THE PULPIT.

A SCHOLARLY SUNDAY SERMON BY THE REV. J. A. R. CAIRNS.

Theme: The Glory of Death.

Belfast, Ireland. — The famous Presbyterian divine, the Rev. J. A. R. Cairns, recently delivered the following sermon entitled, "The Glory of Death." He took as his text:

"To die is gain." — Phil. 1:21. "* * * The victory."—1 Cor. 15: 57.

Is it not remarkable that the thing that haunts us like a terror is the thing that burns like an inspiration to the men who wove together the teaching of this Book? What we try to forget, they strove to remember. What we call calamity, they called blessing and deliverance. What makes us cry, made them rejoice. The clearest teaching of this Book is that death is glorious. It is an inspiration. And that teaching makes the uniqueness of the Christian Gospel.

Let us gather the incidents that seem to present this teaching:

The great Teacher is going to die. The hints at death grow clear and unmistakable, and the hearts of the disciples begin to fail them. The labors and prayers and denials of those busy, ministering years appear as though they would issue in nothingness. Even friendship is going to be taken away, and out of all those years only a memory will be left them. No other issue seemed possible. They had no knowledge and they had no power.

And how did Jesus face that? What does He say? What can He say? He seems shut up by a logical necessity to admit the dark forebodings of His disciples. But it was just there that the opportunity for the new truth came—just at the point when human effort seemed to fail and human inspiration to die—that its meaning could be vaguely felt if not clearly understood. And His new truth is this simply—"That death is glorious." It has a glory all its own. John 14 gathers about that single truth. That is its meaning, its purpose—"I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am there ye may be also." "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

That friendship and that inspiration and that teachingthat they loved so much and feared so much to lose, would become deeper and fuller and eternal because of the coming of death. They would lose nothing, they would gain much. "If ye loved Me ye would rejoice because I go."

But you say Christ was somehow unique. "He was tempted in all points like as we are, and yet without sin." With His spiritual vision and power we can see how He could be fearless of death, and find in it a rich and abiding testimony to the truth of His Gospel, but what of the burdened men—the men who walk in mists and mysteries, who lack the vision and the power? Can death ever be less than a terror and devoid of glory? Let us see. Take Paul. Our text is his testimony and confession. "To die is gain * * * the victory."

Paul's life was hard. His years were crowded with labors and denials. How little response there seemed to be for all he gave! And what was it that burned before him as the shining goal to which he longed to come—what was the inspiration that warmed his weary heart? It was death. "I am in a strait betwixt two—having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better. Nevertheless to abide in the flesh is more needful to you." "I am ready. * * * Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown."

And what is the glad note that Peter strikes to cheer the hearts of those who suffer and pray and weep and wait? What light does he throw across the dark pathway of their tribulation? "Nevertheless we, according to His promise, look for new heavens and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. Wherefore, beloved, seeing that ye look for such things be diligent, that ye may be found of Him in peace, without spot and blameless."

And what consolation stole into the heart of that lonely thinker on Patmos — shut away from work and friendship, and suffering for the cross? Who are these that are arrayed in the white robes. "These are they which come out of the great tribulation, and they washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore, are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them or any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Such, then, is the view of death that was taken by the disciples of Jesus and the apostles of the early Christian church. And I think it is abundantly clear that most of us are far away from such a view. Death is to us the last calamity. We meet it with fear and uncertainty.

How is one to account for this strange dissimilarity? How has a joy become a heartbreak, and an inspiration become a terror? If we can answer this we shall answer many lesser questions, and discover how it is that not only in death, but in sorrow and sickness and disappointment we are missing the consolation and the glory that ought to dwell evermore in our hearts.

It is clear, I think, that the men who found and held to the glory of death were free from many of the subtle temptations that surround our lives. The atmosphere they breathed was pagan. The work they did was unpopular. The Gospel they professed was bitterly ridiculed and opposed. These men could not live Christian lives as "of course." They had got to live it deliberately, passionately, earnestly. They were driven back to draw out of Christianity the very richest that it would give. To drift was impossible. They were definitely out of it. And as they faced it all with the Spirit of Christ in their hearts, and with a great, heroic faith in Him, they discovered how free He stood and what rivers of strength overflowed from Him into them!

