

HOUSEHOLD.

Early Marriage Customs.

The first attempt of the barbarian to establish some form of legal relation in lieu of the free love of earlier times...

A modification of this custom was found among the Egyptians. There, the female population met at the same time...

Next in importance we have the marriage by purchase. Strictly speaking, this custom varies among the different nationalities...

For the Woman Who Loves Flowers.

The woman who loves flowers yet who cannot at this season afford to indulge her taste should go afield as the buds begin to swell...

To Stop Nail Biting.

The suggestion is made concerning the nail-biting habit, that the remedy is to dip the finger tips after every washing into a strong solution of quinine and glycerine...

Hints for the Householder.

Salt and vinegar will clean the mica in stove doors. If salt is put into whitewash it will stick much better.

A Question of Time.

A story is going the rounds about a local jurymen, an Irishman, who cleverly outwitted a judge, and that without lying.

larity respecting the time of meals. The human system seems to form habits, and to be in a degree dependent upon the performance of its functions in accordance with the habits formed.

Another cold meat dish. Cut into thin unbroken slices some cold roast beef; season with salt and pepper, and spread each with a thin layer of veal stuffings.

The practice of "trotting" a child on the knee of the nurse or the mother, though it has the sanction of long practice, has not the sanction of common-sense, and should never be indulged in, especially with infants.

SPRING SMILES.

It is probably after he has given himself away that a man feels cheap. Telephones are a great convenience, and yet people are all the time talking against them.

A postal card is a good deal like a man's watch. When he gets hard up he tries to get all he can on it.

"You kick the bucket, we do the rest," is a unique sign over a coffin shop in one of our Western cities.

The quality of mercy may not be strained, but it frequently manages somehow to get exceedingly thin.

Good Old Lady (to tramp at the door)—"Are you a pious man?" Tramp—"I think so, mum; I love pie."

Boston Mother—"Why does Priscilla blush?" Annette—"Please, mum, she's studying improper fractions."

"Patti has a pensive air about her, don't you think so?" "Not a bit of it. On the contrary, it is expensive."

It is true that Cholice lost all his clothes in a hotel fire? "It is. When Cholice was first they kept his trunk."

Sunday-school Teacher—"Now, can any little boy tell me what Easter is celebrated for?" Good Little Boy (eagerly)—"Eggs."

Teacher—"Mary? And what is your last name?" Young Woman—"I can't tell just yet, the chances are it will be Smith."

"I'll see you later," said the slangy young man. "No, George," she murmured, "don't you say that. It's nearly twelve o'clock now."

Ah, soon the season will be here. Of which swains often dream, When it's most too warm for oysters, And most too cold for cream.

Bertha's mother saw fit to punish her for some little naughtiness. After a minute the child sobbed out, "Well, mamma, that hurt; you whipped me right where there weren't any bones."

Bards often write, "Oh, onward flow, Thou silver stream the meadows through." Suppose they told it not to go—

What do you think the stream would do? Does your pastor permit himself to make jokes in the pulpit? said one lady to another. "Oh, yes," was the answer in an apologetic tone; "but they are never very good ones and no one laughs."

"It's my terrible mouth they say, that makes my enemies all decay." He grimly said, and then with his mouth he licked a poor little amp!

Professor—"All statistics prove that the blonde women are more difficult to get on with than the brunettes." Astonished Auditor—"Are you certain of that?" Professor—"It's a fact." Astonished Auditor—"Then I'm positive my wife dyes her hair!"

He must have been a very bright boy, a very bright little boy, who said to his mother: "I wish a lion would eat me up."

"Why?" the mother asked. "Because it would be such a joke on the lion. He would think I was inside of him and I should be up in heaven."

Young Sprightly—"I have come, sir, to ask your daughter's hand. The affection is returned, and I am in a condition to keep her." Father (spreading his hands over his face)—"I have only one daughter." Y. S.—"Well, I only want one wife; I am not a Mormon."

"Now then," said Judge Sweetzer in a loud voice, "Mr. Baumgartner, you were present at this fray. Did Murphy, the plaintiff, seem carried away with excitement?" "Nein; he was carried away on two pieces of boards mid his head split open all down his back." "That will do. You may stand down."

Terrible Plight of Two Ladies. The Daily Graphic contains the third letter of their special commissioner describing his visit to Russia. He writes of a woman having been established by Prince Viasinsky's steward and his wife and adds—The steward's wife told me an amusing though touching anecdote of what had occurred two days before. The news of the sewing-room had spread to a village some miles off, and two sisters determined to make the attempt to get to the workroom, although they had sold every article of clothing they possessed for food. They borrowed a neighbor's horse, harnessed him to their sled, wrapped their father's sheepskin coat round them, and drove off to the workroom. Arrived there, they jumped out and ran into the room, when the steward's wife saw that one girl was stark naked, while the other had nothing on but the remnants of a shirt. They had driven the eight or ten miles with only their father's tattered sheepskin coat over them, and the thermometer was standing at something like 10 degrees below zero (Fahrheit). These two determined young girls were pointed out to me. They were now clothed in garments made in the workroom, and looked clean and industrious lasses.

