

ROANOKE LEAF

Published by Roanoke Publishing Co.

"FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY AND FOR TRUTH."

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, JUNE 10, 1892.

W. FLETCHER AUBSON, EDITOR.
C. V. W. AUBSON, BUSINESS MANAGER.

NO. 4.

SUNLIGHT OF SPRING.

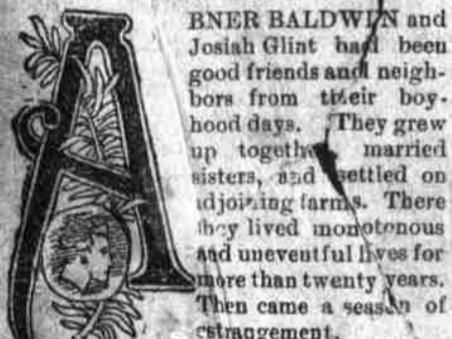
Sunlight of spring, what have you seen
That you smile so?
Crowds of hepaticas,
Fresh from their naps,
Throwing down coverlets,
Puffing off caps,
Dancing together,
Gone are bad weather,
Chills and mishaps.
Sunlight of spring, what have you seen
That you smile so?
Miles of wings,
Gayly fluttered,
Lifted on high,
Drifted and whirled,
Freighted with song,
Floating long,
Oh happy world!

Sunlight of spring, what have you seen
That you smile so?
"Ma, with their lovers,
Child at play,
Hopes of April,
Joy as May,
White blossoms,
Night forgotten,
In this right day."

—Alice C. Bailey, in Harper's Bazar.

The Great Lane Freshet.

BY HARRY HOWARD.



ABNER BALDWIN and Josiah Gint had been good friends and neighbors from their boyhood days. They grew up together, married sisters, and settled on adjoining farms. There they lived monotonous and uneventful lives for more than twenty years. Then came a season of change.

Josiah lived on a fine farm in the angle formed by the junction of Salt Creek and Lane River. Abner's farm was just above Josiah's on the bank of the river. Both farms were for the most part what is called "bottom land," and subject to overflow during protracted rainy weather.

Besides being sometimes flooded by the river, Josiah's farm was occasionally inundated by Salt Creek, the turbulent little stream which flowed along his southern boundary line. Salt Creek seldom rose very high, but when it did so its rapid current wrought much greater damage than the rises of the larger but more sluggish Lane.

This river would have been more destructive had it not been in some degree controlled by a great levee on the farm next above Abner's. This levee acted in such a way that the water from the Lane, when it did cover the lands of Abner and Josiah, spread over a wide expanse and moved with very little current.

But even a slight current will carry wooden things a long distance. Abner's rail fences, together with brush, logs, and debris from his woodland, were sometimes lifted by the water of the Lane River and set down on various parts of Josiah's farm. Then Abner would haul his rails back and rebuild his fences, while Josiah would burn the debris.

But one unlucky spring, when Josiah's corn had just appeared above the ground, the Lane came over its banks and wrought unusual harm. Not only were Josiah's fences removed and Abner's brought into their places, but Josiah's cornfield was thickly strewn with treetops from the great quantity of timber that Abner had cut on his farm during the winter.

After the water had subsided, Josiah was looking about his cornfield one morning. Tree tops, logs, big chips, long sections of bark, fence rails, all covered with slime and mud, were reposing on his newly sprouted corn. Many days of hard labor would be needed to cut and pile up all this driftwood, which would not burn for weeks.

Much of his corn, which had been the finest in the neighborhood, would be ruined. And by the removal of Abner's fences much of Josiah's corn would be trampled into the ground.

No wonder Josiah was out of sorts. If he had been left to himself all might have been well, and I should have had no story to write. But as Josiah was gloomily viewing his flooded property, Abner came across the field.

"Mornin', Si."

"Si, mornin'."

"Things looks kind o' bad, don't they, Si?"

"Si, lookin'."

"How soon kin I come an' get my rails?"

"Don't know as ye'll get 'em at all," said Josiah.

"I thought them was mias over yander." Abner pointed to a mass of rails and cornstalks which were undeniably his.

"Ain't them yours, too, then, an' them, an' them?" Josiah pointed eloquently to the mud-coated logs and treetops.

"B'lieve they air, Si, most of 'em."

