A SONG OF LABOR.

I stand on the mount of commerce, And bark to the sounds of toil, The cries of the greedy cities. The songs from the sunburnt soil; And the winds come up in order. The North, South, West, and Rast, And bear their tale of are and flail, Of fasting and of feast.

"I blow," the North wind stormeth,
"O'er inland seas that stants
In futile rage neath inden ships;
I sweep broad fields of grain;
The forests how when I pass by,
I hear the huntsman's rall—
Our tithe we send to fee and friend?"
Comes up from one and all."

"Of prairies broad mine is the tale,"
The West wind bilthely calla,
"Of mountain and enchanted vale,
And silv'ry waterfalls;
Yant solitudes I've tracked, and passed
Far-acattered city gates,
From which the call, "We've won for all
A galaxy of states!"

The forests how when I pass by,
I hear the huntsman's call—
'Our tithe we send to foe and friend!'
Comes up from one and all."

The South wind sighs, "I bring the songs
A fetter'd people made.
Sung still, when righted half their wrongs,
In the still and glade:

When labor's stroke the bar hath broke
That parted son from son.

Whillow Wallace Whitelock, in the New York Times.

How Capt. Curtis Got a Tow.

By E. H. GOSSE.

A few of the older members of the of mutineers at bay on the quarter waterfront fraternity could cite, with deck, while one of the mates, cut off the zest of the envious, some two or by two desperadoes, was defending three cases wherein Capt. Eben Curtis himself with a capstan bar on the forehad missed his calculations, but these castle head, the other mate, not being mishaps were only the exceptions that in sight, was presumably killed. As proved the rule. The rule was that the gig swung on broadside for boardwhat Capt. Curtis undertook to do was ing one cutthroat rushed out of the as good as done. His general success galley brandishing a flatiron and a was the more surprising inasmuch as, kettle and launched both projectile from neither a moral nor a practical with great precision and velocity into standpoint, was he by any means con- the midst of the oncoming champions servative in regard to what he was of law and order. willing to undertake.

York created a demand for asphalt. masse. Their lieutenant drew June, a cargo of asphalt from the his perileus position forward. Caribbean sea, under a forfeit of sev- Discipline carried the day against and cautious enterprise.

combined to retard the loading and the struggling revenue men and mutineers, work dragged slowly while the pre- and this last flash of resistance wa cipus days flew by with leaps and quenched. bounds. When he was finally ready enough for a quick

There was no prospect of immediate situation was rapidly growing deschanged his mind, and, to avoid the oil-skins. forfelt, would gladly have seen the greater part of his earnings of the trip spent for the long and costly tow, but no tugs were so far out nor was he able to speak any inward bound steamer and thus send word to their owners ashore.

Now, like the police on land, revenue cutters, the police of the three-mile imit, are as a rule, conspicuously in evidence when their presence is least desirable, and never on hand when they are wanted. Consequently Capt. Curtis was surprised and pleased when he sighted the United States steam cutter "Sneaky Dick" on the horizon holding a course that would eventually bring her within signaling-distance of his own craft. It is not at once clear why this fact should have awakened any particularly joyous emotions in Capt. Curtis's breast, for the rendering gratuitous assistance to vessels not in absolute distress forms no part of the Capt. Curtis such a friend and admirer of the service as to welcome an opportunity of cultivating its acquain-

a moment, he executed a few steps of the hornpipe, button-holed the mate in a moment of extrest and private conversation, and called all hands on deck. He spoke to them on the relations of master and crew, and dwelt on the duties of good and loyal seamen, pointing out that they ought to checrfully execute any orders that were given them, however extraordiiary those orders might appear to be. He concluded by commanding his crew ullabaloo possible short of actually spilling blood or setting the ship

ment his men entered into the spirit precipitatineg the real thing. By the of a stout hawser. time the "Sneaky Dick" came near enough to make out the schooner more Curtis lost no time in communicating or less distinctly the officer on her with the consignees of his cargo, and bridge noticed suspicious activity the latter being great and influential aboard the smaller vessel and he men, persuaded the revenue authorsnatched up his marine glasses in lities to examine the skipper and his time to see some one fight his way aft through a knot of excited sailors. A fathems of preliminary red tape which moment later an ensign, union down, would ordinarily have been deemed struggled half way up the schooner's missen-peak and then was lowered so The examination revealed the fast rapidly as to indicate that whoever that while the balance of the crew had

went over her side, a stream of men alid down the falls, and long before the cutter lost her headway their quick an assortment of smuggler's bags of

Stroke follows stroke in fev'rish haste From hands that seek to shape The fragments to a state snew From mountain ridge to cape,"

nangangangangangangangangangangangangan "THE SMITH FAMILY."

