

## MARCH MIDNIGHT.

BLACK night! Fierce war of clouds and shrieking wind:

White stars with flame-flown cressets dimly seen,  
Pale glimpses where a hurrying moon has been

And left a chaos of wild sights behind,  
On the thick darkness struggling to be free,

The glimmering cliff-line of a rounded bay  
And, at its base, monotonous and gray,

The sullen plunging of a breaking sea,  
Hoarse voices striving to be heard: the hiss

Of shattered spray, and rush of streaming foam  
On pillared crags; and, round the gannet's home,

Visions of gray wings o'er the black abyss.

Behind the cliffs, far inland, all asleep!  
A wet wind blowing over acres bare:

No strife, but a low whisper everywhere,  
Earth stirring dreamily in slumber deep.

Rustle of last-year leaves in hedgerow lanes,  
Bird-titterings of a sudden hushed, the start

Of hares' feet in the bracken, where the hart  
Has made his couch, until the shadowy plains

Receive the dawn-beams, and the violets wake,  
And floods and forests smile to see the morning

break.

—Horace George Groser.

## At Last.

When on my day of life the night is falling,  
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,  
I hear far voices out of darkness calling  
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,  
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;  
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,  
Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,  
Earth, sky, home's picture, days of shade and shine,  
And kindly faces to my own uplifting  
The love which answers mine.

I love but Thee, O Father! Let Thy Spirit  
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;  
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm, I merit,  
Nor street of shining gold.

Snuffe it if, my good and ill unreckoned,  
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace,  
I and myself by hands familiar beckoned  
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,  
Some sheltering shade, where sin and striving cease,  
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions  
The river of Thy peace.

There from the music round about me stealing,  
I fain would learn the new and holy song,  
And find at last beneath Thy trees of healing  
The life for which I long.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

Not engaged in piracy any more than m

In these days of confusion and embarrassment and financial troubles Christians should consider well their obligation to God. We fear the trouble with Christian business men is want of fidelity to God. They will not enter into a straight-forward agreement with Him, to take Him as an active, living partner. Christian business man, are you dividing your profits with the Lord? You cast your cares upon Him and call on Him in prayer to help and when the results come do you use all for self? Remember the Lord and in turn be yourself blessed.

OF

## METHODIST MINISTERS.

THEY HAVE TAKEN DAWSON BY STORM.

The South Georgia Conference to Meet Tomorrow Morning With Bishop Galloway Presiding.

An army of Methodist preachers invaded Dawson yesterday, and are in possession of the city this morning.

They are here to attend the annual session of the South Georgia Conference, which will meet at the Methodist church tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock with Bishop C. B. Galloway, of Mississippi, presiding. The conference will last until next Tuesday.

These preachers make up a body of fine looking, intelligent men, who are consecrated to their work. They are a jolly set, too. And are easily entertained.

About one hundred of them arrived on Monday's trains. These were mostly young preachers who belong to the classes of the first, second and third years, and the members of the examining boards and members of the board of missions. These examinations were all held yesterday, and everything is in readiness for the opening of conference this morning.

There was preaching last night, but at the hour of going to press it had not been announced who would fill the pulpit. There will be preaching all during conference by the ablest members of the body.

This is the third big religious body that has met at Dawson this year. In the spring the State Baptist convention was with us. A few weeks ago the Primitive Baptists had their annual gathering here, and now the Methodist conference is being entertained by us.

Of course, all these good people were and are heartily welcome, and we would be glad to entertain them next year were it necessary.

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2 Vol. I, page 335.

es, Vol. CLXII, page 1276.

es, Vol. CLXII, page 1277.

6 Vol. IV, page 490.



8th March Butler, South Carolina, 1894

He denied the charge that had been circulated in Lancaster county that he was an infidel, TAIN. and said on this point:

the laws of interference consequences time, be no d laws of his o acting under exercise of be iustum bellum.

"I can only say that I was raised by a Christian mother and I have been married to a noble Christian woman for thirty-four years, and that the charge that I am an infidel is as untrue as it is unwarranted. I recognize the supremacy of a great and good God and the saving power of a great Saviour."

His speech made a good impression. Any body dealing with a man under

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WHILE the first business of a man in this life is to save his own soul, yet in saving his own soul he must needs do somewhat toward saving the souls of others. It is a great truth which it is important for us to remember, that in keeping our own face set toward Jerusalem and in walking steadfastly, others are sure to follow, and thus the burden of life is lightened and the hope glorified.

intended enterprise, persons would be ment by the laws nd to embroil the the one with the Foreigners resid- r the protection of subjects, or rather criminal law pre- d under the same

conditions as natural born subjects of Her Majesty. \* \* \* The Slang.

The idea that slang in the pulpit makes the sermon more forcible is a mistake. Many a slang phrase is used, we fear, more for the purpose of inducing a grin than to win a soul.

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If you have consciously wronged another person, you will never find true peace until, as far as you can, you make confession and restitution. God loves you too well to give you peace on a false basis.

That devil's burden you carry is heavier than the heaviest cross that is carried to the gate of heaven. Throw off the one, and take up the other.

the bel

M. Edmond Scherer, a famous French writer, was so impressed with the work of Wesley, that he wrote in the *Revue Des Deux Mondes*, of Paris, that Methodism was a religious movement that had changed the face of England, and that "England as we know it to-day is the work of Methodism."

vy, acc proper course to y the Right Hon. Sir

One of Tennyson's visitors once ventured to ask him what he thought of Jesus Christ. They were walking in the garden, and, for a minute, Tennyson said nothing; then he stopped by some beautiful flower, and said simply: "What the sun is to that flower, Jesus Christ is to my soul. He is the Sun of my soul."

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The *Augusta Chronicle* of July 21 had an extended report of the consecration of Dr. Ellison Capers as assistant bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in South Carolina. When we remember that Dr. Capers, the newly consecrated bishop, is the son of that grand man, Bishop William Capers, of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, and who died in South Carolina in 1855, we must believe that the sermon preached on the occasion of his consecration was very interesting to him, not to say embarrassing. Read the following extract from the *Chronicle's* report of the exercises:

"Assistant Bishop H. M. Jackson, of Alabama, preached the sermon, his subject being, 'How shall they preach except they be sent?' It was an unusually strong, bold and emphatic presentation of the doctrines of the Episcopal Church in reference to the ministry, setting forth the powers of ordination given by the bishops and the bishops alone. He referred to the 'irresponsible enthusiasts' who start up every now and then and preach from city to city, scorning any commission, saying they were called inwardly, and said that this was not a valid commission, nor was any power conferred by the congregation. Presbyterians say that there was but one order in the primitive church. The Episcopal Church affirmed there were three—bishops, priests and deacons. To the bishop alone belonged the functions of government and the prerogative of confirmation. The Episcopate derived authority from the apostles through Christ, and through Christ from God, and through the ages the church has maintained her unbroken order. Lutherans of the day impugn Episcopacy, but Luther did not. Presbyterians may affirm there is but one order in the church, but not so with Calvin, their founder. Presbyterianism was not a forethought. It was never intended to work this havoc in the church, but when they wrought it they said the emergency justified the deed. 'What,' said he, 'shall be said in extenuation of those who under no emergency perpetuate it.' He said that the history of Methodism was instructive to show how far men may be carried without their intent. Wesley struggled against withdrawing from the Church of England to the day of his death, but ineffectually. 'God grant,' said he, 'that they may come back.'"

