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BY HUGH WILSON. ABBEVILLE, S. C., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 20, 1888. VOLUME XXXIII. NO. 6.

The Message of God.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

Some time, in the rush of life,
In the hurry of the day,
Like an arrow shot from heaven,
Comes the sudden message—"Stay."

When the flame of life burns low,
When the spirit takes its flight,
When our faith seems like a star,
Quenched in utter, endless night,

When misfortunes overtake,
When disaster's dreadful cloud
Makes the very noontide black
With its universal shroud,

When the sense of human sin,
Surging o'er us, stops the breath
With the awfulness of life
And the awfulness of death—

"Stay!" And like a rolling mist
Melts away our little world,
Like a breaking, whirling cloud
From the peak of heaven hurled!

Then our eyes behold the sky;
Then we see—then are we seen.
God has snatched the veil away,
Whatsoever came between.

"Stay!" And so this rushing life,
So these hurrying feet are still;
And we fold these wayward hands,
Kneel, and own the Master's will.

When our eyes refuse to see,
Our proud hearts disdain His sway,
To our blindness and our pride
Comes the heavenly message—"Stay."

What They Both Thought.

It was twenty-five minutes past seven. The buggy was at the door to take him to the train. His hand was on the knob. "Good-bye," he called out. There came from some where upstairs, through the half open door, a feminine voice, "Good-bye;" then he had gone out into the glad spring air, odorous with the foretokens of coming life and musical with the songs of the nest builders. But there was no song in his heart, no spring hope and light in his life, as he took the reins out of his groom's hand and spoke to his impatient horse a sharp "Get on!" And as he rode through the royal avenue that led up to his house, this is what he thought:

"If I had been a guest, Martha would have been up and dressed. She would have had a spray of fresh flowers at my plate. She would have sat at the table and seen that my coffee was good, and my eggs hot, and my toast browned. And I should have had at least a parting shake of the hand, and a hope expressed that I would come again. But I am only her husband!"

And this is what she thought as she put the last touches to her hair before her glass, and tried hard to keep the tears back from her eyes before she went down to see that the family breakfast was ready:

"I wonder if Hugh really cares anything for me any more. When we were first married he never would have gone off in this way with a careless 'Good-bye' tossed up stairs. He would have found time to run up and kiss me good-bye, and tell me that he missed me at his breakfast, and ask if I were sick. He is a perfect gentleman to every one but his wife. I believe he is tired of me. Well! well! I mustn't think such things as these. Perhaps he does love me after all. But—but—it is coming to be hard to believe it."

And so with a heavy heart she went to her work. And the April sun laughed in at the open windows, and the birds chirped cheer to her all day, and the flowers waved their most graceful beckonings to her in vain; all for want of that one farewell kiss.

Oh! husbands and wives, will you never learn that love often dies of slightest wounds; that the husband owes no such thoughtful courtesy to any other person as he owes his wife; that the wife owes no such attentive consideration to any guest as she owes to her husband; that life is made up of little things, and that ofttimes a little neglect is a harder burden for love to bear than an open and flagrant wrong.

Men in Petticoats.

Men wore petticoats before women usurped this prerogative. When Henry VIII. went to meet Anne of Cleves, he was habited, we read, "in a coat of velvet somewhat made like a frock, embroidered all over with flattened gold of damaske, with small lace mixed between, of the same gold, and other laces of the same going traverse-wise, that the ground little appeared;" and in a description of a similar garment belonging to his father Henry VII., we read of its being decorated with bows of ribbons, quite as a belle of the present day would adorn a ball dress.

It is well known that the garment was at first not alone a skirt, but as the name denotes, a little coat. How it came to lose its upper half or body we do not know unless the "petticoat" was made with long skirts for the sake of warmth, and in each case, it was as much petticoat, as we understand it, as anything else. Easily enough, petticoats, as the possession of man, are traced through the ages. In the inventory of the effects of Henry V. appears a "petticoat of red damaske, with open sleeves," and although it was a question whether this had been fashioned for a man or a woman, it would, if a woman's, be the only instance known before Elizabeth's time, of a woman using such a garment. Thus we hear nothing of women's petticoats before the Tudor period. "Good Queen Bess," with all her learning, which was essentially masculine in her age and time, had the true instinct of womanliness as regards personal adornment, and women have to thank her for their stockings and petticoats and many other luxuries which have become necessities and which they now appropriate with as true a belief in their inalienable right to their sole possession, as though the legacy had fallen to them from Mother Eve, instead of Maiden Elizabeth.

