A LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT.

[Written for the SUNDAY UNION by Len.]

The 12 o'clock gun had just boomed over the city of Halifax, echoing across the harbor and reverberating among the hills on the Dartmouth side, when two officers of the One Hundred and First Regiment strolled across the glacis from the citadel.

Lieutenant Henry and Colonel Lawrence, though occupying different positions in the army, were sworn friends. Theirs was no ordinary friendship; it dated from the Egyptian war, when Henry had quickly thrown his cloak over a treacherous Arab's saber, pointed at the Colonel's back, Henry receiving half of the thrust intended for Lawrence.

On this day, in June, 1882, Lieutenant Henry's face was a study in shadows, and the shadows were the deepest in his brown eyes. The Colonel chatted on in his lively way for ten minutes before he noticed his friend's abstraction, then he stopped short and, linking his arm in Henry's, he said:

"Old fellow, what is troubling you? You are blue—in the doldrums surely. You have not spoken six words since drill. Has the fair lass of Devonshire said nay to your wooing? If so, her sister will have a negative for me, for I verily believe I am only traveling on your passport to favor. Come, tell me what is troubling you; trouble when shared between two, like saber-cuts, is less sharp."

"Tell you; yes," replied Henry. "I have made arrangements to sell out of the army,"

"Sell out!" echoed his companion; "what under the canopy, may I ask, are you going to do that for, when you know your men just idolize you?"

"No help for it," said Henry, bitterly. "I have no alternative, Wycherly of the navy, my cousin, you know, has foreclosed on a mortgage on the home estate in Sheffield. I have lost on all the polo races, as you know, and am in no end of a fix all around. My uncle Judge McLennen, who died, left all to Wycherly, and I really expected something, for I am his own nephew and my cousin is not."

"Wycherly! Ah," said the Colonel, "is that not the fellow you helped out of that scandal in Willow Park bank embezzlement? Did you not make good every cent?"

"Yes," said Henry, coloring up, "but don't think it was generosity on my part. I did it to save the family, and blood is thicker than water."

"His must be watery now or else he would help you in your embarrassment," returned the Colonel.

"He—he has reasons, I suppose," said Henry. "He is in love with Margory Burke, and well you know I am, too."

"And the mean coot is trying to square accounts that way, by putting you in a beastly hole. He is a cad, excuse me if he is your cousin, which I never will believe. You two are no more alike than a dove and a buzzard." And the Colonel puffed his cigar savagely.

"I have thrown up the game and expect my papers to-morrow," said Henry.

"Too late for me to help. Why did you not tell me before," said his friend. "You might have trusted me."

"It was not because I did not trust you, but I was waiting for dead men's shoes, and they did not fit," said Henry as he saluted the Colonel and passed up a tree-shaded walk to his quarters in the old government building.

The Colonel went on his way thoughtful and sad. He was fond of Hugh Henry and would have done anything to help him if he had known in time. Now if he left the service they might never meet again, and the Colonel owed his life to him.

Hugh walked to his room in the old building that had been the residence of one of the generals in the Crimea—now it was used as officers' mess and quarters. Once when a fire alarm was sounded the cry was, "The General's corner is on fire." "Which corner?" asked a wag. Occupying a corner lot, it had always been referred to in that way.

The next day Henry expected his papers, and on that date he had promised to be one of a party for a fishing excursion on the bay. Pretty Marjory Burke, who had won his heart, was to be one of them. He was too unselfish to spoil his friends' pleasure, so intended pocketing his troubles and go on a pleasure trip. As a civilian he would not have the time or money for fun, and he thought, and rightly so, that regimentals were surer passports to ladies' favor than a civilian's suit; and he was not conceited enough to think they only liked him because he was an all-round good fellow. Indeed, he fully expected to be a wanderer and exile from the halls of pleasure, and penniless he could have nothing to do with love or a life of domestic ease. He had a fine education and clerical ability, so that now must be of service to him. But he dreaded leaving the old city that he had grown attached to in his terms of military service, and he felt a tugging at his heart-strings at the thought of leaving it.

He reached his room, and throwing himself in a chair with his head down on a small table, he gave his mind to the unwelcome thoughts that thronged it.

Leave the old city that guarded with pride the beautiful harbor, with towering citadel, the broad tree-shaded streets and fine parade grounds, where oft in military review and sham fights his heart had thrilled with pride at the spectacle of his well-trained men and comrades at arms. How he would miss the sight of the water fronts, the sailors with their caps well back on their heads bearing their ships' names, the navy-like precision of managing their boats and shipping oars when conveying visitors to the men-of-war afloat; how often he had enjoyed the hops on board, or the rowing around these huge leviathans and listening to the band, or the sailors singing as they rested on the black bulwarks. How he would miss all the dear familiar ways, even the drill. He raised his head and looked with dim eyes at the signal halyards on the citadel, watched mechanically the little dark ball traveling skyward and unroll the brave flag that he loved. A signal gun was fired and the citadel guns responded.

