

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

Topic For the Week Beginning Feb. 2
Comment by Rev. S. H. Doyle.

Topic.—Laborers together with God.—I Cor. iii, 6-22. (Christian Endeavor day.)

This topic is a very appropriate one for the fifteenth anniversary of the origin of the Christian Endeavor movement. Fifteen years ago there were two societies and 64 members. Today there are 41,000 societies, with a membership of 9,000,000. Such a marvelous growth can only be accounted for by acknowledging the hand of God to have been in the origin and propagation of this great movement. Yet God used the hands of men to carry forward His work. It has been a divine human movement. The hand of God and the hand of man were both in it. In this great movement, as in all similar ones, God and man worked together as collaborators.

Men must always be "laborers together with God" if their work is successful. This is the fact that Paul emphasizes in the topical reference. It is a fact that the most successful Christian workers have always admitted and emphasized. Nothing testifies more strongly to the eminent Christian character of Rev. Francis E. Clark, D. D., the special collaborator used by God in this great movement, than the fact that he has always recognized the hand of God in the movement and has emphasized that fact. In this respect we should all emulate the example of the great apostle and the leader of this wonderful young people's movement. If we are successful in our labors, we should attribute it to God, for it is not by might nor by power that the Lord's work is done, but by His Spirit. Paul may plant, Apollus may water, but God alone can give the increase. "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thee, O Lord, to honor and glory," should be our motto in all the successes of life.

Although God is the principal and necessary worker, still man's work is also necessary and important. The planting and the watering must be done in order that by the blessing of God the increase may come. We should not think because God is the important one in spiritual work that we can be careless and indifferent.

The fact that we are "laborers together with God" should increase our zeal and earnestness. What an honor to be a collaborator with God! It means success, for God never fails. It means fellowship and partnership with the King of Kings and Lord of Lords. It means encouragement, reward, happiness and usefulness. Let us strive then, stimulated by the successes of the past, to go forward in the future, still trusting in God, in such a way that though collaborators with God we shall be workmen who need not be ashamed.

Bible Readings.—Gen. v, 29; II Chron. xxxi, 20, 21; Neh. vi, 15, 16; Ps. xc, 16, 17; Prov. xvi, 3; Isa. xxvi, 12; Zech. iv, 6; Math. xxviii, 18-20; Acts xiv, 2-4; I Cor. xv, 10, 58; II Cor. iii, 5, 6; vi, 1; Gal. vi, 9, 10; Phil. ii, 12-16; iv, 13.

Another Indorsement.

The latest denomination to make Christian Endeavor its official young people's society is the African M. E. Zion church. The board of bishops at its conference in St. Louis unanimously passed a resolution indorsing the Y. P. S. C. E. and making Christian Endeavor the denominational young people's society. The board also recommended that Christian Endeavor societies be organized in every church throughout the A. M. E. Zion connection.

The Lighthouse of Life.

An earnest Christian mate, now a Floating Christian Endeavorer, says Golden Rule, whose ship was stranded several months ago on the southernmost island of the Japanese group, formed a friendship with a Japanese schoolteacher and commended to him the study of the Bible, presenting him with a copy. He has recently heard from his Japanese friend in a letter, where he says of the Bible, "It is the lighthouse of my life."

Removing the Briers.

We, who are so careful to remove the briers from our pathway for fear they should inflict a wound, yet, strange as it may seem, give no thought to the many wounds we inflict in other hearts by collecting and piercing them with the thorns that meet us in our daily intercourse with each other.—Catholic Universe.

Greater Than Faith.

Love is greater than faith because the end is greater than the means. What is the use of having faith? It is to connect the soul with God. And what is the use of being connected with God? It is to become like God, for "God is love."—Henry Drummond.

Christian Endeavor Notes.

Wallflowers are an arctic growth. They cannot flourish in Christian Endeavor atmosphere.

Something for every one to do, and not too much for any one to do, is a good social committee maxim.

All the young peoples' societies of Richmond have united for the purpose of distributing good literature to the city institutions, hospitals, barber shops, railway stations, etc.

The young people of the Lutheran church in Illinois are sending out their own missionary to Africa, Mr. Will M. Beck of Lancaster, O.

The first Floating society of Christian Endeavor in Oregon has been organized in Portland and is now prospering. Many of the seamen have returned wearing Christian Endeavor pins.

