

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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Re T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor.

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RELIEF WORK AT THE ARMY CAMPS—MISS GOULD AND MRS. WALWORTH VISITING CAMP WIKOFF, N. Y. (See Page 699.)

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT



OUR OWN TIMES.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., } David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep.
on the Text: Acts 13: 36, }

THAT is a text which has for a long time been running through my mind. Sermons have a time to be born as well as a time to die: a cradle as well as a grave.

David, cowboy and stone-slinger, and fighter, and dramatist, and blank-verse writer, and prophet, did his best for the people of his time, and then went and laid down on the southern hill of Jerusalem in that sound slumber which nothing but an archangelic blast can startle. "David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep." It was his own generation that he had served; that is, the people living at the time he lived. And have you ever thought that our responsibilities are chiefly with the people now walking abreast of us? There are about four generations to a century now, but in olden time, life was longer, and there was, perhaps, only one generation to a century. Taking these facts into the calculation, I make a rough guess, and say that there have been at least one hundred and eighty generations of the human family. With reference to them we have no responsibility. We cannot teach them, we cannot correct their mistakes, we cannot soothe their sorrows, we cannot heal their wounds. Their sepulchres are deaf and dumb to anything we might say to them. I admit that I am in sympathy with the child whose father had suddenly died, and who in her little evening prayer wanted to continue to pray for her father, although he had gone into heaven, and no more needed her prayers, and looking up into her mother's face, said: "O, mother, I cannot leave him all out. Let me say, thank God that I had a good father once, so I can keep him in my prayers."

But the one hundred and eighty generations have passed off. Passed up. Passed down. Gone forever. Then there are generations to come after our earthly existence has ceased. We shall not see them; we shall not hear any of their voices; we will take no part in their convocations, their elections, their revolutions, their catastrophes, their triumphs. We will in no wise affect the 180 generations gone or the 180 generations to come, except as from the galleries of heaven the former generations look down and rejoice at our victories, or as we may, by our behavior, start influences, good or bad, that shall roll on through the advancing ages. But our business is, like David, to serve our own generation, the people now living, those whose lungs now breathe, and whose hearts now beat. And mark you, it is not a silent procession, but moving. It is a "forced march" at twenty-four miles a day, each hour being a mile. Going with that celerity, it has got to be a quick service on our part, or no service at all. We not only cannot teach the 180 generations past, and will not see the 180 generations to come, but this generation now on the stage will soon be off, and we ourselves will be off with them. The fact is, that you and I will have to start very soon for our work, or it will be ironical and sarcastic for any one after our exit to say of us, as it was said of David, "After he had served his own generation by the will of God, he fell on sleep."

Well, now, let us look around earnestly, prayerfully, in a common sense way, and see what we can do for our own generation. First of all, let us see to it that, as far as we can, they have enough to eat. The human body is so constituted that three times a day the body needs food as much as a lamp needs oil, as much as a locomotive needs fuel. To meet this want God has girdled the earth with apple orchards, orange groves, wheat fields, and oceans full of fish, and prairies full of cattle. And notwithstanding this, I will undertake to say that the vast majority of the human family are now suffering either for lack of food or the right kind of food. Our civilization is all askew, and God only can set it right. Many of the great

est estates of to-day have been built out of the blood and bones of unrequited toil. In olden times, for the building of forts and towers, the inhabitants of Ispahan had to contribute 70,000 skulls, and Baghdad 90,000 human skulls, and that number of people were compelled to furnish the skulls. But these two contributions added together made only 160,000 skulls, while into the tower of the world's wealth and pomp have been wrought the skeletons of uncounted numbers of the half-fed populations of the earth—millions of skulls. Don't sit down at your table with five or six courses of abundant supply and think nothing of that family in the next street who would take any one of those five courses between soup and almond nuts and feel they were in heaven. The lack of the right kind of food is the cause of much of the drunkenness. After drinking what many of our grocers call coffee, sweetened with what many call sugar, and eating what many of our butchers call meat, and chewing what many of our bakers call bread, many of the laboring class feel so miserable they are tempted to put into their nasty pipes what the tobaccoist calls tobacco, or go into the drinking saloons for what the rum sellers call beer. Good coffee would do much in driving out bad rum.

