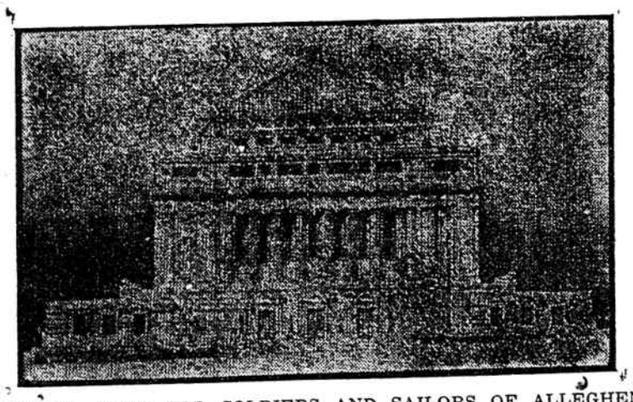
GREAT MEMORIAL HALL.

Pittsburg's Notable and Costly Soldiers and Sailors' Monument.

Pittsburg is erecting at a cost of $1,400,000 a great and noteworthy memorial hall in honor of the soldiers and sailors of Allegheny County. This will be, it is asserted, the first soldiers and sailors' building erected in this country in which the purely monumental idea has been treated so as to



MEMORIAL HALL FOR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS OF ALLEGHENY COUNTY, PA.

It is Being Erected in Pittsburg at a Cost of $1,400,000. Palmer & Hornbostel, of New York City, Architects.

be practicable for public use. The architects are Palmer & Hornbostel.

The building is being erected on the Schenley property, facing Fifth avenue, and will contain an auditorium of architectural spaciousness that will be one of the largest in this country and will accommodate five thousand persons. The dinner hall will accommodate five thousand more. In a large gallery will be inscribed the names of soldiers and sailors of Allegheny County.

The memorial hall will be specially noteworthy for its artistic features. There will be placed in a Grand Army post room, treated in quartered oak, a mural decoration by T. de Thulstrup depicting the final charge of the Pennsylvania cavalry, led by Colonel Schoolmaker, at the Battle of Winchester. Howard Pyle has just finished sketches for a mural decoration of the back of the platform in the auditorium, eighty feet long and twenty feet high.

On the exterior of the building, over the front door, will be placed a huge bronze sitting figure symbolical of valor, nineteen feet high, executed by Charles Keck, the sculptor.

There will also be put in appropriate places memorial tablets descriptive of the Civil War, such as the tablet of the famous telegraph corps, of which Andrew Carnegie was a member.

The approach to the building will be treated in a parkway scheme, 600 feet by 400 feet, so as to contain balustrades, benches and a high flagpole. A peace monument may be erected in the place.

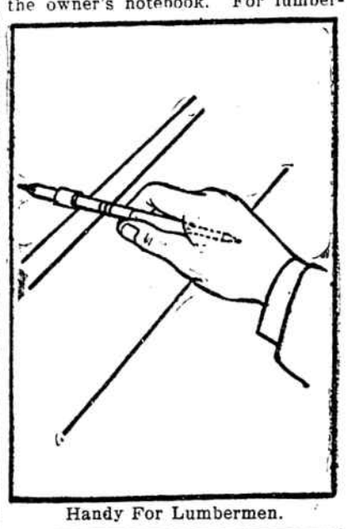
The main body of the building is 150 feet square; its height is about 180 feet, and it is built of sandstone.

Curative Suggestion.

Lecturing in Paris on the "Miracles of Lourdes," the Abbe Conde limited the curative power of "suggestion" to functional as distinct from organic disease and asserted that 650 cases of organic disease, chiefly cancer and tuberculosis, had been completely cured at the shrine.

Pencil of Many Hues.

