

THE DRUMMER.

The drum of the drummer must not be dumb.
Rub-a-dub-dub-dub-dub.
"O mother, my mother, the time has come."
When a drummer must beat on his little brown drum.
A voice there is, and it calls to some—
Rub-a-dub-dub-dub-dub.
With a little drumstick in each brown hand.
Rub-a-dub-dub-dub-dub.
The drummer he drummed at the head of the band.
He drummed them to sea and he drummed them to land.
And he drummed the colors over the band—
Rub-a-dub-dub-dub-dub.

SYLVIA'S PET BURGLAR.

"Listen to me," said Sylvia. "You know I can never be more than a sister to you. I have a great regard for you, Percy, and have at times almost loved you. But you are so indolent, so lacking in spirit, that I can never be your wife. Our temperaments are so different. Let us remain friends, then, and never return to this topic again. If you do I shall excuse myself when you call. Now, what I wished to see you about is one of our new neighbors."

I had known Sylvia from boyhood. In the suburbs where we lived life was as quiet as in a country village. Living alone with an old housekeeper, my books and collections, I depended entirely upon Sylvia for woman's society. But I had failed to win her love. Her people thought a great deal of me—in fact, had always treated me as a son, and I was positive that my entrance into the family would have been hailed with satisfaction. But I was a bookish, indolent young man, with no desire for a strenuous life, and Sylvia was very strenuous. I believed even as I sat there disconsolate in my little drawing room that should I join a fire brigade, put up for parliament, or be arrested for scorching in my motor-car, the coils of love would burst into flame. But I simply could not do those things, and Sylvia remained a sister to me.

One point was in my favor. I had the entire to Sylvia's home at all times, and thus far no rival had presented himself. My only hope was to tire her out. Although placed above the need of earning my own living, I was not weak, merely too indolent to make an effort.

"You neighbor?" I prompted.
"Yes, our new neighbor. He's a burglar, you know," she explained, with much animation.
"Don't you find that inconvenient?" I suggested, trying to conceal my amazement.

"Oh, no! What's more, he is going to call on us," she replied.
"Do you tell me this to make me jealous?" I demanded.

"Don't be a gossip, Percy. I want you to know him and have him call on you. I told his wife that I would get your consent to have him call some night when you were out, when it wouldn't annoy you," she continued.
"To commit burglary in my house?" I gasped.

"Yes." And she nodded her sweet head eagerly.

"Sylvia," I said sorrowfully, "I wouldn't mind being vaccinated for your sake. You know, darling, but I've always loved—"

"No more of that, Percy," she interrupted sternly, "or I shall leave the room. I had supposed myself safe in promising a friend your hearty cooperation in anything I desired. But I have made a mistake we'll say no more about it."

I was crushed.
"I apologize, my dear— Beg pardon, don't go. Of course, Sylvia, if you have given your word, and are set on being burglarized, why let your friend come. I presume he is a stranger here, and has had bad luck in business. If I can help him I shall be pleased to do so. Is he young?"

"Oh, no! And she laughed gleefully at my obvious jealousy. "Let me explain. His wife is the dearest, sweetest little lady in the world. They have always lived happily together, but he is now suffering in his old age with a mild mental affliction. He is perfectly rational except at night, when he is seized with an irresistible desire to commit burglary. Barring that, he is a perfect dear of a man."

"Oh, he is not a self-made burglar, eh? Not a professional yet? Well, who else is to be practised upon?" I inquired, relieved to know he was not a dashing Claude Duval.

"Well," said Sylvia, checking off on her pink fingers, "he is coming here—to your place—"

"Thank you," I murmured.
"To Randall's," she continued, frowning, "and to Penderby's. There are four good places booked already. 'Is he busy?' I asked. 'Does he insist on calling at a different house every night in the week?'"

"Not at all. Some nights he won't even go out. The doctors say he will be cured within six months. Why, he used to use a dark lantern and take the most valuable things in the house. Now he goes out with a common lantern, with a big market basket on his arm, just like any honest man, and takes anything he comes across."

"But I will not have to sit up for him, will I?" I inquired, feeling that the old man would prove to be a bore.
"That's the best part of it!" she cried. "Just leave the side door unlocked, and don't pay any attention to his coming and going. Then on the next morning his wife will return everything he has taken."

"Stolen," I corrected.
"Not taken," she insisted.
"Just as you say, Sylvia. But, remember, if any one makes a complaint you and I will go to jail with him as accomplices. Seems as if he ought to draw up a confession setting forth the fact that we are innocent," I cautioned, for I did not like the idea of Sylvia mixing up in such schemes.

