GREAT FAMILY RECORDS

TWENTY-ONE CHILDREN IN SEVEN YEARS.

A Scottish Weaver's Family Numbered Altogether Sixty-Two.

The remarkable case of three sisters—one of whom, Mrs. Jackson, died quite recently—contributing no fewer than sixty-one children to the population recalls some even more astonishing cases of numerous progeny, says London Tit-Bits.

In the College of Heralds is preserved a petition from one Thomas Greenhill, praying the Earl Marshal that, "in consideration of your petitioner's being the seventh son and the thirty-ninth child of one father and mother, your Grace would be pleased to signalize it by some particular mark or augmentation in my coat-of-arms, to transmit to posterity so uncommon a thing."

One might well think that here at least we have the "record family"; but the Harleian manuscripts effectually dispose of any claim Mr. Greenhill's parents might have made to the palm of fecundity. In the year 1680, on the evidence of one John Delaval, Esquire, there were living in the neighborhood of Newcastle-on-Tyne fifty men and women, all the sons and daughters of a Scottish weaver; and, more remarkable still, they were the remnant of a family which altogether had numbered sixty-two.

After such a record as this, one reads without the least sensation of astonishment of the

THIRTY-EIGHT CHILDREN,

who, a century ago, called John Parkinson, a Yorkshire farmer, father; or of the thirty-six children of Thomas Urquhart, of Cromarty, and his wife Helen; while Mrs. Milbourne, who was mother of thirty children, and John Scott, of Spitalfields, who had only twenty-eight to support, stride one as having nothing much to boast of in the way of numerous progeny.

All these are cases of dead and gone generations, and one would have to look far to match them in our own day. Not long ago, however, a parcel called upon the Registrar of Births for Whittlesey, Isle of Ely, to register the birth of his twenty-first child; and on the same day two other proud fathers called to register their nineteenth and seventeenth children respectively; the three families thus boasting the respectable aggregate of fifty-seven descendants.

Mrs. Mary Jones, who died at Chester a few years ago at the age of eight-seven, was the mother of thirty-three children—"a third of a century," as she proudly, if not accurately, is poke of them; and a couple of years ago a Mr. Anthony Clark startled his Honor Judge Snagge, at the Clerkenwell County Court, by pleading guilty to being the father of thirty-two. "Good gracious!" his Honor exclaimed; "thirty-two, did you say?"; while Clark chimed in, "Of course, you are proud of them?" "Yes; and so would you be," Mr. Clark retorted.

MIDST PEALS OF LAUGHTER.

The prolific maternity full credit must be given to Mrs. Josephine Ransom, of Chicago, who had fourteen children at seven births. They included one set of triplets, two sets of twins, three singles, and one set of quadruplets." The quadruplets brought fortune in their train, Mrs. Ormsby made $500 a week exhibiting them at a dime museum. But Mrs. Ormsby must yield palm to the wife of a Parisian who actually became the mother of twenty-one children at six births, and all within the space of seven years; while to prove that Paris has other family records to boast of, we are told by Boyle of French lawyer who was the father of thirty-six children.

An interesting question in the history of families is—Who has lived to the greatest number of descendants? So far as the writer knows, the record of Lady Temple, of Stowe Park, has never been beaten. Lady Temple, who died in 1656, it may be mentioned, survived to see no fewer than 1,700 of her descendants. A few years ago Mrs. Sadie Shiver, of Southern Georgia, had 325 children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and great-great-grandchildren living, and 75 more were dead; the old lady having thus lived to see 310 of her own descendants.

VALUE OF SADNESS.

End of Man not Happiness, but Character.

We are to be deep and strong, must be touched and tempered by sadness. Sunlight is sweetest when softened by shadows; as music, to be melodious, must have a minor chord in it. To make a feature of the face on canvas more prominent, the painter deepens the shadows about it. This is what Heine meant by saying that the nightingale sings sweetest with its breast against a thorn"; and Seneca meant by saying, "The gods look down and smile with favor upon a good man struggling with adversity"; what Paul means when he tells us, "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth"; why a man who will write a philosophy of history must mean as he points to Greece, Switzerland, and Scotland, that men have wrested a scanty existence from a stubborn soil, as stones of great, famous men and women. Every individual who has wrestle in the dark with the angel of pain alone, for his blessing, is the one man, though, as in the case of Jacob, there may be a wrench given to the very bones. It should never be lost sight of that the chief end of man here on this earth is not happiness, but character. Somehow, character seems to be more interested in what is right than what is easy, or even popular.