Assistant Bishop Capers, by all accounts, is a very popular and lovable man, and no doubt deserves the many good things said of him; but it is hard to understand how a strong, well-rounded man, brought up as he was, could be patient under the preaching of such doctrine as was preached on that interesting occasion. For instance, note these: "The powers of ordination given by bishops, and bishops alone;" "to the bishops alone belong the functions of government and the prerogative of confirmation;" "the Episcopate derived authority from the apostles through Christ, and through

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# LIFE WELL WORTH LIVING.

## Talmage Discourses on a Text From Lamentations.

1894  
**Solomon's Vexation of Spirit at Times Attributed to the Fact That He Was a Polygamist—Vicious Lives in Defiance of God's Commandments Not Worth Living.**

Brooklyn, July 22.—Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is now touring in the Australian cities, has chosen as the subject for to-day's sermon through the press: "Worth Living," the text being taken from Lamentations 3: 39, "Wherefore doth a living man complain?"

If we leave to the evolutionists to guess where we came from and to the theologians to prophesy where we are going to, we still have left for consideration the important fact that we are here. There may be some doubt about where the river rises and some doubt about where the river empties, but there can be no doubt about the fact that we are sailing on it. So I am not surprised that everybody asks the question, "Is life worth living?"

Solomon in his unhappy moments says it is not. "Vanity," "vexation of spirit," "no good," are his estimate. The fact is that Solomon was at one time a polygamist, and that soured his disposition. One wife makes a man happy; more than one makes him wretched. But Solomon was converted from polygamy to monogamy, and the last words he ever wrote as far as we can read them, were the words "mountains of spices." But Jeremiah says in my text life is worth living.

In a book supposed to be doleful, and lugubrious, and sepulchral, and entitled "Lamentations," he plainly intimates that the blessing of merely living is so great and grand a blessing that though a man have piled on him all misfortunes and disasters he has no right to complain. The author of my text cries out in starting intonation to all lands and to all centuries, "Wherefore, doth a living man complain?" A diversity of opinion in our time as well as in olden time. Here is a young man of light hair, and blue eyes, and sound digestion, and generous salary, and happily affianced, and on the way to become a partner in the commercial firm of which he is an important clerk. Ask him whether his life is worth living. He will laugh in your face and say: "Yes, yes, yes!" Here is a man who has come to the forties. He is at the tip-top of the hill of life. Every step has been a stumble and a bruise. The people he trusted have turned out deserters, and the money he has honestly made he has been cheated out of. His nerves are out of tune. He has poor appetite, and all the food he does eat does not assimilate. Forty miles climbing up the hill of life have been to him like climbing the Matterhorn, and there are forty miles yet to go down, and descent is always more dangerous than ascent. Ask him whether life is worth living, and he will drawl out in shivering and lugubrious and appalling negative: "No, no, no!"

How are we to decide this matter righteously and intelligently? You will find the same man vacillating, oscillating in his opinion from dejection to exuberance, and if he be very mercurial in his temperament it will depend very much upon which way the wind blows. If the wind blow from the northwest and you ask him, he will say, "Yes;" and if it blow from the northeast and you ask him, he will say, "No." How are we then to get the question righteously answered? Suppose we call all nations together in a great convention on eastern or western hemisphere, and let all those who are in the affirmative say "Aye," and all those who are in the negative say "No." While there would be hundreds of thousands who would answer in the affirmative, there would be more millions who would answer in the negative, and because of the greater number who have sorrow and misfortune and trouble the "Noes" would have it. The answer I shall give will be different from either, and yet it will commend itself to all who hear me this day as the right answer. If you ask me "Is life worth living?" I answer, it all depends upon the kind of life you live.

In the first place, I remark, that a life of mere money-getting is always a failure, because you will never get as much as you want. The poorest people in this country are the richest, and next to them those who are half as rich. There is not a scissors-grinder on the streets of New York or Brooklyn who is so anxious to make money as these men who have piled up fortunes year after year in store-houses, in government securities, in tenement houses, in whole city blocks. You ought to see them jump when the hear the fire bell ring. You ought to see them in their excitement when some bank explodes. You ought to see their agitation when there is proposed a reformation in the tariff. Their nerves tremble like harp-strings, but no music in the vibration. They read the reports from Wall street in the morning with a concernment that threatens paralysis or apoplexy, or, more probably, they have a telegraph or telephone in their own house, so they catch every breath of change in the money market. The disease of accumulation has eaten into them—eaten into their heart, into their lungs, into their spleen, into their liver, into their bones.

Chemists have sometimes analyzed the human body, and they say it is so much magnesia, so much lime, so much chlorate of potassium. If some Christian chemist would analyze one of these financial behemoths he would find he is made up of copper, and gold, and silver, and zinc, and lead, and coal, and iron. That is not a life worth living. There are too many earthquakes in it, too many agonies in it, too many perditions in it. They build their castles, and they open their picture galleries, and they summon prima donnas, and they offer every inducement for happiness to come and live there, but happiness will not come.

They send footmanned and postillioned equipage to bring her; she will not ride to their door. They send princely escort; she will not take their arm. They make their gateways triumphal arches; she will not ride under them. They set a golden throne before a golden plate; she turns away from the banquet. They call to her from uphoistered balcony; she will not listen. Mark you, this is the failure of those who have had large accumulation.



And then you must take into consideration that the vast majority of those who make the dominant idea of life money-getting fall far short of affluence. It is estimated that only about two out a hundred business men have anything worthy the name of success. A man who spends his life with the one dominant idea of financial accumulation spends a life not worth living.

So the idea of worldly approval. If that be dominant in a man's life he is miserable. The two most unfortunate men in this country for the six months of next Presidential campaign will be the two men nominated for the Presidency. The reservoirs of abuse, and diatribe, and malediction will be gradually filled up, gallon above gallon, hoghead above hoghead, and about autumn these two reservoirs will be brimming full, and a nose will be attached to each one, and it will play away on these nominees, and they will have to stand it, and take the abuse, and the falsehood, and the caricature, and the anathema, and the caterwauling, and the filth, and they will be rolled in it, and rolled over and over in it, until they are choked, and submerged, and strangulated, and at every sign of returning consciousness they will be barked at by all the

hounds of political parties from ocean to ocean. And yet, there are a hundred men to-day struggling for that privilege, and there are thousands of men who are helping them in the struggle. Now, that is not a life worth living. You can get slandered and abused cheaper than that! Take it on a smaller scale. Do not be so ambitious to have a whole reservoir rolled over on you. But what you see in the matter of high political preferment you see in every community in the struggle for what is called social position.

Tens of thousands of people trying to get into that realm, and they are under terrific tension. What is social position? It is a difficult thing to define, but we all know what it is. Good morals and intelligence are not necessary, but wealth, or show of wealth, is absolutely indispensable. There are men to-day as notorious for their libertinism as the night is famous for its darkness, who move in what is called high social position. There are hundreds of out-and-out rakes in American society whose names are mentioned among the distinguished guests at the great levees. They have annexed all the known vices and are longing for other worlds of diabolism to conquer. Good morals are not necessary in many of the exalted circles of society.

