

By the glorious crown of Faith triumphant,
 By the patriot vows that freemen keep,
 By the sacred names of home and loved ones,
 Let hearts with courage leap;
 Nor let the conflict pause
 Till Right shall frame our laws.
 So children's children yet unborn
 Shall hold the land free,
 And guard through time this hope sublime,
 The land shall be free.
 —The San Francisco Star.

THE FAMINE IN RUSSIA.

Owing to the failure of the harvests in seven districts of the government of Kasan, and in the provinces of Samara, Saratof, Simbirik, Viatka and Perm, where the crops are almost worthless and even the landed gentry are beginning to ask the government for relief, the Russian government is adopting measures to relieve the sufferers. But the distress is becoming more acute every day. The peasants are denuding their cottages of the thatches in order to feed the stock. In spite of this, cattle and horses are dying in great numbers. The government officials are very slow in putting the relief measures into effect, and the only relief thus far has been the granting permission to the peasants to gather faggots in the woods for fuel and to collect dried leaves for fodder. The peasants are exhausted from lack of food, and unless the promised supplies are speedily sent, the suffering among the peasantry will be terrible.
 —The Springfield Republican.

THE BONES OF COLUMBUS.

Columbus died in 1506 at Seville, and he was buried there, although in his will he asked to be buried in San Domingo. It was not until 1536 that his son succeeded in fulfilling his father's wish and carried his remains to the cathedral of San Domingo. After the treaty of Basle, in 1795, the governor-general, Aristizabal, having received an order to evacuate the island, which was lost forever to Spain, caused the sarcophagus to be transported to Havana, where it was deposited in the chapel of the cathedral. There the "Gran Colon" has slept for a century. A marble slab at the entrance of the chapel has this written on it: "O restos e imagen del grande, Colon, mil siglos durad guardados en la urna y en la remembranza de nuestra nacion." (O body and image of the great Columbus, be ye preserved for a thousand centuries in the urn and in the memory of our nation.)—The New York Sun.

Let us leave the house; let us leave the city; let us leave the country. All

that we can do; but we cannot leave without bringing with us our lares. The lares of the Latin race in America are the bones of Christopher Columbus in his leaden coffin in Havana.—The Madrid Imparcial.

THE PUBLICANS AND HARLOTS.

Perhaps half a million people will sit down in the saloons of Chicago tonight; not to get drunk or even to drink, for the vast number of them do not drink at all, but because the saloon is the only social shrine, the only municipal drawing-room in which the greater number of citizens can get together as human beings, and "shake their hearts out" to each other, as the Germans say. In this sense, the saloon fulfills a public and profoundly religious function, which the church and municipal system have alike failed to offer; it is the only social refuge which gives warmth and color, relief and fellowship, to millions of toilers. The drunkenness and crime which follow are the direct fruits of the social system.

In her last years, Miss Willard declared poverty to be the cause of drunkenness rather than drunkenness the cause of poverty.

We privileged classes are wickedly insensible to the fact that, to the majority of human beings in what we call Christendom, the sensations of drink and sexuality are the only experiences which make life interesting; the only things which give anticipation and romance to life; the only sacraments of human fellowship, save the common misery and poverty. Centuries ago, the great Augustine declared physical immorality to be but perverted divine yearnings after fellowship. And more than four hundred years before Augustine, Jesus declared that the harlots and publicans would enter the kingdom of heaven before those of us who belong to the privileged and religious classes, for the simple reason that they are infinitely better than we are; they still have yearnings, while we seek only our own righteousness, and the safety of our interests in the existing order.—Prof. Geo. D. Herron.

FORTIFICATION IMPRACTICABLE AND UNNECESSARY.

An amusing and rather significant incident occurred at Quebec at the time of the organization of the joint high commission which has been carefully concealed by the dominion authorities. On the day when the commissioners of the two countries met for the first time to exchange compliments and cordiality and to prepare

for the permanent removal of all causes of irritation there appeared at Quebec a distinguished party of military men from England—a major general, a colonel of engineers and a captain of the royal navy—sent over by her majesty's government to inspect the defenses upon the American border and report how they might be extended and strengthened. Their arrival was unexpected, at least by the civil authorities, but fortunately Sir Wilfrid Laurier; prime minister of Canada, heard of it promptly and in time to prevent the disclosure of their mission.

He met the "defense committee," as it is called, in the members' rooms, and explained how inopportune was their arrival just at the moment when delegates from the United States were gathering to arrange for perpetual peace and begged them to clear out before anyone discovered their business. They resented such an unceremonious dismissal as a reflection upon their dignity and showed their instructions, but Sir Wilfrid told them that he didn't care a tinker's rap about their dignity or their instructions; there were no fortifications upon the American border for them to inspect, and the Canadian government did not propose to have any; and they might go home and report to the military authorities in London that all the money in the world could not fortify the Canadian frontier against an invasion from the United States.

The committee then explained that they could not return to England without doing something or going somewhere, so Sir Wilfrid Laurier borrowed a car and some guns and fishing tackle from Sir William Van Horne and sent them over to inspect the defenses of the Rocky mountains, with an injunction to keep away from Quebec and to conceal their mission.—Wm. E. Curtis, in Chicago Record.

"HOW MUCH DOES GOD CHARGE FOR COAL MINES?"

Little Jo had been listening to his father reading about the starving miners. Little Jo was too young to understand Caesar's ways; he only heard the voice of nature as it spoke within him. He was not old enough to be contaminated by vices and devices of lawyers and landsharks, bogus statesmen and political mountebanks, boodlers and coal barons. He had heard his father reading and talking about something wrong in the affairs of mankind, and he was trying to find out the "why." So he let the natural voice of truth and justice speak: