1895

UA3/1/4 Speeches & Ideas Book

Henry Cherry

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A RAILROAD MAN'S PRAYER.

An old railroad worker was converted, and being present at a meeting at which there were many inspired, he was asked to lead in prayer. He hesitated a moment, and then with trembling lips, but clear, resounding voice, he said reverently:

"O, Lord, now that I have flagged thee, lift up my feet from the rough road of life and plant them safely on the deck of the train of salvation. Let me use the safety lamp known as prudence, make all the couplings in the train with the strong link of thy love; and let my hand lamp be the Bible. And, heavenly Father, keep all switches closed that lead off on the sidings, especially those with a blind end. O, Lord, if it be thy pleasure, have every semaphore block along the line show the white light of hope, that I may make the run of life without stopping. And, Lord, give us the ten commandments for a schedule; and when I have finished the run, on schedule time, pulled into the great dark station of death, may thou, the superintendant of the universe, say, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant: come and sign the pay-roll and receive your check for eternal happiness.'"

Instead of praying for their daily bread, some men tell the Lord what kind of weather is needed to make a wheat crop.
Talks
made at
Morning Exercises
beginning
Sept. 3 1895

AT THE BEGINNING OF TERM

I am going to study Arithmetic
Miss Burt, and I am going to
study Elocution & Physical Training.
Wanted: a Friend.

"I need a friend, and there is none to help," was said to me recently. And I fell to musing over the needs of human hearts, their sorrows, and their yearnings. I thought "We are" all alike—each needs a friend. With some it is a need being supplied. With thousands of others it is a need that aches with emptiness, or, at best, leaves much of hungry yearning for complete satisfaction; either in more perfect answer of soul to soul, or in better opportunities and means of its enjoyment.

Most people have friends; but many do not have a friend. The one who voiced the need has many friends—is popular, justly respected and admired, is bright, benevolent and helpful, yet yearns for a particularity of friendship which can never be given in mass, and which has exclusive reference to the experiences and struggles of the inner life; to which sacred place only a true and loving heart can gain the key.

Jesus felt the need of such friendship, and found it, in good measure, in the beloved John. Where may it be found now? It does not flow necessarily from the natural relations of life. One may have father and mother, brother and sister, husband or wife, and yet in none of these find it. Nor does it certainly arise from business, social or religious associations. Indeed, I have been tempted to think there is less of genuine, simple-hearted friendship in the ministry than in many other classes. So many ministers seem to feel that they must always wear an official character, and go about with a professional and artificial dignity and attitude to maintain, that with them real friendship is precluded. But if you want a critic or a judge he is always at hand and ready for business.

Yet I have seen, in all walks of life and amongst all sorts of people, greater or less examples of that noble friendship so pre-eminently exemplified in Jonathan and David.

How beautiful in them! How lovely in all! How powerful a tie that thus binds in subtlest sympathy and truest devotion, though life, and distance, and silence may yawn their vastest depths between!

May every suffering soul find one such friend—he needs but one.—Ez.
Friendship

We look out on the millions of restless souls this morning and see them mingling and
commingling with each other. Are there so many many friends in the world

We look out on the street and we see men
arm in arm, hand in hand, and apparently
in perfect sympathy and accord with each
other; and we are ready to exclaim what
friends? Are these things any evidence
that they are friends? Is this movement? And are
these practices criteria in which we
can judge of friendship?

Friendship *is* to be found only in nobility
of character. Friendship exists only in
the purest of character. Friendship
identifies itself with a God with a future
with an eternity.

We see two young men who are
great friends - at least they claim to be
friends - go into a saloon and they touch
the glasses containing the burning intoxicant
the flowing, sparkling, daring demon from
hell and in the act they say: "Here this to you"
"This in good faith and confidence."

We see a flock of gosse necking
duven who infest the streets at night
like night owls rambling in a chicken
roost and stand out on the streets in
day gazing at the girls. We see
this flock of things arm in arm with each other
and think of them as great friends
God pity such friendship,

That compile that were drinking.
Together. That gang that flocked together
and dissipated will more than likely
destroy each other some day. They will
cross swords and bleed the life
out of each other. Etc. Etc.
Esop. Fable.
BAB'S LIBERAL SERMON.

Worship in Church and In Green Fields Compared—Sunday In the Country—Consistency of Willie—Warm-Weather Preachers—Blessings of a Sabbath In An Orthodox Family.

(Correspondence of the Courier-Journal.) Florida, Orange County, N. Y. July 8, 18—.

The country is all gone to church. We may have single grievance; during the winter, we have spent Sunday in the country, and we have been to church, but in the summer the moral backbone still remains. When I find myself now in the country, I am not at home. We have been away for two miles to tea; we are five miles from the postoffice, and the church is a short distance beyond that. The greatest mistake a city visitor can make is to suppose that she can go to church when in the country to her ordinary get-up. If she does the congregation, the preacher, and the preacher are all amazed. Instead of putting on a little cotton frock, a broad-armed hat and self-covered muff, the stranger must dress up, toss the muff over her shoulder, and step briskly with all the flask in her. In every other way, accumulate around the best hat. When you talk to country people, they are expected to be ready to start; the children are unhappy in Sunday dress; and the grown people are equally uncomfortable in their own.

Uncle Timothy, who is a handsome old man when he feels at ease, looks self-conscious and severe when he feels a bit set up, is topped by a high silk hat of the vintage of fifty-two. We got in a large wagon, and my grandfather got to be the smallest boy, who is ensconced in a modern suit of armor, that is he has a kilt and a jacket. This boy is the president of the church, and he wants to go home.

The wagon stops under a shady tree. The small boy and his mother are assisted out, and we all wait while he has a warming up. He comes back, Walter, and points to his voice and three others. He then talks with the preacher. We all settle down. The young child has been given his portion in the collection, but he firmly declines to do so, and the entire congregation is present with the reverent mother that he would rather keep it and buy hokyo- daughter thinks.

We urge him to change his mind, and we agree with thy wife. The child is on the edge of a hot church. But it looks time to go home yet.

Then he shakes hands with everybody else, and all the country people look happy or disagree with what the city people are wearing. One ener- gets up, and has five unmarriage daughters asks me whose patterns I would use when I make my clothes, and I don't think Clougherick's call for too much money. She looks at me with scorn when she hears that I let somebody look at my own, for she and I never talk much, but after a while she asks, "Ah, does she have patterns?"

My paternal grandmother was a fat little girl, and she asks, "Grandfather, do you have patterns?"

I answer, "Yes, a great many," and she asks, "Is she a bad girl? She leaves him doubt about the Italian going to heaven, so he tells the small woman that she isn't a bad girl, and the woman is again a little while his granddaughter.

Then she asks, "Is it any more harm to worship a stone image than worship, my grandfather? And my mother says you do.

Now, Uncle Timothy has lost all patience, and he tells him that he wishes that she didn't ask so many questions, and that she is a bad girl. She leaves him doubt about the Italian going to heaven, so he tells the small woman that she isn't a bad girl, and the woman is again a little while his granddaughter.

The preacher, realizing that the congregation is more attentive, begins the sermon, and the sermon commences.

The preacher, realizing that the sermon is not as interesting as the song on the organ, has set aside his text. "And there was a great following ball. He preaches for one hour and a half, and Nancy lies in bed with the fascination that only comes when the horrible is the terror of the church. The story of the order of the elders of his church, every- in the future, in ignorance, and hoping He will do better business of His duty, He gives Him to understand that if He would ask the old-..."

When in the country in her ord inary get-up, he Lord thought His time to have done, and and favor, and be calmly announces what the preacher does.

"Ye women are tenderly helped out by Chlod, and all the children glad.

And when the preacher tells that he images. For a little while his grand- daughter looks."
Eloquent Sermon On the Old-Fashioned Mother.

A MODEL OF INDUSTRY.

Washington, July 19.—[Special.—The Rev. Dr. Talma preached to-day on "An Old-Fashioned Mother." This radio was to have its pro- parable result in many homes. The text was I. Samuel ii., 29: "Moreover his mother made him a Robe, and brought it him from year to year when she came up with her husband to offer the yearly sacrifice." Dr. Talma said: "The stories of Deborah and Abigail are very apt to discourage a woman's soul. She says within herself: "It is impossible, in the first place, as an economist, to be an old-fashioned character. She has no money. She is an industrious woman, and everyone has seen her. She has no time to think. She is too industrious."

Sons Of Hannah.

She Stands As The Statue of Inteligent Motherhood.

HER FINAL REWARD.

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DISHONESTY OF SELF.

The Rev. E. W. Bottomley On “Reaping the Harvest.”

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES

At McFerran Memorial Baptist church yesterday morning the Rev. Carter Helm Jones addressed his congregation on the text: “Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.”

“I wonder how many of us know ourselves,” said he; “how many of us try to know ourselves. We are creatures of such varying moods. We find ourselves longing for that which is highest and noblest and best. Then, presto, chango! By some diabolical witchcraft, before we know it, we are wallowing in the mire of swine-like thoughts and vile impulses. Do we dare to look in our hearts and see what is there. Can we invite God’s search-light upon our thoughts? We have such a habit of hiding ourselves from other people. The crying sin of the age, I think, is dishonesty. Not the dishonesty and steals from an individual or a corporation, anything from a dime to a dollar, but the concealing of ourselves from others—the man who tells part of the truth and then fommes round to see how much more can be told. The saddest part about it all is that in deceiving others we deceive ourselves. We don’t know, and we don’t want to know, what we are. But, as is said in another place, ‘He not deceived, God is not mocked.’ What does God find in us as he turns the light on us today?”

“O, the double lives we lead, so different in the seeming and the reality. David’s prayer was first for self-discovery. God did not need to find him out. He knew already. We have lived in the shadows of a dim religious light until the room of our souls seems clean to us. Let us turn in God’s sunlight and see what appears.

“The next part of this prayer is for a touchstone to try our thoughts to see if they be pure. As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. What do we think about? Then again, ‘see if there be any wicked way in me.’ Let us study our tendencies. We often hate the logical results of tendencies we do not recognize. The last prayer is one for guidance. Come into our hearts, show us ourselves, show us the way, take us by the hand and lead us in it.

“So long thy power hath blessed me, sure will lead me on
Over flood and fen, over crag and torrent, ill
The light is gone.
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile.”
The Rev. E. W. Bottomley's Sermon at Chestnut-street Methodist Church.

The Rev. E. W. Bottomley yesterday morning preached in the Chestnut-street Methodist church. He chose for his text the thirteenth verse of the second chapter of I. Samuel: "And they of Beth Shames were reaping their wheat harvest."

He spoke partly as follows: "This is the season of ingathering, the time for the earth to give of her abundance. This season causes us to remember God's promises to Noah, "While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest shall not cease." Nations have passed away, kings have come and gone, but God has ever been faithful to his promises. We see how the Lord in His goodness has provided man with all the supplies for his natural wants, and even so will He supply the higher and nobler wants in man's spiritual life.

"Life springs from death. This seems a paradox, but it is so. The seed falls into the ground and dies; at the same time the germ arises from the dying seed and grows until it produces more. And in the spiritual life man must be dead to the world. God says, 'He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.' The death to the world and the spiritual birth follow each other just as the death for which we weep precedes the life everlasting.

"We must also remember that 'like produces like.' If a farmer plants wheat, he does not reap corn. Each seed produces seed of like kind. If a man is good on earth he will reap his just reward in heaven, and the wicked man will not go unpunished. We must be born again, and the new life can only be gotten from Christ Jesus.

"A farmer plants a grain of wheat and reaps hundreds of grains, and in the spiritual, too, much comes from little. God chooses the weak things of this earth to confound the mighty. The Disciples were poor men, without social positions or money, yet look at what has been done as a result of their work. Despite not the day of small things. Many good works of grace have been wrought in the church that were brought about by a woman's prayer. Then, if we want to reap or harvest, we must labor for it, and must not expect things to come to pass too soon. We must work and improve our opportunities, that the day shall come when we shall all rise in perfection."
They Hold a Union Service and Hear a Sermon By the Rev. J. A. M. Ziegler.

The Rev. J. A. M. Ziegler, of the Trinity Lutheran church, preached last night in the Highland Presbyterian church before congregations of all the Highland churches who, during the summer months, are uniting and holding meetings in the various churches. Next Sunday night the Rev. T. M. Hawes will preach in the Highland Methodist church.

The speaker chose his text from the story of the healing of the blind man. He spoke in the main as follows: "This man was blind from his birth. He had groped his way through the streets of Jerusalem from childhood and for his great affliction there was no cure. He may have loved his country and his religion. The sound of the chants of the priests and the music used in the service fell on his sensitive ears, but he could not see the smoke rising from the censer, could not see the temple, the priest. He was blind, doomed to perpetual darkness. Why is this? Why should he be so afflicted. The people of that day regarded blindness as a punishment for sin, either of the parents or the sins of his forefathers which depended upon him. A person so unfortunate was always a social outcast.

The query arises in the minds of the disciples as to the correctness of this. For they have seen the way that the Master deals with all these people. Other theories of the Jews had been disproved by the Lord, and perhaps this time they marveled at what He would do. The Jews had always regarded God as a stern, harsh personage, who for all sins visited on the sinner some affliction. This is the theory that Jesus came to eliminate. They asked Him if this man was a sinner. Without replying directly He went about to show by this poor beggar a wonderful work of God's power. From the affliction put on us is to constrain us to depend more and more on Jesus Christ, who will supply all our needs, physical as well as spiritual. He declared that He was the Son of God and that He would show some of His power. As long as He was in the world He would be the light of the world.

"Restoring the sight of this man was a wonderful work on account of the way in which He did it. Let us look at the means employed. A little moistened clay and a little water. In the hands of another they would have been useless. There was a command, 'Go wash.' And there was also immediate obedience. Might the man not have questioned the virtue of the clay and water? Yes, and remained blind all the rest of his life! It was the mere act of trust and obedience that saved him. And a person who believes on Him and trust in Him now will be saved. For He is always ready to save. The man was healed and all Jerusalem rejoiced. No, they hated Jesus and all that He did. Their hatred was so bitter that if a man who was healed by Him believed on Him he was excommunicated. They were afraid to do much, for they knew that if the man was questioned he might proclaim his restoration publicly and thus increase the Lord's popularity. So they told Him to give his thanks in secret.

The Lord now tries the man's integrity and leads him step by step to believe and his complete conversion follows. He asks, 'Do you believe on the Son of God?' He says, 'I know not who is the Son of God.' The Lord tells him, That it is He that speaks to him. And the once blind beggar cries out, 'Lord, I believe.' Friends, it is this kind of faith that we need. It is folly to hold Jesus in esteem for His good works and not receive Him as our Saviour and thus increase the Lord's popularity. So they told Him to give his thanks in secret. The Lord now tries the man's integrity and leads him step by step to believe and his complete conversion follows. He asks, 'Do you believe on the Son of God?' He says, 'I know not who is the Son of God.' The Lord tells him, That it is He that speaks to him. And the once blind beggar cries out, 'Lord, I believe.' Friends, it is this kind of faith that we need. 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Wood books,
Manhood and Judiasm
I am going to put a little theater going
in my life. The circus-like bug adds
the grave stone going around and looking
for a woman love money.
TALLY-HO!

By N. A. Taleis.

All aboard! If you wish for a wild, reckless ride
Down the hillslope of Life, swiftly flying;
Take a seat here with Social Position and Pride,
Every fear of the future defying.
With a laugh and a jest we will banish the thought,
Of the word, that would dare to remind us
Of the anguish and shame and ruin that's wrought
By the dark cloud of Scandal behind us.
Tally-Ho! Here we go! In Society's show
There is none that surpasses our swift Tally-Ho!

Though Religion and Love may lie prone in the dust;
Let them lie. We have Rank, Wealth, and Station.
As we pleasantly ride, borne along on the tide,
By Extravagance and Dissipation.
Thus onward we dash down the steep winding way,
Through our course may to others bring sorrow;
We will strive to be gay, living but for the day,
With no thought of the swift coming morrow.
Tally-Ho! Here we go! Though the end may be Woe
'Tis the fashion to ride in the fleet Tally-Ho!
How a Bee Was Deluded.

Mistook the Flowers of Art for Those of Nature.

(London Telegraph.)

There is something provocative of much reflection in the incident communicated to us by a correspondent. He was sitting with a number of other guests upon the lawn at a garden party in London, when he observed a large humble bee winging its flight toward the clusters of many-colored flowers upon the hat of a young lady who was one of the company. He does not mention what especial flowers were imitated upon the hat in question, but the present fashion is to display so varied a collection of forms and hues that a credulous bee might easily think herself in a well-furnished country garden on slighting upon any out-of-door coifure of the present time.

The insect in this case was not only deceived in the first instance by the exact resemblance of its work of the miniature to that of Dame Nature, but evidently found nothing on closer acquaintance to prevent her from nectar-eating the bloom in search of honey, and being disappoint­ed in a first, second and even third essay, appeared to have gone on examining each bud of silk, satin or muslin until she was seen to meditate disconsolately upon the edge of the hat, repeating her bail, and then fly away, heartless, and no doubt extremely embarrassed by the discovery that the hat contained such illusions and deceptions for hard-working bees. The innocent insect ought not, we think, to be laughed at. One should have thought, of course, that a humble bee was too good a judge of the products of the field and the garden to be taken in by the very cleverest simulation of them; which the fingers of a Parisian hat-strenger could put together. The coarser texture, the deficient fragrance, the flat, the absence of proper stamens and petals, ought, one would have said, to have made that London bee ashamed of such an error. Yet, obviously, it is not so. The bee, accustomed to find honey whenever she spies certain sorts of blooms or detects her favorite species and takes the false for the true, as so many of us also take it.

We can fancy the beguiled little creature plunging into the first artificial bloom with eager expectation, into the second with surprise, into the third with disappointment, disgust and indignation, and finally she crawls out upon the tawny straw of the lady's headgear—an astonished, angry and disillusioned being. "What!" we may imagine her exclaiming, "flowers without honey, and of such a color, too, and such perfect shape!" Will not that bee, too wise henceforth of its kind, wander over the flower beds and hedgerows of England doubting everything—taking the red clover globes for arch imposters, and the purple foxgloves for hypocrites; disbelieving in the sweetness of honeysuckles, and not daring to trust herself in an umbel of meadow-sweet? Such an experience must be, as if we should find the rain falling from the sky black and bitter, or snow running out from the hills. The modern art of millinery has had no more magic triumph—if we will just consider it—than this little passing story of the bee at the London garden party.
Subject: Restraint — Intense Living

What is intense living? Why is it necessary for sign boards to be put up at the R.R. Crossing "Book and Moving Cxes."

