

THE MID-CONTINENT

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\$2 A YEAR.

KEEP THE boys on the farm by giving them part of the farm to keep them.

THE TONGUE is not the only unruly member. The hand that holds the pen will bear watching.

HEDONISM TAUGHT that pleasure was the true aim of existence. But was Aristippus, its high priest, any happier than you or I?

THE FORTY-minute sermon is bitterly complained of by the man who was reading the 40-page Sunday morning *Shock* just before church.

IT IS EVIDENT that the Jews in Germany appreciate the value of a university education is proved by statistics just published. Every 10,000 Protestants in the German empire sent fifty students to these higher institutions of learning; every 10,000 Roman Catholics send thirty-two, while every 10,000 Hebrews send the remarkable number of 333.

THE LOSS in the sudden death of Prof. Winchell of Park College is greatly felt by that noble institution. To the Presbyterian cause in the Southwest it was, also a sad loss. Prof. Winchell, as Dr. C. B. McAfee touchingly and ably pointed out in our last issue, was a young "leader of men", a powerful force in his place. We extend to his dear ones and to Park College our sincere condolence.

NO CHRISTIAN sect, perhaps, is more strict in accepting the Bible literally than the Dunkards. It is noted that the question was once submitted at a Dunkard meeting whether it was lawful for the brethren to patronize or establish high schools, and the answer was in the negative, on the ground that the Bible tells Christians to mind not "high things", but to condescend to men of low estate!

IT IS PLEASANT to know that a large number of the children from Philadelphia's slums were taken to the country by the Country Week Association this summer. One of the gentlemen in charge, noticing that one little fellow seemed very unhappy, asked him why he wasn't having a good time. In reply, he added: "You oughter to live down in our alley. Why, ther patrol wagon sometimes comes five times a day." Poor little chap!

THERE IS NOTHING like going abroad for the news. A traveler says that it is reported abroad that "a regular custom in San Francisco churches, and in other hot parts of America is for people to "get up and stretch themselves, and even take a turn outside, after the fashion of the theater, between the acts." The writer thinks that "if we (English) would adopt some of these sensible ways, our churches might be generally filled, even in spite of the hot weather."

IT IS NOTED that among the vagrants caught on the recent raids on the Bois de Bologne, Paris, was a man who proved that he had an income of 6,000 francs a year. He declared that he had not slept under a roof in ten years, and that he could not breathe behind a shut door. He spent his days in the National Library, went to a theatre in the evening, then turned to the Bois or under the bridge to sleep. He kept a trunk with clothes at a railroad station, and went into the wash-room there to change whenever he felt it was necessary. The police say that he spends a good deal of money in charity. They had to release him.

A PARIS correspondent of the *London Times* writes: "Quite recently a bull fight was organized at Dijon, but matadors, toreadors, bulls and trappings had to go as they came. Nobody would patronize the horrible spectacle. The thing fell utterly through from want of patronage. It may be remembered that a

similar fiasco occurred in Paris not long after the exhibition of 1889. Bull fights did indeed disgrace that huge cosmopolitan affair, but ultimately the arena was pulled down and the fittings sold for a mere song. Parisians were disgusted with the whole concern. It is to be hoped for the honor of France that the prefects of the south will remorselessly carry out their instructions and banish this relic of barbarism from French soil."

CONSIDER THEN that typical New Testament prayer-meeting. Remember the first few verses of the second chapter of Acts, and you have it before you, says one: "It was an attended prayer-meeting; they were all with one accord in one place; Peter was not absent because it happened to be a little hot, and James was not away because it happened to be a little cool, and Bartholomew was not away because it happened to be a little wet, and Mathew was not away because his toga was a little worn, and Mary was not absent because her veil had gotten a little out of style, and Salome and Bartholomew did not refuse to fill their places because just then there happened to be a party in Jerusalem, and James the Less was not away because he thought that Peter was taking a little too much on himself and was just a little officious. Not for any reasons like these or for any other reasons imaginable was anyone away. It was an attended prayer-meeting. They were all with one accord in one place. Oh, the enthusiasm of numbers! Oh, the holy contagion of religious elbow touch! Oh, the power of presence! And this typical prayer-meeting had all these. It was an attended prayer-meeting."

EUROPE IS POURING the overflow of her seething population upon our shores. Nor is it as a rule the honest, virtuous laborers who are thus thrown off from the old world governments. It is ascertained by inquiry that two-thirds of them are the idle, unskilled poor, ignorant, and in many cases, members of criminal classes. Those among them who are honest are impoverished and usually helpless and sometimes professional paupers and outcasts. The harvests this year seem more abundant than for many seasons past, and food will be cheap. It is no wonder then that every steamer should bring hundreds of foreigners in the steerage and that the cheap lodging places of Liverpool and Queenstown should be crowded with emigrants awaiting passage. Thousands of these come with money sent them by former comers to this El Dorado, who have urged their former companions to follow. The effect upon the morals and average intelligence of our land by this increasing annual influx can only be depreciating. But the influences upon religion must be still more distressing. We have far more to fear from the superstitious, ignorant, unprincipled, degraded foreign element, than from many more apparent sources of danger. For the emigrant becomes one of the family with us, voted for our rulers, helps make our laws and manage our institutions. The problem how best to reach this incoming herd, is one of the intricate affairs that needs the study of our best brain and most experienced judgments.

BE COURTEOUS. Courtesy is simply kindness. When one is at a loss to know what is the courteous thing to do, he only needs to think what is the respectful, kind, helpful, action. The preference of others before self; thoughtfulness of their comfort, pleasure, entertainment; the ready yielding of one's own ease or preference thereto, this is kindness, this is courtesy. Careful attention to the feelings of others, keeping our minds on what may give them ease, or relief, these are the marks of genuine gentlemanliness. Courtesy is a plant of the heart, not of the head. Its great foe is selfishness, love of self-indulgence. Rudeness is simply self-importance in action. Incivility is deep self-conceit working to the outside. Better than all the printed Rules of Etiquette, is the simple guide: *Do what is kind to others.* There is no Scripture that should more touch our hearts, and kindle aspirations after loving kindness to others, than the tender words: For even Christ pleased not Himself. To be

courteous requires careful reflection, consideration for others. When we grow inconsiderate and do not try to think what others will like, we are sure to neglect their wishes and cross their feelings. Then follows rudeness, appropriation to self of the best place, the best things. Boorishness is the result of self-neglect, where natural selfishness of disposition is permitted to run its course unrestrained and uncultured. But true self-respect tends to respect for others. Be courteous, and you will be treated courteously. For genuine courtesy is just doing to others what you would have others do to you.

LI HUNG CHANG, the statesman and high official of China and probably the greatest figure in its modern history, has now reached our shores in his tour of visits and inspection of foreign lands. He has been formally received with marked official courtesy and honor by President Cleveland, and is on his journeyings seeing the most he can in his short stay. Premier Li (Lee) represents the modern spirit in his country. To him, it is said, China is more credited for improvements hitherto effected than to any other of her high officials. He is remarkable for his attainments in Chinese scholarship, and as a representative and highly honored and trusted servant of the government his influence has long been felt. Though seventy-three years of age he is still full of vigor with large capacity for work. Religiously he is a Confucianist, but with his order of mind he is more tolerantly and favorably disposed to our Christian Missions than the most of his class. A very interesting tale is told of his being thoroughly won to the side of the Medical Missions, seventeen years ago, when his wife lying sick and nothing bettered by the native physicians but rather growing worse and given over to die, was cured by the missionary doctors, Dr. Mackenzie of the London Mission and Miss Howard, M. D., of the American Methodist Mission. We believe the influence of this enlightened Chinaman, and still more after his visits to England and the United States, will tend at least to the more cordial protection and encouragement of the Missionaries in his land.

THE REV. DR. JOHN M. STEVENSON, secretary *emeritus* of the American Tract Society, has recently passed from earth to his eternal home. It is with more than the ordinary emotion in recording the death of a valued servant of the Lord that we make mention of his decease. He and the father of the editor of this paper, although not in the relation of pastor and parishoner, were friends and counselors together half a century ago, and their bonds of sympathy and christian intercourse were only broken when death came between them ten years since. The writer of this notice shared his friendship and most kindly interest ever since the days of young manhood—"beloved for the father's sake." Genial, courteous, sympathetic; superior in counsel and judgment; wise and tender and always adorned by the fruits of the Spirit and the marks of a matured piety—such was our friend as we delight to recall him. Dr. Stevenson was born in Washington Co., Pa., May 14, 1812. He was a Jefferson College man of the class of 1836. After a period of work as a teacher he was ordained to the ministry of the Presbyterian church in 1842. As a pastor he served at Troy, Ohio, and at New Albany, Ind. The greater part of his ministerial life he spent in the service of the American Tract Society, as secretary with especial charge of the Benevolent department. For thirty-five years he thus labored in the relations of fellowship and service with churches and pastors of all denominations, with agents and colporters of the society, and with the missionary work in foreign lands. Advancing age compelled him to lay down his active duties, and four years ago he was made secretary *emeritus*. His home for many years past had been in Patterson, N. J., near New York. He died Aug. 22nd in his 85th year. His death touches an unusually large circle of friends, not only about New York, but in distant parts. His wife survives him, and two daughters, one of whom is the wife of Dr. Patton, president of Princeton University.

ROUGHING IT ABROAD.

BY JOS. EARNEST MC AFEE.

V.

LONDON TO COLOGNE.

At 6 o'clock in the morning on July 15th, we set out from our London "home" on the survey side and arrived in the evening in Parkston, near Harwich, whence the Great Eastern railroad starts its boats for the continent. We tarried three hours in Colchester looking about that interesting old city. Its castle has recently been overhauled and the portion still standing is used as a museum. A remarkable fact is that not only the park about the ruin, but the castle and the rooms containing the really fine collections of relics and curiosities is open to the public free every day in the week. The visitor is only asked to record his name in the book.

At Parkston we took the boat for Rotterdam, Holland. Greatly to our disappointment, we found it impossible to rough it on that trip; second class passage was the best the company could do for us, so we laid aside all scruples and "bunked" alongside of Cock's tourists. We reached Rotterdam without becoming wholly demoralized; there we had our first experience with a people of a strange language. In Ireland and some parts of England we could not be sure at times that the English language as we know it would answer our purpose, but by dint of much repetition on both sides we had never failed to make ourselves understood or get desired information from others. But here there was no assurance even that the few German words we had at command would happen to sound sufficiently like the Dutch to carry us through. I soon found an exchange bank, however, and with a little Dutch money in our pockets, we felt some confidence. It began to rain soon after we reached Holland and it was still raining when we paddled through the mud into Prussia. From all appearances, the country was sufficiently moist before the rain. We left Rotterdam in the afternoon and reached Utrecht in the evening in spite of the rain and sloppy roads. That afternoon gave us our best view of the "decked" portion of Holland.

MOIST HOLLAND.

We might have seen more of the dikes had we turned southward or gone due west toward Germany, but we saw sufficient water to impress us that Holland is moist. In England we saw miles of earth ridges serving for fences; in Holland the fences were ditches filled with water. As the Nebraskan described it, it is a land turned wrong side out. Until we came to the hills—the Dutch call them hills—our road was always on an embankment above the fields, sometimes raised as high as fifteen feet. At this season of the year, there is much stagnant water and the acres of green "ecnm" must breed a very malarious air. Utrecht is on higher ground and is noted for its wells of pure water. Utrecht spring water is sold all over Holland, especially in the low-lying districts. We certainly found the water refreshing. We ascended the tower of the old church and obtained a good view of the city. The tower is 340 feet high and on a clear day one is promised a view of practically all of Holland, but the clouds were hanging low during our sojourn in Holland: we were fortunate in being able to keep dry while we looked at the city. This old church tower stands quite alone. A storm many years ago demolished the nave of the church, leaving the tower and the transcripts standing, and so the transcripts and tower still stand with a great gap between them, now a paved street or court used most sacreligiously by tram-cars and all manner of vehicles.

Ours is an open-air excursion if ever one was made. We get our best news "a-wheel," and it will be the country that we will remember more than the cities; and of all the rides we have yet taken, we agree that the first twenty-five miles out of Utrecht was the finest. The road is paved with brick all the way, and for many miles further, for that matter, and on either side there is one continuous line of villas. England was garden-like, but the garden might have been made within the last decade, but generations must have conspired to produce that line of villas in Holland, and yet it had all the freshness that the most scrupulous care during the present season could give. There was the greatest and richest profusion of flowers that I have seen outside of botanical gardens, far greater and richer than I have seen inside of many. And then there was a stateliness about the great old trees and substantial old mansions that gave an impression of stability along with one of beauty, such as no park or garden ever gave me. We were ready to appreciate all the beauty of that ride as the rain

failed for a few hours and the sun actually peeped out. Toward evening as we approached Arnhem, the rain came on again and we took shelter in a barn in which precaution we were accompanied by a native wheelman who told us we had not yet seen Holland's most beautiful villas which were to be found northwest of Arnhem; we were anxious to see more, of course, but to have gone in that direction would have taken us out of our way and the rain coming on again, we felt that we would enjoy more a straight road toward Cologne. Besides, we found that our friend's judgment was poor in other matters and we chose to consider it so in this matter also, disregarding the fact that the guide books quite agree with him. We may not have seen all of Holland's beautiful villas, but we saw scores and hundreds that could hardly be made more beautiful.

We were hurrying toward Cologne. Between Zevenaer and Emmerick we passed

OVER THE GERMAN BORDER

without discovering any custom house officials. Being in a hurry as I said, we did not make a careful search, but pushed on and reached Wesil by Saturday evening, where we spent Sunday. We got there our first taste of the continental Sabbath, and it was more than a taste: we felt that we had taken a large dose when the experience was over. Having found a hotel of whose respectability as well as cheapness, we were assured we "put up" cleaned our machines for "Sunday" and finally crawled between the two feather beds which were shown us. Sabbath morning was fairly quiet; most of the inhabitants of the town seemed to be church-goers. As it was a Roman Catholic community, we dropped in upon a Roman Catholic service and stood with a hundred or more other men in the rear of the church. If all the churches were as well attended, most of the people of the town were out. But after the service was over, "the music began," the streets got noisy, our respectable hotel, which was truly respectable as the German hotels go, turned on the faucet of its tankard of beer, the soldiers, with whom by the way Wesel overflows, and citizens poured in and we had beer and billiards and pool and music and dancing and speaking and applause till evening. The revelry was not carried late into the evening however, and no one seemed to be drunk. The same soldiers who had so enjoyed themselves on Sunday, were out drilling vigorously on Monday as we passed out of the town, which was quite early in the morning. We spent one other Sunday in Germany, but we chose a small village for our stopping place, and falling into the hands of a Protestant landlady, which may or may not have accounted for the difference, we passed the most quiet and pleasant Sabbath since we left home. It is the exception, however, to find a German public house which is not provided with a large drinking hall which is specially prepared for the Sunday afternoon gatherings. In several of the public houses where we stopped, no use was made of these large halls except on Sundays.

We reached Cologne Monday evening. Of course it was the Cathedral or *Dom* that we had come to see, and it is worth going to see; we saw it when we were miles away, before we knew we were near Cologne. It stood out clean and clear against the sky, towers, roof and all high above the surrounding buildings and trees, and a close view is still more inspiring. I suppose all tourists agree that the great church is of itself worth a visit to northern Germany, and every one longs for an opportunity to make the journey.

A STRANGE SIGHT.

After *Dom* that which interested us most was the church of St. Ursula, few persons are permitted to see a more elaborate collection of human bones. Ezekiel was granted special privileges of that sort, but Ezekiel's collection could not have displayed the artistic arrangement which prevails in this church. The building stands on the ground which was used for the burial of St. Ursula and her maiden companions, and when the church was built, the bones were carefully preserved. The legend, or as our guide would insist, history has it that this goodly company of ladies, losing their way, landed at Cologne and the Huns murdered St. Ursula and all her train. One large chamber in the church is the "bonery" *par excellence*. St. Ursula herself is pretty well scattered about the building, the major portion of her bones reposing behind the altar. We were permitted to see her skull, one arm and one foot. The skulls of her companions are carefully arranged in glass cases all over the walls of the room, and between the rows of skulls every inch of space is occupied with bones of arms and legs and other portions of the body arranged in fantastic figures. The long bones of the arms and legs seem to have been best suited to the artist's taste as they appear more numerous than one's notions of the proper proportions would lead one to

expect. An English scientist claims to have recognized parts of several of the lower animals in the collection, but of course a bonery artist must be allowed licensed as well as other artists. Among the aside attractions of this collection are some of the bones of Stephen Martyr, a thorn from the crown of thorns—to pretend to display which it grates on one as the worst of sacrilege, and one of the stone water pots used at the wedding feast in Cana of Galilee.

Since we had not the time to go farther east in northern Germany, our course was southward from Cologne following the Rhine to Switzerland, of which it will be in order to speak another time.