"I saw a conjurer turn water into wine the other evening." "That's nothing. I know a man who turns water into milk every day."

YOUR GOSPEL DUTIES

A Warning Lesson for Any Man Who is Postponing Them.

(Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Four, by Wm. Bailey, of Toronto, at the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.)

A despatch from Los Angeles, Cal., says:—Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage preached from the following text: Matthew viii. 22, "Let the dead bury the dead."

What is true in laboratory investigations is also true in reference to Bible study. We must not study the words of my text with a microscope. We must not isolate this sentence from all its connections. We must compare this passage with other passages, this chapter with other chapters in this book with other books. "I cannot understand why Christ should have trampled upon the filial affections of his disciple who wanted to go back and bury his dead father," said a certain man to me some years ago. "This young man evidently intended to be a devout disciple of Jesus. But surely he had a duty to his home as well as directly to the old homestead, by the corpse of his earthly parent. It was natural for a dutiful son to want to be present at the funeral. Yet when the young man said, 'Let me, I pray thee, go and bury my father, and I will follow thee,' Christ showed no sympathy with his natural feeling, but practically said: 'Let the neighbors and the strangers come in and close the eyelids and wash the cold body. Let the clergyman sing the death chant and dig the grave. Let strange hands wrap the mutilated corpse in its white shroud and carry it to its last resting place. You must come with me at once. Shut your eyes to the dead. Let the dead bury the dead.'"

CHRIST'S LOVE FOR HIS MOTHER.

That way of regarding the incident utterly misrepresents it. Never suppose for a moment that Christ demands that any man should show disreverence for his mother by slighting or neglecting or disobeying an earthly parent. Why, the last human being for whom Christ provided when he was dying upon the cross was his mother. He looked and looked toward the beloved disciple, sobbing at his feet, and said to him: "Take look after my old mother. Now, I am friendless and alone; she is your love and sacrifice. Upon you be looked to repay to his mother all he owes as he said. My dear John take my place and be a loving son to her." These are Christ's exact words: "Woman, behold thy son!" "Son, behold thy mother!" Those who say that the example of one who disrespected filial duty. His body was racked at that moment by excruciating agony, but his thoughts were not of himself but of her who, by his death, would be left dependent. It was she for whom he was concerned even in the hour of his dissolution. His was concerned in that crisis hours that when he spoke to the young volunteer the words of my text he was not insensible to the claims of natural affection.

NEGLECTED OBLIGATIONS.

Sidetracked obligations to God! We see them everywhere. We see them in the young man who is fitting himself by education to enter the battle of life. I enter a theological seminary, where thirty or forty young men are gathered into a class room. They are bright, intelligent young men, eager for the knowledge intent on getting thorough equipment for the work they have undertaken. I put to each student this question:—"Young man, when do you go to church? In what Sunday school are you teaching? What mission work are you doing for Christ?" Some there will be who, in order to pay their way through college, are performing some duties by which they earn a little money. But the answer, in nine cases out of ten, will be: "Oh, I am not attending any particular church here. I am not teaching in any Sunday school. I am now studying to be a minister, and therefore can hear a different minister in the town." The result is that nine theological students, and I think I am not overstating the proportion, do practically nothing for Christ while they are living within seminary walls unless they are paid for their services. What is the reason? With a critical, censorious spirit they go from church to church. They pick flaws in this minister, they find fault with that minister, and all the time they belong to the great army of religious tramps, whom I call the "go-rounders." During those years of study their own lives are ebbing away. By the time the young man who pursues this course graduates from a theological seminary he is on the verge of spiritual bankruptcy. Why? Mainly because in the three long years of mental preparation for the ministry he has neglected to do personal work for Jesus Christ.

MENTAL VERSUS SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENT.

