

PROSPERITY GALORE.

ALL CLASSES THRIVING AS NEVER BEFORE.

The Ho-Cheated Democracy Has No Argument That Is Not Shattered by the Happy Conditions Now Prevailing—Signs of the Times.

Mr. Bryan and his followers are having a hard time to convince the farmers that they are worse off in 1900 with protection and sound money than they were in 1896 with the shadow of free silver impending and a free trade law in operation.

A general comparison of articles of farm consumption and farm production between the two years completely disproves the Bryan theory.

In the item of farm animals alone the farmers are worth five hundred million dollars more than they were in Democratic days. The table printed below, which is from the reports of the United States Department of Agriculture, is worth study:

TOTAL VALUE OF FARM ANIMALS, 1896..... \$1,727,926,684 1900..... 2,212,756,878

The difference is apparent in every class of animals. Divided into appropriate groups, the increase is strikingly shown:

VALUE OF HORSES AND MULES, 1896..... \$608,344,643 1900..... 715,686,534 VALUE OF ALL CATTLE, 1896..... 1,127,926,361 1900..... 1,204,298,966

VALUE OF SHEEP, 1896..... \$65,167,735 1900..... 122,665,913

With all grain, animals, and other farm products higher in price, it is no wonder that the farmers of this country have little use for Bryanism.

CHEAPENING OF "CATTLE" LOANS.

The feeding of hogs and cattle with corn, or the conversion of corn into hog and cattle flesh, has developed remarkably the last three years as a feature of farming, and it is responsible for a large share of the increased consumption of corn.

This has enabled farmers to make loans secured by their cattle or hogs, and by use of such funds to keep their corn for feed and for raising hogs, instead of selling it. Four years ago this cattle paper was not looked on with any favor in the east. Now from forty to fifty million dollars annually are loaned on it by eastern brokers.

The abundance of money in the western banks seeking investment has forced competition in the placing of these cattle paper loans until now they are taken at three to four per cent less than formerly. Of course this both tends to increase the demand for corn and to render its price more stable; for instead of throwing corn on the market at the harvest season, the farmer can now keep it on the farm to feed to cattle and hogs all the year around. Cattle loans were difficult, if not impossible to negotiate in the Democratic days of 1893-1896.

PROTECTION IN FRANCE.

The industrial development of France from the close of the Napoleonic wars to 1860, says Mr. Curtis, is without parallel in any continental country. Under the protection which then existed the growth of manufactures was rapid and successful in every particular. In 1860, however, a commercial treaty was entered into between England and France, by which France removed all prohibitions from imports and substituted duties ranging from 20 to 20 per cent on competing manufactures.

THAT TAMMANY ICE TRUST.

To questions from his audiences about the Tammany ice trust, Mr. Bryan has repeatedly made this answer in the last ten days: "There are a Republican governor and legislature in New York, and what have they done to throttle the ice trust? The Republican governor of New York has not time to bother with the ice trust, for he is too busy out here telling you about it."

Governor Theodore Roosevelt of New York, months before the Tammany ice trust became notorious, sent a message to the New York legislature advising action against trusts. The legislature passed and Governor Roosevelt signed an anti-trust act. Under this law the Republican attorney general of New York is now proceeding against the ice trust. This action the Tammany stockholders are fighting at every point.

The principal stockholders of the ice trust are Richard Croker, Mr. Bryan's eastern manager; John F. Carroll, Mr. Croker's chief lieutenant; Hugh J. Grant and Thomas F. Gilroy, Tammany ex-mayors; Augustus Van Wyck, Tammany candidate for governor in 1898; Robert Van Wyck, Tammany mayor of New York; Randolph Guggenheimer, Tammany's president of the council; J. Sergeant Cram and Charles F. Mur-

TAMMANY DOCK COMMISSIONERS, etc., etc., etc.

It is these trust beneficiaries and supporters of Mr. Bryan who are reading the heavens with their denunciations of trusts. As Governor Roosevelt well says: "Hypocrisy could be carried no further than it is by these men and their defenders." They charged the poor of New York 60 cents per 100 pounds for ice which cost them not over 15 cents per 100 pounds delivered, and with their 400 per cent trust profits are supporting Bryan's anti-trust campaign.