The foundation of their fearlessness was experience, and so personal experience of Christ and their utter inability to find joy in the world made the glory of death.

Out of their circumstances and experiences can't you catch a gleam of something that is not ourown? Can't you see something in their circumstances and in their hearts that we lack? I think both are abundantly clear.

Take our circumstances. We live in no pagan atmosphere. The churches consecrated to the program of Christ are the most visible objects of our cities. They flaunt themselves in our faces. The bells peal out glad notes above the din and clash of traffic. And what of the Book that gathers up the teaching—the words and works of Jesus? All may possess and read it.

To be a Christian is no longer to be heroic. A man may confess Christ without apology. Nay! The underlying assumption behind all our actions is that a man is a Christian. To be otherwise a man must specifically and ostentatiously deny it. We start our life with Christian baptism; we are hid away with the undying words of Christian hope ringing above our sleeping place. We join our life to another, and rear our homes upon the Christian foundation. But all has degenerated to an idle form.

It has come to be taken for granted. Men ask for baptism for their children and burial for their dead, because it is the usual, the expected thing. And, brethren, don't you see where it has led us to? To a Christian formalism that contains no vitality, no power. We are living lives devoid of experience. We do not feel the power of Christ, nor do we see the glory of His living presence. We mumble words that have no deep, abiding significance.

It is tragic; it is horrible. But it is the spirit of the age. The Christian life is losing much because of the success of Christianity. Because it has meant and has accomplished so much, it means and accomplishes so little to-day. Its success is the cause of our personal loss. It is an old historic truism that success is the beginning of defeat. It has happened in empires and religions. It is the man who has to fight for his faith that holds that faith as his most cherished possession. We take Christ as we take our daily bread, without one thought of all it means, of all it represents.

And what of our experience? My dear brethren, it is because we find our joy in the world and miss the joy of Christ that death has been changed from a glory to a fear, from an inspiration to a dismay. We have grown to love the world—this fading, dying world—its joys, its music, its rewards. We have grown to forget the sacred, eternal words of Christ as to what life is, and duty, and God.

And the years race on — busy, crowded years of labor for place and money and success. When the night grows dark and lonely we cry for comfort, and when the day breaks with golden beams of light we hasten away and we forget. We forget! We forget!!

Ah! it is the man whose night has been the longest that knows Christ the best and fears death the least. There are worse calamities than sorrow and defeat. One thousand nine hundred years ago Jesus warned us against success. It binds us and it holds much from us. In the day of our own sufficiency it is hard to see and plan for Christ. Is it not impossible?

And then the days come when the strength grows weak and the body fails and the clash of the world goes back and back, and we lie and watch and wait and think! What comes, then? We grow afraid! We have had no true fellowship with Him. We don't know Him. We can't fearlessly trust Him. Others tell of His keeping, and of the great, dear love He gave. Others go into the mists singing and crying—Victory! But we—we don't know. He hasn't been experienced, and we miss the certainty.

Oh, my beloved! I warn you today! That day comes. You are grower older and weaker and tireder! You will lie down one day. And when the tiredness is very great, and the world has got your best—will you be able to say, "I am ready." "I have gotten the victory?"

This certainty only comes out of faith in and service to Christ, out of experienceof Christ. If inthemorning you have no rich memories of Christ inside your heart, if you have no experiences of Him gathered inside your character—oh! face it very earnestly, for the faith that changes death to an inspiration, and makes the corruption and lonesomeness of the grave an ideal and a power, is the greatest thing in the world.

Death has another side. Of all it means I cannot tell. Jesus uses terrible imagery that ought to startle us. The worm dieth not; fire is not quenched, and a great gulf opens. I have seen the face of men who misspent their youth and years, and when manhood came it was hell! But what may lie behind years and years of forgetfulness of God? Who can say? One thing it is—it is the loss of all that life can be satisfied with, and all that it was created for. It is missing life—and God.

Teaching Nuggets.

His presence is our power.

To love Him is to live for others.

None remain hungry where He is host.

His glory has not lifted Him above the feeling of our infirmities.

Every profession of love must come to the test of the life of service.

The best evidence of His confidence in us is the call to His service.

It is always easier to discuss the duties of others than to do our own.

Many mistake the business of regulating others for their own righteousness.

They cannot see the Father's face who cannot bend to serve the least of His children.