One of the most ingenious little devices recently put on the market is that shown in the cut. This device, the invention of a Maryland man, is a combination marking crayon, lumber gauge and tally pencil. First, there is a long, thin tube with an opening large enough to receive a lead pencil. At the other end is an enlarged tubular holder for crayon, the crayon-receiver end forming a shoulder, which makes a stop when the tube is drawn across the edge of a board, for instance. Along the tube a scale is marked, by means of which the thickness of a board may be measured, as between the shoulder and the marks on the gauge. The crayon is for marking boards and the pencil for recording the various necessary data in the owner's notebook. For lumber-



Handy For Lumbermen.

men this little implement is very useful, as it relieves them of the necessity of keeping the vest pockets stuffed with a veritable arsenal of pencils, crayons and rules, and also saves them the time otherwise wasted in hunting for each of these implements as it is required.—Philadelphia Record.

Religious Teachers in United States.

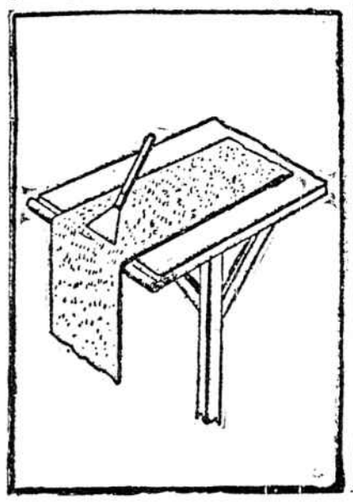
There are 30,000 religious teachers in the United States giving their lives to teaching. The pay of these should average $500 a year, making a total of $15,000,000 a year. Now, this sum represents, at only five per cent. interest, a capital of $300,000,000, which the teaching orders of the church gives to Catholic education.—Catholic Columbian Record.

SAFE!

Tourist—"I wonder at your allowing people to mount that ruin."
Native—"It's quite safe, sir. It was only built last year."

For Renovating Goods.

A process for the renovating of dress goods or other fabrics has been invented by a Missouri man. The apparatus consists of a stand, like a



reading desk, with a roller attached to the lower end. The goods are placed on this stand and drawn up as the work progresses.

The actual work of renovating is done by a sand blast, propelled through a tube with a fan-shaped mouth. The sand is propelled through the tube by compressed air, which may be supplied by a foot pump, and is directed first against the direction of the nap of the fabric and afterward with the direction of the nap.

This results in a cleaning out of all extraneous material, and after this is done the particles of sand and other substances can be easily removed by brushing or by a blast of air. The advantage of using the sand is that it works its way under the nap as air would not do. After this treatment the goods are chemically cleaned.—Boston Post.

The industry of making lebkuchen, or honey cake, is worth to the German city of Nuremburg about one million dollars a year.

THE PULPIT.

A SCHOLARLY SUNDAY SERMON BY THE REV. DR. W. C. STILES.

Theme: The Divine Mobility.

Greenwich, Conn.—The Rev. Dr. W. C. Stiles, of Brooklyn, editor of the Homiletic Review, preached in the Second Congregational Church here Sunday. Dr. Stiles had as his subject, "The Divine Mobility." In the course of his sermon he said:

Our attention has often been called to the abiding quality of divine life and of the inner powers of the spirit, and we are accustomed to set these realities over against the things that change and pass away. The Psalmist is re-echoed by the Apostle Peter in the sentiment which expresses the frailty of the outward things—"the grass withereth, the flower thereof falleth away," and Jesus, referring to the enduring quality of His word, said: "Heaven and earth shall pass away." In all these apprehensions of the contrast involved, we have dwelt lightly upon the passing away of things and have usually fixed our thought upon that element of eternity that lies within them. But has it never occurred to us that there must be profound significance also in the other side of the truth, that when the heavens and earth pass away and the flower falleth and withereth, and the whole universe in like manner is seen to be a constant panorama of flux and change, there must be some divine significence to this phenomenal universe. When Paul comes to apply it to his own career, he speaks of that career as a continual forgetting of things that are behind and a constant reaching forth unto things that are before. It is as though he thought the soul could never stand still; and it is certain that there is nothing more inclusive; nothing more completely filling all the consciousness of the life of the man than the mobility of the world we live in and of the lives we live.