How can we serve our generation with enough to eat? By sitting down in embroidered slippers and lounging back in an arm-chair, our mouth puckered up around a Havana of the best brand, and through clouds of luxuriant smoke reading about political economy and the philosophy of strikes? No, no! By finding out who in this city has been living on gristle, and sending them a tenderloin beefsteak. Seek out some family, who through sickness or conjunction of misfortunes have not enough to eat, and do for them what Christ did for the hungry multitudes of Asia Minor, multiplying the loaves and the fishes. Let us quit the surfeiting of ourselves until we cannot choke down another crumb of cake, and begin the supply of others' necessities. So far from helping appease the world's hunger are those whom Isaiah describes as grinding the faces of the poor. You have seen a farmer or a mechanic put a scythe or an axe on a grindstone, while some one was turning it round and round and the man holding the axe bore on it harder and harder, while the water dropped from the grindstone and the edge of the axe from being round and dull, got keener and keener. So I have seen men who were put against the grindstone of hardship, and while one turned the crank, another would press the unfortunate harder down and harder down until he was ground away thinner and thinner—his comforts thinner, his prospects thinner, and his face thinner. And Isaiah shrieks out: "What mean ye that ye grind the faces of the poor?"

It is an awful thing to be hungry. It is an easy thing for us to be in good humor with all the world when we have no lack. But let hunger take full possession of us, and we would all turn into barbarians and cannibals and fiends. Suppose that some of the energy we are expending in useless and unavailing talk about the bread question should be expended in merciful alleviations. I have read that the battlefield on which more troops met than on any other in the world's history was the battlefield of Leipsic—160,000 men under Napoleon, 250,000 men under Schwarzenberg. No, no! The greatest and most terrific battle is now being fought all the world over. It is the battle for bread. The ground tone of the finest passage in one of the great musical masterpieces, the *Artists' Song*, was suggested to him by the cry of the hungry populace of Vienna as the king rode through and they shouted, "Bread! Give us bread!" And all through the great harmonies of musical academy and cathedral I hear the pathos, the ground tone, the tragedy, of uncount-

ed multitudes, who, with streaming eyes and wan cheeks and broken hearts, in behalf of themselves and their families, are pleading for bread.

Let us take another look around to see how we may serve our generation. Let us see, as far as possible, that they have enough to wear. God looks upon the human race, and knows just how many inhabitants the world has. The statistics of the world's population are carefully taken in civilized lands, and every few years officers of government go through the land and count how many people there are in the United States or England, and great accuracy is reached. But when people tell us how many inhabitants there are in Asia or Africa, at best it must be a wild guess. Yet God knows the exact number of people on our planet, and he has made enough apparel for each. A wardrobe for all nations, adapted to all climes, and not a string or a button or a pin or a hook or an eye wanting.

But, alas! where are the good clothes for three-fourths of the human race? The other one-fourth have appropriated them. The fact is, there needs to be and will be, a redistribution. Not by anarchistic violence. If outlawry had its way, it would rend and tear and diminish, until, instead of three-fourths of the world not properly attired, four-fourths would be in rags. I will let you know how the redistribution will take place. By generosity on the part of those who have a surplus, and increased industry on the part of those suffering from deficit.