In a recent issue of the *New England Farmer* is a notice of the New York Agricultural Experiment Station, in which occurs the following paragraph, taken, presumably, from the director's report:

The station has been carried on for six years, and the time for taking account of results has come. A large number of trials upon plats indicate the utter unreliability of field experimentation, and should suffice to convince the public of the lack of certainty which attends all general conclusions gained by this process. The time may arrive when this plat work, instead of being forced upon experiment stations, will be so condemned that if used at all, it shall be with the apology of a special purpose to be served, and cultivated fields shall be relegated to their only true purpose in experimentation, that of verifying results otherwise gained, or for teaching practical methods of application, or for other purposes of illustration.

Didn't Ask Her Right.

Mr. Burdette insists that he overheard a woman lecturing her husband as follows on board a train: "Now I'll tell you why I wouldn't go into the restaurant and have a cup of coffee with you while we were waiting for the train. I didn't like the way you asked me. Keep quiet. I have the floor. Not half an hour before you said to Mr. Puffer: 'Come, let's get a cigar,' and away you went, holding his arm and not giving him a chance to decline. When we met John O'Howdy on our way to luncheon you said: 'Just in time, John; come take lunch with us.' And then to-night, when we found the train an hour late, you looked at your watch, turned to me and said in a questioning way: 'Would you like a cup of coffee?' And I did want it; I was tired and a little hungry, but I would have fainted before I would have accepted such an invitation. And you went away a little bit vexed with me and had your coffee and bread and butter by yourself, and didn't enjoy it very much. In effect you said to me: 'If you want a cup of coffee, if you really want it, I will buy it for you.' You are the best husband in the world, but do as nearly all the best husbands do. Why do you men seem to dole things out to your wives when you fairly throw them to the men you know? Why don't you invite me heartily as you invite men? Why didn't you say: 'Come, let's get a little coffee and something,' and take me right along with you? You wouldn't say to a man: 'Would you like me to go and buy you a cigar?' Then why do you always issue your little invitations to treats in that way to me? Indeed, indeed, my dear husband, if men would only act toward their wives as heartily, cordially, frankly as they do toward the men whom they meet, they would find cheerier companions at home than they could at the club."

The Missing Five Cents.

Holding out his hand for the change, John's employer said: "Well, my boy, did you get what I sent you for?" "Yes, sir," said John: "and here's the change, but I don't understand it. The lemons cost twenty-eight cents, and there ought to be twenty-two change, and there's only seventeen according to my count."

"Perhaps I made a mistake in giving you the money."

"No, sir. I counted it over in the hall to be sure it was all right."

"Then, perhaps the clerk made a mistake in giving you the change."

But John shook his head. "No, sir; I counted that too. Father said we must always count our change before leaving the store."

"Then how in the world do you account for the missing five cents? How do you expect me to believe such a queer story as that?"

John's cheeks grew red, but his voice was firm. "I don't account for it, sir; I can't. All I know is that it is so."

"Well, it is worth a good deal in this world to be sure of that. How do you account for the five-cent piece that is hiding in your coat-sleeve?"

John looked down quickly, and caught the gleaming bit with a cry of pleasure. "Here you are! Now it is all right. I couldn't imagine what had become of that five-cent piece. I was certain I had it when I started from the store to return."

"There are two or three things that I know now," Mr. Brown said with a satisfied air. "I know you have been taught to count your money in coming and going, and to tell the exact truth whether it sounds well or not—two important things in an errand-boy. I think I'll try you, young man, without looking farther."

At this John's cheeks grew redder than ever. He looked down and up, and finally he said, in a low voice: "I think I ought to tell you that I wanted the place so badly that I almost made up my mind to say nothing about the change if you didn't ask me."

"Exactly," said Mr. Brown; and if you had done it you would have lost the situation, that's all. I need a boy about me who can be honest over so small a sum as five cents, whether he is asked questions or not."