It is of this I am reminding you: first, as a fact of universal experience. The heavens and earth do pass away; the flowers do fade; human life does move on; the old order changeth; every day is a new day; old things have passed away. "Behold, all things have become new," might be written at any moment of our career. A fact of such wide significance is worth while to inquire about. Doubtless we may complain with Augustine that our hearts are restless until they rest in God, but is there no significance in a restless heart, and do we, after all, really wish our hearts to be at rest, in the last and best thought with which we contemplate the highest possibilities of the soul?

Is there meaning in the passing away of the heavens and the earth? That is a great fact, and one that must have some meaning or other for us. We do not look on the same stars—not precisely the same—as those that shone upon the Egyptians who built the pyramids, and who built the lines of their east and west faces by the pole star, from which these lines now have swerved enough to prove that the heavens have been changing; and the time will come when future inhabitants of this earth will no longer look upon the same constellations in the same places where now we see them.

How much truer might such affirmation be of this far more changeful earth. We speak lightly of the everlasting hills. When they built the great Eads Bridge at St. Louis, on the east side of that river they sent the bores down something like 130 feet through the fine silt of the river bed before they struck the solid limestone below. That 130 feet of sand, spread with various thickness over wide areas of the valleys of the Mississippi and the Missouri, is nothing more than the remains of what men call the everlasting hills, washed down through milenniums of time to make the great fertile areas of the valleys. You who have lived by the sea know what constant changes are going on with the coast—upbuilding here and washing away yonder; on our Pacific coast great mountains lifted up, sometimes with great earthquake shocks that destroy cities; on other coasts sinking down to give way to the dominance of the sea. Yes, the heavens and earth are passing away.

A fact, I have said, of such wide reach in human experience must have some significance and must need some interpretation. I think, therefore, we may inquire, in the next place, whether the change and flux of onward movement may not constitute a universal law of the world and of all life? Is not this as it should be? Do not things move on and disappear? Do not the old facts decay and the new facts appear, because this is, in a way, the divine method for all of us, and for the universe in which we live, the providence of God accompanying us in our journey and educating us on the way? Surely, if we should come to such conclusion as this, it would dissolve some of the perplexing difficulties that besiege our minds and embarrass our lives. For one thing, it would teach us that one of the great dominant arts of a human soul must be the art of letting go of things with which God is through. It is death or the beginning of death for a man in a living world to hold on to the things that no longer have life in them. The flower will fade and the grass will wither, but we may not make very much of storing the withered stock and the faded petal in the old scrapbooks of our lives. How many a man has become old and sour and useless holding on to the things which he should let go! The only salvation in a moving world is to keep moving with the world, and to keep pace with the divine spirit that every morning makes all things new. Let the children, eager with curiosity for every new scene, teach us, for they shall have finer lessons for us than we can ever have for them. We speak of the "good old days," "the old Gospel," "the faith once delivered to the saints," but there are no good old days, and for us there is no old Gospel, and we do not want the faith that was delivered to the saints. Anything that was delivered yesterday was for yesterday. We are to go into the larger place; we are to breathe the new airs of the new morning. There shall be perfume of sweeter flowers for us above the graves of those that faded for the man of yesterday.

It often happens that daughters marry from the old home, and go out into new life in some larger and more active community. As the years go by and the children gather in the new home, the old folks from the farm come up to visit the children and the grandchildren. Have you not known how often the grandmother is shocked at the forwardness of the children in these days, and she holds up her hands in horror, and she solemnly assures the daughter that such liberty, such behavior, were never seen in her time, and the children must be going to ruin under such an education. There are new things in the house, and new ways of doing, and a new world around her. What is the secret of it all? She has been holding on and abiding in the things remained. They have been moving on in the larger life. We think we would like to go back to the old village, to the old times, and the old ways, but in our reason we know how absolutely unsatisfying such an experience would be. We sing:

"Backward, roll backward, oh time in thy flight,
Make me a child again just for to-night."

