with themselves. The "more convenient season" leads them a

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God's Opportunity. Some one has said that "each human life is another opportunity for God to display His grace and power." So it is and the thought will grow upon you as you medi-tate upon it. Just think, "I am God's op-portunity!" Isn't it wonderful! Isn't it glorious! When we look at others whom God has richly blessed and honored in ser-vice we can see how it is, but do we ever think of ourselves as God's opportunity?" Every one that responds to God's call. "Come" gives God a Ingre place in the world. Every one who obees God's com-mand, "Go!" assists God in gaining a larg-er place in the hearts of men. Every re-generated heart and life is a new garden in which God plant. His seeds of love and grace; a fountain out of which flow con-stant streams of healing power. Take it home and say to yoursel," I am God's co-portunity." Be that, and your life will be-come unutterably grand, and your exper-ience unspealably sweet. — Presbytorian Journal. Some one has said that "each human life Journal.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL International Lesson Comments For March 15.

Subject: The Riot at Hoheaus, Acts xix., 29-10 -Golden Text, Psn. xxxl., 23-Memory Verses, 29-31-Commentary cu the Day's Lesson.

 Demetrius causing a tumult (vs. 23-). Demetrius was a leading spirit among explosion shrine-malers, and may have en a wholesale dealer, executing orders been a wholesale dealer, executing orders for the shrines and "encloying artisans who received incrative wages for their la-bor." The preaching of Paul, the growth of the church and the advancing eiviliza-tion of that time wors making inrouts knon idol worship, and the sale of the shrines was decreasing. These shrines were made of wood or netal, and were lif-tle images or models of the temp's of Dana, containing an image of the reddless. Diana, containing an image of the rodde-They were sold to the people of Ephese and to the many strangers who visited the city, and were also sent to distant cith for sale. Demetrius collected all the work for sale. Demetrius collected all the work-men who were connected with his busi-ness, and very artifully aroused their pas-sions. In his speech he declared that their craft or trade was in danger of being brought into disrepute, and then unwit-tingly paid a glowing tribute to the apos-tle Paul and the effectiveness of the gos-pel (vs. 20, 27). The cause of the tunnit was coverbusness under the guise of relig-ion. Greed and gain blind men to the highest interests of markind.

highest interests of mankind. II. Paul's companions seized (vs. 28. 72). The address of Demotriar was effect-ive. The men to whose wardly interests he had appealed responded with loud cries. 'Great is Dana of the Echesians.' The design of this clamor was to raise a persecution against Paul, and thus serve their own interests. 29. 'Confusion.'' All the people rushed to the theatre, in which public machine

their own interests. 29. "Contasion." All the people rushed to the theatre, in which public meetings were often held. As the apostle himself at the moment, could not be found, his at-tendants were violently dragged along by the multitude. "Gaius." He had lived at Corinth and had enter-nined Paul at his-house (I Cor. 1: 14; Rom. 16: 23). "Aris-tarchus." He attended Paul to Rome, and was there a prisoner with him (Col. 4: 10). 30. "Would have entered." Paul was fearless and ready to stand in the fore-front of dang r. He no doubt housed to be thus risked. It appears that Paul listened to the entreaties of the disciples on this or-

turs risked. It appears that Paul Istened to the entreaties of the disciples on this oc-casion: at other times he did not (Arts 21: 10-14). Whi's Paul did not fear moles or even death, wet he wisely yielded to persuasion and did not risk his life when

persuasion and did not risk his life when there was no recessity for so doing. 31. "The chief of Asia." The original word is Asiarchs. There were ten men-annually elected from the most influential in the province, to conduct the sacrificial worship. Thus we see that some of the men honored with the highest offices at this festival were friendly to Paul and Christianity, and probably had no great care for Diana or her worship.