"Wal, when ye take the last one of 'em off o' my corn we'll talk about lettin' you take them rails, too."

Abner was astonished.

"I don't mind helpin' ye clear off that mass, Si, if ye ask it. But I'd like to be in to-morrow or nex' day an' git 'em."

"Ferbid ye settin' foot on my land," shouted Josiah. "If I've got ter yer log-rollin' fer ye, an' do in my cornfield to boot, I'll ju keep the along 'th the trash."

Another and another fell, each nearer the last. Just then the moon came from behind the clouds and looked on Josiah.

"Sue an' be hanged! I'll sue ye fer damage fer lettin' yer trash in here, an' fer ruinin' my corn, if ye come in after yer rails."

Abner did not bring suit as he had threatened, for he saw that the expense would outweigh the profits. He made new rails and rebuilt his fences.

Josiah rebuilt his own fences from the rails brought down from Abner's farm, together with those which remained of his own. For weeks his cornfield was in a fog of smoke from the slimy log-heaps, and in the autumn his crop was far below the average.

During all this time Josiah and Abner shunned each other. Their wives and children were not allowed to exchange visits.

One night of the following spring Salt Creek rose to a height many feet above any point it had ever reached in the history of the valley. There had been a week of rainy weather, so that the turbulent stream was much swollen, and on this particular night there was a tremendous rainstorm.

As the Lane River was swollen greatly, there was no adequate outlet for the turbid flood which swirled and rushed down the Salt Creek valley. Consequently, the current of the Lane was not only stopped, but turned back, so that for some hours the river actually flowed up stream.

Then the brawling little stream, like a person of passionate impulses, calmed down almost as quickly as it had risen. The light of morning revealed a strange state of affairs to Josiah. Except the very small area of high ground about the house, his entire farm had been flooded. Everything that would float was carried away and stranded on Abner's farm. Here was retribution indeed!

Who could have dreamed that the current would set up stream and carry back to Abner that which it had once taken from him? But there it was.

Josiah walked along to the upper edge of his farm and saw thousands of his rails—those he had made as well as those he had taken from Abner—piled up on the low knolls of Abner's farm.

Josiah also saw Abner looking over his unexpected acquisitions. Among them was Josiah's own stalk-rake. Abner was contemplating it with smiles of welcome.

Then, for the first time in almost a year, Josiah set foot on his neighbor's land, and walked over to where Abner stood grinning.

"I'll come and git that rake after a while," said Josiah, shamefacedly.

"Don't think ye will," answered Abner.

"An' why don't ye think I will?"

"Cause I ferbid ye to set foot on my land."

"Ain't that my rake?"

"Wasn't them my rails ye jist the same as stole las spring?"

"Didn't I put in a hull month clearin' yer logs out o' my cornfield?"

"What d'ye call them, then, an' whose air they?"

Abner pointed to his outfield, thickly studded with logs and drift which had undeniably come from Josiah's woodland.

"I low we're about even, Ab, so lemme have my rake and we won't say nothin' about the rails," said Josiah.

"I guess we're nigher even as we stand, so ye kin let the rake stay right whar it is."

Josiah walked home without a word in reply. Abner stood chuckling over the discomfiture of his brother-in-law.

Late in the afternoon the Lane, fed fuller by countless creeks farther up, crept over its banks and came gliding gently into the little depressions of the adjacent fields.

No sooner was it dark than Abner Baldwin, armed with a shotgun, took his stand behind a tree near the pile of drift where the rake lay.

No sooner was it dark than Josiah Gint, telling his hired man to follow him with a wagon and team as soon as the moon was up, started for the scene of his late encounter with his neighbor.

Josiah intended to clear away the rubbish from his rake and have it ready to load into the wagon when it arrived. Abner had divined Josiah's intention, and was prepared to keep him away, even by using the shotgun.

Meantime the river was creeping, through the fields and across the woodlands. Josiah had no little trouble in making his way in the darkness. At last, when there was but one little depression between him and the rake, he found that hollow filled with water, and sat down to await the coming of the wagon.

Long he waited there in the darkness, no sound audible save the roar of the river at a distance, and the lapping of the water as it rose higher and higher. The moon was just casting her first faint beams across the land, when, above the sounds of the rushing current and of the nearer water which had risen almost to his feet, Josiah heard something of a still more alarming nature. A continuous crashing as of splintering timbers came from a point up the Lane River. Blent with this was a loud roaring, which grew momentarily louder and came on.