But if we went back and if we met those whom we knew in the years gone by, how quickly conversation and communion would be exhausted, and especially if we have been moving on and they have been standing still. It would not be good to be a child again. Our march is onward and "the grave is not its goal." With all this wide universe of things we are sweeping away from the past every hour, every moment, and Paul expressed the right philosophy of human life and recognized the wide reach of this law of the universe when he resolved to forget the things that are behind and press toward the things which are before. Certainly, disaster must befall the man who stops. There is freedom and there is life only in moving on. If you were to climb to the apex of the Metropolitan tower, and there should succeed in stopping, something fearful would befall you. The atmosphere of the earth, rushing on nineteen miles in a second, striking against you would instantly reduce you to a little patch of flame, and you would disappear. Something like that begins to happen when a man halts on a journey, refuses to hear the call of God, ceases to feel the tremendous mobility of the universe moving around him, and thinks he will sit down content in his place and be quiet. God will not have it so; God will not let you keep still. You must move or die. With all of the wide sweep of this moving universe around you, the only safety for man from absolute destruction of soul and life is to cast himself into the moving currents of God and trust himself to them to bear him on.

If now we have found this mobility of the world to be a great fact of experience, and if it has seemed to us to indicate that this is really a universal law of life and of the world, ought we not to think again? Surely these meanings of things reach higher than our little lives and deeper than the mere flood and flux of phenomenon before our eyes. Does not this great spectacle of a moving cosmos, this great consciousness of on-moving life tell us something as to what is the nature of God Himself? Have we fixed Him sometimes in our theologies upon a static throne in the midst of angels and archangels? Not so was the picture of Him that Jesus drew. So solicitous was He—our Father in Heaven—that the hairs of our heads were numbered, that not one sparrow could fall without His notice; and we may not find God at all unless somehow we find Him in this moving universe. Who paints the superb colors of the sunrise in the morning east, different each passing morning and beyond the painter's skill to imitate? Who is the vast weaver that threads the fabric of the petals of the flowers and weaves green carpets over the fields? Who is the spirit of the mist that lifts itself from the meadow-way under the touch of the morning sun? We should be tired by this time of that wooden fetish of law under which men have bound this frail and mobile universe, and which men have worshiped in the place of God. No, God is not law; God is life, and life is motion, and God Himself is forever moving on. The final explanation of this mobile universe must be sought in the infinite mobility of God. God is not a static sovereign seated on His throne; He is the life of all life, the light behind the light, the glory that shines with the glory. If the heavens and the earth are passing away, it is because nothing that has God's life in it can remain stationary.

If, then, we would harmonize ourselves and quiet our restless hearts, in a sense that Augustine perhaps did not mean, it shall not be by resting in some snug haven of God's preparation. It shall be by coming to that triumphant faith of the soul that is willing to cast itself into the moving providence of God, and go on where God is going. And shall that be forever? Certainly I hope so. This shall be the transcendant joy of the life that is to come, that we are forever to pass on into the new and the wonderful and the unexpected regions and the unexplored glories of an infinite universe. Fear not, oh, soul, to launch thy bark and cast away; cut thy moorings behind thee; let the old dead past go, and in the vast to-morrow look upward through the vistas of that path of the just, shinging more and more unto the perfect day, on which no darkness ever shuts down where no night ever falls, which no barriers ever cut off, and whose goal has not been fixed for us, because it is the endless path of the onward moving God.

God's Word and One Man.

Fifty years ago Hiram Bingham and his wife went from Hawaii to Gilbert Islands, then inhabited by a tribe of cannibals, "sullen, passionate, cruel and treacherous," as they were described by navigators of that day. Last November 30,000 Gilbertese met to celebrate the emergence of their race from savagery to civilization. All the pastors of these people have been trained by their first missionary, and 11,000 copies of his translations of the Bible have been sold. Two thousand religious books are bought by these people annually. At the time of Dr. Bingham's semi-centennial jubilee he received from the islanders a letter of love and gratitude.

