

# Goldsboro Weekly Argus.

This ARGUS o'er the people's rights,  
Doth an eternal vigil keep

No soothing strains of Mala's son,  
Can lull its hundred eyes to sleep

VOL. XVII.

GOLDSBORO, N. C. THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 22, 1898.

NO 71

Royal makes the food pure,  
wholesome and delicious.



**ROYAL**  
BAKING  
POWDER  
Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

## OUR LOCAL OPTIC.

Goldsboro and vicinity history in brief:  
Epitome of Sayings and Doings, Wise  
and Otherwise, Run Down and Run in  
by Omnipresent Ubiquitous, Local  
"Grand Rounds."

The youth who has to scratch  
for his living never sows many  
wild oats.

The jury could not agree in  
the corn-stealing case from the  
asylum, and a mistrial was or-  
dered, the defendant giving bond  
for his appearance at next term  
of court.

Mr. W. A. Denmark, the ef-  
ficient tax collector of Goldsboro  
township, gives notice that taxes  
for 1898 are now due and can be  
paid at his office in the court  
house.

The many friends of Mr. and  
Mrs. Frank Beaman deeply sym-  
pathize with them in the death  
of their infant son, which occur-  
ed at their home in this city  
Wednesday of last week.

Mr. Will Soggs, one of the  
Goldsboro volunteer soldiers, now  
in camp with the 1st North Caro-  
lina, at Jacksonville, is at home  
on a short furlough, to the pleas-  
ure of his many young friends.

Their many friends here are  
glad to welcome the return to  
the city of Mr. and Mrs. N. N.  
Aaron and little son, who have  
again taken rooms at the Hotel  
Kennon for the Fall and Winter.

Mrs. L. L. D. Giddens, Jr.,  
arrived last week from Jack-  
sonville, Fla., on a visit to her  
parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Stan-  
ley. Her many friends here are  
glad to have her among them  
once more. Her stay will be for  
several weeks.

Prof. R. E. Coker, the new  
Principal of the Goldsboro White  
Graded School, arrived in the  
city Thursday evening. The duties  
of his position at the open-  
ing of school next Monday. THE  
ARGUS extends him a cordial  
welcome on behalf of our com-  
munity.

Mr. W. H. Smith, president of  
the Wayne Agricultural works, is  
just back from an extended South-  
ern business trip, during which he  
visited the Goldsboro Rifles in  
camp at Jacksonville, Fla., and re-  
ports the boys all well and in jol-  
ly good spirits.

The hardware establishment  
of Messrs. Smith & Yolverton,  
on Walnut street, has recently  
undergone marked and varied im-  
provements. The painter's busi-  
ness has been used very freely and  
the store throughout will make  
an appearance the equal of any  
concern of the kind in the State.

The death of Mr. Wm. Ham,  
63 years of age, occurred last  
Thursday, at his home in Patetown,  
just beyond Greenleaf. Some  
time ago he experienced a stroke  
of paralysis, from which he never  
recovered. The only immediate  
members of his family living is  
his wife and a brother, Mr. Bob  
Ham.

Andrew Lane, the negro man  
who shot and killed Lizzie Mann,  
a negro woman, at a festival at  
the park some months ago, was  
sentenced to 17 years in the peni-  
tentiary by Judge Bryan in the  
Superior court. Lane did not  
intend to kill her, but he was  
engaged in a fracas with another  
negro man and drew his pistol.  
His opponent was fortunate  
enough to miss the fatal shot,  
which struck the woman, who  
was standing near by.

Mrs. L. H. Castex, after spend-  
ing the past two weeks in the  
military metropolis of this  
country, has returned home with  
the imprint of fall fashions fresh  
in her mind. These trips are  
made by Mrs. Castex and one of  
her milliners as regularly as the  
seasons come and go and their  
return each time is an event of  
great importance to the ladies of  
Goldsboro and the surrounding  
country, who flock to the estab-  
lishment of Messrs. M. E. Cas-  
tex & Co., where they preside,  
to learn of the prevailing styles  
for the coming season.

