SATURDAY NIGHT TALKS

By REV. F. E. DAVISON
Rutland, Vt.

CALL OF DUTY.

International Bible Lesson for Sept. 12, '09—(Acts 21: 1-17).

One of the most remarkable exhibitions of grace ever shown by man, was the incident in the life of the Apostle Paul which we have for our lesson to-day. The characteristics of the man are shown in striking colors as we follow him through this remarkable experience.

The time has come in Paul's judgment when he must revisit Jerusalem. Duty pointed unmistakably in that direction, and he was convinced in his own mind beyond the shadow of a doubt that he ought to visit the holy city. There was no alternative. It was Jerusalem only. At the same time he was satisfied that if he went, it would be to bonds and imprisonment. The Holy Ghost witnessed in every city that the result of his visit would be personal discomfort, and physical sufferings.

Duty Heroic.

But what effect did it all have upon the apostle? Not the slightest. He said, "What mean ye to weep and break my heart? I know, as well as you what trouble awaits me, but I am ready, not only to be bound, but to die at Jerusalem!" And the gritty little hero marched on into the lion's jaws. With him the question was not comfort, ease, life even; it was duty. He knew that "man is immortal till his work is done," and he did not propose to shirk responsibility even though bonds and imprisonment were included in it. Prudence is a good thing; there are times when it should be regarded. But when some great exigency arises which calls for action, the true soul will walk the path of duty though it be with bleeding feet, and though he walk alone.

Tennyson and Carlyle were once walking through the gallery of great sculptors in London, and Tennyson turning to Carlyle said, "What do you think of that, Thomas?" "Ah, mon, it's a sad sight." "Why?" "There is nae mon among them that has a jaw." That was the grim old Scotch method of diagnosing character. It was only another way of saying that the men lacked grit, backbone, "sand," gumption, words which stand for righteousness, loyalty and truth in the world's category.

Duty, not Stubbornness.

Paul's determination was altogether a different thing from stubbornness. His pluck must not be confounded with pigheadedness. He had none of the qualities of the mule in his disposition. He cannot be charged with the folly of biting off his nose to spite his face. He never deliberately jumped out of the frying pan into the fire. If those disciples could have shown him any good reason, except mere personal discomfort for avoiding Jerusalem, he would readily have taken their advice. The very first thing he did after arriving at the city was to yield to the advice of his friends in a matter where there was no principle involved, although the result was most disastrous to himself.

Soldiers declare that the most trying time in battle is before the battle begins. The awful hush that settles down upon the men while they wait for the signal, that is what blanches the cheek, and makes the knees tremble. When the fight is on, when the blood has risen to fever heat, when the air is aflame with bursting shell, and the slope is slippery with brothers' blood, and vengeance is bursting the heart, then it is easy to fight and glorious to die. But to march up to the muzzles of shotted cannon, waiting to vomit their iron hail into your very face requires the stuff that heroes are made of.

Duty Rewarded.

Such was Paul's grit. He knew that every step of the way toward the city was taking him nearer the headsman's block. He did not understand the reason any more than you do, why certain things in your life must be, but he knew that the Leader and Commander of the forces of the universe had the plan of campaign perfectly arranged, and he was certain that He could make no mistake. When the six hundred English soldiers at Balaklava charged into the mouth of hell, they knew when they started that some one had blundered. Not so Paul. He had received his orders from headquarters. Those orders said, Jerusalem, and at Jerusalem he would have reported, though he had been compelled to fight his way through legions of devils.

Look out how you interfere with a man who has the call of God upon him. To stop him, to delay him, to divert him, may be as calamitous, as to turn a switch in the wrong direction before a flying express train. If you cannot go with him, uncover as the hero passes on. It may be, when the coronation day of eternity comes, you may be permitted to behold the sight when the King puts the crown of glory upon his servant's head.

Evelyn says she needs money and wants a settlement with the Thaw family. It seems that she has always needed money, and that her method of getting it has been the cause of most of her troubles.

There is great demand for efficient stenographers. Take the Business Course at the Public School.

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ELECTIVE AFFINITIES.

An Excerpt from Artemus Ward of Contemporaneous Appositness.

The exsentric female clutched me frantically by the arm and hollerd: "You air mine, O you air mine!"

"Scarcely," I sed, endeverin to git loose from her. But she clung to me and sed:

"You air my Affinerty!"

"What upon arth is that?" I shouted.

"Dost thou not know?"

"No, I doestent!"

"Listen, man, & I'll tell ye!" sed the strange female: "for years I hav yearned for thee. I knowed thou wast in the world, sumwhares, tho I didn't know whare. My hart sed he would cum and I took courage. He has cum—he's here—you air him—you air my Affinerty. O, this too mutch!" and she sobbed agin.