Another war ship in, a troop ship, too. And he had always been interested in the landing of troops and meeting new men, and hearing the band play them into quarters. These things, simple in themselves, had all gone into the life he led. He must leave all. Why? Because he had been reckless, improvident and generous to friend or foe. And there was not one to help him; even sweet-faced Marjory Burke, whose smile had illumined his days and brightened his dreams at night, could not help or comfort him. She never knew how dear she was to him, and he felt one ray of comfort in the thought that she would be spared the pain and mortification at the inglorious ending of his military career. He sat there till the bell rang for mess; he heeded it not. Daylight waned, and the sable garment of night swept in folds over the city. And though electric lights gleamed out like gems that adorned the city's crown, the citadel, and though hours passed till the officers' call resounded over the city, and the schoolboys' mocking words in adaption to the bugle notes came in his mind:

"Puddings and pies for officers wise,
And nothing but soup for soldiers, for soldiers, for soldiers."

And he would not even be a soldier when the next night call sounded.

A splendid morning, as fine as ever dawned over bay and city. Lieutenant Henry arose and went to the barracks to report for the day, then went with a heavy heart to join his friends on their fishing excursion. A steady breeze had sprung up from the south, the sun shone in the clear blue sky, life in the air, life in the ozone giving breeze. He went to the wharf where the Albatross was dipping and curtsying at her moorings anxious to bid adieu and spread her wings and fly over the dancing waves.

Broad-shouldered men and active boys were hurrying up and down the wharves, steamers were blowing whistles for departure, ferry boats were hurrying across with passengers crowding their decks, on their way to business, small puffs and straight columns of smoke sifted through the ships' rigging from smoke stack or funnel, showing a preparation for breakfast on board the longshore schooners in port, boats were pulling off from ships, or reaching them with provisions or cargo. Henry stood with his hands in his reefer pockets waiting for his friends, his eyes dwelling on all these scenes, but his mind reverting to his trouble.

A huge steamer was making her dock, and a grizzly old sea dog on board a schooner shouted out to one of her crew:

"What's the name of that boat?"

"Helvetia," came the ringing answer.

"Och! These foreign foreigners can never be civil. They must always swear at a man that asks a civil question." And he turned and descended the cuddy steps in high dudgeon. Henry's ear caught both the remarks, and he could not help smiling. In a few moments the party came on the wharf: Colonel Lawrence and the two Miss Burkes—Artie and Marjory—Mrs. Clarkson for chaperone, and three young ladies with Captain Dashwood and Stoddart. Henry's heart gave a bound as he took Marjory's fair, slim hand in his and gave one hasty look into the pretty blue eyes. Then "all aboard" sounded, and soon the yacht was tacking slowly out, making her bow to St. George's fort by dipping her colors, slipping past the other forts till past Chebucto Head. The water, clear as crystal, reflected emerald-green sward, flying clouds and fortified islands, beaches with granite bowlders with mica sparkling like diamonds in the sun.

They reached fishing grounds after a long sail; but the fish were shy, so they made merry over their ill-luck, and the bright day passed and they were returning at nightfall, when they spied some fishermen going to their nets. So they hailed one, and with a "silver hook" were allowed to cast in their lines. The moon arose, and the water seemed studded with brilliants flashing and shooting in the wake of the yacht, each wave freighted with light, millions of living lights, sea-born. Now and then a fish would dart under the yacht's prow, or circle around, leaving a shimmering, serpent-like flame. As the fisherman drew up the net the beauty was dazzling. Rainbow hues reflected on the struggling fish as they tried to escape, edging round and round the net, lighting phosphorent fires with every lithe movement. As they were hauled in the nets seemed to be full of gems, silver set, and the torchlight and moonlight and deep-sea fire added to their beauty. The yacht's anchor and stern-sheet were as if plated with gold. The ladies screamed with delight, and the gentlemen, quietly enthusiastic, hauled in the fish till it was time to drift back to harbor.

Hugh Henry's last day of pleasure had come and gone, and he was loyal to himself, in that he never, by word or look, told Marjory of his love.

And pretty Marjory was miserable and unhappy. She knew not why, only Lieutenant Henry used to be so nice, and to-day he had not said five words to her. But Artie, her sister, was very happy. Colonel Lawrence had said so many nice things to her, and she had listened with downcast eyes and blushing face, and when it grew dark her small hand was in his, and they were both happy; but two hearts happy for one day were enough, so Mistress Fate thought, and she and her minions were surrounding all the other hearts on board the yacht, and yet they all fished right merrily. "As a cut oak hides the wound the ax makes with sap so these humans with harp and cymball of merriment covered their heart wounds."

And the yacht came to anchor, and Henry bade them all a cool good night, and took up the dark path of life he must now tread. The city clock tolled 12, and the night watch riding as swiftly as Paul Revere through the night, shouted, "All's well, all's well."

Henry smiled a dreary smile as the mocking words echoed through the stone-paved street, and the breeze caught it up and echoed "All's well." The silent stars twinkled as the words pierced their vapor veils; they often heard the words that were meaningless to so many earth dwellers.

Marjory and Artie Burke were the daughters of widow Burke, of Devonshire, who had married the late Judge McLennen, Lieutenant Henry's uncle. Wycherly, who claimed kinship with the Judge, had lived with him the last three years, till the death of Judge McLennen and wife, and to the surprise of every one in town all the property was willed to Wycherly, leaving the girls penniless, or else dependent on Wycherly's bounty. Wycherly was in love with Marjory and very jealous of Henry, although he owed everything to him, for when in the navy he had taken some money left him to deposit in the bank, and Henry had saved him from imprisonment. Marjory disliked Wycherly, and neither she or her sister would be beholden to him for one cent, and were now with friends till ready to procure employment.

