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Traveling in the Orient

The Old Way and the New—Railways Invading the Ancient Caravan Routes—The Patient Camel.

WITHIN the memory of the present generation, it might have been said truthfully that "nothing changes in the Orient." Customs and costumes in vogue encountered centuries still their ancient sway unshaken; the old ceremonies handed down from patriarchal times, are still observed: domestic duties were an all-day sacred incense, and the woman held the position of an ancestor, rather than a companion to man, whose care was held so limited, any attempt at educating her or enlarging her sphere would have been wholly futile.

In recent years we have witnessed the beginning of changes, which will sooner or later result in the complete transportation of the Asiatic Orient. The Palestine line is now being extended from Joppa to Jerusalem; lines are projected from Beyrouth to Damascus and southward to Gaza, in Egypt. From Alexandria and Cairo across the head of the Red Sea and up the Nile, to the centre of the continent, we can hear the shriek of the locomotive. The deserts of the Gobi and the Pamirs have been invaded. Asia, too, is opening her routes and sending far into the East. The ancient Chinese and these empires have opened their land and sea ways to the modern methods of transportation. Soon camel and caravan will give way to the flying steels of iron and the swift railway train.

Egypt and parts of Palestine, where modern conveyances have not yet been introduced. Its slow, labored gait and clumsy aspect have few temptations for the European or American traveler, and the experience of a camel-back ride across the desert is not one likely to be soon repeated.

The Arab, however, be he merchant, Bedawin or sheikh, regards the camel as an indispensable companion in his wanderings. Our illustration on this page shows how fixed are the primitive habits of an ancient people. An Arab or Egyptian family, after a long and probably wearisome journey, have arrived at a village, where shelter and refreshment are to be had. The father and husband—evidently a man of some importance—rides ahead, attended by his servant, while the camel carries the rest of the household. In such a way, but with added dignity and stateliness, Rebekah might have traveled, guided by Abraham's trusted servant, to meet Isaac, her future husband. That the camel was a familiar beast of burden among the ancients, the Bible sufficiently proves. It was in general use in Arabia, Assyria, Upper Egypt and Persia, and in Syria and Palestine there were large herds of domesticated camels, used chiefly for commercial purposes in the caravan trade. Hoefully called by the Arabs, the ship of the desert, it well deserved the title for man never had a more faithful and more sagacious servant, nor a more sagacious. With a rare strength of vision, keen of scent and sure-footed, it displays a remarkable faculty in finding its way amid the seemingly trackless wastes of sand in the Eastern deserts.



AN ARAB FAMILY TRAVELING IN UPPER EGYPT.

Even now, the camel, as a means of transportation seems, in some parts of the East, like a picturesque relic of the past. It is still very generally used in Syria.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT



OUR BIRTHRIGHT.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., } To this end was I born.
on the Text: John 18: 37,

AFTER Pilate had suicided, tradition says that his body was thrown into the Tiber, and such storms ensued on and about that river that his body was taken out and thrown into the Rhone, and similar disturbances swept that river and its banks. Then the body was taken out and moved to Lausanne, and put in a deeper pool, which immediately became the centre of similar atmospheric and aqueous disturbances. Though these are fanciful and false traditions, they show the execration with which the world looked upon Pilate. It was before this man when he was in full life and power that Christ was arraigned as in a Court of Oyer and Terminer. Pilate said to his prisoner: "Art thou a king, then?" and Jesus answered: "To this end was I born." Sure enough, although all earth and hell arose to keep him down, he is today empalaced, enthroned and coroneted king of earth and king of heaven. That is what he came for, and that is what he accomplished.

By the time a child reaches ten years of age the parents begin to discover that child's destiny, but by the time he or she reaches fifteen years of age, the question is on the child's lips: "What shall I do? What am I going to be? What was I made for?" It is a sensible and righteous question, and the youth ought to keep asking it until it is so fully answered that the young man, or young woman, can say with as much truth as its author, though on a less expansive scale: "To this end was I born."

