

THE STRAIN OF WORK.

Best of Backs Give Out Under the Burden of Daily Toil.

Lieutenant George G. Warren, of No. 4 Chemical, Washington, D. C., says: "It's an honest fact that Doan's Kidney Pills did me a great deal of good, and if it were not true I would not recommend them. It was the strain of lifting that brought on kidney trouble and weakened my back, but since using Doan's Kidney Pills I have lifted 600 pounds and felt no bad effects. I have not felt the trouble come back since, although I had suffered for five or six years, and other remedies had not helped me at all."



For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Nothing beats a good wife—except a bad husband. So. 14.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2.00 bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 531 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

A bee that works only at night is found in the jungles of India. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

In 1890 the last instance of boiling to death took place in Persia.

Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullen is Nature's great remedy—Cures Coughs, Croup and Consumption, and all throat and lung troubles. At druggists, 50c, 50c, and \$1.00 bottles.

Wildcat Jumps on Engine. While Engineer Ed White and Fireman Harry Ahern were speeding through the Palisades Canyon with a freight train at night they were startled by a large wildcat landing suddenly on their engine.

The animal emitted a blood curdling cry as it landed, and when the dust cleared away they saw the angry beast only a few feet away glaring at them. The two men seized weapons with which to beat off the animal, but it made no show of flight, leaping from the flying train to the ground. It rolled a dozen feet before it stopped, but apparently it was unhurt as it scampered away immediately.—Winneconna Correspondent Sacramento Bee

A nickel's worth of religion is likely to be all used up before you get to the church door.

OPERATION AVOIDED

EXPERIENCE OF MISS MERKLEY

She Was Told That an Operation Was Inevitable How She Escaped It

When a physician tells a woman suffering with ovarian or womb trouble that an operation is necessary, the very thought of the knife and the operating table strikes terror to her heart, and our hospitals are full of women coming for ovarian or womb operations.



There are cases where an operation is the only resource, but when one considers the great number of cases of ovarian and womb trouble cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound after physicians have advised operations, no woman should submit to an operation without first trying the Vegetable Compound and writing Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice, which is free.

Miss Margaret Merkley of 275 Third Street, Milwaukee, Wis., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:— "Loss of strength, extreme nervousness, shooting pains through the pelvic organs, bearing down pains and cramps compelled me to seek medical advice. The doctor, after making an examination, said I had ovarian trouble and ulceration and advised an operation. To this I strongly objected and decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. The operation quickly healed, all the bad symptoms disappeared and I am once more strong, vigorous and well."

Ovarian and womb troubles are steadily on the increase among women. If the monthly periods are very painful, or too frequent and excessive—if you have pain or swelling low down in the left side, bearing down pains, leucorrhoea, don't neglect yourself. Try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Advertisement for On the Trail with a Fish Brand Pommet Slicker, featuring a fisherman illustration and product details.

Advertisement for A. J. Tower Co. featuring a bicycle illustration and company information.

Advertisement for PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION, featuring a bottle illustration and medical claims.

HE ALWAYS TOLD THE TRUTH.

By Anne H. Woodruff.

"I'm not very quick to learn, nor 'promising,' 'twas said; He was not of a brilliant turn, Nor one to 'go ahead;'"

In every way he seemed below the average of boys. In intellect, and "push," and "go," And all that youth enjoys; But no one ever doubted him, Because they knew, forsooth— Yes, even those who flouted him— He always told the truth.

"Unsmooth" and "awkward," how it hurt When on his ears it fell! Who could the fact not controvert, Was sensitive as well. But one there was who sympathized, Who knew right well the youth— His mother this great comfort prized— He always told the truth.

A slow but steady plodder, he, Along the path of life, In business ever seemed to be Behind-hand in the strife; But then he won his fellows' trust, They honored him in sooth— The man unlearned, but noble, just, Who always told the truth. —Ram's Horn.

