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IN MERRY OLD ENGLAND

NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

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

London's birth rate and death rate are steadily declining.

The Salvation Army is the modern Tower of Babel. The staff officers speak 42 languages.

The Prince of Wales is giving £1,000 towards the endowment of the Bishopric of Southwark.

The oldest waiter in London is 94 years of age. He gets up at four in the morning and boils the kettle.

It was announced at the recent Wesleyan Conference that the Methodist million fund had been completed.

Mr. John Caine, father of the novelist, descended from a long line of Manx farmers, has died in his 84th year.

Paradise, a well-known beauty spot near Farnham, was devastated by a heath fire which broke out on the 18th ult.

There has been a further reduction of working hours in the Lancaster cotton trade from 47½ hours to 40 hours per week.

The number of Russians and Poles who arrived in London in 1902 was more than double all other nationalities put together.

The Army Council has approved the award of the volunteer medal to 619 officers and men who have given 20 years' efficient service.

"The Cobwebs" was the title of one of Richmond's historic inns, which has just gone out of business. It had existed for 300 years.

The South African memorial to the Coldstream Guards was unveiled in St. Paul's Cathedral by the colonel of the regiment.

The House of Commons sat for 25½ hours continuously on the 19th and 20th ult. debating the Finance Bill—the longest sitting for at least twenty years.

Her Royal Highness the Infanta Eulalie of Spain has arrived in London, and is staying with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Van Raalte at 46 Grosvenor Square.

Jesse Ward, an old Hull pugilist, died the other day. On one occasion while waiting to take part in an engagement, he was concealed in a coffin.

Rear Admiral Watson, of the United States Navy, has been granted permission by the Admiralty to visit the Davenport and Keyham dockyards.

A HUSBAND'S JOKE.

The convivial husband, addicted to late hours at the club, and the patient wife waiting at home are very familiar objects of every-day life. It is not often, however, that the two figures so amusingly as was the case at a certain domestic establishment in which this incident occurred.

After many disappointments the wife had extracted a particular promise from her spouse, made with not a little show of repentant sincerity, that he would return early from a supper party at the club. She told him candidly enough that she had got much faith in it, but sweet woman is nothing if not forgiving, and an agreement to overlook the past was sealed on her lips in the usual manner as the husband took his departure.

The wife herself went out for an hour or so to call on her friends, and, returning, awaited the homecoming of her lord and master.

Eleven o'clock struck and he had not appeared; then midnight and he wife was still alone. Meantime ope and doubt, rage and despair, ad each in turn been in possession her feelings, and finally, in a flood bitter tears, she sought the reige of the bedroom.

There, in the darkness, a startling ound assailed her ears. In fear and rembling, with a shriek in readiness be listened again. Yes, sure enough was a man snoring! A flash of ght as a match burst into flame, and there, snugly asleep between the blankets, lay the man she had been waiting for at least a couple of hours!

The husband, who enjoys his practical joke, has since been retailing with great relish how, finding that he made a mistake in the date of the supper party, he repaired home again before his wife's return, and quietly stole up to bed. His better half, curiously enough, entirely fails to appreciate the humor of the story.

DULY EXPLAINED.

A famous scientist whose early fame had been in a country district had long promised to visit the scenes of his boyhood and deliver a lecture in aid of the funds of one of the institutions of the place. At last he fulfilled his promise; and the lecture was given.

When, at its close, he was conversing with some of the principal promoters of the affair they warmly congratulated him on the facility with which he made his rather technical matter interesting and clear to all in somewhat uncultured audience.

"Oh," said he, by way of explanation, "I invariably fix my attention upon that member of my audience who strikes me as having the least intelligent face, and I continue to explain any subject upon which I touch until I see by that person's expression that he understands it."

Almost directly afterwards the leading public official of the little town came into the room and made his way to where the scientist was standing.

"Sir," he exclaimed, "you cannot possibly believe how much real pleasure you have given me to-night. It seemed to me all the time as if your face was never away from me, that you spoke to me alone, and that your whole wish was to make me understand every word you said."

SIMPLE FAITH IN GOD

Abiding Trust Which Brings That Peace and Joy Which Passeth All Understanding.

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

A despatch from Los Angeles says: Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage preached from the following text: "Consider the lilies of the field." Matt. vi. 28.