There is too much divine skill shown in the physical, mental and moral constitution of the ordinary human being to suppose that he was constructed without any divine purpose. If you take me out on some vast plain and show me a pillared temple surmounted by a dome like St. Peter's, and having a floor of precious stones and arches that must have taxed the brain of the greatest draughtsman to design, and walls scrolled and niched and paneled, and wainscoted and painted, and I should ask you what this building was put up for, and you answered: "For nothing at all," how could I believe you? And it is impossible for me to believe that any ordinary human being who has in his muscular, nervous and cerebral organization more wonders than Christopher Wren lifted in St. Paul's, or Phidias ever chiseled on the Acropolis, and built in such a way that it shall last long after St. Paul's Cathedral is as much a ruin as the Parthenon—that such a being was constructed for no purpose, and to execute no mission, and without any divine intention toward some end. The object of this sermon is to help you to find out what you are made for, and help you find your sphere, and assist you into that condition where you can say with certainty and emphasis and enthusiasm and triumph: "To this end was I born."

First, I discharge you from all responsibility for most of your environments. You are not responsible for your parentage or grand parentage. You are not responsible for any of the cranks that may have lived in your ancestral line, and who a hundred years before you were born may have lived a style of life that more or less affects you to day. You are not responsible for the fact that your temperament is sanguine, or melancholic, or bilious, or lymphatic, or nervous. Neither are you responsible for the place of your nativity, whether among the granite hills of New England, or the cotton plantations of Louisiana, or on the banks of the Clyde, or the Dnieper, or the Shannon, or the Seine. Neither are you responsible for the religion taught in your father's house, or the irreligion. Do not bother yourself about what you cannot help, or about circumstances that you did not decree. Take things as they are, and decide the question so that you shall be able safely to say:

"To this end was I born." How will you decide it? By direct application to the only Being in the universe who is competent to tell you—the Lord Almighty. Do you know the reason why he is the only one who can tell? Because he can see everything between your cradle and your grave, though the grave be eighty years off. And besides that, he is the only Being who can see what has been happening in the last 500 years in your ancestral line, and for thousands of years clear back to Adam, and there is not one person in all that ancestral line of 6,000 years but has somehow affected your character, and even old Adam himself will sometimes turn up in your disposition. The only Being who can take all things that pertain to you into consideration is God, and he is the one you can ask. Life is so short we have no time to experiment with occupations and professions. The reason we have so many dead failures is that parents decide for children what they shall do, or children themselves, wrought on by some whim or fancy, decide for themselves, without any imploration of divine guidance. So we have now in pulpits men making sermons who ought to be in blacksmith shops making plowshares; and we have in the law those who instead of ruining the cases of their clients ought to be pounding shoe lasts; and doctors who are the worst hindrances to their patients' convalescence; and artists trying to paint landscapes who ought to be whitewashing board fences; while there are others making bricks who ought to be remodeling constitutions, or shoving planes who ought to be transforming literatures. Ask God about what worldly business you shall undertake, until you are so positive you can in earnestness smite your hand on your plow-handle, or your carpenter's bench, or your Blackstone's Commentaries, or your medical dictionary, or your Dr. Dick's Didactic Theology, saying: "For this end was I born." There are children who early develop natural affinities for certain styles of work. When the father of the astronomer Forbes was going to London, he asked his children what present he should bring each one of them. The boy who was to be an astronomer cried out, "Bring me a telescope!"

And there are children whom you find all by themselves drawing on their slates, or on paper, ships, or houses, or birds, and you know they are to be draughtsmen or architects of some kind. And you find others ciphering out difficult problems with rare interest and success, and you know they are to be mathematicians. And others making wheels and strange contrivances, and you know they are going to be machinists. And others are found experimenting with hoe and plough and sickle, and you know they will be farmers. And others are always swapping jack-knives or balls or bats, and making something by the bargain, and they are going to be merchants. When Abbe de Rance had so advanced in studying Greek that he could translate Anacreon at twelve years of age, there was no doubt left that he was intended for a scholar. But in almost every lad there comes a time when he does not know what he was made for, and his parents do not know, and it is a crisis that God only can decide. Then there are those born for some especial work, and their fitness does not develop until quite late. When Philip Doddridge, whose sermons and books have harvested uncounted souls for glory, began to study for the ministry, Dr. Calamy, one of the wisest and best men, advised him to turn his thoughts to some other work. Isaac Barrow, the eminent clergyman and Christian scientist—his books stand now, though he has been dead over two hundred years—was the disheartenment of his father, who used to say that if it pleased God to take any of his children away he hoped it might

be his son Isaac. So some of those who have been characterized for their stupidity in boyhood or girlhood, have turned out the mightiest benefactors or benefactresses of the human race. These things being so, am I not right in saying that in many cases God only knows what is the most appropriate thing for you to do, and he is the one to ask? And let all parents and all schools, and all universities, and all colleges recognize this, and a large number of those who spent their best years in stumbling about among businesses and occupations, now trying this and now trying that, and failing in all, would be able to go ahead with a definite, decided and tremendous purpose, saying, "To this end was I born."

