A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE ENTITLED, "CHRIST'S GIFT OF LIFE."

The Rev. George R. Lunn Preaches From a Text Which He Declares Shows in Compact Form the Predominate Aim of Jesus—The Larger Life.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Sunday night, in the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, the Rev. George R. Lunn, assistant pastor, preached on "Christ's Gift of Life." The text was taken from John x:10: "I am come that they might have life." Mr. Lunn said:

I am sure that I do not exaggerate when I say that no words of our Lord are more profoundly significant than these words of the text. We have in a compact form a statement of the purpose of Jesus Christ. All else is subordinated to this great and predominate aim. Jesus Christ has come into the world to give that life in ever increasing abundance. This is not a conclusion of mine worked out after special investigation; it is the simple and clear and forceful statement of our Lord Himself. I rest upon His word as a finality. And I find in this verse a fuller and richer expression of the purpose of Christ than is found anywhere else in Scripture.

What, then, is the life which Christ seeks to give? It is the life of fellowship with God, the Father; a fellowship begun on earth and continued throughout the ages of eternity. It is the life of spiritual oneness with God, united to Him in thought, in purpose, in all our varying activities. It is the larger life which comprehends our present life, enriching it with all the holy purposes of God, our Saviour, lifting us by its power into the purified atmosphere of noble deeds, done for His sake. In other words, it is the life of which our Master spoke when He said that to lose it was a calamity, even though a man should gain the whole world.

I think I am right in saying that a great many people interpret the words and work of our Lord as applying chiefly to the other world, not altogether, but chiefly. They regard the religion of Christ as an insurance of safety for the next world rather than a definite program of activity for the present. They think more of the saving of the soul after death than of saving the life before death. No stronger illustration of this thought can be found than the large numbers of men who delay their decision in reference to Christ to some more convenient season. They say, not now, but at some future time, I will settle the great question of my soul's relation to God. You cannot find a man who will not express some wish to lead a better life; but in nearly every case they see no need of an immediate decision. In my pastoral work I have come in contact with this experience time and again. And as I have endeavored to understand what is the underlying cause of so much indecision regarding religious things, I find that most of it can be traced to this fundamental misinterpretation of the words and work of Jesus Christ our Lord. You may express this in many ways, but at heart the point is this—the saving of the soul after death, instead of saving the life right here and now; the gaining of heaven hereafter, rather than entering into heaven now. And because of this interpretation men feel no immediate necessity of getting right with God. So long as they are reasonably sure of life here, they are willing to delay the great decision of the soul.

Against this view of religion allow me to bring the message of the Saviour, "I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly." You cannot read the gospels without coming into contact with this purpose of Christ at every turn. Repeatedly do you find the word life. We are struck with the fact how constantly the word life was on the lips of Jesus. It is a word which gives us the very heart of Jesus' teaching. He was always praising, always promising life. "If thou wilt enter into life keep My commandments," "He that believeth on Me hath life," "As the Father hath life in Himself, so hath He given to the Son to have life in Himself," "Because I live ye shall live also." "Ye will not come unto Me that ye might have life." Everywhere we find this same eager pleading with men to enter into life, and we further find that Jesus identified life with goodness. To Jesus life consisted in goodness. Wickedness is death. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die" is not so much a threat as the statement of a great truth. For the sinning soul dies by reason of the very fact of its sinning. There is no life for the human soul but in righteousness. Jesus, therefore, uses language which we may justly call violent when He referred to the possibility of a man's losing his higher life. Better to cut off the offending hand or foot if it hinders the aspiring soul. Better to pluck out the eye which causes stumbling if by that means the real life of God may be gained. I have called this language violent, and such it is. Not that Jesus anticipated any literal interpretation and literal following. The forceful illustration is used to emphasize a terrible and an eternal truth. The very possibility of a man's failing to enter into the life of fellowship with God, was a thought which brought strong tears to the eyes of the Saviour of men. I tell you that in these days we are harboring in our hearts a sentimental sympathy which overlooks sin and condones iniquity and seeks to apologize for the stern words of the Saviour. There was no doubt a ringing doom against sin. But it was not the doom of a threat. Jesus never threatened. He revealed what sin is; its very nature is death. The open door of life in God is before men. To pass by that door does not mean that God will arbitrarily punish, but that the very passing it by is death. The issue of sin is doom, exile into the night, the eclipse of desolation and abandonment.

