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In the Interests of the Colored People
of the Country.

Able and well-known writers will contribute to its columns from different parts of the country, and it will contain the latest General News of the

THE MESSENGER is a first-class newspaper and will not allow personal abuse in its columns. It is not sectarian or partisan, but independent—dealing fairly by all. It reserves the right to criticize the shortcomings of all public officials—commending the worthy, and recommending for election such men as in its opinion are best suited to serve the interests of the people.

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W. C. SMITH Charlotte N C

Little Dave Keller, aged seven, of Marshall, Ill., has been sent to the insane asylum. Dave was a very bright boy, and made such wonderful progress in his studies that his parents and teachers decided to push him forward. He was allowed no time for play or exercise, but was kept at his books. At last his eyes glared with a meaningless stare, his tongue babbled idiotic nonsense, and his overtasked brain was wrecked.

One may get an idea of the carelessness prevailing among people by considering the figures of the Dead Letter Office in Washington. During the past year nearly six million and a quarter letters and packages were received there, either wrongly addressed or unclaimed. This is at the rate of over seventeen thousand for every day in the year. The amount of money contained in them was over \$10,000, and the checks and drafts footed up \$1,333,000.

The late Professor Proctor was a literary Poo Bah. In his journal, *Knowledge*, he used to appear in half a dozen different roles at the same time. As "Editor" and "F. A. Proctor" he wrote on mathematics and astronomy; as "Edward Clodd" he discussed dreams; as "Thomas Foster" he criticized and carried to its logical conclusion Dickens's unfinished story, "Edwin Drood," and as an anonymous writer he criticized his own criticism.

New York philanthropists are turning their attention to the alleviation of the shop-girls' sufferings. There is also an effort to make the factory girl more independent and to this end large sums of money have been raised with a view to establishing schools for instruction in the different branches of mechanical labor. It is claimed that if girls and young women are taught a good trade early in life they can be placed where they can make an honorable livelihood independent of brutal employers and sordid factory-owners.

We are not the only people, according to the New York *Graffiti*, who are having trouble on account of Chinese immigration. In one of the Russian provinces, just north of the Amoor River, the Mongolians within the last two years have swarmed into the country. There as elsewhere they have driven out all other laborers, and they have so thoroughly monopolized certain branches of trade that the Governor-General has appealed to the Imperial Government at St. Petersburg to protect the people of the province from being driven from their homes to seek a living in other sections of the country.

Capital in Europe is wonderfully plenty for almost everything, and its owners have a childlike confidence in almost anything labeled American. Henry Villard, of the Northern Pacific Railroad, recently wanted some money. He opened books in Berlin for subscription to third mortgage bonds, naming the price and amount for sale, which was \$4,000,000. To his surprise when the books were opened the subscription amounted to forty-eight millions, or twelve times the amount that had been sought. There is a great deal of wealth in all old countries hidden in out-of-the-way places. When France had to pay Germany the cost of the war it was found that the French people had the money for the purpose. Still later they have great confidence in the Panama Canal enterprise, raising loan after loan for it, when no American financier could trust anything he valued on the success of the enterprise.

WOMEN WITH MUSTACHES.

BEAUTY THAT IS MARRED BY HIRSHUTE BLEMISHES

Removing the Superfluous Hairs with an Electric Battery—in an Operating Chair.

As a Chicago *Harold* reporter sat in a cable car the other day he noticed a pretty woman enter. Pretty, stylish and trim from head to foot—only one blemish, and that a decided, an humiliating one. She had a pronounced mustache that a youth of twenty would have envied her. Everywhere that one goes, in shops, churches, theatres, this disgusting blemish is noticed. Is there no remedy? Sensitive women will resort to any and every method to rid themselves of superfluous hair. Scissors, tweezers, yes, even razors are used, only to find that the blemish will return as fast as it is removed, and with additional strength. There are many fortunate cases. A young woman had a few straggling hairs on her face. She noticed them much more than any one else, and grew actually morbid on the subject. One day while having her hair shampooed her hairdresser noticed them and to'd her he could remove them. He produced a small stone and by her permission proceeded to rub them off, leaving her face smooth and blushing from the friction. He assured her that if they returned they would be much finer, scarcely to be observed. Instead, in a few days they appeared, and to her horror she found they were very much worse than before. In her despair she again used the stone which her hairdresser had persuaded her to buy. This practice she kept up daily, until her face was in a frightful condition. However, at last she found a remedy at the hands of a certain well-known lady physician, who guarantees to permanently remove this blemish by electricity.

