

HAVE NO USE FOR LOCKS.

Since No One There Would Steal, Why Fasten the Doors?

A land of almost utopian simplicity is described by a writer in the London Field, who a few years ago started on foot from Innsbruck and went by way of Landeck to the Stelvio pass and back across the Tyrol to Welschnofen. One of the joys of a walking trip in the Tyrol, he says, lies in the friendship of these exceedingly simple, honorable and religious peasants.

They leave their agricultural implements lying all night in the field, covered with a heavy cloth, for the dew is as dishonest among these holy mountains as elsewhere. They have no locks on their bars. They lift a cross with a cry for prayers and the remembrance of God at every quarter of a mile. These crosses mark the spot where some poor soul has died during the wild storms of winter. How dreadful those tempests are can be judged from the fact that we found six such homely wooden monuments, not one more than ten years old, within half a mile.

At Longarone, which is over the Italian border, we discovered that our chamber, the best in the inn, had its lock screwed on topsy turvy, so that it could not be fastened. Out in the hallway I bellowed for Maria. She came, all surprise. "But the honorable herr cannot have another bedroom with a better lock, for that's the only lock in the hotel, the only one in the village." The landlord bought it because the foreigners insisted, but he had never seen a lock before. If the honorable herr will wait until tomorrow, perhaps—ah, but every one in town knows the honorable travelers are here; every one knows that they go a long trip and must need much money, so no one could be wicked enough to attempt to deprive the honorable herr and his honorable frau of a thing they need so much.

BRAVERY IN BATTLE.

It is a Physical Condition and Depends Upon the Heart.

"Bravery," said the surgeon general, "is purely a matter of the heart. It's his heart that determines how a soldier will conduct himself in battle. The soldier has no more responsibility in the matter of his bravery than in the matter of his height or his complexion."

"In battle the heart beats, as a rule, diminish. They diminish 12 degrees. A good, strong, solid man has a heart running seventy-two to the minute in battle it falls to sixty. That is not bad. It leaves the man pretty near all his mental and physical powers intact. So he makes a good soldier."

"But there are many sluggish hearted men. They seem strong enough, stalwart enough, but their hearts run at the best of times only sixty or so a minute. Subtract twelve in battle result, forty-eight. And pallor and weakness follow—pallor and weakness, I might say, of mind no less than of body. It is not surprising if this soldier runs away."

"There's another class, a class increasing in these stressful modern times—namely, the nervous class. The heart of the nervous class in time of danger is the worst of all. It goes speeding up, up, up—it actually reaches 120 beats. Its owner can then do nothing. He can't fight, he can't advance, he can't retreat. He sinks down on the ground. He shakes and cowers. A pitiable spectacle. But he can't help it any more than he could help an attack of scarlet fever."

"Honor the good soldier," ended the surgeon general, "but pity the poor one, for it's his heart, it's not himself that is to blame."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mermaid For Breakfast.

A stranger meal than any ever partaken by Frank Buckland or the most hardened and cosmopolitan traveler is described by Juan Francisco de St. Antonio in his account of his travels and adventures in the Philippine Islands, published at Manila in 1738. In this curious little work the author tells us that he once breakfasted off a mermaid, and he further gravely describes its flavor as being like fresh fat pork.

An Awkward Situation.

"Unless I get help," declared the detective, "this revolving door is going to lose me a prisoner."

"How so?"
"There's a fellow I want in that office. But this revolving door has got me blocked. He'll start out if I start in."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Impossible.

"There's no use talking, it's impossible to suit that theatrical manager."
"Impossible, my boy. Nothing in this world is impossible."
"Yes, there is. He wants me to write a tragedy with a happy ending."—Detroit Free Press.

Natural Result.

"Mayme blushed when she found I was trying to read her face."
"Well, people usually do blush when their faces are getting read."—Baltimore American.

Literally.