A moment later they were along-In the halcyon days of his career side and a dozen bluejackets swarmed great public improvements in New over the schooner's bulwarks en With a schooner of ordinary sailing sword and charged across the deck qualities it was not the height of pru- with great gallantry to the rescue of dence to agree, on the first of May to the skipper, while a detachment of his deliver in New York by the middle of forces delivered the second mate from

eral thousand dollars, but for Capt. lawless force, and, three minutes after Curtis this was comparatively a wise he came over the rail, the revenue lieutenant had cleared the schooner's He signed the contract and sailed deck. But just as he was congratu-He had no occasion to delay in raising lating himself on having so quickly a crew by reason of the fact that he stamped out the whole riot, the first kept one crew pretty constantly with mate and a picked band began the clihim, finding it profitable to have men max of the day's festivities in the after whom he knew and on whom he could lazaret or storeroom. A burst of rely, for there were occasions in his yells and blows arose from this quart way of doing business when he had er, and Capt. Curtis sprang toward need to call for services which, in the the hatch crying, "Come on, sir, they're language of the law, "cannot properly murdering my first mate." The lieutebe constructed as the ordinary duties nant, anxious for more worlds to conquer, tore off the small hatch of the Fortune smiled on the beginning of lazaret, and, swinging down over the his venture. He made the run south coamings, dropped into the semi-darkin more than ordinary good time, and ness below, followed by half his men. took on upward of half his cargo with There was a brief and confused melee equal despatch, but then friction with of cutlasses, belaying pins, and flying the native laborers and one of the vegetables, and then the mate was experiodical unheavals of government tricated from beneath a half-dozen

The lieutenant weited below until the rescued mate and his assailants and been passed up or deck, and, as he himself turned towards the ladder something certainly not intended to then, without be seen, but partially unearthed in the Il calm, most unusually late struggie caught his eye. Sticking onsidering the latitude, and, on out from under a pile of boxes and the last stretch of his race against cordage was the corner of a rough time, he began to drift idly, helplessly, bale made up in the peculiar style West Indies. Throwing aside the inchange in this state of affairs and the nocent impediments with which they were concealed, the zealous officer disperate. At the outset Capt, Curtis had covered three more similar bales, and hoped that a breeze would spring up under one of them a bundle of water

and refused to send for a towboat. As tight bags, serviceable, but not neatly time wore on and no Greeze came he made from discarded rubber coats and The lieutenant whistled softly to himself, and went on deck even more rapidly than he had come down. "Captain," said he. "I want to see

> your manifest." Capt. Curtis with evident hesitation asked him why. "No matter," answered the lieutenant, sharply, "trot it out." Capt. Curtis's face showed alarm, but this was a command that must be obeyed, and leading the officer A the cutter aft, he opened the desk of

> his cabin, and handed him his papers from the South American port, together with the ship's log. The lieutenant glanced through then

rapidly. "This only speaks about as-phalt," said he, holding up the ship's manifest, "how about four bales of obacco?" "There is no tobacco aboard, sir."

said Curtis. "You're a liar," snapped the lieute nant, "I saw it myself in your lazare after your pirate crew had turned the

"Very well sir," said Curtis, evidently resigned to fate.

"There is nothing about it in your nanifest, which is bad enough, and no entry in your log to show where you got it, which is a great deal worse,' continued the lieutenant; "you may consider yourself and your ship unde arrest.

ward, climbed into the foremos shrouds, and, drawing out a white handkerchief, engaged in a rapid wigwag conversation with his commander on the cutter. The vessel was seen to get under way, and presently bore down on the schooner coming clos enougm alongside to permit a heaving

to be thrown on land. Twenty autes later the Sneaky Dick was After the first shock of astonish- steaming for New York at the rate of eight or ten knots an hour with Capt of this sham rebellion heartly, indeed Curtis, his schooner, and his merry their enthusiasm was not far from men bringing up the rear at the end

When they came into port Capt vessel with the omission of several essential to the majesty of the law. had hoisted it had been overpowered.

There was a burried chorus of bells, of insubordination on deck, the first pipes and bugles aboard the cutter, her mate and a select party of seamen had engines stopped, and in a trice a gig busied themselves with making and

tow which brought him into port three days ahead of his contract .- New York Evening Post.

POLITE LETTER TO A RAT.

Found in the Ruine of a House-Re minder of a Boyhood Superstition.