During the war between the French and the English, in 1745, one John Haywood was seized with sudden illness and carried to the hospital. During his sickness the battle of Fontenoy occurred. A young man was brought in wounded, and placed on a bed near to Haywood. He was in great mental agony, loudly and continually bewailing his departure from his principles. Haywood at last called to him: "Young man, what are your principles?" He said that he was brought up in the Society of Friends. "But," repeated Haywood, "what *are* your principles?" He then explained that the principles of Friends were against wars and fightings, and not to kill but to love your enemies. Conviction of the excellence of these principles was sealed upon Haywood's mind. He recovered and returned to the camp; and on a day of great parade, to the utter astonishment of the soldiery, he stepped forward out of the rank, and laid down his gun. The amazement was heightened when two others, with whom there had been no collusion, also stepped forward and laid down their guns. They were placed under arrest. Sentence of death was passed upon them by a court-martial. Haywood was visited and urged to retract, with promises of pardon. He told them he was ready to lay down his life: he was convinced that war was inconsistent with Christianity, and he could not retract. The time of execution came. Their old comrades pointed their muskets, and took aim, waiting the command to "fire!" while they, most tranquil of all the host, were strengthened from heaven, I ween, by "ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them that shall be heirs of salvation." At this moment their pardon was proclaimed. Their case having been presented to King George II, he gave orders that they should be tested to the very last; "but," said he, "God forbid that any man should be put to death for conscience sake under my reign." Haywood afterward narrated that he was already in heavenly places, his soul filled with peace, ready to depart. They returned to England, and here we lose sight of the other two. Haywood joined the Quakers, became an eminent minister, and died in good old age.

Don't consider yourself safe until you get to heaven.

Tangles.

A dear little girl was holding a skein of yarn the other day for mamma to wind. It took a long time to wind it, because the skein was sadly tangled. Now and then the little girl would look toward the window, through which came the merry voices of her little friends at play, and mamma would say, "It will soon be done." Not one impatient word did the child utter, and when the work was done there was not even one little tangle to be seen in her sweet face. And yet she did want very much to be at play with the others.

There's a secret in all this. Have you heard the story of the king who gave a great quantity of thread to some children to weave, and told them to be sure and come to him when they found themselves in trouble? After a while the day came when they must all bring their work to the king. Every web was tangled save one. This was brought by a little girl with a smiling face, and, when she was asked why her work was so different from the rest, she replied quickly, "Oh! I did just as the king told me; when I got into a tangle, I came right to him, and he helped me."

So our little girl had learned when the tangle of fretfulness or impatience or self-will came to go straight to her King to have it smoothed out. Her King is our King—Jesus. He knows just how to help in all these little troublesome things, and He will help the one who carries everything to Him to be set right.

Easter.

Easter Sunday may come on any date from March 22 to April 25. Last year it came on the latest possible date, April 25. In the year 1818 it fell on the earliest date, March 22, but cannot happen on that date again until the year 2285.

The name Easter comes from a German work pronounced the same, but spelled *Oestre*. The Germans, before they knew anything about Jesus, kept a feast to give thanks to their Goddess of Spring for bringing back the flowers and leaves after the dreary winter. Of course, there was no such goddess as this one they called Oestre, but they worshiped in this way because they didn't know about the true God. When Christians went to Germany, and found the Germans keeping this feast, they told them about Jesus, and that He not only brought the flowers and trees to life, but Himself rose from the dead, and would give to all men a new life in heaven after they died on the earth.

The word Oestre means rising, or springing; so because Jesus *rose* from the dead, and all plants *spring* into life at this time of year, the Christians used the word as a name for the anniversary of the day on which Jesus rose from the grave; and the Germans kept their Oestre feast, but it had a new meaning; for, instead of worshiping some imaginary Goddess of Spring, they gave thanks to the God who rules all the seasons, who gives life to all things, and who said: "He that believeth on Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

Household Hints.

Do not hurry the cows from the pasture.

Better have whitewash than manure on the sills.

Try hard to keep the stable dry during damp days.

Cultivate the mud-wasps—they are the sworn foes of the cricket.

Plows in the fence corner are a sign of "farm for sale" within ten years.

A mixture of grasses stimulates the appetite and affords better nourishment.

Buckwheat and sheep are most excellent help in renovating foul, worn land.

Empty the slops on a heap of dry earth under a shed near the house—not in a sink drain.