care for Diana or her worship. 32. "Knew not." The crowd had been drawn together by the noise and ezcite-ment, and only a few knew the real cause

of the commotion. III. The unroar increasing (vs. 33, 34). 33. "Drew Alexander." He was prohably an unconverted Jew. It may have been the case that the Jews wished Alexander. who was, perhaps, an experienced public orator, to speak in their behalf, and thus who was, perhaps, an exherenced phone orator, to speak in their behalf, and thus transfer the blame from themselves to the Christians. But when he attempted to speak the people perceived he was a Jew, and would not permit him to utter a word. 34. "A Jew." There was a general rejudice against the Jews. They were disposed to charge the whole difficulty upon the Jews, esteeming Christians to be but a seet of the Jews. They were, there-fore, indignant and excited, and indis-criminate in their wrath and anwilling to listen to any defense. "Two hours." In the division of time among the Greeks and Romans an hour did not differ greatly from an hour with us. It is not unlikely that in the hot rage and excitement such a length of time would be necessary to al-lay the tumult. "Cried out." etc. This they at first did to silence Alexander. The excitement, however was continued in orexcitement, however was continued in or-der to evince their attachment to Diana, as would be natural in an excited and tunul-tuous mob of debased heathen worshipers.

EPWORTH LEAGUE MEETING TOPICS.

March 15-The Young Christian's Pleasures-The Recreation of Body, Mind and Soul-1 Cor. 6. 19; 10, 31-33.

You'h wants life to be glad; and youth is likely to want life to be gay. "If I become a Christian will life lose its color, its exhiliaration, its pleas ures?" This question many a young man has asked himself. One real source of color and exhiliaration to the young Christian should be his joy his work. He comes to it with He enters into the spirit of it. zest. and if you watch him you will sometimes see his eyes sparkle with the delight of It.

Then there is his pleasure in all that the personal friendship of his Master means to him. The inner movement of his life has been tuned to a new music, and this gives him pleasure, rich and deep. Then the fine relations of friendship and service which come to him as a Christion, these are a joy to him. So, Instead of being a loser he is a gainer in pure, true pleasure by being a Christion His pleasures have not the underside of bitterness and regret which belong to so many of the pleasures offered to men. And now another question in the

way of amusements. How shall he decide which ones he may claim? The advice of Wesley's mother, "Апу pleasure which does not leave a sting," may well be remembered by him as he chooses. We may put the truth briefly by saying. Whatever weakens me or weakens my power to help others, this I must keep out of my life. If this rule is followed honestly, the young Caristian will keep out of danger. With this standard shall we hesitate to give up dancing. to give up catds, to give up the theater?

The history of dancing, the history of the theater, the history of the play-ing of cards, if one could read but a few of the terribly black chapters. lurid with the fires of passion, the heartless story of greed, the tragedies of broken hearts and blackened lives. surely it would be enough. The shuffle of the cards would seem the symbol of that playing fact and loose with moral issues which robs life of its luster. The rising of the curtain at the play we would feel to be too often the symbol of outraged decency. The dance would suggest the requiem of purity

Life has its pleasures, its glad, serene pleasures, its manly sports, its time for mirth. These belong to the young Christian. They are a part of God's giff. But his pleasures should be those from which he can turn unblushingly to meet his Saviour's gaze. But the pleasures foul with the suggestion of moral decay-from these the Christian turns, and is the gainer. the great gainer, by turning from them

Gladness in recreation, gladness in work, gladness in service—these he will find and the j will far surpass the monument-glintings of the counterfeit pleasures which attempt to pass in the currency of the world's life.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPICS.

March 15-"What Christ Tanchas About Trast." Matt. vl. 19-31.

Scripture Verses-Psa, xxxvil. 5: xxxiv 8; Jer. xvil. 5;; 1 Tim. vi. 17; Acts iv. 12; Eph. v. 17; 3 John 4; Psa, 1xil. S; Jas. v. 7; Psa. xl. 5; xxxiv. 22; xxvil. 1.

Lesson Thoughts.

"'Let not your heart be troubled." commanded Christ. That is as binding a command as any in the Decalogue. And since Christ commands it, it must be possible."

THE GREAT DESTROYER SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT

THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE. cores Nels, the Matricide-Are There

Not Some Young Men Who Might Frofinbly Read This Editorial From the New York Evening Journal? Morder is almost as old as the race, but ricide is comparatively a rare crime, y are the hands that have been stained

Many are the hands that have been stained with blood, but for the honor of humanity be it said it is hut seldom that that blood is the blood of a mother. The story of George Nell: has already gone the length and breadth of the land, and millions of hear's have been saddened by the young man's Satanic brutality. This strange monster in human form. George Nelk, lived with his aged mother and half-witted sister. A' lenst, he stopped a the same house with them when he was no. clewhere.

in the same house with them when he was not elsewhere.
Centre Nek was not a model young man. He deark, he gambled, he kept company with had men and worse wonten.
It seems that he becare infatuated with a discreptable woman, who had an eye for buildings, and who had intimated to Nelk that if he wisned to keep her company he would have to see to it that he was well supplied with money.
The infatuation was complete! The moth had delied with the firme until it was too late for it to get away from it.
But where was the money coming from?
"Ah! I see," said the crime-grazed son.
"My mother has keept a little store for many years. She has saved up some money, and with that money I will make my peace with this words. From the side of the painted devil by whom he was so store, found her in the little back room, dozing in her rocker after the day's work, and dealt her the blow that killed her?

