

but not about the geography and racial conditions of the people in the concrete to whom the Gospel must be sent. He preaches the observance of civil laws, but cares not for the origin of governments. He will not deign to look at political economy, but goes on preaching that poverty is a virtue and that sin is inherent in riches. In his desire to understand salvation and to preach it to a lost world, he refuses to study any of the recent discoveries in human knowledge. The manifold character of man, his many-sidedness, does not always appeal to the theologian. Social problems are for the politician, the agitator, the—anybody to whom world matters are given.

The preacher replies that his business and duty are to preach salvation to individuals and not to societies. Granted. But the contention is that whatever elevates society elevates the individual members of it and makes the latter more eager to hear the gospel than when steeped in ignorance and social infamy. You say individual salvation means at least the evolution of the unit of which each is a part and that meets the Biblical requirement? Exactly as the sociologist would have it—work with and for the individual and the social unit as well.

The object of the churches is the salvation of the lost. The object of the ministry is to give aid in service to that end. While it is not necessarily the business of the preacher to be a sociologist for scientific purposes, yet he should be for his work as a reformer. The highest reformation possible in any life is soul regeneration. Cleanliness is not a synonym of godliness, but uncleanness will inevitably lead to ungodliness. Shall the pastor preach salvation and care not about filth in the streets through which the parishioner must go?

Unbindered the world's population increases in a geometric ratio. While the world lasts the preacher must preach. Of all people the preacher should know the conditions that govern society. He should know for then he could sympathize. Knowledge is an antidote to a zealous bigot. Sociology calls all sciences, even philosophy to its service. Whatever makes a preacher know men better will open their hearts to him. Whatever opens his heart leads toward salvation—the end of every existence.—The Argus.

Building the East River Bridge.

The caissons for this bridge are essentially large rectangular bottomless boxes with air-tight wooden sides, which were sunk to the required position on the river bottom by means of stone and concrete built on top. Through each caisson vertical steel cylinders or shafts were carried up above the surface of the water, and terminated in small chambers called air-locks, each having one outside door and one door into the shaft, both air-tight. After the caisson was sunk powerful engines forced air into the caisson until it expelled all the water, then men entered the air-lock, closed the outer door, and opening the shaft door, descended to the caisson. Emerging, they entered the air-lock and first closed the shaft door, after which the outer door of the lock could be opened without permitting the air in the caisson to escape. Both doors of an air-lock were never opened simultaneously. Similarly materials could be passed in and out of the caissons through other locks and shafts with quick-opening doors.

The 73x69-foot Brooklyn north caisson is fifty-three feet high, with double walls and roof of solid 12x12-inch planed timber, strongly bolted together, and sheathed with heavy plank. The joints between the timbers are thoroughly caulked with oakum and pitch, and the vertical outside corners are bound with heavy iron plates. The space, seven feet high, below the deck or roof, is called the working chamber, and is traversed by several solid bulkhead walls of heavy timber. All of the caisson were partly built on shore and launched like ships. One of them, weighing 900 tons, was towed to position, and a heavy wall of piles was built partly around it to protect it from the violent tidal current, and the sides were extended up to the required height. It was then filled with concrete above the roof of the working-chamber and inside walls, which, as they gradually sank, were further extended by sections of water-tight timber cofferdams that were secured to the caisson by iron loops and wedges in such a manner that after the work was completed a diver could go down outside and easily detach them, and allow the timber to float off and be recovered.—Harper's Weekly.

Why Doesn't the Pastor Call?

You say, my dear but sad-faced sister, that "the pastor is reaching a good many new people and building up the church, but that he does not seem to be much of a hand to call on his own members." Well, now, I do not know your pastor, and do not want to excuse him if he is neglecting his duty, but you make me think of something. No, it has nothing to do with preachers or churches, but it came to my memory while you were talking.