Neither is intelligence necessary. You find in that realm men who would not know an adverb from an adjective if they met it a hundred times a day, and who could not write a letter of acceptance or regrets without the aid of a secretary. They buy their libraries by the square yard, only anxious to have the binding Russian. Their ignorance is positively sublime. Making English grammar almost disreputable. And yet the finest parlors open before them. Good morals and intelligence are not necessary, but wealth, or a show of wealth, is positively indispensable. It does not make any difference how you got your wealth, if you only get it. The best way for you to get into social position is for you to buy a large amount on credit, then put your property in your wife's name, have a few

preferred creditors, and then make an assignment. Then disappear from the community until the breeze is over, and then come back and start in the same business. Do you not see how beautifully that will put out all the people who are in competition with you and trying to make an honest living? How quickly it will get you into high social position! What is the use of forty or fifty years of hard work when you can by two or three bright strokes make a great fortune? Ah! my friends, when you really lose your money, how quick they will let you drop, and the higher you get the harder you will drop.

There are thousands to-day in that realm who are anxious to keep in it. There are thousands in that realm who are nervous for fear they will fall out of it, and there are changes going on every year, and every month, and every hour which involve heartbreaks that are never reported. High social life is constantly in a flutter about the delicate question as to whom they shall let in and whom they shall push out, and the battle is going on—pier mirror against pier mirror, chandelier against chandelier, wine cellar against wine cellar, wardrobe against wardrobe, equipage against equipage. Uncertainty, and insecurity dominant in that realm, wretchedness enthroned, torture at a premium, and a life not worth living.

A life of sin, a life of pride, a life of indulgence, a life of worldliness, a life devoted to the world, the flesh and the devil is a failure, a dead failure, an infinite failure. I care not how many presents you send to that cradle, or how many garlands you send to that grave, you need to put right under the name on the tombstone this inscription: "Better for that man if he had never been born."

But I shall show you a life that is worth living. A young man says: "I am here. I am not responsible for my ancestry; others decided that. I am not responsible for my temperament; God gave me that. But here I am, in the afternoon of the nineteenth century, at 20 years of age. I am here, and I must take an account of stock. Here I have a body which is a divinely constructed engine. I must put it to the very best uses, and I must allow nothing to damage this rarest of machinery. Two feet, and they mean locomotion. Two eyes, and they mean capacity to pick out my own way. Two ears, and they are telephones of communication with all the outside world, and they mean capacity to catch sweetest music and the voices of friendship—the very best music. A tongue, with almost infinity of articulation. Yes, hands with which to welcome, or resist, or lift, or smite, or wave, or bless—hands to help myself and help others.

"Here is a world which after six thousand years of battling with tempest and accident is still grander than any architect, human or angelic, could have drafted. I have two lamps to light me—a golden lamp and a silver lamp—a golden lamp set on the sapphire mantel of the day, a silver lamp set on the jet mantel of the night. Yea! I have that at twenty years of age which defies all inventory of valuables—a soul, with capacity to choose or reject, to rejoice or to suffer, to love or hate. Plato says it is immortal. Seneca says it is immortal. Con-



Christ from God, and through the ages the church has maintained her unbroken order."

The dogma of apostolic succession, with its cognate tenets, has long since been exploded, and the church of God has gone out into broader fields beyond. Some of the foremost minds in the Episcopal Church, as Bishop Phillips Brooks and others, renounced the doctrine as untenable. Such teachings have no foundation in the Bible, and are contrary to the whole philosophy of theology and religion. It is unreasonable to suppose that God would confine the communication of his authority and Spirit for the salvation of the world to one channel, and especially to a channel that is so corrupt as much of that through which the Church of Rome, the Church of England and the Episcopal Church have come. The real church of God to-day looks for succession and sanction to the more direct importation of the Spirit of light and life, rather than through the means of dead dogmas.

Bishop Jackson is right when he says: "Methodism was instructive to show how far men may be carried without their intent." Methodism does show how men, no longer intent on "teaching for doctrine the traditions of men," but all intent on following the directions of providence and gaining clean hearts and the witness of the Spirit, may be carried far beyond all that they intended and into the most glorious experience and to such success as was never known before in the history of the church. He might have said also that Episcopalianism shows how men, intent on holding to prelatrical traditions and dead tenets, might, with all their boastful arrogance, be left in the state of the church in Sardis, having a name to live and yet being dead.

The Methodist church in the United States is a little over a hundred years old; the Episcopal church, in one form or other, was here almost with the first settlers. Methodism has here by last account 4,980,240 members; the Episcopal church has 480,146. Methodism has in Georgia 352,754 members; the Episcopal church has 5,515. The Methodist Church South, has in Georgia twenty-one presiding elder's districts, each one of which, with three exceptions, has more members, and the average district many more, than the whole Episcopal church in the State, and

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each of them doing far more for the sal-  
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odism "shows how far men may be carried  
without their intent" but with a willing-  
ness to follow Christ.

This wide difference between the mem-  
bership of the Methodist and the Episco-  
pal churches shows that when people are  
tired of sin and want to join a church,  
they want one that offers more advant-  
ages than the world offers. They don't  
want a church that ignores a change of  
heart—for it is a change of heart that  
they need and desire—nor one that apol-  
ogizes for the sins and dissipations of the  
world—for they have tried those and  
know that there is no help in them. Let  
us give a case. We were in a Georgia  
town, not long ago, where the Presby-  
terian, Baptist and Methodist pastors and  
members had united to drive out evils  
that were becoming fearful through social  
clubs, balls, card playing and such things.  
Many people, not members of any church,  
seeing the evil, joined the crusade. A  
great victory was gained and the town  
generally rejoiced. Very soon the bishop  
of the Episcopal church in Georgia came  
along and preached there. He spoke  
lightly of revivals, conscious conversion  
and the manner of receiving members  
into other churches, and characterized  
some of it as "bosh." He said such  
preaching as other ministers were doing  
there against worldly amusements was  
driving serious people away from the  
church. He went on then to speak favor-  
ably of those amusements, and said that  
he could go from the card table into  
eternity with a clear conscience. Now  
the results. The other churches there have  
received 270 members during this year,  
the bishop has "confirmed" three. This  
shows which way the serious people are  
driven.

Yes, people may lose their religion after  
they have joined the church, and want to  
convert their churches into social clubs,  
but when they feel themselves sinners and  
are seeking help for a better life, they  
want a church that is more than a social  
club, and one that makes no efforts to  
compromise with the world. Bishop  
Jackson may pray that Methodism "may  
come back;" but we can't go; it is too  
far back. Besides, if we went, our hosts  
would so completely swallow them as that  
they would be lost. He had better pray  
that the Lord would help them to catch  
up before it is forever too late, for the old  
church of God is moving on.

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<sup>1</sup> Vol. I, page



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<sup>1</sup> Vol. I, page

This wide difference between the membership of the Methodist and the Episcopal churches shows that when people are tired of sin and want to join a church, they want one that offers more advantages than the world offers. They don't want a church that ignores a change of heart—for it is a change of heart that they need and desire—nor one that apologizes for the sins and dissipations of the world—for they have tried those and know that there is no help in them. Let us give a case. We were in a Georgia town, not long ago, where the Presby-

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faith over the river of death.



fucius says it is immortal. An old book among the family relics—a book with leathern cover almost worn out, and pages almost obliterated by oft perusal, joins the other books in saying I am immortal. I have eighty years for a lifetime, sixty years yet to live. I may not live an hour, but then I must lay out my plans intelligently and for a long life. Sixty years added to the twenty I have already lived, that will bring me to eighty. I must remember that these eighty years are only a brief preface to the five hundred thousand millions of quintillions of years which will be my chief residence and existence. Now, I understand my opportunities and my responsibilities.