It was well-rotted chip manure liberally applied that made the radish so sweet and tender.

Having too many implements is as bad as not having enough; and having implements in bad condition is always bad.

A large per cent of merchants are ruined by the failure of other merchants; few farmers indeed lose by the failure of other farmers.

Plowing around stumps and rocks is not unlike driving slower to reach your destination sooner; yet the children would be afraid of you if you did the latter.

The farmer who thinks that to make money he must go where land is cheaper, should consider well if he would not make more money by making the land he has deeper and richer.

What May be Eaten with the Fingers.

There are a number of things that the most fashionable and well-bred people now eat at the dinner table with their fingers. They are:

Olives, to which a fork should never be applied.

Asparagus, whether hot or cold, when served whole, as it should be.

Lettuce, which should be dipped in the dressing, or in a little salt.

Celery, which may properly be placed on the tablecloth beside the plate.

Strawberries when served with the stems on, as they usually are in the most elegant houses.

Bread, toast, and all tarts and small cakes.

Fruits of all kinds, except melons and preserves, which are eaten with a spoon.

Cheese which is almost invariably eaten with the fingers by the most particular people.

Even the leg or other small pieces of a bird is taken in the fingers at fashionable dinners, and at most of the luncheons ladies pick small pieces of chicken without using a fork.

A Kiss for a Blow.

BY MINNIE A. PERHAM.

A brother and sister, one bright, pleasant day
In their own little chamber were busy at play;
They played very kindly, no cross words were said
Till Bessie took something belonging to Fred.

"You give that to me right away!" Freddie cried;
And to pull it away very harshly he tried.
But Bessie held fast, and she pleasantly said,
"If you'll only say please you may have it, dear Fred."

But Fred was not conquered; he would not do so;
He struck little Bessie a very hard blow,
And sullenly muttered, "There, now I'll have this;"
But Bessie went to him and gave him a kiss.

Poor Fred felt ashamed, and he gave her his toy,
And then crept away like a shamed little boy.
If again he is tempted to strike Bessie so,
Let us hope he'll remember a kiss for a blow.

Love Unexpressed.

What silences we keep year after year,
With those who are most near to us and dear.
We live beside each other day by day,
And speak of myriad things, but seldom say
The full, sweet word that lies just in our reach,
Beneath the common place of common speech.

Then out of sight and out of reach they go—
Those close familiar friends, who loved us so;
And, sitting in the shadow they have left,
Alone with loneliness, and sore bereft,
We think with vain regret of some fond word,
That once we might have said and they have heard.

For weak and poor the love that we expressed
Now seems beside the vast, sweet unexpressed,
And slight the deeds we did, to those undone,
And small the service spent, to treasure won,
And undeserved the praise, for word and deed
That should have overflowed the simple need.

This is the cruel cross of life, to be
Full visioned only when the ministry
Of death has been fulfilled, and in the place
Of some dear presence, is but empty space.
What recollected services can then
Give consolation for the *might have been*.

What Others Say.

St. Louis Christian Advocate.

If order is Heaven's first law many Methodist preachers are sinners in chief. Our Methodist order of worship is very simple, and we think scriptural, and should be followed. We are charged to mind our rules and not mend them. Yet men in high places, in the church, are great sinners in this respect. Sometimes there is no Bible lessons read in the morning service. The closing the first prayer with the Lord's prayer is rarely observed. This is a little thing, we say. It is not the greatness nor the littleness of a thing which constrains the doing; it is the command which makes all things, little and big, great. We have rules, let us keep them; an order of worship, let us follow it. We cannot improve on it, and if we could, we have no right to do so. It pains us to see pastors, reverend grave elders, slur over, maim or mangle our order of worship. Stick to our law, stand upon its order.

Methodist Protestant.

Do you like your pastor's preaching very much? Are you helped by his ministry? Suppose you advise him of the fact. Perhaps the good man is discouraged; thinks his ministry unproductive. Probably, the better the man in the sacred office, the more liable is he to be disheartened, because he is the more solicitous about results. Lift up his weary hands if he is doing you good, by words of appreciation fitly spoken. Go a step farther. Tell others what a profitable pastor he is to you; how faithfully he delivers the message of the Master. As the old Methodists used to say: "Do not eat your morsel alone." Induce others to sit with you at the feast. "Let him that heareth say, Come."

