EDITOR'S CHAT.

Some Reasons for Lack of Culture Among Our Young People.

JUST AS THE TWIG IS BENT.

Never until I saw the apple-trees in France trained to run along a trellis like grapes, and trimmed and pruned until the fruit hung down in great red globes, did I fully understand the often-quoted saying of Pope's:

"Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

Then the preceding line of the quotation came to me in its full meaning:

"'Tis education forms the common mind."

The apple-tree trained as a vine is an abnormal growth, but it shows what may be accomplished by constant care and attention. The same amount of thought and labor bestowed upon the twig growing upward toward the sunlight, as God intended, would have made a strong, beautiful tree, spreading forth symmetrical boughs and branches, laden with luscious fruit.

The same twig, neglected, unpruned and ungrafted, with the matted grass around the roots and the slugs and borers at their deadly work, would have grown up wild, rank and fruitless.

If the mind and hand of man can train and twist the branches of a tree into a vine; or, better still, if they can make that tree grow strong, fruitful and beautiful by careful and constant care and culture; or if, by neglect, they allow it to become rank and stunted, a cumberer of the soil instead of the delight of the fruity world, how much more potent, for weal or woe, are those same human influences upon the child, dependent upon them alone?

All this in view of a question which comes to me: "How do you account for the fact that such fine parents have such inferior children?"

Inferior, in this instance, seems to have been used in the sense of uncouth or uncultured, since I am assured that "the young folks are smart enough, but they don't seem to care for anything but to have a good time."

Inferiority of this kind is easily enough accounted for. The parents are educated people who enjoy their books and newspapers when their daily toils are over, while their children run the streets.

What else could be expected of these young people? They have been fed, clothed and turned out to grass, like young colts. For mental training they have been sent to school, and for spiritual culture they have had an hour, once a week, in the Sunday-school.

The duties of parents are hardly begun when they are thus satisfied to deal with their offspring. Nor are the children so much to blame when they look upon home as a place to eat and sleep, and upon their parents as a sort of necessary adjuncts, or the butts of obduracy and impertinence.

All that is good in a parent should from babyhood be imparted to the child, and all that is bad strenuously subjected for the sake of that child. To every one of these his father should be a hero and his mother a saint.

Good comradeship once established in a household can never be broken. Deference to the father and mother who earnestly seek the best good of a child will deepen into reverence as the years roll around.

Every child should be taught the joy of simple living, to thank God for the beautiful world he lives in, for the privileges of home and parents and brothers and sisters and friends.

He should be shown the daily miracles of life, the growing of the garden plants and flowers, the unfolding of the bud, the developing of the fruit.

He should count the colors in the rainbow, which God has set above the storm, and the stars, innumerable in the heavens, like the sands upon the seashore.

From his mother's lips he should learn the texts and hymns that have comforted the children of God in all ages; the sweet thoughts of inspired poets and seers, the prayers handed down from parent to child from far remote ages.

The parent, not the school teacher, should guide the hand that forms its first letters, the eye that learns to distinguish form and character; the parent, not the Sunday-school teacher, should teach the baby tongue to lisp "The Lord is my Shepherd," and the sweet "Our Father, which art in heaven."

Thus early is confidence established between parent and child; a confidence that cannot be broken when the time comes for forming new companionships and reading new books.

Thus it is that through each and every vicissitude, even into old age, it is mother or father who knows best, whose counsel is first sought, whose companionship is sweetest.

Thus it is that the old sayings, "Like father, like son," or "like mother, like daughter," are verified, with no one to ask why fine parents have inferior children.

OREGON MYRTLE WOOD.

Comrade Edmund Nichols, who served in 109th N. Y., now a resident of Coquille City, Ore., has favored the Editor with a gavel and miniature rolling-pin made from the myrtle wood, which took the premium at the World's Fair for beauty and fine polish.

The myrtle is a beautiful evergreen shade tree growing in the Coquille River Valley, its native place. Nowhere else is it found of size sufficient for manufactured articles or wood decorations.

WORST THING IN THE WORLD.

F. M. Holland, in "Atheists and Agnostics," relates a story of a sexton who, when the rector asked why a rich parishioner had stopped coming to church, and whether the trouble was Latitudinarianism, answered:

"No, sir! it's wusser nor that."

"Than it must be Unitarianism?"

"No, sir! wusser nor that."

"Ah! perhaps it is Agnosticism?"

"Oh, no, sir! it's wusser nor that."

"But it can't be Atheism?"

"No, sir! it's wusser nor that."

"But there can't be anything worse than Atheism."

"Oh, yes, sir! It's rheumatism.

THE FLYING SPIDER.

How the wonders of the universe unfold the moment we begin to study the minutest living creatures around us.

John Burroughs, the naturalist, tells of a flying spider. He says: "It mounts some post or other object, shoots out a filament from its body, which floats upon the air, till presently it is buoyant enough to lift the little spinner and bear her away. Away she goes over fields, across valleys, wherever the breeze drifts her. It is the only creature I know of that makes its own wings as the occasion requires."