A life is great not by the measure of few mistakes, but by splendid mastery over all mistakes.—Henry F. Cope, in the Sunday-School Times.

God Loves Perseverance.

God does not always refuse when He delays, but He loves perseverance and grants it everything.—Scottish Reformer.

A Cave of Nature's Jewels.

By proclamation of the President the Jewel Cave National Monument has been established in the Black Hills National Forest in South Dakota. This formation is, in some respects, unique. It was explored in 1900, and consists of a series of chambers, connected by passages and galleries, the walls of which are encrusted with beautiful calcite crystals. It is situated in a canon on a limestone plateau, 6000 feet above sea-level. It is believed to have been the channel for the waters of a now extinct geyser.—Youth's Companion.

The staff of Greenwich Observatory announce that they have discovered an eighth satellite of Jupiter. During an examination of photographic plates of Jupiter, Mr. Melotte, one of the assistant astronomers, discovered a faint marking occupying slightly different positions on the different plates. The satellite has a retrograde motion.

The Sunday-School

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR JULY 12.

Subject: Saul Chosen King, 1 Samuel 9 and 10—Golden Text, 2 Sam. 23:3—Commit Verse 24—Read 1 Sam. 11—Commentary.

TIME.—1095 B. C. PLACE.—Mizpeh.

EXPOSITION.—I. Saul Chosen King, 17-23. Jehovah had already pointed Saul out as the one whom He had chosen to be king over Israel (cf. ch. 9:17), and Samuel had made known this choice of God unto Saul (ch. 9:26, 21; 10:1). Now there is to be a formal and public choice by lot. Samuel called the people together but not unto himself, "unto the LORD." They were to meet the LORD face to face that day and to hear a message from Him. Are our gatherings together unto the Lord or unto some man? The place of meeting was one that had been hallowed by former gatherings (Judges 20:1; 1 Sam. 7:5, 6). Samuel again reproves them for asking for a king (cf. ch. 8:7-9, 19; 12:12, 17-19). But the reproof was not Samuel's but God's. God calls to their remembrance how He had saved them and brought them up out of the land of bitterness and bondage. How gross was the ingratitude of a people that could reject such a God, and how great was their folly that they should desire some human king and deliverer instead of Him. But their ingratitude and folly was nothing in comparison with that of those who reject such a Deliverer and Lord as Jesus Christ has proven Himself to be. It is the method of God in reasoning with men to call to their remembrance His loving kindness towards them, in order that they may see their own ingratitude and folly in the light of His abounding grace (cf. Ju. 2:1; 6:8, 9). It was a fourfold deliverance that Jehovah had wrought for them (1) He had brought them up out of Egypt, the land of bondage, plagues and darkness. (2) He had delivered them out of the hand of the Egyptians; that hand had been a heavy one. And the hand out of which Christ delivers us to-day is a heavy one. (3) He had delivered them out of the hand of all kingdoms. He had brought them to civil liberty and self-government, and now they very foolishly desired a king again. The only way to be delivered from the oppression of all earthly kings is to have God for our King. (4) He had delivered them out of the hand of all that oppressed them (cf. Luke 1:74, 75). No earthly king could do that. Their obstinacy and folly in this matter was a foreshadowing of how men would treat Christ (cf. Acts 7:51, 52). Samuel told them their awful guilt without mincing words. "Ye have this day rejected your God." This is a frightful indictment, but it is one that can be justly brought against every one to-day who is rejecting Christ. In the face of all God has done they still said, "Give us a man. Set a king over us." The invisible God is not enough for the unbelieving heart. The lot was in those days one of the divinely appointed ways of discovering the mind of the Lord (Prov. 16:33; 18:18; Josh. 7:16-18; 1 Sam. 14:41; Acts 1:24-26). But there is no use of the lot after the giving of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost. When the tribe of Benjamin was taken they might have seen, had they been familiar with the Scriptures, that the choice was necessarily a temporary one; for the permanent king of Israel was to come from Judah (Gen. 49:10, 27). There is scarcely a sadder story in the Bible, or in history, than that of Saul.

