

## THE REVIEW.

—BY—  
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Melbourne Theosophists have spent \$40,000 in driving a shaft 4,000 feet deep at Red Bluff, St. Kilda, having been assured by Mahatmas that they would find rich deposits of coal there. So far only ocean mud has been found.

Ten thousand dollars and fifty car-loads of corn and wheat was Chicago's gift to Dr. Talmage at two mass meetings held at the Auditorium and Central Music Hall in behalf of the famine sufferers in India. Dr. Talmage's speech at the Auditorium was short but very affecting—and effective also. The great preacher's mission in the West in behalf of the starving Orientals is likely to be successful beyond all of his previous efforts in behalf of suffering humanity.

Touching what are called "the amenities of war," Archibald Forbes remarks in his recent book that much that is said upon the subject is mere humbug. The object of military operations, he points out, is to deal as hard blows against the opposing army as possible, and then to cause so much suffering to the inhabitants of a country that they will long for peace. "War is hell," Sherman once declared; and Sheridan said, "Nothing should be left to the people but eyes to lament."

The law carefully guards the secrecy of the relations between a physician and his patients. Not only is he protected in a refusal to disclose facts thus obtained, but when he tells them for any purpose he is liable to a severe penalty. In such a case just decided in England a complaining patient has been awarded \$60,000 damages against a physician, and the Court ruled that it did not make any difference whether the story was true or false, so far as the question of the defendant's culpability was concerned.

The Victoria Diamond Jubilee association proposes to erect a permanent charity of some kind to commemorate the sixtieth anniversary of Queen Victoria's reign, and asks "the well disposed of all nationalities in the Northwest, but especially those of British birth and descent, to subscribe through its finance committee to a fund for endowing hospital beds in the city of Chicago." Elias Colbert is the president of the association, John Crear secretary, and John R. Walsh chairman of the finance committee.

The Nashville Exposition, according to all accounts, is a really "big show." Not so large and bewildering as the World's Fair, but quite as beautiful, so said, in its way. The architectural and spectacular features are given especial prominence, and with the Chicago Exposition as an "object lesson" the management has succeeded in producing buildings and a landscape well worth going to see. In due time no doubt the Exposition excursion business will open and people with a little surplus cash can hardly do better than to "take it in."

There are a few survivors of the famous Tweed ring but they are now old and obscure and a majority of them reside abroad and spend their ill-gotten gains in foreign lands. Occasionally one of these exiles dies and his body is sent home for interment. The last episode of this character was in the case of Andrew J. Garvey who made \$2,000,000 in plastering contracts under the Tweed ring, \$1,500,000 of which was fraudulent. After the gang were "turned down" Mr. Garvey escaped to England where he has since resided. He died at Southampton, April 3. His body was sent to New York and was placed in the mausoleum he had prepared for himself in the days of his power and wealth. The burial was conducted from an undertaker's establishment and was strictly private. Mr. Garvey is said to have left large bequests to New York charities in his will.

THE NATIONAL SENATE. Some changes in the make-up of the National Senate have been confidently expected by politicians of all parties, as a result of the action of various State Legislatures in filling vacancies occurring on the 4th of March, 1897, but all have been disappointed to a great extent one way or another. The protracted contest in Kentucky has ended and a Republican Senator has been gained, but this does not materially affect the political situation in our "House of Lords." The Senate will now contain forty-three Republicans, thirty-three Democrats and twelve Populists and silver Republicans. The Republicans have not a working majority on all party questions. Senator Kyle is a Populist but will support a Republican tariff bill and it is expected that by counting the Vice-President and Mr. Kyle that the amended Dingley bill will be passed—"in the sweet bye-and-bye." The Florida Legislature, however, is still in a dead-lock over the election of a Senator, but it is believed that a Democrat will be sent in quick if Republicans attempt to re-organize the Senate or try to pass any extreme party measure. Oregon is "short" one Senator—Henry W. Corbett, who was

appointed by the Governor to fill the vacancy caused by the expiration of Mr. Mitchell's term, having so far failed to appear at Washington. The Oregon and Florida Senators will balance each other, however, politically and their arrival will not change the situation. In this connection it may be stated that the election of Senators is a very expensive business sometimes. The Kentucky contest cost the State \$100,000. The Florida Legislature is wasting time in the same foolish way. The Oregon Legislature wasted time and adjourned without electing a Senator owing to factional troubles.

