

USEFUL SUFFERING.

The Price Paid by Christ for the Redemption of Mankind.

It Was an Object Lesson that in All the Centuries that Have Elapsed has Not Lost Its Potency as a Test of Divine Love.

The following discourse, selected by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage from those delivered during his European tour, is given for perusal this week by his American readers. The text is:

It behooved Christ to suffer.—Luke xxiv, 46.

There have been scholars who have ventured the assertion that the pains of our Lord were unnecessary. Indeed, it was a shocking waste of tears and blood and agony, unless some great end were reached. If men can be saved without suffering, if men can be saved without the character of God is impeached, and the universe must stand abhorrent and denunciatory at the fact that the Father allowed the butchery of His only begotten Son. We all admire the brave six hundred described by Tennyson as dashing into the conflict when they knew they must die, and knew at the same time that "some one had blundered"; but we are abhorred of the man who made the blunder and who caused the sacrifice of these brave men for no use. But I shall show you, if the Lord will help me this morning, that for good reasons Christ went through the torture. In other words, "it behooved Christ to suffer."

In the first place I remark, that Christ's incarnation was necessary, because man's rescue was an impossibility except by the payment of some great sacrifice. Outraged law had thundered against iniquity. Man must die unless a substitute can intercept that death. Let Gabriel step forth. He refuses. Let Michael, the archangel, step forth. He refuses. No Roman citizen, no Athenian, no Corinthian, no reformer, no angel volunteered. Christ then bared His heart to the pang. He paid for our redemption in tears and blood, and wounded feet, and scourged shoulders, and torn brow. "It is done." Heaven and earth heard the snap of the prison bars. Sinful ceased to quake with wrath. The moment that Calvary began to rock in crucifixion, Christ had suffered. "Oh!" says some man, "I don't like that doctrine of substitution; let every man bear his own burdens, and weep his own tears, and fight his own battles." Why, my brother, there is vicarious suffering all over the world. Did not your parents suffer for you? Do you not suffer sometimes for your children? Does not the patriot suffer for his country? Did not Grace Darling suffer for the drowning sailors? Vicarious suffering on all sides! But how insignificant compared with this scene of vicarious suffering!

Was it for crimes that had done He crowned upon the tree?

Amazing pity, grace unknown, And love beyond degree.

Christ must suffer to pay the price of our redemption.

But I remark again: The sufferings of Christ were necessary in order that the world's sympathies might be aroused. Men are won to the right and good through their sympathies. The world must feel a right before it can act aright. So the cross was allowed to be lifted that the world's sympathies might be aroused. Men who have been obdurate by the cruelties they have inflicted, by the horrors of which they have been guilty, have become little children in the presence of this dying Saviour. What the sword could not do, what juggernauts could not subdue, the wounded hand of Christ has accomplished. There are this moment millions of people held under the spell of that one sacrifice. The hammers that struck the spikes into the cross have broken the rocky heart of the world. Nothing but the agonies of a Saviour's death throes could reach the world's sympathies.

I remark again: "It behooved Christ to suffer," that the strength and persistence of the Divine love might be demonstrated. Was it the applause of the world that induced Christ on that crusade from Heaven? Why, and the universe at His feet. Could the conquest of this insignificant planet have paid Him for His career of pain, if it had been a mere matter of applause? all the honors of Heaven surging at His feet. Would your queen give up her throne that she might rule a miserable tribe in Africa? Would the Lord Jesus Christ, on the throne of the universe, come down to our planet if it were a mere matter of applause and acclamation? Nor was it an expedition undertaken for the acquisition of vast wealth. What could all the harvests and the diamonds of our little world do for Him whose are the glories of the infinitude and eternity? Nor was it an experiment—an attempt to show what He could do with a hard-hearted race. He who wheels the stars in their courses and holds the pillars of the universe on the tips of His fingers needed to make no experiment to find what He could do. Oh! I will tell you, my friends, what it was. It was undisciplined, unlimited, all-conquering, all-consuming, infinite, eternal, omnipotent love that opened the gates; that started the star in the east, with finger of light pointing down to the manger; that berranged the Christ-mas choir above.

