

The Gospel Herald

"On earth peace, good will toward men."

VOL. IV.

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NO. 10.



THIS SAME JESUS.

THE Saviour's work on earth was finished. The time had now come for him to return to his heavenly home. He had overcome, and was again to take his place by the side of his Father upon his throne of light and glory.

Jesus chose the Mount of Olives as the place of his ascension. Accompanied by the eleven, he made his way to the mountain. But the disciples did not know that this was to be their last interview with their Master. As they walked, the Saviour gave them his parting instruction. Just before leaving them, he made that precious promise, so dear to every one of his followers:—

"Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Matt. 28:20.

They crossed the summit, to the vicinity of Bethany. Here they paused, and the disciples gathered about their Lord. Beams of light seemed to radiate from his countenance as he looked with love upon them. Words of the deepest tenderness were the last which fell upon their ears from the lips of the Saviour.

With hands outstretched in blessing, he slowly ascended from among them. As he passed upward, the awe-stricken disciples looked with straining eyes for the last glimpse of their ascending Lord. A cloud of glory received him from their sight. At the same time there floated down to them the sweetest and most joyous music from the angel choir.

While the disciples were still gazing upward, voices addressed them which sounded like richest music. They turned, and saw two angels in the form of men, who spoke to them, saying:—

"Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." Acts 1:11.

These angels belonged to the company that had come to escort the Saviour to his heavenly home. In sympathy for those left below, they had stayed to assure them that this separation would not be forever.

Jesus had promised to come again, for he said:—

"Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." John 14:1-3.

The angels declared to the disciples that Christ would "so come in like manner" as they had seen him go into heaven. He ascended bodily, and they saw him as he left them and was received by the cloud. He will return on a great white cloud, and "every eye shall see him." Rev. 1:7. Enoch testified, "Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousands of his saints, to execute judgment upon all." Jude 14.

Isaiah prophesied that the righteous will declare at his coming, "Lo, this is our God; we have waited for him, and he will save us." Isa. 25:9.

The apostle Paul, describing the same scene, said:—

"The Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord." 1 Thess. 4:16, 17.

Thus will our Saviour come to the earth to take to himself forever those who have been loyal to him.

When the disciples returned to Jerusalem, the people looked upon them with amazement. After the trial and crucifixion of their Master, it had been thought that they would appear downcast and ashamed. Their enemies expected to see upon their faces an expression of sorrow

and defeat. Instead of this, there was only gladness and triumph. Their faces were aglow with a happiness not born of earth. They did not mourn over disappointed hopes, but were full of praise and thanksgiving to God.

With rejoicing they told the wonderful story of Christ's resurrection and his ascension to heaven, and their testimony was received by many.

The disciples no longer had any distrust of the future. They knew that the Saviour was in heaven, and that his sympathies were with them still. They knew that he was pleading before God the merits of his blood. He was showing to the

Father his wounded hands and feet, as an evidence of the price he had paid for his redeemed.

They knew that he would come again, and all the holy angels with him, and they looked for this event with great joy and longing anticipation.

When Jesus passed from the sight of his disciples on the Mount of Olives, he was met by a heavenly host, who, with songs of joy and triumph, escorted him upward.

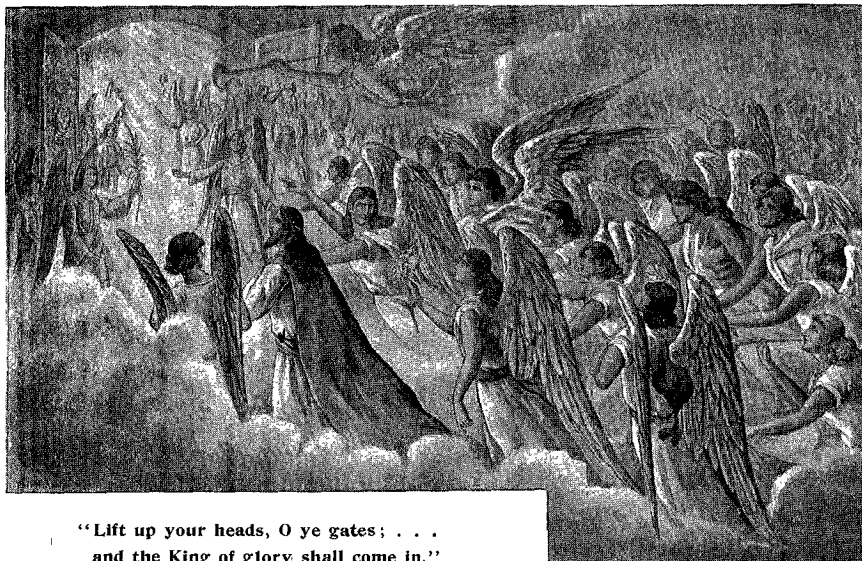
At the portals of the city of God an innumerable company of angels await his coming. As Christ approaches the gates, the angelic hosts who are escorting him, in triumphant tones address the company at the portals:—

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
And be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors;
And the King of glory shall come in."

The waiting angels at the gates respond with this inquiry:—

"Who is this King of glory?"

This they ask, not because they know not who he is, but because they desire to hear the answer of exalted praise:—



"Lift up your heads, O ye gates; . . .
and the King of glory shall come in."

"The Lord strong and mighty,
The Lord mighty in battle.
Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
Even lift them up, ye everlasting doors:
And the King of glory shall come in."

Again the waiting angels ask:—

"Who is this King of glory?"

The escorting angels reply in melodious strains:—

"The Lord of hosts,
He is the King of glory."

Ps. 24:7-10.

Then the portals of the city of God are opened wide, and the angelic throng sweep through the gates amid a burst of rapturous music.

All the heavenly hosts are waiting to honor their returned Commander. They wait for him to take his place upon the throne of the Father.

But he can not yet receive the coronet of glory and the royal robe. He has a request to present before the Father concerning his chosen ones on the earth. He can not accept honor until his church shall be justified and accepted before the heavenly universe.

He asks that where he is, there his people may be. If he is to have glory, they must share it with him. Those who suffer with him on the earth must reign with him in his kingdom.

For this Christ pleads for his church. He identifies his interests with theirs, and with a love and constancy stronger than death, advocates the rights and titles purchased by his blood.

The Father's answer to this appeal goes forth in the proclamation:—

"Let all the angels of God worship him." Heb. 1:6.

Joyfully the leaders of the heavenly host adore the Redeemer. The innumerable company of angels bow before him, and the courts of heaven echo and re-echo with the glad shout:—

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing." Rev. 5:12.

Christ's followers are "accepted in the Beloved." In the presence of the heavenly host, the Father has ratified the covenant made with Christ, that he will receive repentant and obedient men, and will love them even as he loves his Son. Where the Redeemer is, there the redeemed shall be.

The Son of God has triumphed over the prince of darkness, and conquered death and sin. Heaven rings with voices in lofty strains proclaiming:—

"Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever." Rev. 5:13.