The deed was done-and the poor cid coman's hard-carned savings were now the

woman's hard-carned savings were now the non'a! Upon a slip of paper left upon the table he wrote these terrible words: "I have \$1000, and an going to have a good time. Then I will kill myself." Back to the woman he went with the \$1000, and the rest will be known later. Such is the awful story, told in the plain-est possible terms. And the question may well arise: "Is there not that in the story which mary young men may ponder upon with profit?" George Nelk rurdered his poor old moth-er by hitting her upon the head with a hatchet.

by hitting her upon the head with a hatchet. That is one way to murder a mother.

But it is not the only way. Very few young men murder their mothers sy blows on the head with a hatchet, but many a time they murder them in other ways that are just as effective and ing a schel

other ways that are just as enterity and just as cruel. George Nelk broke his mother's head-are there not many other sons who break their mothers' hearts? And between the two ways of killing a mother it is hard to say which is the more HER DOUGH "RIZ" ALL RIGHT.

riminal or cruck. To split the mother's head with a atchet seems the more brutal, but, after ill, is it?

all, is it? Is it not equally brutal to rend a moth-er's heart, to keep her awake night after night in "restless ecatacy," wondering when the bell will ring, and if when it rings her son will be brought in dead or alive

And what is the matter with all of these unnatural sons-those who murder their mothers with hatchets, as George Nell did, and those who murder them with worry and trouble?

and those who murder them with worry and trouble? One word tells the whole story—whisky. Whisky is a demoralizer. It breaks up the foundations of character; it undees at one fell swoop all that the mother has been lovingly working for for years, and out of the boy who might otherwise be a joy to his home and an honor to his race it makes a matricide—a murderer of his mother. This editorial is not meant as an insult to any young man. The writer recognizes the fact that the most natural thing in the world is for the son to love and honor his mother, and to wish only for her peace and happiness. And the writer of this editorial knows that, hut for the brutalizing, de-mors lizing influence of whisky, mothers would almost universally be happy in their children. chidren.

And so we commend to the young men

And so we commend to the young men of this community the moral of this story. That moral is 30on told: Let whisky alore! Do that, and the dev-ils of ramorse will never hold their hellish orgics in your soul. Do that, and those who shall pass through the cemetery in which you are finally laid at rest will never in able to which the cemetery in

RAM'S HORN BLASTS. THE RELIGIOUS LIFE

READING FOR THE QUIET HOUR

WHEN THE SOUL INVITES ITSELF. n: Teach Mo Thy Way-It is a Chris-

tian's Duty to Get Along Pencenbly With All Sorts and Conditions of Men -Be Tolerant.

Teach me Thy way. Oh. Lord! Help me to know The devious, hidden path That I must go. I am too weak and blind, My way alone to find. Oh, lest I go astray. Teach me Thy way!

Teach me Thy way, Oh. Lord! Help me to see. The clear, the shining road That leads to Thee. In ignorance I stand. And wait Thy guiding hand, In tender love each day. Teach me Thy way! iss Emily H. Watson, in New York Observer.

Miss

Observer. Art of Living With People.