Why are there so few earnest, religious workers found among our medical students? Do most of the boys who enter these medical schools go there as infidels? No. Four out of every five students in any theological seminary class were the sons of ministers. Of course no such percentage is found in the medical schools. But a large number of students in those medical schools are the sons of ministers. And, furthermore, I do not believe I am going beyond my right when I say eight-tenths of all medical students came from Christian homes. The more a parent loves Christ, the more anxious he is to give his children all the advantages of a good education. Yet medical students as a class are noted for their neglect of spiritual work. Thousands of Christian physicians are found all over the land. But while in college most medical students do nothing for the service of their Master. They say, "Wait, Lord, until I pass my examinations." The result of this waiting is that many young men entirely lose their hold upon Christ. Oh, young man, young woman, Christ ought not to have to wait for you to get a mental education before you are ready to serve him. The development of the spiritual life in the heart should go on simultaneously with the mental development. And mark this—the spiritual development of the heart never takes place except by spiritual labor. "Follow me!" says Christ to the young men and women in our educational institutions. "Follow me now!"

Christs command, "Follow me," comes to the tired merchant. It comes to worn out merchant. It comes to you even in the whirl and the bustle of business life. "Oh, no," you say, "I have no time for Christ. My business absorbs every atom of my energy. I am so tired from my week day tasks that I am too weary to go to church on Sunday. Why, when I go, I fall asleep during the sermon. It makes but little difference to me then who preaches the sermon. Come down to my store any time and you will see how I am over-driven. There is a steady stream of men in my outer office all the time. I must see them. It is work, work, work until I am nearly dead." Yes, my brother, in one sense what you say is true. You are an overworked man, but how much of that labor that so fatigues you is voluntarily undertaken? Have you, as a Christian man, the right to give to your own concerns, to your business and the world the whole of your time and energy? Have you forgotten the claims that God has upon you? Better leave undone some of the work you are now doing that you may have strength to serve him. Why should you not be willing to drop some of that business drudgery? Do you not know that much of that grinding, useless, selfish toil is making a failure out of your life? The temporal necessities of life are very small, yet thousands of people plod on, and on, and on, in a treadmill of mercantile drudgery, as though their very happiness depended upon raising their store from a four story to a ten story dry goods emporium.

A RICH MAN'S FAILURE.

Some time ago a lady visited an old school friend who had married a merchant in one of our eastern cities. That night when they were seated together for a quiet chat she said, "Clara, how is your husband getting along?" "Miserably," answered the wife. "Why, how is that? Is he not making a lot of money? Is not this palace of a home your own? Is not his name written high as one of the great financiers of this city?" "Oh, yes," answered the wife, "John is making a lot of money. He is already what some people call rich. But I certainly call him poor. When we started out in life we did not have much money, but we had enough for all our necessary wants. Besides, we had plenty of time for each other and for our friends and for our church. John then only had a small store. He would get home for supper on time. Then all the evenings were ours. We read together. We visited our friends together. Some weeks John would get off a whole day, and together we would take a trip to the country and roam among the wild flowers. Our Sundays were always spent together at church and in the home. But now John has sold himself to his work. I rarely see him. He works all day. He works part of the night. He always has some business engagement on Sunday. He makes lots of money, but then he only puts that money back into the business, and therefore it is not his to use. He has to keep on working the harder, to look after the bigger business. I certainly think that John is making a failure out of life. He is a perfect slave to work, and we rarely see each other for any of our old good times."

TOLD HER TOO LATE.

In Virginia a young woman was left a widow with four small children. She taught school and painted and stitched and took in washings and worked all day and far into the night in order to send her boys to college and to give her two girls a fine education. After awhile these children grew up and went out into the world and left their old mother alone in the cottage where they were reared. Being finely educated, they grew ashamed of the mother who had done so much for them. Her speech was not as classical as theirs. Her hands were callous with toil, and in her looks she was very commonplace. Finally, worn out with work, she was dying, and all her four children gathered about her bedside, conscience smitten with their ingratitude. They now realized how they had neglected the best friend they ever had. Then one of her boys, now a prominent lawyer, took her in his arms and said: "Mother, you have been a good mother to us. You have made it possible for us to be what we are." Then the woman's tired face lighted up with a smile as she answered, "Oh, Willie, why did you not tell me that before?" Such praise came too late. I tell you they are too late. If we are to praise our loved ones we must praise them while they are living and not when they are dead.

