

Sunday Reading.

FIRE IN THE PULPIT.

The Need of It may Often Account for the Indifference of the People.

Church going seems sometimes to be fast becoming one of the lost arts. Go to an ordinary church, even in one of the crowded districts, and you generally see "a beggarly amount of empty benches." It is only when some prominent clergyman or some pronounced sensationalist is to preach that the sign might be put up: "Standing room only."

Many people go to church because it is fashionable, but many more go to be instructed, to hear the Word of God expounded and to have their spiritual natures stirred to their inner depths. They do not, as a general thing, go there to sleep or to rest. They can do both at home, and with more comfort. Too often they are fed on dry and empty husks, and, becoming tired of such a diet as a steady thing, they become indifferent and remain away, joining the great army of non-church goers.

Pastors complain of this very bitterly, and appear to think that the fault is entirely with the congregation. They lament the lack of fire in their flock from which a blaze of religious enthusiasm could be generated that would redound to the glory of the eternal God.

Too often, however, the fault is with the pastor himself. There is a lack of fire in the pulpit; a dull, lifeless altar, upon which no coals burn, and where there is nothing but dead ashes.

Great truths are repeated as a parrot would repeat, by rote, and sublime lessons, very dear to the heart of humanity, lose all flesh and blood when presented in the usual orthodox manner.

There is no fire in the pulpit, therefore the congregation remains cold and indifferent. There is no soul in the sermon, therefore those who listen do so with unawakened souls and as a mere matter of duty, departing when the services are over uncomfited, unblessed and unsatisfied.

In nine cases out of ten the fault lies with the shepherd that there is no fire in the flock. Where there more fire in the pulpit the whole congregation would be ablaze, and the revival of the spirit would certainly be an overwhelming one.

The trouble with most pastors, and the reason why there is so little fire in the pulpit, is that an attempt is made to feed the people with the warmed-over and constantly rewarmed-over remnants of theology, instead of serving up to them the fresh and over delicious fruits of the true and only religion, the religion of Jesus Christ, as exemplified in His words and works as He walked among the people centuries ago.

Pastors preach too often on abstract subjects that have no power to touch the human heart. What do the people who recognize the pastor as their spiritual guide care about such subjects as "Did Adam Love Eve?" or "Was Paul a Member of Any Club?" or "What Was the Prevailing Color in Joseph's Coat?" Such things are a rebuke to the sacred duty of the pulpit and to the solemn responsibility that rests upon it.

If the pastor believes in his mission to preach Christ "and Him crucified," if his soul is all aflame with the glory of his work and the radiant consciousness of the love that gave it only begotten Son to die for us, he will, no matter how deficient he may be in the finer arts of oratory, have no trouble in reaching the hearts of the people.

Let him completely saturate himself with his subject, so to speak; take his text from the life of Jesus, as narrated in the New Testament (and there are enough there to last him indefinitely), and preach from his very soul of souls. He will find that he is being blessed as well as blessing, and that his people are drawing nearer and nearer to the great white throne.

If he does otherwise, he is but a blind leader of the blind, and both are liable to fall into the ditch.—N. Y. Advertiser.

THE LORD'S DAY.

Canon DuMoulin of Toronto Gives Advice in Sunday Observance.

Canon DuMoulin gave a very out-spoken sermon in St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, recently, on the Lord's Day and neglect of public worship: He called it a message to non-church-goers and irregular attendants.

First, he showed that the day of God and the worship of God are matters of divine ordination, not of ecclesiastical establishment. The preacher pointed out the difference between the old Jewish Sabbath and the Lord's Day, and he showed the continuity of the observance of the latter from the Apostles' days up to the present time. Settlers in the Northwest and remote parts of Ontario long for these services, whilst many people in cities neglect and often despise them.

If there be one thing for which we should be thankful, said the Canon, it is that churches abound in our midst. There are 38 Anglican churches in this city, and at least 200 other places of worship open every Lord's day. Here is our opportunity and obligation. How do we avail ourselves of them?

"I wish," said he, "to speak very plainly, but not the less lovingly on this question. It is the hardest part of the duty of a minister, as a censor of mortals, to have to reprove and rebuke, although it be justly. I except one class of this congregation who attend the services as regularly as the clergy themselves. And these are the busiest people in the community, the most

active in business, and who have the longest distances to come.