All this time we were "having fun" with the Dutch and German languages. We did not follow routes of the tourist, nor did we patronize his hotels. So we had often to make our way among people who knew not the first syllable of English and who must grow accustomed to the lame speech of a foreigner. The Nebraskan had considerable German at command and I a few words at least. Both of us know a little more now, we can order bread and butter now in so good German, that no bar maid dare pretend to misunderstand and give us beer, and can inquire the way to the next town with full assurance of being understood if we can find the name of the town on the map to point to; and we can tell who we are and from whence we have come and where we are going in a manner that never fails to swell the eye-balls of the most imperturbable *Deutcher*.

A PROBLEM TO SOLVE.

BY REV. J. MALCOLM SMITH.

How shall "Church Unity" be accomplished?

The Pope says by the unconditional submission of all would-be Christians to St. Peter, and he is St. Peter. And that ends search in that direction, at least with all but a section of Episcopalians.

Episcopalians have made it known that what they require for organic brotherhood with "the sects" is that these shall cease to be "sects" by acknowledging the essentialness and reality of "the apostolic succession" they claim to have, and become members of "The Church" by laying on of hands of a real Bishop. And the churches "cannot cry for laughing."

Methodists cannot imagine the possibility of their so efficient ecclesiastical system, and the rest of us cannot imagine our adopting it, for what seems to us exceedingly good reasons. Methodists are going to remain Methodists a while longer, at any rate, and others are not all going to be surprised to find themselves Methodists before they get to heaven.

Baptists believe their maintenance of their baptismal mode nothing other than the perpetuating of the divine ordinance, and cannot rightly change their position except by change of their belief; and pedobaptists cannot come to them without sacrificing a belief they hold as firmly as the Baptist brethren do theirs. A Baptist is conscientiously a Baptist, because he thinks only so can he be a baptizer; most believe he is mistaken in his thinking, and can't take position with him.

Congregationalists have announced through their National Council that they are ready to unite in church organization with any who will declare their acceptance of the Bible as authoritative in religious teaching, and will leave all free to give their own interpretations to its teachings. But it must be seen and conceded that there is no provision whatever in that condition and insuring the churches against most unbiblical preaching and resultant delusions. Liberty if rightly used is a very fine thing, but Christians have no right to allow that it may rightly be used for a cross to nail the Son of God on afresh. There can be no safe Christian unity that is not founded on a Christian creed definite and binding on at least the essentials of the "faith once", and once for all, "delivered to the saints."

"Christians" tell us it is a shame that we don't all become Christians by making emersion the one condition and instrument of salvation; but we want more in our faith than what would simply make us "Christians."

Presbyterians believe their church government the only one that provides for individual rights with necessary administrative power, and could not change it for the assumptions of an oligarchy or the license of an irresponsible democracy.

But if anybody sees how all these denominations may go into one of them, or how any two of them are going to become any one of them, or how any sort of a "visible church" may be devised under present or immediately prospective conditions in which they can all be "happy family", why, the floor is his.

SUMMER IN THE CITY SLUMS.

Summer, with its sunbeams and flowers, its leaf laden forests and glittering ocean waves, is glorious; but summer in the crowded city slums, with its oppressive heat, its foul odors and quickly spreading diseases, is a sad and sultry season. Not being among those who can spend the hot months at the seaside or in the mountains, I have had some experience of summer in New York City, and I have not found it at all a season to be dreaded in the business portion of the town. True, one can on really hot days feel the heat of the sidewalk through the soles of one's shoes and the glare of sun and stone paving is somewhat trying to the eyes, but in the offices of big business buildings one is comparatively cool. An extra hot wave now and then may give one the feeling of passing through a Turkish bath, but such days are almost always followed by cooling showers and fresh breezes. However hot and sultry the streets, the elevated road is almost always breezy, and after dark, cool winds from the harbor sweep refreshingly up the main thoroughfares and avenues. I, personally, have often thought that we have less of the scorching and baking experience of summer's sun in the great city than the people who were holidaying on the unprotected seashores, with the glare of sand and sea and sky unbroken by the shade of big stone buildings.

But, alas! there are sections of our cities where summer is indeed a dreaded time of suffering and misery. The cold of winter which counts many a starving, homeless wanderer among its victims, however cruel and keen, can be better escaped than the suffocating heat and its many consequences. The overcrowding of the tenements and lodging houses, the squalor and dirt, the foul odors and many diseases, are all more loathsome and dangerous in summer. When we remember that hundreds of little children die daily of the diseases brought on by the effect of the heat on their ill fed, weakened and uncared for little bodies, we can understand something of the sorrow and hopelessness that follow in the track of every hot wave.

SLUMDOM IN SUMMER.

I have visited Slumdom in Summer, have passed in and out of the crowded, foul air dives and saloons on a Saturday night, have climbed up the stairs of the great crowded tenements where the people sleep out on the fire escapes or on the roofs for a breath of fresh air, and have seen myself the little wasted faces of wee babies taken out by weary mothers on the crowded doorsteps to catch any stray breezes from the river. My wonder on such occasions was not that so many died, but that so many little ones managed to live through the horrors of a hot wave.

To them who have never gone through them, it would be difficult to adequately describe the condition of the homes of the outcast poor. I have been through some of the tenement houses occupied by twenty or thirty families. Sometimes we have found families living in two rooms—a father, mother, half grown sons and daughters, little children, and even lodgers—crowded together in quarters so small that one did not wonder there was no room for proper furniture, even had they been rich enough to afford it. After a night of debauch in such homes, we have found the adults sleeping off their drunken stupor on the floor, while the innocent little ones played or cried in unheeded neglect. In many homes of the slums you will find little or no furniture—a bed on the floor, a table and a chair and a few cooking implements comprising the family belongings. Sometimes even these are missing, and the absolutely bare room, filthy and desolate, tells its tale of the last stages in a life of want and hopeless poverty. Little babies can be found in the slums who possess as their wardrobes one filthy little garment, and we have found them absolutely unclothed, not only in summer's heat but in winter's cold.

To my mind, the life in the common lodging houses is about the worst and lowest level into which the poor can sink. If a family, however poor, has its own room, even though that room be a garret, there is some amount of possession and privacy about it; but in the big rooms of these lodging houses, which sometimes accommodate four, five, and even six families in a room, the condition and degradation of the people is beyond description. Among all the horrors of Slumdom, one such house through which I went from cellar to garret always stands out as a type of misery. In its better days it had been a gentleman's mansion, but the big parlors were now turned into the most equal of lodging houses. Beds without any pretense of bed covering arranged around the room; the washing of the different families was strung across on ropes—wretched rags which did not look much the cleaner for the process they had passed through; a general cook stove, one table, a dilapidated old lounge and a wooden bench comprised the whole furniture

of the establishment, besides the six beds, one of which had collapsed and lay in fragments, with its occupant amid the wreck.

And that was the lodging place of ten or twelve adults, to say nothing of the poor little babies and neglected children who play on the floor or lay sleeping on the beds!

INSIDE THE TENEMENTS.

On going up flight after flight, much the same sort of scene met us in each room, though the others had not so many occupants. On some of the landings ash barrels stood filled with refuse and leavings, and when we got up into the dark garret we found four or five small attic rooms in the most dilapidated condition, let off to different families. After entering the different rooms, I was so nauseated with the foulness of the air and the pestilential odors that I had to step out into the passageway, sick and giddy. On going into the streets again, the air seems refreshing and cool by contrast, though to come to these streets from other portions of the city, one is oppressed by the heavy stinkiness of the air.

In one tenement house, in the heat of summer, the tenants complained much for over a week of the foulness of the place, and on an investigation being made in a tenantless room, which the occupant had vacated ten days before, a dead baby was found. The child had evidently taken sick, and after its death the poor mother knew not what to do with it, and being too poor to bury it, hid it away and left the scene to avoid trouble.

The anxiety through which many a hard working and loving mother has to pass in caring for her little ones when poverty and starvation faces them, as well as the trying heat of summer, baffles description. In one instance an honest, hard working woman, who, alas! was in abject poverty through lack of work, was found with her little family of children absolutely starving. Her poor, bare little room was clean, and the children were tidy as she could make them. The baby in her arms was sucking voraciously at its bottle but in the bottle was *only cold water*. This in the hot season of the year, when more fortunate mothers have so carefully to watch that their little ones have only the most suitable of food! I have seen the little ones picking the damaged, rotten fruit out of the ash barrels and eating it with the eagerness that spoke of gnawing hunger.

In passing I must mention the admiration I feel for the way in which Mr. Straus has made it possible for thousands of poor little children to have properly sterilized milk and healthy prepared food for babies. Thousands of tickets are given away to mothers who could not otherwise get proper food for their little ones; and it seems to me that this is one of the most useful charities in New York City, and one of those which cannot be abused as can the giving of money or other help. I know of the good work in the saving of little lives that has resulted from it.

If space would allow, much more could be said about the misery of summer. Cases of sickness, the terrible temptations to drink; the suicides and crimes, —but perhaps it is better to leave them untold.

There are many means set on foot for helping the poor in their sufferings, "Fresh Air Funds," ice distribution (but, sad to say! many have nothing for the ice to keep cool), free baths, etc. All very good and helpful in their way, alas! they are only palliations, not cures. They can bring a breath of fresh air, a drop of coolness to the stifling sufferers, but after it their misery closes in upon them again.

Oh, for more loving, earnest, Christ-inspired hearts, to raise the fallen, to point the straying ones into the straight path, and to save the degraded ones from their misery! In so many cases, the root of all trouble is sin and drunkenness, and if the heart was changed and God's power came into the life, a new ambition would help into a newer, better, happier life.—*Maude Ballington Booth.*

LI HUNG CHANG.

BY REV. JOHN D. PARKER.

The coming of Li Hung Chang to America will be a noteworthy event in the history of two of the leading nations of the globe. General Grant, in his tour around the world, said that Li Hung Chang was one of the most remarkable men that he had ever met. His excellency the Viceroy Li, as he is termed in China, has been called to Pekin to become the principal adviser to the Emperor, and he will evidently have more influence than ever in forming public opinion in China. His wealth is estimated at five hundred millions, and his opinions have great weight with the people of the Orient. The Chinese are divided in sentiment in regard to modern civilization. The majority of the nation are conservative, and cling to the past in education and religion, and let go of traditions reluctantly. But a growing minority, among whom Li Hung Chang is the leader, are be-

coming imbued with the new thoughts and life of western nations, and are ready to welcome any true advance made in science and the arts.

It was the unfolding of an unseen providence, that led a young man from America, about twelve years ago, to go to China, to become unconsciously a leader in this marvelous reformation, that seems destined in due time to lighten the whole Chinese people. The narrative of the work of this young man is simple, but full of interest to the students of history who can see the workings of divine providence in the unfolding of human events.

In the year 1884, Charles D. Tenney, a graduate of Dartmouth College, and of Oberlin Theological Seminary, went to China, with a small band of fellow students, to become missionaries under the American Board for Foreign Missions. After laboring as a missionary for two years Mr. Tenney resigned, and opened a private school in Tientsin for the education of Chinese youth. This was simply a day school, founded in the Autumn of 1886, with the purpose of fitting young men to act as efficient interpreters, and to engage in foreign trade, in the railway service, and in the various industries in China that require a knowledge of English. After two years so many pupils came to his private school from distant provinces, that it was found necessary to make it a boarding school, as well as a day school. Rooms were rented as lodgings for scholars, and the attendance increased to such an extent that Mr. Tenney erected in 1891 a permanent building for the school.

Li Hung Chang, the Viceroy, who lived in Tientsin was accustomed to visit this school, and soon became so favorably impressed with the substance and methods of education pursued by western nations, as seen in this school, that he engaged Mr. Tenney as a private tutor to his children. From this time every day after the session of the school closed, a servant on horseback leading another horse, came and took Mr. Tenney to the palace of Li Hung Chang in Tientsin, about a mile distant from the school, where Mr. Tenney instructed the three sons of Li Hung Chang. Under his tutorage these children made rapid progress, and proved to be equal to any youth of similar age in America, in mastering the elementary branches of education as pursued in this country. The instruction, of course, was purely secular, but was thorough and very satisfactory to all concerned. The children became greatly attached to their teacher, and gave willing obedience, and made such progress in their studies that Mr. Tenney became proud of their advancement. Li Hung Chang watched all of these things with appreciation, and became the firm friend, and powerful supporter of the educational plans of Mr. Tenney.

Educational matters in Tientsin made such progress under Mr. Tenney, that about a year ago, it was thought best to establish the Tientsin University, of which Mr. Tenney has become the President. A fine building has been erected, and about 150 pupils have been attracted to it from the first families of China, coming from several different provinces.

A glimpse into one of Mr. Tenney's letters to his father, dated Sept. 20, 1895, on shipboard shows how actively he is discharging his duties as President of Tientsin University. He says: "You see from the date of this letter that I am on the seas. I left Tientsin this morning for Shanghai and Hongkong, on the university business. I am to stop for a few days in Shanghai to examine some students, and then go to Hongkong for the same purpose. I shall enjoy the change exceedingly, for I have been cooped up in Tientsin now for many years. My new position is likely to make me quite a traveler, for I shall frequently have to make trips to different parts of the Empire as new schools are established. Probably a preparatory school, on the model of ours at Tientsin, will be established next year at a city near Shanghai, and if so, I shall have to visit it at least semi-annually."

To the superficial observer, the establishment of a university in a foreign land is a matter of great surprise, but the careful student of history learns how, under a favoring providence, the efforts of a single christian student in a foreign land may lead to the most important results, even to the establishment of the Tientsin University, which will probably become a fountain of living waters for all the coming ages.

When the news of the fall of Port Arthur reached Tientsin, on Nov. 24, 1895, Mr. Tenney and several other members of the Red Cross Society obtained a steamer, through the kindness of Li Hung Chang, to go to Port Arthur to assist in caring for the wounded Chinese soldiers. Li Hung Chang gave each member of the party a certificate stating the object of the journey, and sent Mr. Tenney, the secretary of the society, an official document placing the steamer "Toonan" under his orders. On account of unforeseen circumstances, the party did not accomplish all that was intended, but they furnished medicines, bandages and splints for the wounded, and received the warm approval of this excellency, the Viceroy Li.

President Tenney, of Tientsin University, has just published a second edition of his English lesson book for Chinese students, and he says it is selling very rapidly. He has now almost ready for the press a *Geography of Asia* with special reference to the Chinese Empire. He has just built a little cottage on the seashore, up near Shan-hai-kan, at the extremity of the Great Wall, and he desires that his aged father, Rev. Daniel Tenney, D. D., who is now living at San Diego, Cal., shall go out to China and visit his son. Dr. Tenney, who is the founder of Oxford Female College at Oxford, Ohio, is now 79 years of age and quite feeble, and hesitates about starting on so long a journey.

The American people will undoubtedly receive his excellency the Viceroy Li, in a manner becoming a great Christian nation, and extend to him every facility to become acquainted with our western civilization.

San Diego, California.

Kansas Department.

SAMUEL B. FLEMING, D.D.,

Special Correspondent, Wichita, Kan.

KANSAS ITEMS.

SYNOD OF KANSAS—Will meet at the First Presbyterian church in Topeka, on Thursday, Oct. 1st, at 7:30 p. m.—*F. S. McCabe, S. C.*

The Presbytery of Highland will meet at Irving, Kans., on Tuesday, September 8th, at 7:30 p. m.—*Geo. Hageman, S. C.*

OSWEGO.—Rev. D. A. Wilson, D.D., of Milan, Mo., has been visiting with President Reaser of Oswego College, incidentally preaching at the Presbyterian church morning and evening. (Third Sunday in Aug.) The Dr. remained a week in our city and expressed himself as well pleased with the progress of the church and the outlook of the college for the coming year.—*W. S. P.*

KANSAS AND PROHIBITION.

The *Advance* thus well puts the case:

"In 1880, under the the license law, there was produced in Kansas 42,779 gallons of spirits, or forty-three thousandths of a gallon per capita; in 1889, under prohibition this was reduced to 751 gallons, or five ten-thousandths of a gallon per capita. According to the *Brewers' Journal* the sales of malt liquors in Kansas has decreased from 20,828 barrels in 1885, to 5,951 barrels in 1895

"As to the effect in the prosperity of the State, ex-Governor St. John has given some significant figures which have not been questioned. The population of Kansas in 1880 was 996,096. In 1890 it was 1,427,006, an increase of 421,000, greater than that of Colorado, Iowa or Wisconsin, and greater in proportion to population than that of Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio or Michigan. Compared with the neighboring state of Nebraska, where conditions in other respects are about the same, in 1880 the assessed valuation of taxable wealth in Nebraska, was \$90,000,000, in 1889, \$182,000,000; in Kansas in 1880, \$161,000,000, in 1889, \$239,000,000. Increase in Nebraska, \$92,000,000; increase in Kansas, \$200,000,000. In 1880 the per capita wealth in Nebraska was, in round numbers, \$200, in Kansas \$161. In 1890 it had decreased in Nebraska to \$174, and increased in Kansas to \$203. From 1879 to 1889 the inmates of the Nebraska penitentiary increased from 128 to 345 an increase of 169 per cent. while in Kansas the convicts decreased from 917 to 823."