Does there move in your hearts the suspicion that such a doom is exaggerated and overdone? When that suspicion comes to me, and it often comes, I remember the words of a sainted preacher: "When I am tempted to think that the doom is overdone, I must remember that the Son of God, my Saviour, with an infinite insight into all things, superlatively sensitive, knowing the inmost heart of life, He, our Saviour, pronounced the doom to be just. This Christ, who gave Himself for us, who loved us, told us in words—I venture to say loving words, of appalling terror—that for the deliberately sinful, and for the deliberately unjust, there is no place but the night, no place but the outer darkness, no place but ultimate separateness, no place but ultimate forsakenness and abandonment. These are my Master's words, and against them I will rear no petty imagination of my own; I will rather silence my own unillumined suspicion and humbly and quietly take my place with Him. The wages of sin is the night." It is the night now; it is the night hereafter. The essence of sin is death; it is exile; it is abandonment. Jesus' words were violent, but He was not seeking to produce fear, but to reveal fact.

Now to all of us who feel this fact so keenly Jesus brings His evangel of forgiveness and peace. The words spoken so long ago have their greatest significance now, for we can see, as those Jews could not see, their fuller and more profound meaning. As He spoke of the Father in such intimate terms, bitter resentment arose in their hearts. As He told them of His willingness to lay down His life for His sheep, they retorted: "He hath a demon and is mad; why hear ye Him?" Possibly we would have spoken likewise had we been living then. But now in the light of the centuries past, we look upon that lonely, forsaken, crucified Christ and recognize in His face the glory of the living, suffering God. For the "sufferings of Christ were the true representative symbol and proclamation of what goes on perpetually in God. From them God wishes the world to learn that sin is put away only through the redemptive suffering of holy love, which He Himself is gladly bearing, and which Christ, His representative and expression, endured before the eyes of men."

It is this truth which gives to the words of the text their power. He who said, "I am come that ye might have life" is Himself the life which He seeks to impart. He and the Father are one. The words which the historic Christ spoke to those Jews then are being repeated now to us by the indwelling, immanent Christ. I like that word immanent. It is a theological word, but it is a splendid word, pregnant with meaning. His name shall be called Immanuel, God with us, the inside God, the immanent God. It is He who says "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." It is He who says, "I am come that ye might have life and that ye might have it more abundantly." It is He who speaks to us in our sorrow and says, "Come with your sin and shame, come with your sadness and disappointment, come with your heavy trial and discouragement and I will give you peace." God with us! now to give us the victory, God with us, now, to forgive our sins. God with us! now, to give us heaven in our consecrated labor for Him.

I would that these words of Jesus which we are considering might live in your heart, as I try to have them live in my heart, as words spoken now, to-night, by the ever-living, ever-loving Father! How common it is for us to think of God our Father as far removed! It may be because of our training, but however we may account for it, the fact remains that many of us fail to realize that God is dealing with us now just as intimately and just as graciously as He dealt with the great prophets of old. How many of us carry about with us the sense of God? Do we have the conviction of God's abiding nearness wherever we are? If not, the greatest blessing of life has been missed. There is nothing more needed to-day than a truer, larger, more Scriptural idea of God. We need to realize His abiding nearness. But we need to forget the old idea of an unapproachable God. I recall the words of Henry Drummond, that great teacher, who, during his short life, won so many men to Christ. "I remember very well," he says, "the awful conception of God I got when I was a boy. I was given a book of Watts' hymns, which was illustrated, and, among other hymns there was one about God, and it represented a great black, scowling thunder cloud, and in the midst of that cloud there was a piercing eye. That was placed before my young imagination as God, and I got the idea that God was a great detective, playing the spy upon my actions and, as the hymn says, writing now the story of what little children do. That was a bad lesson. It has taken years to obliterate it." And I fear most of us have had to go through a similar experience before we have been rid of the terrible God of childhood, the far-away God of childhood, and come into the spiritual conception of the everywhere present God of the Bible.