Bethlehem; that opened the stable door where Christ was born; that lifted Him on the cross. Love thrived at the well. Love at the sick man's couch. Love at the cripple's crutch. Love sweating in the garden. Love dying on the cross. Love wrapped in the grave. You can not mistake it. The blinded eyes must see it. The deaf heart must feel it. The deafest ear must hear it. Parable and miracle, wayside talk and seaside interview, all the scenes of His life, all the sufferings of His death, proving beyond controversy that for our ingrate earth God has yearned with stupendous and inextinguishable love.

Let me remark again: "It behooved

Christ to suffer" that the nature of human guilt might be demonstrated. There is not a common-sense man in the house to-day that will not admit that the machinery of society if out of gear, that the human mind and the human heart are disorganized, that something ought to be done, and done right away for its repair and readjustment. But the height, and depth, and length, and breadth, and hate, and recklessness, and infernal energy of the human heart for sin would not have been demonstrated if against the holy and innocent One of the Cross it had not been hurled in one bolt of fire. Christ was not the first man that had been put to death. There had been many before Him put to death, but they had their whims, their follies, their sins, their inconsistencies. But when the mob outside of Jerusalem howled at the Son of God, it was hate against goodness, it was blasphemy against virtue; it was earth against Heaven. What was it in that innocent and loving face of Christ that excited the vituperation and the contumely and scorn of men? If He had bawled them to come on, if He had laughed them into derision, if He had denounced them as the vagabonds they were, we could understand their ferocity; but it was against lawlessness that they bawled and ground their teeth, and howled, and scoffed, and jeered, and mocked. What evil had He done? Whose eye-sight had He put out? None; but He had given vision to the blind. Whose child had He slain? None; but He had restored the dead damsel to her mother. What law had He broken? None; but He had incited obedience to government. What foul plot had He enacted against the happiness of the race? None; but He had come to save a world. The only cruelty He ever enacted was to heal the sick. The only ostentation He ever displayed was to sit with publicans and sinners, and wash the disciples' feet. The only selfishness he ever exhibited was to give His life for the world's sinners, and His holy heart. Hear the red-hot scorns of the world hissing in the pools of a Saviour's blood! And standing there to-day, let us see what an unreasonable, loathsome, hateful, blasting, damning thing is the iniquity of the human heart. Unloosed, what will not sin do? It will scale any height, it will fathom the very depth of hell, it will revel in all lasciviousness. There is no lasciviousness it will not utter, there are no cruelties on which it will not gorge itself. It will wallow in filth, it will breathe the air of charnel houses of corruption, and call them aromas; it will quaff the blood of immortal souls and call it nectar. When sin murdered Christ on the cross, it showed what it would do with the Lord God Almighty if it could get at Him. The prophet had declared—I think it was Jeremiah—had declared centuries before, the truth, but not until sin shot out its forked tongue at the crucifixion and tossed its sting into the soul of a martyred Jesus was it illustrated that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked."

Again: "It behooved Christ to suffer" that our affections might be excited. Christward. Why, sir, the behavior of all those who have ever heard of it. It has hung the art galleries of the world with such pictures as Ghirlandajo's "Worship of the Magi," Giotto's "Baptism of Christ," Holman Hunt's "Christ in the Temple," Tintoret's "Agony in the Garden," Angelo's "Crucifixion," and it has called out Handel's "Messiah," and rung sweetest chimes in Young's "Night Thoughts," and filled the psalmody of the world with the penitential notes of sorrow and the hosannas of Christian triumph. Show me any other king who has so many subjects. What is the most potent name to-day in the United States, in France, in England, in Scotland, in Ireland? Jesus. Other kings have had many subjects, but where is the king who has so many admiring subjects as Christ? Show me a regiment of a thousand men in their army, and I will show you a battalion of ten thousand men in Christ's army.

Show me in history where one man has given his property and his life for anyone else, and I will show you in history hundreds and thousands of men who have cheerfully died that Christ might reign. Aye, there are a hundred men in this house who, if need were, would step out and die for Jesus. Their faith may now seem to be faint, and sometimes they may be inconsistent; but let the fires of martyrdom be kindled, throw them into the pit, cover them with poisonous serpents, pound them, flail them, crush them, and I will tell you that their last cry would be: "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!"

