

# THE SPIRIT OF CHANGE

The calm stars looking on men see all  
Aspire to power or wealth or fame;  
And each one comes at the Spirit's call,  
Through paths of peace or by roads of flame.

The great town's treadmill servants dream—  
So dear God lightens their want and gloom—  
Of joys that beckon by sunlit stream,  
In whispering fields and orchard bloom.

The young man hears, in forest or farm,  
The Spirit's challenge and hotly frowns;  
Then wood and meadow have lost their charm—  
He pits his powers against the town's.

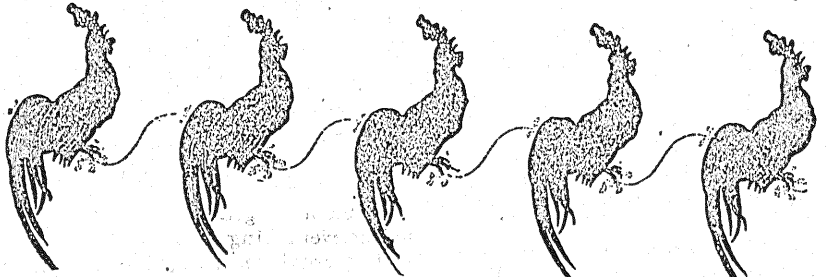
To men grown weary of age-old wrongs,  
In king-ridden lands past far-down seas,  
The Spirit speaks in fiery songs,  
That smite and shatter unjust decrees.

West, west and always westward pour  
The lean horses sired in alien hives—  
An endless surge through Freedom's door:  
They sow the desert, and lo, it thrives!

A strong race heaping their riches high,  
Lords of a continent, land and tide,  
Leap into regiments, hearing the cry  
Of Progress fighting on earth's far side.

So hatreds perish; so peoples merge;  
So Truth has ever a new birth;  
While strong men moved by the Spirit's urge  
Spread Love's Republic over the earth.

—Frank Putnam.



## The Choice of Cepheta.

BY KATE M. CLARY.  
(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)  
"Shall you marry him, Leslie?"  
"It's manners to wait to be asked,"  
returned Leslie.

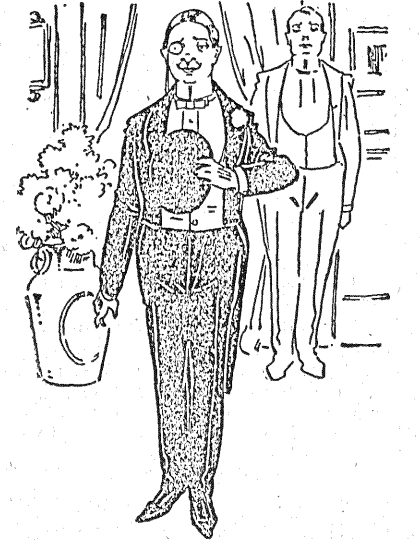
"Hasn't he asked you?" persisted Will Cable.

"That would be telling," Leslie Marsh replied.

Then she laughed up at the young giant leaning over the high back of a colonial chair and regarding her with a look at once quizzical and puzzled. He was just as gentle, as retiring, as shy as ever. And yet the world had great things to say of his wisdom, his indomitable pluck in the face of distressing obstacles, the lofty scientific value of his researches and discoveries. He had been interviewed and lauded. The critics were unanimous in his praise. And here he was, back in the beloved, book-lined old room where they had quarreled as children—just the same delightful fellow of five years before.

"I suppose you know we're awfully proud of you, Will," she said. She had been watching him dreamily, trying to fancy that powerful, cropped, dark head adorned with the soft waves of the lad who used to be so careful of his personal appearance when he was home from college on his vacations. "I keep telling people what great friends we were when we were young. I don't say a word about the torture you made me suffer when you kidnapped my doll."

"You may not happen to remember either, your revenge for that injury?" "Oh, I do!" she cried, and laughed out. "Indeed I do! You were taking



Mr. Raymore, bland and placid. Laura Miller to play tennis, and Bob—

"I have always thought the sense of humor in your small brother, was inspired and developed by his sister. To accidentally turn the garden hose on a young man clad in the height of fashion, was a peculiar evidence of misdirected energy! Now, what are you—"

Carriage wheels had stopped before the door. They could hear the servant crossing the hall. "Mr. Reginald Raymon," announced the man.

