

LADIES' COLUMN.

The Parisian Man Milliner.

When at the height of his fortunes, as a man milliner, Worth would lie on a lounge and keep Duchesses standing before him for hours; making them turn around to gaze the better of their points, and criticising them with the utmost plainness. To a customer, he once said: "Why do you not bring along with you some one with a little esprit, to give something to excite me, and start my inventive powers?" He charged a lady once—the Duchess of Persigny, I think—\$4,000 for a black silk dress trimmed with bugles—such as one could buy in a side street for \$200. The Duchess, though accustomed to spend \$8,000 a year in dress, refused to pay this bill, and Worth sued her. They referred the value to official experts, who cut it down to \$1,200.—Paris Letter.

Could be Bluff or Gallant.

The truth probably is, says an English paper, that Dr. Samuel Johnson's manner and speech toward ladies depended very much, as is the case with most men, on the temper he was in and on the character of those with whom he was in company. For instance, on one occasion there was a very shallow and talkative lady in the room, of whom he took little notice.

"Why, doctor," she said, "I believe you prefer the company of men to that of ladies."

"Madam," he replied, "I am very fond of the company of ladies; I like their beauty, I like their delicacy, and I like their silence."

On another occasion he went to drink tea and spend the evening at the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Miss Reynolds, on his entering the room, said:

"See, Dr. Johnson, what a preference I give to your company, for I had an offer of a place in a box at the oratorio to hear Miss Linley; but I had rather sit with you than hear Miss Linley sing."

"And I, madam," was his gallant reply, "would rather sit with you than sit upon a throne."

He was not to be outdone even in a passing compliment.

Woman's Estate in Holland.

It is in Holland that one first becomes aware how thoroughly woman is a beast of burden in Europe. We met the milk women going home after their morning rounds, some of them with big shaggy dogs drawing their little carts, but many of them drawing the carts themselves, and well broken to harness they seemed, with their dog-like, hopeless faces and their patient, steady gait. Some of the women carried fish on their heads in creels, and rattled along most skillfully in their big, shapeless sabots. But by far the greater number of them were fitted with yokes. There was even an aristocracy in yokes, for while many of them were of plain heavy oak, others were gorgeous with green velvet and brass furnishings, which latter had been scoured till they glistened in the sun like flashing mirrors. A yoke on a woman is a sad sight at best, but there was something absolutely painful in the graded sizes of these yokes, so little girls of 10, 12 and even tender years, could be fitted with one upon demand. They jogged along contentedly enough, knowing no other life, and there was not one of them whose white cap was not a miracle of cleanliness and clear starching, and fixed to their temples with the great brass spiral pins which are almost all that is left of the distinctiveness of a Holland peasant's dress.—Argonaut.

The woolen goods for street wear during fall and winter show unusual brilliancy of tone.

Cocks' plumes are all the rage, and are beginning to cost pretty nearly as much as ostrich feathers.

Large buttons enter into the trimming of many fall costumes, and are of very beautiful workmanship.

Cuffs are made more flaring than formerly, yet not sufficiently so to be greatly remarked. The innovation, however, is a good one.

The fashionable "yellow" of the year is a deep orange, but it is not to be lavishly used as it was a couple of years, or, indeed, even one year ago.

Pretty jackets for misses are made of flannel so closely woven that it is often called cloth. These garments are durable and look exceedingly well.

Very low crowned bonnets have appeared at last, but it is safe to assert that it will take fully two seasons and perhaps more to make them general.

Long plush cloaks are in pelisse or redingote shape, open up the back and side seams to the hips, straight down the front, and with bell-shaped sleeves, that curve wider below the elbow.

After husking corn, pull off as much of the silk as you can readily, then rub the ear of corn with a coarse towel. This will remove the remaining silk, and is much less tedious than picking it off with the fingers.

Fruit that has been canned or preserved in the most perfect manner will spoil if improperly stored away. It should be kept in a dark and very cool place—though, of course, above freezing; also the storage place must be dry. Glass jars may be wrapped with paper to exclude the light.

Stripes made of jetted gimps will be fashionable trimmings, some being in fine narrow lines and others two or three inches wide in lozenge patterns, in blocks, in wheels or in Greek squares.

French modistes complete autumn dresses for the street by adding a small mantle of materials of the dress, giving variety to the wardrobe where street suits usually consist of a tailor gown and jacket.