GUEST-ROOM VERSES.

A very pretty fancy, nowadays, is to hang above the pillows on the bed of your guest-chamber a ribbon upon which is etched, painted, or embroidered a motto, in colors, blue, silver, or gold preferred.

A white ribbon, lettered in gold, hanging over a Louis XV. bed in a New York mansion bears the following pretty stanza, written by Mrs. Gates, author of "Your Mission":

Sleep, sweet, within this quiet room,
O thou, whoe'er thou art,
And let no mournful yesterdays
Disturb thy quiet heart.
Nor let to-morrow scare thy rest
With dreams of coming ill;
Thy Maker is thy changeless friend,
His love surrounds thee still.
Forget thyself and all the world;
Put out each feverish light;
The stars are watching overhead,
Sleep, sweet. Good night! Good night!

THE DOCTOR TREE.

Here is a good thing going the rounds:

There is a little doctor that grows on a tree, and, instead of giving you a prescription, lets you have himself for a few pence, and that's all the expense he puts you to.

If you squeeze him into a glass of slightly sugared water every morning and drink him before breakfast, he will keep your stomach in the best order and keep away Mr. Dyspepsia, whom he hates cordially. If you have a headache, cut him into slices and rub him along your temples, and you will find yourself growing better.

If a bee or insect of any kind stings you, press him on the spot, and the pain will disappear quickly.

And, girls, if you mix him with a quart of milk and bath your face with the simple cosmetic, the result will be a great bettering of your complexions.

And if you pour him into an equal part of glycerine and rub your hands with the mixture before going to bed, and then draw on a roomy pair of kid gloves—which you must wear all night—your hands will rival the snowdrops in whiteness.

Besides all this, the doctor is always ready to sacrifice himself in the preparation of a refreshing, old-fashioned Summer lemonade. What is his name, housekeepers?

LITTLE PATRIOTS OF 1861-65.

Celia M. Burleigh, Editor Woman's Department of *The Cottager and Record*, revives some of the pleasant reminiscences of the great war days in the following:

Some of the marks which were fastened on the blankets, shirts, etc., which were sent to the Sanitary Commission for the soldiers, show the thought and feeling at home. Thus, on a homespun blanket, warm and washed white as snow, was pinned a bit of paper, which said: "This blanket was carried by Milly Aldrich (who is 93 years old) down hill and up hill, one and a half miles, to be given to some soldier."

On a bed-quilt was pinned a card saying: "My son is in the army. Whoever is made warm by this quilt, which I have worked on for six days, and most all of six nights, let him remember his own mother's love."

On another blanket was this: "This blanket was used by a soldier in the war of 1812—may it keep some soldier warm in this war against traitors."

On a pillow was written: "This pillow belonged to my little boy, who died resting on it; it is a precious treasure to me, but I give it for the soldiers."

On a pair of woolen socks was written: "These stockings were knit by a little girl five years old, and she is going to knit some more; for mother says it will help some poor soldier."

On a box of beautiful lint was this mark: "Made in a sick-room, where the sunlight has not entered for nine years, but where God has entered, and where two sons have bid their mother good-by as they have gone out to the war."

On a bundle containing bandages was written: "This is a poor gift, but it is all I had; I have given my husband and my boy, and only wish I had more to give."

On some eye-shades were marked: "Made by one who is blind. Oh, how I long to see the dear old flag that you are fighting for."

MY DAUGHTER LEARNED TO COOK.

We used to have old-fashioned things, like hominy and grecns,
We used to have just common soup, made out of pork and beans;
But now it's bouillon, consomme, and things made from a book,
And pot au feu and julienne, since my daughter's learned to cook.

We used to have a piece of beef—just ordinary meat,
And pickled pigs' feet, spareribs, too, and other things to eat;
While now its filiet and ragout, and leg of mutton braised,
And macaroni au gratin, and sheep's head Hollandaised;
Escalops a la Versailles—a la this and a la that,
And sweetbread a la Dieppoise—it's enought to kill a cat;
But while I suffer deeply, I invariably look
As if I were delighted 'cause my daughter's learned to cook.

We have a lot of salad things, with dressing mayonnaise,
In place of oysters, blue points fricasseed a dozen ways,
And orange roley-poley, float, and peach meringue, alas—
Enough to wreck a stomach that is made of plated brass!
The good old things have passed away, in silent, sad retreat!
We've lots of highfalutin things, but nothing much to eat.
And while I never say a word, and always pleasant look,
You bet I've had dyspepsia since my daughter's learned to cook. —*Good Housekeeping.*

OUR ROLL-CALL.

[The letters v.s. mean veteran's son, v.d. veteran's daughter and v.w. veteran's widow; members of associations will be marked S.V. and D.V.]