But my subject now mounts into the momentous. Let me say that you are made for usefulness and heaven. I judge this from the way you are built. You go into a shop where there is only one wheel turning, and that by a workman's foot on a treadle, and you say to yourself, "here is something good being done, yet on a small scale;" but if you go into a factory covering many acres, and you find thousands of bands pulling on thousands of wheels, and shuttles flying, and the whole scene bewildering with activities, driven by water, or steam, or electric power, you conclude that the factory was put up to do great work, and on a vast scale. Now, I look at you, and if I should find that you had only one faculty of body, only one muscle, only one nerve, if you could see but not hear, or could hear and not see, if you had the use of only one foot or one hand, and as to your higher nature, if you had only one mental faculty, and you had memory but no judgment, or judgment but no will, and if you had a soul with only one capacity, I would say not much is expected of you. But stand up, oh! man, and let me look you squarely in the face. Eyes capable of seeing everything. Ears capable of hearing everything. Hands capable of grasping everything. Minds with more wheels than any factory ever turned, more power than any Corliss engine ever moved. A soul that will outlive all the universe except heaven, and would outlive all heaven if the life of the other immortals were a moment short of the eternal. Now, what has the world a right to expect of you? What has God a right to demand of you? God is the greatest of economists in the universe, and he makes nothing uselessly, and for what purpose did he build your body, mind and soul as they are built? There are only two beings in the universe who can answer that question. The angels do not know. The schools do not know. Your kindred cannot certainly know. God knows, and you ought to know. A factory running at an expense of \$500,000 a year, and turning out goods worth seventy cents a year would not be such an incongruity as you, O! man, with such semi-infinite equipment doing nothing, or next to nothing, in the way of usefulness. "What shall I do?" you ask. My brethren, my sisters, do not ask me. Ask God. There's some path of Christian usefulness open. It may be a rough path, or it may be a smooth path, a long path or a short path. It may be on a mount of conspicuity, or in a valley unobserved, but it is a path on which you can start with such faith and such satisfaction and such certainty that you can cry out in the face of earth and hell and heaven: "To this end was I born."

Do not wait for extraordinary qualifications. Philip, the conqueror, gained his greatest victories seated on a mule, and if you wait for some comparisoned Bucephalus to ride into the conflict you will never get into the world-wide fight at all. Samson slew the Lord's enemies with the jaw-bone of the stupidest beast created. Shamgar slew 600 of the Lord's enemies with an ox-goad. Under God, spithe cured the blind man's eyes in the New Testament story. Take all the faculty you have and say: "O Lord! Here is what I have, show me the field and back me up by omnipotent power. Anywhere, anyhow, any time for God." Two men riding on horseback came to a trough to water the horses. While the horses were drinking, one of the men said to the other a few words about the value of the soul, then they rode away, and in opposite directions. But the words uttered were the salvation of the one to whom they were uttered, and he became the Rev. Mr. Champion, one of the most

distinguished missionaries in heat lands; for years wondering who did for the Christian kindness, and not finding until in a bundle of books sent him from Africa he found the biography of Brerd Taylor and a picture of him. The missionary recognized the face in the book as the man who, at the water trough for horses, had said the thing that saved his soul. What opportunities have had in the past! What opportunities you have now! What opportunities will have in the days to come! Put your hat, O woman, this afternoon and go and comfort that young man who lost her babe last summer. Put your hat, O man, and go over and that merchant who was compelled yesterday to make an assignment, and him of the everlasting riches remaining for all those who serve the Lord. Do you sing? Go and sing for that man who cannot get well, and you will help him into heaven. Let it be your brain, your tongue, your eyes, your ears, your heart, your lungs, your hand, your feet, your body, your mind, your soul, your life, your time, your eternity for God, feeling in your soul: "To this end was I born."

