

THE COUNTY RECORD.

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A little mental arithmetic, based on naval figures sent from Washington, serves to show that the three rear-admirals senior to Dewey will all be retired by the age limit before the opening of next year, so that by January 1 the hero of Manila will be the ranking officer of the service. That is one thing the Spaniards have done to him, to offset several things he did to them.

According to a report to the State Department by Consul-General Govey, at Yokohama, in regard to foreign residents of Japan, it appears that Japan has been gradually getting rid of the assistance of foreigners. Throughout recent years the British have numerically predominated. Of 567 foreigners, for instance, who were in the employ of Japanese, both government and private, 227 were British, 203 Americans, 44 French, 49 Germans, 7 Dutch, 5 Swiss, 2 Russians and 2 Italians.

Russia ranks among the nations of least natural aptitude for the modern mode of fighting, says the Chicago Times-Herald. This is a fact that is overlooked in the discussion of the great world war, now supposed to be imminent. Whether we contemplate the outbreak as a promiscuous struggle among nations, or as the final contest for supremacy between the two races, the Anglo-Saxon and the Slav, the enormous power of Russia must be taken with this limitation. It may be true that the Slav is to dominate the world. But if so it will be through first an alliance with part of the great machine-fighting nations against the others, and afterward divisions among those allies themselves.

A report issued by the British Foreign Office says: "So far as Great Britain is concerned, the most disturbing feature of the Japanese trade of last year was the immense strides made by American competition. The value of United States imports rose \$5,128,195, or fifty-seven per cent., while those from Great Britain were only \$1,662,440, or five per cent. higher than in 1896. In the latter year we held thirty-six per cent. of the import trade into Japan; last year the proportion had fallen to twenty-nine per cent. Germany is not making headway. In 1890 the value of United States goods entering Japan was only \$6,874,531; last year it had risen to \$27,030,537. In the same space of time British imports grew from \$26,019,102 to \$65,402,266. Thus the American rate of increase has been, roughly, fourfold, while ours has been only two and a half fold."

Under the heading "Justice for the Navy" the Army and Navy Journal makes comparisons of pay of officers in the naval and military service, showing that the latter are the better paid. The pay of naval officers varies somewhat, according to the nature of the service. The table as given by the Army and Navy Journal is as follows:

Rear-Admiral.....	\$4,000 to \$6,000
Commodore.....	3,000 to 5,000
Captain.....	2,800 to 4,500
Commander.....	2,300 to 3,500
Lieutenant-Commander.....	2,000 to 2,800
Lieutenant.....	1,200 to 2,400
Ensign.....	1,000 to 1,400

The pay of the corresponding officers of the army is:

Major-General.....	\$7,500
Brigadier-General.....	5,500
Colonel.....	4,500
Lieutenant-Colonel.....	4,000
Major.....	3,500
Captain.....	2,800
Second-Lieutenant.....	1,500

A comparison of these figures shows that the highest pay in the naval service is less than the regular pay to officers of corresponding rank in the military service. The Army and Navy Journal, without reflecting on the army, points out that almost everything that has been actually accomplished thus far in the war has been done by the navy. It thinks such good service should be recognized by Congress by having the pay of naval officers made equal to that of the army officers. This is a demand that will strike the public as just. The American Navy has always given a good account of itself. Its recent achievements should bring substantial reward in the form of increased salaries, so that the pay of naval officers shall equal that of officers in the military service.

When there is a story "ou" a man, how he wishes he could censor the news, as the government does at Key West!

FIELDS OF ADVENTURE.

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

A Prairie Episode Which Illustrates the Difference Between Meeting a Wild Animal With a Repeating Rifle and an Old Flint Lock.

In the "highfalutin" language of an older time, William J. Snelling, a journalist and explorer of the early part of the century, once related an adventure on the prairies which is interesting not only for the singularity of its incidents, but as an illustration of the difference between meeting a wild animal with a modern repeating rifle and with an old flint-lock.

Snelling was engaged in his explorations in Minnesota in winter, and was out on the prairie with his flint-lock rifle. He espied a big bull buffalo in the distance, and was filled with a desire to shoot it. He succeeded in creeping up on the animal, and gave it a shot.

He seemed to have wounded it, but not very seriously, for the bull immediately charged upon him at a terrible pace. Snelling ran at the top of his speed, but he could see that the bull was running faster. His gun—useless now, of course—embarrassed him, and he threw it away. On came the buffalo. Snelling looked in vain for shelter; there was neither rock nor tree in sight. In another moment he was likely to be overtaken.