Over on the West Side of the city has been torn down this spring to make way for some modern business buildings. While they were being demolished the contractor in charge was approached one day by a workman, who handed him a soiled and worn envelope which had been found among

The faded inscription, "Mr. Gray Rat," prompted the contractor to read the letter. It ran:

"Dear Mr. Rat-Although we realise that our house is greatly honored by your presence and that of your exceeding numerous and sprightly family, we feel that it is selfish of us to expect to have a monopoly of your soclety, and we would humbly suggest select as your abode the residence of our neighbor, number 127, which we are sure you will find a pleasant and profitable place. With most sincere asurances of our deep esteem, believe us, most respectfully yours,

The laborer was puzzled, but the contractor, after struggling with some dim boyhood recollections, was able to explain it. There is, or rather there used to be, a sort of tradition that if the tenant of a rat infested house were to write a note to the rats, couched in terms of extreme politeness, requesting them to go elsewhere, and post it on a rat hole, the

The contractor remembered way back in his childhood days in a country town writing just such a note, politely asking a rat family to transfer their attention to . a neighbor who had been vindictive, and firmly believing, on their temporarily disappearing, that it was the note that

The contractor took the letter home to show his small boy that letters to Santa Claus were not the only old epistles, and that there were other places besides chimneys which could serve as mail boxes.-New

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The biggest leaves in the world are those of the Inaj palm, which grow on the banks of the Amazon. They reach a length of thirty to fifty feet, and are from ten to twelve feet in breadth.

Paderewski, the famous pianist, says that his fingers are as precious to him as life, for he could never play if he lost any of them. He takes insurance from time to time to cover special risks, as when he is going on a long journey by land or sea.

An interesting collection of spectacles is that possessed by Mrs. Wesley Williams of Bowdoinham, Me. More than one hundred years old, these curios were the one-time property of the festitute circumstances to seek refuge in the almshouse

The small house lizards, which are numerous in the tropics, shed their tails when caught or badly frightened. Frequently, when the new caudle appendage grows out again it comes in a bifurcated shape and the small animal s then considered a "mascot" by the

A bald eagle weighing sixty-five ounds and measuring eight feet from tip to tip was turned loose in the steets of Hutchinson, Kan., recently by the Hutchinson lodge of Engles. A metal band was placed around the bird's leg bearing the inscription, "I am a member of Hutchinson's aerie of

Argentina possesses, doubtless, an excessive number of horses, and although the value of the horsehair exported is \$1,000,000, and that of horsehides as much more, these greatly injure the camps, and the cattle raisers are beginning to get rid of them and to replace them with cattle and sheep.

Heard Voice of Conscience. The mother of the small boy had been trying to instil within him an ides of conscience. She described it side one when he was doing wrong. "I never heard it," said the small boy, cynically, and in the tone of one

shrugs his shoulders, A little later the small boy did some thing that he had been told not to do, and was sent to sit on a chair, and or dered not to get off until the powers that be gave him leave.

Ten minutes later he came into the oom where his mother was sitting, "I have heard it, mother," he ex-

"Heard what?" asked his perplexed parent. "Heard the little voice.

Sam Smith, you get off that chair, Don't you care what your mother "-New York News.

An Accident On the whole Johnny Ralston was a very good boy; but he had one fault which it seemed impossible for his mother to overcome—he would fight with other boys. Times out of number he had been reproved for this, and the last time he promised faithfully that he would battle no more.

But that evening he returned from lke a swollen beetroot. "Johnny," said his mother, sadly,

"didn't you promise me you wouldn't fight any more?"
"But I baven't been fighting, ma, This is the result of an accident."
"An accident?"—doubtfully. "Yes, ma. I was sitting on Tommy

other day, each of the guests was pro-

overlooked this in view of the free SCRAP-PAPER EVIDENCE write a brief letter. When no had SUFFICIENT OFTEN TO PUT

ROPE ROUND CRIMINAL'S NECK.

ragment in an Infernal Machine That Convicted Mountford-Gun Wad as Proof of Crime-Torn Sheet of Note Paper That Led to Discov-

ery of a Murderer-Burglar's Fatal Oversight.

"And this, gentlemen, is what you ere asked to hang a man on!" said Sergeant Ballantine, addressing a jury at the Central Criminal court. He held up in his fingers a little piece of paper, only a few inches big. You are asked to return a verdict there before you to the gallows, on the strength of a scrap of paper!

The scrap of paper was enough, says London Answers. Ballantine's client was condemned. I have known numberless cases in which a scrap of paper has sufficed to place the halter round the criminal's neck.

In a case tried at Leeds some years back a prisoner named Mountford was charged with a peculiarly diabolical offense. Having conceived a murderous hatrred of a man who he imagined had done him an injury, Mountford set to work to plot his death. A few weeks later a parcel was delivered at the intended victim's house. The parcel, which looked innocent enough, was a tin case holding several pounds of gunpowder so packed as to explode when opened. Between two pieces of paper was some detonating powder, conected with ingeniously arranged matches at the top and bottom of the box.