"If there is any being in the universe all wise and all beneficent who can help a man in such a juncture, I want him. The old book found among the family relics tells me there is a God, and that for the sake of his son, one Jesus, he will give help to a man. To him I appeal. God help me! Here I have yet sixty years to do for myself and to do for others. I must develop this body by all industries, by all gymnastics, by all sunshine, by all fresh air, by all good habits. And this soul I must have swept, and garnished and illumined and glorified by all that I can do for it and all that I can get. God can do for it. It shall be a Luxembourg of fine pictures. It shall be an orchestra of grand harmonies. It shall be a palace for God and righteousness to reign in. I wonder how many kind words I can utter in the next sixty years? I will try. I wonder how many good deeds I can do in the next sixty years? I will try. God help me!"

That young man enters life. He is buffeted, he is tried, he is perplexed. A grave opens on this side and a grave opens on that side. He falls, but he rises again. He gets into a hard battle, but he gets the victory. The main course of his life is in the right direction. He blesses everybody he comes in contact with. God forgives his mistakes, and makes everlasting record of his holy endeavors, and at the close of it God says to him: "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter into the joys of thy Lord." My brother, my sister, I do not care whether that man dies at 30, 40, 50, 60, 70, or 80 years of age, you can chisel right under his name on the tombstone these words: "His life was worth living."

Amid the hills of New Hampshire, in olden times, there sits a mother. There are six children in the household—four boys and two girls. Small farm, very rough, hard work to coax a living out of it. Mighty tug to make the two ends of the year meet. The boys go to school in winter and work the farm in summer.

Mother is the chief presiding spirit. With her hands she knits all the stockings for the little feet, and she is the mantua-maker for the boys, and she is the milliner for the girls. There is only one musical instrument in the house—the spinning wheel. The food is very plain, but it is always well provided. The winters are very cold, but are kept out by the blankets she quilted. On Sunday, when she appears in the village church, her children around her, the minister looks down, and is reminded of the Bible description of a good housewife—"Her children arise and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

Some years go by, and the two eldest boys want a collegiate education, and the household economies are severer, and the calculations are closer, and until those two boys get their education there is a hard battle for bread. One of these boys enters the university, stands in a pulpit widely influential, and preaches righteousness, judgment and temperance, and thousands during his ministry are blessed. The other lad who got the collegiate education goes into the law, and thence into legislative halls, and after a while he commands listening senates as he makes a plea for the down-trodden and the outcast. One of the younger boys becomes a merchant, starting at the foot of the ladder, but climbing on up until his success and his philanthropies are recognized all over the land. The other son stays at home because he prefers farming life, and then he thinks he will be able to take care of father and mother when they get old.

Of the two daughters, when the war broke out one went through the hospitals of Pittsburg Landing and Fortress Monroe, cheering up the dying and homesick, and taking the last message to kindred far away. So that every time Christ thought of her he said, as of old, "The same is my sister and mother." The other daughter has a bright home of her own, and in the afternoon of the forenoon when she has been devoted to her household, she goes forth to hunt up the sick and to encourage the discouraged, leaving smiles and benediction all along the way.

But one day there start five telegrams from the village for these five absent ones, saying: "Come, mother is dangerously ill." But before they can be ready to start, they receive another telegram, saying: "Come, mother is dead." The old neighbors gather in the old farmhouse to do the last offices of respect. But as that farming son, and the clergyman, and the senator, and the merchant, and the two daughters stand by the casket of the dead mother taking the last look, or lifting their little children to see once more the face of dear old grandma, I want to ask that group around the casket one question: "Do you really think her life was worth living?" A life for God, a life for others, a life of unselfishness, a useful life, a Christian life is always worth living.

I would not find it hard to persuade you that the poor lad, Peter Cooper, making glue for a living, and then amassing a great fortune, until he could build a philanthropy, which has had its echo in 10,000 philanthropies all over the country—I would not find it hard to persuade you that his life was worth living. Neither would I find it hard to persuade you that the life of Susannah Wesley was worth living. She sent out one son to or-

this to me at the outset, neither wa

<sup>1</sup> Unpublished manuscript in the I

<sup>2</sup> Vol. I, page 137.

<sup>3</sup> Vol. I,



I love to listen to the "sweet-toned" bells of our churches.

ganize Methodism and the other son to ring his anthems all through the ages. I would not find it hard work to persuade you that the life of Frances Leere was worth living, as she established in England a school for the scientific nursing of the sick, and then when the war broke out between France and Germany, went to the front, and with her own hands scraped the mud off the bodies of the soldiers dying in the trenches, with her weak arm—standing one night in the hospital—pushing back a German soldier to his couch, as, all frenzied with his wounds, he rushes toward the door, and said: "Let me go, let me go to my 'liebe mutter.'" Major-generals stand back to let pass this angel of mercy.

Neither would I have hard work to persuade you that Grace Darling lived a life worth living—the heroine of the lifeboat. You are not wondering that the Duchess of Northumberland came to see her, and that people of all lands asked for her lighthouse, and that the proprietor of the Adelphi theater in London offered her a hundred dollars a night just to sit in the lifeboat while some shipwreck scene was being enacted.

But I know the thought in the minds of hundreds who read this. You say: "While I know all these lived lives worth living, I don't think my life amounts to much." Ah! my friends, whether you live a life conspicuous or inconspicuous, it is worth living if you live aright. And I want my next sentence to go down into the depths of all your souls. You are to be rewarded, not according to the greatness of your work, but according to the holy industries with which you employed the talents you really possessed. The majority of the crowns of heaven will not be given to people with ten talents for most of them were tempted only to serve themselves. The vast majority of crowns of heaven will be given to people who had one talent, but gave it all to God. And remember that our life here is introductory to another. It is the vestibule to a palace; but who despises the door of the Madeleine because there are grander glories within? Your life, if rightly lived, is the first bar of an eternal oratorio, and who despises the first note of Haydn's symphonies? And the life you live now is all the more worth living because it opens into a life that shall never end, and the last letter of the word "time" is the first letter of the word "eternity!"

The sweet-toned bell rings out sweetness, however gently or rudely it is struck, while the clanging gong cannot be so touched as not to respond with a jangle. There is the same difference in people. From some you learn to expect always a snarl, or a whine, or a groan, while others give forth words of cheerfulness and joy. When the grace of God possesses mind and heart, you will respond with a sweet spirit to every touch, kind or unkind, rude or loving. You will be a voice for God, in whatever place or company you are thrown, a witness for charity and kindness and truth. "When a man lives with God," says Emerson, "his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn." Be a sweet-toned bell.—Cumberland Presbyterian.

# HE CARETH. 1897

(Christian Union.)

What can it mean? Is it aught to Him  
That the nights are long and the days are dim?  
Can He be touched by the griefs I bear,  
Which sadden the heart and whiten the hair?  
About His throne are eternal calms,  
And strong, glad music of happy psalms,  
And bliss unruffled by any strife;  
How can He care for my little life?

