he hour that come knocking at our doors,

the hour that come knocking at our doors, how many of its use up the twelve hours in the pursuit of schemes whose one purpose is for self and sel, alone. Busy we may be, but so busy with the affairs of self that we have no time to spend for the common good, for the needs of man, or the glory of God. 'I welve hours' and all of them strangled upon the alter of self—not one given up to God, to wing its way upward like incense lefore the eternal throne!

Look back upon the week that is gone, with its treasury of hours, and what record have they left upon the tablets of the soul? Low many hours of last week winessed

ow many hours of last week wi nessed ou on tour knees before God? How many

hours did you give to prayer? How many hours did you give to studying the Bible? How many to thinking thoughts of love and transiting them into deeds of kindness? How many to eruetfying self and

enthroning Christ? How many? Perhaps not even one. And yet on these hours we are building character for eternity; out of these hours is growing that immortal self with which at last we must stand before the judgment scat of God. Twelve hours

the judgment seat of God. Twelve hours in the day to work out your salvation, and how many men are using these twelve hours in working out their perdition:

How, then, are we going to redeem our cays, make the larget of those twelve hours, so that at last no upbraiding memory shall

recall them with sorrow and shame?

this power to use time argist means that we are to fill up tach separate hour with some determined, conscious effort. That would be impossible, and, even if it were

possible, it would turn us into self-con-scious prigs and moral pedants. You can-not detach every hour and say, as Frank'in said in his diary, that this hour will be de-

said in his diary, that this hour will be of voted to such an such a duty, that he to some other quity, and so on. That would destroy a great deal of the inspiration of life and would term existence into a griming machine. No, the hours he to be redeemed, not so much by what we do deemed, not so much by what we do

deemed, not so much by what we do in them as by the spirit we bring to them. by

the temper in which we use them. Let every day he begun with its season of spe-

every Gay he begun with its season of spe-cial prayer. Let it have its moments shut off for communion with God. And then these moments, however brief, of conse-crated prayer, will give a tonic to the rest of the day hich will make impossible that Ripport dissipation of time which is so

produces a sense of urgency, a spirit of naste, if you like, but not a spirit of harry It intensifies the thought that time is short

us to character.

twelve hours of the day

Around to-day.

Fill the pace with loving work,
And therein stay.

Look not through the sheltering bars
Jpon to-morrow;
God will help thee bear what comes

Of joy or sorrow."

With some of us here this evening the day of life is young. The morning light still lends freshness to your youthful ardor. But with others of ve it is already the eleventh how; the eleventh how in ite's busy day. Although we know it not, the dusk of time is falling fa. The twither dusk of time is falling fa.

the dusk of time is falling fa ... The twi-light of our years a deepening and high up in the beliry of the soul "The curiew tolls the knell of passing day."

THE LONG CORRIDOR.

By JOHN M. OSKISON.

Richard Dumble, the millionaire brewer, fell in love with Henrietta Schoulor he knew that his father would oppose their marriage. He was a sophomore at Harvard, and Henrietta was studying music with Mallame Frisonne in Boston. Mrs. Sears, the girl's chaperon and aunt, had warned the youth that the attachment must be broken. "Not that I or Mrs. Schouler object for you are a nice boy, Edwin; but your father would rather see you dead than allied to the Schoulers by marriage. Why? I can't tell you-go and ask your father."

So Edwin, hurriedly packing a bag, rushed to his parent's big New York office, blurted out the story of his love for the pretty music student and demanded the reason for the anticipated opposition. There was a quarter of an hour of storming-an incoherent damnation by the old man of everything connected with the Schoulers, and a sweening characterization of the family that brought the young man to feet almost screaming with ragebefore an explanation was offered. Then old Dumble said, tersely:

Old Schouler was my secretary once. He married a woman of no family an adventurers who has been trying to get a hold on me ever since. This daughter has been shipped from St. Louis to Boston to study this folde-rol French singing, and-mark my words, my boy-and to take you in! In! You've been taken in, too, easily enough."

"But," the old man's voice was raised in anger, "you must not see that creature again!

"Creature!" cried young Dumble, starting up from his chair. "Sir, you must not say that again! Henrietta Schouler is the dearest, best girl on earth, and-" Edwin controlled himself with an effort.

There is no use wasting words between us," said the father, speaking quietly now. "I can never consent to your marriage with that girl-I cannot consent to have you see her again Mrs. Sears agrees with me. Now, will you give me your word as a gentleman-as no son-not to try to see her if you go bac ... Combridge?"

"No," replied the son. "I love Henrietta better than my own life. I shall marry her, whatever you say Then, for a time, the two stood face to face. The father turned from his gaze and began to pace the thickly carpeted floor of his big office, and press measuring the opposite limit 4 room. And so, for half an hour. last the old brewer stopped to fa son add say:

te determined that this shall not take place. do well not to try to force it. I am prepared to go to any extent to shall thwart every attempt you make | down that fatal corridor. see the girl and will make it lutely impossible for you to marry her. I hope you will recover from this madness."