Art of Living with People.
We find life's best school in living with the people, says J. R. Miller, D. D., in Christian Work. Some one says: "It is better to live with others even at the cost of considerable jarring and frietion than to live in undisturbed quiet alone." It is not indisturbed quiet alone. "It is not indisturbed quiet alone." It is not indisturbed quiet alone. "It is not indisturbed quiet alone." It is not indisturbed quiet alone. The second of the giving un of one's rights many a wound in, many a heartache, many a pang. It requires self-forgetfulness, self-restraint, the giving un of one's rights many times, the overlooksing of unkindnesses and thoughtessnesses, the quiet endure. Nevertheless it is more surrely better to live with people, which is host easy, than to live alone.
Taking alone nourishes much that is not good and beautiful in human nature. It promotes selfahness. It gives self-control, we self-outed and whims without limitation, without protest, since no one is near enough to us to be seriously affected by our selfshiness. Then it deprives us of the opportunity for discipline and education which we canget only by living in daily contact with others. One never can grow into true nobleness of character, sweetness of disposition and beauty of like while living in aliticate. We need to have our sharp corners rubbed off, our little pet fancies punctured, and most of all to learn self-control, sweet reasonableness' and tolero self-control, we cannot learn the theory of loving and be albe to preach about it and write delichtful -sessor of the subject, but that is different alto rives. Then we never can learn the lesson of the sether from getting the lesson into our own lives. Nothing will become and edded grace, because of unceasity. We cannot learn patience with others as of arso et along the series and from the sector. Heat alone, which are helped to form character by the necessity of patience and charity in our dealings toward others, so in this we have then to thank fo

what it was that was swelling out the sides of her satchel in such an unproportionate manner, and she opened the satchel to find out. She struggled to close it, but she could not. The man in the rear seat looked over her back to see what the matter was. The conductor stopped to look

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Giving Thanks.

Giving Thanks. There are two, ways of giving thanks-one by the lips and the other by the life. The two onght always to be together, but such is not always the case. "Lip thanks" will surely accompany or flow from "life thanks," but it is not always true that the spoken "Thank you" is accompanied by life gratitude. There is not enough of expressed thankfulness, either by word or life. We all take things too much for granted. We seem to assume that the world owes us at least a living and jorget too often that whatever comes to us through the world is sent us "from above, from the Father of Lights."

Faith a State of the Soul.

Valib a State of the Soul. It matters not how faith comes, whether through the intellect, as in the case of St. Thomas, or in the heart, as in the case of St. John, or as the result of long edus-tion, as in the case of St. Peter. God has many ways of bringing different characters to faith, but that bleased thing which the Bible calls faith is a state of soul in which the things of God become glorious certain-ties.-F. W. Robertson.

EARS are the det of the spirit. A fire-fly relig-S ion will never warm his cold world. To conceal truth RY s to congeal the eart. The milder vir-

ues may be as mas-金子 1h terful as the wilder 'oices.

家室 Blessed is the man who does not draw his ideals from his idols. Heights of consecration may follow

The last

depths of conviction. The seats in heaven will not be as signed by the size of our heads.

When a man is in the right he is not afraid of being misrepresented.

The hand will feel cold to man when the heart is not in touch with God. Grasping a dime may keep you out

of heaven as much as greed for a dollar. The habit into which you put your

heart will either be a holy or a harmful one. Perfection may be like the North

Star, impossible to touch but good to steer by. You cannot pull a man out of the mire of sin by throwing rocks of cen-

sure at him. A mushy religion will not make men. Patience is a fruit plucked only in

God is the only one who can be

The only way to exclude the evil is

He who follows the guidance of all

Sentimental tenderness to the crimi-

nal may be cruelty to his victims. Only the insignificant man counts

Some people complain because it costs an egg to ket a chick.

has often prevented being a good man.

The church without a responsibility for lost society has no relation to the

Embarrassing Experience Kind-Hearted Woman.

A medicine bottle, a mirror and a bunch of keys, all sticking to a chunk

of dough as large as your head was

the sight that met a Skowhegan

woman's view when she opened her

satchel in the Skowhegan car en

She had wondered for some time

"What's the matter, madam," he

"Oh, nothing. Bread is rising, can't

She got her fingers in the dough

and then she got mad. She tried to

"Confound that thing," she said

When she tells her friends about

and the satchel, comb, mirror and

dough disappeared out through a

pull them. She tried to close the

satchel, but it would not close.

at her in her helpless state.

you see? Oh, get away!"

route to Lewiston.

inquired.

window.

Watching others is often an attempt

fellow

the gardens of pain.

trusted with vengeance.

to entertain the good.

reaches the goal of none.

anything as insignificant.

to hide our own weaknesses.

Savior.

