

Through Sufferings.

The history of the world has been written in tears and blood. Why pain, degradation, sorrow and death are in the world we shall not stop to discuss at the present. We know that such is the case, and, therefore, another side of the question concurs us more and shall receive our attention. That we have responsibilities in this life, which we cannot ignore without personal loss and suffering, no one will be so foolish as to deny. A wise man will, therefore, accept the situation with its manifold environments, and will go forward heroically laboring to make the best of life he can. To act in any other way is unwise, and one can not be successful in such a course.

There is a common gateway through which all reformation and successful men have passed, which we, for lack of a better name, call *Suffering*. Man, truth, and righteousness have had their enemies since the childhood of the human race. There never has been a time during the history of fallen man when there were no difficulties, temptations and sufferings. At the very gates of the Garden of Eden Cain slew his brother and the lied to the Lord about it. When the Lord asked him: "Where is Abel, thy brother?" he answered positively, "I know not. Am I my brother's keeper?"

All through that wonderful history of the Patriarchs the way to success was by this same gateway of suffering. Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and all those worthies passed this way, and endured privations and sufferings in carrying out God's will concerning them. All who were true to God, themselves and others, often felt the piercing sting of opposition from without and within. They often wandered from place to place, "being destitute, afflicted, tormented; of whom the world was not worthy." They were seeking a better home, one which shall not fade away.

They were willing to endure afflictions for a season that they might enter, at last, into joys everlasting.

Moses gave up position, wealth and influence that he might save his people from a terrible bondage. There was only one way out of their bondage, and this way was difficult and compassed about with many tribulations and sorrows. After they had passed the Red Sea, where Pharaoh's hosts were destroyed, their trials in the Wilderness were as severe as those they experienced in the land of bondage. They wandered from place to place with many reverses and sore tribulations. Even Moses was more than once railed at by the Children of Israel in the Wilderness. All the way from the Red Sea to the land of Canaan were oppositions, obstacles and sufferings. It was the only possible way out of bondage and into freedom.

No man has ever yet climbed the ladder of success without difficulty and danger. There are Galileo, Columbus, Luther, Wesley, Campbell, Washington and a host of others who have marched slowly to success through storms of opposition, cruel hatred and manifold sufferings. Brave men they were, and right well did they contend for the right, which will at last enable them to stand under the ensign of victory, and to receive the plaudits of the true and good wherever their deeds have been made known. All successful movements and reformations, political and religious, have met, in the first place, a furious storm of opposition and the most cruel hatred. Every demoniacal power has been summoned for warfare, and if possible, for the demolition of these movements. Right has always been fiercely combatted by wrong, and we may expect the warfare to be waged till the power of darkness and the wicked one are conquered. In the mountain gorges and fastnesses, in caves and dens, Christians have met to worship God and

keep his ordinances. Here they have made their homes for years, because their fidelity to Jesus Christ compelled them to this isolation. It was to do this or give up their conscientious convictions of truth and right.

True men, in all ages of the world, have had to suffer on account of their adhesion to right and their consequent course in life. These men have loved truth, and have hated and exposed error, and, therefore, have had to suffer for this cause. The world has never honored such men as they deserve to be honored. But they have suffered cheerfully rather than to become untrue to their convictions of right. They could have done as others did and gained the approbation of the world; but they have preferred to be what they have been and receive whatever has been in store for them.

If any man will be a friend of the world he can not be a friend of Christ. The one warreth against the other and there can be no compromise with sin. A Christian of the apostolic type must expect persecution and tribulations. If the world hated Christ and persecuted him it will do the same with us. "If any man suffer as a Christian," says Peter, "let him not be ashamed." On the contrary he should rejoice that he is counted worthy to suffer for Christ's sake. To enter into the "fellowship of Christ's suffering" was Paul's desire, in order that he might obtain a "better resurrection." And Peter tells us that if we suffer with Christ we shall also reign with Him. And then comes James, saying: "Count it all joy when you fall into divers trials." So then, let us be content to be as our Master and the apostles were, knowing that these light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.—*Christian*.

The Casual Person.