II.—How the People Received Their King, 24-27. Samuel was very enthusiastic over the man chosen. "See ye him whom the LORD hath chosen," he cried. With far deeper meaning may we point to Jesus and say, "See ye Him whom God hath chosen" (cf. Acts 2:36). Samuel went on to say, "There is none like him." It was true, but how much truer is it of Jesus, that there is none like Him (Song 5:10) The people were enthusiastic, too; they "shouted." But, like so many shouters, there their enthusiasm ended; the greater part of them went "every man to his house." They had a leader now, and he could do the fighting. They were like many modern churches, they shout for the new pastor and then go home and leave him to do the fighting. Saul assumed to himself as yet no glory, he went quietly back to his humble home and waited for the call of Providence to do his duty. It soon came (ch. 11:1-11). Not all the people were apathetic. There was a faithful little company, "a band of men whose hearts God had touched" (cf. Ezr. 1:5, R. V.). It is always the band whose hearts God has touched who do the fighting and win the victories. But there was another sort of men in Israel, "Sons of worthlessness." Their descendants still live. These men mocked. They asked questions, too. The sons of Belial are always great at asking hard questions, and their favorite question is, "how?" So these sons of Belial asked, "how shall this man save us?" That is just what the sons of Belial to-day are asking about Christ. They showed their contempt by bringing him no present in acknowledgement of his kingship. In the same way many to-day show their contempt for Christ. Saul showed his wisdom and humility and meekness, by being silent under slights and mockery.

Union Pacific Railroad.

The Union Pacific Railroad, built west over the mountains, and the Central Pacific Railroad, built east from Sacramento, were joined, with impressive ceremonies, at Promontory Point, Utah, May 10, 1869. The last tie, of laurel wood, with a plate of silver upon it, was laid on that day in the presence of the officers of the road and a large concourse of visitors from all over the country. The last spike, made of iron, silver and gold, was driven with attachments that signalled the fact to all the larger cities of the nation.

"Sweetness and Light."

That most famous of Matthew Arnold's phrases, "Sweetness and Light," he avowedly adopted from Swift, who, however, used it as relating to bees, because they make honey and wax. Arnold transferred it to the operation of culture, in making love and truth prevail.—Pall Mall Gazette.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES

JULY TWELFTH.

Character and Courtesy. 1 Peter 3: 8-12.

Rooted in Christ. Col. 2: 1-7.
Courtesy in speech. Jas. 3: 1-8.
Courtesy to enemies. Acts 26: 24-26.
Courtesy in letters. 2 John 1: 1-5.
Courtesy in salutations. Luke 10: 38.
Courtesy to rulers. 1 Kings 1: 28-31.

Every man, if we knew his inner life, would have an appeal for our compassion and therefore a call for our courtesy.

Let us be courteous, not only to friends, but also to foes; for why should we allow them to wrong us more by inciting us to discourtesy?

The tongue is the castle of courtesy. We are to seek peace, to pursue it, and not merely to allow it.

Suggestions.

"Manners maketh men," says the old maxim. Manners are men.

We often give least courtesy to those for whom we care the most,—to our friends and those in our home.

True courtesy is not moved by hope of gain; it is tested by our conduct toward the poor and inferiors.

Courtesy requires leisure; haste destroys it. Many men have not leisure enough to succeed.

Illustrations.

Courtesy is like oil,—on the waves of life, on the dust of life, in the bearings of life.

Courtesy shown only to strangers is like a fine coat over a ragged and dirty shirt.

The grace of courtesy is bought with the coin of sympathy and thoughtfulness. It costs little, and no investment pays so large dividends.

All gentlemen wear a uniform, but it is to the mind and not to the eye, for it is courtesy.

Quotations.

He who is not polite enough is not human enough.—Joubert.

There is a courtesy of the heart; it is allied to love. From it springs the purest courtesy in the outward behavior.—Goethe.

The small courtesies sweeten life; the greater ennoble it.—Bovee.

As the sword of the best-tempered metal is most flexible, so the truly generous are most pliant and courteous in their behavior to their inferiors.—Fuller.

EPWORTH LEAGUE LESSONS

SUNDAY, JULY 12.

Jesus Preaching Singleness of Purpose in Service—(John 4, 34; 5, 30; 6, 38; 8, 29; 14, 31; 15, 10.)

