THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

GEO. W, WAGENSELLER,
Editor and Proprietor

MIDDLEBURGH, PA., SEPT. 23, 1897.

The Sudan, with its 60,000,000 people, is still without a single Protestant missionary who can speak the language, though three societies are now endeavoring to begin work there.

London has 14,000 policemen, Paris has 6000 policemen, New York has 3800 policemen. The ordinary arrests in New York in a year are 85,000, in Paris 100,000 and in London 150,000.

The Historical Christians is the name of a new political party in Holland. They are moderate Calvinists, who favor secular rather than religious education in the public schools.

Says the Thomasville (Ga.) Times-Enterprise: In 1893, 2687 miles of railroads in Georgia were in the hands of receivers. Now there are only 97 miles in the courts, and only small insignificant lines are represented by this mileage. We are on the up grade.

Larrikin, a famous Australian steeplechaser, fell in the Grand National Hurdle Race near Melbourne, breaking his neck. As soon as the race was over the crowd broke in and began to cut up the dead horse for relics. One man took his tail, another the ears, and others the teeth and hoofs.

The fall of a carboy of ammonia in a drug store on Park Row the other day caused a crowd to scatter so fast that there can be no doubt, suggests the New York Sun, that a similar method for dispersing a mob would be very successful in times of public disorder. There would be no broken heads afterward and no consequent expense for hospital attendance.

In Austria-Hungary, at the end of 1892, the first decade of postal savings banks in that country, the number of depositors was 913,447, with a total capital of 29,335,299 florins. The average capital during that period rose from eleven florins to thirty-two florins. The establishment in every postoffice in the United States of a postal savings bank, with the opportunity afforded even small depositors of investing in United States bonds, would do much to check discontent, declares the New York Mail and Express.

Klondike Mines in Gulches.

"The mining claims in the Klondike region," reports a returned miner, "are 500 by 666 feet in area. They are all located on gulches, and the 500 feet really represents the length of each claim, the 666 feet being taken crosswise. The idea is to give a man from hill to hill, and if what you might call the walls are closer together than 666 feet, why, you're just that much short, that's all. You can't get more than 500 feet along the gulch, no matter how narrow it is. None of them is supposed to be under 666 feet, but where that is the case you have no claim to anything more than the land between two side lines so far apart." The mines are under the control, so far as any control is needed, of a Mining Commissioner, who seldom interferes with any one, however, for there is rarely any trouble. At the same time he can interfere, and to some purpose, if it becomes necessary, for he has any amount of power, and what he says goes. A squad of Canadian mounted police is under his orders. A couple of men were shot in the affray in Circle City, on Alaskan soil, some months since; but in British territory "everything is like a church."—New York Sun.

Ant Pie.

Savages, we know, indulge in such luxuries as grubs and locusts, but for a civilized white man to finish up his dinner with a dish of raw ants seems too nasty to be credible. Yet in Mexico it is the custom—and a custom adopted by plenty of colonists and visitors.

The ant eaten is called the honey ant, and is perhaps as curious an insect as lives. With a tiny head and legs, it has a huge body as big as a large pea, and this is yellow and swollen with excellent honey.

In each nest there are 300 or 400 of these honey ants, which are attended by thousands of others. The honey ants hang on to the roof of the cells in the nest while the others feed them. They are, in fact, living storehouses of winter food. An observer says that if one of the honey ants falls from his perch a worker will go and pick him up and replace him. This is as if a man were to walk up the face of a cliff carrying a large buffalo or cart horse on his back.

Another Kind.

"Light," said the minister, "is the natural symbol of truth."

"How about the light that lies in a woman's eyes?" asked the layman.—Judge.

A woman doesn't really know what criticism is until she gets married, and [illegible]

WHEN POLLY WAS MY SWEETHEART.

When Polly was my sweetheart
The days went dancing by
As lightly as her laughter,
Her mocking, or her sigh;
She brought the sunshine with her,
A dawn of new delight,
And left me when we parted
To dream of her all night.

When Polly was my sweetheart
I knew no sordid care;
What gold could keep its lustre
Beside her glinting hair?
And who was I, to envy
The proudest of the land,
That felt but lately on me
The touch of her dear hand!

When Polly was my sweetheart
And vowed she loved me true,
I had not guessed the lurking
Of guile in eyes so blue;
Or that a cheek can offer
The same delicious rose
To greet a wooer's coming,
And speed him when he goes.