"The second class is composed of those of whom St. Paul wrote, even weeping, 'They are the enemies of the cross of Christ; whose end is destruction, whose god is their belly, whose glory is in their shame, who mind earthly things'—and earthly things alone. They never go to church; although they may hold pews, they never occupy them. God lengthens out their span of life, and it is only His grace which prevents the edict going forth, 'Cut them down, why cumber they the ground?' They never weight the evil of their example on their children, their households and the community. 'I mourn,' said the Canon, 'for this class with all my heart and soul.'

Irregular and spasmodic church-goers were next dealt with. For them in the great majority of instances there was no solid reason or excuse. "It threatens a storm," is often urged from staying from church. But if it were a business meeting, or a ball, or a dinner party, and the clouds were ten times more lowering, it would not keep them away.

"I was tired and wanted to rest," is another excuse. I would not deny anyone proper rest; but is not 12 hours in the night long enough? Must you, in addition, recline on the sofa or lounge all the hours of the Lord's Day? Would it fatigue you to sit on a cushioned seat with convenient hassocks for an hour and a half?

The other great plea for absence from God's house is the need of fresh air, exercise and recreation. This plea, continued the preacher, will become one of the greatest difficulties with which ministers of religion will have to deal with in the next years. There are many thousands of wheelmen in this city. The bicycle overcomes distance, and saves time more than any other invention of the present century. Every man, woman and child wants a wheel. It gives an exhilarating feeling and promotes health by the fresh air.

"But in the general use of the wheel," said the Canon, "I see lurking over us one of the most disastrous hindrances to the observance of the sanctity of the Lord's Day." Is it, he asked, honest, fair, just, manly, to take the whole of the Lord's Day for recreation on the bicycle?

Then the Canon repeated what he told the noonday congregation when referring to this subject—that the first, fresh clear hours of the Lord's Day should be given to God's worship. This sacrifice having been made, he would give them Christ's example, who walked through the green fields, dined with Pharisees or whoever asked Him, and on the resurrection day took a long walk in the country. These are the principles of the Lord's Day; but if the wheel is going to transform it into one of mere sport and recreation, there will be corresponding retribution.

MANAGING THE BOYS.

The Best of all ways to Control Them is to be Honest With Them.

John, go right over to the butcher's and get that meat for dinner."

"Make Jim go, I'm busy."

"Tell Jim I say for him to go after the meat and hurry up," and the head is drawn inside the window.

"I won't do it, you can go yourself."

"You will too, ma said you had to."

"She told you first and you can just go."

About five minutes of this for an interlude, and then the window upstairs is opened again.

"Jim, I thought I told you to go after that meat."

"You told John to go first, why don't you make him go?"

"Well, one of you had better go pretty quick; if your father comes home and there's no meat for dinner you know what you'll catch."

The head has gone back inside the window, so the boys fight it out, and the one who gets the worst of the fight goes off after the meat, howling loudly and threatening dire vengeance on the other.

A casual observer might say these were bad boys, and they are in a fair way to become so, but the fault lies altogether with the parents. If there are good boys there must be good government, and this would surely have sent the first boy on the errand without any reply. But, wait a moment; the careful mother would have seen at a glance that John was busy and Jim idle, and the latter boy would have been sent on the errand in the first place. Then of all things, the father should never be held up as a machine to whom the mother has only to offer her tale-bearing,—for it comes to be nothing else, and on the principle of the nickel-in-the-slot, a whipping is forthcoming. Nothing is more demoralizing; the boys soon learn to deceive, and to keep things from their father, and to despise the mother for giving orders that she can not enforce, and the down-hill course has begun. It is warranted to make a bad boy out of a model in a very short space of time.

"Oh dear," says one mother, "my boys are so bad, how do you keep yours always so well behaved? I just can't have them in the house, they are so quarrelsome, and it is a relief when they are out of the yard." Does she stop to reflect that her boys must be somewhere, that they can not annihilate themselves because they trouble her? Happy mother, if they do not go out from her sight and reach, and leave her heart aching for their noise.