The old man's tones were so ever so controlled, that the boy suspected a disposition to yield. He began to plead, saying that the girl was worthy beautiful-everything desirable. But the thunder cloud becan to gather and the incoherent pleading was stopped "Go now, my son, before we quarre

further," said the old man, quietly. Young Edwin went back to Cam bridge, leaving his father to an hour of fierce anger, then a night of active planning. When the rumble of the milk carts in the deserted streets announced the morning, the old man went home and to bed with a smile of confidence.

"It will be unusual, and a little hard to manage, but it won't hurt them! he muttered before going to sleep.

Mrs. Sears, co-plotted with Mrs. Schouler, was entirely satisfied with the result of Edwin's visit to his fath. er ; the youth came back to her with a pitiful pleading to be allowed to see Henrietta. But she had to deny him, she said. Her plan was to force an elopement, and the boy must be goaded to a very frenzy of desire. She privately determined to allow their next attempted meeting, which was due within two days. But when that time arrived she was thunderstruck to find that another plotter had entered the game; that Henrietta had been, in some inexplicable way spirited away from her home, half an hour before the young man made his back-yard entry to a deserted first-floor parlor.

As the youth opened the Searses front door on the evening following his buglarious entry, the girl's aunt met him, wild-eyed and distrought. "Oh, where have you taken Henriet ta? where is the child " Mrs. Sears

was in an agony of fear. "1?" queried the astonished boy. "I have not seen her for months. Oh! what has become of her-why did I not see her last night?" Mrs. Sears promptly fainted, and was given over to the care of her maid. Edwin could get nothing more from her. But he was determined to find Henrietta and

marry her at once. In a delirium of fear for the girl and rage at his own stupidity, he started to walk back to his rooms in Cambridge He never got to them. He disappeared from the college world as completely as though the earth had opened to awallow him.

On the top of Cardigan Mountain, in New Hampshire, a stern-faced old man directed the labors of two score of workmen. This horde had suddenly descended upon the peaceful hill village two days before, and straightway egan the erection on the mountain top of a curiously divided, substantial structure, where, it was acnounced, a

as a matter of snow formation and ipitation, it was said, to which easor Butler was interested, so days from the appearance of the workmen, the last nail was driven and a train of wayons, loaded with a winter's supply of food and clothing. Trust that could was started for the top. And that clutching at was

Commence and a second When Edwin Dumble, son of old | evening when the darkness blotted out every feature of the landscape the old man appeared with a clinging, fright- of both. A sort of desperate restlessened-looking girl, on the mountain top. On the next evening, the darktop. On the next evening, the darkness blotting everything from view as before the old man brought up a younger man, to be, as he said, assistant to the professor. Then, with a corps of closenouthed helpers, the experimenters shut themselves away from the world

> heavy doors-the third, fronting the precipice, had abundant light and ventilation. And between the two structures, opening into each, was a long, covered corridor, lighted from the north, but through which, when it was completed, no man could pass.

Old Richard Dumble, who had assumed the role of the professor, took his son to the end of this strange corridor, and, pointing to the door that loomed at the other end, said: "In the room at the end of this long

passage is the foolish young girl you profess to love better than your own This door here, as you see, is open, and will be left unlocked. Youder door is likewise freely passable. But between these doors is this strange passage, through the floor of which, when either of you tries to pass, you will fall upon the rocks 500 feet below. I have had marked upon this passage floor the point beyond which you may not go without breaking through. On the gir.'s side I have taken the same precaution.

"I shall keep you was up here until you are tired of this were you call loving. I can trust my weepers. I have overything ready to was you a year if necessary. Whenever you are ready come to me and swear that you have banished all thought of Miss Schooler from your mind I will have you both released, send you back to Harvard. and make a man of you.

"But if, in reality, you love one anoth c better than life you have only to ich together through this passage to a romantic death. Rather than to see you mated with that girl, I would come up to this mountain when the panic of wonder, snow is gone in the spring and gather your bleached bones off the rocks. You won't do anything so foolish, I know, and so good-hye, my boy, until you send for me."

The old man went out hurriedly, choking a little over the last words. A ponderous lock grated as the father's prevent it. Now, go back to Cambridge form disappeared through the door, with this thought before you always: I and the boy turned to gaze, fascinated,

Presently, as he watched the form of Henrietta Schouler at the opposite door, and he started forward impulsively in an ecstacy of welcome. When the girl saw her lover, she, too, strainted forward a pace, and then reoiled with a cry of terror. That telltale maker which the old brewer had showed her stretched its impalpable barrier almost under her feet.