It may be helpful if I recite my own experience in this regard. I started for law without asking any divine direction. I consulted my own tastes. I liked lawyers and court rooms and judges' juries, and reveled in hearing the Frelhuysens and the Bradleys of the New Jersey bar, and as assistant of the county clerk, at sixteen years of age, I searched titles, naturalized foreigners, recorded deeds, received the confession of judgments, swore witnesses and juries grand juries. But after a while I fell back to the Gospel ministry and entered it, and I felt some satisfaction in the work. But one summer, when I was resting in Sharon Springs, and while seated in the park of that village I said to myself, "I have an especial work to do in this world I ought to find it out now," with that determination I prayed as I never before prayed, and got the divine direction, and wrote it down in my memorandum book, and I saw my life work then as plainly as I see it now. Oh, not be satisfied with general directions. Get specific directions. Do not shoot random. Take aim and fire. Contrast. Napoleon's success in battle came from his theory of breaking through enemy's ranks at one point, not trying to meet the whole line of the enemy's force by a similar force. One reason why lost Waterloo was because he did not work his usual theory, and spread force out over a wide range. O Christian man, O Christian woman, break through somewhere. Not a general engagement for God, but a particular engagement, and made in answer to prayer. If there are sixteen hundred million people in the world, then there are six hundred million different missions to fill, different styles of work to do, different orbits in which to revolve, and if you do not get the divine direction there at least fifteen hundred and ninety-million possibilities that you will make a mistake. On your knees before God, let the matter settled so that you can firmly say: "To this end was I born."

And now I come to the climacteric consideration. As near as I can tell, we were built for a happy eternity, and all disasters which have happened to you nature to be overcome by the blood of Lamb if you will heartily accept the Christly arrangement. We are all joyed at the increase in human longevity. People live, as near as I can observe about ten years longer than they used. The modern doctors do not bleed their patients on all occasions as did the former doctors. In those times if a man fever they bled him, if he had consumption they bled him, if he had rheumatism they bled him, and if they could not meet out exactly what was the matter they bled him. Olden time phlebotomy was dead coadjutor. All this has changed. From the way I see people skipping about at eighty years of age, I conclude that the insurance companies will have to change their table of risks and charge a man more premium at seventy than they used to do when he was sixty, and no more premium at fifty than when he was forty. By the advancement of medical science and the wider acquaintance with the laws of health, and the fact that the people know better how to take care of their

human life is prolonged. But do you realize what, after all, is the brevity of our earthly state? In the times when lived seven and eight hundred years the patriarch Jacob said that his days were few. Looking at the life of the youngest person in this assembly and saying that he will live to be a nonagenarian, how short the time and soon while banked up in front of us is an eternity so vast that arithmetic has not been enough to express its length, or breadth, or depth, or height. For a happy life you were born, unless you run yourself against the divine intentions. If standing in your presence my eye should look upon the feeblest soul here as that which will appear when the world lets it up, and heaven entrances it, I suppose I should be so overpowered that I should fall down as one dead. You have explored the family Bible and explored the records, and you may have seen the prototypes of some of the kindred of Jesus generations, you have had photographs taken of what you were in boyhood or girlhood, and what you were ten years later, and it is very interesting to be able to look back upon pictures of what he was ten, or twenty, or thirty years ago; but have you ever had pictures taken of what you may be and what you will be if you seek after God and the spirit's regenerating power? Shall I plant the camera to take a picture? I plant it on this platform, and it is towards you. Sit still or stand while I take the picture. It shall be an instantaneous picture. There! I take it. It is done. You can see the picture in its imperfect state, and get an idea of what it will be when properly developed. There is your unperfected body, so brilliant that the sun is a patch of midnight compared with it. There is your soul, so great that all the forces of diabolism could not resist it with an imperfection. There is your being, so mighty and so swift that from heaven to Mercury or Mars or Mars and back again to heaven would not weary you, and a world on each planet would not crush you. An eye that shall never shed a tear. An energy that shall never feel a pang. A brow that shall never throb with pain. You are young in thought though you died in deepitude. You are strong again, though you aged or shivered and fell into the tomb. Every day associates with the apostles and profound martyrs, and with exalted souls, masculine and feminine, of the last centuries. The angel to you no emblem of torment. God himself in your present and future joy. That instantaneous picture of what you may be, that I am sure some day you will be.