"THE weakest among us has a gift, however seemingly trivial, which is peculiar to him, and which, worthily used, will be a gift also to the race."

THE SUREST WAY TO HELP OTHERS.

IN one of his addresses Phillips Brooks gave utterance to this thought: "It is not your business and mine to study whether we shall get to heaven, even to study whether we shall be good men; it is our business to study how we shall come into the midst of the purposes of God, and have the unspeakable privilege, in these few years, of doing something of his work. And yet so is our life all one, so is the kingdom of God which surrounds us and infolds us one bright and blessed unity, that when a man has devoted himself to the service of God and his fellow man, immediately he is thrown back upon his own nature, and he sees now—it is the right place for him to see—that he must be the brave, strong, faithful man, because it is impossible for him to do his duty and

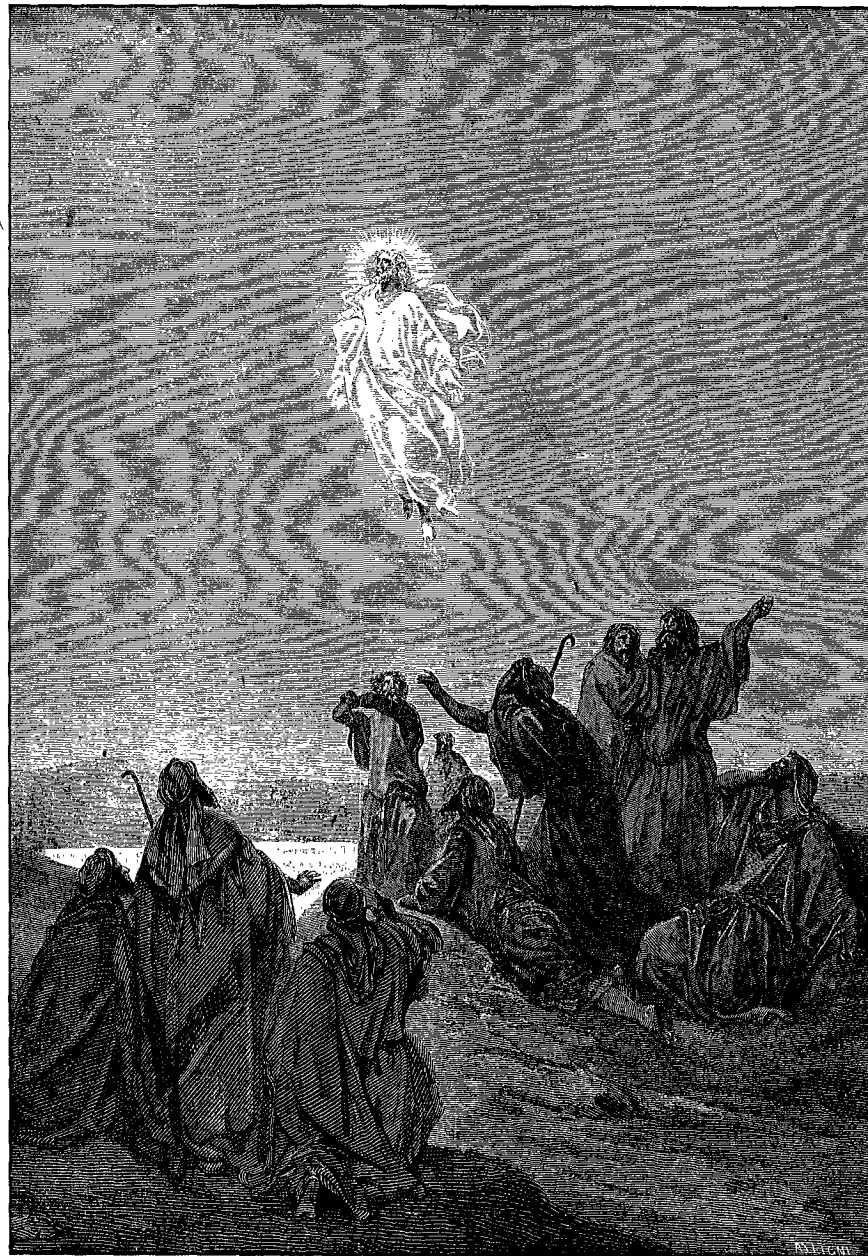
to render his service, except it is rendered out of a heart that is full of faithfulness, that is brave and true.

"There is one word of Jesus that always comes back to me as about the noblest thing that human lips have ever said upon our earth, and the most comprehensive thing, that seems to sweep into itself all the commonplace experience of mankind. Do you remember when he was sitting with his disciples at the last supper, how he lifted up his voice and prayed, and in the midst of his prayer there came these wondrous words: 'For their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also might be sanctified.' The whole of human life is there. Shall a man cultivate himself?—No, not primarily. Shall a man serve the world, strive to increase the kingdom of God in the world?—Yes, indeed he shall. How shall he do it?—By cultivating himself; and instantly he is thrown back upon his own life. 'For their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also might be sanctified.' I am my best, not simply for myself, but for the world.

"My brethren, is there anything in all the teachings that man has had from his fellow man, all that has come down to him from the lips of God, that is nobler, that is more far-reaching, than that—to be my best not simply for my own sake, but for the sake

of the world into which, setting my best, I shall make that world more complete, I shall do my little part to renew and recreate it in the image of God? That is the law of my existence. And the man that makes that the law of his existence neither neglects himself nor his fellow men, neither becomes the self-absorbed student and cultivator of his own life upon the one hand, nor does he become, abandoning himself, simply the wasting benefactor of his brethren upon the other. You can help your fellow men; you must help your fellow men; but the only way you can help them is by being the noblest and the best man that it is possible for you to be."

YOUR happiness in life depends upon the character of your thoughts.



The Ascension.

GOD-SEEKING.

GOD-SEEKING thou hast journeyed far and nigh,
 On dawn-lit mountain-tops thy soul did yearn
 To hear his trailing garments wander by ;
 And where 'mid thunderous glooms great sunsets burn,
 Vainly thou sought 'st his shadow on sea and sky ;
 Or gazing up, at noontide, could 'st discern
 Only a neutral heaven's indifferent eye
 And countenance austere and taciturn.
 Yet whom thou soughtest I have found at last,
 Neither where tempest dims the world below,
 Nor where the westerling daylight reels aghast
 In conflagrations of red overthrow,
 But where this virgin brooklet silvers past,
 And yellowing either bank the king-cups blow.

—William Watson.

THE FACE OF AN ANGEL.

THERE are many ways of reading character, and one of the most interesting is that of reading it from the face. The face is a great telltale; there is scarcely anything hid that it does not reveal. We are very much like those watches with a glass over the works: you can see all that is going on through the glass. The workings of the soul within us can be watched in our faces every day.