On his side, Edwin approached the white line with an unnatural caution. With his toe on the edge, he felt the ragile floor quake and sway. He crept back to the doorway, a blind animal terror clutching him, and the sweat eading on his forehead. He stood for a moment gazing at the face framed beside his father's, in that other prison door. He stretched his arms toward the girl, and cried out to his father for pity. The man finished his talk to the girl and went out paving no more heed to the boy's cries than to

Then, for the two young people, began the most curious imprisonment that a prosaic twentieth century chronicle has ever recorded. In an age that fostered intrigue and inquisition, old Dumble would have been a master plotter. Now he was a shrewd, rich old autocrat with a purpose in view which he was determined to accomplish as quickly as possible. Thus reasoned the old man: "On

in a thousand cases, perhaps, a man and a woman will rove one another better than life. In this practical age, though, the proportion may be down to one in ten thousand. What youth mistakes for the divine passion, lasting through and beyond the span of life, is the impatience of young years, the desire of a child for the moon, the changing whim of an eager age. Fan this quick flame to white heat and it will soon die to cold asher. Now, if Edwin is of the nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine, he will soon wear out this love in daily sight of his desired one, and come back to me a wise boy; and no law will be broken-the girl will go unharmed. If he is the one in ten thousand, and the girl is the one in five thousand (for that sex is certainly more impulsive). why then-but pshaw! he isnt."

The brewer knew humanity passing rell, and watched his experiment with confidence. Old Schouler was wild at the disappearance of his daughter; the little world in which the Schoulers and Mrs. Sears moved was in a turmoil; but-old Richard Dumbleis world had a wider orbit! No suspicion attached to the old man, and the world or that part of it that fretted over the young people's affairs, had to fall

back upon the theory of an elopement. Deserted by the world, ministered to by grim, close-mouthed servants, supplied with the comforts and amus nents of normal young people-Edwin with books and gymnasium apparatus; Henrietta with music, the latest novel, mbroidery-the two prisoners passed their days is maddening proximity. The corridor was far too long to permit the tender whisperings that lovers commonly use; indeed, there was always the bellowing wind as rival in

did they say but that love was always rewarded in the end Music, such as she knew, spoke to Henrietta of love that blossomed in a free young breast, and here the blasts that whirled up that precipice face turned her plaintive faces of the servants, passing in and out, silently, except for the jangling of the big keys, oppressed the spirits ness possessed the lovers-they paced their rooms, in and out of those corri-

pair came upon them.

The earth was released from the girp ful New Hampshire hills. At last the bright jewels on a warm, full bosom.

Life, throbbing, new, eternal, the flame of love to white heat. The decrees of man seemed impotent, unreal. Heaven sent love, the cry of man to maid, and of the spring to young hearts, swept the lovers' reason and fear to the winds. A great cry range from the winds. A great cry range from the winds. A great cry range from the winds. fear to the winds. A great cry rang out from the boy's lips; "My love, do you rear death?" And the answer, keyed to an emitant pitch

"Not with you, my sweetheart! "Ah- then come." With the words, Edwin sprang forward to meet the oncoming rush of the mad girl. One step over the white dead line, and the floor was creaking like thin icc. Two steps, and it was swaying like a showman's net. With the touch of hand to hand, the frail foundation splintered and fell with a crash, in which were mingled the terrifled scream of the girl and the exultant cry of the infatuated lover.

"Sir, my master bade me give you his paper, whenever you appeared Dazed, uncomprehending, Edwin Dumble glanced up from a tangle of broken beams to see a close-buttoned, deferential servant at his side, extending to him a square folded paper. His eyes sought wildly for Henrietta. She was lying near him in an incongruous heap, looking about in a panic of wonder.

The youth opened the paper and read:

"If you are the one in ten thousand, what I must call the fragality of Christ, and the devil in the for God on the devil in. Twelve hours! Sufficient to do like a dutier in, hat not sufficient to do like a dutier in, hat not sufficient to do like a dutier in, hat not a moment too much, not a second too many.

It was Jesus Christ who saked that question. Have you never been struck with it must call the fragality of Christ.

above the sawdust-covered ground on which he sat!-New York Evening

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The famous Maelstrom whirlpool is four geographical miles in diameter,

Sheep used as beasts of burden in North India carry twenty pounds weight aptece.

In the kitchen of a house recently mearthed at Pompell was found a fireplace with a kettle on its grate just as it was left by some Pompelian housewife over 1,800 years ago.

Lewis D. Hollenbach, of Jordan, Pa. has a nig which he offers to match against any hound in the state as a rabbit hunter. He says the plg can follow a scent with any dog living.

The amount of salt used annually in the curing of Gloucester (Mass.) fish production has been about thirty-two housand tens, most all of which have een imported from Trapani by local

If the sun were hollow it could hold sparc. I want, of course, this evening to emfive hundred thousand globes the size of our earth and an eve capable of viewing ten thousand square miles an hour would require fifty-five thousand years to see all its surface.

A botannical clock, a very pretty ower, has been discovered in the tethmus of Tehuantepec. In the morning it is white, at noon it is red, and at night blue; and the changes of color are so regular that the time of day can be told from the tint of the flower.