Mr. Bryan's zeal in defense of the ice trust may be due merely to a sense of social decency toward Mr. Croker and others whose guest he is today. Or it may be due to a lively sense of gratitude for favors received and expected. But whatever the motive may or may not be, the facts recorded above condemn him as a hypocritical demagogue before the people.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

TRADE EXPANDING.

There is, in the United States at the present time, unparalleled prosperity, in which every citizen has a right to share. If any citizen is prevented from sharing in that prosperity he is the victim of conditions which cannot be righted by the election of Bryan, strongly as he may be tempted to trust in that remedy. The American farmer is selling for 37 1/2 cents a bushel of corn it costs him 15 cents to produce. His wheat and cotton, his beef and pork, are selling at profitable prices. HE IS RIDING IN RAILROAD TRAINS, AND AS HE LOOKS FROM THE CAR WINDOW OVER THE BOUNTIFUL HARVESTS HE IS TAKING A NEW VIEW NOT ONLY OF HIS NATIVE LAND, WHICH WAS NEVER FAIRER AND HAPPIER, BUT IS ALSO THINKING OF HIS NEW MARKETS AND NEW "POSSESSIONS" ACROSS THE SEA.

The laborer is today receiving more wages than he ever received before, and IN A CURRENCY THAT IS GOOD THE WORLD OVER. The business man sees trade following the flag all around the world and new markets opening to him under national responsibilities. He realizes as a business man that THESE RESPONSIBILITIES MUST BE GRAPLED WITH AND ADJUSTED ON A BUSINESS BASIS. The only peril now threatening the United States is RUIN AND RETROGRESSION UNDER SILVER TURNING BACK OF THE WHEELS OF PROGRESS AND PROSPERITY TO THE STANDARDS OF SPAIN AND MEXICO, AND THE ABANDONMENT OF OUR POSITION AS THE GREATEST COUNTRY IN THE CIVILIZED WORLD.—Heville E. Ingalls, President of Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad Company, in September North American Review.

OUR ARMY COMPARED.

"We oppose militarism. . . . It will impose upon our free people a large standing army and unnecessary burden of taxation, and a constant menace to their liberties."—Democratic National Platform, 1900. Our "large standing army," exclusive of the Philippine volunteers, consists of 65,000 men. In 1867, with a population only half as great, it was 54,000. This "large standing army" is relatively the smallest army in the world, as these figures show:

Table with 3 columns: Country, Army population, Soldiers per 1000. Rows include France, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Russian Empire, Turkey, Great Britain, Italy, Switzerland, and United States.

Even Switzerland keeps 148,000 soldiers in compulsory, active military training, exclusive of the 361,000 men in the Landwehr and Landsturm (reserves). This is forty-seven soldiers in active training for every one thousand of the population. The United States has less than one soldier for every thousand. Is our republic forty-seven times as afraid of its protectors as Switzerland?

Shall we wipe out the army and leave American ministers, merchants and missionaries to be murdered without redress or appeal?

Mr. Bryan wants to cut down our little army to the vanishing point. Do you?

VALUES IN NEBRASKA.

Values have increased in Nebraska since 1896, as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Item, Per cent. Rows include Hogs, Beef, Corn, Land, Household goods, Savings bank deposits, and All property.

On the other hand there has been the following reduction: Mortgages decreased 40. And the record runs the same through all states under McKinley's Protection and Prosperity.

PROSPERITY REACHES CHURCH

The Rock River conference of the Methodist church has just completed its labors at Chicago. During the past year five churches have been erected, at a total cost of about \$100,000, and \$13,000 indebtedness has been paid off. The church has had an era of prosperity like everybody else.

ALTGELD'S GREAT DISCOVERY.

John P. Altgeld has made a great discovery. It is that you sell more than you buy you are growing poorer. Mr. Altgeld revealed his discovery last Thursday at New Haven, Conn. In a speech there he said:

This country is being drained to pay tribute to foreigners. By establishing the gold standard it takes twice as much of our products to pay that tribute. During this administration we have parted with over \$1,500,000,000 worth of goods more than we received in return, and we have only \$127,000,000 to show for it. How long can we stand an annual loss of nearly \$500,000,000? This amount of goods goes abroad every year and disappears.