Friends Review.

It seems strange to those who are not engaged in political affairs, not only that such violent language should be used in the United States Senate as to make occasion for humble apology, but that hours of the time and attention of such a body should be given to discourses on personal questions, concerning the "war record" of members and others, on the pretence of considering a message from the President. Surely these things ought not so to be.

New Orleans Christian Advocate.

We are much afraid that many professing Christians are living in ignorance of the real meaning of the word "righteousness." Judging from their lives, we get the idea that the word in their view means being good. It seems to us that the Revised Version has brought out the true meaning in Revelation xix, 8, where the translation is made thus: "The fine linen is the righteous acts of the saints." "Doers of the word," is the defination St. James gives, and they who do, are the ones who will stand erect in the judgment.

New Orleans Christian Advocate.

When we get at the bottom of the Sunday traffic, no matter in what it consists, we will find that it is based upon this sentiment: It is better to make money than to obey God.

Nashville Christian Advocate.

It costs the United States $2,000,000 a year to carry on the war of 1812, even at this late date. Such facts carry irresistible deducation to sensible men against the folly and wickedness of war between Christian nations. Christian nations, did we say? When they become really Christian this horror will come to an end.

Little Things That Annoy.

Bad behavior in church.

Standing around the church door.

Putting stamps on the wrong corner of the envelope.

Talking to the postmaster while he is opening the mail.

Asking the railroad agent what hour the train will arrive.

Borrowing newspapers and never returning them.

Asking the postmaster to credit you for box rent and postage stamps.

Spitting tobacco juice on a clean floor.

Using your friends' pen and ink and leaving the pen sticking in the ink bottle.

Cracking jokes with men who are seriously inclined.

Asking your merchant to sell you first-class goods at the price of shoddy ones.

Getting late to church with a pair of "crying" shoes.

Loud talking or laughing while passing a residence.

Writing a letter to a friend or relative on business and receiving no reply.

A musician is commended, not that he plays so long, but that he plays so well. And thus it is not the days of our life, but the goodness of our life; not the length of our prayers, but the fervency of our prayers; not the measure of our profession, but the sincerity of our profession, that is acceptable unto God.

One may become surfeited with getting, but he never can be surfeited with right giving. He who spends the most energy in serving himself, will be most likely to tire of the service—as well as *in* the service. He who spends most energy in serving others, will be least likely to tire of the service—even though he may tire in the service. The surest way to get all the good we can out of our own energies, is to spend them in the service of others.

A man who wanted to be facetious with the milkman as he was measuring out his morning portion, said: "Do you charge extra for the water?" "No," replied the milkman, "the water is thrown in."

Romish Tactics!

A vigorous writer for the Richmond *Christian Advocate*, who signs himself "Rudolph," writing for the late Southern Immigration Convention, at Hot Springs, N. C., gives this note of warning.

The head, body and tail of the convention are all Romish—the head in New York under Rome's surveillance, and tail in the palace of Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore. And this convention, born of Romish thought and inspired by Romish intolerance and hatred to Protestantism, and set on foot by Rome's devoted subjects, for the purpose of colonizing the South with popish subjects, is what they call a "Southern Immigration Convention!" "Immigration Convention?" These zealots of Rome concocted their scheme, as they well know, to develop Romanism in the South; but, in order the better to get the pill down the throat of the South, they sugar-coat with the name of "Southern Immigration Convention"—and they were keen enough to secure the services of the governers of two or three Southern States to help put the sugar on the pill. But the cheekiest thing in that misnomered convention at Hot Springs was the adoption of a resolution offered by a Romanist, proposing to raise the money to carry out their popish scheme by requesting the governors of the Southern States, the President of every Southern railroad, the mayor of every city, and the proper authority of every town east of the Mississippi, to cooperate in raising the funds necessary to perfect a a plan to Romanize the South. These prelates of Rome would have the South Romanized as New York City is to-day. They would like to see our Legislature under Romish domination, after the style of the Legislatures of New York. They would like to see the Bible kicked and swept from our public schools by a huge Romish broom.