Bees Too Smart for Him.

One of our neighbors has a num her of years past derived a very satisfactory revenue from the industry of his bees. His farm is a village lot 50 by 200 feet, in a sheltered corner of which he keeps a few colonies of bees. With the numerous families he has always lived in the most perfeet harmony of purpose, and each individual seems to know and respect him, however warlike they may appear to strange faces. When all the boxes were filled this season they were replaced by others, as is the usual custom. This operation did not commend itself to the bees, as it taxes their proverbial industry to too great an extent in a season of few lowers, like the past.

Seemingly, a council was held and the question of a winter's supply of food duly considered and soon carried into effect. Some wise bee found a small hole in the attic, where 100 or more pounds of honey was stored. At once all the forces of the colonies were summoned, and with determination that knows no failure they transferred every particle of honey from the garret to the new bares on the hives. A few days ago, when our bee food duly considered and soon carried tion that knows no failure they transhives. A few days ago, when our bee farmer went to the garret for a supthe bellowing wind as rival in ally to fill an order, he found he had change of vows. But there was been noticed. No, it was not robbery!

Books mocked the young man-what A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

AN INTERESTING DISCOURSE BY THE REV. DONALD SAGE MACKAY.

notes to a thin wailing. The grim Subject: "The Value of a Day"- We Should Not Waste Effort in Talking Platitudes About the Sitortness of Time-Let Us Be Up and Doing

Kew York City.—A sermon preached Sunday evening by the Rev. Dr. Donald Sage MacKay in Collegiate Church, Fifth avenue and Forty-eighth street, had for its subject "The Value of a Day." The text was from John xi:9: "Are there not twelve hours in the day?" Dr. MacKay said. dor doors, up to the line beyond which it were death to pass, and a great deswhere the world attretched away from in the day? Dr. stackay said:

Whater gave way at last to spring, My text this evening is Christ's definition of a day: "Are there not twelve hours where the world attretched away from in the day?" And what of it? you ask, This much at least: The day is a great deal

shut themselves away from the world and were buried in the snow on the mountain top.

The mythical Professor Butler's experiment station was constructed in a peculiar way. Two low-roofed, solidly anchored structures, identical is size and shape, were set on the very edge of a precipice that dropped sheer 500 fet. Three walls of each structure were windowiess, unbroken save by heavy doors—the third feetings to the world windowiess. The day is a great deal their view a thousand feet below, the lowers are the view a thousand feet below, the lowers are the view a thousand feet below, the lowers are the view a thousand feet below, the lowers are the same to renew the lovers one of the oldest of moral reflections, which forever dwells upon the shortness of time and the switchess of time from the oldest of moral reflections, which forever dwells upon the shortness of time and the switchess of time shortness of time and the switchess of time and th The earth was released from the girp of the snow, and young leaves came out to clothe the trees on the beautiful New Hampshire hills. At last the little lakes that dotted a broad green valley shone up to the prisoners like bright jewels on a warm, full bosom. Life, throbbing, new, eternal, woke the flame of love to white heat. The

> mpotence is forever bewaiting the short-ness of time, its loss of opportunities in the past and its smallness of opportunities in the present. "O, if I had only done so and so twenty years ago, how much better off I had been to day," one man exclaims, and he sits down in a sort of sentimental fatalisms beautiful for the state of the stat ism, bewailing his unhappy lot, making no real effort to better it. To such a man Christ says in effect, "Never mind the past; this says in enect, Never mind the past; it is gone; you cannot recall it; but are there not tweive hours in the day? Do the best you can with this day and its precious hours." Vain regrets for the past are the worst kind of dissipation of the present.
>
> But, on the other hand, these words not have a transfer shades that received. But, on the other hand, these words not less strongly rebuke that opposite spirit, which, because life seems to stretch through a long visits of seventy or eighty years, is prodigal of its time, thinks that the duties of the present can well enough be mortgaged on the opportunities of the future. What coes it matter, after all, if a young man squanders a few years in suwing his what does it matter, after all, it a young man squanders a jew years he suwing his wild oats? Nature is generous. You can bank on her resources. A few years of mis spent time—well, it won't matter twenty years after this. So in effect many men argue. So they stake life and immortality on the chances of the future. And

"If you are the one in ten thousand, and risk death for the girl, you deserve her. Go and be married, and come to me at once. I hope you will not be hurt by the splinters.

"RICHARD DUMBLE."

"Splinters-" What kind of an afterdeath dream was this? Then young Dumble looked up to see the gaping shole in the corridor hardly six feet ments, that nothing be lost." He was anxious for the crumbs. Frugal, not parsimo nious, He realized the value of the little

nious, He realized the value of the little things in life.