Oh, yes! the Lord Jesus has won the affections of many of us. There are some of us who say this morning: "Lord Jesus, my light and my song; my hope for time, my expectation for eternity." Altogether lovely Thou art. My soul is ravished with the vision. Thou art mine. Come, let me clasp Thee. Come, come whirling wind and darkness, Lord Jesus, I can not give Thee up. I have heard Thy voice. I have seen Thy blood. Lord Jesus, if I had some garland plucked from heavenly gardens, I would wreath it for Thy brow. If I had some gem worthy of the place, I would set it in Thy crown. If I had some harp, I would strike it in Thy praise. But I come lost and ruined and undone, to throw myself at Thy feet.

No price I bring, Simply to Thy Cross I cling.

Thou knowest all things. Thou knowest that I love Thee.

But I remark again: "It behooved Christ to suffer" that the world might learn how to suffer. Sometimes people suffer because they can not help themselves; but Christ had in His hands all the weapons to punish His enemies, and yet in quiescence He endured all the racks of Golgotha upon His pursuers. He might have cleaved the earth until it might have cleaved the earth until it

have called in re-enforcement or taken any thunderbolt from the armory of God Omnipotent and hurled it seething and fiery among His foes; but he answered not again.

O, my hearers! has there ever been in the history of the world such an example of enduring patience as we find in the cross? Some of you suffer physical distresses, some of you have life-long ailments, and they make you fretful. Sometimes you think that God has given you a cup too deep and too brimming. Sometimes you see the world laughing and romping on the highways of life, and you look out of the window while seated in invalid's chair.

I want to show you this morning one who had worse pains in the head than you have ever had, whose back was scourged, who was wounded in the hands and wounded in the feet, and suffered all over; and I want that example to make you more enduring in your suffering, and to make you say: "Father, not my will, but Thine be done." You never have had any bodily pain that equaled Christ's torture. "It behooved Christ to suffer," that He might show you how physically to suffer.

Some of you are persecuted. There are those who hate you. They criticize you. They would be glad to see you stumble and fall. They have done unaccountable meanness toward you. Sometimes you feel angry. You feel as if you would like to retort. Stop! Look at the closed lips, look at the still hand, look at the beautiful demeanor of your Lord. Struck, not striking back again. Oh! if you could only appreciate what He endured in the way of persecution you never would complain of persecution. The words of Christ would be your words: "Father, if it be possible, let Thy will be done." "It behooved Christ to suffer" persecution.

These superstitions and traditions are, in many cases, serious obstacles to the establishment of and success of the hospitals at the government schools and agencies, where the people may be intelligently treated and supplied with proper remedies; many of the more conservative preferring the methods employed by the native "medicine men" to those of the white physicians. Some of the more advanced, however, are glad to avail themselves of the treatment of the government physician. Soon after the establishment of a free hospital in connection with the industrial school mentioned above, a young girl who had been given up to die by the "medicine men," was brought a distance of eighteen miles through the broiling sun of an Arizona summer, upon an improvised stretcher carried by two men, to receive medical treatment at the hospital. She was carefully treated, and nourishing food prepared for her, but she was very ill. On the day after her admittance to the hospital her relatives and friends gathered around the building and began the "death wall," all efforts to quiet them proving ineffectual. They demanded that the patient be given them in order that they might take her to the river bottom, where wood was more plentiful and her body could be more easily disposed of when she should die. The situation called for considerable firmness on the part of the superintendent and the physician, who resolutely refused to comply with the demand of the importunate relatives, telling them that they could have their kinwoman back when she recovered, or would be given her body in case of her death. Finally, this arrangement being satisfactory, the death-wall ceased and the crowd dispersed, leaving the young woman to recover undisturbed by the visions of the funeral-pile and its barbarous festivities. In ten days the patient was delivered to her relatives cured, and her recovery has been a potent factor in weakening their faith in the old heathenish rites of the medicine-men, and breaking down, to a degree at least, some of the strongest barriers to civilization and enlightenment.—Standard.

Close my sermon with a doxology: Blessing and glory, and honor, and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, forever. Amen, and Amen!

CORRECTING CHILDREN.

Whether by Rod or by Switch It Should Be Done Early and Carefully.