Of course there are masks as well as faces. We all wear the mask sometimes, or we try to do so; and perhaps there are times when it is praiseworthy. We ought to keep our little vexations, bilious tempers, and small troubles from the world at large; we have the run of the earth and the flight of the air, but we have no right to add to the world's miseries by making much ado about nothing; we have no call to pollute the atmosphere with groans and corruptions that are our own private and personal property.

It is altogether different with our great sorrows, our divine tragedies—these are the world's as well as ours. The world has a perfect right to share our deepest griefs, our bitterest tears. There is a great fellowship of suffering, and in the night of the soul's deep darkness we are one with the soul of the world. The world claims partnership in our divine sorrows; but the little nagging cares, the pitiful vexations, the stupid grievances and impositions of every day, let us keep them back, keep them to ourselves, and say nothing about them to anybody. Never let us obtrude our sourness upon the sweet air, or defile the sunshine with our little spots of blackness. But that is the only sense in which it is lawful to wear the mask.

We are all authors of at least one book—a volume of biography; we are writing our life on our face. It has been well said that our features are given to us, but we make our own face. We cannot help the features, but we can help our face, for that is the expression of our soul. Sydney Smith once said of Francis Horner that he was a man who had "the ten commandments stamped on his face." A fine thing, too, though it may have given his face some look of sternness and severity; and a "forbidding" face that bears "Thou shalt not" written all over it is not by any means the ideal. Yet perhaps it would be better for the world if men had more of the ten commandments in their faces because they kept them in their hearts.

We often speak of the "face of an angel," and yet no one has seen an angel at any time, though there are some moments in the life of nearly every woman when the man who is permitted to stand by and see would say that hers

was the face of an angel; and let us pray that the light of those moments never quite dies out of the woman's eyes or the man's heart, for they are the greatest moments this side of eternity.

We have, then, some idea of what we mean by an angel. The word stands for all that the human mind can conceive as the highest and divinest and most beautiful. Perhaps we make a mistake in thinking of the beauty of angels as being of the tender and feminine kind, the soft and childlike loveliness. We forget that "his angels excel in strength," and that their beauty is even more masculine than feminine. "There is the natural beauty of youth, which all things have in their degree,—the beauty of what is unspoiled, of hope, sometimes of wistfulness. But this kind of beauty undergoes a transfiguration when it is deepened and enriched by experience. In walking through a picture gallery, mere natural loveliness does not attract us with anything like the power of experienced and gracious expression; the beauty which has experience behind it, as well as hope in front of it, appeals to us with twofold power.

The most beautiful faces are not those painters' faces with their delicate tints of pink and white, and their exquisite curves and smooth surfaces without spot or wrinkle or any such thing—no, that is not the face of an angel; it is perhaps the face of a painter, but not of an angel. It lacks strength, experience, life; it wants the play of wind and rain upon it; it needs storm and stress to make it rich and living and full of meaning. Have we not read of the dearest and most beautiful face ever seen, that "his visage was so marred more than any man"? and yet that is the very face which, when once a man has looked upon it, there is nothing in the world that can ever make him take his eyes from it.

What, then, must a man do who wishes to have the "face of an angel"? He must believe with all his heart in goodness and truth and beauty everywhere. It is that belief which will bring the angelic into any one's face. The man who believes only in vice, and delights in evil, shows it in his face. We know the cynic by sight, and the infidel, and the hypocrite, and the coward, the selfish and avaricious; they all bear their ugly creed written large upon their telltale faces. To believe in beautiful things is to become beautiful.

If we but believed that which is written of us in God's own handwriting,—that we are the sons and daughters of the Almighty, walking upon this earth for a brief space, and presently to enter upon an inheritance of which no human mind can conceive or tongue express the unutterable grandeur or glory,—surely if we had faith in these things, we should walk on amid life's confusion, toil, and din with marks of these things upon our garments perhaps, but on our faces the glow of a great hope, the transfiguring radiance of immortal bliss, the light from the city of God so soon to be our home; and men would see our face "as it had been the face of an angel."—William A. L. Taylor, B. A.

WHATEVER our place allotted to us by Providence, that for us is the post of honor and duty. God estimates us, not by the position we are in, but by the way in which we fill it.—T. Edwards.

FAITH ILLUSTRATED.

BY R. S. OWEN.

I WAS once taught an impressive lesson on the subject of faith which I shall never forget. It was in my Canadian home. In the cellar under the house was a well with a pump which passed up into the room above. A tool had fallen into this well which I desired very much to obtain. After drawing the water out, I asked little Chester, "Will you go to the bottom of that well for me if I will let you down?" Looking at the well, he hesitated for a moment, and then said, "Yes, I'll go." Carefully I let him down, down into the darkness to the bottom. He soon found the tool, and was brought safely up again.

Being somewhat surprised that he had manifested no fear, I said, "Chester, were you not afraid to go down into that dark well? Were you not afraid of falling?" "No, papa," he replied, "I knew you would not let me down that way if I would fall." That was the secret of his confidence; not faith in himself, but his faith in me. He knew that I loved him, and was sure that I would not let him fall. All was dark below, but father's hand was holding from above.

Often in hours of darkness has this lesson come to me. God cares for his children; and if we trust in him, he will never forsake us.

Trembling soul, look up; all may seem dark below, but our heavenly Father will not let us fall beyond the reach of his power. Hear him speak to us through the prophet Isaiah, "Fear thou not; for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

THE BLOOD OF CHRIST.

AN old herdsman in England was taken to a London hospital to die. His grandchild would go and read to him. One day she was reading in the first chapter of the First Epistle of John, and came to the words: "And the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." The old man raised himself up and stopped the little girl, saying with great earnestness:—

"Is that there, my dear?"

"Yes, grandpa."

"Then read it to me again. I never heard it before."

She read it again.

"You are quite sure that is there?"

"Yes, quite sure, grandpa."

"Then take my hand and lay my finger on the passage, for I want to feel it."

She took the old blind man's hand and placed his bony finger on the verse, when he said:—

"Now read it to me again."

With a soft, sweet voice she read: "And the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

"You are sure that is there?"

"Yes, quite sure, grandpa."

"Then if any one should ask how I died, tell him I died in the faith of these words: 'The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.'"

With this the old man passed away.—The Christian Work.

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THE TRIAL OF ABRAHAM'S FAITH.

GEN. 22:1-14.

GOD had made promise to Abraham, saying: "Look now toward heaven, and tell the stars, if thou be able to number them: and he said unto him, So shall thy seed be." Gen. 15:5.

This promise was to be fulfilled through Isaac, yet the Lord said to Abraham, "Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of." Gen. 22:2.

So far as human experience went, this would have put an end forever to all hope that the promise could ever be fulfilled; yet with apparently no hesitation Abraham prepared at once to do just what the Lord required of him.

We need not trace the story of the journey, nor even quote the verse that tells how at the last moment, just as the knife was about to fall upon the unresisting son, the father's hand was stayed and Isaac's life spared; all may read the familiar story for themselves. Our present purpose is to learn if possible what power sustained Abraham under this trial; what kept his heart from breaking, what nerved his hand as he bound his boy to the altar, and raised the knife with firm purpose to plunge it into the wildly beating heart of the child upon whom all his hopes centered.