THE REALITY OF FAITH.

BY GEORGE HODGINS.

We are all able to sympathize with the metaphysical. "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief." This man believed; he had faith. But no sooner had he said his creed than there came upon him a deep consciousness of the weakness of the inadequacy, of the ignorance, of the limitation, of his faith.

He believed that Jesus of Nazareth could help him. He looked into His face, he heard His voice, and he recognized in Him a helper in his time of need. Yet had you asked him questions about Jesus of Nazareth he would have been puzzled how to answer.

Was He only another prophet? Was He the long expected Messiah of Israel? Was He the incarnation of the Son of God?—this man would have replied, "I know not. Yes; He is a rabbi, but what more I cannot tell." Not a Sunday school scholar in any Christian parish could have posed him. That is, this man had faith, but he was notably lacking in knowledge of theology.

Yet Jesus helped him. The density of his theological ignorance was not dark enough to keep the light of that benediction out. The man was blessed, though he was ignorant of systematic divinity. The inference is that there is a difference between theology and faith.

There must be a difference between theology and faith would seem to be plain from the fact that theology is difficult, complicated, full of entanglements, and impossible of acquisition except to people of intellectual ability and training, while faith is expected of the simplest Christian.

Faith, indeed, is set beside the gate of entrance into religion. It is one of the prerequisites of the initial sacrament. First faith and then baptism. Evidently this cannot be theological faith, or else nobody should be baptized without a satisfactory theological examination.

Only the graduates of divinity schools would have the right in the Christian Church. Only the persons could be saved. The persons? How many of them, in these undogmatic days, could stand the test? Few are even the persons who could get into this theological heaven except on large conditions.

Another reason for being sure that theology and faith are not by any means identical is the fact, which is attested by many unfortunate experiences that it is quite possible for men to be excellent and accurate theologians without being very good Christians. Everybody knows the man whom He was able to find the people with whom He was able to find the people with whom He had to use the strongest language of condemnation, were the professors of systematic divinity in the theological seminaries of Jerusalem. Jesus found more good in publicans and sinners than in scribes and pharisees.

There is a difference, then, between theology and faith. The Christian religion in its demand for faith must not be understood as requiring a knowledge of theology. The Apostles' Creed may be recited by very imperfect theologians, though they do not help Thou mine unbelief, may rightly be the voice of our own heart. What, then, is the difference between theology and faith? This will best be understood by asking, first, "What is theology?" and then, "What is faith?"

What is theology? Theology is ordered religious knowledge. It is the technical, scientific and exact statement of religious truth. The business of the theologian is to gather together all the religious truth that can be found, to classify it, to set it in a system, and to draw inferences from it. He is to do in his department what the man of science does in his.

Plainly, then, theology will contain a great many statements of a great many degrees of importance. Part of it will be of very considerable value; part of it might be lost or forgotten and the world be quite as happy. Plainly, also, theology will include a great many mistakes. It will not, in this respect, be much different from the similar statement of physical truth. It will have its guesses and its misses. It will have its working hypotheses, some of which will be presently found to be unworkable. It will be a science, and the physicist, in his place of its positions. Theology, that is, like other science, will grow with the growth of man.

There is no sense in deifying theology. There has always been theology, there always will be theology, and there always will be the physicist. Theology is to be deified only when it forgets its place. Theologians are not to be accounted pernicious members of society so long as they mind their own business. Yes; there is a large element of good in even the most metaphysical theology.

There is always a metaphysics not only in theology, but in every other department of thinking, so long as man continues to be a rational and inquiring being. Metaphysics is the region into which we get when we take for our guide the mark of interrogation. It is the only possible answer that can be made to certain questions. Every object of thought, if it is questioned long enough, takes us into metaphysics.

Here is a scrap of paper. There is no appearance of metaphysics in the look of this paper. But ask the paper where it came from. You will not ask very long before you get back to a plant growing in a field. And there you are in the presence of mystery. The mystery of growth, and the mystery of life—these are even yet beyond discovery. Nor can they be adequately discussed without the aid of metaphysics.

Every stone in the street represents the mystery of matter. The wisest man of science does not know what matter is. Every bit of metal represents the mystery of force. Who will define force? Emerson said that every object that can be seen by human sight is a window into the infinite. It is also a great wide-open door into the metaphysical.