The attempt to be a good

was. more! time is, but time shall be

more" A step further brings us to the inquiry. What is time for? or to what end has this momentous trust been reposed in us? Let it be understoad that time is not for us to live in. We are not ephemera; we live for-ever. Time is given us for preparation. This is only the antechamber of life, where we stand writing until the door opens and we pass in. Death is the angel that opens the door. The only reason why we fear death is because we know that as time leaves us oternity finds us. Death ends probation. We cross the line with our characters chrystalized "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still, he that is holy, let him be holy still." These are our school-days; death is "commencement." Here we serve an apprenticeship; death is going to work.

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Making Others Happy.

Making Others Happy. When you rise in the morning form a resolution to make the day a happy one to figure the the day a happy one to off garment to the saily done; a left off garment to the sorrowful, an encouras ing expression to the striving—trifles in the twenty-four bours. And if you are young depend upon it, it will tell when you are old, and if you are old, rest assured it with send you gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity. By the most imple arithmetical sum look at the result, fy you send one person, only one, happily though each day, that is 365 in the course of the year. And supposing you live forty of the year. And supposing you live forty of medicine, you have made 14,600 beings papets.

The Brand of Drink. "

The Brand of Drink. 7: Sin sets its seal upon the human face as distinctively as righteousness, says the Union Signal. An article in a New Or-leans paper states the fact that expe-rienced backeepers can tell what a man drinks hy the peculiar discoloration of his akin. There is, it appears, a livery of whisky, of brandy, beer, absinthe, each one doing its deadly work with strict individu-ality. In no little corner of the creation is law inoperative, whether it he the law of life or the law of sin and death.

"Those Halsted Youngsters." There are so many sons of Murat Haistead that no one outside of the family has ever been able to keep count of them. However, one intro duced himself to Major General Chaf fee the other day and reminded him that two of his brothers had served under him in China. "Yes," said the General, his eye lighting up, "I know them both very well." They almost worship the ground you walk on, Gen eral; they talk only of you when at home, of your brave deeds, of the af fection every soldier has for you, of "The General, hastily interrupt ing: "Stop, stop!" I'm afraid those youngsters have talked too much." Both of them are First Lieutenants, yet to him are only "youngsters," of whom he is very proud.

This Rapid Age. A steel skyscraper in New York is to be taken down to make room for a more modern structure. The or teinal building was crected in 1898, but 's now looked upon as out of date. The age of steel is, indeed, a rapid is the thing for valuable dogs. REO.

Certement, however was continued in order to wince their attachment to Dina, as would be natural in an excited and tunulturins mab of debased heathen worshipers. III. The town clerk." This official was a very important person. He was and the stood next in rank to the municipal chief, and performed his duties during the obsence or on the death of that officer. "Had quieted." His influence was so meat that the mab became quiet and aver him a hearing. "He said." The speech is full of taet and ability and shows that the man was well mailined to fill the high office he held. "A worshiper—temple weaper." Literally, temple sweeper. The rame no double was first used to imply their ac goldess was a grand distinction." The image." etc. This sacred image from the service of so magnitizers. "A goldess was a grand distinction." The image." etc. This sacred image from the was "a rule wooden figure newly the shape of a mumey." "They had prove was "a rule wooden figure newly the shape of a mumey." "They had prove the shape of a mumey." "They had prove the shape of a mumey." "They had persons against whom it annears they could take no proceedings. "Robhers of temples." As the temple at Frahesus had a great treasure chamber the offense with a prevent was to overthrow ido'arry, but they had refrained from demunciation and oncobinous epithets. To have taken any other sould the general effect of their preaching was to overthrow ido'arry, but hey had refrained from demunciation and oncobined apithets. The was and order, "Other matters." Anything that perture to much in a shear of they have a special in contorming to law and not by a mob. To move an uniawial tunult was a grant and horderse. "Anything that perture to make a shear of the shear course with a jealous eye. It was a could be an a stoching stower of sedition in the provingent course with a jealous eye. It was a could be able to give account of this comeonize. "No cause." "They were in danger of sedition in the proving the shear course with a jealous eye. It was a could o

were entirely groundless.

GUARD DOGS AGAINST SMALLPOX

Vaccination Now Popular for th Household Pets.