It reproduces the following testimony from Senator Ingalls, given in a *Forum* article:

"Kansas has abolished the saloon. The open dramshop traffic is as extinct as the sale of indulgences. A drunkard is a phenomenon. The barkeeper has joined the troubadours, the crusader and the mound-builder. The brewery, the distillery and the bonded warehouse are known only to the archeologist. Temptation being removed from the young and inferior, they are fortified and redeemed. The liquor seller, being proscribed, is an outlaw, and his vocation is disreputable. Drinking being stigmatized, is out of fashion, and the consumption of intoxicants has enormously decreased. Intelligent and conservative observers estimate the reduction at 90 per cent; it cannot be less than 75. . . . One of the most significant and extraordinary results is the diminution of crime in the state. At the January [1889] term of the district court of the country in which the capital is situated, there was not a single criminal case on the docket. Many city and county prisons are without a tenant. The number and percentage of the convicts in the state penitentiary have been remarkably diminished."

Communicated.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Rev. Byron Sunderland has the sympathy of every one in the loss of his estimable wife. Mrs. Sunderland had been in poor health for some time, and early in the summer went to the home of her daughter in the Catskills, where Dr. Sunderland joined her at the close of the Christian Endeavor Convention, so that he was with her when

she passed away. She was buried at Catskill, by the side of her daughter, Laura.

Rev. Dr. G. B. Patch, pastor of Gunton Temple Memorial church, is in the mountains of Pennsylvania at Wernersville, and will remain there until cool weather returns. He writes that he feels almost as well as ever, and all traces of the stroke of paralysis with which he was stricken last March, have entirely disappeared.

Rev. C. H. Elliott is supplying the pulpit.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, of the First church, left the city in June for the cool resorts of the north, and is now at East Hampton, Long Island. During the Chattanooga at Mountain Lake Park, Md., he lectured on "Big Blunders" to an immense concourse, who had come in on excursion trains to hear him. When he returns from Long Island, he will take up his residence in his house on Massachusetts avenue, near 14th street. Rev. J. H. Bradford serves First church in the absence of both pastors.

Dr. Thomas Chalmers Easton, of the Eastern church, will not preach again in his church until the second Sunday in October, as he will remain on the Pacific coast that length of time. His son is a student in a university of California, and Dr. Easton will visit him while away.

Mrs. and Miss Easton are in the Blue Ridge mountains spending the heated term.

Rev. Joseph T. Kelly of the Fourth church is summering on the coast of Maine, at his father-in-law's cottage. Services are being conducted in Mr. Kelly's absence by Rev. William Bryant of Mt. Clemens, Michigan, the very able editor of the *Michigan Presbyterian*.

Rev. George N. Luccock went to Cambridge, Ohio, when his vacation began, and in his absence, the pulpit of the Metropolitan church is being filled by Rev. F. N. Riale, D. D., of Wooster, Ohio.

Rev. Wallace Radcliff, of the New York Avenue church, is also out of the city on his vacation, and his pulpit is being supplied by Rev. Francis A. Horton, D. D., of Philadelphia.

Rev. J. Russell Verbruyck of Gurley Memorial, spent part of the month of August in Virginia among the mountains. Later he went to the shores of the Chesapeake. The pulpit is supplied during his absence by Rev. Frederick W. Hatch and Rev. Samuel Polk.

Rev. Benjamin F. Bittinger has been spending a part of the summer at Falls church, Virginia, and Rev. Dr. Chester has filled the pulpit of the Westminster church in his absence.

The pastor of the church of the Covenant, Rev. Tennis S. Hamlin, is with his wife and sons sojourning at Asbury Park. Rev. H. B. Stevenson of Wolcott, N. Y., has occupied the pulpit.

There being no evening service at the Fourth church and no morning service at Faith Chapel, Rev. Wm. Bryant serves both, as Rev. Edward Warren of the latter is away on his vacation. He and Mr. Bryant are warm friends. It is interesting to note that during July there were 36,812 visitors to the top of the Washington monument, 555 feet in the air and of this number, 12,630 ascended by the elevator and 24,182 by the stairway.

Colonel Wilson further reports that the entire number, who have climbed to the top since the monument was opened to the public is 1,281,039.

The Y. M. C. A. building which was so badly damaged by fire last year, has been repaired, and is now occupied. A bicycle room has been fitted up in the basement. The rest of the basement space will be occupied during the winter by a portion of the educational department, and electric lights have been put in. All the old teachers have agreed to come back next term.

M. M. NORTH.

BIG MEETING AMONG THE CHOCTAWS.

BY SUSANNE S. BAKER.

"Duse you want to go wid us to the Big Meetin' over at new church house?" asked the pretty Choctaw woman of the teacher one Friday afternoon.

"How far is it over there?" I replied in true Yankee style by asking a question.

"It is other side Toboxy prairie in pretty wood. Awful nice. I fix use up good if you want to go."

So the next day found the entire household on the wing. The mother, girls and "school teacher" whom she was "boardin'" rattled along seated on chairs in the lumber wagon. The cover was rolled up high like an awning so the cool breezes swept thro'. It requires a good deal of skill to remain seated on the chairs. Once the teacher would have been precipitated into a deep creek, but for the swift and strong arm of the Indian woman who seized her just in time to prevent such a catastrophe. The boys rode their stout little ponies. Above our heads the white clouds sailed. The prairie chickens, birds and grasshoppers started up in alarm at our approach, while the gorgeous butterflies flitted over the profusion of wild flowers which dotted the rich grass. The ride proved all too short when the neat little church building appeared among the trees in a grove at the edge of the prairie.

Soon after arriving on the grounds we were all invited to supper at one of the nearest camps. The part of the camp where the meals are served, consists of four upright posts supporting a shed made of rough boards. Under this roof is a long table also made by the Indians, and covered with oil cloth. The benches used for seats are made of logs split through the centre and raised on wooden pegs for legs. They are very rough and I nearly always tore my dress while getting to or from the table. The men always sit on one side of the table and the women on the other. The oldest man present asks the blessing. The table is furnished with meat boiled in fat, corn and chicken cooked together, shuck dumplings or *hunaha*, snow-white beaten bread or *pulashi*, and hominy which is called in the native tongue *tonsi'iboni*. Besides these Choctaw dishes plates of cake are passed by the more advanced. The Indians excel in making good coffee, which they serve hot, strong and black, for the cows are too wild to be milked. The food has that thoroughly done taste which belongs only to articles cooked on the open fire. The kitchen part of the camp is only a huge log fire, a small stove set up against a tree and some shelves put from branch to branch above the reach of the pigs, children and dogs. The larger girls pound the corn, wash the dishes and carry water. The big boys generally wait on table, crack their long "black snakes," as the whips are called, at the too venturesome pigs and dogs. The Indians are very hospitable. An invitation to dinner is issued by boys in hunting shirts, with belts and stirrups, who point a whip handle or a stick in the face of the one who is to be invited, and then point in the direction of the camp they come from. There is great rivalry between the owners of different camps.

"How many eat dinner wid you to-day Winey?" asks a popular hostess.

"I only have seventy five for dinner, I so slow. How many you?" meekly asks Winey.

"Oh, I just feed a hundred ten to-day," proudly replies the triumphant Harriet.

After supper the bell is rung and all repair to the "meetin'-house" for evening worship. An old man with quavering voice starts a familiar hymn. Others join in and the rafters are made to ring with deep-toned melody. The Indians are fond of singing and have good voices. Usually the whole hymn consisting of seven or even nine verses, is sung. Then follows prayers, scripture reading and the sermon, which is interpreted bit by bit.

When the meeting breaks the audience go quietly out into the brilliant moonlight. A Sabbath stillness and peace pervade the atmosphere. Passing to the tree under which we are to sleep, I am asked, "Want to lie down?" Upon assenting: "Billys, get chair for teacher," so with the aid of the chair I climb into the wagon and find the softest of feather beds arranged in one end of the large wagon for my convenience. I could stand erect under the wagon cover. Two little girls sleep at the other end. Mine host and wife repose on quilts under the wagon, while the boys send up lusty snores from their blankets under the trees near by. The horses munched corn all night from the feed box at the end of the wagon bed. The shrill whistle of the locust and the voice of the whip-poor-will grows fainter and fainter as I doze off. The next thing I am aware of is a drizzle brown hand which passes in a pan of fresh water for my morning's ablutions. A cheery voice asks: "How you like it? How you sleep?"

"Never better in my life!" I reply enthusiastically. "I don't believe my friends

on Fifth avenue, New York slept as well last night."

I look out the port hole at the rear of my sleeping apartment to see the others who have spent the night under the stars, awakening and stirring about in the early dawn. Those who can, go into the "meetin' house" for "first meeting."

The rising sun shows a queer assembly. Men with bright colored handkerchiefs tied around their necks and dressed in gay shirts sit on one side of the building. The women and children are on the other side. They have their handkerchiefs tied over their raven locks. These early meetings seem to be the most earnest and spiritual of all. After breakfast there is another meeting, followed by a recess of fifteen minutes. Then the bell is rung or the conc shell blown for the next preaching service which lasts till noon.

Buckets of cold water are kept upon the table in front of the pulpit and there is a constant train of children going to it for a drink. The audience give most earnest and devout attention, in spite of wailing babies. One sturdy little brave rubs his fat hands over my velvet sleeves and cries loudly. "Oh, mamma, what funny arms this womans, she have! She feel like gopher skin!" A jolly party of white people drive up to see what "it is like", as they express it. They become noisy. In a few moments a dignified Indian approaches the laughing group, and says impressively: "White people want to laugh and talk must go to woods. Too much noise. This God's house. No more to say." And they are quiet.

The sacrament of the Lord's Supper is administered by the full-blood officers of the church in a most impressive manner. I never have felt the full significance of the sacrament as I did when partaken of in company with these simple children of God.

When the quiet noon hour is over the house is again filled and even the windows, too. The native preacher perhaps holds forth at the afternoon session, and he warms up to his subject so much that even after he has given out the closing hymn, he begins again and walks up and down the aisle, while he exhorts in a voice which may be heard even above the singing.

The Indians seem to be religious by nature, and deeply enjoy long services. On one occasion, a minister who was new to the work, turned to his interpreter just before dismissing the congregation at the conclusion of a fourth meeting for the day and asked:

"For what hour shall I announce the next meeting?"

The Indian thought a minute, glanced around at the audience, and then said: "You might as well begin right now. We are all here."

The Big Meetings generally have no less than six daily services. The Indians are very generous to the Lord's cause. They work for months preparing for these Big Meetings, saving so as to have abundant supplies for guests. When a collection for church purposes is announced, every man woman and child goes forward with a coin to place on the table. They feel it a privilege and are deeply humiliated if they have nothing to contribute.

As night comes on I stroll around from camp to camp to exchange greetings and farewells. Some are just arriving, others are breaking camp and will soon be rattling along the dusty roads. Nothing will ever eradicate from my mind the picture of the gleaming camp fires, as the light flickers over dusky faces and earnest, bright eyes, dances on the foliage and finally dies down to smoldering embers.

The last service of the series is often the most important. Then the babies are baptized and perhaps a number of young people signify their willingness to unite with the church. At the conclusion every one comes forward to shake hands with the minister. Even after the benediction is pronounced the congregation seems loath to disperse. The interpreter holds a whispered conversation with the preacher, and then a bashful couple comes forward to be married.

As I ride home with the little girls in the back of the wagon singing mission songs, I cannot but think that the feet of our Home Missionaries are walking very closely in the footsteps of Him who taught and wrought in Galilee, centuries ago, though their field of labor be only pioneer work in our Western frontier. On returning to my Indian cabin home, there steals over me a feeling of content, which comes from a Sabbath well spent.

Maryville, Tenn.

THE THIRTY-FIRST STATE SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVENTION.

This notable Convention was held at Jefferson City last week and was an event long remembered by the many delegates present. The Convention opened Wednesday, the 26th, at 2 p. m. President D. R. Wolfe presided and Prof. E. O. Excell of Chicago, had charge of the musical part of the exercises. Judge James B. Gantt, of the Supreme Court, was to have delivered the address of welcome, but being unavoidably absent, the address was made by Rev. Dr. J. F. Hendy, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of this city. It was responded to by Rev. C. B. McAfee, of Parkville.

One of the most interesting reports of the session was that of W. J. Semelroth, editor of the *International Evangel*, and superintendent of the normal department. He said that this branch of the association is seeking to make a popular, systematic study of the Bible on the part of the masses of christians. Since the last convention city normal institutes had been held in Kansas City, St. Joseph and Hannibal with great success. He recommended that the State association continue the city institutes, that county associations appoint county superintendents, that the Educational Committee in each county do its utmost to promote the organization of teachers' meetings and normal classes, and so far as practicable to hold local institutes in the towns and counties.

Mrs. Anna Semelroth, State superintendent of the primary department, in a report, said that Missouri has six city and one county primary union, located at St. Louis, Kansas City, St. Joseph, Hannibal, Sedalia, Holden and in St. Louis County, at Webster Groves.

The address of the day was delivered by Rev. J. A. Thompson, president of Tarkio College, his subject being "The Church as an Educator." He held, among other things, that the church is the all-important factor in the advancement and stability of any government.

The evening session was brief. After the delegates listened to the annual address of president Wolfe and an address by Rev. M. Rhodes of St. Louis, on the international lesson system, the convention adjourned to attend a reception at the Executive mansion.

Thursday among other features of interest had the annual report of State superintendent Wm. Randolph. He reported conventions being held during the past year in forty-six counties; twenty-seven additional counties had held conventions since Jan. 1, 1895. This makes seventy-three counties of the 115 under organization. In regard to the house-to-house visitation plan, the report says: "Testimony as to the value of the system of house-to-house visitation justifies this association in resuming this manner of service, first originated by our Lord. The work of the home department is but just beginning to be comprehended in the State. It is a movement to reach Christ's hidden ones, that the influence of the Bible school may reach that class of our people who are unable by various circumstances surrounding them to go to the house of God. This comprehends the aged, the invalid, those waiting on the sick, domestic servants, and the large class whose employment is such as to prevent them from attendance at church, such as railroad employes, etc. The plan is to present to each of these the system of Bible study requiring a brief reading of the lesson during each week, and so keeping in touch with the great Bible school work and religious thought of the age."

In the hour devoted to primary work, the superintendent, Anna Johnson Semelroth, presided. The following subjects were presented: "The Primary teacher a pastor," by E. N. Tuttle of Fulton; "Easy lessons in blackboard work," by Miss Stella Trueblood of St. Louis; "Kindergarten methods in the primary class," by Miss Josephine Jackson of Hannibal. The following papers were presented on the home department: "The Primary class and the home department," by Mrs. Mary A. Andrews of St. Louis; "The Teacher's problem; how to do without," Mrs. B. J. Simonson of Pevely; "Training the children to give," by Miss Clara B. Stitt of Holden; "Points for review," by Mrs. Semelroth.

During the noon hour the State and

county officers had a conference at the Baptist church, superintendent William Randolph of St. Louis presiding.

The primary teachers met in the Senate chamber and held a "primary session," conducted by the unions. The following programme was rendered: Opening exercises, Kansas City union, Mrs. A. A. Buxton; giving exercises, Hannibal union, Miss J. Jackson; lesson outline for September 6, St. Louis union; introduction, Mrs. J. S. Conway; lesson story, Mrs. T. B. Burgess; illustrations, Miss Stella Trueblood; applications, Miss M. J. Wilson; supplementary work, St. Joseph union; closing exercise, Holden union, Miss Olive Johnson; Butler union, Miss Clara B. Stitt; discussion and question drawer, Mrs. Gus Wyard.

At 2 o'clock when the convention re-assembled, secretary Robert Rutledge of St. Louis made his report. There are according to this report 6,929 Sunday-schools in the State, 67,433 officers and teachers and 591,318 scholars attending these schools, an increase of 4,450. There are 963,161 children of school age in the State, so that there are 371,843 children who do not attend any Sunday-school. The report included 60 denominations. The report embraced a table of comparison, which shows that in 1891 47.5 per cent. of the children of the State attended Sunday-school to 61.2 per cent. in 1896, which is a decided gain in Sunday-school work.

Forty minutes were then devoted to the Normal department, conducted by the normal superintendent, W. J. Semelroth. J. W. Martin, president of the Caldwell County Association, presented a paper on "How we secured the organization of our Normal class."

A conference on house-to-house visitation was held, with P. M. Hanson of St. Louis presiding. The following took part in the discussion: L. L. Allen, Lawrence County; L. J. Loomis, Macon County; Rev. J. W. Sullivan, Bates County; S. Howard Smith, St. Louis; M. R. Sinks, Cole County.

O. M. Stewart, D. D., St. Louis, chairman of the committee on denominational co-operation, conducted a conference on denominational co-operation. Each speaker expressed a desire for the co-operation of all denominations in Sunday-school and church work. Telegrams of greeting were sent to the Kentucky and Tennessee associations and to R. M. Scruggs, who was unable to attend owing to ill health.

The report of the treasurer, William Randolph, showed receipts of the association for the year \$5,694 and the disbursements \$5,537. He estimated that the receipts next year will aggregate \$15,000. His principal recommendation was that each Sunday-school in the association contribute 5c per capita on its enrollment of pupils; that the cities of Kansas City and St. Joseph contribute \$1,000; all other cities in the State over 5,000 population, \$2,500, and all under 5,000, \$1,000 combined.