And yet I want Him to care for me,  
While I live in this world where the sorrows be,  
When the lights die down in the path I take,  
When strength is feeble and friends forsake,  
When love and music that once did bless  
Have left me to silence and loneliness,  
And my life song changes to sobbing prayers,  
Then my spirit cries out for a God who cares.

When shadows hang over the whole day long,  
And my spirit is bowed with shame and wrong,  
When I am not good, and the deeper shade  
Of conscious sin in my heart is made,  
And the busy world has too much to do  
To stay in its course to help me through;  
And I long for a Saviour—can it be  
That the God of the universe cares for me?

O wonderful story of deathless love,  
Each child is dear to that Heart above;  
He fights for me when I cannot fight,  
He comforts me in the gloom of night;  
He lifts the burden, for He is strong,  
He stills the sigh and awakes the song;  
The sorrow that bowed me down He bears,  
And loves and pardons because He cares.

Let all who are sad take heart again,  
We are not alone in our hours of pain;  
Our Father stoops from his throne above  
To soothe and quiet us with his love.  
He leaves us not when the strife is high;  
And we have safety, for he is nigh.  
Can it be trouble which he doth share?  
O rest in peace, for the Lord will care.

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Gold in your bags may make you great; but it is grace in your heart which makes you good. Goodness without greatness shall be esteemed, when greatness without goodness shall be confounded. — Seeker.

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I know He cares for me  
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Sept. 17, 1897



# EDUCATION AND CHARACTER.

BY J. H. CARLISLE, LL.D.

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Contrast between conduct of Great Britain toward the United States, in the Trent affair, and toward violators of British neutrality in the insurgent interest.

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Suppose someone should quote as a scriptural truth, "If ye know these things, happy are ye." Perhaps this quotation might not be more unfair than some others that are doing service in theological warfare; but it would be unfair, unjust, and even irreverent and wicked. What the sacred page says is, "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." Happiness depends on two "ifs." Knowing and doing lead to happiness. No special blessing of any kind is offered to a trained intellect, or to a mind crowded with knowledge. A cultivated intellect is power; but power is not necessarily a good to the possessor, or to the bystander. It may be destructive power. Evil spirits may be very learned in many respects. The chief evil spirit must be very wise, experienced, and cunning in many respects. As he has a certain kind of faith, so he must now have much knowledge. Devils believe, and know and shudder—and yet are devils still.

It may be that Satan could turn to our English Bible, and, as he reads the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, could instantly translate it into twenty different languages. There may be wicked men living to-day who could do this wonderful feat; and yet they are not happy. Their learning is only a sounding brass, a tinkling cymbal. One loving thought, one effort at self-denial, one victory over selfishness, is worth more than all their knowledge of dictionaries and grammars. Knowledge passes away, character abides.

Hundreds of diplomas, with fresh signatures on them, were safely deposited in many homes within the last few weeks. The owner of one of these walks the street of his native town, perhaps an object of surprise, admiration, even envy, on the part of his old associates. One of these less favored may be supposed to say to the young graduate, as he passes: "You have a diploma! What is that to me? What benefit do I get from it? You are supposed to *know* much more than I do. Ought you not to be more? Ought not your life to be stronger, deeper, richer, because of your college course?" These questions are appropriate. Let the young graduates of both sexes think of them, and answer them in their lives.

More than a hundred years ago, David Ramsey, then a young man, came from Philadelphia to South Carolina. He brought a letter from his old teacher, Dr. Benjamin Rush. One sentence in this letter of recommendation was this: "The young man speaks well, writes well, and, what is still better, lives well." We need just now men who can speak well, and write

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th America, 1862,

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<sup>1</sup> Lord Lyons page 10.

<sup>2</sup> Earl Russell

<sup>3</sup> Earl Russell



well, but, more than all these, we sorely need men and women who live well. We have knowledge enough diffused through our nation to make us a happy people, if all this knowledge could be turned into character. If all this knowing only led to doing; if right knowledge led to right doing, then righteousness would exalt our nation. Is it possible that all our knowledge may be vain, empty, with no influence on our nation's life, character, and destiny? *Ye knew your duty, but ye did it not!* This is a tremendous element in the doom of a nation or a man.

Wofford College, S. C.

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Suffering is the common lot of men, and good men have no right to complain as "though some strange thing happened unto them." St. Peter's advice is: "Let no man suffer as an evil-doer," but under trial "commit his soul to God in well-doing as unto a faithful Creator."

### The Index in Trouble.

The *Christian Index* has been in fearful state the last few weeks. *Zion's Herald* of June 20th had an editorial on "Why do Baptists Immerse," and then the *WESLEYAN* of July 4th had one on "The Baptism of Christ," and now the *Index* is in a fever. We did not see the article in *Zion's Herald*, but it must have had force in it, as the *Index* is knocked off of both feet and is down with a double case of fits. It raves through two and a half columns on July 26th, with subsequent contortions, pronouncing woes on us, assuming the usual air of superiority, wiggling through the mazes of "baptizo" and other fogs, and coming out in the dark, we know not where. We are not surprised, however, for the bottom is knocked out of the immersion theory so that it won't hold water any more, and the poor *Index* must flounder now on dry land. But don't be disconsolate, Brother *Index*. The good old scriptural mode of baptism by pouring is still intact, and the baptism of the Holy Ghost which it typifies is promised to all who are faithful.

*Wesleyan C. Advocate*  
1894

The pastor who moves heaven and earth to get people into his church, so that he can report the largest membership, finds it hard to understand the spirit of the Master who could decline the offers of some people to follow him. What Jesus wants is not for the pastor to count his converts, but for the converts to count the cost.

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There can be but one excuse urged in justification of the uncharitableness we sometimes see manifested by professing Christians toward those who do not indorse their opinions—that is, they regard them as the enemies of God. But does it not require a vast amount of self-conceit and self-righteousness for a man to conclude that he is right and in the kingdom, and everybody else is wrong and belongs to the wicked one? Such Pharisaism will not live to celebrate the jubilee year of the next century.

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Your friend might be a more consistent and useful Christian if your influence over him were for good instead of evil; but your example is wholly wrong, and he is influenced more by that than he is by soft-worded exhortations.



*Milk and Meat.*

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To get on in the world, at least one thing is essential—character. A young man may start out without friends, family, prestige, education, money, or property, and make a name for himself. But an analysis of his career will inevitably reveal a strong and sure foundation-stone—character.

for A good name—it is better than a royal title, extensive estates, profound learning, the power of a Caesar, or the wealth of Croesus. Without it any man or woman is the personification of poverty. Once lost, it can be regained, if at all, only after a most determined and desperate struggle. Guard well your character. A sudden yielding to temptation and it may be tarnished forever. A man prominent in politics, business, philanthropy, whose name shone with peculiar luster, was tempted to do a dishonorable thing in the routine of his business, was discovered, brought into court as a criminal, and sent to prison for his crime. A great and illustrious name was dragged in the mire. Good men hung their heads in humiliation and sorrow; the baser sort laughed satanically over the awful catastrophe.

<sup>2</sup> De la neutralité de la Grande-Bretagne pendant la guerre civile américaine, d'après M. Montague Bernard, par. G. Rolin-Jacquemyns, page 13.  
<sup>3</sup> London Times, October 16, 1861.

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### Tables of Weights and Measures.