This is the record of one man.—Reformed Church Record.

Threads of Gold.

Little self-denials, little honesties, little passing words of sympathy, little nameless acts of kindness, little silent victories over favorite temptations—these are the silent threads of gold which, when woven together, gleam out so brightly in the pattern of life that God approves.—Dean Farrar.

Happiness the Rule.

I believe that a man's right is to expect happiness, as he ought to expect to be well. I believe that happiness ought to be the rule and not the exception, for happiness is the health of a man's inner life.—Charles F. Dole.

Surrender.

Loyalty to church should not be contingent upon petty human likes and dislikes.

OUR TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

REPORTS OF PROGRESS OF THE BATTLE AGAINST RUM.

"Am I My Brother's Keeper?"

'Answer thou, who spreadst the sparkling sight
Of richly gilded pain;
'Alluring poor, weak mortals from the right—
'ART THOU CAIN?

'And thou, who holdst it to thy neighbor's lips,
Maddening his brain;
'And stealing strength and manhood as he sips—
ART THOU CAIN?

'And thou, who brewst the evil sin-filled draught,
For greed of gain;
Hearing unmoved the demon's fearful laugh—
ART THOU CAIN?

'And thou, official, with the power invest
To bless or bane;
Dost wash thy hands like Pilate, and consent—
'ART THOU CAIN?

'And you, who coldly pass the other side,
With proud disdain
For him, so lost to virtue and to pride—
ART THOU CAIN?

'And thou, O Christian, lifting holy hands
Above the stain
Of aiding those, fast bound in Satan's bands—
ART THOU CAIN?

'And thou, O man of God, a watchman set
who see'st the accursed train
And speak'st no word of warning or rebuke—
ART THOU CAIN?

—Written for the National Advocate by E. E. C. Lane, New York.

Beer, Overweight and Ill Health.

It is well known that the continued use of beer is often accompanied by a noticeable increase in the avoirdupois of the drinker. This increase not only frequently becomes burdensome, but it may be a menace to health.

Dr. Brandreth Symonds, M. A., Chief Medical Director of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, New York, has an article in the Medical Review, in which he shows the disadvantages of overweight and underweight, in health and longevity.

A case is considered overweight when it exceeds by twenty per cent. the standard adopted by the leading life insurance companies.

Dr. Symonds finds that after thirty years of age mortality rises rapidly with the age and with the weight. Increasing abdominal girth is very serious addition to overweight, and when this exceeds the expanded chest, the mortality is markedly increased. According to the records on which this report was based, no overweight man or woman died of old age or reached eighty years.

"Cirrhosis of the liver" (hobnailed liver), says Dr. Symonds, "is three and one-half times as prevalent among overweights as in our general experience. This undoubtedly points to alcoholism, for statisticians generally consider that liver cirrhosis is a very accurate index of the alcoholic habits of a class."

Dr. Symonds expresses himself as convinced that a given percentage of overweight in persons over twenty-five years of age is a more serious matter than if it were underweight. "The excessive weight, whether it be fat or muscle, is not a storehouse of reserve strength, but a burden which has to be nourished if muscle, and which markedly interferes with nutrition and function if fat."

Alcohol and Tuberculosis.

It is already well known that alcoholism creates a state of receptivity particularly favorable to the development of tuberculosis, says a writer in the Revue Scientifique (Paris, June 12th). Mr. Jacques Bertillon has presented these relations somewhat strikingly in a set of maps embodying the latest French statistics. Says the writer cited above:

"On the map of France it may be seen that the northern departments drink, per inhabitant, more brandy than the central and southern departments. The line of separation is represented exactly by the limit of culture of the vine. In the wine-drinking countries the consumption of brandy is comparatively small; it is considerable in the cider and beer regions. The dwellers in the east of France drink some brandy and much absinthe. The second map presented by Mr. Bertillon shows that the frequency of tuberculosis is much greater, with some exceptions, in the regions where most alcohol is consumed. The phthisis map may be superposed on the alcoholism map. On the other hand, phthisis is more frequent among saloon-keepers than with other merchants (579 deaths annually, in 100,000 persons, as compared with 245). It is probably alcohol also that makes phthisis twice as frequent, in Paris, among men than among women.—Translation Made For The Literary Digest.