If the South is to be colonized by the importation of the fiery zealots of of the Pope from Ireland, Spain and Italy, let not the South take any hand or pay one red cent in helping to do it. Better have the country filled up slowly, wisely and surely with a class of population who respect the institutions of Christianity, recognized by the government, and love that Bible which is its corner-stone, than to have poured down on us an avalanche of immigration under popish dictation and priestly rule. Let us beware of these "Southern Immigration (Catholic) Conventions"—with a face to the South and Rome in the heart.

The Hidden Cross.

(Charles Kingsley.)

To all, sooner or later, Christ comes to baptise them with fire. But do not think that the baptism of fire comes once for all to a man in some terrible affliction, some one awful conviction of his own sinfulness and nothingness. No; with many, and those perhaps the best people, it goes on month after month and year after year. By secret trials, chastenings which none but they and God can understand, the Lord is cleansing them for their secret faults, and making them to understand wisdom secretly; burning out of them the chaff of self-will and self-conceit and vanity, and leaving only the pure gold of righteousness. How many sweet and holy souls, who look cheerful enough before the eyes of men, yet have their secret sorrows! They carry their cross unseen all day long, and lie down to sleep on it at night; and they will carry it, perhaps, for years and years, and to their graves, and to the throne of Christ, before they lay it down; and none but they and Christ will ever know what it was—what was the secret chastisement which God sent to make that soul better which seemed to us already too good for earth. So does the Lord watch his people, and tries them by fire, as the refiner of silver sits by his furnace watching the melted metal till he knows that it is purged from all its dross by seeing the image of his own face reflected on it.

A Physician of the First Century.

A little volume entitled "Christ and the Beginning of Christianity, by a Physician of the First Century," was presented to each member of the International Medical Congress which met sometime since in Washington, by Prof. A. R. Simpson, of Edinburg, Scotland. It contained the Gospel by Luke and the Acts of the Apostles. The preface was as follows: 'Of all the treatises that physicians have ever penned, there are none that we could so ill afford to lose or overlook as the two reprinted here.

"The Hippocratic writings, with which the 'beloved physician' of St. Paul seems to have been familiar, have long ceased to be of more than antiquarian interest. The symptoms of medicine which guide the practice of one epoch have each to make way for others evolved in the generations following. Doctrines and proctices in favor at this International Congress are sure to be modified, and may be even superseded, at the next. The lapse of five years takes the bloom off the best of the text-books, and in ten they are discarded, or have to be well-nigh re-written.

"But wherever humanity has touched its highest levels, its most beneficent workers have had these treatises by Luke in their hands; and no writings that have since appeared can take their place, or supersede their power in purifying and enriching the life-blood of mankind.

"It must interest every member of the profession to find one of themselves himself not personally acquainted with the founder of Christianity, pursuing those inquiries into His history which enabled him to write the fullest and most human Life of Christ; and to see him afterwards settling himself to record the first movements of the Christian life, from its source in the chief seat of religion at Jerusalem, past the chief seat of philosophy at Athens, on to the centre of power in Rome.

"It has seemed to me that my fellow-members might enjoy the perusal and reperusal of these treatises on their journey homewards. On our last journey we can have no better *vade mecum*."

NOOKS AND CORNERS.—There is perhaps not a nook or corner on the average farm but what may be used for some kind of a crop that will pay for the raising, and the corners that now are eyesores and bugbears may be sources of income that are not exceeded by any other parts of the farm.

The milk, after calving, should not be saved until there is no sign of feverishness or inflammation in the udder, and the peculiar birth milk shall have passed away.

Mothers and Children.

BY COL. T. W. HIGGINSON

Welcome to any messengers from any country coming in these days to protest against all war! Women have especial reason to feel this, not only for themselves, but because usually devolves on them the painful duty of opening the eyes of innocent children to the fact that they are born into a world of hostility and destruction, as well as love and peace. *I felt like taking down the swords from above my fireplace and hiding them away forever when first called upon to explain to my little girl what they meant and for what they stood.* In mediaeval times, mass used to be said upon the battle-field between the two armies, and at the close the trumpet sounded and the fight began. On one of these occasions the Count de Blois, commanding an army in Brittany, burst into tears at hearing the trumpet, and said. "O that I might ransom with my blood that which is soon to be shed for me!" And many a man who has taken part in war would be glad, I fancy, to banish from his memory, at least, every death that came from any order that passed through his lips. An eminent general once told me that the effect of our civil war on himself had been to make him shrink from the taking even of animal life, so that he had successively abandoned hunting and fishing, in both of which he had previously taken much pleasure. *Dulce inexpertis bellum*, says the Latin proverb. "War is sweet to those who have never tried it."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Toplady's Conversion.