During the morning session of Thursday the Convention was very happily addressed by Gov. Stone, who was escorted to the hall by a committee appointed for the special purpose.

State secretaries were appointed to gather denominational statistics—Rev. Duncan Brown, D. D., of Tarkio, being appointed for the Presbyterian statistics.

The officers chosen for the ensuing year are as follows: President, D. R. Wolfe, of St. Louis; Secretary, Robert Rutledge, St. Louis; Treasurer, William Randolph, St. Louis; Vice Presidents—Southwest Grand Division, L. L. Allen, Pierce City; Southeast Grand Division, A. F. Slowson, Pierce City; Northeast Grand Division, M. D. Dudley, of Painesville; Northwest Grand Division, L. A. McAfee, Parkville. Members of the Executive Committee for three years—Duncan Brown, Tarkio; James M. Campbell St. Joseph; C. C. Stollmann, Bolivar; N. H. McClain, St. Louis, and T. J. Porter, of Gilliam; John W. Hale, of Springfield, was also made a member of the Executive Committee to fill a vacancy.

Bates County was awarded the gold banner for the best Sunday-school attendance, and Lawrence County the silver banner for second best.

A resolution was adopted recommending that Sunday, October 18, be observed as a day of prayer by all Sunday-schools and quarterly conventions, and asking that more complete reports be made by local officers. The Executive Committee will fix the time and place for holding the Convention next year.

The Convention adjourned late on Thurs-

day night. It was thought to have been the most successful of all the thirty-one annual assemblies the State Association has held. The enrollment was 607 delegates, with nearly 200 visitors from other cities.

THE BIBLE IN SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

REPORT OF THE SECOND COLLEGE FACULTY CONFERENCE HELD IN ASHVILLE, N. C., AUGUST, 1896.

In the second annual conference held in Ashville, N. C., during the sessions of the Southern Biblical Assembly, to consider the Bible in liberal education, sixty institutions were represented either by members of their faculties or by written reports of work done in Bible study. The schools represented and reported embrace universities, colleges, institutes, academies and high schools for males and females in ten States.

It appears from the reports that decided progress has been made since the conference of last year. Several chairs for Bible study have been added to leading institutions, and a number of others are enlarging their courses according to suggestions made by this conference last year. Much private work is undertaken by professors and students and the Y. M. C. A. classes seem specially active in voluntary work. Nearly every institution reported has some official work done in their classes in addition to private and voluntary work.

The following recommendations were adopted by the conference. They are substantially the same as those adopted last year.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

I. For all institutions of every class: First, Maintain daily reading of the Scriptures and prayers, attended by faculty and students.

Second, Maintain Sunday Bible classes of a doctrinal and devotional character, taught by professors and others. Attendance required wherever practicable.

Third, Encourage Y. M. C. A. Bible classes, and private co-operative effort in Bible study all under judicious supervision.

Fourth, Study the Bible rather than books about the Bible, with a minimum of helps, such as sacred geography and a Bible dictionary, and follow the plan of constant drill as in other studies.

II. For State colleges and universities for males and females:

First, Introduce Old Testament history as a section of ancient history and along with Oriental history.

Second, Teach the evidences of christianity, emphasizing its leading facts and the internal evidences.

Third, Teach moral philosophy and practical morals from the standpoint of the Bible.

Fourth, Emphasize the study of the literature of the Bible in the English literary courses.

III. For denominational and private religious colleges and universities for males and females:

First, Introduce a four years' course of Bible study into the curriculum, with two recitations a week, and make the first two years, at least, compulsory.

Second, In universities organized on the plan of co-ordinate schools and elective courses put the Bible in the rank of the severe studies, with at least two years and three recitations a week, and make at least one year compulsory.

IV. For secondary schools, academies, etc., for males and females:

First, Introduce two recitations a week in the simpler parts of the Old and New Testament history, adapting the work to the grade of the classes from year to year, as in other departments of study, preparatory to more careful and exhaustive study in the college.

Second, Some may find a brief daily exercise and drill for the entire school more practicable; giving prominence to memoriter work.

V. The conference requests all the institutions of the South to take part in a similar conference next year by personal representatives if possible, or by reports of progress sent to the undersigned, and the confident hope is cherished that much progress shall be made during the year.

J. B. SHEARER,
Chairman of the Conference.

World Outlook.

The Irish national convention opened its session in Dublin on Tuesday, Sept. 1. It was expected that about 1,200 delegates from Ireland and Great Britain will be present. Several delegates are also expected from America, Canada, Australia and South Africa. It has been summoned with the desire of securing a united body of national representatives in parliament.

The Sultan of Zanzibar, Hamed Bid Thwain Bin Said, is dead. He was about forty years of age. On his death Said Khalid seized the palace and proclaimed himself Sultan. He had with him at that time about 2,500 well armed and well disciplined men, including 800 Askaris, who have been trained under British officers, plenty of ammunition and a number of field guns and other pieces of artillery.

The Matabele war in South Africa is practically at an end. The trouble arose more than a year ago, by friction between the Matabele and the native police. Undoubtedly the natives were cruelly treated in some cases, and in revenge they rose in revolt, besieged Buluwayo and for a time threatened serious trouble for the English. Cecil Rhodes, however, who possesses great influence among the native tribes, has succeeded in persuading them to lay down their arms and return peaceably to their homes, on condition that abuses in the government of the district shall be corrected.

It is now believed that the British-Egyptian advance on Dogola is to begin in earnest, and that, in connection with it, Belgium will make a demonstration from the interior, the Belgian force moving northward as the British force moves to the south. The King of the Belgians was prominent in the establishment of the Congo Free State. Belgium, while a minor state, maintains an army which, while it is not large enough to be of service in Europe, might cut a figure in Africa. There is every reason for a Belgic-British alliance, which may mean the conquest of a great portion of Northern and even Central Africa. Great Britain seems to be holding the Dark continent by both ends.

The Sultan is having trouble with many of his outlying provinces. Not only do Crete and the Armenian districts disturb his peace of mind, but the Macedonians are in revolt. The extent of the uprising has not been generally appreciated until the receipt of recent dispatches. The cruelties and outrages of the Turkish troops equal in degree, though not in number, those in Armenia. Those acquainted with the eastern question in all its bearings appear to think that the partition of the Ottoman Empire, so long postponed, is now not far distant.

The report from Cuba now is that a campaign of total destruction of property will shortly be inaugurated there in Cuba by the Cubans themselves. The provisional government of the republic has so ordained in a proclamation dated in the province of Santiago, July 13. By this destruction a two-fold object is to be gained. The loss of an immense cash income is expected to shorten Spain's warfare and the conversion of the island into a wilderness to compel her to withdraw her armies. All classes of property, whether foreign owned or not, are to be treated alike, as all pay tribute to Spain. The destruction is laid entirely on the need of the further and complete ruin for Spain of the only producing power of Cuba. The proclamation further prohibits any preparation for the coming sugar season, either in planting, cultivation or care of the sugar cane; forbids cane grinding during the coming season, and holds all planters who disobey all or any part of the proclamation to be traitors, subject to the penalty of death. The property of all disobeyers is to be confiscated and sold at the close of the war to satisfy the indebtedness of the republic.

In the mean time word comes from Spain that a manifesto has been scattered broadcast, urging the troops now under orders to reinforce the Spanish army in Cuba to refuse to embark, and telling them to resist all attempts to compel them to leave Spain. The people are also urged to rebel against the government, thus preventing the departure of the soldiers.

Missionary Department.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS OF THE SOUTHWEST

Meetings of the Board held at the Presbyterian Rooms, 1516 Locust Street, second floor, St. Louis, on the 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of each month, 10 A. M.

Missionary Literature may be obtained at the Rooms, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 4 P. M. Mail orders should be addressed to "Woman's Board of Missions of the Southwest, 1516 Locust street, St. Louis, Mo."

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All matter intended for this department must be in the office not later than Wednesday noon of the week preceding the issue of the paper.

TOPICS FOR SEPTEMBER.

FOREIGN.—JAPAN.
HOME.—THE OUTLOOK.

EVANGELISTIC WORK IN THE MOUNTAINS OF JAPAN.

It occurred to me that an account of a recent evangelistic trip might prove interesting to you, so I propose to relate some of the incidents of this journey just as I would like to do by word of mouth.

You probably are aware that I usually travel by bicycle where there is no railroad, but the Friday afternoon I was to start May 15), rain came on, and made it impracticable to set out by wheel on a fifty mile trip into the mountains, so I put off the trip for the next day, hoping that fair weather would favor us, and enable me to make the distance and attain the ascent of 3,000 feet before nightfall Saturday, in good time to rest for the services of the next day. Saturday was no improvement upon the previous day; so, under the streets of circumstances, I decided to go by jinrikisha, and, as the roads were heavy, two men were engaged. You would have been surprised to see how lightly they trotted off, pulling the little dog cart at a rapid rate through the wind, and seeming to enjoy the down-pour and the prospect of a fifty mile run as much as one of our Southern lads ever looked forward to a day's outing in the country. They ran at tandem, one in between the shafts of the jinrikisha, and the other hitching himself on in front by a stout cord. The one in the lead went straight through the whole distance, but the other changed at a halfway point. These details being before you, perhaps you may be able to appreciate, in some degree, that delightful characteristic of the Japanese people that manifests itself in the non-existence of profane language. All day long these men tugged and pulled up hill and down, sometimes in mud to the knees, but never once was there anything that approached an oath, nor did the adverse elements cause the slightest check to their inherent joyousness of spirit and contentment with their lot in life. The heavier the roads, the more they laughed as they toiled, and when I attempted to get out and walk over some of the worst portions of the road, they invariably urged me not to do so, on the ground that if I got my feet wet, I should certainly catch cold. These faithful fellows landed me safely at my destination—Nakatsugawa—before dark.

The town of Nakatsugawa, as already mentioned, is situated high up in the mountains, and although not very large itself (pop. about 4,000), it is the most important town in an extensive and populous district. An American, with his ideas of extensive plains covered with golden grain, or large tracts of open common for pasturage, or sparsely settled mountain districts, can scarcely appreciate the condition of things one meets with in a land like this.

No broad fields, practically no unoccupied territory, absolutely no pasture lands. The farmers all gather together into little towns, that dot the whole country, and go out every morning to work their little patches. From a high hill on the road I looked up the valley that lay between ridges of the mountains, and as far as the eye could reach the territory seemed to be pretty evenly divided between the towns and contiguous farm patches. In all this section of country, 40 miles one way by 20 the other, there is only one man, a licentiate at work, and the same sort of thing might be said of any part of this as yet heathen country. The harvest, indeed is great, but the laborers, where are they?

The next morning, the native evangelist and I set out on foot for a place ten miles distant where we preached at night to a good audience. I wore the native ta (a kind of coarse stocking, with a division for the great toe) and straw sandals, but the road was so rough and mountainous, that my feet were well blistered before I reached our journey's end. On these trips I rarely carry any foreign food, as my appetite hardly ever fails me, but at the place we lodged Monday night the fare was exceptionally poor, our food consisting only of boiled rice (which was very dirty, full of grit, and served cold); old dried fish of several years standing, sometimes served as a sort of stew, sometimes as pickle; the vegetables consisted of one dish, wild ferns boiled and served cold. I can assure you that such fare is not calculated to give one increase of weight or strength. So we were glad enough to leave that town soon after breakfast next morning for our next advertised point, about twelve miles distant, as we took a somewhat roundabout way to pass through a town where there had never been any preaching done. Here we stopped in the street, sang some hymns, then each of us preached to the crowd that had gathered around us. Our talks were about thirty minutes each, but the people listened well from beginning to end.

To summarize the work of this trip, in eleven days I preached eleven times, made three informal talks, examined four candidates for baptism, baptized one adult and one child, visited all the Christians in this field (twenty-one in all); also twenty-six non-Christians, to all of whom I had the privilege of speaking privately concerning their soul's eternal welfare. Again I ask you to pray with me that the Holy Spirit may water the seed thus sown in great weakness, that it may some day bring forth fruit to the glory of his name.—*The Missionary*.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER OF REV. J. N. B. SMITH, OF NINGPO, CHINA.

* * Let me preface what I shall write with the request that you shall pray for me and mine, and the work that lies before me.

A few words as to myself and family will make up the most of this letter.

My father's family is Scotch Irish. On my mother's side one branch goes back by way of the island of Jersey to Switzerland. The other by way of Virginia to Wales. I am 42 years of age. My father is just 30 years (less nine days) older than I. I have a family of three girls and three boys. It is our prayer and hope that our sons may be spared to enter the ministry. Our large family is a decided help to the mission cause. The Chinese consider it a blessing, and so do we, to have had such a number of children with not a death, and it gives us an argument they can appreciate when speaking of the benefits of Christianity.

This afternoon a woman brought her daughter to see Mrs. Smith. This daughter had said she was too busy to be a Christian as she had two children. Her mother thought to convince her that she could be showing her a woman with six children, and yet able to live a Christian.

Our second son John, (No. 5) aged 4½ has been praying lately for some people and his prayers were answered. The native pastor of the church was much impressed by his faithfulness, especially as one of the persons was his little daughter, who had been very sick. So he mentioned it and the consequence was that three women this afternoon asked that he would pray for them, or their friends. I have often been rebuked and helped by the simple unquestioning faith of my children. Verily "of such is the kingdom of heaven." May the Lord bless and prosper you all.

J. N. B. SMITH.

IMMIGRANTS AND THE SWEATING SYSTEM.

The great fear of American workmen has been that sometimes wages in this country would sink to the level of wages in Europe. This may be realized through unrestricted immigration. The vast foreign population is helping to crowd out American labor. The ignorant immigrants are willing to take small wages, such as they have been used to in Europe; they are willing to live in one room, on what is not sufficient to satisfy an American-born citizen, whose home-life has been so different and whose needs are greater.

The sweating system is an outgrowth of European methods, and here the victims of the system are, in many instances, worse off even than the contract laborers of the other continent. Because they are willing to live on starvation wages and in a degraded and often indecent manner is the main reason why they can underbid American labor.

The contractors here recruit their ranks generally from the fresh immigrants coming weekly to us. Accustomed to starvation wages the immigrant welcomes work at any price. Were it not for immigrant workers the sweat-shops would have to go out of business, for they could never get Americans enough to live such a slavish life.

Perhaps no one evil is more conspicuous in the many fostered by unrestricted immigration than this rapidly growing one—the sweating system. Thus far it has been confined mostly to the manufacture of clothing in large cities, but it is likely to extend further unless restrained.

From reliable sources the following facts are taken: Over \$25,000,000 worth of clothing is made annually in Massachusetts alone. Ninety per cent. of this is made under the sweating system; one-half is done in Boston, one-sixth in New York City, one-fourth in Maine, and the rest in New Hampshire and New Jersey.

Boston stands first in sweat-shops, but what is true of her is true also of many of our large cities. At present the work done in Boston is the finishing of garments almost exclusively. Contractors in Boston send much of their work to New York, and before long the latter will lead all others in this work. She has the best opportunity to catch the foreigners at the port of entry. The densest ignorance and deepest poverty exist among the majority of these and they furnish the best recruits for this work. The vast majority of those now employed in sweat-shops are foreigners.

In Boston, out of 1,107 employed, three years ago, 448 were Hebrews, 215 Italians and a large portion of the rest foreigners. The contractors were mostly Hebrews. In New York the per cent of foreigners thus engaged is even larger, with Jews here also greatly in the majority. Italian women work so much cheaper than others that they have a monopoly of the work called "finishing," content to work for a few cents an hour.

One writer tells us that in Boston sweat-shops some of the women earn sixty cents by sewing sixteen or seventeen hours a day. One makes cheap overcoats at four cents a piece; another knee pants for boys at sixteen cents a dozen pairs. Another by working very late at night earns sometimes 52 cents a day, and thinks it would be almost a paradise to earn that daily.

In Chicago we learn that women make shirts for 75 cents a dozen; and furnish their own thread. They finish off elegant cloaks for four cents. Children work twelve hours daily for a dollar a week. Women are glad to earn six cents for four hours' work. To avoid starvation, they work from thirty-three to thirty-six consecutive hours. Think of the sweating system forcing men and women to such slavery!

In Philadelphia there are about 700 sweaters' dens to 500 in New York. In small, overcrowded rooms 10x12, several persons huddled with sewing machines. Ceilings low, walls grimy, floors covered with dirt. Impossible to live in decency in one, so that propeties count for little here. The dearest things on earth are sacrificed for money; children's lives are sacrificed, and the little ones often claim to be 13, so as to be legal workers. Even small children hardly able to walk are put to work pulling out basting threads and threading needles. Prices here are very low as in other cities. There is no doubt that these dens are one great cause of contagion. The

Scrofula

Makes life misery to thousands of people. It manifests itself in many different ways, like goitre, swellings, running sores, boils, salt rheum and pimples and other eruptions. Scarcely a man is wholly free from it, in some form. It clings tenaciously until the last vestige of scrofulous poison is eradicated by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the

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small-pox epidemic about two years ago, in Chicago was said to have originated in sweat shops. Physicians have found in the dirt of these shops the germs of diphtheria, small-pox, scarlatina, erysipelas, measles, etc. They have also found clothing infected with these germs. In many rooms filthy bedding and new clothing are tumbled together, sick children lying on cots, etc. Thus the filth of the slums, the diseases of the sweat-shops may be brought into our homes. Good tailors patronize these workers, so that high-priced clothing is no protection from disease.