So affairs stood when Lieutenant Henry bid farewell to his regiment, much to their regret, for he was a prime favorite. He had received a note that morning from the Commissariat Department offering him a clerical position, so he would not leave the city. He knew he could thank Colonel Lawrence for that; he knew it was through the Colonel's influence.

The hardest work was to give up the orderly that had been his body servant ever since he entered the service. Dennis was a son of Erin, and very warm-hearted.

"I'll niver sarve another sojer, sorr, till you return; me days are over for sojering. But I'll see you have yer own, sorr. That blatherin son of a Wycherly has the uppermost sate now; but by me powers I'll niver belave the Jidge desaved you by laving all to him. There's been some shinanigan betwixt and betwane; and Dinnis—glory to Pater—will foind it out. Good-by, sorr, and may the blissid saints be good to ye. And, faix, if ye should drame a drame about the Jidge, till me of it, for by me sowl he can't rist asy at-all-at-all."

So they parted, and after Dinnis got his discharge he was not heard of for some time.

Then Marjory and Artie had to cast about for something to do, and the same power behind the throne for Henry obtained the post of librarian in the military library. So the girls were at their post, anxious and eager to please, and feeling proud and independent. And Wycherly cursed the ill-luck that had driven them from his care.

Colonel Lawrence, engaged in military duties, often found time to come in to look at some book, or recommend a new book; and Artie always blushed divinely, and Marjory was demure and always very busy—too much so to notice the love-making under her nose—but, nevertheless, she sighed often and her pink cheeks lost some of their round rosyness till one day, coming from the garrison church, she met Henry—now plain Hugh Henry. He stopped to shake hands and to inquire kindly after their welfare, and somehow, in a few moments, both knew the old story had been read by each other, and Hugh knew he could have the sequel from the hands of the fair librarian. So from that day they went divided ways, but happy in a knowledge known but to themselves.

Wycherly's handsome home was on one of the residence streets, but further out of town. His handsome grounds, now winter was over, or nearly so, needed improving, and he had hired a new gardener, or at least had told the head gardener to do so; and in the new man we find Dennis, alert and watchful, peering under every stone, prying up plants, looking in unheard of corners for a will. For, said he, "I have me opinion that the will was not, as the Latin scholar might say, *compus mentus*, written by the man himself as made it so to speak. I've heard tell of phonograph wills if written in pencil was not all correct in law, and the Jidge himself knows all law points for he had studied till his head had worn through his hair and he looked every inch like an owld aigle.

"Proud burd of fradom all hail,
He's a burd no one can invaigle
Or put salt on his beautiful tail."

He hummed these words as he went on in his loud soliloquy. Wycherly heard the closing words as he passed through the grounds to his stables.

Days went by, and as spring came the coachman was taken ill, and Dennis was made coachman, pro tem. He was very much surprised at his new master always driving the same road, and always wanting to be stopped at the entrance of a grassy glade. One day Dennis followed well behind and was surprised to see him stop in front of the huge bowlder, moss covered, and called the Rocking Stone. It was a natural curiosity, so evenly balanced on its base that a child could sway it.

"By the howly poker, he is a-pretindin' he is rocking his gurl in a hummock. Well, faix, he'll niver git the one he loikes best. What is he afther doing down on his knees? Sure, is it a saint he is a prayin' to? Och, no, he's a-sarchin' fer something."

Yes, Wycherly carefully inserted his hand and drew out a white paper, read it and returned it to its hiding place, and Dennis, fleet of foot, hurried back to his horses, his mind busy all the time he was handling the ribbons, and saying to spirited bays:

"Whist, darlint; whoa, colleen; aisy, mavoureen; stidy, boys, stidy. Faix, they are jist as gallivantin' to-day, sorr, as a minie rifle ball in front of a greenhorn's gun." Wycherly never noticed the remark, and Dennis said to himself, "He is onaisy as the bastes are, but it's in his mind, bad cess to him, and not his legs."

So they drove home. But Dennis returned later in the afternoon on foot, but when near the Rocking Stone he noticed a number of picnickers there, for the green glade was a favorite resort for walking parties. So Dennis waited, impatiently enough, and amused himself with making remarks on the crowd.

"If the divils 'ud only quit their foolishness and stop rocking of the bowlder of a rock. If it was sinsibal it would have brain faver, a-rockin' like a Quaker with fits. If I had me hands on thim they'd think I was a milk-shake machine." The day waned, and they left the glen, and too dark for Dennis to see. He could smell the flushed-pink arbutus, as the damp mosses pressed their rosy cups. The pretty emblem of Nova Scotia—the arbutus has forged for spring such links of fragrant chains that however far spring wanders she returns to hunt low under the forest leaves, even the snow, for the sweet breath of its buds. But Dennis was all unmindful of it.