When Polly was my sweetheart—
Oh, idle time and blind!
Its memories blow backward
With every April wind
Until, if I could suffer
The joy and pain of yore,
I should not mind her making
A fool of me once more.

—M. E. W., in Life.

BEHIND A CLOSED DOOR.

By W. J. LAMPTON.

COLONEL HARRY Ford was the president of a big bank in a Western State and the colonel and I were at the chronicling of this tale in New York, whither we had gone as chance traveling companions on a train from the West. It was on Sunday morning, and as we took it easy in the handsome apartments he was occupying, a messenger boy brought him a telegram. The message was from his wife, and the boy being a bright-eyed youngster, the cheerful colonel chatted with him pleasantly a moment and gave him a quarter as he departed.

"Doesn't that make telegraphing come pretty high?" I inquired, with the true Yankee spirit of thrift.

"I used to be one myself," he said in explanation, "and now whenever I see a bright-eyed kid like that I warm up to him and give him something, though not always a quarter. Being Sunday, and the telegram being from my wife, I do a bit better than usual and part with all of 25 cents."

"Do you really mean that you were once a messenger boy?" I asked in great surprise, as I looked over the elegant man of the world, every inch a gentleman born, who sat in the big chair by the window gracefully poising a cigar on his thumb and finger.

"Really and truly," he laughed, "and if you can stand a reminiscence this morning, I'll tell you the story of my life. Journalists," and he bowed over the arm of the chair, "I believe, are always on the lookout for interesting facts in history and fiction, aren't they?"

I hastened to assure him that they were, and after making me swear that I would keep awake at whatever sacrifice, he began.

"When I was a youngster of ten," he said, "I was a messenger boy earning the luxurious salary of three dollars a week, all of which I gallantly turned over to my mother, who was a banker's daughter, though she had been turned out of her father's house because she had not married to suit him and her stepmother. Indeed, she had gone farther and married the man who had suited her, and after that, while her heart was never empty, she and her husband and only son were often so, and life was not quite as rosy as it might have been. We were brave people, though, and with my three dollars a week we managed somehow to get along. I improved after a year or two, and incidentally picked up telegraphy, so that when I was fifteen I got a place at a small country station in Missouri and took my mother there to live with me on my salary of forty dollars a month, my father having died a year before.

"At sixteen my mother died, leaving me alone in the world, and at my mother's funeral my grandfather relented sufficiently to propose that he educate me, which proposal I accepted and agreed to take a good business education. By the time I was twenty-one I had been graduated, and my grandfather gave me a position in a bank he owned in a very pleasant interior town, where I showed such aptitude that the old gentleman entirely forgave me for having been the son of his disobedient daughter and told me to go ahead and I should be a partner some day.

"The next most natural thing in the world to do was to fall in love, and I did it for all there was in my throbbing heart, and on the evening of the day I was promoted to the cashiership of the bank I asked Kate Vernon to be my wife. I did it advisedly, too, for my grandfather had told me when I married he would give me an eighth interest in the bank. Miss Vernon wasn't the most beautiful girl the eye of man ever rested on, and even I was forced to confess that there was too much pug in her nose for classic beauty, but she was the brightest young woman in the county, and the cheeriest, and I was heels over head in love with her, which made up for all discrepancies.

"During all the time of my experience in the bank I had kept up my interest in telegraphy, and after Kate and I had settled upon our future relationship, I had connected her house with my room at the bank, and whenever I had the chance I called her up and talked love to her between meals by electricity. I don't know how much of that kind of talk we indulged in, but I do know that Kate became almost an expert telegraph operator, and could easily have made her living at it had there been such a necessity.

"One of the other customs of that charming time of love in the foreground was a drive that Kate and I took two or three times a week in a trap she owned, leaving the bank just after closing time, 4 o'clock, and driving for a couple of hours, to end at her house, where I took supper with her. On the days when she would telegraph down that she was coming, I would lock up the money and valuable papers in the inside safe and leave the outer doors of the big vault open, so the last man out of the bank could put the books away and lock them up against fire. The man who did this nearly always was an old fellow, partly deaf, and a janitor rather than a clerk. One day, when I had shut up the inside safe and gone out to join Kate in her trap at the door, she sent me back to wait until she went up town to see a friend about a church supper they were interested in. Old Jock, as we called him, was not at his desk when I came back, though I had said good-bye to him as I went out, nor was there anyone in the bank, and as I sat a moment at my own desk I noticed a paper that that had been left there by mistake. I got up at once to put it where it belonged in the safe, and as I went into the vault I did not observe that all the books had been put away, though I could hear old Jock, in the little room back, telling his boy about sweeping out.