What could it be? Josiah rose from the ground and peered anxiously in the direction of the sounds. Louder and louder, nearer and nearer, and more incomprehensible! Surely that was a falling tree he heard.

Another and another fell, each nearer the last. Just then the moon came from behind the clouds and looked on Josiah.

A line of white foam racing madly toward him across Abner's outfield.

Then the truth was plain. Deming's great levee had broken, the Lane was coming down like a low wall moving at speed, and Josiah was caught in the flood.

He stood for a few moments without power to fly or even to take his eyes from that wide crest of water charging down upon him. Next instant he was whirled away by the torrent, scarcely able to keep his head above the water. Soon he managed to grasp a solid timber and steady himself enough to look around.

Josiah had already drifted considerably behind the crest of the wave, and was now being carried rapidly across his own farm, in company with brush, logs, cornstalks, and his rails—and Abner's.

But to what was Josiah clinging for support? He could hardly believe it, but it was his stalk-rake, the very thing he had gone to bring away. Still more astonishing, there was a man clinging to the other end of the rake, and he looked wonderfully like Abner Baldwin. Josiah had begun to think it was only some terrible nightmare after all, when a voice hailed him:

"That you, Si?"

"Yes. That you, Ab?"

"Yes, but I don't b'lieve I kin hold on much longer."

"I'll help ye; jist hang on a bit longer."

Josiah edged his way along to the place where Abner was clinging, placed an arm around him, and grasped a rake-tooth firmly with each hand.

"I don't deserve it, Si," said Abner. "I was goin' to keep this here rake."

No, ye wasn't, Ab. I was goin' to steal it this very night."

"No, ye wasn't, Si. I was goin' to fill ye full o' birdshot."

"Wal, it seems to be a sort of a partnership affair jist now, as we've both got considerable interest in it," said Josiah, grimly.

Rapidly they drifted over Josiah's farm until they came to Salt Creek, whose swift cross-current bore them out into the main channel of the Lane. Both men were nearly exhausted when they were drifted into an eddy, whence they managed to climb on a great log, and from there into a scrubby tree.

Abner had been struck by a piece of timber when the flood caught him, and now suffered great pain. Josiah held him in the tree.

All night long the flood roared past them, bearing uprooted trees, buildings and various wreckage. But the two men were happy in their reconciliation; for though neither said a word on the subject, each understood that they were firmer friends than ever before.

Next day their neighbors rescued them, badly chilled, and thoroughly worn out with the long night's watching.

The story of the terrible havoc wrought by the Great Lane Freshet is told in the history of the valley, and does not belong to this narrative. But neither of the two men who drifted down on the stalk-rake ever regretted his experience on that night.

The Baldwin and Gint children now play together every day; their mothers are happy in the reconciliation, and nowhere can be found two firmer friends than Abner and Josiah.—Youth's Companion.

Cure of Snake Bites.

It seems likely that by the time all the venomous snakes have been killed off the face of the earth, science will have discovered a means of neutralizing the effect of their poison. But, in the mean time, every remedy that does this even partially means a saving of human life. A child who was bitten in Queensland by a "death adder" has just been saved from death by the administration of strychnia. The child on being bitten was taken to the nearest house, the end of the finger in which the fangs of the snake had been fastened was removed, the stump being sucked and drenched with ammonia, and ligatures being applied to the arm. In three hours the child was almost comatose, the body and the extremities cold, pupils dilated and insensitive to light and the pulse rapid and irregular. The child was then wrapped in hot flannels, heat was applied to the limbs, while four minims of liquor strychnia were administered hypodermically and a strong faradaic current applied to the nape of the neck and along the spine. Fifteen minutes later another four minims of liquor strychnia were injected, and almost immediately a change began to manifest itself in all the symptoms. In a short time the child recovered consciousness and improved so rapidly that the next day she was apparently well, and none the worse for her dangerous experience except the loss of her finger. It is stated that hypodermic injection of strychnia has been adopted in many similar cases, with almost unvarying success, and it is now regarded by the medical profession as a most valuable remedy for the deadly poison of snakes.—Courier Journal.

Don't Whip a Frightened Horse.

