

reads as follows and is well worth study and digestion:

"There is one proposition which the experience of life burns into my soul; it is this, that man should beware of letting his religion spoil his morality. In a thousand ways—some great, some small, but all subtle—we are daily tempted to that great sin. To speak of such a thing seems dishonoring to God; but it is not religion as it comes from him—it is religion with the strange and evil mixtures which it gathers from abiding in us."

The accusation contained in this extract is one that is made very commonly against the Jesuits of the Roman Church. Among others, however, too frequently the thought comes in that the end justifies the means, and so in the attainment of so-called religious results, ethical principles may be violated. There may possibly be morality without religion. We are not quite sure, however, that this may be. We are sure that there can be no true religion without morality. Religion means to bind back to God. We cannot be bound to God if our religion does not cause us to conform to the principles of moral living. Disveiled from this it becomes mere vaporing that has no real vital influence upon the life. We want to see to it that our religion is a vital force influencing our living and our doing. That it may thus be it must mix with morality and must never take a position antagonistic thereto.—Baptist Commonwealth.

"The Holy City."

Thirty men, red-eyed and dishevelled, lined up before a judge of the San Francisco police court. It was the regular morning company of "drunks and disorderlies." Some were old and hardened, others hung their heads in shame. Just as the momentary disorder attending the bringing in of the prisoners quieted down, a strange thing happened. A strong, clear voice from below began singing:—

"Last night I lay a sleeping,
There came a dream so fair."

Last night! It had been for them all a nightmare or a drunken stupor. The song was such a contrast to the horrible fact that no one could fail of a sudden shock at the thought the song suggested.

"I stood in old Jerusalem,
Beside the temple there,"

the song went on. The judge had paused. He made a quiet inquiry. A former member of a famous opera company, known all over the country, was awaiting trial for forgery. It was he who was singing in his cell.

Meantime the song went on, and every man in line showed emotion. One or two dropped on their knees, one boy at the end of the line, after a desperate effort of self-control, leaned against the wall, buried his face against his olded arms, and sobbed, "O mother, mother!"

The sobs, cutting to the very heart the men who heard, and the song, still welling its way through the court room, blended in the hush. Then one man protested.

"Judge," said he, "have we got to submit to this? We're here to take our punishment, but this——" He, too, began to sob.

It was impossible to proceed with the business of the court, yet the judge gave no order to stop the song. The police sergeant, after a surprised effort to keep the men in line, stepped back and waited with the rest. The song moved on to its climax:—

"Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Sing, for the night is o'er!
Hosanna in the highest!
Hosanna for evermore!"

In an ecstasy of melody the last words rang out, and then there was silence.

The judge looked into the faces of the men before him. There was not one who was not touched by the song; not one in whom some better impulse was not stirred. He did not call the cases singly—a kind word of advice, and he dismissed them all. No man was fined or sentenced to the workhouse that morning. The song had done more good than punishment could have accomplished.—Selected.

Unconscious Decline.

There is a striking passage in Hosea that tells of the tragic possibility of the unconscious moral and spiritual decay. Speaking of Ephraim the prophet says in suggestive symbolism; "Ephraim hath mixed himself among the people; Ephraim is a cake not turned. Strangers have deposed his strength, and he knoweth it not; yea, grey hairs are here and there upon him, yet he knoweth it not." Even a child can understand the force of this illustration. It tells of a people destined by God to be a vitalizing force among the nations, but because of the lack of single-hearted consecration, yielding to the gravitation of the surrounding influences, and gradually dragged down to their lower level. And the sadly suggestive thing is the unconsciousness of the decline. Ephraim is not aware of how these alien forces have robbed him of mortal stamina, and others have noted before himself the infallible signs of moral decrepitude and decay.

And this has an application far beyond the immediate local reference. The Christian is called to shine as a light in the world and to be as the salt of the earth. And this is the effect of the normal and healthy Christian life.

Not only is there steady upward growth but the life tells helpfully upon the lives of others. But the danger against which every Christian has to guard is that placed in an atmosphere that is not congenial to spiritual growth and surrounded by antagonistic influences in his daily life, the inner life shall be dimmed, the conscience shall become blunted, and the divine life for lack of nourishment shall become dwarfed and stunted so that the whole trend is downward rather than upward.