The casual person is so plainly his own enemy that it is really not worth while for other people to behave unkindly to him. Perhaps he pleases people by the very noise and movement of his crowded life, in which he is always trying to do every thing with inadequate instruments. To him existence is a sort of Crusoe's Island, and he is constantly exerting an ingenuity as great as Crusoe's in doing things in the wrong, but in what seems to him the easy way. If any thing in his house is broken, he does not send for the carpenter; it is not worth while; he mends it himself in a manner which, he says, "will do well enough." If a gaspipe is cut (a thing which sometimes happens when the casual man is addicted to pistol-practice in his bedroom), he stops the hole with a piece of soap and goes away and forgets all about the matter. If he cuts himself in shaving, he hastily tears a convenient shred of blotting-paper, a rough-and-ready styptic, out of the first writing-case that comes to hand. He smokes, but he never has any matches, and is often almost reduced to the primitive method of rubbing two sticks together to get a light. One has seen him working away at a cigarette with a burning-glass. It is dreadful to have him in a room where there are books, for he regards fly-leaves as pipe-lights in a state of nature; he has no regards for title-pages, and in the thin tissue paper which guards engravings he rolls up tobacco and makes cigarettes. He is disliked in houses where decorative arms, swords, creeses, and snickersnees are kept on the walls: for he draws, a dagger to sharpen his pencil, and, violating the old saw, will poke the fire with a sword. He mends any torn garments with pins, and fancies that all is well. He has been seen trying to wind up the hall clock, when the key is lost, with a button-hook. He is often put to it sadly by his habit of losing keys, and climbs over the wall into his own house like a thief and a robber. If the sash ropes of his

windows are broken, he keeps them open with the first prop that comes to hand, often a hair-brush, sometimes a lexicon. When his curtain-rings do not run smoothly (and in his house nothing runs smoothly), he climbs on a chair and pushes them with a poker.—*Domestic Monthly*.

The Story of a Toad.

One day last summer, when I was down at Aunt Jane's house in the country, I was standing in the conservatory, smelling the pretty flowers, with little Nanny by my side, when I saw a large toad hopping across the floor.

As a rule, I object to toads, and I was going to drive this one away; when I saw that the poor toad was going very slowly, as if in pain, and as Nanny described it, "was holding one of its hands up to one of its eyes just like a grown-up person."

"O Mamma!" cried Nanny, "it has hurt its eye; look—how swelled it is." I then saw that the eye was cut and swollen, and that was the reason why it kept raising what Nanny called its hand to its eye.

"Let us watch it," said I; "We will not hurt it—poor thing!"

The little creature did not seem to be at all afraid of us, but remained near, blowing out its body, and winking its well eye for several minutes.

Nanny suddenly became so fond of it that she wanted to take it up and bathe its eye, but this I would not allow.

So she contented herself with putting a leaf, with a grub or two on it, close to the toad; and we soon saw it darting its pink tongue out, and catching and eating them. When the creature had finished its meal, it hopped slowly out of doors, and sat basking in the sun.

We were glad to see that the eye looked better, and so we left it. The next day, however, and often afterward, it came back to the conservatory, where Nanny generally managed to provide food for it. It grew to know us quite well, and not only made friends with us but also with a large cat which was a great pet of Nanny's. Our new friend made itself at home in every part of the house. One day, to the surprise of every one, it was found sitting before the kitchen fire, close to the cat, with its "hands" resting on pussy's tail, and looking quite affectionately into her face.

Once we noticed that the toad's skin was split down the whole length of his body. We watched him and saw him twitch himself until the loose skin gradually fell apart and lay in folds on his sides. We saw him then put one of his legs under his arm, and press down upon it, and pull it out of its covering. He did the same thing with his other leg, leaving his old pants under his arms. With his mouth he now pulled the skin off his arms, and with his two hands he pushed it into his mouth in a little ball, and swallowed it.

Nanny clapped her hands with glee to see how gay he looked in his bright new suit.—*Church Union*.

How Coffee is Raised.

Coffee culture is very interesting, and the growing crop is very beautiful. The trees at maturity are from five to eight feet high; they are well shaped and bushy, with dark green foliage, and planted eight or nine feet apart. The flowers are in clusters at the root of the leaves, and are small, but pure white and very fragrant. The fruit has a rich color and resembles a small cherry or a large cranberry; it grows in clusters close to the branches, and when it becomes a deep red is ripe, and ready to be gathered. The trees are raised from seed, and do not begin to yield until the third year. In Central America they bear well for twelve or fifteen years, although in exceptional cases,

trees twenty years old will yield an abundance of fruit. The tree is particularly beautiful when in full bloom, or when laden with ripe fruit.

The process of preparing coffee for market is as follows: The ripe berries when picked are first put through a machine called a "deplador," which removes the pulp; the coffee grains, of which there are two in each berry, are still covered with a sort of glutinous substance which adheres to the bean; they are now spread out on large "patois," made expressly for the purpose, and left there, being occasionally tossed about and turned over with wooden shovels until they are perfectly dry. They are then gathered up, put into the "retrilla," a circular trough in which a heavy wooden wheel, shod with steel, is made to revolve, so as to thoroughly break the husk without crushing the bean. The chaff is separated from the grain by means of a fanning mill, and the coffee is now thoroughly dry and clean. After this it is the custom of some planters to have it spread out on tables and carefully picked over by the Indian women and children, all the bad beans being thrown out. It only remains then to have it put into bags, weighed and marked, before it is ready for shipment and sale. On some of the larger plantations this process is greatly simplified, with considerable saving in time and labor, by the use of improved machinery for drying and cleaning the coffee.—*Religious Herald*.