For the Sake of David.

By Grace Terry

ON DAVID, it strikes me that you are out a great deal of late. I don't approve of boys of your age being out evenings; it leads to bad company, and bad company leads to all kinds of badness. I hope you don't spend your time at the tavern?"

"Son David," a broad-shouldered six-footer, smiled a little, and looked a great deal at these words, which were delivered with a precision and a solemnity of look and tone that made them doubly impressive.

"There's no occasion for any alarm, father; I keep very good company. And as for the tavern, I haven't set foot in it for six months or more."

About the usual hour, David laid aside his book, and putting on a clean collar and a linen coat, fresh from the hands of Aunt Betsey, sauntered down toward the village. This had been his custom for several weeks past, and the old deacon shook his head with a perplexed and somewhat troubled air.

"I suppose the lad finds it rather dull here," he mused; "the house is lonely." And, as he recalled the light of a certain bright eye and a sunny smile, what he had thought of doing "for the sake of David" seemed a not unpleasant thing to do for his own.

"I think I'll go and consult Parson Dunlow," thought the deacon, who, like the generality of mankind, having fully made up his mind on the subject, determined to seek advice, not for the purpose of gaining any additional light, but to strengthen and confirm his own opinions.

The worthy deacon bestowed quite as much time upon his toilet before leaving the house as did "Son David." And if a glimpse of the sprinkling of gray in the hair that he brushed so carefully away from his temples made him somewhat doubtful as to the result of his mission, it was but for a moment. Ought not any woman to be proud of the honor of becoming Mrs. Deacon Quimby, wife of one of the most wealthy and influential citizens of the place, even though his hair might be a little frosty and his form not so erect as when he departed on the selfsame errand thirty years before.

In the weekly prayer meetings, of which he took the lead, the deacon often called himself "the chief of sinners," "an unprofitable servant," and the like, confessing and bewailing the depravity of his heart. But, like a great many other self-styled "miserable sinners," he had a tolerably good opinion of himself after all, making the above confession with an air that seemed to say: "If I, Deacon Quimby, a pillar of the church, and a shining example to you all, can say this, what must be the condition of the majority of those around me?"

He found Parson Dunlow in his study, hard at work upon his next Sunday's discourse. But he was used to interruptions, and had a sincere liking for the worthy deacon, who was his right-hand man in every good work; so, laying down his pen, he shook him warmly by the hand and bade him be seated.

But somehow the deacon found it difficult to get out what he came to say—the words seemed to stick in his throat. But at last he managed to stammer:

"I—I have called, parson, to—to see you about my son, David, whose conduct has occasioned me a great deal of uneasiness of late."

"You surprise me, Brother Quimby; I consider him to be an unusually steady and exemplary young man."

"He has been, parson, very steady indeed—at home every evening, busy with his book or paper. But now he's out most every night, and sometimes don't return until quite late."

A faint smile flickered around Parson Dunlow's mouth, but he was unobserved by the deacon, who resumed:

"The fact is, the boy wants a mother."

"He wants a wife, you mean," was the parson's inward comment, but he said nothing, for he hadn't filled his sacred office a quarter of a century without learning that some things are better thought than spoken.

"It is a very important step," resumed Deacon Quimby, after waiting vainly for the parson to speak, "and—as I think of taking to myself another companion—for the sake of David, I thought I would come and consult you about it."

Here the deacon wiped the perspiration from his forehead, betraying so much hesitancy and embarrassment as to quite astonish the good parson, who, to reassure him, said briskly:

"To be sure, Brother Quimby. And a very good idea it is, too, for yourself, and, no doubt, for your son, David. And I shall be very glad to assist you in the matter. There are many very worthy ladies in the church and vicinity, so that you cannot fail to be suited. There's the Widow Bean; her sons are now men grown and quite off her hands. A most excellent and worthy woman is the Widow Bean."