Of the many things he might have written, John has singled out a few of the eachings of Jesus concerning service. In the first scripture, Jesus is sitting by the well talking to a woman, and at the last he is sitting at the right hand of the Father in glory commanding the world. He was sent to do the Father's will; that was his delight; and now from his throne, as Lord and Master of all, Jesus sends us to do his will, for as he was so are we in the world. "I come to do thy will," he said; and it is the language of a life, laid down. Jesus lived with his face set toward the service that cost the sacrifice of life, for it was full of love.

"To do the will of him that sent me!" This is such splendid service as (1) feeds and satisfies life at its best (4. 34; (2) makes us to realize that all our dependence is upon Him who is both our help and our hope (5. 30)? (3) shows us why we are where we are (6. 38); (4) brings to us the most glorious companionship (8. 29; Matt. 28. 29); (5) proves to the world our love for God (14. 31), (6) assures the consistency of life through the constancy of love 15. 10.)

"To finish his work." God's work not done! Did not I read that God rested from all his labors? Yes, from the labors of starting things. He merely got the materials ready then. God has provided most graciously a fine lot of things to work with, and a glad future to work toward, and a blessed reward to work for, and a wonderful Master to work under. That is why Jesus said, "My Father worked a while ago, and I work," but now Jesus works in us to will and to do; and so we work together, my Lord and I, for the betterment of the world. God in Christ and Christ in us, the hope of glory. And this is the stupendous wonder of it all—God is counting on us to finish his work. We can do it and we will!

It Made a Difference.

Hall Caine visited one October the country residence of a New York man. It was in New England, on a mountain side, and the splendid colors of the foliage—the scarlets and golds and innumerable flamelike tints—gave to the still forests an indescribable magnificence.

The leaves fell in a rain of color through the transparent air. In the garden, one afternoon, he heard a gardener say to his little son:

"I wish you would rake up these dead leaves in a pile."

"Oh, I don't feel like it," whined the boy. "My back's sore, and I've got a cramp in my wrist, and there's growing pains in my legs."

"After you've got 'em raked up," went on the gardener calmly, "you can make a nice big bonfire out of them and jump over it."

The boy began to whoop and leap.

"Hurrah!" he shouted. "Where's the rake?"—Rochester Herald.

CLOSE QUARTERS WITH SHARK.

Captain Charles Adams, pilot and master pearl diver from Tapeete, Tahiti, in the Pacific, while at work off the island of Aphki, of the Pomotu group, scouring the bottom of the sea in search of shells, was suddenly confronted by a shoal of sharks. With the knowledge of an old diver, Adams opened his jacket, letting loose a flurry of bubbles. The ruse was successful, for all but one shark fled. To Adams' horror that one proved to be a monster. At every turn it came closer, its jaws gaping and its tiny eyes snapping viciously at him. Adams cast loose his diving suit in an effort to escape. With the speed of a bullet he shot toward the surface and clambered in the waiting boat. At that very moment the shark had swallowed the diving suit. The life lines were cut.—Answers.

ROYAL HELPS Gathered for the QUIET HOUR

IN THE WOODS.

'Tis sweet to worship God when Love commands
In temples unadorned by human hands—
The grand cathedrals of the solemn woods,
Where no unworthy devotee intrudes;
At mossy altars and in cloister-bowers,
Where prayer is blended with the balm of flowers;
In leafy corridors and woodland ways,
Where all is resonant with hymns of praise;
In shady groves festooned by drooping vines,
Where bending bough with pendant branch entwines;
Where babbling brooks with liquid tongues proclaim
The glory and the greatness of His name.
—David Banks Sickels, in New York Tribune.

The Spiritual Magnifying Glass.

Great duties thrust upon a true man bring him face to face with his own littleness. Joshua, at the head of his nation, following in the steps of the mighty Moses, could well have shrunk from his task had not the Lord said to him, "This day will I begin to magnify thee in the sight of all Israel." How came the great change about? Partly through growth in the man himself and a strengthening of all his powers, but mostly, we believe, through a change in the people's view of him. The one hated scout of Kadesh-Barnea was now the trusted commander of an army.