How simple a matter it would be, if she

just thought of it, to get together some tools and boards in the barn or basement, and a turning-pole in the yard, or some jig-saws and electric batteries in an unused room, and forstall the so-called badness. Then if she could learn to distinguish between noise and ungentlemanly rudeness or real wrong. Why, a boy who is healthy and bright is bound to make a noise. As well sit on the safety valve of an engine because the hissing steam disturbs you, as to attempt to cork up a boy's noise; in either case there will be an explosion. Look the matter squarely in the face, and supply a safety-valve for the escape of the noise, and something for all that eager, untired mechanism of muscle and brain to work on, then win or keep the boy's confidence and there will be very little governing to do.

Your true boy is a staunch upholder of justice and if you wish his respect and obedience you must be just and true-grained. Veneer and varnish will never deceive him, however well they may pass muster in the grown-up world so much forgiveness as in one true boy's heart; and he is always ready and willing to forgive and blot out all remembrance of any mistake or error on your part if you will own up to it. He looks on the motives and intents, so take care that you keep them pure.

Here, then, is the statement. Given a boy,—let us say it reverently; let us bow down our hearts in thankfulness to the one who in his mercy has seen fit to bestow on us such a gift, to place in our care a human life, that tender and impressionable, must receive from our influence so much of weal or woe. Given a boy; next given an abundance of overflowing life, of strong, growing muscles aching to be used, of eager inquiry into the whys and wherefores of everything around him; now put in connection with these plenty of time, and is it not plain that what we must supply is material to work on? Work he will for he cannot help it, and if he is obliged to look everywhere for occupation, and be met at every turn with a don't, will it be any wonder if now and then his new untired energy and force run into forbidden channels and become mischief?

It, on the other hand, such occupation be provided as will call into use all these abilities and give them a safe outlet, there will be almost no inclination towards mischief or wrong-doing. Boys are a far finer set of being than people give them credit for, and their loyalty to that which proves itself worthy, and appeals to their higher impulses and aspirations, is something inspiring; but, if you would arouse this, you must at least aim honestly to have such possibilities of character as will call out a boy's affection, and kindle his trust.

To me, it seems very plain that the easiest, most simple, and certainly most effective way of dealing with that boy is to be honest with him, never betray his confidence, and keep him busy. And what a wealth of treasure he will bring into your life; how he will fan into glowing flame your smouldering zeal and ambition, and wind the tendrils of his life around your very heart-strings; and when he goes out of your life, what an emptiness and aching pain he will leave behind.—Interior.

ELEVENTH HOUR WORKER.

Society Can Be Redeemed Only by the Redemption of the Individual.

Rev. J. C. Emery, of Jersey city, recently preached from the text: "If any serve me, let him follow me."—John xii., 26. The Rev. Dr. Emery spoke in part as follows:

"Men followed Jesus in his day as they do to-day, from various motives. Some followed with the multitude, some for the loaves and fishes, and others because inspired with love for Him and the cause He represented. The last we recognize as only ennobling, the prin al principle in true character building. This following may not be in submission to any ordinance of God or man; only as a means initiatory to the higher end. So, also, as to church membership, subscription to a creed, or any ecclesiastical system. These all are denominational and divisive; but Christ is not divided. 'One is your Master, even the Christ, and all ye are brethren.'"

"For instance, Peter had been baptized, if he was ever baptized, before Jesus rejoined upon him, 'Come, follow me.' This precedent catechizing, 'Lovest thou Me,' had found in him the basal motive of control. The following of the text is for service, practical discipleship, imitating the ways and adopting the principles of the Master, and the worm is found in his own words given as a criterion, 'Even as the son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.' Costly church edifices, owned or rented pews, a pulpit above the common people, classical music, etc., seem a reversing of this order of service."

"To be servant of the many, without respect of cast or character, like Christ's propitiation for the sins of the whole world, constitutes a common salvation on terms of equal grace, and a service on the part of Christ's followers administered to all alike, and all put into equal advantage. In His home at Nazareth, reading in the synagogue from the sacred roll, 'the spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He appointed me to preach the good tidings to the poor; He hath sent me to proclaim release to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord.' He laid out a programme, not alone for Himself, but for all His followers for all time. This programme of the kingdom, in the history of ecclesiastical procedure, seems not to have been carefully followed."