God has done his part toward the dressing of the human race. He grows a surplus of wool on the sheep's back, and flocks roam the mountains and valleys with a burden of warmth intended for transference to human comfort, when the shuttles of the factories, reaching all the way from Chattahoochee to the Merrimack, shall have spun and woven it. In white letters of snowy fleece God has been writing for a thousand years, his wish that there might be warmth for all nations. While others are discussing the effect of high or low tariff, or no tariff at all, on wool, you and I had better see if in our wardrobes we have nothing that we can spare for the suffering, or pick out some poor lad of the street and take him down to a clothing store and fit him out for the season. Gospel of shoes! Gospel of hats! Gospel of clothes for the naked!

Again, let us look around and see how we may serve our generation. What short-sighted mortals we would be if we were anxious to clothe and feed only the most insignificant part of a man, namely, his body, while we put forth no effort to clothe and feed and save his soul. Time is a little piece broken off a great eternity. What are we doing for the souls of this present generation? Let me say it is a generation worth saving. Most magnificent men and women are in it. We make a great ado about the improvements in navigation, and in locomotion, and in art and machinery. We remark what wonders of telegraph and telephone and the stethoscope. What improvement is electric light over a tallow candle! But all these improvements are insignificant compared with the improvement in the human race. In olden times, once in a while, a great and good man or woman would come up, and the world has made a great fuss about it ever since; but now they are so numerous, we scarcely speak about them. We put a halo about the people of the past, but I think if the times demanded them, it would be found we have now living in this year 1898 fifty Martin Luthers, fifty George Washingtons, fifty Lady Huntingtons, fifty Elizabeth Frys. During our civil war more splendid warriors in North and South were developed in four years than the whole world developed in the previous twenty years. I challenge the 4,000 years before Christ and also the eighteen centuries after Christ to show me the equal of clarity on a large scale of George Peabody. This generation of men and women is more worth saving than any one of the 180 generations that have passed off. Where shall we begin? With ourselves. That is the pillar from which we must start. Prescott, the blind historian, tells us how Pizarro saved his army for the right when they were about deserting him. With his sword he made a long mark on the ground. He said: "My men, on the north side are desertion and death; on the south side is victory;

on the north side Panama and poverty; on the south side Peru with all its riches. Choose for yourselves; for my part I go to the south." Stepping across the river one by one his troops followed, and finally his whole army.

The sword of God's truth draws the dividing line to-day. On one side of it is sin, and ruin and death; on the other side of it are pardon and usefulness and happiness and heaven. You cross from the wrong side to the right side, and your family will cross with you, and your friends and your associates. They will follow you if you will. If we are not saved, we will never save any one else.

How to get saved? Be willing to accept Christ, and then accept him instantly and forever. Get on the rock, and then you will be able to help others upon the same rock. Saved yourself, how are you to save others? By testimony. Tell it to your family. Tell it to your business associates. Tell it everywhere. We will successfully preach no more religion, and will successfully talk no more religion than we ourselves have. The most of that which you do benefit the souls of this generation will effect through your own behavior. Go wrong and that will induce others to go wrong. Go right, and that will induce others to go right. When the great Centennial Exhibition was being held in Philadelphia the question came up among the directors as to whether they should keep the exposition open on Sundays, when a director, who was a man of the west from Nevada, arose and said, his voice trembling with emotion, and tearing down his cheeks: "I feel like a returned prodigal. Twenty years ago I went West and into a region where we had no Sabbath, but to-day old memories come back to me, and I remember my glorified mother taught me all keeping Sunday, and I seem to hear her voice again and feel as I did when every evening I knelt by her side in prayer. Gentlemen, I vote for the observance of the Christian Sabbath," and he carried everything by storm, and when the question was put, "Shall we open the exhibition on the Sabbath?" it was almost unanimous, "No," "No." What one can do he does right, boldly right, emphatically right!

I confess to you that my one wish is to serve this generation, not to antagonize it, not to damage it, not to rule it, but to serve it. I would like to do something toward helping unstrap its load, to wipe its tears, to balsam its wounds, and to reduce it to put foot on the upward road that has at its terminus acclamation, rapturous, and gates pearl-line, and lands amaranthine, and fountains rebowed, and dominions enthroned and onetoned, for I cannot forget that lullaby of the closing words of my text: "David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep."