Why is it necessary for the skeleton with the Cross bones be painted on the prescription stand demanding the clerk of death in case of a mistake.

Life is intense. Business is dispatched in the twinkles of the eye.

It would be a good thing for a young man to walk under the ample eaves.

A man must sleep with doubtful eyes opened and are ajar.
Originality

Too many men are not original—They merely copy—

We gather poems from Shakespeare—

Bush. One great man has many imitators—for example—There were many Wellingsons.

Suppose, for example, if Wellington had held his head to one side and leaned in a few minutes and another—

and one of the lines turns his head to one side than another—than another. As it so on until the whole army followed the example until the army was exhausted. If one man should hold his head in natural position, he would have been designated as the leading character and feared.
Make Something Move
Make Something Move

Miscellaneous

When the sun is hot—when you are lazy,
go out on a sandbank or at the end of a log
and get down on your knees and
at call "doodle-bug" the live long day.

Make a "doodle-bug" move if you make
and thing else move.
Perseverance

Means keep ever hitting at it -

It means - Concentration

Following one thing

Example the Woman in England who earned one shilling and sixpence a day. Then she started on the proposition and spent-

1st Year she earns 1 Cent P. Day
2nd Year " " 2 1/2 " " 1/2
3rd Year " " 4 1/2 " " 1/2
4th Year " " 5 " " 1/2
5th " " 16 " " 1/2
6th " " 32 " " 1
John makes $3 per week and spends $2.

At the end of the 16-year period, he would be worth $728.

If John saves his two dollars per week, he will save an increase in wages besides compound interest.
The Mole

Owing to the hobbit manner and peculiar adaptation of structure the mole is perhaps the most interesting of British Mammals. We hardly ever see the mole but all of us have seen the results of its labor.

The farmer wages a relentless war against it. He uses poison he uses his heel he uses his hoe or any tool that will destroy a mole. Yet we shall see that the mole is really the farmer's friend.

Habits of Mole

You have watched the mole you have seen and dug into mole hills yet you know but a little about the habits of the mole. Why don't we commence observing?
Strive To Do More Than Has Done
NOTHING NEW.

It Seems That We are Merely
Followers and Not
Leaders.

CURIOS FACTS.

With the exceptions of steam power, the practical applications of electricity and high explosives, it is doubtful whether all the resources of modern civilization were not anticipated by the ancients, says Modern Art and Literature. The Egyptians discovered the miner's compass; the European discovery of printing was, we know, ante-dated in China by about nine centuries; there is in the British Museum, a Chinese bank note which was issued by the Imperial mint just 800 years ago, before the circulation of the first paper money in Europe; and the Chinese, moreover, claim to have been the discoverers of gunpowder. Mr. Fildes Petrie has discovered that the game of tipping was played by the juveniles of Ancient Egypt some three or four thousand years ago.

The Egyptians devoted a good deal of attention to the study and practice of medicine, though their methods, it must be confessed, were somewhat empirical. One of the oldest paper written in a medical work dating from at least the Twelfth Dynasty, which was discovered by Mr. Fildes Petrie at Kahun in Central Egypt. The following extract will give the reader an idea of the work: "Treatment of a woman which is painted in her legs and in all her limbs as one who is best. Do with regard to her thus: Let her cut grease until she is cured!" A papyrus has been found which dates from about the Nineteenth Dynasty (1400-1200 B.C.), but which contains prescriptions from an older work, dating, according to the copyst, from the Fourth Dynasty (2500 B.C.). Artificial teeth were not unknown in Ancient Egypt, unmistakable specimens of the dentist's art having been found in tombs.

The gentle art of advertising was cultivated by the Ancient Egyptians with much assiduity. Papyrus leaves have been found at Thebes describing runaway slaves, and offering a reward for their capture. The British Museum contains a collection of old Greek advertisements printed on leaden plates. At Pompeii, ancient advertisements have been deciphered on the walls.

The check system at theaters was the same at Pompeii 2,000 years ago as at it is in London to-day and, indeed, the resemblances between the life of ancient Pompeii and the modern life of Naples are very much more notable than the differences. If the city had not been so suddenly blotted out the simplicity had might possibly have been anticipated by modern times.

The doll is thousands of years old; it has been found inside the graves of little Roman children. In connection with the social life of the Romans the following recent extract from a letter is interesting and even at this time of day: "In ancient Rome, among the numerous 'reasons' given by the husband for a divorce, were those of his wife having skeleton keys made to fit his 'private drawers, and drinking his wine, two statements which show that the honesty of a Roman matron was not cultivated to a great extent. However, it may be there was a skeleton in the cupboard, and so the natural shrewdness of a woman's mind suggested the use of a key to a match."
It seems to me if there is one thing that has more influence than another and is needed more than another it is a stronger personality of the people. A closer attention is to the individuality. Every boy, girl, boy, and man is a creator. He is writing the book of individuality just as Jesus did. It is the duty of every teacher to lead every student to see his own possibilities and to exercise his own powers.
The Flag

Patriotism was once defined by Dr. Johnson as the last refuge for a sinner. Yet he did not mean that love of country was not one of the elemental virtues, but that it is often used as a cloak to carry out base purposes to satisfy one's own selfish desires.

There are plenty of demagogues always ready to try to bolster futile reform movements or to bolster flag mugs in the name of the people in the name of the flag in the name of Americanism.

A few years ago I saw a political speaker during his speech draw a miniature flag from his pocket and wave it over the audience. What was thought to be sleepy patriotism manifested itself in a tremendous outburst of love of country and every son and daughter of our American Union who were there on that occasion sprang to their feet and cried out reverentially for that little little flag not larger than the palm of your hand, but it flamed our stars and stripes and they would have spilt the last drop of patriotic blood that coursed their veins rather than dishonor it.

Yet this infamous character, this hypocritical character, this anarchist who would dynamite the very hope of our salvation, who would steal the watchwords out of the sacred principles of our government, this adder who would take righteousness and all that is good and use them for evil, thisJean de Dem in politics, played upon a virtue that reaches eternity its self and as broad as the universe, and by these.
methods secured an election to our national government.

On entering upon his duties he went in league with whiskey
with money with evil he bartersed his state he handled
it like he would merchandise
he traded our flag like it was a dirty contemptible rag
he hypocritically lied to his people. The meanest and weakest
man on earth.

The American people have
many grave problems to solve and we must have the wisdom strength
the courage and virtue to do it.
We are going to make a magnificent
success or failure and I believe our
chief safety lies in the patriotism of
our people. We are to the center a
motion of forces and this part of
our nature must be fostered
and developed to the full.

We believe this love of country
love of flag added to a good constitution
is a good government will be our
safe guard. We can say in
the language of Long fellow

Thorow sail on oh ship of state
in spite of rock and tempests won
In spite of false lights on the shore
Back on now fear to breast the sea
Our hearts our hopes are all with thee
Our hearts our hopes our prayers our tears
Our faith triumphant over our fears
Are all with thee
Are all with thee

We must not foolishly blink
at the dangers that threaten us for
that is the way to fail.
If evil is here we must see
it and attack it with an
ungyedding and unflinching determination. We shall never be successful over the dangers that confront us. We shall never reach true greatness nor reach the lofty ideal which the founders of our mighty Federal government long set before us unless we are American in heart in spirit in act in purpose keenly alive to the responsibility implied in the very name American and found beyond measure for the privilege of being an American.

We do not want a patriotism of the village. We do not want a patriotism of the sphere, or a patriotism that will fit in Warren Co. but we want to be broadly American. We want to be national American. It was narrowness in politics that caused the calamities which befell the republics of Greece, Medici, republics of Italy and the petty states of Germany as it was in the last century. We want a patriotism that will reach from Boston to the Pacific Slopes from Seattle to Canada.

Scott Sums When anarchy like a cold skirted across with a mans head and a forked tongue was feasting and crawling around among the mails of Cheyenne. When it called itsself ready to thrust its teeth into the innocent flesh of a victim. When it threatened the perpetuity of our government. When it began to lay its cold sides against the flag and wrap itself about the emblem of our nation that supposed deserving patriotism of the South.
Turned its eyes northward over
the soil that had been fertilized by the
blood of their leaders, friends and
comrades over the same hills and
valleys that they had marched with
musket on shoulder and behind
the artillery.
Habit

Habit walks our streets this morning.
We see men smoking, chewing, and
dipping schnapps. We hear them swearing
on the streets. We see themnodding the
head and carrying a cane from force of
habit, Etc Etc.

What I saw at Exercises

Young men pulling their ears
picking their teeth, their heads in their
hands, feet on the rounds of the chairs
looking out the windows and not
hearing what is said dreaming while
Prof. Alexander is speaking picking the
nose and rubbing their fingers.
A boy looking at a girl. Behind the
end of the pencil, cleaning the finger
nails with the stake.
Wandering what Jerry Tom or
James are doing at home.
The body thrown over on the table
running their fingers through
their hair. Rubbing fingers on
Thumbs, Hands on foreheads
Stroking side of head with hand

A compact of unnatural movements
and practices caused by repetition
and unrestrained in watchful
desires on waitresses.

A pitchfork, black and carlessness

God pity the man who does
not center his faculties
and knows not what he does.
Habit

Illustrations

A deacon of a church was fond of saying Amen. He had been fond of saying this for quite a long while. His parents had instilled this into him.

He was some 40 years of age but had never married. He frequently succeeded in pursuing a young lady to have him.

The time for the ceremony was fixed at immediately after Prayer Meeting on Wednesday Eve. The deacon came in early and took his seat near the Amen corner and the lady was by his side. The preacher prolonged the services a little on that evening but finally announced:

Announcement of two precious souls are to be united here to-night.

At this deacon who was to be married said "Amen!"

The barber asked:

Will you have a Shave?

No answer

Will you have a Shampoo

No answer

Will you have soap

No answer

Will you have a hair cut

No answer

The barber was very angry

But on investigation the

found he was showing himself.
In a house there was but one bed but some slept eight

The Jorga family tried turned over

An old nurse lay long near

at the

I
There are men who have 100 acres in the State and only a quarter of an acre under cultivation.

Be the sweat of my face known shall more the fruit of the ground get the state certificate.

Our this law *must* we not up and come down the dynamite tree once a

*we* must give spiritually physically and mentally actually.

It is not work that kills men it is worry. Work is healthful. It is not revolution that destroys this machinery but friction.
"By the sweat of thy face shall thou eat bread."

In this ancient law the great success of the world have been built.

On this law every one of you must stand if you expect to succeed.

On this law Abraham Lincoln stood, splitting rails and on this law he wedged himself to the highest office in the gift of the people.

This law was Garfield's too.

The mountains stand up on this law and give us all modern mountains.

The artist stands upon this law and to give us the landscape scene or b engineer an angel out of a stone.

Don't be lazy. The train is always waiting.

Carlyle says: The race of life has become intense. These runners are treading on each other's heels. What lies to that man who stops to tie his shoe strings.

The Angels in Heaven.
The Individual too good to work
Afraid to work
All its terrible etc etc

Marry $30,000 -

Believe me young men and women, there is no true happiness in life nor proper self-respect without the performance of useful duties without earnest labor in some useful department
By the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread

live the real life

dedicate yourself

work the problems

pursue an education

achieve the purpose

your vision
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A DREAM DREAMED OVER.
BY REV. G. B. F. HALLOCK.

In his celebrated defence before Agrippa, Paul recounts the circumstances of a vision he had on the way to Damascus. He saw a person and he heard a voice. Ever since the memory of both had been an abiding influence in his life. We know what Paul's vision was. It was a sight of Christ. It was a glimpse of His glory. It was a conception of His character. It was a call to His services. It was of a commission to open blind eyes, to turn men from darkness to light. Paul began at once to follow his vision, and he continued to follow it to the end of his days, and we know where it led him. He is by common consent called the Great Apostle, for "he labored more abundantly than they all," and his life was crowned with most abundant success. Now that is what following a vision will do for every one of us.

We all have our visions. This privilege was not one that came to Paul alone. Our visions are given us also to draw us upward to a higher life. The dreams of nobleness and beauty that come to our souls are glimpses of the heavenly life, granted to show us what we ought to be. They are intimations, too, of the possibilities of attainment that lie within us. But let us not forget that our visions are not given us merely to be gazed at in wonder or enjoyed as a kind of rapture. They are to be wrought out into life. That is what Paul did with his vision. He immediately began to try to make his vision real. So with us—we should strive to realize and make practical every glimpse we get of spiritual loveliness. The trouble with too many of us

The United Society does not ask to have local societies connected with it, or even enrolled on its books, unless they choose to be enrolled. It simply asks that the name "Christian Endeavor" and the principles for which the name has come to stand should be allowed to go together; that where the principles are adopted the name should be taken with them; and where the name is taken it should stand for the principles of the Christian Endeavor movement. This request has been acknowledged by all fair-minded men to be eminently reasonable. There is no reason why ours and every denomination and all other Young People's Societies within the denomination together and form them into a denominational union, while at the same time the Young People's have the added advantages of the broad interdenominational fellowship which the Christian Endeavor movement provides and fosters.

Following a Vision.

BY REV. G. B. F. HALLOCK.

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A dream dreamed over.

The music was thrilling and pulsing; the flowers, and the palm, and the light. In smooth, waxed floors were reflected That glowing gala night. With the fragrance of rose about her. In her daintily, pure white gown, She was, as he whispered to her, "The prettiest girl in town." She smiled and flushed and denied it, As a pretty girl must do, But by her heart's deep contentment She knew that he thought it true, And they danced to the thrilling music—Oh, life was rapture then!—When she was the prettiest girl in town, And he was the first of men! They parted with anguished sorrow: Time cleared the closed sky, But at last night's ball she lived again In the charmed days gone by. His son and her daughter were dancing. The girl in a pure white gown, And she heard him say as they passed her, "You're the prettiest girl in town."—Oakland Echo.

stitution, and as a loyal Presbyterian I hail its spiritual interdenominationalism with heartiness.

The United Society has taken occasion to say more than once that there is no room for conflict, or even question, between the interdenominational Christian Endeavor movement and the denominational oversight of Young People's Societies. The United Society will welcome and rejoice in any such denominational interest in Christian Endeavor Societies, and will do all it properly can to promote it. There is no reason why every thing that is worth having in the way of denominational control should not be maintained without sacrificing any thing that is worth having of interdenominational fellow­ship and fraternity.
OVER THE HILLS.

Over the hills and far away,
A little boy steals from his morning play
And under the blossoming apple-tree
He lies and he dreams of the things to be;
Of battles fought and of victories won,
Of wrongs overthrown and of great deeds done—
Of the valor that he shall prove some day,
Over the hills and far away—
Over the hills and far away!

Over the hills and far away
It's O for the toil the livelong day!
But it mattereth not to the soul aflame
With a love for riches and power and fame!
On, O man! while the sun is high—
On to the certain joys that lie
Yonder where blazeth the noon of day;
Over the hills and far away—
Over the hills and far away!

Over the hills and far away,
An old man lingers at close of day;
Now that his journey is almost done,
His battles fought and his victories won—
The old-time honesty and truth,
The trustfulness and the friends of youth,
Home and mother—where are they?
Over the hills and far away—
Over the years, and far away!

—Eugene Field.
"COME."

A Sermon Outline.

TEXT:—"The spirit and the bride say come, and let him that heareth say come, and let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Rev. 22:17.

Welcome words! Here is the gospel invitation to a weary, starving, perishing world. We all know what is meant by the word come. It means that all things are ready. Let us consider the blessings offered:

1. The Water of Life.

This means eternal life. It comes from the fountain that never runs dry. It slakes spiritual thirst. It satisfies the longings when nothing else will do. It is free. It cost God his only Son and heaven its most precious jewel to secure this sparkling water of life, but it is freely offered to the thirsty. It can be had for the asking. Jesus says, "If ye will ask of me I will give you water which will forever slake your thirst." John 4:10. It is a fountain free to all. Good works cannot purchase this water. "No price in my hands I bring, simply to thy cross I cling." In the next place let us consider the source of the invitation.

2. Who Gives the Invitation?

Christ. Jesus says, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Matthew 11:28. "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." John 7:37; 8:11. I am glad that we have the blessed invitation from the lips of our dear Savior.

The Spirit. The text says that the Spirit says come. And truly he does, when we can see that God has sent him into the world to convince men of sin, righteousness, and the judgment. John 16:7-11. Jesus through the Holy Spirit "stands at the door and knocks." for admittance. Rev 3:20. It is by this Spirit we are "washed, sanctified, justified." 1 Cor. 1:11. O sinner, did you ever hear the dear old story of the cross, and at the same time realize that your conscience condemned you? That was the "small voice in the soul"—the conscience—that was influenced by the power of the Holy Spirit that caused you to feel thus. Do not resist the Spirit.

3. The Bride. This means that the church says come to Jesus. It does not mean come and take membership in the church, in order to be saved, but come and take the water of life, which is in Jesus, come to him. The church by its influence says come; it says come by its Sunday school and prayer meeting. It says come by the preached word, which it furnishes by its ministers. It says come by its ordinances. The bride says come. Will you hear her?

4. Those that hear. This is the Christian. Yes, those that have properly heard the gospel say come. They are of course saved, and therefore desire the salvation of all the unsaved. "They have tasted that the Lord is gracious; they have drunk at the fountain of living waters; their spiritual thirst has been slaked; and because they have been made like unto Christ they say come and drink. Not only so, the convicted sinner says come. He says it by his actions; his conviction says to others, "I am tired of sin." Through his influence others are led to drink the water of life. Dear Christian, have you ever said personally to a lost soul, "Come and drink at the crystal fountain of life?" If not, do it before it is too late.

5. Who are invited. The thirsty. "Let him that is thirsty come." Have you been seeking pleasure among the things of this world and found it not? Then you are thirsty. By and By it will consume you, and you will go down to the fiery pit of hell to thirst for ever. Jesus says, "Don't do that, come to me and drink; I have plenty of pure, sparkling water that I freely offer you, and it is my delight to give." "If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink." Whosoever will. This means that God is no respecter of persons; that any one may drink, if he will only come to him. "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life." No, he is not willing that any should thirst, but that all should come unto him and drink of the water of life freely. Amen.
THE SINGLE-BARRELED CHRISTIAN.