THE UNGRATEFUL GREEKS. The populace in Greece seem to be entirely lacking in what may be termed the spirit of fair play. Public sentiment in that country forced King George into his action in behalf of the Cretan insurgents which brought on the blockade of Grecian ports and the advance of Turkish troops towards the Grecian frontier in Macedonia. Public sentiment again forced the King to dispatch his armies to the frontier with Crown Prince Constantine at their head, and it is but a few weeks since we read of the enthusiasm that prevailed among the people when the armies left Athens with flying colors and brilliant uniforms, all animated with sanguine expectations of great victories and filled with visions of conquest that might extend the somewhat limited boundaries of the ancient kingdom. And yet, no sooner is the news of comparatively trivial reverses received at Athens than we are told that the populace is ready to rise in revolt against their King, and that every preparation for flight had been made by the royal family. Their very lives were in danger from the frantic mobs that scarce a month before had cheered lustily and approvingly when the armies set forth on what proved to be an unlucky, but not necessarily fatal campaign. A new ministry was organized as a compromise to appease these degenerate sons of glorious sires. Evidently the ancient spirit of heroism and undying valor—the grim grit that won the Grecian victories of old against almost any odds—does not survive in the effeminate Greek race of today. It has been said that "Republies are ungrateful." In this case a Kingdom seems to be not only ungrateful but unjust to a ruler who, from this distance, appears to be a man of excellent capacity and many noble traits.

JOHN BULL'S TROUBLES. "Coming events cast their shadows before"—sometimes. The diplomatic complications in Europe continue to indicate serious trouble. Great Britain seems to be the power now likely to be most seriously affected. A combination of the continental powers has entered an emphatic protest against John Bull's policy in South Africa and assumes authority to call a halt to further British territorial extension in that part of the world. Practically the powers have agreed to support President Kruger of the Transvaal if it becomes necessary to repel further British invasion of his territory. It is also stated that Turkey has got warmed up to the fighting pitch in the war with Greece and proposes to assert her authority in Egypt, so long allowed to be a dead letter because of the English occupation of the Khedive's domain in the interests of British bondholders. As John Bull was never known to refrain from conquest or give up a colony without a fight we may expect some interesting war news after the little racket in Macedonia is settled. British gold, however, may, as in the past, bring forth a peaceful solution of all the present difficulties. The English statesmen and English bond-holders of our day form a combination that can hardly be resisted, for all nations of our time are prone to peace. Real wars have been relegated to the junk heaps of the past.

WHAT PLEASES HER. It pleases her to be called a well-dressed woman. It pleases her to be told that she is fascinating.

It pleases her to be told that she impresses a man by her companionship.

It pleases her to depend on some man and pretend she is ruling him.

It pleases her to be treated courteously and with respect, and to be talked to reasonably.

It pleases her to be treated sensibly and honestly, to be consulted and questioned, and not to be treated as a butterfly, with no head nor heart.

It pleases her to be loved and admired by a man who is strong enough to rule and subdue her and make his way her way; to lead her and take care of her.

BATTLED WITH A DEVIL FISH.

Katie Herbruck and Lillian McKeegan of Tacoma went out in a rowboat collecting sea urchins and star fishes in Puget Sound. They were attacked by a devil-fish measuring over twelve feet between the ends of opposite arms. They first noticed it when the octopus thrust an arm into the boat, catching Miss Herbruck by the foot. She screamed and finally slipped off her shoe. The octopus whipped the Sound white and the young women pounded it with the oars and a fish hook.

Finally the octopus twisted an arm about the cross piece in the boat's bow, and headed for sea. This frightened the young women who believed their only hope lay in cutting off this tentacle.

They succeeded in doing this with an oar, after having been towed six miles.

Another stroke killed the monster, which was dragged into the boat.

It weighed 110 pounds.—*Tacoma Special* to New York Sun.

## THE LORD'S RAVENS.

### VARIOUS MEANS BY WHICH GOD SUPPLIES THE WANTS OF HIS CHILDREN.

The Lessons of the Hour As Illuminated by the Providential Feeding of Elijah—Dr. Talmage's Sermon.