New short cloaks for those wearing mourning are of dull ottoman silk with cord embroidery done on the garment, bordered with a new fluffy trimming made of fine narrow silk braid curled very closely.

Plush will be the favorite fabric for rich wraps, as it is found to be more becoming than velvet on account of its rich thick pile, and black plush is preferred to brown because the latter is considered an imitation of seal fur.

A Puzzled Foreman. Some years ago Frederick W. Seward, in a conversation with a gentleman connected with the Albany Journal inquired if "Jake" Winne was still foreman of the composing-room of that newspaper. On being told that Jake still held the fort, Mr. Seward related this reminiscence of the famous Presidential campaign of 1860: "I was left in charge of the Albany Journal in 1860, while Thurlow Weed and George Dawson were absent at the Republican National Convention. The convention was to nominate my father for the Presidency. We were so sure of it that we had the Journal editorial on the nomination in type and a large quantity of gorgeous fireworks all ready to be touched off stored in a loft above the office. Well, the day the balloting was to begin Weed telegraphed me not to go to press until I got the Seward nomination, adding that he thought the convention would make it early enough to admit of the paper appearing at the usual time. That was the situation when along came a telegram bearing the news that Mr. Lincoln had been nominated. Whether or not I was taken aback I need not say. However, the instinct of the journalist was stronger than anything else, and I at once fell to writing a leader on the choice of the convention. Before doing so I scratched off the legend: "For President, Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois," and sent it up to Jake Winne with directions to have it set for the head of the editorial column. I had written a sentence or two of my editorial when I was signaled to come to the tube which connected the sanctum with the composing room. I recognized the voice of Winne.

"Hallo, Jake," I called up the tube, "what's wanted?" "Well, I want to know," replied Jake, "what blank name this is that you're sending up for President."

—New York Tribune.

A Model Knight's Fiery Temper. We hear a great deal of Sir Philip Sidney as the model knight. The very first quality for which we hold him in honor is his extreme gentleness. But he could thank his own strong mind and will for that, since he had a blazing big temper underneath it. Just listen to what he wrote, in sharp, quaint old English, to his father's secretary, whom he suspected of meddling with his correspondence: "Molyneux, few words are best. My letters to my father have come to the eyes of some. Neither can I condemn any but you for it. If it be so, you have played the very knave with me. I assure you, before God, that if I know you do so much as read any letter I write to my father, without his commandment, or my consent, I will thrust my dagger into you!" Did you ever hear anything sound angrier and fiercer than that, from a very young gentleman to a middle-aged one? Yet Philip Sidney put himself under bit and bridle, and grew to be the sweetest-mannered, the most meek, patient, unselfish heart of his age. He did not destroy his hot temper, which he knew was a splendid thing in itself, but he mastered it, and put it only to fine uses. It was the hand which ached to stab poor Mr. Molyneux which, dying, gave away its longed-for cup of water to the suffering comrade, after the battle of Zutphen, in 1586.—Wide Awake.

Great Losses of Fish. In the vicinity of Galena, Ill., the fish in many of the streams have lately died by the million, and the few that are left are rapidly following suit. The banks of the Galena River branches are lined with dead fish of all sizes and varieties, from the tiny minnow to the mammoth cat and sturgeon. At Buncombe, Wis., dead fish are so numerous on the banks that the stench arising from them is almost unbearable. At Lancaster, Wis., the scene on the river bank beggars description, over fifty wagon loads of dead fish being in sight. There are numerous theories afloat as to the cause. One is that the recent rains have roiled the water with mud, so that the fish have been unable to breathe, and struggling to the surface for air, have died. Another is that during the dry, hot summer, the valleys and marshes above were filled with some poisonous growth that with the recent floods was carried into the streams and poisoned the water.

—Scientific American.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Curing Corn Fodder.

Every one who has raised a heavy piece of fodder corn realizes that it is no easy task to cure it so as to preserve it in first-class condition. Probably the safest method to pursue when aside from packing in a silo is to cut it in fair weather, when free from dew, and lay it in swaths, keeping the butts of the stalks on a line, and let it remain until thoroughly wilted, then bind in fair-sized bundles and place in shocks of four and six bundles each. It can remain in the field where grown until cured, then draw near the barn and place in large shocks, where it can remain until wanted for feeding. If mowed away in the barn it would be very likely to mould badly, and perhaps become unfit for cattle.—Cultivator.

