

## MY AIM.

I live for those who love me,  
For those who know me true,  
For the heavens bright above me,  
And the good that I can do.  
For the cause that needs assistance,  
For the wrongs that lack resistance,  
For the future in the distance,  
And the good that I can do.  
—From Dr. Guthrie's Memoirs.

## SERVIA'S STRUGGLE—THE GREAT BATTLE BEFORE ALEXINATZ.

GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF FRIDAY'S FIGHT.—INTERESTING DETAILS OF THE PROLONGED ENGAGEMENT.

LONDON, September 4.—A despatch to the "Times," from Belgrade indicates a crushing defeat and thorough disorganization of General Tchernayeff's army. Taking advantage of the good-will toward the English inspired by the arrival of an ambulance corps, with cash funds of £10,000, the correspondent of the "Times" got to the front in company with a number of officers of the Geneva cross, and was an eye-witness of most of the battle near Alexinat on Friday. The battle commenced just as the party reached Alexinat. The correspondent telegraphs the following account of the engagement:—"I left Belgrade on Thursday, and arrived at Alexinat at 8.30 Friday morning. The first shot had been fired. The Turks immediately appeared, beginning their movements to turn Tchernayeff's right and cut off the communications between Alexinat and Deligrad. The hazardous design succeeded. I went to the headquarters of General Tchernayeff just as he was about to go to the field. He told me that day would decide the fate of Alexinat. He said a serious attack against his communications between Alexinat and Deligrad was contemplated. If he succeeded in repelling the attack, he thought Alexinat would be safe, for he believed the Turks would not attempt it again.

"For some hours the battle was almost entirely between artillery. The valley through which it was necessary for the Turks should pass to gain their object was guarded by two strong Serbian batteries against which the Turks directed the fire of three of their batteries.

## THE FIGHT CONTINUED

three hours with no advantage for either side. The Turks then re-enforced their artillery with three more batteries, and advanced, the fire becoming tremendous. The Servians made a fine struggle and brought up another battery, but in spite of all their efforts the Turks steadily advanced. In the meantime the Turkish infantry were busy. From Alexinat the Serbian infantry and cavalry had rode out to meet their advance, and the storm of battle began in earnest. We heard the first fusillade at twenty minutes before 12 o'clock. The Turkish infantry dare not show at the end of the little defiles yet for the Serbian guns are too close, but they are not far off, and if that gallant battery which is doing such good service on the hill between the two defiles can only be silenced the battle will be at once developed. The Serbian infantry are in the valley north of the little independent villa which marks the entrance to the defiles, and at intervals of a quarter of an hour sharp volleys from rifles are heard amid the thunder of some dozen batteries. At half-past one o'clock we see dense masses of smoke and sheets of flame rise from the valley right before us and close to the northern defile. The conflagration is tremendous. The brilliant sunshine is completely overcome by the lurid flames that rise high into the heavens and are now only frightened by dense masses of smoke. The more northern of the two villages around Suata is on fire. The Serbian troops make a precipitated retreat from it, but as yet a good defence is kept up.

## THE TURKISH ADVANCE.

under the cover of the batteries, is now skirmishing; now on they go with a rush. The Servians, though they are falling back, have not completely lost all heart. Their battalions are evidently thinning, however. It is now past two o'clock, and for a while the Serbian artillery seems to be making ground. The battery which has been doing such good service on the little hill has advanced beyond it, and is boldly pouring forth its fire further into the enemy's position; but this is deceptive. The Turks do not care about it. The rattle of their rifles is heard more and more to the north of each valley. The return volleys are becoming feeble. The artillery fire on both sides has become languid, when all at once there is an other great fire. The village of Guatadowaz is now in flames. This village is close to Sitkowaz. Suata still burns, and the clear air is full of vast flames and dense masses of smoke, and the thunder of cannon and incessant volleys of rifles. Shells have been falling into Sitkowaz for some hours, but it is not yet on fire. Preciwitz, close by, is burning.

## A PERFECT PANIC

has set in among the Servians, as they

witness the slow advance of the enemy, and whole battalions of them begin to fly. A Russian colonel in command of two battalions calls upon them to advance, though he himself is wounded, but out of two battalions he can get only twenty men to respond to his call; the rest fly still. Some regiments and the whole of the artillery do their duty, and for more than two hours legions of them perish. They make a good advance of only a half a mile, but that has been advance all along the line. Abdul Kerim Pasha has got his left well up to Greditin, north of the burning Adrawza, and his right well round to Celja. Though it is only four o'clock the carnage is terrible on both sides. I descend for a short time from the height where for hours I have been watching the battle, and I see the main street of Alexinat crowded with wounded.

