

THE PULPIT.

A SCHOLARLY-SUNDAY SERMON BY THE REV. J. D. BURRELL.

Subject: The Friend of God.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Sunday morning the Rev. Joseph Dunn Burrell, pastor of the Classon Avenue Presbyterian Church, preached an interesting sermon on the subject, "The Friend of God." The text was from James 11:23: "He was called the Friend of God."

The figure of Abraham is one of the most majestic spared to us by the past. He stands before us in singular dignity, serenity and power, and his supreme quality was that he was the friend of God.

The phrase is peculiar. It is not said that God was his friend, but that he was God's friend. There is a difference. We accept the friendship of God as a matter of course, like the air we breathe. But the thought that man may be a friend to God scarcely comes to us at all.

There is something deeply touching about that thought. For we usually look upon God as sufficient unto himself. Yet in this other respect we see Him longing for friends. That desire is common among men, for there are many lonesome, misunderstood, hungry for a friendly word of appreciation. Now think of God also as misunderstood, grieved by neglect, yearning to be loved. Then think of Abraham as giving God his heart. You see how much it meant to God that Abraham was his friend.

One is led to be the friend of another by liking him. The reason why we like him may be inexplicable to ourselves, for there is no accounting for tastes. All fruits are the gifts of God to men, yet some we enjoy and others we reject. All people are children of God, and we can love every one of them in a disinterested and fraternal way. But this does not interfere with our liking some better than others. Even our Saviour felt this human tendency and was drawn by it to a special intimacy with the apostle John.

I suppose there never was a person about whom people differed more than Charles Lamb. Some could not endure his perpetual rallery, his bad puns, his stammer. Others knew him to be one of the rarest spirits, subtle in intellect, exquisite in taste and grandly unselfish.

Now that liking which makes friendship between man and man makes it between man and God. We can picture Abraham at the close of the day, when the tents had been pitched and the evening meal eaten, going apart from the camp for a little space that he might open his soul to God. We can imagine David at night time while the city slept, mounting to the roof of the palace and beneath the canopy of stars communing with the Most High. We can see Christ escaping from the crowds that thronged His steps and eagerly hiding for a brief time in the seclusion of some mountain top that He might be alone with His Father. It was because all three of these liked God.

It is a question worth asking whether we like God. I do not say reverence and honor, I do not say submit to and obey. Do we like God? It is a peculiar question. Perhaps asking it makes us wonder whether our appreciation of God does not lack something of the warm throbs of life.

Friendship also involves similarity of tastes. In fact, most of our friendships come about through our being brought together in the pursuit of some common interest, by an ocean voyage, a golf club, a board of directors, a Sunday-school class, for example. People whose chief interests differ are not likely to become friends; Emerson and Boss Tweed, for example.

There is no better field for studying the laws of friendship than a college. Young men or women who have known each other pleasantly enter in the same class, go together for a time, then gradually, without any ill feeling whatever draw apart in order to form other combinations. This shifting is generally due to the dominating power of some common interest—French, boating, editing a paper together, membership in the same fraternity and the like.

The same principle holds true in the friendship between man and God. It is brought about by similarity of tastes and interests. Supreme in God is the sense of order, whose moral side is righteousness. How can He have any friendship with a man who lacks this sense of order? Who does not mind being a glutton or a drunkard or impure, or telling a lie or taking what is not his? As Paul says, "what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness?" And another characteristic of God is His spirit of charity. But suppose a man is indifferent, hard and selfish, prone to cherish grudges and to do unkindnesses, how is friendship possible between him and God? "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

It is important, then, for us to ask if we like what God likes, if we value highly, as He does, the soul, the spiritual life, a character of purity and goodness. These are the foundations of friendship between heaven and earth.

Again, part of friendship is loyalty. But loyalty how far? Through bad reports as well as through good reports? Assuredly. The friendship that will not endure strain is of little worth. Twenty years ago a young man was swept away by the excitement of gambling in Wall Street, and misused the funds of the bank of which he was president. The deficit of millions was made good. But of course, the difference was there. Yet to-day he stands in a certain small social circle. His friends, you see, realized that the man was not really vicious at heart and stood by him to help him make a new life. How many a man, who in fact has done no wrong, but who has had some idle gossip raised about him, has found himself deserted in a minute by those he counted upon as his friends. There is no social tragedy more pitiful than this, and also none more creditable to human nature.