So, too, in modern life does the Holy Spirit work to magnify and glorify the children of God. Glorification begins here and now as surely as eternal life. Neglect of this truth is a source of much discouragement to young pastors and Christian workers of sincere and humble spirit. What though you feel unworthy of the love and praise of your people or your class, pastor or teacher? God knows, and He is magnifying you in the sight of others, in order that He may accomplish the more through you. What though your life seems far below your profession? Abide in Christ, and He can work wonders through the magnified impression of Himself in you. Faith removes mountains by first reducing them to mole hills, but love triumphs by first casting a halo of glory about its object. We need to pray, "Lord, strengthen me this day," but we ought also to pray, "Lord magnify and glorify Thy servant this day in the sight of his fellows, to the end that Christ may be exalted, and His alone be the praise and honor."—The Rev. W. F. Turnbull, in The Examiner.

Bravely Said.

If the evils that beset this old world are ever righted, the people who profess to believe in the ever-present and over-ruling sovereignty of God must quit their shilly-shallying compromising attitude on all questions involving moral principles.

The supreme law of life is to do right because it is right.

Under that law there is no "next best," but always the best.

The oft-repeated "If you can't get a whole loaf, better take a half a loaf," may be good advice as regards material matters, but it is not applicable to morals.

The only position that is tenable is to do right because it is right.

The assumption that we cannot get the best thing, or, in other words, that there are conditions under which it is not best to do right, is prompted by lack of faith.

In the affairs of life there are thousands of things that we can give up and places where we can make concessions—but when we enter the domain of morals there is but one pole star—we must do right because it is right. You can certainly trust God for the results. — New Wilmington Globe.

Duty.

The King's work must go forward. There is no stop possible. If it is in my hand, entrusted to me, I must carry it forward. Well for any man or woman who, early in life, works out this formula for the place of duty which is assigned to him in men's affairs. Duty is no separate business, no part of my self-culture, no service for which I am to be paid at the ticket office of heaven. Duty is my part of an infinite service which an infinite number of God's children must render before God's kingdom comes. It is lifted from a little personal affair to its own place in close relationship with the movement of the universe. It seems to me not hard to make even children understand this and enter into the enthusiasm of work thus rendered in the common cause for the Father of us all.—Edward Everett Hale.

Bible Moths.

John Wesley and his followers, because of their devotion to the study of the divine word, were called Bible moths. The designation honors them and in part explains Wesley's world-wide influence. Wesley, an Oxford graduate, a man of action, a rare organizer, a logician, a student of philosophy as well as of theology, a thinker and reasoner of power, a terse, thrilling, searching speaker, said in his latter days: "I will speak for one. After having sought the truth with some diligence for half a century, I am, at this day, hardly sure of anything but what I learn from the Bible." As a result of his life study of the divine word he came thus to value it.

Devil's Pet Weapon.

False shame is the devil's pet weapon. He does more work with it even than with false pride; for with false pride he only goads evil; but with false shame paralyzes good.—Ruskin.

The Men Needed.

Men who live near to God, and are willing to suffer anything for Christ's sake without being proud of it, these are the men we want.—Adoniram Judson.

A PROPHET IN HIS OWN COUNTRY

"I don't believe," remarked good old Aunt Loeezy, "that Lige Potter is doin' very well in Chicago."

"Oh, I don't know," replied Uncle Liphalet, "Lige uster be a purty sharp chap before he went there."

"Yes, but we've been takin' this Chicago paper four years now, and it's never once mentioned his name, even when the hull Potter family went there ter visit him!"—Puck.

The great Oxford dictionary, which has been under way for a generation, has reached "pra."

BITTER WAR ON INTEMPERANCE

SOLDIERS FIGHTING THIS CURSE GREATLY CHEERED.

The Saloon and the Children—Its Effect Upon the Families of the Workingman is Indescribably Sad—A Barkeeper Rebuked.

In a recent address S. I. Roberts, superintendent of cotton works in Danville, Va., said: "The effect of the saloon upon children of the laborer, according to my observation (and it is not very limited), is indescribably sad. A few years ago, when there were saloons in Danville, I went to the mill one Monday morning quite early, and as the operatives came into their respective departments I noticed a little girl and a boy, who seemed only to have been at work a few days.

"The little girl looked thin and pale, and shortly after the machinery started up she came over to where I was and said, 'Mr. Roberts, I am so weak and feel so badly I cannot work to-day; brother and I have not had a mouthful of breakfast, and mother is at home hungry and sad.'

