

This was agreed to. An officer and squad of soldiers were detailed; thirty Comanche warriors joined them with their leader and went into Texas.

Thirty days only being allowed them by the Commissioner in which to report at Fort Sill.

Thirty days in which to go and return, and in the meantime search a territory rivaling in size the six New England States!

The expedition was a failure. No Indians were seen. The Commander at Fort Sill so reported to the war Department at Washington, and so the Agent reported to the Commissioner's office.

"Give the Comanches ten days in which to bring in the five men; if they comply in that time, well; if not, cut off their supply and withhold their annuities," was the next message from Washington.

ANSWER TO PRAYER.

"The scenes of the riots in New York, at the time of our civil war, are of national celebrity; but few however, know that one of the most atrocious acts of cruelty attempted to be perpetrated by the manufacturers, utterly failed of its purpose, solely in answer to prayer. On the first day of the mob, however, several thousand men, women and children, armed with clubs and brickbats, suddenly appeared at the door of the Colored Orphan Asylum, and effected an entrance by breaking down the front door with an axe. The building was soon fired in ten or fifteen places, and the work of destruction was accomplished in twenty minutes.

"There were at the time two hundred and twenty-three children in the building with their attendants and teachers. The matron having assembled all the children after the first alarm, one of the teachers thus addressed them: 'Children, do you believe that Almighty God can deliver you from a mob?'

The reply was promptly made in the affirmative. 'Then,' said she, 'I wish you now to pray silently to God to protect you from this mob. I believe that he is able and will do it. Pray earnestly to him, and when I give the signal, go in order, without noise, to the dining-room.' At this every head was instantly bowed in prayer, such prayer as is not frequently offered, the silent, earnest supplication of terrified and persecuted little children. When, at the sound of the bell, their heads were raised, the teacher said the tears were streaming, but not a sound, not even a sob, was to be heard. They then quietly went down stairs and through the halls, and she remarked that 'to her dying day she should never forget the scene; the few moments of eloquent silence, the streaming noiseless tears, the funereal march thro' the halls, the yells and the horrible sounds which were nearer and nearer approaching. *Not one of these helpless innocents was injured in the least; but in spite of the threats and the bloodthirstiness of the rioters, through whom they were obliged to pass, all were removed unmolested to a place of safety.*"

Selected.

BISMARCK'S TESTIMONY.

Count Bismarck says, "Cigar smoking I have given up altogether, of course under advice.

It is debilitating and bad for the nerves. An inveterate smoker, such as I used to be, gets through 100,000 cigars in his life, if he reaches a fair average age. But he would live longer, and feel better all the time, if he did without them."

100,000 cigars at the average retail price of five cents apiece amounts to the snug little sum of \$5,000 which an "inveterate smoker," according to Bismarck's testimony pays for a ruined constitution, debilitated nerves, and shortened life.

What is the difference in the sight of God whether I shorten my life in some vulgar method of committing suicide, or do it genteely by cigar smoking?

The writer, when boarding himself alone consumed a five cent loaf of baker's bread a day.

By paying for a month's supply at a time in advance he got thirty loaves for a dollar, which reduced his bread bill to twelve dollars a year.

At this rate the price of Bismarck's cigars would supply a family of six with bread for the "fair average life" of seventy years.

"Wherefore do ye spend your money for that which is not bread and your labor for that which satisfieth not?"

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

"Business men are learning that the Saloon is a financial incubus."

"Insurance companies refuse to take risks on saloon-keepers, because the death rate is higher among them, than among men engaged in any other mercantile pursuit. * * * Insurance companies aim to conduct their business on a safe basis. Tables are prepared with great care showing accurately the death-rate in various callings. The facts are indisputable. They leave the saloon-keepers among the unsafe risks. * * * Railroad companies also find themselves compelled to distinguish against those who use liquors. Some of the leading companies have taken definite action excluding from their employ men who use strong drink. * * * Merchants, bankers, and manufacturers find it necessary to prohibit the use of liquor, in their establishments, and to enquire into the habits of applicants for positions. * * * Formerly the fact, that a man used liquor did not render him objectionable, as a mechanic, an engineer, a bank-teller, a book-keeper, only habitual drunkards were excluded."

These changes have been brought about not through conformity to the whims of theorists, but by the exigencies of business. * * * They show the demoralizing and destructive tendency of the saloon. The progress of business—the security of life—require it's suppression. *Selected.*

THE DAY-STAR.