To be a friend to God means to be loyal to Him through storm as well as through sunshine; in the day not only of prosperity, but also in that period of adversity when the skeptic says, "If God is good, and I my friend, how can He permit this trouble to fall upon you?" Then when suspicion is raised about God, many who have called themselves

His friends fall away from Him. The true friend is he who stands by God when strange and cruel things happen that cannot be explained, who maintains confidence in the divine goodness when others deny it, who defends God's name when others impugn it, who says with Job, "though He slay me, yet will I trust Him." God will never forget staunchness like that.

Generosity is one of the lovely traits of true friendship. It comes out in feeling, in conduct and in special tokens in the form of gifts. The ancients illustrated this in the story of Damon and Pythias. Pythias was condemned to death, but begged leave to go home and arrange his affairs. His friend Damon took his place in prison. In the end in the nick of time, Pythias returned and surrendered himself. Because of the spectacle of such a friendship he was pardoned. But the interest of the story centres in Damon lying in prison while the days of Pythias' absence lengthen and the time of execution draws near. For not only was Damon content to endure imprisonment for his friend, but far beyond that he was prepared to die in his place.

The story is no doubt a fairy tale, but it gives us a true lesson, and has had influence upon the civilized conception of friendship. And as applied to our relationship to God it is suggestive. If our friendship to Him is genuine it will bear the mark of generosity. There have been not a few friends of God ready to die, if need be, for Him.

And yet there are many who render to God what they like rather than what He likes. Sometimes presents are given among us on the same irrational basis. You have seen a poor young couple receive from some rich acquaintance an absurd wedding present of a costly piece of bric-a-brac which would be utterly out of place in their modest parlor, and would divert an amount of money which would have been a great help in practical form. The donor consulted his desire rather than theirs.

So is it often with men's gifts to God; they give Him what they like rather than what He likes. In Jeremiah's age they offered sacrifices of bullocks and goats. In Christ's day they performed elaborate religious ceremonies and wore phylacteries and fringes. In medieval times they did penance and paid money. To-day they erect costly churches and endow colleges. But if we would please God we must consult His wishes in our gifts and not our own. And what does God like best? A pure heart, a humble and contrite spirit, days free from evil, practical thoughts of kindness for others, homes of real devotion, sacrifices of money from genuine love of His work, words of honest testimony for Him in public and private. These are the things God likes, and thou who love Him even offer them to Him.

In the fourteenth century, when the moral and spiritual state of Christendom was dark, a group of noble souls banded themselves together to strive after holiness. Their headquarters were at Strassburg and Cologne. Their greatest member was John Tauler, the celebrated preacher, whose printed sermons made a deep impression on Luther. The influence of those men was performed and abides to this day. But the thing to notice especially about them was their name; they called themselves "The Friends of God."

Is there not a place for such people in the life of to-day? Men are apt to become so absorbed in the concerns of this life as to neglect God altogether, and when they do think of Him it is often with the desire chiefly to get something from Him. How sordid and unworthy this all is. We ought to have our relationship on a higher level. Is it not possible for us to appreciate His grandeur and goodness for their own excellence? Can we not like Him for what He is? As He looks down upon a considerably indifferent world, can we not give Him the happiness of letting Him see that we are His friends? And when trouble befalls us let us still believe in Him; when His good name is assailed, let us defend Him; when He wants some one to do His work, let us say, "Here am I, send me."

We are familiar enough with the idea that God is our friend. But the question is who are willing to be friends of God?

Ponder This Fact.

"Take your Bible, and carefully count, not only the chapters or the verses, but the letters from the beginning of Genesis to the 'Amen' of the Revelation; and when you have accomplished the task, go over it again and again—ten times, twenty, forty times—say, you must read the very letters of your Bible eighty times over before you have reached the requisite sum. It would take something like the letters of eighty Bibles to represent the men, women and children of that old and wondrous empire. Fourteen hundred of them have sunk into Christian graves during this last hour; thirty-three thousand will pass to-day forever beyond your reach.

"Despatch your missionary to-morrow, and one million and a quarter of immortal souls, for whom Christ died, will have passed away to their final account before he can reach their shores." Whether such facts touch us or not, I think they ought to move our hearts. It is enough to make an angel weep.—Rev. Silvester Whitehead.

The Name of Jesus.

The Lord is the hearer of prayer. There should be waiting on Him, not only in the assembly of His people, not only with the attitude of reverent regard, in the forms of religion, but as the Psalmist puts it: "Truly my soul waiteth upon God." For salvation, for protection, He is to be sought; and whatever the trouble of our lives, we thus get stability.

