

ever saw a scene like that," said the minister after it was over.

"And the attorney-general of the State, when I asked the Legislature to help me save homes, said, 'Pearson will be here two years from now to ask you to prohibit buttermilk.' Great logic that.

"Am I a buttermilk pup? Not much. But when I tried to get the Legislature to help me, a meeting was held in Portland and \$3,000 was raised and sent to Augusta. What for? I don't know, but brethren, how long would it take the church to raise \$3,000 to help on this fight?

"I say, with Dr. McAllister, that it is no use to pray for the coming of Christ if you are working for the kingdom of the devil. Not a bit of it.

"I am killing the liquor business in Portland, but what is the result? A candy dealer says his trade with the children is going up now. The kids gets the coppers now.

"A clothing dealer said his January trade was \$800 better than that of the year before, his February trade \$1,300 better than that of February, 1900, and his March trade \$1,800 better than a year ago.

"Even a good old Irish woman, who keeps a little store, said to me, 'Sheriff, I'm doing double the business I was. A year ago I had from \$40 to \$60 on my books every Saturday, and last Saturday only \$3.20.'

"This means something. I love Portland, and I'm helping it, not hurting it."

"For twenty-five years Portland was bedaubed with the brush of hypocrisy. I thank God it is so no longer.

"Brethren, good-bye, and God bless you all. I have talked plainly to you, but I'm a plain old man. I must catch my car. I have six extra men and three teams to-night, and, with the help of God, I'll make it a bad night for the rum-sellers. (Cries of 'Go on!') Think of what I've said, and pray for me.

"Take this last thought home. No Methodist church wants a nobody in the pulpit. Speak out; speak strong, brave words for God. Don't be afraid."

The Conference was greatly aroused by the address. Old members said they had never seen such a scene. From first to last the sheriff's speech was punctuated with round after round of applause, while volleys of hearty Methodist amens were almost constant. As Mr. Pearson left the church the ministers arose in a body and cheered him vociferously.—Pioneer.

The Birds.

BY REV. W. T. ELSING.

There are eight classes of birds. The first class are the Robbers. They live by murder and assassination, they are provided with fierce beaks, terrible claws, eyes like telescopes and powerful wings. They may be flying a thousand feet above the earth, but can see the smallest creatures upon which they feed, and will often fall with dreadful rapidity from the sky and strike their sharp claws into their prey, generally causing instant death. All animals which fall under the terrible blows of the robber birds, probably feel no more pain than Livingstone once felt when the big lion sprang out of the thicket and knocked him down, just as a cat strikes down a mouse. The great traveler's arm was crunched, but he felt no pain. Along the Atlantic coast, a fish hawk will often fly gracefully a few feet above the water and suddenly plunge into the sea and bring up a fish; while carrying the prize to its hungry children, an eagle, who has been watching the feathery fisherman, will shoot like an arrow through the sky and quickly overtake the hawk. A swift battle takes place in the upper air until the fish-hawk drops its prize and before the slippery prey reaches the water, the eagle strikes its sharp claws into it and carries the prize to its eyrie.

2. The Percher birds are most numerous. They make their homes in trees, hedges and bushes. Their feet are so formed that they are as much at home among the delicate twigs and boughs, as we are on the sidewalk. Why do not the little fellows fall from the swinging branches at night? God made their feet and they are so wonderful, that the birds are automatically locked on the branches when they sleep and cannot fall off.

3. The Climbers delight in running about on the perpendicular trunks of trees, their toes hold like anchors and the tail feathers are so stiff, that their feet and tail form a perfect tripod. The heads of the climbers are very strong, and their beaks are sharp. Their tongues run from the back of the neck over the top of the head, and when fully stretched out are half as long as the bird's body. The end of the tongue is like a harpoon, with which they spear their prey and drag it out of the tree. In California many of the pine trees are pock-marked with small holes; these holes are made by woodpeckers and in the holes the woodpeckers place acorns. Various insects deposit their eggs in the acorns; when the eggs hatch, the woodpecker pulls out the young grubs and that is the way the woodpecker fattens his pork. In the desert portions of Arizona, where trees are scarce, the woodpecker drills his holes in the telegraph posts for the same purpose. In the American Museum of Natural History of New York, there is a telegraph post completely pitted with holes of this character.

4. The Columbae, or dove family, have a remarkable way of preparing the food for their little ones. Young

doves and pigeons are entirely helpless when they first come from the shell. They are blind and naked and would perish if they had to eat the hard grain on which the older birds feed. The food is prepared in the crops of the parents. A milky fluid is secreted by means of which the hard grain is softened and fitted for the young. It is an interesting performance to see the parents force the food from their crops to feed the young ones.