<b>LONG MEASURE.</b>	
12 inches.....	1 foot
3 feet.....	1 yard
2 yards.....	1 fathom
6 feet.....	1 pole
16½ feet.....	1 chain
4 rods.....	1 furlong
10 chains.....	1 mile
8 furlongs.....	1 league
3 miles.....	1league and cure Dyspepsia.
<b>SQUARE MEASURE.</b>	
9 sq. feet.....	1 sq. yard
9 sq. rods.....	1 sq. acre
640 sq. rods.....	1 sq. mile
An acre is 360 feet square.	
<b>INTEGRATE THE LIVER, and cure Bilious Dis-</b>	
<b>DRY MEASURE.</b>	
2 pints.....	1 quart
8 quarts.....	1 peck
4 pecks.....	1 bushel
<b>INTEGRATE THE LIVER, and cure Constipation.</b>	
<b>LIQUID MEASURE.</b>	
4 gills.....	1 pint
2 pints.....	1 quart
4 quarts.....	1 gallon
<b>INTEGRATE THE LIVER, and cure Sick Headache.</b>	
<b>A VOIR-POIDS</b>	
<b>WEIGHT.</b>	
16 drams.....	1 ounce
16 ounces.....	1 pound
2 pounds.....	1 quarter
4 quarters.....	1 hundred
20 hundreds.....	1 ton
<b>INTEGRATE THE LIVER, and cure Summer Com-</b>	
<b>plaints.</b>	
<b>APOTHECARIES'</b>	
<b>WEIGHT.</b>	
20 grains.....	1 scruple
3 scruples.....	1 dram
8 drams.....	1 ounce
12 ounces.....	1 pound
<b>INTEGRATE THE LIVER, and cure Colic.</b>	
<b>TIME MEASURE.</b>	
60 seconds.....	1 minute
60 minutes.....	1 hour
24 hours.....	1 day
7 days.....	1 week
52 weeks.....	1 year
12 cal. months.....	1 year
365 days.....	1 year
<b>INTEGRATE THE LIVER, and cure Flatulence.</b>	
<b>TROY WEIGHT.</b>	
4 grains.....	1 pennyweight
20 pennyweights.....	1 ounce
12 ounces.....	1 pound

Keep on good terms with your wife, your stomach and conscience.

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## Facts Worth Remembering.

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## Little Worries.

Milk and Meat.

We have read of a battle against cannibals gained by the use of tacks. They had taken possession of a whaling vessel, and bound the man who was left

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### Dr. Sanford's Liver Invigorator

has a record of more than fifty years. We have received thousands of Testimonials of Cures, more from Druggists who have used it in their families than from any other profession. This speaks well for our Prescription, as the Druggist knows what is Best of his kind. It is a Standard Remedy and Unequalled for its Medicinal Virtues. Every bottle sold is our best advertisement, as it is recommended from one to another.

### Population of United States from 1790 to 1890.

1790	3,920,214
1800	5,308,483
1810	7,239,881
1820	9,286,882
1830	12,866,852
1840	17,069,450
1850	23,191,876
1860	31,443,321
1870	38,558,481
1880	50,155,733
1890	62,622,250

### "True Merit"

Endures the

Test of

"Time."

This Celebrated Prescription

was Placed Before the Public

in 1844.

Really, it is easier to dispose of those great questions which cover the world than it is to meet and successfully overcome the little worries which present themselves day by day.

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be either Acute or Chronic.

Enlargements, Congestion, and other derangements of this organ are often the result of Malarial diseases. An acrid condition of the bile produces great irritation; inuxurious living is one of the most frequent causes, as stimulating food and spirituous liquors tend to inflammation of the Liver. Diseases of this organ may be occasioned by violent exercise, and by certain passions of the mind.

The symptoms usually attendant upon derangement of the Liver are a sense of weight and fullness in the right side, with more or less soreness, often with some enlargement; with pains in the local part, extending to one or both shoulders, and increased by pressure; uncomfortable sensations are produced when lying upon the left side; there is sometimes difficulty of breathing, attended with a dry cough; the appetite is disturbed; the Bowels are irregular, generally constipated; the Skin, nails are implicated—in fact, the whole system is more or less disturbed, and the patient correspondingly depressed in spirits.

### Seven Wonders of the World.

A name given to seven very remarkable objects of the ancient world:  
The Pyramids of Egypt.  
The Pinnacles of Alexandria.  
The Hanging Gardens of Babylon.  
The Temple of Diana at Ephesus.  
The Statue of the Olympian Juppiter.  
Mausoleum of Armenia.  
Colossus of Rhodes.

### My Friend, How is Your Liver?

If healthy, then be thankful. If not, take DR. SANFORD'S LIVER INVIGORATOR, and you will thank us for recommending it to you, as thousands have done.

### The Seven Wonders of the United States.

name shone with peculiar luster, was tempted to do a dishonorable thing in the routine of his business, was discovered, brought into court as a criminal, and sent to prison for his crime. A great and illustrious name was dragged in the mire. Good men hung their heads in humiliation and sorrow; the baser sort laughed satanically over the awful catastrophe.

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<sup>3</sup> London Times, October 16, 1861.



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(Margaret E. Sangster, in Interior.)

(—) *George D. Bangster, in Interior.*)

For it's easy to march to music

When the march drags on at evening  
And the color begins to fade,

Then it's hard to march in unison, and the

And this is the task before us,  
A task we may not shirk.

March when the strains are dumb

Plucky and valiant, forward, march  
And smile, whatever may come.

For, whether life's hard or easy,  
The strong man's heart is true.

The strong man keeps the pace,  
For the desolate march and the silent  
The strong soul finds the grace.

of London the 5th of February

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Geo. Washington	From Va.	1780-1796
Thos. Adams	" Mass.	1787-1800
Thos. Jefferson	" Va.	1787-1800
James Madison	" Va.	1791-1805
James Monroe	" Va.	1800-1817
John Q. Adams	" Va.	1817-1824
Andrew Jackson	Mass.	1825-1828
Marlin Van Buren	Tenn.	1828-1836
W. H. Harrison	" Tenn.	1829-1836
John Tyler	" N. Y.	1837-1841
James K. Polk	" Ohio	1841
Franklin Pierce	" N. H.	1841-1844
Millard Fillmore	" Tenn.	1845-1848
Franklin Pierce	" N. Y.	1849
James Buchanan	" Pa.	1850-1852
Abraham Lincoln	" Ill.	1857-1860
Andrew Johnson	" Tenn.	1861-1865
Ulysses S. Grant	" Mo. C.	1865-1868
Rutherford B. Hayes	" Ohio	1869-1876
James A. Garfield	" Ohio	1877-1880
Chester A. Arthur	" N. Y.	1881
Grover Cleveland	" N. Y.	1885-1888
Benjamin Harrison	" Ind.	1889-1893
Grover Cleveland	" N. Y.	1893

1897

## Weddings.

Weddings.	
End of first year .....	Cotton
Second year .....	Paper
Third year .....	Leather
Fifth year .....	Wooden
Seventh year .....	Woolen
Tenth year .....	Tin
Twelfth year .....	Silk and Fine Linen
Fifteenth year .....	Crystal
Twentieth year .....	China
Twenty-fifth year .....	Silver
Thirtieth year .....	Pearl
Fortieth year .....	Ruby
Fiftieth year .....	Golden
Seventy-fifth year .....	Diamond

ol. IV, page 535.  
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In every intelligent soul there abide three artists, memory, fancy and imagination; but the greatest of these is imagination. Fancy and imagination are twin sisters. Fancy is lawless, imagination is governed by the wholesome laws of reason, taste and conscience. The "Midsummer Night's Dream," is a fancy, while "Paradise Lost" is imagination. Fancy is mere image-making, while the product of the true imagination must be vivified with thought and have some basis in fact. Imagination has been called memory looking forward. While the intellect is the analytical faculty, the imagination is the constructive faculty. Memory is the combination of the photographer and phonographer. It can do what no one else save God can do—it can give you back your childhood. It can restore the touch of a vanished hand and bring up all the buried loved ones of the long ago. But imagination, well called by Lord Bacon, "the grandest faculty of man," can do more wonderful things than these. It takes all the elements that memory gathers up and recombines them. It goes through the halls of recollection and invests every portrait with a halo, touches every scene with a fresh glow and beauty, and enlarges every object by a power which is exclusively its own. It takes the things of sense in the world around us and transforms them into another realm. It is the eye's telescope and microscope, the ear's audiphone and telephone, a sixth sense opening to us what the material senses can never discern.

