

RELIGIOUS

Cross Bearing with Christ.

I think of the Cyrenian
Who crossed the city gate,
When forth the stream was pouring
That bore Thy cruel fate.

I ponder what within him
The thoughts that woke that day,
As his unchosen burden
He bore that unsought way.

Yet, tempted He as we are!
O Lord, was Thy cross mine?
Am I, like Simon, bearing
A burden that is Thine?

Thou must have looked on Simon;
Turn, Lord, and look on me
Till I shall see and follow
And bear Thy cross for Thee.
—Harriet Ware Hall.

Open Thine Heart."

Let light come into thy heart
And blesst the entrance will be.
The darkness will all depart,
And thou shalt be ever free.

They sorrows shall have an end,
And troubles and fears shall cease;
Jesus, the Lord, will be thy Friend,
And all within shall be peace.

Tokens of love will be seen,
The joy of forgiveness known,
Jesus thy soul will redeem,
And make thee surely His own.

Let light come into thy soul,
And night shall turn into day,
Thou'lt be ev'ry whit whole,
Rejoice in Jesus, the Way.
—D. A. Perrin.

Christianity a Social Necessity.

Lord William Cecil, a son of that Robert Cecil, better known as the Marquis of Salisbury, and was three prime minister of Great Britain, has been in Chicago, an ardent attendant upon the Men's National Missionary Congress.

Lord William Cecil plans for and predicts the conversion of China to Christianity. He argues that as at the Battle of Mukden opened the eyes of the Chinese to the superiority of Western methods of warfare, and as the commercial invasion of China by Western capital and Western industrial methods is persuading the Chinese of the superiority of Western science and organization, so the day is near at hand when the Chinese will be convinced of the superiority of Western religion.

Lord William's wish may tuncure his hope. Like all the Cecils, he is profoundly devoted to religion and is convinced that from the essential superiority of religion flow all the superior consequences of Western civilization.

The late Lord Salisbury was intellectually convinced of the social necessity for Christianity if a people wished to maintain their virtue, their power, their wealth and their welfare. He himself was in another manner as much a scholar as his political rival, Mr. Gladstone. But, whereas the latter was a student of letters and the humanities, Lord Salisbury was a student of modern science. He was no mean amateur in chemistry, and spent his leisure from politics in his private laboratory at Hatfield House.

Lord Salisbury, too, was much of a cynic, not a bit of an idealist, commenced life with few illusions and had none left after a half century spent in political life. Nevertheless, his conviction as to the social necessity of religion was as profound as the similar conviction entertained by the Iron Chancellor of Germany.

Dr. Dorsey, curator of the Field Columbian Museum, writing from Sicily, the ancient Magna Graeca, is struck by the defect in the classic Hellenic character and civilization, which proceeded from the lack of an ethical religion, and he is moved to quote Cicero, the Roman, who, although imbued with the Hellenic culture, perceived the enormous moral lack in the Greek character.

Cicero wrote: "The sacred obligation which lies upon the witness to speak the truth is what that nation has never regarded." That obligation, if anything, is religious, and the history of all mankind attests that without religion the oath becomes but the sign of perjury. Where lying and perjury are rife, justice is impossible, and upon justice rests finally national welfare and power.

Our indebtedness to Greek culture, our obligation to Greek philosophy, our admiration of Greek art, letters and eloquence, supreme as they are, should not blind us to the Greek ethical want, which rendered Greek civilization so rotten at heart that when the push came, the whole fabric toppled to ruin.

Is not Chinese helplessness to-day a moral ineptitude at bottom? The Chinaman, from mandarin to coolie, is practical, all for himself, without ideals of country, or social obligation or virtue. There is no sanctity to his oath, no justice in his courts, no reward for merit, but venality, graft, enshrines the whole organization, from the Peacock Throne to the petty magistrate.

Lord William Cecil is right. A moral religion, such as Christianity, would reinvigorate China. Moreover, in the light of what occurs in America, the question is pertinent whether a re-energy of our people in their religious concepts would not somewhat aid our social salvation.—Minneapolis Journal.

Trust To-Morrow With God.

"Take no thought for the morrow." This is a clause in the secret of un-anxious living and as applied admon-

ishes against sapping worry and ceaseless fretting. Do not look forward to the changes and chances of this life in fear; rather look to them with full hope that as they arise, God, whose you are, will deliver you out of them. He has kept you hitherto, then hold fast to His hand, and He will lead you safely through all things, and when you cannot stand He will bear you in His arms. Neither not look forward to what may happen tomorrow; the same everlasting Father who cares for you to-day will take care of you to-morrow and every day.

