

NEWS ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Boyce Sharon of Concord visited in Wingate the fourth Sunday. We are always glad to see him.

Willard Whitley visited homefolks in Stanly the fourth Sunday. He is a student in Wingate school. 8

Pastor Black is now engaged in a revival meeting with Rev. S. J. Beeker, at Kannapolis. The interest has been fine so far.

Pattie Pickler, daughter of W. C. Picklter, was carried to the Charlotte Sanatorium last Tuesday to undergo an operation for appendicitis.

We are glad to note that Sister E. W. Griffin is slowly improving. She is such a noble woman. We are more than anxious to see her out again.

Several new boys and girls entered the school at Wingate last Monday. We have room for more. Come on, students, we will give you more than a welcome in our midst.

Jesse Moore, son of Fletcher Moore, has been real sick for the past few weeks. He was staying in Florida when he was taken and came home to be nursed back to normal health. He has been real sick, but we are glad to say that he is slowly improving.

Mary Lilly, J. C. Foreman's baby girl, was bitten by a mad dog the other day and had to be carried to Raleigh for treatment. Wish we had our will at all the little old curs in our country, we would kill them. They are nothing but a curse.

A note from Bro. S. A. Poplin states that things are looking good at Norwood. They are planning to build, and from the way things are moving, it seems that they are going to so at an early date. There is not a town in the State that needs a new church house any more than Norwood. We trust that nothing will get in the way of the work, but that it may be pushed to the finish.

We are glad to have a card from Sammie Teeter of Locust, stating that he is going to raise a drove of chickens for the Orphanage. Sammie is ten years. It is so nice to think that a boy of this age will take that much interest in this noble work. How many more boys and girls will join in with Mettie Cooper of Norwood and Sammie Teeter of Locust, in the raising of chickens for the Orphanage? Let us hear from you.

Well, our pastorate at West Albemarle and Canton wound up the third Sunday in this month. We put over a very sad day indeed. We had been with that people so long and they had been so good to us that we could scarcely give them up. And then, when we saw so many feeble ones in our congregation, we were more than sad because we were sure we would never see them any more. But such is life. The very best of friends and loved ones have to part, but we never expect to labor with a people anywhere that will be any better to us than these have been. It was like parting with loved ones to bid them good-bye. Our ministry has ended in Stanly, but we shall never forget the many, many friends we have left over there. May the Great Shepherd of the sheep guard well his flock in Stanly until the day of rewards shall come, and may we then be gathered home where there will be one fold and one Shepherd.

The death of Brother D. W. Garmon came as a severe shock to us. We can scarcely realize that he is no more. But we must all pass away. The saddest thing about this death is that he took his own life. This we are sure was because he was not himself. He was unwell and his mind was unbalanced because of this. No better man ever lived in No. 10 township, Cabarrus county, than Dan Garmond. He was the friend of everybody. We knew him for many years and know that he was every inch a man. He loved his church, his family, and his fellowmen, and we are sure that no one's death could bring a greater shock or be more deeply lamented than his. He has left an honorable family, which we trust, may mean a legacy to mankind. We extend to his broken hearted wife and family our deepest sympathy. May the God of peace abide with them. We were so sorry that we could not attend the funeral, but it was impossible. We can't understand now, but see through a glass darkly, but some day we will know.

LETTER FROM J. H. SPAULDING.

Will you please grant me space in your paper to thank the good people of this community for their kindness to me. I had many friends among the people that I served before I came here, and they were loyal to me and the cause, but never have I served a people more ready to co-operate with me than these.

The Sunday school is taking on new life all along the line. We have organized a Teachers' Training Class, which is very popular.

The Home Department seems to be doing fine work. Sister Mingus, the superintendent of it, is delighted with its progress, and the pastor is more than delighted with the fine report that Sister Mingus and her band of workers made of their last round.

One of the most inspiring things that we have had since I have been here, was State Mission Day, October 3, which was also Mother's Day and Baby's Day. Mrs. Bost, our Cradle Roll Superintendent, called the Cradle Roll, and had a band of little girls to carry a beautiful rose to every baby present. Then she had a large card in front of the stand which contained the Cradle Roll, and if the baby was not present when its name was called, some one placed a rose by its name on the card. We had the old and the young out that day, and that made the pastor feel good.

Our congregations have more than doubled, and our contributions have increased nearly three times.

Last Monday night, October 26, when Mrs. Spaulding and myself were ready to go out calling, a brother knocked at the door. I invited him in. He knew our plans were to go calling, but said he wanted to talk over some church matters. When we had gone through with all of these things, I looked at my watch and said that we ought to be going.

Brother Blackman said, "Can't you put off your trip? Some of the sisters are coming over. My wife and Mrs. Mingus are coming I know. I am to go back with them." So we had to take our seats and wait. In a few minutes we heard a crowd of about seventy-five boys, girls, men and women, laughing and talking as they marched in without leave or license. The leader called for me and as I made my appearance he demanded that I show him the way to the pantry.

We have had poundings before, but I must confess that these were the biggest pounds and the most of them that ever entered our pantry at one time. We want

to thank these good people for these provisions, but most of all we want to thank them for the kindly feeling that caused them to think of their devoted pastor.

Fraternally yours,
J. H. SPAULDING.

IN LOVING REMEMBRANCE OF LITTLE WINFIELD HALL.

In nineteen hundred and fifteen,
On the twenty-ninth day of May,
The life of little Winfield Hall,
Was quickly snatched away.
It was on one Saturday afternoon,
He walked down to the roller mill;
But little did we think so soon—
His dear little heart would stop so still.
He was caught on a shaft, and killed,
And that was oh, so bad!
It touched our aching, trembling hearts,
And made them very sad.
He was not very old,
And as precious to his parents as gold;
Five years, six months, twenty-one days,
When his little life was taken away.
It almost broke his mother's heart,
When from her child she had to part;
But he has gone to his home on high,
Far, far, above the starry sky.
And little Winfield at Heaven's Gate may stand,
Saying, with sweet little outstretched hand,
"Come home, Mama, don't be late,
For I am waiting at Heaven's Gate."
To think of his death it makes us sad,
And then a sweet thought makes us glad;
The thought of meeting little Winfield on high,
Where no more anyone will have to die.
If we only live a Christian life,
Down here in this world will be all our strife;
All our suffering will be done,
And in Heaven our crown will be won.
Dear little Winfield has paid the last debt,
The debt we all must pay;
We know not when death is coming,
For it may come today.
And now he dwells around the throne,
In that beautiful Heavenly Home;
With Jesus he can ever live,
In that sweet home that Jesus gives.
Yes, Jesus loves the little children,
For when on earth he trod;
He said, "Suffer little children to come unto me
For of such is the kingdom of God."
And God has transplanted this little one,
Only a bud of love;
From this sinful world below,
To bloom in heaven above.

Stenography, a Stepping Stone to Fortune.

No young woman, no young man could have a better safeguard against the adversities of fortune, or a better resource in time of need, than a knowledge of

STENOGRAPHY, BOOKKEEPING AND BUSINESS AFFAIRS.

Young man, young woman, qualify yourself for business! The professions are full and the age demands it. Educate yourself for business and you will succeed now and hereafter.

THIS COURSE IS BEING TAUGHT IN THE WINGATE SCHOOL.