The_attempt falled, the infernal machine did not claim its victim, and the police were called in to discover the would-be assassin. Underneath the brown paper in which the box was wrapped the detectives found a scrap of newspaper-a portion of the Leeds Intelligencer of July 5. Other circumstances led them to suspect Mountford, and on their visiting his house and searching it they found a Leeds Intelligencer of that date with a piece missing. The scrap of the infernal machine fitted it exactly. Mountford

was found guilty. Newspaper used as a wad in fire arms has over and over again sufficed to convict a murderer. A youth named John Toms was charged at Lancaster Assizes with the murder of a man named Culshaw. Culshaw had been killed by a pistol shot, and the weapon had evidently been discharge ed from close quarters. The evidence against Tom was meager and unsatisfactory until there was produced in terribly bloodstained piece of It was handed to the jury and paper. examined by them, and on it were still plainly discernible the words of

a north country comic song. The pace of paper had been recov ered from the fatal wound in the dead man's head and had been the wad for the assassin's pistol. A songbook was found in Tom's pocket and part of one page was missing. The piece found in the dead man's wound cor responded with the lost part exactly. was of course foun hanged.

In a Scotch case, in which a young lady was charged with the murder of her father by poisoning him at the instigation of her lover, a scrap of pa per played a most important part. The old gentleman had most emphatically refused his consent to his daughter marrying her lover and had threatened to disinherit her if she did so. His wealth was considerable, and the young fellow, after some time, succeeded in persuading the infatuated girl to administer arsenic to her parent in slowly increasing doses One day a servant surprised the wretched girl while she was preparing some food for the old man.

The girl seemed dismayed by the servant's sudden appearance, hastily threw a piece of paper which she had crushed into a ball in her hand upon the fire, and then disappeared with the little tray in which the food was standing. The servant, as soon as her mistress had left the room, rescued the paper from the fire. It had been crushed together so tightly that only the outside portion was consumed by the flames, and in the creases of i the servant detected a kind of white dust. She kept the paper, and when her master died and her mistress was arrested and charged with his murder, it was produced in court. The analyst had no difficulty in ascertaining that the white dust was arsenic,

death and was executed. Who was the murderer of Mary Webber? was a question which some years ago sorely perplexed the Lancashire police authorities. Webber was a servant, and left her mistresa's house one evening to keep an appoint ment with respect to which she had her mistress subsequently remembered, appeared peculiarly anxious. Mary Webber never returned home. Her dead body was discovered the nett day in a lonely spot near a wood. There was no doubt she had been murdered strangely by some person with laste, powerful hands, the finger

marks of which of which were to be seen up No one could say who it was she had gone to meet, but it was generally suspected that she must have had an appointment with some lover at the spot where she met with her death. Upon examining her box, the detectives found three notes in a strange handwriting, seemingly disguised, and only signed "G. L." These er. They were peculiarly disappoint ing, however, for each contained only in all probability the murderer. Sus-picion now centered around a young fellow in whose company Webber had

of paper left on the counter in the blotting pad at which the prisoner had been writing. This half sheet the man put back into the box, with the other paper. The last note found in the dead girls box, making the fatal appointment, was written on a half sheet of paper. This and the piece left by the accused man in the shop were put together. Microscopic examination revealed the fact that the two halves made one sheet. The man

was executed. A piece of paper played an extra ordinary part in the trial of a Wiltshire farmer at the Salisbury Assizes. The prisoner has been charged wit having sent an anonymous threatenwhich will send that man standing ling letter to a peighbor. Witnesses acquainted with the prisoner's writing were called to prove that the letter was in his hand.. Others, equally as well able to judge declared that the writing was not his. But the proecution had what appeared to be most conclusive evidence of the pris oner's guilt. Three of these anonymous letters

had been roughly torn out of a single

sheet. In a writing desk in the pris-

oner's house the detectives found a scrap of paper, which, when fitted with the three pieces on which the letters were written, exactly formed one sheet. The ragged edges of the different portions exactly fitted each other and the watermark and name of the maker, which was divided into three parts, were perfect when the pieces of paper were placed together The evidence appeared overwhelming and the prisoner protesting his in nocence, was sentenced to penal servitude. The prisoner was removed, when suddenly a person stood up in court and denounced himself as the real criminal. He was the son of the

prisoner—a youth of 18. He wrote upon a piece of paper from memory the contents of the three threatening letters. His handwriting was exactly that in the criminal's epistle; mistakes in spelling which appeared in them were reproduced in the son's writings. He had he explained, had access to the writing desk of his father's room, and had abstracted the paper from it. There could be no doubt of his guilt, and the father was pardoned while the son went to prison for seven

HUNTER OF PARASITES.