"I said, 'What does this mean? Didn't you draw your wages Saturday evening?' 'Yes, sir,' said she, 'but (looking down at the floor, and with tears in her eyes), father has got to drinking and he spent all of our money Saturday night and did not buy us anything to eat.' I went out and ordered breakfast for them both, then I called them and said, 'You go home and tell your mother and father, both, to come down to the mill and see me.'

"They came, and I promptly said to the father that we would not allow his children to work for us longer except on one condition. Says he, 'What is that?' I answered that the wages they made must be drawn by the mother and used by her to obtain food and clothes for the children, and that he must not touch the money or have anything to do with making the purchases. After some hesitation, and seeing that argument was useless, he agreed.

"A few days later I was driving along the street and a barkeeper came out of a saloon and hailed me to stop. He came up to my buggy and said, 'Look here, Mr. Roberts, you are interfering with my business.' 'What,' said I, 'I interfering with your business? Your business is to take the food from the mouths of women and children and clothes off their backs. My business is to put them on.' He turned on his heel and walked away."

Better Off Without Saloons.

Kansas City, Kan., a city of almost 100,000 population, is the largest prohibition city in the United States. It has been represented that the town has "gone bankrupt" since the saloons were ordered out, that business has been ruined, and that people are moving away. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Leading business men and bankers of Kansas City, Kan., declare that business was never better than now. Miss Farrow, city treasurer of Kansas City, said to the writer that there had never been more cash in the city treasury than now; all judgments have been paid and the city employes are paid in cash instead of scrip as heretofore. The income of the city is just as large, despite the fact that hundreds of saloons or joints have been closed. C. L. Brokaw, cashier of the largest bank in Kansas City, Kan., has employed from his own resources a corps of stenographers to reply to questions about prohibition features in Kansas City. John W. Briedenthal, a prominent banker and politician, says the business and professional men are aroused at the statements sent broadcast by brewery interests, that Kansas City is suffering in a business way because of the saloons being closed. "Business was never better," is the general sentiment of every business man in the Kansas town. The laboring man, as well as the business man, is realizing that the city is far better off without liquor stores.—"D.," in the Christian Herald.

One of a Long List.

The Minerva (O.) News says: "A drink known as 'orange soda' and sold by an Ironton dealer, was analyzed and found to contain 2.25 per cent. of alcohol. The dealer was compelled to pay the Aikin tax. Neither orange nor soda entered into the combination. 'Pear cider' is another beverage which has caused much trouble. The State dairy and food department has unearthed numerous cases." The liquor trade has many pale beverages under fictitious names that it is ready to dress up for quibblers and plant them on the shelf of a restaurant or a pharmacy. This is one of a long list.

Repeating Their Folly.

The liquor dealers in Tennessee and Florida who are shipping liquor over into Prohibition Atlanta under protection of the law, are only repeating their folly when in Atlanta they shipped liquor under protection of law into the rural counties of Georgia. That piece of work kicked them out of the State, and this will ultimately kick them out of the nation.—The People.

Pauper Factories.

Lady Henry Somerset states the fact that in one district of Liverpool, in which there are no saloons, there is but one pauper in every thousand inhabitants. In another district, in which there are 200 saloons, there is one pauper in every twenty-eight inhabitants. It is likely that investigation would disclose similar conditions in the wards and precincts of all cities.

Temperance Notes.

Missouri had eight local option counties on January 1, 1903. On January 1 of this year there were sixty-one.

Samuel L. Carleton, at one time head of the world organization of Sons of Temperance, died recently at Portland, Me., aged eighty-six years.

Maine has no shop vending intoxicants openly, or advertising its business by any liquor sign; there is no distiller, brewer of strong beer, blender or rectifier in the State.

Prohibition in the South is in no way a political maneuver, but an inspiring movement of the masses of the people. It is an intellectual awakening and a moral revolution.

The Italian Popular Society for the Suppression of Alcoholism has arranged for a series of eighteen public conferences in various parts of the country for the purpose of perfecting and developing the organization.

Men are not at liberty to murder with the sword; they shall not be at liberty to murder with the bottle. Men are not at liberty to destroy homes with fire; they shall not be at liberty to destroy homes with strong drink.

POPULAR SCIENCE

The diamond, so long the hardest known substance, now has two rivals, the silicide and the deoride of titanium—products of Heri Moissan's electric furnace—being claimed to be as hard.