Tests of Dairy Cows.

At the Ontario (Canada) Agricultural College grounds ten different breeds of cows have been tested as regards the value of the milk, cream, butter and cheese made by them. The results of these experiments have been reported upon by Prof. Brown, and while these may not be conclusive they are of general interest. According to Prof. Brown's report, the Jersey is far ahead as a producer of cream or of butter, with Ayrshire next. The Ayrshire, in the same report, stands first where the milk is to be sold or cheese made; the Devons rank next for the cheese-maker, and the shorthorn grade comes close after.

In the lists referred to, Prof. Brown calculates values on a basis of three-fourths of a cent per pound for milk, five cents a pound for cream, ten cents a pound for cheese and twenty cents for butter. The shorthorn, with an average weight per head of 1,570 pounds, yielded, by his calculation, \$19 worth of milk, from which the cream would have amounted to only \$11. The cream made butter to the value of \$22, or \$30 worth of cheese could have been made from the milk. This breed averaged giving milk 170 days in the season. The shorthorn grade, which averaged in weight 1,450 pounds each, proved better, as they produced milk 220 days in the season to the value of \$30, but the cream was valued at \$10 only, and would make but \$18 in butter, though it yielded \$42 worth of cheese.

The Devons give milk 200 days; its value was set at \$21; the cream at \$11.25; and they averaged \$19 worth of butter, or \$45 worth of cheese. The Devons made an average weight of 1,050 pounds each.

The Ayrshires weighed 1,000 pounds each and gave milk 210 days, valued at \$39; the cream was worth \$21, and it made \$35 in butter, while the cheese from the milk was worth \$58.

The Jerseys averaged a weight of 740 pounds per head and gave milk 200 days, which was valued at \$37. According to some tests made in which 100 pounds of cream made 44 pounds of butter, the butter amounted to \$88, without any allowance for extra quality of butter.

In drawing conclusions, another point made for Jersey and Ayrshires was their light weight, taken in connection with the fact that a cow requires food very nearly in proportion to her weight.—World.

Farm and Garden Notes.

Protect the birds—the great annihilators of destructive insects.

Pop-corn is said to be better for pigeons than any other variety of corn.

"When the axe is dull there must be put forth more strength," says a very ancient proverb.

For keeping small quantities of seeds paper bags are excellent. They protect against insects and moisture.

It has been demonstrated, says a New York journal, that roup in fowls and diphtheria in children are identical.

The value of corn-stalks for feed will be a subject of interest to farmers in the dairy regions where drouth has prevailed.

Dr. G. C. Caldwell thinks summer faltering "poor economy and a lazy trick," and we do not know another man who weighs words more carefully.

Mr. J. C. Plumb, of the Wisconsin Horticultural Society, says that the season following a great drouth is exceedingly productive, "owing to the bringing up of elements from the subsoil in a dry year."

A very little insect powder dusted among the feathers on the head, neck, back and sides of chickens, it is said, will kill all vermin. After being dusted the chicken shakes itself, thus distributing the powder thoroughly over its body.

Household Hints.

For coffee stains put thick glycerine on the wrong side and wash out with lukewarm water.

It is said freckles can be removed by washing the skin in water in which is dissolved a small quantity of borax.

One housewife cleans her tea-kettle with strong soda and soap and then keeps an oyster-shell in it to collect the sediment from the water.

In boiling meat for soup, use cold water to extract the juices, but if the meat is wanted for itself alone, plunge into boiling water at once.

OKEFENOKEE.

A QUAKING ISLAND IN GEORGIA'S FAMOUS SWAMP.

The Terrible Adventure of an Exploring Party—Engulfed in a Smoking Fissure of the Earth.

We were in the heart of Okefenokee Swamp, says a writer in the New Orleans Times-Democrat. We had reached the spot at last. In the middle of a lake whose black waters were rippling in a curious fashion was an island of perhaps 200 acres, covered with scrubby bushes. All over the island thin columns of brown smoke could be seen slowly rising.

"I don't understand what keeps the water disturbed," said one of the men: "there is no breeze."

"Hit am, de debil's own pot," said black Sam, looking wild-eyed and nervous.