God Knows and Cares.

That God knows and that He cares is solid comfort to His children in all their trials. Adversity is one of the modes of our spiritual education. We are subjected to it not as a punishment, but as a discipline. It develops the latent possibilities of our souls. It broadens our sympathies, invigorates our will, illuminates and broadens our spiritual vision. "When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then Thou knewest my path." As says the poet, "The soul upon his errand goes"—traveling the mysterious way of life—"the end we know not, but God knows."

ABANDON JERUSALEM COLONY.

Last of Holy Ghosters Return on the Barque Kingdom.

The return of the barque Kingdom from Palestine with the last of the members of the Shiloh colony at Jerusalem ends the attempt of Frank W. Sanford, the head of the sect, to establish colonies of his faith in Europe, a Portland (Me.) dispatch to the Boston Evening Transcript says.

It is learned that probably there has been no acute suffering among the people of Jerusalem. The first of the delegation from Shiloh to Jerusalem was sent out ten years ago when four people went by passenger steamer to Liverpool and thence to the holy land. Since that time from four to twenty of Sanford's disciples have been kept there, doing missionary work and forming a sort of reception committee for the second coming of Christ, whom they expect, will appear first at the holy city. The colonists have been supported entirely by remittances from the headquarters at Shiloh. Small sums were sent at frequent intervals, but altogether they have amounted only to from \$1,000 to \$2,000. At one time Mr. Sanford had a colony at Liverpool and another at Alexandria, in Egypt. These were abandoned some four or five years ago. At times a few missionaries have been kept at Joppa. The foreign disciples have been kept constantly changing to and from Shiloh and the Liverpool and Alexandria colonies before they were abandoned. The yacht Coronet of the Sanford fleet has made up two trips to Palestine, and the Kingdom has returned from her second. The head of the group at Jerusalem for the past three years has been Ralph Gleason, who has been prominent in the sect since it was founded. There is authority for stating that of the passengers on the Kingdom only thirteen adults are returning from Jerusalem.

A part of these will go to Shiloh and a part will probably be sent to the house of Elim in Boston. Mr. Sanford was ashore the other day, but returned to the ship, which will be taken to South Freeport in a day or two, where the passengers will disembark. Officers of the port who have been aboard the ship say that Sanford had a handsomely furnished cabin and that all his disciples appear contented and well fed. A school has been maintained on board for the children, taught by a young woman, and yesterday the little ones were reciting their lessons as usual.

PROFIT IN WILD FLOWERS.

Beeskeepers Who Realize on Wondrous Flora of Switzerland.

United States Consul R. E. Mansfield, writing of the development which the cultivation of bees has reached in Switzerland, says:

An attractive feature of every Swiss landscape in spring and summer is the beauty of and variety of wild flowers growing in profusion on hillsides and lower mountain ranges, while the valleys resemble beautiful mosaics in the rich and varied tints of flowers that cluster in the green-sward. This wealth of blossom, in addition to beautifying the landscapes, is turned by the thrifty Swiss into profit.

The flora of Switzerland possesses qualities that produce delicious honey, and thousands of colonies of bees may be seen in the country, being utilized by the people to increase the food supply and commercial products; in fact, the production of honey and wax constitutes an industry of considerable importance to the confederation, as is shown by statistics furnished by the Swiss Society of Agriculturalists.

It is estimated that there are 250,000 hives or colonies of bees in the country, each of which produces forty pounds of honey during the season, a total of 10,000,000 pounds a year. The honey crop of Switzerland, valued at \$2,500,000, is largely profit to those engaged in the industry, nature producing the raw material.

A Long Story.

"I read in your face," said the man about to give alms, "the story of a misspent life."

"Not de whole story, governor. What you see der is only de last installment."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

How many men do you know who would starve if it wasn't for their wives?

TOPIC TIMES

Philippine tapioca flour is now on the market.

In the world's production of paper Germany's yearly output stands second only to that of the United States.

England's birth rate last year was the lowest on record—25.58 a thousand of population. This is nearly 1.0 below the rate for 1908, which showed a slight increase over 1907, the first for many years.

