



POWER IN WIDE SYMPATHIES.

By Rev. Andrew F. Underhill.
"And the Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel, thy brother? And he said, I know not: am I my brother's keeper?"—Genesis 4: 9.

Emerson has said in one of his essays: "The power of man consists in the multitude of his affinities." And he might have added that this was the measure of a man's goodness. . . . When a man has that something which draws men to him and impels him in sympathy and comprehension toward other men, then he has within him the possibility of all that is best in life. When a man has that within him which turns him, in deliberate isolation of spirit, from those closer relationships which make for the mutual happiness of all, then he possesses the possibility of all that is worst in life.

In the story of Cain and Abel is a lesson deeper and broader of application than the mere setting forth of the facts of the first violent death at the hands of a murderous human being. The narrative bears out this interpretation. Cain and Abel bring their offerings to God. The offering of the former is rejected—not because of what it consists of, but because sin and selfishness lie at the door.

Cain's object was to use God for his selfish purposes, not to submit himself to God's purposes. His religion was a gift to God by which he might exalt himself and gain something; and when the possibility of gaining his selfish end was denied, his brother, whom he thought stood in the way, became the victim of his sordid purpose.

Thus the history of Cain is not the story solely of a single bloody incident, but the revelation of a soul's attitude toward life, the consequences which such a soul inflicts upon the world and the misery it brings upon itself. It depicts the type of man who chooses his path regardless of human affinities, determined that his power and happiness shall be attained by using God and men instead of serving them. "Where is Abel, thy brother?" And he said: "I know not; am I my brother's keeper?"

All sin and misery are the outcome of a state of mind that has by progressive steps led to them. So Christ, reading the secret of men's hearts, attempted not to give a law, but an inspiration. It is not alone the knife, or the deadly weapon, or the angry blow which lays its victims low, but it's the spirit that breathes behind these and all forms of aggression—the spirit which says: "The earth is mine and the fruit of it, the joy and the happiness of it are all mine. Let others serve me or take the consequences."

Let my brother look out for himself. Am I his keeper? What danger, think you, we are under in this era in which we live? The chief danger is the losing of our affinities. In this day of ambition and acquirement, when the work of each man becomes specialized, the possibility of losing touch in sympathy with one another is immensely heightened. Never has the world needed more of love and of close relationship than it does to-day.

We are our brother's keeper and responsible for him, as he for us. His life is a dear and precious possession for our lives. When our selfishness forgets his life and assaults it, however indirectly, then if our conscience be not burdened we shall hear the voice of God whispering, "Where is thy brother?"

The crimes, the sins, the miseries of the world, are not isolated facts; they spring from the prepossessions of men's souls, their unworthy aims and aspirations. For one catastrophe nature brings there are a thousand wrought of the unsound desires of the human heart. If we mellow our hearts and are kind, if we fortify our hearts for justice, if we cease to think the world is ours only to exploit, if we believe not that our offerings to God should be preferred to other men's, if we live in the spirit of Jesus Christ, the world will know no human tragedies; the mark of Cain shall be removed from it, and the service of every soul acceptable to him who now asks the question, "Where is thy brother?"

LABOR AND CAPITAL PROBLEM.

By Rev. A. C. Dixon, D. D.
Text—"Christ Jesus . . . in whom the whole building fitly framed together."—Ephesians 2: 20, 21.

I believe that the only way to solve the labor and capital problem is for laborer and capitalist to accept Jesus Christ as Savior and let him reign in

them as sovereign Lord. They need him for a quiet mind. Sin gives unrest. There can be no peace of soul without a consciousness of forgiveness, and sin is just the same to the capitalist and the laborer. They need him as a burden bearer. Christ may not remove the burden, but he gives strength to bear it. He does not take away the responsibility, but he shares it with us and helps us to meet it. They need him as insurance against all loss. In the furnace of trial the dross will be removed, patience will shine out. They need him as umpire of their lives. If capitalists and laborers will ask the question, "What would Jesus do?" and act only as they believe he would act under the same circumstances, all problems would be settled. The man who loves Christ with all his heart will not treat others unfairly.