Oh, what a good thing is sleep after a hard day's work! It takes all the ache out of the head, and all the weariness of the limbs, and all the smarting out of the eyes. From it we rise in the morning and it is a new world. And if we, like David, serve our generation, we will live's close, have most desirable and refreshing sleep. In it will vanish our last tigue of body, our last wrormment of our last sorrow of soul. To the Christian's body that was hot with raging fevers, so that the attendants must by sheer force keep on the blankets, it will be cool sleep. To those who are thin-blooded and shivering with agues, it will be the warm sleep. To those who, because of physical disorders, were terrified at night visions, it will be the dreamless sleep. To nurses and doctors and mothers who were wakened almost every hour of the night by those to whom they ministered, or over whom they watched, it will be the undisturbed sleep. To those who could not get to bed till late at night, it must rise early in the morning, and before getting rested, it will be the long sleep.

Away with all your gloomy talk about departing from this world! If we have served our generation it will not be being out into the breakers; it will not be the fight with the King of Terrors; it will be going to sleep. A friend, writing from Illinois, says that Rev. Dr. W. G. Gate, President of Wake Forest College, North Carolina, after a most useful life found his last day on earth his happiest day, and that in his last moments

seemed to be personally talking with Christ, as friend with friend, saying: "Oh, how delightful it is! I knew you would be with me when the time came. I knew it would be sweet, but I did not know it would be as sweet as it is." The fact was, he had served his generation in the Gospel ministry, and by the will of God he fell asleep. When Afric Majwara, the servant, looked into the tent of David Livingstone, and found him on his knees, he stepped back, not wishing to disturb him in prayer, and some time after went in and found him in the same posture, and stepped back again; but, after awhile, went in and touched him, and, lo! the great traveler had finished his last journey, and he had died in the grandest posture a man ever takes—on his knees. In the museum of Greenwich, England, there is a fragment of a book that was found in the Arctic regions, amid the relics of Sir John Franklin who had perished amid the snow and ice, and the leaf of that piece of a book was turned down at the words, "When I pass through the waters I will be with thee." Having served his generation by the will of God he fell on sleep. Why will you keep us all so nervous talking about that which is only a dormitory and a pillowed slumber, canopied by angels' wings? Sleep! Transporting sleep! And what a glorious awakening! You and I have sometimes been thoroughly bewildered after a long and fatiguing journey; we have stopped at a friend's house for the night, and after hours of complete unconsciousness we have opened our eyes, and before we could fully collect our faculties, have said: "Where am I; whose house is this, and whose are these gardens?" And, then, it has flashed upon us in glad reality, and I should not wonder if, after we have served our generation, and by the will of God, we have fallen on sleep, the deep, restful sleep, we should awaken in blissful bewilderment, and for a little while say: "Where am I? What palace is this? Why, this looks like heaven! It is so. Why, there is a building grander than all the castles of earth heaved into a mountain of splendor—that must be, the palace of Jesus. And look there, a nose walks lined with foliage more beautiful than anything I ever saw before, and see those who are walking down those paths of verdure. From what I have heard of them, those two in an arm must be Moses and Joshua, him of Mount Sinai and him of the halting sun over Geon. But I must not look any longer at those gardens of beauty, but examine this building in which I have just awakened. I look out from one window this way and I look out that way and up and down, and I find it is a mansion of immense size in which I am stopping. All its windows of agate and its colonnades of porphyry and alabaster. Why, I wonder if this is not the 'House of many Mansions,' of which I used to read? It is; it is. There must be many only kindred and friends in this very mansion. Hark! Whose are those voices? Whose are those bounding feet? I open the door and see, and lo! they are coming through all the corridors and up and down the stairs, our long-absent kindred. Why, there is father, there is mother, there are the children. All well again. A young again. All of us together again. All as we embrace each other with the cry: 'Never more to part; never more to part; the arches, the alcoves, the hall-ways, echo and re-echo the words, 'Never more to part, never more to part!' Then our glorified friends say: 'Come out with us and see heaven.' And, some of them leading ahead of us and some of them sleeping beside us, we start down the ivory stairway. And we meet, coming up, one of the kings of ancient Israel, somewhat small of stature, but having a countenance radiant with a thousand victories. All as we are making obeisance to this great one of heaven, I cry out, 'Who is he?' and the answer comes: 'This is the greatest of all the kings; it is David, who, after he had served his generation by the will of God, fell on sleep.'