Now it is this everywhere-present God, our Father, who seeks our life to save it. He wants our life now, for without God life is a living death. With God, life is growth, development—heaven now and heaven hereafter. Without God it is deterioration, atrophy, death. Here are two facts which our own experience confirms as true. We need to realize, therefore, that there is never a time when God the Father is not near us to lead us into His life. In the hour when you feel the stir of divinity within you, in the hour when conscience speaks and says, be a nobler man, a purer man, a truer man, in that hour "it is God which worketh in you." Possibly it was but yesterday that you spoke the unkind word that wounded a devoted heart, or gained your point in business by ruining your fellow man, or committed a sin that leaves a blot on the scutcheon, but afterward, unless your heart is already dead, you heard a still small voice pleading with you to repent your evil way and live a better, higher life. It was "God which worketh in you."

Multiplied are the experiences in which God is speaking to our souls, and many of us have never heard the voice. Ears have we but we hear not. We have eyes but we fail to see. There are great crowds who trample upon the beautiful violet, never thinking that they have one of God's sweetest thoughts under their heel. There are myriads of stolid eyes which look upward to the stars but see not God's glory in the robed beauty of the sky. There are multitudes who stand beneath the magnificent blue vault of heaven, gazing upon some gorgeous sunset, never dreaming that God lighted the fire. And beyond number are they who fail to feel the presence of God in the ordinary experiences of life. My friends, God wants our life. Do something with your life. Let your energy, your talent, your service be for God your Father. Be not so concerned to save your soul as to save your life. Give God your life and He will sanctify your soul.

God's Service.

I thought within those cherished days of old—
Oh, days that knew the tinge of morning sky
When night's blue star veil vanishes on high
And flares the first wild radiance of gold
Along the hazy lengths of field and wold,
That my chief services to Him must lie
In rapt devotion thro' the inner eye
Of meditation, opening toward the fold,
But, lo! the vast is gray, and I have learned
Long gone — ah, how the truth has pierced me through!
That His approval is the fullest earned
By worship in the kindly deeds we do;
God's service is as broad as needs that cry,
God's service knits man to eternity!
—L. W. L. Jennings, in Religious Herald.

The True and the Artificial.

It is not difficult to distinguish between the true and the artificial. The moral test is the sure one. When conscience is sensitive and the will submissive, and the life consistent, there is no doubt about one's spirituality. When the soul sings: "I delight to do Thy will, O, God," and then does delight to do God's will, or does the will of God from firm resolve, there can be no doubt. When one loathes sin and tries to leave it—all sin, all kinds of sin—sin against the body, sin against the soul, sin against the neighbor, sin again Christ and the Father—there is no difficulty in reaching a decision as to the genuineness of Christian character. It is no mirage. The garden of the Lord is there.—Bishop John H. Vincent.

Making Your Temper Over.

If you were not born with a good temper, make your temper over. If cheeriness and patience and amiability are not natural, cultivate them as a second nature. No one can be really happy who is irritable and fault-finding, and what is worse, he renders his nearest and dearest equally unhappy. Determination can conquer these faults, and a disposition as full of pricks as a bramble bush can be rendered sweet and tranquil and lovable. Don't imagine you must accept the nature you inherited without any attempt at change or alteration. If it is not what you want make it over.

Optimism of Jesus.

You remember the famous line of Robert Browning, "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world?" That was the one source of the optimism of Browning, but the optimism of Jesus went a great deal deeper. It was the fact that God was in His earth, so that the ravens were fed and the lilies were adorned, and so that the very hairs of a man's head are numbered—it was that which gave a radiant quietude to Christ.—G. H. Morrison.

ARIZONA OSTRICHS DO WELL.

They Are Acclimated and Are Taller Than the South African Birds.