"It's purely a family affair," she said. "Besides, he hardly ever takes anything of value."

I ventured to doubt a little, but this

Personally there was nothing in Mr. Timbs, our burglar, to excite antipathy. He was a short, fat, placid-faced old gentleman, with a fringe of silver hair and the most innocent blue eyes imaginable. On two different mornings I saw his wife cheerfully returning the fruits of his night's work, and learned later that he had insisted on paying for the coal and milk. Then he came to me. I was awakened by a loud noise downstairs, and gained the first floor just in time to see him tugging away at a saddle-bag chair.

"Let me carry your basket and lantern and give you a lift," I offered, politely.

He smiled cheerily, and patiently waited till I slipped on some clothes. "Won't you come back?" I invited, when he had got the chair over to his house.

"I can't tonight," he said sorrowfully. "I've got to go to Randall's and get a bicycle, and I've half promised to call for Penderby's baby tonight. So, you see, I have my hands full."

Then he added, "So much to do, and so little time to do it in. I ought to have an assistant. If my wife wasn't so economical I'd have one. Business time of the year for me, and no one to aid me."

I left him after expressing my regrets, but took care to go after the chair in the morning. Mrs. Timbs thanked me for my forethought. She had just carried over a small sack of coal to Sylvia's home.

"But he's getting better fast," she declared enthusiastically. "I can remember when I had to carry things back on the sly, or it would break his heart."

"If it would soothe him at all to keep the chair—" I began.
"Oh, no! In the morning he doesn't remember anything about it. He would know it wasn't his property, and would worry as to how it came here. But I thank you for your kind offer."

In the afternoon I called on Sylvia, and found her admiring some lace.
"See!" she cried. "He took this, and must have rumpled it dreadfully, for he had a lot of potatoes in the same basket. But dear Mrs. Timbs washed and ironed it all out."

"How do you arrange for his visits?" I asked.
"Oh, we let him have the lower floor, and lock the doors at the head of the stairs. He is no use to our plans that he seldom disturbs us now."

"No, he may feel aggrieved and rap on the doors and ask for the keys. Then we tell him we can't find them in the dark. Oh, it's such fun! You see, he never knows when we get up what we will find missing. The next morning he cleared out the kitchen and pantry, and papa had to get his breakfast in town. And would you believe it, Mrs. Timbs wanted to pay for the breakfast!"

"She certainly is a generous woman and has a great deal to worry her," I assured her. But after this conversation I kept the upper part of the house locked.

Then passed lucky week with no visits. It was a great relief, as it spared me from calling on Mrs. Timbs every morning to catch my key to the longings. Her husband had stolen the saddle-bag chair on four consecutive nights, and on each occasion I was forced to help him carry it home. I told Sylvia that I could not stand it much longer; that she could not now accuse me of being indolent.

"Don't begrudge a good deed," she said.
"I don't," I replied. "Only he might take something less heavy."

I remember it was a Friday morning when I was aroused from a deep sleep by some one hammering on my front door. I looked out of the window, and to my great astonishment, beheld Sylvia's father.

"No one ill, is there?" I cried.
"No, sir," he said hoarsely. "I'm sick at heart for being an idiot. Sylvia's burglar took off \$2000 in bank notes from my library safe last night. I've been over to see him, and there's no one at home—at least, I can't arouse any one."

I hurried into my clothes and joined him.
"But I thought Timbs was almost cured!" I expostulated.
"Cure he is! Looks more as if his wife had the same ailment. Did he visit you last night?"

I hurried into the house, and on beholding the saddle-bag chair, was about to answer in the negative, when I thought of my collection. On opening the cabinet I saw that about \$400 worth of pearls was missing. I told Sylvia's father, and then hastened to Randall's house. Randall was a Jeweler. His losses he estimated at

about \$1000. Penderby was minus a gold watch and \$100 in money.

"I should say he was cured," grinned Randall sarcastically, after he had rushed to the police.

I found Sylvia in tears, but could not stop to comfort her, for her father and I had determined to try to find clues. A milkman told us he had met a silver-haired couple driving a foaming horse toward Bowberry, an adjoining town. We got a horse and trap and gave chase. Just two miles this side of Bowberry we sighted our quarry. Timbs was in the middle of the road, frantically tugging at the harness. As we drove up he sprang into his carriage—old whipped up the horse. But the harness broke again, and before he could repair it we were upon him. I grappled with him, and found to my surprise that he had muscles hard as steel. Back and forth we swayed, while Sylvia's father held Mrs. Timbs. I really believe my man would have beaten me if he had not tried to reach his side pocket. When he did that he loosened his grip on my throat and I threw him. After some farm laborers had come to our assistance we discovered that his pocket contained an ugly looking revolver.

