

THE MID-CONTINENT

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\$2 A YEAR

"HE HATH not dealt so with any nation."

"THOU CROWNEST the year with Thy goodness, and Thy paths drop fatness."

THE ARMENIAN refugees who reach the United States can doubtless give lessons in thankfulness.

"THE LINES are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage."

"BLESSED BE the Lord who daily loadeth us with benefits, even the God of our salvation."

"HAPPY IS that people that is in such a case; yea, happy is that people, whose God is the Lord."

"OH LET the nations be glad and sing for joy, for Thou shalt judge the people righteously and govern the nations upon earth."

"BLESSED IS that nation whose God is the Lord, and the people whom He hath chosen for His own inheritance."

WHAT A joy it would be to be able to send every Home Missionary his salary check in full, on Thanksgiving Day.

ONE OF the most thankful persons ever known was an old lady paralyzed in all parts of her body save the fingers and thumbs. She was Thankfulness personified—because she could knit.

"HE BROUGHT me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings.

"And He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God."

"WHAT SHALL I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me?"

"I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord.

"I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all His people."

APROPOS of thankfulness, you probably have heard of the old negro preacher who said to his flock after his ancient "stovepipe" hat had been passed around the little church and returned to him void of coin—"Well, I'ee thankful I done got the hat back."

"O GIVE thanks unto the Lord; call upon His name: make known His deeds among the people. Sing unto Him, sing psalms unto Him: talk ye of all His wondrous works. Glory ye in His holy name: let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord."

THOUGH THE sunshine may have faded away from your path, may this inner sunshine cheer you, "God makes no mistakes!" Then may you, though with trembling lip and in sorrow, sing out the old notes of David's song: "We thank Thee, our God, and I praise Thy glorious name!"—Wayland Hoyt.

NO HUMAN counsel hath devised, nor hath any moral hand worked out these great things. They are the gracious gifts of the Most High God, who, while dealing with us in anger for our sins, hath nevertheless remembered mercy. It has seemed to me fit and proper that they should be solemnly, reverently and gratefully acknowledged as with one heart and voice by the whole American people.—Lincoln.

"Most gracious God, by whose knowledge the depths are broken up, and the clouds drop down the dew, we yield Thee unfeigned thanks and praise, as

for all Thy mercies, so especially for the returns of seed-time and harvest, and for crowning the year with Thy goodness, in the increase of the ground, and the gathering in of the fruits thereof. And, we beseech Thee, give us a just sense of this mercy; such as may appear in our lives by an humble, holy and obedient walking before Thee all our days."

AN OLD time newspaper man says: "No sensible man should or even does get angry because a man duns him for his money. A dun is not an impeachment of a subscriber's integrity, but is simply an outpouring of a publisher's necessities. For instance, 1,000 men owe a man from \$1 to \$10; he has to dun them in order to pay his expenses. Instead of getting angry and stopping his paper because the publisher asks what is due, the subscriber should thank the editor for waiting so patiently, and pay up like a man." Help the MID-CONTINENT'S Thanksgiving! There are simply thousands of dollars due us on earned subscriptions—this may apply right to you.

LET THE Thanksgiving bells ring out! Sound forth the old "Gloria Patri," the "Te Deum," the "Doxol-

THANKSGIVING

THROUGH the long day the peasant woman went
Gleaning the stalks the workers left behind

In the wide field—and yet, when day was spent,
But scarce an armful had she then to bind.

Two sheaves she made thereof—one small and fair,
And as she passed the shrine along the road
She left the tiny sheaf of gleanings there
In thankfulness—though light indeed her load.

—Flavel Scott Mines.

ogy in long measure!" Let organs swell their notes, and give utterance in tones of thunder to our human praise. Let Niagara roar, and the sublimity of Yosemite and the upriving fountains of Yellowstone proclaim the thanks of the people of the God of the nations. Let the palms of the sunny South wave their fronds, and let the trees of the North and the West clap their hands, in praise to the God who rulest among the armies of the skies and among the inhabitants of the earth. In all things, for all things, through all things, "be ye thankful."—Bishop Vincent.

THERE OUGHT to be on Thanksgiving Day an uplifting of all Christian hearts into a loftier spirit of gladness. Thanksgiving should become more an integral element in all our worship, in all our spiritual life. Anniversaries are sad days because they recall the losses and sorrow of the year. In many homes there is a vacant chair to-day. Voices that sang in the songs that brightened the circle have vanished. Tears will choke many a hymn of praise. Yet, even in the sadness, thanksgiving should not be left out of the song. Indeed, the purest, sweetest joy of earth is transformed sorrow.—J. R. Miller, D. D.

THE LAST number of Harper's Weekly comments on the remarkable success of Dr. Simpson and the Christian

Alliance in raising money for missionary work. It calls attention to the \$101,000 raised in a meeting at Old Orchard last summer, and again to the remarkable collection of \$112,000 at a meeting last month in Carnegie Hall, New York. The Weekly says that in the sixteen years in which Dr. Simpson has been busy in the Christian Alliance he has raised about \$700,000 for missionary purpose. The editor then observes as follows: "No doubt most of the people who gave it got their money's worth. The satisfactions of religious enthusiasm are very great. People who don't understand them undervalue them. If a woman keeps a carriage, they can see, or think they can, that she gets a handsome return for her money. But if, instead of a carriage, she keeps a missionary, they think her unthrifty, and believe her to be imposed upon besides. They are stupid, these worldlings. The chances are that the woman with the missionary gets more true and substantial satisfaction out of her investment than the woman who keeps the carriage." While it is probable this writer has not divined in full the secret of the blessedness there is in this kind of giving to the Lord, yet has he hit on a vein of the Christian philosophy in the matter.

Let the question come directly home—why should it seem a strange thing, or unwise, to give overflowing for the spiritual welfare of them that are "ignorant and out of the way," even to the extent, as the apostle says, of becoming a "fool for Christ's sake;" and be considered in no respect lacking in seemliness or in prudence to expend one's wealth in the superfluities of luxury and self-indulgence?

THE WOMAN'S Christian Temperance Union has honored St. Louis by its convening here during the past week. Miss Willard, the master-mind, (or should mistress-mind be used?) was present to speak in her usual strength and felicity. Lady Somerset was expected to attend, but at the last moment sent word that she could not leave England. Her absence was regretted. St. Louis, it is needless to say, accorded a most hearty welcome to the honored guests. Representatives of the religious and civic forces of the city vied with one another to that end. "For God and Home and Nativeland" was the watchword of the great gathering. In addition to the battle against the saloon, the fight for purity and for "whatever touches life with upward impulse," Miss Willard and her sisters have heard to good purpose the cries of bleeding

Armenia. The work of relief for those victims of the cruel Turk had a prominent part in the gathering. Miss Willard, in her opening address, spoke one especially striking sentence to St. Louisians in her audience; "I claim that this great movement of Christian citizenship had its birth in the little United Presbyterian church in St. Louis in 1884." These words from her references to the late campaign are most worthy of quotation: "It was a matter of admiration to all Great Britain," she said, "to see the conduct of the presidential candidates; Bryan, with his wife always by his side; McKinley, loyal and chivalric to the tender invalid who would have been by him if she could." And then she spoke of their high-type of upright manhood; of their unquestioned private lives. On last Sunday many of the pulpits of the city were filled by the lady delegates, who made addresses concerning the W. C. T. U. in its various forms of work. Mrs. Ballington Booth was also expected to be present, but was forced to disappoint her many friends. The lady Armenian who had seen with her own eyes revolting atrocities committed stirred her hearers deeply as she described to the thousands the wrongs of her country men. How deeply she stirred them the telegram to the President testified.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

A sacred pause amid the din
And turmoil of a world of care,
The rush of life, the grinding mart—
And lo! a nation bowed in prayer.
Lord, put our worldly fears away,
And grant a true Thanksgiving day.

A silence filled with holy awe,
A consciousness of love divine
That closes every murmuring lip,
And shows how bright our favors shine.
Oh, for a grateful heart to say
This is indeed Thanksgiving day!

A cool retreat where heated toil
May wear upon his aching breast,
For just one short and tranquil hour,
The soul-reviving flower of Rest.
O pearl of blessings let thy ray
Extend to all Thanksgiving day!

A trysting place at which the past
And present once again unite,
To hold communion, close and sweet,
With olden dreams of fond delight.
Let not a grief-worn memory stay
In sight on this Thanksgiving day.

A mount apart, whose summit gleams
Above the vapors sharp and clear,
Above the poisonous mists of earth,
Within a heavenly atmosphere.
Lord, meet us there, we humbly pray,
In pitying love Thanksgiving day!

—Julia H. Thayer.

FACTS—NOT FANCIES.

REV. A. J. MONTGOMERY.

There is an irrepressible interest among ministers in statistics of a certain kind. The figures published in the papers of the supposed conversions in a revival meeting are apt to be discounted somewhat by the reader, and that is especially true if the reader happen to be a pastor of experience. Than, he none knows better that many who take the first step in the Christian life never take the second. Not all who sign the card or rise for prayer, or form a feature of the inquiry meeting, follow out their evidently good intentions with the praiseworthy action of becoming a part of the body of Christ.

It is restful to the mind to be able to contemplate results that do not need to be scrutinized. The figures given in the column, labeled "Added on examination," in the minutes of the General Assembly, are reliable. They stand for definite, incontrovertible facts.

How many, out of our 7,573 churches, during the last ecclesiastical year, received over 100 members on confession of Jesus Christ as a Saviour? The ordinary guess, did one choose to find the answer in this visionless way, would be much larger, no doubt, than the reality. Only nineteen churches reported an accession on examination of 100 or more.

Two of the most interesting of these churches are on foreign shores, one in Lahore which received 113, the other Morinda (Ambala) with a record of 126. William Carey went to India in 1793. In a little over a century since the start was made, we behold two of the nineteen churches which have garnered in 100 or more for Christ located on mission ground. Truly God doeth wondrous things. Where is the man who croaks that missions do not pay?

Locally, it will interest many of the MID-CONTINENT's readers to know that two more were in St. Louis. Westminster has 103 set to its credit and Lafayette Park 125. Chicago reached this high-water mark in only one church, the Ninth, which accounts for 127. Albion, Mich., reports 117. Indiana, with its present magnificent equipage, reached the golden mile-stone in but one case, Elizabeth, with 100 on examination.

Moving still eastward, Ohio with its usual modesty, claims a fair share; three churches in that synod report one hundred or more. They are Delphos, 115; Alliance 105; and East Liverpool First, 116.

New Jersey reports that Millville received 118; perhaps the sesqui-centennial is enough glory for that Synod, for no other church besides the one mentioned, reached the one hundred limit.

Pennsylvania has four such churches: Dubois, with 401; Wilkesbarre Memorial 102; Ashley 158, and the Bethany church of Philadelphia 258.

The Synod of New York has the banner for receiving the largest number; four of its churches received the aggregate of 627; they were the central of Rochester 263, the largest number received by any church last year; Oneida 113; Geneseo 134; University Place, New York City 117.

A moment's computation will show that these

churches, nineteen in number, have given an increase of 2,511 members to the Presbyterian church. This is a splendid record, and the praise belongs to God.
Oregon City, Ore.

TRUSTING THE DIVISION COMMANDERS.

BY LUCIA C. BELL.

"Well, how is Ardilla?" said the thin voice, weariness in its every quaver.

"Oh, she's very low," was the answer, "but she's got splendid care. They've put her in the spare bedroom, away off from all the noise of the house, and there's sawdust been spread on the side-walk, and the locomotives don't whistle down by the near crossing now, because the engineers have been spoken to about it, and they're very accommodating. Everybody is so kind; 'seem's though Ardilla can't help getting well."

The tired listener thought wistfully of that spare room. She had laid her bonnet there once when she went to Ardilla's to take tea, and had felt a sort of awe of its delicate order, its softly tempered light, and stillness.

And now it was all Ardilla's — shut away there in peace, safe from the noisy, fussy, importunate world.

The pulse fluttered hotly in those thin stringy wrists crossed on the gate rail; the swollen red knuckles trembled.

"Well, I don't know that I pity Ardilla, much," she said. "I s'pose it's wicked, but sometimes I just wish I could be taken down sick, myself, so's I could rest, and nobody'd expect anything of me."

Her neighbor was shocked. She was witness of her environment, always; rosy, strong, resolute, the "thievish minutes" never caught her napping, or desiring to leave her post.

"Wicked? I should say it is wicked—to talk that way," she said. "I'm astonished at you, Mary Hadden."

But the pastor's wife who had stopped with her at Mrs. Hadden's gate, interrupted gently, "I really think our Heavenly Father does sometimes send us the trial of sickness just to make us rest. We may have to suffer great pain, but after all, it is one kind of rest, because it distracts mind and heart from the old wearing groove. But we should not compel this tender providence by our wilfulness. Why shouldn't you 'turn in' to your spare room, now, and take the needed rest, without waiting till you are as sick as Ardilla?"

"I never heard of such a thing!" was the quick response, half impatient. "What would my family do? What would my husband think? What would the neighbors say? I think I see myself doing that!"

But the pastor's wife persisted, "Drop some of your responsibilities, then. Can't you trust the Saviour to help those around you to understand, and to show them what they ought to do, if you ask Him?"

"Oh, they all do help, but I have to oversee everything—it's easier, really, to struggle through it, myself," said Mrs. Hadden, and then, with a sharp glance at the sweet, delicate face before her, "Can you drop things that way?"

"Not always," was the laughing confession, "but my husband thinks I'm improving."

The other day I read something in Gen. Grant's Memoirs that set me to thinking on this very subject. It impressed me so that I almost know it by heart.

He tells of a brave and gifted officer who failed because of one fatal weakness. 'He could never execute an order without at once considering how all the balance of the army should be engaged to co-operate with him. * * * When he did get ready to execute an order, after giving most intelligent instructions to division commanders, he would go in with one division, holding the others in reserve until he could superintend their movements in person, also, forgetting that division commanders could execute an order without his presence.' Then says Gen. Grant, significantly, 'He led the last assault, one division at a time, and of course it failed,' and he adds that this weakness was 'constitutional, and beyond the officer's control.'

Do we not all need this rare, fine grace of being able to trust the division commanders?

For after all, the foundation fiber of this generous confidence in others is our faith in the Father's complete knowledge and care, not only of us and for us, but those associated with us. Our weakness may be constitutional, but it can be overcome, by the grace of God.

"Your orders are for yourself, mine are for me; God will bring up the divisions if we'll just leave it to Him."

And it applies to ministers and minister's wives,

and church workers, and teachers, Sunday-school superintendents, business men, house-keepers, and everybody.

To drop the military figure — there is always waiting for us that fair chamber of peace, in House Beautiful, with its windows open to the sun-rising."

"I will try—to go in," said Mrs. Hadden, a wistful gratitude in her face, as she met the loving, earnest eyes.

Portland, Ore.

THANKSGIVING THOUGHTS.

This anniversary is peculiarly American, and its observance, sanctioned by the proclamation of our chief magistrate, ratified by the governors of States and territories, is itself a cause for profound gratitude to God. The Stratford poet wrote: "How sharper than a serpent's tooth is an ungrateful child." Asonius wrote: "Nil homine terra pejus ingrato creat" — "Earth produces nothing worse than an ungrateful man."

"Ten thousand, thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy."

And the inspired word reveals the will of God that we should "In everything give thanks, for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus, concerning us."