So Christ in these words of my text was enunciating an infinite and omnipotent truth. Jesus is practically saying: "Young man, higher than your love for father or mother or wife or child is your duty to me and to the great world at large. Come with me and help save the millions who are dying in their sins. Come with me and bring back to a life of purity and love those who will never know me unless they see me as a result of thy guidance. Come with me. Come with me." This sentence, "Follow me, and let the dead bury the dead," is only another wording of the same thought which Christ spake unto his disciples: "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me, and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me And he that taketh not his cross and followeth after me is not worthy of me." Yes, there come certain times in life when our duty to Christ and to our fellow men should have precedence over our desires to be with our dear ones in our own homes.

But though these words of my text may seem to separate some of us for a little while from our loved ones on earth, is it not a sweet and treasured thought that Christ will never separate us, his children, from each other in that better land? Thus, according to Christ's great laws, we may believe that the separations of earth are only for a little while and that these earthly separations ultimately mean the reunion in heaven if we only trust Christ and accept Christ for our Saviour.

MELANCHOLY IN RUSSIA.

Russia a Weak Nation When Viewed From Inside.

The general Russian life, as I thus saw it, while intensely interesting in many respects, was certainly not cheerful writes Andrew D. White, formerly United States Minister to Russia. Despite the frivolity dominant among the upper class and the fetishism controlling the lower classes, there was, especially in that period of calamity, a deep undertone of melancholy. Melancholy, indeed, is a marked characteristic of Russia, and, above all, of the peasantry. They seem sad even in their sports; their songs almost without exception are in the minor key; the whole atmosphere is apparently charged with vague dread of some calamity. Despite the suppression of most of the foreign journals and the blotting out of page after page of the newspapers allowed to enter the empire, despite all that the secret police could do in repressing unfavorable comment, it became generally known that all was going wrong in the Crimea. News came of reverse after reverse; of the defeats of Alma and Inkerman, and as a climax, the loss of Sevastopol and the destruction of the Russian fleet. In the midst of it all, as is ever the case in Russian wars, came utter collapse in the commissariat department: everywhere one heard hints and finally detailed stories of scoundrelism in high places; of money which ought to have been appropriated to army supplies, but which had been expended at the gambling tables of Homburg or in the Breda quarter at Paris.

Then it was that there was borne in upon me the conviction that Russia, powerful as she seems when viewed from the outside, is anything but strong when viewed from the inside. To say nothing of the thousand evident weaknesses resulting from autocracy—the theory that one man, and he, generally, not one of the most highly endowed, can do the thinking for a hundred millions of people—there was nowhere the slightest sign of any uprising of a great nation, as, for instance, of the French against Europe in 1792, of the Germans against France in 1813 and in 1870, of Italy against Austria in 1859 and afterward, and of the Americans in the Civil War of 1861. There were certainly many noble characters in Russia, and these must have felt deeply the condition of things; but there being no great middle class, and the lower class having been long kept in besotted ignorance there seemed no force on which patriotism could take hold.

WHY THEY WEAR THEM.

The hats worn by Corean State functionaries have brims of enormous dimensions, three feet across sometimes, and are required to be made of clay. The reason for this, Mr. Hatch tells in his recent book, is that some years ago the then ruler of Corea was annoyed at the habit of whispering that prevailed at court and so decided upon compelling his courtiers to wear hats that would make it somewhat more difficult to put their heads close together and exchange confidences.

Two shopmen hired bicycles lately and took a spin into the country. When they were perhaps ten miles out they decided to have a race. One of them got far ahead of the other and, in dashing round a turn, ran into a pile of stones. The wheel was demolished, and the rider found himself lying among the spokes. An old woman, who happened to be passing, was met by the second rider. "My good woman," said he, "have you seen a young man riding a bicycle on ahead?" "No," said the woman; "but I saw a young man up the road who was sittin' on the ground mendin' umbrellas."

His height was little over five feet. He was slender in proportion. But he was proud—oh, so proud! He stood erect and with folded arms near the rail of the steamer and gazed out upon the sea in stern, majestic silence. Presently the captain approached him and touched his arm. "What is it, my good fellow?" he said, turning his head slowly and eyeing him from head to foot. "Would you mind stepping over this way a little?" asked the captain, touching his hat. "What for, my good fellow?" "To trim the ship. You are giving it a decided list to port."

FOR THE HOME

Recipes for the Kitchen. Hygiene and Other Notes for the Housekeeper.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Favorite Chops—Remove all the fat from some chops. Season each with pepper and salt, and wrap each in buttered paper. Fold the paper neatly together and fry a nice brown. Serve in the papers with a garnish of fried parsley.