OUR CHILDREN'S LETTERS.

A Very Joyful Guest—Kisses by Mail—Our Little Orphan Cuban Guests at the Mont-Lawn Home.

AS many members of our family circle have been instrumental in the good work done at Mont-Lawn, we feel that they will be interested in reading the following letter (sample of many), from a little girl at Mont-Lawn to her "chun" in New York, because it shows how much good they are bringing into little lives that are often very sad ones:

DEAR FRIEND:—I am very glad to tell you I enjoy myself very much indeed. That is because the teachers are real sunbeams, so good to the children that they ought not how to be sick. I think I feel much better here than in any place I ever was. It is so pleasant, I hope I was always able to stay here, because I enjoy myself very much indeed. The teachers are got true hearts, they take such good care of the children, like real mothers. We might as well say they are our mothers while we are here. We are just like free, we go out every day, either walking or picking flowers or either riding out. I close my letter with great delight and rejoicing. From your loving friend, LENA.

Here is what is called a "breakfast letter" at Mont-Lawn.



THE GOSPEL WAGON OF THE UNION HIGHWAY MISSION—MISS IDA M. POTTS, MATRON.

House-mother and "teachers" get letters from little guests who have gone back to town, and these are often read aloud, while the "teachers," after serving the children, are eating their own breakfast. The "teachers" sing grace, too, like the children:

DEAR TEACHER:—I thank you very much for taking care of sister and I. You must come to see us some day, for I am positive that all of us will be glad to see you. I hope you are well. I want to know if Miss Collins and all the teachers are well and strong. I told my loving parents all about my nice time, and how we march into tent and what pretty songs we sing in chapel about little children and Jesus. I send my love to all. The baby is very sick. Your loving boy, HARRY.

Another chubby hand scrawls just this eloquent epistle:

Seventeen kisses for everybody. (Seventeen cross-marks after).

The author is about as long as your arm, and the most lovable, manly little fellow imaginable. His older brother wrote the letter at his dictation, and he made the marks. During his third meal at the Home, a visitor bent over him and interrupted his very busy dining with the question: "What is your name?" He paused long enough to answer: "James Michael Mulvaney and James Carter." "How in the world," asked the astonished

inquirer, "do you have so much name?" "My first papa was Mr. James Michael Mulvaney and de papa I'se got now is Mr. James Carter," answered the loyal little man, as true to his stepfather as to his dead papa. Visiting his own home, one could but wonder how in its narrow, malodorous confines, loyalty and sweetness could flourish.

Among our guests at Mont-Lawn, were five little Cubans from Mrs. Selden's Training School for Spanish-Speaking Children, a good work with which our readers are familiar. These little fellows are natives of Havana, and are the children or charges of refugees, who fled in great distress and desolation from the island during its days of darkest trouble. They have every reason to love the stars and stripes, and to believe in the Christianity of the Protestant charities which have sheltered them.