But the deacon did not seem to receive his suggestion with much favor; he shifted one leg uneasily over the other.

"As you say, parson, the Widow Bean is a most excellent and worthy woman; but—the leadings of Providence don't seem to be in that direction."

"Well, then there is Miss Mary Ann Pease, a member of the church for

many years, and an ornament to her sex and profession. Now that her brother is married again, she is quite at liberty, and will make you a very desirable helpmate."

"True, very true, parson; I have the highest respect for Sister Pease. But—the leadings of Providence don't seem to be in that direction, either."

"The good parson looked puzzled, but, honestly desirous of assisting his visitor, he made another effort.

"Brother Jones has a number of daughters, and either of the two eldest would be—"

"Yes, yes, parson," interrupted the deacon, rather impatiently, "I know that very well. But I think that—for the sake of David, I had better marry some one younger and more lively, and who would consequently be more of a sort of companion for him."

A sudden light broke in upon Parson Dunlow's mind.

"Perhaps you have some one already in view, Brother Quimby?"

"Well, yes, parson, I have sought Divine light, and the leadings of Providence seem to be in the direction of your family; in short, toward your daughter, Miss Emma, whose staid and discreet behavior, I am happy to say, would do honor to more mature years."

It was not the first time, in Parson Dunlow's pastoral experience, that he had known people to mistake the leadings of their own hearts for "the leadings of Providence," but if he had any suspicion that this might be the case with the worthy deacon, he prudently kept it to himself. So, without evincing anything of the dismay and consternation at his heart, he said:

"I cannot fail to realize, Brother Quimby, the high compliment of such a desire. But you remember the words of Rebekah's parents under like circumstances: 'We will call the damsel and inquire at her mouth.' I don't know that we can do better than follow their example."

"Willie," he added, going to the window, "run and tell Emma that father wants to see her in his study."

"She's out company," said the little fellow; "and is going to dive me a new ball if I'll stay out in the yard."

"No matter," said his father, smiling; "you shall not lose the new ball. So run along."

Miss Emma, though very pleasantly engaged, dutifully obeyed her father's summons. She blushed as her eyes fell upon the deacon, to whom she dropped a pretty, deferential courtesy.

"My daughter," said the parson, gravely, "Deacon Quimby informs me that, for the sake of David, he has concluded to take to himself another wife, and that his choice has fallen upon you. I have ever left such matters to you, but you cannot fail to realize the value of such an offer, and I trust you will give it the consideration it demands."

Emma opened her brown eyes widely at this announcement, and then the long lashes fell over them, and lay quivering upon the rosy cheeks. But, unexpected as was the position in which she found herself placed, her woman's wit did not desert her.

"I should be very happy to become Deacon Quimby's wife, papa," she said, demurely, "if I had not already promised, for the sake of David, to do my best to be a daughter to him."

Deacon Quimby was so accustomed to consider his son as a mere boy that it was some minutes before his mind took in the sense of these words.

"Do you mean to say, Miss Emma," he said, at last, regarding the blushing girl with a bewildered air, "that you are going to marry my son?"

"With your permission, sir," responded Emma, with a smile and glance that would have softened a far harder heart than the deacon's. "I have already obtained that of my father."

Deacon Quimby turned his eyes upon Mr. Dunlow, who had been a quiet but interested listener to this.

"Why, David is nothing but a boy, parson."

"He is a year older than you were when you married, deacon," was the smiling response.

"True; so he was."

"I dare say it does not seem possible," continued the parson, "I can hardly bring myself to realize that it is eighteen years ago since my little girl, here, was laid in my arms; but so it is."

As the good deacon looked at the blooming maiden, and remembered how often he had held her, a smiling babe in his arms, the conviction was suddenly forced upon him that that he had been making an old fool of himself.

The rather embarrassing silence that followed was pleasantly broken by David's cheery voice and pleasant smile.