Linseed Tea.—Pour two quarts of boiling water on one ounce of whole linseed, and twelve drachms of liquorice root sliced. Add a few slices of lemon. Let this stand in a covered jug for six hours, then strain for use and sweeten to taste.

Egg and Water Cress Sandwiches—These make a nice change from cakes for afternoon tea. Cut some thin brown bread and butter. Pass two hard-boiled eggs through a wire sieve. Put a layer of egg on one piece of bread and butter, and a layer of water cress leaves on the other. Press together and trim off the crust.

Swiss Roll—One teacupful of caster sugar, one teacupful of fine flour and a teaspoonful of baking powder, mix well together. Break two eggs into the dry ingredients, and beat for five minutes. Pour into a well-buttered Yorkshire pudding tin. Bake for three minutes in a very hot oven. Turn on a sheet of sugared paper. Spread with jam and roll quickly.

Lobster toast is a tasty supper dish. Take half a small tin of lobster; pick to pieces carefully to remove any shell; add a dessertspoonful of warmed butter, some chopped capers, and cayene pepper. Pound all together till quite smooth, adding salt if necessary. Make thoroughly hot, and serve on squares of hot buttered toast. Garnish with rings of hard-boiled egg and serve.

Curried Sausages—Fry some sausages till quite cooked. Then pour a little water into the frying pan; dredge in some curry powder and sufficient flour to thicken the whole. Simmer for ten minutes. Add a squeeze of lemon juice and stir till the sauce is done. Add the sausages; stand at the side of the fire while they heat through again. Serve with a border of boiled rice.

Potato Balls—This is a nice way of cooking old potatoes when they are getting rather out of condition. Take the boiled potatoes and mash with a little milk. Dredge in some flour, season with pepper, salt, and chopped parsley. Take care that the mixture is not too moist. Add sufficient chopped parsley to flavor; make into balls. Brush over with milk, put on a greased tin, and brown before the fire or in a sharp oven.

Tomato Jam—The green fruit is best. Wipe each with a cloth and remove the stem. Put into a preserving pan, allowing half a pound of white sugar for every pound of fruit; add a little water for syrup. Slice one lemon for each two pounds of fruit and add. Boil until thoroughly done and the syrup is thick. Do not put much water at first, for it can be added easily. This is an excellent preserve and tastes a little like figs.

Rhubarb and Orange Marmalade—To every pound of cut rhubarb allow three or four Seville oranges and a pound and a half loaf of sugar. Peel the oranges, thinly and cut in thin strips as for marmalade. Take off the white pith, which will not be needed. Remove the pips from the fruit and cut it in slices. Place the oranges, rhubarb and sugar in the preserving pan, and boil gently till sufficiently cooked, and the scum has ceased to rise. Set to preserve in small pots and cover while hot with white paper brushed over with white of egg.

Maids of Honor—For these tarts you must commence by making good puff paste, and make it line some patty pans. Fill half full with this mixture. Beat two ounces of butter with the hand till it comes to a fine cream, add two ounces of caster sugar, and beat well together; add yolks of two eggs beaten again; add a small quantity of milk, shake in a few currants, and finely chopped candied peel. Beat all the ingredients together before filling the patty pans. You will find these delicious if carefully made.

TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

My own experience with children has taught me to believe that those who revolt against all arbitrary authority are not bad, but misdirected children of unusual strength of character, who through wrong influence and control have come to feel a certain pride in opposing those whom they should obey, writes a correspondent. These children who give the most trouble will help most when once they are turned into the right path.

We must remember that tyranny tends to distort character. Blind submission should not be exacted from children, as it tends to make slaves of weak characters, while those who are naturally independent and will not obey without clear reason, react blindly against arbitrary authority. The need is to cultivate in all children an intelligent and free response to necessary laws.

When children obey because they see clearly a good reason why they should, the result is a distinct growth in moral character. On the other hand, if obedience is prompted through fear of physical punishment, the result is of no real benefit to the child's nature. We must bear in mind that the first step toward perfection in our little ones is the setting of the example they need to see. A mother who lacks refinement in act speech or dress, who is careless of the truth and selfish toward her husband, can only expect to see these faults reproduced in her children.