Dr. Talmage has returned to Washington after a most remarkably successful tour through the West, and in behalf of the famine stricken of India, speaking in the great corn centers to vast multitudes of people and raising many car loads of breadstuffs and many thousands of dollars. His subject last Sunday was to the last degree appropriate to all who are trying to achieve a livelihood. Text, I Kings xvii, 6, "And the ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning and bread and flesh in the evening."

The ornithology of the bible is a very interesting study. The stork which knoweth her appointed time; the common sparrow teaching the lessons of God's providence; the ostriches of the desert by careless incubation illustrating the recklessness of parents who do not take enough pains with their children; the eagle symbolizing riches which take wings and fly away; the pelican epitomizing solitude; the bat, a flake of the darkness; the night hawk, the osprey, the cuckoo, the lapwing, the osprey, by the command of God in Leviticus, flung out of the world's bill of fare.

There is an incident in my text that baffles all the ornithological wonders of the world. The grain crop has been cut off. Famine was in the land. In a cave by the brook Cherith sat a minister of God. Elijah, waiting for something to eat. Why did he not go to the neighbors? There were no neighbors; it was a wilderness. Why did he not pick some of the berries? There were none. If there had been, they would have dried up. Seated one morning at the mouth of his cave, the prophet sees a flock of birds approaching. Oh, if they were only partridges, or if he only had an arrow with which to bring them down! But as they come nearer he finds that they are not comestible, but unclean, and the eating of them would be spiritual death. The strength of their beak, the length of their wings, the blackness of their color, their loud, harsh "cruck, cruck," prove them to be ravens.

They whir around about the prophet's head and then they come on fluttering wing and pause on the level of his lips, and one of the ravens brings bread, and another raven brings meat, and after they have discharged their tiny cargo they wheel past, and others come, until after a while the prophet has enough, and these black servants of the wilderness table are gone. For six months, and some say a whole year, morning and evening, a breakfast and supper bell sounded as these ravens sang out on the air their "cruck, cruck!" Guess where they got the food from. The old rabbis say they got it from the kitchen of King Ahab. Others say they got their food from pious Obadiah, who was in the habit of feeding the persecuted. Some say that the ravens brought the food to their young in the trees, and that Elijah had only to climb up and get it. Some say that the whole story is improbable, for these were carnivorous birds, and the food they carried was the torn flesh of living beasts, and therefore ceremonially unclean, or it was carrion, and would not have been fit for the prophet. Some say they were not ravens at all, but the word translated "ravens" in my text ought to have been translated "Arabs." So it would have read: "The Arabs brought bread and flesh in the morning and bread and flesh in the evening."

Sentimentalists sit in a cushioned chair, in their pictured study, with their slippers on a damask ottoman, and say that this world is a great scene of avarice and greed. It does seem so to me. If it were not for the absolute necessities of the cases, nine-tenths of the stores, factories, shops and banking houses of the land would be closed tomorrow. Who is that man delving in the Colorado hills, or toiling in a New England factory, or going through a roll of bills in the bank, measuring a fabric on the counter? He is a champion set forth in behalf of some home circle that has to be cared for, in half of some church of God that has to be supported, in behalf of some asylum of mercy that has to be sustained. Who is that woman bending over that sewing machine, or carrying the bundle, or sweeping the room, or mending the garment, or sweltering at the wash-tub? That is Deborah, one of the Lord's heroines, battling against Amalekites want, which comes down with iron chariot to crush her and hers. The great question with the vast majority of people today is not "home rule," but whether there shall be any home to rule; not one of tariff, but whether there shall be anything to tax. The great questions with the vast majority of people are: "How shall I support my family? How shall I meet my notes? How shall I pay my rent? How shall I give food, clothing and education to those who are dependent upon me?" Oh, if God would help me today to assist you in the solution of that problem, the happiest man in this house would be your preacher! I have gone out on a cold morning with expert sportsmen to hunt for pigeons. I have gone out on the meadows to hunt for quail. I have gone out on the marsh to hunt for reed birds; but today I am out for ravens.

Notice in the first place in the story of my text, that these winged caterers came to Elijah direct from God.