Mr. Raymon, bland and placid, round-faced, round-eyed, hat in hand and monocle in eye, made his appearance. Was he too early? Was Miss Marsh ready? He had been assured the first act was unusually strong. Mr. —, ah, yes, Mr. Cable, to be sure! He had heard of Mr. Cable. Quite pleased to meet him! Was this Miss Marsh's cloak? Would she per-



"Whenever you will take me."

mit him? Good evening, Mr. Cable! Then Miss Marsh had taken up her bouquet, had gathered around her the folds of her opera wrap of old-rose panne velvet, had sent a sweet, swift, mocking look at Cable standing deserted—and was gone.

But, although she heartily enjoyed the gay comedy to which they went, she had no faintest idea of the comedy in which she played a wholly unconscious part. How could she dream that Reginald Raymon had finally decided to bestow upon her the inestimable honor of his favor?

He was making no rash decision. He repeatedly strengthened his heart by this reassurance while they drove to the theatre, while he sat by her side at the play—was her vis-a-vis at supper. Her family was one of not only social but intellectual pre-eminence. Her father had been twice senator from his state. Her brother had held a high diplomatic post abroad. Their friends were of the most exclusive. Their acquaintances were those of the cultured—artistic world. To be sure, the Marshes had no money to spare. But—what was money to him? And when it came to grace, and wit, and distinction, and beauty, and above all, that exquisite, indefinable possession we call breeding—there was not a girl in the state who might be mentioned in the same breath with her—no, by George! not one! And he would marry her—he would! He'd tell her so this very night.

He turned to study her again—and with pulses that quickened as he looked. Faultless of form, graceful as only a beautiful woman and a tigress can be—with features perfect as those cut on the silver coins of Syracuse, she was worth the income of men's homage—worthy the quite as precious glory of woman's jealousy! There was just a glimpse of creamy flesh through the meshes of Mechlin at arms and bosom.

## TALMAGE'S SERMON, ANTAGONISM TO THE GOSPEL HAS DISAPPEARED.

"There is None Like That, Give It Me!"  
—(1) Samuel xxi, 9—Temptations of the Traveler—Preachers Are More Resourceful than in Former Days.

(Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopfers, N. Y.)  
Washington, May 5.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage calls the roll of influences once antagonistic but now friendly to the gospel and encourages Christian workers; text, I. Samuel xxi, 9, "There is none like that; give it me."  
David fled from his pursuers. The world runs very fast when it is trying a good man. The country is chasing to catch David and to slay him. David goes into the house of a priest and asks him for a sword or spear with which to defend himself. The priest, not being accustomed to use deadly weapons, tells David that he cannot supply him, but suddenly the priest thinks of an old sword that had been carefully wrapped up and laid away—the very sword that Goliath formerly used—and he takes down that sword, and while he is unwrapping the sharp, glittering, memorable blade it flashed upon David's mind that this is the very sword that was used against himself when he was in the fight with Goliath, and David can hardly keep his hands off it until the priest has unwound it. David stretches out his hand toward that old sword and says: "There is none like that; give it me!"

In other words, "I want in my own hand the sword which has been used against me and against the cause of God." So it was given him. Well, my friends, that is not the first or the last word once used by giant and Philistine iniquity which is to come into the possession of Jesus Christ and his glorious church. I want, as well as God may help me, to show you that many a weapon which has been used against the armies of God is yet to be captured and used on our side, and I only imitate David when I stretch out my hand toward that blade of the Philistine and cry, "There is none like that; give it me!"

I remark first that this is true in regard to all scientific exploration. You know that the first discoveries in astronomy and geology and chronology were used to kattle Christianity. Worldly philosophy came out of its laboratory and out of its observatory and said, "Now, we will prove by the movement of the heavenly bodies that the Bible is a lie and that Christianity as we have it among men is a positive imposture." Good men trembled. The telescope, the Leyden jars, the electric batteries, all in the hands of the Philistines. But one day Christianity, looking about for some weapon with which to defend itself, happened to see the very old sword that these atheistic Philistines had been using against the truth and cried out, "There is none like that; give it me!"

And Copernicus and Galilei and Kepler and Isaac Newton and Herschel and O. M. Mitchell came forth and told the world that in their ransacking of the earth and heavens they had found overwhelming presence of the God whom we worship, and this old Bible began to shake itself from the Koran and Shaster and Zendavesta with which it had been covered up and lay on the desk of the scholar and in the laboratory of the chemist and in the lap of the Christian unharmed and unanswered, while the tower of the midnight heaves struck a silvery chime in its spires.