"The paper belonged in a pigeonhole far back in the vault and high up, so that I was compelled to go up a stepladder we kept there, and about the time I had got myself hid away in the shadow the big outer door swung to and I could hear old Jock turn the combination out of joint. I yelled out, but it was too late, even if the old man's ears had been sharp, and I found myself in the disagreeable predicament of being shut up in my own safe and no visible means of escape. At first it struck me as ludicrous; then it became serious, and in a few moments I had gone to thinking as those people think who are confronted with tremendous moments in their lives. I soon decided that my only hope of getting out was through Miss Vernon, who, when she returned, would naturally inquire for me and in this way old Jock would in time discover that he had shut me up in the vault. How long it would be until Miss Vernon returned, or what chance of the old man still being there when she came now began to demand discussion in my brain, and for a minute or two I stood still in the thick darkness and listened to my heart beating. Then I remembered that we always kept a hammer in a pigeonhole near the door, and groping around I found it and at once began to pound on the door. Immediately a response came, but, of course, I did not know who was giving it, though evidently the boy, as the old man could scarcely have heard. This gave me hope, at once, and I set up a regular tattoo on the door with my hammer, to all of which came the responses from the outside. But it was not getting out of my prison, and confinement was becoming irksome.

"For the first time now I heard faintly the sound of human voices calling to me, but it were as if they were miles away, and I could not distinguish whose they were, though I thought I knew Kate's. I answered back, but the place was so thick and heavy that my voice frightened me, and I used the hammer instead of calling. Up to this time I had not thoroughly realized what my entombment meant, but now it came upon me that the only man in town except myself who knew the combination had gone away for a vacation to the seashore, and that with the door air-tight, or practically so, I could not live a very great while in the vault. Certainly not long enough to hear from either the clerk on vacation or from the people from whom we had bought the safe in St. Louis. Indeed, if I stood it for two hours, I felt I would be doing well, for my pounding had filled the little air I had with dust, and it was nearly suffocating me. The pounding from the outside increased the dust, too, and while I could prevent myself from doing it, and did stop, the very fact of my stopping made those on the outside pound harder as if to encourage me, when, as they thought, I was losing hope.

"This thought came to me with a shock so great that I almost collapsed. I caught at the sides of the vault in the inky darkness and for a minute I became deathly sick. Following this came almost a frenzy to yell and howl and claw at the door and scratch at my face and tear at my hair. I had heard of people doing that way and going mad when lost in caves and such places, and I felt it coming on me in that dreadful hole. To add to the horrors of my situation, the air was growing rapidly worse and I could not stand up in the vault without a feeling of the most profound nausea. It was the nausea of despair, if anybody has ever analyzed just what that is. At intervals, notwithstanding the harm of it, I would grope around for the hammer and pound on the door, only to choke more and to hear the muffled thuds or the responses from the outside.

"Two feet from light and air and love and life and utterly shut off from them all. It was horrible to think of, and I am sure a thousand times worse than if I had been entombed in a mine ten thousand feet deep or had been buried in the sands of a desert a hundred miles from water and green trees. Slowly I felt my strength going, and at last I could not so much as respond, even at long intervals, to the knocking on the outside, and I sank to the floor with my head against the cold steel wall between the light of the world and the darkness of death. As I lay there panting I heard the dull thud of the beating on the outside, and it soon came as a beating of time, or rather eternity; a measure of music to soothe me to sleep, and I sank into semi-consciousness and seemed to be dreaming.

"You know, they say that when a man is dying under unnatural or violent circumstances all his past life comes back to him, even in minute detail. It did not quite appear to me that all my life was passing in review before me in my dungeon, but it did seem as if the youth of my life had come back to me, and I thought I was once again in that little telegraph station on the Missouri River catching the clickity-click-click of the instrument on my table, and which always seemed to me as important as a ship's deck is to an admiral. I seemed to be hearing the 'calls' of operators all along the line, but I gave no response, and then the scene changed, as it does so suddenly and unaccountably in dreams, and I was at my instrument in the bank listening with all a lover's eagerness for the first call of Kate Vernon's over the wire I had put up for her.