Take the simplest question in morality, "Thou shalt not steal." Is there any metaphysics about that? Is there anything transcendental about being honest? Suppose we set beside the commandment—as we must if we think—the question, "Why? Why must we keep the moral law?" At once we are precipitated into an arena of gladiatorial metaphysics. We must keep the moral law because it is the will of the Supreme Moral Being. We must keep the moral law because it is the dictate of our own enlightened conscience. We must keep the moral law because this is the verdict of the world's experience of pain and pleasure. There are three different answers. Every one of them involves metaphysics.

Now, what moral philosophy is to morality just as theology is to faith? Question morality and you get metaphysics. Question faith and you get theology. By who will maintain that only the moral philosophers can be moral? How, then, can it be maintained that only the theologians can have faith? A good man said to me the other day that no one had a right to say he believed the Apostles' Creed, unless he is able to answer the metaphysical questions that are therein a gossamer. But ought it not to be said with equal force that

no one ought, then, to keep the commandments unless he is able to answer the metaphysical questions that are suggested by the moral law?

This, however, comes out more plainly when we leave our inquiry about theology and ask the other question, what is faith? Faith is the accepting as true what we are told. If I see an event happen, I know that that event has happened. That is knowledge. If I am told by somebody in whom I have confidence that an event has happened, I am as sure of it as if I had seen it with my own eyes; but with certainty is not knowledge, it is faith. Faith, then, has regard both to a proposition and to a person. It may be thought of in both ways, as the putting of faith in a person and as the accepting of the truth of a statement, as well as the putting of faith in the person. These two elements enter into faith. Faith, then, depends upon authority. Authority is one of the essential factors of human thought. We cannot get along without it. Authority is no more to be decried than metaphysics, the viable and necessary growth as it keeps its place. Authority gets distinctly out of its place, when it speaks in imperatives, when one says to another "you must not think, you must let me do your thinking for you." To such a demand no natural being has any right to yield; no, not for one hour. That means intellectual slavery.

Authority, however, is in its proper place when instead of commanding, it bears witness. Perhaps a better word than "authority" would be "testimony." Authority in its right meaning signifies the witness, the judgment, the verdict, the decision of one whom we consider to be completely trustworthy. In this sense of it, we are all the time letting other people do our thinking for us. We have great reason to be profoundly grateful that we are so made that by this hand of faith we can reach out and accept, and make our own, what others give us. Otherwise, the world would be full of growing up babies. Each person would have to discover all knowledge for himself. As it is, we all help each other. All the generations of the past help us to do our thinking. All the discoverers, all the explorers, all the thinkers, all the workers, help us to do our thinking. No man lives, though he is the most independent of all free thinkers, who does all his own thinking.

The creed is the verdict of the great body of spiritual masters upon the truths of religion. Let a man, if he can, work it all out for himself. Let him test each article of it with all the tests he knows. The Christian Church welcomes all such testing. But let no man blame another who, not being of a theological bent of mind, is content to accept what the church teaches. This person is satisfied that the church is wiser than he is. He is glad to have set down in this brief form of words the simple statement of the truths in which the great company of the Christian saints and scholars have from the first agreed. He looks back and notes that the questioners have tested this old creed with every kind known to theological chemistry, and that the creed has endured. He makes up his mind that the tests of the present day questioners are likely to result in the same assurance of the validity of these ancient truths. And he asks no questions, he puzzles himself with no problems, he vexes himself with no doubts. He accepts the Christian creed as he accepts the law of gravitation, worrying as little about the mathematical difficulties of the one, as about the mathematical complications of the other. It seems to me that such a decision and acceptance is a sign of most excellent good sense.

But faith is even simpler and easier than the acceptance of a proposition. It is the accepting of ourselves in a person. Faith, accordingly, is level to the attainment even of a little child. Christian faith is faith in Christ. The Christian looks into Christ's face, like the man in the text saying, "Lord, I believe. And like the man who may not have an answer to any of your questions. Yet he believes in Christ. Can he believe in Christ without knowing how the divine and human meet in him? Cannot a child believe in his father without knowing how body and soul meet in him? And the physicist, in his place of its positions. Theology, that is, like other science, will grow with the growth of man.

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What Does it Matter?

BY ELLA WINGLER WILCOX.

Wealth and glory, peace and power, What are they worth to me or you? For the lease of a life runs out in an hour, And death stands ready to claim his due. Sounding honors or heaps of gold, What are they all when all is told?

A pain or a pleasure, a smile or a tear— What does it matter what we claim? For we step from the cradle into the bier, And a careless world goes on the same. Hours of gladness or hours of sorrow, What does it matter to us to-morrow?