Jesus points us to the common flowers of the field and urges us to consider them, for they have a message for the soul of man. Throughout the ages since Jesus spoke these words, God has been planting His garden in the fields, and the fragrant blossoms, as they lift their bright faces upward to receive the sunshine and the rain, have been in their own sweet way bringing to man God's message and helping to interpret His written word. What a picture our text brings before us. Jesus seated on the green-carpeted slopes of the hillside, the group of faithful disciples whom He has but just formally chosen to follow Him in His ministry, standing behind Him, while before Him and on either side the eager, attentive, expectant multitudes press to hear Him. And Jesus, looking out upon that multitude, sees the anxious, careworn and hungry-looking faces behind which the starving, unsatisfied souls were keeping their vigil. He feels the throb of that restless life; He knows the anxious thought and trouble which follow relentlessly at the heels of those people like an evil Nemesis; He understands the work and struggle which go on day after day—the anxiety for the necessities of life and the fretting for the pleasures and luxuries. And that Jewish multitude gathered about the Saviour in the Galilean hills was no different from the multitudes of to-day. There are the same anxious and careworn faces; there are the same hungry, unsatisfied looks breaking forth from the starving soul; there are the same worry, the same discontent, the same feverish pursuit for the perishable things of this life—for food and raiment, for pleasure and for worldly place and power. Jesus as He looks out over the world to-day from His throne in glory sees

HUMAN NATURE THE SAME.

He can point us back to that scene which our text brings before us, and ask us to see there the faithful portrayal in miniature of the condition of human heart and life to-day.

But Jesus saw more than that feverish and anxious multitude. He saw more than that human sea of faces, over which the furrowing marks of care and trouble and unwholesome pleasures and indulgences had traced their indelible lines. Yes, if He had not, I verily believe His heart would have broken. In that human need and soul-hunger before Him there was naught to cheer His heart or bring gladness to the Divine eyes. But that was not all He saw. The grass and the lilies of the field were there. He saw them, and they spoke their sweet message of God's faithful care, as the Creator and of their glad and humble faith and trust as the dependent creature. But the multitudes did not see. Ruthlessly and thoughtlessly they crushed the grass and the scarlet-robed lilies under their restless feet. They were pressing forward for they hardly knew what. Earthly care and material wants made their hearts hard and their souls insensible to the whispered message of the fair, glad flowers at their feet. And, oh, how that is true to-day! How this materialistic age is crowding out all sense and thought of God, and yet how the lilies of the field, how the birds of the air, how all abounding nature would bring their messages to the heart of man and have him learn of God through them, and find in them the clear interpretation of His Word!

The fields bring their perennial message. It is old and yet ever new. Jesus says to you and me as we turn our anxious, troubled, unsatisfied hearts towards Him: "Consider the lilies of the field." Why? Not alone to drink in their beauty and to fill the passing moment with fragrance and brightness. Not just simply to admire them and rapturously gush over their graceful outlines and their exquisite colorings. Not to examine them with the scientific eye and regard them as so many more specimens for the collection. Not to regard them as the beautiful model to be painted into the landscape and lend their beautiful color to brighten and

GLORIFY THE PICTURE.

Not any of these. Jesus was not talking to the gushing and sentimental and esthetic, not to the botanist, not to the artist. Jesus loved nature for more than her superficial self. He saw deeper than the exquisite colorings and the picturesque and beautiful combinations. He heard the spiritual message which nature whispered. He saw underneath the beauty and the fragrance the lessons which could reveal God and God's Word. And so He said: "Consider the lilies of the field." Have you considered them? Oh, yes, you say. How I love to wander through the fields, how I delight to search through the woods for the mosses and the ferns and the tender violets which brighten the cool, shaded nooks. How I rejoice in the song of the bird, in the ripple of the stream, in the murmur of the trees as the hurrying breezes skips from leaf to leaf and sets them all to whispering of his visit and his hasty flight, in the buzz and hum of the insect world! Oh, I love nature, I love to be with her, I love to commune with her. She brings rest and peace and quiet to my heart. Ah, yes, so she does. How eagerly and faithfully nature ministers to man, irrespective of his moral or religious condition. But Jesus does not plead with us to "Consider the lilies of the field" for the superficial and material gratification of man. He wants us to consider them for the deeper spiritual lessons which they may teach us

"Consider the lilies of the field," because they speak of God's faithful care, because they reveal a sweet faith, a humble trust, a willing obedience and a glorious mission. God the Creator on His part giving to the little plant all it needs. And the created thing on its part patiently, trustfully, humbly waiting within the circle of the Divine will there to be made glorious and beautiful; whether it is sunshine or storm, whether it is the chill and darkness of the night or the scorching heat of the day. And "if God doth so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" There is vital and intimate relationship betwe n God and the lilies of the field, but between God and man there is the barrier of unbelief, of disobedience. of

WILLFUL IMPATIENCE.