Never whip your horse for becoming frightened at any object by the roadside, for if he sees a stump, a log or a heap of tan-bark in the road, and while he is eyeing it carefully and about to pass it, you strike him with the whip, it is the log, or stump, or the tan-bark that is hurting him, in his way of reasoning, and the next time he will be more frightened. Give him time to tell all these objects and use the bridge to assist you in bringing him near the object.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Dumb Spirit."

TEXT: "Thou dumb and deaf spirit, I charge thee, come out of him."—Mark ix, 25.

Here was a case of great domestic anguish. The son of the household was possessed of an evil spirit which, among other things, paralyzed his tongue and made him speechless. When the influence was on the patient he could not say a word—articulate words were impossible. The spirit that captured this member of the household was a dumb spirit—so called by Christ—a spirit abroad to-day and as lively and potent as in New Testament times. Yet in all of the realms of sermology I cannot find a discourse concerning this dumb devil which Christ charged upon my text, saying, "Come out of him."

There has been much destructive superstition abroad in the world concerning possession by evil spirits. Under the form of belief in witchcraft this delusion swept the continent. Persons were supposed to be possessed with some evil spirit which made them able to destroy others. In the sixteenth century in Geneva 1500 persons were burned to death as witches. Under one judge in Lorraine 300 persons were burned to death as witches. In one neighborhood of France 1000 persons were burned. In two centuries 200,000 persons were slain as witches. So mighty was the delusion that it included among its victims some of the greatest intellects of all time, such as Chief Justice Mathew Hale and Sir Edward Coke, and such renowned ministers of religion as Cotton Mather, one of whose books, Benjamin Franklin said, shaped his life—and Richard Baxter and Archbishop Cranmer and Martin Luther and among writers and philosophers, Lord Bacon. That belief, which has become the laughing stock of all sensible people, counted its disciples among the wisest and best people of Sweden, Germany, England, France, Spain and New England. But while we reject witchcraft and wizards who believe the Bible must believe that there are diabolical agencies abroad in the world. While there are ministering spirits to bless there are infernal spirits to hinder, to poison and destroy. Christ was speaking to a spirit which was in the body of a man, and the afflicted one of the text. He said, "Thou dumb and deaf spirit, come out of him."

Against this dumb devil of the text, I put you on your guard. Do not think that this agent of evil has put his light on those who, by the vocal organs, have had the golden gates of speech locked and barred. Among those who have never spoken a word are the most gracious and lovely and talented souls that were ever incarnated. The chaplains of the asylums for the dumb can tell you of many such cases. I have never called the name of father or mother or child, and many of the most devout and prayerful souls will never in this world speak the name of God or Christ. Many a dumb mute have I seen with the angel of intelligence entering the window of the spirit, who never came forth from the door of the mouth.

What a miracle of loveliness and knowledge was Laura Bridgman, of New Hampshire! Not only without faculty of speech, but without hearing and without sight, all these faculties removed by sickness when two years of age, yet becoming a wonder at needlework, at the piano, at the sewing machine, and an intelligent student of the Scriptures, and confounding philosophers. The volume of voice that ascends from the largest audience that ever assembled ought to be multiplied about two thousand fold. But the minister rises and gives out the hymn; the organ begins; the choir or precentor leads; the audience sings; and the dumb and deaf spirit, who has never spoken a word, is silent.

But in the sixteenth century came Pedro Fonce, the Spanish monk, and in the seventeenth century came Juan Pablo Bonet, another Spanish monk, with dactylology or the finger alphabet in their own hands. We have had John Braidwood and Dr. Mitchell and Ackerly and Peet and Gallaudet, who have given uncounted thousands of those whose tongues were forever silent the power to speak on the air by a manual alphabet. The deaf and dumb are now the most intelligent of the race. We rejoice in the brilliant inventions in behalf of those who were born dumb.

One of the most impressive audiences I ever addressed was in the far west two or three years ago. The audience consisted of persons who had never heard a sound or spoken a word, an interpreter standing beside me while I addressed them. I congratulated that audience on two advantages they had and on the most of us—the one that they escaped hearing a great many disagreeable things, and on the other fact that they escaped saying things they were sorry for afterward. Yet after all the alleviations a shakled tongue is an appalling limitation. We are not, then, morning speaking of congenital deafness. We mean those who are born with all the faculties of vocalization and yet have been struck by the evil one mentioned in the text—the dumb devil to whom Christ called when He said, "Thou dumb and deaf spirit, I charge thee, come out of him."