The Eternal Master.  
Worldly philosophy said: "Matter is eternal. The world always was. God did not make it." Christian philosophy plunges its crowbar into rocks and finds that the world was gradually made, and if gradually made there must have been some point at which the process started. Then who started it? And so that objection was overcome, and in the first three words of the Bible we find that Moses stated a magnificent truth when he said, "In the beginning."

Worldly philosophy said: "Your Bible is a most inaccurate book. All that story in the Old Testament, again, and again, about the army of the locusts—it is preposterous. There is nothing in the coming of the locusts like an army. An army walks; locusts fly. An army goes in order and procession; locusts without order."

"Wait," said Christian philosophy, and in 1868 in the southwestern part of this country Christian men went out to examine the march of the locusts. There are men right before me who must have noticed in that very part of the country the coming of the locusts like an army, and it was found that all the newspaper unwittingly spoke of them as an army. Why? They seem to have a commander. They march like a host. They halt like a host. No arrow ever went in straighter flight than the locusts come, not even turning aside for the wind. If the wind rises, the locusts drop, and then rise again after it has gone down, taking the same line of march, not varying a foot. The old Bible is right every time when it speaks of locusts coming like an army; worldly philosophy wrong.

Worldly philosophy said, "All that story about the light 'turned as clay to the sea' is simply an absurdity." Old time worldly philosophy said, "The light comes straight." Christian philosophy says, "Wait a little while, and it goes on and makes discoveries and finds that the atmosphere curves and bends the rays of light around the earth, literally 'as the clay to the seal.'" The Bible right

again; worldly philosophy wrong again. "Ah," says worldly philosophy, "all that allusion in Job about the foundations of the earth is simply an absurdity. 'Where wast thou,' says God, 'when I set the foundations of the earth?' The earth has no foundation." Christian philosophy comes and finds that the word as translated "foundations" may be better translated "sockets." So now see how it will read if it is translated right, "Where wast thou when I set the sockets of the earth?" Where is the socket? It is the hollow of God's hand—a socket large enough for any world to turn in.

Worldly philosophy said: "What an absurd story about Joshua making the sun and moon stand still! If the world had stopped an instant, the whole universe would have been out of gear." "Stop," said Christian philosophy; "not quite so quick." The world has two motions—one on its own axis and the other around the sun. It was not necessary in making them stand still that both motions should be stopped—only the one turning the world on its own axis. There was no reason why the halting of the earth should have jarred and disarranged the whole universe. Joshua right and God right; infidelity wrong every time. I knew it would be wrong. I thank God that the time has come when Christians need not be scared at any scientific exploration. The fact is that religion and science have struck hands in eternal friendship, and the deeper down geology can dig and the higher up astronomy can soar all the better for us. The armies of the Lord Jesus Christ have stormed the observatories of the world's science and from the highest towers have flung out the banner of the cross, and Christianity now from the observatories at Albany and Washington stretches out its hand toward the opposing scientific weapon, crying, "There is none like that; give it me." I was reading of Herschel, who was looking at a meteor through a telescope, and when it came over the face of the telescope it was so powerful he had to avert his eyes. And it has been just so that many an astronomer has gone into an observatory and looked up into the midnight heavens and the Lord God has through some swinging world flamed upon his vision, and the learned man cried out: "Who am I? Undone! Unclean! Have mercy, Lord God!"

Temptations of the Traveler.  
Again, I remark that the traveling disposition of the world, which is adverse to morals and religion, is to be brought on our side. The man that went down to Jericho and fell amid thieves was a type of a great many travelers. There is many a man who is very honest at home when he is abroad has his honor silted and his good habits stolen. There are but very few men who can stand the stress of an expedition. Six weeks at a watering place have ruined many a man. In the olden times God forbade the traveling of men for the purposes of trade because of the corrupting influences attending it. A good many men now cannot stand the transition from one place to another. Some men who seem to be very consistent here in the way of keeping the Sabbath when they get into Spain on the Lord's day always go out to see the bull fights. Plato said that no city ought to be built nearer to the sea than ten miles lest it be tempted to commerce. But this traveling disposition of the world which was adverse to that which is good is to be brought on our side. These mail trains, why, they take our bibles; these steamships, they transport our missionaries; these sailors, rushing from city to city all around the world are to be converted into Christian heralds and go out and preach Christ among the heathen nations. The gospels are infinitely multiplied in beauty and power since Robinson and Thompson and Burkhardt have come back and talked to us about Siloam and Capernaum and Jerusalem, pointing out to us the illies about which Jesus preached, the beach upon which Paul was shipwrecked, the fords at which Jordan was passed, the Red Sea bank on which were tossed the carcases of the drowned Egyptians. A man said: "I went to the Holy Land an infidel. I came back a Christian. I could not help it."