Between God and nature there is a cordial fellowship, but between God and man that fellowship has been severed through man's forgetfulness of God and his mad, eager rush after the things of this life. And do not think the lilies are speaking to your heart God's message as you think beautiful and sentimental thoughts of God and nature and prate about God's care and love universal. The lilies speak a heart-searching message. It is one man does not like to hear, it is one which his heart is not sensitive to understand. Think you that you have heard the message when you rush back to the city and plunge with greater eagerness than before after the material things of this life, and worry and fret because they do not come faster, or become discouraged and morose because of the misfortunes and privations of life? Think you that you have heard the message when, the fields behind you and the pavement of the city's streets beneath your feet, you forget God and the lilies and seek first man and mammon, and care not so much about method as that the coveted goal is reached?

The proof that the message has been heard and understood is found in the seeking first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and proving the truth of God's assertion that all else needed for this life shall be added. And as the beautiful dress and fragrance of the lily which God so freely gives it make it a creation of exquisite perfection, so man in character and life would be as beautifully clothed and provided for as the lily if he put God and His righteousness first and man's desires and seeming interests second. Man robs himself day after day because he does not learn the message of the lilies of the field. Our lily of the field might, if her will and purpose were not so firmly rooted in the place where God had planted her, roam the world over seeking the softest of silks and satins, choosing the daintiest of colors which man could obtain, living to gratify every selfish wish and ambition, and she would fail, miserably fail! There would be no admiring glances at her beauty, there would be

NO FRAGRANCE IN THE AIR.

How she would rob the world and God! And man is doing that very thing. He talks of God's care and love and yet he does not know what it means, because unlike the lily he is not willing to abide in God's will; he is not willing to fill the place God intended; he is rebellious at conditions and privations; he is bound to have his own will and seek his own way. The lily speaks of sweet, simple faith in God, of obedient surrender to all forces which will make for splendid growth and glorious fruitage, of patient waiting through every experience in life, whether it is the heat of temptation or the darkness and chill of privation's hour; whether it is the glad sunshine and refreshing shower of prosperity or the prostrating wind and hail of adversity. It is the sweet, abiding trust in God which brings that peace and joy which passeth all understanding.

And the lily of the field in the light of Christ's solemn words declares to the soul of man that if he does not belong to Christ, if the regenerating power of the Son of God is not felt, if His life is not flowing through the human life, that that life is dead and withered as far as the eternal and enduring things of God are concerned. That flower is the glory of the plant, and God has declared that He has created man for His glory. But how could the lily apart from the plant reveal the glory of that plant, and how can man apart from God and out of fellowship with God manifest and reveal the glory of God? Jesus Christ came into the world to reveal God to men, to manifest forth His glory, and He accomplished His mission only as He faithfully and persistently kept His place in the Father's will. He bore the beautiful fruitage of a God-like character. And the only way for man to grow the fruits of a Christ-like character is for him to abide in the Christ. This, then, is one of the lessons which the lily would teach us. Apart from the plant, lifeless and immature and dead! Apart from Christ, an imperfect character, immature and useless and finally eternal death beyond the grave. "Consider, then, the lilies of the field," for they teach of God's love and care, of the beauty and success of humble faith, and willing obedience and patient waiting, of the fruitage of Christian character which can come only as the soul is found in Christ and Christ is found within the soul.

CENSUS OF INDIA.

Work of Listing the Hordes Has Been Completed.

That the census of India for 1901 has been published only lately gives an idea of the enormity of the task. The census proves that in 1901 the 1,254,612 square miles of the Indian Empire had a population of 117,459,193. Of these the Christians number 2,923,241, of whom 2,664,313 are natives. Of these latter two-fifths are Roman Catholics. In 1872 the Christians numbered 1,506,098, of whom 1,248,288 were natives. So the growth of Christianity is far more rapid than that of the general population.