More than a hundred years have passed since a young man in England, who belonged to a pious family, but was himself far from God, was to find God by strange means. He had been the child of many prayers, but to all the entreaties of his pious mother and others he answered by inwardly resolving not to become a Christian. When he and his mother were on a visit to Ireland, on the Lord's day they went to a place where a good man was going to preach. He was very earnest in his sermon, and put the question to the unsaved present, whether they would give themselves to Christ or remain rebels? Every time the young man said in his own heart, "I will not yield, I will not yield." His heart was hardened against God's grace, and at the close of the sermon it seemed to be harder than ever it had been. When the sermon was finished, the minister gave out a hymn. It begins:

"Come, ye sinner, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore."

The congregation, stirred by the earnest sermon, sung the hymn with their whole heart. And what a sermon could not do, the singing of the hymn did. It broke the hard, unyielding heart. He found God and gave himself to him. He lived to be an honored preacher of the gospel. He was Augustus Toplady, the author of the great hymn—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

Faithful Unto Death.

Great heroes are to be found in peace as well as in war, and one of them fell during the Sunday night of the great storm on the field of honor, whose courage was greater than that of many a man who in the excitement of battle gives his life for the cause for which he is fighting. In the accident at Huntingdon, Engineer Robert Gardener perceiving that a collision between his own train and another was inevitable, stayed at his post, kept his hands on the throttle and brake and so met his death. While being lifted from the wreck he asked if any of his "passengers" had been killed, and when informed that they had all escaped, he said, regardless of his own mortal hurt, "That's good; lay me down; good-bye, boys."

We cannot too much honor these heroes of everyday life, who, through their dominating sense of duty, give all that they have to give for the welfare of others. Theirs is the higher courage, which does not rush impetuously into the arms of death, but which, with calm, deliberate thought, chooses death rather than life with duty undone.—*Daily Paper.*

The Tendency of the World to Arbitration.

There is now evidently among mankind as nations, classes and individuals, a direct and increasing tendency to arbitration. This inclination is very cheering to the friends of Peace and good will to the great human family. The friends of Peace, and all who are Christians, philanthropists, patriots, moralists, philosophers, preachers, statesmen, rulers, editors authors, farmers, mechanics, sailors, all laborers, rich men and poor men, *all men and all women*, everywhere in all nations, should take a strong hold in their best love of the human race, and in their unceasing, vigorous exertions, labor in joy for arbitration—arbitration now, everywhere, and forever! There is no danger in the coming time of our world, be that time a thousand or a million years, of mankind, in any form of existence, having too little war. Those are now the greatest and best friends of the world who are doing the most for peace and arbitration.—*J. H. in Messenger of Peace.*

"We are serving God best when we do our work faithfully.

A true sense of our unworthiness makes every blessing great and precious.

No eye but that which is strengthened by faith can pierce through the clouds which cover this lower system, and intercept the prospect of more excellent riches on high.

The same love which fills a man with zeal for God makes him little and poor and vile in his own eyes. As is the degree of zeal, such is the degree of humility; they must rise and fall together.

Habits of inattention, of mental indolence, of surface or of random thinking, of inexact statement, though they may involve no conscious wickedness, are the source of widespread and insidious corruption of character.

We are to keep the heart pure, by keeping it in fellowship with Christ; to keep the tongue pure, by using it only for Christ; to keep the life pure, by living in all things for Christ. In thought, word, feeling, action, we should aim at that purity which may make us like Christ.

O war, begot in pride and luxury,
The child of malice and revengeful hate;
Thou impious good and good impiety!
Thou art the foul refiner of a state,
Unjust scourge of man's iniquity.
Sharp easer of corruptions desperate!
Is there no means but that a sin-sick land
Must he let blood with such a boist'rous hand?

John Bright on The 37th Article of The Church of England.