Ollie Myers, v.d., Lattasburg, O.; Mary McDonald, v.d., 421 West Third street, Grand View, Neb., would like to exchange letters and autographs. Total, 15,232.

CONVERSATION CLUB.

Interchange of Thoughts and Opinions by Interested Members.

Rules of the Club.—1. Write briefly. 2. Write only on one side of the paper. 3. Write to the point. 4. Write on one subject. 5. Write your best. 6. Each week the names of those writing the best letters—style, composition, spelling, penmanship and general merit considered—will be named at the head of this column on the Honor Roll. First honor will include all of these requirements. Second honor will include a deficiency in some one point.

STAND BY THE FLAG.

DEAR C. C. FRIENDS: I have been a silent member of the C. C., but now I would say a few words. I was very much impressed with Fleets Smith's letter, and thought I would write my views on the subject of the flag.

I think if in New York State there would be a teacher who would call our flag "nothing but a rag" she would not keep her position long.

I am glad that we have a flag that our brave heroes fought for.

Surely, the teacher that made that remark could not have known the full meaning of our flag, or I do not think that he or she would have said it.

I say, let us honor the flag; not trample it in the dust; let it be cherished in the hearts of the young. Teach them the spirit of heroism, so that if they should ever be called to defend our country's flag they will be ready to defend it with their lives, even as did our brave heroes of '61.

Our flag has taken a great many insults, and I think the brave heroes who have fought for it have, too.

Place the flowers tenderly on their graves on Memorial Day, and with reverent and grateful hearts let us thank God that it was those brave hearts that helped to make us free and save our beautiful flag.

Anna Van Wie, Canajoharie, N. Y.

A YOUNG GEOLOGIST'S REQUEST.

H. B. Derr, 6561 Michigan avenue, Chicago, Ill., who describes himself as an ardent geologist and lover of music, as well as a hard-working young man, makes a request of the Loyal Home Workers.

He has been for years a member of the C. C., but has not heretofore summoned up courage to write; son of a veteran who served three years in the 48th Pa., Ninth Corps.

His request is for contributions to a collection of minerals and fossils, which he is making, and he wishes members of the C. C. and L. H. W. living where they are found to favor him with specimens.

He has some fine petrified clams and will send one to each who will favor him, as far as able to do so.

COMRADE'S THANKS AND REQUEST.

EDITOR L. H. W.: I want to thank the kind friends who have tried to help me in securing names of persons of certain significance. Also to say that any names sent me, to be available, must include the first as well as last part of name, or at least the initials of first part of name. This to the inspection of other persons than myself will assure their being genuine.

I have been much impressed with the accommodating kind-heartedness manifested by the readers and contributors of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE columns. The loyal spirit of comradeship exhibited has been very agreeable to me.

Allow me further to state that some of the comrades living in cities could help me very greatly if they could find spare copies of city directories and send them. Old editions, if plain and good print, which have been superceded by new ones, would serve as well as any. Old rosters ditto.

Let me beg of any kind friend who can supply one to ascertain the cost of postage and state the same on a postal card, with name and address, and I will gladly remit the same.

Wm. Barker, Millwood, O.

Allow me to thank the kind friends who have written to me. Since my letter appeared in the Loyal Home Workers columns I have had an extra pressure of household work and sickness of a relative, making it impossible to answer all who have written me. I still hope to do so, but should I fail I beg they will not think it an intentional slight. Ellen Barker.

HIS GREATEST MISTAKE.

DEAR C. C. FRIENDS: I do not believe brother McKenna can show us any letter St. Paul wrote to the Americans, but if he can I am sure it will be different from those he wrote to the Corinthians. The Corinthians were not Americans, and the Americans are not Corinthians.

Mr. McKenna believes that Moses was mistaken. Well, I for my part think that McKenna himself is making more and greater mistakes than Moses. But his greatest mistake was to come to America in the 19th century. He should have lived in Corinth in St. Paul's time.

Christian Simenson, Holmes City, Minn.

HOPING FOR BETTER ACQUAINTANCE.

DEAR L. H. W.: In answer to the terrible scoring that Luella Martin gave me for trying in my humble way to defend that "horrible monster, Secret Society," I wish to say that when she has a chance to learn more of the benefits to be derived from the dreaded monster, she undoubtedly will think better of the same.

Any person who has the least spark of American patriotism in his heart will not scandalize the noble old Grand Army of the Republic as she has done by condemning all secret fraternal societies. Loyally yours—

G. E. Cox, Sugartown, N. Y.

PASSING IN REVIEW.

M. Dell Adams has chosen and been awarded "Dream of the Ages" for her paper on teaching patriotism.

Lizzie Maud Hewlett says: "I received 'Dream of the Ages,' and am very much pleased with it. It is a book that anyone might be proud to call her own."

Sister Harriet B. L. Haight corrects the addresses given in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE of recent enrollments. Correct address is Torrington, Litchfield County, Conn. Names, Samuel L. Blackman, Lucy Blackman, Sarah H. Alldis, Jennie Wilson, Ella Gangell, Ellice M. Potter, Hattie Rice.