University of Religion.  
So it has also been with the learning and eloquence of the world. People say, "Religion is very good for aged women, it is very good for children, but not for men." But we have in the roll of Christ's host Mozart and Handel in music, Canova and Angelo in sculpture, Raphael and Reynolds in painting, Harvey and Boerhaave in medicine, Cowper and Scott in poetry, Grotius and Burke in statesman ship, Boyle and Leibnitz in philosophy, Thomas Chalmers and John Mason in theology. The most brilliant writings of a worldly nature are all aglow with Scriptural allusions.

Samuel L. Southard was mighty in the court room and in the senate chamber, but he reserved his strongest eloquence for that day when he stood before the literary societies at Princeton commencement and pleaded for the grandeur of our Bible. Daniel Webster was not his chief garlands while responding to Hayne nor when he opened the batteries of his eloquence on Bunker Hill, that rocking Sinai of the American Revolution, but on that day when in the famous Girard will case he showed his affection for the Christian religion and eulogized the Bible. The eloquence and the learning that have been on the other side come over to our side. Captured for God! "There is none like that; give it me." So also has it been with the picture making of the world. We are very anxious on this day to have the print-

ing press and the platform on the side of Christianity, but we overlook the engraver's knife and the painter's pencil. The antiquarian goes and the chiseled pillars of Thebes and Nineveh and Pompeii and then comes back to tell us of the beastliness of ancient art, and it is a fact now that many of the finest specimens—merely artistically considered—of sculpture and painting that are to be found amid those ruins are not fit to be looked at, and they are looked up. How Paul must have felt when, standing amid those impurities that stared on him from the walls and pavements and bazaars of Corinth, he preached of the pure and holy Jesus. The art of the world on the side of obscenity and crime and death.

Much of the art of the world has been in the possession of the vicious. What to unclean Henry VIII was a beautiful picture of the Madonna? What to Lord Jeffreys, the unjust judge, the picture of the "Last Judgment"? What to Nero, the unwashed, a picture of the baptism in the Jordan? The art of the world on the wrong side. But that is being changed now. The Christian artist goes over to Rome, looks at the pictures and brings back to his American studio much of the power of these old masters. The Christian minister goes over to Venice, looks at the "Crucifixion of Christ" and comes back to the American pulpit to talk as never before of the sufferings of the Savior. The private tourist goes to Rome and looks at Raphael's picture of the "Last Judgment." The tears start, and he goes back to his room in the hotel and prays God for preparation for that day when

Shriveling like a parched scroll,  
The flaming heavens together roll.

Christ's Social Position.  
So I remark it is with business acumen and tact. When Christ was upon earth, the people that followed him for the most part had no social position. There was but one man naturally brilliant in all the apostleship. Joseph of Arimathea, the rich man, risked nothing when he offered a hole in the rock for the dead Christ. How many of the merchants in Asia Minor befriended Jesus? I think of only one—Lydia. How many of the castles on the beach at Galilee entertained Christ? Not one. When Peter came to Joppa, he stopped with one Simon, a tanner. What power had Christ's name on the Roman exchange or in the bazaars of Corinth? None. The prominent men of the day did not want to risk their reputation for sanity by pretending to be one of his followers. Now that is all changed. Among the mightiest men in our great cities today are the Christian merchants, and the Christian bankers, and if tomorrow at the board of trade any man of Jesus he would be quickly silenced or put out. In the front rank of all our Christian workers today are the Christian merchants, and the enterprises of the world are coming on the right side. There was a farm willed away some years ago, all the proceeds of that farm to go for spreading infidel books. Somehow matters have changed, and now all the proceeds of that farm go toward the missionary cause. One of the finest printing presses ever built was built for the express purpose of publishing infidel tracts and books. Now it does nothing but print Holy Bibles. I believe that the time will come when in commercial circles the voice of Christ will be the mightiest of all voices and the ships of Turkish will bring presents and the queen of Sheba her glory and the wise men of the east their myrrh and frankincense. I look off upon the business men of this land and rejoice at the prospect that their tact and ingenuity and talent are being brought into the service of Christ. It is one of the mightiest of weapons. "There is none like that; give it me."