The Custer Massacre.

D. D. Thompson, editor of the Northwestern Christian Advocate, gives the true explanation of the death of General Custer in the Battle of Little Big Horn River, in 1876. He says that Major Reno was not a coward, as many believe. His career in the army and his promotion for gallant and meritorious services preclude that idea. But Major Reno himself told the late Rev. Dr. Arthur Edwards, then editor of the Northwestern Christian Advocate, that his strange actions were due to the fact that he was drunk. Drink ultimately caused his downfall and expulsion from the army in disgrace.

Liquor Drinking Inconsistent With Good Work.

Alcohol is certainly inconsistent with what might be called fine work. It is inconsistent with a surgeon's work, and with anything that requires a quick, accurate and alert judgment. Many professional men have discontinued the use of stimulants in the middle of the day. Why? For no other reason, probably in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, than that they find they can work better without it.

Spent $30,000,000 For Beer.

Five hundred and ninety-two million litres of the national beverage were consumed in Germany last year. Bavaria, where most of the beer is brewed, heads the list of the various States with 152,000,000 litres.

Wurtemburg is next with 32,000,000 litres. Baden has 28,000,000 to its credit, while Alsace-Lorraine is put down for 1,250,000.

It is calculated that the amount of beer consumed in Germany could easily float a modern Dreadnought. At an average price of six cents a litre, $30,000,000 was spent for beer.

RELIGIOUS READING

FOR THE QUIET HOUR.

THE NATIONS' PRAYER.

Peace, O Father, give us peace!
Lo, the nations bend the knee;
Bid the surge of discord cease,
All resolved in harmony.
Save us from the deep of hate,
O thou Love that gave us birth!
Teach us only they are great
Who defend Thy peace on earth.

Breathe Thy Spirit through our life,
Spirit of good will to men;
Still the storm waves of strife,
That we wage no war again.
Banished be the cannon's roar,
Blare of bugle, beat of drum;
Peace be with us evermore,
And with peace Thy kingdom come.

—A. Irvine Innes, in Christian Register.

"The Unlit Lamp and the Ungirt Loin."

Jesus very plainly taught and very pointedly illustrated the truth that in order to participate in the life which is life indeed, the fullness of life, we must be prepared for the opportunities of service which come to us. We are not saved on account of any works which we have done, it is true, but we are saved by grace into a kingdom or realm of living where service is in such demand and in such relation to life, that participation in the one involves faithfulness in the other.

To fail of having part in the marriage festival when once the bridegroom had entered into the house and shut to the door was to the Virgins just the same as to miss the joy of life—the joy for which they had been waiting and looking forward. But to have part in the festival depended upon the faithful performance of the simple task which had been appointed them, and which was reasonably expected of them—the task of carrying a lighted lamp, or torch, in the procession of the bridegroom as it swept along in the darkness of midnight. Their exclusion from the marriage-feast was not an arbitrary and harsh act on the part of the bridegroom. He had not seen them in the procession, and he did not know them as members of his company.

Thus does Jesus teach the intimacy and superlative importance of the relation of service to the realization of life. It is not so much a mechanical or formal matter of the relation of service to its appropriate reward, but of the relation of the work of the kingdom of fellowship of Jesus Christ to the life of that fellowship. There is work there to be done because it is a kingdom, a brotherhood, and we are saved face to face with the opportunities of that work which is bound up with the life we fain would enjoy.—Pittsburg Christian Advocate.

As the Heart Looks.