From the earliest conscious act a child should be taught to consider others and take his share of family self-denial. This is very necessary to the formation of fine individual character. We must work ceaselessly and with infinite love and patience, like the gardener, who, with steady hand, guides and bends, never breaking, the twigs of a vine, until it comes to grow in symmetry and beauty. We must let nothing draw our hearts and hands from the service of our children. Their young lives are incomparably more important than any other possession we can ever have.

USEFUL HINTS.

A headache may be relieved by adding a little lemon juice to your tea instead of milk.

When cooking white fish sprinkle a little lemon juice or vinegar over it; this will improve its appearance and flavor.

To make boot laces keep tied give them a slight waxing. This also stiffens them to go quickly through eyelets.

A strip of carpet glued to a piece of wood will remove mud from boots quickly and without the slightest injury to leather. It is far better than the usual brush.

Stains on flannels may be removed by applying equal quantities of yolk of egg and glycerine, and allowing it to soak for half an hour before the garment is washed.

To make linen easier to write on when marking dip the piece you wish to mark into cold starch, rub over with a hot iron, and you will be able to write without the pen scratching.

Plum pudding is greatly improved if it is mixed and put on one side to soak the day before it is boiled. If the cloth is kept on after the pudding can be kept for many months.

Celery leaves may be dried and kept for use when the blanched celery is not procurable. These are useful for brown soups and sauces, but not for white, as they would probably spoil the color.

After washing a sheepskin rug stretch it out on a board, hair side down, and lightly tack the edge down all round. This will prevent the corners curling up and the skin from hardening.

When laying down new linoleum if possible put it over the old piece. In this way the bother of taking up and disposing of the old linoleum is avoided, also the new floor covering lasts longer.

When tablecloths are beginning to wear out in the folds, cut two or three inches off one end and one side and re-hem them. This process will change the places of the folds, and will add new life to the cloth. Servietes and towels should be treated in the same way.

To stain floors—Take two parts of permanganate of potash and 30 parts of water. Mix well. Paint this on the floor two or three times, until the right shade is produced. Afterwards, when dry, polish well with beeswax and turpentine, mixed to the consistency of thick cream.

BE AN ALL-ROUND MAN.

If you are to mean something to the world besides a mere piece of machinery for turning out sovereigns or work in some particular narrow groove, you must see to it that, while you excel in your work, you neglect nothing that will make you larger than that is. Whether you are in business or in a profession, be a full-orbed man of affairs, not a mere tool to do one particular thing. Whether you are an artist, a writer, a merchant, or a lawyer, be more than any of these. Let your education be so broad and thorough that, whether you paint pictures, write books, sell merchandise, make contracts, or cultivate land, you will make yourself felt in your community as an all-round man, of broad ideas and general culture. Train yourself to fill your part in life, no matter what it may be, like a man. Train yourself to think quickly and to act promptly. This general training will not only help you in public affairs, and give you more influence in your community, but it will be invaluable to you in your business or profession. It will make friends for you, will extend your reputation, will make your life infinitely richer, fuller, better worth living, and, above all else, it will enhance your value to the world a thousandfold.

CAREFUL WILLIE.

Teacher was explaining the meaning of the word recuperate. "Now, Willie," she said, "if your father worked hard all day, he would be tired and all worn out, wouldn't he?" "Yes'm." "Then, when night comes and his work is over for the day, what does he do?" "That's what ma wants to know."

A BITTER SCHEME.

The young clergyman was under the impression that there had been some criticism because he preached extemporaneously. "Do you think I ought to write my sermons?" he asked.

"No," replied the sarcastic warden. "I think you ought to buy them."

A MEASURE OF PRECAUTION.

Florid Old Lady (taking train at station)—Conductor, which is the most dangerous car on the train? Conductor—The last car is supposed to be, madam. F. O. L.—Then, why don't you leave it off?

He—"You don't believe in marrying for money, do you, Miss Antique?" She—"I don't know; how much have you got?"

"I have been married for several weeks, and my husband and I cannot decide whether we should return our old love-letters or burn them. What would you advise?" Mrs. C.—"Put them in a pasteboard box in the servant girl's room. A supply of old love-letters has been known to keep a girl contented in one place for three months at a time."

THE S. S. LESSON.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, AUG. 21.

Text of the Lesson, I. Kings xviii., 30-46. Golden Text I. Kings xviii., 21.