"Spare the rod and spoil the child" is one of the most venerable of maxims, and, if true, some one has a great deal to answer for, in the way of spoiled children. There has of late been a good deal of discussion in the public prints upon the subject of punishing children. To spank or not to spank, to apply the switch or to use moral suasion, to wield the slipper or to dissolve into tears and to plead with unruly offspring, to hang them up until their courage has died out, so to speak, and has left them docile, or to shut them in cellars, attics or dark closets—these and scores of other methods have been discussed until it would seem that the entire subject must be worn threadbare. And yet the infant disobeyers, the rebellious, restive, defiant, perhaps violent, and something must be done. As a rule in these cases, the long-suffering parent endures and waits, hopes the child will do better and postpones punishment until, alarmed at some new outbreak, patience gives way; and whether it be switch, rattan, shingle, slipper or dusting-cloth, it matters little, the blows fall like rain on the offender, and continue, as a rule, until the whipper stops from sheer exhaustion of body and spirit. And because there is no improvement in the child's conduct, it is taken for granted that punishment is a failure.

And so it is when administered in this fashion. A child should never be corrected when the parent is anxious. This is one of the fundamental principles of good government. It is claimed by many disciplinarians that a child should never know what a blow means. This is all very well for some children, but there are natures which can not be controlled in this way. There is occasionally a disposition which nothing but force will subdue, and even then it must be so forceful as to awe and terrify the spirit of insubordination into unquestioning obedience. There is little use in parlaying with such natures. The struggle usually comes early, and must be met without the least hesitation. Once given way to the child's will, and it may rouse a spirit of resistance which long months, perhaps years, of subsequent training will fail to conquer.

By teaching a child that its present and its future welfare depend on its own actions you foster a true and noble independence that is sure to have its own reward. Let the child never be so strong enough to control. Good laws are absolute freedom for good spirits, and right is beyond all law and has no need of it, for it is the living embodiment of all law.

Whether parents are to govern by the rod or by firm and gentle means, they must begin early and do their correcting carefully, and never attempt to enforce rules unless their own nerves are steady and their heads and tempers are under perfect control.—N. Y. Ledger.

THE MOJAVE INDIANS.

Among Their Traditions They Have One Concerning the Flood.

The Mojaves have a number of traditions concerning the origin of the world, which date back many centuries, though how many we have been unable accurately to ascertain, but the traditions seem clearly to point to the existence of these clans in prehistoric times. Some of the old members of the Mojave tribe relate, with much awe and reverence, a tradition to which they still cling, regarding a rugged mountain-peak north of the valley, known as Ghost Mountain.

The story says that many years ago, before the Indians came to this region, a large volume of water covered this part of the earth temporarily; that there was a small boat or raft which floated upon the surface of the water many days, saving the lives of a small number of persons, the rest being drowned. At last the waters receded, and the little craft rested safely on the highest ledge of Ghost Mountain, and a noble brave among them will ever visit the spot, nor are they willing to have their white neighbors explore the mountain, believing that should any one ever reach the spot where the boat rested he would suddenly be stricken with death. Among other strange beliefs held by the Mojaves, is one resembling that of the East Indians of the transmigration of souls. It teaches that the evil spirits which have inhabited the body during life are transmitted at death to the body of some bird or animal. The physician at the Herbert Welsh industrial school, being summoned on one occasion to attend a young Mojave woman who was very ill with a fever, was told by the young woman's husband that his remedies would do no good; his wife could not recover, as she had, some years before, eaten the flesh of a beaver.

These superstitions and traditions are, in many cases, serious obstacles to the establishment of and success of the hospitals at the government schools and agencies, where the people may be intelligently treated and supplied with proper remedies; many of the more conservative preferring the methods employed by the native "medicine men" to those of the white physicians. Some of the more advanced, however, are glad to avail themselves of the treatment of the government physician. Soon after the establishment of a free hospital in connection with the industrial school mentioned above, a young girl who had been given up to die by the "medicine men," was brought a distance of eighteen miles through the broiling sun of an Arizona summer, upon an improvised stretcher carried by two men, to receive medical treatment at the hospital. She was carefully treated, and nourishing food prepared for her, but she was very ill. On the day after her admittance to the hospital her relatives and friends gathered around the building and began the "death wall," all efforts to quiet them proving ineffectual. They demanded that the patient be given them in order that they might take her to the river bottom, where wood was more plentiful and her body could be more easily disposed of when she should die. The situation called for considerable firmness on the part of the superintendent and the physician, who resolutely refused to comply with the demand of the importunate relatives, telling them that they could have their kinwoman back when she recovered, or would be given her body in case of her death. Finally, this arrangement being satisfactory, the death-wall ceased and the crowd dispersed, leaving the young woman to recover undisturbed by the visions of the funeral-pile and its barbarous festivities. In ten days the patient was delivered to her relatives cured, and her recovery has been a potent factor in weakening their faith in the old heathenish rites of the medicine-men, and breaking down, to a degree at least, some of the strongest barriers to civilization and enlightenment.—Standard.