His Mission Is To Find Natural Cures For Insect Pests.

He had just arrived in London from Brazil, and was off the next day to the Antipodes. I found him in the of fice of the Agent-General for Western Australia, says a writer in the Daily Mail. He was carrying a little box containing a few commonplace look ing beetles. Yet to find those beetles he had traveled fifteen thousand miles and searched far and wide.

For the bronzed and hardy traveler follows the least known profession on earth, that of the parasite hunter. For years he has been traveling, literally from China to Peru, in his search for sects that will aid the farmer in his war against pests.

"I am a tracker down of the natural cures for the insect pests that are doing damage costing hundreds of millions every year," said Mr. Compere in answer to my questions. "Every country has its different plagues. How do these pests come? Here London affords you the simplest illustration Millions of insects are carried into England every day in the merchandise that arrives from abroad, some in the stackings of eastern cargoes, some in the dried foliage around tropical produce.

"At any time one of these strange insects, carried here in such a fashion might find that the English climate suited it, and that one of your native products (possibly wheat) supplied it with a suitable food. If there were nothing to counteract it, it would in few years spread all over England, breeding in great numbers several times a year. Before many had quite realized what was the matter. your wheat crop would be ruined.

"For some years my work has taken me to every land. Now I am in Spain, now in China, now in the heart of France, now in Central America. My method is this: When seeking an antidete I first find the native home of the pest I wish to attack. Then to go there, get into the country, and examine. I watch the same pest there (where it is probably doing scarcely any damage), and I am almost sure to find that at some stage of its life another insect attacks and destroys Then I have found what I wan "Every pest has its parasite, and

ed-my parasite-and I take it away with me and breed it to fight the pest. the right way to fight pests is through their parasites. Western Australia is setting the way here in practical fruit culture and farming, and others will benefit from its work."

The Language of Culture.

Never is one's lack of knowledge as

painfully apparent as in the writing

Miss Sarah Jackson of Dearborn county, Indiana, although at present in good health, has given written di-rections for her funeral.

of letters. In speech, slips of gram mar, mispronunciations, localisms, are greatly modified by a sweet voice and an animated expression; but in the written words there are none of these friendly aids. A letter in which every rule of language is defied, has often served to shatter an idol. To many, who have no need to fear the closes scrutiny of the mechanical part of their composition, the writing of a let-ter is a task; and the man who is never at a loss for words when talk-

ing with his friend, finds even the commonest expressions eluding him when he attempts to write. The epistolary art is one that can be cultivated. Jesus everywhere and always sumes the essential divineness of human soul. The lost sheep beld to the fold of the Good Shepherd; The first requisite is naturalness. Let every word come from the heart. If to this you add an unaffected grace and ease of composition, your letters will be a source of pleasure to your friends, adding to the brightness of

THE PULPIT.

A SCHOLARLY SUNDAY SERMON BY THE REV. W. H. RAMSAY.

Subject : The Rollgion of Jesus.

Louisville, Ky. – The Rev. W. H. Ramsay on Sunday preached a power-ful sermon entitled "The Religion of Jesus." He took for his texts: Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much.—Luke vil., 47.

Love took up the harp of Life, and amote on all the cherds with might; Smole the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.

—Tennyson.

In the midst of so much confusion and

perplexity about questions relating to religion, nothing is more helpful than to turn to the words of Jesus and find what He taught and believed. We shall find little difficulty in doing this if we confine ourselves to the first three Gospels. If we include the Fourth Gospel, we shall introduce an element of difficulty and confusion. The Fourth Gospel sets a wonderful philosophy about Jesus and His mis-sion, and it relates incidentally some of the events in the life of Jesus. But for a simple statement of the words of Jesus Himself, apart from any theological theory about Jesus, we must turn to the other Gospels. There is unquestionably much in these narratives besides the words of Jesus, much that betokens misapprehension and misconstruction on the part of those terpret His words and deeds as a confirmation of the materialistic hopes and expectations of His followers. But the utterances of Jesus Himself on the religion are so exalted and so self-evident that we shall find no difficulty in discovering them. What does Jesus teach about God.

about Man, about Sin and Righteousness, about Redemption, about the kingdom of God upon earth? We might include other questions, such as the nature of Divine Revelation, the Church and its Sacraments and Rites, etc. But these are minor and subor-What does Jesus teach about God?