If we are on the hunt of nettles we will certainly find them, but it is doubtful whether the find is worth the search. There are scores of bright flowers in the field for every bunch of nettles. There are a thousand trees in the woods for every thorn bush, and each one is more pleasing to the eye and more companionable to our moods than their prickly neighbor in the fence row. The bee on the head of clover and the butterfly waving its painted wings over some random flower speak to our hearts of sweetness and beauty, and remind us that on every path of life there is something better than the spines of the thistle or the sting of the nettle. He who carries a muckrake will always want to use it. He who lives in the marshes will have the croak of frogs in his voice and will have much to say of reptiles and water rats. Our speech will partake of the character of our life and life will be a bane or blessing as we have sought the evil and the good. On the path of life we will find what we seek; and we fashion our destiny as we go along. If we care to build into our character muck and punk and the deleterious things by the way, we can. If we care to fill it with dragons and doleful creatures, these will always be found available. But if we go through the world, walking on the sunny side of the road, with a smile for every one, admiring the beautiful things which God has made to grow there, we will live a more contented life, there will be a blessing in our fellowship, a recommendation of the goodness of God and an example which those who follow may speak of with respect and honor.—United Presbyterian.

Eight-Story Christianity.

The Word of God has power to build up. In Acts 20:32 we read: "I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up." We hear a great deal in these days about character-building. The Word of God is that by which we must carry it on if it is to be done right.

In 2 Peter 1:5-7 we have a picture of a seven-story-and-basement Christian. The great trouble to-day is we have so many one-story Christian, and the reason is neglect of the Word. In 1 Peter 2:2 we have a similar thought expressed under a different figure. "As new-born babes desire the sincere milk of the Word, that ye may grow thereby."

If we are to grow, we must have wholesome, nutritious food and plenty of it. The only spiritual food that contains all the elements necessary for symmetrical Christian growth is the Word of God. A Christian can no more grow as he ought without feeding frequently, regularly, and largely upon the Word of God, than a baby can grow as he ought without proper nutriment.—R. A. Torrey.

Solution of Life.

However wide life may be in its reach, or however narrow, it is still ever true that the solution is within the individual heart.

The Unit.

The soul is a unit, and when we think or feel or act it is the whole personality that is thinking or feeling or acting.

The Law of Service.

The law service is the touchstone of human endeavor.

Wife's Note Divorce Basis.

Charles S. Walsh, a mining prospector, filed suit for an absolute divorce in New York City from his wife, who was a stenographer in Chicago when he met her there twelve years ago. Not long ago she wrote him a note in shorthand, Mr. Walsh says, and, not being able to decipher it, he had it translated. According to Mr. Walsh, the translator of the note told him that it said, in part: "You are a fool. You are a fine specimen of a man. I don't love you any more." After that Mr. Walsh began preparations to bring his suit for a divorce.

The Sunday-School

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR MAY 8.

Subject: Temperance, Prov. 23:29-35—Commit to Memory Verse 31.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." Prov. 23:32.

TIME.—All time.

PLACE.—Everywhere.