The apostle Paul tells us that "by faith Abraham, being tried, offered up Isaac: yea, he that had gladly received the promises was offering up his only begotten son." Heb. 11:17, R. V.

The first verse of the same chapter tells us what faith is: "Now faith is the assurance of things hoped for, the proving of things not seen."

Abraham knew that the fulfillment of the promise hinged on Isaac's life. He had been told that Isaac was the promised son; and so sure was Abraham of the truth of God's word that he believed that if he slew his son in obedience to the divine command, the Lord would restore him to life again.

That such was Abraham's faith is clearly indicated in the patriarch's words to his servants: "Abraham said to his young men, Abide ye here with the ass; and I and the lad will go yonder and worship, and come again."

We might well rest the case here, for we can not think of Abraham with a lie upon his lips at this solemn moment; clearly he believed that both he and "the lad," the son of promise, would come again, just as he said to the young men.

But the Lord has given us line upon line, and in Heb. 11:17-19, we have an inspired comment upon the story in Genesis, and there we learn that Abraham offered his son "accounting that God was able to raise him up even from the dead; from whence also he received him in a figure."

It was not only faith, then, that sustained

Abraham in this hour of trial, but it was faith in the resurrection of the dead. Nor was it merely a passing thought nor a vague, shadowy dream that came to Abraham for a moment and then took its flight, leaving him the victim of distressing doubts and conflicting emotions. Abraham believed God: "accounting," reckoning, that he "was able to raise him up even from the dead."

And Abraham's hope was the hope of the fathers that came after him. When answering for his faith before Agrippa, the apostle Paul said: "And now I stand and am judged for the hope of the promise of God unto our fathers." Acts 26:6. Before the Jewish council he had declared: "Of the hope and resurrection of the dead I am called in question." Acts 23:6.

The apostle was not a trickster, juggling with words whereby to deceive the people; the hope of the fathers was the hope of the resurrection of the dead; and it is still the hope of the Christian. "Now if Christ be preached that he rose from the dead, how say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead? But if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen: and if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain. Yea, and we are found false witnesses of God; because we have testified of God that he raised up Christ: whom he raised not up, if so be that the dead rise not. For if the dead rise not, then is not Christ raised: and if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins. Then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished." 1 Cor. 15:12-18.

HOW TO MEET TEMPTATION.

THE Christian is to live in this world as Jesus did, and to overcome as he overcame.

When Jesus came to this world, he did not lay aside his divinity, but he did "empty himself," as one translation of Phil. 2:7 puts it. "The Word was made flesh;" and this not some superior sort of flesh, but human flesh, just such flesh as men have nowadays, and as men have had ever since the fall. And in this flesh he lived and overcame just as he wants us to live and overcome.

Just how Jesus was kept, or rather how he kept himself, is told in Ps. 17:4: "By the word of thy lips I have kept me from the paths of the destroyer." The comforting thought in this is that we have the same words to-day, and there is just the same keeping power in them.

The account of the temptation tells us more about this, for there we learn just how Jesus used the words of his Father to keep himself "from the paths of the destroyer."

"And when he had fasted forty days and forty nights, he was afterward an hungered. And when the tempter came to him, he said, If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread. But he answered and said, It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God. Then the devil taketh him up into the holy city, and setteth him on a pinnacle of the temple, and saith unto him, If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down: for it is written, He shall give his angels charge

concerning thee: and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone. Jesus said unto him, It is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God. Again, the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and showeth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them; and saith unto him, All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me. Then saith Jesus unto him, Get thee hence, Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve. Then the devil leaveth him, and, behold, angels came and ministered unto him." Matt. 4:2-11.

It will be observed that in every case the temptation was met by the Word of God. Have we not, then, in these texts, a most precious lesson on how to meet and overcome temptation?

A QUERY.

What warrant have we in the Scriptures for believing that all the world will be converted before the Lord comes the second time?

None whatever. Indeed it seems strange that such an idea ever gained a foothold in the church.

In Matt 24:37 our Saviour declares that "as the days of Noah were, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be." Now we know from Gen. 6:5-11 that the people in the time of Noah were very wicked. Instead of the whole world's being saved, the great majority perished in the flood.

Again in 2 Tim. 3:1-5 the apostle Paul declares that "in the last days perilous times shall come;" and this peril is because of prevailing iniquity, not only in the world, but among those "having a form of godliness."

The last days can not be a period of time ending before the very last day. No matter where we think of the last days as beginning, they must include the very last day of this world's history; therefore Paul's words leave no place for the fabled time when in this mortal state all the world shall turn to God.

The apostle Peter, too, speaks of the last days, saying, Know this also "that in the last days perilous times shall come." And what is the evidence of the peril? Why, there shall arise "scoffers, walking after their own lusts, and saying, Where is the promise of his coming?"

Evidently the thought is not so much that these scoffers challenge the promise of his [Christ's] coming as the evidence that he is coming; for they argue the case, saying, "Since the fathers fell asleep all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation."

You see somebody must be saying something about Christ's coming. Men do not deny that which nobody affirms; so these scoffers are objecting to the teaching of the doctrine of Christ's second coming.

Another evidence that the world will not be converted and that there will not be a thousand years of peace and safety before the Lord comes, is furnished by Rev. 12:17: "And the dragon was wroth with the woman, and went to make war with the remnant of her seed, which keep the commandments of God, and have the testimony of Jesus Christ."

The remnant of anything is the last end of it.

The woman is the Church, and her seed, or children, are the members of the Church; and these are persecuted by the dragon until the end. With this conclusion agree the words of the apostle: "Yea, and all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." Think not that it will ever be easier to do right than just now.

ORIGIN OF THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.

THE names of the days of the week are derived from Saxon idolatry. The Saxons had seven deities more particularly adored than the rest; namely, the sun, the moon, Tuisco, Woden, Thor, Friga, and Saeter.

Sunday being dedicated to the sun, it was called by them Sunandaeg. His idol represented the bust of a man, with the face darting bright rays, holding a wheel before his breast, indicative of the circuit of the golden orb around our sphere.

Monday was dedicated to the moon, and was represented by a female on a pedestal, with a very singular dress and two long ears.

Tuesday was dedicated to Tuisco, a German hero, sire of the Germans, Scythians, and Saxons. He was represented as a venerable old man with a long white beard, a scepter in his hand, and the skin of a white bear thrown over his shoulders.

Wednesday was consecrated to Woden, or Oden, the supreme god of the northern nations, father of the gods, and god of war. He was represented as a warrior in a bold, martial attitude, clad in armor, holding in his right hand a broad, crooked sword and a shield in his left.

Thursday was consecrated to Thor, eldest son of Woden, who was the Roman Jupiter. He was believed to govern the air, preside over lightning and thunder, direct the wind, rain, and seasons. He was represented as sitting on a splendid throne, with a crown of gold adorned with twelve glittering stars, and a scepter in his right hand.