"It was very faint and far off, and I think I must have smiled as I bent my ear closer to the instrument to catch the sound, having in mind my sweetheart at the other end of the wire essaying her first attempt in handling the lightning. For a moment it was vague enough, with its modest little clickety-click-click, but all at once it seemed to say something to me. I could not distinguish at first, but presently it took form and I could catch the 'call' I had taught her. It was the letter K, repeated over and over again, 'just as all operators do when they want some other operator who is not at his desk to respond promptly. Then it was the clickety-click-click of the letters that formed my name, and I smiled to think that as a child learning to talk says 'mamma' first, so Kate was saying first in this new language of the wires that she was learning the name of her teacher.

"But there was something more than a dream in the sensations I was experiencing. I could feel that it was something more than a dream. I knew that some sound must be shaping my dream for me, and without knowing what I was doing and with an odd feeling of the very peculiar key we had put on our instruments I took up the hammer and sounded my 'call' to Kate, in response to what I was hearing. Instantly the 'call' was repeated and my name followed. Now I seemed to throw off the nightmare, and I roused myself. Striking with the hammer on the door I called to Kate by name, and then distinct enough, though muffled, I heard the clickety-click-click on the outer door, and Kate was telling me in the mysterious manual of Morse, a message of courage and hope.

"And what a wonderful strength is hope. Now that I had established communication with the outside world, I took great courage immediately, though I did not understand just what or how I was going to do to be saved, for I confess that I was not very clear headed at this time. I thought only of telegraphing to St. Louis for the combination, and had actually signaled to Kate to do so at once, and I would try to keep up until word was received, when to my indignation, she laughed at me over the wires, that is the door plate, and told me to telegraph right then and there to her what the combination was and she would do the rest.

"How plain and simple that was, and I had never thought of it. Neither had I thought of telegraphing to her from my prison, and it was only because she was a woman that she ever thought of sending word through that dull door to me with a hammer. She has since told me that some men never will learn anything unless it is hammered into them, and I never say a word. Anyway, when three minutes after I had told her what the combination was, the door opened and I fell forward into the fresh air of the world of sunshine. Kate caught me in her arms, and it was her voice I heard faintly and far off as I had heard the clickety-click-click of her tapping that led me back to life and light and love once more."

"And you lived happily ever after?" I inquired, after so long a silence that I was surprised at myself.

"My boy," said the banker, earnestly, "she has saved my life a hundred times since that, and I wouldn't trade her for all the other women in the world. And when she sees this story in print," he added laughing, "I'll need to have my life saved again, but she won't do it, I'll bet a horse and harness."

"She must draw the line somewhere," said I.—Washington Star.

"On the whole," said the aged weather prophet, "I have found that the safest course is to predict bad weather." "How so?" asked the neophyte. "Because people are much more ready to forgive you if the prediction does not come true."—Puck.

NO MORE ROBBING NESTS.

The Government Puts a Stop to a Very Profitable Industry.

After having been despoiled of their eggs for forty-five years, as regularly as the laying season came round, the sea birds that inhabit the Farallones have been taken under the protecting wing of the United States.

No more will the pretty spotted and mottled eggs grace the tables of those who are fond of them, or enable the cheap restaurant to advertise "four fresh ranch eggs, scrambled, for ten cents."

The edict has gone forth that the birds must be protected, and protected they will be, for Uncle Sam has a habit of doing such things thoroughly when he starts to do them at all, and there is no reason to suppose that he will make this case an exception.

A year or more ago a rumor reached the ears of the powers that be at Washington that the great natural aviary on the island was being destroyed, because during the nesting season thousands of eggs were taken from the rocks and sent to San Francisco and interior towns to be sold.

In due time a representative of the Smithsonian Institution, deeply learned in bird lore, went to the Farallones and made an exhaustive study of the subject.

His report was evidently against the continuance of the industry, for after the customary red tape had been unwound Head Keeper Beeman of the island lighthouse received a curt communication from the Lighthouse Department stating that in future no egg-collecting, except for the use of those who made their homes on the desolate pile of rocks, would be allowed.

Thus perished one of the most picturesque industries of the Pacific Slope and one that furnished the people of San Francisco with an article of food not enjoyed by any other seaport in the country.

The stopping of the egg-picking brings to mind the experience of the first man who embarked in the business—none other than John A. Russell, the veteran and widely known clerk of the local board of supervisors.