The veterinary surgeon was vaccinating a big Newfoundland dog. The animal was muzzled and an assistant held its head, says the Philadelphia Record. A space the size of a silver dellar was shaven clean on its back. and here the virus was being applied "I choose this spot to work on," said the surgeon, "because the dog can't scratch himself here. If I vaccinated him on the leg he would be apt to irritate the wound and make it very sore The vaccination of dogs is new," he went on, "but it is a very good thing I wonder that it was never tried before this year. Many valuable dogs have died from time to time of smallpox. There have, indeed, been cases where whole packs of hounds have contracted the disease, and their killing has been necessary. I advocate every pup's vaccination. When dogs take smal-pox they take it badly. Their death is nearly always bound to follow. When they recover they are not disfigured. their hair hiding the pock marks, but they so seldom recover that this fact hardly counts for much. Vaccination

'Like as a father.' father's wishes anticipate his children's with eagerness; so do God's.

"A father withholds nothing from children except for their good. Neither does God.

"A father permits no one to surpass him in love for his children; neither does God.

'The children cannot more wisely take care of themselves than by doing nothing and letting the father do it all. That is man's best way of taking care of himself."

Selections.

We trust as we love, and we trust where we love; if you love Christ much, surely you will trust him much. O holy trust! O endless sense of rest! Like the beloved John

To lay his head upon the Savior's breast ,and thus to journey on

That writer of beautiful hymns, John Newton, compared the troubles that come to the Christian in the course of a year to a great bundle of sticks. But in his mercy God gives the Christian only one stick a day. We could easily manage it if we did not insist upon carrying yesterday's stick over again to-day, and adding the burden of to-morrow to our load before we are required to bear it.

The word "providence" means "fore-sight." Our Father in heaven is like many a father on the earth who looks ahead to discover what will be the needs of his child during future years, and provides for them long before the child himself has taken any thought at all for the future.

Suggested Hymns.

A shelter in the time of storm. Blest Jesus, grant us strength. He leadeth me.

I am trusting thee, Lord Jesus. Jesus, thou Refuge of the soul. Lord for to-morrow and its needs.

Not New England Hospitality. Senator Hoar, at the New England dinner that was held recently in Phil adelphia, talked about New England hospitality.

"It is better now than it used to be," he said, "but it will still stand improvement here and there. I remem-ber how I dined, not long ago, with a Connecticut farmer, a boyhood friend of mine. For dinner there was tur key. It was an excellent bird and J ate of it heartily. I said: "'John, this turkey will make a fine

hash to-morrow.'

"'Yes, George, it will,' the farmer answered, 'provided that you leave off now.

"That was not New England hospi tality, either. It was just a joke," concluded Senator Hopr.

Still Digging for Treasurs. The Isle of Pines, south of Cuba, is the original of Robert Louis Steven-son's "Treasure Island." Prof. John Finley has been visiting the Island and in writing of the experience says that, even at this late and unromantio days he found men digging for treasday, he found men digging for treasure there.

There lies a matricide."

Insanity Caused by Drink.

In a recent interview Frederick Richard-ron, of the Bedford Insane Asylum, of Bedford, Ill., said that "the increased in-sanity, especially among young people, is largely due to alcoholic stimulants and drugs." This is not the verdict of the

drugs." This is not the verdict of the temperance advorate, but that of an expert in lunacy, who gives the results of years of practical observation. Here is his opinion: "Fast living has caused more cases of mental weakness than anything else. Drinking and the use of narcotics, princi-pelly opium, seem to be the natural result of a rapid rise, then shattered health and insanity. The whole cauntry is living fast-er and faster. The Stock Exchange is con-tributing its ouchs to the number of insano and neople from every walk in life are placed under our mare. We have learned that the normal Me is most conducive to the health of brain and body."

Tomporance Extending.

Temporance Extending. """ Greater temperance in the use of intoxi-cant, is extending among all reasonable men. The dangers of such stimulation are recognized the more as intelligence spreads and increases. Intemperance is dreaded as a lamentable disease. Habits of intoxica-tion, once-indulgently regarded by society, are now reprodated as indecent or la-mented as evidences of a deplorable phy-sical disorder. The consumption of alcohol an domers has diminished greatly, and modern business exacts a concentration of industry incompatible with excessive drink-ing. But legal prohibition has proved in practical operation an unavailing remedy for the evil it set out so confidently to cure and removo finally from society.—New York Sun.