"It is the only way on earth to effectually kill this parasite," said the latter to the *Harold* reporter. "Any physician of repute will assure you of that fact. Singeing, cutting, pulling out by tweezers or depilatories only make them coarser, rougher and more bristling. The follicle must be killed, then the hair falls out of itself."

"Do you have many patients?"
"I am busy every minute," she said. "You may be surprised to see how common an application it is. The reason, too, is unknown. It seems to be a modern disease. Physicians cannot quite understand it. I have actresses, society ladies and women of humble walks of life come to me. They are willing to pay almost anything to be rid of this constant mortification. The husbands, too, are quite as anxious. They tell their wives to get it done no matter what it costs. I have just finished a very delicate piece of work on the arms and hands of a well-known society lady. She had hairs down even on her fingers and now they are as smooth as velvet."

"Does it ever return?"
"Sometimes a few of the hairs come back, but they are always black and extremely easy to kill a second time, and I always remove them free of charge when they return."
"Is it a painful operation?"
"Well, sometimes. That depends a good deal upon the sensitiveness of the skin, and the nerve of the patient. I find, though," she added, laughingly, "that even when it hurts pretty badly, the ladies will endure it bravely—in fact, a woman will suffer any pain if thereby she is to be made better looking."

"You'd be surprised, too," she continued, "if you knew how many miles a woman will go for this work. I have a young lady from Utah, another patient from Kansas who is coming specially for this purpose. Yes, I have had a young lady from Buffalo who was going to be married and came all that distance to be beautified. A queer thing happened when I first started in business three years ago. I had a patient from Milwaukee. Poor lady! she had shaved twice a day for three years. Well, it was a tedious task. Her beard was just like a man's. You can fancy the enormous amount of labor it was to insert the needle in each follicle. Then, too, her skin had become so tender that it was almost impossible to work upon it. However, we persevered, and she is now entirely free from the blemish, and very happy over it, too. Moles, too—so many wish them taken out. Then, too, you perhaps will be surprised to know I have some gentlemen. Last week I had one whose eyebrows met, and I cleared that hairy bridge away for him. But, of course, most of my patients are ladies."

The *Harold* reporter then asked permission to be allowed to watch an operation, which was granted. The patient sits in a reclining chair and holds a bowl of water on her lap, in which is immersed one of the cords from the battery. To the other is attached the finest possible needle. The operator gathers up the flesh about the obnoxious hair, plunges the needle in deep, the patient dips two or three fingers in the water, says "Oh!" and waits. After a few seconds the needle is removed and the hair is deftly picked out by the tweezers. The face is left a little sore from the operation, but camphor freely applied will heal it.

A Wife Murderer Hanged.

At Winnipeg, Manitoba, Webb Brandon, the wife murderer, was hanged. He displayed great fortitude on the scaffold. The parting between Brandon and his three children was affecting in the extreme. Brandon killed his wife while drunk.

Sixteen Soldiers Killed.

A shell burst in a powder magazine at Messina, on the island of Sicily, in the Mediterranean Sea Friday morning, killing sixteen soldiers, and injuring many others.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The cotton plant has been proposed as a substitute for jute.

A torpedo boat for Spain is twenty-two meters long and can stay under water two days.

The Southern Pacific Railroad pays from \$8 to \$10 per ton for coal. The concern is now experimenting with petroleum.

From skeletons found in South Carolina it is certain that there used to be a race of men in this country who stood from eight to eleven feet high.

An English scientific man has preserved a record of a family of many-toed cats down to the tenth generation. Some members of the family have as many as seven toes on each foot.

A New York oculist who traveled about the city for a week on a tour of observation encountered 2000 people who were doing exactly what he would recommend a person to do to destroy his eyesight in a couple of years.

It is difficult sometimes to loosen a rusty screw. If you cannot withdraw such a one, heat an iron rod to a white heat and hold it for two or three minutes against the screwhead, after which the screw will come out with facility.

A Maine genius has discovered that spruce sawdust is an excellent substitute for sand in making common mortar for plastering houses. He has used it in making a house in Greenville, and other masons in the State are experimenting with it.

The Lehigh Valley (Penn.) Railroad now has twelve trains equipped with telegraphic instruments for transmitting messages along the road while the trains are in motion. The system has been used with particular success by the wrecking trains on the road.