We cannot read God's word with any adequate degree of care and appreciation and not be deeply impressed with the frequency of expressions of praise and thanksgiving to God. From the time that the "foundations of the earth were fastened, when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy," the world, even the universe, seems to be vocal with songs of praise to God, until, from the Isle of Patmos, as if from the vestibule of heaven itself, we catch the refrain in which angels contribute the sweet *obbligato*:

"And a voice came out of the throne saying, praise our God, all ye his servants, and ye that fear him, both small and great. And I heard, as it were, the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of many thunderings saying, Alleluia; for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Let us be glad and rejoice and give honor to Him." Perhaps no stanza in the English language is sung more frequently, or by a larger number of people, than the long metre doxology:

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

It is surely a delightful contemplation to "take the wings of the morning" and let thought fly throughout the length and breadth of our land on this "Thanksgiving Day"! Behold the surging throngs of people! Business houses for the most part closed; work of all kinds suspended; the church bells ringing; in the Eastern and the Northern States the sleigh-bells jingling; the meeting of friends; reunions of families; the old folks at home greeting children and grandchildren under the dear old homestead roof; the Thanksgiving sermon, with the grand music which this special occasion always elicits; and then the Thanksgiving turkey with all its accompaniments, closing the day with social gatherings for both old and young; verily, this is a bright spot in life's weary pilgrimage; a "red-letter day," in the midst of the swiftly fleeting years.

But let us anticipate a little, and see ourselves alone in our room at ten o'clock on Thanksgiving night, while we quietly review the day. "Watchman," not "what of the night?" but what of the day? How much of genuine thanksgiving does the day foot up? How much richer is heaven this night than it was this morning in the rich treasure of deep gratitude and hearty praise to God, the giver of "every good and perfect gift"? We would not croak on this Thanksgiving night; we would not cherish or express pessimistic views, for that might be construed as an evidence that the writer's digestion had been impaired by undue indulgence in Thanksgiving dinner. But having returned from our morning flight, and taken the wings of the evening, three questions demand an answer:

First—Who to-day have been the truly thankful to the Giver of every blessing?

Second—How have these emotions of praise and gratitude been expressed? Not to-day simply, but during the past year.

Third—What is the import of this day as an earnest of that "which needs no sun," and knows no night; when "time shall be no more"?

Will not a little time spent in thought along these lines be profitable to us before we bid our last farewell to another "Thanksgiving Day"? When we

seriously consider the question: who to-day have been truly thankful to God, of whom David said, "Thou crownest the year with thy goodness, and thy paths drop fatness?" We cannot resist the fear that with the great majority of the people of this nominally Christian nation the usual observance of this Thanksgiving day, like the motto, "In God we trust," upon our coins, is a travesty upon the word. A little company here and there have gone through with a form of worship.

Ostensibly two, three or more Christian congregations unite to hear a choir render some of their best selections; to listen uneasily to a sermon; while the audience, representing three or more congregations, does not number half that of each on a Sabbath morning. The great mass of the people enter no church. At the football contest there were thousands of people; multitudes thronged the places of public games and popular amusements; but no prayer, no song, no thought of thanksgiving to God goes up from any of the people who are "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God." The vast majority, if they praise at all, praise the gods of silver and of gold, and the works of men's hands. Bacchus and Venus have the mighty multitudes of worshipers, even in this most Christian land, and in this evening of the nineteenth century of the Christian era. What mockery, what supreme hypocrisy, for a nation whose liquor bill is \$90,000,000, and against which there are annually 200,000 indictments for the murder of men by this monster Barabbas alcohol, whom the government not only does not arrest and hang, but whom it protects and defends, to proclaim to the world, "In God we trust," and a day of thanksgiving. Moreover, consider how this nation defies the authority of God with reference to the fourth article in that unparalleled Magna Charta of God's law, "Remember the Sabbath day," etc. Hundreds of thousands of men have not only had no rest from toil on this Thanksgiving day, but they have no Sabbath. God says: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," but this Christian (?) government says to its great army, of which the Postmaster General is the head, "You shall not keep the Sabbath day holy, but you shall work, and the great railway corporations shall work on the Sabbath as on all other days; but at the appointed time we will issue a proclamation for a day of 'Thanksgiving.'" Such effrontery deserves the curse rather than the blessing of the Supreme ruler. But this article is already too long.

What is the import of this day as an earnest of the eternal day? To those who observe it in its true spirit and significance, it is a day of most sacred associations and expectations. Families in Christ gathered in the "Father's house," but no more painful separations; no more good-bys mingled with tears; but "home, sweet home" will echo with angels' harps, and the songs of those whose praises and thanksgivings shall never cease, "To him who hath redeemed us and washed us in his own precious blood."

"Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.
Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For oh, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise."

—Dr. H. A. Ketchum.

THANKSGIVING-DAY.

Let us dwell for a moment on the moral sublimity of the exercise, and of the spectacle which it calls up before the imagination. The sight of a great multitude of people, swayed by the spell of some over-mastering feeling or passion, is an impressive one, what ever almost be the nature of the feeling or passion; political, as when a nation's birthday is celebrated; of joy, as that of their emancipation by those who once were slaves; of sorrow, as that which is just now attracting all eyes to bereaved and mourning Armenia. But most of all is it impressive when the feeling is a religious one; when a whole nation, moved by a sacred impulse or sense of duty, bows in recognition and worship of the one only living and true God, invisible, everlasting, almighty. Then indeed it is impressive; and, when sincere, it cannot but exert upon a nation an uplifting, enlarging and ennobling influence. Two such occasions which left a distinctly noticeable and enduring mark upon a people's history and which may be mentioned by way of illustration were the experiences of God's ancient people at Mount Sinai, and their great gathering at the dedication of Solomon's Temple. Of such a nature is our annual national thanksgiving. And when we conceive of it as reaching over the whole

extent of the country from ocean to ocean, stilling the hum and bustle of business in large cities, entering with something like Sabbath repose every hamlet, and stopping for the day the plough in the furrowed field—add to this the thought of thousands and tens of thousands of hearts and voices swelling in songs of grateful praise, of prayer ascending like holy incense from devout, adoring hearts, and reason and emotion stimulated in this blessed exercise by argument, appeal, and exhortation in numberless Temples of Jehovah—the effect cannot but be very great and beneficent, and the whole spectacle presents to the imagination a scene of great moral sublimity.

THE USES OF THANKSGIVING-DAY.

Grateful feeling pent up, turned in only upon itself, withers and dies. One of the uses of a thanksgiving-day is that it affords a suitable and happy opportunity for the expression of such feeling: "Praise ye the Lord; for it is good to sing praises unto our God; for it is pleasant: and praise is comely." Such a day naturally recalls and leads us to number up and dwell upon our blessings, and, upon a national thanksgiving-day, national blessings especially. It is impossible to do this without, at the same time, desiring to give expression to grateful feeling, and this in turn stimulates and strengthens thankfulness. Every noble feeling grows by exercise. We cannot, therefore, too often recall and count up our mercies, for the oftner we do this the deeper and stronger will become our grateful feeling towards Him who is the Father of them all. It is only when this spirit of thankfulness becomes the habit of our mind that it takes its proper place and performs its proper function in our nature, and it can only become habitual by frequent exercise. If a national thanksgiving-day tends in any degree to promote this spirit of habitual recognition of God and thankfulness to Him as the author of all our mercies, national as well as individual, so that the day shall furnish an occasion for the simultaneous outburst and expression of thankfulness which has become habitual in the nation, it could hardly serve a higher, more exalted end. Such recognition of God and general public thanks giving to Him as the source of all blessing cannot but greatly help in making a right use of our blessings. If they are all received as coming from so high a source, as the gift to us of the great God of the whole earth, to be used in accordance with His nature and will, so holy, wise and good, it ought to guard us from degrading and prostituting them to an ignoble use. How can we in such a case do so without a burning sense of shame and guilt?

The right use of God's gifts, whether as individuals or as communities, is the divinely appointed condition of receiving yet more and greater blessings. It was he who used his Lord's talents well that got the one taken from the wicked and slothful servant who had wrapped his up in a napkin and buried it. This was the condition on which ancient Israel, as God's chosen people, held all their blessings, and as often as they were unfaithful to it they were not only deprived of them, but incurred divine retribution for unfaithfulness. The method of the Divine government is not changed in this respect. If forgetful from whom our many and great national mercies all flow, we pervert and misuse them we also may expect to lose them, and, more, incur deserved punishment.

If the Olympic games of old, we may once more notice, were found to be a bond of union among the people of the numerous petty states of ancient Greece, in the observance of a day of thanksgiving by all the people for blessings common to the whole nation, we may see a promoter of peace and good will throughout all our borders, and a bond of union among all our people. There is a unity deeper, wider, more sacred and more enduring than is to be found in that or any bond which is, so to speak, purely human and artificial. It is to be found in that spiritual bond which overleaps diversities of race, language and creed, and consists in the recognition by all of the one God and Father upon whom we depend, and who, because He has taught us to say, in our approach to Him, *Our Father*, has made us all brothers. A day of national thanksgiving amongst other uses pointed out, has also this, which, if our thanksgiving is at all sincere, it must strengthen with every return and observance of it.

THE ABUSE OF THANKSGIVING-DAY.

This is surely found in the sense most thoroughly destructive of it, in a spirit of such indifference and insensibility towards the day, and Him, whom in it the nation seeks to honor, as to make no response to the call to thanksgiving not only privately, but where the opportunity is offered publicly as well, in association with fellow-citizens in acts of public worship and adoration. Ingratitude,—deliberate refusal to

make any recognition of national mercies as coming from God,—are not only most odious and hateful sins, but to choose that day as the time when to parade them, is to court attention to oneself as glorying and defiant in sins of the worst kind. Everyone will at once recognize a reasonableness in using the day for glad rejoicing in many ways, along with that of religious homage and worship, but to change its whole nature, and the whole day from being a holy day to a holiday is surely a glaring and wicked abuse of a day of solemn, hearty thanksgiving to Almighty God. It is especially so when done by the authority and under the sanction of the Government.

More sordid still, and perhaps more foreign to any spirit or exercise of thanksgiving, is it to turn the day to account in the making of gain. While it may not be a Divine injunction to observe such a time there is such an evident propriety and reasonableness in setting apart some special season to give thanks to Him who gives us "power to get wealth," as to mark him out who will not do so as specially unworthy of God's blessings. The man, also, who reserves all his thanksgiving for this one day, and that perhaps only under the pressure of public opinion, and when it is over resumes his thankless pursuit of gain or pleasure, turns his use of the day into an abuse of it. It is only really and truly used, when, recognizing God's hand in all the situations, affairs and events of life, and accepting all as for our good, in ways by us unseen it may be as yet, our thanksgiving, by the recalling of all God's ways and dealings, culminates on that day under its special favoring circumstances and breaks out into a song: "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless His holy name; bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."

THANKSLIVING.

But thanksgiving to the Father of all which blossoms out into and fructifies in thanksgiving has regard to and runs over into doing good to others. The poor will always be with us as well as those to whom God has given abundance. "If a brother or sister be naked and destitute of daily food, and we say Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding we give them not those things needful for the body what doth it profit?" Thanksgiving which begins and ends only in praying and praising does not count for much in the estimation of the naked and hungry whom we pass by at our door, and it counts for less in the sight of Him who has given us all things richly to enjoy, and given us them very largely in trust for the benefit of His poorer children. The best kind of thanksgiving is that which carries most of help and comfort to the poor and needy, of solace and peace and sympathy to the afflicted, the cast down, the neglected, forgotten and forsaken. The most acceptable thanksgiving in God's sight is to see that the hungry are fed, the naked clothed, and the walls of poverty and sorrow turned into a song of joy and gladness. Such thanksgiving has been found from the earliest times. One example of it has come down through the ages as a pattern landed with blessing. It is not less needed now than and we give it as a model still the of best kind of thanksgiving. "When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, then it gave witness to me; because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him; the blessing of Him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy." The best success our Thanksgiving Number can have, or we could desire for it, will be its promoting in some degree this kind of thanksgiving.—*Selected.*

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY.

One dreary night in dreary autumn weather
A handful of sad pilgrims met together,
Counsel to take in darkest hour of trial,
When every hope seemed met with stern denial:

And while they counseled thus each with the other,
Outspoke a widowed wife and childless mother,
Bereft of all that makes life seem worth living,
Who said, "More meet to me would seem thanksgiving."

"Is it not God by whom our ways were guided,
And in the wilderness our home provided?
If He hath led us by a path distressing,
Nathless, He crowns it with peculiar blessing."

"Set us a day to praise Him who hath led us
Out of the house of bondage; who hath made us
Worthy to bear the cross of his dear Son,
And from the deeps to cry 'Thy will be done!'"

So with the words by one brave woman spoken,
Hearts were lifted up that were wellnigh broken;
Courage was roused for desperate endurance,
And faith grew strong with inward sweet assurance.

Three centuries ago it was, or nearly,
When that Thanksgiving day was kept full cheerily,
With prayer and praise, be sure, and "Jeast of reason,"
But toothsome turkey after, in due season.

Now that the handful hath become a nation,
We eat our turkey still, by proclamation!
But what thanksgiving meant, that first November,
Lord, give us grace to ponder, and remember!

—Mary Bradley.

Kansas Department.

SAMUEL B. FLEMING, D.D.,
Special Correspondent, Wichita, Kan.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

BY S. B. F.

Now for definite and prompt action in all the work of the church!

Forward! is our leader's great command. "Go thou" is his ringing words to every member of the church. Will we obey? Will we move for his glory and the salvation of our country?

The United States of America is, and is likely to continue to be, a mighty factor in the evangelization of the world. No better way to speedily hasten the triumphs of the cross throughout the world can be found than swiftly to evangelize our own country. Was the call ever louder, the need ever greater for united and persistent Christian effort in behalf of these United States? A conservative patriotism and a loyal love for Christ demand that our home agencies for spreading the Gospel be speedily lifted out of present straits and made effective in the great work to which they are called.

One of the fathers of the Synod of Kansas closes a personal letter to the writer in these words: "A great revival is the great, great want of the church and of the nation! O, that all God's ministers and people throughout the land might be led to pray for such a season; to call mightily upon God to make bare this arm and shake the nation!" Coming as this does from one who has rendered a long, faithful and glorious service for "Christ and the church," and from one who is already in the "land of Beulah," ought it not to serve to arouse the whole ministry of our commonwealth and all the people of our churches to "lay hold of the horns of the altar" and "cry aloud" for God to come in mighty power and revive his work "in the midst of the years." It is conceded on every hand that this is the great need! In the face of this concession, then, why not set about at once, to realize the need and come to the only source where it can be supplied? Who shall assume the responsibility by re-using to act, to say that we shall not have a "mighty revival"? *God is willing. Are his people willing?*

KANSAS ITEMS.

FRANKFORT.—Last Sabbath the church at Frankfort held a pleasant and largely attended Communion. Eight new members were received. On the precious Week, "The Woman's Missionary Society" gave a Missionary tea at the Manse. More than 50 ladies attended by invitation, and spent a very pleasant time. The President, Mrs. McGillivray, explained the pressing needs of the Home Board, an offering was made in its interest and seven new names added to the membership of the Society.

SALINA.—At a called meeting of Solomon Presbytery, held in Salina, Nov. 4. Rev. J. W. Waite, was received from the Presbytery of Ft. Dodge, and arrangements were made for his installation over the church at Minneapolis, on the evening of the twenty-fourth. Rev. T. R. Lewis, of Beloit, will preside and propound the constitutional question, Rev. H. Bushnell, of Concordia, will preach the Sermon, Rev. Wm. Bishop, D. D., of Salina, will deliver the charge to the Pastor, and Rev. S. B. Lucas, of Delphas, will charge the people. Rev. J. R. Tercy, was received from the Presbytery of Vincennes, and has entered upon his work as stated supply of the church at Ellsworth. Both of these brethren occupy important fields in this Presbytery, and have good prospects of success.—W. F.