"Take one of His inimitable parables, the favorite method of Jesus to bring His teaching to the comprehension of the masses that followed Him and hung on His

words, the call of laborers into His vineyard. The eleventh hour call was extended to those who stood in the market places, giving as a reason for not before entering on service that 'no man hath hired us.' It does not require a genius to see the point of this excuse in the uncalled, unengaged, the unreached masses standing about in sight of heaven-pointing church steeples, in the midst of every parish, laborers whom the church neglected to hire, as may be cited in the work of the Salvation Army, a mass of idlers now engaged in the vineyard, eleventh-hour laborers. The Lord grant that a family feud may not put a check upon this noble work."

"The self-surrender of these noble soldiers and the class of society and condition from which they have been gathered not only rebukes the churches for neglected work, but points out where they might have employed self-sacrificing laborers if they had proceeded according to the programme. 'But many that are first shall be last, and the last first.'"

"The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost' narrows the mission of Jesus to one line of service as most important of all. Society is not redeemed, but in the redemption of the individual 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners,' and out of such saved sinners we constitute His new society of the kingdom, a common brotherhood, with one common fatherhood in God. But this work can be carried on only by such as have forsaken all that they have to become Christ's disciples, a criterion of His own explicit words. And there is but one motive that can move to such following, and that love enthroned in the heart for Him. Across the centuries come ringing the words of one of nature's heroes, Gaston de Foix, nephew of Louis XII., the young General of the French army in Italy, contending against the Spanish soldiery under the 'Great Captain' Gonsalvo de Cordova.

"Two battalions, the wonder of the age, were all but breaking through the lines of the almost victorious French. The young General determined to avert this by leading in person a charge. His advisers strove to deter him from so hazardous an adventure, but in vain. Suddenly breaking from them, he cried: 'Let him that loves me follow me,' and rushed on the foe. Faint hearts were made strong and the followed him to death and a glorious victory."

EMMA'S PRAYER.

The Influence of a Young Christian Girl on Her Father.

Emma was a little Christian. She dearly loved to go to the church prayer-meeting. Of course she did; was it not her prayer-meeting as much as any other church member's, and did not the pastor expect the children to speak and pray if they wished to, just as much as the older people?

One evening it was so rainy that papa said his little girl must not go to the meeting.

"Then I shall have to have a prayer-meeting right here with you, papa," exclaimed Emma. "Won't that be fine?"

Papa did not answer, for he was not a Christian, and he did not see how he could help his little daughter much in her meeting.

Emma then ran into the parlor for the large Bible. On returning she placed it in papa's lap, saying:

"You can be the minister and read the chapter. Choose a nice long one, please."

"But I must read my newspaper now," replied papa.

"Oh, the paper can wait," said Emma, "and it really won't seem like Tuesday night if I do not have some kind of a prayer-meeting to go to. So papa, do please let me have one. You always let me have one I want."

"Do I?" laughed papa. "Well, if reading the Bible is having a prayer-meeting I can certainly do that."

After papa had read a chapter Emma said:

"How beautiful those words are, and they are all true. How good God is to give us the Bible! Now let us kneel and have a season of prayer. Will you pray first, papa, or shall I?"

"But—but, really, darling I think I must go out to the stable and see after the horse," said papa, who dared not confess to the child that he did not care to pray with her.

"Just wait, please, until our prayer-meeting is over," returned Emma. "Perhaps it will be best for me to pray first. You will kneel, won't you, papa, while I pray?"

"Oh, yes," answered papa.

Then he and Emma knelt, and Emma offered this little prayer:

"Dear Jesus, I am going to pray to thee because thou canst tell God just what I pray, and he will answer this prayer all the sooner because he is thy Father. I want you to bless me and make me a better child. Bless papa and make him a Christian, for he will be so much happier and sater when he is a Christian. Amen."

Rising from her knees, Emma said: "You will be a Christian now, papa, for I have asked God to make you one, and he is always so good about answering my prayers."

"I wish that I might be a child of God," answered papa, the tears rolling down his cheeks. "I have felt that I should be a Christian ever since I have seen what a beautiful little Christian you have tried to be."

"Oh, I am so glad," exclaimed Emma. "Won't you give your heart to Jesus right now?"

"But it is such a hard, wicked heart," answered papa, with a sigh.