Mr. Altgeld's figures are apparently derived from the statistics of our foreign commerce. In the fiscal years 1897, 1898, 1899, and 1900, we sold to other countries goods valued at \$4,903,685,559, and bought from other countries goods valued at \$3,327,643,226, leaving a balance or credit in our favor of \$1,576,042,334. During the same period we exported \$371,639,493 and imported 464,563,275 in gold and silver, an excess of precious metal imports over exports of \$192,923,782.

The Altgeld theory is plain. For our \$1,976,042,334 excess of merchandise exports we have nothing to show but our \$192,923,782 excess of precious metal imports, and so have grown poorer by the difference between these sums, which is \$1,783,118,552. Dividing this by four we have \$445,779,638. Altgeld's "annual loss of nearly \$500,000,000," the "amount of goods" which he says "goes abroad every year and disappears."

Mr. Altgeld's neighbors in Chicago, however much as they have differed from his (Altgeld's) opinions hitherto, have considered him a man of intelligence. But his New Haven speech must force a reversal of that judgment. To show the ineffectual silliness of Altgeld's "annual loss of nearly \$500,000,000" assertion we have but to take the commonest concrete individual case.

Farmer John Smith, after selling his crops, paying his bills, and setting aside enough for next year's expenses, finds that he has \$1,000 left. He might convert that \$1,000 into gold coin and bury it in his cow stable. Being a sensible man, he looks about for an investment. He may lend his \$1,000 to a neighbor on a mortgage, or he may buy a railroad, a United States, or even an English government bond. Now, Smith has "parted with \$1,000 worth of goods more than he received," and has "only a piece of paper to show for it." But is Smith poorer? Is his British bond, if he choose that investment, "tribute to foreigners"? Smith knows it is not, for whenever he cashes a coupon he knows the British taxpayer gives tribute to him.

Democratic stump speakers have emitted many lunatic assertions, but Altgeld's discovery that our favorable trade balance of \$1,783,118,552 is not gain but loss certainly caps the climax of folly. His doctrine that men or nations grow poorer whenever they sell more than they buy is the most ludicrous "argument" that this campaign has produced.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

DEMOCRATIC PROSPERITY.

(Omaha Bee, Dec. 22, 1893.) Knights of Labor assembly, No. 374, composed of upholsterers and mattress makers, held a regular meeting last night. It developed at the meeting that about one-half of the membership is at present without anything to do and unable to find work in their line in Omaha. It has been the practice of tradesmen in this line of work to go on to Chicago when work was slack in Omaha, but their fellow workers in Chicago inform them that it is even worse there, so there is nothing for them to do but do the best they can at home.

WORKS ARE BUSY.

Four years ago the Culter Hammer company of Milwaukee, Wis., laid off about one-half of their men, on account of insufficient business, and the other half were employed only six hours with six hours pay. Today, every man is working full time and receiving ten hours' pay for nine and a quarter hours' work. The company's condition is similar to that of all other electrical manufacturing concerns.

The electrical workers know a good thing—know how to continue prosperity by voting the Republican ticket.

BUSINESS DOUBLED.

Activity at the mines, factories and furnaces is best shown by the following exhibit of pig-iron production of the United States—thus:

Table with 2 columns: Year, Tons. Rows include 1899 and 1894.

Republican increase..... 6,963,815 While the output of pig iron doubled, those manufacturing interests which used pig iron or its products in any shape must have doubled their business within the five years.

SATISFACTORY IN COLORADO.

Returns received from a preliminary canvass of Colorado, by Chairman Ford of the Republican State committee, indicate that the gains made by the Republicans in 1898 will be maintained this year. Chairman Ford expects that the state will give a Republican majority of 20,000 this year.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

NOBESSA'S HEROIC DEED, SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

Share a Useful Lesson from the History of Joseph from the Burdensome Athaliah—The Saving of Noah—Paraphrase of the Bible.

(Copyright, 1899, by Louis Kloppsch.) The text is II. Kings vi., 2, 3: "Jehoshaphat, the daughter of King Joram, sister of Athaliah, took Joash, the son of Athaliah, and stole him from among the king's sons which were slain, and they hid him, even him and his nurse, in the bedchamber from Athaliah, so that he was not slain. And he was with her hid in the house of the Lord six years."

