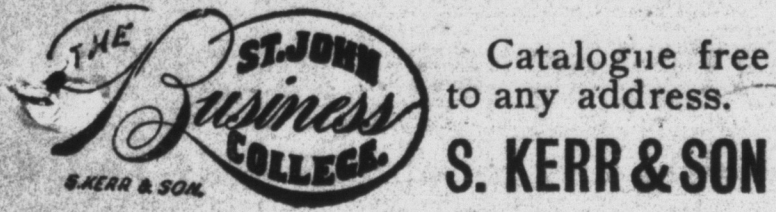


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We will be greatly obliged if subscribers will look at their labels this week. And if the date indicates an expired subscription, send along money enough to pay well in advance.

We are now in the third month of the year, and would like to have all arrears and 1904 subscriptions paid before the end of the month.

We thank those who have already paid. The others will do us a kindness by attending to the matter at once.



FROZEN TO A CARCASS.

A gentleman standing by Niagara saw an eagle light upon a frozen lamb encased in a floating piece of ice. The eagle stood upon that dead carcass and feasted upon it as it was "drifting" on towards the rapids. Every now and again the eagle would proudly lift his head in the air to look around him, as much as to say, I am "drifting" on towards danger, but I know what I am doing; I will fly away and make good my escape before it is too late.

When he neared the falls he stooped and spread his powerful wings and leaped for his flight; but alas! alas! while he was feasting on the dead carcass his feet had frozen to its fleece. He leaped and shrieked and beat upon the ice with his wings until the ice-frozen lamb and eagle went over the falls and down into the foam and darkness below.

This is the picture of every soul that is playing with and feasting upon sin. Many a young man intends after a little more indulgence in, to turn from his sins and be saved; but alas! when he would turn he finds himself fettered by sinful habits, his affections have been poisoned by sin, his will paralyzed, his soul has frozen to the decaying mass of rottenness upon which he has been feasting. Turn, my young friend, ere it is too late.



CELLAR LIFE OF ST. PETERSBURG.

The heavy floods in St. Petersburg recently drove to the surface 250,000 people who prey upon the tolerance of householders by living in their cellars. The return to underground lodgings of the army of ill-nourished persons has added enormously to a death rate which was already much larger than that of any other Christian capital. It is part of an unwritten code that a lady or gentleman should not know where cellars, garrets, laundry rooms, or servants' quarters are, and a genuine St. Petersburg householder never does know from one year's end to another.

Mrs. McCormick, the wife of the American ambassador, after she and Mr. McCormick had moved into the palace they now occupy in St. Petersburg, became conscious of singular smells. The fragrance of stale herrings, onions, soapy water, boiling cabbage, penetrated to her drawing room. As a competent housekeeper, she made inquiry. No one would tell her at first, but finally the butler admitted the odors came from those who lived in the cellars. Lived in the cellars! How could that be? To the horror of the servants, she insisted on going to the cellars, where she actually found sixty-eight permanent dwellers. She called in a policeman and had them all turned out.

Mrs. McCormick mentioned her singular discovery to the Countess de Montebello, the wife of the then French am-

bassador. 'That is nothing,' said the countess. 'My sister and her children were coming to see me. My maid said: "Madame, I would earnestly advise you not to have the children come."'

"What do you mean? Why not?" I said.

"I don't mean anything, only I think the children should not come. They might get ill."

I asked her what she meant by such nonsense and questioned her sharply. She was distressed, and only after a long time would she say, mysteriously:

"There are fifteen cases of diphtheria in the house."

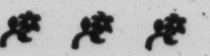
I found that more than one hundred people lived in the cellars, and that as the maid had said fifteen children had the diphtheria.

Some thousands actually live under the Winter Palace. Not only that, but recently a dairy with several cows was found in full operation in the Imperial cellar. The cows had to go, but the people were not disturbed. That would have been out of keeping with Russian carelessness and noblesse oblige.—*Collier's Weekly.*



FILIAL GRATITUDE.

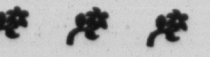
Be grateful to your parents. Consider how much you owe them. The time has been and it was not a long time past, when you depended wholly on their kindness, when you had no strength to make a single effort for yourself, when you could neither speak nor walk and knew not the use of any of your powers. Had not a parent's arm supported you, you must have fallen to the earth and perished. To your parents you owe every comfort; you owe to them the shelter you enjoy from the rain and cold, the raiment which covers and the food which nourishes you. While you are seeking amusement, or are employed in gaining knowledge at school, your parents are toiling that you may be happy, that your wants be supplied, that your minds may be improved, that you may grow up and be useful in the world. And when you consider how often you have forfeited all this kindness, and yet how ready they have been to forgive you and continue their favors, ought you not to look upon them with the tenderest gratitude?



A WIDE DIFFERENCE.

There is a vast difference between "preaching the doctrines of the church," and in singling out one particular doctrine and riding it as a hobby. Doing the former in the winsome, loving, impressive spirit of Christ, commands the respect and confidence of the people, and wins and saves souls.

Doing the latter disgusts the people, distresses and enfeebles the church, and insures for the preacher the title of an impractical crank and a persistent hobby-rider. And, alas, there are still some of this latter sort of preachers.—*The Telescope.*



Cathedrals or Missionaries—Which?

The Protestant Episcopal Church is building a great cathedral in New York. No one can have any objection to their building a cathedral. The architecture is not good, but a cathedral will be a good and useful thing, provided other things are not left undone because of it. The \$15,000,000 that it is proposed to invest in the cathedral would maintain one thousand missionaries on the foreign field for fifteen years or five hundred missionaries on the foreign field for the thirty years that that cathedral will be in building.

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