



## LOVE SHALL CONQUER.

Years are coming, years are going,  
 Creeds may change or pass away,  
 But the power of love is growing  
 Stronger, deeper, day by day.  
 Selfish claims will soon no longer  
 Raise their harsh, discordant sounds,  
 For the law of love shall conquer,  
 Bursting hatred's narrow bounds.

Soon persistent, brave devotion  
 To the good of all mankind  
 Shall be deemed the chief emotion  
 That impels, and guides the mind.  
 Human love shall spread a glory,  
 Filling men with child-like mirth;  
 Songs of joy proclaim the story  
 Of a fair, transfigured earth.

Be ye as the light of morning,  
 Like the beautiful dawn unfold,  
 By your radiant lives adorning  
 All the world with hues of gold.  
 Thaw the hearts that now are frozen—  
 Thaw them with the rays of love;  
 Know, the task that ye have chosen  
 Shall be blest all else above.

—Gustav Spiller.

## A DYNAMITE GUN.

In a recent battle in Cuba, Gen. Antonio Maceo used a new dynamite gun of American manufacture for the first time. It proved a great success. The gun consists of three parallel tubes, the middle one being sixteen feet long and the side tubes twelve feet. The latter are connected at the upper and lower ends. The projectile is fired, or, rather blown by compressed air, from the middle tube which is made of the best forged steel and is not more than half an inch thick. At the extremity of the first side tube is a breech mechanism where a cartridge of ordinary smokless powder is inserted and then exploded. This explosion drives the air into this tube through the connection to the second tube, and down the second into the middle tube or rifle and pushes out the projectile which is there. This moves slowly at first, and then with great rapidity. The rifle barrel is made long, so that the projectile will gain a high speed before it reaches the end of the barrel. The gun makes a sharp snapping sound and emits no flame or smoke so it is hard to locate it at night. The projectile carries thirteen pounds of high explosives, and is provided with a time fuse. These shells dug into the ground and opened large gaps in the Spanish breastworks. They tore into squares formed by the Spaniards and scattered the dead and dying in all directions.

Think of this barbarous homicide after 19 centuries of Christianity. The world needs something better. It needs Secularism.

## ANOTHER ARMENIAN MASSACRE.

The Armenians are a model people. Let the missionaries tell the story. But the press dispatches place them in an unfavorable light. At Lynn, Mass., there is a large colony of these Christian pets, who have come all the way from Asia Minor to get away from the terrible Turk. A meeting of these malcontents was held at Lee Hall, in Lynn, on the evening of the 22d ult., where some 250 were in attendance, their object to form a union of discordant elements, to be known as the Henchagist Revolutionary Society, their purpose being evidently to overthrow the Turkish government, aided and abetted by the missionary element. The peaceable character of this people was shown on the occasion mentioned, when knives were drawn, chairs were thrown at each other, and a lively fight of the Kilkenny cat variety was set up. Unfortunately for future tranquillity, the police rushed in, and interrupted the destruction of the belligerents. Will this affair be heralded to the country as another awful Armenian massacre, by the brutal Turkish officials?—Progressive Thinker.

## THE REAL BIBLE.

For thousands of years men have been writing the real Bible, and it is being written from day to day, and it will never be finished while man has life. All the facts that we know, all the truly recorded events, all the discoveries and inventions, all the wonderful machines whose wheels and levers seem to think, all the poems, crystals from the brain; flowers from the heart, all the songs of love and joy, of smiles and tears, the great dramas of Imagination's world, the wondrous paintings, miracles of form and color, of light and shade the marvellous marbles that seem to live and breathe, the secrets told by rock and star, by dust and flower, by rain and snow, by frost and flame, by winding stream and desert sand, by mountain range and billowed sea.