Truth of love or vow of friend, Tender caresses or cruel sneer, What do they matter to us in the end? For the brief day dies and the long night bears. Passionate kisses or tears of gall, The grave will open and cover them all.

Homeless vagrant or honored guest— Poor and humble or rich and great— All are racing for the world's unrest; Life from childhood till we are old, What is it when all is told?

Coming, but not Sudden, The good time is a-comin', you must hope to see it start. When the sermon and doxology won't be so far apart; An' the man with the collection won't strike once piece o' tin, An' they'll get a man to glory without whippin' of him!

It will be with us some day, For we kinder hear it hummin'; Be it mighty far away, An' it's mighty long a-comin'!

Oh, the good time is a-comin', you must meet it if you can, When the office with a lantern will go looking for the man; And the man when caught, and taken by a whirlwind of surprise, Will not see his friends forsaken, and resign before he dies.

It will be with us some day, For we kinder hear it hummin'; Be it mighty far away, An' it's mighty long a-comin'!

Some Russian Sketches.

A correspondent of the London Daily Graphic, investigating the famine-stricken districts of Russia, came to describe some of the native's customs as follows:

There are scarcely any forests in the province of Tambov, the ground is simply bare steppes, with scarcely a tree or shrub on them. You can take a sledge and drive for miles over the undulating plains without coming across any forest land. Here and there you see a recently planted wood consisting of young trees which have been set by some enterprising landed proprietor.

The result of this want of wood is that the inhabitants are obliged to use straw for fuel. A bundle of straw is pushed into the oven and a light is applied. When the straw has burned out, leaving nothing but the glowing embers, the oven is shut up so that the heat may be retained for as long a period as possible. As there was a failure of the crops last autumn, there has been very little straw available for fuel this winter. In fact, in some of the poorer villages there are cottages where the warmth of a fire has for several months been unknown. In such cases two or three families have crowded into one hut, and have tried to keep some heat in their bodies by packing themselves like sardines on the top of the stove, and on the shelf which extends thence to the opposite wall, on a level with the top of the oven. This shelf is generally six feet wide and eight feet long, so that about eight people can find sleeping accommodation on it. In many of the larger huts a wide bench, like the place of the shelf, but the bench is not a very warm sleeping place if there is no heat in the stove, hence the preference for a shelf close to the ceiling where it is warm.

While passing through St. Petersburg the other day I saw some clothes which some industrious and philanthropic ladies were making for the distressed peasantry. These ladies were, in my opinion, wasting their labor, for in the first place the material used was too good, costing about four or five times the price of the cloth of which the moujik and his wife make their clothes; and in the second place the garments were not such as the people ordinarily wear. The peasant woman wears a shift, a petticoat, and a sheepskin coat. Her legs are wrapped up in rags, and her shoes are tied to her feet; the richer women wear long felt boots reaching to the knee. The man wears a shirt, trousers, and a sheepskin coat. For head-gear the women tie a scarf or handkerchief over the head; the men wear a sheepskin cap. Obviously these people don't want jackets made of flannel, or vests of hygienic wool, or petticoats of pink flannel, with curious designs in aesthetic colors. A woman was offered a petticoat which had been sent from Moscow and she refused it, saying she would be afraid to appear in that in the village. Such are the inexorable decrees of fashion even in humble life. It is different, therefore, be better if the ladies of St. Petersburg and Moscow were to buy common material and send that to the villages with stocks of needles and cotton, and let the villagers make their own clothes. As it is, some of the people honestly say they can not wear the clothes, and refuse to take them, while others take the clothes—and sell them. The money thus obtained goes to the dram-shop.

A Hotel in the Desert. It is said that 6,000 foreigners in quest of health are spending the present winter in Cairo. Among them are a few who prefer quiet to gaiety, and the air of the desert to that of the city. A while ago a hotel was built in the desert near the pyramids. Several hundred acres of the desert land were bought in 1884 by a wealthy Englishman, who was suffering from consumption. He believed that the desert air would be a specific. For two years he lived with his wife in a little house erected on the sand waste he had bought, and regained most of the strength he had lost.

Believing that the desert air would be most beneficial to invalids afflicted as he was, he erected a sanitarium on his property but he died just before its completion. The building he put up now forms a part of the hotel, which is reached easily from Cairo, and has a good many guests, not only invalids, but those who wish to spend a night in the desert and have more time for inspecting the pyramids than they enjoyed formerly, when they were compelled to hurry away after a few hours in order to return to Cairo the same evening.

If you pine to be introduced to a rich lumberman's daughter, see that you look spruce. James Whitcomb Riley's income from his readings and recitations equals a bank president's salary, while Bill Nye in 1891 cleared \$40,00