Strange to say, Jesus has nothing to state about God, after the manner of the theologians and creeds. He entered upon no metaphysical discussion about the nature of God. He never mentions the doctrine of a Trinity. "He had unquestioned faith in God as a living, conscious, intelligent agent. This faith came to Him by inheritance, and was received by Him as the indispensable and indisputable presupposition of all religion." Jesus took the highest thought about God in the Hebrew religion, the conception of God as the Eternal Father of men, and expanded and purified it. He interpreted this idea by His own sublime and spotless moral consciousness. He saw the truth of the Divine Fatherhood through the medium of His own loving and righteous soul. The thought of God as the ever-present Spirit of righteousness and love was a constantly beset-ting thought with Jesus. He lived and ting thought with Jesus. He lived and moved and had His being in this compoved and had His being in this consciousness of the Father's presence. of the Father. "Not by works of righteousness that we have done, but righteousness that we have done, but the ceaseless operation of the for all things. The whole universe was loves and pities and provides for all. Even His wicked and unthankful and prodigal children are provided for. His is pre-eminently true of the relation rain descends and His sun shines for between the Heavenly Father and His

Jesus did not think of the Father as far-off and inaccessible Delty, but as near and indwelling Presence. He did not offer any explanation of the mystery of this wonderful truth; He simply believed it, and lived and wrought and laught with this thought perpetually in His mind, with its inration in His soul. God was a living reality to Jesus.

What did Jesus teach about man? The thought of Jesus about man and human nature might be summarized in the words, "Man is the child of God." This trith had been expressed by others before Jesus, but it had never been taught in the way that Jesus taught it. No prophet or teachinferences from the belief, or made it faith in his own spiritual and moral possibilities. Jesus shows everywhere that He had a deep and unshaken faith in the essential divineness and worth of all men, whatever man's character might be, whatever the outlife. No matter how far the prodical er's home, he was still his father's child. He might deny his birthright and eat with the swine, but the father's love never ceases and never

Jesus, faith in the essential divineness of man is shown in His treatment of all men, especially of the outcast and the sinner. He loved the outcast, the fallen, "the lost sheep of the house of Israel." He had compassion upon them, because He knew how they been tempted, how they had been taught and brought up, how they had been reglected and left to wander "like sheep without a shepherd," losing themselves in the wilderness and missing the true goal of life. Oh, the divine compassion of Jesus for man, the deep-veined humanity, the eternal love of the Father breathing through Him and looking out through His pure eyes It is this last that has made His name forever blessed, and turned the hearts of the lost and fallen sons of men to Him as the dearest pledge and symbol of the eternal love and compassion that is at the heart and is the great

heart of the world.
What does Jesus say about sin? Strange to say, very little. Jesus never speaks about sin in a formal or theological way. He saw it; He felt its presence and witnessed its degradation of the lives of men. He saw it as the negation of goodness, as the ab-sence of the abundant life, the blindpess of the lost child, the impotenthe ignorant and foolish, wou themselves against the terrible rocks of the world. But of "original sin," of "total depravity," of a "fall of the race in Adam," of "imputed guils," of those doctrines of sin that form the basis of the entire theological "scheme of "catlon," there is not a syllable fr he lips of Jesus.

community that, on petition, received an appropriation for the purchase of a "hand-tub." It was installed in an lost com, though battered and bruised, is of precious metal, and bears the image and superacription of the king; the lost boy—the prodigni—is his father's child, no matter how far he has decorative purposes in street parade Last summer a stroke of lightnir started a small fire in a farm hou

THE RETORT OF THE HUSSIAN.

any atoning sacrifice? Not a single word. The whole thing is simple and natural, and true to the fundamental In a town with such a name as Be-way
wee,
Bil-ler-i-ca, or Chac-a-hou-ia,
Ko-ke-bo-na, or Wal-in-ia,
Which are in that wild America. And
look!
Here's O-cheye-dan, Chinc-o-teague and
Schagh-ti-coke.
Ian' it a mighty lucky thing for us
We have no names like Ag-a-men-ti-cus,
Or Gund-a-iu-pe, Cala,
Or Choc-co-loc-co. Ais.
Cheek-to-waga, Auch-in-closs, or Alexau-ken,
Cud-de-back-ville, Me-boop-an-y or Weehaw-ken? facts and laws of the moral and spiritual constitution of man. Take the parable of the "lost sheep" and the "prodigal son." How does the Good Shepherd seek His lost sheep? How does the Father restore the lost child? The Divine mercy and love seeks and influences the children of men in countless ways. God seeks man in the very fact that sin itself is foreign to man's higher nature. The life of sin,

facts and laws of the moral and spir-

of alienation from goodness, is a disap-

pointment. Its pleasures are apples of

Sodom. The evil course, in the end, exhausts itself. The prodigal gets to the end of his resources; then he re-

calls that he is his father's child. It is so with all kinds of sin. In the laws

of man's moral and spiritual being, it

is ordained that there shall be a reac

tion of the divine, the good in man, against the evil within and around

him. I do not know how far men may

go toward destroying the possibilities of good in themselves. No finite mind

can dogmatize on such a question.