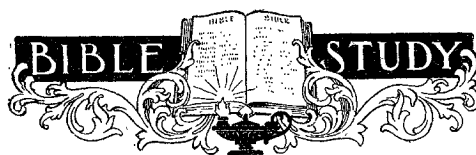
Friday was sacred to Friga,—Hertha or Edith,—the mother of the gods and wife of Woden. She was the goddess of love and pleasure, and was portrayed as a female with a naked sword in her right hand and a bow in her left, implying that in extreme cases women as well as men should fight.

Saturday was named in honor of Saeter, who was the Roman Saturnus. He was represented as on a pedestal, standing on the back of a prickly fish called a perch, his head bare, with a thin, meager face. In his left hand he held a wheel, and in his right a pail of water, with fruits and flowers. The sharp fins of the fish implied that the worshippers of Saeter should pass safely through every difficulty. The wheel was emblematic of their unity and freedom, and the pail of water implied that he could water the earth, and make it more beautiful.

ALL IS OF GOD.

All is of God! If he but wave his hand,
The mist collects, the rain falls thick and loud,
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo! He looks back from the departing cloud.
Angels of life and death alike are his;
Without his leave they pass no threshold o'er,
Against his messenger to shut the door!

—James Russell Lowell.



TEMPERANCE LESSON.

International S. S. Lesson for March 23.

SCRIPTURE LESSON: Eph. 5: 11-21.

GOLDEN TEXT: "Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess." Eph. 5: 18.

11 And have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them.

12 For it is a shame even to speak of those things which are done of them in secret.

13 But all things that are reprov'd are made manifest by the light: for whatsoever doth make manifest is light.

14 Wherefore he saith, Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.

15 See then that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise,

16 Redeeming the time, because the days are evil.

17 Wherefore be ye not unwise, but understanding what the will of the Lord is.

18 And be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit;

19 Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord;

20 Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord, Jesus Christ:

21 Submitting yourselves one to another in the fear of God.

TEMPERANCE means much more than merely abstaining from alcoholic liquors. It has been well defined as "total abstinence from hurtful things and moderate use of good things."

Christian temperance means not only abstinence from wine, which is here put for all intoxicants, but being "filled with the Spirit." Christianity knows nothing of negative goodness. It is not enough to do no evil; the Christian must bring forth fruit. God wants character, integrity, sterling manhood; and these are positive forces.

There is no such thing as separating health and temperance. The man who would be healthy must be temperate, that is, he must use all his powers as nature designed they should be used.

There is a more intimate relation between one's physical condition and spiritual things than many realize. It is doubtless true that many a man has thought that he had committed the unpardonable sin when most of the trouble was that he had misused his stomach.

Temperance in eating and drinking tends to clearness in thinking. A brain befogged with either the fumes of liquor or by gases arising from a disordered stomach, is not capable of appreciating divine truth; the moral sense is blunted, moral strength weakened, and the soul becomes a more easy prey to the tempter.

This lesson teaches us also that eating and drinking for pleasure are not essential to human happiness. The wine bibber and the glutton think they are having a good time, but only he who is "filled with the Spirit" is truly happy. God's pardoning love is the only satisfying potion.

The psalmist said, "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I." It is only by having an ideal beyond present attainment that any progress can be made. But our ideals can be reached only by realizing the present.—G. F. Tripp.

THE LABORERS IN THE VINEYARD.

Lesson for March 22.

SCRIPTURE: MATT. 19: 27-30; 20: 1-16.

THE prize set before every man is eternal life. He who wins it, obtains all; he who fails, loses all. Life is, then, the penny which the Lord of the heavenly vineyard promises to every man who engages in his service.

We are not to conclude, however, that eternal life can be purchased by anything we can do. The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.

But while the things of God are all gifts, the Lord himself invites us to come to him and "buy." (See Isa. 55: 1; Rev. 3: 18.) And while in one place we are told that he who does most has done only his duty, and is still to call himself an unprofitable servant (Luke 17: 10), yet elsewhere these gifts are spoken of as rewards given for faithful service.

The solution of the difficulty is, we think, furnished by the fact that the Lord Jesus Christ dwells in the heart of each believer, and his works are imputed to the human subject. "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me."

The merit of Christ's righteousness is given as a free gift in answer to faith, and is then accepted by the Lord as entitling him who has it to eternal life and all that it means.

There is nothing in all the Scriptures to encourage delay in yielding to God; indeed, there is much that teaches the great danger of such a course. Yet such is the Lord's mercy that while there is life and a desire for the things of God there is hope.

The divine call does not come to all at the same time. To each man there comes at some time the call, "Go ye into the vineyard." At that moment the soul knows it is a call from God. He who obeys finds salvation; he who hesitates may have another opportunity, but he has no assurance that he will have. The Lord says, "Now is the accepted time." The present only is ours; the future belongs to God. He who waits until the eleventh hour may fail utterly, and especially so if he thus waits in order that his hours of service may be shorter, and he secure the same reward as though he had borne the burden and heat of the day.

PRAYERS have been compared to ships which go forth heavy with petitions, but return laden with benefits.—Lutheran Observer.

"HE WON'T LET ME."

Do you remember the old story about the soldier who shouted out that he had caught a prisoner, and the officer said, "Bring him along," and the answer was, "He won't come?" "Then come yourself," and the answer was, "He won't let me." That is the kind of victory over the world that many of our successful people have got—so hampered and held in chains that early noble visions have passed away and are smiled at now, and God and his angels are a great deal farther off from the successful man than they were from the starving youth.—Alexander McLaren.

WITH THE CHILDREN



"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

A PROPHECY FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS. ISA. II: 6.

You all have heard of Mary's lamb,
"With fleece as white as snow,"
And how the lamb would follow her
Because she loved it so.

The day will come when all shall feel
This gentle power of love,
And every creature will become
As harmless as a dove.

The leopard with the kid shall lie,
The wolf with lambs will feed;
The lion, too, so meek and mild,
A little child may lead.

Hail! happy land of peace and love,
Where all is bright and fair,
The children who are good and kind
Will all be welcome there.

R. S. OWEN.

A STEADY TEAM.

OLD John Loyd, or "Daddy Loyd," as he was called by every one in the neighborhood, lived alone in an old ramshackle, tumble-down shanty on the side of the railroad. The railroad company allowed him to live there, and to cultivate a patch of land lying between their boundary fences. They also let him use all the old ties, or lumber, and other waste material with which to make himself comfortable during the winter. He managed to raise all the vegetables he needed, and to keep a pig and a flock of chickens, which latter kept him busy watching to see that they were not run over by the cars. He enjoyed his planting, hoeing, and digging, living a contented, if lonely, life, until the time came when he could no longer walk to the village church, about a mile away, on account of the rheumatism. This was a great and sore trial to him. To be sure he had his Bible and his faithful collie, Dan, to keep him company; but he missed the sound of his minister's voice as he read the comforting words from the good Book, and explained the meaning of the passages difficult to understand. It was very hard.