WELCOME CHURCH, EMPORIA PRESBYTERY.—There is a little church called Welcome, belonging to Emporia Presbytery. It is situated about 20 miles east from Junction City, Davis County, and nearly the same distance southwest from Manhattan, in Riley Co. It is off the line of any railroad and has no other church of our order convenient with which to join in supporting a minister. Having been without preaching for quite a while, some of the members become discouraged, and wished letters of di-

mission to other churches. Accordingly presbytery authorized the undersigned to visit them, preach, and give the required letters. Oct. 25th, the day appointed was very favorable. The preacher met a large audience gave them a morning sermon, and afterwards enquired who desired the letters of dismission, as presbytery had commissioned him to give them. To our surprise and satisfaction none were called for. All who spoke said they preferred their present membership. On the other hand they presented six children for baptism. My sympathies for this church are strong, as I preached one year for them. They always gave me a cordial welcome, turned out well to religious services, and paid me in full. May "the Lord of the harvest" send me in a supply is my earnest prayer.—*Samuel Ward.*

CHETOPA.—Rev. H. M. Gilbert, has taken charge of our work at this place and is, already, meeting with encouragement in his work.—S. B. F.

BAILLYVILLE.—Rev. D. C. Smith, was installed as pastor at this place, Tuesday, Oct. 27th. Rev. W. F. Howie, of Atchison, preached the sermon, Rev. L. S. Boyce, of Hiawatha, delivered the charge to the pastor, and Rev. J. A. M'Almon, of Corning, the charge to the people. The services were very impressive throughout. The infant daughter of the pastor was baptized. This church which was materially damaged by a cyclone last spring, has been repaired and refitted and pastor and people are earnestly hoping and praying for a great revival.—S. B. F.

FREEPORT.—Sabbath, Oct. 25th, was a day of rejoicing in this little church. Eight were received into the church. Four by profession of faith and four by letter. Three children were baptized. One year ago Rev. A. H. Parks, Presbyterian Missionary, visited this point and found the little band of 14 members much discouraged and almost ready to give up the work. By taking hold and encouraging and securing for them the efficient services of Rev. D. D. Mitchell, for the summer, the result has been that 24 persons have been received into the church and they are very hopeful for the future.

LARNED.—Rev. J. C. Haswell, D. D., closed his labors with the Larned church, the last Sabbath of October, to accept a call to the church of Effingham, in Highland Presbytery. On Sabbath, Oct. 18th, a delightful communion service was held, at which time three were received into the church by profession of faith, and ten children were baptized. The following is from the *Larned Eagle Optic*:

"The farewell sermon of Rev. J. C. Haswell at the Presbyterian church last Sunday morning was one of the most eloquent efforts of the many able discourses this reverend gentleman has delivered in this city during a pastorate of a little over five years. His text was appropriately chosen from the farewell letter of the Apostle Paul to the Corinthians. * * * By his manful, hearty, frank, cheerful, unvarying Christian conduct and gentlemanly deportment he has endeared himself to the people of this community, and especially to those outside of his own church, by stronger ties of love, veneration and friendship, than any other minister who has ever served this people. * * * It was with genuine feelings of regret and sadness that we listened to his farewell sermon, and they came upon us with redoubled force as we pen these lines announcing his and estimable wife's contemplated departure from our little city for other fields of Christian labor."

FAIRPORT.—Rev. Martin Bowman, who took charge about one year ago of the churches of Fairport, Siloh and Plainville has been very much encouraged in his work. There has been good attendance at all his preaching points and at Fairport, Oct. 25th, seven persons were received into the church by profession of faith, five young men and two young women. This is a very encouraging accession for a struggling home missionary church.

WINFIELD.—Sabbath, Oct. 25th, nine persons were received into this church, six by profession of faith, and three by letter. The Sabbath-school and Y. P. S. C. E. are in good condition and all the church work is moving forward hopefully and successfully under the leadership of Rev. S. W. Stopplett, who undertook the work here last spring.

PRESBYTERY OF EMPORIA.—A prorenata meeting of the Presbytery of Emporia was held in the 1st church of Wichita, Friday,

Nov. 6th, at 2 p. m. Rev. E. J. Brown, was elected moderator. Rev. Thomas Barrier, was examined for ordination and the examinations were heartily sustained by the Presbytery. Rev. J. G. Cunningham, was released from the church of Osage City, to accept a call to the church of Wellington. The following committee was appointed to install Rev. J. G. Cunningham, at Wellington, at such time as may be designated by the session of Wellington church,

Rev. Dr. S. B. Fleming to preside and propound the constitutional questions and preach the sermon. Rev. S. W. Stopplett of Winfield to deliver the charge to the pastor and Rev. E. J. Brown of Conway Springs, the charge to the people. Presbytery adjourned to meet in the Endeavor church at 7:30 p. m. to ordain the Rev. T. F. Barrier. Rev. E. J. Brown, the moderator to preside and deliver the charge to the evangelist. Rev. S. B. Fleming to preach the sermon and Rev. L. H. Shane to offer the ordaining prayer.

The Presbytery met at 7:30 p. m. in the Endeavor church and the above program was carried out and Rev. T. F. Barrier was ordained to the full work of the gospel ministry.—S. B. F., S. C.

PRESBYTERY OF SOLOMON.—The Presbytery of Solomon met in the Presbyterian church at 2 o'clock p. m., pursuant to call of Moderator, Rev. A. C. Frick. S. B. Lucas, was appointed temporary clerk. Rev. John W. Waite, of Ft. Dodge Presbytery, and Rev. John R. Tercy, of Vincennes Presbytery, presented letters of dismission and recommendation, which were read and the above names were placed on roll. Rev. John W. Waite, received a call from Minneapolis Presbyterian church, and will be installed Nov. 24th, 1896. Rev. John R. Tercy, will supply the Ellsworth Presbyterian church.—S. B. L., *Tem. Clerk.*

Communicated.

A THANKSGIVING WORD-STUDY.

BY THE REV. JOHN CLARK HILL, D. D.

Nearly all words yield rich thought when we study their birth and life history. They have been likened to the flat stones we sometimes crack open and find inside a beautiful fossil, or the rough geode that has been rolling around for ages, and is at last cracked open by our hammer to find inside a mass of beautiful crystals. Nearly all words are picturesque, or are "fossil poetry," when we open them, even when their exterior may be as uninteresting as a combination of mathematical symbols.

'Thanksgiving' is a word that suggests to many, nothing more than a holiday with a big dinner, a bicycle race or a foot-ball game. This is not confined to the classes that are ignorant, it is permeating the whole fabric of society, so that the original purpose of the day is in danger of becoming obscured and its religious features becoming a mere form.

"Thank" is related to "think" as "drank" is to "drink." "Thanksgiving" suggests giving thought, thinking, meditating. "Thankfulness" is really thoughtfulness. That this was the thought in the minds of the Hebrew writers, in the Scriptures, we can see from the forms of the Thanksgiving and Hallelujah psalms. These recount Jehovah's mercies, they make a catalogue of his favors. The feeling being that when one sees a list of God's blessings before him, he will make the thank-offering which was the measure of the depth of his appreciation, his thought of the blessings received.

The Hebrews had several words which we render in English, "thanks" and "praise." To our translators they seem at times interchangeable, but they are different. Take the common word *halel*, "praise," "Hallelujah" is really three words in one, "praise ye Jah?" *Halel* is the exact equivalent of our word "hurrah." It is onomatopoeic. We know what it is to shout hurrahs. When the soldiers of the Salvation Army shout: "Hurrah for Jesus," they are fully justified on etymological grounds "Hallelujah" was the Hebrew "hurrah."

The other words they used were derived from their equivalent for "hand." This word is the name of the smallest Hebrew letter, the Yod or Jot, as it is called in the New Testament. Orientals use the hand in a great many significant ways. A mistress can direct her servants at a meal

almost entirely, by the movements of her hand. Hence the word in Hebrew covers a great many ideas. It is, for instance, the word used for "consecrate," on the man's side, implying that to consecrate was not to utter a form of words, but to "fill the hand" with holy loving deeds.

When a Hebrew received a favor he would acknowledge it by the outstretched hand; hence the equivalent for "to stretch out the hand" came to mean an acknowledgement or a confession, and that is really what our "thanksgiving" means. The list of blessings is made out and we, with gratitude, acknowledge them, we confess that we have received them from God.

The Greek word for "confess" in an intensified form is translated "thanks". So that these two languages seem to have had the same idea that is at the basis of our "thanksgiving" in the words we so translate from them.

The Greeks, however, had another word, a commoner one. It is that from which we get "grace." This is a word with a long and honorable pedigree. Its birth place is India. In its original form it was "gratz." It pictured the horses that drew across the sky the chariot in which the sun rode. It came to mean "regular," in form or movement. The same picture came to Greece where the word was softened a little into "charis; Here it took on the additional meaning of "beauty" in movement or form and later, beauty in soul, which led to beauty in act. In Italy it became "gratia" and in the modern Latin tongues, "gracia" and that is our English "grace," which partakes some what of the vigor of the original Sanskrit. It received in Greek a Christian significance, "favor" "love."

The early Christians regarded the Lord's Supper as the highest expression of thanksgiving, the acknowledgement of God's grace, and they gave it the name "eucharist," that is the "thanksgiving." The prefix intensifies the word. It is the "thank-thanksgiving; a thanksgiving with thanks. We say grace at our meals. That is the old usage of the word where we now use, ordinarily, "thanks." To the early christian a thankful heart was one that met grace with grace.

With the Hebrew a thanksgiving was not regarded as real unless there was the thank-offering. So it should be with us. We should couple the "giving" with the "thanks" and make a real "thanksgiving;" one without a hyphen!

Austin, Illinois.

SYNOD OF CALIFORNIA.

BY REV. I. J. MARKS, D. D.

Met in San Francisco on the 15th of Oct. In my journeyings to and fro in the west I had never been to this most interesting city. We left for Los Angeles after the meeting of Presbytery. The railroad, the Southern Pacific, carried us through five hundred miles in twenty hours. For the first fifty miles we ran near the coast and through rich gardens of grapes, oranges, figs, etc., etc. Then the road bore us into a region of desolate solitudes; the grand rugged mountains and dark gorges, with rarely a green shrub to cheer the eye. Here and there at the interval of many miles, there was an oasis in the desert. A little spring in the hills gave water for a family and fertility to the valley of a few acres, but as we ascended still higher, we left all these green spots behind and reached regions of amazing wildness and confusion, as if nature had pitched these great hills to and fro in fits of frenzied destruction. Through many tunnels the road ascended nineteen in number and twenty-four in descent. I greatly pitied the engineers who had to survey the road through that region of horrors. But there is one thing that greatly relieves the gloom of these mountains, that is the dark green live oak trees sprinkled everywhere like trees in an old orchard. As we ascended to the highest point in the desert Mojave, we saw in the disjointed rocks lines of quartz, giving promise to the mines of precious metal.

As we approached San Francisco the plains widened, the cattle became numerous and everything betokened a country of boundless fertility. We were still more than twenty miles from San Francisco when there burst on our sight an arm of the great bay, more than a mile wide and with many vessels at anchor and others discharging and receiving cargoes. Many

giant headlands projected themselves into this arm of the sea sheltering fishing towns and ships under their strong arms. We looked in every direction for the world-renowned city; for more than an hour we watched then there burst on us the vision of the golden horn and the "Bride of the Pacific." We rolled through the streets of Oakland and were borne across the bay by a colossal steamer.

The Bay of San Francisco is, I think, the largest in the world, covering five hundred square miles, opening as its many arms, pierce the main land, many scenes of amazing charm and beauty. Many things here remind us of Constantinople, the ample and wonderful bay. A city built on a "thousand hills" in whose streets can be seen the costumes of people who come out of the early shadows of the world, and of those who appeared but yesterday, and all languages spoken by man, only here are all the appliances of civilization. Great arms lift us up the side and over the summit of hills, around cliffs and chasms, here every face beams with intelligence and purpose. Here is all the vigor and hope of youth; here the achievements of to-day are the prophecy of a grander future. There every movement betrays weariness and hopelessness, on every face is the shadow of disappointment and despair. These all speak that to-day is full of misery, want and sufferings from wrong, and in to-morrow there is no gleam of hope. These all fold their arms in apathy and prepare to stagger and fall under their burdens as in the evening of the world. Surely amid "our list of blessings infinite" stands this, that we were born Americans.

There was a full meeting of Synod, two hundred and more ministers and elders. The sessions were most harmonious. The Synod yielded most placidly to the decision of the General Assembly in the case of the First church, Los Angeles. The deepest interest was excited by the reports on the condition of our Boards of Home and Foreign Missions. The sufferings of our home missionaries from poverty, family sickness, from debt, contracted of necessity, from deferred payment of the grants made by the Board, from the financial embarrassment of the congregations to which they ministered, filled all hearts with sadness.

The addresses of Drs. Marshall and McMillan in the interest of missions, greatly moved us all. We felt that now had come the hour of opportunity that if we obeyed the divine voice, the sea would divide before us. What Dr. Marshall saw in heathen and Mohammedan lands wonderfully awakened his soul and moves his tongue to a pathos and eloquence irresistible. I heard him preach on Sabbath morning in Dr. Coyle's church in Oakland. It was a sermon which deeply moved all hearers, and was never to be forgotten. Dr. McMillan preached in the same church at night; his cheering manner, his deep sympathy with our home toilers, his picture of their sacrifices and sufferings greatly moved many. An effort was made by Dr. Noble to raise from the self-sustaining pastors enough to re-emburse for the ten per cent. reduction. I now think a great effort will be made in this direction.

There is a large number of Chinese in San Francisco, there is a street in which they do business and have their cellar homes. Here is the perpetual bustle and chatter as in a street in Canton, here are the silent dough-like or rather mummy-like babies; the fat waddling gorging-like women. Altogether, they had the appearance of prosperity and contentment. I understood that there is rarely an arrest for disorder or crime. They have Christian schools and churches, with these the Rev. Dr. Condit and his wife are constantly and successfully at work. Of twenty-five thousand Chinese in San Francisco, the flow is not at this time to this country, but back to the old home. I was told that at the present rate of departure, few would be left in our country in ten years. We have also a well conducted and prosperous Japanese mission.

While at the Synod, I had the pleasure of meeting old friends whom I had known in Missouri. Many of the readers of the MID-CONTINENT cherish the most pleasant remembrances of the Rev. W. B. McElwee and his wife, through the labors of this good, devout man, we succeeded in gathering the congregation and organizing the church at Eureka Springs. Ten years ago this brother came to California seeking a more genial climate for his invalid wife, Mrs. McElwee has fully recovered. Bro.

McElwee is justly greatly beloved in the church at Madera, he is a man of such warmth of heart and urbanity of manner that he bears with him perpetual spring. I likewise renewed the delightful intercourse of other days with the Rev. F. R. Farrand who is now the pastor of the Howard church of San Francisco. He was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Ozark, and for a time ministered to the church of Neosho, and then to the church in Clinton, Mo., and from there was called to Pittsburgh, Pa., and there had a phenomenal success, and left a church of more than eight hundred members—why he left here I am unable to tell, unless to obey the advice of Dr. Beecher to his students: "Where there is a hard field, there go." He was called to the Howard street church, San Francisco. This church had been the funeral pyre of many ministers; he was here but a short time until he saw that for the church in its present locality, there was no future. His first work was to secure the silence of those who had opposed removal of the church and sale of the property, then he rallied all the young people to his aid and effected the sale of the church building, purchased lots looking on the new park, built a beautiful chapel and has in hand enough to rear and finish a church suitable to the taste and wants of the most beautiful and attractive portion of the city.