ABOUT POSTAGE STAMPS.

Billions of Them Used Annually—The Special Delivery Feature.

It is barely fifty years since this convenience was introduced into the United States. The stamp is a little older in England. When first introduced postage stamps were sold in solid sheets. Of course a great many were wasted in the effort to tear them apart when there were no perforations. Indeed, the loss and inconvenience was so great that the government offered a liberal reward for a patent which would overcome the difficulty. The first machine submitted was one which cut the stamps nearly but not entirely apart. While the postoffice department was considering this machine the idea of perforating the sheets in rows each way was offered and promptly accepted. Nothing better has ever been sought. There was a time when better paper and mucilage was used, and when the printing was an improvement upon the present stamps, but since we have learned that a damp sponge is fully as good as the tongue in preparing the stamps for adhesion the quality of the materials used becomes of less importance.

The number of postage stamps used in a year is something enormous. For instance, the ordinary postal revenue for the year ending June 30, 1891, exclusive of the money order department, was \$85,065,393.37. Of this \$41,483,129.50 came from letter postage. The bulk of this, of course, is 2-cent stamps, and it is safe to put the whole number of this denomination used at more than two billions per annum. The issuing of postage stamps, stamped envelopes and newspaper wrappers all belong to one of the divisions under the care of the third assistant postmaster general. There is another division of the same bureau which still another registered letters, and the system for the special delivery of letters. The classification of mail matter belongs to this bureau, and it is with the third assistant postmaster general or his clerks that newspapers and periodicals have to quarrel over their rights to official entry as second-class matter.

A ten-cent special delivery stamp on a letter is supposed to keep it in constant motion from the time the letter is deposited in the main or branch post office until it is delivered to the addressee. There is likely to be a little delay in the starting of a letter when it is deposited in a letter box instead of a post office, but everything must make way for special delivery letters after they once get into the vicinity of a mailing. The clerk hustles them out with the first mail carried by two men, to receive medical treatment at the hospital. She was carefully treated, and nourishing food prepared for her, but she was very ill. On the day after her admittance to the hospital her relatives and friends gathered around the building and began the "death wall," all efforts to quiet them proving ineffectual. They demanded that the patient be given them in order that they might take her to the river bottom, where wood was more plentiful and her body could be more easily disposed of when she should die. The situation called for considerable firmness on the part of the superintendent and the physician, who resolutely refused to comply with the demand of the importunate relatives, telling them that they could have their kinwoman back when she recovered, or would be given her body in case of her death. Finally, this arrangement being satisfactory, the death-wall ceased and the crowd dispersed, leaving the young woman to recover undisturbed by the visions of the funeral-pile and its barbarous festivities. In ten days the patient was delivered to her relatives cured, and her recovery has been a potent factor in weakening their faith in the old heathenish rites of the medicine-men, and breaking down, to a degree at least, some of the strongest barriers to civilization and enlightenment.—Standard.

Last year there were over two and a half millions of pieces sent by special delivery, and it is interesting to note that the average time consumed in the delivery of each parcel after it reached the post office of the addressee was only twenty minutes.—Kate Field's Washington.

CANOE LIFE.

The Day's Program of a Popular Form of Outing.

Happy the canoeist who knows no clock nor watch, but whose time is his own, and whose day is broken only by the natural divisions of a free, open air life. Sunrise finds him awake and alert, a few minutes serve to start a hot fire from fuel prepared over night, the chops or eggs sizzle in the frying pan, the coffee-pot sings gaily beside it, and from the inner depths of the canoe are unloaded stores of jam and marmalade, canned vegetables, bread, sugar and the ever-ready "tin milk." Breakfast dispatched, each pan and dish of the simple outfit is washed and stowed compactly in the locker.

