THE VALUE OF TIME.

BY GEORGE HODGES.

It was the privilege of the parson, not long ago, to address a company of young men upon the occasion of the graduation of a dozen of them from one of the best schools in America. At the request of some of their fathers and mothers the words then spoken are here written out, as well as memory permits, for the sake of any other boys who care to read them.

These young men, the parson said, are richer than many of us, because they have more time than we have—a great deal more time I hope, in the future; and certainly more time now. And time is one of the most precious of all human possessions.

It is not likely that you realize how rich you are. You think, perhaps, that when you get out of school, and time, as you say, is your "own," that you will have more leisure. But that is a great mistake. You will find as you grow older that the years grow shorter. And if you succeed in life, as we hope you will succeed, you will very often find yourself saying, O, that there were 48 hours in every day and no night at all.

The latter half of this century has been remarkable for the invention of appliances for saving time. The railroad, the telegraph, the telephone, the typewriter, the phonograph—not to mention the great machines which save time in the mills—are valuable in proportion as they serve as savings banks for time. And yet it somehow comes about that the more time we save the less we have. No generation that has lived upon the planet since the day when the morning stars sang together at the creation of the world, has ever known such a famine of spare time.

I have not looked in the dictionary to see if the word "leisure" is still a part of the English language. Perhaps they have marked it "obsolete." Certain it is that the fact of leisure has well nigh ceased out of modern life. We live in a perpetual hurry. We must be all the time doing something. We are ashamed to be caught enjoying ourselves. We feel as if we were stealing—stealing time. Or rather, as if we were spendthrifts—squandering time. You young men have more time than you will probably ever have again.

Accordingly, the word which I want to speak to you is about time.

You have learned, no doubt, long since that an hour is 60 minutes long, and that a yard is 36 inches long. It is evident, however, that these words, "an hour" and a "yard," are terms not of value but only of measurement. The value of a yard depends upon the material which is measured by it. It may be a yard of cotton cloth; it may be a yard of ground along the chief street of a great city. So the value of an hour depends upon what is put into it. And that depends partly upon the place and time in which the hour is spent, and partly upon the person who spends it.

Think of this present hour as the sun measures it out across the globe. There are 60 minutes in it everywhere, 60 minutes on this beautiful hill, in the midst of these scholastic surroundings, in the heart of the trees; 60 minutes in the hot tenements of the great city, where men and women with unclean hands and faces, and hearts not much better, are this moment drinking and cursing and fighting; 60 minutes in that devastated country through which I rode the other night, where that awful river, half of seething water, half of hissing fire came tearing down the pleasant valley, drowning and burning as it came; 60 minutes where men are becalmed on the great ocean, or beset by dangerous storms; 60 minutes in the horrible dungeon of St. Petersburg, and on that weary road where men are trudging through dust and ice across Siberia; 60 minutes where people are watching in anxious sick rooms, where the seconds are measured by the labored breathing of the patient. It makes a deal of difference when and where an hour is measured.

God has made all time valuable and interesting by the gradualness of his revelation of truth. He might have told all the secrets of the universe at once. He might have gathered the race into his class, and taken Mt. Sinai for a teacher's desk, and the sky for a blackboard, and given lessons in all knowledge. He might have sent Noah to discover America. He might have set up a printing press in Ur of the Chaldees. He might have fitted out the old armies of the living God with repeating rifles. He might have conveyed the children of Israel across the wilderness in the successive sections of a limited express.

But how much interest that would have taken out of life! Alas for man if ever, even in Heaven, he comes to know all that can be known. For life is made interesting by the presence in it of the element of progress. And time is valuable because it is full of opportunity. This hour is dignified, enriched, made significant, made sacred, by the fact that it has behind it the illimitable background of the future. It is precious by reason of its possibilities.

God has made all time precious by His gradual revelation of truth. Every year since the beginning men have looked out into the unknown to-morrow and wondered what would happen. And they have been taught that to-morrow depends upon to-day, and that God has put the shaping of to-day into the hands of the men of to-day.