Warren Arwood, Heart Prairie, Wis., desires to meet other C. C. members.

E. M. Goodlin is now bookkeeper, stenographer, and typewriter for the Church Manufacturing Co., Adrian, Mich. He says if Brother Simenson had kept quiet a little longer he would not have spoiled his scheme to bring the author of "Worth of an Idea" to the front.

Hattie L. Hunt, Reedtown, O., has been visiting friends in the classic town of Adrian, Mich.

Western Secretary A. L. Seaman took a 75-mile run on his bicycle on a recent Sunday, enjoying the ride through the country very much.

Secretary M. Warner Hargrove is manager of Brown's-Mills-in-the-Pines picnic grounds, where the Jersey Epworth League, 7222, of which he is Secretary, has been enjoying a grand outing.

Mrs. Paine, Box 217, Mapleton, Iowa, has over 1,600 picture cards, some of them large and beautiful. They would be a never-failing delight to an invalid or lonely child. She will exchange for something more useful in her family.

"Whoever wants to write to Annita Hardy, Beaumont, Ga., must be educated and refined," is the message that reaches the C. C.

Julius W. Gogarn has returned to his home, Munising, Mich., having spent three weeks, following his graduation in the Law Department of the University of Michigan, at the home of M. Owen, 312 Russell Ave., Cleveland, O.

Charles M. Harvey, Belle Vernon, Pa., desires exchange of autographs, particularly with the C. C., or with those connected with his father's regiment, the 57th Pa.; especially Co. E.

Eleanor M. Gordon, writing from Georgetown, O., says her father was Assistant Surgeon in the 59th Ohio and 189th Ohio; has taken THE NATIONL TRIBUNE for years, and cannot think of doing without it.

Reba Conover, whose name I send to Roll Call, is the daughter of a soldier, and has many patriotic relatives besides. She is a member of the M. E. Church and Epworth League, and would be glad to hear from any L.H.W.'s who will be at the Louisville Reunion, which she expects to attend with me. I would like to hear from L.H.W.'s who go to Louisville via the Illinois Central Railroad.

Anna O. Gardner, State Secretary, Arcola, Ill.

L. Mae Brooker, Cheyenne Wells, Colo.: Send 25 cents to M. Warner Hargrove, Secretary Loyal Home Workers, Brown's Mills, N. J., which will pay your membership one year. Your name has been enrolled in the C. C.

Edith Beaumont, a Georgia girl, Beaumont, Ga., desires gentlemen correspondents of culture and education only.

JOINED THE C. C. ABOVE.

DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS: Again have our ranks been broken and another dear one answered to the roll-call above. Sister Lucie Best, of Stoneham, crossed over to the other side July 19, after an illness of a few months, of consumption.

Dear, gentle Lucie, ever patient and cheerful during those weary months, willing and not afraid to die, leaving messages for loved ones, above all requesting them to "comfort mother."

She had hosts of friends, for none could know our Lucie and not love her. Her funeral took place the following Monday. One could scarcely realize that the white-robed, silent form sleeping so peacefully in the white casket, a single pure lily (emblematic of her own life) in her hand, could be the lively girl of a few months ago.

Flowers in such sweet abundance surrounding her! On the casket was a large pillow with "Our Lucie" in purple immortelles, from the family, and a white frame containing her photograph, about which was draped a small silk flag.

On a table at her head stood a beautiful harp with one string broken, from the young man to whom she was to have been married, and a crescent and star, on the base of which was, "C. C. Sister," from Circle No. 1.

Beyond these stood the emblem of the class of '93, Stoneham High School, a four-leaf clover, a bicycle wheel from the Wayside Club (of which she was a member), badge of the King's Daughters in white carnations, and a mounted bouquet of red and white carnations on a bed of ferns, tied with blue ribbon, on which was printed name and number of Tent, D. of V.

At the foot of the casket tables contained a star and crescent, a long bunch of lilies from S. of V., and a basket, while on the piano there was a large anchor from her brother's shipmates, a broken wreath from Saugus friends, and bouquets of roses and pinks denoting her age, 21.

On the floor the white fur rug beneath the casket was nearly hidden by baskets and bouquets; 10 baskets, four large bouquets, 18 long bouquets of 21 carnations or roses each, which were tied with ribbon, and a lovely crescent among them.

Besides the flowers were two broad white ribbon scarfs, on one of which was painted, "He giveth his beloved sleep"; on the other, "God knoweth best," and a cluster of maiden-hair ferns, tied with wide white ribbon, one end bearing two appropriate verses.

The minister, Rev. D. A. Newton, a former pastor, who at her request conducted the services, compared her life to the flowers, and paid a touching tribute to her whom we all loved so dearly.