"There is not much change till about 6 o'clock, though the din of battle has gone on without a moment's cessation. It is clear that the left of the Turks has passed Townanda and into the redoubts, and are as far as Trounan and Bogar, though not as yet on the same side of the river as that on which those villages stand to the south. They are in possession of positions which the right of Tchernayeff's army occupied this morning. The Servians are lighting immense fires all up the hill.

## THE TURKISH POSITION

right before us is already ablaze with similar fires. The wounded are coming in on stretchers. Is there a truce? Are both sides fairly exhausted? They have now been fighting and advancing and retreating ten hours. Have they both given up from sheer exhaustion? No. The whole town is smoking, and the heights are shaking with the thunder of Turkish artillery. We stop to raise our glasses, and see, not half a mile from where we are now standing, a sight of which not a soul in the town is aware. At the distance I have just stated there rises a lightly wooded elevation. It is illuminated with lines of interminable flame. It shoots forth along the whole line for an instant, then is suddenly extinguished and as suddenly shoots forth again. What is this light coming from? It is the rapid detonation of rifles from above and rifles from below. We fix our glasses, and as distinctly as we see one another we see the Turks on the brow of the hill and some feet down the crest, discharging a plunging fire into the Serbian troops beneath. Full justice ought to be rendered to men who for an instant stood their ground beneath and returned such a fire. They are rapidly mowed down. We watch for full ten minutes, and each minute's illumination below pales before that above, and each instant the Serbian fire is becoming weaker. We know that there is nothing behind that rapidly decreasing line. We know that in the street, at the end of which we are standing, there are numbers of unarmed men, women, and children, and we know as surely that there is nothing to prevent the Turks coming through the streets from end to end within another twenty minutes.

"Evidently there is not a moment to be lost. We proceed to the other end of the street, and, fearing to be

## THE CAUSE OF A PANIC.

order dinner at a hotel while we are having our horses harnessed. The hotel was empty when we entered it, but in a few minutes it was filled with a miscellaneous company of soldiers and camp followers. Alarm has come, but, curious to say, not from the side from which there is the most imminent danger. Nobody outside of our own party seems to know that at the southern end of the town, and almost within a stone's throw of the main street, the Turks are where we saw them, but every one does know that the Servians have been signally defeated along the line, and alarm has been created by the news that the Turks have been completely successful in getting into the northwest of Alexinat, where, between them and the road to Deligrad there is the only fordable passage of the Morava. It is quarter to eight o'clock when a

## HORSEMAN GALLOPS

into the yard of the hotel. It is Mackellar of St. Thomas's hospital. He was just about to perform amputation on the field when a staff officer dashed up to him and told him the surgeons had not a second to lose in having the wounded carried off and saving themselves. The Turks were coming down to occupy the banks of the Morava, and there was every probability that, dark as it was, they would that evening cross the river, and cut off the road to Deligrad. Mackellar sent the young fellows on toward Deligrad as fast as their own legs and any ponies they might seize on the road could carry them, and rode in to tell us we ought to get off instantly. We left the town at half-past eight, fearing a stampede. We thought to be in advance of the rush, but the delay of a quarter of an hour, while we were waiting for news from the field hospitals, brought us into the thick of it.

FOR TEN MILES OUTSIDE OF ALEXINATZ, on the road to Deligrad, there was almost a compact mass of carriages, wagons,

oxen, horses and pedestrians, all going at a full gallop and running into one another every other instant. When the high road became too cramped resort was had to the fields, and though these oxen dragged their waggons, or, as was the case in many instances, only wooden pokes, the waggons having been left behind lest they might impede more valuable beasts in their flight. The artillery firing was still brisk when we left Alexinat; but ceased about half an hour afterwards, before we reached Deligrad. We reached Deligrad about 10 o'clock, and remained until after midnight. There we found the entire party of surgeons, and learned that all the civil population had left Alexinat. The Russian lady nurses and all the wounded in the ambulances also got out. We posted on all night and all day till we reached Semendria on Saturday evening. I arrived at Belgrade on Sunday, and transmitted from Semlin my account of the battle. Tchernayeff is at Deligrad."

## SULTAN MURAD'S FOURTH WIFE.

A few days ago an English woman named Tompkins, who kept a shop in Pera, summoned from England to aid her in her business a young niece who proved to be extremely pretty and no less intelligent. Soon after her arrival she took it into her head to study Turkish, representing to her aunt that such knowledge would be of a great advantage to their trade, as the Turkish ladies would naturally prefer to make their purchases where they could be understood without the aid of an interpreter. As the young girl was at once clever, ambitious and industrious, she soon succeeded in acquiring the language, and numbers of the female members of the noblest Turkish families came to the English shop. One day the pretty niece went to the harem of Prince Murad to take home some articles ordered by his principal wife. She never returned, and when her aunt went in search of her she received a cool message of farewell from the young lady herself, who had become the fourth wife to the heir to the throne, who is the present Sultan.—Philadelphia Tel.