By WllIIAM F. GIBBONS.

"This one thing I do."—Phil. 8:13.

The degree of intensity with which the single-barreled Christian is capable of doing one thing at a time is the measure of his power. A man who does just one thing is certain to do better work than the man who tries to do a dozen different things. The concentration of all his energies, the constant practice of doing just one thing, enables him to reach the best possible results. The sharpshooter, with his perfected rifle, does many times more effective service than if he fired charges of grape shot at random from a cannon.

The world is full of men who are trying to do just one thing, but the trouble is that the thing they are trying to do is but a trifle. They are devoting their lives to the dative case, or they are dragging out their days in pointing pins. One of the first and greatest questions which each soul has to decide for itself is this, What is really worthy? The single-barreled Christian has answered that question to God's satisfaction.

It may be freely granted that he is the man of one idea, but that idea is a magnificent one. He is the man whose ideal is to be like the Lord Jesus Christ. Like Paul, he has determined to know nothing but Jesus Christ and Him crucified. That is as much as any one man need attempt. Mills says that it does not take a great man to be a Christian, but it takes all there is of him.

The single-barreled Christian is lawfully ambitious. His aim is the highest. His mark is perfection. Other men may copy each other in their attempts to achieve success; he copies Christ. The single-barreled Christian sees but one thing, the King in his beauty, and by that sight he is made forever incapable of seeing anything else. Other men may agonize to obtain earthly prizes; he competes for the prize of the high calling that is in Christ Jesus.

The single-barreled Christian is desperately in earnest. His religion is a life and death matter to him. He has staked his eternal welfare upon it. He can say with the apostle, “For me to live is Christ.” If by any possibility it could be true that his hopes were built upon an insecure foundation, he would be of all men the most miserable. But there is no such possibility. He knows whom he has believed, and his belief has made a hero of him.

The single-barreled Christian is devout. Like Zinzendorf, he cries, “I have but one passion and it is He!” In spite of his ceaseless activity, his hidden life is a life of prayer. He has solved the meaning of the command, “Pray without ceasing.” It may not be possible for him to be always in the act of prayer, but he is never out of the spirit of prayer. His life is hid with Christ in God.

It need hardly be said that the single-barreled Christian is faithful—that is, faith-filled. “He believes the promises of God enough to venture an eternity upon them.” Faith is the force that sends him straight toward the mark. Faith is the victory!
What To Do With It

I raised a few weeks ago
that I had two woolen
rings on my
neck at one time.
While at the Barbor Shop
it occurred to me to
What must I do?
The keepers at the shop
said go down to the
stone and get a sked sook
of thread and I will tie it
around same and in a
few weeks it will
come off.
One morning
while countin the reeds
of my life and while
Groo so happy because
of the good results I rubbed
my hand over the back
of my neck and these
rings that were attached
to those rings all the artificial
that used to be a peacocks head
is cause the corned
head been cut asunder.
I took these two little
rings off in my hand
I took them between
my fingers and send
thousands and thousands back to them
because of the intense Idea I had of a
peculion I mean by that
The black negroid
artificially something
that was not intended.
by God.
The Ladder
LIVING BY THE DAY.

There is a system in great favor with those who have given up the conundrum of Life, and are doing what may be summed up as "living by the day." This consists in simply doing whatever comes to hand in the best manner possible, and behaving as well as may be under the circumstances. The women who settle into this plan of life have necessarily no other. There is no goal to be struggled for, no high ambition to be steadily lived up to. "I don't see why women adopt this plan," said a brilliant woman the other day. "Why should they? They have sense enough for other methods, if they only stopped to think." Admitted, but how many women do stop to think? They spend whole lives in the endless repetition of small daily duties, and never face their problems as a whole to find if they could not as well be performed. "Doing it in the best and easiest way, and in giving due thought and time to the discovery of what that way is. It is a woman's duty no less to care for her children, but she is equally justified in doing it in the best and easiest way, and in trying to find out what that way may be. Indeed, it may be said that they are equally culpable in not doing their respective work in the best and easiest way, if it be possible for them. Not long ago a prominent weekly printed a little cry, pathetic in its quality, from a housemother who complained that she had been at work the whole day and done nothing; only "crewed a little," tended a fretful baby, and "picked up" after the children. She was pat­tonizingly reassured by the editor; told that she could not possibly have done better; that it was the patient performance of these daily duties which made the wheels of life run smoothly. But such methods of doing duty are like the methods of aboriginal agriculture compared with a steam plow. The duty to raise food is the same, but is it not better to do it easily, cheaply, and successfully, than to scratch the ground with a stick and waste human life in labor that is half failure? That weary, housemother had duties, certainly; noble ones, but her methods were as certainly primitive and futile. How is she ever to reconsider and change her plans if she is plodding along with her eyes on her footsteps and never looks ahead? I am afraid, though it seems hard to say it of such noble conscientiousness, that it is easier to live by the day than to lay wise plans of foresight as to life's work and follow them.

Let us try to get to the bottom of this. Is there not less responsibility in saying "we're all poor sinners," and living accordingly, than in setting ever ahead of ourselves noble ideals, and then struggling till we reach them? You say: "We cannot plan ahead; we do not know what may happen." Nobody knows what may happen, but if nobody planned ahead, we would still be living in hollow trees. Nothing ventured, nothing have! arrange for a noble and successful life and work for it; then, if you fail, you have at least accomplished something. But to live always in one place because you are afraid if you started for another you might not get there, is no way to progress. Remember that, although you only count one day and live by that, the days do not remain, but add up together into months and years and lifetimes, and at the end you can look back on a pureblind, helpless life, patiently threading its way through woods which it might have cut down; patiently climbing up mountains which it might have gone around; patiently descending chasms which it might have bridged; patiently carrying burdens which turned out quite useless when they were brought to the goal at last. And all because the traveler had never stopped to climb a tree or consult a chart to measure relative distances and judge of cross-cuts and vehicles, but plodded on afoot, following his nose and the North star! Laudable, perhaps, for its dogged devotion, but just as much a hopeless, inex­usable waste of life.

Now suppose we suggest to the weary housemother that she look not only at to-day, but at yesterday and to-morrow; that she consider ultimate duties as well as immediate ones, and think well if she is really doing the best for sacred charges by the monotonous immolation of a human life. For instance, her care of that fretful baby—"is such as to help it cease to fret? Is her "picking up after the children" go­ing to teach them to pick up for themselves, or, still better, to not leave things about? Was that sewing and mending all necessary at that particular time? The whole state of our civiliza­tion lies in bending the present need to the future, in accepting present loss for future gain, in taking long and longer chances.

Now at once comes the question, how are we to bring about this frame of mind? This daily grind of petty care is wearing out our women by the million. Are we sure it is the best, the only way to live? If we women were to study these duties of ours more scientifically, more as a whole, instead of whittling away our lives over the separate parts, we should accomplish far more, and it would cost us far less. Difficult? Yes; and makes another cruel truth for us; women who talk so much of our "sa­cred duties" and their enormous importance, never learn our trades; we are not statesmen, not even skilled workmen, but simply day laborers, clinging blindly to our one virtue—the humble doing what we are told; the arid patience to plod on at our unlearned tasks till we drop in the harness; the brainless resignation to liv­ing day by day.—Helena Cambpell, in Interior.

THAT'S THE WAY.

Just a little every day,
That's the way!
Seeds in darkness swell and grow,
Tiny blades push through the snow,
Never any flower of May
Leaps to blossom in a burst.
Slowly—slowly—at the first,
That's the way!
Just a Little every day.

Just a Little every day,
That's the way!
Children learn to read and write,
Bit by bit, and mine by mine,
Never anyone, I say,
Leaps to knowledge and to power.
Slowly—slowly—hour by hour,
That's the way!
Just a Little every day.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.
Night at Sea.

A sea voyage is the symbol of the voyage of life. When I have crossed the Atlantic, I have loved to go out on the deck at night, and standing by the binnacle, watch the steersmen at the wheel. The present gigantic steamers do not afford a passenger the opportunity to do this, as we once could do on a sailing packet. I have stood by the steersman when beyond the bow there arose a wall of deep darkness. Huge waves were smiting the vessel in the face. Great chasms opened in the dark for her prow to plunge in, and then leaping upward, she would toss the spray off her, as a lion shakes the dewdrops from his mane. It looked hazardous enough for that great ship, with the precious freight of human life, to be driving on through the black midnight—Rev. T. L. Cuyler.
A SERMON OUT OF CHURCH.

(William A. L. Taylor in the Wesleyan Magazine.)

The great business of life is to be, to do, to do without and to depart.—Morty: "Aphorisms.

We may be sure of this, that life is no trifling matter; it is a "great business," which demands from every man his best thought, truest purpose, and supreme effort; for only the great-hearted and pure-souled can enter the beautiful kingdom of life.

In order to enter that kingdom the first requirement is being, the fact expressed in Solomon's word, "To be rather than to see." The danger against which all have to guard is that of seeming instead of being, pretense in place of reality, "To be or not to be—that is the question" for every one to answer; to say once for all whether he is to be a "whited sepulcher, beautiful indeed" in appearance, spotless in attire, faultless in profession, perfect in manner, but "within full of dead man's bones, a hollow pretense of skeleton virtues, an empty tomb of ghostly graves, a grave of crumbling purposes and nothing will. Being is the foundation of character. What a man is in himself decides his actions and his destiny. We do well to ask the beginner in life what he is "going to be," for that is everything. There is a power of whom it is said, "In Him we live, and move, and have our being." When that force resides in the soul everything is real, and everything is possible, and apart from him all is shadow and dream.

The second requirement is action. Doing follows being as a matter of course. When a man has within himself a bound to come out; if God be in him, God will come forth of him. If a man have power in his soul, it will proclaim itself in blessed and sublime activity. How much there is to do! Labor lies ready for every man's hands; but alas for the idlers and loafers and drones who never consecrate their hands by holy toil, who never dig the ground or sow the seed or weave the web, who never create sweetness or strength or beauty, and thus lose life's crown of redolent—divine labor! Their blinness is the great world's loss and their own eternal shame. Doing is prayer and song, incense and incensation; he purity and worth, and every sacrifice that earth offers to heaven is the sacrifice of mind and heart and hand upon the serene and holy altars in the fields and markets and on the pathless seas of the world. Such service is religion pure and undistilled, binding the worker man with the worker God.

Again comes the demand, "To do without." There can be no more sacred message than this. Go sell that thou hast, and give, and deny thyself. This is the greatest part of man's life, and no man begins to live until he begins to die, until he has learned "to do without." It is not what we gain that makes us rich, but what we lose. It was said of a certain Spaniard's prince that the more you took from him the greater man he appeared. Any day you may see a man growing greater as his possessions grow smaller. A tragedy of every-day life is the man's growing less as his possessions grow greater. To have what we want is riches, but to be able to do without it is power; and surely power is better than riches a thousand times. One of the sorrows of the age lies here, that it has always forgotten how to do without. It wants ev
By the sweat of thy face
Is He A Good Mijer.

Two leading institutions of this City have recently called on us to furnish them with a book-keeper and when we recommend a suitable party the banker asked, "Is he a good mijer?"

This question has been put to us many times when we recommend a young man to a position.

The business world is to-day looking for good mijers.

The world is looking for mijers and members— for mijers not mere males who walk the streets— for mijers not speis in society— for mijers not people who sit on the box and see every body that pass by and speak to them— for mijers not merely fashionable doves and walking canez and red barrets— for mijers not artificialities and conceits— for mijers and not a shyness and bowing evidence conscious and unnecessary. Who is a good mijer?
GOD'S LITTLE ONES.

By Frank W. H. H. E.

If on the King's highway ye pause some day,
And fear the paths that mighty ones have trod,
Ask of some happy little one the way.
"A child shall lead them," said the Son of God.
The man who lives in this world does not 
opportunity to see the disappointed man.
POWER OF SYMPATHY.

An eminent clergyman sat in his study, busily engaged in preparing his Sunday sermon, when his little boy toddled into the room, and, holding up his pinched finger, said, with an expression of suffering:

"Look, papa, how I hurt it!"

The father, interrupted in the middle of a sentence, glanced hastily at him, and with the slightest tone of impatience, said:

"I can't help it, sonny."

The little fellow's eyes grew bigger, and as he turned to go out, he said in a low voice:

"Yes, you could; you might have said, 'Oh!'"

Living For Others.

Life is the gift of God, and how much better for us if we would regard it so! This world is a vast field for usefulness. We can either labor for our own happiness, or to promote the happiness of others. How much grander it is to live for others than for ourselves. We are only happy when we see happiness playing around us. The mind is never at rest. It is ever grasping after what it scarcely ever attains. When we see others happy, on account of some small deed of our own, we are glad to feel how sweet it is to live for others.

A mere word, which will not cost us much, will cheer many a weary wanderer on his way in this world. How sometimes a single tear will serve to help others bear their sorrows! What is most needed is sympathy—sympathy for the outcasts, for the brokenhearted.

When all seems dark around us, and we are overwhelmed with sorrow and gloom, how beautiful and helpful to have kind words spoken and a helping hand outstretched! They almost bring the beautiful sunshine back again.

Had our Savior while upon earth lived for Himself, what a difference it would have made to the world. But he lived for others. His last command was for others. Had He considered His own happiness, He would not have suffered the cruel death upon the cross.

This world is too cold for many people. Many a youth would have been saved from a disastrous life had the voice of sympathy been spoken in the ear in season. People sink because no hand is stretched out to save them. And it is a thousand times more blessed to help others than to live for ourselves alone. Let us try to live so that we may shed continual rays of sunshine into the lives of those around us. We shall not live in vain.

Human Sympathy.

While human sympathy is often powerless to help, how precious it ever is—even when scarce a word is spoken, only a handclasp, a tender look, a shining tear is given. Only, did we say—only these things! Ah, these things that the heart teaches, are better than thousands of honeyed and hollow words. We are not able to deliver from many a sorrow, but we can cheer a sufferer as he endures. It is strengthening to know that even a child feels for us. It is despair to think that no man cares for my soul.

Southern Christian Advocate.
A SCIENTIFIC DEMONSTRATION.

Mose—"Who's a niggah?"  Jeff—"Yo' I!"
Mose—"Me?"  Jeff—"Yea, yo'!"
Mose—"Yo' a niggah yo'o'e!"  Jeff—"Who?"
Mose—"Yo'?"  Jeff—"Me!"
Mose—"Yea, yo'!"

Mose—"Am I a niggah?"  Jeff—"Who—yo'?"
Mose—"Yea, me!"  Jeff—"N-nee; yo' ain' no niggah."
Mose—"Am yo'?"  Jeff—"Who—me?"
Mose—"Yea, yo'!"  Jeff—"Y-e-e-e; I'm a niggah all right."
Mose—"All right den, niggah; an' doan' yo' maik no mo' sech breaks."

1. 

2. 

3. 

4. 

5.
THE SADDEST THING IN THE WORLD.

We have seen a man who had lived in luxury, and who had blessed his family with boundless wealth, suddenly brought to penury; and the drama of life presents few scenes more pitiful than that. The victim of sudden poverty is usually the most helpless of men. Accustomed to depend upon his all-consuming purse, his life is nerveless when he is left to gain his bread by the sweat of his face. But there is a more unhappy spectacle than the wreck of fortune.

We have seen a man cherish a purpose until that purpose had become his ruling passion. Binding every energy to the accomplishment of his ambitions, we have seen him struggle, struggle until he seemed ready to drop exhausted into the grave, and then, just as the longed-for goal was almost in his grasp, we have seen him stricken with disease, or surrounded with unsurmountable barriers, which doomed him to final defeat. But there is a sadder thing than disappointed ambition; although Napoleon on St. Helena, steeled to die in defeat and exile; or poor Hamlet, fated to life-long midnight, these and countless other examples of blasted hopes, are invested with a strangely heart-touching and melancholy grief and grandeur.

We have seen a family with a heart-crushed mother beside the ivory-like casket which held the sleeping form of bright-eyed babyhood; and the heart has been torn by her anguish and melted by her tears as she gazed upon the waxen image of what was the precocious fruit of her pain and prayers, the idolized object of her hopes and her love. Sad scene this, indescribably sad, and by all but a bereaved mother incalculably sad; but there is a sadder thing than this, for across the darkened sky that bounds above the heartless mother a sunbeam writes: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

We have held the trembling tear-wet hand of an aging father just after he had bidden a last fond farewell to a dying only son—a bright, strong, true, and promising boy, whose conduct and grand growth had been a prophecy of an honored and famed manhood. When then hope had been almost transformed into joyous reality, the silent Reaper gathered him into the granary of the grave. The despairing grief of the proud father who thus bars his earthly hope and joy, must touch to tears the father-heart of God. But this is not the saddest scene upon which the human looks in helpless sympathy and over which the Divine tenderly weeps.

The saddest thing in this world is a wasted life—the son who, heedless of a mother's care and prayer, and all unmindful of a father's wishes, wantonly rushes to ruin; or the daughter who, passing from the shelter of her own home, tramples her mother's tender soul under her feet, and cruelly breaks her fond father's heart, as she goes down into the darkless night of a woman's shame. We would fain turn our eyes away from the silent and awful agony of the worse than childless mother, and how gladly would we be deaf to the despairing lament of sorrow-crazed father! Pity, O God, pity the desolate homes where the destroyer has been. Small wonder that outraged parents all over the land are vowing vengeance against liquor and the libertine, twin demons that destroy homes and happiness. Small wonder that the daily newspaper offices of the country are becoming chambers of horror into which enter daily so many stories of blood and death, and all because young men and women have been weak, or worse. Where will it all end? Violence never produced virtue. The mob cannot create morality. Vengeance belongs to God, and God alone has the right to use the direful weapon.

The family altar and true religion in the home—the spellers seldom passes these or enters where they are. Let parents be wise in time.

A WASTED LIFE.

The day is done, And I, alas! have wrought no good. Performed no worthy task of thought or deed, Albeit small my power and great my need, I have not done the little that I could, With shame over heroic hours I brood— The day is done. I cannot tell.

What good I might have done this day, Of thought or deed, that still, when I am gone, Had hung, hung years since singing on and on, Like some sweet fountain by the weary way. Perhaps some words that God would say— I cannot tell.