A quartet rendered "I'm a Pilgrim," "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," and "I'm Nearer Home To-day," favorite pieces of Lucie's, and selected by her, as also were the bearers, two of whom were from class of 1893, the other four from S. of V.

The D. of V.'s were present in a body, marching to the cemetery, where they went through their burial service at the grave. The silk flag was buried with her.

There we left sweet Lucie in her quiet resting place; the first to go out of that happy home circle. Sister Mamie L. and three brothers are left to comfort the sorrowing parents.

Their young sailor brother, Fred, was privileged to be with Lucie the 1st of July for a few days, but was far away in South America when she passed away.

While they knew they must part with their darling, it was a hard trial for them. They have the heartfelt sympathy of a large circle of friends in this their first bereavement. May they be comforted in knowing that Sister Lucie has but gone on a little while before, where she is waiting their coming. May the good Father who took her home to himself be near to them and give them peace.

Annie L. Williams, Saugus, Mass.

NEW YORK GUARDS.

A meeting of the New York Division of C. C. Guards will be held at the Ashland House, Twenty-third street and Fourth avenue, New York City, on Saturday, Aug. 24, at 2 p. m. sharp.

All members of the New York Guards and members of the L. H. W. are earnestly requested to attend this meeting, as we wish to ascertain the future of New York Guards.

Members who cannot be present are cordially invited to offer some suggestion as to the best way our Division can be carried on in the future. Loyally—

F. B. Hilliard, President, Manhasset, Long Island.

SIXTH ANNUAL REUNION L. H. W.

What Our Bashful Young Man Named Scrips Says About It.

CHIPS PICKED UP.

I learn that it is possible that we will have with us at Louisville Gus Mundt and wife. Who does not remember Gus Mudturtle at Detroit, and one of the valliant champions of the "Pillow Brigade," and watermelon foragers at Washington? It was Gus who opened watermelon in the Tribune Building. Rah! for Gus.

After reading "Maxims for C. C.," in a recent issue of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, I have concluded I do not want to be an angel.

I agree with Edith Haines that there is entirely too much "pow-wow" about the wearing of bloomers. I have seen some very neat bloomers worn, and they are less dangerous than skirts. It is a lady's own affair if she wears bloomers, and only the crabbed antediluvian back-numbers are doing the kicking.

Edith Dickey, I am informed, poisoned her broboscis. I hope it will continue to grow—better.

I am glad to learn that Carrie Arnold, of Rondout, and Brother Rippert, of Ellenville, are trying to form an Eastern Circle in the State of New York. To oppose their efforts is the pigmiest of pigmy piggishness, and I hope that all the friends will jump in and help them to succeed.

Our most excellent Secretary of Kansas, Mrs. Estella Edgecombe, is a loyal woman of splendid ability, and I would like to see her honored and the West honored by her election at the coming Reunion as Senior or Junior Vice-President. She favors an L. H. W. badge or button.

Ho, for a wheel! For woe or weal,
How we spurt and spin on this steed of steel.

Brother Denard Montague, of Portland, Ore., our veteran Secretary of that State, is running the *Sun*, and he is prospering at it. May we not expect to run the earth before long? At least, I am glad that our son of the *Sun* prospers.

Those who have been to Reunions know the advantage of being together. I hope that all contemplating the sojourn to Louisville will put up at the L. H. W. Headquarters; or, putting it more plainly, rendezvous en masse.

And now that the time is so near, I suggest that the wheelmen and wheel-ladies organize under the name "L. H. W. Cyclists." It will only be necessary to have a Chairman and Secretary; to have your name enrolled by the Secretary, at a nominal cost, to cover a card announcement of your enrollment—say a button or a pin to designate the L. H. W. Cyclists. Many L. H. W. could visit each other on their wheels, and take journeys together. Trips at Reunions would be delightful. For instance, if wheels can be rented, and it is possible, a run to Mammoth Cave would be immense. Write me, care of the Editor, all ye wheelers.

Emmet Searcy, the pioneer of Tennessee C. C., and back in the eighties known as "Tennessee Boy," is down in the mouth. He thinks that Tennessee is dead. There are others who seem to share this mistaken misapprehension. If I had such an idea I should not say so; but as I have not, I do say so. I like to hear a "feller git" right up and say that he's going to succeed, and then succeed. That's the kind of stuff the daddies of the sixties and the old Continentals were made of.

Retta Hageman, of Seward, Secretary for Nebraska, is just one of the patient, toiling kind I like to see, who never is discouraged as long as she knows she has a good cause to work for. Now, will you be good!

If I judge by the old saying "Speech is silver; silence is golden," we must have a lot of gold bugs in the ranks.

I recently gave a lecture to Alice Putnam, Chairman of the Benefit Committee, expecting to have little left of me to tell how it all happened. I am still alive, and that goes to show the oscillating mediocrity of woman. Whiz-z-z—bang!

Has L. H. W. matrimonial stock fallen? I predict not, and you will hear of some before next—Summer. What says Mother Grundy?