The superintendent of the census says:—

"The greater part of the enumeration was done without recompense by an army of private individuals numbering more than a million and a quarter, who brought to their troublesome task a spirit of painstaking and occasionally grotesque accuracy which is unequaled anywhere in the world."

In one province it was very difficult to number a certain assemblage of ascetics because they were under vows of silence.

In Rajputana the Bhils have ancient claims to be exempt from census. But their head men were impressed by the practical argument that there "would be no food at the next famine for people who were not enumerated."

At Port Campbell the census takers were attacked by the implacably hostile Jarawas of South Omderman Island in the vicinity of Bengal, and were compelled to fire on their assailants. The result was that there was one less Jarawa to be counted.

The enumerators discovered an unknown tribe, the Tabo, of South Andaman. There were only a few of these, because a short time before a contagious disease had spread among them and they had killed off carefully all whom it attacked.

A STRAIGHT TALK TO YOU.

Why Your Past Life Has Been a Failure.

If you are the victim of failure, and are wondering why you have not succeeded as well as many of your acquaintances, it might be well for you to cast a retrospective eye over your past.

It is, of course, more agreeable to lay the blame of all your misfortunes upon Fate; but your future will stand a better chance of being brighter if you discover what part of it lies in yourself, and learn how to overcome circumstances, and change environment.

Perhaps you have begun ten things, and never finished one, and have formed slipshod methods of thought and action, which are the real cause of all the failures. You can do twenty things after a fashion, and nothing well. Yet you wonder why you have never found your place in the world, and why your many capabilities have met with such poor reward.

Or, still worse, you may be a victim of the "By and by" and "Time-enough" mottoes. Alas for the people who are always "going" to do things! If you have an ambition or purpose in your mind, act upon it at once. There is not an hour to waste. Do something towards beginning. Rouse yourself from the lethargy of dreams, and make a start on facts.

It is wonderful what power comes of that beginning. The road to success lies along the path Decisive, and up the hill of Endeavor, and across the bridge of Patience.

The road to defeat lies through the valley of Pretty Soon; and the winding paths of Wait-a-while.

Whatever you intend to do by and by, begin now.

SATAN AS A LANDLORD.

There is only one spot on the earth's surface that has actually been willed, deeded, and bequeathed to his Satanic Majesty. This spot lies four miles and a half south of Helsingfors, Finland. A few years ago Lara Huilariene died in the little town of Pielisjarvi, in the above-named country, leaving considerable property in the shape of landed estate. How he had come into possession of so much land no one seemed to know, but as he was a very bad citizen it was generally admitted that he was in league with Wintahausu (Satan), and that they had many business deals with each other. This somewhat startling opinion was verified when among old Huilariene's papers a certified warranty deed was found which deeded to Satan all his earthly possessions. The will was to the same effect. The family have repeatedly tried to break the will, but so far have been unsuccessful; thus the records plainly show that his Sulphuric Majesty has a legal right and title to some excellent ground in the near vicinity of Helsingfors. The simple people of the neighborhood have changed the course of the road which formerly skirted the Huilariene homestead, and declare that they would not enter the possessions of Satan and Co. for all the money that the three estates would bring.

PROFANITY.

The young man who wants to get along in this world will find that profanity, so far from helping him, proves a drawback, and often when he least expects it, the tenor of his language is harbored up against him. Rather should men and women learn to use the purest English than try to defile it with forbidden epithets.

The Home

SELECTED RECIPES.

For an invalid's dinner tray, remove the skin from a ripe peach, slice, and force through a sieve with a silver spoon. Drain if there seems too much juice. Beat up the white of an egg, adding the peach pulp when the egg is light, a little at a time, beating steadily with a fork. Sweeten with powdered sugar, heap lightly on a glass saucer, and serve with cream.

Pineapple Shortcake.—Beat three eggs light, add one and one-half cup of powdered sugar, the juice of half a lemon; heat and stir in one-half cup of cold water and beat again. Sift two cups of flour with three level teaspoons of baking powder, add to the other ingredients, and stir well, then pour into a pan. The batter should not be over half an inch thick. Bake in a moderate oven. Peel a pineapple, take out the eyes, and cut in small pieces from the core. Sweeten well and use for a filling to the cake.