"Pennyweights," as the detectives call them, have been busy in Washington during the last few days. Eleven dentists' offices have been entered and robbed of gold leaf and platinum to the value of about \$300.

"Probably you wouldn't believe it, but snow fell during the past winter in Valdez, Alaska, to the depth of fifty-eight feet by actual measurements taken during the year," said W. M. Gilman, of that city.—Washington Herald.

There is at Castletown, in the Isle of Man, a clock that was telling Manxmen the time of day before Oliver Cromwell was born; and there is a clock, it is said, still marking time at Castle Rushen which Queen Elizabeth herself presented to the owner of that castle some 310 years ago.

There was a young man in Pratt, Kas., who made the mistake of inquiring about father's feelings on the support of his matrimonial addresses before making sure of daughter's. "Do you think your father would object to me marrying you?" he said. She replied: "I don't know. If he's anything like me he would."—Kansas City Star.

A large crowd attended the annual picnic at the Mountain and a pleasant time is reported; except one or two buggies were torn up and the "blind tigers" did a good business. There was some fighting and shooting. One got more licks across his head than he can count, and the scars will be with him for life.—Washington (Ga.) Reporter.

Countess Szchenyi ((nee Vanderbilt, of New York) has made, in the name of her husband, Count Ladislaus Szchenyi, a gift to the Academy of Sciences at Budapest of 600,000 crowns (\$120,000), for endowing chairs in foreign universities for instruction in the Hungarian language, history, literature and law in order to obtain recognition of the Hungarian nationality the world over.

A letter is now conveyed eleven thousand miles for a penny. Foreign correspondence was a costly luxury less than a century ago. In 1815 William Wilberforce records in his diary the receipt of a note "from Hatchard telling me that a letter from Halti weighing eighty-five ounces had come for me and was charged at £37 10s, and that he had refused to take it in."—London Chronicle.

Ingenuous descriptive time tables have been issued by a western railroad, in which the traveler finds, just opposite the figures showing the time of arrival and leaving of trains, a description of the place and the interesting scenes along the route. Between the figures are scenic photographs. At the top of each page is a diagram giving the altitude of the line at the various points.—Popular Mechanics.

Elizabeth Hirsch has been elected vice president of the city council of Liegnitz, Germany. She is the first woman to occupy that office and was chosen because of her ability as a business woman. Several years ago her husband died and she inherited his large manufacturing business. She assumed the charge of the business, stepping at once into her husband's place. Under her management the business has prospered.

Although the wolf and coyote season is scarcely begun, County Clerk Peter Johnson of Republic county reports the bounty business as first class, he having received twenty-three scalps in one day recently. Between nine to eleven is the largest number yet brought in by one party. Bounties are also allowed on the heads of pocket gophers, crows and crows' eggs. Two farmers residing north of Scandia found a nest of twenty young wolves.—Topeka Capital.

NO MORE PLANTATIONS.

Passing of an Institution in Which the South Had Great Pride.

In the antebellum days the pride of the gentleman planter—there were few farmers in those days—was in the vastness of his acreage. Those estates were not farms, they were "plantations;" they were operated by the "gentry" and they made the agricultural south of those days. It was a common thing to find one planter's possessions which would require a goodly part of a day to cover on horseback. Many of us to-day recall scenes of the old family plantation, look back upon the time when life in the country seemed more given to entertainment, to hospitality, to the joys of living, than to the pursuits of farming as an enterprise. Market conditions and the fluctuation of prices did not enter into the scheme of life then as they do now; it was enough to know that there was a crop, a big crop, growing and it would not have to be marketed before it was harvested. In those days plantation life drifted along under the motto "Sufficient unto the day are the pleasures thereof" and the planters enjoyed life.

But, like other things which go to make up the present age, agriculture

and its conditions have changed—the old plantation is passing, the Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle says. They were a characteristic of South Carolina, and largely, too, of Georgia, but there are very few of them left.

In Georgia, Burke County, Washington County, Green County and many others were known for their large country estates—plantations—in the days "before the war," but now they have dropped out of mind; they do not occupy the place of the day they once did, because they themselves no longer. This is a day of farms, small farms, and where one planter pursued his agricultural methods, conducted his operations then, there are now half a dozen busy farmers—men who have not time to farm the numerous acres the "planter" prided himself on possessing.