"Well, I do not see that she is much superior to other women," said a man to Newhall as he stood in rapt admiration before the Sistine Madonna in the Dresden Gallery. Dr. Newhall says: "I made no reply; much less did I think of arguing the matter with him, for why should I attempt to prove beauty to a man on whom the Sistine Madonna had failed?" Said a matter-of-fact critic once to Turner: "Why, Mr. Turner, I never saw such light and color in nature as you put on your sunset pictures." "Don't you wish you could?" said Turner; "as for me, I never can hope to match with pigments the glory that I see in the sky." To a man of materialistic tastes, a poor poet-painter said: "When the sun rises you see something like a golden guinea coming out of the sea; I see and hear something like an innumerable company of angels praising God."

So it is that in every intelligent soul where there is a cultivated, pure imagination, abides an artist excelling Dickens, Scott or Thackeray in fiction; Beethoven, Mendelssohn or Hayden in music; Raphael, Titian or Reynolds in painting; Phidias, Angelo or Conova in sculpture.

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The Scriptures reveal a new world to the imagination, and into this realm God invites all of His children to enter. It is a realm peopled with angels and ministering spirits, flooded with light and joy, filled with the presence of the Infinite Father, and but the ante-chamber to more glorious mansions which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard and of which it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive." Blessed are the pure in heart, for they see visions more beautiful than were ever discerned by the artistic eye of a Turner, or a Van Dyck or a Caravaggio.

Finally, since the Creator has placed the imagination in the soul, beside the will, the reason and the susceptibility, and since He has addressed it in tree and flower and ocean, in the beautiful, the sublime and the majestic, as well as in revelation, we should develop and train it for the highest uses, remembering these two commandments: 1. Thou shalt not make any mental image which violates the law of purity or right. 2. Thou shalt not make any image which Christ may not see.

not believe that a more fatal error was ever com-

## THE STILL HOUR.

How do I make mockery of thee, voice of my Maker! I force thee to silence, and interpret that silence as consent. I obey thee, then straightway and in the same matter disobey thee, taking from my obedience a cover for my treachery. I cultivate oblivion of my errors, but keep my virtues ever before me. Dost thou condemn me through feeling? I bid thee plead with arguments. Dost thou reason? I wait to be moved by feeling. I count it right to obey thee, yet I count it joyful to abide in sinfulness. In all ways and forever I palter with thee, that art so sincere with me. And I know the folly of all this, yet do the same. And my weakness grieves me, yet I do the same. And I long to walk strong and happy and upright with thee and thy God, yet day after day I do the same. Whence shall my will get power, and whence shall my heart get sincerity? Have I not risen, even from prayer, to defy my conscience? Long-suffering God of all patience, mercifully bear with my unworthiness. Pitying Christ, dispeller of evil, cast out my demons, I beseech thee. Holy Spirit of power, come to my aid. I have only strength to pray thee to do all things for me. Acquiesce not in my pitiable defeats; endure my deeds that insult thee; in spite of myself save me from myself. I will go forward, and trust more manfully in God. Sound a battle-cry, thou voice of God, my conscience! A thousand defeats shall be forgotten, for God will give me the victory.—*Golden Rule.*

The Macon Telegraph has a splendid correspondent here in the person of Prof. W. K. Pillsbury. As a news-gatherer and descriptive writer the Professor is hard to down.

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Put into one scale some hardships, self-denials and conflicts—and at the end of them heaven. Put into the other scale self-indulgence and a sinful life—and at the end hell! Weigh the two; weigh them for eternity. And while you are watching the scales the loving Savior will whisper in your ear the solemn question, "What shall it profit you to gain the whole world and lose your own soul? What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"—T. L. Cuyler.

1895  
OUT OF MYSELF  
"Out of myself, dear Lord,  
Oh, lift me up!  
No more I trust myself in life's dim maze,  
Sufficient to myself in all its devious ways;  
I trust no more, but humbly at thy throne  
Pray: 'Lead me, for I can not go alone.'  
Out of my weary self,  
Oh, lift me up!  
To live for others, and in living so  
To be a blessing, and where'er I go  
To give the sunshine and the clouds conceal,  
Or let them but the silver edge reveal.  
Out of my selfish self  
Oh, lift me up!"  
—Selected.

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## The Emotional in Religion.

REV. JESSE S. GILBERT, A. M.

It is not uncommon in these days to hear people sneer at the emotional in religion, as though it were a low and unworthy thing. We are told that culture and education repress the emotional, and that religion is a matter of judgment rather than of feeling. If, however, in the early days of Methodism there was sometimes more heat than light, more heart power than intellectual development, has not the pendulum swung too far in the opposite direction? If in the heroic days of the fathers they had no theological seminaries, fine churches, operatic singing or essay sermons, they had the rapturous shout, the hearty amen, the streaming tears of penitence and the triumphant shout of the soul new born into God's kingdom of grace. That in our time there is a very marked decay of the emotional, none will deny. It is manifest everywhere. It is observed in the present type of conviction and conversion. Seldom do we any more see the mental anguish, the prolonged and desperate struggle with the corresponding exultation and ecstasy that marked the conversions of the olden time. Men are convicted without anguish and converted without rapture. The kingdom of heaven is no longer stormed with prayers, tears and strong cries, as though to be taken by very force. We read the wonderful stories told in the biographies and narratives of the fathers, of people torn by the agonies of conviction, and making the aisles or woods ring with the glad shout of triumph in the moment when God spoke peace to their souls, and congratulate ourselves that we live in a more refined and cultured age.

The decay of the emotional is seen in all the after phases of Christian life. The "amen" corner has fallen into an "innocuous desuetude." The classroom is well-nigh deserted. Preaching is largely argumentative and apologetic. As fervor diminishes, forms increase, hence responsive readings, Lord's prayer chants and amens, no longer shouted out by happy saints, but rendered in the highest style of operatic art by trained and paid choirs. Whatever else we are or are not, we must be respectable and decorous, and worship must be rendered in "good form."

All this is strange when we consider that in other matters people are as emotional as ever. The whole country goes wild over a yacht race, and multitudes lose all self control in watching a game of foot ball. In politics, business and the pursuit of pleasure, mankind were never more susceptible to emotion than they are at the present time. Men that have passed middle age, shout themselves hoarse for a favorite candidate, lose their senses over a winning horse or a popular prima donna, and those who otherwise are staid and sober citizens, act like lunatics upon the stock exchange.