So, too, in this m tter of time. From everlasting to everlasting He is God. "Before Abraham was, I am," the heir of all the ages. And yet He counts life by its hours, twelve hours in the day, while we, the frail, helpless children of a day, presume to measure life by its years. How o'd are you? And the young man in the emberance of his vitality counts life by its years, and replies: "Twenty, thirty years old." "How old art thou? said Pharaoli to the aged Jacob. And the patriarch, though is was 137 years old at the time, counted his life by its days, and Jacob said unta Pharaol. "Year adverted." counted his life by its days, and Jacob said unto Pharaoh: "Few and evil have the days of the years of my pilgrimage been." It was by its days that the old man reck-oned life.

So, too, you remember the prayer of Moses: "So teach us to number," not our years, but "our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

Have you ever noticed how much more keenly this sense of the value of a day is forced home upon us the nearer we come to eternity? It is when the soul stands upon the shore of a boundess eternity that it begins to think of how much a day, an hour, - moment means, "A million of money for an inch of time," cried the great English queen, after six. long years on a throne. A million of money for an inch of time! The nearer we get to eternity the more precious the momenta become. And Christ, who lived in the atmosphere of eternity and who alone hath immortality. Christ, who lived in the atmosphere of eternity and who alone hath immortality, rounted life by its hours, twelve hours in the day—enough, but not enough and to

"The curfew tolls the knell of passing day."

And yet through the silence of this eleventh hour, through the shadowed marketplace of your life's activities, you may hear
to-night the voice of infinite love and tenderness calling, and calling yet again:
"Why stand ye here all the day idle." It is the eleventh hour, and Christ claims that
eleventh hour. Redeem the time in His
service. Consecrate it to Pis glory, and
you will in nowise lose your reward. Today if ye will hear. His voice—and remember, "There are twelve hours in the day." I want, of course, this evening to emphasize especially the spiritual aspect of this subject, and yet it cannot be out of place altogether to remember that this power of using the hours of a day and gathering up these precious fragments of time, frequently called "odd moments," is really the secret of some of the most successful lives. One of the striking testimonials of hiography, indeed, is this, that a great many enduring reputations in the world have been built out of the "odd moments" of life. Men otherwise long since forgotten are remembered to day for what they achieved in odd moments, in the twelve hours of the day. One of the best translations of Lucretius, the great Latin writer, was the work of a busy London Affletion That Pays.

A paalmist once said: "It is good for me hat I have been afflicted; that I might learn Thy statutes." He might not have sought the ways of God had he not found his own ways hedged about him. His experience was that of a great number of men who discovered riches in affliction, which were otherwise not to be found. The depth chuman love ind sympath; would never be known were it n t for affliction. Through sorrow there has eften ture a wealth of love and affection, marvelous r its sweetness, and power. It we until he was afflicted that the profile. twelve hours of the day. One of the best translations of Lucretius, the great Latin writer, was the work of a busy London doctor while going his daily round among his patients. A great musicain earned French and Italian white riding from one musical bugil to another. Kirke White learned Greek while walking to and from a lawyer's office, so that he was enabled to graduate with honors in the university. One of the ablest legal treatises in the French language was written by a man in the somewhat depressing interval which precedes the serving of the evening meal, after he had come home from his office, summourrant caugus numsert synteen ancient languages while writing for the horses to be shod in his blacksmith shop. Such examples teach us forcibly enough how alumdant are the hours of the day for the noblest tasks of life, if we would but seek grace to use them aright. "Redeeming the time." says the apostle. How many of us ask God's grace each day we rise, to use the twelve hours aright, for His glory and for the benefit of our fellow men?

Do we realize this privilege of twelve hours a day sufficiently? I am quite sure if we did we should not say so often as we do that we have no time. We should not waste so much time in falliang olatitudes about the shortness of time. We should be up and doing, living life in carnest, and not in apasms. Let think how many of love and affection, marvelous v its sweetness, and power. It was until he was afflicted that the power of the glory of the ac'y law. It is a mailliction also that the vory of human love shines out, richer by far because it is charged with the holy love of God. Yes, it is a dear price to pay but in the after-glow we shall by able to say that it was worth naving.—Bantist Union. paying.-Baptist Union.

sta'ed that the Navy Department propores to retire the battleships "Ore gon," "Indiana," "Massachusetts" and "Texas" to the purposes of coast defence in 1908. The "Oregon" launched only in 1896, so that her life as a first-class fighting ship will only twelve years. The "Oregon" com \$5,000,000, but the battleships are now costing \$8,000,000. Any war ship now becomes virtually obsolete in a dozen or fifteen years, and we must figure on practically a new navy at the end of that period, A merchant atonmer lasts on the average twenty years. It is

WOMAN IN MEDICINE. THE RESPONSIBLE POSITIONS

SHE NOW HOLDS,

the mazes of selfish indulgence and seutimental fancy. Twelve hours in the day, and how many lost in foolish dreaming?

