

It is my duty to warn, and as a watchman, God says: "Cry aloud, spare not." "God is no respecter of persons." The high, the low, the society and all classes must some day stand before the judgment bar of God. It is strange how that people think an hour or two are long at church and yet I am told that this dance broke at the late hour of 3 o'clock on Saturday morning. Is the Lord well pleased in this?

1 John 1:6: "If we say that we have fellowship with him (belong to the church, take communion and profess to be a follower of his) and walk in the darkness, we lie, and do not the truth."

If Christ died for you, you should love and serve Him with all your body—hands, feet, voice, will, heart—yes, all your life.

Personally the Baptist Church stands for the Scriptures as its only rule and practice of faith. If we have not a "Thus saith the Lord," we had better refrain from doing certain things—yea, "ABSTAIN FROM ALL APPEARANCES OF EVIL."

MUCH DRUNKENNESS IN HYDE

To a large extent church people are responsible. They buy and sell it, they are dram drinkers and some sot drunkards. How long shall we let this condition go on? The matter can be settled at the ballot box of the coming election by electing officers that will perform their duty. As long as the officers of any community buy and sell and drink the stuff or are in sympathy with the bootleggers, we will have immoral and corrupt conditions. Recently it has been sold like Coca-Cola on the streets and in the villages of Hyde county. White and colored people drink and get drunk and some stay drunk, and not one thing is done with them. Not a thing seems to be done to catch up with them. Officers seem to wink at them. Recently Mr. D. D. Cutrell, magistrate has arrested or had arrested and tried several colored people in Fairfield for drunkenness and disorder. Yet when shall we have execution of the whole law? Answer may be given when we place in office men who will do what they kiss the Bible and take oath they will do. Vote for men in the coming election who abstain from alcoholic beverages and who will use their influence to destroy it. We need leaders who will take their office in all sincerity and help to make our country a better place to live in.

Havergal, the poet, well wrote:

"Take my life and let it be,
Consecrated, Lord to thee;
Take my hands and let them move,
At the impulse of thy love.

Take my feet and let them be,
Swift and beautiful for thee.
Take my voice, and let me sing,
Always, only, for my King.

Take my silver, and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my will and make it thine,
It shall be no longer mine.
Take my heart, it is thine own,
It shall be thy royal throne.

Lord, I give my life to thee,
Thine forever more to be.

Lord, I give my life to thee,
Thine forever more to be."

Led by the spirit of God, one will not indulge in these worldly things.

TO THE TAXPAYERS OF HYDE COUNTY

I have arranged with Mrs. Marietta C. Mann to help me with my office work and for the convenience of the public have authorized her to give any taxpayer his receipt for 1927 taxes from my office in Swanquarter.

J. C. Respass, Sheriff Hyde County.

OPEN THE DOOR

Open the door, let in the air;
The winds are sweet, and the flowers are fair.
Joy is abroad in the world today;
If our door is wide, it may come this way.
Open the door!

Open the door, let in the sun;
He hath a smile for every one;
He hath made of the raindrops gold and gems;
He may change our tears to diadems.
Open the door!

Open the door of the soul; let in
Strong, pure thoughts which shall banish sin.
They will grow and bloom with a grace divine,
And their fruit shall be sweeter than that of the vine.

Open the door!

Open the door to the heart; let in
Sympathy sweet for stranger and kin,
It will make the halls of the heart so fair
That angels may enter unaware.

Open the door!

—British Weekly.

WHEN BEDTIME COMES

By O. Lawrence Hawthorne

Oh, what a splendid thing it is
For father and for son
To learn the joys of comradeship
At home when day is done!
How fine it is for little boys
To know that Daddy cares
Enough for them to "tuck 'em in,"
And help them say their prayers!

Though duty calls us far from home
To spend each busy day,
Though we may seldom find the time
To join them in their play,
One thing I ask of Him who guides
The destinies of men:
When bedtime comes, help us to be
Their faithful comrades then!

PARENT-TEACHERS' MEETING

The Fairfield township held their regular meeting this month. It was very well attended, with renewed interest. It has accomplished several things this year. Plans are being made to