It occurred in the World's Fair year, down in St. John, N. B. It was a local yacht-race, but one of unusual

interest. Many sailboats and a tug or two had accompanied the racers part way down the harbor. Then the wind died out. Especially about the yachts there was a dead calm. The spectators, taking advantage of what little breeze they had, started back toward the city, the tugs going too. Suddenly a squall swept over the harbor. The boats that were making headway, and so would obey the tiller, "came up in the wind" and met the gale in safety. No so with the becalmed yachts. The wind struck them flat and motionless, but not for several minutes did the other boats observe that the racers had disappeared.

When the word was passed, however, that the yachts had capsized, the tugboat, now a mile and more from the scene of the disaster, quickly put about, and madly dashed through the spray and the choppy waves that had been aroused by the sudden storm. Coming up toward the place where the first boat had gone down, five men were descried. Carleton fishermen they were, born on land, but bred on the water, who were struggling with the white-capped seas; but, as the boat came near them, they pointed further out to sea and shouted: "Don't mind us. We can swim. Go pick up the other fellows if they are above water."

Of course, sister, this probably has no application to your case and your pastor's. It just came into my mind while you were talking that it would be a fine thing if church members were strong and heroic enough to say to their pastors: "Don't mind us. We can swim. Go pick up the poor fellows who are sinking without hope, without God."—Judson Kempton in Christian Endeavor World.

Power to the Faint.

Isaiah begins the fortieth chapter of his prophecy with the words: "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God." In the twenty-eighth verse he declares that the Lord "fainteth not, neither is weary." Then, in the twenty-ninth verse, he declares that this unwearied One takes a special interest in those who are unlike himself—that to the faint he gives power. Then, after declaring that even young men grow weary, he is inspired to reveal to us the secret of rejuvenescence and of perennial vigor. It is waiting on the Lord.

This promise in the Old Testament was repeated in spirit, though in different words and imagery, by our Saviour, when he said: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (Matt. 11: 28).

This is an age of weariness, because it is an age of close competition and of intense and morbid activity. While many seek relief in suicide, there are many who, being afraid to die, stagger on, fainting under their burdens. To all these comes the great Physician, comes with the balm of Gilead—the tonic of the Gospel. He says: "Wait on me, take my prescription, and you will not only be well, but be strong. I will give you not only quickened vitality, but power."

I went to consult an eminent physician the other day. In the ante-room were nearly a score of men and women. They were waiting, and some of them had to wait an hour or more. Why did they wait? They were weak and weary, but they had faith in the doctor. It was so that the disciples waited in that upper room in Jerusalem. They had been sadly disappointed when Jesus was crucified. But they trusted in his promise, and waited for its fulfilment. On the tenth day they were endued with power from on high" (Luke 24: 49).

The trouble with most of us is two-fold: First, we do not realize how faint we are, and think that we can renew our strength by what we call recreations—carnal and temporary anodynes. And, second, we do not take God at his Word. We do not believe that he is ever willing and waiting to give "power to the faint." If, at the end of this nineteenth century, all the faint and weary could realize that their strength is in God, and that the greater their need the freer and more abundant is his grace; and, if feeling this, they would wait upon him, in their closets and sanctuaries, not merely during a week of prayer, but continuously and persistently, until he sees that they are ready to receive the Holy Ghost, would not 1901 be a Pentecostal year?—C. E. B., in Herald and Presbyter.

God's Giving While Taking.

Some of God's richest gifts to us are in return for our choicest gifts to him, yielded at his call. God never asks us to surrender to him what is as our very life, or even yet more precious; but he is ready to give us, as we make the surrender, added life and richer returns than we can imagine or deem a possibility. He may even in return give us more of his very self. Thus it is that giving at God's call is receiving from God more than is given, though our gift be unspeakingly precious. In view of this truth, when a new call comes to you from God, "Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he himself said; It is more blessed to give than to receive." Such giving includes our best, our uttermost.

"Therefore bear thou, and query not,
Therefore dare thou, and fear thee not;
And though thy heart break, still the Lord
Shall be thy thousand-fold reward."

—Sunday-school Times.

Knowing Whom We Have Believed.