Think, too, what waste in goasy, in needless, thoughtless talk. It is not that we are deliberate scandal-mongers, but simply that to pass the time we indulge in a kind of talk about our neighbors and friends, the results of which for evil are greater than we may ever know. Who can estimate the reputations that have been wrecked, the lives of promise that have been erippled, the usefulness for good in the world that has been checked by the retailing of evil slander throughout the twelve hours of the day?

Once more, think of the hours consumed in the puranit of merely selfish pleasure, Indifferent to the bitter cry of outcast humanity, callous to the great moral needs of the hour that come knocking at our doors, Cases of Prejudice Against Women Practitioners Excite Comment -Proof of Their Rarity-The Advance In England-India Absorbs Hundreds of Women.

number of women studying medicine in this country as 1,219. The number seems insignificant compared with the 25,538 men medical students reported and in consideration of the growing regard in which women doctors are held. It may be said that the last remnant of prejudice against them has vanished in the United States, and, with occasional exceptions, in England. The case of Dr. Ethel Vernon occupied a good deal of space in the London papers recently, showing the rareness of prejudice there. Dr. Vernon was appointed to fill a vacancy in the staff of the Western Dispensary, Westminster, but her appointment was cancelled at the end of six weeks because the honorary consulting surgeon, a man of high standing in the profession, resigned rather than serve with a woman. It was frankly admitted that Dr. Vernon's qualifications were higher than the man's whose name had been proposed for the appointment, that she was very popular with the rest of the staff and with the patients and the Board of Governors came in for considerable criticism from medical men. The consulting surgeon's triumph was voted an altogether unenviable one. In an article written by Dr. Helen

McMurchy of Toronto, Canada, in American Medicine, tribute is paid to the courtesy shown by many men doctors from the beginning. "It is not to be forgotten that if women have learned the art of healing, man have taught it to them, in the first instance, at least. Many medical men did this willingly and cheerfully, some did it con amore, with a generous enthusiasm." A notable instance given is the founding of the London School of Medicine for Women. In 1869 five women applied for admission to the Edinboro, and regulations were passed permitting them to enter. The Senarrange for the instruction of the women, asserting that the University Court had exceeded its legal power in admitting them. The five women brought action against the university, les lost on appeal. They then went to London, where they - - - friend in one of the prominent physi-tans then in practice, Dr. Austie. Ne was not only a distinguished practitioner and writer, but possessed great personal influence. In his house was

It intensifies the thought that time is short and yet enough for each one of us to do something for God. It is that leeting of urgency in regard to each day as it comes that it should leave the record of something, attempted, something given for God and our fellow men, that gives richness to hie, a beauty to character, a sunny radiance to the soul, that makes earth the threshold of heaven. Nothing is more disgusting than to meet people who simply loaf through life, without any sense of urgency. As the saying goes, they do not care whether school keeps or not. They are not worried about the orid's necessities. What we want is this sense of urgency. Time is short, and yet long enough with prayer to do something that the first thing that prayer brings to the translet house of the day. held a private meeting, at which was founded the first medical school for women in Great Britain. Dr. Anstle had drawn so many eminent men and women to the meeting that the sucthe first thing that prayer brings to the cess of the movement was assured, twelve hours of the dey.

The second thing is a sense of calmness, a spirit of serenity. How aften we fret and worve beneath the pressure of life!

The friction of care reduces the effectiveness of our energy. Many men are wearing themselves out before their time, simply and within a few weeks the school was started, with twenty-three students and a remarkable staff of in finished its course hospital instruction because they have this hallucination that there is not time enough. They get into a fever of worry because the days are too short. But prayer brings to us the thought that God has given us time enough, and all He asks from us is to live and work by the day. In His service we are only day laborers. With to morrow we have nothing to do. The command is, "Go, work to-day," and the promise is "I will pay you a penny a day." God's wages are paid, not by the month nor the week, but by the day. Each day brings its duty, but each day brings its grace and strength and blessing as well:

"Build a little fence of trust

Around to-day. in the Royal Free Hospital was seecause they have this hallucination tha cured for women, and the University and roofed with thatch. of London decided to admit to its medical examinations and degrees. The school has now 200 students

and its graduates have taken thir of English women doctors. The Lady Dufferin fund enables thousands of are needed in this practice alone. Several native rulers, as for instance the enlightened Nizam of Hyderabad, have established hospitals for women in their states, and are glad to get English women doctors to serve in them. There are in all 247 hospitals, dispensaries, etc., in India, entirely under the charge of women. A woman doctor, Mrs. Stewart-Deacon, has recently been appointed Government officer of health for the Gold Coast Colony, Africa, a position which involves the inspection of a number of towns. Assistant medical officers in the Quarantine Departments at Port Said and Suez are women. In plague duty in India and at the South African concentration camps women doctors are employed, and one of these. Dr. Alice Cathorn, who had

charge of the General Plague Hospital at Poona, has recently been given the Kaiser-i-Hind medal for public service. At least three English women physicians have been thus honored. should be remembered," writes Dr. MacMurchy, "that much of the distinction and success of English women physicians is due to the fact that they and their friends founded the New Hospital, officered entirely by women and that the work done by the doctors there in advanced surgery, medicine, clinical teaching, and the various departments of specialitats' work showed that these higher walks of medicine

were not beyond them." In Great Britain, as in America, wo men physicians serve as medical officers on charity boards, in insane asylums, etc. The general post-office has for years employed Dr. Edith Shove to look after the health of the women clerks. As inspectors of boarded-out children, resident doctors at children's institutions and general health super visors in girls' schools they are great ly in demand.