only know that Jesus never despaired,

and that He teaches us to despair of no

In seeking and restoring sinful men

to their true lives, the ministry of a loving and sympathetic humanity has

the largest place of any other instru-mentality. It is a continuation of the

ministry of Jesus. His ministry was not in His words alone; it was chiefly

in His wonderful personality. His

gentleness, His faith in man, inspired faith and hope and courage in those He ministered to. Men are sought and found through goodness and love and pity in their fellow-men. Jesus said:

'Do good, despairing of no man;" "Be

merciful, even as your Father in

heaven is merciful;" "If ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will forgive you." Make the heavenly

Father real to men by being incarna-

The love of God is seen chiefly in

In the ancient liturgy of the Church

there is a phrase that says, "God bath

given power and commandment to His

ministers to declare and pronounce to His people, being peniteut, the abso-

There is a wonderful truth in those

ancient words. God bath given such

power, not to ordained clergymen

alone, but to every sympathetic and

forgiveness and spiritual renewal is the

I stand by the side of a man in the

spiritual agouy of remorse. He has drunk the horrible cup of iniquity. He

is sin-sick. He feels the crushing bur-

den of his own wrong-doing. He longs

for deliverance, for ease of conscience,

for a sense of divine forgiveness. He is

sorry for his sin. The inward dark-

ness of his soul has projected itself upon the heavens. He thinks that God

angry with him. He is afraid of

man becomes "a new creation." He begins to live a new life and to fight

a winning battle with sin and tempta-

tion. He knows and feels that a power is in him that is all sufficient for every

The relation of a child to a father does

not stand upon any legal formality; it

The love and grace of God com

through no contract. St. Paul tells

of those who live as servants in the

Father's house. Their spirit is one of bondage, not of joyous trust and spir-

itual freedom. The effort to obtain the

sense of forgivenessand spiritual peace

and lov by a diligent discharge of duty

leaves the tender conscience in doubt and fear, because "the commandment

is so exceeding broad" that at best man's endeavors must be imperfect, or

else it leads to Pharisaic self-com

placency. It turns the moral life into

legal routine of duty. Between that

kind of legal service which we may

favor, and the free service to which we

are constrained by the sense of divine

sonship and love, the distance is im

mensurable. It is to Jesus that the world is indebted for showing us this,

and enabling us to pass from the state of servile obedience to a God whom we

fear, to the joyous service of a Fathe

the relation between our souls and God

upon the authority of Jesus as our great Master and Leader in the things

of the spirit, as from one who stands supremely above us in spiritual insight.

Love creates a loving and obedient life.

It destroys selfishness from the heart. It makes character; and character is

The kingdom of heaven on earth is the kingdom of love, a society of men

and women who live the loving and

Christ-like life; who believe that this is God's world, and who live upon this

principle every day; who believe that all men are brothers and sons of God,

and act toward all men as if they

These principles of the religion of

Jesus are gaining more and more in the world, in spite of all that appears

to the contrary. The kingdom of God

is surely coming on earth.

The Fatherhood of God, the Brother-

hood of Man, the moral and spiritual

Leadership of Jesus, Salvation by Character, inspired by love, the Prog-

ress of Mankind onward and upward

and spiritual Christianity; and some

day it will be accepted as the true in terpretation of the religion of Jesus.

LEFT HENS ON NESTS.

Firemen Used Old System Rather

Than Disturb Them.

There is a story of an old New

Hampshire doctor who, on taking out

a wagon that had not been used for

some time, found that a hen was sit-

without disturbing her, and he and biddy made a series of calls. The

Boston Herald offers this true story

of the town of Amesbury, which owns

abandoned blacksmith shop, where it remained for two years, used only for

a small fire apparatus:

really believed this.

salvation, in this and in all worlds.

We accept this view of

render under hope of winning

central law of the evangel of Jesus.

tions of His love and goodness.

and remiss

ministering soul.

his Father.

human children.

love and pity in the heart of man.

has-ken?

If we held An-as-agun-ti-cook in Me.
With the Japa at Meta-bet-chousan in Que,
I rather think 'twould threaten us
With grographic telanus!