## AYCOCK AND THOMPSON.

### DEMOCRACY'S CHAMPION VIC- TORIOUS.

The Cynical Cy Is Completely  
Routed and Scathingly Ex-  
posed: It is Surmised  
That He is Done For.

Cor. of the Charlotte Observer.

"Thrice armed is he who hath  
his quarrel just." To this fact is  
largely due, without doubt, the  
great campaign victory at Con-  
cord Monday, won by Charles B.  
Aycock, for the Democratic party,  
over Cyrus B. Thompson, the  
lieutenant general of North Caro-  
lina Populism, and second only in  
rank to Commander-in-Chief Mar-  
ion Butler. Dr. Thompson is an  
infinitely more attractive and elo-  
quent speaker than Butler, having  
all the latter's virulent sarcasm  
with none of his rambling tedious-  
ness. He is impetuous and has  
the gift of humor, which Butler  
lacks. He can tell a story with  
fine effect. Indeed, he is nothing  
like the "Dry-as-dust" Butler is  
on the stump. It is easy to believe  
the current report that he is the  
nonpariel of the Populist party's  
campaigners.

As strong a man as he is hard  
to overcome in his contention for  
any cause—just or unjust. It re-  
quired a man equally as strong to  
face him. That man was found  
in the person of Mr. Aycock. He  
is fully the equal of his opponent  
in eloquence, wit and sarcasm.  
This latter quality, however, is  
not so Spanish as Dr. Thompson's.  
There is a flavor of keen but  
kindly humor to it. Aycock is  
naturally a stronger campaigner  
than Thompson, and, "thrice  
armed" by the justice of his cause,  
he is invincible.

The Concord speaking was more  
than a local event. The number  
of representatives of the press pre-  
sent was unusually large. Among  
others were Maxwell Gorman, of  
the Raleigh Post; F. B. Arrindel,  
of the Raleigh News and Obser-  
ver; H. B. Varner, of the Lexing-  
ton Dispatch; J. D. Barrier, of the  
Concord Standard; J. B. Sher-  
rill, of the Concord Times; and F.  
J. Reid, of the Salisbury Watch-  
man. Their report will go out  
through the length and breadth of  
the State. This gentle passage at  
arms at Concord, then, was really  
a state event.

The Observer is tempted to pre-  
dict that the Populists will call off  
these joint debates, in the future.  
Perhaps not. Perhaps they have  
gone too far to back out—without  
a confession, by that act, of cow-  
ardice. The temptation will be  
strong, however. The Concord  
speaking was a Populist date in a  
Populist stronghold. Mr. Aycock  
was there not of his own seeking.  
The invitation came from the Po-  
pulist campaign committee to send  
some Democrat to meet their Go-  
liath of Goth there. The Popu-  
list committee evidently believed  
that Thompson was impregnable  
with his charges of incompetency  
on the part of his Democratic pre-  
decessors in the Secretary of  
State's office. The doctor has evi-  
dently moved heaven and earth in  
his efforts to trump up some  
charges of inefficiency and of gross  
negligence by former Democratic  
Secretaries of State. He attacks  
Mr. Cooke, living, and Mr. Coke,  
dead. These charges are Thomp-  
son's 13-inch shells, and he is ex-  
pected by his committee to blow  
up the Democratic party with them.  
He paints a lurid picture of this  
alleged negligence in such a way  
as to insinuate and suggest actual  
fraud, even theft. He has pub-  
lished these charges in the Pro-  
gressive Farmer, and reiterated  
them in his recent speech at Clin-  
ton.