The consensus of opinion now points to the fact that the auditory organs of insects are located in different insects in different parts of the body, and, moreover, in the same animal, there is reason to believe, that the sensitiveness to sounds is not necessarily confined to one part.

How and when an eel's eggs are hatched has always been, and still is, a mystery. All that is known definitely is that the old eels run down to salt water in October, and that in the spring swarms of young ones, the size of a darning-needle and about two inches long, ascend the rivers.

Dr. De la Rue has reached the conclusion, after numerous experiments, that the most brilliant displays of the aurora borealis occur at an elevation of not more than thirty-eight miles, while a pale glow may possibly be produced as high as eighty-two miles, but that no auroral discharge is possible at a height of 124 miles.

Not long ago a freeman remained half an hour in a dense smoke, protected by means of the Loeb respirator and eye-protecting and elastic-rimmed spectacles. With this respirator on, the air can be inhaled very easily, the exhalations passing out through a valvular arrangement. So successful has the appliance been that the German navy has adopted it.

Dr. Eisenmann, of Berlin, has invented a piano which, by the aid of electro-magnetism, can sustain, increase, and diminish sound. This has been attempted by other experts, notably Boehm, the inventor of the metal flute. Another novelty will be that, by moving the electro-magnets, the timber of the tone is changed; for example, from that of a violincello to piccolo.

A striking improvement in clocks was exhibited and described to the British Association for the Advancement of Science by Mr. W. H. Douglass. The new feature consists in the use of a torsion pendulum which, with lever and escapement, may be applied to ordinary works, and by its slow rate of vibration makes it practicable to convert an eight-day clock into one requiring winding only once a year.

On examining a block of ice which formed part of a large quantity stored for more than two months at Moorestown, N. J., Professor Leidy found it riddled with air bubbles and drops of water. A portion of the block was melted, whereupon a number of worms made their appearance, but died almost immediately. The worms cannot be identified with any known species, and Professor Leidy believes them to be as yet undescribed.

An Ink to Scribble With on Glass.

A correspondent writes in and wants to know how to make an ink with which he can scribble or draw on glass. There are several methods. A very sure one is to go to a store where inks are sold and buy a bottle of fluid made for that purpose. The writing may be done by applying to the surface some appropriate varnish, and one or two kinds appear to have a special adaptation for this purpose. A good matt varnish is made by dissolving in two ounces of ether ninety grammes of sandarac and twenty of mastic, adding one-half to one and one-half ounces of benzol, according to the fineness of the matt required, the varnish being applied to the cold plate. After it has set the glass may be heated to insure a fine and even grain, and to render the glass transparent again after it has been written upon it is only necessary to apply with a brush a solution of sugar or gum acacia. A varnish of sugar is regarded as an even better surface for this purpose, and is easily made by dissolving equal parts of white and brown sugar in water to a thin syrup, adding alcohol and applying to hot glass plates. The film dries very rapidly, and furnishes a surface on which it is perfectly easy to write with pen or pencil. The best results are achieved by the use of an ink, with sugar added.—*Detroit Free Press.*

There are over 200,000 lepers in British India.

HANDLING A GREAT CROP.

HOW THE GREAT NORTHWESTERN WHEAT YIELD IS MOVED.

A Process Which Requires the Employment of an Army of Men and Much Heavy Machinery.

The handling of the grain crops of the Northwest is a process which employs thousands of men, millions of capital, and vast plants of heavy machinery. With the building of railroads and the development of the country the mere mechanical transferring of the grain from the producer to the consumer has grown to an enormous industry. The elevators employed in Minnesota and Dakota number about 1500, and have a combined storage capacity of 60,000,000 bushels according to the latest estimates available. Through them passes practically all the wheat, corn, oats, rye, barley and flaxseed raised in the Northwest.

The first modern grain elevator erected in St. Paul was the one known as the Davidson elevator, which stands on the river front near the Milwaukee freight houses, unused and dilapidated. That was some twenty years ago. About the same time what is now known as elevator C in Minneapolis was erected. These are comparatively small institutions of the kind, but a far start had been made the elevator system gained rapidly, until to-day there is not an important railroad station within the grain belt of the Northwest that is not supplied with one or more elevators or warehouses, while at the terminal cities—Minneapolis, Duluth and St. Paul—are enormous structures capable of handling millions and millions of bushels of grain in their combined capacity. The Union Elevator in East Minneapolis, owned by the Union Elevator Company is said to be the largest in the world, the elevator proper and its annex having a combined storage capacity of 2,500,000 bushels.