"Forerunner of the sun, it marks the pilgrim's way:
"I'll gaze upon it while I run, and watch the rising day."

"Depart from evil, and do good: seek peace and pursue it."

THE DAY-STAR is published for free circulation: we prefer to send ten copies to each address; and desire them wisely distributed.

The papers cost in cash and labor about one cent for every eight pages; this is provided by gifts from the Lord's children, and also by labor and money which we set apart for the Master's use. When sending a donation state whether it is for the DAY-STAR or for our personal expenses. Pray for us, and write often.

A. F. Foster. Mt. Vernon, Iowa.

THE LESSON.

BY JULIA M. MAY.

A three-year-old-boy on the gate post was leaning,
And watching the frolicsome flight of the birds,
When a sweet bobolink round the orchard came gleaming,
And stopped as if listening for somebody's words—

Stopped close to the boy till his natural feeling,
Impulsive, obeying, he lifted a rock,
And raising it high, then quietly kneeling,
He steadied himself to give birdie a knock.

Just then the soft throat, with pent melody swelling,
Gently opened, and forth came the song ever new,
"Bobolink, bobolink," as if some one were telling
The bird what the baby was going to do.

"Bobolink, bobolink, bobolink a-no weet;"
"Bobolink, bobolink, I know it, I know it;"
"Bobolink, bobolink" (Oh the song was so sweet!)
"Bobolink, bobolink, don't throw it, don't throw it!"

Ro'bie didn't. His fingers fell down by his side,
And he gazed at the charmer in joyful surprise,
Till the solo was over, and then satisfied,
Let the innocent singer fly up to the skies.

Then he looked at me doubtful and read in my face
The question my lips were preparing to ask;
'Cos he sung so, me couldn't, he lisped with quaint grace,
And left me to go to his play or his task.

But he left me a thought for the poem of years:
When the demon of danger comes to your nest,
Sing a song; sing it bravely; sing through your tears,
And the hand that is lifted will fall. It is best

To sing while you can, like the brave bobolink;
For the song of your hearts shall your enemy reach,
And the danger will vanish. Ah! do you not think
That the brave bobolink a sweet lesson can teach?

VIEWS OF WAR.

To slay a Christian is to strike Christ himself.
To slay an unbeliever is to plunge a fellow
being into hell. Terrible alternative! Yet all
who fight, not only strike such a blow, but expose
themselves to the risk of dying while striking
it.

NEWMAN HALL.

There is no war among men but what arises
from some vice, from covetousness, or ambition
or an inordinate love of glory.—PLUTARCH.

As contrary as cruelty is to mercy, tyranny
to charity, so is war to the meekness and
gentleness of the Christian religion.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

The evils of war are too terrific for human
eloquence to depict. They cover the whole
surface of human life and stretch into eternity.

E. S. GANNET.

War suspends the rules of moral obligation,
and what is long suspended is in danger of being
totally suspended. EDMUND BURKE.

"Where peace is not Christianity can not be."
CHARLES SUMNER.

"War is as contrary to the spirit of Christianity
as murder. Nothing can justify nations
in shedding each others blood." ADAM CLARK.

The most noble of all ambitions is that of
promoting peace on earth and good-will to men.
JAMES MADISON.

Shall Christians assist the prince of hell, who
was a murderer from the beginning, by telling
of the benefits of war? JOHN WESLEY.

All wars are follies; very expensive and
very mischievous. There has not been, nor
ever will be any such thing as a good war,
or a bad peace. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

War in every case must be deemed the triumph,
or the harvest of the first great murderer—the devil.
THOMAS SCOTT.

War is the concentration of all human crimes.
WM. E. CHANNING.

EDITOR'S THOUGHTS,

FOR THE CLOSING DAYS OF 1890.

We have passed our 45th. year: a frail body warns us
that what we do must be done quickly, while it is day.

Many of us are making the GREAT MISTAKE of life;
having learned the way of peace,—the pure gospel that forbids
war, holding these blessed truths in our hearts,
we do nothing, or next to nothing to pass the word along.

Who of us works with that spirit of self-denial manifest
in such reformers as G. Fox, J. Wesley, or W. L. Garrison.
O Lord send more earnest laborers into this neglected field.