"Dark as a stack of black cats," he muttered, "and no match nearer than two miles. If I never was a fool I'm one now, but I'll have that paper if I wait till 'dewy morn bespangles the night.'" It really was very dark and he could not find the rocking stone; it eluded his grasp. He was giving it up, when suddenly a light flashed over forest and stream, on pine, fern and mosses, glorious golden beams. "Glory to Pater, it's the sarch-light of the war ship Contest," he shouted. Calm, steady and clear it lit up the night sky; its beams glowed through the aisles of the forest, and the rocking stone's mossy robe was lit up like a huge emerald, on the dark bosom of night. "The fire furnished by the gods and caught in bonds by man."

It took him but a second to tip the stone and insert his hand, but in his excitement he let the stone roll back, crushing his hand badly. The pain was so severe it was a minute before he could raise the other hand to free himself; but the crushed hand had grasped the paper first. He drew it out and put it carefully in his pocket, the search-light flashing out as the ship proceeded up the harbor, lighting Dennis out to the main road. There he stopped, took off his coat, and wrapping a handerchief around the wounded hand, and then putting his vest around it to keep out the air, Dennis bravely trudged home, suffering tortures. It was some time before he reached the city lights, and then, taking the paper out of his pocket, he read on the cover:

"Last will and testament of J. C. McLennen."

"I knew it, I knew it," said Dennis, and then he fainted from the pain and reaction after excitement.

Some officers returning from a card party saw him, and kindly conveyed him to the hospital. Under the surgeon's care he was soon all right, and able to send for Lieutenant Henry, as he still called him.

The hospital nurse, though, had forestalled Dennis. He had sent for the Chief of Police, for out of Dennis' pocket had fallen the will, and the nurse thought he had stolen it for some purpose of his own.

So on awakening he was greeted by the Chief with, "You are my prisoner, sir!"

"Howly Pater, and for what? I niver hurt the blasted ould bowlder of a rock, nor stopped the rocking to and fro after I took me own hand from under."

"I'm not talking of rocks or stones; I'm talking of the will of Judge McLennen's you stole."

"Me stole! Now you are talking," said Dennis, raising up in bed.

"Wycherly is the man, sorr, and he hid it, and the blissed war vessel just threw her bames of light where I could see it. Sind for Lootenint Henry, and I'll make him understand."

So Henry came and Colonel Lawrence, and Dennis told his story, and then the officer went for Wycherly. He came, pale and scared, and in the face of evidence confessed his guilt of writing and forging a will to suit his own purposes.

Henry's friends were for arresting him then and there, for fraudulently keeping back the will that left all to Henry, with some bequest to the two girls. But Henry again pleaded for him, saying, "For my family's sake I will not prosecute."

"Family," sneered Wycherly; "now the game is up. I'll confess I was no relation; my mother was a widow with one son, myself, when she married old Wycherly. I don't even want the cursed name now—it has brought me nothing but ill luck."

Colonel Lawrence clapped his hands softly and said, "Bravo! I knew it; I felt it."

So Hugh Henry came to his own; and when the church was decorated for Easter Marjory Burke and her sister both entered the army, for Henry was reinstated by virtue of favor in court; and Colonel Lawrence and he were grooms on that occasion.

Dennis felt a big share in their glory, and when he gave his congratulations he said: "May the sarch light of love light up your homes, as the ship light lighted me to the goold that hilped yez to marry."

But he never forgot Wycherly, for whenever he looked at the maimed hand he said: "Be gorra when the last angel turns the sarch light of truth on ould Wycherly's soul the lies will be so plain they'll dim the small bit of truth that ain't there. A light on the subject sure it will be."

And Dennis went into the service of Lieutenant Henry and his wife Marjory, and now when under the blue of brave Bermuda's skies they all look back to the city by the sea, who guards her harbor with frowning fort and towering citadel, they think of the search light whose beams guided Dennis—the light that showed hope's pennon streaming out to the sky. And as the great ship glided into harbor her light lit up the future of these two. And ever before them the far horizon, whose dim exquisite line alone divided their heaven on earth from the heaven above, for the search light of love shows their home to be the former. And love is always a light on any subject.

A Chance for Improvement.

Homes in Central California do not receive as a rule the same care and attention bestowed upon them in older States or in other localities in this State. It is such an easy matter to surround a residence with shade trees, ornamental shrubbery and flowering plants, that the grounds around the average home are a standing reproach to their owner because of their barren appearance. Local improvement societies are sadly needed in Central California. Every school district, town and settlement should organize one for the purpose of encouraging decorative gardening.—*The Central Californian.*

Millions for Battle Ships.

The navy bill appropriates $18,000,000 for construction. The money is to be employed in finishing work already begun and in building new ships. Three great battle ships are among the new constructions. It is claimed that these will be equal, if not superior, to anything now in the British navy. Their tonnage will not be so great, but it is said that their batteries will be superior. Great things are claimed for a new process of hardening armor plates, and enthusiasts profess to believe that with the addition of nickel we will produce armor that will resist any known projectiles.

It is reported that $40,000,000 of British capital is invested in Paraguay.

IN RELIGION'S REALM.

Expressions from the Various Religious Newspapers.

The Religious Thought of the Day as Expressed in the Sectarian Press—Some Matters of Interest to Both Ministers and Laymen.

An English paper called *Church Militant* says: "The current methods of conducting Sunday-schools have had a blighting influence on the spirituality of the churches. There has never been less spirituality in our churches, since the infidel period preceding the year 1800, than just now."