One year all the geographies had to be written over and made big enough to take in this great new continent. Another year printing was invented, and then powder. And printing and powder turned the whole world upside down, took away power from the possession of the few and put it into the hands of the many. Then came the Reformation and set men to thinking new thoughts about theology. And then those two great revolutions, the French and the American, and set men thinking new thoughts about politics. Every year something has happened. Every year has been worth living in. Time has always been of value.

But to-day, time is of pre-eminent value. This is the best year to live in that the world has ever known. This is the best land to live in of all the countries of the earth. The world was never so interesting, opportunity never so great, time never so precious. In the Church and in the State, what great problems clamor for solution! What great changes begin to loom up in the foreground! Alike in theology and in industry the old orthodoxy seems to be giving way before a new and truer orthodoxy. Two great forces, skepticism and socialism, are bearing down, for good or ill, upon us. All things are now possible. And you, young men, are fitting yourselves to take part in the settlement of these unspeakably important questions.

I look into the faces of the young men of this class and a deep sense of responsibility comes upon me. For I see here not simply a dozen boys, but a dozen men. I said that this is the best year to live in of all the years, and this the best land to live in of all the lands. And I want to say now, that this, I believe, is the best town to live in that can be found between the two great oceans. And a large part of the future of this country depends upon this class. To-morrow depends upon to-day. The years of the time coming are being determined by the way in which you young men are spending the time present.

It is a matter of congratulation that in this school you have been learning something better than mathematics and geography; you have been learning character. The man for the times must first of all be a man of character. It is true, after all, that the great thing that a man can do for his generation is to be a good man. What we want is not more men but more man.

But the value of time depends not only on the place and the age in which it is spent, but upon the person who spends it.

Some of you have seen that queer old clock at Berne, where when the clock strikes, there comes out a procession of little bears and they march around the dial. But these little wooden bears are not an essential part of the clock. They might be taken away and the clock would go on just as well. There are people who have little more vital connection with the times in which they live than the bears of Berne.

In this busy day, with its great thoughts and its great problems and its great needs, there are people who live frivolous lives, and foolish lives, and useless lives; people who might as well be living in the age of old Methusaleh. Human life is like the water of the river—it must be kept in the current, it must stay in the great stream of the life of humanity. If it is taken out of touch with that rushing river, as one might dip up a cupful of water, speedily it loses its value, as the water loses its sparkle and becomes stagnant.

Keep in contact with the great world if you want to make the most of life. Read men more than books. Make it your business to know what is going on. Keep yourself in sympathy with all the great movements of the day.

And then see that you get something that is worth while into every hour. No man ever won success in life who habitually wasted time. Look at the men who stand about the streets with their hands in their pockets, or who sit in tilted chairs staring out of the windows of hotels. They are like the little children in South Africa who were playing with the pretty pebbles, which some wise man who came that way discovered to be diamonds. They have the precious possession of time and do not know what it is.

I read the other day about a man who died a week or two ago who knew as much about railroads as any man in America. He owned the largest part of half a dozen of them. That man began his railroad enterprises when he was 10 years of age, by carrying water for the men who were digging the bed for the road between Schenectady and Albany. He did that faithfully and was paid $1 a week for it. But it did not occupy quite all his time, so he wheeled dirt also. By and by he saved enough to buy a horse and cart. And now he carried not only water and dirt, but other needed things. Thus grew up a great supply business. And to that he added now one interest and then another. And at last when the time came to drive the silver nail which marked the completion of one of the most notable railroads in the world—the Union Pacific, Sidney Dillon was one of the men chosen to strike it with the hammer, as one of the great builders and owners of the road.

Prof. Langley says that the man who knows most about double stars, who has contributed most to the world's stock of knowledge about them, is not a professional astronomer, but a bank clerk in Chicago, who has studied the sky after banking hours. Think of all the things he might have done with his time! He might have spent his evenings at theaters, or in billiard rooms; might have wasted money as well as time. Instead of that he filled up every hour with that which was worth doing.

Never spend any $5 time in 50-cent jobs. Always be doing something, and let that something be worth doing.