A minister in a frontier town once said to the writer: "Our position here is a hard one; we have but little helpful companionship; we have to face a dead wall of stolid indifference; we see so many forms of unblushing evil that it becomes almost a matter of course, and one is sometimes led to ask himself, Am I really lifting men up or am I myself being dragged down to their level?" And this is something which in a greater or less degree every one is called to face. The influences of the daily round are not such as to stimulate and nourish the spiritual life, but rather to blunt the perceptions and lower the vitality. And the tragic thing is that the downgrade movement may be so gradual that it is apparent to others before it is to ourselves that we are not the men we once were.

There can be no sadder reflection as one looks to a point in the past than that there has been a fading of the ideals; a waning of the enthusiasm; a dimming of the vision; that the love has grown cold and that the grasp of the eternal verities has weakened. It is only as we cultivate in our lives "the habit of the presence of Christ" and feel the touch of his hand upon us as a constant incentive to good and a restraint from evil in its manifold forms that we shall be saved from the dwarfing influences of our daily environment and our pathway be as "the light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."—Presbyterian

Wer Weiss Wie Nahe Mir Mein Ende?

This hymn was sung at the first meeting of St. Mark's Lutheran church, New York City, after the loss of the steamer "General Slocum", in which so many members of that church perished.

Who knows how near my end may be?
Time speeds away and death comes on.
How swiftly, ah, how suddenly,
May death be here, and life be gone!
My God, for Jesus' sake I pray
Thy peace may bless thy dying day.
O Father, cover all my sins
With Jesus' merits, who alone
The pardon that I covet wins,
And makes his long-sought rest my own.
My God, for Jesus' sake I pray
Thy peace may bless my dying day.
Then death may come or tarry yet;
I know in Christ I perish not.
He never will his own forget;
He gives me robes without a spot.
My God, for Jesus' sake I pray
Thy peace may bless my dying day.
And thus I live in God at peace,
And die without a thought of fear,
Content to take what God decrees,
For through his Son my faith is clear;
His grace shall be in death my stay,
And peace shall bless my dying day.

—Watchman

Character and Opportunity.

Environment and Providence do create a nature nor form a character; they develop what is already in man; even as the sun and shower do not form a rose nor shape a lily—they call out what is latent in seed. A man's business, education, society and experiences develop what is in his nature and reveal the tendencies of his character. Joseph was clean before he was assailed; temptation only manifested him. Samuel was in the way of obeying God before he distinguished the voice of God as speaking to him. Daniel was a praying man before the den of lions yapped on him; Judas was a traitor before the hot kiss of of treason was given; Paul was grand and heroic before the trials revealed him; Lincoln was a patriot and a statesman before he was president. Time and discipline prepare men; crises revealed them. The light and society of Nazareth no more affected the character of Jesus than does the soot stain the sunbeam, because there was in him an instinctive repulsion to what was wrong and ignoble. He alone who first created man can regenerate him into a new nature; it is the supreme determination of the will of man, stimulated and quickened by the grace of God that fashions and builds a holy character. If any good comes out of Nazareth it must be because good went into it; Nazareth developed and revealed.—H. O. Rolands, D. D.

Boston Letter.

In the death of Dr. Donald, rector of Trinity Episcopal church, Boston mourns the loss of one of her foremost clergymen. He was the successor of the lamented Phillips Brooks

The writer has been interested in the place Harvard University occupies among the Educational Universities of the country. Perhaps readers of the "MESSENGER AND VISITOR" may note with interest a comparative statement regarding the number of students and the amount of productive funds at the disposal of the leading Universities and Colleges and

individual technical schools of the United States. Only those having more than 2000 students or \$1,000,000 or more endowment are mentioned. They are placed in the list according to the number of students.