On the Continent the woman doctor is slowly but steadily pushing her way. Four hundred and six women are studing medicine in Germany, but their position is rather difficult, as they are only allowed to attend lectures under humiliating conditions. In 1901 two women passed the state examination for medical practitioners in Freiburg, Baden, and are said to be the first to be admitted to the profes sion in Germany. In Russia, on the other hand, many

women practitioners hold Governm appointments. The Poor Law Service, the County and City Medical Service, and the Municipal Ambulance Service all have women on their staff.

them, it is said, is physician to the queen. In Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, and, the Slav countries the labors of medical wo men have received approbation and reward. There are several successfully pfactising in Turkey, Egypt, Persia, and the East. An English woman is

reported to be court physician in Co

Of the opportunities offered to women in medicine on this side of the The last report of the United States Atlantic it is hardly necessary to Commissioner of Education gave the speak at length. It is not difficult for a woman to obtain a first-class medi cal education either in the United States or in Canada. The examinations and degrees of all Canadian universities are open to women, and

the Woman's Medical College at Toconfo has been available since 1883. The number of appointments open to American women is large, and is constantly increasing. In Massachusetts as far back as 1884 a state onactment made the appointment of wo men as assistant physicians in insane asylums mandatory. New York state provides many places for women physicians. Until recently no city hospital admitted women internes, but since Gunverneur took the lead others will undoubtedly follow. The work of Dr. Emily Dunning has been highly spoken of at Converneur, where she has served nearly two years. She took her turn at ambulance duty, and performed many difficult and not altogether agreeable emergency district operations on the streets; the Gouverneur district including a part of the town noted for its casualities.

There are close to eighty names of omen physicians in the business directory of New York. In the Greater city there must be several hundred women in practice.-New York Post.

OFF FOR THE FRONT.

The Leavetakings of Russian Soldiers and of These of the Mikado.

Before leaving for the seat of war both the Japanese officers and men attend a special service, with the object of appealing for the success of their arms.

It is considered a great honor for the emperor to instruct officers who are commanded to go to a holy place, which he appoints. The religious be lasfs of the Japanese people are divided into two heads-the Shinto and the Buddhist- and the former means literally "the way of the gods." Apostles of this creed believe that if they perform a valiant deed in the service of their country they will after death become gods, and thus the officers who usually attend the Kashi Ko on a friend Dora pray that strength may be given them to do something heroic.

Shinto, Japan is held to be the to be the control to be the descendant and actual representative of the Sun it there also seems to be mixed up system of hero worship, many renowned warriors and other persons of ancient days being exalted into demigods; it thus tends to increase the feeling of rescrence for the dead.

Throughout the country the Shinto and are as a rule made out of white wood, unadorned by brilliant coloring as in Buddhist temples,

Japanese private soldiers go to the Shokonsha to pray, and the ceremony consists of supplications that they may do their duty, while at the end share of honors both in England and three hearty cheers are given for the abroad. India absorbs the majority emperor. The streets on such occasions are crowded with the soldlers swethearts, waiting to bid them goodpoor women to avail themselves of by, and as their modesty is generally medical aid, and many women doctors a barrier to a final embrace, the parting takes the form of a low bow and a

Russian officers and soldiers under before they leave to pray for the ultimate success of their arms. Special prayers are read; the one most generally used is, "Blessed be God, holy and immortal. Have mercy upon us. Our cause is a just one; therefore let us all pray to the Lord that He may strengthen our arms in order that we may gain a victory over our ene mies, with all their wiles. May we be Imbood with great courage to overthrow our enemies, and may God open their eyes to the importance of peace."

The service is not a lengthy one, rarely lasting more than 20 minutes. Frequently, before setting out for the Far East, Russian priests sprinkle the soldiers with holy water, and many believe that the rite renders them invulnerable, or at least goes far to protect them from the enemy's bullets. -London Daily Mail.