Discussing editorially the debates in the Convocation of Canterbury, the *Church Times* (London) says: "The upper house had under discussion the report of the Committee on Brotherhoods and Sisterhoods. We have little to say more than we have said already in regard to the clauses as adopted by their lordships and sent to the lower house. But we venture again to urge that it is somewhat absurd to fix the age of thirty in the case of a woman and twenty-five in that of a man as the period before which 'life-long engagements' will not be recognized. Not only are the 'life-long engagements' of marriage entered upon at an earlier stage without rebuke, but these last are not subject to release, and those to the religious community can be dispensed by the Bishop on cause shown.

"'Betting and Gambling' was considered in both houses. The Bishop of London did not think there was anything sinful in 'a small wager' or in playing for small sums of money. If his Lordship is right, then betting and gambling are not sinful in themselves, but only in their abuse; and the practice stands upon precisely the same level as drinking to excess, or inordinate indulgence of any other naturally harmless pleasure. There is no doubt that moralists have always found a difficulty in bringing this 'vice' under the operation of any recognized principle; indeed, it is impossible to condemn betting and gambling *per se*, except on the far-reaching assumption that a man has no right to take and profit by money which he has not earned. There has been a good deal of confused talking about this matter, and the remarks of their Lordships will help to clear the way and to make plain the moral basis of the question in debate."

The *Christian Inquirer* (Bapt.) says: "Speaking of the financial trouble attending the building of the new Brooklyn Tabernacle, the *Eagle*, quoting the remark of one of the Trustees, that 'Dr. Talmage's investment in the Tabernacle is already heavy,' says:

"'It is known that he has waived salary for some time, besides contributing in other ways. When it is remembered that he has been preaching three times a week to thousands of persons, for more than twenty years, and that this multitude fails to come forward promptly and provide for him a substitute for the structure destroyed by fire, ingratitude on a large scale seems to be demonstrated.'

"Outsiders would like to know how there can be found in the city of Brooklyn a church, representing over 4,000 members, that cannot itself pay for a house of worship. The 'multitude' owe Dr. Talmage's work substantial recognition, but large congregations generally build churches without expecting help from all the world. If, after the sums collected from insurance companies, and a mortgage of $125,000, 4,000 church members cannot provide themselves a house, unless they have an abundance of poverty, there is something very defective in their piety. Besides all this, the receipts for the first 100,000 subscribers for the paper the pastor edits were pledged to the building fund. If these subscriptions have come in the financial difficulty is made more enigmatical."

On the matter of exclusive claims of the Episcopal Church. the *Churchman* says: "So far as we know, the Church pretends to exclude no man, and no body of men, from anything whatsoever! She pronounces judgment on none! She denies the grace of God to none! In so far as any hold the Faith, the ministry, the sacraments of Christ, whether they adhere to her or not, she rejoices that they do so. If any deny the Faith, reject the ministry, or refuse the sacraments, she can only grieve—she does not judge, and still less does she condemn. If any would impose on her a ministry of which the apostles knew nothing, or strange doctrines of which the apostles never heard, or rules of conduct which they did not lay down, she declines to put her people's neck under a yoke which the fathers knew not; but still she does not judge, and still less does she condemn those who do. It often happens that her sons are bolder than their mother, and pretend to judge when she is silent. So much the worse for them; but the Church, whose teaching and example they refuse to follow, is not to blame for their misconduct."

The *Watchman* (Bapt.) says: "We observe that some friends of Bible-training schools are accustoming themselves, when advocating the utility of these excellent institutions, to speak disparagingly of theology and theologians. More than once we have heard these brethren declare that they want to get and teach the simple truths of the Scriptures without theology. Extremes meet. The radical Unitarians are never weary of decrying theology, and these earnest Christian workers re-echo the same note, 'No theology.' But what is theology? Theology is nothing more than a man's philosophy or theory of the relation of facts pertaining to God. The human mind is so made that it cannot be confronted with two facts without forming some theory of their relation. Theology results from the structure of the human mind. A Bible-reader who puts two texts together has a philosophy, and if the texts relate to God, a theology, as well as Dr. Hovey has one. Colonel Ingersoll has a theology, the Buddhists, the Mohamedans, the Shintoists have a theology. A man cannot think about the problems of life without having a theology. Doubtless what these Christian workers to whom we refer intend in their reflections upon theology, is to deprecate an excess of the speculative above the practical in religious thought. Their phraseology, however, is singularly ill chosen. Few things have done more for the cause of religion than a sound Scriptural theology. We want more of it, not less of it."

The *Christian Leader* (Universalist) says: "Faith in God, in prayer, in immortality, in the supernatural, is rarely gained, and rarely maintained, by intelligent means. It is acquired by the spiritual mind. 'With the heart man believeth.' Hence the very great importance of early religious culture. He whose inner, spiritual sense has been awakened and who has laid hold thereby of the great spiritual realities, is not likely to be moved from his anchorage by subsequent tossings of intellectual speculation. He holds by a finer and stronger tie than the brain weaves.