German Apple Cake is made by mixing 1 large tablespoon butter with 2 of sugar. Add 2 eggs and mix thoroughly. Sift enough flour in this mixture to make it stiff enough to roll out. Line a large round pan with the dough, as for a pie. Pare and cut juicy apples in about 8 pieces, and place flatly on the dough, as near as possible together. Press them in to keep them in position. Sprinkle thickly with granulated sugar and a little cinnamon, and bake in a rather quick oven until the apples are quite done.

Cold Catsup.—This excellent recipe for catsup requires no cooking. To two quarts of ripe tomatoes chopped fine, add one-half a teacupful each of grated horseradish, whole mustard seed, onions and nasturtium seeds chopped fine, two stalks of celery and one red pepper chopped, one-fourth of a cupful of salt and sugar, half a tablespoonful each of black pepper, cloves, mace and cinnamon, and one pint of vinegar.

Plum Catsup.—Stew plums till tender in sufficient water to prevent burning; then strain and weigh, allowing to every two pounds of pulp, one half a pound of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one teaspoonful each of cloves and pepper and salt to taste. The spices should be ground and well mixed before the whole is heated. This is a pleasant relish to serve with roast meat.

Cucumber Catsup.—This is another catsup that requires no cooking. After peeling large, ripe cucumbers, remove the seeds, grate fine and put in a colander fifteen minutes to drain. To every quart of pulp add two tablespoonfuls of grated horseradish, one teaspoonful of salt, half a pint of cider vinegar and half a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper. Mix thoroughly, put in small bottles and seal. This catsup is specially commended for fish and game.

Fine Mustard Pickles.—The proportion given will fill a two gallon crock. One-half peck small cucumbers, two quarts of small silver-skin onions, two heads of cauliflower (picked apart), soaked over night in salt water. In the morning mix one dessertspoonful of tumeric powder and three-fourths of a pound of best mustard with sufficient vinegar (from three quarts) to make a smooth paste. To the balance of the vinegar, heated, add one pound of brown sugar, one-half ounce each celery seed and white mustard seed, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon and cloves and five cents' worth of mixed spices for pickling. Carefully add the mustard paste, and let it boil well, then add the mixed vegetables with two red peppers finely chopped, and after it begins to bubble, allow it to boil well for five minutes. Do not be persuaded to add tomatoes, green or ripe, to mustard pickles.

DRINKS FOR THE SICK.

Acid fruit drinks are often agreeable to the sick when no food is desired, and are valuable for their pure fruit acid and phosphates. The method is so simple in preparing these juices that anyone with the fruit at their command can have a supply on hand.

Prepare 1 qt. of strawberries or other berries, as respberries, blackberries, huckleberries, elderberries and currants; by stemming or hulling; wash them and place in the top of your double granite or porcelain boiler with half their bulk in sugar. Heat for 30 minutes, turn into a jelly bag with a draw string at the top, tie up the bag, and let it drip over night into a bowl. Do not press the bag when removing it, but use only the juice that has dripped from it. Heat the juice to just short of boiling point, and keep at this temperature for an hour. While the juice is cooking, prepare your bottles by carefully sterilizing them. To do this properly they should be placed on a rack or bits of wood in a kettle of cold water. Let the water gradually come to a boil. The bottles should be filled with the water, also. When the water reaches boiling point, remove the bottles, empty them and fill immediately with the hot syrup. Cork and seal tightly. To be certain that they are air proof, stand the bottles on the corks for a few hours. Put away in a cool, dark place. To serve, mix equal quantities of juice and cold water.

Blackberry juice has much medicinal value in bowel troubles, and the poorest cherries become nectar when made into juices. Oranges and pineapples, either singly or compound, make delicious juices prepared the same way.

Apples contain iron and phosphates in abundance, together with a large amount of pure water, and their juices are excellent also for a beneficial beverage for sick people or invalids. Wash a large juicy apple and slice into a bowl. Add a slice of lemon peel and a bit of cinnamon stick, or if preferred, a grating of nutmeg, and pour over a cup of freshly boiled water. Cover closely, and when sufficiently cool, set in the ice box to chill. Strain, sweeten with granulated sugar and serve very cold.

Another excellent way to prepare the apple juice is to mash a baked apple in a bowl, using a silver fork, and pour over it a cup of boiling water. Cover closely till cold, strain and sweeten to taste. Adding a few drops of lemon juice will develop the flavor. Serve in a pretty glass.