If you realize that this is an imperfect picture, my apology is what the Apostle John said: "It is that yet appear what shall be." "To this end was I born." I did not think so I would be overwhelmed with melancholy. The world is very well for a little while, eighty, or ninety, or a hundred and fifty years, and I think that human longevity may yet be improved up to that prolongation, for there is so little room between our earth and our grave we cannot accommodate much; but who would want to dwell in this world for all eternity. Some think that earth will finally be turned into heaven. Perhaps it may, but it would have to undergo radical repairs, and through eliminations, and evolutions, and resolutions, and transformations in make it desirable for eternal residence. All the east winds would have to be cooled, and all the west winds, and all the winters changed to springtides, and all the volcanoes extinguished, and the oceans brought to their beds, and the epidemics removed from the entrance, and the world so fixed that I think it would take more to repair this old world than to make an entirely new one. But I must say I do not believe heaven is, if we can only get there whether a gardenized America, or

an emparadised Europe, or a world central to the whole universe. "To this end was I born." If each one of us could say that, we would go with faces shining and hopes exhilarant amid earth's worst misfortunes and trials. Only a little while, and then the rapture. Only a little while, and then the reunion. Only a little while, and then the transfiguration.

In the seventeenth century, all Europe was threatened with a wave of Asiatic barbarism and Vienna was especially besieged. The king and his court had fled and nothing could save the city from being overwhelmed, unless the King of Poland, John Sobieski, to whom they had sent for help, should with his army come down for the relief, and from every roof and tower the inhabitants of Vienna watched and waited and hoped, until on the morning of September 11, the rising sun threw an unusual and unparalleled brilliancy. It was the reflection of the sun on the swords and shields and helmets of John Sobieski and his army coming down over the hills to the rescue, and that day not only Vienna, but Europe, was saved. And see you not, oh ye souls, besieged with sin and sorrow, that light breaks in, the swords, and the shields, and the helmets of divine rescue bathed in the rising sun of heavenly deliverance? Let everything else go rather than let heaven go.

What a strange thing it must be to feel one's self born to an earthly crown, but you have been born for a throne on which you may reign after the last monarch of all the earth shall have gone to dust. I invite you to start now for your own coronation, to come in and take the title deeds to your everlasting inheritance. Through an impassioned prayer, take heaven and all of its raptures.

WILLIAM PENN'S RESTING-PLACE.

The Ashes of the Great State Founder Lie in a Quiet English Village.

In a little valley near the village of Chalfont St. Giles, not far from London, is an old Quaker meeting-house with a grass-grown church-yard adjoining. It is interestingly described by a writer in *Black and White*, who recently visited



THE OLD QUAKER MEETING-HOUSE AT JORDANS. (In the grave-yard, nearby, William Penn is buried.)

the spot. He says: "This village is the place in which Milton took refuge when the plague was raging in London. Living or dead, no member of the Society of Friends could wish to find himself in a spot more in harmony with the simple tenets of his creed. It is just such a building as was common in the New World at the time when the religious refugees of Britain crossed the seas in search of that liberty of conscience denied them in the old home. On such rude wooden benches as still remain under that red-tiled roof, no rule of life would be more seemly than that preached by George Fox, and than the simple God's-acre which fronts the meeting-house there could be no fitter resting-place in which to await in quiet confidence that Day which will prove how far that creed was in harmony with absolute truth.

"For several miles around the district is rich in memories of the early Quakers. Near by was the peaceful home of the Penningtons, in which Thomas Ellwood was living as tutor, and from whence William Penn was to take his first and most beloved wife. The reason for this focus-

ing for so many Friends within a small area was probably the same as that which drove the Covenanters of Scotland to seek refuge on the lonely moors; to-day, Jordans is sufficiently inaccessible, and two centuries ago it must have been an ideal haven for suspected religionists. More than two hundred years have elapsed since Jordans passed into the possession of the Society of Friends. It owes its name probably to a forgotten owner of the property, for it was not from a Jordan, but from one William Russell, that, in 1673, Thomas Ellwood and several others acquired the land on behalf of the Society. The idea of a meeting-house seems to have been an afterthought; it was as the burial-place simply that Jordans was originally purchased. But the meeting-house was not long in following, for seventeen years later there is authentic record of its existence. Probably some generations have passed since regular meetings were held in this rude temple, but twice every year—on the fourth Sunday in May and the first Thursday in June—

set gatherings are held to keep alive the continuity of Quaker teaching within these walls.