5. The Scrappers scratch for a living. Most of us belong to this family. Their feet are wonderfully well adapted for their work. So strong is their instinct to scratch, that an old mother hen will without fail scratch the bread and milk out of the dish which we provide for the little chicks, unless it is placed under a wire covering, through which the mother can push her head and carry the food for the brood. The little chicks only a few hours out of the shell, begin to scratch, although your crumbs of bread and hard-boiled egg may be lying on a clean plate.

6. The Runners have long legs, and run so swiftly that hunters can overtake them only by means of relays of fleet horses. When ostriches are pursued in this way, they will run as long as their strength holds out, and then stick their heads in the sand and are thus easily caught.

7. The Waders have long, bare legs, and go about like boys with their pants pulled up. They are at home on the margins of lakes and the banks of rivers. They generally have a small web at the base of their feet which prevents them from sinking in the soft mud. Their bills are admirably adapted for pulling their food from the deep mud.

8. The Swimmers have webbed feet, and their feathers are rendered waterproof by means of oil glands on the lower portion of the back. A dead duck soon becomes water soaked, but while living the feathers are perfectly dry.

II. Some peculiarities all birds have.

1. The shape of birds is remarkable. A bird's body is boat shaped. As boats are made to sail through water, so birds are made to sail through the air. No man would think of making a square boat, unless he intended it for a dumping scow, and, therefore, He who made the birds, constructed every one of the 12,000 species on the boat plan.

2. The bones of birds are wonderful. They are hollow, thereby insuring lightness and strength. The bones as well as certain sacks between the muscles are filled with hot air, thus enabling the bird to fly more easily. Hunters have sometimes found it impossible to strangle birds to death, because they were breathing through a broken bone. Birds have no teeth, teeth would mean jaws and a larger head than most birds carry on their shoulders. A large and heavy head would be inconvenient in flying. Birds crush their food in a strong, tough, muscular sack, called the gizzard, which contains usually a good supply of grit.

3. The feathers of birds call for special attention. They are light, warm, beautiful and fit nicely, which is more than you can say of the clothing some people wear. The birds cannot go to a tailor or dressmaker for a new suit, so the good God gives them a new outfit every year. The old worn out feathers gradually drop away and new ones take their place. If the feathers of land birds were to drop off suddenly, the birds would fall a prey to their enemies. If the quill feathers in one wing should all drop out at once, while those on the other side remained intact, the bird would be like a boat with only one oar. The land birds never lose more than three or four quill feathers at one time, so they are always able to fly and the feathers drop off in pairs. There are many other interesting things about them which show us clearly that the great Father who cares for them and us, made these wonderful pilgrims of the sky.—New York Observer.

The Rock at the Bottom of the Church.

BY REV. DAVID JAMES BURRELL, D. D.

The truth discovered and announced by Peter, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," was of sufficient importance to be laid down as the foundation of a perpetual fabric. It is a compendium of all Christian doctrine, a great immovable Rock of Truth. And it was meet that he who announced it should by virtue of his discovery be called Petros, that is, a stone hewn out of the Rock. Think what this manifesto means: "Thou art the Christ;" the One appointed from the beginning of time and set apart in prophecy to the holy office of saving a ruined race; the great High Priest, whose locks glisten with the anointing oil of God, whose hand alone can draw aside the curtain of the holy place and sprinkle there, in solitude and anguish, the blood that atones for sin; the Messiah so long foretold and prayed for "whom Kings and Prophets longed to see, yet died without the sight;" the Seed of woman, who, according to the early promise made in Eden, was to bruise the serpent's head; the Daysman, the Atlas, who should carry the world's grief and bear its sorrows, and thus be called the Prince of Peace for bringing man and God into an enduring at-one-ment; the Healer of the sick, the Raiser of the dead, the Uplifter of the fallen, the sinner's Friend, the soul's Redeemer, the world's Advocate with an offended God; all this and vastly more was embraced in that avowal, "Thou art the Christ!"

And we have its complement in those other significant words, "Thou art the Son of the living God;" for Christ

without Godhood would be as powerless as dead Charlemagne sitting in his Mausoleum with the sceptre lying at his feet. It is not enough that he shall be Christos, i. e., anointed to the holy office of Saviour; it is not enough that he shall be willing to save, he must be able "even unto the uttermost;" and to this end he must be "very God of very God."