"And that is just why Jesus wants it," pleaded Emma, "so that he can make it a new, clean heart."

"But I shall have a chance to become a Christian some other time," replied papa. "I am not quite ready now."

"But Jesus is ready," returned Emma, "and he does it all. He is not like people. He never has to be ready for us to do this or that. Won't you give yourself to Jesus this very moment?"

The father could not hold out any longer, so he answered: "Yes, darling, I will try to be like my own little girl, and like a child of God. But some one will have to pray for me. I feel too weak to pray for myself."

So father and child knelt, and after Emma had prayed the father felt stronger and offered a prayer for pardon. When the prayers were finished the hearts of both were filled with the love of God: and it

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SATINS,

The Finest

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In the

Land

GANONG BROS., L'td., St. Stephen, N. B.

would be hard to say which was the happier.

Whenever you boys or girls' cannot attend church, why can't you have a prayer meeting at home as did Emma, who was a real child?—The Christian at Work.

FOR JEWS AND GENTILES.

Experience of a Young Man Who Was the Son of Jewish Parents.

A strange experience lies behind a young man who is now on his way to preach the Gospel of Christ to Jews in Morocco. He is the son of Jewish parents. As a boy he was visiting in a Christian home, and was much struck by seeing a child in the family, [when guilty of some offence, fold his hands in prayer and ask pardon in the name of Jesus. The next time he got into trouble at home he determined to resort to the same method of obtaining consolation. He had not long to wait; being crossed in his purpose he got angry, and, remembering his intention, he retired into an adjoining bedroom and asked God in the name of Jesus Christ to forgive him. Unfortunately for him, as it appeared, there were only folding doors between the bedroom and the sitting-room in which his Jewish father was reading.

On hearing the despised name on the lips of his son the father rushed in and in a furious rage shook his son, forbidding him at his peril to name that name again in his house. The incident passed, and although the boy was surprised at his father's vehemence, he thought nothing more of the affair as he knew nothing of Jesus, but had used the name much as one might use a charm or talisman. When the boy grew up he came to the United States on an extended pleasure trip. While in New York he strolled about the city looking at the sights, and one evening went down the Bowery. Hearing singing in one of the resorts he turned in, thinking he was visiting a concert-hall. It proved to be a mission. He would have quitted it at once but some people at the door spoke kindly to him and induced him to wait and hear more of the singing. Presently his new acquaintance asked him: 'Are you a Christian?' He said, 'No.' 'Would you not like to be a Christian?' He replied, 'No.' 'I don't know anything about it. I am a Jew.' 'But salvation is for the Jews as well as for the Gentiles.' 'That's strange,' he replied, 'for nobody has ever told me about it.' As the result, he went in to a side-room, and learned from the lips of his friend that Jesus of Nazareth is the Messiah of Israel; and he believed the Gospel. That is nearly ten years ago. The young man is now going out at his own cost to Morocco a missionary to his people.—Dr. A. J. Gordon.

She Saved the Train.

An express train was flying along toward New York, and on one of the bridges it had to cross a horse was caught. It had attempted to cross the trestle work and fell through. A little girl who was just crossing the railway track chanced to see the horse. She knew the express train was due in a little while. She tried to help the horse to his feet, but to no purpose; he was hopelessly caught in the trestle work. She thought of going home and getting her brother to come, then some neighbors not so very far away; but this would not do; there would not be time.

The lantern was hanging on the bridge, and she took it and crept with great difficulty across the trestle, for it was very slippery. On the other side she took off her jacket, her hat and her dress skirt, and when she heard the rumbling of the train and saw the headlight she hastily lighted the clothing and it blazed up. She screamed as loud as she could at the same time. The engineer saw the light, reversed his engine, came to a standstill right in front of the little fire. It was a fast train, and it had not been stopped, unquestionably it would have been derailed on the bridge and many lives lost.

The little girl was asked why she did not ask somebody else to help her. She said: "I knew there would be no time. I could not make a very big fire, but I made it as big as I could. I go to Sunday-school, and have learned about Jesus, and I was afraid some people on this train were not ready to die."

The passengers were wonderfully touched with the little girl's reasons for making a sacrifice and stopping the train. She was speedily reimbursed for her loss of clothing, and those who were on that train were impressed very much with her sense of responsibility.