"You seem to have quite a family party," he said, pushing open the door. "So this is where you spend your evenings, young man?" said his father shaking his finger at him, with an air of mock displeasure. "Ah, I see very plain that I shall never be able to persuade my Emma to come and live with me. That say you, my dear?"

"That I will come very willingly, returned the smiling and blushing girl, 'for the sake of David.'—New York Weekly.

During 1904 400 national banks were organized with capital of \$24,504,300.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS



EFFACING WEATHER STAINS.

It is quite easy to remove the ugly green marks caused by damp on stone, tile and brick floors and steps, all that is necessary being a good scrubbing with water in which a small quantity of chloride of lime has been dissolved.

SILVER CLEANER.

Dissolve one ounce of powdered borax in half a pint of boiling water. When cool, pour it on four ounces of precipitated chalk, and beat until smooth. Add thirty drops of ammonia and one egg of alcohol and bottle. Shake well before using.

FOR A WALNUT STAIN.

To make walnut stain for floors, take one quart of water, one and a half ounces of washing soda, two and a half ounces of vandyke brown and a half ounce of bicarbonate of potash. Boil for ten minutes and apply with a brush. This stain may be used either hot or cold.

TO MAKE STARCH.

A good old-time housewife offers the following rule for starch: Mix one tablespoonful of starch with four tablespoonfuls of cold water and pour on the three quarts of boiling water. Boil for twenty minutes. Then add one teaspoonful of salt and a piece of paraffine wax half the size of a nutmeg. Stir until the wax is dissolved, then cool and strain through cheesecloth. To add lustre, soak the articles in this preparation for six hours.

A PILLOW HINT.

Pillows wear out, just like anything else, says a housekeeping authority, even though one may change the tick covering from time to time; the feathers become impregnated with dust and dirt and lose the life that is in all good feathers at first. Then, too, years ago feathers were not prepared, nor pillows made according to the scientific methods that now obtain. A pair of feather pillows bought to-day of a reliable firm, are not at all like the feather pillows of our grandmother's day, as one soon finds, and it would be wise for many a housewife to go through her bed chambers and place new pillows on every bed, renovating the feathers in the old pillows, perhaps, but using them for filling sofa pillows, for which purpose they do very well, but not for affording comfortable rest and sleep at night.

DON'T PROCRASTINATE.

To the woman who would be up with her work, I say, don't leave your dishes unwashed, and don't leave your washing until the last of the week. I know women who most always do this, and it seems their whole household interior is a drag. It seems to me so much better, says a writer in the Florida Agriculturist, to have the washing and ironing done the first of the week; it makes the week longer, seemingly, for other work, and oh, the horrors of ironing on a Saturday, when one always has baking and scrubbing and general cleaning up to do.

I once knew a woman who always left her breakfast dishes unwashed until she had started a fire to get dinner. Then her dinner dishes were left like unto until supper and her supper dishes till the next morning.

It seems to me if I were to begin the day's work with a pile of dirty dishes, well dried and stuck, everything would go wrong all day. Recently a lady told me she had not washed a dish for a whole day, and early the next morning her husband told her she was suddenly called away on business and that she had to go with him. Imagine going away to spend several days, which they did, without enough time given her to wash those dishes. Scarcely anything will tempt me to leave my dishes. I have seen such kitchens, and I think I know whereof I speak when I say the woman who leaves her dishes unwashed is generally behind with her work.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES

Piquante Tomato Soup—The base of this is mulligatawny soup. Drain a cupful of juice from a can of tomatoes, strain through cheesecloth, put over the fire and boil fast ten minutes. Skim, add a tablespoonful of butter rolled in browned flour, and when the soup has boiled stir this into it. After this chop in a hard-boiled egg or egg balls and sliced lemon.

Green Corn Cakes—Drain and chop the corn fine. Beat three eggs very light, add a pint of milk, a little salt, a teaspoonful of melted butter, a teaspoonful of sugar, and when all are thoroughly mixed, three tablespoonfuls of sifted flour, or just enough to hold the corn together. Bake on a griddle as you would buckwheat cakes and serve as a vegetable.