Just then he came upon one of those little ponds which in winter, particularly after a rainy autumn, abound on the western prairies. It was frozen solidly, and the ice was snowless and smooth. Snelling had heard that a buffalo could no more run on ice than a pig can, and he felt now that his deliverance was at hand.

He sprang upon the ice. The buffalo did not follow. The pond was only a few yards in diameter, and the bull kept walking around it. The man could only keep as near the center as possible. He grew terribly cold, but still the bull walked around the pond, with horns down.

Some drops of blood revealed the fact that the animal was wounded; but he continued to walk around the pond for four hours. Snelling wished that he had kept his gun. He was sure to freeze to death soon. Night was coming on. He wondered if the buffalo would go away when darkness fell. The animal did not wait so long, but just before the sun set, he gave a loud bellow, and heavily marched away.

Snelling waited until he felt sure that the buffalo had reached a sufficient distance, and then made for his gun. He got it, and followed the buffalo. Then he saw that the animal was reeling. His shot had, after all, taken effect, though the effect was long delayed.

At last Snelling saw the animal fall. Meantime the weather had grown bitterly cold. He must build a fire or die, for he was twenty miles from camp. He now discovered that, in his run from the buffalo, he had lost the marten-skin in which he carried his flint, steel and tinder.

But he had sometimes made fire by picking the flint of his gun. He now essayed to do this with his knife. He struck at the flint, and with the first blow knocked it out of its place and ten feet away in the snow. He searched for it in vain. It was now almost dark.

He heard the howl of wolves in the distance, and felt sure that he should soon furnish a meal for them. But suddenly a thought occurred to him: Why not wrap himself in the skin of the buffalo?

He fell upon the animal's carcass in an instant, and with a few strokes had the hide stripped off. It was thick and heavy—too heavy for him to lift entire. But dragging it away from the carcass, which was sure to attract wolves, he rolled himself in it, with the fur inward, and lay down on the prairie, confident, he says, that "neither Jack Frost nor the wolves could get at him, through an armor thicker and tougher than the seven-fold shield of Ajax."

All night the wolves howled, but they made no attack on the prostrate man, nor did the intense Northwestern cold freeze him. Next morning he rose and, picking up his flintless gun, and leaving the buffalo's hide where he had slept, made his way home.

The Making of a Good Indian.

"You, gentlemen, who have served in southwestern Texas," related a jolly West Point Captain, around a Cuban empire, "have seen the Seminole Afro-Indian scouts. In the early eighties, when I was a Lieutenant, my regiment was stationed at old Fort Clark, and was assigned to command these same scouts. They were a motley crowd, half African, half Indian, and a glance over their muster roll would reveal such euphonious names as Ben July, Pompey Perriman, Jim Warrior, and Friday Bowlegs. Black as solid hunks of ebony, and as fond of whiskey as a baby is of milk, they were, nevertheless, the finest trailers and scouts on earth.

"Southwestern Texas at that time was a pretty wild stretch of country. Civilization stopped at San Antonio, and the duty of these Afro-Indians was to keep that border free from smugglers, marauding parties, and hostile Indians. The men had had a good many sharp brushes with the redskins, and when they were warmed up with liquor they liked to tell of these affairs. The commander at Fort Clark was a little skeptical about these Indian stories, and one day he said to me in a joking way: 'I don't believe there is an Indian in West Texas, and I'll give \$50 to any man in your command who will bring in a dead redskin.'"

"There was one Mexican in command, Julian Longonio, and he was one of the best trailers the Southwest ever saw. Longonio heard the Col-

onel's remark and his beady eyes snapped as he turned away. For myself I thought no more of it until it was forcibly recalled to my mind some time later. The next day we left Fort Clark for a scouting trip. At Newton, where the Los Moras empties into the Rio Grande, Longonio rode up and asked permission to cross the river. Fancying that he wanted to visit some friends, and knowing that there was no immediate need of his services, I readily gave my consent. The greaser swam his pony across the river and disappeared in the chaparral. The next I saw of him was two days later, when I rode into Fort Clark for my mail. In the afternoon Longonio rode down the officers' line and stopped in front of the Adjutant's office. Several officers were standing around and gazed in open-mouthed astonishment at sight of the Mexican with a dead Indian behind him. He refused to answer any of their queries and asked for 'El Colonel.' Hearing the commotion the Colonel came out, and before he could say anything Julian cut the rope that bound the Indian to his saddle, threw the corpse on the porch at the Colonel's feet, and in that soft, drawing voice so peculiar to the Mexicans, said:

"'Cin cuenta pesos, Senior el Colonel.'"