Grandmothers are more lenient with their children's children than they were with their own. At 40 years of age if discipline be necessary chastisement is used, but at 70 the grandmother, looking upon the misbehavior of the grandchild, is apologetic and disposed to substitute confectionery for whip. There is nothing more beautiful than childhood. Grandmother takes out her pocket handkerchief and wipes her spectacles and puts them on and looks down into the face of her mischievous and rebellious descendant and says, "I don't think he meant to do it. Let him off this time. I'll be responsible for his behavior in the future." My mother, with the second generation around her, a boisterous crew, said one day: "I suppose they ought to be disciplined, but I can't do it. Grandmothers are not fit to bring up grandchildren." But here in my text we have a grandmother of a different type.

I have been at Jerusalem, where the occurrence of the text took place, and the whole scene came vividly before me while I was going over the site of the ancient temple and climbing the towers of the king's palace. Here in the text it is old Athaliah, the royal murderer. She ought to have been honorable. Her father was a king. Her husband was a king. Her son was a king. And yet we find her plotting for the extermination of the entire royal family, including her own grandchildren. The executioners' knives are sharpened. The palace is red with the blood of princes and princesses. On all sides are shrieks and hands thrown up and struggle and death groan. No mercy! Kill, kill! But while the ivory floors of the palace run with carnage and the whole land is under the shadow of a great horror a feet-footed woman, a clergyman's wife, Jehoshaphat, by name, stealthily approaches the imperial nursery, seizes upon the grandchild that had somehow as yet escaped massacre, wraps it up tenderly but in haste, snuggles it against her, flies down the palace stairs, her heart in her throat lest she be discovered in this compassionate abduction. Get her out of the way as quick as you can, for she carries a precious burden, even a young king. With this youthful prize she presses into the room of the ancient temple, the church of olden time, unwraps the young king and puts him down, sound asleep as he is and unconscious of the peril that has been threatened, and there for six years he is secreted in that church apartment. Meanwhile old Athaliah smacks her lips with satisfaction and thinks that all the royal family are dead. But the six years expire, and it is time for young Joash to come forth and take the throne and to push back into disgrace and death old Athaliah.

The Crowning of Joash.

The arrangements are all made for political revolution. The military come and take possession of the temple, swear loyalty to the boy Joash and stand around for his defense. See the sharpened swords and the burnished shields! Everything is ready. New Joash, half affrighted at the armed tramp of his defenders, scared at the vociferation of his admirers, is brought forth in full regalia. The scroll of authority is put in his hands, the coronet of government is put on his brow, and the people clapped and waved and huzzaned and trumpeted.

"What is that?" asked Athaliah. "What is that sound over in the temple?" And she fled to the palace on her way they meet her and say, "Why haven't you heard? You thought you had slain all the royal family, but Joash has come to light." Then the royal murderer, frantic with rage, grabbed her mantle and tore it to tatters and cried until she foamed at the mouth: "You have no right to crown my grandson. You have no right to take the government from my shoulders. Treason, treason!" While she stood there crying that the military started for her arrest, and she took a short cut through a back door of the temple and ran through the royal stables, but the battlements of the military fell on her in the barnyard, and for many a day when the horses were being unloosed from the chariot after drawing out young Joash the fiery steeds would snort and rear passing the place as they smell the place of the carnage.

Cannot Be Extinguished. Well, my friends, just as poor a blotch does the world always make of extinguishing righteousness. Superstition rises up and says, "I will just put an end to pure religion." Domitian slew 40,000 Christians, Diocletian slew 244,000 Christians. And the story of persecution has been written through all the ages. And the flames of the infernal furnace of Rome and the Pacific ocean, but the fire of Christianity extinguishes it. Did they exterminate Alban, the first British martyr, or Zwingli, the Swiss martyr, or John Huss, the Bohemian martyr, or Anne Askew, or Luther, or Cranmer? Great work of extermination they made of it. Just at the time when they thought they had slain all the royal family of Jesus some Joash would spring up and out and take the throne of power and wield a very scepter of Christian dominion.