This leads me to say that capitalists and laborers need Christ as arbitrator of their differences. It is no visionary scheme, but a practical thing for us to submit all our differences to Jesus for adjustment. If Jesus Christ were in sincerity placed at the head of all labor and capital organizations and sincerely looked to for guidance, we should have an ideal state of society.

They need him as the enricher of their lives. Wealth does not always make men rich. Money sometimes carries with it the death of noble qualities. Nor does poverty always make men poor. Paul speaks of the poor who are rich in faith. There is a wealth of character independent of money.

They need him as the hope of the future. How poor is the man of millions when he comes to death without a hope of heaven! He cannot carry a dollar with him.

The workingman who has been a servant of Christ in his struggle for subsistence can look forward at death to higher and better service in the future. Hope beckons him onward and upward. The end of life is the beginning. Death is his graduation day. He passes now from probation into fruition. The battles he has fought are now to yield complete victory. The burdens he has borne have made solid character that abides forever. To all men, rich or poor, Jesus Christ is the hope for eternity.

WISDOM OF GOD A MYSTERY.

By Rev. H. W. Bolton, D. D.
Text—"We speak the wisdom of God in a mystery, even the hidden wisdom, which God ordained before the world unto our glory."—I Cor. 2: 7.

I have often laughed at my own folly in attempting to solve a problem in algebra before I knew the multiplication table or the method of adding, subtracting, multiplying and dividing. I wonder how the angels keep their temper when they see a little, insignificant mind, who has spent his whole life in one continent of one planet in God's universe, denouncing those things he cannot comprehend, and which the angels desire to understand, after ages of study.

Many things were hidden, even from Moses, who endured as seeing the invisible, while acting as mediator between God and his people for forty years, by whom Jesus uttered the thunders of Sinai and to whom he spake face to face; nevertheless after all this, while in the Mount of God, where the rustle of wings was heard and God's messenger passed with words from Jesus, Moses cried, "I beseech thee show me thy glory"; so was it with all of the prophets; they were called on to utter prophecies they comprehended not.

Are you sure that this world would have had "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress" had God explained to Bunyan why he suffered him to be locked in old Bedford jail? Do you know that the most brilliant diamond ever produced has a dark spot in the center? No! Why was it hidden there I do not know; the jeweler knows why. So we are wont to ask why. Sorrow has left us a part of life's discipline, but God knows why. Paul went up to Jerusalem not knowing what awaited him. Had he known, there is a question as to whether he would have gone or not, and there is not a chapter in history that does not illustrate the wisdom of God in hiding his purposes from men.

Short Meter Sermons.

Many mistake fidelity of mind, for faith.

You cannot help this world by hiding from it.

You lift no one up by looking down your nose.

When a man is puffed up he is easily blown away.

When you see a man who puts all his religion in a safety deposit you may know he hasn't any.

WOMEN WORKERS IN ENGLAND.

Their Wages Increasing in Cotton, Wool and Similar Industries.

Some striking facts regarding women as wage earners were given by G. H. Wood, F. S. S., at a meeting held at Bedford College the other night under the auspices of the Women's Industrial Council, says the London Daily Express.

Remarkable changes have taken place during the last half century, he said. For example, in 1851 there was one woman to every three men working on the land. Now there are eighteen men to every woman employed in agriculture.

The chief woman's industry at the present day, apart from domestic service, is the cotton trade. In 1851 the number of men and women engaged in that trade was equal, but in 1901 there were ten women to seven men.

In the lace trade, once almost the monopoly of women, men now seem to be slowly displacing them. While in the last fifty years the number of men employed in that industry has grown from 9,000 to 13,000, the number of women had fallen from 52,000 to 24,000.

Generally speaking, women seem to be getting hold of the light, centralized forms of employment.