"I have commanded the ravens that feed thee," we find God saying in an adjoining passage. They did not come out of some other cave. They did not just happen to alight there. God freighted them, God launched them and God told them by what cave to swoop.

That is the same God that is going to supply you. He is your Father. You would have to make an elaborate calculation before you would tell me how many pounds of food and how many yards of clothing would be necessary for you and your family. But God knows without my calculation. You have a plate at his table, and you are going to be waited on, unless you act like a naughty child and kick and scramble and pound saucily the plate and try to upset things.

God has a vast family and everything is methodized, and you are going to be served if you will only wait your turn. God has already ordered all the suits of clothes you will ever need down to the last suit in which you will be laid out. God has already ordered all the food you will ever eat down to the last crumb that will put in your mouth in the dying sacrament. It may not be just the kind of food or apparel we would prefer. The sensible parent depends on his own judgment as to what ought to be the apparel and the food of the minor in the family. The child would say: "Give me sugars and confects." "Oh, no," says the parent. "You must have something plainer first." The child would say, "Oh, give me these great blots of color in the garment." "No," says the parent. "That wouldn't be suitable."

Notice again this story of the text that the ravens did not allow Elijah to hoard up a surplus. They did not bring enough on Monday to last all the week. They did not bring enough one morning to last until the next morning. They came twice a day and brought just enough for one time. You know as well as I that the great fret of the world is that we want a surplus; we want the ravens to bring enough for fifty years. You have more confidence in the Washington banks or Bank of England than you have in the royal bank of heaven. You say: "All that is very poetic, but you may have the black ravens. Give me the gold eagles." We had better be content with just enough. If in the morning your family eats up all the food there is in the house, do not sit down and cry and say, "I don't know where the next meal is to come from." About 6 or 7 o'clock in the morning just look up and you will see two black spots on the sky and you will hear the flapping of wings, and instead of Edgar A. Poe's insane raven alighting on the chamber door, "only this and nothing more," you will find Elijah's two ravens, or two ravens of the Lord, the one bringing bread and the other bringing meat—plumed butcher and baker.

God is infinite in resource. When the city of Rochelle was besieged and the inhabitants were dying of the famine, the tides washed up on the beach as never before, and as never since, enough shellfish to feed the whole city. God is good. There is no mistake about that. History tells us that in 1855 in England there was a great drought. The crops failed, but in Essex, on the rocks, in a place where they had neither sown nor cultured, a great crop of peas grew, until they filled a hundred measures, and there were blossoming vines enough, promising as much more.

Again, this story of the text impresses me that relief came to this prophet with the most unexpected and with seemingly impossible conveyance. If it had been a robin redbreast, or a musical meadow lark, or a meek turtle dove, or a sublime albatross that had brought the food to Elijah, it would not have been so surprising. But no.

It was a bird so fierce and inauspicious that we have fashioned one of our most forceful and repulsive words out of it—ravens. That bird has a passion for picking out the eyes of men and of animals. It loves to maul the sick and dying. It swallows with voracious gullet everything it can put its beak on, and yet all the food Elijah gets for six months or a year is from ravens. So your supply is going to come from an unexpected source.

You think some great-hearted, generous man will come along and give you his name on the back of your note, or he will go security for you in some great enterprise. No, he will not. God will open the heart of some "Shylock" toward you. Your relief will come from the most unexpected quarter.

The providence which seemed ominous will be to you more than that which seemed auspicious. It will not be a chaffinch with breast and wing dashed with white and brown and chestnut; it will be a black raven.

Here is where we all make our mistake, and that is in regard to the color of God's providence. A white providence comes toward us and we say, "Oh, it is mercy!" Then a black providence comes toward us and we say, "Oh, that is disaster!" The white providence comes to you and you have great business success and you have \$100,000, and you get proud, and you get independent of God, and you begin to feel that the prayer, "Give me this day my daily bread," is inappropriate for you, for you have made provision for 100 years.

Then a black providence comes, and it sweeps away everything, and you begin to pray, and you begin to feel your dependence, and begin to be humble before God, and you cry out for treasures in heaven. The black providence brought you salvation. The white providence brought you ruin.