For tamarind juice stew slowly 2 ozs. tamarinds with 4 ozs. stoned raisins in 3 pints water for an hour. Strain, cool and serve. If any more nourishment is needed than these drinks contain, the white of an egg may be added to each glass. Whip up the white, stir some of it into the liquid, and top with the remainder. This makes a pretty looking drink.

Egg lemonade is always relished. Separate the yolk and white of an egg, adding a few grains of salt to each. Beat the yolk light (it will beat up as light as the white if you add a tablespoon of cold water), and add the juice of 1 lemon and 3 teaspoons sugar; beat again, and fold in the stiffly whipped white of the egg, then add ½ glass ice-cold water or instead drop in that amount of finely chopped ice. Add more sugar in the final mixing if desired, and if the yolk of the egg should make the drink too rich for the delicate stomach, it can be left out, without in any way spoiling the beverage.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Battenburg pieces that are soiled and yellowed should be put to soak in suds and in an earthen bowl. Set in the sun, turning over the pieces occasionally, and the yellow will disappear.

Equal parts of honey, castor oil and lemon juice or whisky is an excellent remedy for a hoarse cold. Mixed with lemon juice this was tried with good results in my own family. A large dose was taken at night, and in morning the hoarseness was entirely gone.

In choosing a stove, don't get one that is too small. Apart from the limited area offered the cook, when much cooking is to be done only a part can be in progress at once, and thus the fire must be kept burning the longer. Don't buy a stove elaborately decorated with nickel either. Such adornments are handsome in the store, but blacken with use, require much labor to keep bright, and add materially to cost.

In the treatment of contusions where there is extensive discoloration of the skin, if olive oil be freely applied without rubbing, the discoloration will quickly disappear. Absorbent cotton may be soaked in the oil and applied. If the skin is broken, a little boric acid should be applied over the abrasion. A black eye thus treated can be made normal in a few hours, especially if the oil be applied warm.

A cabinet kitchen work-table at $7 is what most housekeepers would very much like to have, and the money is really well spent. Next best is a strong, large table, longer than wide, and have the top covered with zinc. The snow-white kitchen table on which our grandmothers piqued themselves is—or should be—a thing of the past.

RELIEVING THE PREACHER.

A popular preacher tells a good story of a young clergyman who launched out on a strong temperance sermon. When he had finished a deacon said to him:—

"I am afraid you have made a mistake, Mr. Jones, who pays the highest pew-rent, who practically supports the Sunday school, and who is ever ready with a contribution when asked, is a distiller. He is bound to be angry."

"I am sorry," said the minister. "I will go and explain it to Mr. Jones and remove any unfavorable impression, and tell him I did not mean him."

Accordingly he waited upon Mr. Jones, who, in addition to the profession of distilling, also carried on a good many other branches of trade and indulged in a good many amusements of various kinds.

The pastor expressed his deep regret to Mr. Jones for anything he might have said in the sermon which could hurt his feelings. He was extremely sorry indeed; he did not mean anything by it, and hoped Mr. Jones would not feel hurt.

He was somewhat relieved when, with a jovial air, the other said:

"Oh, bless you, don't mind that at all. It must be a mighty poor sermon that don't hit me somewhere."

HE WAS FORGIVEN.

He kissed her boldly in the open street.

"Sir!" she shrieked, "you are an utter stranger to me. What means this familiarity?"

"Madam," he replied, bowing low, "though we never met before, you must excuse me. I bet my friend that I would kiss the prettiest girl I saw in the whole street."

A soft, forgiving smile replaced her wrathful glance.

"You are forgiven this time," she said sweetly, "but please don't let it occur again."

"They have called two doctors in for consultation." "And do the doctors agree?" "I believe they have agreed upon the price."

THE S. S. LESSON.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, SEPT. 25.

Text of the Lesson, A Comprehensive Quarterly Review.

Lesson I.—The kingdom divided (I. Kings xii, 12-20) Golden Text, Prov. xvi, 18, "Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall." How often one is led to think of the word, "Surely the wrath of man shall praise Thee, the remainder of wrath shalt Thou restrain" (Ps. lxxvi, 10). Because of Solomon's sin God said He would take the kingdom from him, leaving him, however, a small portion of it for David's sake. This lesson tells how that was brought about, Rehoboam seemingly acting in his own pleasure, but God overruling for His purposes.