So it will not do to attribute the decline of the emotional in religion to an increased education and culture. We must look in another direction for the real reason.

The emotional nature is as noble a part of man's being as any of his other faculties. Without it he is only a thinking machine, incapable of affection, patriotism or poetry. The Bible appeals to the heart as well as to the intellect. The psalmist calls upon birds, beasts, and even rocks and trees to join in an anthem of praise to the Creator and Preserver of all. The prophet calls upon the inhabitant of Zion to cry out and shout in joyful exultation, because of the divine presence. The heavenly hosts, as seen by the beloved disciple in holy vision, make heaven's arches ring with redemption's song of triumph. Religion, like art, poetry and patriotism, has its roots deep down in the emotional nature. Nor in stating this fact do we depreciate its nature or its evidences. "The heart sees further than the head." Truth is manifest to the intuitions, the conscience and the heart.

Why, then, is the emotional so largely ignored in the religious life of today? The answer is not far to find.

Worldly conformity has chilled the warm current of devotion, and substituted a formal respectability for old time fervor. The subtle spirit of doubt with which the very air seems charged, and which so largely permeates modern literature, has weakened the faith of many. The truths of Christianity, when firmly believed and in any measure realized, tend to excite. Men cannot believe that they themselves, or that others, are upon the brink of an eternal hell, and remain unmoved. Judgment, eternity, responsibility, sin and redemption are all truths calculated to arouse. A return to the old paths is the only course that will awaken the cold hearts and the hardened conscience. There must be clear conviction, or there can be no clear conversion. A mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost will rekindle the fire upon the altars of the church, turn timid Elis into faithful Elijahs, and many a doubting Thomas into a courageous Peter. More than anything else does the church need this baptism of power from on high—Pentecost restored. Then shall the church of the living God, "fair as the sun, clear as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners," march joyfully on to victory, singing—

"What we have felt and seen,  
With confidence we tell,  
And publish to the sons of men,  
The signs infallible."

—Michigan Advocate.

My soul, be on thy guard;  
Ten thousand foes arise:  
The hosts of sin are pressing hard  
To draw thee from the skies.

O watch, and fight, and pray;  
The battle ne'er give o'er;  
Renew it boldly ev'ry day,  
And help divine implore.



## The Faith of our Church.

Rev. Joseph Anderson, editor of the *Florida Advocate*, has been writing some very clear scriptural and Methodist articles, in his paper, on the Methodist view of sanctification. We copy the following :

The time has come to settle the question. It is really true that penitent sinners have no knowledge of heart sinfulness and do not seek inward cleansing? I believe it can be said without fear of contradiction that depravity is a well known fact and that convicted sinners pray for cleansing as well as pardon. No prayer is more common than this, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." Few passages of scripture are more frequently quoted to penitents than St. John's beautiful declaration, "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." And yet more, it is a fact that in conversion the evil dispositions of the heart are changed, the will lets go sin, the heart ceases to love evil and loves God and his people, and the mind beholds Christ as altogether lovely, and delights in truth. The animal nature is held in check; and by all the tokens a new creature appears. "Old things have passed away, and behold all things have become new." And this is certainly initial sanctification, a surrender to God, submission to God's service. The new convert feels that he belongs to God and says, "I am the Lord's and he is mine."

### THE FAITH OF OUR CHURCH.

I will not now repeat the testimony of our doctrinal standards, sufficiently given in a former article, but wish to give what our great writers have since said on this vital point. Rev. George Peck, D. D., in his great work on *Christian Perfection*, published fifty-two years ago, says, "Justification implies pardon. But simultaneously with the sinner's being taken into favor, he is born again or regenerated. This is a real change wrought in the soul by the Spirit of God. And those thus changed or regenerated are often in the writings of the apostles called holy and sanctified. Mr. Wesley says, 'The term sanctified is continually applied by St. Paul to all that were justified.'" He quotes largely from Mr. Wesley to the same effect.

Rev. Nathan Bangs, D. D., sent forth a work on sanctification forty-three years ago, in which he states that "every justified soul is in part sanctified." At a later period Rev. Jesse T. Peck, D. D., afterward a bishop, wrote his book on *The Central Idea of Christianity*, in which he said of conversion, "It is evident also that in this great work is the commencement of sanctification. The very life which it infused into the soul is a pure life, and hence of necessity a purifying life. It is a divine life, and thus an active, holy energy, working against sin and in favor of holiness." Rev. R. S. Foster, D. D., and now a bishop, says in his excellent volume on *Christian Purity*, that regeneration "is holiness begun." He repeats it on another page. Richard Watson, the

prince of theologians, says in his *Institutes*, "The sanctification which constitutes a man inherently righteous is concomitant with justification, but does not precede it." In Rev. Dr. Ralston's *Elements of Divinity* we read, "But the term sanctification sometimes implies the purifying or cleansing of sinners from the guilt, power and pollution of sin by the blood of Christ and operation of the Holy Spirit. In this sense all justified persons are also sanctified, and regeneration is sanctification begun." Bishop Hedding said, "Regeneration also being the same as the new birth, is the beginning of

sanctification." Bishop Paine said, "Every truly regenerated person is set apart to the service of God—sanctified." Dr. T. O. Summers said, "And it is certain that regeneration extends to our whole moral nature. In the new birth the tone, temper and tendency of our minds are changed—the current of our feelings is made to run in a different channel, and a capacity to do the will of God is imparted. But the holiness which is then realized is proportioned to our faith." To the same effect is the testimony of Rev. Dr. Daniel Steele, Dr. Raymond and a great many others.

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Patience never ceases to be a virtue. If it is wrong to harbor malice for the first offense it is wrong to harbor malice for the thousandth. The moment a man ceases to exercise a forgiving spirit he sins—it matters not what his neighbor may be or may not be doing. After all the matter is between you and God, not between you and your neighbor.—Ex.



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Mountain filled with blood & "and more than life to me" M.F.

1894

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Experience has abundantly proved that the best and most effective Christians are those who were brought to Christ when young, and who were trained by the Church to a life of good works as a natural outcome of a life of faith. Awaken the children, then, as soon as possible. Do not expect from them at once a mature experience; deal gently with their faults and shortcomings; build them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; advise them rather than rebuke or chasten; help them over the hard places that so often meet their untrained feet; make them your friends. By and by, almost before you are aware of it, they will repay your patience and effort and training, and will show forth the fruits of a true and useful life.

The Church that cares for the children, from the moment they are really and not merely nominally received, will be the stronger, and the future will be as full of good as the present is full of promise with regard to them. Welcome the children, and do not keep them shivering out in the cold of the world when there is comfort and warmth and safety within the fold. *Wait a little too long, and it may*

perhaps be too late. —

egri

gregations are beginning to feel the pulse of a new life. We believe

there is a wide field of usefulness  
open before the Epworth League in  
our Church.

Ivy, matrimony  
 Jonguill, return my love  
 Laburnum, pensive beauty  
 Lady's Slipper, beauty  
 Larkspur, fickleness  
 Laurel, glory  
 Lavender, distrust  
 Lilac, first emotion of love  
 Lily, purity, modesty

**A clear complexion:**  
Beautiful natural complexions are spoiled by

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1894