"The religious culture must be genuine, not counterfeit. One may be taught to believe in things that have no reality, either to the understanding or the spirit. By and by he discovers that what he supposed to be faith is superstition, what he took to be religion is mythology. Then he lets go of these and may not be able to take hold of anything better. But many, we fear most, have had no early religious culture—have come up in an atmosphere so worldly that the soul could not grow in it. When such persons address themselves to religion they usually attack its intellectual problems; whereas they should seek to enter into its spirit—or better, seek to get its spirit into them. It is most true, 'spiritual things are spiritually discerned.'"

The *Outlook* ("A Sabbath Quarterly") says: "It has always been easy to make the Sunday paper attractive to the irreligious, non-church-going masses. It has been left for the Sunday *Press* of New York to mark the complete triumph of the Sunday paper, by calling to its aid the best religious talent in the city in which it is published. This has been accomplished by arranging for a series of religious articles, appearing on successive Sundays, from the pens of representative men in the various denominations. On Sunday morning, December 14, 1890, the writer heard a prominent Baptist ask a newsdealer: 'Have you a *Press*? I want to see why Dr. McArthur is a Baptist.' It needs but short line of logic to show that it was right for that man to buy the *Press* on his way to church, if it was right for Dr. McArthur to tempt him thus by writing for it. The same is true of the people of each denomination in turn, and of religious people in general. If it is wrong to publish a Sunday paper, these clergymen are party to the crime. If they are not, the Sunday paper is right, and all outcry against it should be stopped. From this time forward, Baptists must not pass condemnatory resolutions nor indulge in strong rhetoric against that which their most truly representative man participates in. When Dr. Robinson's article appears, it must be taken as a 'flag of truce' by the Presbyterians, and a cessation of hostilities on their part against what used to be the 'supreme Sunday wickedness.'

"The bottom truth in the matter is this, there can be no standard for Sunday observance, because there is no authority for it outside of church custom and individual choice. If there be nothing more than this on which to found 'Sabbath-keeping,' everything must fall into the chaos of contradiction and ruin. And since the Bible knows nothing about the keeping of Sunday, it is quite right for the *Press* and its compeers to be published on Sunday, and for these reverend gentlemen to aid in that work. But when they consented to write the whole case was 'given away,' and when the Sunday paper is thus vouched for by the men of highest character and influence in these various denominations, all opposition to it, as such, must forever cease.

"Even the saintly *Mail and Express*, with its horse-racing tips on one page, its 'Sabbath Reform' matter on another, and its Scripture quotations at mast-head, must be routed in the fight, when its degenerate rivals gain such allies as Abbott, McArthur, Huntington and Robinson.

"The settlement of the account with Jehovah, the Lord of the Sabbath (which these religious teachers, who claim to be guided by the Word of God rather than by the traditions of men, treat as though it had no rights they are bound to respect), is quite another and a more difficult affair. Now that they have settled the Sunday question as it ought to be settled, we invite them, in the name of the Lord of the Sabbath, to inquire after the truth concerning that day."

Apropos of the centenary of Methodism, the Rev. Andrew Gray says, in the *Church Eclectic:*

"(1.) Wesley, throughout his entire life, asserted the apostolical succession as running in the Episcopate, and during a short portion of his life he held that the episcopal and priestly offices are one and the same.

"(2.) Wesley never dreamed of the possibility of any man becoming a priest, or consequently having any authority to administer the eucharist, otherwise than by the laying on of the hands of bishops (for a short time, he said, or of priests). Such a thing he termed 'stupid,' 'sinful,' and 'unscriptural.'

"(3.) Wesley sternly forbade any of his preachers to administer the sacraments unless they had been so ordained.

"(4) Two years after Wesley's death, the conference solemnly protested that they had never at any time sanctioned any sort of ordination in England.

"(5.) Whence it follows that the Wesleyan Society in England was without any kind of ordination or ordained ministers till the year 1836, when the preachers, without ordination themselves, began to ordain by the imposition of hands.

"In 1744, among the minutes, etc., are 'Wesley's Instructions to His Preachers:'

"'Let all our preachers go to church. Let all the people go constantly, and receive the sacrament at every opportunity. Warn against calling our society "a church;" against calling our preachers "ministers;" our houses "meeting-houses;" call them, plainly, "preaching-houses." License yourself as a Methodist preacher.'—*Works VII., p. 358.*

"In 1746 Wesley wrote: 'If any man separate from the church, he is no longer a member of our society.'—*Works XII., p. 361.*

"In 1789, Wesley wrote: 'I abhor the thought of separation from the church.'—*Letter to Mr. Tripp.*

"In 1785, Wesley wrote thus to the so-called Bishop Asbury:

"'How can you, how dare you, suffer yourself to be called a Bishop? I shudder, I start at the very thought! Men may call me a knave or a fool, a rascal, a scoundrel, and I am content; but they shall never, by my consent, call me Bishop.'—*Smith's History of Wesleyan Methodism, I., p. 524.*

"'Their (the Methodists fixed) purpose is—let the clergy or laity use them well or ill—by the grace of God to endure all things, to hold on their even course, and to continue in the church. * * * We do not, will not, form any separate sect, but from principle remain, what we have always been—true members of the Church of England.'—*Wesley's 54th sermon, written in 1777—Works VIII., p. 403.*

"The contrast between these extracts and modern Methodism is very great, wide apart as the poles."