"But it is because of its graves and not on account of its meeting-place that Jordans attracts so many pilgrims year by year. For a century and a half there was nothing to distinguish one mouldering heap from another. Here is the account which Dixon, one of Penn's most competent biographers, wrote of his visit to the place in 1851:

Nothing could be less imposing than the graveyard at Jordans; the meeting-house is like an old barn in appearance, and the field in which the illustrious dead repose is not even decently smoothed. There are no gravel walks, no monuments, no mournful yews, no cheering flowers; there is not even a stone to mark a spot or to record a name. When I visited it with my friend Granville Penn, Esq., great-grandson of the State-Founder, on the 11th of January this year, we had some difficulty in determining the heap under which the great man's ashes lie. Mistakes have occurred before now, and for many years pilgrims were shown the wrong grave!

"With the laudable desire of helping pilgrims to distinguish the right shrine, Mr. Dixon prepared a simple ground plan of the graveyard, and the positions of the small headstones which mark the graves to day correspond with that plan to a large extent."

It has been claimed by some writers that Penn's remains were taken to Philadelphia, and that there is now no substantial evidence that they ever rested beneath the stone which is now pointed out as his in the old Chalfont St. Giles graveyard. This, however, those who are best informed, positively deny. In England, at least, it is generally regarded as conclusive that the ashes of the great Quaker and State-Founder are undisturbed in their narrow resting-place, as Mr. Dixon has faithfully described it.

It was recently suggested that Penn's remains be transplanted to a memorial in the heart of London—to the Old Bailey, which was the scene of his vindication of the right of a jury to render a verdict contrary to the dictation of a judge; but thus far nothing has been done to disturb the quietude of his last resting-place.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

The Peace Commissioners' Work.

Not Yet Certain That It May Not Prove Resultless — Spain's Representatives Cling to the Philippines.

AS was foreshadowed in recent letters from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S Paris correspondent, the task before the Joint Peace Commission has proved by no means an easy one. More than once the Spanish commissioners have threatened to break off negotiations, finding our representatives resolute and unyielding in their attitude on certain points vital to the interests of Spain. After a long discussion of the Cuban debt, which Spain's representatives vainly endeavored to persuade the United States to assume, the subject was temporarily laid aside, and the Philippine question taken up. Spain's opposition to the American claim for the cession of the entire group of islands was prompt and emphatic. It is not known officially that any ultimatum demanding their cession was actually submitted by Judge Day and his associates, but, in any event, an intimation of such a demand appears to have been made and rejected. It was further reported, also unofficially, that Spain had demanded \$240,000,000 in return for the cession of the archipelago, that amount being asked as an equivalent of the Cuban and Philippine debts, which Spain would then have to assume. It is not believed that Spain will abandon the conference, notwithstanding the ominous threats to that effect, and the closest observers are still hopeful of a friendly solution of all the questions at issue.



SEÑOR FELIPE AGONCILLO.

Mr. Ruyl, a correspondent in Paris, sends some interesting facts concerning Senor Felipe Agoncillo, whose portrait we publish on this page. Senor Agoncillo is a unique personality, and his presence in Paris has aroused much curiosity. The correspondent writes: "He is the delegate for Aguinaldo, the self-styled 'president of the Philippine Islands,' as he said to me, when I saw him in his room at the Continental Hotel, not 'dictator,' as some journals had published. His presence here is not readily understood, as he has no credentials, and he does not contemplate seeing any of the commission. He does not speak English, although he understands it quite well. He relies on his secretary, Senor Sixto Lopez, to act as his interpreter.

"When I saw him he was busily engaged writing a letter to Manila, yet he immediately stopped his work to chat. His duty, he said, was to keep Aguinaldo informed as to the results of the commission's work. He is a small, swarthy man, with prominent cheek bones, and eyes a little aslant. He might be mistaken for a Japanese."

The Hot Axle.

Men make the mistake of working according to their opportunities, and not according to their capacity of endurance. "Can I run this train from Springfield to Boston at the rate of fifty miles an hour?" says an engineer. "Yes!" "Then I will run it, reckless of consequences." "Can I be a merchant, and a president of a bank, and a director in a life insurance company, and a school commissioner, and help edit a paper, and supervise the politics of our ward, and run for congress? I can!" the man says to himself. The store drives him. He takes all the scoldings and frets and exasperations of each position. Some day, at the height of the business season, he does not come to the store; from the most important meeting of the bank directors he is absent. In the excitement of the political canvass he fails to be at the place appointed. What is the matter? His health has broken down. The train halts long before it gets to the station. A hot axle!