I am impressed with an impression that if you don't go to Louisville Reunion and learn what it is to have "frankfurters and beans" three times a day, you will miss what you have never missed before, and may never miss since. Don't go if you will not stop with us at L. H. W. Headquarters; 'cause we won't let you play in our yard if you don't.

Will Martsch, known as the "Diamond Cutter," has done some great work in California for the L. H. W.

Lillian Knight has got the right kind of nerve, for she has learned that to succeed we must keep on trying and overcome all obstacles. A true knight, though even a lady.

A voice from the far West, Martsch, the "Diamond Cutter," informs me of the sad news that Alice L. Stone, well known to the California L. H. W., has passed away. He could not learn at what time she died. We all extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved.

Now comes the news, sad to relate;
Oh, pitiless death, oh, cruel fate:
And one more friend is laid to rest.
Breathe soft, oh winds, o'er Lucie Best.

The good, the pure it ever seems,
Are snatched from us, midst e'en our dreams;
Then let us offer cheer, intense,
For those who loved "sweet innocence."

Scrips.

WILL GO ON WHEELS.

DEAR C. C. FRIENDS: I am trying to get ready to meet you all at Louisville, and, just think, a young lady friend and myself intend to make the trip on wheels?

Not the common wheels under coaches on the railroad, but bicycles. We anticipate a lovely time.

We do not fear tramps, for we both know the uses of a tiny revolver, and we think we will arrive safe and sound, and ask for a right royal welcome when we ride up to the door of Headquarters.

Now, about the bloomers! We certainly shall have them, for skirts would be troublesome on such a lengthy journey.

If any of our C. C. band will join us on the way they will be very welcome, "providing they show proper credentials." Hoping for a large and prosperous meeting, I am, loyally—

Edith M. Haines, East St. Louis, Ill.

Another Testimonial to Dr. D. M. Bye's Cancer Cure.

WILLOW SHADE, KY., April 15, 1895.

DEAR BROTHER BYE, Indianapolis, Ind.—I cannot put it into words the many thanks to our Heavenly Father and yourself for the kind and sympathetic treatment I have received at your hand. I had a cancer on my forehead, which came down on my nose between my eyes. I had it twelve years. There was a lump about the size of a hen's egg, and I was all run down, and had to hire help. In less than six weeks after I commenced treatment I was doing my own work, and in less than seven weeks the lump was all gone, and the place healed nicely, and there is not even a scar left. I could not believe at first the work could have been done with as little pain. How I wish the world knew of Dr. Bye's Christian sympathy and his soothing oils! I wish you to show this to the suffering ones. If they doubt it, they can write to Willow Shade, Ky., and get fifty reliable witnesses to the facts. May the Lord bless you and spread your good work the world over.

Most humbly, your friend,
LUTISHA HESLER.

Imitators are advertising to cure cancer with oils, hoping to make money out of our Oil's reputation, but they are bad men and frauds. Send for free book giving particulars and price of Oils. Address

DR. D. M. BYE,
Indianapolis, Ind.

SUNDAY MEDITATION.

A Study of the International Sunday-School Lesson Appointed for Aug. 25, 1895.

Subject: The Israelites Cross the Jordan into Canaan. Josh., 3: 1-17.

[One reading these notes should first carefully study the paragraph from the Holy Scriptures as indicated above.]

Leo XIII. in an encyclical, says: "We have for a long time cherished the desire to give an *impulse* to the noble science of Holy Scripture, and to impart to Biblical studies a direction suitable to the needs of the present day. We desire that this great source of Catholic revelation should be made abundantly accessible *to the flock* of Jesus Christ, and that especially those in Holy Orders should display greater diligence in reading, meditating and explaining it."

It is noticeable that the meetings of the Christian Endeavorers at Boston emphasized the need of more diligent study of God's Word. And, in fact, a resolution prevailed to the effect efforts be made at once to interest all the people more than ever in the study of the entire Bible.

Book of Joshua.

It has been called the "Domesday Book" of the Hebrew people.

The connection between the Pentateuch and the book Joshua may be likened to that between the Gospels and the book of the Acts of the Apostles.

The history shows plainly that natively Joshua had great courage, splendid qualities as a General, great strategic ability, and yet proves to us the need, in addition to all these natural powers, of the help of the Almighty.

We have in the book of Joshua account of the expulsion from Canaan of the aboriginals and the division of the territory among the Twelve Tribes. Very properly the book gets its name from that of the principal character, or hero of the story.

The name, Joshua, in the original is the same in meaning as the word Jesus.

Outline on the Book of Joshua.