Lesson II.—Jeroboam's idolatry (I Kings xii, 25-33). Golden Text, I. John v, 21, "Keep yourselves from idols." Jeroboam knew that God had given him the kingdom, but he could not trust God to keep that which He had given him, so he wrought out a little plan of his own that the kingdom might not get away from him, and this plan was in open defiance of and disobedience to God.

Lesson III.—Asa's good reign (II Chron. xvi, 1-12). Golden Text, II Chron. xiv, 11, "Help us, O Lord our God, for we rest on Thee." It is refreshing to turn from such as Rehoboam and Jeroboam to one who however imperfect had faith in God. The manner of his life was to do good and right in the eyes of the Lord, and that is everything. Note the words following the golden text, "In Thy name we go."

Lesson IV.—Jehoshaphat's reform (II Chron. xix, 1-11). Golden Text, II Chron. xix, 11, "Deal courageously, and the Lord shall be with the good." Verse 6 must have been a better golden text, "Thus shall ye do in the fear of the Lord, faithfully and with a perfect heart." Jehoshaphat's heart was lifted up in the ways of the Lord (xvii, 6), and he had a great and wonderful victory over His enemies (chapter 20), but in this lesson he is rebuked for helping the ungodly.

Lesson V.—Omri and Ahab (I Kings xvi, 23-33). Golden Text, Prov. xiv, 64, "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to the people." In contrast with the two previous lessons we have in this lesson two men who did more evil than all that were before them. Omri was very wicked, but Ahab was worse.

Lesson VI.—God taking care of Elijah (I. Kings xvii, 1-16). Golden Text, I Pet. v, 7, "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you." We might not think that bread and flesh brought by ravens and water from the brook was very good fare; neither might we be in love with constant meals of meal and oil. We might not like lonely tent life by the brook nor even the widow's humble home but to such as Elijah or John the Baptist or Daniel, even, the item of food was a minor matter.

Lesson VII.—Obadiah and Elijah (I. Kings xviii., 1-16). Golden Text, I. Kings xviii. 12, "I, thy servant, fear the Lord from my youth." Elijah in the lonely places and Obadiah in the house of ungodly Ahab both feared the Lord and served the Lord according to ability and opportunity, as far as we know. The Christian who truly desires to serve the Lord may fully trust Him to manage all the details of his life.

Lesson VIII.—Elijah on Mount Carmel (I. Kings xviii. 30-46). Golden Text, I. Kings xviii. 21, "If the Lord be God, follow Him." In Elijah see a man filled with a desire purified and that people may know Him as the living and true God. David had the same desire when he went forth against Goliath, and Daniel and his friends when they went to the furnace and the lion's den.

Lesson IX.—Elijah discouraged (I. Kings xix., 1-8). Golden Text, Ps. cxx., 1, "In my distress I cried unto the Lord, and He heard me." The only way of peace and victory is a mind stayed upon Jehovah, seeing no one but Jesus only. However strong we may be in the Lord, we are utterly weak and helpless in ourselves, and the moment we allow ourselves to dwell upon people or circumstances we sink like Peter when he took his eyes off the Lord.

Lesson X.—Elijah encouraged (I. Kings xix., 9-18). Golden Text, Isa. xli., 10, "Fear thou not, for I am with thee." It must not have looked quite as hopeless to Elijah when he learned from God Himself that there were 7,000 yet in Israel who had not bowed the knee to Baal and that he was not the only witness on whom the Lord could rely.

Lesson XI.—Elijah taken up into heaven (II. Kings ii. 1-11). Golden Text, Gen. v., 24, "He was not, for God took him." It is not wise nor brave to covet death, even though death be a gain. It is better to leave all to God and be strong in Him. We may never die (I. Cor. xv., 51, 52; I. Thes. iv., 16-18), and until we leave this mortal body or get a glorified one we shall never have more to bear than He will give us grace for.

Lesson XII.—Israel reproved (Amos v., 4-15). Golden Text, Amos v., 6, "Seek the Lord, and ye shall live." Jehovah had done everything for Israel. He was their Redeemer from the bondage of Egypt, their Lawgiver, their Judge, their King. He only asked of them a willing obedience that He might bless them and make a blessing, but they turned away from and worshipped idols. If we are in any way turned from Him, He is earnestly calling, Come unto me and I will give you rest.

There are two kinds of girls: one leads a man heavenward and the other steers him up against a soda fountain.

WORLD'S BIGGEST HAMMER

ITS FALLING WEIGHT WAS 125 TONS.

