

represent Him as the pilot, prophet, priest, and king; and still others represent Him in yet other characters. The simple-minded country people coming into the city in the early morning with their produce for market, pause and pray before Christ the sower. A little later, the artisan on his way to his workshop worships Christ the carpenter. Later still, when the sun has scattered the mists of the morning and has flooded the earth with his supernal splendors, the invalid, creeping from the city to breathe the fresh air of the country, presents his morning prayers to Christ the physician. Doubtless there is much of superstition in this worship, but there is in it also a great truth. Each worships the Christ who is nearest to himself—the Christ who best interprets his own thoughts and best supplies his peculiar wants.—*Rev. R. S. Macarthur, D.D.*

For His Sake.

I read sometime ago an incident of the civil war related by a Confederate veteran at a camp fire, recounting the bravest deed that came under his notice during his army experience.

It was a scorching July day. The Confederates were in rifle pits. The sharpshooters of the Federal army were watching them like hawks and picking off every fellow that dared to lift his head above the trench. All about them in the front lay Federal soldiers wounded who had charged right up to these rifle pits and fallen there. Only a few steps away lay a Federal officer suffering the most awful thirst as he lay there dying and pleading most piteously for water. In the rifle pit near the one who related the incident was an ungainly, raw, red-headed boy. He had only recently joined the regiment, was green as grass, and little attention had been paid to him, only it had been noticed that he was a reliable fighter. He was not yet callous to the sufferings of others. At last, with tears flooding his grimy face, he cried out, "I can't stand it no longer, boys. I'm going to take that poor fellow my canteen." For answer to this foolhardy speech one of the men stuck a cap on a ramrod and hoisted it above the pit. It was instantly pierced by a dozen bullets. To venture outside would be the maddest suicide. But all the while the dying officer's moans could be heard pleading for water. "Water! water! just one drop, for God's sake, somebody! Only one drop!" Then the tender-hearted boy could endure it no longer, and against every remonstrance he flung himself, after several desperate efforts, over the embankment, amid a storm of bullets. He crawled toward the dying man, broke off a sumac bush, tied his canteen to it, and succeeded in landing it in the hands of the sufferer. Such gratitude as that dying man gave expression to! He wanted to tie his gold watch to the stick and give it to the boy; but the brave fellow refused to take it, and crawled back and flung himself into the trench again without a single scratch. Every soldier congratulated and praised him. They said it was the bravest deed any of them had witnessed during the war. He made no

answer. His eyes had a soft, musing look. "How could you do it?" asked his comrade in a whisper, when the crack of the rifles ceased for a moment. "It was something I thought of," said the boy simply; "something my mother used to say to me: 'I was thirsty and ye gave me drink.' She read it to me out of the Bible, and she taught it to me till I never could forget it. When I heard that man crying for water I remembered it. The words stood still in my head; I couldn't get rid of them. So I thought they meant me, and I went. That's all." That's all; yes, that's all, but it reveals the source of the finest, noblest deeds that are done under heaven.

A Crime Against Humanity.

From Calvary church went a noble young man and his heroic young wife as missionaries to Cuba. The months passed, and she went down to the mysterious land of motherhood. The babe returned alone. This woman's crime was that she was a Protestant. Bigoted priestcraft was so united with civil authority that there was not a spot in any cemetery in which this broken-hearted man could bury his young wife. Every effort to secure for her appropriate burial was in vain. When burial somewhere became a necessity, there was no place found but an ash-heap where the offal of the city was thrown; and there our brother with grieving heart buried his loving young wife, until opportunity was found for removing her body to where the Roman priesthood could not trample upon all the tenderest feelings of humanity and upon all the most sacred principles of liberty.

The great God is not dead. He cannot be indifferent to such crimes against humanity. Wrong shall not for ever be upon the throne, and right forever upon the cross. There may be a baptism of blood on the hills and valleys of Cuba; but, as God lives, liberty, civil and religious, shall yet be proclaimed throughout the Gem of the Antilles.—*Rev. R. S. Macarthur, D.D.*

For Christ Always.

When James Fisk was pushing the Erie railroad, he said: "When we were in a State that was Democratic, we were Democrats; when in a Republican State, we were Republicans; but we were for Erie all the time." If we are for Christ, and "The world for Christ" our motto, the church will not know herself in five years, and the time will soon come when in the Lord's harvest fields the ploughman will overtake the reaper, and it will come just as soon as you are ready for it.—*Rev. W. G. Puddfoot, D.D.*

Steam Ahead!

You remember the battle of Manilla Bay. It was in the black of night when Gridley of the flagship "Olympia" signalled to the admiral, "We are approaching the entrance."

"Steam ahead!" was the admiral's order.

Then the flash from the heights and the boom of a great gun. Again the signal, "The batteries of Cavite have opened fire."