Restriction of immigration is our greatest hope in wiping out this degrading system. It seems impossible now to check it through state legislation. The laws concerning factory inspection apply to these sweat-shops, but inspectors find trouble in locating the concerns. Generally they are in large tenement houses, and often in the smallest quarters, so hidden that inspectors do not find them. Undoubtedly better sanitary regulations could be enforced, so that garments need not carry deadly germs to happy homes. The amount of disease and mortality among the poorer classes might be greatly lessened, if sanitary measures were enforced. Surely something could be done, so that it would be unlawful for any person to take clothes home to make for a contractor, unless he had a license showing that he had complied and would comply with all necessary sanitary precautions.

The evil is strong and must be restricted. How shall we cleanse the sweaters and their dens?
A. R. H.

A CHANGE TO MAKE MONEY—HOW WILL IZOR DID IT.

BUTTER MADE in two minutes is what I did and I am going to make a fortune selling the Queen Butter Maker, that makes butter in two minutes, as everyone that I have shown it to wants one. All you have to do is to place the cream in the machine, give a few turns of the crank and the butter is made and gathered ready to be salted. I am perfectly delighted with my success and feel sure I am going to make \$100 a month and not work hard either. I will devote my whole time to it as it is the easiest thing to sell I ever saw. I met Mr. Hines of Columbus, who had made \$75 the first week, which is only five a day. Anyone who has made butter will know how hard it is to churn and will be glad to have a churn that will relieve them of all this work. Anybody can get circulars by writing the Queen Butter Maker Co., 20 East 3rd street, Cincinnati, who will give territory and sell machines to anybody who may ask.
WILL C. IZOR.

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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

Church Prayer-Meeting.

The Mid-Continent Topics.

For Sept. 9.

BOLDNESS BEFORE MAN—HUMILITY BEFORE GOD.

Josh. 5:13 15.

[See Prayer-Meeting Editorial, page 8.]

Young People's Meeting.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPIC.

Sept. 13.

Our tongues for Christ.—Prov. 15:1, 2, 4, 7, 10, 14, 23, 26, 28.

"As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." There is a close connection between thought and its utterance, between the heart and the tongue. We need not be surprised if wicked men, men that make no pretensions to the grace of God, speak dangerous, deceitful words, for that is only what we need expect, fallen human nature being what it is. Men go astray from their youth speaking lies.

It must be confessed, however, that even in the regenerate the tongue often errs, and utters the thing that never should be said "Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt." This is a high ideal, but it is after which the Christian has got no choice but to aim. Instances are known to us all of Christians, very excellent people in many respects, whose power for good is largely destroyed by their failure to rule their tongues. Words are not seldom spoken in a fit of passion, even by good people, that leave wounds behind them that are hard to heal. It is true that words break no bones, but they sometimes break hearts, and that is much worse. Some lie silent in the grave whose hearts were made to bleed by words—cruel, unjust, stinging words—which the speakers thereof would now very gladly recall; but a word once spoken can never be recalled. Well were it for all of us if, by getting a larger measure of God's grace, we would let alone forevermore those dangerous, deceitful words that grieve and break hearts.

Might we not as brethren and sisters in Christ, often called in these days to transact business in conventions and church courts, learn a lesson of larger charity in the use of words. Hard words among brethren are greatly to be deplored. No advantage can ever be gained by calling hard names. Soft words, loving words, are what the spirit of Christ demands in all our relations with one another.

Leaving out much that might be pertinently brought in here as to prudence and propriety of speech in our ordinary everyday life, let me simply refer to the glorious privilege that is ours as Christian workers of speaking a word for Christ, and that in the most fitting of all language, His own words. The words of the Lord are pure words. There can never be any question as to their fitness for the soul's deepest wants. The hearts of many of us who preach and teach the Word have often been rejoiced beyond measure by such language as that addressed to Jeremiah, "I will put my words in thy mouth; I will be with thy mouth." Question it who will, as for us we place this among the dearest of our heart's convictions that both in our reception of our messages and in our delivery of them, the aid of the Holy Ghost is a great and glorious fact. Giving all the attention we may be able to preparation for speaking to the people, we would yet with the godly McCheyne, put up many a prayer to this end—"Help, Lord."

SCRIPTURE REFERENCES.

"My speech shall distil as dew," Deut. 32:2. See what God said to Moses as to slowness of speech, Ex. 4:10. Of Solomon it is said, "His speech pleased the Lord," 1 Kings 3:10. See Canticles 4:7, for a description of true speech. See 1 Cor. 2:1, in proof of fact that what tells is not fine words but power. Plain speech, 2 Cor. 3:12. Sound speech, Titus 2:8.

HINTS TO THE LEADER.

Emphasize the evil of lying and licentious speeches. The devil is pre-eminently an unclean, lying spirit. Filthy, lying words are devilish. Show necessity of kind words. Some there are, but oh, how few, of whom

it could be said that they never used an unkind word of another. Above all, urge members to use their tongues in speaking Christ's words, that men may be saved thereby.—Endeavor Herald.

C. E. GUIDE POSTS.

There is a boys' school in Pennsylvania with eight hundred inmates, and the only religious services held in connection therewith are the Christian Endeavor meetings. This society was formed by the boys themselves. It exerts a great influence in the school.

An interesting side-light on the results of the International Christian Endeavor Conventions is given by a letter just received by a young woman in the Northwest Territory. She writes: "I am now a missionary among the Indians here, as a result of the missionary rally held during the Boston Convention."

A mammoth artificial mosquito adorned the New Jersey State booth at the Washington Convention. At the close of the Convention this was sold, and the proceeds were devoted to the Armenian Relief Fund. This is but one illustration of the great interest that has been awakened in Armenia's cause by the Washington convention.

A California family walked four miles over the mountains to attend a missionary meeting held by visiting Christian Endeavorers. This was the first gospel service that these people had attended for years. After the meeting some of the Endeavorers returned home with them and helped organize a Sunday-school and a Christian Endeavor society.

A novel form of missionary work is that undertaken by some Traverse City, Mich., Endeavorers. They have formed a Christian Endeavor Bicycle Club, and make frequent runs on the evenings of week-days out into the surrounding country to form new Christian Endeavor societies, to visit and help existing ones, and to do other religious work.

Sunday-School.

[By special arrangement with the Sunday-School World, the Exposition of the lesson, as prepared by Dr. Edwin Wilbur Rice, is given to the readers of the MID-CONTINENT.]

Third Quarter. Sept. 13, 1896.

Lesson XI.

DAVID'S GRATITUDE TO GOD.

2 Sam. 22:40 51.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer.—2 Sam. 22:2.

Topic.—God's deliverances call for praise.

SPECIAL WORD STUDIES.

Subdued. The Hebrew has the idea of submission, "bowed" or "caused to bow," as an inferior bows before his master. The enemies were not merely defeated; they humbly acknowledged that they were defeated.

Fade away. The figure here seems to be that of plants and grass under the scorching rays of an eastern sun. Some suppose it refers to the hot east wind, as the simoon, a figure which appears in Isa. 40:7.

Close places. The Jewish rabbins, as Ben Ezra, understand this to refer to "fortresses," or strongholds; either natural mountain fastnesses or artificial forts and stone towers.

My rock. The allusion seems to be to the secure resting-place of the eagle upon the inaccessible rock, sheltered from every danger and secure from all enemies.

LESSON EXPOSITION.

I. The Psalmist's Victories.—Them that rose up against me, v. 40. The struggles in life were great in the psalmist's days; they are severe now. But now as then, if God's cause is closely identified with our plans and our work—in other words, if we are fully consecrated to God—the struggles of life will not so seriously trouble us. They will be seen in a new light. The obstacles are all known to God; they are for the good to those who trust him. There will be opposition to good persons wherever they work for the uplifting of the fallen; they will be picked at, their motives often misinterpreted and their good evil-spoken of, even by professed followers of Christ. This is the experience of twenty centuries, and probably will be that of twenty centuries to come.

Thou hast given me the necks of mine enemies, v. 41. Or, "Thou hast made mine enemies turn their backs unto me," R. V. The meanings of the two English versions are not so far apart as they might seem to be at a first reading. Both forms of expression or figures were used to signify victory over an enemy. The enemy in fleeing would turn their back to a foe. The figure of a yoke upon the neck, or of the neck as for decapitation, conveyed the complete overthrow of a foe. See Ex. 23:27.

They looked, but there was none to save, v. 42. So Esau found no place for repentance, Heb. 12:17, for he sought not repentance, but the blessing. See Revised Version. So these enemies of the theocracy found none to save them. They appealed to God in desperation, not in the spirit of repentance and submission, so Jehovah did not answer.

Then did I beat them, v. 43. They were like rocks, hills and rough places in the way of God's kingdom and its progress, so they were removed to make the way plain or passable. This seems to be the figure.

Strivings of my people, v. 44. This seems to refer to the long dissensions of the tribes of Israel among themselves, and especially to the struggles and wars that followed the death of Saul and the vain effort to establish Ish-bosheth on the throne of his father. But David was finally successful in overcoming these dissensions, and then it was easy for him to conquer the enemies of Israel around them, so that he became master or head of the heathen; for he ruled over them, and they served him.

Strangers shall submit themselves, v. 45. Or, Hebrew, "Sons of strangers have yielded obedience unto me." The words may mean more "compliance" from force rather than a heart-obedience. But the next clause suggests an obedience in advance of any personal authority or force; soon as the name of David is heard, the hearers comply with his known or supposed wishes.

Strangers shall fade away, v. 46. There are two thoughts in this verse, or two statements of the same thought. Those who were enemies to the psalmist, as strangers, would hide away if they could; and those who could not find safe hiding-places would "come trembling out of their close places," as the Revised Version, following Ps. 18:45 reads.

II. The Psalmist's Thanksgiving.—Blessed be my rock, v. 47. Jehovah is represented as a natural stronghold upon the top of an impregnable rock, upon which the psalmist rests secure. This is a ground for praise and for joy, that God is thus exalted.

God that avengeth me, v. 48. Or, Hebrew, "Even the God that giveth avengements [plural, as 'peoples' in v. 47] for me." The plural may signify the completeness of the act: every wrong redressed, every people subdued, under David.

Bringeth me forth from my enemies, v. 49. The clause in Ps. 18:48 reads, "He rescueth me from mine enemies;" the other clauses reading the same as here. Notice that all the deliverances are ascribed to Jehovah. Who the "violent man" was is not certain, but perhaps "Saul" is meant, as suggested in the heading to Ps. 18, which is substantially the same as this chapter in 2 Samuel. The teacher should carefully compare the two poems.

I will give thanks . . . among the heathen, v. 50. Or, "among the nations," see Revised Version. Why among them? Why not among God's chosen people? The thought appears to be that the psalmist would not limit his praise-song to Israel, but would make it to sound through all the nations, that Jehovah might be glorified among them also.

He is the tower of salvation, v. 51. Or, "of deliverance." But the Hebrew reading adopted by the revisers says, "Great deliverance [Hebrew 'salvation'] giveth he to his king; and showeth loving kindness ['mercy'] to his anointed." The reading of Ps. 18:50 is followed in the Revised Version, or has influenced the rendering here. David was the anointed king, and through him the Messiah, the "Anointed," was promised. David's victorious reign was used in Hebrew prophecy as a symbol of the glorious reign of Messiah, the Christ, the true spiritual King of all nations.

For Nervous Women

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. J. B. Alexander, Charlotte, N. C. says: "It is pleasant to the taste, and ranks among the best of nerve tonics for nervous females."



Children are told that angels bring little babies straight from heaven. They are told that when the little one comes, the rustle of angels' wings may be heard. Angels probably do watch over the mother and

child—or if they do not, they ought to; but angels cannot change the course of Nature, and it is not right that they should. The woman who wants to have a healthy baby, and who wants to come safely through the ordeal herself, with no life-long weakness as a consequence, will do what she can to make herself strong and healthful in every way. Above all things, she will—during the period of gestation—take regularly Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This is a positive specific for all female weakness and disease. It may be depended upon to purify and strengthen the organs distinctively feminine, to soothe all inflammation, and to stop pain and debilitating drains. It cures where doctors have failed, and it cures right at home, without necessitating abhorrent examinations and local treatment. It is the only medicine in the world that makes the coming of baby easy and perfectly safe. It is the only medicine designed for its purpose, that is the invention of a regularly graduated physician, an experienced and skilled specialist in the treatment of the diseases of women. Druggists sell it, and any woman who wants to know all about it—just how to use it in her particular case, may write to Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

TAKE LESS MEDICINE.

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THE MID-CONTINENT

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BOLDNESS BEFORE MAN—HUMILITY BEFORE GOD.

When encamped against Jericho, Joshua with bold and imperious manner challenged a stranger whom he saw standing "over against him" with a drawn sword in his hand. As long as he thought the warrior-like person was but a man like himself, he would brook no parleying and he knew no fear, and he peremptorily demanded, "Art thou for us or for our adversaries." But the instant the reply came, "As captain of the host of the Lord am I come," the bold Joshua was overwhelmed. Before the mysterious stranger who was neither Israelite nor Canaanite, but a divine personage in human guise, Joshua's whole manner changes. He who feared no man nor any drawn sword, falls on his face to the ground. With all Israel at his beck, and all Jericho trembling before him, now with the submissiveness of a captive the great commander meekly asks, "What saith my Lord unto his servant?"

This suggests that noble two-fold attitude of spirit—courage before man and humility before God. Look at John the Baptist. Before man stern, courageous and uncompromising. He boldly charged his hearers with their sins and called them to repentance. He dared to denounce the Pharisees as a generation of vipers, to warn the tax-gatherers and the turbulent soldiers, and even to rebuke king Herod for his wickedness. This is John the Baptist before men. But now see him before Jesus, that "mightier than I" as he called him. His stern bearing ceases and this fierce messenger of the desert becomes gentle and self-abasing. Look at the apostle Paul. He braved mobs, "fought with wild beasts at Ephesus," made the mighty of earth tremble under his preaching, disregarded the threatening of magistrates, stood up for his rights as a citizen and to certain false brethren seeking to destroy the liberty that is in Christ he "gave place by subjection, no, not for an hour." But all this time the same Paul "bows his knees before the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ." The title he seems proudest of is "the servant of Christ." He refuses to glory in aught else than the cross of Christ. And he parades it as an honor and distinction that "God leads him in triumph in Christ." (Rev. Ver.)

Ever thus has this two-fold attitude of Joshua been illustrated by the world's spiritual heroes. They have dared to challenge the authority and brave the threats of men, but looking reverently up to God they have said, "Thou, even Thou, art to be feared." They have stood up stiffly against hierarchs and popes and have not feared to dispute any human dicta, but they have ever bowed humbly before God and his word. Macaulay has described the Puritan of England as made up of two different men. The one proud, calm, inflexible; the other self-abased and penitent. That he set his foot on kings but prostrated himself before his Maker. Similarly has Froude spoken of the Scotch covenanters, "the fear of God in them left no room for the fear of any other thing."

This two-fold principle of the soul is a need of to-day. Fear not man, neither worship him. All flesh is grass. At his best estate man is altogether vanity. Be free to challenge human opinions. Commit yourself to no human leadership. But at the same time there is another allegiance which you owe. "One is your Master even Christ." Rejoice in his yoke and glory in your bondage to Him. Amid the proud claims of human wisdom and human power to-day, often listen to the famous French preacher's word, "Only God is great"; and be ever ready to say as between things human and divine, "Let God be true and every man a liar." Be free to weigh all human writings, to challenge their teachings and dispute their authority, but when you take up the Bible then show that docility and receptiveness of mind which says with young Samuel "Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth;" or which says with Cornelius, "Now therefore are we all here present before God to hear all

things commanded of Him;" or which expresses itself in the way of a certain man of whom old Matthew Henry tells: "Now let the word come, and if I had six hundred necks I would bow them all to its authority." The bold Luther who dared to defy the Pope, who declared he would not fear though ten thousand devils should stand in his way or though the heavens should rain Duke Georges for ten days, yet could calmly affirm, "My conscience is a captive to God's word."

This kind of captivity to God, it will always be found, means the highest type of freedom both civil and religious. All history attests that they are the most independent of mere human authority, and the quickest to resist all guileful influences upon the mind, who have first resigned themselves most implicitly to the divine teachings. The heartiest subjection of the intellect and will to God's truth promotes the sturdiest independence of the power of priestcraft and the tyranny of popular and fashionable opinions. If we once learn to "tremble at God's word," we will proudly refuse to bestow such homage on anything that comes short of God.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ANNALS OF AN OLD CHURCH.

I have already spoken of the visitors' house of worship up here, now become in its formal name the Union Chapel of Mackinac Island, but known more familiarly and in point of historic interest, as the "Old Mission Church." I assume, however, that the readers of the MID-CONTINENT are ready to hear more about it, especially as pertaining to annals of its work in the Gospel in the times of long ago.

