BEGINNING AT JERUSALEM.

The True Meaning of the Phrase and the Lesson in It.

"Beginning at Jerusalem!" This phrase, accompanying the Lord's command to preach his Gospel "among all nations," has come to be the watchword of home missions. When the great heart of humanity, with its common wounds and bruises, is laid before the church, straightway some one cries out: "Yes, yes; the whole world may be lost, but let us save the heathen at our very doors! We must begin at Jerusalem!" We believe this, like many other sayings of Christ and his apostles, is used in a way he never meant.

The Bible abounds in precepts and illustrations to show us our responsibility for the people nearest us, and no honest Christian can overlook the duty close at hand in the search for something out of sight. But to use any word of the world living and world redeeming Saviour as a pin for selfish devotion to any one branch of his service or part of his universal kingdom is certainly not of his spirit. Especially we think this particular phrase is perverted by such use from its rich and real meaning. "Beginning at Jerusalem" is the divine order, and therefore the only successful order of gospel teaching for the home or the foreign worker, for the preacher, pastor, evangelist or Sunday school teacher, for the father or mother or for any Christian in whatever position or service he may be found.

How should they begin "at Jerusalem?" By tarrying there until they were "endued with power from on high," and so fitted to carry the message with effect to the people in Jerusalem and in the uttermost parts of the earth. There is nothing in the command implying that their ministry in that city was any more important than elsewhere, nor that it was to be continued there to the exclusion of other places equally needy. But to make their work successful anywhere, the tarrying at Jerusalem for the outpouring of the Spirit was a necessity.

To begin at Jerusalem means that the very source and spring of all fruitful Christian effort must be in a personal experience of those spiritual vention.

In the vision of the waters flowing from under the threshold of the temple, as pictured by Ezekiel, the same thought is given. Salvation which brings healing to the nations, salvation for the "bruises and sores" of the human heart, has its beginning and source alone in God. "Living waters go out from Jerusalem." Only beside the river flowing from the temple "grew all trees for meat whose leaf shall not fade, neither shall the fruit thereof be consumed. It shall bring forth new fruit according to his months, because their waters they issued from the sanctuary, and the fruit thereof shall be for meat, and the leaf thereof for medicine." So, then, to all Christian workers the admonition comes with broad and significant meaning. If you would have your work fruitful of high and enduring results begin at Jerusalem. Let the motive be not self, but God. Let the strength for service come from renewed spiritual life each moment; let every purpose, plan, desire and effort, yea, your life itself, be hid with Christ in God.—Exchange.

"Thy Way, Not Mine."

It is human to shrink from pain, but it is divine to suffer that God's will may be fully. We imagine strength of will. An "iron will," how sacred! Very good is it if found in the way of righteousness. Then the stronger the better. Worth to that event of the one who set his face steadfastly to go to Jerusalem. Otherwise, the more results the more devilish. The more important, the stronger, more terrible and destructive the result. Satan has a mighty will. Alas! what ruin, what woe! The safest prayer that can arise from our "heart of hearts," and the one working for the greatest safety, is that of our Redeemer: "Thy will be done," and that, too, however rough the path, dark the night, or heavy the burden.

Thy way, not mine, O Lord!
However dark it be,
Lead me by Thine own hand;
Choose out the path for me.
I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God!
So I shall walk aright.

When perplexed as to duty, cowed down as to any of life's sorrows, rebellious as to disappointed hopes, defeated purposes, irremediable losses or thwarted desires, may the image of the great burden bearer in Gethsemane rise before the mind, strengthen and quiet the heart. If thorns in the flesh are extracted, grace sufficient will be granted to so endure as that larger blessing shall accrue to the sufferer and greater glory to him. The formation of the Christ image then demands in us a willing denial of will. By the example and grace of Christ we will in the dark and cloudy day or in the clear shining, "Not as I will, but as thou will."—Rev. M. William M. Campbell in "Footprints of Christ."