What can we ask? The fulfilment of the exceeding great and precious promises. But what plea can we present, weak and sinful as we are? The name that is above every name—the name of Jesus.—John Hall.

The Way We Do Things.

Rev. J. B. Meyer says, "Smiling needles are cheap and common enough; but on them may be wrought the fairest designs and the richest weaves. So the incidents of daily life may be commonplaces in the extreme, but on them we build the material foundation for any noble and beautiful character. It does not so much matter what we do, but the way in which we do it matters greatly."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR SEPTEMBER 3.

Subject: The Captivity of Judah, II. Chron. xxxvi., 11-21—Golden Text, Num. xxxii., 23—Memory Verses, 10-23—Commentary on the Day's Lesson.

I. Zedekiah's character and folly (vs. 11-13). "Zedekiah." He was one of the younger sons of the good Josiah and uncle of Jehoiachin. He was a weak king, with no strength of character to do what he knew to be right. Anxious to follow the counsels of Jeremiah, but without courage to do so, he became the mere sport of factions, and at last was brought into ruinous conflict with Babylon against his own better judgment. "Humbled not himself." Although Jeremiah repeatedly entreated Zedekiah to obey the word of the Lord, yet the king through the pride of his heart and for fear of offending his princes would not listen to the prophet's advice.

13. "Rebellest," etc. This was the height of folly. Had he possessed wisdom and courage enough to obey the words of Jeremiah and remain true to his allegiance to Babylon, Jerusalem might not have been destroyed. "Made him swear." Nebuchadnezzar had bound Zedekiah by a most solemn oath to keep the peace by fidelity to the conqueror who had set him on the throne. In Jer 27:3 we find messengers from the kings of Edom, Moab, Ammon, Tyre and Zidon consulting with Hezekiah, perhaps concerning a plan to throw off the Babylonian yoke; and in Ezek. 17:15, Zedekiah is represented as sending his ambassadors into Egypt that they might give him horses and much people. Thus he seems to have laid broad plans for his rebellion, and in all this he was encouraged by the false prophets of his time (Jer. 28).

11. God's effort to save His people (vs. 14, 15).

14. "Transgressed very much." Here we see the vile depths into which Judah had fallen. All classes were corrupted. Restraint was thrown off and the people openly practiced all the heathen abominations, even polluting the house of the Lord.

15. "The Lord—sent to them." God did everything He wisely could to prevent His people from rushing down to their own destruction. He laid upon them several lesser evils as warnings. These were devastations of the country from which a few years would suffice to recover. Then Jerusalem was captured and part of its treasure removed, but the city was not destroyed, and the temple stood. Kings were made captive as a warning to coming kings. Prophets were sent to warn and entreat.

16. "Mocked," etc. Jeremiah was imprisoned, beaten and threatened with death; Urijah was put to death (Jer. 26:20-23). "No remedy." The nation had gone beyond all hope. The body was hopelessly corrupt. It is possible to sin too long, to sin away the day of grace. O sinner, awake, repent.

17. "Therefore." Because of their great wickedness. "He brought—the Chaldees." The siege lasted about one year and six months. The fortifications were strong, and the defense was brave and skillful. The thud of the battering rams shook the walls day and night; archers made the air incessantly hard by constant showers of arrows from the high wooden towers; catapults of all sizes hurled stones to the town with a force as deadly as that of modern bullets, and darts tipped with fire kindled the roofs of the houses; mines were dug under the ladders, and attempts at escalade by ladders were renewed at every favorable opportunity. "Who slew," etc. The siege was full of horrors. The city was reduced to the last extremity. Fearful pictures are presented by Jeremiah in his prophecy and in the Lamentations. The destructive fire of the besiegers was aided by a severe famine (Jer. 38:9), and all the terrible expedients had been tried to which the wretched inhabitants of a besieged town are forced to resort in such cases. Mothers boiled and ate the flesh of their own infants (Lam. 4:10; Ezek. 5:10); ladies in magnificent robes wandered about searching the refuse heaps for a morsel of food (Lam. 4:5-10). "No compassion." So hideous were the cruelties practiced by Oriental victors upon their captors that, were it not for the most convincing evidence in sculpture and inscription, where the perpetrators glory in their deeds, we should hardly believe it possible for men to treat their fellow creatures with such barbarity. When the assaults were once masters of the place an indiscriminate slaughter appears to have succeeded, and the city was generally given over to the flames. The prisoners were either impaled and subjected to horrible torments or carried away as slaves. "He gave them," etc. God permitted the Chaldeans to thus destroy Jerusalem. He might have done to Nebuchadnezzar's army what He did to Sennacherib's host.

20. "Carried he away." When the Chaldeans finally entered the city the king and his men of war fled, but they were pursued and captured. Zedekiah's sons were slain before his eyes; his eyes were then put out and he was carried to Babylon in chains. He was put in prison till the day of his death (Jer. 52:7-11). "To him and his sons." There were three kings after Nebuchadnezzar before Cyrus established Persian rule: Evil-Merodach (2 Kings 25:27), Neriglissar and Nabonidus.

21. "Fulfill the word." See Jer. 25:11, 12, 29-10. "Enjoyed he sabbaths." See Lev. 26:34, 35, 43. God had commanded them to let their land rest every seventh year, and because they had violated this command He now proposed to give their land a long Sabbath, or rest for seventy years.

Wu Ting Fang, now the Chief of the Commercial Bureau at Peking is the author and executor of the Chinese boycott of American goods. He lived with us just long enough to learn what would hurt us most. To think of the banquets we gave him and of his speeches to which we listened. How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless Fang, observed Town Topics.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES

SEPTEMBER THIRD.

The Abundant Life: How Get It? How Use It? John 10: 7-10; Rom. 5: 19-21.

Everything outside of Christ tends downward, everything with which Christ has to do tends upward. The overflowing life of nature shows that God loves abundant life, and He comes to earth to fill men as full of life as He fills the earth with every spring.

Seeds of weeds fly everywhere, and the only safety from them is an even greater abundance of seeds of grass. When the sin comes into the heart, it reigns, it sits on the throne and governs, nor will God's grace accept any lower position.

Wherever there is fuller joy, it is because of fuller life. Joy means life, and life means joy. Never think of Christ as being languid, pale, and feeble. He was the incarnation of vigor and power.

A machine is of use only through its overflow of power. How much would men care for a machine that merely kept itself running? Said the poor woman when she saw the ocean for the first time, "At last here is enough of something!" And Christ is such an ocean.

Is your Christian life languid or joyous?

Have you life enough for others, or just for yourself? Has Christ become the only source of your joys?

Life may be deepened, made rich, not only by broader areas of culture, but by priceless mines beneath the soil.—T. Starr King. There is nothing of which men are so fond, and withal so careless, as life.—Bruyere.

Monthly missionary meetings may easily be made the best meeting of the month. Try to bring every member into each meeting; but at the outset divide the society into bands, each of which will be leaders of one of the twelve meetings. Do not try to crowd too much into the meetings—an outline of a book, for instance, into ten minutes. Better take up fewer points at a time and make them effective.

EPWORTH LEAGUE LESSONS

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 3.

The Abundant Life: How to Get It, How to Use it. John 10: 7-10; Rom. 5: 19-21.

Our lesson is from that beautiful parable of the Good Shepherd. Jesus is the door and the shepherd as well. He draws a sharp contrast between the thief, the hireling, and the wolf, on the one hand, and the Good Shepherd, on the other. These all bring death. But the Good Shepherd brings life. And he not only brings life, but the fullness of an immortal, heavenly, glorified life. He gives the more abundant life. The second selection tells us how we may get this life. It is through the merits and obedience of Christ. Sin reigns in us to death, but Christ reigns in us to life. "And this life is an abundant, that is, a sufficient life."

The life spoken of in our lesson is the spiritual life imparted to us by the Holy Spirit through the atoning merit of Jesus Christ. It is called an "abundant" life because it has in it all the essential elements of salvation and immortality. It is called in one place "more abundant," as if the life imparted by Christ might be realized in a superlatively large and satisfying measure. Consider:

This is nothing more nor less than the spiritual life imparted to us at the regeneration of our nature through the power of the Holy Spirit. It is that life which we receive at conversion. An imparted and not an imputed holiness. It may be realized in a more abundant measure, but is the same divine life which is given to us by the Spirit. It is the free gift of the Good Shepherd to his sheep.—It is the regeneration and sanctification of our nature through the Holy Spirit. It is the inheritance of all God's people.