## A SAD SCENE.

The death of Mr. Kerr is lamented by the whole country. He was a public man of great honesty and purity.—He was a moralist, but not an experimental Christian. In his last hours he said in reference to his future state, "I have been an honest man, and God is just." He was visited by the Rev. Dr. Harris, of Staunton, Va., who had a brief religious conversation with him. He asked the dying statesman—"I hope you are prepared for a better life, Mr. Kerr?" The reply was an affirmative inclination of the head. The minister then said, "I trust you have a firm faith in the merits of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ?" After a little hesitation Mr. Kerr shook his head slowly.

On this the New York Sun remarks, "It was a fine distinction to make, and one worthy of the fine analytical mind which maintained the supremacy to the last."

Finding the dying man unable to converse, Dr. Harris left, promising to pray for him, to which the reply was, "I thank you."

This was a sad scene. What the Sun means by the remark just quoted we do not know. If we are to believe the Bible the only hope for a better life rests upon faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.—This the dying man, looking into his own heart, felt he did not have, and made the sad sign that his hopes of a better life did not rest upon the Saviour of the world. Upon what, then, did they rest? "I have been an honest man, and God is just." Alas! alas! that a man so gifted and so sincere should not have seen that it is the justice of God from which a sinner must take refuge in the merits of Christ.

How widely do false views of religion prevail among our leading statesmen! It is very rare that one of them dying, gives assurance of salvation through faith in the Son of God.

Surely those who are in high places are in peril of losing, in the fine distinctions of their analytical minds, the true light of faith, and they grope on in darkness, and sink in the deeper darkness of the grave, and make no sign and utter no word that gives assurance of eternal blessedness. We must all sit at the feet of Jesus and learn of him.—Richmond Recorder.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## ARE MINISTERS OVERPAID?

MR. EDITOR.—Will you please give the subjoined answer to the above question; and if any man who reads, is inclined to object to any of the figures, let him frankly point out the mistake.

Board—3 Adults including servant	at \$2.50 per week—52 weeks @	\$390 00
7.50		
Do. 3 Children at \$1.00 each per week		150 00
Clothing—2 Adults at \$30.00 per year		60 00
Do. 3 Children at 12 00		36 00
Servants Wages—\$4.00 per month		48 00
Horse Exp'se—2½ tons Hay @ 10.00		25 00
Do. 90 bush. Oats at 50 45 00		
Say 500 lbs. Hay and 5 bush. Oats for comers and goers		5 00
Bedding 3.00. Shoeing 7.00		10 00
Repairing—Wear and tear waggon and harness		10 00
Fuel &c.—6 chald. Coal at 7.00		42 00
1 Cord Wood at 5.00		5 00
20 Gallons Oil at .40		8 00
Medical attendance		10 00
Travelling expenses, to and from District Meetings & Conference		10 00
Stationary and Postage		5 00
	Total	\$859 00

Which of these items is extravagant? The writer who is favorably situated in a farming district, cannot compress his expenditure within some of the figures stated. And he knows that many of the brethren have to pay largely in advance of these figures. And when it is remembered that some ministers are compelled to subsist on \$600.00 and even \$500.00 per year, some idea may be gained of the painful privations which they must suffer.

## A COUNTRY MINISTER.

THE CHARM OF RESERVE.—Do not be too anxious to give away yourself, to wear your heart upon your sleeve. It is not only unwise, it is wrong to make your secret soul common property. For you bring the delicate things of the heart into contempt by exposing them to those who cannot understand them. If you throw pearls before swine, they will turn again and rend you. Nor, again, should you claim too much openness, as a duty due to you, from your child, your friend, your wife or your husband. Much of the charm of life is ruined by exacting demands of confidence. Respect the natural modesty of the soul; its most delicate flowers of feeling close their petals when they are touched too rudely. Wait with curious love—with eager interest—for the time when, all being harmonious, the revelation will come of its own accord, undemanded. The expectation has its charm, for as long as life has something to learn, life is interesting; as long as a friend has something to give, friendship is delightful. Those who wish to destroy all mystery in those they love, to have everything revealed, are unconsciously killing their own happiness. It is much to be with those who have many things to say to us which we cannot bear now. It is much to live with those who sometimes speak to us in parables—if we love them. Love needs some indefiniteness in order to keep its charm. Respect which saves love from the familiarity which degrades it, is kept vivid when we feel that there is a mystery in those we love which comes of depth of character. Remember that in violating your own reserve, or that of another, you destroy that sensitiveness of character which makes so much of the beauty of character; and beauty of character is not so common as not to make it a cruel thing to spoil it.—Rev. Slogford A. Brooke.