Not in the Negative.

It is not unbelief that makes any man strong. Not by the shutting out of anything, not by the shutting out of a lie, does power come. It cannot come by any negative. It must be positive. Deny the falsehood with all your power and voice. That is your duty. But that does not make you strong. It only makes you ready to be strong. Having turned the lie out of doors you throw those same doors open to the truth. Then strength will come pouring in. It has always been through sons of belief, not unbelief, that power from God has poured into man. It is not the discriminating critic, not the whose boasting, throbbing life offers itself a channel for the divine force.—Phillips Brooks.

The Bargain Was Not Closed.

"He that will not when he may," is likely to repent his indecision for many a long day afterward. A lady who had spent a weary hour in "beating down" the salesman at a Turkish shop in Paris, returned the next day prepared to purchase. "I believe you said twenty francs," she began, taking out her purse. "Ninety, madame!" answered the smiling Turk. "But you came down to twenty?" "Ah, that was yesterday, madame! Everything goes up again in the night!"

A New Train.

Brakeman—Passengers is not allowed on th' platforms, sir, when the train is in motion.

Passenger—Beg pardon. I will go in. I did not notice that the train was in motion.—New York Weekly.

DOES PRAYER PAY?

There Is Only One Way to Find Out—That Is to Try It.

That is a fair question. But the best way to get a satisfactory and conclusive answer is to try it. It seems a fact that those who pray most have strongest faith in prayer; while those who do the least praying have most to say against it.

A single trial does not give a fair test. What would we think of a merchant who should declare that business is a failure after trying it for a single day at a new stand? What would be our opinion of the farmer who, a week after he had sown his seed, should give up farming because he had failed to get a return? These illustrations are far from perfect, yet they show that time is a factor in business and in farming; so it is in successful prayer.

The trial should have a fair chance of success. The merchant does not open a store on a back street, but on a thoroughfare; the farmer does not sow seed on a rock, nor yet in the sand, but in ground suitable for the expected crop. So, to get good results from prayer, we must pray for reasonable things. Joshua did pray that the sun stand still, and his request was heeded; but Joshua's are as scarce as are his opportunities. The man who undertakes now to stop the sun by prayer is likely to be disappointed.

Answered prayer is earnest prayer. It would be strange if God should care to answer prayer when the man who offers it does not. We do not, as a rule, go out of our way to do favors that are merely asked for the sake of form. When we are expected to grant requests we try to meet the expectation.

Prayer is a business transaction with God, and must be done according to his business rules. A supplicant who expects a favor is willing, at least should be, to comply with the rules of him from whom the favor is sought.

The man who prays with a submissive will, earnestly desiring what he asks, will find that God hears his supplication in due time. The more such a man tries prayer the more will he believe it. He is the man to ask, if you would have testimony to the worth of prayer. He knows. He has tried it.—Rev. J. A. Davis in Christian Intelligencer.

Only a Little Time to Labor.

After a life that has been marked by long and earnest and constant effort for Christ his disciples will have reason to say: "We are unprofitable servants. We have done that which it was our duty to do." Much may be done by a faithful Christian worker, but such a one cannot help thinking of what he might have done or ought to do. Who can feel satisfied with the past while he realizes how much is to be done? McCheyne had for his seal the setting sun, with the motto, "The Night Cometh." Well is it for all to remember that opportunities for labor in this world will soon be gone forever.—Christian Inquirer.

Experiment has proved that if a delicate piece of lace be placed between an iron plate and a disk of gunpowder and the latter be detonated, the lace will be annihilated, but its impression will be clearly stamped on the iron.

What a Thistle Did.

A Scotchman living in Australia and visiting his native land carried back a thistle, the emblem of Scotland, as the reader is doubtless aware. A grand banquet was held in Melbourne by the Scotchmen, and the thistle, in a huge vase, occupied the place of honor in the center of the table. Speeches started and cheered, and the next day it was planned with a great deal of rejoicing. The thistle grew and thrived, and in due time its leaves were scattered by the winds; other thistles sprang from the seeds, and their down was scattered, and in a few years the thistle had made itself thoroughly at home in all parts of Australia.

It has rooted out the native grasses on thousands, I could almost say millions, of acres of pasture land; covered whole runs by the hitched, and second general examination of the Scotchman who took so much pains to import the original. In a similar manner the wasteness the Rev. Dr. Spurgeon, the common swearing and other evils have proved very troublesome and caused immense loss. The watercress has choked streams, caused great floods and impeded navigation; the sweetbriar has become a strong and tenacious bush, which spreads with great rapidity, destroying the grasses, and the innocent daisy has been nearly as injurious as the thistle.

Fifty English sparrows were taken to Australia in 1860, and now there are countless millions of them in all the colonies; they refuse to eat insects, like their native birds, but devote themselves to fruit, grain, peas and other vegetable things, to the ruin of hundreds of farmers and gardeners. Moral—Beware of tares in a new country.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Bonnapolis Dog Case.

Although the practice of law has been aptly likened to the operations of the traditional monkey who used the paw of a sweating cat in raking his chestnuts out of the fire, I did not always find it so while prosecuting law at the auditorium for insignificant settlement of Bonnapolis, on the north fork of Lightning creek. There were no suits of importance in Bonnapolis, at least for a young lawyer born of poor but disgustingly honest parents, and who had followed the example they had set to the extent that he was still honest.

Why, once I was called a jackleg and shyster—epithets calculated to goad any self respecting lawyer almost to madness. At another time I was threatened by a big bully and into a fruitless appeal to justice to come down from her perch and line up on the side of Mr. Frosty O'Bouilion, whom I was defending from the heinous charge of enticing a neighbor's dog, the said dog being worth thirty-five cents of any man's money, a donkey familiarly known as "John," the property of the owner, thrust his head in at the window beside me and uttered an unmerited bray, whereupon the judge remarked, healthily, "One at a time, please!"—Harper's.

Trouble in a Creamery.

He had recently started a creamery, and determined to do the thing well, he had purchased a steam separating machine to be driven by steam power. For two days everything went well, and he was perfectly delighted with the result. It was a pleasure to him to watch the rich cream flowing into the vats, and he thought how lucky he was to deal with farmers who gave him such superior milk at such a low price. But on the third day he received a shock. The machine ceased to work, the milk pipe being stopped up by some foreign substance.

On investigation this substance was found to be a live crayfish. "The thing itself was neither rich nor rare, but he wondered how it got there." He flatly refuses to accept the farmer's theory that one of the cows had let drinking swallowed the crayfish, and the farmer indignantly denies the insinuation that, as the natural habitat of crayfish is water, water must have been added to the milk. He now thinks he is trouble.—London Truth.

Vague Directions.

There are some old fashioned cooks who not only never spoil the lunch, but who cannot possibly give any one else the secret of making it. Such was Aunt Hulda, who often tried to share the recipes for her pies and puddings, but always in vain.

"Give us the receipt for my sponge cake!" the would say. "Of course I will, dear. Give you a piece of paper, and I'll put it right down for ye. There 'tis."

"But, Aunt Hulda, you say 'a little water.' How much do you mean?"

"Why, some folks don't use any at all. They just depend on the eggs and sugar and flour. But I like a little myself. It gives that sort of dry taste, you know."

"But how much, Aunt Hulda?"

"Oh, just a little. Sometimes I pump a mite into the bowl when I'm making near the sink."

At another time a young and potential housekeeper was trying to learn the process of baumaking.

"A pinch of cinnamon and a few currants," called Aunt Hulda's directions.

"But how many currants?" was the puzzled inquiry.

"Oh, I don't know," said Aunt Hulda pleasingly. "There and there a trayful. You don't want to have 'em look too thick."

When Aunt Hulda's is moulded that the ignorant or inexperienced cook can succeed by the use of the receipt, it is a pity she looks as if such incompetence were much to be gilded, and can hardly conceal her impatience.

"Poor creature!" she has been known to say. "Why, I guess I could be 'mad whether mincemeat needed a little more blind ginger when I gave you a taste of it in my cradle!"—Youth's Companion.

"Suckers."

After every rainstorm there is an unusual crop of "suckers." Do you know what a "sucker" is? A circular piece of rather heavy leather, two or three inches in diameter, has a string passed through a hole in the center, and a large knot both stops up the hole and prevents the string from pulling through. For some unknown reason "suckers" are at times very popular; nearly every boy in the town has one, and the entire will be dotted with figure sucking these leathern disks in the muddy water of the gutters. For, to be effective, the "sucker" must be thoroughly moistened, when it becomes sufficiently pliable to adhere closely to the paving or cobble stone upon which the boys put it with their feet. The air being completely driven out from between the leather and stone, the pressure caught by the weight of the air is all from above, fourteen pounds of it to every square inch of leather, so you see that in theory they may carry the cobblestone with them so far as the "sucker" is concerned. I confess I cannot see wherein the great popularity of the sport lies, unless it be that feeling to slight temptation in the therefore of the leather the "sucker" rarely adheres with all its sucking power, and for this reason it is considered quite a feat to carry the stone any distance at times. So here arise the spirit of competition and desire to excel, which are the life and mainspring of every game.—Frank M. Chapman in St. Nicholas.

"Solo," the Monkey Singer.

"Solo" is a little monkey who wears tapped mittens and old shoes. He has to be tethered and his face unwashed, for he has a voice of wonderful sweetness and power. "Solo" does not sell very many papers, but he makes enough money to keep himself alive by singing songs to his customers on the street, and they reward him with an occasional coin.

Just before midnight he may often be heard singing near the portcullis in front of a group of his admirers on ragged and dirty as himself. In loud, clear, pure tones he will sing that touching old song, "Annie Laurie," with a power and pathos that bring passers-by to a halt, and they wait and listen, too, until they have heard the very last note. In responding to the inevitable cinnamon he gracefully bows with the "Lord Rose of Summer," "In the Sweet By and By," and, perhaps, the "Old Oaken Bucket." The bagpipes respectfully admire and imparting in their applause.

"Solo" is very fond of music, and will like a bird and give excellent imitations of the sounds made on various musical instruments. "Solo" is certainly a very entertaining little prodigy, and he is well treated and respected by all with whom he comes in contact.—New York Herald.

Talmage on Hard Work.

There are very few men or women with character stalwart enough to endure continuous idleness. I see a pool of water in the country, and I say, "Then stagnant thing—what do you do all this month?" "Oh," says the pool of water, "I am just stagnating here." I say, "Didn't you drop like a beautiful gem into a basket of other gems as you tumbled over the rock?" "Oh, yes, I sang all the way down from the cliffs to the meadow." I say again, "Didn't I see you playing with those shuttles and turning that great wheel?" "Yes, I used to earn my living." I say again: "Then what makes you look so sick? Why are you covered with this green scum? Why is your breath so stagnant?" "Oh," says the water, "I have nothing to do. I am disgusted with shuttles and wheels. I am going to spend my whole lifetime here, and while yonder stream goes laughing down the mountain side, here I am left to fester and die, secured of God because I have nothing to do." Sin is an old pirate that boards down on vessels whose sails are spreading in the wind. Morning, noon and night, Sundays and week days, thank God for plenty to do.—Dr. Talmage in Ladies' Home Journal.

On Account of the Letter.

Said an old telegraph: "I'm letter T in the word 'there,' one our telegraph company several thousand dollars a few years ago. Schoenacker, the oatmeal king, sent word to his agent in Chicago, and the price agreed upon was 'thirty-five cents delivered in sacks here,' which was meaningless. I saw 'thirty-five cents delivered in sacks here,' which was meaningless. I saw 'thirty-five cents delivered in Akron, O., and so the settlement was made on that basis. The telegraphic order the company was held responsible for this amount."—Chicago Mail.

In fish culture and the skillful breeding of new kinds of edible fish we are in this country and to equal, but in making marketable game a plentiful product of fields that have been cultivated many centuries before America was discovered the Germans have set the rest of the world an example.

It has been calculated that the electromotive force of a bolt of lightning is about 3,500,000 volts, the current about 14,000,000 amperes and the time to be about 1-20,000 part of a second. In such a bolt there is enough energy of 3,850,000,000 watts, or 5,264,192 horse power.

The cost of an ordinary iron plate front, 40 by 100, five stories high, is from $5,000 to $6,000, according to ornamentation. If the standard Doric, Ionic, Corinthian or Egyptian order of architecture, the cost is stronger than where special designs are used.

M. Eugene Bertrand, the new director of the Grand Opera House of Paris, served an apprenticeship as a theatrical manager in the United States. He is fifty-seven years old, and abandoned medicine for the stage.

The Bible tells us that Abraham presented to his son's wife a pair of earrings, and historians relate that Alexander the Great, when he invaded India, found there in the race of the Bokarbidiens.

LIST OF LETTERS.

Remaining in the Post Office at Salt Lake City, Utah, June 20th, 1891, which, if not called for within two weeks, will be sent to the Dead Letter Office at Washington, D. C.

LADIES' LIST.

Adams Mrs Mary
Adams Mrs Ella
Andrews Mrs E B
Allen Mrs J
Bailey Mrs A F
Barnes Mrs R
Barrett Mrs S A
Bennett Mrs A
Brown Clara
Brown Mrs Ella
Brown Mrs Ella
Brown Nora
Bugnell Vera
Bennetson Emily
Bell Eva Mae
Carpenter Hanna
Cooley Jessie
Cotton Rose
Carter Jane
Carpenter Hanna
Cooley Jessie
Cotton Rose
Davis Mrs M
Dinsmore Mrs A
Dwight Mrs Helena
Dwyer J W
Dudy Hattie
Dunbar Minnie
Dudley Mrs B
Dudley Mrs B
Eckman Carrie
Eckland Mrs Vera
Fisher Mrs M
Fortson Bridie
Gardner Mrs
Gough Nellie
Gough Mrs
Hadley Mrs Fitz
Harman
Hatch Hattie
Harmonie Mrs G H
Hoagland Mrs
Jackson Mrs Jas
Jones Mrs Jas
Jones Mrs
Kendall Frances
Kinney Hattie
Kate Rose
Kelley Mary E
Lawrence Mrs Chas E
Lawrence Frances
Lee Mrs
Leatherbarrow Mrs E
Lewis Mrs
Lewis Mrs W A
Marrett Mrs C M
Martin Mrs John
May Mary
Miller Mrs Edna
Morris Susanna
Meaker Mrs C H
Montgomery Mrs A P
Montgomery Emma
Miller Mrs Alice
Montgomery Mrs Frank
Nielsen Mrs A
Nielsen Mrs Bessie
Nelson Mary
Nelson Mrs
Oscarson Mrs C
Cameron Mrs C M
Page Mrs S H
Parker Emily
Perry Fanny
Pratt Mrs Sophia
Pendrey Mrs T
Pendrey Mrs T S
Reynolds Nellie
Robertson Mrs A
Robinson Mrs Rosa
Rowley Mrs J
Rowley Mrs T S
Richards Mrs
Richards Mrs E
Rice Mrs M
Sawyer Laura
Sandgren Rose Grace
Smith Mrs M A
Smith Mrs Annie
Smith Mrs Annie
Smith Florence
Smith Mrs
Smith Mrs
Smith Mrs