A letter received in this city last week says that the ostrich industry in the Salt River Valley, Arizona, is fast becoming one of the large commercial importance.

When the ostrich was introduced from South Africa, 11 years ago, it was feared that the experiment would be a failure. The change of food and climate did not agree with the birds, and very litle progress was made during the first years. The business also is one that requires experience, and until those engaged in it had learned everything worth knowing about ostrich culture they made little headway.

About five years ago the birds had become acclimated, their care was more thoroughly understood, and they began to thrive. It is believed that they are doing better in the Salt River Valley than in South Africa.

At any rate the American ostriches are several inches taller than those of South Africa and their feathers are of somewhat finer quality. Full grown, they stand eight feet high and weigh 200 pounds.

The rich, black, glossy feathers of the male are far superior in quality to the drab plumage of the female, and the feathers plucked every eight months are sold as high as $125 a pound in the eastern markets. The average yield is a pound of feathers to the bird.

Over 1000 ostriches are now on the alfalfa pastures in the valley, feeding contentedly on the rich herbage, which makes them as fat as any ostrich should be. The climate of the valley seems to be particularly adapted to ostrich raising.

These farms are not far from the city of Phoenix, and visitors often drive out to them to see the birds by the hundreds on their pastures. About 50 of them are also kept on a small display farm near the city limits for the benefit of tourists, who regard the birds as among the sights of the place. This little farm pays for itself by the sales of plumage to visitors.—New York Sun.

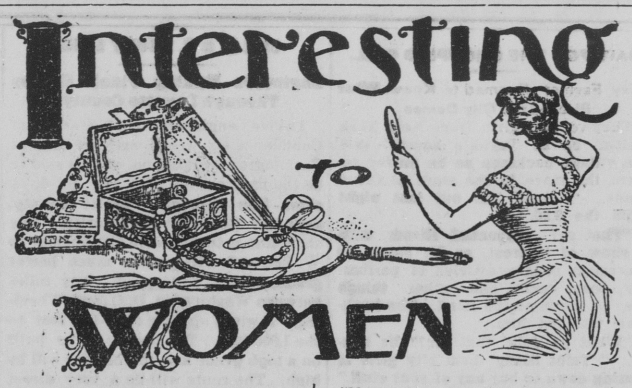
Flowers in the Desert.

Any one going to California crosses the desert, and if taey go when the rainy season is past, it is truly a desert. But in the spring of the year, after the wild flowers have responded to the gentle rains, the desert looks like a great flower garden, and one cannot put one's foot down without crushing beautiful, delicate flowers. The wild flowers of the desert are in a class by themselves, springing to life in a single day after the rain has touched the loose, sandy soil. When the rains cease the flowers wither and blow away, and all that remains is a wide expanse of unlovely sand studded with huge native cacti and Spanish Dagger. The latter is the Yuca and bears enormous spikes of waxen bells. Its leaves are veritable daggers, sure enough, and woe betide any one who runs into them unwittingly.

Some of the Opuntias among the cacti, especially the Tuna, are called prickly pears, and Indian figs, from the shape of the fruit. They have yellow, pink and red blossoms and they grow to immense size. The old mission fathers planted them along the boundaries of their missions to keep out savage Indians. These hedges have grown for the last century until now they are great walls twenty feet high and as many wide, and perfectly impregnable. The fathers have long since mouldered to dust, the Indians have faded from the country, and the missions are crumbling to decay, but the prickly pears are growing and nourishing and gaining strength as the years pass. The Turk's Head cactus is the oddest one. It is round, with a pink body and yellow spines, which are in the shape of curved thorns. There is nothing fascinating about the cacti of the desert. They possess neither beauty nor grace, and the brilliancy of the flowers does not atone for their hideousness. The prickly pears supply various reptiles as well as travelers with drink, as the fleshy leaves give forth water when crushed. The Indians and Mexicans use the fruit as a fig, and dry stalks to burn, so that the Cacti have their uses if not beauty. The rattlesnakes abound on the desert, and the slow-going tortoise will be found hundreds of miles from water.