O life of light! Thou guest out, I know not where, Beyond night's silent and mysterious shore, To write thy record there evermore: Take on thy shining wings a hope or prayer, That henceforth I uninstalling fare Toward life and light.
LAP UP KNOWLEDGE.


Christianity concerns itself with everything that concerns the welfare of mankind. Its purpose is to produce and perfect men. It prepares the way to heaven for a career of usefulness, honor and happiness here and for blessedness and glory in the limitless heavens hereafter. The Christian religion, in every form in which every man shall have the mystery of himself, love of God supremely and his neighbor, and be himself in every sense a perfect being, it is perfectly compatible with the commission of the Christian ministry to relieve and improve the condition of mankind, become and influence and command that the preacher's man's progress and instills the coming of the glorious consummation to which Christian prosperity is everywhere in evidence.

Consistencies among the influences which contribute to the welfare of men and advance the world towards the perfection of society and the highest development of education. If it can give you a clearer conception and appreciation of the importance to the world of education, and the more extensive and practical support of the educational systems of our country, Effect that I have made to contemplate and explain it. It seems to me that the opening of our common schools, colleges and universities is the birth of that certain clearness and established faiths in reference to education.

Why should we use money in manual labor we aim to get something more than manual labor.

When you have a wheat farmer to dig a ditch on your land, you expect him to do it as your physical strength. You aim to employ his labor as well, as his known knowledge and skill as well as the brute force which drives the spade into the ground. You would employ his labor as well, as his known knowledge and skill as well as the brute force which drives the spade into the ground. You would employ his labor as well, as his known knowledge and skill as well as the brute force which drives the spade into the ground. You would employ his labor as well, as his known knowledge and skill as well as the brute force which drives the spade into the ground.
The language of our Lord that it indeed like the wind, in that that we "can not tell from whence it cometh or whither it goeth," but we know that we felt the breeze. While it did not upset nature's trunk, break the emotional branch, scatter its leaves,bruise its tender twigs, yet we knew that the breeze hath passed through our souls as the mild wind passeth through the forest. We have silently been drinking of that precious and fruitful season that we have experienced during our ministry of ten years.

The more thoroughly we understood and appreciated. Chrisaudiude in it.

Although obedience to arbitrary power is not something that is thrust upon us by the will of God, the writer expects that its sacrifice will be not only well received but will be even received with a new and even more zeal.

"The friends of Mississippi College, our State Baptist institution, are to be congratulated and loved, men must have the intelligence to interpret it and to see the wisdom and benevolence in it."

Every step that a man takes in intellectual progress appears to be the result of education, for every man has the right to all the advantages that are derivable from it. The moment the quest for the truth becomes a reality, men must have the intelligence to interpret it and to see the wisdom and benevolence in it.

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What is beauty any way?
See Epictetus Page 222 under "Adornment of the Person"

Hogs, dogs, horses, deer, ponies can be beautiful. Some are ill formed.

Some men are beautiful and some are ill formed.

We call everything beautiful for something proper is itself for every thing is formed for a certain end.

A proposition from Epictetus

A horse, cow, negro, man, horse, buzzard, carrier, cow is beautiful when it is excellent according to its own nature but since the nature is different, different also its seems to me is the manner of being beautiful in each.

Therefore:

What would make a horse beautiful would make a dog ill formed.

What is it then that makes a man beautiful? Is it not that which in its kind makes also a dog beautiful?
The presence of the virtue of a dog makes a dog beautiful.

The presence of the virtue of a man makes a man beautiful.

Then young man later to
develop the virtue of a man
by helping others—

Illustrations

I stand out under the beams
at night and see the gay, gay
lighting and I say
How beautiful?

Why, because I associated
the idea of destruction of
annihilation before it
chose its weakness its power
its respectability.

Suppose I could the lighting
when it starts on the western
horizon and plays gleefully
and singately along the
horizon and at the same
time associate with it
the idea of complete
annihilation and destruction
Would it be beautiful?

No, a bleak contradiction.

Suppose I could dodge it
and done it in its
course. Would it destroy.
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"RELIGION USED AS A CLOAK HAS NO WARMTH IN IT."
THE RAM'S HORN.

BIBLE TALKS FOR BUSY FOLKS.

EVOLUTION OF THE INFIDEL.

By E. M. S.

YOUTH.

Come, let us have a joyful time,
Our life is but a poet's rhyme,
If we will choose to make it so.

This life on earth is all, you know,
That we are sure is given,
I'd rather live while I may
Than trust it to a future day,
Far away in the Christian's heaven.

MANHOOD.

I love to stand upon my feet,
Alone; in manhood's strength complete
To fight life's battles with the strong
And move its heavy weight along.
Though storms, by tempest driven,
Beat on and hard against my breast;
Nor ask for aid, nor seek for rest
Far away in the Christian's heaven.

THE GATHERING GLOOM.

Oh, father; Oh, mother; Oh, kindred dear;
Oh, earth! Oh, heaven; Oh, God; draw near,
And tell me yet there is a thread
My hand can grasp ere with the dead,
The soul from body riven,
My lot is cast eternally;
Battled there for ever to be
Far away from the Christian's heaven.

HOW DAVID COULD SEE THAT ALL WAS WELL.

I will love thee, O Lord, my strength. (Psalm 18:1.)

T is profitable to sometimes get away from all the world, and ask ourselves what God is to us. Is he more than a philosophy, a theory, or a creed? Is he any thing to us that no other power could take away? Is he really our Strength? or do we only trust in something that comes from him, like the Church, religious example, or goodly teaching? Is Christ a real Savior to us, in all times and in all places? Do we think of him in the past tense, or in the present? Is he in us, the hope of glory, a continual abiding and real presence and power against sin? or is he a shadowy, indefinite Something, we scarcely know what?

Do we really love him, and find joy in doing his will, or do we love what we imagine him to have been, from what we have read and heard? Is he a revelation to our souls, or simply an explanation to our minds? Let us ask ourselves, as in the presence of God, just how near he is to us. Can we hear his voice? Do we ever feel his presence? Do we ever know that the thoughts we think, and the deeds we do are his? Is he interested with us in our business? Is he more than home, or friends, or reputation? Is life any sweeter, and purer and truer better because of what we know of him?

Is he first in our thoughts when any change in our affairs is contemplated? Do we have rest in his promises, and rejoice in them, no matter what may happen? Do we know in our souls that we know Christ truly as a child loves its mother, and do we know that he is all to us that our souls need? If so, let us give God the joy, for we have something more precious than rubies, and more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold.

The names by which God is called in the Bible were not put there simply to fill up. They are there to mean something and to be something to his children. The way to get out of trouble of any kind, is to take hold of a name that means the supply of our need, and be lifted out. This is the course the psalmist followed. When he found himself weak, he said, "The Lord is my Strength," and immediately his burden lost its weight.

If he found himself stumbling along in the dark, he said, "The Lord is my Light," and from that time forward he knew just where and how to step. When he desolate as a lost sheep, he said, "The Lord is my Shepherd," and was soon after exclaiming, "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters." When pursued by enemies, he said, "The Lord is my refuge," and found immediate safety in the declaration. When the ground began to sink under him, all he had to do was to say, "The Lord is my Rock," and in a moment he was standing on a sure foundation.

Whoever would live by faith must appropriate God in a definite and special sense, day by day, and hour by hour, just as the psalmist did. The man who has a large balance in bank, does not go out among his friends trying to borrow money to pay bills whenever he finds his pocketbook empty. He draws a check for the right amount and hands it to his creditor. The Bible is the Christian's check book, and the blood of Christ is his deposit. It is what he checks against. The names of God are the amounts for which he checks. His need and faith are known by the address he gives to his petition; the more he asks the more he may ask, and the more he will ask, for faith is sure to grow with use.

Notice what an immense draft David makes upon the Lord in the second verse of the eighteenth psalm. Row it towers like a mountain above our own puerile faith: "The
secret of his power. The explanation of why he could accomplish so much. He knew how to draw on God for everything in the way he needed. He could so move the arm of God by his faith that through the power of the omnipotence he could accomplish wonders, just as we have seen a boy move a gigantic steel crane, and with it a weight of many tons as easily as a man could handle a walking stick.

Count the "nay" in the verse and then try to estimate the meaning of what follows them. Can we find anything better to feed upon when everything seems to be going wrong? Is not this a good place in which to begin to fortify against the principalities and powers controlled by the devil? Can we do any better than to come here upon the eve of every battle? "The Lord is my Rock." My rock in the sense of a left rock; a secure hiding place when enemies are near. A place where I am safe against every force that can come against me. It is the privilege of the Christian to be hid with Christ in God, as it was the privilege of David to say, "The Lord is my Rock."

"My Fortress." Surely David must have been fighting a fearful fight as he said this. There was nothing between him and the enemy, and the darts were coming thick and fast. His men were falling all around him, and it looked as though his little army would soon be put to rout. Something had to be done, and done very quickly. It would not do to fall back before the enemy. It was impossible to move forward. It was important that the ground upon which he stood should be held but how could it be done?

Suddenly his need and its remedy flashed before the mind of David. He remembered why he fought, and for whom he fought. The battle he was waging was the Lord's, and it was impossible that he should be defeated. His faith rose triumphantly, and he cried out, "The Lord is my Fortress, and my Deliverer," and in a moment he found that what his faith had said should be so, God had made so. He was intrenched and fortified, and no enemy overthrown and in confusion, were flying before him. By giving God a name that meant just what he needed at that moment, he and his army were saved, and posterity was blessed. "The Lord is my Fortress, and my Deliverer."

Why may we not say it with the same result that David did?

God's names are as many and as definite as our needs. No matter what may be our need, God has a name that means that. If our need is great we may go to the Bible and find a promise that is great enough to supply it. For a steady supply under all circumstances, "My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus," is more reliable than a fat bank account, but how slow we are to realize it. Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, is the only safe course to follow, if we would keep our backs toward the poor house.

We are able to notice just one more of the names David had for God in our limited space. There was a day when he found himself standing on very low ground. He was in a valley so low that the sun couldn't shine in it, and the enemies were doing beyond the hills. The air was heavy and oppressive, and he noticed the bird he could see soaring toward the sky. How gladly he would have climbed the mountain and stood upon its highest crest, but his feet were like lead.

Reader, have you ever been in such a situation? Are you in it now? Then do as David did. Take the elevator and go upstairs. Go high enough to convince yourself that all is well. Say, "The Lord is my Rock." The air is pure and refreshing, and you can look down upon the valley at once, and go higher than the clouds. You may rise as high as you will, and look through the windows in every direction you please. They each one have a telescope power for your especial benefit by which you may see the shining gates of the Celestial City. Here is one: "For we know that our earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved, we have a building of God, and that is not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." And here is another. It is one through which the apostles and martyrs often looked: "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if I go to prepare place for you. These are good windows, but there are many others through which you may read your title clear.

On the low ground upon which you have been standing, you may not be able to see a famine coming. But rise high enough to look through this window and you will see that it need not come your way: "Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou be fed." Look also through this window, and your heart will laugh: "For the eyes of the Lord run to and fro through the whole earth, to shew himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward him."

Does it look from where you stand as though the battle were going against the Lord's anointed; as though Satan would never be overthrown, and righteousness never prevail. As though it were not worth while to print any more Bibles, or make any more missionary effort, then rise quickly to these battlements of prophecy, and refresh and strengthen your soul with an unobstructed look: "They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

And the seventh angel sounded, and there were great voices in heaven saying, The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever."

The Lord is my High Tower." Let us believe it and stop living on low ground.

Dr. Josiah Strong says that nowadays the response to the divine command is not "Here am I, send me," but, "Here is my check, Lord, send some one else;" and many people forget to offer the check.

INTEMPERANCE IN FRANCE.

A PAPER on the reign of Geo. III. has been sent to the principal modern nations, Dr. Dancet, a leading French physician, says: "His ravages are almost as terrible among us as among the English and Irish. In France every sixth suicide has been committed in a state of intoxication. One-half of the liver complaints, two-thirds of the diseases of the kidneys, and more than three-fourths of the various forms of insanity have been produced by the use of alcoholic liquors. Concerning the relation of intemperance to pauperism, I shall not venture an opinion, since statesmen and political economists differ somewhat on this point, but certainly the abuse of alcohol in the cause, others that it is the effect of the wretched conditions in which the poorest and most numerous classes live. For my purpose it is sufficient to call attention to the fact that intemperance, pauperism, and crime are generally associated and in the French cities no less than in London, New York or Amsterdam. A recent article in Le Reveue des Deux Mondes, by Othenin d'Haussonville, states that the French government has expended more than 200,000,000 francs in capital more than 60 establishments, such as cafes of the lowest type, ginshops and other places for drinking, which serve as headquarters to assassins, libertines and other criminals. The author speaks from observation, having inspected a number of these holes in disguise. Lying along the barriers, away from the great thoroughfares of the city, they are avoided by respectable people and can be approached at night only at the risk of personal safety. He states that the poorest and most numerous class live. For my purpose it is sufficient to call attention to the fact that intemperance abroad is it necessary to disguise one's self from prejudice, but it is not so easy in France. It is evident that they have seen but one half of the city—the fashionable, the aristocratic part. But there are millions in this great metropolis who do not live of the boulevards, who are strangers at the opera and do not belong to the clientele of the Grand Cafe. There is dark background to the pretended Elysian Field and the slightly Rue Rivoli. There are proletarian quarters that form a startling contrast to the aristocratic and the metropolitan Boulevard des Capucines. The mansards in Belleville have heart-rending scenes of sorrow and suffering caused by the intoxicating cup.
"Thank you, sir, you have made my life journey very gay, but you must go no farther."

"You are quite mistaken madam, we cannot part company now. I am your companion for Eternity."

TOO LATE!

Too late! 8 words of dreadful, solemn warning
To heedless souls who rush thro' Life's bright morning;
Advice, Reproof and loving Counsel scornful.
Too late! Too late!

Too late! 'Tis here: the moment unexpected.
How can we seek that love so long neglected?
How dare we ask the aid so oft rejected?
Too late! Too late!
TOO LATE!

The portal that leads to the valley of death,
A maiden has come, and with fast failing breath
She begs, she implores, (sudden tear at her heart,)
Her once pleasant friend from her side to depart.
'Tis true—in the past—she has called him her friend;
But, everyone knows such acquaintance must end
Before one can enter that gateway of gloom.
That e'er on the path-way that leads to the tomb,
To all her entreaties he turns a deaf ear,
His features, satanic; are lit with a sneer
As, holding her fast, he begins to disclose
Her folly to, 'en for one moment, suppose
That he, who has been her companion for years,
Will yield up his place just to quiet her fears.
"Just think of past joys that together we've known;
Besides, none can pass down that valley alone.
You must have an escort to enter that gate,
And where will you seek one? 'Tis now far too late
To turn to the other, whom, thro' the long years,
You're slighted, rejected—there's no help in tears,—
He sought your acquaintance: be asked for your love;
He, for you, prepared a bright mansion above;
At least as he said, but remember my dear,
Our faith in his word has not been very clear.
You shrink at my use of that little word "our,"
Yet ever, till now, you've acknowledged my power.
I always have counted you surely as mine,
So please cease to struggle; no longer pine;
You cannot escape me, of this be assured,
Your future's not pleasant, but must be endured."

Too Late.

BY REV. S. M. OSMOND, D.D.

For one beloved, to whom I yet had given
Scant proof of love, a purposed gift I bore.
Ah me! how my remorseful heart was riven,
When my too tardy steps were at his door,
And I beheld thereon the sable sign
That mutely told my doom: no gift of mine
Should reach him evermore.
After a far-off friend of happier years
All night with wakeful tenderness I longed.
At morn the missive, oft postponed, with tears
Betweteen, with glowing memories thronged,
Had flown to greet him; yet was it outstepped
By tidings, lightning winged, that he was dead,
Whose love my silence wronged!
Once near me dwelt a youth of radiant face,
Who, like to him the Master looked upon
And straightway loved, lacked but one crowning grace.
- Pain to its Source would I his feet have drawn.
But lingered long, until—resolved at last—
Those errant feet beyond my bounds had passed,
And into darkness gone.
A young widow put up a costly monument to her late husband and inscribed upon it, "My grief is so great that I cannot bear it." A year or so later, however, she married again, and feeling a little awkwardness about the inscription, she solved the difficulty by adding one word to it, "alone."

**Value of Bright, Attractive Homes.**

"The Touch of a Woman's Hand" is the caption of an editorial in September Ladie's Home Journal, in which Edward W. Bok makes a plea for pleasant, bright homes in which are manifested the evidences of the wife's good taste and an enthusiastic interest in her household.

"One reason why some men do not get along better in this world," Mr. Bok contends, "is because they have not the proper stimulant in their homes. Their homes lack those little touches of refinement which bring the best out of them. Neatness and taste are possible in the poorest homes. Let a woman make that atmosphere as dainty as her means allow, and she will raise her husband to the same standard. And as she elevates him, the effect is felt upon herself, her children, her home and her future. Some men respond more slowly to the touch of a woman's hand displayed in their homes and upon their surroundings. The task may seem hopeless to the wife at times, but sooner or later the effect will show itself. There is something in every man which responds to a higher and gentler influence. Let his home be rough and he will be rough. But infuse into that home a softening touch, be it ever so simple, and the man feels it even though he may not directly notice it. He imbibes it unconsciously, and its effect is sure upon him."
"WE TURN FROM THE DEVIL IN HORROR WHEN WE SEE HIS FACE IN OUR OWN FLESH."
LAUNCHING OUT INTO THE DEEP.

We do not know how Peter became possessed of the little ship in which the Master sat down to teach the people. He may have bought it, or he may have built it: most likely the latter. He may have been the owner of the boat many years before he met Jesus, without once thinking of the noble use to which it would one day be put. For he was astonished, and all that were with him, at the draught of the fishes which they had taken: and so was also James and John, the sons of Zebedee, which were partners with Simon. And Jesus said unto Simon, Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men. And when they had brought their ships to land, they forsook all, and followed him.

When life is hard, and seemingly without reward, it may be that right then and there we are shaping a vessel that God will some day use. It is doubtful if any one ever sheds a tear, or passes an hour in toil or pain, without doing something of this kind. Every grief, every care, every joy: every illness, every misfortune, every disappointment, and every victory, may each be a plank in a ship into which Jesus will some day come and teach. Every experience in life has something to do in shaping character, just as every rain has something to do in bringing the hills and saying where the rivers shall run, and so every day's events may have much to do in shaping a vessel we are building for the Master's use.