"Well, the Colonel was so thunder-struck at first that he was speechless, but recovering himself presently, he gave Longonio such a talking to as I never heard before or since. The Mexican sat like a sphinx on his horse, pretending not to understand English, and when the Colonel was through, he simply pointed to the dead Indian and again said:

"'Cin cuenta pesos, Senior el Colonel.'"

"He got his 'cin cuenta pesos' finally, but the Colonel intimated that if he ever caught him around there again he'd have him shot. Longonio pocketed the money and rode away with a broad grin on his face to regain the Indian first, and started to bring him in alive, but after dragging him a mile over the cactus plain, poor Lo's spirit fled and another dead Indian was made a good one by way of the Paradise valley route."—New York Sun.

A Battle Incident.

There is some quality in the inhabitants of the British Islands which not only leads them to become good soldiers, but makes it a point of honor for those of them who are officers to render brave personal services to the men under their command. It is seldom that one hears of any such incident among European Continental armies as the following which is related in connection with a recent fight in the Khyber Pass, in Afghanistan; the Continental officer feels himself under obligation to carry wounded soldiers on his back.

Colonel Plowden's command formed a part of General Hamilton's rear-guard, and had to cross a bit of exposed ground swept by the tribesmen's fire.

Here three men were struck by bullets; two of them could walk, but the third was disabled. No surgeon was present, and Colonel Plowden himself dressed the man's wounds.

After this the men had to retire across the exposed ground, and Corporal Bell was killed. Colonel Plowden, Lieutenant Owen and Lieutenant Fielden carried the dead man up a hill; and by and by the command had to cross another exposed spot. Somebody was sure to be hit now; it happened to be private Butler, and the ball struck him in the leg, so that he could not walk. Captain Parr dressed his wound and Lieutenant Carter took the wounded man on his back and carried him.

But alas! midway of the exposed ground poor Butler, as he lay on the Lieutenant's back, was struck again, and the force of the ball knocked the heavily-laden young officer down. He got up and once more shouldered his burden, and when Lieutenant Fielden came to his aid, and together these officers carried Butler to a place of safety. Then it was found that he was dead as the result of the second shot.

Meantime Colonel Plowden and Lieutenant Owen were carrying Corporal Bell's body across the dangerous ground, and both of them were wounded in doing so. They struggled on in spite of their wounds, and reached cover with their sad burden.

Such incidents bring the soldier near to his officer, and make him readier even than he might otherwise be to lay down his life for his country and his commanders.

Modest Hero's Work.

A number of boys were playing on the bridge which spans the river at Poms River, N. J., when Martin Schwartz, eight years old, was dared to cross the structure outside the guard rail. Boy like, he took up the challenge, and was accomplishing the feat when another boy thumped his hands. He let go of the guard rail and fell into the stream. The water at this point is about twenty feet deep, and the boy came up for the last time just as Mr. Bush, of Elmhurst, was crossing the bridge to take the train for New York. Mr. Bush sprang over the rail, grabbed the lad, swam with him to shore, left him in the hands of the excited crowd that had begun to gather, and with his clothes dripping wet ran for his train, which he caught as it moved out of the station.

Burglar-Proof Safes.

The best burglar-proof safes are made of alternate layers of hard and soft metal, which are welded together. This combination will not yield to either drill or sledge hammer.

The mining laws of the republic of Mexico insure the prospector full protection and enjoyment of anything valuable he may find.

GOOD ROADS NOTES.

Bad Roads and Feuds.

Hayden Brook, a young mountaineer, who lives in Laurel County, Kentucky, and has been a student at the State College in Lexington for three years, was asked recently what, in his opinion, caused mountain feuds. He hesitated before answering, but he finally said:

"Bad roads. You see, our roads are so bad that a four-horse team can haul only 2500 pounds of goods from London to Manchester. This can be done only during the summer and fall months. In the winter and spring it is impossible to haul empty wagons over this road, and the mail has to be carried on pack mules. We are therefore shut off from the world during at least five months in the year, and when we do have communication, it is so slow and costly that many of our people have never seen a railroad train, and know nothing about cities. These bad roads prevent our children from going to school during the winter months and the result is that we have a great deal of illiteracy. The mails are few and necessarily slow, so that we are entirely out of touch with the world and all that is going on in it. Freights are also very high. It costs thirty-five cents a hundred pounds to haul freight from London to Manchester, and to Hyden, the county seat of Letcher County, it costs seventy-five cents a hundred.