All the wisdom that lengthens and ennobles life—all that avoids or cures disease, or conquers pain—all just and perfect laws and rules that guide and shape our lives, all thoughts that feed the flames of love, the music that transfigures, enraptures and enraptures, the victories of heart and brain, the miracles that hands have wrought, the deft and cunning hands of those who worked for wife and child, the histories of noble deeds, of brave and useful men, of

faithful loving wives, of quenchless mother-love, of conflicts for the right, of sufferings for the truth, of all the best that all the men and women of the world have said, and thought and done through all the years.

These treasures of the heart and brain,—these are the Sacred Scriptures of the human race.

—Selected.

## WANDERINGS AND WONDERINGS.

The following is a clipping from the Truth Seeker of Sept. 26th:

"A newspaper item brings the information that for the second time in the circuit court of Lexington, Ky., Mrs. Elizabeth C. Dudley, 49 years old, was tried for lunacy and the second time the jury failed to agree. Mrs. Dudley, at her former trial was strongly of the opinion that she had seen four real live angels at Pralltown." Mrs. Dudley's environment is not exactly suited to her gifts. If she were in France, near Lourdes, or anywhere in Europe a few hundred years ago, her visions might be turned to account.

There is still some call for people of her sort in the Catholic church, but Protestants generally hold that though angels appeared once they can't do it again."

It is very strange how time changes things. Only a few years ago a person would be burned to death if he couldn't see angels and now he is tried for lunacy if he can see them. Where has the change occurred, in the angels or in the people?

I stood on the bridge that spans the Missouri river at Omaha and looked into the muddy water below. I was disappointed in the river for, while I had heard it was muddy, I supposed there was some size to it.

I supposed it to be at least as large as the Willamette. I don't want people to think that I blame the river for it at all. The only reason it is not large is because it has not as much water in it as larger rivers have.

On the bank of the river are the railroad shops where hundreds of men work like demons, blackened with smoke and grease. Locomotives pulling their heavy loads go puffing here and there, sending smoke in picturesque curls high in the air.

Back from the river and near the bluff, on top of which a row of old buildings stands, is a long train of freight cars standing loaded with coal. It is winter and little pools of water here and there are frozen over.

The scene, beautiful to none and dreary to many, was interesting to me and I watched it long in its many changes. Near one of the cars stands a woman with a sack in which she places the bits of coal she gathers from the ground, that have fallen there from the passing cars. From under an old structure against the bluff, two small children, clad in rags, bare-headed and with no shoes on their feet, come into view. The larger one bears a basket in her hand and goes direct to one of the cars loaded with coal, climbs up into it and rapidly fills her basket. She hands it down to the smaller child, who is not over seven years old, then clambers down and runs to the old structure from whence she came, empties the basket and again returns to the car to get another basketful. This is repeated several times while the woman who must be the mother of the children appears not to notice. An engine steams by and the children scamper to a safe distance and pick up coal from the ground. The engine coupled on to the cars and went steaming up the track.

I looked again into the muddy river and pictured to my fancy the house of the mother and children that I had just been watching. Other imaginations may picture it as it best pleases them. Footsteps approached and I involuntarily started toward the busy city. As I met the man who was approaching me, he handed me a printed circular and still had a quantity of them left. As I walked leisurely toward the city I read that an entertainment was to be held at the Baptist church and the proceeds were to go to the foreign mission fund. On the last page was a poem of many verses the first as follows:

Oh Church of the living God,  
 Awake from thy sinful sleep;  
 Dost thou not hear yon awful cry  
 Still sounding o'er the deep?  
 Is it naught that one of every four  
 Of all the human race  
 Should in China die having never  
 heard  
 The Gospel of God's grace?  
 Can'st thou shut thine ear to the  
 awful sound  
 The voice of thy brother's blood?  
 A million a month in China  
 Are dying without God!

I looked for the man, but he had paid his fare at the toll-gate and passed over the bridge, on his way to Council Bluffs to let the people of that city know that "a million a month in China are dying without God!" Not once did he look at the

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