During the brief period of its existence as a church it was Presbyterian in form. Its organization, however, lapsed about sixty years ago. For that long time the old sanctuary has stood but as a name and a reminiscence. Its members have passed away. Its sessional records are lost. And as to personal recollections, there are but meagre data, and these dim and fading, in the minds of a very few persons who were children within its walls in that long ago. However, I have been able to discover here and there in early books and letters some scattered facts which are of pleasing interest to all who like to hear of the Lord's work in the days of old.

For much of what I can report I am indebted to certain writings of Henry R. Schoolcraft, a naturalist and scientific antiquarian and student in Indian ethnology, a man highly distinguished in his day in intellectual and moral character. Mr. Schoolcraft resided on the Island for eight years—from 1833 to 1841. He was the government agent in all business concerning the Indians. While he does not furnish anything like a history of the church yet in his diary he frequently jotted down items which throw much light on its work. He had become a Christian believer while living at Sault Ste. Marie, at the entrance of Lake Superior, and was an active supporter there of the Rev. Jeremiah Porter (afterwards the first Presbyterian minister to enter Chicago) and on his removal here he was made a ruling elder in the mission church.

So far back in time as was this church, and such a pioneer in Christian work, that we can not but feel some surprise at finding its organization so complete and the preaching of its pulpit so robust and weighty and its lines and methods of religious effort so many-sided. I find for instance that the annual Thanksgiving day was observed and also that the now old-fashioned days of fasting and prayer were appointed; that the church had a Sunday-school, had the old-time week-night "lecture", had cottage prayer-meetings and a ladies' meeting which they called the "Maternal Association;" that, missionary church as itself was and laboring for the heathen Indians, it yet was accustomed regularly to observe the "monthly concert of prayer," for the conversion of the world; that vigorous doctrinal sermons were preached, very strong meat some of us might suppose in this day of softer sermonic diet—softer as far as many of the distinctive biblical topics are concerned. Whether such pulpit themes may have been over strong for this pioneer point, religiously so young, I can not say. It is probable we would be much mistaken if we supposed it was. In the earlier days it seems that such was the customary and systematic habit of indoctrinating a congregation that even those of less acute minds were able intelligently to follow such discussions. Besides in that congregation it must be remembered there were some strong business men, some few Scotch people doubtless already trained in the Catechism, intelligent army officers and soldiers from the garrison, the teachers from the Mission, and one at least great scholar and thinker, Mr. Schoolcraft. Also among the hearers were the Indian pupils of the

school who were under daily instruction in the Scriptures in the class rooms. And concerning the adult Indians who had been converted under the agency of the Mission, Mr. Schoolcraft remarks, more than once, on the fact of their clear apprehension of the atoning work of Christ, and of his place and power as Intercessor, and of their clear and simple reception of Him and of his promises.

THE STORY OF CHUSKA.

Among other interesting instances that could be mentioned of Indian conversions in connection with the work of the old church, there can be specially recited the case of one who was known by the name of Chuska. For forty years he had been what was called a Josakeed, that is a prophet or seer, more popularly termed by the Indians "medicine man," and supposed by them to have supernatural powers, a necromancer or sorcerer as we would say, or practitioner of the "black art." Among other things one feat he used to perform was to drive lodge poles firmly in the ground and bind the tops tightly together in pyramidal shape, and then after going through his dreamy incantations or "pow wowing," as some call it, beating his drum and singing, the tops of the poles would be seen very mysteriously to shake and bend to and fro, after which he would give his oracular utterings. In the belief of the pastor, Rev. Mr. Ferry, and of Mr. Schoolcraft, Chuska was thoroughly converted; and after a year of testing and probation was admitted to membership in the church. He renounced the hidden works of darkness and gave over his medicine bag and all his implements of sorcery, and he always insisted and could not be made to waver from it that Satanic influence alone helped him do his strange feats, particularly the often noted one of the shaking of the oracular lodge poles. No cross questioning would make him give up this explanation. I do not enter into this question but would only remark that one of the present day missionaries in Africa who has spent thirty years there has recently published a book in which he relates his studies and investigations of this very kind of sorcery practiced to-day among the low and degraded tribes, and he comes to the conclusion that no other explanation will solve it than that it is the power of evil spirits, permitted this kind of agency among people of that type. As further evidencing the wonderful change wrought in Chuska—he had been greatly addicted to drunkenness. This, the habit of years, was entirely abandoned.

Mrs. Jameson, the English authoress, well known in this country by her books "Sacred and Legendary art," "Legends of the Madonnas," etc., was a visitor on our Island just sixty years ago and attended service in the Mission church one Sunday. She tells that in the pew immediately in front of her sat Chuska, his eyes intently fixed on the minister. She then relates his story as I have just given it, describing his former career as "a distinguished man of his tribe as physician and conjuror and no less as a professor of whisky drinking." She added concerning him in his Christian state that he "had not touched ardent spirits for seven years and ever since his conversion had firmly adhered to his profession." This story about Chuska, his supposed magical powers, his joining the Mission church, his abandoning the wicked arts as "medicine man" and his drinking habits, I have heard also from a still living witness—a native of part Indian blood and the oldest man living on the island who remembers him as he was both before and after his new state, and who told me the tale without knowing that I had already learned it.

A POWER FOR GOOD.

Other instances of conversion and transformation of character effected through the instrumentality of the Mission church, though perhaps not of the same singular kind as that of Chuska could be related. Besides the ordinary and usual religious influence of the Mission it should be mentioned that at one time a special and extraordinary work of grace was experienced in the church. The influence of that work (it was during the winter of 1828-29) was very marked on the Island, and it is said penetrated even into the depths of the wilderness among the traders. Thirty-three persons were then added to the little church, bringing the whole membership at that time—perhaps about four years after its organization—up to fifty-two, twenty-five being of Indian descent and twenty-seven whites, exclusive of the Mission family. Mr. Schoolcraft speaking of this work of grace in subsequent years after he came to live on the Island and had learned more about it, testified concerning its influence among the citizens of the town that it "had the effect to renovate the place and for many years to drive vice and disorder, if not entirely away, into the holes and corners where they avoided the light." And he also remarked concerning the joint influence of the Mission school and the church, (both being under

the hand of Rev. Wm. Ferry, as superintendent of the one and pastor of the other) that it was "the nucleus of Christianity in the Northwest." And the Rev. David Green, then Secretary of the American Board, under which the Mission had been for the last eleven years of its operation, said that none of their missions had been more successful than those among the Indians, and that he considered the Mission at Mackinac had been much blessed, especially in its out-reaching influence through the surrounding regions.

After standing for sixty years almost disused, and as a mute memorial of its worthy past, it will be gratifying, I am sure, to all who share in the bonds of the gospel, to know that this venerable and historic sanctuary has again resumed its original design and purpose—a house of Sabbath worship, restored after its early style and pattern. It serves during the visitors' season and is well filled each Sunday. Visiting clergymen of the various denominations are laid hold of who give voluntarily their services. Among the preachers this season have been Dr. Barrows, of Rockford, Ill., Dr. McPherson of Chicago, Rev. Hugh L. Hodge of Erie, Chaplain Springer, of the U. S. Army, a son of Judge Springer of Indian Territory, and the present writer.

Mackinac Island, Mich.

AMONG THE ROCKIES.

The bridge which carries you safely over is worthy of praise, especially if it does this with comfort. Upon this theory we have nothing but kind words for the Wabash Railway. This company is adopting a new material for ballast, a species of clay which is found in a few places along the road and which is burned in a kiln until it resembles red gravel. It makes a splendid material for packing about the ties, giving solidity, permanence and smoothness to the track, freedom from dust—all adding to the comfort of the traveler who can read, write or sleep as he journeys. The equipment of the train is first class, reclining chair cars of a new pattern made by Scarritt Furniture Co., of St. Louis, so adjusted as to enable the occupant to change his position at pleasure. The time from St. Louis to Kansas city is but little over eight hours. From Kansas city to Denver via Union Pacific Railway 640 miles is about 18 hours, a pretty lively gate, but the equipment is such that there is no discomfort or fear of danger. It is a delightful ride through the garden spot of Kansas with its teeming crops, maturing finely by reason of the timely rains, and then over the plains, rising in attitude with every mile bringing the tourist into pure, cooler atmosphere as he gets away from the debilitating heat under which St. Louis has been suffering during the past two months. Here is

DENVER

standing like a cluster of diamonds, with its 160,000 people who throng her thoroughfares or transact their business in the palatial stores, or live in the comfortable homes which every where abound, many of which are not surpassed even in cities of three times the population. Notwithstanding the great depression in their chief industry during the past three years the people seem to have adjusted themselves to the situation, and are looking hopefully to the future, expecting better times will come with a change of administration after the election. There is but little discussion in politics as the sentiment seems to be almost in one line. They look to Bryan as their Moses to lead them out of the wilderness of trial. The "gold men" are quiet, most of them thinking it not worth while to disturb their business relations with their fellows by a discussion of the silver question whose advocates see no argument or little reason in the clearest presentation of the other side.

EDUCATIONAL INTERESTS

suffer, especially along our presbyterian lines. Westminster University, which loomed up so prominently a few years ago is likely to slip from the hands of our Church. It is blanketed by a mortgage of \$200,000, more or less. The fine buildings stand idle and fond dreams of many good people are far from being realized. The College at Longmont has practically suspended for want of funds. Del Norte college away to the Southwest is looking up and is doing good work especially among the Mexican population. The difficulty of supporting the churches which are largely under Home Missions, and the utter lack of means to support an educational institution which will be adequate to their wants and which would enable them to compete with better equipped colleges, is leading many to look with favor upon an alliance with the State University at Boulder. But this, like our common schools, is practically without religious influence, except as casually exerted by individual professors. Happily in this case nearly all the teachers are christians and are actively connected with some orthodox church. There are about 600 students enrolled in its various departments. Our people are hoping to effect some such a connection as the Presbyterians have in Ann Arbor, Michigan, where students from Presbyterian families will have the care and oversight of their own Church.

BOULDER PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

is strong and active, and has just completed a splendid house of worship with ample accommodations for such of the faculty and students as wish to enjoy its services. It is also fortunate that the pastor of the same, Rev. Wm. R. Nottman, is an energetic young man, popular with all classes, enthusiastically interested in educational work, and intelligently and actively seeking to promote the same along religious lines in the State. There is a growing

sentiment that the State has so largely usurped the function of education and which is furnished free to all, that our interests will be conserved by seeking to improve its christian tone and adding such departments under our own control as will give the denominational training we wish. The State University at Boulder is already well equipped with buildings and its friends are adding others to meet special needs.

MOUNTAIN AND SPRING.

But the object of this trip is not to study the educational or religious phases of this western country, but to seek rest and recreation among these eternal hills and towering mountains, and by the side of the dashing water-fall and bubbling springs. Manitou, a small village with a resident population of perhaps 1200 or 1500, is the home of the latter, or rather a home, for there are scores of places in Colorado where marvelous mineral springs are found. But Manitou is in the lead just now. She nestles among the foothills at the base of Pikes Peak, but at an elevation of 6370 feet, thus insuring pure cool air. Her Soda, Iron and Sulphur springs help to attract the thousands who flock here during "the Season". I visited the place more than 20 years ago, just when the Cliff House with its 30 rooms was completed. This was thought to be quite a venture and it was supposed to afford ample accommodations for those who sought a first class holstery. But now it is enlarged to 160 rooms and there are half a dozen other hotels as large or larger and many smaller ones, all taxed to their utmost to care for the throng. The place has the additional attraction of a railroad on which thousands are carried to the summit of Pikes Peak, at the immense height of 14334 feet. The road is nine and one-half miles long, the longest cog-wheel road in the world, and was built at a cost of more than \$1,000,000. The cost of a round trip is \$5.00 or about 25 cents a mile.

To an "old fogey" like the writer it seems strange that thousands of people who have nothing whatever to do for six days in the week, should select the Sabbath as a special day for picnics and excursions, and Tally-ho parties, making those old hills reverberate with their shouts and horns and merry making. And it is perhaps stranger still that so many professed Christians find no inclination to wait on the Lord in his sanctuary on his holy day. They have no excuse under the sun, except their laziness which increases with their freedom from care. But it is not my purpose to describe Manitou and the habits of its visitors further than to say it is an excellent health resort. If any reader is interested let him send six cents to B. L. Winchell, General Passenger Agent, Denver, Colorado for a beautiful booklet called "Manitou."

One of the most enjoyable trips from Denver is up the Clear Creek Canon to Georgetown, and "the loup." The water is no longer clear—mining has spoiled that. Still it is interesting to listen to its roar as you sit in the observation car as the train wriggles around the sharp curves, now dashing across the raging stream, then hugging the flinty sides of the rocky cliff which towers almost perpendicular hundreds of feet towards the clouds. Now the engine is playing "hide and seek" with the rear car. It seems to be coming back at you, then it bounds away out of sight. One cannot help forgetting his cares and worries amid the exhilaration of this ride of thirty or forty miles among the Rockies. On the way we pass

IDAHO SPRINGS

which has a national reputation as a sanitarium. It has a population of 1500 or 1800, and an attitude of 7,500 feet, and has hot and cold mineral springs. From the car window is seen the sign "Idaho Springs Athletic Association." Smiles are visible on the countenances of the passengers; soon roars of laughter are heard, and some one who cannot see through a stone unless there is a hole in it, asks, "what are you laughing at?" "Goose, don't you see that washing occupying the porches of the building, hung out to dry? Athletics indeed!" But on we go and soon Georgetown is reached, a city of near 4000 people, closely hemmed in by mountains and yet showing evidence of thrift and permanence. Up, up we go, frisking around the mountain side, crossing and re-crossing the Canon which has widened into a valley. How rapid the climb! back goes the train on a bridge, scores of feet up in the air; underneath is the track over which we have come. We have made the "Loup," ever and anon we get glimpses of the tracks over which we have come and Georgetown appears at intervals away down in the valley. What a picture and what a triumph of engineering skill, the most wonderful the world has ever seen, and now we are at Silver Plume, a pleasant village at an altitude of more than 9,000 feet, and in the midst of mines and mining. About twenty-five of us venture into one at least 1700 feet from the entrance of the tunnel and 1000 feet below the summit of the mountain. Here is this gloomy, damp, dark cavern is seen the practical operation of mining, and the rich vein of ore bearing both gold and silver from which more than a million of dollars have been taken.

The party which entered this mine, as they supposed by invitation of the owner who was present, could not rid themselves of the thought that it was a shabby trick played on them, when each was charged twenty-five cents upon their exit. If such were the rules they should have been made known at the entrance. A mountain storm caught us on the return trip and some were fearful of such an experience as befell others near Golden and Morrison, a few weeks previous when numbers met sudden death by a cloud burst. But nothing more serious than a detention of four or five hours at the Forks, where scores of hungry tourists ate the restaurateur out of provisions of every description. It was a weird ride through those deep Canons in the darkness of the night. Another most enchanting trip is up the

PLATT CANON.

The scenery is quite different. First the train whirls through the suburbs of Denver, into a beautiful country showing magnificent crops—the results of great irrigating canals which bring the life giving water from mountain streams and distribute it at the will of the farmer and ranchman, "causing the desert to blossom as the rose." Soon the mouth of the Canon is reached, the cliffs rise high in the air, the water clear as crystal rushes by, now in torrents, then in miniature waterfalls, so enchanting to the eye—always over rocks in their headlong race down the steep declivity. No pen can depict the beauty of the ever changing scenery. Here and there are the happy fishermen standing in mid-stream, ever and anon beguiling the wary trout with a false fly until they get him on their hook. What a pride these anglers take in calling our attention to the success of their sport, dangling their string of beauties before our eyes! So on we go, the puffing of the engine telling that we are ascending in the direction of the peaks standing far above the timber line. Now we are at "Cassells" a ranch in the midst of the mountains 8,000 feet above the sea, surrounded by most picturesque scenery. Here we stop for dinner. Overcoats and shawls are in demand. What an enchanting view from the front porch as our attention is drawn to the twin mountains, standing in the clear atmosphere outlined against the sky. See the clouds gather and creep around their summits! watch the rains pour while all is clear and pleasant where we sit! No wonder so many linger here for the season! There are greater wonders yet beyond through the wonderful South Park, and over the Alpine Pass, at an altitude of 11,660 feet, the highest railway point in America.

The trip is a most enjoyable one, but I cannot now pursue its description. Those points are reached by the Denver, Gunnison & Leadville railway, popularly known as the South Park line. Other branches of the same system known as the Denver and Gulf railway branch out from Denver in every direction, reaching the best scenery and largest mines in the State.

J. W. A.

RALLYING DAY, 1896.

Now that Rallying Day—the last Sabbath in September—and the movement immediately following it for bringing new scholars into the Sabbath school, have, both by custom and ecclesiastical endorsement, obtained full recognition in our church, it becomes the privilege, not to say the duty of loyal Presbyterians to study well both the principle and the practical features involved, and to act accordingly. The idea is simplicity itself. Taking our Church as a whole, the summer plays havoc with the Sabbath-school. Absentees become numerous, and the tendency among the stay-at-homes is toward laxity of attention. Autumn brings a tonic and bracing atmosphere, and the return of the wanderers. It is well to have a division line at which the Sabbath-school shall be rallied and the roll called and plans announced for the coming months. Far better this than to let things quietly go along without marking the change of seasons. Rallying Day brings to us its own special opportunity. To neglect it means loss.