We quieted Sam, and put him to work with the others constructing a rude raft out of the dead trees which were lying around in abundance. In a short time the raft was ready, and we paddled ourselves to the island.

"It shakes," exclaimed Dupont, who was the first to land.

Sam was the next one on shore, but he at once stepped back on the raft.

"De Lawd heb mussy!" he said; "I kain't stan' dat."

We all followed Dupont and found that the island was trembling quite perceptibly.

"Perhaps it is a floating island," suggested one of my companions.

"It is nothing of the kind," I remarked. "I have heard of it before, but we are doubtless the first white men who have landed here in forty years."

"What do you know about it?" asked Dupont, quickly.

"Simply this: When Sir Charles Lyell, the famous British geologist, visited this country he explored the swamp and examined this very spot. He found it shaking all the time, with fissures in the earth constantly opening and closing, with this same peculiar smoke rising from them. He came to the conclusion that the crust of the earth was thinner right here than in any locality of the globe. The volcanic action near the surface causes the smoke, and also the continual bubblings of the lake. This may have been going on for centuries. You know that the Indian word Okefenokee means trembling earth."

"Well, I can't say that I care to camp here," said Dupont; "but as we are here we might as well explore a little."

This was the general opinion, and Sam was persuaded to leave his quarters on the raft and trust himself to the unstable land.

"I have found a geyser," reported one of our explorers, who had been rambling about on his own hook.

Guided by him, we went to a little spring of boiling water that was gushing forth near the centre of the island. With the water came jets of steam, sand, and blue mud. At this place the shaking was so violent that it made us stagger, and we could hear under our feet a muffled roar or rumble.

"Marse Ross, gasped Sam, "I mus' git outer heah."

He made a run toward the raft, when a small fissure in the earth about a foot wide yawned in front of him. The poor fellow dropped on the ground in speechless terror. We helped him up and tried to reassure him, but it was no use. As soon as he was calm enough to walk he made a break for the raft.

"Sam is the only sensible fellow in the party," said Dupont. "There is danger of breaking a leg in one of these fissures, and I don't see why a man could not be swallowed up."

I laughed at this. Sir Charles Lyell had spoken of the island as a remarkable curiosity, but had not predicted any serious outbreak of the forces of nature.

"See that!" continued Dupont.

I looked. The fissure which had frightened Sam had closed up completely. I drew a long breath. In the midst of such phenomenon a man feels small. Before I could say anything there was a deafening roar, a thousand cracks opened in the earth, and the smoke coming out of the ground was so thick that we were almost stifled. Undoubtedly it was a genuine shock of earthquake—something altogether different from the light tremors previously felt.

"We must run for it," I shouted.

Just then another shock came and threw us heavily to the ground. We rose in a dazed condition, and saw within a few feet of us a yawning chasm, fully three feet wide and 100 feet long. It emitted a volume of steam, and with inconceivable rapidity closed up over another jar that nearly toppled us over again.

We started on a run for the raft.

"Where is Dupont?"

We all asked this question at once. The raft was in sight, but Sam was the only occupant. We faced about, but could see nothing of the missing man. Had he in his terror taken the wrong direction? It would not do to leave him, and there was nothing to do but to retrace our steps.

We yelled out his name and traversed every foot of the island. There was not

a trace of our friend. We looked at each other with terror-stricken faces. The same thought was uppermost in the minds of all. Had Dupont been swallowed up in the yawning chasm? It looked very much like it. Again we resumed our search, but without any better success than before. Then we gloomily made our way to the raft and paddled to the other shore. I suggested that Dupont had rushed off when the shock came, and, blinded by the smoke, he had perhaps fallen into the lake.

"No, Marse Ross," said Sam, gloomily. "He's done swallowed up in de bowels ob de yirth. Hit's done happened befo'." I see he meant a time dat injuns and hunters was lost heah in just dat way. I uster laugh at 'em as fairy tales, but I members dem now, and knows dem fur de troof."

A hurried search around the lake compelled us to accept Sam's explanation, and we took up our line of march without a halt until we reached the settlements.

We had a new trouble to face. People would not believe our story. At first they were inclined to think that we had killed Dupont, but that theory was soon abandoned, and it was held that our friend had drowned himself in the lake.

Under the circumstances there was nothing to be gained by discussing the matter with strangers. We left the simple country people sticking to their belief that Dupont was under the lake somewhere, but we all knew as well as we knew anything that he had fallen headlong into the very center of the focal fires raging so fiercely in that slumbering volcano.