"Hello, Daddy! How do you find yourself to-day?" a young voice rang out one afternoon, rousing him out of deep and doleful meditation, as he sat in the door of his domicile; and Tommy Dean, a youthful acquaintance, emerged from behind the shanty. "A penny for your thoughts."

"I'm afraid, sonny, you wouldn't think them worth the money," answered the old man, brightening at once, the corners of his mouth taking an upward curve and a twinkle driving the sadness out of his eyes. It was hard for Daddy to be melancholy long at a time. It was not his nature. Give him only half a chance, and he would be as merry as a cricket all the day long, especially if there was a boy around, and Tommy was his favorite. Daddy was a boy at heart himself, and often said to his own soul: "If I could get rid of this old, worn-out body of mine, I would be as young as any of them."

"I know there is something the matter with you, Daddy," said Tommy, "for you were looking as blue as indigo when I saw you first. Is it your rheumatism?"

"Partly," answered the old man. "That is bad enough when it is at the worst. I am thankful that I got my vegetables in before the frost nipped them, and my firewood piled up handy, and can get around to do my chores; but I have to give up going to the church, sonny, and that is the trouble. I'm an old man, I am, and just beginning to find it out," and he heaved a sigh.

"You don't seem old," said Tommy, wishing that he knew what to say to comfort him, but the fact was undeniable—Daddy was old.

"Yes, I am an old man," repeated Daddy. "I just wish I could hop, skip, and jump about like you, and as I used to do. I feel like it sometimes, but I can't make out to do it any more."

"I wish you could," returned Tommy, heartily. "Don't you, Dan?" and that amiable individual thumped the door-step with his assenting nod, and showed all his teeth in a knowing smile.

"The winters are the worst," complained Daddy. "After the snow comes, and the ground is icy, I know I can't manage it nohow. I'm shut up in a cage, so it seems. I did manage to crawl out last Sunday, but it was slow work, and I haven't been good for much since. But the good Lord knows how it is, and if he sends the thunder-storms and the frost, he knows my old bones won't let me get out of the house. He knows, too, that I should like awful well to go."

"It looks like a storm now," said Tommy.

"Yes, sirree! there's a snowflake. I've got to make tracks for home as fast as I can, and do my chores," and he hurried across the fields on a run toward a farmhouse just showing through the trees.

Daddy sighed as his young friend disappeared behind the strip of woodland. Tommy was always a welcome visitor, and this time his stay had been tantalizingly short.

"Wish I had a son of my own," he muttered. "'Twouldn't be so dreadful lonesome now I am so shut in. Or a grandson'd be more like it!" and he retreated into his cabin.

Tommy fed the pigs and chickens, carefully shutting the latter inside their snug house after they had gone to roost.

"Poor old Daddy!" he soliloquized, as he split the kindling for morning. "It's too bad he can't get to church. If he did n't live so far from the road he could get plenty of chances to ride, but he's too lame to walk across the fields to the road, besides climbing all the fences. Plenty of folks that can go, won't, and here's Daddy, just crazy to go, and can't. It's funny," and he carried in the firewood without once thinking that it took "an awful lot" to fill the woodbox.

The next day was Saturday, and there was no school, of course. The storm was over. The sun shone upon the world transformed—a world of sparkling purity. Bob Sykes, Tommy's chum, was on hand bright and early, and in high spirits, to map out a program for the day's amusement. He found Tommy so preoccupied and unresponsive that he was offended, and exclaimed in great irritation:—

"I guess I had better mosey home, seein' you're so grumpy this morning. What's the matter with you, anyway?" Whereupon Tommy woke up and tried to explain himself.

"I can't get Daddy Loyd out of my mind,"

he confided to his friend. "He's so poorly and lonesome. What do you say to our going over there and cheering him up a little?" And he went on to tell of Daddy's trials and longings.

"I know something a heap better'n that, declared the ready Bob. Beats your plan all hollow. Ask your father if he will let us have the runners off the old cutter that went to pieces last winter, and we'll rig up a hand-sleigh and haul Daddy to church to-morrow. It'll be lots of fun. Daddy is splendid company."

"Hurrah for you, Bob!" exclaimed Tommy, in great glee. Bob was a splendid chum. He never was at a loss for an expedient.

Mr. Dean said the boys might do what they chose with the old runners, so they went to work with a will, and by night had constructed a creditable sleigh, rude and clumsy it is true, but strong and large enough for their purpose.

Mr. and Mrs. Dean were much amused when the next morning the boys declared their intentions, and started off across the fields for their passenger.

"Not a bad team," said Mr. Dean, laughing. "Pretty frisky, though; but a little hard pulling will take some of the spirit out of them."

Before they were out of hearing he shouted to them:—

"Keep a lookout for the bumps. Remember that it hurts sometimes to be upset, especially when one has the rheumatism," which warning the boys kept in mind.

It would be hard to put into words Daddy's surprise and delight when the boys appeared at his door and made known their project.

"Well, if this don't beat the Dutch!" he exclaimed, in delighted amazement. "How in the world did you come to think of it? Come right along in, and sit down till I get on my coat. It won't take mor'n a minute. I feel as spry as a kitten," but his words ended in a groan, for he had arisen too quickly and was punished by a sharp twinge of pain. The boys helped him put on his coat, hat, and muffler, and managed to get him over the fence and onto the sleigh; then they both took hold of the rope and started across the fields. They had to take down some of the rail fences to let the sleigh through, but that did not matter, for they could put them up again.

Daddy was in great spirits, keeping up such a fire of jokes and witticisms that they could scarcely draw the sleigh for laughing. Dan scampered along, now in front, now in the rear, scattering clouds of feathery snow in all directions, his joy too great to be manifested in any other way.

The boys had a pretty hard tug of it, for Daddy was no featherweight, and they had to be exceedingly careful not to upset him, the way was so rough in places. It was much easier after they had left the fields and were on the road. Very soon they were passing through the village, arriving in great style at the church door. They had to run the gauntlet of some good-natured guying from their village acquaintances, which did not trouble Tommy in the least, but made Bob's face turn red.

"Hi, there! See the Calithumpians! Daddy, what'll you take for your team?" called out one young fellow, as Bob and Tommy turned in the gate and drew up at the church steps, Daddy beaming ecstatically from behind the folds of his muffler.

"My dear boys, this is the best morning's

work you ever did," exclaimed the minister, coming eagerly down the steps to meet them.

"I've discovered, during these last few Sundays in which Daddy has been absent from church, that I positively can not preach a creditable sermon unless I have his appreciative countenance before me, from which to gather inspiration," and he helped the old man carefully up the steps. When this was accomplished, Daddy turned his happy eyes upon the bystanders, and said:—

"I want to tell you all that team can't be beat in this country or any other, either for speed or for steadiness, or my old bones might have suffered on this trip. One thing I know, the boys have done a kind act, and made an old man happy."—*Annie H. Woodruff, in Baptist and Reflector.*

THE FLYING SQUIRREL.