Llexieff, Viceroy of Russia. Admiral Alexieff first comes into prominence in the years following the

China-Japanese war of 10 years ago, when Japan invaded and effectively occupled southern Manchuria, including the Liao-tung peninsula, vividly called in Chinese, "The Regent's Sword." Japan demanded from China the whole of Manchuria, as well as Formosa and the adjacent Pescadores islands, and a heavy cash indemnity. China consented to the cession of southern Manchuria and Formosa, but asked for a remission of a part of the cash. Then Russia came into the story with Germany on the one arm and France on the other. Japan was forced off the Asian mainland, but took a large payment from China in lien of Manchuria, with a Russian guarantee for its liquidation. At that point, with the signing of the Shimphoseki treaty, the present quarrel in the Far East began. thwarted hopes turned to steady ha tred of Russia, and a desire to be revenged, soon or late. She at once venge, and faced the problem with horoughness and imaginative breadth. Japan arranged to have built in Engfour of the heaviest and strongest battleships the world had yet seen, with two somewhat smaller ones and six powerful armored croisers. Russia naw that these preparations were ed at her, and began to build up a

THE PROSAIC AGE.

if dairymaids wore diamonds,
And shepherds evening dress;
If "sweetly scented roses"
Resembled watercress;
If thrushes censed to "warble,"
And skies to "smile in blue;" If megdows discontinued Whatever 't is they do;

If "bounding ocean billows" Should "sweep no more the sail fall the "moonlit evenings" Were in receivers' hands: If larks grew pessimistic,
And every "summer breeze"
Should join a labor union,
And rhyme no more with "tree.

If all the "sturdy peasants" Hall the "sturdy peasans Had derby hats and canes,
And every "lovely landscape"
Were packed with railway trains;
If "timid deer" the sidewalks
Of Broadway should elect,
And nightingales use language
Which parrots now affect;

If "gentle lambs" attacked you "rosy dawns" grew scarcer, And "blushing girls" extinct-Ah, me! poetic fancies No longer would be inked.

iust for **fun**



Gadsby-That fellow Noscads is a egular fortune-hunter, Raynor-Well, he's a mighty poor shot.-Judge.

"They are mere nobodies." "Are you quite sure? They look enough like nobodies to be somebodies."-Curioso-Your name is Ephraim, is

it? How'd your parents came to give you that name? Modestus-I don't know for certain, but I suspect it was because I was a boy.-Boston Trans-A great debt: Bragg-I owe nothing

o any man. Newitt-Oh, yes, you do. Bragg-No. sir! Newitt-Oh, yes. You owe an apology to every man who has to listen to you blow,-Philadel-Improvement at the gas office: "Did you have any luck when you went to omplain about the gas bill?" "Better

luck than last month," answered Mr. Meekton; "the man didn't laugh this "I understand," said one Corean, that we are to be seized." "Yes," anwered the other; "I love my country, but I wish it weren't so much like the

prize in a grabibag at a fair."-Washington Star. "Funny about Ralston wanting his former wife to get a divorce from her second husband so that they might been falling in love with other men's wives "-Ex. - -

What he would rather have expressed differently: Gushing lady-Oh, but Mr. Jones, I should love to be beautiful-even if for only half an hour! Jones-Yes; but you wouldn't like the

coming back again!-Punch. pensive animal." "Yes, I wish I had enough money to buy one." do you want with an elephant" don't. I merely expressed a wish for

the money."-Philadelphia Press. "Sometimes," said the poet, "I am almost afraid that I take myself too seriously." "Oh, well, never mind," eplied his kind-hearted friend, "there's o harm done if you do. Everybody else regards you as a joke."-Chicago ecord-Herald.

Before the Russian spy was shotthe officer who had captured him insisted on heart-to-heart talk. "You ay you have swallowed a number of plans, rather than be caught with them n your possession," ne remarked. 'Isn't eating paper in such quantities rather hard on the stomach?" to," replied the Russian. "I used to be the official taster in a breakfast food factory."-Cincinnati Times-Star.

Cynicism is never a native quality,

of the mind. It always has its birth in some unhappy experience. young man finds that the girl who has gathered up for him all the harmony and melody of earth rings hollow at the test, and he drops his lyrical language and becomes cynical of women. The citizen of Boston has naturally grown cynical of newspapers. The candidate for prolic office who has been definitely retired to private life by being "knifed" at the polls distrusts party politics. A man publishes a novel and thenceforth is cynical of the publishers of novels. Yet these misfortunes have their salutary aspect. The disappointed lover, generalizing bitterly upon the sex, is not always implacable. A cooler judgment tempers and restores his passion, gives it another object and so guides him to a gafer if less gusty and emotional love. The citizen of Boston, the betrayed candidate, the blighted young novelist, all have for their condition. even though they know it not, a valnable compensation, for the very eve that has brought them to this pass of reasonable cynicism has stirred their indignation—yes, in spite of their seeming inertness, indignation is now smoldering.—Arthur Stanwood Pier, in Atlantic Monthly.

Women's Losses in Rochester Fire. The terrible conflagration which laid low the main part of the section of the city brought or losses to a large number of w engaged in various lines of 1 In no other district would the fire h such a chance to work miss this alert, industrious part of the munity, and pitful indeed is teachers, manicurists, pattern and workers in embi work, etc., who saw their