Of course the day may be abused. It may degenerate into a mere gala-day—a day of dress and parade. There is no good thing that is not open to abuse. What should be kept steadily in view is spiritual gain, and this will come if truly and prayerfully sought. The spiritual element should predominate in the entire service, but this is not saying that the service should not be bright and cheerful, though differing from the usual services of the Sabbath-school. To aid in bringing this about, the Rev. Dr. Wordez has this year for the first time, prepared an order of worship for Rallying Day, consisting of twelve parts. There are five hymns with music, some old and familiar and all simple and beautiful. If these hymns are not deemed suitable, others should be selected to take their place. It is exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to choose hymns and music to suit every school, but there is no law in this case, and familiar hymns are plentiful. Besides these hymns there is a selection for appropriate, responsive readings, a designated order for the roll call and offerings, and the introduction of some special features, such as greetings from absent members by letter, greetings from the Young People's Societies, and from the Home Department and a statement of the plan of canvassing for new scholars. There is room for a great deal of diversity in the exercise of the day, but with this programme before him, a superintendent need not be at a loss, and with the quality of heartiness thrown in, the service should be successful and make a good and lasting impression on old and young alike in the interest of Sabbath-school work.

The Sabbath-school Department asks this year for a special collection, to be used in providing grants of Sabbath-school helps and literature to mission schools. This is a new departure. But money is needed for this special object as well as for the furtherance of the general work. The need points to the duty, and the performance of the duty means opportunity and privilege. A general response from the Sabbath-schools will lift a heavy burden—not of debt, for this work is carried on without incurring financial deficits—but of responsibility and care from the Department in meeting the claims of multitudes of children needing the bread of life.

EDWARD T. BROMFIELD.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY MINUTES & REPORTS.

The minutes for 1896 can be had at the following rates: to ministers, whose Presbyteries have paid in full the apportionment for the expenses of the General Assembly, paper covered Minutes without charge; cloth bound 25c. The Minutes to all other persons, in paper \$1.00 in cloth, \$1.50. The Reports of the Boards can be had as follows: to ministers, whose Presbyteries have paid in full the apportionment; paper covered Reports without charge; cloth bound, 25c; to all other persons, in paper, 30c; in cloth, 50c.

The Family Circle.

SLEEPY SONG.

Come, little darling, your eyes are sleep smitten;
Come to the arms that would rock you to rest,
See how your playmate, the bonny white kitten,
Speeds to its mother and snugs in her breast.
Purr—purr—purr—purr—
Hear how she coaxes her kitten to rest.
List to her lullaby, charged full of slumber
Is the low song that the pussy cat sings,
Sleep fairies hear it and flock without number
Near to my baby on gossamer wings.
Purr—purr—purr—purr—
That is the tune that the mother puss sings.
Come then, my little one, yield and be taken
Close in the arms that would shelter their own,
Haste, lest your playmate, the white kitten, waken
First from its slumber to frolic alone.
Hush—hush—hush—hush—
Sleep in the arms that will shelter their own.

—Independent.

A VETERAN OF WATERLOO.

How fate drifted the old veteran into our little Canadian Lake Erie village I never knew. Drifted him? No: he ever marched as if under the orders of his commander. Tall, thin, white-haired, close-shaven and always in knee breeches and long-stockings, he was an antique and martial figure. "Fresh white fish," was his cry, which he delivered as if calling all the village to fall in for drill.

So impressive was his demeanor that he dignified his occupation. For years after he disappeared, the peddling of white fish by horse and cart was regarded in that district as highly respectable. It was a glorious trade when old Locke held the steelyards and served out the glittering fish with an air of distributive communion for a long day's committ

I believe I noticed on the first day I saw him how he tapped his left breast with a proud gesture when he had done with a lot of customers and was about to march again at the head of his horse. That restored him from trade to his soldiery—he had saluted his Waterloo medal!

There beneath his threadbare old blue coat it lay, always felt by the heart of the hero.

"Why doesn't he wear it outside?" I once asked.

"He used to," said my father, "till Hiram Scudder, the druggist, asked him, 'what he'd take for the bit of pewter.'"

"What did old John say, sir?"

"Take for the bit of pewter!" said he, looking hard at Scudder with scorn. "I've took better men's lives nor ever yours was for to get it, and I'd sell my own for it as quick as ever I offered it before."

"More fool you, said Scudder."

"From that day forth he would never sell Scudder a fish; he wouldn't touch his money."

It must have been late in 1854 or early in 1855 that I first saw the medal. Going home from school on a bright winter afternoon, I met old John walking very erect, without his usual fish supply. A dull, round white spot was clasped on the left breast of his coat.

"Mr. Locke," said the small boy, staring with admiration, "is that your glorious Waterloo medal?"

"Your're a good lad!"

He stooped to let me see the noble pewter.

"War's declared against Rooshia," went on the old man, "and now's right

to show it. The old regiment's sailed, and my only son is with the colors."

Then he took me by the hand and led me into the village store, where the lawyer read aloud the news from the paper that the veteran gave him. In those days there was no railway within fifty miles of us. It had chanced that some fisherman brought old John a later paper than any previously received in the village.

"Aye, but the duke is gone," said he, shaking his white head, "and it is curious to be fighting on the same side with another Boney."

All that winter and the next, all the long summer between, old John displayed his medal. When the report of Alma came, his remarks on the French failure to get into the fight were severe.

"What was they ever without Boney?" he would inquire.

But a letter from his son after Inkerman changed all that.

"Half of us was killed, and the rest of us clean tired with fighting," wrote Corporal Locke. "What with a bullet through the flesh of my right leg and the fatigue of using the bayonet so long, I was like to drop."

"The Russians were coming on again as if there was no end to them, when strange drums came sounding in the mist behind us. With that we closed up and faced half round, thinking they had outflanked us and that the day was gone, so there was nothing more to do but to make out to die hard, like the sons of Waterloo men. You would have been pleased to see the looks of what was left of the old regiment, father."

"Then all of a sudden a French column came up the rise, out of the mist, roaring, Vive l'Empereur!" their drums beating the charge. We gave them room, for we were too dead tired to go first. On they went like mad at the Russians, so that was the end of a hard morning's work. I was down, fainted with loss of blood, but I will soon be fit for duty again. When I came to myself, there was a Frenchman pouring water down my throat and talking in his gibberish as kind as any Christian: Never a word will I say agin them red-legged French again."

"Show me the man that would," growled old John. "It was never in them French to act cowardly. Didn't they beat all the world, except us and the duke?"

With the ending of the Crimean war our village was illuminated. Rows of tallow candles in every window, fireworks in a vacant field and a torch-light procession! Old John marched at its head in full regimentals, straight as a ramrod, the hero of the night.

His son had been promoted sergeant for bravery on the field. We boys thought the old army of Wellington kept ghostly step with John Locke, while aerial drums pealed and beat with rejoicing at the new glory of English-speaking men.

After that the old man again wore his medal concealed. The Chinese war of 1857 was too contemptible to celebrate by displaying his badge of Waterloo.

Then came the dreadful tale of the Sepoy mutiny—Meerat, Delhi, Cawnpore! After the tale of Nana Sahib's massacre was read to old John he never smiled, I think.

Week after week, month after month, as hideous tidings poured rapidly in, his face became more haggard, gray and dreadful. The feeling that he was too old for use seemed to shame him. He no longer carried his head high as of yore. That his son was not marching behind Havelock with the avenging army seemed to cut the veteran solely. Sergeant Locke had sailed with the old regiment to join Outram in Persia before the Sepoys broke loose.

It was at this time that old John was first heard to say:

"I'm feared something's gone wrong with my heart."

Months went by before we learned that the troops for Persia had been stopped on their way and thrown into India against the mutineers. At that news old John marched into the village with a prouder air than he had worn for many a day. His medal was again displayed on his breast. It was but the next month, I think, that the village lawyer stood reading aloud the account of the capture of a Sepoy fort. The veteran entered the Post-office and all made way for him. The reading went on:

"The blowing open of the Eastern Gate was the grandest personal exploit of the attack. It was performed by native sappers covered by the fire of the Sixtieth Regiment and headed by Lieutenants Howe and Salkeld, Sergeants Smith, Carmichael, Burgess and Locke."

The lawyer paused. Every eye turned to the face of the old Waterloo soldier. He straightened up to keener attention, threw out his chest, tapped the glorious medal, and so soluted the names of the brave.

"God he praised, my son was there!" he said. "Read on."

"Sergeant Carmichael, while laying the powder, was killed, and the native havildar wounded. The powder having been laid, the advance party slipped down into the ditch to allow the firing party, under Lieutenant Salkeld, to do its duty."

"While trying to fire the charge he was shot through one leg and arm. He sank, but handed the match to Sergeant Burgess, who was at once shot dead. Sergeant Locke, already wounded severely in the shoulder, then seized the match and succeeded in firing the train. He fell at that moment, literally riddled with bullets."

"Read on," said old John in a deeper voice. All forebore to look twice upon his face.

"Others of the party were falling when the mighty gate was blown to fragments, and the Oxford Light Infantry, under Colonel Campbell, rushed into the breach."

There was a long silence in the Post-office till old John spoke once more.

"The Lord God be thanked for all His dealings with us. My son, Sergeant Locke, died well, for he did his duty."

Nervously fingering the medal on his breast, the old soldier wheeled about and marched proudly straight down the middle of the village street to his lonely cabin.

The villagers never saw him in life again. Next day he did not appear. All refrained from intruding on his mourning. But in the evening, when the Episcopalian minister heard his parishioner's loss, he walked to old John's home.

There, stretched upon his straw bed, he lay in his antique regimentals, stiller than at attention, all his medals fastened below that of Waterloo above his quiet heart.

His right hand lay on an open Bible. His face wore an expression of looking forever and ever upon Sergeant Locke and the Great Commander, who takes back unto Him the heroes He fashions to sweeten the world.—*Toronto Mail.*

THE CHILDREN AND THEIR PARENTS.

The kindergarten is a beautiful and necessary institution, and deserves its growing popularity. But I contented that the most important institution is the mother. It is right to send the little children from their mothers' arms to the rare teachers; at least, most kindergartens and most intelligent mothers feel this to be right and natural. Is it not, nevertheless, more natural to make such a home that the wee ones do not need the nurture that outside teachers give?

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I do not say that this is always possible. I know there are mothers who have not time, nor strength, nor capacity—though that is rarer than we often fancy—for mothering their children.

The companionship of the true and loving mother, I contend, is better than the companionship of any other.

The only trouble is that in this world of hurry and pressure and amusement, or excitement, the average well-to-do mother has no time to cultivate her children. And though I find myself writing mother, I should write parents. The father, too, neglects to know his children from lack of time, and it would be quite as beneficial for the children to know both parents.

The question to be decided often is, Which is the more important, the things which press unduly, and hurry and amuse us, or the comradeship with one's own children during the most important, because the most impressible, years?

Which is sweeter and more attractive? Which is more ennobling to the mother's womanhood? In which direction lies one's duty—in society, entertainment, care, even in outside benevolence, or in lovingly studying and tenderly nurturing one's own?

Oh, the shortness, the alarming shortness of the years of our innocent, eager-eyed, heaven-aspiring little ones!

If we mothers haven't the time at command that we need—whether from our own fault or not—during the short days of Winter to enjoy our children, what about the long Summer days, the vacation days?

Where do you spend your vacations, you parents who are fortunate enough to have these rest days? Are vacations alone for your recreation, or do you consider your own children? Do you know that even the seashore and a pail and shovel are not enough to satisfy your child's soul?

If you do consider your children, let me beg of you to go one Summer alone with your own little family into the country, and make it the object of your holiday, the recreation of your Summer to know, to play with, to interest, to lead into natural, ennobling channels the thoughts and tastes and energies of your children. Do not relegate this absorbing delight to a nurse, or to a friend. Allow the nurse to relieve you of unnecessary work, but be so much with your children that you are a child once more. See through the child's eyes. You will never regret it. You will make real that which is fast becoming a thing of the past—the home, when home is the center of thought and delight.

Thus spending your Summer hours you will see glories and beauties and truths in God's nature, see it through your children's eyes, that will make your Winter a less artificial one. And your children will repay you by their confidences, their reverence, their obedient devotion. You may bind your children to you as in later years they never can be bound.—*Cynthia St. John.*

The U. S. Gov't Reports
show Royal Baking Powder
superior to all others.

Our Young People.

KEEPING BACK A PART.

"Say, Ted, let's earn some money," "How?"

"Don't you see that coal on the sidewalk?" and Jim pointed down the street to a place where a ton of coal had just been deposited. "That's in front of Mrs. Lange's house and we can go and offer to put it in for a quarter."

"But likely the man himself is going to put it in."

"Oh, no, he isn't! Can't you see that he's getting ready to go away? Come, let's hurry," and Jim rushed down the street, followed quickly by his companion.

They paused to take breath in front of Mrs. Lange's door, and then Jim ventured inside of the house with his offer.

"Why, yes," said that lady, pleasantly; "I'll be glad to have you put it in. I thought the man himself would do it, but I see he's gone off."

So, armed with shovels and pail, the boys set to work to get in the ton of coal. It was hard work for such little fellows; for they had to carry the coal around to the back of the house where the coal shed was, but they went at it bravely and before long the pile on the sidewalk had grown considerably smaller.

Once Ted looked up and said.

"Say, Jim, that quarter won't divide even."

"No more it won't," was the reply.

"Twelve for you and twelve for me," Ted went on; "but what about the other cent?"

"I don't know," Jim said thoughtfully; "we can't divide a cent, and it don't belong to one any more than to the other."

"There's your baby," suggested Ted.

"Yes, but there's yours, too, and they both can't have it and giving it to one more than to the other would't be even."

"I say, Jim!" Ted suddenly exclaimed, as if a new and bright idea had occurred to him, "there's the old blind man corner Manhattan avenue."

"That's so," assented Jim, "and he's both of ours. He don't belong to me any more than to you, nor to you any more than to me. We both kinder own him—don't we?"

"Of course; so he'll have the extra cent."

Having arranged that important matter, the little fellows went to work again with such a will that inside of an hour the coal had entirely disappeared from the sidewalk.

"Now, we're done," cried Jim, triumphantly.

"Yes, we're done," echoed Ted.

But had they finished? Down in the gutter was lying at least half a pail of coal, and Jim asked himself this question as he happened to glance at it.

Ted came along, and saw, too. Looking at Jim he read his thoughts and said:

"Oh, pshaw! let's don't bother about that little bit; we're both too tired."

"There's the dust on the sidewalk, too," remarked Jim, slowly; "the putter-in always cleans that off."

"But we're not regular putter-ins," argued Ted, as he straightened up to rest his aching back.

But Jim stared at the gutter, and did not reply.

"What's the matter? What are you thinking of?" asked Ted.

"Why, I was thinking about that story that we heard down to mission-school—that one about the man and woman who was struck dead for lying."

"Nias and Sophia?" asked Ted.

"Ananias and Sapphira," corrected Jim, who was two years older than his companion, and could more easily re-

member hard names. "Yes, that's them."

"Well, what have we got to do with them? We ain't lying, nor we ain't keeping anybody's money back—are we?"

"No, but"—and Jim looked as if he scarcely knew how to express what he meant.

"But what?" asked Ted with wondering eyes.

"You see, it's just like this," Jim went on, thoughtfully. "That man down to mission-school said it was the same if you kept back anything, even some of the work that you ought to do, and we're going to be paid for this, Ted, and it ain't done."

"Well, then, let's take up the coal," and Ted started for the shovel.

"All right, and I'll get the broom to sweep the sidewalk. It's better that way—ain't it Ted?"

And Ted gave a wise little nod by way of reply.

MARMALADE.

Huffy's real name was Humphrey. He was six years old. He was short and stout and slow. Some people called him stupid, but that was a mistake.

Huffy had brothers and sisters older than himself, and one or two younger. But though he was very good friends with them all and loved them all, he had no special crony among them. For a time, as long as the baby was a baby, he loved it best, I think. He counted it his best friend, and it loved him and used to stare up at him solemnly with blue eyes very like his own. But all too soon baby grew into a big little girl and being very quick and merry for her age, she took to playing with her lively little sisters and found them more amusing than quiet Huffy.

So Huffy seemed alone again and grew quieter and slower than ever.

If he did not speak much he thought a great deal, and in his own way he was quite a happy little boy. It never came into his head that any one was not kind to him or that he was to be pitied.

Two of his elder brothers, like many boys, were exceedingly fond of playing tricks and Huffy's serious way of taking things made them doubly enjoy tricking him, or what they called "getting a rise out of him," even though his great good nature when he found out that he had been taken in, somewhat lessened their pleasure, I fear.

But at the time I am speaking of, these two—Norman and Terence were their names—had been away at school for some months, so poor old Huffy had led a peaceful life. Holidays came, however, and with them Nor and Terry, bubbling over with high spirits and mischief, really bursting to start their home "larks" again.