Or if they were down at Wax-a-bach-le,

Or if they were down at Wax-a-hach-le,
Tex.,
And we fell back to Ixc-a-quixt-la, Mex. I
Wouldn't correspondents jeer us with a
Will,
If we had a town called Ap-to-kis-ic, Hi. 2
A Kisb-a-co-quil-ias, Pa.,
Or a Kinch-a-foon-nee, Ga.,
A Quin-al-pi-ack, or plain She-tuck-et, Ct.,
A Mich-l-gam-me. Mich., or Quesch-ic, Vt.?
D'ye think I'd live in Wa-pa-pei-lo, Mc.,
Wap-wai-lo-pen, I'a., or Wa-pa-ko-ne-ta, O.2
Or Nit-ta-Yu-ma, Wia.,
Or Kron-on-weth-era, Wia.,
Tough-ken-a-mon, On-on-dog-a,
Squan-na-cook, or Cuy-a-hoga?
Da-gus-ca-hon-da, Pa., and Quam-bab,
Minn.,
Rather, meka-

Minn., Rather make a simple-languaged Bussian grin.
Yet no doubt they 'think us dippy
At Bogue-Chit-to, Mississippi,
And conceive our brains as buggy
In Alabama, down in Chun-ne-nog-gee."

F.Jmund Vance Cook, in the Book of the Royal Blue.

JUST FOR FUN

Lawyer-I have my opinion of you. Client-Well, you can keep it; the last opinion I got from you cost me £100.-Pick-Me-Up.

Bings-What do you think of this Meredith idea of marriage for ten years? Bangs-Does a man get any commutation for good conduct?-Life. Burglar-Let's go to de shore an' rob de guests at some summer hotel. His Pal-Aw, what's de use? Let's wait till September an' rob de pro-

prietor,-Puck. Freddie-What's the difference be tween being sick and an invalid? Cobwigger-An invalid, my boy, is one who makes those around him sick .-Harper's Bazaar.

Mrs. Housekeep-You don't mean to tell me that you were ever a poet? Weary Willie-Yes, kind lady, when I was younger. That was how my feet first went astray.—Philadelphia Press. "It is possible to be lucky at cards Wise Guy. "Yes," agreed the Simple Love re-creates the soul, and the Mug; "I suppose it's simply a case of holding hands."-Philadelphia Rec-

> Lady-Why don't you work at your trade? Dusty Tracks-I can't git no job me'em. I wanter run a self-wheeling wheelen row, but there and none invented as yet.—Chicago Daily News. Mother-Been fighting with that

Murphy boy again, have you? Why is not conditioned upon any service didn't you say, 'Get thee behind me, that may be done by the child. This Satan?' Benny—Behind me! Gee! I was wishin' he'd get between us!-Puck. Visitor-You don't know who I am

do you. Jimmy? Jimmy-Naw. Vist-

tor-Aha! I know who you are, though. Jimmy-Aw, that ain't noth in'-I know that myself!-Cleveland Leader. "Your friend Little tells me he's get his wife pretty thoroughly trained "Yes, he's got her trained so that he can make her do pretty near-

ly anything she wants to do."-Philadelphia Press. "Are your papa and mamma at home?" asked the caller. "No," replied little Marguerite; "one of them may be here, but they never are both at home at the same time."-Chicago

Record-Herald. "Yes, there were eighteen women in the car when the fuse blew out. Seventeen of them jumped off the wrong way." "What about the eighteenth woman?" "She stayed on the car."— Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"He writes very uninteresting love letters," said the sentimental girl. "You mustn't blame him for that," answered Miss Cayenne. "He once served on the jury in a breach-of-promise case."-Washington Star.

"Yes," said the old man, "John spoke a piece in Latin, 'nuther one in Greek, an' still one more in German. didn't seem like the same boy to me an' he won't till he gits back home an' goes to ploughin' in dialect!"-Atlanta

Whale Flesh or Beef?

Whale meat at from three to six cents a pound is to be the solution of the meat trust question, according to some Newfoundland speculators who are seeking to make a market for whale meat. It is declared that the first is finer

flavored than beef, more nearly supgesting venison, and is capable of bo ing prepared in a variety of ways.

Whales are not to be found in this part of the globe in sufficient numbers to make a serious inroad into the

sale of beef, but it is declared by the promoters that they have already built up a successful trade in whale meat with the West Indies, and that they shortly intend placing it upon the London market .. It is to be shipped in special steam

ore, and even at a price of six cents a pound will return a handsome pr alle the cheaper cuts may be re tailed for half that sum.

said J. P. Dickens of Boston to Washington Post reporter, "and sty-ped at the log cabin of a farmer i get a little rest and a bite to ea. Th give the stranger a knife. ' His or answered that she had give