SHORT SUNDAY TEXTS.

God loves the man who is not afraid of giants.

Be a worker. A loafer is never happy anywhere.

It is real gain to lose that which keeps us from God.

Stand behind the truth, and the devil can't hurt you.

The surest way to a man's pocket is through his heart.

A live minister and a dead church are hard to keep together.

The right place for every Christian is where he is most needed.

To have a big head and a small heart is a very great misfortune.

The man who does all his praying on his knees prays very little.

The Lord's sheep have no business in the devil's blackberry patch.

If your religion does not make you happy what good does it do you?

The man that looks at everything through money cannot see very far.

A man who is mean to his wife is a man the devil is not even watching.

A wide-awake preacher is pretty sure to keep his church from going to sleep.

It is no excuse for a man to drink beer because Christ turned water into wine.

No man can please God by accident. He must want to do it, and plan to do it.

It is a great misfortune to be born so that all the laugh has to stay inside of you.

The devil never asks anybody to go further than the next corner to begin with.

A Christian with a long face is one of the best advertisements the devil has on earth.

The man who is honest with God doesn't need a big income to make him happy.

There are not many poor men who would do a rich man's work for the pay he gets.

The time to be pleasant and make it count is when everybody else is unpleasant.

One way to drive the boys and girls to the bad is to shut up the parlor and live in the kitchen.

There never was a sermon preached more eloquently than the simple story of a new-born soul.—*Ram's Horn.*

THE OLD BAND.

It's mighty good to get back to the old town, shore,
Considerin' I've be'n away twenty years and more,
Sence I moved then to Kansas, of course I see a change,
A-comin' back, and notice things that's new to me and strange;
Especially at evenin' when yer new band fellers meet,
In fancy uniforms and all, and play out on the street—
...........What's come of old Bill Lindsey and the Sax-horn fellers—say?
I want to hear the *old* band play.

What's come of Eastman, and Nat Stow?
And where's War Barnett at?
And Nate and Rony Meek, Bill Hart; Sam Richa'son and that
Air brother of him played the drum as twicet as big as Jim;
And old Hi Kerns, the carpenter—say, what's become of him?
I make no doubt yer *new* band now's a competent band,
And plays their music more by note than what they play by hand,
And stylisher and grander tunes; but somhow —*anyway*
I want to hear the *old* band play.

Sich tunes as "John Brown's Body," and "Sweet Alice," don't you know;
And "The Camels Is A-comin'," and "John Anderson, My Jo;"
And a dozent others of 'em—"Number Nine" and "Number 'Leven"
Was favo-rites that fairly made a feller dream o' Heaven.
And when the boys 'u'd serenade, I've laid so still in bed
I've even heered the locas' blooms droppin' on the shed
When "Lilly Dale," er "Hazel Dell," had sobbed and died away—
.........I want to hear the old band play.

The *new* band may be beats it, but the *old* band's what I said—
It allus 'peared to kind o' chord with somepin' in my head;
And, whilse I'm no musicianer, when my blame eyes is jes
Nigh drownded out, and mem'ry squares her jaws and sort o' says
She won't ner never will fergit, I want to jes turn in
And take and light right out o' here and git back West ag'in—
And *stay* there, when I git there, where I never had to say
I want to hear the old band play.

James Whitcomb Riley in the Century.

BARE-LEGGED CHILDREN.

What a Washington Physician Thinks of the English Fashion.

"How cunning these children look with their bare little legs," exclaimed a pretty girl on Connecticut avenue a day or two ago, calling attention to three youngsters who, though the air was bitter cold, were playing in the street. One of them was a small girl of about 7 years, with skirts so short that her fairy limbs were visible in their nudity from mid-thigh to 3 inches above the shoe, where the short sock began.

"Ugh!" growled the physician, who was the young lady's companion in her promenade.

"Yes," she said, "it looks rather cold; but its the swell thing now, you know, and awfully English."

"Ugh! Coffins are stylish, too, I suppose."

"Why, what can you mean?"

"Simply this," responded the man of medicine. "Of all the idiotic notions I am acquainted with, the one you call my attention to is the most gibbering and drivelling. The ground on which it is defended is that it makes children hardy to go bare-legged in winter. As a matter of fact it is an outrage on nature. Go up to the regions within the Arctic circle and you will find the children playing about in the snow with their bodies often nearly unclad. But their arms and legs are always warmly wrapped. Now, why is that?"

"I can't imagine."

"Then let me tell you. It is because the trunk of the body, being the seat of the vital organs, is naturally warmer and has a more vigorous circulation than the limbs. Why is it that your feet and hands on a frosty day get cold first? Obviously for the reason that they are most remote from the heart. Therefore they need protection. Likewise the arms and legs require covering most. Keep the limbs warm and the body will be warm; that is the Esquimau principle, and it is a true one so far as it goes. But here we have, largely for fashion's sake, children running about in an atmosphere that is below freezing with their bodies warmly clad and their poor little legs exposed."

"But they look very healthy?"