Time is a trust. It all belongs to God. He makes us His stewards in the use of it. It is to be used for His honor and glory and for the good of man. One of the questions in that last great day of examination, which we call the Day of Judgment, will be. What have you done with your time? To use time aright, and fill up every moment of it with good thoughts and good deeds, is to accomplish a greater task than ever the old alchemists attempted, who tried to turn lead into gold; it is to translate fleeting time into life eternal.

Life in the South.

The press dispatches of Tuesday last presented two strikingly different pictures of life in the South. At Jacksonville, Fla., a negro was in jail charged with murder. The colored people heard that a white mob would attempt to lynch him, and they armed themselves to prevent it. A crowd of several hundred negroes had congregated in the streets. They had committed no act of violence or threatened to commit any. They had assembled simply to see that the law was enforced. The Governor of the State was notified and he at once sent to Jacksonville three companies of militia. A Gatling gun was planted in front of the jail, not to keep away white mobs, but to menace the negroes who were determined that one of their race should have justice. There was no bloodshed, because the negroes gave the militia no occasion to fire upon them. At Vicksburg, Miss., two other colored men were in jail charged with murder. A white mob assembled to lynch them. The local militia were called upon to guard

To Clean Straw Hats.

First scrub the hat perfectly clean with cold water and soap, applied with a nail-brush. Dissolve half an ounce of oxalic acid in three-quarters of a pint of water; brush the hat over with it and hang it in a hot place to dry; quickly press with a hot iron, placing muslin over the hat first. The crown is removed from the inside. Care must be taken in using the acid, for it burns the color out of everything.

A pleasant wife is a rainbow set in the sky when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests.

SUMMER SMILES.

Candied opinion—taffy.

Politics makes strange bed-fellows, but they don't get to bed very early nights.

He comes of a nautical family. His father was the mainstay of the family and his mother was the spanker.

It's only when a baby is very homely that its mother can see a resemblance between it and her husband's folks.

"Well," said Cholly, as he gathered up the letters she had returned to him, "it was pretty good pwactice for me, anyhow."

Wouldn't the impecunious young man be happy during the ice cream season if the girls' mouths were no bigger than a fashion-plate makes them appear?

He—"Goodness! Eleven o'clock! How time flies when we're together, dear." She—"Doesn't it, though? I know of nothing like it, except when I am shopping."

Teacher—"Now, Tommy, can you give me the name of the strongest animal?" Tommy—"Yes, sir." Teacher—"What is it?" Tommy—"The polecat."

"It's the little things in life that count," said the philosopher. "Yes, indeed," said the primary teacher; "you should visit my school some time and hear them."

Young Minister—"I've been praying for you a long time, Miss Dora. Dora (astonished)—"Why didn't you let me know it? I'd have been yours after the first prayer."

Train Conductor—"All aboard. Hurry up, miss, if you are going by this train." Little Girl—"Just a minute, till I kiss mamma." Conductor—"Jump aboard; I'll attend to that."

Small Boy—"Sis says you have the advantage over her. You can eat and talk at the same time." Young Man—"How' that?" Small Boy—"Sis says you talk through your nose."

Ella—"Do you believe in signs, Algy dear?" Algy—"To tell the truth, darling, I always was a little superstitious." Ella—"Well, there is a sign over there that says 'ice cream.'"

Mrs. Newliwed—"What are these?" Fishwoman—"Them is Spanish mackerel." Mrs. Newliwed—"I'll take three pounds of them. My husband is very fond of anything imported."

Mrs. Brown—"I heard to-day that Mr. Van Gabbler owns a gas well, but I don't believe it." Mr. Brown—"You would be quite prepared to believe it if you ever heard his wife talk."

After a girl has been married five years and becomes a little faded the bitterest drop in her cup is to meet the pretty girl her husband might have had and who has had nothing to fade her.

Sympathetic Lodger (to tired maid-of-all-work)—"You have to work pretty hard, don't you, Mary Jane?" "Yes, sor, but it'll be aysier soon. They've got anoother lady to hilp me with the scroobin'."

She—"But, George, dear, do you think you can support me on ten dollars a week?" He—"Think, darling? I know it. There's a place down town where we can get twenty-one meal tickets for two dollars and a half."