"Booze always creeps upstairs nights in his stocking feet."
"Afraid of his wife, eh?"
"Scared out of his boots."—Boston Transcript.

The Foolish One.

"I think he is foolish to start buying a motorcar on his salary."
"He's not half so foolish as the agent."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

SHE COURTED CRITICISM.

And the Queen Got Rather More Than She Anticipated.

In her youth Queen Elizabeth of Roumania spent much time on the training of her voice, and, encouraged by flatterers, came to believe herself to be a singer of unusual talent. At length, says Bibliothek der Unterhaltung und des Wissens, she decided to have her voice tried by some great teacher. So she went one day, dressed very simply and without the usual retinue of servants, to see Professor Dumanois of Bukharest and urged him to give his frank opinion on the quality of her voice and her future prospects. He tested her voice with great care, first with the simple scales, then with a song and lastly with an operatic aria.

When the trial was over the professor said, "I cannot say that you have a wonderful voice. You sing fairly well and with not a little feeling. I might undertake to train you to sing in opera, but to speak quite frankly you haven't the looks for it."

Up to this time the teacher had not known that the rank of the aspirant was any higher than that of scores of other young ladies equally ambitious, who constantly came to him. But his surprise was great when the lady handed him the visiting card of the queen, and he found that he had before him no less a personage than royalty itself. The queen thanked him heartily for the frank way in which he had judged her musical ability and went home with her ambition in that direction decidedly diminished.

MINORITY PRESIDENTS.

Elections That Were Not in Accord With the Popular Vote.

One on God's side is a majority, and Wendell Phillips. Luckily for American presidents majorities are not required, else a good many of them never would have reached the White House.

Pennsylvania's only president, James Buchanan, had nearly 40,000 fewer votes than his competitors. Old Rough and Ready Taylor landed the job with only 47 per cent of all the ballots cast.

Lincoln was a decisive minority president, and he went to the White House with only forty out of every hundred votes that were polled. Woodrow Wilson got into office by an almost equally slim majority, having a trifle more than 40 per cent of all ballots.

Neither time he was chosen president did Grover Cleveland have half the votes of the United States with him. Strangely enough, the other time he was nominated and when he was beaten by Harrison, Cleveland, although the loser, had the greater number of votes by nearly 100,000.

Hence Cleveland won twice on a minority, but lost once with a plurality. Tilden had not only more votes than Hayes, but more than all his competitors combined, yet he wasn't president. Garfield, like Hayes, was a minority winner.

There seems to be as great luck in a minority as in the divine right of monarchies.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Turn About.

Mr. Kipling, while on a visit to Mr. Hardy, went to see a house which the author of "Life's Little Ironies" thought would suit him. When Mr. Kipling moved out of earshot, Mr. Hardy observed to the occupant: "I may mention to you that this gentleman is no other than Mr. Kipling."

"Is that so?" she replied. "I never heard the name before."

Presently Mr. Kipling, in turn, found himself alone with the lady and remarked:

"Possibly you may not be aware that the gentleman who brought me here today is Mr. Hardy, the eminent author."

"Oh, indeed," was her reply. "I don't know his name."—London Express.

The First Thing.

Not capital or labor or land or goods, but human relations lie at the root of all social reforms. All questions between employers and employed are to be solved in that way. Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, what is right and just and loving and fair between man and man. The discovery of that is the only solution of all these stormy questions.—E. D. Manrice in Ohio State Journal.

Clever.

"Biggins is a clever story teller."
"Why, he has been telling the same story for years!"
"Yes. But he keeps you listening. Every now and then he manages to think up another beginning and make you believe it's going to be a new one."—Washington Star.

Pretty Quick.

Officer—You say the chauffeur sounded his horn just as the machine struck the man? Witness—Yes, sir, Officer—Was the victim killed instantly? Witness—So instantly, sir, that he must have heard the echo of that horn in the next world.

The Feminine Gender.