It may be hard to learn our lessons in the school of life, but we may be helping God if we are persevering and diligent. Had St. Paul been a lazy boy, who spent his time in idleness instead of sitting at the feet of Gamaliel, and storing his mind with treasures more precious than gold, the Lord could not have sent him to confront the scholars at Mars Hill. Had Wesley not improved his time and talents, and made himself a man of education and culture, the very successful fishing ship known as the Methodist Church, in which Jesus sits and talks to the multitude, would not have come into being; and so instances might be multiplied almost without number. Who can tell what somewhere amidst the wonders of heaven, there be a great gallery of paintings, painted by angel artists, showing how many glorious things for God had to remain unloose, because we hanging on the luck he had in fishing that night. As he and Andrew kept dropping their nets and hauling them up empty, time after time throughout the long night, angels may have been pressing closely about them to see what the result would be. How much good has come to the world through the disappointment of those faithful disciples. Had they filled their boat with fish during the night, it would not have been there for Jesus to use in the morning. It might have been miles away, and the disciples themselves sound asleep, or too much occupied in counting their fish for the Lord to have gotten any good out of them. Nothing is real success that is not according to God's plan.

John Bunyan had a poor run of luck during the long night of years he spent in Bedford jail, but the Lord made it all right with him in the morning. By his doing so poorly, his ship was at the right place, and at the right time for Jesus to come on board and give the word of God to millions. Do not be disappointed, dear reader, if the world does not appreciate you, or if you fall short of the bright course you had marked out for yourself. If you know that you are in the hands of God, do not worry about results, for the result you seek may be the very thing to defeat his purpose. The Lord who had need of Peter's boat will be as certain to use you, and will so reward you in his own good time as to make you
My First Letter to the girl

[Signature]

Bundling Grove, Ky, Jan 21, 1885

Dear Miss

Your absence seems strange and very unnatural in many ways. Your presence is the life of inspiration, content and the evidence of hope and desire to be realized.

I know better your influence when you are away because I can find the shortage of personal expression which is the draining of the sentiments of a saint from God and an approximate desire to have some one present in whom I can place the confidence of an humble life.

You understand that your absence educates me to a higher sense of the pleasure and influence of your association and tells me in unmistakable language that your life has entered my soul and will develop and educate this life of mine until the two will harmonize and will enter eternity as one.

Love is sweetness, love is reliability. Love is the glory of my life and it throws its ocean of facts into your life. To be received and revered or rejected and disdained. Love is a fact. Love is a formula.

But what is disquainted love?

It is a walking skeleton—a thing without flesh and the fibre of life, and without a warm and pulsating heart. It is found in material things in the fancies and imaginary pleasures of the ball room.
It is an old tree once side of which is dead because of immortance.

God cause us to know our immortance.

True love throws out it pure column like the little spring that speaks its little from to the hills valleys and the forest of some obscure community. It never ceases to glisten and cheer. It turns its natural course. Love can never exist except in the nobility of character. This sword has nothing to do with the birds that sing over him except when the attempts to charm in order to destroy but the nightingale seems his association with other nightingales and lends his voice in harmonizing the vocals of the air and proclaiming a higher life and thereby giving perfect unity in the soul of the air.

Love is sacrificing

It will carry a burden in order to take it from the shoulders of some suffering being. It will lay away in order to lay its hands upon some burdened brow. It will call at the mind might home in order to save some wandering soul. Love is a Christ it is a life-saver.

It will follow the loved one to the grave and plant the flower by the bume of the dead and at the same time dedicate the spirit to God. It will lay the steel hand of rest from on a misused Temper thereby moving man king and temper decentable thereby moving temper. woman Queen and temper lovable. True love is always self-sacrificing.
And in making apparent sacrifices they become only pleasures that intensifies love until it becomes the commander in chief of all the mental forces of circumstances. Then we should be careful not to put the rule the knife, the gun, the army on a word or cept where the sword of love fails to conquer and we in order to protect this divine gift of God fight a noble battle for the sake of love.

Love is a gift of God yet many people who have been through the fiery furnaces of set forms and artificialities of Society would not recognize the tender affection and sympathy which they knew so well in childhood in the "teens" and even in the "twenties three.

Between the age of eighteen and nineteen you certainly have rude promises that in the breakings of my heart and confidence in you carries you to the greatest achievement found in the heart and purpose of man.

The dream of my life is in the thought that the dearest little girl of eighteen summers loves me and prays for me in her sweet tender way.

I have written this letter after doing a heavy day's work and shall not talk any thing but love because it is first in my heart.

Sincerely,

H. H. Cleveny
Dear Miss R-

The greatest blessing in life of any man is to love some one. There are many promises connected with true love. It develops the finer sentiments of our nature. It will cause us to admire the clear, pure stream more than a logy, muddy brook. It will cause us to feel an restituration when we look out our nature more than to respond to the little selfish calls of our own selfish nature. It influences us to reverse hope and circulate despondency to have faith and some unbelief to foster and follow desire and hate dependency. It delights in "musing over the events of the past" and planning the home of the future, which plan is always a criterion from which we can judge of the intensity and sincerity of love.

What this love is - so is the ideal home. What this love is - so is the home. A man with a wife to support will have a home to support which is well off by labor, education, medicine doctors, food, rent, and all the necessities of life, but who is too lazy to work to satisfy to save or liberal to earn less than that he gets. He is a hypocrice occupying a little space. He is a defaulter which
like a moving, feeling creature

since it is something itself
about the warm, pulsating heart of woman and causing
despair by blaming his cold sides to the heart of woman

It is true the man has

a deathlike a man but his tongue is forked green and

green of poison

A love that will not cause

no to move is a cheap article

It will do to butter as a

commonplace but not to

present to the breeder of broken

We love money and it

seems unnecessary to work

but Eternity says to work

God's plan of creation

says work somewhere somehow

Be willing to work

that is the question,

Work reaches from the

development of the bank of

the peasant to the mansion

of the wealthy from the

wealthy to the prince to the door

do the rich from the

Education begins in the cradle

and ends in death" throughout

our endless lines of influence.

I believe the unconscious

glory of my life is the my

Jesus and "believe"

I am financially

home but above desire and

have some energy

This long may chance

in my life is the

secret of my happiness.
I would not sell it for all the gold on the world for you to use and it could not be purchased.

At the base of the hill was a fine spring that glistened like tears of the Trinity. The owner stood on the top of the hill and it was quite difficult to bring the water from underneath the hill.

The owner concluded to commence removing the hill at the spring and follow the stream with the hope that he would locate the source nearer the top of the hill and after working for months he followed the stream to the top of the hill but it came out some 100 feet below the hill.

It was a wet and dreary morning. The water was quite warm when they had to go underneath the hill after the same. Many of our desires are never realized because we try to change the essence of nature.

May these desires of my heart be realized and may nothing be done or said or thought that would cost a shadow into them.

May confidence become the evidence of your character as well as our own.

It seems strange that you who are yearly surrounded by women who have already...
attained success and won laurels in life's battles should bestow on me your love.

Nothing strange—very natural—these notes that encourage my life and unconsciously influence by your thoughts are without the necessity of association but they never experienced that sweet consoling column of music which was responded by every faculty of my being until the affections and desires of my life found adjustment in your affections and desires.

I first loved you for your reverence in prayer and confidence in God.

It occurred to me how sweet it would be to start life with one with kindred hands to set purpose the word by man side in the glimmer of light on my skin and God to reach his hand down and connect two lives (how one life) to one purpose and is one great end.

This thought entered my heart and remained I want to continue this heart must stop.

It is our duty to study each moment to gain knowledge. It is right for all of us to be honestly educated that we may
be useless and its base and places in life to the utmost.

May each additional feature of our lives be done with a view to harmonizing and promoting a plan. 

You are young and you can accomplish much.

If you will put your confidence in me and are willing to trust your life in my hands, nothing will be too good for you that is in my reach; however, I have much trust and humble reliance neither is responsible to be my love and energy.

I leave you at times and at times no words ready to stop.

We should be so sober-minded that we would not mind failing for the apparent pleasures of society except those that blind by nature, except those that blind by nature. Great between human beauty, humanity and loved ones.

You get my idea.

I would not ask anything that would bring displeasure to you and your home and of 

I would not be excusable for having to be candid and honest.

Into your hands I lay the course of my life with your judgment it should rest elsewhere.

These keep years is about done but from you might longer the desires of my life forever the times.
Sunday 16: a day of missing
in true expressions from
"Me to you" and I hope
it will be "Me to you" in
the years before it.

"I love you at me and
I love you at home" about
express the state of things
since you released
conclusion
that I have gone to marry
or that I have a secret kept
in which I place the
highest confidence. Of
course you will keep our
relation a profound secret
and allow no one in VA.
to enter the Holy of Stables
of our lives. Don't let them
know you are anything
unusual for me.

Don't write any of your
friends about me for it
might cause me to have to speak in
an unpleasant manner to them
in order to retain the
dignity of anything positive
you understand and which
I contribute. Nothing would
give me more pleasure
day than to hear that
be your name that it
might cause some one
to stand across the line
I have drawn. I mean
the line that I have been
forced to draw as a matter
of self protection. Besides
if it was known in a large
school there would be...
LOVE IS ALL

Strong Sermon of the Rev.
J. P. McFerrin.

ANALYSIS OF RELIGION

Love "Makes Sacred Every Avenue of Life."

Dr. Charles E. Powell At Broadway Christian Church.

"THE LORD WILL PROVIDE."

Yesterday morning in the Broadway Methodist church the Rev. Dr. J. P. McFerrin preached an interesting sermon on "Love is the fulfilling of the law." He chose for his text: "Everyone that loveth is born of God and knoweth God, I. John, 4:7. He said: Two dominant desires are characteristic of humanity—the desire to be and the desire to possess—to enjoy. In some these desires have taken a noble form, in others a very low and ignoble form. Some men wish to be all that is possible for them to be, that they may lift others up to their level, while others would use all they have and are for advantage over those less favored. The first desire, however, often dies out, while the second lasts. Many cease to desire to be something, but have a desire to possess or enjoy something. Men will give up quest for character, but never for happiness. Let a man be thrown in the struggle for nobility of nature, and he too often succumbs, but he shows wonderful recuperative powers in the struggle for possession.

"The passage which we have selected for a text forms a firm foundation on which to build these two desires; to be and to enjoy. You wish to be something more than you are, and you find here that which marks out the path that leads to moral excellence. You wish to enjoy, and here is the way: love; give up selfishness, envy, jealousy; learn to be tender, companionate, self-denying, and you will have kindled a fire upon the altar of the heart that will give light in the darkest night.

"Love is the prime factor that solves the problem of life. It is the first and last analysis of religion. Everything must give way to it and acknowledge its supremacy. Duties and dogmas are worthless compared with love.

You may believe what you will, do what you will, get and enjoy all you can, but you will do it only if you love. Paul and John did not speak unadvisedly when they wrote these words. They gave expression to a truth, the dominancy of love which will change this world. They did not deliver other things which give the primacy to love.

"What is love? What is the love of the universe? We are told that it is of God, Happiness, Selflessness, carry with them all that spurs an ideal life—daydreaming, the power of the makes and interests of others; the desire to die, and so on, and the ambition that tramples the weak under foot, are not God; but of the devil. Love is of God, and every one that loveth is born of God.

"What is love? It has been regarded as a mere sentimental attraction, as when two silly youths become infatuated with each other, without regard for anything else, and that love is always possible. Cupid was the Pagan's God of love—a gilded, mischievous boy, shooting his arrows without aim, troubling human hearts, and making the nerves tingle with a passion, that does not last, and cannot touch the moral nature. Who is Christianity's God of love? He who went about doing good; who pleased not himself, but gave His life for many. The heathen, too often regarded love as a bitter heritage, a golden apple of discord, but the love which Christianity presents is something that forgives and loves foolish and other. It overlooks the bounds of self and finds fellowship with all human souls. It puts it upon savage soil and claims it for God, thrown down in a leaf of love to the world and binds all people in the bonds of brotherhood and makes sacred every avenue of life. It is God.

"Love is declared to be morality. Paul says it is the fulfilling of the law. Dost thou love? is the law? It is certain restraints that are meant to keep down the evil that is in men. It begins at the very lowest point, and says, 'Thou shalt not kill, etc.' It deals so much with the effects of the causes, for deep down in the heart is the evil principle from which sin springs. Take murder, for example, and this red blossom is the outward sign of an evil within. If man did not covet and hate, they would never murder. We may say half of the murderer, but one sentence explains all. Love. We might take all the commandments, and, of course, we might apply this test to him: 'Love is the fulfilling of the law.'" and you would see that not one of them would have been needed if love alone had been loved. Love alone is needed. That need is to be told not to murder the one he loves; not to covet his goods; not to dishonor his name or home. Love and you can not help keeping the law.

"But love is also religion. Everyone that loveth is born of God;" at that was when the different denominations in this country were at work on the devil, other. If our brother of another Church were in error as to doctrine, we would not believe he is a good man. That think God, is passing away. If love is coming to recognize love wherever found. There are good of religion as well as Protestants. Love is God, of love that love is born in men, as the test of character. 'By your fruits,' says Christ, 'we shall know them.'

"Jesus in all His teachings declared the supremacy to love. He did not ask for the promise or adoration of wealth and in the sake of these things alone, but he asked men to love Him the least of all and the devil the other, and to see Him in the lowest and most forsook of the race. He summed up humanity in Himself, and made the concrete Christ that we are to love. He tells us that an act of love is never forgotten, and that approach of that last day will reveal whether we have not spent idle time when the resurrections. I should undoubtedly say—love all. You then know that love is like a very poor and scanty equipment.
mch a love story as the following could only happen in Kentucky, where romance is as perennial as the blue grass, and where the bloom is always on the rye even after it is bottled. In the mountains of east Kentucky a young Romeo loved and wore a fair Juliet. Her mother disapproved of the match and the couple eloped. Before they reached the hospitable shores of Western Virginia where they were to be married, the officers of the law overhauled the runaway couple and arrested the man for kidnapping the girl. Friends interfered, but the stern parent was obdurate. So was the girl. She refused to leave her Romeo, and the matter was finally settled by the bondsmen signing a paper by which he contracted to do $11 worth of plowing for the girl's mother, in return for which she gave her daughter permission to wed the man of her choice.

The justice decided for kidnapping, and, indeed, perjury the marriage ceremony, reserving thereafter 200 sweet-potato slips. This is not only an idyllic love story, but it is full of food for thought. It shows true affection and grit. A man who is willing to plow for a girl means business. If the average young society swell had to plow $11 worth for his sweetheart, it is to be feared that the summer engagement would be an even more temporary affair than it is now.

Labor is the law of our being.
It is the burning force, principle
which moves men and things.
It is the burning principle that carries men onward
and upward.

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and upward.
He sees a lion in the street.
A man may do one thing in the world without action.
He can also do nothing without action and that is to rest.

An angel might sit upon a stump
a pine box in the shade of
a tree no tress and this
angel of God would sit unless
it made an effort to hover
in the air. Yet

It is hard to please yourself

You yourself is a hard master.
Sir Walter Scott said we
sleep sound and waking dreams
and pleasant. Length of years
is no test of length of life.
The more useful work a man
does the more the more he thinks
and feels the more he really lives.

Women love bookable adable
and they are nervous' Work!
They are so stupid and sleepy
as an ant by sunlight.

Sir Walter Scott wrote to his
don while at College and said
I cannot too much impress
upon your mind that labor
is the condition which first
has impressed me as in every
Motion of life. There is nothing in
living that can be laid un-
it from the possession of person
the possession of the individual

Walter Scott never to do nothing.
Robinson Crusoe. Life without
learning is death.

Culture
Always a race
Women as educators of character
Work compels economy of time

Coleridge

Organized tile home
and give them a soul. His days
months make the steps
formative marks in the record
of duties performed.

One must forge forge forge

Power only belongs to the workers

Letter, Who is it that has become?

House - Not hobbies to catch flies
To play with allegro the
Don't ride a hobby too hard
To be well employed is one of
the greatest pleasures of life.

Take any business and you
find in that Speculative ability
depends on vigorous thinking and
practical ability on vigorous acting.

Speculative man is prone to
undecision and is more subject
peculiar and delicate weight
until he has equal of
pass and ends on both sides.

The practical man sweeps
logical preliminaries and carries
his policy into effect.
I went out home and white there intent out among the hills, and white standing out one of the red and white cliffs of there magnificent hills and looking off toward the path of the rising sun above the king of light as it made its appearance over the purple grey outlines of the mountains in the far east. My heart leaped and I said, Oh! Sam, what out there precious day? and it shut a ray of light through the dense trees tops into the valley, and over the hills far into the west, along the river bank.

Nature responded with cheerful seren. On the river responded with warmth and light which cleared away the dense fog along the river bank and caused all of nature to offer Thanksgiving.

On turning around I said, Oh valley and valley, what are you growing and the great oak, the slender timber and the bushy elm raised their branches far above me while while the birds enjoyed the luxuries of his home that he had built by his own labor with the top of the tall hickory. The crow and the birds of all kinds played from branch to branch and made the great Cheesefield with their songs while the forest plied its foliage to enrich the soil and to furnish comfort and a lasting place for the hog or the Crowning Grace.

And on turning to the valley, I said, Oh Valley, what art thou growing to day and the green corn feed to the growing of the moose in the meadow, of the fat cattle in the meadow answered my questions. Then turning to a field once continued but whose head recently was turned into the forest, Jehovah, I said, I remember that today a few years ago thou broughtst to the laughter heaven. What art thou growing today and from the wild grass thou turnedst
LONGHEAD'S STORE IS A GREAT WEATHER INDICATOR.
The Business Man's language
is a plain simple printed language.
It is "Simplicity personified."
The Business Man's language is
natural, consequently beautiful.
It has power in it because it is
beautiful. The business man
calls things by their names.

Illustrations

Such the little 3 year old
daughter of Prof. Williams was
assigned the subject "Clock"
aproject to describe a companion.
In a few minutes she came
in and said: "When the Clock
runs to pieces and when it
fails to strike it needs fixing.
This is a natural language.

See the power in it. See the originality
in it. See the philosophy
in it. A sort of creation could be
written 20 pages and not done said
more.