Brother Farrand has all the qualities to insure success, he is tireless in labor a good student, keeps up with the age, affable, most genial, and everybody's friend. If life is spared to him, soon we will learn that he has one of the largest churches in the city.

Such was the enthusiasm awakened by the missionary addresses of Drs. McMillan and Marshall, that Dr. Chichester, the pastor of Immanuel church, Los Angeles, hastened home and made arrangements for a "missionary rally" to be held in his church. This was held on the 30th of October. The brethren of the city and churches near met for conference and prayer, and surely all felt the power of the world to come. Dr. McMillan was not present, having been recalled to New York, but Dr. Marshall exceeded himself and made on that day and the Sabbath that followed, the most powerful and telling missionary addresses I ever heard. Surely our eyes see the dawn of a grand and blessed day.

SYNOD OF TEXAS.

Selections from the report of the Synodical Superintendent, Dr. H. S. Little:

It is with special satisfaction that I make my report this year, as there are multiplied causes of gratitude within our bounds. It is true also that some things test our patience and faith. For instance the Synod gave 17 per cent. more to Home Missions this year than last, and more than any previous year, save one, in our history, and yet there are nine aid-receiving churches that gave nothing. But this type of facts come more properly under the notice of another committee, while matters of the greatest interest, suitable to my report, are too numerous to mention. Some of the things that I shall say hinge on the fact of special note, that deep water has been actually secured at Galveston, and that there are good reasons to believe that it will be obtained in two, if not three other places. Vessels of the largest size have actually been loaded at Galveston.

All this means that shipping from the north and northwest is to be taken away from the east and given to Texas. New Orleans already begins to feel the influence of deep water at Galveston. Texas now has four railways across the western border, three into the Gulf States, six into the Northern States, with two others in prospect. What does it all mean? A population as dense as Illinois would give us 14,650,000; as New Jersey 63,800,000. Only 6 per cent. of the area of Texas is under cultivation, and there are but eight persons to the square mile, for while Dallas county has seventy-four persons to the square mile, Castro county has but one person to 100 square miles. "Winter wheat can be planted from September to January, corn and cotton from February to June, millet and sorgum from February to August, fruit trees almost any time from October to April. Vast sections are splendidly adapted to fruit. All this means that Texas is to be trodden under foot of the Gentiles. Palestine, under Solomon, was not more

the center of things than Texas is to be, if only we can regulate the water supply and thousands of acres have been redeemed already and time will solve the question for other thousands. Then there are manufacturing interests developing in various localities, inviting many to settle here, instance oil mills, cotton mills, car shops and coal mines.

We have lost what we can never recover as a result of the financial restrictions of the past three years. And yet prejudice has been allayed by this delay—we are in better position to push than ever, if only we had the means needed. More and better ministers are offering to come to Texas than ever before. A minister wrote me one of a real good man, unusually good indeed, never thus far very successful "but just the man for Texas." Another minister wrote to state that he was out of health, and that he wanted a circuit to ride, so as to be in the open air as much as possible. He also stated that he had noticed that Denison, Taylor and San Angelos were vacant, and asked if he could take these three as a field of labor. I wrote him that they were distant from each other about as St. Louis, Cincinnati and Chicago, and that if he had money to put up stables for that distance. So as to change horses once in ten miles; and if he had strength to ride as fast as a horse could run, from Monday morning to Saturday night, he might make the circuit and preach once a month at each place. He never replied, and I have some hopes that his brief study of Texas expanded his ideas without any injury to his health.

I have preached 183 times; written 1,198 letters; have held thirteen protracted meetings; at Denison I preached two months when that church was vacant and in confusion; a pastor was secured the first of January since which time Denison has had the most prosperous period in its history. The Rev. A. F. Bishop is now the pastor. Lampasas has been vacant and has been frequently supplied by your synodical missionary. They are greatly delighted with their supply, Rev. R. C. McAdie. A few sermons at Copperas Cove brought eight valuable persons into the Lampasas church and gave to Austin Presbytery a preaching point that is destined to develop into a church some day.

It has been a pleasure to secure for El Paso the Rev. Henry M. W. Moore, a man of rare ability, who enters on his work next Sunday.

Ft. Davis and Marfa, on Mr. Bloys' field, secured a couple of weeks of my time, in another of the annual camp-meetings that have proven such a blessing in former years. Of the eleven he received into the Ft. Davis church, nine were men. Sloan and Sweeden, on Mr. Irvine's field employed my time for two weeks with good results. Deep Water, Texas City and Clear Creek on Mr. Olmstead's field demanded some of my time, and in the latter place I organized a church of nine members. Wichita Falls and Henrietta and Seymour and Throckmorton have received the services of Rev. E. H. Hudson and J. F. Walton. Taylor of Rev. L. D. Noel; and the prospect is that Gainesville will be supplied soon.

In closing let me offer the following resolutions (in brief): That we express our confidence in the management of the Home Board; That we express our sorrow at the Board's faithful Treasurer, Mr. O. D. Eaton, and extend to the Board and to the bereaved family our deepest sympathy; That we approve of the 10 per cent. cut and are willing to bear our part in meeting the present emergencies. That we heartily approve of the new rule that requires two lists of names to accompany applications for aid; and that we instruct Presbyteries to rigidly enforce the rule. (Other wise resolutions were passed which space forbids the printing.)

SHALL WE PAY OUR DEBT?

It has been Wooster's privilege to have in her midst the meeting of Synod, together with the meetings of the Woman's Home and Foreign Synodical Societies, and the congress of missions. Through all these meetings was heard the minor strain of debt. The work on the foreign field was reported crippled in all its departments. On the home field teachers were unpaid, schools closed, salaries cut, Macedonian cries unheeded, all because the Lord's treasury was not only empty, but overdrawn to the loss of its credit. The watchword of our woman's societies for several years past has been "Advance upon your knees." Let our watchword be "Deny thyself."

World-Outlook.

An event of international importance was the great W. C. T. U. convention in our own fair city during the past week. Editorial comment is made elsewhere. It was impossible to make a full report.

The Catholic University of Washington has a fresh "sensation." Three prominent members of the faculty who belong to the "Liberal" side of American Catholicism are likely to lose their places. This is held to be the work of Satolli. If the removals take place, American Catholics will be likely to stir up a deal of publicity.

Niagara Falls have at last been chained to do the will of man. At midnight Sunday the turning of a switch in the big power house at Niagara Falls completed a circuit which caused Niagara river to flow uphill, so to speak, by returning a fraction of its resistance energy which had already swept past the gates of Buffalo, back into that city, twenty-seven miles distant. The harness that turns the factory wheels of Buffalo was buckled to the greatest of cataclysms. Monday morning the street cars of this city will move by Falls power. Hereafter the falls "must work enough to earn their living."

Startling developments have been made in the examination of the alleged dynamiter Ivory, through the testimony of a man called "Jones", at the London police court, last Friday. He deposes that the inner workings of the Clan-na-gael society are known to him, and he proceeded to disclose them in response to leading questions of his attorney. He says that he joined the society as a spy. The London press is highly excited over the matter. The informer is in terror of his life. The dark and devious ways of these Irish secret societies can be counted upon to furnish the world a striking "sensation" from time to time.

The United States is evidently getting "good and ready" for any possible trouble with Spain. Coast defenses are rapidly being strengthened, and the ordnance department pushed to the utmost. The belief in Washington diplomatic circles is that the Administration is apprehensive of a collision with Spain. The apprehension undoubtedly does exist. At the same time, however, it is stated with great emphasis that if a war is to come it will be at the instigation of Spain. The Administration does not contemplate any change in its Cuban policy. The situation in Cuba is daily growing more serious, however, and as the grasp of Spain on the island lessens her animosity toward the United States seems to gain in bitterness. As a high Government official described, "the situation, while not indicting war, is decidedly delicate."

The following semi-official statement on the Venezuelan question has been issued from London. "Misapprehensions appear to exist as to the nature of the arrangements reached between the United States, Great Britain and Venezuela. Having preferred to leave the negotiations in the hands of the United States, Great Britain agreed with the United States upon conditions of arbitration. An actual treaty for this purpose will be concluded between Great Britain and Venezuela, but the previous agreement outlining the treaty's main proviso has already been made between Great Britain and the United States, and removes the prospect of any difficulty between Venezuela and Great Britain in regard to the terms of the treaty. The decision of the arbitration court is not expected under twelve months. Anent the term of years mentioned in the agreement, it is admitted here that there are practically no settlers on either side of the disputed line who have been there for over a decade." Thus does the much-discussed Venezuelan boundary question become a happy phase of modern history. It is a pleasant thing to note this triumph of diplomacy and triumph of peaceful reasoning. Far less has caused many a bloody war.

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 NOVEMBER.

Foreign.—South America.
 Home.—Mexico.

THANK OFFERINGS.

We find the divine warrant for thank offerings in God's word; they were among the recognized and accepted tributes of his people in worship. But, unlike the other sacrifices which were instituted as obligatory in the Mosaic dispensation, thank offerings were entirely spontaneous and voluntary. The very name implies complete freedom, and shows that this sacrifice was regarded not a duty, but a privilege. "When ye will offer a sacrifice of thanksgiving unto the Lord, offer it at your own will."

It is an interesting and quickening study to trace the recorded instances of these offerings of God's chosen people, in connection with the occasions that called them forth; as, for example, when Moses was called up into the mountain to receive the covenant, and afterwards gave it to the people, they in turn answering with one voice, "All the words which the Lord hath said we will do." Again, at the solemn reading of the law by Joshua. Again, at the bringing of the sacred ark to Mount Zion by David. And at the great passover of Hezekiah—and so on. We find, also, thank offerings offered at periods of great national calamity and sorrow, as the great battle at Gibeah, when eighteen thousand Israelites were slain; and the three days' pestilence, when seventy thousand died.

No doubt many a true and pathetic story could have been told of individuals, also,

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who, on account of peculiar benefits or personal bereavement, were moved to add to their required offerings to God something which should express the overflow of their love and submission to Him, under the shadow of whose wings they "will rejoice." From the many allusions to this class of gifts we know their number was not small. Nor was God silent concerning them, for He gave assurance that they came up before Him "an odor of a sweet smell," and that "with such sacrifices He was well pleased."

The very idea of thank offerings is synonymous with that of pleasing God. Some things He requires of us, of faith, obedience, but the higher exercise of pleasing Him is left for us to do, if we will, and in such channels as we may choose.

God bestowed a miraculous reward upon Enoch. We read, "By faith Enoch was translated, that he should not see death." A wonderful boon! And the reason given is, "for before his translation he had this testimony that he pleased God." This shows God's estimate of the voluntary act of pleasing Him.

A most touching and beautiful record in the New Testament is that of the woman who broke the alabaster box of precious ointment upon the feet of her Lord. There was no law demanding such a costly sacrifice; it was the silent, but significant utterance of an exuberant heart trying to put her gratitude, which was above the power of words, into a living act. In this case, too, the divine benediction followed the sacrifice.

What a sweet privilege is ours, who live in this age of gospel light and enlargement, to imitate God's ancient people in this matter of thank offerings. When rightly practiced it not only honors God and blesses men, but it actually comes to be a self-gratification. God so fills the soul with joy at every such act of grateful, loving remembrance of Him. Unlike the body, which grows upon what it receives and appropriates, the soul is broadened and enriched by what it gives.

It is good for us as individuals to recognize special providences in our lives, whether joyous or grievous, and make them the occasions for thank offerings. Has some long-delayed answer to prayer come? Make an offering to Him who has been gracious to you. Has some good fortune befallen you, which turns your night into day, and brings you relief from anxiety and fear? Make an offering to Him who holds all your personal interests dear, and who has given you "the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." Has the heavenly Shepherd drawn near and claimed one of your precious lambs? Offer to him a tribute of thanksgiving that it is safely folded.

In nothing, perhaps, do we attain so nearly to the true spirit and life of Christ our Lord, as in the extra sacrifices we make for his dear sake in behalf of Christian missions. We read of Him that He was "full of grace and truth." Our thank offerings correspond in kind, though infinitely below in measure, the overflows of grace with which He continually blesses us, and transforms us into his own likeness, and makes us "meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light," the "grace that, though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich."

What would be the result to the Lord's treasury if all of his children were awake to their privilege in this grace of thank offering!—Life and Light.

FROM REV. D. J. STEWART OF MEXICO.

We have taken a new departure in the matter of self-support. As to the necessity of self-support I think we are all agreed. The difficulty will be in applying the principle, to know how much a congregation can do, and to have it carry out the measure of its capability as well as its responsibility. It would not have been so difficult had we begun on this principle from the beginning but I trust and pray that we may have wisdom and grace given us to carry it out. It will likely be also a sifting process to prove our churches as well as our church members. I had very interesting tour visiting some points I had not visited before. I took my Mexican evangelist along with me. We visited our little congregation in Teul, and although it is the sowing season when nearly all are away from the

town and living on the ranches we had a fair number present, some having come in to provide for estates. In the agricultural districts not much can be done in the rainy season, as the people are scattered. I crossed the mountains, visiting on the way Mezquital del Oro, a small mining town belonging to an English Company, having been a very productive gold mine to the present time. Here I sold a good many Testaments and Gospels, we distributed about 150 tracts, conversing with many on the Gospel. A bigoted Catholic tried to collect and destroy the tracts we distributed; but he succeeded in getting some of them, others refused to deliver them up, while some from whom he had taken place and asking for another tract. We supplied them again, counselling them to avoid the man and to take care of the tracts. Leaving there we crossed the mountains to the other valley or canon, visiting Juchipila (Hoo-chee pee-la) a town of about 7000 inhabitants, surrounded by sugar cane plantations, and is the place that supplies much of the State of Zacatecas with sugar, especially brown sugar. This is the first time I visited this place, and we found it a fanatical place, though I sold several Testaments and we distributed many tracts and explained to many the Way of Life. I also visited Jefe Politico (Chief Magistrate) who received me well and conversed quite freely. He told me the people were very fanatical, and his secretary confirmed his statement by saying that he had loaned a Bible to an individual but that the priest having found it in the man's house, took and burned it.

From there we came North, visiting Jalpa, a small town of from five to six thousand people. I found some believers among whom is a man who occupied the position of judge till recently. I visited and conversed with him and his wife on the Gospel. They both said they were glad to hear and read evangelical works. I sold two Bibles here, distributed tracts and conversed with many.

We recrossed the mountains, visiting the ranch of our good brother Don Ignacio Lopez, where we held service and had more than a usual attendance.

THE THANKSGIVING COLLECTION FROM SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

From notices issued through the various papers most of your readers may have heard of our request for the Thanksgiving collection from Sunday-Schools that this year is to be used for our Training School at Tucson, Arizona. But often it requires the frequent reminders before people put into practical working the idea they gained when they first read the appeal. Of course if in your Sunday School you have made no preparation for observing this special service it would be too late to procure programmes and exercises in time to observe it on the Sunday preceding Thanksgiving. But if a later date suits better, plan to take the offering then—or take it now without the service planned for you, if you have not time to devote to that. Anyway, do please remember that General Assembly recommends that all "the Sunday Schools throughout the church be asked to take their annual offering for the Educational work of the Woman's Executive Committee on the Sunday immediately preceding Thanksgiving."

From printed appeals from headquarters I quote the following:—

"The Charter of the Board of Home Missions makes provision only for the support of ministers of the Gospel, and therefore to meet the demand for the establishment of mission schools among the exceptional population of our country, the Woman's Executive Committee was formed, and to this Committee is intrusted the raising of funds for the educational work; that is, for teachers' salaries, the erection of chapel school houses, and buildings for boarding and industrial schools. These schools have been established among the Alaskans, Indians, Mexicans, Mormons, and Mountain People of the South."