Down by the chimney's treacherous way
A flying squirrel fell one day,
And terror-stricken, flew around,
With scratching noise and bumping sound,
Behind the pictures, chairs, and vases,
In all obscure, protecting places.
And how persistently, with shout
And flapping cloth and poker stout,
We tried to drive the rascal out!
There was the sunny world outside,
And doors and windows open wide,
Yet that poor beastie, foolish-wise,
With quivering breast and frightened eyes,
His little body one wild fear,
He darted there and scuttled here,

But shunned, the silly! o'er and o'er,
The open windows and the door,
Till last a nervous, lucky blow,
Worked the poor fool a happy woe,
Struck him to floor, a furry heap,
And there he lay as if asleep.
We took him up with tender care
And bore him to the outer air,
When suddenly his beady eyes
Snapped open in a glad surprise:
"Too good," he thought it, "to be true,
But yet I'll try," and off he flew!

And so, dear human squirrel's, we,
Caught where it is not best to be,
By some mischance or likelier sin,
The same wild, blundering course begin.
We rave, we faint, we fly we fall,
We dash our heads against the wall,
We scramble there, we scurry here,
We palpitate in nameless fear,
In stupid corners still we hide,
And miss the windows, open wide,
Till last, struck down by some stern blow,
That seems a climax to our woe,
As there we lie in helplessness,
God's great, strong hand of tenderness
Closes around us, lifts us high,
And bears us forth beneath the sky,
And leaves us where we ought to be,
Under blue heavens, glad and free.

—*Amos R. Wells.*

CANCELLING WORDS.

MOST of us have studied cancellation in school. Here is a kind which can be studied in vacation. Two boys were speaking of a third.

"He is so slow in games!" said one.

"Yes," replied the other; "but he always plays fair."

"He is so stupid at school!" said the first.

"But he studies hard," returned the second, "Every unkind word was cancelled by a kind one. The next time one of us hears an unkind word, let us see if we can not cancel it."—*Sunday School Visitor.*

BE ON THE WATCH.

A GENTLEMAN stopped suddenly before a sign that told him that messenger boys were to be had inside. He hesitated, and then went in.

"How many boys have you in just now?" he asked.

"Six," was the reply; "it's dull to-day."

"Then they're all here," said the gentleman, looking around, while the boys themselves were all attention, wondering "what was up."

"Boys," said the gentleman, eyeing them scrutinizingly, "I suppose you know there is an exhibition of trained dogs to-night?"

The faces of the boys showed that they were perfectly aware of that fact, and that they might even give him some points in regard to it.

"Well, I'm looking for a boy to take a blind man to see it."

A titter was the first response; then followed a variety of expressions, as "A blind man!" "You're foolin'!" "What could a blind man see?" and "You can't guy us that way!"

"I'm not guying; I'm in earnest," said Mr. Davis, and then looking at one of the boys who had said nothing, he asked,

"Well, what do you think of it?"

"I think I could do it," was the reply. "Yes, I'm sure I could, sir."

"How do you propose to make him see it?"

"Through my eyes, sir. That's the only way he could see it."

"You're the boy I'm after," said Mr. Davis, and he arranged for him to meet the blind man.

The exhibition was in a large theatre, and the blind man and his guide had a box to themselves where they could disturb no one: but Mr. Davis, from his seat in the audience, knew that the boy was telling what went on so that the blind man could understand, and others in the audience became interested in the messenger boy and his companion, who, though carrying on an animated conversation, seemed absorbed and excited over everything that went on. Indeed, no one applauded more heartily than the blind man himself.

The following day Mr. Davis again appeared among the messenger boys, and after a few words with the manager, said:—

"Boys, there was a chance offered every one of you yesterday—a chance for lifting yourselves up in the world—but only one of you grasped it. My friend, the blind man, has felt for some time that he might get much pleasure out of life if he could find some young eyes to do his seeing for him with an owner who could report intelligently. My stopping here yesterday was with the thought that possibly such a pair of eyes could be found here. It was an opportunity held out to every one of you, but only one understood and grasped it. For the rest of you it was a lost opportunity, for my friend is delighted with the experiment—says he is sure I hit upon the one boy in town who will suit him, and has offered him a good position, with a fine salary. Messenger boys are easy to get, but a boy who can make a blind man see is at a premium. And yet you might—well, you see, that boy, although he did not know it, was on the watch for a good opportunity, and when it came, he knew how to manage it. It is the only way to keep good opportunities from slipping away, boys; you must be on the watch for them."—*Anne Weston Whitney, in the Sabbath Recorder.*

CURRENT EVENTS

A PRIZE of two hundred thousand dollars has been offered by the management of St. Louis world's fair for a practicable air-ship capable of being steered. "It is significant," remarks *The Youth's Companion*, "that the exhibit is classed in the department of transportation."

RECENTLY a New York policeman, Michael J. Coyne by name, saved five lives at a fire. "He isn't likely, however," remarks the *Chicago Record-Herald*, "to be regarded as half as much of a hero as he might have been if he had waved a flag somewhere and shot a few men to death."

MARCH 4, Mayor Bookwalter, of Indianapolis, said that he would not permit Sunday baseball, as it is a violation of the State law. This will interfere with the schedule of the American Association, which has scheduled eleven Sunday games for that city. Manager Watkins declares that financially it is a question of Sunday ball or no ball at all.

THE coroner's office has already been abolished in Massachusetts, and it is thought New York may follow suit. Mr. De Lancey Nicoll, District Attorney of New York City, declares: "I believe that the coroner's office is more of a hindrance than a help to the administration of the criminal laws in this city. I believe that convictions in cases of homicide could be obtained with more certainty without the interference of the coroners. The coroner's office is an antiquated institution, a relic of a primitive age, and it should be abolished."

THE twenty-fifth year of the pontificate of Leo XIII was celebrated in Rome a few days since. The Pope is said to be still remarkably vigorous for one of his age, and likely to live for some time to come. It is not strange that one of Gioachimo Pecci's age and ability should be an object of interest, but only in the light of prophecy can his influence in the political world be understood. The Pope can not be considered apart from the system of which he is the head, and of it the word of God says, "The world wondered after the beast." Rev. 13:4.

SENATOR HANNA is reported as saying in a recent interview: "I should be ashamed to adopt the Nicaraguan canal route in opposition to the unanimous report of the Commission and the figures they furnish. We are told that it will cost \$1,350,000 a year less to operate the Panama than the Nicaraguan route. At the government rate of interest, this amount represents the interest on \$65,000,000. This is but one of many facts which must be credited to the side of Panama."