Nervous New Yorkers.

The Vanderbilt boys, with the exception of the poetic George, are early risers, rapid walkers and nervous in their movements. Chauncey M. Depew rushes into his office like a hurricane early in the morning and is constantly on the move until he goes home in the evening. Go into any of the resorts where prominent New Yorkers take their luncheons, and you will at once be impressed with the fact of their nervous temperament. The brothers of Robert Bonner take their midday meal daily at the Aster House. The moment they drop into their seats a well trained waiter rushes out to the carving table and orders their luncheon with the supplementary remark: "It is for the Messrs. Bonner; hurry up." Robert Bonner himself is a man of slow movement compared with the other New York editors. Stick a pin in him and he would probably turn about with the calmness peculiar to the old school of New Yorkers and ask what you meant. Try the same experiment with James Gordon Bennett and he would wheel about and offer to give you battle on the spot. Resort to the same artifice with Joseph Pulitzer and he would spring up with rage, turn upon you and probably knock you out in a jiffy. He is the most nervous of all New York journalists, and walks rapidly, with his broad shoulders thrown well back.—Chicago Herald.

A correspondent of the St. Louis Republican who has visited the Aztec ruins in New Mexico says that from a point some 50 miles south of Durango, down the valley of the Animas River for 15 miles or more, ruin after ruin appears. He examined two ruins in particular very carefully. The larger one was 400 feet long and about 150 wide. It contained about 500 rooms. This ruin was four stories high, each story being 10 feet in height. The walls were of massive impure porphyry, three feet in thickness, and laid with a mortar resembling red clay. The rooms varied in size from 6 by 8 to 20 by 30 feet. Only a few of them were plastered, and most of them presented a rough, unfinished appearance. They were entered by doors about three and a half and four feet in height, and of the ordinary width. The sills were of huge round logs of white cedar, and the floors and all other woodwork was of the same material, rudely hauled. They had no implements of steel, nor saws, nor planes of any kind. The buildings all pointed to the south, with a yard in front.

Apparent Death.

Hold the hand of a person apparently dead before a candle or other artificial light, with the fingers stretched, one touching the other, and look through the spaces between the fingers toward the light. If the person is living, a scarlet red color will be seen where the fingers touch each other, due to the still circulating fluid blood, as it shows itself through the transparent, but not yet congested, tissues. When life in extinct this phenomenon ceases.—Cottage Health.

At Rome and some other places in Italy the curious observation has been made that a thermometer in the shade sometimes indicates a higher temperature than a thermometer in the sun, particularly when a strong wind strikes the latter instrument.

"They are just running the thing into the ground," observed Amy, in a discussion on some topic of mutual interest.

"Yes," replied the high-school girl, "I think myself that they are forcibly projecting it into terra firma."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

According to the State Mineralogist, petroleum will soon take an important place among California products.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR OCTOBER 30

V. 33. What a beautiful picture of the life of Christ is this! An illustration of going "about doing good." As it is to such a life as that that we in our little measure are called! True, we are not called to preach as He taught. He stands there alone! But we are called to light our torches from His, and in life and character and conversation, to hold forth the word of life. We are not called to His work of healing. Alas! we have but empty vessels, and little of that fullness to bestow. But read Rom. xii, 9-21; and see to what we are called. And how divinely beautiful our lives would be if ruled by that spirit, if thus traced after His example. We are to carry His spirit everywhere in the operations of our daily life. And then preaching and teaching and healing would characterize every Christian life. When the spirit is within, there is always opportunity without.

V. 34. There is something deeply impressive in the verses. It is not so much the people complained. There is no intimation that they asked for help. He saw the multitude oppressed with want and fatigue. And His heart moved with pity for them when he saw them fainting and scattered abroad like sheep without a shepherd. Their bodily condition represented their spiritual state. It is as if He had said: "These men are like sheep deserted of their pastors, who should have cared for them, protected them from harm, and ministered to their spiritual needs." And it is not without deep urgency of meaning that men are so often compared to sheep. Like them, they are His sheep, in the higher sense of the word. Like them prone to go astray, and like them unable to regain their way when lost. "All we, like sheep, have gone astray." "What man is there having a hundred sheep, if he lose one?" etc. And so, just here, how gloriously shines out the truth: "The Lord my Shepherd; I shall not want." And what a sweet and strong assurance comes into the soul when we remember that Jesus is the Shepherd of our souls. No more fainting where He keeps. No more scattering abroad where He gathers. No more sorrowing around Him to see His works and hear His wondrous words. Of course, "the harvest" is, in the first place, that of the Jewish people.