"Willie," said his mother, "when you went to bed last night did you pray that it would be nice and clear to-day?" "Yep," said Willie, "but I've bet my black-handled knife against Bobby Stapleford's big kite that it's goin' to rain."

Jack—"So you are going to marry Tom Chapman, Edith?" Edith—"Yes. What do you think of me for accepting a man who is forty years old?" Ethel—"I think you are very wise. When two people of nearly the same age marry they are generally happy."

Messenger—"A telegram for you, sir." Florida Hotel Man—"Great Scott, a party of twenty expected here at noon! John, put ten pounds of washing blue into the mineral spring, hang those fish I brought from the city on a line near the pond and give the alligator a little nigger. Get a move on you quick!"

A STEAMER WRECKED.

Pleasure Party Caught in a Cyclone on Lake Peoria, Ill.—Several Lives Lost.

A Peoria, Ill., despatch says:—Peoria lake was last evening the scene of a horrible catasrtophe. A cyclone struck it about 10.30 p.m., and capsized the Frankie Folsom, an excursion steamer with a party from Pekin. There were about 40 persons on board. All but 18 of them have been accounted for; it is believed that these are dead. It is known positively that fully a dozen perished. No one escaped from the cabin.

Up to two o'clock this morning nine bodies had been recovered from the wreck of the Frankie Folsom, and the search continues,. The list of casualties so far is as follows:—Mrs. Frank Fisher and daughter Cora, Mrs. Henry Duricker, John Aherendes, Miss Coney, Mrs. M, Willis, Maude Ford, and two unidentified, one a man and the other a woman. It is believed six more bodies will be found. Capt. Loesch, master of the boat, says a party of about 40 from Pekin went to see Pain's "Last Days of Pompeii." After the exhibition they pulled out, and when in the middle of the river the storm struck them with great fury. The captain attempted to head the steamer toward the shore, and as he did so a terrific gust of wind struck the craft and keeled it over in 19 ft. of water. The scene which followed beggars description. Men and women were thrown into the water, but the larger part of them managed to reach the upper guard and cling there until help reached them. Their cries of distress were heard on shore, and in spite of the heavy wind a number of skiffs went to their assistance: and gradually they were brought to land. Until the list of passengers comes from Pekin the exact number of deaths cannot be told. Samuel Sumon, Circuit Clerk of Haswell county, saved his wife by diving down into the cabin of the sunken boat. He brought her up in a senseless condition, but it is thought she will live. He said the accident was caused by the pilot becoming scared when the storm struck them. Had he kept the steamer headed for the willows on the opposite bank there would have been no danger of it capsizing.

A Hint to Laundresses.

It is said that a Paris laundryman has discarded all soaps, sodas and boiling powders. He merely uses plenty of water and boiled potatoes, and can cleanse, without employing any alkali, the worst soiled linens, cottons or woolens.

OUTRAGES IN CHINA.

What an Eye-witness Says About Them.

C. W. Tudor-Davies, an English gentleman holding a high position in the Chinese service, is on his way home to Europe on 18-months' leave of absence. Mr. Davies has been many years in the Chinese service, stationed at different treaty ports and in the interior, and speaks the mandarin dialect with fluency. In conversation with a reporter Mr. Davies said:

"I was stationed at the various Yang-tse ports all through the riots and disturbances which commenced in May of last year and made the life of Europeans and Americans in those places scarcely worth the living. The first riot broke out at Wuhu, a Yang-tse river port. This was followed by riots at Chinkiang and then a very serious one at Hankow. At Wuhu the crowd attacked the customs buildings, but were driven off by the foreign and Chinese customs staff, led by young Parr, an ex-officer of the British army.

"Personal experiences? Well. I was at Hankow when the worst riot occurred in our vicinity. A very few miles up the river from Hankow there is a small missionary settlement. Agitation which had been brewing in the neighborhood for some time at last broke out into open violence. There were five ladies in the mission buildings, from which all the men were absent. The rioters advanced upon the unprotected premises and set fire to them and then set upon the wretched women. Two men named Argent and Green, one a missionary and the other a customs officer, seeing the flames from a distance, rushed to the rescue. The mob seized Argent, threw him down and literally mashed his head into a pulp with a big stone. Green got away, and, chased by the maddened mob, ran into a pond of water. There the poor wretch was deliberately stoned to death, hauled out of the pond and slashed and mutilated with a knife.