"Owing to the poor roads, very little work can be done in the winter, and the enforced idleness breeds ignorance and crime. Many of our people spend their dreary winter days and nights in making and drinking moonshine whiskey, and this often results in shootings and killings, and often starts feuds. If we had better roads we would have more and better schools, there would be fewer illiterates, and our people would have something else to think about besides shooting and killing. We have many bright young people in the mountains, but they have no opportunities and the bad roads keep them at home, so they usually drift into feuds and often become outlaws. Bad roads are the bane of the mountains and they cause all the feuds."

The Rev. J. J. Dicke, a Methodist minister, who has been working among the mountain people, of Kentucky, for fifteen or twenty years, and who has studied their character closely, thinks the only hope of the people in the mountain part of the State lies in more education and better roads. It has been suggested to use the convicts in building highways through the mountains, instead of allowing them to remain in the penitentiaries engaged in pursuits which keep thousands of workmen who are not criminals from having employment. Putting the convicts to work on the roads of the mountains would present a curious spectacle.

As there seem to be so many different opinions as to the causes of the feuds in Kentucky, it is to be inferred that they are the result of various causes, which the persons interviewed have clearly pointed out. A concerted effort will be made at the next session of the Kentucky Legislature to have roads built through the mountains by the convicts.

It is believed that good roads and good schools will relegate the "forty-five" to the rear.—New York Sun.

The Movement in Canada.

Good-road making and the wide agitation therefor in the United States have attained sufficient importance to serve as a stimulus, or at least as a good example, across the northern boundary. The road inspector of the province of Ontario dwells in his report on the progress of the reform here in an endeavor to arouse interest there. That interest is lacking is evident from the detailed reports from existing conditions. Summarizing these, the inspector says: "A century ago the roads of Ontario such as existed, and they were very few, were mere trails. To-day, notwithstanding the amount of money and labor placed on them, the majority are a little better than trails. This criticism may seem overdrawn to those who drive over some of the best gravel roads during the summer season, but if the journey had to be made in the fall or spring, the rainy seasons, its fairness would become more apparent. From the middle of October until the end of December, and from the first of March to the middle of May, a period of five months, by far the greatest part of the mileage of the province is mud, ruts and pitch-holes. This may vary somewhat at the more northerly and more southerly parts of the province, but it is the general rule of the average year. Of this period of five months there are at least two months of the year when the roads are practically impassable for loads. From the middle of November until the middle of December, from the middle of March until the middle of April the agricultural trade of the country is practically cut off. For the remaining three months of the five the roads are barely passable." The estimated loss to the province by the absence of good roads the inspector estimates at \$651,576,000, capitalized at three per cent.—New York Post.

Will Help to Reduce Taxes. The wide-tire measure passed by the New Jersey legislature was due, says Assemblyman Crispin, its originator, to "its inestimable value to the taxpayers who were constantly being called upon for increased appropriations for road improvements, by both the farmers and bicyclists, which call would be unnecessary if the broad tire was adopted, as it would be of a two-fold service; first, in making the roads hard and smooth; second, in doing away with the complaint from

bicyclists that the heavily loaded farm wagons cut the road to pieces—besides lessening the annual appropriation for the roads about fifty per cent."—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Notes. It is suggested that the Government put wide tires on the army wagons.

Street pavements need to be something more than hard and durable. They should be smooth, noiseless and easily cleaned and repaired.

Water should not be allowed to stand along the roadside. Ditches should be kept clear and open in order to carry it off quickly, as it is liable otherwise to find its way under the road-bed.

Steel tracks are claimed to make the most perfect surface known; after it comes crushed stone, on which five times the power is required to haul a load; then gravel, requiring ten times the power; and, finally, common earth, requiring twenty times.

The Sagacity of a Dog.

A wonderful story is told of the sagacity of a dog in connection with the warlike incidents of Chickamauga Camp. This dog had been adopted in a wealthy Columbus (Ohio) family. He became a great favorite with all the members of that family, especially with the youngest son. Meanwhile the war with Spain broke out and the eldest son, a member of one of the regiments, O. N. G., went to the front and reached Chickamauga Camp. He had been away from home but a short time when the owner of the dog called and claimed his property.