Inspirations of Authors.

According to the "Book Monthly," Sir Lewis Morris wrote most of "The Epic of Hades" on the Underground railway. To the profane and superficial it will doubtless appear that the title was more naturally suggested by such a sulphurous environment than any other portion of the poem; but the story only confirms the truth that all roads lead to Parnasus if the right man sets out on them. Lord Macaulay composed the "Ballads of Ancient Rome" while walking about, as if for a wager, through the crowded streets of London. W. E. Henley composed in an Edinburgh hospital, and James Thompson in a barrack room at the Curragh, and Matthew Arnold on the south side of the Gemmi, where he must have been in imminent danger of falling over precipices while casting about for rhymes. Mr. Kipling, again, is said sometimes to be inspired in telegraph offices, and to dash off immortal verse upon the forms provided by the department. The source of Sir Lewis Morris' inspiration is not, therefore, so astonishing after all, though he might have had more time to polish his verses if he had travelled on the suburban lines of some of the southern companies.—London Graphic.



The Contented Woman.

The happiest woman in the world is she who is contentedly serving those she loves, says the Philadelphia Bulletin.

Go West, Young Woman.

Go west, young woman, and save from race suicide the country. Nearly 300 miners of Silver City, Nevada, are advertising in eastern papers for wives, and scores of other western camps are offering similar inducements.

Women in Japanese Army.

Richard Chester of Tanegashima Island, Japan, a contractor to the Japanese government, states that at least 10 percent of the Japanese soldiers in the field are women disguised as men. He says that the average Japanese woman of the coolie class is as strong, if not stronger, than the man.

Short Dress Sleeves.

The fashion for short dress sleeves will be more generally followed this summer than for a good many years. Even the girl whose wrists and hands are not remarkable for their beauty will venture to follow her more favored sisters. Some will wear them to the elbow and others will cut them off half way between the elbow and the hand. If the arm is very thin, lace should be used plentifully.

Beadwork Redivivus.

Women who wearied of the beadwork in Indian patterns which enjoyed such a vogue last summer will now find an excuse for taking up their discarded looms. The rage for anything Japanese has found vent in headwork, following conventionalized Japanese patterns. These cannot be bought at shops as yet, though doubtless the patterns will soon be on the market, but any woman with an eye for colors can evolve her own patterns from Japanese prints, showing borders or panels.

Cherry blossoms, pride of Japan, are easily conventionalized, and dragons are stunning done in gold, green, blue, and crimson beads. The bead fringe shown on the new, dull-hued lamp shades are made from beads in myriad tints, run on the finest of copper wire.—New York Press.

The Face Beautiful.

How unreasonable some women are. They have a bad complexion. They go to a specialist and expect wonders to be worked on their faces in a single treatment of an hour's length. They are advised to come often and regularly of they want to see improvement, but they think it is because the masseuse wants to "make" more out of them. They mean to come again "next week," but when the time comes they want the dollar for something else and they don't go. Then they decry the masseuse and her capabilities. If one has a face that needs treatment—and whose could not be benefited—she should begin with treatments every day until she sees improvement. Then it is well enough to make weekly visits. Persistency and faithfulness on the part of the patient are as necessary as skill on the part of the masseuse.

Hints on Shades.

White makes a woman look innocent, winsome and classic. Clear white is for the blonde, cream white for the brunette. It is not the woman in white who has all the attention, and the wide-eyed young thing in white with a blue ribbon who captures all the beaux?

"Black suits the fair," a poet tells us. It is the thinnest color a stout woman can wear; indeed, the woman who wears black to best advantage is she who is stout and has black eyes and black hair. It is well known that in gowns of certain colors flesh seems to shrink; in others to expand.

A subdued shade of blue, heliotrope and olive green, with black, of course, are the colors under which flesh seems less ostentatious, while wedgwood blue, pale gray and almost any shade of red are to be avoided. Mauve and the higher shade of green are two of the colors that in decoration about the throat and shoulders are especially helpful in diminishing the effect of flesh.

Helen Gould in Fear of Her Life.