Illustrating Simplicity
A man sends to a negro-
What is a Telegraph?
I don't know, said the boy. I
can explain it to you.
Very well explain anyway then.
Suppose there was a dog to bring
the head man in New York with his tail
in Tennessee. Why then near was
such a dog? I thought say the boy
ever was such a dog so that? And
suppose there was such a dog. I can't tell you
what a Telegraph is unless you allow me to
suppose. Suppose away then. Suppose that dog had
his head in New York and his tail in Ty. When tied
on his tail in Ty he would bark in
New York wouldn't he? That is
my idea about Telegraphy. But the point
is knowing how to tie one that dog
so.
DUTY AND INCLINATION.

"Stay at home," said Inclination.
"Let the errand wait."
"Go out once," said Duty sternly.
"Or you'll be too late."

"But it snows," said Inclination,
"And the wind is keen."
"Never mind all that," said Duty;
"Go and brave it, Jean."

Jean stepped out into the garden,
Looked up at the sky—
Clouded, shrouded, dreary, sunless,
Snow unceasingly.

"Stay," again said Inclination;
"No," said Duty, "Go."
Forth went Jean, with no more waiting,
Forth into the snow.

—The American Teacher.
THE RAM’S HORN

BIBLE TALKS FOR BUSY FOLKS.

“ICH DIEN.”
By Samuel Barna Merban.

Not to be served did the Son of Man come,
But to serve, and His life for the many to give;
And shall I to the cry of the burdened be dumb,
Or by the wrong sweat of my brother’s brow live
At my ease?

Nay, let me the rather a minister be
To the body and soul of the laden one,
And, serving a brother, in him shall I see
The thorn-crowned face of the Carpenter’s son,
Him to please.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked: but that the wicked turn from his way and live. Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die? (Ezek. 33:11.)

The text is addressed to men who are traveling in a way in which they cannot see far ahead. Close by it seems to be a very pleasant thorough-fare in which to travel. It is broad and roomy, and filled with gay company. Many are courtly and accomplished. Others have many shining gifts. People of the highest respectability are to be found there. Some are famous, others wealthy, and some have crowns upon their heads. Some seem to be walking slowly along, making leisurely progress. Others are running, and others are traveling by the fast express.

The beginning of this broad way is lined with flowers and carpeted with velvet, but under the flowers are skulls and serpents. Everything that can give pleasure to life and delight to sense, seems to flourish there in abundance. Many warnings, plainly written in the blood of Him who loved us, are posted above the shining gate that opens into the deadly way, but the brightness of the portal is so alluring that many who see them do not heed them, and without pausing to ask whither the road leads, they enter, and begin an aimless journey, which, if not forsaken, must surely end in death. Every step of the way is full of danger, for there is no selling when the ground may open under their feet. Some go down in one place, and some in another, but all sooner or later take the fatal plunge. There is no escape from it, except for such as heed God’s warning and turn back. When the steps seem most secure, they may be the closest to the edge of the bottomless pit.

God does not want to see any one take the awful plunge that will engulf him in endless night, and hence we have the warning of the text: “Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?” These words of love and tender interest are like the swinging of a red light across the path of every sinner. They mean, “Stop right where you are, or you will lose your life!” Turn back at once, for under your feet are the gates of death! No matter how safe you may feel, God sees your danger, and warns you against it. Turn ye, turn ye, for why will you die?”

Warnings always come from those who are friendly to us. From those who wish us well. When we see a red light over a hole in the ground after night, we know that it was not put there to frighten us, but to protect us. It was not the malicious act of an enemy, but the kind act of a friend. It was the work of a well-wisher, who put it there to save us from harm. It was done by one who could not take pleasure in seeing us fall and break our bones. It was put there by one who knew the reality of our danger, and wanted to save us from it, and yet we could disregard his warning, go straight on, and fall into the pit, in spite of his interest in us.

Men are not lost because it pleases God that they shall be, but because in spite of his love they must be, if they will persistently continue in a way that leads to death. God cannot save the man who decides that he will damn himself. He cannot forgive the man who spurns forgiveness. He cannot hold communion with the man who rejects his Christ. He cannot destroy the inheritance of a son upon one who is a rebel against his divine government. It is as impossible for God to save the sinner who clings to his sin, as it is for powder and fire to come together without an explosion. That there must be repentance before there can be regeneration, is a law as unchanging as that light and darkness cannot dwell together. We are not able to comprehend how it is that God can do all things, and yet not be able to save the sinner against his consent, and yet such is the case, for the Bible declares it so.

God warns every sinner that the way of sin is unsafe. He gives to every man born into the world light enough to keep him from going where the lost rich man went. Every man carries in his breast a monitor that tells him the difference between right and wrong. Men are not lost by not knowing what is sin, but by loving it, and refusing...
ing to give it up. God warns men against sin, by showing them in their own experience, and that of others around them, that the way of transgressors is hard. That wrong course brings no happiness. The wages of sin is death. But it is also a way mark of God's will, the Bible will begin to be a lamp carri es a small head on his shoulders. God's will be sure to find his way to Godel. God will be obliged to have all knowledge, and know all about how combustion is produced, or why the fire will not be kept out of heaven because he carries a small head on his shoulders. God's requirements are not hard to comply with, when we wish to be God's. We are all obliged to have all knowledge, and know all mystery to find our way to the cross of Christ. Stop doing wrong, is God's first requirement of a sinner.

By declaring that he has no pleasure in the death of the wicked, God declares that it is not his pleasure that any should perish. And by saying, "Turn ye, turn ye, and why will ye die?" he is declaring that there is no need that any should die. The way of safety is also pointed out so plainly, that no man can be so wise as to claim that he cannot understand it. The man who has sense enough to know the meaning of: "Stop! Turn around! Go the other way!" will not be kept out of heaven because he carries a small head on his shoulders. God's requirements are not hard to comply with, when we wish to be God's. We are all obliged to have all knowledge, and know all mystery to find our way to the cross of Christ. Stop doing wrong, is God's first requirement of a sinner.

As soon as we are willing to know and do God's will, the Bible will begin to be a lamp to our feet. The man who sees a red light before him in the dark, does not have to walk in the dark. The important thing for him to know is that red means danger. If he knows this, and acts on his knowledge, he will be safe. No matter how much he may be puzzled by intellectual difficulties concerning the divinity, or the nature of the faith, no man can make a mistake by turning his back on sin. It is a step toward God because in doing it he is doing what God has told him to do, and whoever will obey God will be sure to find his way to God.

The text is not only a warning against the way of death, but it is also a way mark pointing to the way of life. "That the wicked turn from his way and live." He will perish if he keeps on in sin, but he will surely be saved if he gives it up for good. He will not be saved by his conduct, but in turning away from his sin he will be sure to find his way to Christ, and in him he will find life, and joy, and peace. "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." Notice here, that finding the Lord and pardon come after turning square about. In the way of righteousness is life; and in the pathway thereof there is no death.

"Why will ye die?" This is a question that comes from God to every unconverted man. Why will you go on in the downward way, when any moment it may plunge you into hopeless death? Why will you harden your heart, and refuse to repent? Why will you perish? You are not so reckless or foolish in other things. When you cross the ocean you want to know that you are going by a safe ship. When you individua l a ri ce that, the thing you knew that the man on the engine were either mad or drunk. You would flee from the ship, and run from the plaque. Why will you not heed God's warning about your soul, and turn and seek safety at once? "Turn, turn, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die?"

WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT?

The Missionary Herald summarizes thus concisely and inspiringly the work of Congregational missions in Natal, South Africa:

"The Christian homes, scattered up and down the whole colony of Natal; the family life, no longer mere animal existence, but a circle where love reigns and Christ is the 'unknown guest'; the changed faces, marking the inward transformation; the gradual undermining of degrading social customs, the development of wants, which force the individual man, who once knew no wants, to the elevation of woman, no longer a drudge, a slave, a piece of property to be bought and sold, but an individual, a treasure, 'a crown to her husband'; the awakening of a thirst for knowledge which 130 girls into buildings planned for sixty, which fills the Girls' School at Umzambi so full that the doors must be closed against other applicants for lack of funds; the arousing of a demand for disaster building; the erection of homes and surroundings, which compels the opening of a home for scores of runaway girls who flee for succor to the missionaries.

"These are some of the signs that the gospel is working in the hearts of the people of Natal, and will work until the whole lump is leavened."

HOME'S INFLUENCE.

The Christian Guardian gives utterance to the following excellent application:

"A bank official, speaking of the defalcation of one of the clerks, recently made this suggestive remark: 'Had I known he had not a happy home I would not have kept him in so responsible a position.' There is involved in this remark a truth of widest application. The home is the basis of all life. A happy home is essential to safety and success in every department of life."

DO OUR BEST.

"We can also love more than we have done. And not be in what the world calls 'the best.' It never was love that emptied the heart. Not giving that emptied the purse." - Deaconess Advocate.

THE BEST MONUMENT.

OWELL said of Dean Stanley: "I think that no man ever lived who was so pleasant to so many people. This pleasantness and the dean's desire to do good, says a writer in the Quiver, are shown by the following story from his biography: One day two gunners of the Royal Artillery, who had just come from Shoeburyness, strolled into Westminster Abbey. The dean, who had observed them looking with admiration at the monument of a soldier, went up to them, and said: "You wear the Queen's uniform, and I'm sure that you would like to do something heroic, and have a monument erected to you." The soldiers said that they would. Upon this, Stanley put a hand on the arm of each of them, and said: "All the monuments here will in time crumble away, but if your names are written in the Book of Life you will have a memorial that will never fail." Then he invited them to breakfast next morning at the deanery, and when they were going away called out: "See that your names are in the Book of Life."

SUNSHINE CHRISTIANS.

Dr. Cuyler says: "There is no sunshine for those who persist in keeping their heads barred. Joy is not gained by the asking for it, but only by the acting for it: we have got to walk with Christ if we want to walk in the sunshine. There is a lamentable lot of napping and grumbling and sour spirits in Christians, who disgrace the name they bear. If one of this sorry regiment should ask a shrewd man of the world to embrace Christianity, he might well reply: 'No, I thank you; I have troubles enough now, without being troubled with such perishing and delightful religion as yours seems to be.' What a letter of recommendation some Christians carry in their cheerful countenances."

VERY ELASTIC.

"One of the essential qualities of a license law," says the Voice, "is that it can be stretched all out of shape in the face of the liquor fraternity. With a prohibitory law and a Prohibition party behind it, if anybody gets stretched it will be the liquor-office violator and not the law."
It is generally believed that the population of the U.S. will soon reach 90,000,000 people.
THE RAM'S HORN.

BIBLE TALKS FOR BUSY FOLKS.

CONSECRATION.

By Mary Rogers Seal.

Jesus, I do not give to Thee
All things to keep and hold,
As men deposit in the bank
Their silver and their gold.
Yet when they please, draw near and check,
Receiving back again,
Such gift as this will fill Thy heart
With thrill of bitter pain.

In giving all, I make transfer
Of that I need to claim,
O, seal it now with the imprint
Of Thy exalted name.
If all now bears Thy private mark,
In answer to my prayer—
Then all has passed from my weak strength
Into Thy perfect care.

And every foe, who draweth nigh,
To do good, or to be done,
Will fly affrighted back, to find
The battle is with Thee!

THE BATTLE IS NOT YOURS, BUT GOD'S.

"He not afraid or dismayed by reason of this great multitude; for the battle is not yours, but God's."—II Chron. 20:15.

The prospect, from a human standpoint, was very dark for King Jehoshaphat. His enemies, the Moabites and Ammonites, had come out against him in overwhelming numbers, and every hour scouts came to report that the opposing armies were being made stronger by reinforcements from their allies. The situation was so hopeless that the king's heart failed him and great fear fell upon him, but in his extremity he did the only safe thing that he could do. He "set himself to seek the Lord, and proclaimed a fast throughout all Judah."

There was a quick compliance by all his people. Wherever the couriers went with the royal proclamation, it was at once heeded: All business came to a standstill, and prayers rose up throughout the land. Men and women, their wives and their children, "set themselves to seek the Lord, and cried to the Lord on behalf of Judah, and for the inhabitants of Jerusalem: Be silent, all Judah, and the inhabitants of Jerusalem; be not afraid nor dismayed by reason of this great multitude; for the battle is not yours, but God's."

He cried to the Lord, and cried to the Lord. And the singers rose up and filled the temple, to offer sacrifice at the temple, and ask help from the Lord. The people fell on their faces before the Lord, and worshiped Him.

"And when they began to sing and to praise, the Lord set ambushments against those of the opposing army who were just as close and as strong as ever, everybody was happy, because everybody believed the Lord had taken their campaign into his own hands, and was going to do exactly as he said.

The next morning bright and early, the army of King Jehoshaphat was under arms and marching toward the front. They were not going out to fight, but to behold the victory God had promised. As the troops passed in review before the king, he said to them: "Hear me, O Judah, and ye inhabitants of Jerusalem: Believe in the Lord your God, so shall ye be established: believe his prophets, so shall ye prosper."

And then the king had a great choir of singers detailed, and probably put them at the head of the army, that they "should praise the beauty of holiness, as they went out before the army, and said, "Praise the Lord; for his mercy endureth forever." And when they began to sing and to praise, the Lord set ambushments against the army of Ammon, Moab and Mount Seir, and they were smitten. That is, they fell into confusion, and fought against each other until they were thrown into wild retreat, and when the soldiers under Jehoshaphat came up, they found the dead bodies of their enemies lying thick. The
The king did not undertake to tell the Lord how to deliver him from his enemies. He left the whole question of how, to the God in whom he trusted. He had no plan of deliverance all mapped out in his mind that he wanted followed out. He turned to his God completely, and the cry of his heart was simply, “Help! help!”

In our trials and difficulties we are too apt to put a limit upon the power of the Lord. We have certain things in our minds that we think he will have to do or not do. We forget that God’s ways are not our ways and his thoughts not our thoughts. That he is not limited in his resources, and can at all times do more than we can ask or think. Where we cannot see, we must trust.

When their king had prayed for them, the people of Judah stood before the Lord in an expectant attitude. They had heard deliverance asked for in the right way, and they now expected it. Expectation of this kind is something God never disappoints. When we have prayed to God in our trials and difficulties, the next thing to do is to stop being anxious about the results. We must put our burden on the Lord and leave it there, just as the people of Judah did.

“Be not afraid nor dismayed by reason of this great multitude; for the battle is not yours, but God’s.” Blessed words of comfort, how full of rest they are. No wonder the king immediately called upon all the singers to begin singing songs of praise to God. Things like this are as true today as they were in the time of Jehoshaphat. When ever our faith receives the word of God in time of darkness and extremity, the heart immediately begins praising the Lord. As soon as the burden is gone, rest fills the soul, and praise is the sure result. It is only from the soul that doubts, that no joy ful music arises toward heaven.

The camp of Jehoshaphat was full of praise, and yet not an enemy had been slain. From the noise they made, their enemies must have supposed they had been receiving reinforcements, and, indeed, they had. The armies of the sky were marching in it with a view of raising funds for that purpose.

When we come to God, he enables us to collect all back venges.

Jehoshaphat believed that God could help him, and that he would. This gave him a definite faith, and a power in prayer that prevailed. He also remembered what God had done in former days, and what he had promised to do for his people in days to come. In these things the Christian can profit by studying the life of this king. We must kneel on believing ground before him, for the fact that God has helped us hitherto, is a sure prophecy that he will ever be our help.
The Bow of Promise.

"I do set my bow in the clouds, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth." There can be no rainbow unless it is raining. So we cannot see the brightest glory of God's grace without entering into the experience of trial. We can learn the full preciousness of the divine promises only in the circumstances of need for which they were given. A young friend told me that she had seen richer revelations of the love of Christ in the weeks she had been in her sickroom than in all the former years of her life. Words of God which she had known from childhood had flashed out then for the first time in the rich splendor of their meaning. There had been no clouds in her life before— all was health and happiness, and she had not seen the rainbow hues. The same is true of all the divine comforts. We never know the best of their meaning until the sorrow comes in which they are meant to give strength. A psalmist reads: "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." We cannot receive the comfort until we mourn. Every Christian who has passed through sorrow understands this. In the deepening darkness the lights in the heavenly promises flashed out bright and clear, showing him for the first time the fullness of their blessed comfort.—J. K. Miller.

God's Promises to David.

The kingdom of Israel is now at peace, extending over the twelve tribes, honored by its friends and feared by its foes. The capital Mount Zion is enlarging its borders and increasing its population; the palace of the king looms up above the houses, and beside it stands the tabernacle, where the ark rests after its long wandering. The hour has come for a new revelation of God's plan of redemption. By the shadow of Eden's closed gate God gave the first dim promise of One who should come to heal the serpent's sting. Twenty centuries rolled away, and then the Almighty called forth the family of Abraham and promised that in it should all the earth be blessed. Two hundred years later from the dying lips of Jacob broke the prophecy that in Jacob's line the Shiloh should appear. Then silence reigned for six centuries, while the divine plans were awaiting a fit hour in which to point with clearer light down the future to narrow the field of prophecy and to mark out the line through which the Messiah should come to Israel and to the world. That hour has now dawned, and to David, the king, is given the assurance that in his family the royal honor shall remain until his kingdom shall culminate in a throne never to pass away. Walking upon the roof of his palace, David sees beneath him the modest tent which enshrines the ark of the covenant. A loyal servant of God, he resolves that no longer shall his home outshine that which is the emblem of the Lord's presence. He plans to build a temple which shall be a worthy dwelling place of the Most High. The Lord accepts his pious purpose, but reserves its accomplishment to a more fitting time, and then makes to him the glad announcement that his house shall sit upon the throne forever; that from him shall proceed a line that shall never end; and a kingdom that shall encompass all the earth.

By way of illustration.

Verses 4-11. David wants to build a temple to the Lord. God tells him that by reason of the very thought, he is counted one of God's builders. David's temple was never in stone and lime. It stood on no actual ground. It was only a cathedral in the heart. Yet God says it shall be accepted as a real edifice. It shall have a price put upon it in heaven equal to any finished building. The architecture of the city of God is not limited to houses made with hands. There are temples which men wasted to raise. There are hospitals which philanthropy intended to found. There are schools which benevolence planned to institute. We raise palaces in our hearts, when our hands can only erect mud dwellings. God measures his workmanship by the edifice in my soul.—George Matheson.