The plan of salvation is easy and simple. It is by the personal surrender of the soul to Christ, and appropriation of this life by faith. It is not to be "earned," nor "wrought out," nor "purchased." It is to be appropriated by the individual soul. Jesus has paid the debt; he has wrought out salvation; he has provided the life and salvation. It is ours only to take it, to receive it as a gift. As the Good Shepherd "gave" his life for the sheep, so he now "gives" the life more abundant. We learn from many other passages of the Word how to use this life in the service of Christ. Life is given to be used. We are made alive to bring others to life. We are saved in order to serve. We have eternal life not to selfishly enjoy, but to pass on to others who need it. It will thus be an increasing life. Only as we use it does it become the more abundant life.

A lion cub died of indigestion after devouring a pair of trousers. The irony of fate is that if there had been anybody in the trousers they would undoubtedly have been most digestible.

Among the Sultan's plate are babies' baths of solid gold.

BEATEN GENERAL'S FATE.

ILL-FORTUNE FOLLOWS OFFICERS WHO FAIL IN TEST OF ACTION.

The Land of the Great Bear Has Seldom Permitted Defeated Leaders of Her Army and Navy Long to Survive Their Downfall.

Russia has several beaten generals at the present time, and the question is what will eventually become of them. The land of the Great Bear has seldom permitted the leaders of her army and navy to long survive their downfall, notwithstanding statements to the contrary, and there are several instances of Russians, once shining lights in barrack rooms and naval dockyards, who have taken leave of life both obscurely and tragically.

It was not so very long ago that a famous general, at one time honored all over Russia, died by his own hand at a German gambling spa. He had erred during the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-8, and in consequence the troops under his command had met with an unexpected disaster.

After the war the general left St. Petersburg in disgrace and, under an assumed name, took up his residence in Germany. He dissipated his fortune at gambling places, and when he had come to his last penny he became a "handy man," eking out a bare existence by running errands, doing odd jobs and distributing bills. Being unable to recover his self-respect and manhood he sought release by suicide. He shot himself at a gambling spa, and when his body was searched not a single coin was found upon him.

Again, a leader of the Russians during the Crimean War died in abject poverty in an attic in the Latin Quarter of Paris. He had lost fifteen thousand men at Inkerman, and his commission was taken from him. He went to France and led a bohemian life for many years, making a good income by composing musical pieces. The money he earned he spent in riotous living, and one morning he was found dead in his attic after a heavy drinking bout.

According to the Echo de Paris, Captain Klado, who was the chief Russian witness before the North Sea Commission, has been deprived at St. Petersburg of all his appointments and functions, except that of professor at the Military Academy.

It would be interesting to follow the future fortunes of this gentleman, for it is certainly doubtful whether his colleagues at the Military Academy will permit him to long survive his downfall.

Japan is very harsh on her defeated officers both naval and military. During the present war in the Far East a naval lieutenant, who failed to carry out a task set him was politely told by his chief to cover his disgrace by committing suicide.

A sheet was strung on the deck of the lieutenant's gunboat, and behind this was placed an armchair and a table. On the latter was a sharp knife, wrapped in a piece of clean paper. The lieutenant bowed to his comrades, went behind the sheet, sat in the chair and picked up the knife. The official reports stated that the lieutenant had died distinguishing himself in action, and the Emperor granted him a posthumous medal.

After our troops had entered Peking and sacked the Summer Palace of the Emperor, a Chinese general known as the chief of the "dragon-slayers" who allowed his troops to be badly beaten, had his commission taken from him and was publicly degraded.

For a long time his wretched figure was to be seen in the streets of the capital, with gyves on his limbs and a board round his neck as a punishment.

For many years a shabbily-dressed elderly man wandered aimlessly about Madrid. At one time he was one of the most mighty of the French marshals, and his tunic blazed with gold lace and jeweled orders.

He had risen from the ranks, but misfortune came to him when he started out to meet the Germans, as leader of half a million men. Accompanying him in the front were innumerable valets, grooms and secretaries, yet he came back to Paris not as a mighty conqueror, but as a broken, friendless man.

He had, in the eyes of the Republic, disgraced himself, and popular prejudice drove him from his native country. He went to Madrid, and fell lower and lower down the social scale, until he became a beggar, both in language and habits.

Another general who became a barber was the leader of the Persians, whom Sir James Outram crushed just before the Indian Mutiny broke out. The Shah degraded him, and after several more or less exciting adventures he came down to be a barber at Bagdad.

Numbers of wandering Britons cowered the fallen "giant" to shelve them; and as he welded the razor he related his many exploits.