During the last twenty years the wages they earned have increased in the cotton, wool, worsted and hosiery industries, but they have decreased in other trades.

It is very significant, concluded the speaker, that whereas among men there is a marked tendency to leave badly paid trades for those where better wages can be obtained, no such movement can be observed among women. The first trade which comes hands seems to be the one which a woman adopts. She seems to make no attempt to find the best outlet for her labor.

HOW TO TELL A BAD RAIL.

Metallurgists May Now Find Defects by Aid of Microscope.

In his article on the anatomy of a steel rail in Harper's Magazine H. C. Boynton tells of the way in which defects in steel rails are discovered by the use of the microscope.

"How then," says the layman, "can you tell if that was a good or a bad rail?" Then comes the microscope, that simple instrument which has revealed so many wonders. It now permits the metallurgist to study the anatomy of so apparently lifeless a thing as a piece of steel.

With a vertical illuminator or kind of reflector which takes the light rays from any source and bends them through a right angle, and then permits the observer to look through it down on to the polished surface of metal—equipped with such a reflector attached to an ordinary microscope and with a number of different lenses called objectives and eyepieces, the metallurgist can look at his piece of rail under a linear magnification of forty to a thousand diameters. This means that if a spot measuring one-hundredth of an inch across be magnified 100 diameters, the original spot would appear to the eye of the observer one inch in diameter.

Can you conceive of anything in that rail that could escape the trained eye when under a magnification of 1,000 diameters? It would have to be more elusive than the tiny germs which medical men look for as the cause of most of our contagious diseases, than the 500,000 bacteria in a cubic centimeter of the ordinary milk we drink.

Contra-Minded.

Several years ago there lived in Milltown, N. B., a unique character who always went by the title of "Captain Ab." His greatest peculiarity was that he was always on the opposite side, no matter what the question was. At a town meeting one day, after the chairman had called for the "yeas," which showed the vote was almost unanimous, he called the "contra-minded." John Farnham, one of the citizens, rose and said: "Mr. Chairman, he has just gone out." The "captain" had left the room a moment before.

Carrying It Too Far.

"Yes, every time I eat an egg I think of Columbus and his problem. You see I'm a believer in gastronomic suggestion."

"Then every time you eat apple pie you think of poor old easy going Adam?"

"Yes."

"And every time you eat a lobster you grow introspective."

"Eh! Certainly not."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Rough Treatment.

"You told me you were going to propose to her. Did you do it?"

"Yes, and she took me for a walk—"

"Ah, to talk it over?"

"You misunderstand me. I say she took me for a walk—I mean she treated me as if I were something to walk upon."—Philadelphia Press.

Women accept so many things as declarations of love that are not. There is only one declaration from a man that a girl can depend on, and that is: "Will you be my wife?"

MAN IS A PIGMY.



The convulsion of nature which, with its trail of devouring flame, wiped out a city, sent a thrill of horror around the world. Whenever the hand of civilization has touched there were men and women with blanched faces who scarcely had recovered from the horror of Vesuvius in time to learn of the awful tragedy of the City of the Golden Gate.

Man is a pigmy. He boasts that he has conquered the elements. He has girdled the earth with electricity; he has learned to talk through space; he has sailed the salted seas with great ships; he has proposed to master the air. In his pride he has believed himself more than man. And in the face of the terrors of earthquake, fire, eruptions, it is meet that he should humble himself and realize that in the face of the natural law, the rich and the poor; the high and the low; the weak and the strong, are equal in their utter helplessness.

Man is a pigmy. He is the fly on the window pane; the atom to be rended and torn and crushed as the Power that rules the world for some great purpose, hidden from us all, shall direct. Man is a pigmy.