Concerning English Teas.

We went about three o'clock in the afternoon. The lady met us at the gate, and, as I was an invalid, kindly assisted me up the winding walk that led from terrace to terrace, till we reached the house. She took us right into the dining-room, as there was a fire there, and the afternoon was chilly, it being the latter part of September. We had a pleasant chatty time till about 2:30. Then the maid came in to lay the table. She spread the damask cloth, white as snow and polished like satin, laid out the napkins and set out the china, and brought the cream and sugar, the plate of butter and a loaf of bread, first cutting off the crust to make a smooth slice, just as our mothers used to do for us children when we wanted "a piece" between meals. Then she cut each slice as thin as possible, and piled them on a plate till she thought she had enough; the butter and the loaf were left upon the table, with the knife, that more could be spread and cut if needed. The maid then brought in a part of a boiled ham, a small jar of plum preserves, a dish of buns, and a pot of tea—and that was all. But I assure you I never relished a meal more than I did that simple one. Everything was delicious and there was a plenty of each. And we all arose from the table without the fear of dyspepsia before our minds.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Parker, as we went home, "it looked very odd to you to see such a simple tea-table, accustomed as you are to the luxurious, overlaid tea tables of America?"

"It did look odd," said I, "but I liked it, and it has brought me to a lesson I shall remember—that to have a good time with friends it is not necessary to break your back all the forenoon over the baking table, or burn your cheeks to a blister over a hot oven."

Now, let me tell you of a tea-table in the United States. We had first fried chicken, mashed potatoes, stewed tomatoes, and hot biscuits. Following this were six kinds of preserves, jelly, honey, two kinds of peas, dried beef, cheese, two kinds of pickles, three kinds of iced cakes, doughnuts and cookies. It was utterly impossible to taste of everything, much more to eat at all. And we all felt as though we had been making the mistress and maid a great deal of trouble, as we had, for they must have worked hard and

steadily all the forenoon to get up such a meal. How much wiser to have given a fourth part of the variety, and had a simple delicious tea out of the remainder.

I feel that we Americans add greatly to our burdens by our luxurious tea-tables; and we add greatly to our wastes, for there must be more or less waste where there is such a variety. And, besides this, we dread having our friends come to see us, because of the labor and expense. Shall we not have a less number of dishes, and more vivacity to our conversation? And who can be very sparkling when they feel that their hostess is tired out with cooking, and the guests is danger of dyspepsia.—*Mrs. C. A. Soule, in the Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

Napoleon and Providence.

AN EXTRACT FROM A SERMON.

What an illustration, too, of the overruling providence of God do we have in the career of that same Napoleon, of whose curt remark concerning the partiality of providence for long cannon I have already made mention. For a time this man of destiny seemed to have everything his own way. His counsels, both in the cabinet and in the field, displayed consummate wisdom. His power was irresistible. Kings and people trembled at his name. He went from conquering to conquer. At last there came a change, and Waterloo stood out on the panorama of human history. And what was the secret of Waterloo? No doubt more than one cause might, with good reason, be assigned for the issue of this decisive contest. But he will, surely err who shuts his eyes to the facts that Napoleon had provoked the wrath of heaven, which now took sides against him. One of the most graphic descriptions of the battle is that given by Victor Hugo, in his "Les Miserables." I commend you to his interpretation of the fate which over-whelmed this greatest man of modern times on that memorable day. You must allowance for the brilliant novelist's sensational style. His words are, I believe, fraught with deepest truth. He says:

"Napoleon had been impeached before the Infinite, and his fall was decreed.

"He vexed God."
"Waterloo is not a battle; it is a charge of front of the universe."

Now for the proof:
"Had it not rained on the night of the 17th of June, 1815, the future of Europe would have been changed. A few drops of water, more or less, prostrated Napoleon. That Waterloo should have been the end or Austerlitz, Providence needed only a little rain, and an unseasonable cloud crossing the sky sufficed for the overthrow of a world."

"The battle of Waterloo—and this gave Blucher time to come up—could not be commenced before half past eleven. Why? Because the ground was soft. It was necessary to wait for it to acquire some little firmness, so that the artillery could maneuver."

"Napoleon was an artillery officer, and he never forgot it. * * * All his plans of battle were made for projectiles. To converge the artillery upon a given point was his key of victory. * * * On the

18th of June, 1815, he counted on his artillery the more because he had the advantage in numbers. Wellington had only 159 guns; Napoleon had 240. Had the ground been dry and the artillery able to move, the action would have been commenced at six o'clock, in the morning. The battle would have been won and finished at two o'clock, three hours before the Prussians turned the scale of fortune."

—The sweat of one's brow is no longer a curse when one works for God; it proves a tonic for the system and is actually a blessing.