1. When written? A. M. 2553 to 2561.
2. Where written? In Canaan.
3. Author? 2 Pet., 1: 21.
4. Amanuensis? Joshua (except last chapter).
5. Data? Current events.
6. Class of book literarily? Historical.
7. Language? Hebrew.
8. Time covered? Eight years.
9. Meaning of name Joshua? Savior
10. No. of chapters? 24.
11. No. of verses? 658.
12. Middle verse? 13: 26.
13. No. of words?
14. No. of letters?
15. Time of translation into English? 1620.
16. Grand divisions? Three.
17. New Testament references? By Paul, Stephen, James.
18. Order of the Book of Joshua in the Bible? Sixth.
19. Principal male characters? Joshua, Achan, Caleb, Othniel.
20. Principal female characters? Rahab, Achsah.
21. Practical lessons.

Notes on Outline.

1. The three Grand Divisions are:
   a. Chapters 1 to 11, Conquest of Canaan.
   b. 12 to 22. Division of Canaan.
   c. 23, 24, Farewell and death of Joshua.
2. St. Stephen alludes to the book of Joshua: Acts, 7: 45; St. Paul, Heb., 4: 8; 11: 30, 31; St. James, 2: 25.
3. The time covered is from the death of Moses, A. M. 2553, to the death of Joshua, 2561; to wit, eight years.

JOSHUA LEADS THE PEOPLE ACROSS THE JORDAN.

Data.

Our study should cover the entire third chapter of Joshua, with careful references to 1: 1-4, 10-18, and 4: 1-24.

References.

Verse 1.
Verse 2. Three days. 1: 10, 11.
Verse 3. When see Ark, remove. Nu., 10: 33. Priests bearing it. Deu., 31: 9, 25.
Verse 4. Space between. Ex., 19: 12.
Verse 5. Sanctify yourselves. Ex., 19: 10, 14; Lev., 20: 7; Nu., 11: 18; Josh., 7: 13; Sam., 16: 5; Joel, 2: 16.
Verse 6. Priests take the Ark. Nu., 4: 15.
Verse 7. Magnify Joshua. 4: 14; 1 Chron., 29: 25; 2 Chron., 1: 1. As I was with Moses. 1: 5.
Verse 8. Command the priests. Compare V. 3. Stand still. V. 17.
Verse 9.
Verse 10. Living God. Deu., 5: 26; 1 Sam., 17: 26; 2 Ki., 19: 4; Hos., 1: 10; St. Mt., 16: 16; 1 Th., 1: 10. God drive out Cananites. Ex., 33: 2; Deu., 7: 1; Ps., 44: 2.
Verse 11. Lord of all the earth. V. 13; Micah, 4: 13; Zech., 4: 14; 6: 5.
Verse 12. Take 12 men. 4: 2.
Verse 13. Soon as priests' feet in the water. V. 15. Waters an heap. Ps., 78: 13; 114: 3.
Verse 14. Ark of Covenant. Acts, 7: 45.
Verse 15. Overfloweth banks. 4: 18; 1 Ch., 12: 15; Jer., 12: 5; 49: 19; Ecc'us, 24: 26. Time of harvest. 5: 10, 12.
Verse 16. Zaretan. Same as Zartaneh of 1 Ki., 4: 12; also same as Zarthan of 1 Ki., 7: 46. Sea of the plain (Dead Sea). Deu., 3: 17. Salt Sea (Dead Sea). Gen., 14: 3; Nu., 34: 3.
Verse 17. Israelites passed over. Ex., 14: 29.

When.

The year of crossing was A. M. 2553, or B. C. 1451—in the month Abib, 10th day. 4: 19; 1 Ch., 12: 15. It was just before the time for celebrating the Passover. We notice it was harvest-time. How long was this after the decease of Moses? We find (Deu., 34: 8) that the people mourned his death for 30 days. It seems (1: 11) that the crossing took place six days after the expiration of the mourning period. We can therefore put the crossing on the 37th day after the death of Moses. 1: 11; 2: 1; 3: 1, 2.

How long did it require to cross? That depends on the width of the procession. Keil, Dr. J. R. Kendrick, say one-half day.

Where.

The Israelites had practically ended their wanderings. Forty years had passed. They had been camping east of the Jordan about due east of Jericho. The camps extended from Abel-sittim on the north to Beth-jeshemoth to the south, about 15 miles frontage. Nu., 33: 49.

It is said the waters were cut off as far up north as the city Adam. 16. It is difficult to locate that place, but it is supposed the spot was 15 miles north of what is known as Bethabara. Notice "very far." V. 16. The word Bethabara means the place of crossing. St. John, 1: 28.

We may say the Jordan was 250 feet wide and about 14 feet deep.

The Jordan is a very rapid stream. The name means the descender. The depression from the Sea of Galilee to the Dead Sea is about 1,000 feet. Swift rapids and deep cascades intervene. The current when swollen is fearful. The bottom would naturally be a good, firm pathway.

With such a descent it is plain a body up the river could be seen at quite a distance.

It is said that at Adam the hills on both sides of the Jordan come nearest together, making a good dam. Keil, Stanley and others locate Adam 15 miles to the north of Bethabara.