"If I went about conspicuously I am sure my life would be attempted," declared Miss Helen Gould to some of her friends on the board of lady managers at the St. Louis exposition.

"As it is few persons are certain of my identity except when I am in the company of those I can thoroughly trust. There are times, however, when I get so nervous that I do not stir out of the house for a week at a time.

"You cannot imagine how dreadful it is to receive in almost every mail letters from persons who declare that unless some impossible demand is complied with they will do you physical injury.

"If the writers were merely criminal, I would have no fear, but criminals seldom or never commit crimes such as are threatened. Worse than being criminal, the writers are as a rule mentally unbalanced, and as a result of their diseased imaginings.

"I would do almost anything to be freed from this necessity for constant espionage by paid protectors. As you can imagine, it grows very wearisome."

Know One Thing Well.

Judging from the letters that many of my girls are sending me there are a large number of them career-ward bent and bound, says The Housekeeper. I mean to help them, of course, to the best of my ability, and according to the promise I made them when we met, in the Cozy Corner, for the first time. Nevertheless, I want to do a little bargaining with them. I want each career-ward bound girl who comes to me to be honestly able to say that she is reasonably well grounded in the science of home-making and housekeeping. The knowledge will be of value to her no matter what her station in life is or may be. There are few sadder creatures to contemplate than the women who go through life ignorant of the things that rightfully belong to their sphere of knowledge, and who haven't the grace to be ashamed to say, "I don't know how." Yes, I will help you in any way I can, but always and ever will I say to you, that hte world has nothing to give you that is half so fair, or high, or holy, as honored wifehood—the first place in some honest heart, and, perhaps, the crown of motherhood. These things are holiest and best for women, and for hte welfare of the human race and the world at large. Slowly, but surely, in many cases reluctantly, I admit, is there an acknowledgement of this fact by the deepest thinkers among the men and women of our times. Glory and fame are high sounding words, and the price a woman pays, more often than not, for either or both, is her happiness. The beat of a drum may be loud, but oh, how hollow, after all's said and done, is the drum. Where the sunlight is the rosiest on snow clad mountain heights—it's ever cold, always lonely.

Fashion Notes.

Tucked coats are many and effective.

Linen ribbon trims a walking hat of white Japanese straw.

If you can wear a wide belt, do so; they are very, very stylish.

Champagne pink is a new French designation for the modish tint.

The cape bolero is one of the designs suited to the linen and other wash suitings.

A touch of gold is introduced in nearly all the passementeries, embroideries and laces.

To lend a touch of brightness to gray costumes, dark orange velvet is employed for garniture.

Some of the newest hat pins are oval, and in the peacock coloring—green toning into blue.

With a little practice one can produce a very pretty marcel wave with an ordinary curling iron.

One can hardly get through the summer without a white hat. She will want it if she doesn't need it.

White velvet or panne, embroidered with chenille dots in different colors, represents a novelty in garnitures.

Do not put your furs away with the dirt on them. It is not only a slack way of doing but helps to ruin the fur.

The practical automobile cap for a long ride on a hot day out into the dusty country is a linen duck of tan color.

There is a new nine-gored skirt with habit back that flares very prettily about the feet. If one wants to strap her skirt this is a suitable model.

Wide linen and pique collars are being very generally worn by young boys and girls. They brighten up a dark frock and are very neat on the white ones.

A novel combination of Parisian origin is that the crepe de chine and velvet, the latter as a trimming in a paler tint than the sheer fabric it adorns.

The little medallions of fine embroidery can be utilized by the amateur dressmaker on sheer lawns and muslins in making some very handsome gowns.

A Possible Explanation.

"Ah!" sighed the spring poet, "there is nothing so sweet and tender as the bleat of a young lamb."

"Think so," replied the practical man. "I suppose, then, when you git lamb in a restaurant that ain't tender it's because the bleat's cooked out of it."—Philadelphia Press.

The French state barge, which was built in the reign of Charles X., has just been sold for rather less than $50.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Habit is the deepest law of human nature.—Carlyle.