There has been apothecization of silence. Some one has said that silence is golden, and sometimes the greatest triumph is to keep your mouth shut. But sometimes silence is a crime and a direct result of the baleful influence of the dumb devil of our text. There is hardly a man or woman in this house to-day who has not been present on some occasion when the Christian religion became a target for raillery. Perhaps it was over in the store some day when there was not much going on and the clerks were in a group, or it was in the factory at the noon spell, or it was out on the farm under the trees while you were resting, or it was in the clubhouse, or it was in a social circle, or it was in the street on the way home from business, or it was on some occasion when you remember without me describing it.

Some one got the laugh on the Bible and caricatured the profession of religion as hypocrisy, or made a pun out of something that Christ said. The laugh started and you joined in, and not one word of protest did you utter. What kept you silent? Modesty? No. Incapacity to answer? No. Lack of opportunity? No. It was a blow on both your lips by the wing of the dumb devil. If some one should malign your father or mother or wife or husband or child, you would flush up quick, and either with an indignant word or doubled up fist make response. And yet here is our Christian religion which has done as much for you and so much for the world that it will take all eternity to celebrate it, and yet when it was attacked you did not so much as say, "I differ from you. I am sorry to hear you say that. There is another side to this."

You Christians are right in such times as these to get with earthly weapons, but with the weapons of the Spirit. You ought to be with five questions along any man whom you attack. Can you answer? Can you answer? Can you answer? Can you answer? Can you answer?

friend said to the skeptic, "Did you ever read the history of Joseph in the Bible?" "Yes," said the man, "it is a fine story, and as interesting a story as I ever read."

"Well, now," said my old friend, "suppose that account of Joseph stopped half way?" "Oh," said the man, "then it would not be entertaining."

"Well, now," said my friend, "we have in this world only half of everything, and do you not think that when we hear the last half things may be consistent, and that then we may find that God was right?"

Oh, friends, better load up with a few interrogations. You cannot afford to be silent when God and the Bible and the things of eternity are assailed. Your silence gives consent to the bombardment of your Father's house. You allow a sur to be cast on your mother's dying pillow. In behalf of the Christ, who for you went through the agonies of assassination, the rocky bluff of Jerusalem, you dare not face a sickly joke. Better load up with a few questions so that next time you will be ready.

Say to the scoffers: "My dear sir, will you tell me which makes the difference between the condition of woman in China and the United States? What do you think of the sermon on the mount? How do you like the golden rule laid down in the Scriptures? Are you in favor of the ten commandments? In your large and extensive reading have you come across a lovable character than Jesus Christ? Will you please to name the triumphant deathbeds of infidels and atheists? How do you account for the fact that among the out and out believers in Christianity were such persons as Benjamin Franklin, John Ruskin, Thomas Carlyle, Rabington Macaulay, William Penn, John Jay, Charles Kingsley, Horace Bushnell, James A. Garfield, Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Admiral Foote, Admiral Farragut, Ulysses S. Grant, John Milton, William Shakespeare, Chief Justice Marshall, John Adams, Daniel Webster, George Washington? How do you account for their fondness for the Christian religion? Among the innumerable colleges and universities of the earth will you name me three started by infidels and now supported by infidels? Down in your heart are you really happy in the position you occupy antagonistic to the Christian religion? When do you have the most rapturous views of the next world? Go at him with a few such questions and he will get so red in the face as to suggest apology, and he will look at his watch and say he has an engagement and must go.

You will put him in a sweat that will beat a Turkish bath. You will put him on a rout compared with which our troops at Bull Run made no time at all. Arm yourself, not with arguments but interrogation points, and I promise you victory. Shall such a man as you, shall such a woman as you, stand up and call the nearest spirits that ever smoked up from the pit—the dumb devil spoken of in the text?

But then there are occasions when this particular spirit that Christ exercised when He said, "I charge thee to come out of him," takes people by the whole soul. In the most responsive religious audiences have you noticed how many people never sing at all? They have a book, and they have a voice, and they know how to read. They know many of the tunes, and yet are silent as the great rapture of music pass by. Among those who sing not one out of a hundred sings loud enough to hear his own voice. They hum it. They give a sort of religious grunt. They make the lips go, but it is inaudible. With a voice strong enough to stop a horse, and one block away all they can afford to utter is the praise of God is about half a whisper. With enough sopranos, enough altos, enough basses to make a small heaven between the four walls, they let the opportunity go by unimproved.