For a day or two no special chance of tricking Huffy turned up. And Nor and Terry were not bad hearted fellows. They felt touched by Huffy's pleasure at seeing them again and by the little kind things he tried to do to please them.

It was in the middle of the summer—July—and July was a very "birthday month" in this family. Two or three came at the end, the tenth was Huffy's own birthday, and the eleventh was his mother's. These two days coming together in this delightful way were the happiest of all the year to Huffy.

They began by his coming down stairs to breakfast, which was a great treat, though he never could manage to eat very much; he felt so excited about his presents!

"Come now, Huffy, old man," said his father on the morning of this particular birthday—his seventh one—"you must eat something more. What will you have? Here's some nice honey—

you are fond of honey, I know."

Huffy held out his plate.

"Zank you," he said, gravely. Then "won't mamma have some?" he went on. "Sall I hand your plate for some, mamma?"

Mamma was getting up from her chair.

"No, thank you, dear," she said. "I have quite finished. And I don't care for honey. I like marmalade ever so much better—and our marmalade is all done."

The boys were left alone at the table. Nor and Terry were fond of honey, if their mother was not.

"What are you staring at so, Huffy?" said Norman. "Do you think we're eating too much honey?" for the little boy's eyes were fixed on the jar.

Huffy looked round slowly.

"No," he said, I weren't thinking of the honey, 'cept—"

"What?", said his brother, "out with it."

"To-morrow's mother's birthday and she likes marmalade, and there isn't any. I'd like to get her some Where does it come from, Nor? I've seen the bees make honey, but—"

Norman kicked Terence under the table to make him understand that he was not to interfere.

"You don't know where marmalade comes from?" he said, raising his eyebrows with a look of great astonishment.

"Why I had no idea you were so stupid. You know that bees make honey—well, then—can't you guess? No?" as poor Huffy looked up with a puzzled face.

"Really—just think a moment. Of course if bees make honey, you might guess that wasps make marmalade."

There was a smothered giggle from Terry, but Huffy was too absorbed to notice it.

"Do they, really?" he said. "No, I never knew it before. I thought wasps didn't do nothing but sting. And how do they get the marmalade from them! Is it like getting the honey?"

"Oh, much easier than that," said Norman. "You've only got to go where you know there's nest and whistle, and they all come flying out and you'll have nothing to do but scrape out the marmalade with a big spoon from the inside of the nest."

"How nice," said Huffy, but before he had time to say more, his brothers, choking with laughter, hurried out of the room.

He went on thinking about it to himself while he collected his birthday presents to carry them away to his own quarters.

"If only I'd knowed about it," he reflected, "I might have got some marmalade for mamma's breakfast to-day. Then a bright thought struck him. To-morrow, not to-day, was mamma's birthday; it was not too late. If he could find out where there was a wasp's nest, he might get some this afternoon when he and the other little ones were out playing in the garden—if only—oh, he did hope Norman and Terry would not think of it. He would not tell any one about it—he would ask the gardener without saying why he wanted to know.

Late that afternoon when Humphrey's mother was walking quietly homewards through the grounds, having been as far as the lodge gates with a friend who had come to see her, woeful sounds met her ears. At first, being at some little distance, she did not pay much attention to them, thinking it was perhaps the stable boys' playing, or some village children in the road. But as she walked on, the sounds became more distinct and evidently came from some part of the garden. She stopped and listened, and words mingled with the cries grew clear.

"Oh, mamma, mamma, oh, nurse, do come."

She hurried on and soon a little figure came rushing toward her. It was poor

Huffy, and his mother knew that it took a great deal to make him rush. She felt really frightened.

"What is the matter, Huffy? Tell me quick, dear."

The little fellow raised his face—it was not only tear-stained—in two places it was sadly swollen and red.

"Have you been stung, my boy?" his mother exclaimed.

"Oh, yes, mamma and my hand, too," and then his mother saw that he was carrying a large spoon and a little china jug. What had he been doing? Soon the whole story came out, though any one less quick than mamma would have found it difficult to understand.

"I whistled and whistled," said Huffy "but they didn't come out. So I just touched the nest very gently with the spoon—Simpson told me not to disturb the wasps, and I don't think he knowed about the marmalade. And then one came out and then another and another and they flew at me, and I runned, but it was like burning fire. Oh, mamma, mamma, it is so sore!"

Some "blue bag" on the stings and much petting comforted the poor little man. Mamma kept him beside her the rest of the day, so that after all, Huffy's birthday ended happily—for him, that is to say. For Norman and Terence looked very grave and sober and ashamed of themselves, after a long talk with their father in his study that evening. I think their jokes were harmless ones for the rest of their holidays, any way.

And next day—his mother's birthday—his father took Huffy himself to the neighboring town and bought a beautiful glass jar of the finest marmalade for a present to his dear mamma. It was a beaming little boy that ran in to give it to hear, though his poor face was still disfigured by the painful red lumps. But Huffy bore no malice and now that he is a "grown-up" boy he often laughs at himself for having been so easily taken in as to believe that wasps made marmalade.

A BOY'S MANNERS.

"His manner is worth a hundred thousand dollars to him!" This is what one of the chief men of the nation lately said about a boy. "It wouldn't be worth so much to one who meant to be a farmer, or who had no opportunities, but to a young college student with ambitions it is worth at least a hundred thousand."

The boy was a distant relative of the man, and had been brought up by careful parents in a far-off city. Among other things he had been taught to be friendly, and to think of other persons before himself. The boy was on a visit in the town where the man lived. They met on the street, and the younger, recognized the elder, promptly went to his side and spoke to him in his cordial, happy, yet respectful way. Of course the man was pleased, and knew that anybody would have been pleased. The sentence above was the outcome of it. A little later the boy came in the room just as the man was struggling into his overcoat. The boy hurried to him, pulled it up by the collar, and drew down the wrinkled coat beneath. He would have done it for any man, the haughtiest to the poorest.

The boy has not been in society a great deal. He has not learned orthodox selfishness. He positively can't be easy at the table until his neighbors are waited on; a chair is torture if he thinks anyone else is less comfortably seated. He wouldn't interrupt to let loose the wittiest or most timely remark ever thought of. He may learn to do some day—after he has earned his hundred thousand—but it is doubtful. The expression of his kindness may become conformed to popular usage, modified, refined, but the spirit which prompts the expression will only grow with his years.

Do not misunderstand, boys. You may wish to do things for others, and yet feel that you do not know how. The only way to learn is to try; to hesitate for no feeling of bashfulness or awkwardness, but to put into direct and instantaneous practice whatever kind, helpful thoughts occur to you.—*Sel.*

The World's Fair Tests showed no baking powder so pure or so great in leavening power as the Royal.

Go into the best Grocery Stores in any city—the stores that have the most intelligent trade—and ask them what is best for washing and cleaning. They'll tell you, "Pearline." Ask them how the imitations compare with it, in quality and in sales. They'll tell you that they're far behind. What does this show? Why, that the people who have the finest and most delicate things to wash, and who would be least likely to risk these things with any dangerous washing compound—it shows that these people have proved to themselves that Pearline is the best. And it certainly is. 442

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Tickets at the above rates on sale only on dates quoted. For further particulars apply to your local ticket agent, or address A. H. Hanson, General Passenger Agent, Illinois Central Railroad, Chicago.

Do You Know

That the Vandalia line has resumed its through Buffet Sleeping car service to Michigan? Sleepers leave St. Louis daily except Sunday on "Number Twenty" 8.10 a. m. arriving at Mackinaw at 7 o'clock next morning. Write or call upon Curtice, City Passenger Agent, 100 N. 4th street, corner of Chestnut, St. Louis, for full particulars.

INDIAN TERRITORY FIELD NOTES.

VINITA a Northeastern town of the Cherokee Nation has a population of two thousand and is located at the intersection of the M. K. & T. and Frisco roads. Two educational institutions under the care of the Methodist and Congregational churches are represented. Elegant brick buildings erected at an outlay of many thousand dollars give an air of solidity and promise to the city. The Presbyterian church is well represented, having a nice building, a cozy parsonage, and an influential membership. The new pastor and his estimable wife assumed charge after urgent and repeated calls. Our visit was made soon after the removal of brother King to this important charge, and certain much needed repairs and alterations were spoken of in connection with the church edifice. The church is to be congratulated in securing for its pastor such a devoted consecrated man as brother King. He has spent a number of years and done a great work in this new country.

CLAREMORE is the capital of the Cooweescowee District and has two railroads and a population of 1500. It has four churches, a \$2,000 Public School building including lots and furniture, one bank with a capital of \$50,000, a \$30,000 mill and elevator, the former having a capacity of 1,000 barrels per diem, and the latter of 80,000 bushels. Bartles, Bardollar & Gibson successor, of F. A. Neilson carry a stock of merchandise which invoices \$30,000 and Mr. Sanson a stock of dry goods and groceries \$15,000. Here we met our genial brother Rev. Mr. Dobson, and enjoyed a pleasant Sabbath with him and his good people. He is dividing his time with a country field a few miles westward. The last years of the faithful ministry of Rev. A. D. Jack were spent on this field. His daily life, meek spirit, and wise counsels have left an abiding influence. The old settlers payment was attracting crowds of people at the time of our visit. The roll of beneficiaries was made up mainly of the descendants of the Ridge party, most of the original settlers having passed away. Over \$250,000 were paid out by paymaster Wisdom.

TULSA a town of prospective importance south of Claremore on the Frisco road supports a number of business houses, and is surrounded by a fine agricultural country. Rev. D. N. Leerskov, a young man of untiring zeal and deep consecration, after two years of successful labor removed from this place to another field. The roll of church membership showed an increase of forty two accessions. During the summer the pulpit is supplied by Rev. E. H. Broiles a student of McCormick Seminary. The Miss Thomson's have charge of the Mission school here, and are doing an important work in this connection.

RED FORK, though not a large place has a Presbyterian church of historic interest. Rev. Leerskov the pastor is encouraged with signs of spiritual growth and prosperity. He has a good Sabbath-school, mid-week prayer meeting and Young People's Christian Endeavor. The town has railroad connection and a good country surrounding it.

SAPULPA.—This is the terminus of the Frisco road and a town of prospective importance. The scenery of the surrounding country is beautiful, hills and valleys, prairies and forests. The population is not large but enterprising and hopeful. Presbyterianism is in its infancy, but faithfully cared for by our good brother Rev. Leerskov. Services were conducted in a hall, but the walls of a stone building were being raised, and ere this perhaps, the edifice is complete and now in use. It will be the second church built in the town. Elder J. C. Menefee is adding a hundred per cent to the Sabbath-school roll, and the

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At Sapulpa we saw the United States Surveying camp, and were told that the appropriation of \$200,000 had been exhausted and the work had been temporarily suspended. Our impressions of the beauty and fertility of this country were very good. Now in the infancy of its material growth and prosperity is the time to sow the good seed, which in after years should yield forty, sixty and one hundred fold. S. T. McCLURE.

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MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS.

The *Atlantic* has a delightful sketch of a "Drive in three States" and many another good thing.

The valuable English reviews *Nineteenth Century* and *Westminster Review* continue in the excellence. Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York.

We have just received the attractive catalogue of Coates College, the well and favorably known Presbyterian ladies college, situated at Terre Haute, Ind.

Harper's Magazine for September contains the conclusion of Mark Twain's quaint tale, and interesting description of the cliff dwellings of the far Southwest and much other excellent matter.

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Moralities.

THE RAILROADS AND SUNDAY TRAVEL.

Some of the railroads are now selling tickets for Sunday travel at half rate. Against this the public should raise a protest. It is a strong temptation to people of limited means to use the Lord's day for travel. People who would prefer to journey on week days compromise with their consciences to satisfy their pocket books. These half rates increase travel on Sunday. Many people are thus kept from church and from the worship of God: More men are needed to run the trains on Sunday. Thus the workingmen are deprived of their natural rest day. The tendency is toward the destruction of the Lord's day. When that shall have been accomplished we may look for the vengeance of Heaven. And yet few voices have been raised against these inducements to Sunday travel. The Christian conscience has become to a considerable extent deadened in regard to keeping the Lord's day. Many church members use the day for worldly visiting, family reunions, and great dinners. Many do not hesitate to show their disregard for the day by going on excursions that weary the body and weaken the soul.

Several years ago President H. B. Ledyard, of the Michigan Central R. R., wrote to The Railway Age: "There is no question as to the desirability of prohibiting Sunday work on railways. The law of nature, to say nothing of the higher law, requires that men should have rest one day in seven. Is there any reason why a railroad engineer or conductor is not entitled to his rest as much as a merchant or manufacturer? Looking at the question from either a moral or economical standpoint, no candid person can uphold the running of trains on Sunday." If this is so, is it not still worse to hold out special inducements to the public to travel on that day? All religious and ethical associations and all unions of workingmen should at once send to the managers of railways that are offering these inducements vigorous protests.

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To and From Gunnison. The management of the South Park Line, has, as promised, restored passenger train service on the Gunnison Division, and is now running through trains regularly between Denver and Gunnison via Como and Buena Vista.

Aside from the opportunities offered tourists and sportsmen, this action brings a large section of country once more in close touch with the business world. Visitors to the Cottonwood Springs at Buena Vista and the Hot Springs at Mount Princeton Station are afforded comfort and quick transit.

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FACT AND FICTION.

Worry kills more people than the cholera.

Washington said: "Gambling is the child of avarice, the brother of iniquity, and the father of mischief."

Umbrellas made of paper are coming into use in France. The paper is made waterproof by gelatinized bichromate of potassium.

Ned—I heard Miss Rouge offer herself as a valentine. Ted—Well, she should make a very nice one, being hand painted.—*Judge*.

She—Her heart is like a novel—easy to read. He—Yes; and like a novel in a circulating library—not to be kept longer than two weeks.—*Ex*.

Our national cemeteries, eighty-three in number, contain 330,700 honored dead. Every individual grave is marked by a stone tablet of granite or marble.

Solomon's temple was 107 feet long, 36 feet broad, and 54 feet high. Though deemed a wonder of the world it was not larger than many private houses of the present time.

Professor Dolbear says a powerful search-light could project a beam to Mars in four minutes which could be seen and responded to if they have the apparatus that we have.

Lost children in Japan do not long remain astray. It is the custom for parents to label their children with their addresses, so that in case they wander any wayfarer may send them home.

In India 5,000,000 acres are made fruitful by irrigation. In Egypt there about 6,000,000 acres, and in Europe about 5,000,000. The United States has about 4,000,000 acres of irrigated land.

Mrs. Nulyriche—Are you puttin' "P. P. C." on them callin' cards, Alishy? Alicia—Yes, mamma. Mrs. Nulyriche—Well then, put "R. S. V. P." on 'em too. Blame 'f I'm goin' to let any one get ahead of me fur style.—*Chicago Record*.

A little boy, writing a composition on the zebra, was requested to describe the animal and to mention what it was useful for. After deep reflection, he wrote: "The zebra is like the horse, only striped. It is chiefly used to illustrate the letter Z."

"Sammerson tells me that he courted his wife five years before she would accept him." "Well, he has nothing to complain of at that. She brought him \$100,000. It looks to me as if \$20,000 a year for courting a good-looking girl is big pay for a mighty easy job."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

"Wanted, with a view to matrimony young lady to match a bonnet trimmed with green, which I won the other day in a raffle for charitable purposes. Must have means of her own. Please address under the heading: *Lebensgluck* (life's happiness), to the office of this paper. Lady cyclist preferred."—*Pfullendorfer Anzeiger*.

"Your account of the concert last night," said the musician, "omitted all mention of the very thing I wanted to see printed. The violin I played, as I was careful to tell your reporter, was a genuine Stradivarius, and one of the best ever made." "That's all right," said the editor. "When Mr. Stradivarius gets his fiddles advertised in this paper, it will cost him half a crown a line. Good morning, sir!"—*Scottish Reformer*.

Some years ago their lived in Perth, Scotland, a man of convivial habits, well known by his Christian name, Jamie. One dark night an acquaintance found Jamies lying at the foot of an outside stair. "Is that you, Jamie?" asked the acquaintance, in a voice of the greatest astonishment. "Ay, it's me," replied Jamie, in a tone of complete resignation. "Have you fa'en doon the stair?" was the next question. "Aye, I fell doon; but I was coming doon, whether or no."—*London Figaro*.

She was from Boston, he from St. Joseph, Mo. "You have traveled a great deal in the West, have you not, Miss Beacon?" "Oh, yes, indeed. In California and Arizona, and even New Mexico." "Have you ever seen the Cherokee strip?" There was a painful silence, but finally she looked over her glasses at him and said: "In the first place, sir, I deem your question extremely rude; and in the second, you might have been more refined in your language, by asking me if I had ever seen the Cherokee disrobe."

A New York druggist, who spent the winter in a Texas town for his health, was asked by the genial clerk of the hotel: "Stranger, what might your business be?" "I am a pharmacist." "A what did you say?" "A pharmacist." "Oh, yes, a pharmacist. Well, you can buy as good farming lands in this neighborhood as you can find in Texas. You have struck the right locality, stranger if you want to farm. I'll take you out this afternoon in my buggy and show you one I've got to sell."

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