Men makes laws; women make manners.—De Legur.

Study the past if you would divine the future.—Confucius.

There is something of woman in everything that pleases.—Dupaty.

Who makes quick use of the moment is a genius of prudence.—Lavater.

Discontent is the want of self-reliance; it is infirmity of will.—Emerson.

Men err from selfishness, women because they are weak.—Mme. de Stael.

He who rises late may trot all day and not overtake his business at night. —Franklin.

Shallow men speak of the past, wise men of the present, and fools of the future.—Mme. Du Duffand.

The true object of education should be to train one to think clearly and act rightly.—H. J. Van Dyke.

I know the nature of women. When you will, they will not; when you will not, they come of their own accord.—Serence.

Not a day passes over the earth but men and women of no note do great deeds, speak great words or suffer noble sorrows.—Charles Reade.

I don't care to meet the man who has never made a mistake, for that infallible individual has likely never made anything else.—H. Macaulay.

SCIENCE WARS ON RATS.

A Bacillus Used to Exterminate the Dangerous Rodents.

The spread of the plague in the east has been shown to be due to rats which are carried from infected ports on vessels. Just the precise way in which this is accmoplished, says Harper's Weekly, is still a matter of debate among biologists, but the fact is appreciated, and in Manila and elsewhere the health authorities endeavor to kill all the rats in an infected locality and on board ships about to discharge their cargoes. This is accomplished in several ways, such as traps, catching rats by hand or by animals, and on board ships sometimes by asphyxiation with carbonic acid, the latter a costly method, and often difficult of application. A method promising to be most efficacious has recently been devised by M. Danysz, of the Pasteur Institute, in Paris. He has found the bacillus of a disease which is peculiar to rats and extremely fatal to such as are inoculated with it, while at the same time it does not affect other animals or human beings. A culture can be made of this bacillus bouillon in which bread or grain is soaked. This is exposed for the rats to eat, and has been found a successful means of communicating the disease, which usually proves fatal in five to 12 days. The method has been tried on the rats in the Paris sewers and those of the Bourse de Commerce, which attack the grain supplies. It is now recognized that if the rats can be destroyed it is possible to keep plague and other diseases from Europe and the civilized portions of the east, and it is to be hoped that the new method of inoculation will be found successful when practiced on a large scale.

Animal Language.

A sound or gesture made by an animal under any mental or emotional impression and calling out a similar one in another animal is an element of language. When the rabbit quickly beats the ground, its fellow rabbits know that there is danger somewhere, and they take action accordingly. That is rabbit language. When the hunter imitates the rabbit and thus conveys the same idea, he is "speaking" the rabbit language for the time being. Many animals use signs, which of course are understood through the eyes. The ants converse by touching antennae and feet. Many insects rub the elytra. This is animal language in its simplest form. It expresses but few ideas. But there are animals which are capable of modulating their "voices."

Even the common rabbits, which seem to be mute, are constantly making sounds, which a little observation will soon discover to be ever changing in volume, modulation, etc. Much of this method of communication changes when the animal is brought into civilization from the wild state. The wild dog, for instance, barks very little when in freedom. How the household dog barks and is able to express himself is well known.

Bowyer's Bible.

It is eighty years since William Bowyer put the finishing touch to his monumental Bible — an anniversary which is of peculiar interest just now. Bowyer was a miniature painter of fair abilities, who devoted every spare hour for thirty years to extra-illustrating a copy of the Bible which came into his possession. With infinite patience and at considerable cost he collected every drawing, engraving, and etching of Biblical subjects he could lay hands on, to the number of 7000, and interleaved his Bible with them, until the original modest book had expanded into forty-four imposing folio volumes, containing the work of 600 artists, from Michael Angelo to Benjamin West. The work was completed in 1824, at a total cost of 4,200 pounds. After his death it figured as a lottery prize, and underwent many vicissitudes before it passed into the possession of Mr. Heywood, of Bolton, for little more than an eighth of its original cost. — Westminster Gazette.

Engine drivers working from Crewe to London and back have to notice no fewer than 570 signals.