What if she had not felt that she was responsible for that train and those passengers! As children of God, what if we forget our responsibility to those who are rushing headlong to death through lives of sin and shame and wretchedness, and we are not building the fire of Christ's love nor holding up the danger signals! Shall we not see to it that those we meet shall feel that we are responsible for their souls' salvation?—New York paper.

Worth Keeping.

These 'keep texts' are all in the Bible. Find them and learn them, and so make them yours.

'Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.'

'Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.'

'Keep thee far from a false matter.'

'He that keepeth his mouth keepeth his life.'

'Take heed to thyself, and keep the soul diligently.'

'Little children, keep yourselves from idols.'

'My son keep the father's commandments.'

'My son keep sound wisdom and discretion.'

RHEUMATIC PAINS BANISHED LIKE MAGIC.

A Dozen Boxes of Pills Failed to Help a Well-known Citizen of Annapolis—Where a Few Doses of South American Rheumatic Cure Brought Relief.

The almost instantaneous relief that comes from the use South American Rheumatic Cure finds an apt illustration in the case of Mr. Theophile Gadbois, who had suffered intensely from rheumatism. Employing his own language: "I had taken several kinds of medicines, but found no benefit from them. I took a dozen boxes of a pill advertised to cure rheumatism, but got no help. Before I had taken half a bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure I found very great benefit, and a little further perseverance banished altogether this terribly painful trouble." Sold by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

A Novel in Six Lines.

A Georgia daily prints the following composition of a schoolboy on a day's experiences. It is quite a condensed novel.

"One day I was in the country I saw a cow and I hit her with a rock a dog bit me a sow chased me I fell out of a wagon and a bee stung me and the old goacher flopped me and I went down to the beach and I fell in and wet my pants."

CANADIANS DYING OFF FROM HEART TROUBLE.

The Best Heart and Brain of the Country the Victims.

Thoughtful people everywhere are asking themselves the question, 'What is coming over the race, with the alarmingly growing prevalence of heart disease? This is not the place to search for the cause. The immediate matter is to know the remedy. This, without any doubt, found more surely in that great discovery of the present century, Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, than anywhere else. One dose of it will give relief in severe cases, and one or two bottles will remove the disease. Let any one who has the slightest fluttering of the heart, the barest symptoms of the disease, guard themselves against possible fatality by using this medicine. Sold by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

No Gems in France.

Gems seem to be worn less every year. With day toilets they are scarcely worn at all, and the fact was authoritatively illustrated the other day at the marriage of the daughter of Count d'Hansoville, which brought together all that is related to royalty in France. Scarcely a jewel was to be seen in this elegant assemblage. The bride wore not a single gem.

FOOLISHNESS OF TAMPERING WITH INEFFECTIVE REMEDIES.

Necessity of a Good Solvent to Cure Kidney Disease—Secure Relief in Six Hours.

A burnt child dreads the fire, and prejudice against many a good article is born of disappointment in using an inferior article. Kidney Disease, Bright's Disease, Diabetes, and all disorders of the kidneys are known to every physician to arise chiefly from the presence of lime and solids in the blood. These solids must be dissolved. Pills and powders will not do this, but a liquid medicine, a perfectly and thoroughly tested solvent like South American Kidney Cure immediately goes to the seat of the trouble, dissolves the solid substances, and will give relief in the worst cases of kidney disease inside of six hours, and continuously used for a reasonable length of time will cure the worst forms of this dreaded disease. Sold by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

Do Files Talk?

An ingenious inquirer, armed with a microphone or sound magnifier, has been listening patiently through long hours to the curious noises made by house flies, and reports his belief that they have a language of their own. The language does not consist of the buzzing sound we ordinarily hear, which is made by the rapid vibration of their wings in the air, but of a smaller, finer, and more widely modulated series of sounds, audible to the human ears only by the aid of the microphone. Probably this fly conversation is perfectly audible to the fly ears, which, as every schoolboy knows who has tried to move his hand slowly upon them are very acute. The hope is expressed that, since the heretofore inaudible whispers of flies have been detected and recorded, some inventor may construct a microphone which will enable us to make out the language of the microbes, and so surprise them in the horrible secret of their mode of operations.—London Public Opinion.