"Undoubtedly. Were they not healthy children they would have succumbed to this abominable practice in dress long ago. But no health is so robust as to be able to afford to invite pneumonia and other kindred ills, which are always ready to attack the most sturdy person who risks imprudence. For parents to send their children abroad so exposed is to extend a cordial invitation to disease and death. Of course, that does not matter—it is really English. What sort of shoes are those you are wearing?"

"Shoes!" said the pretty girl, somewhat taken by surprise. "Why, they are quite new and a very pretty pair, I think."

"Do you?" grunted the physician. "What right have you, pray, to wear shoes at this season with soles an eighth of an inch thick? More colds are caught in that way than any other. Not so many on a day like this as on a warm day. You said a few moments ago that you had a bad cold. Probably you caught it during the last warm spell we had. You went out with such a pair of shoes on. The temperature of the air around you was about 55°; the bricks you walked upon were evaporating moisture. Evaporation makes cold. That is the reason why cologne, which evaporates quickly, makes you cool when you rub it upon your face. So, while your body was warmed by the sun, your feet were being refrigerated at a temperature below freezing. Result, a cold. You hear people say every day: 'I can't imagine where I caught this cold; I have not been imprudent any way that I know of.' The secret of it is simply that they have been wearing the thin-soled shoes. Suppose that the sole becomes damp, even though the foot is not made wet, the water furnishes the best possible medium for conducting the heat out of the body. The moral of all this, my dear young lady, is to wear shoes with good, thick soles throughout the winter season."—*Washington Star.*

NEXT BEST TO PARIS.

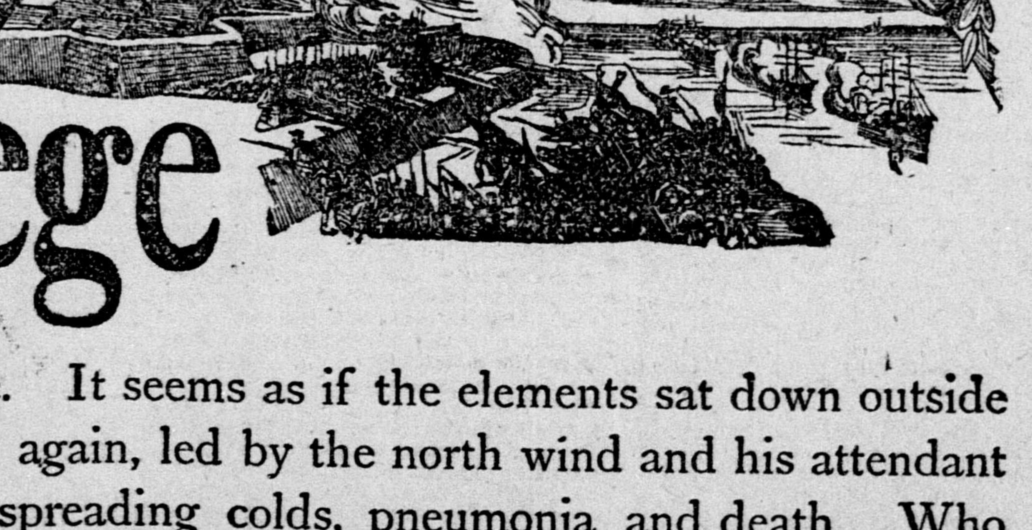
If You Can't Go to Paris Go to Brussels and Be Content.

Paris is, of course, the queen of continental cities. It is the Mecca, the paradise, the Eden par excellence. Everybody but a fool wants to go to Paris. But everybody can't get there. To those unfavored individuals let me say Brussels will do just as well. Brussels is a "little Paris," not half so expensive and quite as enjoyable, on a small scale. If you have the least imagination, you have only to walk around Brussels and say to yourself, "I am in Paris," and—presto—you are in Paris. You look at the same white houses, the same gilded dome, the same boulevards, the same avenues of spreading trees, the same smooth, clean streets, the same superb shops and cafes, all white and gold and mirrored, and last, but not least, the same stylish women, who are Parisian from the crown of their jaunty Parisian hats down to the points of their dainty high-heeled Parisian boots.

Besides all these hints of Paris, you have the same language, continues the Pittsburg *Dispatch*. Everybody speaks the French tongue, and the same glum, self-important ponderous coachman, who sits upon his box seat as a king sits upon his throne—calm, unruffled, unconscious. He knows you for a foreigner before you realize the fact yourself, and you might stand and talk your best boarding-school French to him until doomsday and he would still sit there and glare at you and swear he didn't understand his own tongue until he was black in the face—if such a red face could turn black out of the hangman's noose.

The inhabitants of the interior of the Fiji Islands will not partake of food while a cloud is in sight, especially if the cloud lies in the west, fearing that the "Great Air Whale," whose bellowing (thunder) is often heard in that country, will pounce upon them and utter annihilate them for such irreverence.

A State of Siege



How many people there are who regard the coming of winter as a constant state of siege. It seems as if the elements sat down outside the walls of health and now and again, led by the north wind and his attendant blasts, broke over the ramparts, spreading colds, pneumonia and death. Who knows when the next storm may come and what its effects upon your constitution may be? The fortifications of health must be made strong. **SCOTT'S EMULSION** of pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda will aid you to hold out *against Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility, and all Anæmic and Wasting Diseases,* until the siege is raised. *It prevents wasting in children.* **Palatable as Milk.**

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