Blankets and bedding are rolled up, lashed tight and stowed below, each in a special nook, the little seat is similarly disposed of, masts are stepped, the paddle laid ready on deck; a shove over the sand, and the craft is afloat, probably by seven o'clock, with a whole long, bright day ahead.

Under the fresh morning breeze she bowls along, the crew to windward, the strain on each nerve and muscle varying with the motion of the boat. Our course lies by sedgy banks, by stretches of bright sand shining under the morning sun, by a fisherman's hut here, or a handsome waterside villa there, by a bustling group of country wharf waiting the boat for the city, or perhaps the tiny craft is headed for more open water, a long stretch offshore, with no outlook save the sky above us, the distant shoreline, and with only a stray gull or wandering porpoise for company.

The day brings a constant change; now a halt on the beach for a swim and a bit of cold luncheon; now a luffing up for a chat with the crew of a fishing boat busy with their nets; now a passing greeting from a yacht. At times the sails are stowed from choice or necessity, the paddle taking their place for a few miles. As the sun declines, the thoughts of the crew are returned inward, or to home and supper, "home" standing for a clear piece of sand or sward with fresh water near at hand, and "supper" for a very substantial sort of repast after a very breakfast and a solid lunch. A camp site at length selected, the canoe is beached and drawn up above the tide, the camp-fire is started, the stores and blankets are unpacked, supper is cooked and eaten with a zest such as only comes from an out-door life, and pots and pans are disposed of, the little tent is pitched over the well and a snug bed made up within, an hour is given to posting the log, sewing on buttons, repairing a torn sail, or to a little reading, and the tired canoeists tuck in for a sound and hearty sleep.—W. F. Phelps, in Lippincott's.

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

At some recent weddings the bridesmaids' bouquets have been horseshoes with the nails worked out in contrasting blossoms.

—Tapioca Cream: Soak three tablespoonfuls of tapioca in one half-cup of water overnight. Bring one quart of milk to a boil, then put in the tapioca. When cool add the beaten yolks of four eggs and one cup of sugar. Pour in a dish and add the beaten whites.—Boston Budget.

—Peach Pickle: One quart of good vinegar to three pounds of sugar. This will be enough for a peck of peaches. Boil and skim. Stick five or six cloves in each peach, and boil a dozen or so at a time till all are tender. Take out with a fork and lay in a jar. When all are done strain the boiling vinegar over them.—Christian Inquirer.

—Cream Tomato: One-half can of tomato, heated and seasoned with salt, sugar, butter, and thickened slightly with flour. Just before turning on to alices of hot buttered toast, add one cupful of cream (the richer the better) into which has been stirred a small pinch of soda. Serve immediately. This makes a nice supper dish.—Good Housekeeping.

—Ragout of Veal: Cut the veal into small pieces and put them in a sauce-pan with half a tablespoonful of butter, stirring to keep from burning.

When hot, nearly cover with water, add half a tablespoonful of flour, two small onions cut into quarters, three stocks of parsley, one of thyme and a bay leaf, all tied together, and salt and pepper to taste.—Housekeeper.

—Potage with Turnips: Pare two turnips and cut them in small slices, and put them in a sauce-pan with a pint of milk and half an onion sliced. When cooked, mash them through a colander and put them in a sauce-pan, and milk to suit the taste, and half a spoonful of butter. Let it heat, then add the yolk of an egg, beaten in three tablespoonfuls of water, let cook until thoroughly done, then add salt to taste just before serving.—Housekeeper.

—A Foundation for Sauces: A good foundation for sauces may be made as follows: Heat in a saucepan one ounce of butter, two carrots, one onion, one sprig of thyme, a bay leaf, six whole peppers, three cloves, two pieces of celery, and one of parsley. Boil fifteen minutes. Add one pint of soup stock, fat and four ounces of browned flour, stir smooth, then add the strained liquid of the vegetables, two more quarts of soup stock, simmer and reduce to half strain. A good base for many sauces.—Ladies' Home Journal.