Students Endowment

Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.	5,124	\$13,119,538
Columbia " Manhattan Borough N. Y.,	4,036	13,364,977
University of Michigan, Ann Harbor,	3,800	545,940
" " Minnesota, Minneapolis,	3,550	1,307,219
" " Chicago, Chicago,	3,520	7,372,559
Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.,	3,121	
University of Illinois, Urbana,	3,000	561,895
Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.,	2,980	6,891,627
University of California, Berkeley,	2,932	3,035,027
Yale University, New Haven, Conn.,	2,680	6,000,000
Carnegie Institute, New York,		10,000,000
North Western University, Evanston, Ill,	2,629	2,950,000
University of Wisconsin, Madison,	2,619	500,000
" " Pennsylvania, Philadelphia	2,475	3,384,705
" " Nebraska, Lincoln,	2,256	
College City N. Y. Manhattan Borough	2,126	
Washington University St. Louis Mo.	2,086	4,600,678
Syracuse " Syracuse, N. Y.,	1,800	1,399,506
Girard College, Philadelphia,	1,693	15,987,593
Mass. Institution Technology, Boston	1,430	1,784,234
Leland Stanford Univ. Palo Alto, Cal.	1,378	16,000,000
Oberlin College, Oberlin, O.,	1,357	1,666,787
University of Cincinnati, Cin. O.,	1,287	3,357,308
Tulane University, New Orleans, La.	1,145	1,231,000
University of Missouri, Columbia,	1,021	1,235,849
Armour Institution, Tech. Chicago, Ill.	1,000	2,500,000
Tufts College, Somerville, Mass.,	900	1,300,000
Brown University, Providence, R. I.,	899	1,874,207
Western Reserve Univ. Cleveland, O.,	800	1,300,000
Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H.,	768	2,500,000
Vanderbilt University, Nashville Tenn.	754	1,300,000
Johns Hopkins " Baltimore Md.,	651	2,500,000
Amherst College, Amherst, Mass.,	410	1,700,000
University of Maine, Orono,	399	1,044,901
Williams College, Williamston, Mass,	393	1,664,887
Coldgate University, Hamilton N. Y.,	360	1,500,000
Wesleyan " Middletown, Conn.,	350	1,475,615
Gen. Theo. Sem. Manhattan Borough,	144	2,150,445
Princeton Theo. Sem., Princeton, N. J,	132	1,367,747
Haverford College, Haverford, Pa.,	125	1,000,000

It will be observed from the above table that Harvard is away in the lead in the point of numbers and that Leland Stanford University is most heavily endowed.

There are 9 institutions which have between 2000 and 3000 students; between 3000 and 4000; 1 between 4000 and 5000; and 1 between 5000 and 6000.

The aggregate of productive funds belonging to the institutions having not less than \$1,000,000 endowment is \$128,894,379. Of this number 17 have an endowment of \$1,000,000 or more; 5 between \$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000, 1 comes in the \$4,000,000 list; 2 in the \$6,000,000 column; 1 claims the \$7,000,000 mark 1 \$10,000,000; 2 \$13,000,000 1 \$15,000,000; and one \$16,000,000.

Besides the 9 institutions mentioned above as having between 1000 and 2000 students, there are 23 which have more than 1000 students, but having less than \$1,000,000 endowment, they were not included in the list. For instance Booker T. Washington's famous Tuskegee Institute, situated in Tuskegee, Ala., has 1,253 students but only \$252,971 available funds.

Very few pastor's remain in the city through August. This scribe is spending the month at Hampton, N. H., which with its magnificent beach only 2 miles distant makes a delightful place for rest and recuperation.

A. F. NEWCOMB.

Aug. 12.

George William Curtis, in his sketch of Longfellow in his "Homes of American Authors," says: "The secret of his popularity as a poet is probably that of all similar popularity—namely, the fact that his poetry expresses a universal sentiment in the simplest and most melodious manner. Each of his most noted poems is the song of a feeling common to every mind in moods into which every mind is liable to fall. If some elegiac poets have strung rosaries of tears, there is a weakness of woe in their verses which repels; but the quiet, pensive thought—the twilight of the mind, in which the little facts of life are saddened, in view of their relation to the eternal laws, time and change—this is the meditation and mourning of every manly heart, and this is the alluring and permanent charm of Longfellow's poetry." This is the quality in the poem above which Curtis describes. In simple terms the poet puts a universal experience. Human life is but the rising and ebbing of the tides and at each fall there are those who never return. For each and all the petition may well be offered, may I be ready for the time when the tide shall ebb for me—Baptist Commonwealth.

The tide rises, the tide falls,
The twilight darkens, the curlew calls;
Along the sea-sands damp and brown
The traveler hastens toward the town,
And the tide rises, the tide falls,
Darkness settles on roofs and walls,
But the sea, the sea in the darkness calls;
The little waves, with their soft, white hands,
Efface the footprints in the sand,
And the tide rises, the tide falls,
The morning breaks; the steeds in their stalls
Stamp and neigh, as the hostler calls;
The day returns, but nevermore
Returns the traveller to the shore,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.—Longfellow.