Green Pea Pancakes—Drain a can of peas, lay in slightly salted ice water for half an hour. Pour off the water and boil soft. Rub through a colander, and while hot, work in pepper, salt and two teaspoonfuls of butter. Let them get cold. When ready to cook them, stir in, gradually, two beaten eggs, a pint of milk and a very little flour—just enough to bind the mixture. Cook as you would griddle cakes.

Cinnamon Cakes—Make a firm paste of six ounces of butter, a pound of fine dry flour, three-quarters of a pound of sifted sugar and a dessertspoonful of pounded cinnamon. Add three eggs, or flour, if needed, beat, roll, but not very thin, and cut out the cakes with a tin cutter. Bake them in a very gentle oven fifteen or twenty minutes, or even longer should they not be done all through.

Men will not wipe dishes because they claim it is a woman's work. Let them turn to the Bible, to II. Kings xxi, 13: "I will wipe Jerusalem as I man wipe a dish, wiping it and turning it upside down."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR APRIL 9.

Subject: The Raising of Lazarus, John xi, 28-45—Golden Text, John xi, 25—Memory Verse, 33-36—Commentar on the Day's Lesson.

I. The meeting of Jesus and Mary (v. 32). "When Mary was come," Martha first heard that Jesus was coming, and without notifying Mary, she went to meet Jesus just outside the village. She greeted Him with those words of sorrowful despair—"Lord, if Thou hadst been here my brother had not died." But even then there was a dawn of hope in her heart, from her experience of the power of Jesus. Jesus replied with the assurance that He was "the resurrection and the life," and prepared her for the great work He was about to do. "If Thou hadst been here," These words express the very essence of soul torture at such times. In our affliction we continually echo the if these sisters, saying to ourselves, if we had not done this, or if we had not done that, or if it had not been for our blunder, or that of our friends, or that of our physician, our beloved would not have died. But read verse 4 of this chapter.

II. Christ's compassion (vs. 33-37). "Grieved in the spirit." This is a strange term and is better rendered by the margin of the Revised Version: "was moved with indignation in the spirit." Jesus wept because of the hypocritical and sentimental lamentations of His enemies, the Jews, mingling with the heartfelt sorrow of His loving friend Mary. These self-righteous Jews, now weeping and groaning in professional sorrow with Mary were men who would soon be plotting to kill, not only Jesus, but the restored Lazarus (compare chap. 12:10). "Was troubled." "Troubled Himself."—Marg. R. V. Probably the meaning is that He allowed His deep emotion to become evident to bystanders. 34. "Where—laid him." A question addressed to and answered by the sisters. 35. "Jesus wept." Here the blessed Jesus shows Himself to be truly man; and a man, too, who, notwithstanding His amazing dignity and excellence, did not feel it beneath Him to sympathize with the distressed and to weep with those who wept. After this example of our Lord shall we say that it is weakness, folly and sin to weep for the loss of relatives? 36. "How He loved him." A spontaneous testimony from those Jews of the tenderness of the Son of God.

37. "Could not this man." The miracle of the blind man was referred to because it was of recent occurrence, and in the immediate neighborhood, while the previous miracles of raising the dead (John 7:11-17; 8:41-56) were performed in distant Galilee, about one year and a half before. Several leading commentators think that these Jews were unbelieving and now refer to the healing of the blind man in a deriding manner, suggesting that if He could have done that, then He could have kept Lazarus alive, and real love would have prompted Him to do it if He had power.

III. Words of comfort (vs. 38-40). "Again groaning." Because of the unbelief of the Jews. We never find Him in as much grief over His own sufferings as over the sin of men. "Cometh to the grave." Lazarus was, as became his station, not laid in a cemetery, but in his own private tomb in a cave.