That absolute confidence which we have in certain people is one of the most important factors in any human life. We feel it in regard to some because we have proved them by trial. They never have failed us, even in the severest tests, and we know that, humanly speaking, we can depend upon them. We feel it in regard to others with less apparent justification, but with no less positiveness, as if by instinct. We may have had no opportunity for testing them, but somehow we know it is safe to believe in them. A look into their eyes reveals to us the sterling honesty of their natures.

It is in both these ways that the Christian confides in Jesus Christ. He has put the promises and declarations of the gospel to the proof, and they have justified themselves. He has a solid confidence in them based upon experience. But he also trusts his Lord, in what, after all, is a higher way, with a more intimate and precious confidence. It is that based upon the personality of Jesus, rather than what he has done for humanity. It is the love which prompted his self-sacrificing career, even more than that wonderful, pathetic record of service and suffering itself, which has won his heart. He knows him whom he has believed as if it actually had been possible to look into his eyes and to see in their shining depths the infinite assurance of trustworthiness.

And it is because he has this knowledge and in each of its forms, that the Christian goes forth day by day equipped with power—power to hold steadily on amid the buffetings of circumstances and the allurements of sin, power to represent in some degree to men the active grace and beauty of the divine character, power to appeal, persuade, warn, comfort, enlighten, or inspire, as may be needed. The source and secret of his invincibility is in the simplicity and absoluteness of his trust in the Lord.—The Congregationalist.

The Fatal Night.

Revolutions of religion are not accidental. They are made to occur, but never happen! The beginning of a Christian life can usually be traced to a religious awakening that agitated and blessed a community. At such times anxiety, spirit, interest, new methods, and intense earnestness are evinced. Prayerful souls become burdened for the unsaved. The unconverted recognize that it is a pivotal hour to them. At such times to reject the appeals of grace reduces the probability of being saved.

A few days since I passed a man in the throngs of Chicago. Twenty years ago he sat in a crowded church on the edge of the pulpit. I appealed to him with all my heart to yield and accept Christ. My own soul felt that it was a vital hour. I left him and came back twice. Conviction was deep and commanding. His face was as white as the wall above him.

His wife gazed him for wincing or thinking of going to the altar. His courage was not superior to her scoffs. From that hour the hands turned backward on the dial of his life. Fortune slipped out of his hands. Integrity loosened its hold. She who stopped him in his good purpose died without his mercy. He now wanders the earth hopeless and unsaved. Lately he said to me: "That was my fatal night." No scripture is more commanding or true than "Now is the accepted time." Believe it. Mercy is at hand. But it must be sought and received.—Rev. M. C. Hard, D. D.

The Last and Present Century.

"Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." What the coming century has in it no seer has the foresight to see. Looking back over the nineteenth century Christ is seen to be central to it; other things were in it—art, literature, ethics, civics, science; but if you go to the central and dominating fact, it is here. The Christ of all the ages is in this age. The manifestation of Christ in the nineteenth century was the best prophecy as to his manifestation in the twentieth century. Speech becomes hackneyed, and no hackneyed speech can become the vehicle of the divine. God gets rid of obsolete language, obsolete creeds, and obsolete expressions. He is a consuming fire, and the instruments that have done their work are burnt up by him so that there may be room for new speech and new modes of thought. Our conceptions of Christ were progressive. John Wesley was the inaugurator of the idea of Christ at the center of the individual man. William Carey later became the inaugurator of Christ at the circumference of humanity. If you want to be anything worth being, do anything worth doing, you must have Jesus Christ as your Saviour and friend.—Dr. John Clifford.

First Energy; Then Machinery.

Power must do more than keep pace with organization; it must keep ahead of it. The heavier a man's body, the worse for him if his vital energy is falling. The bulkier and more complicated and "committed" a society is, the worse for it if its faith and fidelity are flagging. The most important thing you can do for your young people's society, and through it for the world, is to keep in vital touch with the Spirit of Jesus. If your life is quickened by his Spirit every day, nourished by his word, aerated and recreated by prayer, invigorated by deeds of kindness, you bring to it the highest kind of energy. If not, you add dead weight to it. Study the problem of power. Springs will take care of channels, energy and machinery, dynamics of mechanics.—Christian Endeavor World.