Propaganda of the Bible. How many individual and organized attempts have been made to exterminate that Bible? Have its enemies done it? Have they exterminated the American Bible society? Have they exterminated the British and Foreign Bible society? Have they exterminated the thousands of Christian institutions whose only object it is to multiply copies of the Scriptures and spread them broadcast around the world? They have exterminated until instead of one or two copies of the Bible in our houses we have eight or ten, and we pile them up in the corners of our Sabbath school rooms and send great boxes of them everywhere. If they get on as well as they are now going on in the work of extermination, I do not know but that our children may live to see the millennium. Yes, if there should come a time of persecution in which all the known Bibles of the earth should be destroyed, all these lamps of life that blaze in our pulpits and in our families extinguish, in the very day that infidelity and sin should be holding jubilee over the universal extinction, there would be in some closet of a backwoods church a secreted copy of the Bible, and this Joash of eternal literature would come out and come up and take the throne, and the Athaliah of infidelity and persecution would fly out the back door of the palace and drop her miserable carcass under the hoofs of the horses of the king's stables. You can not exterminate Christianity. You cannot kill Joash.

Second thought I hand you from my subject is that there are opportunities in which we may save royal life. You know that profane history is replete with stories of strangled monarchs and of young princes who have been put out of the way. Here is the story of a young king saved. How Jehoshaphat, the clergyman's wife, must have trembled as she rushed into the imperial nursery and snatched up Joash! How she brushed him lest by his cry he hinder the escape! Fly with him, Jehoshaphat! You hold in your arms the cause of God and good government. Fail, and he is slain. Succeed, and you turn the tide of the world's history in the right direction. It seems as if between that young king and his assassins there is nothing but the frail arm of a woman. But why should we spend our time in praising the bravery of expedition when God asks the same thing of you and me? All around us the imperiled children of a great king. They are born of Almighty parentage and will come to a throne or a crown if permitted. But sit, the old Athaliah, goes forth to the massacre. Murderous temptations are out for the assassination. Valens, the emperor, was told that there was somebody in his realm that would usurp his throne and that the name of the man should begin with the letters T, H, E, O, D, and the edict went forth from the emperor's throne, "Kill everybody whose name begins with T, H, E, O, D." And hundreds and thousands were slain, hoping by that massacre to put an end to that one usurper. But sin is more terrific in its denunciation. It matters not how you spell your name, you come under the spell, under its sword, under its doom, unless there be some omnipotent relief brought to the rescue. But, blessed be God, there is such a thing as delivering a royal soul. Who will snatch away Joash?

Instruction for Our Class.

This afternoon in your Sabbath school class there will be a prince of God, some one may yet reign as king forever before the throne; there will be some one in your class who has a corrupt physical inheritance; there will be some one in your class who has a father and mother who do not know how to pray; there will be some one in your class who is destined to command in church or state, some Cromwell to dissolve a parliament; some Beethoven to touch the world's harp strings, some John Howard to pour fresh air in the lazaretto, some Florence Nightingale to bandage the battle wounds, some Miss Dix to soothe the crazed brain, some John Frederick Oberlin to educate the besotted, some David Brainerd to change the Indian's warwhoop to a Sabbath song, some John Wesley to marshal three-fourths of Christendom, some John Knox to make queens turn pale, some Joash to demolish idolatry and strike for the kingdom of heaven. There are sleeping in your cradles by night, there are playing in your nurseries by day, imperial souls waiting for dominion, and whichever side the cradle they get out will decide the destiny of empires. For each one of these children his and holiness contend—Athaliah on the one side, Jehoshaphat on the other. But I hear people say: "What's the use of bothering children with religious instruction? Let them grow up and choose for themselves. Don't interfere with their volition." Suppose some one had said to Jehoshaphat: "Don't interfere with that young Joash. Let him grow up and decide whether he likes the palace or not; whether he wants to be king or not. Don't disturb his volition." Jehoshaphat knew right well that unless that day the young king was reared he would never be rescued at all. I tell you, my friends, the reason we don't restrain all our children, the reason we don't let them choose for themselves, the reason we don't let them choose for themselves, is because we know that the day the young king was reared he would never be rescued at all. I tell you, my friends, the reason we don't restrain all our children, the reason we don't let them choose for themselves, is because we know that the day the young king was reared he would never be rescued at all.

Can you imagine any sabbath more than this sabbath? That was what I flushed Paul's cheek with indignation that was what led Mamma to take his life amid Boresina's cannibals. That was what sent Dr. Abel to preach under the consuming fires of China; that was what gave courage to Paul in the third century. When the military officers came to put him to death for Christ's sake, he put them to bed that they might rest while he himself went out and in his own garden dug his grave and then came back and said, "I am ready." But they were shocked at the idea of taking the life of God's host. He said, "It is the will of God that I should die," and he threw up the margin of his own grave, and they beheaded him. You say it is a man's foolhardiness, a fanaticism. But would I call it a glorious self-sacrifice, the thrill of eternal satisfaction, the plucking of Joash from death and raising him to coronation.