39. "Take ye away the stone." That which could be done by human hand she orders to be done. He would have the bystanders see that Lazarus was actually dead. "He slinketh." Seemingly to forget what Jesus had said to her when she met Him, Martha now thinks only of the condition of her brother's body and objects. The idea of an immediate resurrection does not seem to have occurred to her.

40. "If thou believest." So we see that if these sisters had not possessed hearts of faith, a willingness to believe and obey Christ, this miracle could not have taken place. If faith holds Him as the resurrection and the life, then why doubt when He is near? "Glory of God." Such a revelation of God's power as shall disclose His glory.

41. "Lazarus raised to life (vs. 41-45). "Took away the stone." Martha's faith was well raised and she gave way to Jesus' request. They had accomplished all in their power when the stone was lifted. Jesus now began His part—"Lift up His eyes." An outward expression of the elevation of His mind and to know them who stood by from whence He derived His power. He lifted up His eyes as looking beyond the grave and overlooking the difficulties that arose there.

42. "Thou hast sent Me." Not to destroy men's lives, but to save them. Moses, to show that God sent him, made the earth open and swallow men up (Num. 16:29, 30), for the law was a dispensation of terror; but Christ proves His mission by raising to life one that was dead. 43. "Loud voice." He did not whisper nor mutter as did the magicians. It was the type of that voice like the sound of many waters (Rev. 1:15), at which all who are in their graves shall come forth (John 5:28; 1 Thess. 4:16). He that wept as a man now spoke as a God, "Lazarus." He calls him by name as we call those by their names whom we would wake out of sleep. This intimates that the same individual person that died shall rise again at the last day. 44. "Bound hand and foot." Probably each limb was separately bound, and was the Egyptian custom. "Loose him." He was a healthy, strong man and no longer needed the bandages and winding sheet. 45. "Many believed." The miracle was convincing.

The Strength of Michael Angelo. Michael Angelo relied almost entirely upon form—the form of the figure and of the draperies, writes Charles H. Caffin in St. Nicholas. He told Pope Julian II, when the latter requested him to paint the ceiling of the Sistine chapel at Rome, that he was not a painter, but a sculptor; yet, after he had shut himself up for four years—from 1508 to 1512—and the scaffold was removed, a result had been achieved which is without parallel in the world. Very wonderful is the work which Michael Angelo spread over this vast area of 10,000 square feet. The fact that there are 343 principal figures, many of colossal size, besides a great number of others introduced for decorative effect, and that the creator of this vast scheme was only 33 when he began his work—all this is marvelous, prodigious, and yet not so marvelous as the variety of expression in the figures of which Jeremiah is only one figure, in a small size arch.

It is better to live one verse of the Bible than to be able to preach about them all.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES

APRIL NINTH.

What Does Christ's Life Show us About the Father?—John 14:6-24.

Bible Hints.

God is willing that men should come to Him in any way they can; but they cannot come except through Christ. Many a man saw Christ in the flesh that did not really see Him; and we, if we see Him in the spirit, see Him as really as any man ever saw Him. Christ is not jealous of His disciples. He wants us to surpass His earthly works; He will be disappointed if we do not. When our minds are confused by the doctrine of the Trinity, we may think of the Comforter as "Another"; when we wish to get close to the Holy Spirit, we may think of Him as Christ Himself.

Suggestions. To doubt God's love is to deny Christ's love.

As it is impossible to think of Christ's holding Himself aloof from men, so it has become impossible to think of a distant God. Christ did not emphasize God's power, not because God is not powerful, but because His power constantly discloses and emphasizes itself.

Illustrations. If a man makes an approach to his house, whoever even tries to find another entrance can have only an evil motive. So with those that refuse to come to God by way of Christ.

Christ Himself said that the Father was greater than He. If you look at the sun's image in a mirror, you do not see all of the sun's brightness, but all of it you can endure. Christ was the great ocean of God's love flowing into the little bay of our humanity; the same great tide that pulses in the ocean enters the bay.