Teacher—What is a fort? Pupil—A place for soldiers to live in. Teacher—Correct. And what is a fortress? Pupil—A place for soldiers' wives to live in.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Unstable.

He—You look to me older than you said you were. She—You can't expect me to remember age. Why, it's altering all the time.—Flegende Blatter.

To say of a man. "He means well," is worth nothing unless he does well.—Plautus.

RUSSELL'S SERMON.



(PASTOR RUSSELL)

New York City, May 2.—Pastor Russell's discourse at the New York City Temple today was a continuation of his masterly address of last week. His text was, "There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."—Rev. 21:4.

The speaker briefly referred to last week's discourse, and said that having, he believed, fairly stated the facts and claims of Christian Science, he would now inquire whether or not its teachings are Scriptural. He holds that Christian Science is in conflict with the Bible. The Scriptures distinctly aver that God created man perfect—in His own image and likeness, morally, intellectually; and that Adam's disobedience was sin, punishable with death. Christian Science denies this, declaring that there is no death.

"Mother Eddy," striving after a truth, taught there is no pain, no sickness, no sorrow, etc. The truth after which she was feeling, but did not fully grasp, is that sin, sickness, sorrow, death, are abnormal conditions—the result of the curse which came upon our race in the beginning. He agreed with Mrs. Eddy that sin, sickness, sorrow, death, are not designed by God to be everlasting conditions. The Bible assures us that the result of Messiah's work of redemption will be the obliteration of these.—Rev. 22:3.

When Christian Science healers speak of healing, they necessarily acknowledge that sickness exists. But sickness, sorrow and pain are not proper for God's people, and their prevalence now attests that God is dealing with the world as criminals under death sentence. The Church of Christ is no exception in this matter. Jesus, "holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners," was weary, hungry. He agonized in the Garden; He died on the Cross. Nor were these errors; they were the very things for which He came into the world, as He declared. Without His suffering as our Redeemer, Adam and his race could not be recovered.

Healing a Restitution Work.

The speaker then demonstrated conclusively from Scripture that healing is Restitution work, and will be practiced in the world during the Messianic Kingdom. Restitution is not promised to the Church, but a new nature—the Divine—obtainable only by participation with the Redeemer in the "sufferings of this present time." (Romans 8:18.) Neither Jesus nor His Apostles experienced healing—nor did any of the early Church, so far as the record shows. Nor was this because none of them were sick. Jesus Himself was very sick in Gethsemane, and fainted on the way to the Cross. St. Timothy had dyspepsia; but, instead of healing him, St. Paul wrote to him advising a certain diet. Miracles of healing were the exception, and were for convincing the people that the Church had the Divine approval.

While the Pastor commended Christian Scientists for their endeavors to hold to the Bible, he reminded them that not the letter of the Bible will enlighten and sanctify, but its spirit, its real meaning. This is obtainable, not by confusing definitions, but by accepting in simplicity of mind the words for what they are, and putting them together in logical order. That things are not in right condition any one can see; and they will not be right until the Redeemer shall assume His kingly office and remove the curse.

But since Christian Science fails to recognize and state clearly these facts, it follows that the cult is not Scriptural; and however attractive its teachings may be to some, they cannot be relied upon, because they are off the true foundation—recognizing neither the facts of sin and death nor the necessity for redemption from these conditions by Jesus' sacrifice of Himself. Furthermore, Christian Science does not see the difference between the Church of Christ, in process of selection for the world, than eighteen centuries, and the world, which will not be dealt with until the Church is glorified.

The remainder of the discourse was devoted to the Scriptural teaching in respect to God. Nothing in the Bible declares that God is omnipresent—present in everything and place. Whoever thinks of Him thus necessarily thinks of Him as impersonal. "God is a Spirit." (John 4:24; Hebrews 12:9.) The Scriptures set forth His Justice, Wisdom, Power and Love—qualities not attributable to a principle; for principles have no personality, and are not dependent upon circumstances, conditions or places.

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