The opinion is, however, freely expressed in Washington that the Senate Committee having the matter in hand will report in favor of the Nicaraguan route. It is believed that when the question comes up for consideration in the Senate, there will be a lively debate, in which feeling will be displayed. The expectation is that a compromise, to be suggested by Mr. Spooner, leaving the selection of the route largely to the discretion of the President, will be adopted.

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If your neighbor is not a Christian, has it ever occurred to you that possibly there is something in your life over which he stumbles?

THE man who will succeed in bringing souls to Christ, is the man who knows from his own experience that the gospel is the best thing, the most valuable thing, in all the world for sinful man.

It is well for every one to remember the word of our Lord, "No man can serve two masters." We are serving either God or self. Each individual is either a Christian or he is not. Reader, on which side do you stand?

A MINISTER called on a member who kept away from the prayer meeting. Taking a live coal from the grate, he placed it alone on the hearth. The red glow faded, and it soon became black and dead. The parishioner understood. "I'll come to the next meeting," he said.

WE are far too prone to forget that God's word is "quick and powerful." "Quick" means living; it is living and full of power. God has put himself into his word, and he who accepts and trusts that word accepts and trusts its Author, and will find his truth his "shield and buckler."

REV. GEO. F. TRIPP says: "We should live more in the present. If a motto were to be placed above my pulpit, expressed in just one word, it should be in burning letters, TO-DAY. Now is the keystone in the arch of God's eternities. The present is crowded with the richest gifts in the Father's storehouse."

Do you remember the witty Dean Swift's sermon on charity, preached on the annual occasion for such a sermon, in St. Paul's, Westminster? His text was from Prov. 19:17: "He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord." His sermon was: "If you trust the security, down with the dust." That was all. What more was needed?

A CHINESE scholar who was assisting Bishop Boone in the translation of the Bible, but who was not yet converted, made this statement concerning the blessed book: "Whoever made that book made me. It knows all that is in my heart. It tells me what no one else except God can know about me. Whoever made me wrote that book."

SAD will be the day for any man when he becomes absolutely contented with the life he is living, with the thoughts he is thinking, and the deeds he is doing; when there is not forever beating at the doors of his soul some great desire to do something larger which he knows that he was meant and made to do because he is a child of God.—*Phillips Brooks.*

GOD has much respect for the honest confession of sin, but none whatever for excuses for it.—*Meigs.*

A NEW Hebrew commentary on the Old Testament has appeared. It is said to be the first important work of this kind in fifty years.

IF your neighbor makes a profession of religion but gives no evidence of a living Christian experience, have you ever considered the question of what you can do to help him? or are you saying, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

GOD has put into the heart of every man a desire, more or less strong and constant, to be better than he is and to do better than he does. But no man can do better until he is better, and no man can be better until God makes him better. This God will do for every man who desires it so much that he is willing to be separated from all sin and to be clothed with all righteousness. The Lord does not compromise with sin. Christ can have no fellowship with Belial.

GOD'S word can not fail. "Heaven and earth shall pass away," says our Lord, "but my words shall not pass away." They are more enduring than the "everlasting hills," and stronger than all the forces that evil men and demons can bring against them; therefore "who is there among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness and hath no light? let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God." Thus trusting none ever fell, and none can fall.

THE Treasury Bureau of Statistics is authority for the following figures:—

"The number of cattle, hogs, and sheep brought to the five leading Western markets alone for the first eleven months of 1901 were as follows: Chicago, 13,801,067 head; Kansas City, 6,139,520 head; Omaha, 4,155,432 head; St. Louis, 3,444,762 head; St. Joseph, 2,779,777 head, making a total of 30,320,558 head, compared with 27,977,165 head in the same months of 1900. The only evidence of decline in the live-stock movement at Chicago appeared in the decrease in the receipts and shipments of hogs. At Kansas City the receipts have been larger and the shipments smaller than for the similar period of 1900. Local consumption at these five markets has generally exceeded that of the preceding year."

THE Lord does not give blessings to consume upon the individual; he blesses that the recipient of his mercy may be a blessing; he gives to us that we may impart to others. Indeed, in the spiritual sphere we can keep only that which we give away. That which we hoard becomes dross, and even the memory of it so fades that we come to doubt whether it was ever really ours. But that which we give to others increases, not by addition merely, but by multiplication, until with the apostle we exclaim: "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out! For who hath known the mind of the Lord? or who hath been his counsellor? or who hath first given to him, and it shall be recompensed unto him again? For of him, and through him, and to him, are all things: to whom be glory forever. Amen."

A RECENT article in the Brooklyn (N. Y.) *Eagle* gives some interesting facts relative to the proposed railroad through Alaska, across Behring Strait, and through Siberia and Russia to St. Petersburg.

Mr. F. S. Granger, of Seattle, who has spent five years studying this monster railroad problem, thinks the scheme not only feasible but practical and even profitable. He predicts that "in 1907 one can go from San Francisco to St. Petersburg or Paris in twelve or thirteen days; the old world and the new will be brought together, and great mineral and agricultural lands will be thrown open, and greater wealth than one dreams of will be reaped by the nation. Our engineers have reported that the streams to be bridged offer no difficulties, and we set five years as the limit of time before the road will be in active operation, but we hope, and rather expect, to cut ten months from that estimate."

The chief obstacle to the building of this road will not be Behring Strait, but a thousand miles of Tundra swamp in Siberia. It is believed that Behring Strait can be bridged, or if thought best for a time, passengers, freight, and through cars, such as sleepers, could be ferried across the strait.

A CRIME OF THE WOODS.

A STURDY oak—its spreading branches filled
An acre round, where ages it had stood—
The sinless monarch of this mighty wood,
Till one there came who with a vandal's power
Sent crashing earthward in a single hour
What God required three centuries to build.

—*Albert B. Paine.*

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

THE March number of the *Ladies' Home Journal* has devoted nine pages to the ways of women in dress. Suggestions are given on the latest styles in gowns, hats, bridal costumes, renovating old gowns, children's clothes, and all the accessories of the wardrobe. A page for answering question in these lines adds not a little to the value of the department for women who are not regular dressmakers.

Mrs. Raiston, Mrs. Holden, and Emma M. Hooper contribute of their talents to this department. The last-named gives this advice on furnishing the spring wardrobe:—

"Before beginning to make up new material each season, it is well to look over one's present stock of apparel, and renovate that. First dust every piece, remove all spots and stains, and decide whether or not the article is worth remodeling. Put all dresses in good repair by putting fresh facings and bindings on all the skirts, and also new belts if they are necessary. Sew on all missing hooks and eyes and buttons. Put clean facings in collars and sleeves. Sew in fresh dress shields. Attention to these little things will make a dollar do the work of two. 'A stitch in time saves nine.'"

"It is poor economy to buy a dress of a different color every time, and then be obliged to wear it constantly. Select one color besides black for the street, and another one for the evening, and keep to these, bringing all changes on the trimmings and style of making, not on the color. When confined to a limited wardrobe, do not buy 'loud' colors, plaids, novel dress goods, or conspicuous trimmings."