It was reluctantly given up, and the youngest boy especially was loth to part with his pet. For pet he was, although by nature fierce, for he was a black-eyed full-blooded bulldog. The other day this youngest son left for Chickamauga Camp to visit his brother, previous to his departure to Tampa and the seat of war. He was at breakfast one morning in one of the taverns about the camp, with an eager appetite, when he felt something tugging at his trousers. He thought it might be a cat or some other treacherous quadruped. He paid no attention to it for a while, but the tugging became more violent, and looking under the table, what did he see there but his old canine pet, the black-eyed bulldog, apparently tickled to death that his master had finally consented to recognize him.

There was not much breakfast for the boy after that. He gave the dog all he had left of his breakfast and ordered some extra meat for him besides. Meanwhile the owner of the dog came upon the scene, and learning the facts from the son of his old friend, consented to have the animal returned where, for so long a time, he had enjoyed a comfortable home.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Deer Hunting With Eagles.

The berkute or bearcoote, the golden eagle, is trained and used by the natives of Tartary and the Kirghis steppes for hunting foxes, wolves, boars and deer. Mr. Harting quotes this description from Atkinson: "We had not gone far when several large deer rushed past a jutting point of the rocks and bounded over the plain about 300 yards from us. In an instant the bearcoote was unhooded and his shackles removed, when he sprang from his perch and soared into the air. I watched him ascend as he wheeled round, and was under the impression that he had not seen the animals; but in this I was mistaken. He had now risen to a considerable height and seemed to poise himself for a minute.

"After this he gave two or three flaps with his wings and swooped off in a straight line toward his prey. I could not perceive that his wings moved, but he went at a fearful rate of speed. I gave my horse his head and a touch of the whip; in a few minutes he carried me to the front, and I was riding neck and neck with one of the keepers. When we were about 200 yards off the bearcoote struck his prey. The bearcoote had struck one talon into his neck, the other into his back, and with his beak was tearing into the animal's liver."—Forest and Stream.

Business Life in Manila.

The average day of a foreigner engaged in business in Manila is something as follows: A bath in the early morning and then a light breakfast. At seven o'clock the men go to their business offices and work until twelve, when offices are closed and everybody takes a two hours' rest, during which luncheon is served, and then a short siesta taken. From two o'clock until six or seven business is carried on as in the morning; even the banks keep open until five o'clock. When business is over for the day, the employees put on fresh white clothes and help to swell the throng of people who promenade the streets, so that they are almost impassable. At eight o'clock everybody is at dinner, which is the social function of the day. The staple food is rice, which is eaten by rich and poor alike. Chicken is always served at dinner, and native fruits. All the potatoes that the Europeans get come from China, and all the wheat and flour from California. The apples are brought from Hong Kong, and sell at from ten to fifteen cents apiece. The cost of living for a European is very high on account of the extremely heavy duties imposed by Spain.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Provisioning a Big Steamer.

The quantity of food used in a twenty days' trip per an ocean greyhound, Bombay to London, with about 550 passengers, consists of: Eggs, 32,000; meat, 23,000 pounds; vegetables, 8200 pounds; potatoes, nine tons; ducks, 1200; game and poultry, 1400 head; fish, 11,000 pounds; flour, 44 barrels.

GOD'S MESSAGE TO MAN.

PREGNANT THOUGHTS FROM THE WORLD'S GREATEST PROPHETS.

"Unto Me"—The Sin of Magnifying Thine—Christian Soul the Lord's Garden—The Doors of Human Life—Overcoming the World—God's Guidance.

A wail upon the cheerless, wintry street, Breasting the driving snow, the soathing sleet, Hungered, with pale, wan face and shoeless feet; I heard a whisper: "Help her! Pity her!" I passed her by!

A little lad, threading the city's ways, Guileless of heart, with pure and trustful gaze, Yet heedless of the countless snares that maze Concealed. "Oh, speak to him!" the whisper said. I passed him by!

My neighbor lay upon a couch of pain; Through weary days and sleepless nights in vain. She longed for gentle ministry, for strain Of soothing song, for breath of fragrant bloom. I passed her by!

And yet, "Oh, had I wealth beyond compare, Or noble talents, Lord, or genius rare, Some glorious work how gladly would I dare. To prove my ardent love for Thee!" I cried. Misaken!

That night in dream my Saviour said to me, Thou lovest me? Alas! how can it be? Thrice hast thou passed me by! Canst thou not see That, in the humblest little one, myself Thou passest by?" —Meta E. B. Thorne.

The Sin of Magnifying Trifles.