—Veal Loaf: Chop four pounds of raw veal and a pound of ham very fine together, mix with a pint of bread crumbs, a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of finely-minced onion, two well-beaten eggs, half a teaspoonful of pepper, mixed sage, cloves and allspice. Mix thoroughly and put in a square tin pan and weight down; when molded turn out on baking pan, glass over with the white of an egg, and bake in a very slow oven two hours and a half, basting frequently with a little hot water and butter; set to cool, and slice thin when cold.—Home Magazine.

—To make a gooseberry sauce, top and tail a sufficient number of green gooseberries. Add about half a pint of water to a quart of berries and let them stew in an earthen pipkin till they are thoroughly tender. Add sugar enough to make them palatable, but still leave them a pleasant acid. Serve the sauce with meats as cranberry or apple sauce are served. Green gooseberries also make a very nice pie, either baked like a rhubarb pie in a crust, or first stewed, baked without an upper crust, and then covered with a meringue, like a lemon or apple meringue pie.

MICRO-ORGANISMS IN CHEESE.

Natural Properties of a Questionable Article of Diet.

A writer on microbes, who is inclined to view the matter rather facetiously, says:

There are thirty different kinds in cheese. So if you fancy any of these Have them cooked or let them freeze—Even then you'll risk disease.

That cheese is indigestible is not to be wondered at. Microscopical and bacteriological studies of cheese shows that it swarms with microbes of various sorts, and, as is now well known, the flavors characteristic of the different varieties of cheese are wholly due to the products of microbial action; the older the cheese the more numerous the microbes, hence the greater probability that its presence in the stomach will set up fermentative or putrefactive changes in the food substances which have been eaten. Prof. Vaughan's researches have shown that cheese always contains a larger or smaller amount of typhoid, and doubtless also of the microbes by which this powerfully toxic agent is produced. Cheese must certainly be regarded as a questionable article of diet. It should be mentioned, however, for the benefit of those who will insist upon retaining it in their diet, that its most noxious properties may be neutralized by cooking. If the sterilization of milk is wholesome and advantageous proceeding, certainly the sterilization of cheese is a dietetic duty which ought not to be neglected since milk contains only about 6,500,000,000 microbes per quart, while the proportion of these organisms in cheese is vastly greater.—Good Health.

THE BLACK DEATH.

Investigation Into Its Origin by Modern Experts.

Dr. Creighton looks upon it as a "soil poison," spread mainly by the movement of the ground water, but does not attempt any further elucidation of its actual nature. We agree with him in thinking that this and all similar poisons must have originally arisen by a process of evolution. This, of course, points to the conclusion that they are organized and have a life history of their own; while recent pathological research renders it highly probable that they are bacteria. That the poison once formed can be reproduced in the human body is, we think, unquestionable, and also that it may be conveyed to distant places in clothing, etc. If its organic nature be admitted, it becomes less difficult to understand the total disappearance of certain zymotic diseases, as some change in environment, of which we may be totally ignorant, might be sufficient to suppress it.

Of the disastrous effects upon the moral and material condition of the people of England produced by the depopulation caused by fourteen months of the black death, it is difficult for us to form any conception. Dr. Creighton shows that, though there was no such extensive epidemic, "for more than three centuries bubo plague was never long absent from one part of Britain or another."

The sweating sickness, of which there were five epidemics between 1485 and 1501, seems to have been even more terribly sudden in its onset and fatal less than the black death. Many persons were struck down and died in the street, so rapid was the action of the poison. The popular idea, which receives some measure of support from Dr. Creighton, was that the virus of this pestilence was brought over by the Norman soldiery of Henry VII., the germs having possibly remained in the soil, and were at intervals restored to renewed activity by favoring conditions. Not much light is thrown upon the interesting fact that both this disease and the plague disappeared from this country quite suddenly.—Saturday Review.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

The yearly income of the Salvation Army is over \$3,500,000.

—Every fifth boy in India is at school, but only every fifth girl.

—Sweden, with nearly 5,000,000 inhabitants, has only 610 Roman Catholics.

—The growth in full numbers in the Methodist Episcopal church during 1891 was 78,665, and of probationers 25,928.

—There are said to be 8,400 children in Chicago who are debarr'd from attending school on account of insufficient clothing.

—Little more than eighty years have elapsed since the Primitive Methodist body was inaugurated, and now the membership exceeds 300,000 adults and 400,000 children. The first class only consisted of 16 members.