Christ is a pencil of light entering a closely darkened room. Place the telescope of faith in the path of the light, and you can see all of the sun it is possible to see from the earth.

Questions. Am I studying Christ's life with the eager desire to know more of God? Am I getting closer to God every day of my life? Am I permitting any barrier to come between myself and Christ?

Selections. Nearer to Thee, O Christ Nearer to Thee! Till we in Thy dear love God's glory see!—Lucy Larcom.

Because Thy love hath sought me All mine is Thine, and Thine is mine. —G. G. Rossetti.

Brother in joy and pain, Bone of my bone was He; Now—intimacy closer still— He dwells Himself in me.

River Postman. It is probable that London has the distinction of being the only port where the ships lying at anchor are privileged to have their letters delivered to them by river postmen, it being customary at other ports for sailors to apply personally for their letters unless the ship is in dock. The Thames is divided into two postal districts, each under the control of a river postman, who delivers letters and parcels every morning in a craft which resembles a fisher boat more than anything else. Of these districts the first extends from the Custom House to Limehouse and the second from Limehouse to Blackwall. The river postmen start on their rounds punctually at 8 o'clock every morning, and, needless to say, there is only one delivery a day. The mail bag may include as many as five hundred letters, but this number is largely increased about Christmas time. As he glides from ship to ship, the postman calls out, "Aho, there!" and hands up the letters attached to a boathook to the waiting crew. It only takes from four to five hours to deliver the mail, so that the postman does not waste much time. In foggy weather, however, it takes considerably longer, owing to the difficulties of finding the various ships, and of steering between the large vessels as they lie at anchor.—New York Herald.

An English physician declares that the eating of flesh meat makes a man immoral. There is no question but the paying for it makes him profane, declares the Washington Post.

EPWORTH LEAGUE

APRIL NINTH.

What Does Christ's Life Show us About the Father?—John 14:6-24.

This chapter was a part of that last discourse of Jesus the night before His crucifixion. We have here the last utterances of the Master. While there is somewhat of disconnection in the themes of the chapter, there runs through it all this plan: to give to the disciples a series of truths which would be a comfort to them in His absence. The various relations existing between Jesus as the Son and the Father form the special thought of our lesson. He has already spoken of "my Father's houses," and of the fact that if they believed in God they should believe also in Him. Now, in answer to the query of Thomas as to the way, he declares that he is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. Jesus is the Way to the Father, he is the Truth that reveals that Father, and he is the Life which comes from the Father.

A study of the verses of our lesson will reveal many interesting relations which Jesus declared exist between the Father and himself. Jesus is the Way to the Father. He says, "If ye had known me, ye should have known the Father. That is, a knowledge of Jesus is a knowledge of God. He is the bridge from man to God. He reveals the Father. He is an incarnation of God. He was the "Word." The use of a word is to interpret an idea. Jesus interprets the Father.

Jesus glorifies the Father. He said, "Whoever you ask in my name will do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son." The gift of the Holy Spirit, and the administrative power of Christ in the Church glorifies God.

Jesus is Intercessor with the Father. He stands at the right hand of God as our advocate. He prays for the Father, and the Father gives the Holy Spirit. We must not separate in our minds the persons of the Godhead, yet there is a sense in which Jesus stands between us and God the Father as Intercessor.

Jesus's Love a Guarantee of the Father's. The manifestation of love to the soul of man is a manifestation of the love of the Father, as well as of the Son and Holy Ghost. The life of Christ, then, shows the Father as Love, answering prayer and manifesting himself to men. It reveals God as just, and yet the justifier of him who believes in Jesus Christ.

PERSONAL GOSSIP. David Rankin, of Tarkio, Mo., is worth \$1,000,000, all made by farming.

D. L. Bingham has been appointed librarian of Manchester, Mass., for his twenty-fourth year.