The volume of voice that ascends from the largest audience that ever assembled ought to be multiplied about two thousand fold. But the minister rises and gives out the hymn; the organ begins; the choir or precentor leads; the audience sings; and the dumb and deaf spirit, who has never spoken a word, is silent.

But in the sixteenth century came Pedro Fonce, the Spanish monk, and in the seventeenth century came Juan Pablo Bonet, another Spanish monk, with dactylology or the finger alphabet in their own hands. We have had John Braidwood and Dr. Mitchell and Ackerly and Peet and Gallaudet, who have given uncounted thousands of those whose tongues were forever silent the power to speak on the air by a manual alphabet. The deaf and dumb are now the most intelligent of the race. We rejoice in the brilliant inventions in behalf of those who were born dumb.

One of the most impressive audiences I ever addressed was in the far west two or three years ago. The audience consisted of persons who had never heard a sound or spoken a word, an interpreter standing beside me while I addressed them. I congratulated that audience on two advantages they had and on the most of us—the one that they escaped hearing a great many disagreeable things, and on the other fact that they escaped saying things they were sorry for afterward. Yet after all the alleviations a shakled tongue is an appalling limitation. We are not, then, morning speaking of congenital deafness. We mean those who are born with all the faculties of vocalization and yet have been struck by the evil one mentioned in the text—the dumb devil to whom Christ called when He said, "Thou dumb and deaf spirit, I charge thee, come out of him."

There has been apothecization of silence. Some one has said that silence is golden, and sometimes the greatest triumph is to keep your mouth shut. But sometimes silence is a crime and a direct result of the baleful influence of the dumb devil of our text. There is hardly a man or woman in this house to-day who has not been present on some occasion when the Christian religion became a target for raillery. Perhaps it was over in the store some day when there was not much going on and the clerks were in a group, or it was in the factory at the noon spell, or it was out on the farm under the trees while you were resting, or it was in the clubhouse, or it was in a social circle, or it was in the street on the way home from business, or it was on some occasion when you remember without me describing it.

Some one got the laugh on the Bible and caricatured the profession of religion as hypocrisy, or made a pun out of something that Christ said. The laugh started and you joined in, and not one word of protest did you utter. What kept you silent? Modesty? No. Incapacity to answer? No. Lack of opportunity? No. It was a blow on both your lips by the wing of the dumb devil. If some one should malign your father or mother or wife or husband or child, you would flush up quick, and either with an indignant word or doubled up fist make response. And yet here is our Christian religion which has done as much for you and so much for the world that it will take all eternity to celebrate it, and yet when it was attacked you did not so much as say, "I differ from you. I am sorry to hear you say that. There is another side to this."

You Christians are right in such times as these to get with earthly weapons, but with the weapons of the Spirit. You ought to be with five questions along any man whom you attack. Can you answer? Can you answer? Can you answer? Can you answer? Can you answer?

friend said to the skeptic, "Did you ever read the history of Joseph in the Bible?" "Yes," said the man, "it is a fine story, and as interesting a story as I ever read."

"Well, now," said my old friend, "suppose that account of Joseph stopped half way?" "Oh," said the man, "then it would not be entertaining."

"Well, now," said my friend, "we have in this world only half of everything, and do you not think that when we hear the last half things may be consistent, and that then we may find that God was right?"

Oh, friends, better load up with a few interrogations. You cannot afford to be silent when God and the Bible and the things of eternity are assailed. Your silence gives consent to the bombardment of your Father's house. You allow a sur to be cast on your mother's dying pillow. In behalf of the Christ, who for you went through the agonies of assassination, the rocky bluff of Jerusalem, you dare not face a sickly joke. Better load up with a few questions so that next time you will be ready.