All contributions will be promptly acknowledged. Those for the past week are given below:

Prev. ack'd	\$4236.87
J. F. R. Scottsdale	1.00
F. N. Adams	.50
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Birthday Box of Prim		Thomas, Ga.	50
& Intermed Classes		R Elizabeth Pratt	21.00
of 1st Cong S S, Nor-		B M Wood	2.00
walk	3.00	Mrs G H Jackson	1.00
J L M. Woodville	5.00	D Jay	3.00
Intermediate cl of Pres		Friend, Sabinal	3.00
S S, Lewisville	25	S J H K. Boston	3.00
Mrs Lawson La Petra	5.00	Total	\$4,497.97

Seeking Souls on the Highway

The Union Highway Mission of Philadelphia and its Evangelistic Work—Bringing in the Wanderers.

WHILE many are discussing "How to reach the masses," the Union Highway Mission, of Philadelphia, is in a simple way helping to solve the problem of how to reach all classes with the Gospel. At the Tabernacle, on Oxford street above Ridge avenue, meetings are held three evenings in the week, and all day on the Sabbath. The meeting-room is large and commodious, and is frequently taxed to its utmost capacity in order to accommodate those who come in enjoy the evangelistic gatherings. The salvation of souls is the watchword of all services, and God honors the work by constantly giving the workers souls for their hire.

The Highway Mission Wagon leaves the Tabernacle every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings, for different parts of the city, sometimes going into the aristocratic sections and at other times in the slum districts, but the workers are always sure of a large audience, whether they stop among the lower, middle or upper classes. The fine appearance of the wagon, the electric lights, and the spirited singing attract and hold the people. At the close of the services on the wagon, an invitation is usually given for those who want to be prayed with to come closer to the side of the vehicle, and it is no uncommon sight to see seekers kneeling in the street, with the workers asking God to pardon their sins.

Another important work of the Mission is among fallen girls, and to enable them to make their efforts successful, the "Haven of Rest" Rescue Mission has been opened at 1537 North Twenty-second street, and it has already proved a blessing to many who have sought shelter under its roof. One inmate, who was converted at the Home, afterwards conducted a religious meeting in the ward, and among the same class of girls from which she had been taken, thus showing to those poor unfortunates that Jesus can save even the outcast.

Miss Ida M. Potts is the Matron of the Home, and her refined manner, and consistent Christian character are a great influence for good. She felt that the Lord called her to this special field of labor, and she left her parents' home to live among those for whom so many have nothing but unkind words and looks of disdain.

In addition to its all-round work at home, the organization has also an interest in the foreign field, and has a missionary in China. While the members were earnestly praying that God

would direct them to the right one to send to China, Miss Alice L. Landis spent a Sabbath at the Tabernacle. She felt called to the work, and after making the matter a subject of further prayer, the Missionary Committee chose her, and she is now stationed at Maceo, South China.

The pastor of the Mission, Rev. Frederick Reel, is an earnest energetic preacher. He holds a responsible position in the Treasurer's office at the Reading Terminal, and preaches the Gospel "without money and without price." The entire work is supported by voluntary contributions; and no fairs, festivals, entertainments or begging is allowed.

The Christian Herald in the Army

During the week the following have been received to aid in sending THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to troops in camp: Prev ack'd \$902.25 Miller, Mrs T B 2.00 Beecher, Mrs May T 50 Shaffer, Mrs Lorena L 1.00 Bozorth, C C & R R 2.50 Spalding, Joel 1.00 Brown, F M 25 M B Spalding 1.00 Dickel, Philip 25 Sreduan, F J 25 Day, Mrs C S 1.00 Weary, Emma L 50 Forbes, Mrs Marie H 50 Whitney, M E 1.00 Frost, Edith 25 F H N. Centraua, Dk 50 Dunlap, Mrs E P 25 Mrs W New Haven, Ct 1.00 Harrison, Mrs M B 1.00 Constant Reader Lawrence, Mrs R R 25 Janesville, Wis 3.00 Mead, Mrs H I 25 Friend 1.00 Meade, Elizabeth D 50 A Friend, Blaine 1.00 Miller, Miss L E 1.35 Total \$927.05

All contributions for this purpose will be acknowledged in these columns.