

JUDGING AND TATTLING.

I remember a humble little incident during my early pastorate in Philadelphia. I was called to see a dying man, and went at two o'clock in the morning. I had not retired for the night, and I had on my best suit. I prayed with the man and talked with him, instructed him concerning the world to come, and led him to find his Saviour. While I was in the house the doctor called me and said he had discovered that it was a case of most malignant small-pox. He said the only safe thing for us to do was to be fumigated, and bury the clothes we wore beyond any chance of spreading the contagion. So he sent out for chemicals, and we went into another room and were thoroughly fumigated. As I did not dare to go into my home with those clothes upon me, in which I had been in the room for an hour with the disease, I went into the back yard and buried them. It was only a week afterwards when a very simple but earnest brother came to me and said, "Pastor, some of us have been feeling that you are getting very extravagant. You spend a great deal of money, and you ought to be more careful. We know that you earn a great deal of money, but it will discourage the church for you to spend so much money on yourself." I said, "What is the trouble?" He said, "Your tailor told one of the members of the church that in two months you had ordered two full suits of broadcloth." This was murder! I have never had an opportunity to talk to the tailor since, because I did what you would do—went somewhere else with the next order. But I have thought I ought to have gone to him. If I had felt angry about it I should. But how many of the humble things of life are thus murderously used without seeking any explanation.—Selected.

REFINED BY AFFLICTION.

(By Newell Dwight Hills.)

With more than a father's affection, with more than a mother's love, God sends pain to men. Suffering comes under Divine commission. Sorrows do not riot through life. Men are not atoms buffeted hither and thither. Troubles are appointed to refine away our grossness; to transmute selfishness into self-sacrifice; to destroy vice, to transfigure all our life. Refused, troubles bruise without softening; crush without maturing. Accepted and rightly used they change their nature and become joys. Tears are seeds; planted, they blossom into joy and gladness.

In his celebrated painting, Delaroche has assembled a court of universal genius. Around an imaginary art tribunal stand the sages, orators, philosophers, reformers, and martyrs, who have achieved eminence. Strange, passing strange, that those who stand in the forefront, pre-eminent for their ability, are alike pre-eminent for their sufferings! Denied his ambition and the promised land, Moses leads the immortal band. Blind Homer feels his way. Then comes Paul, flogged and stoned out of all semblance of a man. Exiled Dante too is there, whose inferno in life best interprets his inferno of death. There too is Milton, broken-hearted and blind. Now comes One who leads all that goodly company. His name is "above every name." And whence his supremacy? That is his secret: "His visage was marred more than any man's and his form more than the sons of men."—Commonwealth.

SON'S WIFE AND DAUGHTER'S HUSBAND.

The strange contrariety of human choice makes a deeply sore point, over which maternal love has to pass daily and hourly, when it sees son or daughter deliberately choosing for a lifetime a nature in which flaws and incurable imperfections are plain to all but the lover's eyes. Sad forebodings possess the mother's heart as she ponders over a selfish girl, loved for the beauty that must soon go, or an earth-bound, cold woman who has charmed by a flippant wit which argues a somewhat shrewish temper; or sees her daughter place her life in the keeping of one in whom she can never find help in time of need, or readily promise herself to a man in whom self reigns supreme.

Yet, if the impelling force of attraction

becomes irresistible, and the decision is deliberate, nothing but sin ought to make opposition even reasonable. Only the heart of a man or woman knows its own necessities; no one can determine for them that which is the outgrowth of their natures. When with a reluctance which is a pain too deep to have yet found a name, a mother has to welcome daughters and sons so chosen, she can only hope to play her hard role by making her law that love which "seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil," "but suffereth long and is kind." Of all "home thoughts" there seems no ground for deeper or more urgent consideration than these relations call forth.—Home Thoughts.

MOTHER LOVE.

In Wisconsin a few years ago, a train was derailed. The burning sleepers rolled down the embankment and piled one upon the other. A man, in passing, heard a sound from the window of an overturned sleeper. Stooping down, he saw a woman's bloody hand just breaking through the glass. "Oh, madam! would to God I could save you, but I can't!" he cried. She reached back and brought out a little babe, and with her poor burned and lacerated hands held it up, saying, "No, but you can save my babes; the lockets will tell they have a father," and she handed the second, and, sinking back, expired with a smile. What more beautiful figure could He use! Will a mother forget? But then a mother might forget. In a recent flood the waters rose above the cottage of a poor woman with one little babe. Men came in boats to take her off, but the current was swift; they could not stop, and she dared not jump. They came again, and cried: "Jump! jump!" But she dared not jump. She only cried and hugged the child. Again they came and cried, with oaths, "If you don't jump in this time you can stay there." And as the boat swung by she threw her child into the flood, but jumped and saved herself. When she was seated in the boat, she said, "Where is my child?" "You dropped it into the flood," they answered. And through the night she wept and sobbed, "I forgot my child to save. Oh, that I had died for my child!" "Ah, yes," says God, "she may forget, yet will I not forget thee."—T. D. Kerr.

STILL, STILL WITH THEE.

Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh.
When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than daylight,
Dawns with the sweetest consciousness,
I am with Thee.

Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born:
Alone with Thee, in breathless adoration
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose, beneath Thy wings o'er shadowing,
But sweeter still to wake and find
Thee there.

So shall it be at last in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee:
Oh! in that hour, and fairer than day's dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee!

—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Some murmur when the sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue.
And some with thankful love are filled
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy, gild
The darkness of their night.

—Ex.

The world moves by personality. All the great currents of history have flowed from persons. Organization is powerful, but no organization has ever accomplished anything until a person has stood at the centre of it and filled it with his thought and with his life.—Henry Van Dyke.

A LETTER FROM THE PLANTATION

La Finca de SAN SILVERIO EL OBISPO

PROPIEDAD DEL REPUBLIC DEVELOPMENT CO., NEW YORK, U. S. A.

G. A. TUCKER, ADMINISTRATOR, JAS. RADE WATSON, HORTICULTURIST.

TUXTEPEC, OAX., APRIL 22ND, 1902.

MESSRS. MITCHELL, SCHILLER & BARNES, INC., NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR SIRS: I am glad to be able to report progress on this season's work. We have had a plentiful supply of labor, and have been able to select a full crew of efficient men. The new clearings at Camp 1 will be completed this week. All of the other camps are well up with their work with the single exception of Camp V, which still has the necessary time to complete the clearing assigned it. Our carpenter and his assistants are busy on a new corn warehouse which will hold 800 bushels. Its modern bins will be practically weevil proof. Two new dwelling houses for the men are rapidly nearing completion.

At the beginning of the rainy season, not later than June 1st, our next corn will be planted, as well as this season's rubber. We are just beginning to harvest the dry season corn crop, which will be used principally for home consumption, as the ears are smaller than those which grow in the rainy season. We still have two hundred bushels left of our last October harvest, which we are selling rapidly in small lots at \$1.50 a bushel.

In the barren region, between here and the coast, is a large population depending on the plantations in the rubber belt for corn, beans, rice, etc. The Obispo affords us easy access to this market. The demand for our various products is greater than we can supply. The buyers land merchandise from the large river towns at our very door in exchange for corn in the field, saving us the cost of freight and the time a buying trip would consume.

We have three varieties of young cacao (chocolate) plants, six inches high, in the nursery, of this year's planting. We will set out twenty-five acres of ideal bottom land this year in this valuable product. As our shade is unusually even and the soil rich, moist, and well drained, we will plant five thousand seed at the stake, where the trees will permanently remain, thus avoiding the shock from which these delicate trees suffer so severely when transplanted. The plants in the nursery will be held in reserve to fill out wherever failures may occur. We have several thousand vanilla slips (two varieties), which will be nicely rooted during the present dry season, and will be planted as soon as conditions are favorable. Our nursery also contains rows of young orange, lemon, pomelos, coconuts, mango, papaya and numerous other tropical fruit trees awaiting the proper season for transplanting.

As to corn, Mr. Donaldson's figures are correct. We get about forty bushels in the rainy season and thirty bushels in the dry. These amounts could be increased by proper cultivation, by ploughing, etc. We hope to prepare some land especially next year for proper cultivation, but at present must use Mexican methods.

All the beans we harvested this year were raised on the same land with the second or dry season crop of corn. We were very busy at that time, and did not plant a large crop nor as early as we should. Beans will yield about 900 pounds to the acre, (we got only about 800 pounds owing to the late planting), and we are selling out at six cents net per pound. They sometimes fall to four or five cents. It is possible that corn is a little higher priced this year than it will average. Perhaps fifty cents (gold) per bushel would be a fairer price than sixty cents.

Rice will yield one thousand to twelve hundred pounds to the acre, and is worth seven cents, Mex., to eight cents per pound. We can get a crop of corn off the same land after the rice is taken off. We expect to cut the timber on one hundred to two hundred acres of land this year that is particularly good for rice, so that next year it will burn up clean, when we can plough it and plant it in rice.

Our location is unusually good for selling short crops. We have Tuxtepec on one side, the railroad on another, and the plains on the third. The plains people come here to buy many things.

On the whole, I am more than pleased with the conditions on the plantation, and we may rest assured of continued progress for the remainder of the year.

Yours very truly,

MAXWELL RIDDLE.

Paid 7 per cent. January 2, 1902. 4 per cent. Guaranteed

OBISPO RUBBER PLANTATION COMPANY

Shares \$300. Payable \$5 Monthly, or \$60 Yearly.

INTEREST AND DIVIDENDS COMMENCE IMMEDIATELY.

Simply cut out

this coupon and

mail it to us

with your name and address,

or write to us for prospectus,

pamphlets, and book of photo-

graphs showing progress

already made on the Obispo

Plantation.



To JOHN A. BARNES, Treasurer.

MITCHELL, SCHILLER & BARNES, INC.
EXCHANGE COURT BLDG., NEW YORK CITY
Send full information, prospectus, pamphlets
and book of photographs, showing progress al-
ready made on the Obispo Plantation to

(Signature.)

(Address.)

Date.....

MITCHELL, SCHILLER & BARNES, INC., INVESTMENTS

1119-1121 Exchange Court Building,
NEW YORK CITY.

Permanent representatives for the sale of high class investment securities wanted.