On returning home we met some of the police.

Calls my Timbs, eh? Why, this is Tommy Rogers! There's a reward of \$50 for his capture! Better call and get it."

"And his wife?" sobbed Sylvia.
"And his wife?" he is, if possible," declared the officer.

"Sylvia," I suggested meekly, once we were alone and I had satisfied her I was uninjured, "don't you think I've been strenuous enough to win you?"

"Yes, dear," she whispered.—"New York News."

There is one leper for every 500 of the world's population.

A thread of spider silk is decidedly tougher than a bar of steel of the same size.

The first equestrian statue erected in London was of Charles I. in Whitehall, 1618.

Pope Pius X. has adopted a white dove, which was one of the pets of his predecessor.

Twelve years ago there were two thousand Japanese in the United States. Today there are 24,300.

British troops in India have lately celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of being permitted to wear mustaches.

A wine cask has just been built in California to hold ninety-seven thousand gallons. Its iron hoops weigh forty thousand pounds.

Captain Fritz-Egger, a Swiss cavalry officer, has invented a method of horse shoeing by fastening the shoe to the hoof with metallic bands.

There is a wild flower in Turkey which is the exact floral image of a hummingbird. The breast is green, the throat yellow, the head and beak almost black.

The coffee tree reaches its maximum of production in about twelve years, and should continue in full bearing for fifty years, though some trees are known to be as old as eighty-two years.

It has been estimated by an expert in the employ of the government that agricultural machinery reduces the number of men employed to do a given amount to one-third, while manufacturing machinery reduces the number to one-fifth.

Snyder, the biggest horse in the world, is owned in Cleveland, O. The horse is a Percheron gelding, foaled in 1900. He is the tallest horse in the world, standing twenty-one hands (7 feet) and weighs 2700 pounds, probably the heaviest horse in the world.

There is an elm tree in the department of Ardeche, France, which is vigorous and flourishing, though it has attained the patriarchal age of 793 years. According to official documents it was planted on the grave of a nobleman in the reign of King Philip III., about 1202.

A cow put to pasture in West Hanover, Mass., could not be found by her owner, Charles Knot, last September, and it was supposed she had strayed away. Her dead body was found recently. The animal had pushed her head through the rungs of a ladder, and being unable to extricate it had starved to death.

Baseball Knocks Out a Mill.
Baseball has been assigned as the cause of the death of many grandmothers of office boys during the heat of the season devoted to the national game; but in this city, where they do strange things, a common, ordinary, everyday baseball was the cause of suspending operations for half a day at the Slater Mill in Pawtucket and throwing several hundred employees into idleness.

The shutdown was caused by the breaking of a belt which transmits power across the street and into the strands of which a ball was batted while some of the operatives were engaged in practice on Church street. To make repairs it was necessary to suspend operations for half a day—Providence Journal.

The Te-Hee Belle of Ogileland.
The gigley girl always agrees with you. She just has to. It takes gooseberry pie to make her soul inspired with mirth and poetry, but the gigley girl, pray who inspires her? The worst place in the world for her to go is a funeral, for when she flies around with the people to take the last look at the departed, if the bouquet is not on his lapel straight, she is almost sure to giggle, and such an act would be vile. Her bow can be gigley girl help it—she's just built that way—a sort of grinning, leering monkey from the jungles of Ogileland.—Vermilion (S. D.) Republican.

Bleaching Celery.
We were living where we had quite a little garden plot and used a place that had been used for a wood pile to plant celery on. I raised aside the chips, then spaded the ground to about eight inches of depth. After breaking clods of earth I raked in stable manure and then marked the bed off in rows one foot apart, in June. As the ground frequently became quite dry we watered it by hand. We planted the seedling celery, of which there were two varieties, the White Penn and Golden Self-bleaching, both of which are useful for early use. Plant late varieties if you intend to plant for market. I did not till the celery to

bleach it but when I saw the green color of the stalks was giving place to a yellow color I pinned newspapers around the tops. After being covered for a week or more I found the celery to be nicely bleached. Some late maturing varieties are better for the purpose of bleaching. The new system of bleaching, as it is called, consists of setting the plants so close together that they will crowd each other and furnish their own shading from the sun's rays. Of course, with the late varieties and those other than the self-bleaching varieties the hilling will probably be the most satisfactory method of bleaching.—Cecil Abel Todd, in The Epitome.