These memories of bygone days and the realization of what a changed and busy world has followed are refreshed by the announcement in an item from Cordele, Ga., that one of the oldest, one of the most notable of the old southern plantations will shortly, too, be only a memory—the "Egypt of the confederacy" is to pass out. The old Hugenin plantation, around which there hangs volumes of written and unwritten antebellum and war-time history, is to be cut up into small farms. The "plantation" of one man is to be turned into 120 farms.

The Cordelle news item, an interesting one, says: "It was learned here yesterday that the owners of the Hugenin plantation consisting of 12,000 acres of valuable farm lands, located about eight miles from Cordele, just across the Flint river in Sumter County, is to be divided into small farms of hundred-acre lots for the purpose of selling them to north Georgia farmers. This is the oldest and the largest plantation in the State, having been occupied by Capt. Hugenin during the war, and it embraced a part of the large territory in this section known as the 'Egypt of the confederacy.' Many of the supplies used by the Southern soldiers were raised by the slaves belonging to Capt. Hugenin on this plantation."

AN INTERRUPTED SERMON.

A boy is a boy wherever or whenever he may be, and the lad of the staid colonial days only helps to prove the fact. The person in Helen Evertson Smith's "Colonial Days and Ways" was of an unusually mild type, however, and extended his cloak of charity over the pranks of youth in a manner uncommon in those severe times. The minister, Mr. Smith, sheltered in the parsonage an orphan boy. One Sunday, for some reason or other, this lad was kept from church.

While the sermon was in progress a chuckle ran round the gallery where the boys sat. There was also a commotion in the top gallery, where the slaves were. Even the decorous tenants of the big, square pews seemed excited.

The person doubted his efforts, but the disturbance increased. The preacher stopped and looked round, with some displeasure, but more wonder. Everybody was looking in his direction, but not at him. His wife, with laughing eyes, was biting her lips.

Old slave Jack could stand it no longer. Making his way behind the seats, which were crowded with his brethren, whose "ivories" were all exposed, he reached the end of the topmost gallery, and stepped on the flat top of the massive sounding-board which hung over the pulpit on a level with the top gallery floor. There he was in full view of the congregation. In a moment, however, he came once more into the vision of that dignitary, carrying a very complacent black-and-tan decorated with a pair of the person's best bands.

Some hand had released Carlo from the durance in which he was kept Sundays in order that he might not forget his master, the minister, to church. Finding that he could not get into the house of worship by the doors, he had ascended the stairs leading to the top gallery, reached the sounding-board and seated himself just above his master, well pleased with himself in his ministerial decorations. As Jack bore out the unresisting dog, the aggrieved old slave turned toward the minister, and breaking all meeting-house rules, exclaimed with irrepressible indignation:

"Massa! massa! Dis some mo' o' dat Bill's debility! He got to be stopped somehow!"

This was too much, and the congregation burst into laughter. The person laughed with the rest. Bidding Jack take off the dog's finery and carry him home, he turned to his audience and said that the little boy's jest was not meant for irreverence, and that he was too young to realize what he was doing. Then he left the subject of his sermon, and gave such a discourse on the duties of the old and the young that every hearer was impressed.

Marks an Epoch.

"One of the coast towns wishes to hold an exposition. Wants no financial aid from Congress, either."

"What is the exposition to commemorate?"

"I don't know."

"No matter. If they want no aid from Congress they are entitled to an exposition to signalize that fact alone."—Kansas City Journal.

Six months after marrying another woman a man's old flames begin to look like shining lights.

Even a short man may have his long suit.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Hann's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.

Keep a going and you will get somewhere before sundown.

The ant and the sluggard are never delegated to the same convention.

The man who is in earnest will sooner or later be in clover.

The devil aims his longest and biggest guns at the home.

The clock has a long job, but it does its work one tick at a time.

When some men go to the bad they do it as if they were doing it on a bet.

If some men would spend more time in the open air they would have more hair.

The ant might learn something to its advantage by going to the book agent.

Peary might put another turkey feather in his cap by now discovering Dr. Cook.

The man who is always trying to beat his own record will not let anybody else do it.

It is astonishing how much you can learn about human nature by charging something at the door.

The man who might have knocked the persimmon but didn't can be seen on every street corner.

The most vigorous exercise some people take is when they have a chance to get something for nothing.

The young man who can do something well, and always does it that way, is as certain to climb as a grapevine is.

HABITS OF THE NIGHTMARE.