Now, to see how the enormous grain crop of the Northwest is handled by the modern elevator system—without which it is evident it could not be handled safely and economically at all. The best way to do this is to visit one of the great elevators in the cities. All these are operated upon the same principle, and in any one of them will be found substantially all there is to be seen in any of the others.

It is a dusty place—the elevator—but the dust is of a clean kind, having risen from the grain in process of transfer and then settled back upon every board and joint in the building. Really, there is not much to see. One finds himself in a perfect forest of beams and wooden spouts and hears the quiet hum of the shaftings, which extend the entire length of the building and convey power to the elevating machinery; but unless he has an experienced guide to explain things to him he will leave the institution no wiser than when he entered it. When the *modus operandi* is unfolded, however, it is found to be interesting. So here is the way of it:

Several railway tracks extend through the elevator from end to end, and the trainloads of grain find entrance upon these. Alongside the tracks are platforms rising to about the height of a freight-car door, and at intervals of a car's length in these platforms are openings extending into hopper-shaped receptacles beneath the platform. These receptacles are called grain pits. When a carload of grain is received it is run in upon the track until the doorway is flush with the mouth of one of the hoppers. Then the door is opened, and by means of a wooden shovel, operated by machinery, but aided also by men's hands, the grain is scooped into the hopper. It does not take long, you notice, to clean out a carload of wheat. In about ten minutes from the time the car door is thrown open the car is empty. Five or six hundred bushels of grain have gone into the pit. As fast as it has passed in, however, it has been taken out again, carried to the top of the building and deposited in a bin. The machinery by which this operation is conducted consists of an endless belt, attached to which are long, narrow tin scoops or buckets. The belt, inclosed in a long wooden spout called a leg, extends down into the pit and the buckets catch up the unloaded grain as they pass through it. A belt in a high elevator will take up fifty bushels of grain on one trip over the pulleys.

The leg terminates at the top in a box called the head of the elevator, and as each bucket passes over the pulley in this box and starts on its downward journey it deposits its contents into a hopper leading into a large square box constructed of scantling and with a scale standing before it. This box, like all other receptacles in the elevator, is hopper-bottomed, and while in it the grain is weighed and registration made of its weight. It is then let out through a spout into the bin for which it is destined. The entire main body of the elevator is divided into bins—receiving bins and shipping bins. The receiving bins are great square wells, fifty feet or more deep, according to the height of the building, and having a holding capacity of 3000 or 4000 to 12,000 bushels of grain. The shipping bins are much smaller. The grain comes into these by the carload, as it is shipped out. In shipping the grain passes through the elevator a second time. It goes from the receiving bins into the pit, is taken up through the leg, tossed over the elevator head into the scale hopper, weighed, spouted into the shipping bins, and from the shipping bins it is spouted into the cars. That's the way an elevator is run.

The cupola of the elevator—that part which looks like a little house built upon the top of the main building—is above all the bins. One object in having a cupola is to gain height, so that the spouts extended from the elevator heads and scale hoppers may be placed at an angle which will permit the grain to flow freely into the bins. Here, as in

the receiving floor, there is a perfect forest of spouts, supporters and beams. You will see in any elevator you visit a machine for cleaning wheat and other grains. This machine, by a process of suction and lifting, takes out all light foreign substances, such as grass seed, wild buckwheat, bits of straw, blighted wheat and other odds and ends that will get into the wheat crop. The machine will not, however, take out chaff. That is usually separated from the wheat after it has reached the flour mill. Not all the wheat that comes into an elevator at a terminal point is put through the cleaning process, for some of it has already been cleaned in the country. A portion of the refuse from the grain which does go through the machine is used under the elevator boilers for fuel, and there are some elevators that do a great deal of cleaning and mixing that collect enough of this refuse to keep the fires going without the addition of other fuel. The seedy portion is usually sold for chicken feed or for fattening sheep. It brings from \$3 to \$10 a ton. Several of the large elevators have what is called an annex. This is merely a warehouse. Where it is desirable to keep wheat in store for a long time it is cheaper to hold it in the annex than in the bins of the elevator proper. Besides it leaves the elevator free for current business. The grain is usually spouted to the annex from the elevator, and when the time comes for shipment is spouted out again.—*St. Paul Pioneer-Press.*

Criminals Have Brains Like Animals

It is interesting to know that at the present time Professor Bendikl, of Vienna, is weighing, measuring and recording the appearances of the brains of criminals. In the Medical Congress held in London in 1880 he exhibited the brains of forty criminals, murderers and others, and he has certainly persuaded himself that the brain of a murderer may resemble that of a lower animal in certain definite ways.