The *Birmingham Post* publishes a letter from John Bright on this subject, in which, as in a previous letter to a Glasgow gentleman, he points out that the Article in question "makes all bearing of arms lawful, and insists on this as a religious belief, and thus conscience is darkened and misled." He adds: "In the same Article it is declared to be lawful to punish Christian men with death for grievous offences, under which statesmen and juries were comforted when they sent men to the gallows for stealing a sheep, or for forgery, or for stealing in a shop or dwelling house to some trifling amount, or for passing brass coin. The 39th Article declares that a man may swear when the magistrate requireth, although there is no act or offence which a man may or can commit which is more expressly forbidden in the New Testament. These Articles to which I am objecting have nothing to do with religious belief. They were introduced only for political purpose, and in my view they have for 300 years done much to pervert the minds of our people, not of Churchmen only, but of Nonconformists, who in many things continue the unsound opinion which in early times the teaching of the Church made common. You say these Articles are only of 'religious belief' to the clergy, but you will hardly say that their influence is confined to your many thousands of ministers, and that what clergymen have to accept as doctrine to be believed may be wholly rejected by their congregations and parishioners. A Church free from the State might free itself from the fault and the dishonor of making very doubtful political ideas into articles of religious and Christian belief."

J. A. Farrer called attention in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in 1884, to the fact that the original Article has been made even more objectionable by the omission of a word in the English Book of Common Prayer. J. E. Farrer says:

"It is noticeable that in the 37th Article of the English Church, which is to the effect that a Christian at the command of a magistrate may wear weapons and serve in the wars, the word justa, which, in the Latin form preceeded the word bella, or wars, has been omitted. (Christian is licet examandato magistratus arma portare et justa bella administrare.")

Still, it is easy for any one who believes it right to bear arms at the command of a magistrate, to convince himself that whatever war is sanctioned by magisterial authority is thereby made just. John Bright's protestation is weighty and appropriate.

As a rule children are punished when they should be educated.

He is greatest whose strength carries up the most hearts by the attraction of his own.

Better to be despised for too anxious apprehension than ruined by too confident a security.

"To obtain perfection it is not necessary to do singular things, but to do things singularly well."

If you would know what is said of you in your absence, consider what is said of others in your presence.

If we would bring a holy life to Christ, we must mind our fireside duties as well as the duties of the sanctuary.

Immortality will come to such as are fit for it, and he who would be a great soul in the future must be a great soul now.

We cannot make a more lively representation and emblem to ourselves of hell, than by the view of a kingdom in war.

The law is given that we might be brought to the gospel; the gospel is given that we may be enabled to obey the law.

Mildew can be removed by soaking in buttermilk, or putting lemon juice and salt upon it, and exposing it to the hot sun.

There is one part of the farm that is not benefitted by drainages—the manure heap.

Christ comes with a blessing in each hand—forgiveness in one and holiness in the other—and never gives either to any who will not take both.

He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet will.

Teacher.—"In what battle was General Blank killed?" Bright boy.—"His last one."

There is a man in New York who recently boasted that he never was inside a church in his life. He was in jail when he said it.

The central thought in the mind of Christ during the memorable forty days that intervened between his resurrection and ascension was the equipment of disciples for their work and their commission to a dying world.

The difference between the German and American farmer is not so much in hard work or high prices as that every German workingman carries a soldier on his back.—*W. M. Evarts.*

It looks to me that loyalty should not have the first place, much less the only place in the obligation to preach the gospel to the heathen. Loyalty will do in such an argument if preaching the gospel to the heathen is not to affect any but them that preach it.

WHERE THE DAY ENDS.—In a German chart, published in 1870 by Dr. Gleums, a line dividing places keeping Sunday and Monday respectively passes through Behring Straits, leaving the Aleutian Isles on the east, curves sharply in between the Phillippines on the west and the Carolines on the east, then curves again sharply, sweeping north of New Guinea, and leaving the Chatham Isles on the west. At all places west of the line it is Monday while it is Sunday on the east.

The recent General Confe[illegible] the M. E. Church, (North) [illegible] that the Missionary Bisho[illegible] be and is hereby autho[illegible] tinue his efforts to ex[illegible] ist Episcopal Chur[illegible] plan of self-supp[illegible]

For Ca[illegible] materi[illegible] plic[illegible] P[illegible]