Ahab having assembled the children of Israel and the prophets of Baal at Mount Carmel, Elijah addressed them in the words of verses 21 to 25 and they agreed that the god who answered by fire should be the god whom they would worship. He gave the prophets of Baal the first opportunity, so they prepared their altar and their sacrifice and called upon their god from morning until noon and until afternoon but there was no answer nor any attention to their cry from their gods. Then Elijah called the people near to him, and, taking twelve stones to represent the twelve tribes of Israel he repaired the altar of the Lord that was broken down, building it in the name of the Lord (verse 32), made a trench about it, placed the wood in order upon it, cut the bullock in pieces and laid it on the wood and three times drenched the whole with water and also filled the trench with water; then he prayed the simple beautiful prayer of verse 36, 37, and the fire of the Lord fell and consumed the sacrifice, the wood, the stones, the dust and the water in the trench. The people seeing this fell on their faces and cried "The Lord, He is the God; the Lord He is the God" (verse 39).

Elijah had no thought nor of any glory that might be given to him; he was jealous only for the glory of the God of Israel and desirous that the people might turn to Him and be blessed by Him. If we were willing to be so lost in God and so desirous of His glory that we should have no thought of honor to ourselves or our church or denomination or society, but only that people's hearts should be able to turn to the Lord, we might be able to say to all that is against God in us or about us, "Let fire from God consume thee!" (II. Kings i., 10-12.) Our God is a consuming fire (Deut. iv., 24; Heb. xii., 29), and desires a people purified to Himself, that He may be gratified in them. He is willing to receive, forgive, bless and, make a blessing and every one who will may turn to him, and He will use him, however weak and unworthy he is, if he is wholly given over to, Him and to magnify His name.

Our Lord Jesus said in His last prayer, "I have manifested Thy name, I have declared Thy name," and He prayed that the world might be so one with Him that the world might believe and know that He was sent of God (John xvii., 6, 20, 21, 23). He needed no fire to purify Him; the Spirit came upon the disciples at Pentecost as tongues of fire. He came as tongues of fire, purifying consecrating, but we are so in love with the dross of self and sin and self glorification that we are unwilling to be a living sacrifice (for God must have a willing heart, a willing offering). He is hindered and cannot bless and use us as He desires to, but Israel must acknowledge, "The Lord our God, other lords beside Thee have had dominion over us."

As to God accepting the sacrifice of Abel, the offering of Gideon and of Manoah, the dedication of the tabernacle, and the temple, and note that in the latter when the glory filled the house of Holies no man could minister, reminding us that we shall glory in His presence (Ex. xl., 35; I. Kings viii., 11; I Chron. v., 13, 14; vii., 1, 2, 31). Jehovah having claimed God, the prophets of Baal are slain. To be on the Lord's side means that all that is against God must be slain, however dear. Consider the action of Levi when in answer to Moses' question, "Who is on the Lord's side?" they stood forth. See how all had to slay their brothers, companions and neighbors who were against God.

Elijah sent Ahab home with the assurance that rain would come abundantly, but he went to the top of Carmel and cast himself down before the Lord and prayed, sending his servant to look toward the sea for the answer. Again and again he went and returned, saying, "There is nothing," but at the seventh time he returned, saying "Behold there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea like a man's hand" (verses 43, 44). So the heavens became black with clouds and wind and ther was a great rain. A man of like passions with us prayed earnestly and for three and a half years it rained not that the word of the Lord by Moses might be fulfilled; again he prayed and the rain came, but see how earnestly and persistently he prayed, although God had said, "I will send rain upon the earth" (xviii, 1).

It is in His purpose that we shall ask Him to do this and that, even though He has promised to do it. He says, "I will yet for this be inquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them" (Zek. xxxvi., 37). Is there not a suggestion in the cloud "like a man's hand" that it was in answer to a man laying hold upon God. In Isa. lxiv., 7, the complaint is, "There is none that calleth upon Thy name that stirreth up himself to take hold of Thee." If he would take hold of God with the persistence of Elijah for that which He has promised to do, what might we not see to His glory. Then note in the last verse of our lesson, "The hand of the Lord was on Elijah." When we take persistent hold of Him, He will take hold of us for His glory. Let us apply the command of Isa. lxii, 6, 7, first literally and then according to John xiv, 13, 14.

IN MERRY OLD ENGLAND

NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

Occurrences in the Land That Reigns Supreme in the Commercial World.