There seemed to him to be a strong resemblance between the arrangement of the convolutions in the brains of some monkeys and that in the brains of some criminals. He went even farther and said that murderers' brains had a special likeness to those of bears. At the discussion on this subject the general feeling was that these beings certainly had rather poor brains, brains with large and less developed convolutions, there was no distinct relationship to be demonstrated between them and the lower animals.

Fatalities Attending a Ring.

The tenacity with which people still cling to superstitious notions is illustrated by a story from Madrid concerning the fatalities attending a ring. The late King Alfonso III gave it to his cousin Mercedes when he was betrothed to her, and she wore it during the whole of her short married life. On her death the King presented it to his grandmother, the Queen Christina. She died very soon after, when it passed to the King's sister, the Infanta del Pilar, who at once began to sicken and in a few days she breathed her last. Alfonso then handed it to his sister-in-law Christina, the youngest daughter of the Duke of Montpensier, but in three months he also was dead. His majesty now resolved to retain the baleful jewel in his own keeping; but he too soon fell a victim to its mysterious malignancy. The ring has now been suspended by a chain around the statue of the patron saint at Madrid.—*Times-Divulger.*

We Are Japan's Best Customers.

Governor Hubbard, the United States Minister at Tokio, tells me that we buy more from Japan than any other foreign nation. "Last year," said he, "our imports from this country amounted to 21,000,000 Japanese dollars, or about 16,000,000 American dollars. We bought \$11,000,000 worth of her raw silk and nearly \$7,000,000 worth of her tea. The fair cheeks of our ladies were cooled last year with \$97,000 worth of Japanese fans, and our noses were wiped with \$810,000 worth of Japanese silk handkerchiefs. We buy nearly \$300,000 worth of porcelain every year, and our imports of bamboo ware amount to \$102,990 of Japanese money. We buy more than twice as much of Japan as any other country, and our imports are increasing every year. In 1887 we bought a million and a half more goods than in 1886, and the United States will probably continue to be Japan's best customer."—*New York World.*

Using Sugar to Make the Fire Go.

A great mystery in a certain household in Boston has been solved. The head of the house, who bought sugar by the barrel, often wondered "how in the world the family used as much sweetening as they did," and his wife, who was not much given to going into the kitchen, said she guessed they didn't use any more than other folks. But one day she did go to see the kitchen, and arrived just in time to see the cook in the act of throwing a scoopful of granulated white sugar on the fire. Sugar is exceedingly inflammable, and its application made the fire flash up in fine shape. The girl confessed that she had regularly used sugar to quicken the fire. "Sure, mum," she said, "we must have the fire, an' the coal burns that slow that me heart is broke watin' upon it!"

The loss to the cotton crop from insects is estimated at \$17,000,000 a year, while that to the apple crop is not much less, and that to the potato crop at least one-half as much. But the estimate is not a fair one until the loss is counted the time spent in fighting to secure the proportion that is saved.

The solanine in unripe potatoes is supposed to have caused the recent poisoning of many French soldiers.

RELIGIOUS READING.

Holy Night.

O Holy Night! whose blest approach
Now touches heart and home with joy,
Lifting from earth her old reproach,
Dispersing shadows night would employ
To keep us still from seeking now
The Star of Bethlehem's pure ray,
That, falling soft on lifted brow,
But heralds a diviner day.—
Send back thy peace, O Holy Night!
On sin-stained Earth, on weary waste,
Till with thy glory all is bright,
Till to His shrine each step shall hasten
Send light unto the closed eye,
Send peace unto the sealed lip,
Send from the first the long small fly,
That for the second Truth shall dip
Her slender finger, then and touch
The tongue that silent doth remain,
Thus giving from her store, how much
Is only counted by thy gain!
Send faith unto the wavering soul,
Send joy unto the bruised heart,
That Christmas in its blessed whole
Shall gather each respective part
Of glory that this night doth yield,
And lay it at His feet divine
Whose sceptre heaven and earth now wield
And lo! o'er all the Star shall shine!

Good Books.