But the figure extends itself over the ingathering of the Gentiles too. Always the harvest has been great. Always the laborers have been few. Always the reproach of the Church has been: "Some have not the knowledge of God. I speak this to your shame." 1 Cor. xv, 34.

V. 35. Now, we have two things, i. e.: 1. The Duty Enjoined; and 2. The Action to be Taken.

As to (1). Now, there can be no duty that does not rest on a preceding obligation. And the obligation, in this case, is covered by this word "therefore." The harvest is plentiful, but the laborers are few. They say, "Send us forth," for that is the word of the Lord. It is because the laborers are few, in presence of a plentiful harvest, that this duty becomes ours. And if it is asked: How that makes the duty ours? The answer is, that blessings bestowed on ourselves become the measure of our obligation to others. The more we are to be more exact than the Apostle's words: "As every man hath received the gift, even so, minister the same, one to another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God." 1 Pet. iv, 10. And no man estimates his gift aright until he has put it to the test of service, not for himself, but only as a steward. We are stewards.

And if it should be said: All this is true; but the Saviour's words apply to praying and not to ministering. The answer is very near at hand. It is not praying a very high order of ministering. He who prays the best, is always first in ministering. We do not speak to God for man; and in the other we speak to man for God. So that the "therefore" of the Master applies equally to both.

As to (2). This is the work of "the Lord of the harvest," alone. He only can "send forth." It is an authoritative sending—creating the desire, the purpose and the will to go. "The ministry I have to you is to call and ordain; lay a great purpose in the mind of God. Doubtless, everything was settled in that night's communion. Out of the mass of the disciples, Jesus chose twelve, whom He called Apostles, and whom He ordained and set out on their great commission. Mark states this commission somewhat more fully than Matthew. It took in three things: i. e.:

1. To be with Him; 2. To preach; and 3. To have power against unclean spirits, and to heal sicknesses. Mark iii, 14-15.

V. 36. We have these Apostles, i. e., by Matthew, by Mark, by Luke, and in Acts i, 15—though this last list does not contain the name of Judas Iscariot, who had destroyed himself before it was written. Each of these lists puts Peter first, and each of them says that Jesus called him first. Yet, were no serious question among them. Yet, were no serious question among them. Yet, were no serious question among them. Yet, were no serious question among them.

V. 37. The little band stood now complete. And as Jesus sent them forth, only two restrictions were placed upon them: (a) Not to go into any city of the Samaritans. Their mission was to Jew alone—"the lost sheep of the house of Israel." And so Paul declared: "It was necessary that the word of God should first have been spoken to you." Acts xiii, 46. And one divine order is, "Go and teach the great city of the Samaritans. And when their fullness is brought in, their long promised and once rejected Messiah, shall gather all Israel to Himself. See Rom. xi.

V. 38. Their commission contained two things. They were to proclaim the kingdom of God at hand. And they were to work certain signs in proof of it.

These signs were healing the sick, casting out devils, precisely those to which Jesus pointed the messengers of Jesus as a certain proof that He was the coming One. Matt. x, 6, 7.

Now they were empowered to work these signs on the authority of Jesus alone. They were to announce the kingdom, and work these signs in proof of it. And they were to do this "freely."

GENERAL LESSON.

1. The very plain about it, i. e.:

He was chosen to the Apostleship with a full knowledge of his character. "Have not I chosen you twelve? And one of you is a devil." And

He spent three years in personal attendance on the Lord Jesus.

Here is a wide field for very profitable meditation. Cornelius was brought to Jesus out of the temptations of the Roman camp. Judas went "to his own place" out from the very presence of Jesus. The truth is, God about Jesus, revealed or rejected, is the one single turning point in every one's life and destiny.

2. All the treasures of the Kingdom of God, all the gifts of his great salvation, are "without money and without price." Of infinite cost to Him, but free as the air to us. They are all freely given to us of God. And because they are so given to us; we, in our turn, must give what we can by the same measure and rule.—Lesson Helper.