As the great friend of children stooped down and leaned toward the cradle and took the little one in His arms and walked away with it into the bower of eternal summer, your eye began to follow Him, and you followed the treasure He carried, and you have been following them ever since, and instead of thinking of heaven only once a week, as formerly, you are thinking of it all the time, and you are more pure and tender hearted than you used to be, and you are patiently waiting for the daybreak. It is not self righteousness in you to acknowledge that you are a better man than you used to be. What was it that brought you the sanctified blessing? Oh, it was the dark shadow on the nursery; it was the dark shadow on the short grave; it was the dark shadow on your broken heart; it was the brooding of a great black trouble; it was a raven, it was a raven, Dear Lord, teach this people that white providences do not always mean advancement, and that black providences do not always mean retrogression.

Children of God, get out of your despondency. The Lord never had so many ravens as He has today.

your fret and worry to the winds. Sometimes under the vexation of life you feel like my little girl of four years, who said under some childish vexation, "Oh, I wish I could go to heaven and see God and pick flowers!" He will let you all go when the right time comes to pick flowers. Until then, whatever you want, pray for. I suppose Elijah prayed pretty much all the time. Tremendous work behind him. God has no spare ravens for idlers or for people who are prayerless. I put it in the boldest shape possible and I am willing to risk my eternity on it. Ask God in the right way for what you want and you shall have it if it is best for you.

Mrs. Jane Pathey of Chicago, a well-known Christian woman, was left by her husband a widow with one half dollar and a cottage. She was palsied and had a mother ninety years of age to support. The widowed soul every day asked God for all that was needed in the household, and the servant even was astonished at the precision with which God answered the prayers of that woman, item by item, item by item. One day, rising from the family altar, the servant said, "You have not asked for coal, and the coal is out."

Then they stood and prayed for the coal. One hour after that the servant threw open the door and said, "The coal has come." A generous man, whose name I could give you, had sent—as never before and never since—a supply of coal. You cannot understand it. I do. Ravens! Ravens!

My friend, you have a right to argue from precedent that God is going to take care of you. Has He not done it two or three times every day? This is most marvelous. I look back and wonder that God has given me food three times a day regularly all my lifetime, never missing but once, and then I was lost in the mountains, but that very morning and that very night I met the ravens.

Oh, the Lord is so good that I wish all His people would trust Him with the two lives—the life you are now living and that which every tick of the watch and every stroke of the clock informs you is approaching. Bread for your immortal soul comes today. See! They alight on the platform. They alight on the backs of all the pews. They swing among the arches. Ravens! Ravens! "Blessed are they that hunger after righteousness, for they shall be filled." To all the sinning and the sorrowing, and the tempted, deliverance comes this hour. Look down and you see nothing but your spiritual deformities. Look back and you see nothing but wasted opportunity. Cast your eye forward and you have a fearful looking for judgment and fiery indignation which devour the adversary. But look up, and you behold the whipped shoulders of an interceding Christ, and the face of a pardoning God, and the irradiation of an opening heaven. I hear the whir of their wings. Do you not feel the rush of air on your cheek? Ravens! Ravens!

There is only one question I want to ask: How many of this audience are willing to trust God for the supply of their bodies and trust the Lord Jesus Christ for the redemption of their immortal souls? Amid the clatter of the wheels of the judgment chariot, the whole matter will be demonstrated.

### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Plant a box of parsley and place it on a window sill. You have no idea how many pennies may be saved by having parsley growing in the house. Thyme may also be planted for kitchen decoration.

Before putting towels, etc., in the clothes hamper see that they are properly dried. Frequently servants are blamed for clothes becoming mildewed, when upon inspection it will be found that towels from the bath-room have been carelessly thrown while damp into the general hamper.

When sheets have been in use for some time, do wait for them to begin to split, but cut through the center and turn the outer sides to the center, neatly hem the edge, and the sheet will last nearly as long as a new sheet. Bolster cases should be cut in two and made into pillow cases for common wear.

When sweeping day comes around, dampen several newspapers and spread them over the carpet, leaving about one-quarter of the room uncovered. When done sweeping gather up the papers and the dust adhering will greatly facilitate the dusting of the room. Old papers can also be pinned around plants while the room is being swept.

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