How many of the things which men count failures are by God counted successes. Dr. David Nelson desiring to establish a college for poor boys and girls in Missouri, and failing so completely, did not know that other minds would gather from his ardent desire inspiration to erect the college known as Park College, whose mission is to the poor students of our country. Was not Dr. Nelson's desire accepted and blessed of God, even though he could not fulfill it? There is a verse in second Corinthians which says, "If there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not."

Verses 12-16. I once watched a series of dissolving views. It was a scene in Italy representing a ruined castle. But it was a dissolving view, and with regret I watched it fade. As it faded another scene gradually took its place, and, when the first had wholly gone, there stood forth in majesty a splendid picture of sea, mountains, and sky. Man's work had given place to God's work; the eternal had taken the place of the transient. So, when God removes things temporary, it is that he may give us things eternal.

The keyword of Hebrews is "better." God would continually give us better gifts than we have planned or thought for ourselves. As the mother, whose little one calls out for hurtful playthings, gives it instead nourishment and loving care and education.

Verse 16. "Forever." This is a Messianic prophecy. What has been termed "the red line of Messianic prediction" may be traced from Genesis to Malachi. The historical books, with their unbroken genealogies, enable us clearly to discern it. The voice of early and later prophets, often doubtless unconscious of the full meaning of their own inspired utterances, keep it distinct until it emerges into the announcement of Gabriel, and becomes vocal in the Bethlehem song.—E. Horr.

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THE BRIGHT SIDE.

AN UNCKOWNED HERO.

Few people remember to-day the loss of the ill-fated steamer Arctic, which struck another vessel in mid-Atlantic, and went down in two hours, carrying with her some 300 souls. This was in the "fifties," before the war.

On all vessels, at "fire quarters," or in emergencies such as this, each man has his station and duty to perform. In this case a great panic occurred, and all general discipline was lost; but Holland, whose post was on the forecastle, and whose duty was to fire the signal gun, never flinched. The hope that some passing vessel might hear and come to their relief, and, above all, that it was his post and duty, kept him firm and constant among all the clamor and confusion.

One of the engineers, who was among the saved, thus speaks of the terrible scenes: "The rush—I may say fight—for the boats I shall never forget. The knowledge of the fact that their capacity would not admit of saving all, rendered more desperate and terrible the situation. Appeals to the manhood of the desperate crowd were utterly unavailing. That a Sunday-school for the children of the higher classes.

With her some 300 souls. This room adjoining. Back of these rooms is the printing room, whence a weekly paper called Our World and Work will be issued in a short time. On the third floor are a committee room and a game room, while the remainder of the house is occupied by the superintendent and his wife.

Mr. William Deering, the great manufacturer of Chicago, has just given $215,000 in real estate and bonds to Northwestern University, of which institution he has always been the generous patron, his total gifts to it aggregating something like $600,000. The donation is to be known for the present as the special Deering fund, Mr. Deering reserving the right to specify to what uses it shall be put for the advancement of the interests of the University.

Prince Oscar Bernadotte, second son of the King of Sweden and Norway, has a Sunday-school for the children of the higher classes. "It is a pleasant sight," writes a contributor to Sunday at Home, "to see this royal prince standing at his desk in the schoolroom, and touching to hear him, in his own earnest, unadorned manner, explain the word of God for his boys."

According to the recent report of the National Education Association of England there is an average attendance of four and one-half million children upon the Sunday-schools in that land.

One of the chief railroads of Switzerland has abolished its Sunday ticket rates, in order to diminish Sunday travel and to afford its employees a day of rest.

The thirty Bible societies in existence have issued over 240,000,000 Bibles. English and American societies claim four-fifths of this out-put.
The secret of any holiness we may have is not the success of the struggles in which we have engaged, but the closeness of the union with Christ which we have maintained.

You picture to yourself the beauty of bravery and steadfastness. And then some little, wretched, disagreeable duty comes, which is your martyrdom, the lamp for your oil; and if you do not do it, how your oil is split—Phillips Brooks.

Lord, preserve me calm in my spirit, gentle in my commands, and watchful that I speak not unadvisedly with my lips, moderate in my purposes, yielding in my temper, and at the same time steadfast in my principles. Amen—Congregationalist.

That man is worthy and wise and great who sees the divine significance of this order and discipline, who takes his tasks in their time, who is faithful in the least matters, hopeful in the hardest, enduring unto the end, knowing that the supreme result is won by the diligence and patience and trust of time.—John Learner.

A Christian friend, calling upon a poor old woman in Scotland, found her in great pain, and expressed sorrow at seeing her suffer so much. "O," said Jeannie, "it's just an answer to prayer. You see, I've been trying to be conformed to the image of Christ. And since these are the means, I've nothing to do wi' the choosin' o' them. It is ours to aim at meetness for His presence, and to leave it to His wisdom to tak' His ain way wi' us. I would rather suffer than sin on any day."

It is service that is the test of greatness. Thomas a' Kempis, for instance, lived an obscure life in the corner of a Belgian convent, and made no stir in the world. His Church refuses him name and rank among its saints because he wrought no miracles either when alive or in his grave. But the group of four little books, which he wrote to help his brethren to grow in grace, have given him a name and a place which the world refuses to the great scholars of his age, and which the sceptical Renan declared he envied beyond every other form of renown. For his own part he "loved to be forgotten," found his best cheer "in little books and quiet corners." But the gratitude of Christendom calls him to the highest place at the least.—Dr. Robert Ellis Thompson.

"Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world." This is the promise of the Lord to his followers. To find comfort and strength in this promise it must be realized in the consciousness of Christ's presence as an actuality. How few Christians are able to think of Christ as an ever-present companion? Our earthly companionships seem real. They are satisfying. They bring joy to the heart. But we are apt to overlook the companionship of the invisible leader. His companionship touches the soul only, and how few dwell in the life of the spirit as they do in the life of the senses. Our sensible companions, therefore, seem more real to us. We feel in solitude when our senses reveal no presence to us. But those who have learned how to interpret the Intuitions of the Spirit know that the Lord's words are true. He is ever present with those who seek to find him, "even to the end of the world."—Methodist Recorder.

By every tear which God hath wiped from your eyes, by every anxiety which he has soothed, by every fear which he has dispelled, by every want which he has supplied, by every mercy which he has bestowed, strengthen yourselves for all that awaits you through the remainder of your pilgrimage; look onwards, if it must be so, to new trials, to increased perplexities, even to death itself; but look on what is past, as well as what is to come, and you will be enabled to say of him in whose hand are your times, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." Help us, Almighty Father, to rest in thee, to take comfort in the knowledge that thou dost rejoice when we are justly happy, and dost bend in loving sympathy when we are sad. In our joy may we look to thee with thanksgiving upon our lips, in the rush of life may we take from thee the courage and strength which thou art but waiting to bestow, and, O Lord, in the dark, steep places, we would find in thee our guide and our support. Grant us great desire for nearness unto thee, thou who art the source of all good, the everlasting Father. Amen.
COMFORT ONE ANOTHER.

Comfort one another;
For the way is growing stony.
The feet are often weary.
And there is more than a little wearying.
There is heavy burden-bearing.
When it seems that none are caring.
And we half forget that ever we were glad.
And gentle speech is ofi like manna from the skies.
Sorrow.
The tender chords of a little emotion-
Which come, hem that love Ooes not appear.
And the look of friendly eyes.
Do not wait with unspoken tears.
While life’s daily bread is broken.
Gentle speech is often like manna from the skies.
Comfort one another;
There are words of music ringing.
Down the ages, sweet as singing.
Or happy voices above.
Where forever they are praising the Eternal Love.
Comfort one another;
By the hope of Him who sought us.
Out of our perils-Him who bought us.
With his precious blood.
BY the faith that shall not alter.
Trust in his strength which shall not fail,
Leaning on the One divinely good.
Comfort one another;
Let the grave gloom lie behind you.
While the Spirit’s words remind you
It’s beyond your reach.
Where no more is pain or parting.
Fare you find ten tears starting.
But the presence of the Lord, and for all his people.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

The Ministry of Sorrow.

We must all reckon more or less with sorrow.
The tender chords of a little child’s nature respond early to the sensations of sorrowful emotions which come unbidden and rudely break in upon the peaceful hours that dream not of care or stress to bear.

Nobody welcomes sorrow, nobody deliberately goes out in pursuit of it.
Nevertheless everybody gets his share of grief and affliction.
Life’s discipline would not be complete without the school of sorrow.
As against joy sorrow touches a deeper spring of our nature, and gives a ripeness and mellowness of character and soul culture peculiar to its own workings.
Vinet maintains that “love and sorrow are the true conditions of a profound life.”
Life’s sans me lessons most frequently come to us from the crucible of sore affliction.
The Psalmist said: “Before I was afflicted I went astray; but now I have kept thy word. It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn thy statutes.”
If pain and loss bind us more closely to God and make us better men and women, more sympathetic, humble and patient, shall not this saying of Christ thereby be brought to memory? “Every branch that beareth fruit He purgeth it that it may bring forth more fruit.”
Or the words of Paul: “For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, even as a father the son whom he receiveth.”
We frequently hear the afflicted say: “I do not know what evil thing I have done that I should suffer.”
That complaint savors of presumption and rebellion and proves the need of discipline in the school of affliction.
I am God’s servant” said a master.
“I must therefore pass under the flail, through the fan, under the millstone, into the oven, before I can be bread for Him.”

burn, “God delights to see grace in us at all times; but He would not see it at last. He desires it both in exercise, and to this end uses the instrumentality of sufferings. The leaves of the aromatic plant shed but a faint fragrance as they nod in the air; finest gold lies hidden in the dress; sparkling gems are within the pebble’s crust, unseen. But let the aromatic leaf be crushed, put the ore into the furnace, the pebble and polish it and the hidden riches are revealed:—

“This leaf! This stone? It is thy heart;
It must be crushed by pain and smart,
It must be cleaved by sorrow’s art—
Ere it will yield a fragrance sweet,
Ere it will be a jewel meet.
To lay before thy dear Lord’s feet.”

Some people would never give God a listening ear but for sorrow and affliction.
There are times with all of us when it is better to “go to the house of mourning than to the place of feasting.”
The Master Himself went down from the least in the upper room, to Gethsemane.
His soul being “exceeding sorrowful unto death.”
He was not ready for Calvary without Gethsemane.
He needed the strength there given Him from heaven.
Even so we should come up out of our sorrows with added strength and perfect submission.
To the soul that leans upon God, sorrow is never wholly unmixed with joy, and the end of it is spiritual promotion.
To rebel is to miss the discipline God would otherwise bring out of it for us.
“All things work together for good to them that love God” does not apply to those who rebel.
Longfellow has well said:

“Is murmuring against God, in petulant defiance,
Is never for the best;
To will what He does will that in the only science
That gives us any real.”

—Christian Evangelist.

“comfort all who mourn.”

These words came to me one day at a grave, and I did not think until that day how many people own graves.
Some hardly own any other property, but they do own a grave somewhere, and to my mind it is a world full of property.
Only think of what is connected with the grave.
We should not have had the most wonderful idea the world owns to-day without a grave.
Jesus said unto Martha, “I am the resurrection and the life.”
My mother was a very still woman, she did not talk much, but I think I know now what she thought about when she was at “her grave,” for she called father’s grave “her grave.”
I remember we did not want her to go to Greenwood so often, and we urged her not to go.
She only looked at us, but she went all the same; and then we soon found out that instead of its making her sadder, she always looked more cheerful when she came home from the grave.
I used to go with her sometimes, and she never moved more quickly than when getting the water, and planting the flowers, and seeing that everything was just right.
I never remember to have seen her cry there, she was so busy.
I think I know her better now.
I think she thought that things that are seen are temporal, and those that are not seen are eternal; and in order to see immortal flowers it is not necessary to turn from the flowers which will so soon fade—you have only to look through them. And then my mother believed in the resurrection of the dead—a very old-fashioned doctrine, I admit, but one with a heap of comfort in it, and there are hearts, you see, which live on love, and love always wants a person.
Now I started with the thought of comforting those—and there are a great many—who own a grave, and the comfort I want to give comes in changing “my grave” to “our grave.”
Christ does not want us to shut ourselves out from graves;
he has a great interest in our graves.
He was in one himself once, and he came out of it; so we must call these graves “our graves,” meaning Christ and we own those graves.
They are ours.
Then you will glorify him, and that is your deepest need and his highest pleasure.
You know he said, “Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.”
—Ladies’ Home Journal.
No man had to take a dictionary with him when he went to hear the sermon on the mount.

There are people who make a business of going through the world looking through the wrong end of the telescope.

The biggest idea the army under Moses had of the Promised Land, was that it was a good country to raise onions and garlic in.

If you want to know the truth, don’t ask a man who wears green goggles what sunshine is.

Whenever a good man stumbles, the devil finds a way to advertise the fact.

To put a mountain under your feet, mount up on the wings of faith.

The owl and the nightingale have never been able to agree as to what music is.

When you travel, remember that God is everywhere.

A temptation resisted, is a lion slain.

In his wisdom, God has ordained that the same golden opportunity shall never knock at the same door twice.

There is too much singing, “Take my silver and my gold,” and putting nothing but copper and nickel in the basket.

There are too many people in the church who would rather be comets than suns.

Using the rod will do no good, unless the hand that holds it is moved by love.

The more an enemy hates us, the hotter the fire kindness will kindle on his head.

It is hard to please people who never know what they want.

The man who has no god to worship, worships himself.

We best serve ourselves when we best serve others.

The devil has no powder to waste on people who are neither cold nor hot.

The man who has the “big head” often wears a small hat.

A fault will attract more attention to us than a virtue.

Whoever has a bad habit has a master.

When the out, the growler is a poor traveling companion.

Fight shy of the man who claims to be a Christian, but never pays his debts.

The fatter the pig, the better it likes the mud.

We wrong God and cheat men, if we refuse to let our light shine as it should, because tallow is expensive.

The man who cries, “Ho, everyone that thirsteth,” will not have much of a crowd around him, unless there is plenty of water in his pitcher.

The devil can take a little rest when Christians begin to quarrel among themselves.

The man who looks with pure eyes, can see the face of God in a dew drop.

If you would know what keeps the oak alive, look for its smallest root.

If we give the devil our eyes, he will soon have control of our feet.

Every stone thrown at a good man is aimed at Christ.

Isn’t it singular that the man who is stingy never seems to know it.

The devil has no reason to be ashamed of the man who is mean to his wife.

On a field of battle, the dead men are not the ones shot at.

The man who makes no mistakes, makes no progress.
The Pass

The Threes and Twos

A man would have ride on one pass in order to feel that exhilaration etc.

- Family pass
- Advertising Passes
- Complimentary Pass
- Business pass
- Legislators pass
I would enter school and could get a position.

The Tale Bearer
Make a Mark
The Decade

Or leave an aim Page 77
Happiness Page 130
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Life Page 148
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Commence Decent 166
Beauty Page 166
The Ladder 167
The Preacher in the Clear Business College
A Vision 86
To Let 176
Woman 185
A Wasted Life: Page 156

Babes Infernal Summer: Page 3
The Season of Hanna or Motherhood: Page 7
Search Me: Page 11

Reaping the harvest: Page 13
The Blind Man: Page 17
Society: Page 90
Come": Page 93

Here one thing: Page 94
What To Do With It: " Page 99
The Passage of Life: " Page 109
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Sunshine: 250
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Love: 190
The Devil: 180
Woman: 122
To My Guide: 170

Pay Debts
methods of the law, they use in order to entrap the innocent honest. Consciences young man who has made a little money and is willing to spend it for an education by putting himself under the direction of a school where wholesome instruction is offered. We are made to know that such schools differ as much as individuals.
He forgets that the management of a school is dishonest and relies on questionable methods in order to satisfy a selfish desire for the students of this school may expect not be dealt with justly. In their course of study and their personal dealings with a dishonest man they may expect to experience the work of a dishonest mean suffer as a result of this dishonesty.
No school business—saying nothing of a school has the right to manipulate, prudently or otherwise, to make an object appear better or other than it really is. No school has the right to use a slight of word, trick in order to swindle, and yet the play that has been made upon "Positive Service" with a view of misleading the inexperienced voter, a thorough education has been practiced throughout our Southland.
such an extent that many young people who have been
"tricked" believed insulted have lost confidence in business education.
They judge all schools by this and they attended.
When they return home disappointed they tell their friends who are in need of a practical education that all business colleges are fake and that it will not pay to go to another one.
I have met many of these young people in my travels in the South. I know how they feel besides I now turn to a few of the letters on file in our office and quote the following:

"In regard to Business College his school is not what he recommends it to be. He does more it is recommended his school than he does to teach his students to claim to give positions to his graduates that is not..."
Why she has so many students, I don't like to run any danger down but if I was going again I should not go to it.

This young man is evidently dissatisfied with his course of study and has been disappointed in the school he attended.

He'd copied following from another letter:

"As is the guaranteed position, she will get you something. He may get you a position that you would not have such as selling books or serving machines."
It is incumbent on the spirit of a first class Business College to hold to and to its correspondence the positions guaranteed as a reason why they should...
A LITTLE OF OUR SCHOOL POLICY.

WANT TO BE MODEST, but must say that the school has not been planted upon the almighty dollar. We believe its soul is bigger than a nickel. We don't believe that it is an automaton, an un­nice box that grinds out a soulless tune only when the jingle of money is heard when it passes through the slot. If the school had been ran for the money it could have been made to produce, it would have been a miserable failure, and it would not have been in this community, neither would you have a kind word for it. A work, the kind we are doing, cannot be planted on the dollar alone. Every dollar that the school has produced over and above running expenses and an economical living for the past nine years, has been turned back into the institution that it might be endowed with a greater capacity for good.

Some of you have not understood its phenomenal growth. We believe this is one of the secrets. It may be we can sell silk en goods, the glittering diamond, and discount the commercial paper at the bank for the money that is in the business, but we can't effectively lead and train the human soul for the amount of lucre we can make out of it.

The school makes no attempt to toy with formalities, ceremonies or rules. It seeks and desires recog­


nition only to the extent it deserves it. It is not a tool of any denomination, party or state. It has and it

will continue to advise against the organization of foot ball teams and recommend instead frequent nature excursions into the hills, woods and on the rivers, that the soul may commune with God through nature.