Embden Geese.
In the days of our forefathers geese were more commonly kept than at present. At least this was the case in Western Pennsylvania. The usual complement of poultry generally included a few geese. In favorable localities the fowling was a good goose will lay twenty or more eggs in a season. For best results in hatching, the geese ought to be two or more years old. Four or five eggs for each gander is a common allowance. The eggs will generally hatch well when geese are not made too fat during the winter. To avoid this make a large part of their rations cut clover, green vegetables and fruit.

Much water is not a necessity in goose keeping, although they appreciate a pond or stream once in awhile. They need plenty of pure water to drink and water enough to take a bath occasionally. These, with good pasture and a very little grain food and fallen fruit will grow the geese and have them in good shape for market.

All geese are very hardy, and can stand almost any amount of cold or heat, but it is best to provide a building or shelter for them in bad weather and where weasels, minks and foxes are numerous the coop for the geese should be made rat proof.—New York Tribune.

Dairy Notes.
Now is a mighty good time to weed out the loofer cows.

Watch each cow to see that she eats her food up clean.

Better keep five cows on full feed than ten on scant fare.

If butter is worked too much it will have an oily and greasy look.

Make the most of the dairy wastes by feeding to young and growing stock.

Breed the heifers reasonably early and cultivate in them the habit of early maturity.

A cow in order to be a prolific yielder of milk, must be a hearty eater with good digestive powers.

Dairying, like any other business, is more successful when grown into gradually, as experience is gained.

A good herd of milk cows is a steady source of income, whether the product be sent to the market in the form of milk, cream or gilded butter.

The repairs of the South Methodist Episcopal church, which was badly damaged several weeks ago by wind, have been finished, and now the property is really better than it was before the storm. The building was insured against tornadoes, and when the adjuster made settlement it was agreed that the damage sustained was \$1300, which sum was promptly paid over to the church officials by the company. The work of repairing was commenced at once thereafter, and after everything had been placed in statu quo it was found that there was just \$300 of the insurance money remaining in the treasury of the church. The question then arose as to what should be done with the surplus fund. After much deliberation it was finally agreed that the money did not belong to the church, but to the insurance company. Whereupon the sum was paid back to the company.—Hobart (Okla.) News-Republican.

Our Daily Papers.
The first number of any American newspaper was Benjamin Harris's "Public Occurrences both Foreign and Domestic," published in Boston on December 25, 1689. But the authorities suppressed it after the first issue. Fourteen years later on April 24, 1704, James Campbell, postmaster of Boston, issued the first number of the Boston News-Letter, a weekly newspaper, which lived for seventy-two years. The second American newspaper, the Gazette, was printed in Boston, and the third, the Weekly Mercury, in Philadelphia. The first New York newspaper, the New York Gazette, was established in 1725. Now there are more than 2000 daily newspapers and 15,000 semi-weeklies and weeklies published in the United States.—Kansas City Star.

A Huge House.
The largest dwelling house in the world is the Frotham, in a suburb of Vienna, containing 111 between 1200 and 1500 rooms, divided into upward of 400 separate apartments. The immense house, wherein a whole city lives, works, eats and sleeps, has 11 courts—five open and eight covered—and a garden within its walls.

The fates of Peru are expensively annoying and inauspicious. It is customary in that country for a group of human beings to have a lamb named after them, to attract the fates from themselves.



A Garden Suggestion.

A good way to plant pole beans in with sweet corn says Country Life in America. Plant the beans in the same hill with the corn (after the corn is up); and the beans will clamber all over the corn-stalks after the ears are harvested. It saves the bother and expense of poles, and we think corn-stalks look better than bean poles.

The Squash Vine Borer.
The squash vine borer gets into the stem and does damage which it cannot be reached in the vines. The only remedy is to watch for them as they appear and destroy them. For the striped cucumber beetle kerosene emulsion, sprayed on the hills early in the morning is claimed to give good results, the ground to be also saturated so as to have the work thorough.

Forcing a Second Crop of Berries.
A Vermont farmer reports success in producing a second crop of strawberries last year by cutting off all the leaves and stems close to the ground after fruiting the first crop and applying a dressing of nitrate of soda. They blossomed again in September and produced a crop smaller in amount than the first one, but very profitable. The plan, however, could not be expected to work well except in cool, wet seasons.

Little Profit in Cooking Feed.
The utility in cooking feed for animals, and especially for pigs, was given most attention in the days previous to investigations by experiment stations. Cooking feed is no longer regarded as an economical practice for fattening animals. However, for breeding stock and sick animals, and for animals which it is desired to put into the very highest condition, cooking may be practiced with good results, if expense is disregarded. Pigs not fed show marked thriftiness and health.