"Yes," I ansered, "I think it is a darn site too mutch!"

"Hast thou not yearned for me?" she yelled, ringin' her hands like a female play-actor.

"Not a yearn!" I bellered at the top of my voice, throwin' her away from me.—Artemus Ward, His Book: Among the Free-Lovers.

His Grump.

"For years and years," grouched the Old Codger, in his usual pessimistic way, "we have been sending missionaries to the Chinese—plank-shaped and tub-shaped ones, both with side-whiskers, who spake in nasal tones and acted with the chastened intolerance of hyenas; young, dried-up ones with weak eyes and weaker intellects; slimy, sliding ones, who were gathering material from which to lecture and with which to furnish a house or two when they got back; old-maid ones that looked like flying-machines or old fashioned churns, just as it happened; and a glorious list of others, all of whom needed the money and cost us a great deal. And, still, in spite of our beneficence to themward, the ungrateful Chinese 'pear to be just as unregenerate and almost as peculiar as they were in the first place. What say?"

Professional Query.

Among the papers of R. H. Stoddard that Ripley Hitchcock edited there is a letter which Oliver Wendell Holmes, the poet-physician, is said to have received. This letter was written many years ago by an ignorant country practitioner, and it is interesting because it shows the low level to which in the early part of the last century, it was possible for medical education to fall.

The letter, verbatim, follows:

"Dear dock I have a pashunt whose physicol sines shoze that the winpipe is ulcerated of and his lung hav dropped into his stumich. He is unabel to swaller and I fear his stumick toobe is gone. I have giv him everything without efeck his Father is wealthy bonbie and influenshul. He is an active member of the M. E. church and God noes I don't want too loose him wot shall I do?"

Poor Uncle Ed.

A Baltimore man was recently showing his nice new opera-hat to his little nephew, and when he caused the top-piece to spring open three or four times the youngster was delighted.

A few days thereafter the uncle, during a visit to the same household, brought with him a silk hat of the shiny, non-collapsible kind. When he was about to leave the house, he encountered the aforesaid youngster running down the hall with what looked like a black accordion.

"Uncle Ed," observed the boy, "this one goes awfully hard. I had to sit on it; but even then I couldn't get it more than half-shut."

UNAVOIDABLE DELAY.

"Dotte's case of brain fever lasted a long time, didn't it?"

"Yes, the germs lost a lot of time finding his brain."

How Strange.

A woman who visited the British museum recently inquired of an attendant: "Have you no skull of Cromwell? I have been looking all around for a skull of Oliver Cromwell."

"No, madam," replied the attendant. "We've never had one."

"How very odd!" she exclaimed; "they have a fine one in the museum at Oxford."

A Shifted Burden.

"So you sold that miserable old mule of yours?"

"Yassir," replied Mr. Erastus Pinkley: "fob real money."

"Doesn't it weigh on your conscience?"

"Well, boss, I's done had dat mule on my mind so long, it's kind of a relief to change off an' git him on my conscience."

Division.

"The automobile is rapidly dividing the public into two classes."

"Yes; the quick or the dead."

Maybe this talk about the ferocious big game in the actic circle is a move in a scheme to tempt a certain mighty hunter out of this country about the time the next Presidential hunt reaches an interesting stage.

Farmers' Meeting

Editor News:

Please announce that there will be a farmers' educational meeting held at Washington on Tuesday, September 14.

Among the important subjects to be discussed will be drainage, stock raising, cattle quarantine, and farm management with reference to corn and cotton.

The meeting has been arranged with the sole purpose of bringing substantial and practical information and benefit to those who are engaged in the cultivation of the soil.

The meeting will begin at 10 o'clock a. m. and there will be a forenoon and afternoon session.

Very respectfully,

JNO. H. SMALL.

Washington, N. C., Sept. 1, 1909.

The Business Course at the Public School will begin next Monday. It offers you an opportunity to become an expert stenographer for the small fee of $5.00 a month.

There's Always a "Best Place" in Which to Buy It!

Store-competition would be an empty phrase, indeed, if it were not true that there is always a best place to buy a particular thing. If the contemplated purchase is of any importance, the question of where to go is of equal importance; and the question can best be settled—and usually very quickly—by reading the ads.

IF ALL OF THE PURCHASES YOU MAKE IN THE COURSE OF A YEAR were made AFTER CONSIDERING THE ADS., and made—in consequence—to "the best advantage" store-competition would then become a valuable thing to you. And you would be amazed at the aggregate of your savings—at the amount of money realized as a direct compensation to you for your labor in "reading the ads."