"The amount contributed by the Sunday-Schools has aided materially in the support of these mission schools, and we feel assured that as each year, a different mission is presented for their consideration a wider knowledge of the work in the Home field will be gained, and a correspondingly greater interest developed in the evangelization of our own land."

"The object presented this year is the Indian Training School, located at Tucson,



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Arizona, for the education of the Pimas and Papagoes. The school is in a flourishing condition, except that lack of funds compels the superintendent to refuse admission to many who desire to attend. The school can accommodate two hundred, but during the past year only one hundred and twenty-five were in attendance, provision have been made for that number alone, but we are trusting the Thanksgiving contributions from the Sunday-schools will enable us to open wide the doors of our Tucson School and give a cordial welcome to two hundred at least."

"Retrenchment means loss of ground and loss of influence, for these Indians cannot be taught a little and then be left to work up for themselves; the training must be constant until the habits have become a part of the character of the individual."

"The Indian Training School at Tucson, Arizona, stands for education, enlightenment, and Christianization among the Pimas and Papagoes. Its record for the past seven years or more, under its faithful and efficient superintendent, has been one of steady, healthful growth and uplift, and the indirect influence, as evidenced in the improvement of the Pima homes demonstrates clearly that no system of education can equal that which Christianizes at one and the same time that it civilizes."

"In forwarding the Thanksgiving offering kindly designate that it is for the Tucson School. This contribution may be sent to the Home Presbyterian Treasurer, or direct to Miss S. F. Lincoln, Treasurer, of the Woman's Executive Committee, 156 Fifth avenue, New York, and will be credited in the annual report of the Board of Home Missions." A. R. H.

A TRIBUTE TO MISSIONARIES.

In a book lately published in London ("Two Campaigns: Madagascar and Ashantee") by the war correspondent of *The Daily Telegraph* (London), Mr. Bennet Burleigh, the following tribute is paid to the work of missionaries in Madagascar:

"It was the missionaries chiefly who made Madagascar possible for foreigners to live in with safety. Within fifty years they achieved wonders. Civilization had followed their steps and was dawning into day. They worked, and verily never had men so great a reward, for their success was abundant, and promised to be lasting. Malagasy men and women had stood by their faith boldly, and suffered martyrdom in the heathen days of Ranavalona I. An unheard-of thing, in Madagascar, noble and commoner had defied the sovereign's will, and declined to renounce their Christian creed, preferring to be hurled over the precipice of Ampamarinana at the capital, the Tarpeian rock of Antananarivo. . . . Their advancement had been wondrous—well-nigh marvelous—toward that absolute identification with the new fashions and ideas that characterizes a real from a sham and veneer civilization. They were orderly and law-abiding. That, perhaps, was natural with them. They had readily adopted western arts and processes of work. They built churches, schools and found the money out of their own pockets to erect and maintain them. Tens of thousands had learned and were learning to read."

THE MID-CONTINENT

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE

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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1896.

THE REMOVAL of the Second Presbyterian Church St. Louis, to the new home in the western part of the city, is an event of note in local church life. Its "down town" location has been held long after the most of its families had moved away from the neighborhood, and after all the other old churches had sought quarters beyond. In spite of these circumstances, however, the church has been maintaining its full round of work, and keeping up a full measure of attendance. At the same time it is only wise, and for its better development, that it should have removed. The old building, we are glad to know, is still to be maintained and the church work will in part at least be duplicated there. Dr. Niccolls will preach there on Sunday evening. And an afternoon Sunday-school and a Friday night Prayer meeting will be "carried on at the old stand."

WE HAVE heard of the man who applied for membership in a church and on his examination being pronounced unsatisfactory, remarking to the brethren, with an air of independence, that any how he knew he could join a fire company. The Rev. Mr. Vrooman, by the overruling action of the Synod of Illinois, was refused admission to the Presbytery of Chicago. He has lost no time in showing that at any rate there was something else he could join, and going straightway to his "own company." Last Sunday he was announced as associate preacher with Dr. Thomas, of the People's church, Chicago. Dr. Thomas is well known as an excused minister of the Methodist church, and for several years past a preacher of the most advanced "liberalism" of the day. These two companions in like experience at the hands of sister churches, now flock together in most natural affinity. Mr. Vrooman's change from Presbyterian aspirations to a place in the forefront of what Paul describes as "another gospel which is not another" is sudden enough, but we think the conviction will prevail that as far as theological sentiment and congeniality go, he was as much in readiness for such a step six months since as last week. Does the Presbytery of Chicago realize what they escaped in the estoppel of their action last spring by the complaint of the dissenting minority? Perhaps they do not all view it in this light, but they certainly owe a debt of gratitude to those who carried the business up to Synod.

IN TIME FOR THANKSGIVING DAY.

One of the special reasons for Christian joy and praise on the coming Thanksgiving Day is the remarkable addition which has just been made to the benign principle and practice of settling international disputes by the peaceable method of arbitration. It is not quite a year ago that the Venezuelan case became a United States question. Venezuela for forty years past had desired the question of boundary between her own and the adjoining British territory to be settled by arbitration. Great Britain, however, had uniformly refused thus to submit the point—in the form at least on which Venezuela based her contention. This refusal at length brought our own government into the dispute under the operation of the American principle known as the Monroe Doctrine. Acting under what he conceived to be a high sense of duty, President Cleveland issued his momentous, if not war-like, message. Thereupon the two great nations, the United States and the mother country, were brought into strained relations, and notes of belligerency were heard in either land, and shots of defiance went back and forth; and interference on our part was that far begun that an American commission was appointed to investigate concerning the bone of contention in South America.

The occasion was made most serious and critical for a time, by the very suggestion of a war between the

two foremost Christian lands in this closing of the 19th century—a war which might have cost as much as the whole country of Venezuela is worth and a hundred thousand lives besides, to say nothing of the shock it would have given to the whole observing world. But happily the clouds have passed away. Moral forces, among which may be placed the work of the Venezuelan commission itself, have helped towards the good result. And not only has the apprehension of war between this land and England entirely ceased but, further, it has just been authoritatively announced that the latter country consents now to the arbitration method of settlement between herself and Venezuela. While this desirable and humane end has been gained there is the further most important outcome of the threatening issue that in the two great English speaking nations, Great Britain and the United States, there has grown mutual good feeling, and there has been planted the seed of a permanent arbitration court. The attainment of such a result and the example set, in such a case as this, of settlement of international disputes by peaceful arbitration instead of by fleets and armies is of untold moral value. For the last thirty years this method has been growing in favor, and each new resort to it tends to establish and engraft it as a permanent feature in our Christian civilization.

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST. A NEW BOOK BY DR. BROOKES.*

The remark is attributed to the German infidel Strauss, that if he could believe that Jesus Christ was raised from the dead he would have no difficulty in accepting the rest of the supernaturalism in the New Testament. That event is a pivotal one in the whole scheme of Christianity. For, according to the well-known statement of alternatives in First Corinthians, if Christ be not raised then the preaching of the Apostles is vain and their testimony false, and the Christian's faith void and he is yet in his sins, and there is no resurrection whatever of any of the dead. So, as Dr. Brookes well says, "it is impossible to exaggerate the importance of this question."

This little book, in seventeen concise well-classified chapters, covers thoroughly the subject with its correlated points. Throughout his presentation of the question, Dr. Brookes always lets the Bible speak for itself and assert its own place, as that which has come by inspiration of God. We know of no one who is more at home in the whole range of scripture, or who has greater confidence in using that "sword of the Spirit" than he. As we read his books or hear his preaching in the pulpit we are reminded of Luther's ringing declaration, "My heart is a captive to God's word."

The book opens with the question, "Where is Jesus?" and next proceeds to show "How we know" by setting forth in brief but cogent form the reasons why we can trust the Scriptures as the source of information. In the further progress of the argument the Failures of Infidelity, in its denial of the resurrection of Christ, are shown, and the Possibility of a Miracle is discussed. Then follow, in a very lucid setting, the Testimony of our Lord himself, both before and after the event, and also that borne to the same fact by the Evangelists and Apostles and other eye-witnesses. A very interesting branch of evidence is considered under "Testimony of His Monuments"—meaning thereby the perpetuated observance, (like so many standing monuments) of the First day of the week as the Lord's Day, the Lord's Supper to be kept "until He come," and Christian baptism. The chapter on "Testimony before Christ came," that is the foretelling in the Old Testament of this great event of the New, in illustration of the Apostle's word that Christ "rose again according to the Scriptures," will be specially helpful to many readers. Another important chapter is the one titled "Testimony from Denial of his Resurrection." It brings the reader face to face with those sad but inevitable results of denying this essential truth, which the apostle sets forth in the 15th of 1st Corinthians—what we referred to above as the "alternatives." (While the printing of this caption is correct as it appears in the body of the book at the opening of Chapter XI. on page 107, in the table of contents it is made to read, by a comical and aggravating error of the printer, "Testimony from Daniel.")

This book is entitled to a high place in the defences of the Christian faith to-day. We have fallen on times when each supernatural feature in the history of our Lord on earth is being either minimized or denied and assailed by a certain class of writers and

* He is not Here. The Resurrection of Christ. By the Rev. J. H. Brookes, D. D., Presbyterian Board of Publication, Philadelphia. Price 75 cts. For sale by the Presbyterian Depository, St. Louis.

teachers who yet profess to be devout worshippers of the Son of God. The mysteriousness of Jesus being born of the Virgin Mary, the fact of miracles at his hand, the fullness of his wisdom and knowledge, and his bodily resurrection and ascension on high—surprising as it seems, yet each and all of these are being either quietly depreciated or put out of the personal *credo* of a certain class of men to-day who hold rank as Christian scholars. Will it be surprising if such skepticism should break into the ranks of church people? We welcome this book by Dr. Brookes as a standard lifted up.

WITNESS-BEARING.

Witnessing for Christ is involved in discipleship. The public and official ministry of the Word is witness-bearing. Likewise the individual Christian, by his simple word of testimony and by his godly life, is a witness bearer. The commission "Go ye unto all the world and preach my gospel" designates the one class. "Ye are my witnesses" designates the other. Both of these methods of testifying are strikingly set before us in the first chapter of John's Gospel.

John the Baptist at the Jordan preached Jesus as the Saviour of men. He pointed to him as the "Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." This message meant that Christ was a Saviour by reason of being a sacrificial offering in the shedding of his blood, and thus the "lamb that was slain." The pointing is not to the church, not to the sacraments, not to the ministers, but to the lamb which was slain.

This is still the story to be told. It is the ministry of reconciliation which is committed to those whom the Lord has sent forth as heralds and witness bearers. And of this witnessing the church is never to grow weary, neither in declaring nor in hearing. When she does, she is in danger of forfeiting her candlestick; for a church can be a light bearer only as she continues to tell of the true Light which has come into the world. The story of the cross must be ever repeated and retold. John not only declared it one day but again "the next day after looking upon Jesus as he walked he saith behold, the lamb of God." Sometimes, perhaps, we hear the complaint that the theme of Christ crucified is too familiar and commonplace. Mr. Spurgeon related, that preaching in an open-air meeting one day and setting forth the way of Salvation by the death of Christ a man in the crowd cried out, "tell us something fresh". But his reply was that he had nothing better to tell them, nor anything so good, as the "old, old story." We like to think, too, of what Newman Hall once wrote: "In my preaching I have only one tune. I constantly play the same. It may be with variations, but beneath the variations is the one familiar air—Christ Jesus. The tune never wears out." There are those to whom this message may be but "foolishness". But it is ominous if Christian hearers ever feel they have had enough of it, or begin to show signs of disrelish for it.

Witness-bearing is also done by those who as hearers have themselves first received the testimony. Not only do "the Spirit and the Bride say, come;" but also "let him that heareth say, come." No sooner did Andrew become a disciple than he made known to his brother Simon the discovery he had made—"we have found the Messiah", and he brought him to Jesus. It seems not to have been through John's preaching that Simon was won. It was not a conviction wrought by the sight of any miracle. It was not by the force of argument addressed in logical form to the understanding. The instrumentality blessed of God was simply this: his brother in a tone of voice and with a light of countenance which betokened a depth of joyful conviction, told him of the Messiah whom he had found. Some naturalist has reported that if a single wasp discovers a deposit of honey or other food, he has a method, which he instantly employs, of imparting the news to his fellow wasps. Thus the Samaritan woman hastened to tell the people of her discovery at the well side with the result that "they went out of the city and came unto Him."

The work of witnessing to Christ must not be confined in our thought, to the formal sermon nor the printed tract, nor to those laymen who take part in public meetings. "Speaking for Christ" is not limited to the floor of the "testimony meeting." Neither the Bible nor God's providence enjoins upon all Christians the necessity of this method. The example of Andrew, Simon Peter's brother, serves forever to direct attention to the method of the loving, private personal interview. It is natural perhaps to plead modesty, lack of gifts, poverty of speech, but remember that to be a witness requires no other endowment than a personal knowledge and sincerity of speech.

HOME MISSIONS.

THE "INDIANA PLAN" IN ILLINOIS.

[The "Indiana Plan" with modifications had been adopted a year ago by the Synod of Illinois. At the late meeting of that Synod, the Home Mission Committee made an exhaustive report on the working of the plan. The first year had been necessarily taken up to a large degree with matters of organization and adjustment, and a full testing of the scheme was not expected in so short a time and under the conditions. The results however, even under such circumstances proved to be very gratifying. After showing its working in each several presbytery of the Synod, the report concludes with the following general presentation. It is of interest outside of Illinois inasmuch as other Synods in the west are contemplating changes as to the methods of their home missionary work.]

The action of Synod adopting the new plan was not taken until near the close of October last year. Several weeks were required to get it before the churches. Then came the matter of adjustment with the Home Board. More than one-half the fiscal year had expired. Some of our churches had already taken their offerings for home missions and sent them to New York. Appropriations for the year had been made by the board and missionaries were working in nearly all our presbyteries under commission of the board.

A somewhat protracted correspondence was conducted with the board in an attempt to learn just what contributions had been forwarded, and what liabilities had been incurred by the board in each of the presbyteries. But little of a practical nature came from this correspondence and we were obliged to start out as best we could with whatever money could be secured direct from churches. The board ceased to make any payments on its commissions after the first of October and also in most cases, declined to return money that had been sent in previous to this time or subsequent to it, even though it might have been sent by mistake. We were obliged, therefore, to take up at once the full work of the Synod with but a part of the contributions.

You will readily see the embarrassment of the situation. Then the whole work had to be organized in the different presbyteries and the individual churches and sessions informed about the details of the new method. It is not surprising that mistakes should be made and misunderstandings arise at the outset. The surprise is rather that so little of this occurred. With a very few exceptions, the churches throughout the Synod have entered heartily into the new order of things and have turned their contributions into the presbyterial treasuries.

Soon after the adoption of the present plan there developed what threatened to be a determined opposition from New York involving an unfortunate controversy which extended over several months. By invitation of the board representatives of the Synods of Indiana and Illinois met the board in conference at New York the latter part of April, and after a frank and friendly discussion of the whole matter the board passed unanimously a resolution cordially commending the work under the new plan and expressing the desire that in the future there should be maintained between us the utmost harmony and co-operation. We have no reason to anticipate that any friction will arise in this direction in the future.

We believe that even the imperfect trial of this initial year has been sufficient to demonstrate that the "Unity System" does not antagonize, but materially aids the board in its separate line of work.

We have not been able this year, owing to the complications connected with the introduction of our work, to send any contributions to the board from the Synod's treasury. From the contributions forwarded to New York by the churches before the adoption of the present plan, and from a few since then, the board has, we believe, realized a considerable sum in excess of its expenditures within our bounds.