TRAIN FOOLED THEM.  
Few Thrilling Moments and Then 89mo  
Faint Laughter.

The Fulton street line of the Brooklyn elevated road branches just before it gets to the Franklin avenue station, one division continuing out Fulton street to East New York and the city line, the other going out to Flatbush and Brighton Beach, says the New York Sun. As a train from the bridge was approaching the station late yesterday afternoon a stout, elderly man among the crowd waiting for it fell off of the platform on the tracks. The train was about forty yards away, and coming at a clipping gait. Half of the crowd screamed to the old man to get out of the way, but he seemed somewhat dazed by his fall, and made two attempts to get up from the tracks without success. By this time the train was barely fifty feet away, and coming with a rush. A half-dozen women began to scream, four or five men rushed down the platform signaling the train to stop, and a young fellow in overalls jumped down on the track, ran across it and laid hold of the old man's shoulders. But the old man was a load, and his struggles didn't help matters. Most of the women on the platform looked away and covered their eyes. The young fellow in overalls made a last desperate, unsuccessful pull, and the train turned off twenty feet from where the old man lay and rattled on to the Flatbush station. Then, after a moment or two, the crowd laughed, but not much. The young fellow in overalls and several others helped the elderly man on the platform, and he went down stairs limping. A stout woman went back into the waiting room and fainted.

True fishers of souls have little use for bread and butter bait.

Vienna's Club of the Divorced.  
Vienna has a new society which should rouse some American cities to noble emulation. No woman not divorced is eligible to membership, but there is nothing frivolous about the organization. It is to be called the Humanity club, and its badge is a silver ring, engraved with that word, and worn on the wedding ring finger. The appropriateness of the name seems a trifle occult; but, presumably, a divorced woman has more troubles of her own, in Austria, than here and needs moral support. The idea of a band of divorced women meeting weekly "for mutual entertainment and support" will probably strike the average American citizen as distinctly humorous; but it is a serious matter in Vienna, and the club proposes building for itself a permanent home.—New York Sun.

Where Indian Corn Originated.  
The earliest specimen of Indian corn grew, it is believed by botanists, on the plateau of Peru, where this plant has been found growing in a condition which indicates that it is indigenous to the soil.

## A DOCTOR THIS TIME.

Portland, May 6th.—Dr. E. A. Rose, a practicing physician, formerly of Yates Center, Kans., was on what everyone supposed was his death bed. He had Diabetes, and six of his brother doctors were in attendance and consultation at his bedside. They had done everything that medical skill could suggest to save his life, but they were at last reluctantly forced to tell him that he must prepare for death.

His aunt had been summoned to his dying bedside. After the doctors had given her nephew up, she insisted that as a last resort, he be given a treatment of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

From the very first dose, the tide turned in his favor. His life was saved, and he is hale and hearty today.

This case and its cure has amazed the physicians and is the sensation of the hour. It is interesting to note that while many others are being cured this great discovery in medicine, the physicians themselves are among the first to benefit, and that while the simpler and more prevalent forms, such as Rheumatism, Sciatica, Bladder and Urinary Trouble and Female Weakness disappear before it, the more malignant forms, such as Bright's Disease, Diabetes and Dropsy, which have always been regarded as incurable, are yielding just as easily. Dodd's Kidney Pills are fast superseding all other treatment for Kidney Disease, and as nearly all human sickness and suffering has its origin in the Kidneys, the use of this wonderful medicine is becoming almost universal.

The molasses output of the two sugar companies at Bay City will be converted into alcohol and chemicals.

Failure is one of the things that are spoiled by success.

An astronomer reports that his business is looking up.

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In many forms  
Rheumatism  
Neuralgia  
Lumbago  
Sciatica  
make up a large part of human suffering. They come suddenly, but they go promptly by the use of  
**St. Jacobs Oil**  
which is a certain sure cure.

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THE BEST  
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