It was in the latter part of 1850 that Mr. Russell, then a lad of eighteen, came down from the mines with a goodly sack of gold dust and nuggets that he had accumulated by delving in the earth.

He was looking for a profitable investment, and not long after his arrival here fell in with the cook of the only pilot boat that at that time stood guard at the entrance of the Golden Gate.

The man had seen the millions of sea birds nesting on the rocks, and drew such alluring pictures of the money to be made by landing the big eggs in this city, where at that time chicken fruit was not over-plentiful, that young Russell at last consented to furnish the sinews of war for the enterprise, the cook's contribution to the assets of the firm to be his labor and experience in gathering the eggs, getting them to this city and finding a market. A stout sloop was purchased and an outfit made ready at a total cost of about $3000.

When the egg season arrived the expectations of the partners were more than realized. The first cargo that arrived sold like the proverbial hot cakes at the prices of early days, the big, queer-looking eggs tickling the fancy as well as the palates of the pioneers.

Within a few days contracts with a number of hotels had been made at lucrative rates, and the sloop made all haste back across the twenty-three miles of water that intervened between the gate and the lonely rocks, at that time inhabited only by seal hunters.

Several cargoes of eggs were landed at an average profit of $1500 a trip, and the vessel and her fitting out were soon paid for.—San Francisco Call.

Poison Ivy.

Should you chance to come across children with their little faces puffed out and spotted, do not flee from them while laboring under the impression that they are victims of measles, scarlet fever or scarlatina. It's an odds-on chance, as horsemen say, that they've only been out to one of the many local parks enjoying themselves and that they had come into contact with ivy poison. Notwithstanding the fact that park gardeners and laborers are always on the qui vive for this detestable vine and destroy it whenever met with, it is constantly springing up in unexpected places, and is disagreeable, though not dangerous, in its effects.

While many persons are impervious to the effects of poison ivy, and many handle it freely, it is a well known fact among scientists that others are affected by it even though they do not touch it, and are blotched and swollen, even if only the wind from the direction of its lair blows upon exposed parts of their body. The poison is exceedingly painful, but it is quickly cured by the application of another poison—a deadly one—sugar of lead, dissolved in water.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Fortune in Sea Otters.

The schooners that have been out after sea otters have struck a second Klondike. The season is only half over, but according to reports from Captain Smalries of the schooner Theresa four schooners have netted about $63,000 in the aggregate for three months' work. Sea-otter skins are worth in the English market about $1000 each. According to private advices, on July 8 the Herman had eighteen skins, the Rattler twenty, the Eppinger seven and the Kate and Ann eighteen. Every hunter on each of these vessels will have as much money coming to him when his schooner reaches port as though he had made a successful trip to the Klondike.—San Francisco Call.

SELECT RELIGIOUS READING.

PREGNANT THOUGHTS FROM THE WORLD'S GREATEST PROPHETS.

Within Christ's Fold—Love the Highest Attribute—God's Garden a Place for Labor—Rocky Truths a Safe Refuge—Keep Open for God's Messengers.

I have a life with Christ to live,
But till I live it must I wait
Till learning can clear answer give
To this and that book's date?
I have a life in Christ to live,
I have a death in Christ to die,
But must I wait till science give
All doubts a full reply?

Nay; rather, while a sea of doubt
Is raging wildly round about,
Questioning of life and death and sin,
Let me but creep within
Thy fold, O Christ, and at thy feet
Take but the lowest seat
And hear thine awful voice repeat,
In gentlest accents, heavenly sweet,
"Come unto me and rest;
Believe me and be blest."

—J. C. Shairp.

Love the Highest Attribute.

"If he could but return!" we say. "There was so much I did not do that I might have done. So much I could have said that now he can never know!" Wait! When those we love go, not to return, we cannot know where they are nor what manner of life is theirs. But some things we do know, and if we remember and think about them they may help us to know more. We know that as we grow in spiritual life our higher, better feelings and emotions endure and grow greater, while the lower drop away, like the lower leaves of a plant when the plant has no use for them. We know that through whatever changes this spiritual life passes, the highest feeling in it—love—must grow purer and stronger as this life progresses. And since we believe in an unending life, it seems to follow that we shall grow more loving and wise with each ascent to a still higher state, more quick to perceive the loving, longing thoughts in the hearts of others toward us. We cannot think of our dead, who have ascended to a higher state of the same spiritual life, as more ignorant than we are. They are no longer bound by our human limitations, and they are wiser, more loving, because of their higher place. They are quicker to perceive and respond to our loving, yearning thoughts—the thoughts that flood our spirits and fill our eyes as we remember them. Take comfort! They loved us. They do not forget. They know all the love we did not speak and of which our hearts are full—now!—Harper's Bazar.