Another year, we expect to send a substantial surplus direct from Synod's treasury. We have no wish to separate ourselves from the general work under the direction of the board, or in the least to shirk our responsibility in helping to relieve the board of its present load of debt, and to sustain it in its important work in the future. Your committee has planned with conscientious care to impress upon the presbyteries and churches the importance and the claims of the work throughout the whole country, and our local work has been retrenched and limited with a view of meeting this obligation. It is not right, and we can not consent to limit our view of the Lord's work to the territory of our own State. It is hoped and believed, that within a short time, under the operation of our present method, all our presbyteries will become not only self-supporting, but liberal contributors to the board.

In all our presbyteries there has been an honest effort for advancement. In some the effort has been more vigorous than in others; in some the difficulties and embarrassments have been more perplexing, and hence, the results have been varied. This first year has not been a fair test of what can be done, or of what will be done in the future.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

We recommend to synod for adoption the following:

1. That every church receiving aid from presbytery shall be expected to contribute toward its own support an average of not less than \$5 per member.
2. That the appropriation from presbytery, for any particular church, shall not be due nor payable until the chairman of the presbyterial committee has been notified by the pastor in charge that the amount due from the church on its pledge has been paid in full.
3. That the appropriations made to the presbyteries out of the synodical treasury shall be made contingent upon the contributions of the presbytery reaching the minimum

amount required per member, and, if any presbytery fails to reach this requirement, it shall be entitled to only such proportion of the appropriation as shall correspond to the amount contributed.

4. We urge upon the presbyteries greater care in the grouping of dependent churches in the interests of economy.

5. That when application for aid is made in any presbytery, by any single church which has been receiving aid for two years or more, the appreciation made shall not exceed \$250.

6. The committee has audited the accounts of the synodical treasurer and finds them correct and recommends his report for approval of synod.

The total cost of administration for the year has been a little more than eight-tenths of one per cent of the contributions.

The following footings from the report of the synodical treasurer will give at a glance a summary of results:

Total contributions in 1895 under the Board	\$12,640 53
" " " 1896 " new plan	32,505 83
Total gain for the year	19,865 30
Number of missionaries employed by the Board in 1895	92
Employed by Synod in 1896	107
Gain in missionaries	15
Amount expended by the Board for 92 missionaries	\$22,984 82
Expended by synod in 1896 for 107 missionaries	25,561 43
Additional expense for 15 new missionaries	2,576 61
Average aid given to missionaries by the Board	249 44
" " " by Synod	239 01
Number of churches contributing in 1895 under Board	335
Number contributing under Synod	375
Gain in contributing churches	40
Cost of administration, eight-tenths of 1 per cent.	
Received from the Board in 1895 more than sent by Synod (about)	\$10,000 00
Sent the Board in 1896, with no withdrawals	3,000 00
Gain to the Board's funds for use in work outside of Synod of Illinois	\$13,000 00

ROME AND THE UNITED STATES.

[A few months ago the *Kölnische Zeitung*, of Cologne, Germany, in a long article endeavored to show that the greatest danger threatening the United States is the growing power and influence of the Roman Catholic church. The writer deplored that Americans were so blindly inclined to regard their country as altogether exceptional and therefore free from those subtle influences of Rome which had always worked injury in other parts of the world. We quote from the abstract of the article as made by the *Literary Digest*.]

Lafayette, the champion of personal freedom and Washington's companion in arms, said: "If ever the freedom of the American people is destroyed, it will be at the hands of the Roman priesthood." This priesthood of course denies the accusation that it wishes to influence the Government; but it is well known that the papacy, from the date of its origin, has continually aimed to extend its influence at the expense of the secular authorities. The papacy is displeased if it has to share the rule over humanity with another power, and Catholics are everywhere taught that the commands of Rome must be obeyed before the laws of the country in which the Catholic lives. The United States is no exception to the rule.

A canonic law issued in Baltimore in 1886 says: "An oath need not be kept if it is pointed against the interests of the Roman Catholic church. A promise of this kind is not to be considered as an oath." Bishop Gilmour, of Cleveland, wrote in March, 1873: "The nations must learn to subject themselves to the dictates of religion. We must learn to be Catholics first and citizens next."

Pius IX, in his syllabus of December 8, 1864, declares: "It is a mistake to believe that, in a conflict between church and State, the decision can be given according to civil law."

Leo XIII., in his personal letter of January 10, 1890, addresses the American Catholics as follows: "It is wrong to break the commandments of the church in order to obey the laws of the state. If there is a conflict between the rules of the state and those of the church, if the interests of the church are hurt or the authority of the Pope doubted, it is a duty to oppose the laws of the state, and sinful to submit to them."

Pope Leo also denies that the church is separate from politics, and the General-Vicar Preston said in 1888: "American Catholics often think that the supremacy of the church is restricted to matters of faith. This is untrue and disloyal. You have no right to think as you please, you must think like Catholics. Whoever says: 'I will take my faith from St. Peter, but not my politics,' is not a true Catholic."

In a pastoral letter from Pope, Leo dated November 7, 1885, the American Catholics are urged "to do everything in their power to change the constitution of these states in accordance with the principles of the true Church."

Let us now examine into the means by which the Church hopes to attain its cherished hopes, and what progress has been made. The machine at the command of the Pope is very formidable. No other machine can compare in organization with the Catholic hierarchy. The army of Rome in the United States consisted in 1895 of 16 archbishops, 70 bishops, 9,685 priests, and 2,122 theological students, which army attends to the spiritual wants of 9,410,790 Catholics. The Church has 8,512 churches, 3,795 chapels, 1 university, 37 seminaries, 116 high schools, 637

academies, and 3,610 parochial schools with 768,493 pupils. At the head of this formidable array stands the Apostolic Ambassador.

IAN MACLAREN'S THEOLOGY.

Dr. Watson's (Ian Maclaren) theological position, as a representative tendency of the day, is fairly open to criticism. Not by any means unfriendly criticism, for the warm, human sympathy that pervades all that he writes ought to disarm the mere theological quibbler. But many of those who listened to his words, many who have read with delight, "The mind of the Master," have been forced to say to themselves, "Yes but—the other side!" There is some good in all men, but how about the possibly of cultivating that, as if you were to cultivate a tiny flower in an acre of weeds until the flower should conquer the weeds? Is it thus that the world is to be saved? We fear that sin is a much more serious and deep-seated error of human nature than is acknowledged by optimists of the new school. We think that the teaching of Jesus in the synoptic gospels, which under some interpretations seems to yield support for the "moral development" theory, should be supplemented by his teaching in the fourth gospel; the sermon on the mount must be read in the light of the conversation with Nicodemus. Man is to be judged according to his character, and not according to the terms of some legal fiction; but if his character be not profoundly modified, transformed, regenerated by the grace of God, he shall not stand in the judgement. For this we have the scripture and the witness of our own sinful hearts. We are all too ready to believe those who offer us an easier salvation, but we know in sober moments that ethical culture will be of no avail when we stand in the presence of God. Go into an evangelistic meeting in some city mission and tell the drunkards and ruined creatures there to respect themselves and have faith in their fellow men, and give up their sin. Go to India, and as you travel among the people, praise the mother for the affection she bestows on her child; commend the father for his pride in the little dark-skinned boy; say nothing about the cruelly mistreated daughters, or the idol worship. See the best there is in the people, and thus lift them to Christ! We turn sadly from the appalling vision of sin. The optimist is powerless.—*Standard*.

UNIVERSAL TEMPERANCE SUNDAY.

A CALL FOR ITS OBSERVANCE.

An effort is being made by the Christian Temperance people to establish the Fourth Sunday of November as Annual Temperance Sunday, to be universally observed. The movement originated in the London Sunday School Union and has been taken up by leading Temperance and Sunday School works of America, and had the indorsement of Bishops and Clergymen of nearly all denominations.

Through the efforts of the Sunday School workers of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the General Assembly (1895) of the Presbyterian Church gave cordial endorsement to the plan and changed the date of their Annual Temperance Sunday from the Third Sunday of September to the Fourth Sunday of November. * *

In view of the above facts and with a desire to aid this movement, which commends itself to Christian people everywhere, we, the undersigned, earnestly request the Pastors of all churches in our city to observe November 22 as Temperance Sunday. We recommend that temperance sermons be preached in the morning and special attention be given to the teaching of a Bible Temperance Lesson in the Sunday School, with the introduction of such other features as will make the Sunday School hour significant for Temperance. We would call the attention of the Young People's Societies to the subject of the Temperance Reform, and ask that in their evening meetings it be made a special subject of prayer.

We would further suggest that in the evening Union Temperance of Christian Citizenship Meetings be held in localities where it may be practicable. The above call is made to the end that Christian Temperance sentiment be aroused and stimulated and that the Christian Churches take their rightful place as leaders in this great reform movement. Signed, John H. Vincent, D. D.; Bishop of Methodist Episcopal Church. (Rev.) Henry A. Hazen, Secretary of National Triennial Council of Congregational Churches; Edwin D. Wheelock, President National Christian Citizenship League; William J. Reed, of General Assembly of United Presbyterian Church; W. X. Ninde, D. D., Bishop of Methodist Episcopal Church, B. F. Jacobs, Chairman of International S. S. Executive Committee; Stella B. Irvine, National Sup't of Sunday School Department, W. C. T. U.

We call attention to the following note, and take great pleasure in commending the generous offer it contains:

Editor, *The Mid-Continent*:

I would like through your columns to offer gratis, express or postage paid, to every Presbyterian Pastor and Stated Supply, a sufficient number of the little pamphlet "What We Owe and How to Pay It", to furnish one copy for each family in his congregation. The object of the pamphlet is to inculcate the duty and privilege of proportionate giving as a rule of Christian life. This offer is limited to the current year.

Yours truly,

THOMAS KANE,
312 Ashland Boulevard, Chicago.

The Family Circle.

THANKFUL'S THANKSGIVING.

Only a few days remained until Thanksgiving, and the little town of Whately was alive with interest in the coming feast day. The air was redolent with the odor of mincemeat, and preserves, and pumpkins simmering into sweetness.

The hard times seemed only to have increased every one's appetite and hospitality, and Mr. Hodges, the veteran store-keeper, was authority for the statement that there had not been, for thirty years, so many orders for turkeys.

Thankful Bean lived right in the center of the village, and many an anxious matron had consulted her judgment in the festal preparations. Bags of sage and summer-savory, from her garden, waited in many a pantry for the grand turkey-stuffing, and every family for a mile around had her recipe for plum-pudding, which had been given her by Governor Henshaw's wife, and had been the standard recipe for Thanksgiving pudding, in his family, for years. Thankful had helped them all, as they desired, no more and no less, but she had gone about with a stern look on her face, and with no pleasant thoughts for the near Thanksgiving day.

Ever since she was born the day had always been sacredly observed at Thankful's home. Time was when the dining-room table had to be re-enforced by the kitchen table and two light-stands, to make room for the large family and the invited guests. But the number had gradually grown less, until, for years, Thankful had kept the day alone, in the silent, old house, browning her turkey, and steaming her diminutive pudding, and eating her dinner, with no company but her memories.

This past year, as Thankful looked back upon it, seemed to have brought nothing but trouble and loss. A bank in which some of her money had been deposited had failed, and other investments had kept her constantly anxious. Then Millie had gone away with the summer. The very thought of her made Thankful's heart sore. Millie was an orphan niece who had come last winter, to live with her aunt. She was a sweet young girl, and, in the few months of her stay, she had grown into Thankful's heart as no one ever had before. Her bright presence had brought an unwonted softness into Thankful's face, and her dainty touches had transformed the house.

The girl had seemed happy and contented, until the city people up at Hudson's had chosen to be attracted by her pretty face and winsome ways. They had fascinated her with their stories of city life and of the art schools where her talent could be cultivated.

Thankful had watched the acquaintance, and the growing discontent of the girl, and she knew what the end would be.

When the city people went back to their homes, Millie went with them, and Thankful said good-bye with a steady voice and went back to the old life, and no one knew the bitterness in her heart.

Then followed a slow fever, days and nights of helplessness and pain, and the torture of having to accept the unloving service of an ignorant girl. Thankful's strong constitution had triumphed, and she was about again, but it had been in spite of utter indifference.

So, with Thanksgiving near. Thankful, knitting by her fire, thought the whole year over, and she said to herself that, for once in her life, this day should be the same as every other day. The outward observance of it would be hypocrisy, for the year had brought

nothing but trouble, and she had no thankfulness in her heart.

Thankful had just come to this decision when she heard a knock at the door. A little boy stood on the step. He had an honest face, framed in a shock of red hair, which fairly lifted up his small cap. His gray, threadbare coat had black sleeves in it, and his shoes were patched.

"Mother told me to tell you I was Mary Ellis' boy. My name is Billy Peters. Can't I come in?" he said.

Thankful led the way into her sitting-room, with a little more warmth of manner than she usually showed to boys of Billy's age. Mary Ellis and she had been nearest neighbors and intimate friends in girlhood, but after the former's marriage, her home had been a mile away, and, as the cares increased with the years, she and Thankful had drifted apart. Her husband had died recently, leaving her penniless, with four little boys.

Thankful had heard, sometimes, of her friend's brave struggle to keep the wolf from the door, but her own misfortunes had absorbed her mind so completely that she had little place for thought of others.

"I'm a committee," said Billy settling himself in the big chair which Thankful drew out for him, and holding his hands up to the cheerful blaze of the hearth.

"You are?" said Thankful, putting on her glasses, to examine him more minutely.

"I be." And Billy drew himself up proudly. "You see it's like this: There's ten poor children down to the country farm this year, and Mr. Walker, what manages the farm, says he hain't got no 'thority to git up no Thanksgivin' dinner for 'em. So, down in our Sabbath-school, some committees was chose, to go round and see what folks would give towards gittin' 'em a Thanksgivin' dinner. We want 'em to have a first-rate one,—turkey, 'n' cranberry sarce, 'n' onions, 'n' punkin'-pie, 'n' a puddin' chuck full o' raisins, 'n' a n'orange apiece."

Billy dwelt long and lovingly on each item of the Thanksgiving dinner.

"Are you going to have all those things yourself?" said Thankful, looking keenly at the poorly-clad child.

"No'm, not this year; but we have had e'm some years. Father's dead, 'n' the rent's high, 'n' mother don't get much washin' now. But she says things might be a good deal worse. 'Tain't as though we were poor, like them children. We're goin' to have some fried liver. We ain't poor," he added, stoutly.

Somehow Thankful's glasses needed wiping, as she looked at Billy, who had his mother's eyes. Indeed he was not poor! His bravery and utter forgetfulness of self were possessions a king might envy!

"How much shall I put you down for?" said Billy, taking down his little stump of a pencil from behind his ear. "Some folks gives five cents. Mother give ten, and she said she guessed you'd give that."

"You may put me down for twenty-five cents." Thankful answered, with a burst of generosity.

Billy almost bounced out of his seat at the munificence of the gift, and he mentally resolved to add nuts and raisins to the Thanksgiving bill of fare of the county-farm children.

Long after Billy's sturdy figure was out of sight, Thankful sat idly with folded hands, gazing into the fire. Billy's earnest little soul had awakened new thoughts within her, which were destined to change the current of her life. Could she, too, not be thankful that things were no worse? She had lost her small deposit in the bank, but another investment had proved successful beyond her expectation. She had

got up from her illness better than she had been for a long time before. Millie had gone, it was true. But had she not cause for thankfulness that the bright young life had touched her own, even for a little time? If she so willed it, might not this tender memory keep her heart from being quite the withered thing it was?

Now that Thankful was in a softer mood, there came to mind many little causes for gratitude which she had not reckoned before. How they grew, as she thought of them, every one standing out clear and beautiful, a gift of a Father who never forgets his children!