Work of God. The third thought I hand to you is that the church of God is a good hiding place. When Jehoshaphat rushed into the nursery of the king and picked up Joash, what shall she do with him? Shall she take him to some room in the palace? No, for the official eunuchs will hunt through every nook and corner of that building. Shall she take him to the residence of some wealthy citizen? No, that citizen would not dare to harbor the fugitive. But she hid to take him to the streets; she hears the cry of the mob in the streets; she hears the wailing of the dying nobility; so she rushes with Joash into the room of the temple, into the house of God, and there she puts him down. She knows that Athaliah and her wicked associates will not bother the temple's great God. So they are not apt to go very near to church, and so she sets down Joash in the temple. There he will be hearing the songs of the worshippers year after year; there he will breathe the odor of the golden censers; in that sacred spot he will tarry, awaiting until the six years have elapsed and he come to enthronement.

Would God that we were all as true as Jehoshaphat and knew that the church of God is the best hiding place. Perhaps our parents took us there in early days. They snatched us away from the world and hid us behind the baptismal fonts and amid the Bible and psalm books. O glorious inheritance! We have been breathing the breath of the golden censers all the time, and we have seen the Lamb on the altar, and we have handled the vials in which are the prayers of all saints, and we have dwelt under the wings of the cherubim. Glorious inheritance! When my father and mother died and the property was settled up, there was hardly anything left. But they endowed us with a property worth more than any earthly possession because they hid us in the temple. And when days of temptation have come upon my soul I have gone there for shelter, and when assaulted of sorrows I have gone there for comfort, and there I mean to live. I want, like Joash, to stay until coronation.

Christian Association.

Ah, when you pass away—and it will not be long before you do—when you pass away, it will be a satisfaction to see your children in Christian society. You want to have them sitting at the holy sacraments. You want them mingling in Christian associations. You would like to have them die in the sacred precincts. When you are on your dying bed and your little ones come to take up your last word and you look into their bewildered faces, you will want to leave them under the church's benediction. I do not see how hard you are; that is so; I said to a man of the world: "Your son and daughter are going to join our church next Sunday. Have you any objections?" "None, none," he said. "Objections? I wish all my children belonged to the church. I am content to be very wicked—but I am very glad they are going and I shall be there to see them. I am very glad, and I am very glad. I want them there. And so, though you may have been wretched from God and though you may have sometimes entertained the church of Jesus, it is your true desire that your son and daughter should be standing all their lives within the sacred inclosure.

Church of God, be a hiding place for all these people! Give them a God where they can rest their weary souls. Flash some light from your church. Shine upon their darkness. With your soothing hymns wash their souls in the church of God, gate of heaven, go through it. All that these people are going to fall, but the God—its foundation is the rock. Its church is the ark. Its law is the law of life. Its promise is the promise of life. Its power is the power of life. Its glory is the glory of life. Its joy is the joy of life. Its peace is the peace of life. Its love is the love of life. Its life is the life of life. Its kingdom is the kingdom of life. Its reign is the reign of life. Its dominion is the dominion of life. Its empire is the empire of life. Its sovereignty is the sovereignty of life. Its power is the power of life. Its might is the might of life. Its strength is the strength of life. Its glory is the glory of life. Its honor is the honor of life. Its praise is the praise of life. Its worship is the worship of life. Its service is the service of life. Its obedience is the obedience of life. Its submission is the submission of life. Its reverence is the reverence of life. Its respect is the respect of life. Its esteem is the esteem of life. Its regard is the regard of life. Its attention is the attention of life. Its care is the care of life. Its concern is the concern of life. Its interest is the interest of life. Its sollicitude is the sollicitude of life. Its diligence is the diligence of life. Its industry is the industry of life. Its assiduity is the assiduity of life. Its application is the application of life. Its industry is the industry of life. Its assiduity is the assiduity of life. Its application is the application of life. Its industry is the industry of life. Its assiduity is the assiduity of life. Its application is the application of life.