God's Garden a Place for Labor.

The true idea of the rest of Paradise is not that of a long lazy dream. An old Christian painter once painted a series of pictures in the life of a saintly scholar. One represents him in his study, hard at work with books and pen; another shows him, old and weak and ill, receiving his last communion; another depicts his death; and then the artist paints the saint in Paradise. But when you look at it, he is back in his study, going on with his old work! Only the lines of age and sorrow have gone out of his face, and with great skill the painter has suggested that the difficulty and trouble of his labor have passed away, that the toil is no longer painful, but pure joy. This is a very beautiful thought. God's garden of rest is no place of slothful ease and pleasant, useless dreams. The rest consists in the removal of pain and difficulty of work, not in having nothing to do. It may even be possible, as the painter fancied, to go on with the work which interested us on earth, but without its labor and sorrow; to work like Adam in Eden, with neither sweat of brow nor weariness of brain.—Professor Shuttleworth, in Sunday Magazine.

Rocky Truths a Safe Refuge.

In almost every Christian's experience comes times of despondency and gloom, when there seems to be a depletion of the spiritual life, when the fountains that used to burst and sing with water are grown dry, when love is loveless and hope hopeless, and enthusiasm so utterly dead and buried that it is hard to believe that it ever lived. At such times there is nothing for us to do but hold with eager hands to the bare, rocky truths of our religion, as a shipwrecked man hangs to a strong, rugged cliff when the great retiring wave and all the little eddies all together are trying to sweep him back into the deep. ..... They when the tide turns, and we can hold ourselves lightly where we once had to hold heavily, when faith grows easy and God and Christ and responsibility and eternity are once more the glory and delight of happy days and peaceful nights, then certainly there is something new in them—a new color, a new warmth. The soul has caught a new idea of God's love's when it has not only been fed but rescued by Him.—Phillips Brooks.

Keep Open for God's Messengers.

Have you ever read a beautiful little book, "Expectation Corners?" It tells of a king who prepared a city for some of his poor subjects. Not far from them were large storehouses where everything they could need was supplied if they but sent in their requests. But on one condition—they should be on the outlook for the answer, so that when the king's messengers came with the answer to their petitions, they should always be found waiting and ready to receive them. The sad story is told of one desponding one, who never expected to get what he asked, because he was too unworthy. One day he was taken to the king's storehouses, and there, to his amazement, he saw, with his address on them, all the packages that had been made up for him, and sent. There was the garment of praise, and the oil of joy, and the eye-salve, and so much more; they had come to his door, but found it closed, he was not on the outlook. From that time on he learned the lesson Micah would teach us: "Therefore I will look to the Lord; I will wait for the God of my salvation; my God will hear me."—Andrew Murray.

Preaching and Sermonizing.

To preach the sermon is a means; to the sermonizer it is an end. To the preacher the sermon is an opportunity; to the sermonizer it is a task. Hence the preacher is a free man and a master; the sermonizer, a subject and a slave. The preacher has something to say; the sermonizer has to say something. The preacher bears in his heart a great glowing ideal of what Jesus would have His people be; He feels with them sympathy and keenest sorrow how far short of this they come, and, impelled by this love and a burning desire to lift his people to it, he searches the Scriptures for a text that shall express it, and draws on all the sources of his reading and his experience for argument, illustration and incentive to commend it to their minds and hearts. The sermonizer carries in his head a general line of theology, goes to his commentaries for an appropriate setting, splits his thoughts into the requisite number of heads, finds each a striking title, tacks on an application, appeal or application and goes to face his audience.—President W. DeWitt Hyde.

The Spirit of Self-Surrender.

There are few temptations more easy to ardent spirits than that which leads to repine at the lot in which they are, believing that in some other situation they could serve God better. If each man had the spirit of self-surrender, the mind of the cross, it would not matter whether he were doing the work of mainspring or one of the inferior wheels. It is his duty to try and be himself, not to try to do his own duty.—F. W. R.