At length Thankful arose, and, going to her desk, she wrote in a fine, old-fashioned hand, an invitation to Mary Peters to come with the boys and take Thanksgiving dinner with her. Then she went out and ordered the largest turkey Mr. Hodges could procure. After that her kitchen was a scene of unusual activity. Cranberries popped and sizzled, pies and cake baked into odorous richness, and jellies quivered in the most approved way.

Early, Thanksgiving morning, a little procession of red-headed boys, led by Widow Peters, wended its way toward Thankful's home. Billy meant to be decorous, but just as they passed the kitchen window, Thankful had opened the oven to give the turkey a basting. It lay in full view, in all its grand proportion, and was a sight to turn an older head than Billy's. He gave a whoop of joy, and executed a somersault, much to the mortification of his mother.

Thankful's current-cookies kept the boys in a state of bliss till dinner-time. And that Thanksgiving dinner! It stands out clear and delicious in the mind of every one present. Thankful heaped up the plates and filled them again and again, and when, from sheer exhaustion, the boys had to stop, the turkey seemed hardly worsted by the encounter, so gigantic he was!

At last it was over. Thankful watched the happy company going homeward, Billy bringing up the rear with a basket containing the remnants of the feast. Long after they were out of sight she sat with folded hands, gazing after them. Her house was in a state of wild disorder. There were three sharp dents in the carved legs of her dining-room table, where little Joe Peters had pounded with his boots, to express his delight at the sight of the steaming plum-pudding. Joshua, her pet cat, had taken to the woods, and she knew it would require a great deal of diplomacy to bring him back again. It had been a busy, anxious day, and she was tired from head to foot. But there was a strange warmth in Thankful's heart, and looking back upon the day, she felt that it was the pleasantest one she had known for years. She had utterly forgotten her own troubles in looking after the comfort of her own guests, and she was conscious of having given them an unusual pleasure.

Thankful did not hear the whistle of the incoming train nor the light step on the garden walk. Some one opened the door softly, hesitatingly, but she did not hear. Then Millie knelt down beside her, and Millie's voice said, tremulously:

"Oh, Aunt Thankful, I've been so homesick. Won't you take me back again?"

And, with Millie's arms around her neck, Thankful felt that the day had indeed been a blessed one.—*Martha H. Pillsbury.*

Christmas Music.

Glory in the Highest. A Concert Exercise for Sunday-Schools. Hartshorn & Fillmore. Beautiful new music. Recitations on separate sheet. Price, 5 cts.; 50 cts. per doz.; \$4.00 per 100, not prepaid.
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40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

THE THANKSGIVING BELL.

Under its old trees the old church stood,
close to the city street,
Mid the bustle and hum of the busy life,
and the tread of the hurrying feet,
And its silvery chime, and its sacred song,
borne out on the summer air
Seemed a message of love, from God above,
to the people passing there!

How clearly the old church bell rang out,
on a bright Thanksgiving day,
Calling the people, "with cheerful voice,"
"thither to praise and pray;
Bidding the wayfarers thank the Lord for
his countless blessings given,
For the love that is shed o'er the path they
tread, and the light that leads to
heaven!

Now it chanced that a sad-faced woman
passed, when the bell rang, loud and
clear,
Bearing a vessel freshly filled with that
which had cost her dear,
With that which should ease her aching
heart, and lighten her load of care,
And if not peace, it should bring release
from the gnawing of despair!

But the bell rang out in the autumn air
with its sweet and solemn call,
That seemed to carry the message old of
peace and love to all,
Love and peace to the saddest heart that
will come with its heavy load
To Him who came, in the Father's name,
to bring us back to God!

And it seemed to enter the sin-sick soul,
that words could never win,
And she saw, in the light of God's great
love, the darkness of her sin,
While yet 'mid the depths of her self-des-
pair, there breathed, through the bur-
dened breast,
The call so free, "Come unto me, and I will
give thee rest!"

Then loosed were the springs, long sealed
and dry, and the sad eyes were wet
with tears,
For the sacred memories that awoke from
childhood's happier years;
And she threw away the deadly draught,
and thanked God, as it fell,
For the message of love from heaven above,
in that Thanksgiving bell!

For the law's stern hand had been all too
weak, the wayward will to chain,
And human counsel, though kindly meant,
had done its best in vain,
But the church-bell that brought the blessed
thought of God's forgiving grace
Had drawn her in, from the depths of sin,
to the contrite's lowly place.

Then long may the silvery peals ring out on
their message clear and sweet!
For we know not when their pleading tones
may stop the wayward feet;
We know not how God's grace may reach
the soul long lost in sin,
And open, though late, the golden gate, to
let the wanderer in!

—*Agnes Maule Machar.*

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED EXCURSIONS
Leave Chicago every Thursday, Council
Bluffs or Omaha every Friday via the
Union Pacific. No change of cars to
Ogden, San Francisco or Los Angeles.
Special attention paid to ladies traveling
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Our Young People.

THE THANKSGIVING CLOAK.

That is what Lucy called it, her "Thanksgiving cloak," and then she told me why she named it so, and why she took it up so carefully just as if she loved it.

You see Lucy is my best friend, and the very best somebody in the world, I think, just as good as the preacher himself, and she always makes me feel as if there wasn't anything worth a cent but being good—that is, when I am with her, I mean.

I haven't known her so long, just since she came to school this session; and I thought she was awfully rich, her clothes were so perfectly beautiful, and all new, but this morning she told me all about herself and how they were poor or had been poor, and explained to me why her clothes now are so nice and new.

But the way she happened to talk about it, for Lucy don't talk much about herself, was this: They are making up a Thanksgiving box for the Orphanage, and we girls all began rummaging among our clothes to see if we couldn't find some things to add to it, and nearly everybody found a cloak, or a hat, or a dress, to put in. I gave a dress that was getting too short for me, and then went up to Lucy's room to see what she had found.

She had laid everything out on the bed, and there was this horrid, ugly old coat. It was one of those big, clumsy warm circulars lined with flannel, and the black had that green-brown look black sometimes turns. It was dreadfully shabby, and I just wondered at Lucy's having it with her even.

I touched it and asked, "Are you going to send this? It will be comfortable for every day anyhow for one of those orphans."

She shook her head and pointed to a really stylish cape, such as were worn last winter. "That is the one I shall give; it was Brother Will's Thanksgiving gift to me, but yesterday a new one came from Cousin Helen for this Thanksgiving, and so I shall pass Will's in where it will bring pleasure and comfort to some one else."

(She showed me the new one, and it is the handsomest I ever saw.)

I looked again at that old cloak made uglier by the contrast, and said, "I don't see why you keep this; you can't wear it any longer, you would look a scarecrow in it."

Lucy stroked it lovingly with her hand, and laid her cheek down on it. "It is not presentable enough for me or anybody else to see; but this is my sure enough 'Thanksgiving cloak,' even more than those two which were really intended as remembrances of the day; for last November at church during the five minutes silent thanks for the blessings of the year, my prayer was, 'Thank thee, Father, for the ugly old cloak.' I brought it with me to remind me how God takes our worries, those stumbling blocks, and makes them stepping-stones, if we only let Him."

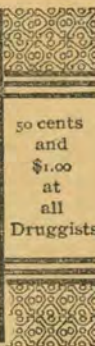
When Lucy says things like that with that kind of expression on her face, all of a sudden I feel as if it were Sunday, and the minister had called out, "The Lord is in His holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him." I can't explain it exactly, but I think it's because I know Lucy has seen "The Master" (she always calls Christ "The Master") and heard Him with her soul's eyes and ears, and that she feels He is right by her in the room,

Well, of course, my curiosity was excited and here is the story, just as I remember it, and the reason I am writing it, is because I think you can fix it up Aunt Nan, and have it published after

A Ripple of Dimples

comes when healthy babies wake in the morning and laugh. A good share of those dimples are made by Scott's Emulsion.

Half the cod-liver oil, i. e. Scott's Emulsion, is taken by babies. It makes them happy by cushioning out their little bodies and making them comfortable. Dimples are health. Did you ever see a sickly baby with dimples?



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you have put it in your better language, and shaped and polished and pruned and expanded it as you do with the true incidents you hear. I am not trying to express it at all, only to set down the facts.

Lucy's father and mother lived out on a farm where money was very scarce and Lucy had to scuffle around when she needed new clothes to help to get them.

Fall before last she was obliged to have a new cloak to be respectable and comfortable at church. In different ways she managed to make as much as five dollars; by selling all the old wraps; except this ancient fright, which nobody would have bought, she scraped together five dollars more. She was so happy, she says, with that ten dollar bill in her purse.

Well, the very morning she planned a shopping expedition to their nearest town, there came a letter from a cousin in distress asking for ten dollars from Lucy's father. Mr. Warren—did I tell you her name is Lucy Warren?—looked sad and shook his head. "Heaven knows that I would send it if I had it; but I can hardly pay my honest debts." Mrs. Warren's lips quivered as she sighed, "Helen has been so kind to me, 'tis harder on us to refuse than it is on her to be refused, I imagine."

Lucy saw the quivering lip, she saw a tear, too, in her mother's eye, and that she couldn't stand, she offered that ten dollars, and sent it by return mail to her cousin.

I wondered how Mr. and Mrs. Warren could let her make such a sacrifice, knowing what it meant to her, but Lucy only laughed at my surprise.

"Why, mother's shawl has seen duty fifteen years, and father's stand-by in very severe weather is his army overcoat of faded gray. Mother is such an invalid that she does not hear or see of the new styles. When I said something one day about not going to church because I would be so conspicuous in that cloak, she remarked gently and reprovingly, 'Man looketh on the outward appearance, but God on the heart,' and I never mentioned the subject to her again."

So you see Lucy didn't have much sympathy from her people at home, and Thanksgiving, 1893, when Will, her brother, came home from the city, it was worst of all; for he vowed he wouldn't go to service if she wore that "disgraceful old cloak." And he declared if his sister couldn't afford any less disreputable garment than that cloak, there was evidently nothing to give thanks for, and he wouldn't give them.

And Lucy felt so awful that she went to her room and prayed about it.

It seemed to me irreverent to pray to God about such a thing, and I ventured to express my opinion. Lucy stopped and looked at me. "What ought people to pray about? What do you pray about?"

"Why, about being good and being kept alive and important matters," I answered.

"Are those the things you think about the most?"

"No," I confessed, "I say my prayers night and morning, and I believe that is all the times they come to my mind."

Then what do you reckon she said? She goes to God just as I do to you, and tells Him every thought and "talks it over." She "commits every bother and trouble to God;" on that day she laid the matter of the ugly cloak before Him, begging Him to let her make money for another one, and to keep Will from getting reckless and cynical because of their poverty; or if it was His will to give her courage to wear it and not fret.

Thanksgiving day the text was, "In everything give thanks; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you."

Her brother laughed grimly after they got home, saying when she could give thanks for that cloak, then he would believe the sermon, every word of it.

You would have thought Lucy had so much faith that God would have granted her requests immediately; instead that winter was the coldest we had had for years, and Lucy not only couldn't escape wearing the despised wrap, but she overheard jeering comments made on its shabbiness, and she was kept away from more than one pleasure gathering because ashamed to go so badly dressed.

"But," here Lucy's eyes shone with that happy light that sometimes comes in them, "God turned my thorn into a crown of rejoicing; for Thanksgiving a year ago Will came home again, and he could hardly kiss us all around before he called me up to his room and opening his trunk (I had wondered at his bringing his trunk) took out this cape I am going to put in the box for the orphanage, and throwing it over my shoulders, said, 'Wear it, Sis, to-morrow, it is my gift to remind you of the day' but my thank-offering to God to-morrow will be first of all for that very wrapping I scorned so, for it changed my destiny."

It was this way: his mother hearing him tease Lucy, had explained the matter. Ashamed that he was so much less unselfish, he went back resolved to save ten dollars to replace what Lucy had given away.

That meant his giving up all his companions, for they, though not bad, were fond of treating to cigars, to occasional suppers, to a glass of wine now and then, and he was too proud to be always a recipient of favors.

As he was rather lonely he spent more of his evenings at the Y. M. C. A. and was sent to Y. M. C. A. work to nurse a sick lad.

It was nearly Christmas and he had engaged a cloak on the two dollars a month installment plan, so anxious was he for it; but the sick boy moaned incessantly for his mother. The watcher by his bed found it was for lack of money that the mother did not come; it is easy to guess that he borrowed the eight additional dollars necessary to bring the mother to her son. The very deed of kindness, the careful economy he practiced until the money could be repaid, helped to make him a finer character.

"And now," Lucy added, happy tears in her eyes, "he is just a power, the Y. M. C. A. secretary tells me, and his employer, meeting father one day, praised Will as one of his most reliable clerks

right in the line of promotion, which he has substantiated by increasing his salary. And father, reporting to us the conversation, couldn't account for one sentence the merchant used, but I could: "Your son at first was just like the other boys; satisfactory enough but nothing unusual; but when he came home from that Thanksgiving trip he altered his manner of spending his evenings, took to more studying, went more to church and he is now an active member, whereas he hadn't been especially zealous before. Home influence, I suppose, Mr. Warren, home influence; you have cause to be very thankful for your son as he is now, sir."

Nor was this all; when Lucy ran down to exhibit Will's beautiful present and everybody was congratulating her, there stood in the kitchen a poor child, the daughter of a "cropper"—that is what a renter is called in South Carolina—one of Lucy's pupils in Sunday-school. This child had joined the church and her whole family had become regular attendants; indeed everybody had been surprised at how many of this poorer class of people had come to church and Sunday-school, for so often they make the excuse of not having decent clothes and never hear a sermon.

The child whispered to Lucy: "It is awful pretty ma'am, enough sight different from that other one; but O! I am so awful glad you wore that other one all last winter, for if it hadn't been for it I mightn't never have knowed the Lord like I do now, and mammy and poppy nuther. I heard that other lady laugh at that cloak last Thanksgiving, and I seed you heard it, an' I went home and told mammy and poppy if you could wear that dreadful ugly old cloak they could wear their things, for mammy's shawl wasn't any more faded than it, nor poppy's coat nuther. They went just to see for themselves, and now we go because we love to go, and we told the other poor folks how bad you looked and yet you come, and so now we all go, all the Ridge down here."

I don't wonder at Lucy's Thanksgiving prayer, do you?

I almost forgot to say that her Cousin Helen's husband found the mineral he was prospecting for, and last summer when he came to visit Mr. Warren he discovered something, I have forgotten the name, but it ends with a "zite," on the mountain side belonging to Lucy's father, making his land a great deal more valuable. Lucy's ten dollars had tided them over their worst time when he was about to give up prospecting in despair, so they can't be grateful enough, and that explains about Lucy's brand new clothes, and the handsome cloak she has just received, too.

It turned out just like one of those made up stories, didn't it? but it is true, every word of it, and I am never, never going to believe again that God doesn't keep the promise that "He will withhold no good thing from the upright," for that is Lucy's favorite verse, and consoles her for every disappointment. He taught it to her by the Thanksgiving cloak, she says.—Mildred C. Watkins.

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Bubbles or Medals.