The Dead Sea is about eight miles south of Bethabara. Adam to Dead Sea would be, say, 20 miles. It is thought the waters piled up at Adam and at the Dead Sea entrance of the Jordan.

We have differences in estimates as to the Jordan by the Israelites. It is thought the camps on the east side moved in straight lines over to the west side.

We notice it was in the Spring of the year, when the waters of the Jordan are most plentiful and raging.

The people would not have so much concern as to the heap of water at their left. We may suppose the priests took the Ark into the middle of the Jordan channel and placed themselves with it a goodly distance up the river toward Adam. The people would get confidence by seeing the Ark in perfect safety, and the river being precipitous, the priests and Ark could be seen a long distance to the right. The people would have been alarmed to pass between the heap of water and the Ark. Then we notice the Israelites in crossing were not to crowd near the Ark, but keep to the south, leaving a clear space of 2,000 cubits, or 3,628 feet.

The Ark represented God and stood between the people and any harm.

It is quite evident the people were to keep eyes on the Ark. If those near it cluttered the way, only they could see the Ark. Hence it was arranged that an open space should be left, giving clear vision to the lines at the south of the Ark and the priests. Seeing the Ark safe and its attendants secure, and seeing also a space of 2,000 cubits protected from the heap of waters at the right, the people took courage. V. 4.

Outline as to the Crossing.

1. Data. Jos., 3: 1: 1-4, 10-18.
2. Time. A. M. 2553, March, about 2.
3. Place. Jordan, Bethabara, Gilgal.
4. Leader. Joshua.
5. People. 2,500,000 Israelites.
6. Personal preparation.
   a. Food. 1: 11.
   b. Sanctification. 3: 5.
7. The crossing.
   a. Whither? Into Canaan, 1: 2-4.
   Manner.
   1. Priests preceded. 3: 6.
   2. Ark at north in the river channel. 4.
   3. People keep south 2,000 cu. 4.
   4. Waters dammed to Adam. 16.
   5. Ground (channel) dry. 4: 22.
   6. People hastened. 4: 10.
   7. Priests staid till all crossed. 4: 10.

   Memorial. 12 stones taken from Jordan and made into a monument at Gilgal.

   A miracle.
   Reasons for.
   1. To cross.
   2. To confirm Joshua.
   3. To terrify Canaanites.
   4. To encourage Israelites.
   5. To magnify Jehovah.
8. Lessons.
   a. Prepare for emergencies. 5.
   b. Seek public esteem, confidence. 7.
   c. Construct memorials. 4: 1-8.
   d. God gives crossings now.
   e. Have Ark with you, God's presence. 6.

Notes on Outline.

1. A cubit was 1,824 feet, and hence 2,000 cu. equal 3,628 feet.

2. As to the crossing having been effected by a miracle, compare "wonders," V. 5.

3. Joshua led as successor to Moses.

4. Sanctification. This consisted of certain ceremonial rites, and yet presupposed a preparation of heart and mind.

5. A reason for keeping the people off from the Ark a distance of 2,000 cu. may have been not only to enable the multitude to see more readily the Ark, but also to cultivate that reverence for holy things which is essential to all pure worship.

6. It is to be noticed that there was no aid of nature in effecting the miracle we now study, as was, however, the case at the Red Sea, when wind and, perhaps, tide helped. A notice was given in advance of the fact the Jordan was to be opened and dried up. The crossing was at midday; the water at its highest point; witnesses were not only the Israelites, but their enemies; a memorial was erected on the spot.

Elijah and Elisha at a later date crossed the Jordan by making a dry highway across the channel.

Prof. W. S. Tyler wrote: "This could be but by a miracle; at the lowest it is not safe for a multitude to ford. The record was made too soon after the occurrence, while monumental testimony was extant, to permit our rejection of it. We do not say that it was not the result of an earthquake. The Armada was dispersed by a storm; a storm dispersed a French fleet that would have prevented our capture of Louisbourg. The opportune freezing and thaw of the Strymon saved Greece. But God does not need natural causes to work out His will."

They say Zoroaster passed rivers by miraculous means. Neptune dried up the Inachus.

"The shifting sands of Egypt have been blown about by the winds during the last 3,365 years to such an extent that an occasional skeptic may raise his bowl about the crossing over the Red Sea. He may say that the place where Moses led his troops across was very shallow or very narrow, or he may sneeringly ask us to point out the spot, and prove from it that there was any crossing at all, and that the Israelites did not go round the northern end of the arm of the Red Sea, over which we claim that they crossed. But nobody need dispute the existence of the Jordan, or claim that in the days of Joshua it was nothing but a creek. Nor need anybody try to prove that Joshua led the Israelites around the headwaters of the river, and down by the way of the plain of Esdraelon and Galilee to Jericho. Stand in awe of the wondrous work of the great God. It was a miracle, and He did it."

The Crossing of the Jordan in Poetry.

Chas. Wesley, in hymn beginning "When Israel out of Egypt came," has these lines:

The sea behe