

called Christianity in the cathedral. Must primitive Christianity do its work and encounter its sufferings all over again, even against greater obstacles and more violent opposition? If I lived in Rome with my present knowledge and convictions, which would I choose as the people of God and the representatives of Jesus of Nazareth, the Romanists or the Wesleyans? They sometimes say our religious services are bald, bare, severe and uninviting. Yes, plain worship may be uninviting to the carnal mind, but God keep us spiritual lest we lose our power. It is too bad to expel Christ from his own temple by worldly conformity.

Rome.

#### ON THE OTHER SIDE.

We go our ways in life too much alone,  
We hold ourselves too far from all our kind;  
Too often we are dead to sigh and moan,  
Too often to the weak and helpless blind;  
Too often where distress and want abide  
We turn and pass upon the other side.

The other side is trodden smooth and worn  
By footsteps passing idly all the day;  
Where lie the bruised ones that faint and mourn  
Is seldom more than an untrodden way.  
Our selfish hearts are for our feet the guide;  
They lead us by upon the other side.

It should be ours the oil and wine to pour  
Into the bleeding wounds of stricken ones;  
To take the smitten and the sick and sore  
And bear them where a stream of blessing runs.  
Instead we look about—the way is wide—  
And so we pass upon the other side.

O friends and brothers, gliding down the years,  
Humanity is calling each and all  
In tender accents, born of grief and tears!  
I pray you, listen to the thrilling call!  
You cannot, in your cold and selfish pride,  
Pass guiltlessly upon the other side.

—Buffalo News.

#### "GO ON, SIR, GO ON!"

**A**RAGO, the great French astronomer, tells us that he became so discouraged in the study of mathematics that he almost resolved to abandon his effort. He was just about ready to give up when he happened to notice something printed or written under the paper binding of his book. He unrolled the leaf and found it was from D'Alembert. The letter said: "Go on, sir, go on! The difficulties you meet will resolve themselves as you advance. Persevere, and the light will dawn and shine with increasing clearness upon your path." This striking passage made an impression upon the young mathematician's mind which he never forgot. It was a perpetual spur to his ambition, and came to him just in the nick of time. He resolved then and there that he would surmount every difficulty; that he would become a great mathematician himself. He tightened his

grip, and urged himself on until fame took him up and told the world the story of one of the greatest astronomers of his time.

Gen. Wilson told the writer that he was invited to dine at the White House only ten days before Lincoln's assassination, and in the evening they occupied a box in the theatre. Mr. Lincoln, as usual, paid very little attention to the play, as he said he went to the theatre to get rid of office seekers for a few hours. Arousing himself on this occasion, from an apparent nap, he slapped Gen. Wilson on the shoulder, and said, "I want to tell you a story about Grant and the mule. When Grant was a youngster, the circus came to his town, and he went to the tanner and asked him for a ticket. The hard-headed tanner refused him, so Grant, doing the next best thing, as I did myself, asked for the tent. The ring-master gave him an ugly mule, which no one could ride, and offered a prize of a dollar to any boy who would ride the animal around the ring, without being thrown off. Quite a number of boys tried it without success. Finally young Grant

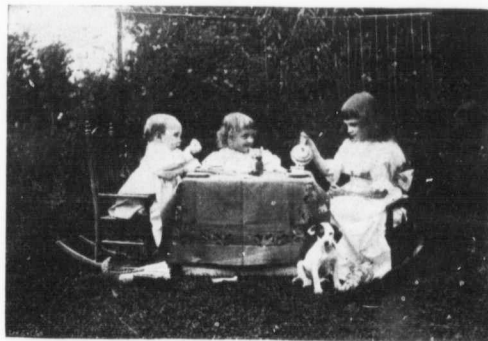
ined because they ranked high in college, that they would rank high in life, without great effort.

But they lacked the hanging on quality. They do not realize that, in practical life, the race is to the plodder, and not necessarily to the swift. This is why so many brilliant class leaders have become disappointments to their friends. The chain is no stronger than its weakest link, and lack of perseverance is a fatal deficiency which nothing else will supply.

Perhaps the greatest secret of success in life is due to those sticking qualities. Grip conquers the world,—the faculty of sticking and hanging on when everybody else lets go. It is the five minutes more which wins the battle,—the dogged perseverance, the determination of never giving up until death or victory comes.—*Success.*

#### A GREAT NURSE.

**Q**UETLY, and without public demonstration thrust upon her, a sweet old lady who, after Queen Victoria, is perhaps the best-loved woman in the



FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

ventured out from behind the seats where he was viewing the show, and said to the ring-master, 'I'd like to try that mule.' 'All right,' said the ring-master, and Grant got on, and rode nearly round the ring, but was finally thrown over the animal's head. The boy got up, threw off his coat and said, 'Let me try that again.' This time he got on with his back to the head of the animal, and clung with all his might to his tail, and in spite of all the animal could do held on, and won the dollar. Now," said Lincoln, "Grant will do the same at Richmond. He will hang on, he will never give up. He will try again and again till he succeeds."

Hanging on was one of Grant's strong points. He did not know how to let go. He would keep pegging away, no matter what the obstacles, until he triumphed.

The race is to the plodder. I have in mind several very brilliant graduates of last year and years before, who promised a great deal, and of whom friends predicted great things, but somehow they have disappointed all expectations, simply because they lacked sticking qualities. They are good scholars, and they imag-

ined because they ranked high in college, that they would rank high in life, without great effort.

British Isles, recently celebrated her eightieth birthday.

Florence Nightingale—she of the lovely name and lovelier life—has survived now for nearly half a century the achievements which made her name a household word. Ever since the Crimean War, when the wounded in the hospitals used to kiss her shadow on the wall as she passed, she has been at once paying the penalty of her labors and reaping the reward of them.

They left her an invalid for life. But from her couch she has directed the progress of the institution for the training of nurses founded by the fund raised for her by public subscription. The women of England started it, and every soldier in the army contributed a day's pay; for Tommy Atkins knows his friends. And besides this special interest, she, the founder of our system of modern army nursing, has had the joy of watching her work prosper, expand, and attain world-wide influence.

The ungrudging acceptance of the services of women nurses in the Civil War and our recent Spanish War was