"Best sarsaparillas." When you think of it how contradictory that term is. For there can be only one best in anything—one best sarsaparilla, as there is one highest mountain, one longest river, one deepest ocean. And that best sarsaparilla is—? . . . There's the rub! You can measure mountain height and ocean depth, but how test sarsaparilla? You could if you were chemists. But then do you need to test it? The World's Fair Committee tested it,—and thoroughly. They went behind the label on the bottle. What did this sarsaparilla test result in? Every make of sarsaparilla shut out of the Fair except Ayer's. So it was that Ayer's was the only sarsaparilla admitted to the World's Fair. The committee found it the best. They had no room for anything that was not the best. And as the best, Ayer's Sarsaparilla received the medal and awards due its merits. Remember the word "best" is a bubble any breath can blow; but there are pins to prick such bubbles. Those others are blowing more "best sarsaparilla" bubbles since the World's Fair pricked the old ones. True, but Ayer's Sarsaparilla has the medal. The pin that scratches the medal proves it gold. The pin that pricks the bubble proves it wind. We point to medals, not bubbles, when we say: The best sarsaparilla is Ayer's.

Obituaries.

[For obituary notices of ministers, or those of their families, no charge is made. For others—except the simple death announcement which is free,—a necessary charge of 5 cents per line (average 8 words) is made; money to be sent with the obituary manuscript.]

ROBINSON.—On Monday, Oct. 26th, at her home in Ellendale (St. Louis), after protracted ill health, Mrs. Elizabeth Robinson, relict of the late William Robinson, in the seventy-second year of her age.

The deceased was Miss Elizabeth Hamilton, a native of Belfast, Ireland, where she was born, July 11th, 1825. The writer does not know how early she confessed Christ or at what age she came to this country, but has learned that when a girl of eighteen she was a member of the First Presbyterian church in Philadelphia, then under the pastoral care of the late Albert Barnes. From the time of her marriage, Oct. 17th, 1851, to Wm. Robinson, a staunch, noble man, who

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was called up higher twenty-one years ago, she had resided in this city, honoring Christ, making others happy, and, during her long widowhood, experiencing the faithfulness of the God of the widow and the Father of the fatherless.

One of the excellent of earth has passed to her rest and reward. First of all, she was an humble, trustful child of God, who was habitually in her thoughts and whose love constrained her in all her ways. She lived as seeing Him who is invisible. In her home, she looked carefully after its interests, and was as the eldest sister among her daughters, whose welfare burdened her mind and heart and who confided in her with implicit, affectionate trust. As a friend, one rarely sees her like, utterly unselfish, overflowing with sympathy and kindness, steadfast, truest of the true, as the writer gratefully testifies.

We sorrow not, even as others which have no hope, for she died in the Lord. We are confident that, absent from the body, she is present with Him, whose smile is now and forever "the feast of the soul."

R. P. F.

COULD NOT SING.

"Thanks, I do not sing." and the politely offered hymn book was declined.

Ella Talbott was but a young girl, absorbed in her school work, scarcely bestowing a thought upon the use she was to make of her talents and acquisitions. Some years afterwards she found herself a missionary across the waters, needing all the ability of a well trained mind, but constantly called upon for knowledge of simple, practical affairs she used to consider trival. And, of all things, she was expected to sing! Not merely to play the tiny organ in the chapel, but to sing a hymn, solo fashion. The preacher who asked this of her saw refusal in her eye.

"Although the door stands open, and we wait here ready to teach, you see the people are passing. If you should begin to sing, I believe they would come flocking in; then we might have a chance to offer them the message of salvation."

Ella turned over the leaves of the hymn book, printed in a foreign tongue. She saw, "Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken," and at once she took up this new cross bravely.

"No wonder the people came trooping in," she said afterwards, "for you know I have no voice at all. But they, poor things, though nature may have given them voices, could sing no better than I—indeed, many had never heard a song. Such a hubbub as they raised? And when I stopped, they would have crowded out, but Mr. Harris promised that when he was through speaking I would sing again. He told of Jesus, our Friend, and I sang 'What a Friend We Have in Jesus!' They were perfectly quiet, and must have understood the simple words. Since then I have never refused to do what I was once sure I could not do."

How many gifts are there among your classmates? Did you ever ask one to consecrate her talents to the Lord's service? Why are you taking lessons in music year after year? If some one should ask you to choose a song, or to start the tune at the next missionary meeting would your refuse?—*Kind Words.*

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These three books contain the last testimony which the author wishes to leave to the thoughtful consideration of Christians who believe in the Word of God. The first two are published in this country, and the last in England, but they may all be obtained of the

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Here are a few words from a woman to women. There is no theory about this letter. There is nothing about it that cannot be readily proven. It is a voluntary statement from a woman who has been restored to health and strength, and who wishes that her own experience may be duplicated by the experiences of others.

Mrs. L. Dedmon, of Fair Grove, Greene Co., Mo., writes: "In July 1895 I was confined. My confinement was premature. About six weeks after I was taken with severe flooding. I had the best doctor the country afforded. I took medicine for about two months but got no better. I was very weak—could not do any of my work. Could scarcely lift a chair. Suffered with pain in my back and hips and had soreness deep, low down across me. I had inflammation and ulceration—so the doctor said. I concluded I would consult Dr. R. V. Pierce. I wrote to you giving you a full description of my case. You advised me to take your 'Favorite Prescription.' I began taking it at once. In three days I could feel a change. I took three bottles and the result was a complete cure. It has been six months since I used your medicine, and I feel no return of the disease at all. I wish also to say I had not been strong for many years. I had taken patent medicines and been attended by doctors but got no better. Today there is not a stronger woman in the country than I am. I suffer no pain at all; can work all day and not be tired at night. I can cheerfully say that I believe I owe my health to the use of your valuable medicine, and your good advice."

Mrs. S. Dedmon

If a copy of Dr. Pierce's "Common Sense Medical Adviser" was in every house in the United States, half the sickness in the country could be prevented. This great work of over a thousand pages is completely illustrated with over three hundred pictures. It contains many simple inexpensive receipts for curing the common ailments which arise in every family. By following its advice, simple home treatment may be given for many little ailments. Serious sickness may be prevented and many doctor bills saved. Nearly 700,000 copies have been sold at \$1.50 per volume, and now an edition, paper-bound, of half a million is being distributed absolutely free. It will be sent post-paid to any one who will send 21 one-cent stamps, to pay the cost of mailing only, to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y. If you want French cloth binding, send 10 cents extra, 31 cents in all.

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Moralities.

THE CIGARETTE.

Read what Professor Laffin says about the cigarettes. In 1879 there were 900,000 cigarettes manufactured, and last year there were 1,200,000,000 or 1,333 times as many. "Tobacco in any form is bad, but in a cigarette there are five poisons. There are the oil in the paper, the oil of nicotine, saltpetre to preserve the tobacco, opium to make it mild, and the oil in the flavoring. The trouble with the cigarette is the inhaling of the smoke. If you blow a mouthful of smoke through a handkerchief, it will leave a brown stain. Inhale the smoke and blow it through the nostril, and no stain will appear. The oil and poison remain in the head or body. Cigarettes create a thirst for strong drink: and there should be anti-cigarette societies, as there are temperance societies."—Selected.

THE SALOON CURSE.

The spirit of the saloon is the spirit of crime. Originating, as it often does, many crimes and prompting, as it always does, all crimes to a degree far beyond all other departments of business, it may well be denounced as the most harmful business known to society. Wherever located in any city or town, it becomes at once a plague spot, and the men who conduct it should be regarded and shunned as the corrupters of society.

In a single city block, which the writer could name, from which the saloon has been kept away until about eight months ago, when a gilded liquor palace was opened, five families have already been made wretched by the patronage, and its work of ruin is rapidly on the increase. Only a few days ago a young mother, standing in the early morning outside the locked door of that saloon, which she was vainly seeking to enter in order to induce her husband to return to his home, was heard to say:

"O my God, how long can I endure this sorrow!" In response to a tender, pitying inquiry, she said:

"Oh, my husband means well, but the saloon has come so near."

ENDEAVORERS AND TOBACCO.

The State of Iowa has a new statute, or will have whenever the governor affixes his signature to the bill that has passed both houses of the Legislature. This statute forbids the selling or giving to persons under the age of sixteen of cigars, cigarettes or tobacco in any form. The penalty is a fine of from five to one hundred dollars, or thirty days' imprisonment.

The bill was prepared and introduced at the request of the temperance committee of the Christian Endeavor Society of the Presbyterian church of Shendoah, Ia., and this committee made a thorough canvass of the State, interesting Christian Endeavor societies and other young people's societies, Sunday-schools, churches, colleges, schools and individuals to such an extent that almost a unanimous call went up from the christian people of the State for the passage of the bill. In fact many prominent people not claiming to be Christians worked with might and main for the measure.

In both branches of the legislature many men were found willing to champion so good a cause, and the vote was no uncertain voice, the house vote being 81 to 13, and the Senate vote 31 to 3. The bill was introduced and supported

by Hon. D. Nicoll, of Ida Grove. The statute will stand on the books a monument to the faithfulness and perseverance of Iowa Endeavorers and their friends. It is to be hoped that they will see to its enforcement. Such undertakings as this are rapidly constituting the Christian Endeavor movement one of the most effective and powerful of the forces making for good citizenship.—Golden Rule.

About two years ago, the Rev. Mr. Surf, of Blue Springs, Neb., lost his hair after fever, and became nearly bald. He finally resolved to use Ayer's Hair Vigor, and now has as fine a head of hair as could be desired. This is certainly a fact worth remembering.

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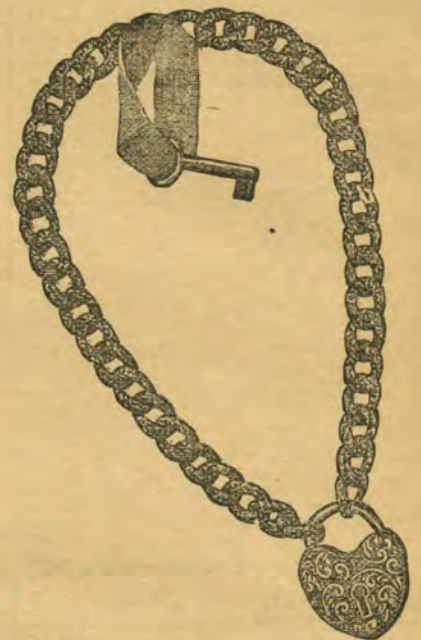
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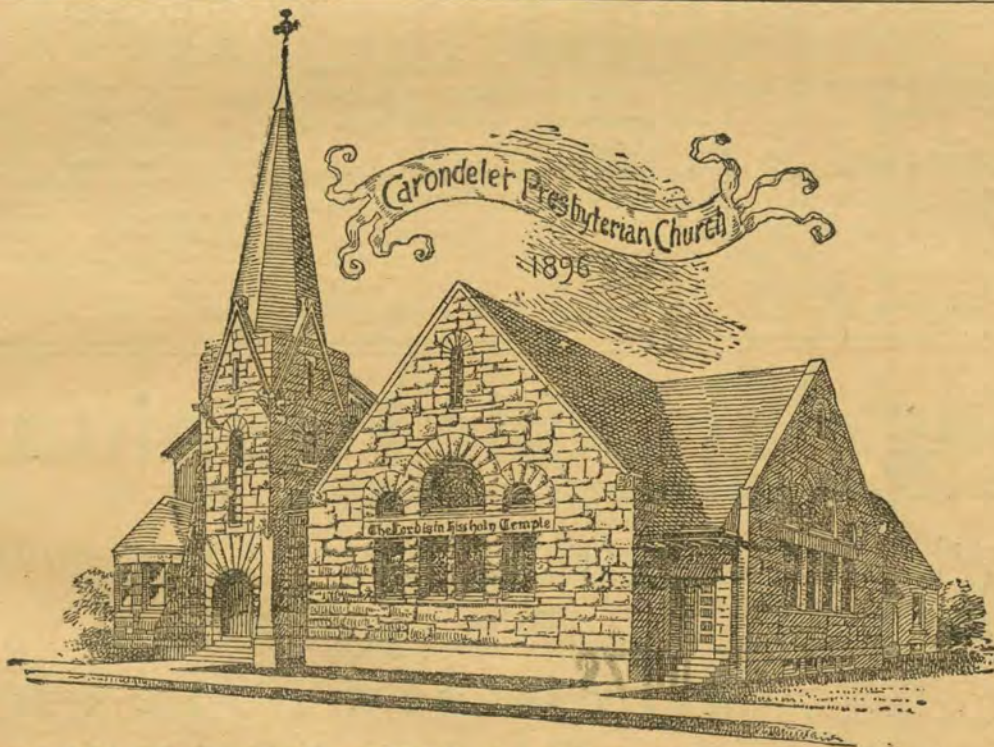
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The dedication of the new Carondelet church will take place at 3 p. m., Nov. 22 Dr. Nicolls will preach the dedi-
 catory sermon and Dr. Ferguson will offer the dedicatory prayer. In the evening Dr. Brookes will preach. On the follow-
 ing Tuesday evening an address will be made by Dr. Martin on the subject "Beginnings of the Presbyterian church of
 St. Louis; a prophecy of what is to be."

This is the southernmost Presbyterian church of our city—where as the first Protestant church in the field it has
 held forth for nearly 50 years the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. The people have done well through the grace of
 God, and cordially invite their friends to be present on this auspicious occasion, the Dedication of the New Building.

FACT AND FICTION.

Not every man can increase his in-
 come, but every man can reduce his
 expenses.—*Atchison Globe.*

Tommy: "Papa, there is a large black
 bug on the ceiling." Professor (very
 busy), "Step on it, and leave me alone."
 —*Fliegende Blätter.*

Peaceful Peters: "Yes, me young
 friend Walker entered into rest de-
 twelf of August, 1866." *Languid Lau-
 rence:* "Wot's got yer, Peters? He
 ain't dead yet." *Peaceful Peters:* "I
 know he aint. Dat was de date of his
 birth."—*Life.*

An English paper reports the dis-
 covery of a real Mrs. Malaprop. She
 walked into the office of the judge of

probate and inquired, "Are you the
 judge of reprobates?" "I am the judge
 of probate," was the reply. "Well,
 that's it, I expect," quoth the lady.
 "You see, my husband died detested
 and left me several little infidels, and I
 want to be appointed their execu-
 tioner."—*Boston Budget.*

"Mrs. Upjohn, it isn't true, is it, the
 story the neighbors are telling that you

are five or six years older than your
 husband"— "Mrs. Brodweigh, there is
 only one person living who has a right
 to ask me that question." "For mer-
 cy's sake, who is it?" "Li Hung-
 Chang."—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Labor Sketch:—"Jenny," called out
 Mrs. Wilson to her beautiful daughter
 upstairs, "I've got the washing ready
 for you to hang out." Then Miss Jenny
 put aside the novel she was reading,
 rolled up the sleeves from her lovely
 white arms, and going down-stairs filled
 her pretty mouth with cloth-pins and
 hung out the clothes just as young
 McGarrigan went by to his dinner. The
 engagement will be duly announced.

The absent-minded man.—Prof. Pot-
 terby—Any letters for me? Delivery
 Clerk—What name, please?—Prof. Pot-
 terby—Why—er—blessed if I have not
 forgotten it. I am always forgetting
 something. If my wife were here—Mrs.
 Socrates Potterby, you know—she could
 tell you in a minute but I can't think of
 it to save my life.—*Indianapolis
 Journal.*

One of the first things that a child
 learns in a family where there are smal-
 ler children, is to be very efficient in
 the management of those other chil-
 dren. One small boy, aged three, had
 a sister, aged nearly two, who has a
 propensity for upsetting her mother's
 spool basket. For this offense she has
 had to be corrected several times, and
 her brother has become aware of the
 enormity of the offense. Recently the
 mother heard a terrible uproar in her
 room, where the children were together,
 and going in to see what was the mat-
 ter, found the little girl weeping, while
 the boy, looking very conscious of vir-
 tue and radiant with efficiency, said:
 "She tipped over the 'spool basket',
 Mamma but she's all 'panked'!"—*Sel.*