Say to the scoffers: "My dear sir, will you tell me which makes the difference between the condition of woman in China and the United States? What do you think of the sermon on the mount? How do you like the golden rule laid down in the Scriptures? Are you in favor of the ten commandments? In your large and extensive reading have you come across a lovable character than Jesus Christ? Will you please to name the triumphant deathbeds of infidels and atheists? How do you account for the fact that among the out and out believers in Christianity were such persons as Benjamin Franklin, John Ruskin, Thomas Carlyle, Rabington Macaulay, William Penn, John Jay, Charles Kingsley, Horace Bushnell, James A. Garfield, Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Admiral Foote, Admiral Farragut, Ulysses S. Grant, John Milton, William Shakespeare, Chief Justice Marshall, John Adams, Daniel Webster, George Washington? How do you account for their fondness for the Christian religion? Among the innumerable colleges and universities of the earth will you name me three started by infidels and now supported by infidels? Down in your heart are you really happy in the position you occupy antagonistic to the Christian religion? When do you have the most rapturous views of the next world? Go at him with a few such questions and he will get so red in the face as to suggest apology, and he will look at his watch and say he has an engagement and must go.

You will put him in a sweat that will beat a Turkish bath. You will put him on a rout compared with which our troops at Bull Run made no time at all. Arm yourself, not with arguments but interrogation points, and I promise you victory. Shall such a man as you, shall such a woman as you, stand up and call the nearest spirits that ever smoked up from the pit—the dumb devil spoken of in the text?

But then there are occasions when this particular spirit that Christ exercised when He said, "I charge thee to come out of him," takes people by the whole soul. In the most responsive religious audiences have you noticed how many people never sing at all? They have a book, and they have a voice, and they know how to read. They know many of the tunes, and yet are silent as the great rapture of music pass by. Among those who sing not one out of a hundred sings loud enough to hear his own voice. They hum it. They give a sort of religious grunt. They make the lips go, but it is inaudible. With a voice strong enough to stop a horse, and one block away all they can afford to utter is the praise of God is about half a whisper. With enough sopranos, enough altos, enough basses to make a small heaven between the four walls, they let the opportunity go by unimproved.

The volume of voice that ascends from the largest audience that ever assembled ought to be multiplied about two thousand fold. But the minister rises and gives out the hymn; the organ begins; the choir or precentor leads; the audience sings; and the dumb and deaf spirit, who has never spoken a word, is silent.

But in the sixteenth century came Pedro Fonce, the Spanish monk, and in the seventeenth century came Juan Pablo Bonet, another Spanish monk, with dactylology or the finger alphabet in their own hands. We have had John Braidwood and Dr. Mitchell and Ackerly and Peet and Gallaudet, who have given uncounted thousands of those whose tongues were forever silent the power to speak on the air by a manual alphabet. The deaf and dumb are now the most intelligent of the race. We rejoice in the brilliant inventions in behalf of those who were born dumb.

One of the most impressive audiences I ever addressed was in the far west two or three years ago. The audience consisted of persons who had never heard a sound or spoken a word, an interpreter standing beside me while I addressed them. I congratulated that audience on two advantages they had and on the most of us—the one that they escaped hearing a great many disagreeable things, and on the other fact that they escaped saying things they were sorry for afterward. Yet after all the alleviations a shakled tongue is an appalling limitation. We are not, then, morning speaking of congenital deafness. We mean those who are born with all the faculties of vocalization and yet have been struck by the evil one mentioned in the text—the dumb devil to whom Christ called when He said, "Thou dumb and deaf spirit, I charge thee, come out of him."

There has been apothecization of silence. Some one has said that silence is golden, and sometimes the greatest triumph is to keep your mouth shut. But sometimes silence is a crime and a direct result of the baleful influence of the dumb devil of our text. There is hardly a man or woman in this house to-day who has not been present on some occasion when the Christian religion became a target for raillery. Perhaps it was over in the store some day when there was not much going on and the clerks were in a group, or it was in the factory at the noon spell, or it was out on the farm under the trees while you were resting, or it was in the clubhouse, or it was in a social circle, or it was in the street on the way home from business, or it was on some occasion when you remember without me describing it.

Some one got the laugh on the Bible and caricatured the profession of religion as hypocrisy, or made a pun out of something that Christ said. The laugh started and you joined in, and not one word of protest did you utter. What kept you silent? Modesty? No. Incapacity to answer? No. Lack of opportunity? No. It was a blow on both your lips by the wing of the dumb devil. If some one should malign your father or mother or wife or husband or child, you would flush up quick, and either with an indignant word or doubled up fist make response. And yet here is our Christian religion which has done as much for you and so much for the world that it will take all eternity to celebrate it, and yet when it was attacked you did not so much as say, "I differ from you. I am sorry to hear you say that. There is another side to this."