Sectional unions of Christian Endeavor are being agitated for India. Owing to the diversity of languages, a national union is not advisable just now.

One St. Louis society is furnishing scrapbooks to hospitals and jails through its good literature committee. These are prepared at the homes of the members and consist of helpful clippings from religious papers.

THE COLISEUM.

Rome's Vast Ellipse and the Many Changing Moods It Has Seen.

It seems strange that not until the middle of last century did it occur to any of the successors of Peter to rescue from the desecration of indifference a spot saturated, one may say without hyperbole, with the blood of the martyrs. Everybody knows that earthquakes, fire and inundation competed with each other for its destruction. Gaius's troops stilled themselves there, and the Frangipani transformed it into a fortress. When less turbulent times supervened, it became, by tacit consent the common quarry of the more powerful Roman houses. When for a time friendly enough with each other, they held ill and journey within it, and then mystery plays restored for a time its theatrical character. Sixtus V had a scheme for turning it into a woolen manufactory, and another prince of peace thought it would serve capitol as a powder magazine. Meanwhile it remained a convenient market place for the sale of vegetables. But in 1750 an earnest Liguarian monk, Leonardo da Porto Maurizio, came to Rome, craved audience of Benedict XIV, and obtaining papal sanction for the new form of devotion known as the Via Crucis, induced the sovereign pontiff to consecrate the Coliseum to celebrate mass there and to erect a large wooden cross in the very center of the pagan arena.

Ever since the stations of the cross, commemorating the journey to Calvary, have encircled the vast ellipse, and the newcomers whose rising voices disturbed his reverie are wandering hither behind a tall, barefooted, bareheaded Franciscan friar, to make the dolorous pilgrimage. All the fine ladies of Rome are there, and, heedless of delicate frounce and furbelow, they kneel on the unswept ground at every halt made by the rosy girdled monk and bow their heads in audible lamentation. Then, when the long, sad service is completed, he rebukes them for their transgressions and invites them to a holier life. That much I can make out from where I sit, in sympathetic contemplation of the scene, though no small part of his exhortation reaches me, but in fitful vowel sounds, insular, but somewhat vague in meaning. Before they have come to a close a blare of trumpets tells me that a body of French zouaves is coming along the Via San Gregorio, between the Palatine and Caelian hills, on their way back to barracks from the exercising ground that lies beyond the tomb of Caius Cestus and Shelley's burial place.

The insolence of alien drums,
Vexing the bright blue air,
To smite a people's anguish dumb
Or speed a rash despair,
That once had wrung
That prophet tongue
To challenge force and cheer the slave,
Rolls unrebuked around his grave.
—Fortnightly Review.

NEW YORK CANDY PEDDLERS.

Clustered in Dingy East Side Rooms, They Sleep on the Floor.

Very nearly all the dark skinned men who sell that brilliantly colored candy from push carts are members of a regular clan and for the most part Greeks. When the day has ended and their work is done, they gather together in a dozen or more dens in Roosevelt and Cherry streets just at the foot of the famous Cherry hill, there to eat, rest and before sleeping to load up their carts for the morrow, that they may get an early start.

One of these rendezvous presents a unique appearance late at night. It is generally a store on the ground floor, that the push carts may be trundled out easily when heavily loaded. From the sidewalk the "store" does not show a single ray of light. It looks forbidding and deserted. But its door opens readily. The entire front of the long apartment is filled up with carts laden with the sweets and displaying signs. Only a narrow passageway is left to get to the back of the room.

Here, around a smudgy table, five or six chattering Greeks are playing cards and quarreling over the game. On the boards is spread a quantity of candy, newly made and cooling, for it is in a room back of this that the stuff is prepared. The candy maker not only makes a profit selling to the peddlers, but he gets still more of their money, lodging them on the same floor as their push carts. Sometimes when a peddler is "broke" the maker of sweets sends him out with a load of candy to sell on shares, but as a general thing he goes cash for his product before the carts go out.

Beds are, for the most part, unknown luxuries. Only the most prosperous peddlers seem to be able to afford them. Generally the floor is marked out with chalk lines, divided into narrow squares, and there on the hard boards, without disrobing or changing an article of their clothing, the candy peddlers sleep.—New York Herald.

Maternal Pride.

"Just think of it," she said proudly, as the voice of her son rose above all the others in the college yell.

"Just think of what?" asked her husband.