The C. T. C. Gazette estimated that at least 50,000 cyclists are awheel in London on a fine Sunday.

Little Princess Victoria of Wales may often be seen riding astride. She is an excellent horsewoman.

Solomon Tregoning, of Ystrad Meurig, Wales, aged 95, has just cut three new teeth. He has not had a tooth for 20 years.

There were 869,128 paupers in receipt of relief in England and Wales on January 1st of this year, of whom 136,113 were in London.

The Fire Brigade Committee will suggest to the London County Council that men of the Army Reserve be allowed to enter the brigade.

At Peterborough show the King obtained two second prizes and one third for shire horses, and first and second prizes for Southdown sheep.

A parliamentary visit to the United States in the autumn is being arranged. Eighty M.P.'s have already expressed their willingness to join the party.

Soon after the Bishop of London had left St. Augustine's College, Canterbury, after his visit, a ceiling fell with a crash on to the bed on which he had slept.

There were 392 vessels, of 993,083 tons gross, under construction in the United Kingdom on June 30, which is about 1,000 tons more than at the end of the march quarter.

General French has accepted the suggestion recently made by a coroner's jury at Aldershot, and ordered that no martial honors are to attend the burial of a soldier suicide.

"I have found it a good thing to go a little further than Mr. Chamberlain," said Sir Cavendish Boyle at the West Indian Club, "and not only think Imperially, but feel colonially."

The first woman to go into Bracebridge Asylum at Lincoln, a woman from the Spalding district, has remained in it ever since and during the fifty-four years has cost the authorities some £1,300 or £1,400.

One of a gun's crew on H.M.S. Venerable, writing from Malta, says: "This vessel has created a world's record at a prize firing contest, one of her 12-inch barbette guns having fired nine rounds in three minutes and made nine hits."

The famous vine at Hampton Court, which is 136 years old, is just now loaded with fruit, and the crop this year promises to be a very satisfactory one. The fruit is sent to the King for the private use of the Royal Family.

James Scott, 13, of Acton, does not like hats, and smites them indiscriminately. For tilting with his cane at an inoffensive pedestrian's bowler he was fined £2 the other day. A constable said Scott had a mania for knocking hats off.

As some scrap iron obtained from Wicklow was about to be thrown into the furnace in a Wexford foundry, an ex-artilleryman in the works discovered a shell 7 lbs. in weight and fully charged. The shell was handed over to the police.

Two retrievers and two bull terriers, dressed in black coats, followed the hearse of an old dog fancier named George Nelson from Clapham to Tooting. Each carried a card with the words: "Our master he's gone to rest."

At Birmingham the wife of an ardent spiritualist was granted a summons against her husband, whom she accused of persistent cruelty. Her solicitor said that he assaulted her, telling her that the spirits had warned him that she had to die, and that he had also threatened to mesmerize the magistrate on his appearance in court.

WHY STANLEY FIRED FIRST.

Among many stirring incidents of the life of the late Sir H. M. Stanley a correspondent of the London Times tells the following.

Once when he was on Lake Tanganyika he rather suspected the friendliness of a fleet of canoes coming towards his boat. "I thought they had a large supply, and the boats were deep in the water, still, there was nothing that looked really suspicious. I let them come close, but I kept my eye on them and my hand on the trigger of my elephant-gun. They were but a few yards off, when I saw a heap of bananas stir. I fired at once, and instantly the water was black with hundreds of armed black men who had hidden beneath the banana-heaps. I do not think many of them got ashore. If I had stopped to think they would have been aboard of us, and it is we who should not have got ashore. But I had done my thinking before they came near."

DIRECTING HIM.

"Good evening," said thirsty Finnegan, looking in at Flanagan's door.

"What d'ye want?" asked Flanagan, who was weary of appeasing Finnegan's thirst.

"Nothin'," replied Finnegan.

"Well, ye'll find it in the bottle where the whiskey was."

"It's funny how we love our friends,
And what we'd give for them.
We sigh for them,
We'd die for them,
Until—we live with them!"

Mrs. Egerton Blunt—"But why did you leave your last place?" Applicant—"I couldn't stand the way the mistress and master used to quarrel, mum." Mrs. E. B. (shocked)—"Dear me! Did they quarrel very much, then?" Applicant—"Yes, mum; when it wasn't me an' 'im it was me an' 'er."