You Christians are right in such times as these to get with earthly weapons, but with the weapons of the Spirit. You ought to be with five questions along any man whom you attack. Can you answer? Can you answer? Can you answer? Can you answer? Can you answer?

friend said to the skeptic, "Did you ever read the history of Joseph in the Bible?" "Yes," said the man, "it is a fine story, and as interesting a story as I ever read."

"Well, now," said my old friend, "suppose that account of Joseph stopped half way?" "Oh," said the man, "then it would not be entertaining."

"Well, now," said my friend, "we have in this world only half of everything, and do you not think that when we hear the last half things may be consistent, and that then we may find that God was right?"

Oh, friends, better load up with a few interrogations. You cannot afford to be silent when God and the Bible and the things of eternity are assailed. Your silence gives consent to the bombardment of your Father's house. You allow a sur to be cast on your mother's dying pillow. In behalf of the Christ, who for you went through the agonies of assassination, the rocky bluff of Jerusalem, you dare not face a sickly joke. Better load up with a few questions so that next time you will be ready.

feeling, and at the end of the second verse it stopped, and they went up and found Tom, the drummer boy, leaning against a stump and dead.

That hymn, "Oh, for a Thousand Tongues to Sing," was suggested to Charles Wesley by Peter Bohler, who, after his conversion, said, "I had better keep silent about it."

"No," said Wesley, "it is a hymn that tongues you had better use them for Christ." And then that angel of hymnology penned the words:

Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.

Jesus, the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis in the sinners' arms,
'Tis life and health and peace.

While much of the modern music is a religious doggerel, a conventional commonplace, sacred tomfoolery, I would like to see some great musician of our time lift the baton and marshal Luther's Judgment Hymn, Yarmouth, Dundee, Ariel, Brattle Street, Uxbridge, Pleyel's Hymn, Harwell, Antioch, Mount Pisgah and Coronado, with the regiments of mighty tunes made in our time, and storm Asia, Africa and America for the kingdom of God. But the first thing to do is to drive out the dumb devil of the text from all our churches.

Do not, however, let us lose ourselves in generalities. Not one of us but has had our lives sometimes touched by the evil spirit of the text—this awful dumb devil. We had just one opportunity of saying a Christian word that might have led a man or woman into a Christian life. The opportunity was fairly put before us. The word of invitation or consolation or warning came to the inside gate of the mouth, but there it halted. Some hindering power locked the jaws together so that they did not open. The tongue lay flat and still in the bottom of the mouth as though struck with paralysis. We were mute. Though God had given us the physiological apparatus for speech, and our lungs were filled with air which, by the command of our will, could have moved the laryngeal muscles, move and make the vocal organs vibrate, yet we were dumb and fatally silent. For all time and eternity we missed our chance.

Or it was a prayer meeting, and the service was thrown open for prayer and remarks, and there was a dumb halt—everything silent as a grave. At midnight, indeed it was a grave, and we were all an embarrassing pause, place that put a wet blanket on all the meeting. Men, bold enough on business changes or in worldly circles, shut their eyes as though they were praying in silence, but they were not praying at all. They were busy hoping someone would say a word for them. The women sat under the same dumb spell. Some fans more rapidly fluttered. Some brother with no cold coughed, by that sound trying to fill up the time, and the meeting was slain. But what killed it?—the dumb devil.

This is the way I account for the fact that the stupidest places on earth are the prayer meetings. I do not see how a man keeps any grace if he regularly attends them. They are spiritual mortifications. Religion keeps one. How many of us have lost occasions of usefulness. In a pulpit's studio stood a figure of the god Opportunity.

The sculptor had made the hair all down over the face of the statue so as to completely cover it, and there were wings to the feet. When asked why he so represented Opportunity, the sculptor answered, "The face of the statue is thus covered up, because we do not recognize opportunity when it comes, and the wings to the feet show that opportunity is swiftly gone."

But do not let the world decide the church because of all this for the dumb devil is just as conspicuous in the world. The two great political parties will soon assemble to build platforms for the presidential candidates to stand on. A committee of each party will be appointed to make the platform. After proper deliberation the committee will sit down with a ringing report, "Whereas" and "Whereas" and "Whereas." Pronouncements all shaped with the one idea of getting the most votes. All