"Hiram and all those other boys conversing in Greek just as natural and easy as if it was their natural tongue."—Washington Star.

Possession.

It so falls out that what we have we prize not to the worth while we enjoy it; but, being lacked and lost, why, then, we rack the value. Then we find the virtue that possession would not show us while it was ours.—Shakespeare.

If we must accept fate, we are not less compelled to assert liberty, the significance of the individual, the grandeur of duty, the power of character.—Emerson.

If we would have anything of benefit, we must earn it, and earning it become shared, inventive, ingenious, active, enterprising.—E. W. Beecher.

Struck by a Dead Hand.

Said Henry Billings, a retired railroad engineer:

"I was running a night train on the Santa Fe road back in the seventies. This particular night had been stormy and threatening, and the flashes of lightning were frequent and intense. We were running ahead of our schedule in order to make a siding in time to allow an extra to pass us, and were traveling, I suppose, at the rate of about 30 or 35 miles an hour.

"I was sitting with my face close to the forward window of the cab, gazing straight ahead, when in a brilliant blaze of electricity a man's arm and head suddenly burst with great force through the glass and the open hand struck me squarely in the face. I was dazed for an instant by the blow, and held blindly to the side of the cab. My first thought was that some one was trying to hold up my train to rob the passengers, and, acting on this idea, I seized my wrench from its place and dealt the head of the intruder a blow with all my might.

"The fireman, thinking I had killed the man, shut off steam and we slowed down and took our lanterns to examine the strange visitor. I could not describe the feeling that crept over me when I climbed upon the engine and looked at the man whom I believed had attacked me. His entire body below the arms was gone. It was easy to understand what had happened. He had been struck by the rapidly moving engine and his body severed as with a knife, the lower half falling to one side and the head and arms flying straight through the cab window."—Atlanta Journal.

Leaves That Are Fifty Feet Long.

In our temperate climate none of the trees has leaves of a size that will even compare favorably with those of the sea island and tropical countries in general. The maple, the oak and the elm leaves are but infinitesimal bits of green when compared with the gigantic sheets of velvety verdure found on some of the trees, shrubs and plants of South and Central America.

The South American tree which has the largest leaf is the Inaja palm, which grows on the banks of the Amazon. The leaves of this giant are often 50 feet in length, but they are very narrow, seldom exceeding 8 to 10 feet. With the Ceylonese cocconut palm it is different. In that species the leaves are from 20 to 25 feet in length and from 16 to 18 in width. The natives of Ceylon are said to use these leaves in tentmaking, three or four being sufficient to make a shelter for a whole family. An extraordinary specimen of Ceylonese palm leaf now in the British museum, and which must be a freak—because the average length and breadth of the leaves of this variety of trees do not exceed the figures given above—is 36 feet in length and 28 in width, even though it is admitted that it must have shrunk one-fifth in drying.—St. Louis Republic.

The Porte.

The porte is the short name of the sublime porte, which is the official way of speaking of the Turkish government. In the east judicial business is transacted at the city or palace gates. One story says that the sultan of Bagdad put in the portal of his palace a piece of sacred black stone of Mecca, thus making his gate the porte. Another says that Sultan Orkhan built a gorgeous gate to his place in Broussa. Both of these stories are probably untrue so far as they purport to explain the name as applied to the Turkish government. Just as the British court is called the court of St. James and the late French court that of the Tuileries, because their headquarters were in the palaces of St. James and the Tuileries respectively, so the Turkish court got the name sublime porte because its headquarters were in the palace of Bab-i-Humayun, or the Lofty Gate, in Constantinople. The name has been attached to the building in that city which shelters the four principal departments of the government.—New York Sun.

Legal Punning.

We do not mean punning which is legal—for there is no pun which the law authorizes—but punning by members of the profession which calls itself legal. It is credited by The Green Bag to Vice Chancellor Robertson of New York.

The chancellor was listening patiently at chambers to an argumentative conflict over the amount of a fee claimed by a counsel. At the close of the contention, he remarked:

"Let me have your papers and the affidavits of the expert, and I will see what is feasible as to the fee, and will endeavor to see my way to a just solution between the contention on the one side that the fee is a phenomenal one and on the other side that there should not be a nominal fee."

A Woman's Will.