NEW ARTESIAN WELL, CHARLESTON, S.C.—A new artesian well is in progress and has now reached a depth of nearly three hundred feet. The drills are still digging through the eocene marl of the Ashley River beds, and at a depth of two hundred and sixty feet a stratum of silicious rock, about three feet in thickness was struck and passed through without much difficulty. In this stratum are found millions of little microscopic shells, which are almost invisible to the naked eye, but upon being viewed through a magnifying glass are clearly seen as beautiful nautilus-shaped shells, perfect in formation and color. The work is creating much interest, and numbers of scientific gentlemen visit the well every day for the purpose of inspecting the fossils.—Scientific Am.

"There's our Jeremiah," said Mr. Shelton, "he went off to make his living by his wits." "Well, did he succeed?" inquired his friend. "No," said the old man with a sigh, and significantly tapping his head, "he failed for want of capital."

## HOUSE AND FARM.

GRAHAM GEMS.—Pint water, pint Graham flour, one egg, one teaspoon salt, one tablespoon sugar. Have gem pan hot, with melted lard or butter. Bake in a very hot oven one half hour.—Christian at Work.

GRAPES are a most healthful article of diet. They contain a large amount of hydrocarbonaceous matter, with potassium salts. This combination soothes the stomach, and is used to advantage in cases of dyspepsia. They are a valuable diet in fever cases, and the "grape-ones" in Switzerland prove the efficacy of this fruit in healing certain diseases.

TO PICKLE ONIONS.—Choose small button onions, as nearly the same size as possible; peel them and pour over them strong boiling hot brine; cover them closely, and the next day drain them from the brine, wipe them dry, and put them into cold vinegar, with whole pepper, bruised garlic, blades of mace, and slices of horseradish. Keep them covered with vinegar; close the jar tightly, and set in a cool dry place.

CAULIFLOWER PICKLE.—Select the closest and whitest flowers; put them in bunches, spread them on earthen dishes, sprinkle salt on them; in three days put them in earthen jars, pour scalding hot water upon them; let them stand six or eight hours, drain them carefully, then put them in glass cans, cover with vinegar, and seal up tightly. Elder flowers and buds add a very high flavor to pickle and horseradish. Either the leaves or the root will keep pickles from molding.

GOOD PICKLES.—Having had twenty years experience in preparing vegetable articles for family use, I find the only reliable way is to pick pickles when small, and place them in a strong solution of salt—the stronger the better, as salt preserves them—then press just heavy enough to keep them under the brine. When you wish to prepare them for the table, always pour over them boiling water, changing twice a day, and when not too fresh place them in a stone jar, cover them with good cide vinegar, and let them stand on the back part of the stove until hot; then place, and you will never fail of having good crisp pickles. All kinds of acids spoil good pickles.

SUPERIOR GRAHAM BREAD.—One teacupful of wheat flour, one-half teacupful of Porto Rico molasses, one cent's worth of brewer's yeast, one teacupful of salt, one pint of warm water; add sufficient Graham flour to make the dough as stiff as can be stirred with a strong spoon. This is to be mixed at night. In the morning, add one teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in a little water; mix well and pour into two medium-sized pans; they will be about half full; let it stand in a warm place until it raises to the top of the pans; then bake one hour in a pretty hot oven. I always cover bread with an old tin cover for about twenty minutes; it prevents the upper crust hardening before the loaf is well risen. If these instructions are correctly followed, the bread will not be heavy or sudden. I have made it for years, and never had a failure.

## CHILDREN'S CORNER.

## PAYING HER WAY.

What has my darling been doing to-day  
To pay for her washing and mending?  
How can she manage to keep out of debt  
For so much car-sing and toiling?  
How can I wait till the years have flown,  
And the hairs have grown longer and stronger?  
Who will be able to pay  
If the debt runs many years longer?  
Dear little feet! How they fly to my side!  
White arising neck are a-curling,  
Sweetest of kisses are laid on my cheek,  
Fair head my shoulder is pressing,  
Nothing at all from my darling is due—  
From evil may angels defend her—  
The debt is discharged as fast as 'tis made,  
For love is a legal tender!

## "JIMMY JONES' SISTER."

## BY L. S. S. HILTON.

A small, winsome face, with the old worn look upon it which is the birth-right of Poverty's children; purple pansy eyes, looking out from beneath a mass of tangled sunbeams that under the ministry of loving hands would twine in long golden curls; shoeless feet, whose dainty outlines could not be concealed by the rags wrapped around them. This was what the doorway of an old house in Water street framed, one morning in the early spring time. "Jimmy Jones' Sister" was the distinctive title by which she was called. Perhaps down the street a little way you would have met a ragged little urchin crying "Daily Tribune!" with a bundle under his arm fresh and damp from the press. Dark, round face, in which a pair of bright black eyes were set; dancing tufts of dark hair protruding from a well-ventilated cap; a cheery, wide-awake manner which would at

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