You may exalt the love of Jesus till it becomes the most sublime passion the world has ever known, yet if it be not linked with the power of the great throne that love has in it no more saving virtue than the nestling of a baby to its mother's breast. Beautiful above all words are these, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest;" yet they are as vain as the murmuring wind unless within them and above them can be heard the sound of "the trumpet waxing louder and louder," the assuring voice of Omnipotence. If this pure, warm-hearted man of Nazareth were nothing more than man, no more than "Christ" in the human sense, if he was not also "Son of the living God," then our sin-burdened world, so covered over with the altars of its dead saviors, has no room for his worship, since a temple in his honor would be but an other temple of despair.

But Christ is God; and upon this duplicate truth, Christ, Son of God, a church has been reared with spires pointing heavenward and foundations so broad and deep as to resist forever the undermining forces of time and the convulsions of death and hell. Here is the ground of our assurance that Christ's Kingdom is to be perpetual. It is built upon the Truth; the Truth incarnate in Bethlehem, the Truth revealed in the wonders of the Cross. A church founded on the primacy of Peter might well be apprehensive for its future. But if founded on Christ, his word is pledged, "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."—Christian Intelligencer.

Joyous Service.

BY REV. T. L. CUYLER, D. D.

There are two ways of serving Jesus Christ. The one is the service of a bondman, the other is the service of a lover; the one is a drudgery, the other is a delight. Notice the difference between persons who work only for money-pay, and those who work for the love of what they are doing, or for those for whom they labor. The hireling looks at his watch, and says, "It is six o'clock; my day's toll is done;" and he flings down his tools and hastens homeward. But an enthusiastic artist is so enamored with his picture that he is willing to sit till midnight at his easel. Jacob served seven years for Rachel, and they seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had for her.

It is a sin and a shame for a Christian to be wretched. "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say, rejoice," exclaimed an old scarred and storm-beaten hero who was very soon to be a martyr. There was not a happier soul than his in all Rome. Would you be a happy Christian? Get the heart full of Jesus. Would you be a thorough and effective Christian? Get the heart full of Jesus. Put your love for your Saviour so deep down that it will underlie all other affections—so deep that no frost of unbelief can freeze it—so deep that the devil cannot get at it, or the daily frictions of life wear it out. Your heart must be in your religion, and your religion in your heart, or else the service of your Master will be toil and task-work.

Jesus Christ asks nothing of us, and is pleased with nothing from us, that is not rendered with the "willing mind" of grateful affection. Love rejoiceth to bear burdens for him who bore the bitter agonies of the cross for us. Love never reluctantly murmurs: "Must I do this? Must I give that money?" Rather does it look up into that sweet, divine face and say, "Master, may I do this for Thee?" In my humble opinion no man is fit to be a minister who ever wants anybody else to preach for him as long as he can do it himself; he would as soon ask anybody to eat a dish of strawberries for him.

There must be something wrong with you, my friend, if you are pretending to work for Jesus, and yet find no delight in it. How can you possess Jesus Christ in your heart and not be happy over it? Joy is love looking at its treasures. A Christian's joy is in possessing Christ, and in the expectation of seeing him, and being with him forever; and every service you render him in doing good to other people and saving souls will help to fill up your jewel-casket. If you say to me, "I have not enjoyed my religion much lately," then I would suggest to you that probably you have not had much religion to enjoy.

Christ's smile on his faithful, loving servants is a constant sunshine. Deserters, shirks, and backsliders never have him; they doom themselves to an Arctic midnight. The love of Jesus streaming down into your soul creates heat, and that heat generates spiritual power. The love of Jesus kindles joy. Close contact with Christ and constant work for Christ will keep your heart up to a red glow. That is the charm of an Endeavor meeting in a time of revival. It becomes like an avary of singing birds; every one has a new song in his or her mouth.

I know of some anguish Christians that hardly have strength enough to shake. They live down in the swampy regions where fever and ague prevail, and the air is loaded with malaria. The water is bad, it comes out of the puddles of worldliness, the sewerage is bad and gets clogged up with sin, the atmosphere is bad, and chokes prayer, and takes the very life out of a Christian. Move on! Get back to your duty! Take a good tonic dose of Bible truth every morning. Lay hold of your work again, and come out into the blessed sunshine of Christ's countenance. Then once more, with a clean conscience and a good appetite, you will take a perfect delight in serving your Saviour. The joy of your Lord will be your strength.—Christian Endeavor World.