"The mob returned to renew their brutal work upon the women, who were dragged hither and thither and subjected to every type of maltreatment and malignity. Through the aid of friendly Chinese soldiers, who made a pretense of siding with the mob, they were dragged into the village yamen or court-house, and there they remained until one of the foreign river steamers passed up the river. They smuggled a note out to the captain by means of a friendly Chinese, and he came alongside and took them off. Capt. Cain, who commanded the boat, is an American. It is a singular fact that in almost every riot which occurred his happened to be the first vessel which came along to the rescue of the besieged unfortunates along the banks of the Yang-tse. Green had a solemn funeral in Hankow. The American, British and French men-of-war sent off detachments to attend.

"You must understand that the Pekin Government is friendly to foreigners and the Tsung-li-Yamen, or Imperial Cabinet, does all in its power to behave as other civilized nations. Scattered all over the country, however, are provincial officials who detest the foreigner and wish to drive him out of China. They have taken pains to spread absurd stories about the utilization of Chinese children for medicinal purposes by the 'foreign devils', as we are termed, and it is seriously believed in China that we extract children's eyes to make medicine from.

"Goodness knows when the riots will cease. The higher Chinese officials are very reasonable men, but the provincial authorities are the most ignorant and prejudiced creatures on earth, and it will be many a year before they are educated to our point of view."

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

To enter Heaven a man must take it with him.

Whoso keepeth his mouth and tongue keepeth his soul from trouble.

Every faculty which is a receiver of pleasure has an equal penalty put on its abuse. It is to answer for its moderation with its life.

Divine consolation is so exceedingly precious as not to admit of a rival in our hearts.

Patience is the ballast of the soul that will keep it from rolling and tumbling in the great storm.

If only we strive to be pure and true.
To each of us all there will come an hour
When the tree of life shall burst into flower,
And the rain at our feet the glorious dower
Of something grander than ever we knew.

Never turn a blessing around to see whether it has a dark side to it.

Dignity, unless genuine and resting on a firm basis, becomes, not only a mockery, but also a farce.

The good wear their years as a crown upon the brow, the bad as a burden on the back.

Receive thoughts as guests, and treat your desires as children.

Beauty is like the flowers in Spring, but virtue is like the stars in heaven.

Do not forget that while you fold your hands, Time folds not up his wings.

The liberty to go higher than we are is given only when we have fulfilled the duties of our present sphere.

How beautiful, great and pure goodness is! It plants heaven on the face that has it; it wakens the sleeping souls that meet it.

In vain do they talk of happiness who never subdue an impulse in obedience to a principle. He who never sacrificed a present to a future good or a personal to a general one, can speak of happiness only as the blind do of colors.

The Ontario Dehorning Commission visited the Central Experimental Farm at Ottawa the other day and took the evidence of Prof. Robertson, dairy commissioner. The commissioner said he was favorably impressed with the dehorning practice. In his opinion it was beneficial in more than one way, and he thought that farmers should be allowed to use their discretion in such matters. If the horns were properly taken off no unnecessary pain would follow. The chief pain lasted for a period of not more than six seconds, the time it took to cut the horns. Mr. R. W. Elliott, herdsman at the farm, also expressed himself favorable to dehorning cattle, and said there was no extensive suffering when all necessary precautions were taken to do the work well. It is understood that the report of the commission will be in favor of legalizing the practise.

SCIENTIFIC AND INGENIOUS.

Glass type is announced.

An electric type-setting machine sets 22,000 types an hour.

A man of science in Germany maintains that it is from meteors that all our diamonds come.

American lifeboats are to be furnished with an electric motor and propeller, which will provide not only power but a search light.

If a well could be dug to a depth of forty six miles the air at the bottom would be a dense as quicksilver.

A mysterious ringing of electrical bells in a house in Switzerland was traced to a spider, whose web had connected two wires.

Edison has invented a torpedo with which twenty-five men can hold a fort against 1,000,000 enemies.

The best road, according to Parisian experts, for hardness and unwearable service is made of volcanic scoria.