Jubilee of the Victoria Cross

In half a century 522 heroes who faced death in battle at terrible odds have been decorated by England's monarch

The golden jubilee of the institution of the famous Victoria Cross has recently been observed in Great Britain. The most thrilling romances fail to equal the true stories of how the cross has been won. To the present 522 awards to officers and men in the various branches of the military and naval services have been made. It is perhaps the only personal decoration in the world that has been awarded to dead heroes, for it is a matter of record that in a dozen cases, at least, the inspiring cross has been won at the cost of life itself. In such instances the hero is gazetted and the cross is given to his family.

There is little to admire in the decoration itself. Its very plainness and simplicity, however, seem compatible with the modest heroism it signifies. The cross measures one and one-fifth inches square, weighs about 434 grains and is of bronze, being cast from cannon captured by the British at Sebastopol. It is attached by a V to a bar, upon which is a sprig of laurel. On the obverse side the royal crown, surmounted by a lion, occupies the center, with a scroll underneath bearing the words, "For Valour." The reverse is quite plain, with an indented circle in the center, in which the date or dates of the act of bravery are engraved. At the back of the bar is the name of the recipient, and the whole is suspended by a ribbon—blue for the navy, red for the army. The warrant establishing the decoration authorizes a bar to be attached to the ribbon for any further act of conspicuous bravery on the part of the owner of the cross, but it is stated, no such bar has ever yet been issued. It might be of interest to note that the intrinsic value of the little badge is said to be four pence-halfpenny, or about nine cents.

At the time Queen Victoria founded the decoration by her royal warrant of Jan. 29, 1856, the Crimean war was being fought with much tenacity. The poet laureate, Tennyson, had made famous the charge at Balaklava in his memorable dramatic stanzas. The dispatches from the front related in official language many deeds of signal bravery under terrific fire both in the army and navy. The Queen's war-

rant relates that "taking into our royal consideration that there exists no means of adequately rewarding the individual gallant services either of officers of the lower grades in our naval and military service, or of warrant and petty officers, seamen and marines in our navy, and noncommissioned officers and soldiers in our army," etc, the new decoration is instituted.

The Victoria cross is, as may be noticed, an exceedingly democratic institution. It is practically open to every Briton who, while fighting enemies of the Crown, displays distinguished bravery and heroism. The private may obtain it as well as the commander of a regiment; it has been awarded to a stoker on a British ironclad. Several rear admirals today wear the little Maltese cross on their breast, and three field marshals in the British army are proud of the dull decoration, which is conspicuous even among the jeweled orders and dazzling decorations of greater pretensions which give an air of distinction to their wearers on full-dress occasions.

To the private soldier, sailor and non-commissioned officer of both services who wins the cross there is substantial benefit, as well as glorious distinction. A special pension of ten pounds, or about \$50 a year, accompanies the award, and if the wearer of a Victoria Cross becomes incapacitated by reason of illness or age he may draw a special pension of fifty pounds or about \$250. Of the 522 officers and men who have been decorated with the cross, some 200 odd are alive.

Real-Estate Deal.

"I tell ye the folks that come up here from down below have got confidence if they haven't got much sprawl, some of 'em," said Mr. Jenkins in a disgusted tone, on his return from Bushby's corner store. "What you suppose that Henderson feller wanted me to make him an offer for to-day?"

"I'm too busy to stop and spend my time guessing," said Mrs. Jenkins, impatiently. "I'm getting supper, don't you see?"

"Well, he wanted me to buy two rods o' that sandy side-hill o' his. Said he judged 'twas an ideal spot for potatoes, and would I set a price on it?"

"What did you say?" demanded Mrs. Jenkins, with satisfying indignation.

"I told him," said her husband, with a reminiscent chuckle, "that while I wasn't prepared to set a valuation on it, if he'd a mind to deed it to me and throw in ten dollars cash he might keep my ladder a week longer."

A Minor Gift of Beauty.

A man may be as unattractive physically as a gargoyle, but if he possesses personal force and strength of character he will never lack feminine admiration.—London Gentlewoman.

When you "talk" about people behind their backs, do you give them a square deal?