Admiral Villeneuve, who was beaten by Nelson at Trafalgar, was never forgiven by Napoleon, and he became a homeless wanderer, living at cheap and even disreputable hotels.

His income, after his disgrace, was said to be under 100 pounds a year, and when he died he was heavily in debt.—Pearson's Weekly.

Among the Sultan's plate are babies' baths of solid gold.

Society and Art.

Even in the days of peace we shall find that so-called encouragement was by no means a boon to Art. The self-complacency of Society is apt to make itself believe that patronage is everything. On the contrary, the word "patronage" is in itself an insult. We want sympathy, not condescension. If Society really cared for good Art it would approach it with the respect due to all the noble functions of life. As it is, painting has been often called to the degrading service of Society. It was this that made the great Tang painter Yenrippe tell his children that he would disown them if they ever learned to paint. Maeterlinck has said that if the flowers had wings they would fly away at the approach of man. I would not blame them if they ever flew away from the cruelties of floriculture. Art, the flower of thought, has also no wings. Its roots are bound to humanity. It is painful to think how it has been trimmed, cut and tortured by unfeeling hands to be confined in a vessel for temporary admiration. Sotoba, a Sung poet, has remarked, "Men are not ashamed to wear flowers, but what of the flowers?" If the Buddhist idea of retribution is to be believed in, the flowers must have committed terrible crimes in their former lives. Let us hope for the painters a better incarnation in their next.—International Quarterly.

A Happy Thought.

"What are the suggestions of the day?"

The greatest philanthropist of the age turned anxiously to his private secretary.

"Remember," he said, half-severely, "we must give away ten millions more before the week is over. I simply can't stand it to have money accumulate in this reckless manner. We must get rid of it."

The secretary did not immediately reply.

"I am afraid it's hopeless," said the great philanthropist. "The National Theatre says they can't take another cent. Every missionary society is black with cash. The old sailors are smoking dollar cigars. Universities are storing bonds in barrels in their cellars. Speak, man, your face is lighting up. Have you an idea?"

"I have, indeed," said the private secretary. "Have no fear, all will be well. Here's a man who has given me a clew."

And with a glad smile of relief the philanthropist read from some unknown correspondent as follows:

"Why not endow a good comfortable home for decrepit millionaires who have given away all their money?"

Father and Son.

Kidnapped twenty years ago by his nurse, James M. Leydon, formerly a driver for the Adams Express Company in Chicago, found his father while standing in front of the post office at Aurora. Leydon learned some time ago from friends at Aurora that the name "Sly," by which he was known, was not his right name and, satisfied that he had been the victim of a kidnapping plot, he determined to find his parents. He consulted the city directory of Aurora and tramped the streets for a week, when he saw an aged man enter the Aurora post office. A gleam of recognition passed between them and the elder rushed toward the youth, and after a pause inquired his name. The elder Leydon then explained how he had placed his son in the family of Mr. and Mrs. John Sly, of Aurora, who had afterward disappeared with the boy. James went home with his father and there found his brothers and sisters. Then he learned that he had lived for twenty years within forty miles of his kin.

Great Writers Not Correct Writers.

There is not a single great author in our literature in whose works numerous errors have not been pointed out, or thought to be pointed out. They are charged with violating rules involving the purity if not the permanence of the language. A somewhat depressing inference follows from the situation thus revealed. The ability to write English correctly does not belong to the great masters of our speech. It is limited to the obscure men who have devoted themselves to the task of showing how far these vaunted writers have fallen short of the ideas of linguistic propriety entertained by their unrecognized betters. As a result of the critical crusades there is no escape from the dismal conclusion that the correct use of the language is not to be found in the authors whom every one reads with pleasure, but is an accomplishment reserved exclusively for those whom nobody can succeed in reading at all.—Professor R. Lounsbury, in Harper's Magazine.

Music as Medicine.

Place the tips of your first, second and third fingers of your right hand on the artery that runs along the main bone of your left arm, where the doctor usually feels your pulse, and sing a tune, the time of which is the same as the rhythm of your pulse (the last time I tried this on myself the first four of five pulsations fell instantly suggested "March On, Christian Soldier"; then change abruptly to a slow tune, say "My Country, 'Tis of Thee"; render "Andante religioso"; and "Lento"; burst out into the liveliest Yankee Doodle; you can sing; and if you carefully observe your pulse at the end of each performance, you will notice that the action of your heart has been affected in every case by the tempo of the music you have sung.