On August 5th Mars will arrive at a poin directly opposite the earth, which it reaches but once in every fifteen years, when the distance will be reduced from 141,000,000 to 35,000,000 miles.

German scientists are now making an explosive equal to dynamite out of common jute. It is called nitrojute, and is prepared by treating jute with a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acids.

The perpendicularity of a tall monument is affected by the rays of the sun. It leans away from that luminary, owing to the expansion of the side on which the rays fall.

It used to take one man thirty-five days to make a carriage. It is now made by the aid of machinery with the work of one man in twelve days.

A recent English invention is that of mixing rabbit hair with cotton or silk and spinning it into long threads for the manufacture of woven and knitted fabrics.

Asafetida is not, as many suppose an animal product. It is prepared from the roots and stems of plants grown extensively in Persia, Beloochistan and India. In the last named country cooks use it in all kinds of pudding.

A process has recently been discovered for making flour of bananas. Chemical experiments show that this flour contains more nutriment than rice, and that when eaten with beans, corn or sago it forms a very palatable and nourishing diet.

A Berlin shoemaker has invented an artifical stone sole for footwear. It is made of a solution of some kind of patent cement and pure white quartz sand. A pair of such soles will last for years on any pavement, and are said to be elastic and easy on the feet.

Some Remarkable Mines.

There are in England several coal and metalliferous mines which extend and are worked at a considerable distance out to sea. But perhaps at the most remarkable submarine coal mine is that at Nanaimo, on Departure bay, beyond Victoria, British Columbia. This mine is known as the Wellington, and its galleries are situated 600 feet below the surface of the ocean, which here encloses an archipelago of islands very similar to the Thousand Islands at the head of the St. Lawrence River. The galleries of this pit, which are continually developing, extend at present a length of six miles under the bottom of the waters of the Pacific Ocean. Nearly the whole population of the town of Nanaimo, amounting to nearly 1,000, is engaged in the mines of the place, the average daily wage per head being from 12s to 23s. Liberal as this payment appears to be, the cost of living in that inhospitable region is so high that the miners can after all only just make both ends meet. A great disadvantage of the Nanaimo mines is the excessive amount of combustible gases present, by an explosion of which, three years ago 100 miners lost their lives. But notwithstanding this drawback it seems that the coal mines in British Columbia, as in Alaska, are more profitable than the gold mines, for the simple reason that they can be worked the whole year round, while the auriferous deposits can only be exploited four months in the year. The gold-miners have, therefore, to live in idleness during the remaining eight months, and in a country which cannot produce the necessaries of life. Provisions and other commodities are generally imported from the United States, and are consequently burdened with heavy transport charges. As the miners cannot be left to starvation during these eight months, the proprietors of the mines have to incur such an enormous running expense that the ore has to be of a very high grade to render work remunerative, so that low grade ores are not touched unless there are compensating advantages such as are manifest in the case of the Treadwell Mine, on Douglas Island, which is situated near the shore, where water is convenient, and for which the owners ask £4,000,000. A small mine, the Bear, situated on the same island, was sold recently for £200,000, while the Mexico Mine is so profitable that it is "not for sale at any price."

SEVENTY LIVES LOST.

The Argentine Torpedo Catcher Foundered—Officers Saved, Crew Lost.

The Argentine torpedo catcher, Rosalis, has foundered in a storm off the coast of Uruguay The officers were saved. The crew, numbering 70, are missing.

The Argentine ironclad Almirante Brown and the cruiser Vienticienco, which were en route to Spain, are missing, and it is believed that they foundered in the same storm. A popular subscription has been opened for the purchase of a warship similar to the Rosalis.

For Tired and Tender Feet.

After a weary day of tramping, when the burning, itching and aching of the feet are intolerable, no more grateful remedy can be offered than alcohol. Wash the feet in hot water or cold, whichever is the more soothing, thoroughly dry and then sponge off the cleansed surface with equal parts of alcohol and cold water, permitting the feet to dry without wiping.

The man with the most faults grieves at his neighbor's one little shortcoming.

Female barbers don't pay. A woman's scrapes are the cause of most men's trouble.