An incandescent lamp in its green shade will, when turned upward toward the ceiling, spread a soft and pleasantly diffused light, plenty strong enough for a room where no one is reading. When the lamp is so used no shadows are cast.

Science so far has failed to furnish any explanation of the mystery of seedless fruits. They are not the outcome of the work of man. Man perpetuates them; he does no more. The seedless orange was found in a state of seedlessness.

A Belgian engineer has been commissioned by the committee for the international exhibition at Brussels in 1910 to erect a tower at Ixelles, which will be much higher than the Eiffel tower. The cost is estimated at $240,000.

A movement has been started in the scientific world favoring the adoption of the word Kelvin to designate the commercial unit of electrical energy at present known as the kilowatt-hour, as a recognition of the services of the late Lord Kelvin to electrical science.

One of the most curious phenomena of geography is found on the southern coast of the Island of Sephalonia, in Greece. It is a stream of salt water which for an unknown period has left the almost tideless sea and flowed inland with a volume sufficient to furnish waterpower to two mills.

Milking by machinery, introduced last year on a large diary farm near Notingham, Eng., has proved highly successful. The machine is a Scotch invention and is operated by a gas engine. The entire plant is worked by a man and a boy, who milk seventy cows within one and a half hours. The proprietor says the saving in cost of labor will pay for the machine in less than two years, to say nothing of the gain in cleanliness compared with handwork.

Rabies is a far more common disease than is generally admitted; so that Dr. E. C. Shroeder, of the Bureau of Animal Industry, urges constant observation of dogs and their muzzling in public places. Recent progress has greatly lessened its effects, for, since Negri's discovery in 1903 of the distinguishing micro-organisms in the nerve cells, the disease is early recognizable, and the Pasteur treatment is effective in curing it. The mortality of sixty and eighty per cent. in untreated bites on hands and head has been reduced to 0.75 and 1.25 per cent.

THE DECEITFUL FARMER.

His Outrageous Traffic in Watered Stock.

We might well cease our railing at Rockefeller; the farmer is the real monopolist. We might as well quit hammering Harriman and cussing Carnegie until we can squeeze the water out of the farm produce. For the farmer is caught with the goods, and science tells us the exact proportion of the water in his "truck."

For example, beef is 76.5 per cent. water, mutton 75, lamb 63.9, and pork 60.9. Such a watering of stock is enough to make a traction monopolist look like a drougth in the desert.

Milk is 77 to 88 per cent. water, and cream 32.2 to 48, and this is even before it has come in contact with the pump. Potatoes, our old reliable spuds, are 76.7 per cent. water, yams 79.6, carrots, 85.7, cabbage 89.6, turnips 90, spinach 90.6, muchrooms 93.7, and cucumbers 96. What comfort is there for a vegetarian in such figures as these?

And even the stalwart onion, the Goliath of the grocery, is 89.1 per cent. water! Only a smell more than 10 per cent. of real onion!

Fruits are 85 to 90 per cent. water, and early spring strawberries are nearly all water, and sour water at that! Even the great American hen has seemingly been corrupted by our modern methods, and eggs are 85.7 per cent. water.

And is this water capitalized? It is? Look at your grocery bills and behold! At the sight of them we are almost ready to sing a new "Marseillaise," to cry, "Conspuez le farmer! A bas his watered stock!" But we refrain. Secretary Wilson tells us that the farmer's boy insists on coming to the city. Let the deluded victim come. Let him hasten to his undoing. Let us send our boy out to run the farm, and the next generation shall see our revenge!—Milwaukee Journal.

The Real Reason.

That midsummer days are the longest in the year is because heat expands;

—that criminals weigh less than moral men, is because they're lighter fingered;

—that a man swears at a dull razor, is because the pesky thing lost its temper first;

—that roses are referred to as "blushing," is because they are properly ashamed of the prices they bring;

—that a wave is called a swell, is because it arrives at the shore in great style and goes away broke;

—that the army of unemployed is not decreasing is because its members want too many afternoons off a week;

—that the present-day aero clubs are considered so exclusive, is because the members necessarily all move in the upper circles.—Warwick James Price, in The Bohemian.

Owing to instructions in the will of W. W. Wilson, auctioneer, Southend-on-Sea (Eng.), his favorite pony followed him to the grave and was shot at Billericay.