In the language of Shakespeare we would prefer to have the student "find tongues in the trees, books, in the running books and sermons in the stones." We see no reason why an educational institution should close its years' worth and have its imaginary lines of stead of reaching through an educa­
school d oes not the organisation or party that would into separate grades prefer to teach that of the same clay God, and to lead humanity a and to cy except the aris­
ter. We would have derstand that no the principles with­
a millionaire in the peasant in his no school is better it practices a d

The charge that been progressive in never be­ing always been on the most modern meth­information, and it used the best meth­advanced and re­

n students to see that genius in every suc­be some definite

ning purpose, some or usefulness that energies, gird the

ight. Heat and grav­powers of the soul, motive, of which speak, has pass­

d many names.
called inspiration; called wisdom; in St. John it was love; in Luther it was faith; in John Brown it was fanaticism, but unto each it was a vision of things unseen—a vision which lifted grandees to the gaze of him alone. We believe a school fails unless it leads its students to see that there are as many worlds as there are people, and that each individual lives in his own world. This world becomes—to him a holy of holies, where no human


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Educa tion---The Guardian Angel of Youth.

H. H. CHERY.
To assume that differences among brethren are irreconcilable, is to make them so. Such an assumption is irrational and unscriptural. All that ought to be done can be done in the sphere of religious activity. Despair is atheistic, whatever softer name pessimistic professors of a divine faith may give it. When St. Paul said, “I can do all things through Christ which can be done in the sphere of his work as indicated by his providential dealing before us step by step,” when Jesus said, “Blessed are the peacemakers,” he announced a duty that all believers were to discharge, and hold up to them a blessedness that all might attain. From the days of Paul and Barnabas until now the Church has had difficulties and discussions, but it has survived them all; it still lives and still goes on with its blessed work. Steadfast faith, indomitable patience, and unceasing effort will accomplish miracles of success now as in former times. The only true gospel for the true Church is a gospel of courage and hope.

The recklessness of partisan defamation in the politics of these United States is attended by evil consequences in more than one direction. It blunts the edge of popular condemnation because exaggeration has its natural recoil, and because partisan ingenuity is skillful in condoning and without conscience in denial of guilt. The popular judgment is confused, while the political conscience is seared. It being understood that misrepresentation and denunciation are legitimate weapons in politics, it is difficult to know what to believe concerning candidates, and the busy citizen is tempted to vote his ticket straight because he feels himself unable to distinguish the line that separates patriotic candor and courage from partisan cunning and cowardice. Men and principles thus get mixed in a way that bewilders and demoralizes our politics. The remedy? If a remedy can be found for this evil, it will be found in a renovated public opinion that will hold the campaign liar to strict responsibility and visit him with a penalty as severe as that meted out to other classes of liars.

Every exigency in human affairs becomes an opportunity to organizations and individuals that are ready to meet it. The fire tries the metals that are thus thrown into the crucible. The man who is not surprised by sin and taken captive by a sudden assault is the man who heeds his Lord’s injunction to watch and pray. The man who, being slightly turned away from the path of duty, quickly readjusts himself and takes a new and better start in the right way, is the man whose spiritual polarity has been habitually true. A sudden fall is a rare occurrence in individual experience. A fatal lapse of any organized body of professed Christians is never a sudden thing. Where there is a good record behind any soul or any organism that may seem to be going wrong, there may be, mixed with our sorrow and solicitude therefor, a rational and scriptural hope of healthful reaction and recovery sooner or later.

**TRUE PRAYER.**

O strong, upwelling prayers of faith,
From utmost bound of life ye start—
The spirit’s pulse, the vital breath
Of soul and heart.
Ye break no forced and measured tasks,
Nor weary rate nor formal chains.
The simple ict that freely asks
In love, obtains.

—J. G. Whittier.

**OUR EDUCATIONAL CAMPAIGN.**

It is on—our educational campaign. Its special objective point is the raising of a fund for educational purposes in Southern Methodism of $1,500,000. Its plan has been outlined in these columns. Its result ought not to be at all doubtful. We are able to go up and take possession of this goodly land of promise to which our attention as a Christian denomination has been directed. Three things are necessary to success.

First, strong conviction is needed. The urgent importance of the work in hand must be realized by those who are to do it. The subject must be earnestly studied by the men who must instruct and lead in the undertaking. The more they consider the question of Christian education in all its bearings, the more profound will be their conviction of its necessity. The intelligent reader understands, of course, that in this country Christian education means denominational education, and that as a leading denomination Southern Methodism must take a leading part. It would be an insult to the intelligence of our editorial constituency to argue upon this point at any considerable length. As far as they think or feel at all, they think and feel aright. All our conviction, as far as their conviction goes, is sound. But it is not deep enough. They need to think more about it, to become acquainted with the facts of the situation, and to close this special praying to God for clear perception of duty and grace to perform it. Dr. Hammond and his coworkers will furnish ammunition for this campaign. Facts, arguments, and appeals will be sent forth from our Educational Bureau to be scattered broadcast over the Church. Our pastors and teachers should be users of this literature until they themselves are saturated with its spirit, and our people everywhere absorb it. The printing press, the pulpit, and the restraints ought to make a lively chorus—and they will, we devoutly hope and pray.

Second, concentration is needed. Many things claim the attention and solicit the service of good people in these stirring times in which we live. This educational work is no side issue or small matter. It is one of the biggest things ever projected by a great religious body, and—to repeat what we have already said in substance—the more it is considered the larger it will bulk. The Church is on the brink of entering a new century, and it may be drawn from the eddy of the 19th century into the stream of the 20th by putting our existing schools and colleges on a higher plane. This is a rare occurrence in individual experience. A fatality as severe as that meted out to other classes of business is not to be at all doubtful. We are able to go up and take possession of this goodly land of promise to which our attention as a Christian denomination has been directed. Three things are necessary to success.

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Third, we must have enthusiasm. The enthusiasm that is genuine is rooted in the strong conviction for which we plead. It is not merely a burst of noisy declamation or a round of high-sounding platitudes; it is a generous ardor that will not cool, a steady courage that presses forward over all obstacles. Our Southern Methodism has done some things in this way in the past. It was never so strong as it is now. Never before in its history has it had more powerful incentives to put forth its utmost energies than now. Our people have shown that they are pretty good at a steady lift of a heavy weight; in a charge when their blood is up they cannot be beaten by any people on earth. Aggressiveness is in their heredity; it comes out grandly when wisely directed. But if not called forth for legitimate conquest, there is danger that it will turn and rend itself. May we not all hope and pray that every note of internal discord among Southern Methodists as they enter upon the new century may be drowned in their acclamations of victory in this grand educational campaign?
Tennessee Baptist Convention.

PASTORS’ CONFERENCE.

It is a pleasant custom the ministers of the State have of holding a Pastors’ Conference each year on the day preceding the meeting of the State Convention; it gives the opportunity for them to get better acquainted with one another. The interchange of ideas is a source of much stimulus and inspiration. And then it promotes both a feeling of brotherly love and a fine spiritual atmosphere which form an excellent preparation for the Convention to follow.

The Conference met with the Baptist Church at Athens on Wednesday, October 12th, and was called to order at 10 a.m. by Rev. A. L. Davis, President of the Conference last year. Brief devotional exercises were led by Bro. Davis.

The names of ministers in attendance were enrolled, showing quite a number present.

Rev. A. L. Davis was re-elected President and Rev. F. B. Ball, secretary.

The first subject discussed was The Relation of the Board of Deacons to the pastor and church. It was opened by Rev. N. Ball. He said that sometimes the question of the relation of the pastor to other members of the church was closer than to the deacons. But the deacons should be consulted both in temporal and spiritual affairs.

Dr. R. H. Hawthorne thought that the special business of the deacons is to look after the poor and relieve the pastor of that duty. He insisted that it is going beyond the Scriptures to require the church to look after the finances of the church.

Dr. W. C. Grace stated that necessary, but should be handled with discretion and prudence.

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Dr. R. P. Lucas urged that we need to study the Bible. This should be the main subject of our study, and we should read what will help us to understand it, and will enable us to present divine truth best, to help men and women to lead better lives.

Dr. Eaton suggested some books we ought not to read, such as books on the higher criticism, on unbelief, etc. A person should not have as many books as he should take poison. If he wants to know about such things let him read the answer to it.

Bro. A. K. Story thought that we cannot overestimate the importance of making ourselves familiar with the Bible.

The Conference adjourned after Thursday morning.

The Convention was organized by the election of the following officers:

J. T. Henderson, President; J. H. McDowell and F. B. Ball, Vice Presidents; M. Ball, Secretary; F. Ball, Statistical Secretary, and W. M. Woodcock, Treasurer. These brethren made a most efficient set of officers.

The following Committee on Order of Business was appointed: A. J. Holt, W. T. Hudson, E. E. Folks, S. W. Timblin, G. A. Loflin.

In the afternoon the Conference was called to order by President Davis.

The subject, "What is Plagiarism," was opened by E. E. Folks. Dr. W. H. Strickland told an amusing experience when a brother appropriated a sermon of his and preached it. When afterwards Dr. Strickland preached the same sermon in the same community, the people thought he was preaching the other brother’s sermon.

Dr. T. T. Eaton spoke on the Second Coming of Christ. He said he was sure that the premillennial theory is incorrect, he is not quite sure that the postmillennial theory is correct.

Rev. R. P. Lucas suggested that whenever Christ comes we ought to be ready for his coming. Bro. Speculon said that we should be looking for and expecting his coming.

Bro. D. Grace and Hall also adopted the postmillennial theory.

Dr. W. H. Strickland opened the discussion of the subject, "To what books should a pastor devote his hours for study?" He spoke especially of the various lives of Christ, books of sermons, history, fiction of an elevating character, poems, periodicals, etc.

Rev. R. P. Lucas urged that we need to study the Bible. This should be the main subject of our study, and we should read what will help us to understand it, and will enable us to present divine truth best, to help men and women to lead better lives.

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The Conference adjourned after Thursday morning.

At 10 o’clock, on Thursday, October 18th, President J. T. Henderson called the Convention to order.

There was a good attendance and an evident air of interest and of good feeling. Rev. A. J. Bart led in singing, "How Firm a Foundation!"

The President read the 85th chapter of Isaiah.

Dr. W. H. Strickland offered an earnest prayer. Bro. W. G. Throckmorton, A. L. Halley and L. L. Anderson were appointed a Committee on Enrollment.

The Committee reported later that there were sixty-eight delegates present, besides many visitors. A number of others came in afterwards, making the attendance about 125. Pounding their report pleasant devotional exercises were held which brought a good taste in the mouth of every one.

The Convention was organized by the election of the following officers:

J. T. Henderson, President; J. H. McDowell and F. B. Ball, Vice Presidents; M. Ball, Secretary; F. Ball, Statistical Secretary, and W. M. Woodcock, Treasurer. These brethren make a most efficient set of officers.

The following Committee on Order of Business was appointed: A. J. Holt, W. T. Hudson, E. E. Folks, S. W. Timblin, G. A. Loflin.

Rev. T. G. Davis, pastor of the church, delivered the address of welcome as follows:

We are glad to see and to welcome you among us. In the name of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ we extend to you, the clergy of this church, a formal address of welcome. Were it not so difficult to make such an address, it would not be such a difficult task for me to tell you briefly how we can express the hearty welcome with which the members of this church and the citizens of Athens receive you.

You have met with a church which has stirred the religious world for many years. Among the first settlers of this section of country were an early group who formed Baptist churches. They were Baptists, petitioned Zion Hill Baptist Church to cloister that they called an "era," which was accordingly done in the early part of 1821. This was, so far as we know, the first recognized church in Athens by any denomination. These meetings were continued once a month until the same year, when, at their own request, they were organized as the Elders Street, which became the Wilderness Baptist Church.

Brother Davis opened the meeting in the old building of the church which was called the "era." This building, subsequently called the "era" was opened by Rev. J. T. Henderson, pastor of the church.

The Methodist Episcopal Church met here last summer in the same building. We wanted to compare you with that body. We

(Continued on page 2)
PRESENT FEELING IN THE SOUTH TO THE FEDERAL UNION AND THE PEOPLE OF THE NORTH.


Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The pleasure I experience this evening in partaking of a meeting being permitted to me, that I may address myself to this gathering of representative Christian men and women in the old historic city of Boston, is the realization of my long cherished wish to speak to a Southern audience.

To the old Hebrews, Jerusalem was the typical city and the spot of earth nearest heaven, but to the modern American, Boston is the capital of the New England States, the identity of the saints par excellence, and the truest earthly type of the "general assembly of spirits of just men made perfect." I

Though I first saw the light of day beneath Southern skies, and was brought up in a school of politics that has no regard for the life of the people, I cannot now entertain the idea emanated from this latitude. I cannot remember the time when I did not recognize and appreciate the energy, the truth, the culture, the patriotism, the courage, and the uplifting moral integrity of the men and women of New England.

By much more than the mere feeling that certain men are worth to us, I firmly believe that physical, intellectual, and moral qualities are developed in New England. I am sure that one secret of the greatness of the present generation of this old commonwealth of Massachusetts is to be found in the character, the virtues, and the grandeur of its men.

As soon as I can, I will put into words, that which the united South was unable to express. I will put into words, that which the united South was unable to express.

I will make the words of the Southerner clear to us. I will make the words of the Southerner clear to us.

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I will make the words of the Southern
why the South has so soon recovered from the wounds of war, forgiven the enemies she faced in the dreadful arena of battle, and rallied with such unanimity and speed, speaks volumes and the Convention of the South would undoubtedly declare that one explanation of it is, that the Southern people have discovered by hard experience that whether intentionally or unintentionally, were their benefactors, and that the preservation of the Union and the abolition of slavery were the salvation of the South.

If I were asked to name another cause which has contributed greatly to the success of the Southern Baptists, I would say it is the adoption by the people of the North of that principle of conduct so eloquently taught by Dr. J. W. McGavin in his great address, "We accept the Constitution." The point is, it is the acceptance of the Constitution, the fundamental principle of the Union, that has contributed more toward the success of the Southern Baptists than any other cause. Hence this work will have substantial support from our brethren.

The Baptists of the South are mighty host. The soil, the climate, and the numerous lakes, rivers and streams that flow through the South, are all designed by nature to promote our cause. The wise and benevolent Creator with special reference to Baptist comfort, convenience and growth.

The history of Southern Baptists in this country during the last half century shows them to be worthy of the esteem of all sections of the Union and the world. Their splendid example is the result of a gradual and continuous effort on the part of all Baptists to promote the cause of Christ and the welfare of the world.

In conclusion, I would say that the success of the Southern Baptist Convention is not chargeable to any narrowness and insularity. They stand, not upon tradition, but upon the living word of the living God. Their slogan is, "The Bible and the Bible alone, our rule of faith and practice." Their fellowship is for all, and all Baptists shall be recognized as members of that great family, the Baptist Church, as long as they love the Lord Jesus Christ in truth and sincerity. In natural gifts, intelligence, purity of life, and consecration for their work, their ministry is not inferior to that of any other division of the lost in the world.

Rev. C. H. Strickland, D.D.

For a year or two after his baptism and marriage, Dr. Strickland of Greensboro was a young pastor and his wife lived in a humble dwelling. They lived in the old Manse at Greensboro, which was then a small village. Dr. Strickland took the position of pastor and his wife assisted him in the work. They lived in the old Manse for a year and a half, then moved to the new church building, and lived in it until the present time.

Brother, let us make ourselves worthy successors of these noble men. Let us be faithful, industrious, and diligent in our work. Let each one of us—

"be the sweet presence of a good friend.
And in duties ever more honest,
Our track make brighter by our feet,
Whose mantle is the gladness of the world!"

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Rev. C. H. Strickland, D.D.
He spoke especially of Carson and Newman College and the religious influences there.

Dr. Hawthorne said: The working capital of the School is increased considerably from the war. All that he contributed to it was by enlightened and interested friends. There would be very little left. Dr. Hawthorne did not think that what was spent on the educational building for the State. He had seen Baptists who could not patronize their own denominational schools. He rejoiced when they could afford to send their children to the University. Southern Baptists had secured the services of Dr. W. D. Powell. If he should turn his attention to the work of raising missionary societies his interest in it will be known. Carson and Newman College is doing a magnificent work for the Baptists of East Tennessee.

It now becomes the duty of the State Convention to encourage their young men to go to the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, which has done more for the Baptists of the District than any other college in the State. They have a great opportunity. Their strength lies in the country, and it now goes without saying that there are in the cities, to all professions, come from the country. These young men in the mountains of East Tennessee and Georgia have an enormous advantage over those reared in the towns. Most of the honoree men in Mercer University come from the mountains. He took about the first appearance of Rev. G. W. Trist, W. T. Dallas, Texas, before the Georgia Convention and the impression it made, though an obscure mountain boy.

Dr. S. W. Toddell believes in the public school system. Infant baptism has been settled theoretically. The right will be to the church, its liberty, influence, etc. I believe in the separation of Church and State. We cannot tax a person of one denomination to support another, or can we support any school. We should not tax a person who is unable to send his boy to his denominational school to help support State Universities which are not designed to do this work. He believes that the State should educate only to the extent of making good citizens for our self-governance. Our college is trying to raise an endowment of $50,000. If the $50,000 Baptists of East Tennessee would give $1 each it would do a man of these things in the school room. Baptists have the best government. It is a voluntary government. You cannot force Baptists, especially, to do this.

Prof. W. B. Moore of Vanderbilt University said, "We need to raise large endowments for our schools to compete with those of other denominations. The public schools are doing very little for our children; if they would do more, the colleges could do more. The schools are not succeeding as they ought. They can't get money from endowment. Help them by lowering the tendency to cut prices in the schools."

Rev. J. H. McDowell did not agree with the point that the report opposing state aid for higher education in the Southern Baptist Church. He was opposed to the idea of the public schools doing very little for our children. If they would do more, the colleges could do more. The schools are not succeeding as they ought. They can't get money from endowment. Help them by lowering the tendency to cut prices in the schools.

H. T. McEachin spoke. He felt that the work of the past is only an introduction to the work of the future. There is an immense work to be done in the South. The Southern Baptist Convention is doing a magnificent work in the South. The South is the working capital of the world. The states are working capital. The Southern Baptist Convention is doing a magnificent work.

The convention adjourned.

**Afternoon Session**

At night a large audience assembled to hear Rev. J. O. Rust, who was very glowing in his sermons. The subject of the sermon was the importance of the Baptist Church in Tennessee. The work of the past is only an introduction to the work of the future.

The Convention was then adjourned.

**Monday morning**

The Convention was then adjourned.

The report on Southern Baptists was read and approved.