Ruskin has written many a good thing on books and reading, but none better than the following:

We talk of fool for the mind as of food for the body; now a good book contains such food inexhaustibly; it is a provision for life, and for the best part of us; yet how long most people would look at the best book before they would give the price of a fine dinner for it! Though there have been men who have hoarded their books and pinched their stomachs to buy a book whose libraries were cheaper to them, I think, in the end than most men's dinners are. If public libraries were as costly as public dinners, or books cost the tenth part of what brackets do, even foolish men and women might sometimes suspect there was good in reading, as well as in munching and sparkling; whereas, the very cheapness of literature is making people forget that if a book is really worth reading it is worth buying.

No book is worth anything which is not worth much; nor is it serviceable until it has been read and reread, and loved and loved again, and marked, so that you can refer to the passages you want in it, as a soldier can seize the weapon he needs in an armory, or a housewife bring the spice she needs from her store. You must get into the habit, when reading a real book, of looking intently at words, and assuring yourself of their meaning, syllable by syllable, letter by letter. You might read all the books in the largest library in the world (if you could live long enough) and remain an illiterate, uneducated person; but if you read a few of a good book with real accuracy, you are, forevermore, in some measure, an educated person.

"The Place Where Jesus' Name Is."

All the missionary reports dwell on the wonderful results of women's work among the heathen. One of the most remarkable comes from Madrid in the *Indian Archipelago*, and is published in the *Missionary Herald*. It appears that a Biblewoman gathered a little class of native women together, and used to speak to them about Jesus, reading to them the story of his life of love. One day a woman who had been a most attentive listener, interrupted her with:

"Are all the things you read and tell us about Jesus written in a book?"
"Yes, and much more than I have yet told you."

"I want a book like it; will you bring me one tomorrow?"
"Yes, I will bring one, but of what use will it be to you? You cannot read it."

"But I must have the Book that tells about Jesus."
The next day when the book was given to her, she opened it eagerly with both hands, and touched it lovingly and explained his life of love. One day a woman who had been a most attentive listener, interrupted her with:

"Show me the place where Jesus' name is."
"As soon as it had been pointed out to her she kissed it across the page reverently. Before the Bible-woman left the house the happy owner of the Book asked that the place might be marked so that she would always find the name of Jesus."

Another woman, who has only been under instruction a few months, has been much impressed with the thought that it is her duty to go from house to house, like the Bible readers, teaching and telling of the love of Jesus. She is very anxious to read in the *New Testament*, and has persuaded her husband to help her, so that she may learn more rapidly. Not long since she came early in the morning, and entreated the Bible-woman to go with her to a neighboring village to preach, saying she wished to begin to tell what she had learned about Jesus, but was afraid to teach in her own village, where she was well-known, for the people would laugh at her because she knew so little. Surely God has blessed this branch of the work in answer to many earnest prayers.

The Right Side.

"In a sermon recently delivered in a Chicago pulpit a preacher of many years' experience and of extended observation gave the welcome assurance to his hearers that the Church militant is not fighting a losing battle, although surface indications in the great cities may seem to point to that conclusion. A closer examination of the facts in the case will bring to light a splendid train of efforts and influences for the right, a mighty host of quiet, but reliable and loyal soldiers of the cross—some of which aid and none of whom are ununsung or unnoticed agencies that make the righteousness of the cause little noticed, but the agent who proves true to his trust and rushes into the service of the devil gets a too generous mention. So the crimes and follies of mankind are flashed over the wires and spread before our eyes every night and morning, while the regular onward march of the great Christian charities and of wretched criminals is referred to with brevity and infrequently, if at all.

The Church at large is growing stronger every year, the Gospel is being diffused rapidly among all peoples, the tone of Christian living is being raised, and the dignity of citizenship is coming into wider recognition. These and many other signs of the times, full of encouragement and promise, were interpreted to the people by the eloquent divine, and any timid, despairing, distrustful souls who heard him must have enjoyed the sermon as a revelation.

Even those who have not entertained fears as to the progress of the Church, and who did not need this assurance to allay anxiety, will rejoice to know that an experienced soldier in the warfare against sin has an unshaken faith, not alone in final triumph but in the regular and continuous advances of the Lord's army of occupation. The next generation would find its condition much improved if the young men of the college could take in some of this wholesome and helpful philosophy in place of the pessimistic stuff of the Schopenhauer stamp with which they and the collegians who just preceded them have been too much enamored."—*Interior.*