A Striking Illustration

A Striking Illusivation. Imagine the sensation of public horror and indignation in New York City if a procession of 100 tenms were being driven down Broadway to the battery on the morning of January 1, each with its cargo of 500 loaves of bread, for the purpose of pitching the whole 50,000 loaves of bread in the water, and this to continue for the 305 working days of this year. Yet this is but a faint picture of the actual waste which attends the consumption of grain in the vat and the still.—National Advocate.

A Cemetery or a Saloon. According to the daily papers the village of Futon, Kalamazoo County, Michigan, has taken a novel method to prevent the locaning of a saloon there. Last supmer a hotel was built, and it was learned that the proprietor, was to be given a license for a bar, in the hitherto remperance vil-lage. "When the temperance people learned of this they dug up a law of 1894 which forbids the location of a saloon within eighty rods of a cemetery. Then they organized a cemetery association, fil-ing incorporation napers with the County Clerk, and located the jlat within eighty rods of the hotel." Good! A cemetery even is far better than a saloon.

An Unserving Markaman. "Whisky never misses fire," said a man the other day. No, it never does. It is sure to bring down its victim sooner or later, whether he be high or low, in the so-cial or intellectual scale. And flattering all about him will slways be the wounded hearts of mother, father, wife, children, sisters, brothers and friends, while beyond and behind all this is to so often a trail of ruined virtue and contaminating influences. At least six hearts on an average carry a lifelong, overshadowing, dreary sorrow for every victim alcohol brings down. The un-dertow of all family and social life is large-the victims of alcohol. No, whisky never misses fire, never.

the case now she laughs at the horrid she did not feel like it then.

She was coming to visit a friend in Lewiston. This friend admired her bread very much and said it was the best in the world, so, not having any bread ready to bring with her, she seized upon a large piece of dough which was rising in a pan before the fire and wrapping it in a napkin she placed it in her grip with the above result .- Lewiston Evening Journal.

AS TO GERMAN AFFABILITY.

How a Housemald Delivers a Message from Her Mistress.

"Hearty greetings to the Frau Doctor F. from the Frau Professor W., who hopes that the gracious Frau Doctor and her family are all well, and would the gracious Frau Doctor kindly tell the Frau Professor how many pounds of googe feathers go to a pair of pillows?"

Something after this stately fashion does a housemald in Germany who prides herself on her good manners deliver a message from her mistress. This stilled lavguage takes time, but short speech and a brusge manner find scanty tolerance in the fatherland.

The street car conductor knows this and he civilly touches his hat as he asks his fare, and if, perchance, you have given him a penny over the amount, he will set you down at your station with a friendly adjeu!

Enter any little knick-knack shop to buy perhaps a paper of needles, and a pleasant smile and good-day will greet you from the busy employes. However triffing your purchase, the honor of your gracious patronage is begged for a future occasion, and every one in the shop is for the moment your obedient servant.-Rachel Carew in

were two or three young women rath-

"I wish you would have that win

the Pilgrim.

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Make Use of Endowments.

Existence is not given to be wasted in the prosecution of selfish plans or in ac-vancing and executing trifling ones. Time has been freely given, and with it a high capacity to live worthily and a sure strength to do well. Let me remember that I am responsible for the use I mate of these endowments.—Dorothy Dix. The Dignified Usher. In one of the boxes at a social af fair at the Waldorf the other evening er thinly clad. Their chaperon called to one of the ushers.

dow behind us closed," she said. "Certainly, madame," he responded Blessed is the man who has a quist cham-ber in his soul where hops and moment can wit together and contemplate the mem-ories of God.--United Presbriterian. politely, "I will send for a man to do

ian Maciaren in Peer Health. Reports in regard to the ill health of Ian Maciaren are causing annisty among his friends. Mr. Watson he canceled all engagements up to July 1 and will take a much-needed rest

Weish Words Very Similar In North Wales the Weish word for "now" is "rwsn." In South Wales is with the utmost deference. "Unless the man comes very soon 1 will do it "rwan" spelt backwards-vis-And the condescending individual was only a minor member of the great society of flunkles, at that.-New York Mail and Everas "nawr."

Foresight has its limitations, I ther things.

it without delay." The party waited a quarter of an hour, and then the chaperon made another complaint to the unher. "I will see to it at once," he said. After ten minutes more she called him again. "I shall have to close that 44. An Unerring Marken window myself, unless it is attended to immediately," she exclaimed. "By no means, madame," he said. myself."