EXPOSITION.—I. Six Great Evils That Result From Indulgence in Wine, 29, 30. Solomen here gives us a very vivid picture of six evils that result from indulgence in wine. Centuries have passed since Solomon's day, but it is as true in our day as it was in his that these evils pursue the winebibber. Note them carefully. (1) "Woe," literally, "Oh!" i. e., the intense pain that leads one to cry "Oh." How many "Ohs" are arising to-day from the lips of men and women whose bodies are tortured with the many ills that arise from the use of alcoholic stimulants. I can see still the man that I once carried bodily through the streets of a city shrieking "Oh, oh, oh!" in indescribable agony from drink, and I see him later as I held him down with my knee upon his chest as they strapped him to a bed in the hospital. (2) "Sorrow," literally, "Alas!" i. e., the deepseated and abiding grief that causes one to cry, "Alas! alas!" This sorrow of the drunkard is of innumerable forms. Sometimes it is the sorrow of seeing loved wife and children reduced from plenty to poverty. Sometimes it is the sorrow of being passed upon the street unnoticed by old-time friends and associates. Sometimes it is the sorrow of standing by the grave of the once beautiful and happy wife who died of a broken heart over her loved one's degradation. (3) "Contentions." Contentions at home, contentions in society, contentions in the place of business, contentions on the street. Alcohol mothers most of the broils in this world. If a man wants perpetual war let him drink. (4) "Complaining." Wine injures the stomach and breaks down the nerves and thereby spoils the disposition. The drinker soon becomes a grumbler, and the grumbler is miserable under any circumstances. (5) "Wounds without cause." Go to the police court to-morrow morning and see the black eyes, broken noses, crippled arms and legs, chewed ears and more serious and entirely unnecessary wounds that come through drink. (6) "Redness of eyes," the sign of distempered brain and premonition of approaching insanity and death. Note that these things come from "wine," not merely from the stronger distilled liquors. "I know, of course, that there is danger in whiskey and rum and gin and such things," many are saying, "but what harm is there in wine?" Well, this inspired scripture hints what harm there is, and history and experience abundantly confirm it. Of course it says, "they that tarry long at the wine," but the probabilities are overwhelming in our day and land that if one tarries at wine at all he will soon tarry long, and the one who begins with light wines will soon go on "to seek out mixed wine."

II. The Only Wise Attitude Toward Wine, 31. "Look not thou upon the wine." This is total abstinence with a vengeance. Not only "don't taste," but "don't look." It is good advice, inspired advice. If a thing ought to be left alone, leave it alone utterly. There are many who do not mean to sin, but they just look at the sin. That look is fatal. Eve first looked, they she lusted, then she ate, then she died (Gen. 3:6). Many a man and woman has taken the same path to the drunkard's grave and the drunkard's hell. "I wouldn't drink wine for anything," but I do like to look at it. It has such a beautiful color. It sparkles so. How smoothly it would go down. Just look there! Just a sip now. Delicious! Another. Just one more. What is the matter? I am dizzy. I am drowsy. I am dead. I am damned." Don't look at it. That is the absolutely safe path. It is the only safe one.

III. "At the Last," 32. "At the last." Three significant words. If men could only see the end from the beginning, how many things they would leave undone which they now do. Before entering upon any course of action we ought always to ask where it ends. "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is the ways of death" (chap. 14:12). The way of the wine drinker is undeniably such a way. The beginning is likely to be pleasant indeed. In the beginning it singeth like a bird; it is "at the last" that "it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." But most of the trains on that road are through trains, and if you get on the train you are not likely to get off until you reach the end of the line, Hell. I remember a poor wretch my father brought home when I was a boy. My father had known him in young manhood when his prospects were the brightest. But the wine cup had been reached out to him. He looked, drank, fell. He was now "at the last." I recall another who had been one of the brightest lawyers and highest office holders in the State, whom I saw lying insensible on our front lawn, and he afterward died in a madhouse.

IV. The Wine Drinker's Eyes and Heart, 33. "Thine eyes shall behold strange things." Indeed they shall. They shall see things out of all proper proportion, they shall see double, they shall see snakes and monsters and devils. The drinking man has perverted vision, physical, mental, moral. Folly looks like wisdom and wisdom looks like folly. Right appears wrong and wrong appears right. A man who is truthful and honest and pure, when sober, will lie and steal and commit abomination when he has drank a little.

Wisdom's Beginning.

There is only one thing that can save our souls and save society, and that is "the fear of the Lord, which is the beginning of wisdom."

Grandmother at Twenty-eight.

Through the birth of a son to her four-teen-year-old daughter, Mrs. Charles Lane, of Indianapolis, Ind., Mrs. Everett Parker, of Richmond, Ind., has become a grandmother at the unusually early age of twenty-eight. Mrs. Parker was not thirteen when she married. Mrs. Parker's mother is forty-six years of age and her great-great-grandmother is ninety.

Musical Art Building Begun.

The cornerstone of the New York Institute of Musical Art was laid.