Care of Pastures.
Many pastures are ruined in the beginning by putting stock on the grass before the plants are well established. Trampling of the pasture by the feet of cattle does more harm than the eating of the grass. The first year of the pasture should be devoted entirely to its growth. When the grass reaches a height that permits of its being cut it is better to run the mower over it, cutting high. Fertilizers and manure should be used liberally, and should weeds make an appearance it will pay to pull them out, as under no circumstances should they be allowed to produce seed.

Middlings for Poultry.
Middlings (sometimes called "shorts" and "seconds" and also known as a fine bran) should always be used as a portion of the soft food. A good proportion is ten pounds of ground oats, five pounds of bran and three pounds of middlings to which may be added a pound of bone meal, three pounds of ground meat and a quarter of a pound of salt. This makes an excellent food for laying hens and growing chicks, and not so fattening as an exclusive diet of cornmeal. It is a mixture that is almost complete in flesh-forming and bone-making material and is not very expensive.

Cropbound.
A reader of Westminster, S. C., asks what will cure crop-bound prevention is best of all remedies, and will save the bird from being killed by crop-bound. It is the Gospel of the crop-bound, and will positively prevent all cases of crop-bound, and as both are necessary to the health of the fowls, we can scarcely understand why crop-bound should exist. Make the fowls work, and take their food slowly, and do not gorge themselves at any time. Feed all grain so that the fowls will have to scratch for it, and even soft food should be given so that the fowls may not greedily devour it. Crop-bound is kept constantly before the fowls and nature will suggest the time for taking it. They will consume much of it, though but little at a time, but cannot possibly exist without it.—Home and Farm.

Clover Hay For Poultry.
One of the best green foods for poultry during the winter is clover hay, and when one can readily grow clover and knows how to cure it, it is a much cheaper crop to raise than vegetables for laying hens and growing chicks. Poultry thrive on it and it certainly increases the egg production. One plan is to cut the clover when it is in full bloom, doing the work late in the day when there is promise of fine weather for several days. The next morning the swath is gone over with the tedder and again later in the day so that all of it has a chance to become dry. It is then raked into small windrows and left for two or three hours when it is taken to the barn and packed in the tight mow, being left there with the doors of the barn closed to heat.

After it is heated another lot may be put in the mow to go through the same process. Almost every farmer has a way of his own of curing clover and any way which will give results is desirable. The object being to have bright hay to feed during the winter. Bear in mind that the hay must not be put under cover until it is dry enough, yet, on the other hand, it must not be so dry that the leaves and blossoms will be lost in handling.

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A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE ENTITLED, "WHO ARE SONS OF GOD?"

The Rev. Robert A. MacFadden, D.D., of the First Baptist Church, New York City, preached Sunday in the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church.

My subject is "Who Are the Sons of God?" and my text John 1:12: "Which ever born of blood, or of the will of the flesh or of the will of man is not the son of God; but whosoever is born of God, he receiveth the right to be called the son of God."

Here are four sources of success in this world: God, will of the flesh, will of man and God. At first sight they are equal; but a second sight reveals the warfare that ever goes on between heredity and environment. The heredity is the God in God, the environment is the flesh and the will of man.

Every life lived and every work done has its origin in heredity. Heredity is the God in God, the environment is the flesh and the will of man.

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up to-day. Only educate and train; that is sufficient. Your action is not so white-washed with this system of ethical culture as some others I know. But we never can emphasize too often or too positively the axial tenet of Christ's creed that what a man makes primarily is not a question of brain, but a fresh heart; not illumination, but reconstruction; the establishment in him by grace of something that is not in him by nature. Illumination of the brain is never clarification of the heart. There was a man in our American life who was born of the best family, with a personal force that commanded men and captivated women, whose furnishings could scarcely be surpassed, and yet there has not walked across the pages of our recent history a blacker hearted villain than Aaron Burr. I am as far as possible from saying that knowledge makes a man worse, my only contention is that it has not in itself the power of making men better. Ideas, education alone, can neither reconstruct the life nor recreate the heart.

This is a thoughtful age; men are brains; all about us there is a passion for ideas, but our most urgent necessity is not of ideas but of power. What we need most of all is not schooling but baptism, and that is to come through faith.

What is this faith that is to give us the supreme victory and insure our safety? It is at this distinct point that we begin to learn the reason for our present predicament. Every little while I am told by one and another that he would like to have faith in this particular matter in regard to the Bible, or regard to Christ, or the future life as though if his mind could only be brought intellectually to consent to it, the consummation would be reached and a great result achieved. Being prepared to assent to this or