—In France there are now two hundred and fifty-two women students, of whom the greater number study medicine. The list includes women from Roumania, Turkey, Greece and Russia. About one hundred are engaged in the study of philosophy.

—The Methodist Magazine says: A new Out-and-Out Band Gospel Mission car has been built at a cost of \$650, to be used in the north of Ireland. Its name is "Peace." A lady in Dublin offered \$500 toward the erection of another car and \$250 for books, to be used in the south of Ireland.

—Hiram Camp, of New Haven, who gave the \$25,000 with which Mr. Moody erected his famous school at Northfield, has in the last year added \$75,000 to the endowment. There have, of course, been other contributions. It is twelve years or so since the school opened. There are now 136 boys in attendance there.

—In New Zealand there are 1,197 churches and chapels—an increase of 134 since 1886. Among church goers in the colony Presbyterians lead the van with 40,785 in their ranks, and Episcopalians follow next with 37,383. The Quakers number 40, and the smallest denomination has a membership of 20, who call themselves Christian Disciples.

—There are twelve memorial kindergartens at work in San Francisco, and six of them were started by Mrs. Leland Stanford. To put them on a permanent basis she has now set aside \$100,000 as an endowment fund. She has given \$60,000 for those schools previously. The one opened in 1884 by Mrs. Stanford was the first memorial kindergarten in the world, it is said.

—The sacred fires of India have not all been extinguished. The most ancient, which exists, was consecrated twelve centuries ago in commemoration of the voyage made by the Parsees when they emigrated from Persia to India. The fire is fed five times every twenty-four hours with sandal wood and other fragrant materials, combined with very dry fuel. This fire, in the village of Oodvada, near Bulsar, is visited by the Parsees in large numbers during the months allotted to the presiding genius of the fire.

—A recent census bulletin shows that the Presbyterian church of America has 6,717 organizations, 6,663 church buildings, valued at \$74,455,200, and 788,224 communicants. The Presbyterian church of the United States is shown to have 3,591 organizations, 2,288 church buildings, valued at \$8,313,152, and 179,731 communicants. The Welsh Calvinistic Methodist, or Presbyterian, church has 187 organizations, 189 church edifices, valued at \$235,875, and 13,732 communicants. The Cumberland Presbyterian church is shown to have 283 organizations, 192 church buildings, valued at \$203,961, with a membership of 13,439. According to this and previous bulletins on the subject, there are 13,490 organizations, or congregations, of Presbyterians of all branches in the United States, 12,463 church edifices, valued at \$24,876,333, and 1,378,815 communicants.

THE BLACK DEATH.

Investigation Into Its Origin by Modern Experts.

Dr. Creighton looks upon it as a "soil poison," spread mainly by the movement of the ground water, but does not attempt any further elucidation of its actual nature. We agree with him in thinking that this and all similar poisons must have originally arisen by a process of evolution. This, of course, points to the conclusion that they are organized and have a life history of their own; while recent pathological research renders it highly probable that they are bacteria. That the poison once formed can be reproduced in the human body is, we think, unquestionable, and also that it may be conveyed to distant places in clothing, etc. If its organic nature be admitted, it becomes less difficult to understand the total disappearance of certain zymotic diseases, as some change in environment, of which we may be totally ignorant, might be sufficient to suppress it.

Of the disastrous effects upon the moral and material condition of the people of England produced by the depopulation caused by fourteen months of the black death, it is difficult for us to form any conception. Dr. Creighton shows that, though there was no such extensive epidemic, "for more than three centuries bubo plague was never long absent from one part of Britain or another."

The sweating sickness, of which there were five epidemics between 1485 and 1501, seems to have been even more terribly sudden in its onset and fatal less than the black death. Many persons were struck down and died in the street, so rapid was the action of the poison. The popular idea, which receives some measure of support from Dr. Creighton, was that the virus of this pestilence was brought over by the Norman soldiery of Henry VII., the germs having possibly remained in the soil, and were at intervals restored to renewed activity by favoring conditions. Not much light is thrown upon the interesting fact that both this disease and the plague disappeared from this country quite suddenly.—Saturday Review.

A Favorite Geranium.

Notwithstanding the