The sin of magnifying trifling matters is very common. Most of us regard it as a weakness rather than a sin. Certainly it is a weakness. But it also is a sin. It involves self-deception and often the deception of others. It is a violation of truth. It means the substitution as an object of thought and endeavor of something of little consequence for something of real importance, as if their actual value were reversed. It causes distorted views of life, misdirected effort, unsatisfying results and mental and spiritual unhappiness. They who are guilty of it soon lose the confidence of others in some measure because it becomes evident that their judgment cannot be trusted, even if nothing worse is the result. More is involved than the mere loss of the habit of accuracy. The habitual lack of just discrimination, the growth of a weakened and misleading sense of proportion—these affect the moral quality of life. Evils lose something, if not the whole, of their sinful quality and the good is not sure of being recognized and honored for what it is. It is hard enough to do right when we know clearly what the right is. But when we have allowed ourselves to look upon minor matters as vital, it becomes much more difficult to be sure of duty and to do it. This sin is peculiarly objectionable also because it is so undignified to magnify petty things into importance. There are sins which, without ceasing to condemn them, we nevertheless recognize as characteristic of great and noble natures. But this is not one of them. It is mean and contemptible. It deteriorates character rapidly and mischievously, and its influence is wholly and lastingly evil, excepting when it serves, as it sometimes may, as a warning. It causes needless worry, inexcusable peevishness and prey-ous ill-temper, and it goes far to hide others to the honorable and Christlike efforts which one makes. It is especially likely to be a temptation to those whose lives centre chiefly in some single sphere of action, the home, the schoolroom, the office. It is to be corrected by the sturdy refusal to be petty, by the cultivation of large and noble views of life and truth, by an effort to be exact in judgment and in speech, and by prayerful, loving imitation of Jesus Christ.

Christian Soul the Lord's Garden.

The Christian soul is a garden of the Lord's planting, a bit of soul-territory reclaimed by recuperative processes from the surrounding devastations of sin, and only maintained in freshness and fruitfulness by a method of spiritual irrigation, by the constant waterings of prayer, praise and meditation. We are not of those who believe that by some process of fanciful evolution human nature can be characterized by a few traces of grace of character, but that such moral beauty comes of the watering of the divine down into the human heart, establishing there a root of grace which will blossom later. The spices of superior virtue are never found in gardens where there has been previously no moral planting by a Divine Husbandman. . . . Among these "chief spices" of a gracious character may be mentioned the frankness of a worshipful spirit; the splendor of generous beatings which express in loving alacrity upon the person and work of Him who is altogether lovely; the myrrh and aloes of a tender sympathy, which is laid with soothing touch upon perished hopes and broken hearts; the camphire or henna of a Christian cheerfulness, which brightens all things with its ruddy hopefulness; the cinnamon of an intelligent willingness, sweet reasonableness, which is pure, gentle and easy to be entreated; the stimulating saffron of an alert enterprise, a spiritual resourcefulness, and the calamus of a delicate tact, careful consideration of the peculiarities and feelings of others. There are latent in every believing heart many fragrances of faith, which ordinary occasions do not evolve and exhibit. The spice trees must be blown upon by the exciting gales of mercy, or the rays of the violet beatings of disciplinary visitation, that the pincushions of piety may be sensed.—S. Y. Observer.

The Doors of Human Life.

God has many doors into human life. Some are grand portals, which seem not unworthy of the visitor—days of pentecost, or of the burning bush, when the surroundings seem to bear witness to His presence. But He comes also by all sorts of unobtrusive, every-day and insignificant entrances, to mingle the grace of His presence with the humdrum duties and work-a-day employments of His people. He can help a woman to nurse a sick child, or a laborer to plow a clay field, or certainly as a martyr to bear the fire, or an apostle to preach the Word. He rejects lovingly our measures of great and small, that He may infuse His greatness into the petty duties and patientness of His people's lives. He owns the cup of cold water given for His sake as simply as the surrender of an estate to His service. Let us not, therefore, be Christians as to the few great things of our lives and atheists as to the many small things which fill up a far greater space of them. God is in both, waiting for the glory we can give Him in them.—S. S. Tines.

Overcoming the World.

Overcoming the world implies overcoming a state of worldly anxiety. Worldly men are almost necessarily in a fever of anxiety lest their worldly schemes should fail. But the man who gets above the world gets above this state of ceaseless and corroding anxiety.—Charles G. Finney.

God's Guidance.

God stirs many men's spirits; some listen and act; some listen and turn away to their own selfish dreams. Oh, what a difference! It is the action, not the inaction that shows the man.—Pilgrim Teacher.