They Are Being Replaced by Hydraulic Presses of Immense Power.

Engineers have travelled a long way since James Nasmyth gave them the steam-hammer in 1839. Hammers of immense size and power have succeeded one another, until the last word seems to have been said, for the big hammer is being displaced by machines vastly more powerful, that squeeze instead of giving mighty blows.

Messrs. Schneider, of Creusot, have a steam-hammer in which the falling weight is 100 tons. The St. Chamond Works have one of 80 tons; the Woolwich Infant is 40 tons; and Krupp has a 60-ton. The last-named works possess no less than 113 steam-hammers, from 2 cwt. upwards in power. At the Terni Steelworks, in Italy, there is a 100-ton hammer operated by the power of air acting like steam, the air being compressed from the power of a cataract.

The blows dealt by these mighty hammers are so crushing that a special device has to be made to receive them. This is the "anvil block," a mass which must be many times heavier than the hammer, in order to absorb the greater part of the concussion. It is an iron casting carried on concrete, or on masses of timber. The anvil of the great Terni hammer weighs 1,000 tons, and, being so massive, it had to be cast in its place. The top of the block looks like a large table in size, and stands over 16 feet nigh.

One of the biggest hammers ever made was built for the Bethlehem Company's works, in Pennsylvania. Its falling weight was 125 tons, and its drop 16 feet. The structure stood 90 feet above the floor, and the foundations went down 30 feet below, making a total of 120 feet! Before being scarcely used, this giant has had to go, to make way for a forging-press, vastly more powerful and efficient, capable of giving a squeeze of 14,000 tons!

A MID-OCEAN PERIL.

Hammer-blows are ineffective in the case of large forgings—say, of eighteen or twenty-four inches through. The blows do not penetrate properly to the central portions, which are thus left open and spongy in texture, and the shaft will probably, as has often happened, snap off some day in mid-ocean. This is one reason why the biggest shafts are now made hollow—to lessen this risk. But if a shaft is squeezed, the pressure is transmitted right to its heart, and a perfect job is made. This is the chief reason why the press has ousted the large hammer for the most massive forgings.

One of the earliest hydraulic presses made was erected in the ironworks of Sir Joseph Whitworth and Co. in 1866, for compressing molten steel for shells. This was only 250 tons power. There is an 8,000-ton press at Vickers's works, in Sheffield, the total weight of which is 783 tons. The Parkhead Forge, in Scotland, possesses one of the biggest presses used in the manufacture of armor-plate, being of 12,000 tons power. So massive is the machine that it requires the steadying support of a bed of concrete, weighing 300 tons, assisted by 1,125 tons of brickwork. The squeezing is effected by the movement of a huge ram in a cylinder of nickel steel measuring 6 feet in diameter. Four massive steam-engines are required to impart the necessary pressure to the water, and these actuate sixty-eight pumping-rams. This press occupied three years in building.

At the Bethlehem works just now mentioned, the biggest press in the world is used, capable of exerting 14,000 tons squeeze—equal to the weight of a big liner or battleship being laid on the steel which is forged! The pumping-engine which supplies it with water has the strength of 15,000 horses.

Krupp's have three hydraulic presses of 5,000 tons, one of 2,000 tons, and one of 1,200 tons, besides twenty-eight smaller ones.

Without these big hammers or presses the great engineering works of the world could not be carried on. They have revolutionized the practice of forging, and in many works hand-forging has been displaced by the power-operated machines.

SNOW-PROOF PONIES.

Dr. J. C. Ewart, in discussing the problem of the origin of horses, describes as one of the most distinct kinds now living the Celtic ponies, which are found in the most northern parts of Iceland. They reach a height of only four feet, and are so abundantly furnished with hair that in winter storms they are practically snow-proof. Doctor Ewart observed the conduct of one of these ponies during a snow-storm. As soon as the storm began she turned her hind quarters to it, and in a short time the snow had formed a kind of shield or disk upon the long hair growing about the root of the tail. Thus protected, the pony did not shift her position while the storm lasted, except to turn with a change of the wind.

RETURNED EVERYTHING.

Patience—"You say they quarrelled?"

Patrice—"Yes; and she returned all his gifts. And what do you suppose he did?"

Patience—"Can't guess."

Patrice—"Sent her half a dozen boxes of face powder, with a note explaining that he thought he had taken at least that much home on his coat since he knew her."