Talk about a woman's will! Why, up in Lansing resides a lady who has enjoyed good health and yet has not been outside the doorway for 14 years. On one occasion when she returned home too late to get supper for her husband he grumbled and said that he hoped the next time she went out she would break her leg. This led the woman to declare she would never again go outside the yard. Later when the husband died, of remorse probably, she followed the casket to the gate and refused to go farther and from that time has never left the premises.—Kalamazoo Gazette.

A Cranbrook Custom.

At Cranbrook, in Kent, as well as in other places, it was the custom to strew the bride's pathway, not with flowers, but with emblems of the bridegroom's trade; thus a carpenter walked on shavings, a shoemaker on leather parings and a blacksmith on pieces of old iron.—Detroit Journal.

Among the manufacturing states New York stands first, having 850,064 persons engaged in her factories, the output of which reaches the enormous aggregate of \$1,711,577,671.

THE MINUET DANGER.

No, my enchantress in the flowered brocade,
You call an elder fashion to your aid,
Step forth from Gainsborough's canvas and
advances,
A powdered Galatea, to the dance.

About you elings a faded, old world air,
As though the link boys crowded round your
chair,
As though the Macracons thronged the Mall,
And the French horns were sounding at Vaux
hall.

They tread the stately measure to its close,
The silver buckles and the silken hose,
Ladies and equitables, that bend and sway,
Brilliant as poppies on an August day.

You dance the minuet, and we admire,
We dulleards in our black and white attire,
Whose russet idyl seems a more barbaque,
Set in a frame so far less picturesque.

Yet I take heart; for Love, the countless regent,
Can scarcely heed what element he in vogue,
Since in good sooth his reign is known
As something simultaneous about his own.

And so he whispers, Eyes were bright and
brown
Long ere the powder tax dismayed the town,
And faithful shepherds still shall nibble on,
Although the rapiers and the trills be gone.
—Alfred Cochrane in Epitaphist.

ODD FACTS ABOUT MADAGASCAR.

The Policemen Sleep on Their Beats—The Curfew Is of Ancient Use.

Probably the sleepiest policemen in the world are those of Madagascar. At Antananarivo, the capital, there is little evidence of the force by day, for its members are all peacefully wrapped in slumber. At night, too, the guardian of property is seldom to be seen, and that he is actually guarding is only to be told by the half hourly cry that is sent up to police post No. 1 alongside the royal palace.

"Watchman, what of the night?
"We are wide awake, keeping a sharp
lookout, and all's well."

Autannarivo has no lamps and no streets. It is simply a great collection of houses tumbled together. There is a big force of night police, known as the "watch." The men gather themselves together into groups, and choosing snug corners, wrapping themselves in straw mats, they drop into long and profound slumber. One member of each group remains awake to respond to the half hourly call from the palace. As he calls back, the others, half awake, mechanically shout back the response. It makes little difference, however, that the police continually sleep, for robbery is rare.

Curfew, though popularly supposed to be purely an early English and Norman-French custom, has been established in Madagascar for centuries. In every town and village between 9 and 10 the watchmen go around shouting out in the Malagasy dialect, "Lights out!" and they see that all is in darkness in every house. After these hours no one is allowed to travel around without a special pass.

There is no criminal code of any account, and when a man is caught in the act of stealing the populace is apt to ignore the police and surround him and stone him to death. The Madagascans have no "swear words" in their language, and when their feelings are overwrought against a man the only thing they can do is to excrete summary vengeance on him.—New York World.

A Privilege of the Sex.

This story, told by a minister whose chapel is in the lower part of the city, gives a keen insight into one form of human nature.

"I once officiated at a funeral," he said, "of a comparatively young man, whose widow seemed utterly inconsolable. I tried to comfort her, but she sobbed out that she had got to be a poor lone widow all her life.

"After the burial the widow called me aside. 'Parson,' she said hesitatingly, 'I hope you won't say anything about my telling you that I should live a poor lone widow all my life, for I may change my mind.'"—Philadelphia Call.

A Superior Woman.

"She really is a very superior woman."

"Indeed! Is she a good speaker?"

"Oh, no. I don't believe she ever made a public speech."

"Writes, possibly?"

"I never heard of it if she does."

"What makes her superior to other women, then?"

"She can cook."—Washington Post.

Hare Superstitions.

In most parts of Europe it is considered unlucky for a hare to cross the road in front of a traveler. Among the Romans this omen was so unfortunate that if a man starting upon a journey espied a hare on the road before him he would return and wait until the following day to begin his journey.

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