Mr. Aycock met him in full tilt  
with ex-Secretary of State Cooke's  
letter, which has just been publish-

ed by the Raleigh press and issued  
in circular form by the Demo-  
cratic executive committee. It  
stamps as an infamous falsehood  
the statements of Dr. Thompson,  
and gives facts and figures as they  
are and as they should be. Mr.  
Cooke, according to Dr. Thomp-  
son's own admission, is a Chris-  
tian gentleman, and his word, as  
Mr. Aycock said, is as good as  
Dr. Thompson's. A check from Mr.  
Cooke to Dr. Thompson containing  
the latter's endorsement, was ac-  
knowledged by him. It covered, too,  
an item of \$180 "seal fees" which  
he has been recklessly charging  
were never accounted for. He  
was evidently greatly surprised  
when confronted with this check.  
It was a flank movement he had  
not been looking for. It lost him  
his only aggressive point of battle  
and put him on the defensive.  
And a poor defense it was.  
He did not even have time  
to rally. He was routed. His re-  
ply to Aycock, after this, was in-  
coherent, illogical and rambling.  
The doctor will hardly wish to  
face such music as this much  
longer. See if the Populists do  
not yet call off these joint debates.

A Populist cannot play within  
bounds. Insinuation, perversion  
and false assertions are his sharp-  
est weapons. Mr. Aycock, with  
the check rein of accuracy, kept  
Dr. Thompson from taking the  
bit in his teeth and running away  
with the traffic. The Democrat  
was forced to interrupt the Popu-  
list once in the course of his  
perversions. Perhaps it was not  
intentional. Both men had admit-  
ted that they had held passes.  
Dr. Thompson had not used one  
since 1889. Mr. Aycock had held  
one as attorney for the Wilming-  
ton & Weldon Railroad, with one  
also over the Southern, a con-  
necting road. Dr. Thompson said:  
"Charles (the speaker are old  
friends and referred to each other  
as 'Charles' and 'Cyrus)' said he  
carried a pass because Gov. Rus-  
sell did." Mr. Aycock stopped  
and corrected him. He had taun-  
ted Thompson with the fusionist's  
howl about stopping the free  
pass evil, while the fusionist  
Governor all along had his pocket  
full of them. He (Aycock) had  
merely said that he, with his  
pass, had ridden on the same  
train with Russell, also riding on  
a pass. Thompson resumed and  
in his first sentence misrepres-  
ented Aycock again. He said:  
"Aycock admits that he carried  
a pass on two or three rail-  
road systems." The truth was  
that he had admitted no such  
thing. He had only admitted that,  
as its attorney, he had carried a  
pass on the Wilmington and Wel-  
don road, which entitled him to  
a pass on the Southern as a con-  
nection of that road. This, as an  
illustration of the delicate shad-  
ing of Populist misrepresentation.  
They can't help it.

This suggests the fact that the  
young man, Mr. Reid, who edits  
The Salisbury Watchman, the  
only Populist paper represented  
at the speaking, took no notes  
while Aycock was speaking, but  
labored most industriously over  
his notebook while Cyrus the  
Great war on the war-path.

Dr. Thompson's attack upon  
the character of the dead is in-  
defensible. It was vile, personal  
abuse that he indulged in. Even  
the heathen philosophers of  
Rome moralized thus: Nil nisi  
bonum de mortuis. It remains  
for the highly moral, extra sober,  
reform Secretary of State of  
North Carolina to set a new pre-  
cedent in this regard in this,  
the dawn of the twentieth century.

Mr. Aycock denounced as un-  
qualifiedly false the statement  
of Thompson that Col. A. B.  
Andrews had dictated the selec-  
tion of Mr. E. M. Simmons as  
Democratic State chairman.

Dr. Thompson vaguely refer-  
red to somebody as a "blear-  
eyed blatherskite." It was said he  
referred to the Hon. Buck Kitch-  
en, of Halifax, the most honest  
man who was ever temporarily a  
Populist. Mr. Kitchen must be  
doing the fusion cause some se-  
rious damage.

Aycock's speech was a candid,  
cordial appeal to the Populists

to return to their proper place  
in the white man's party. He  
closed with the story of the two  
English counties who had joined  
forces to fight and exterminate  
the lawless Doones. In the fight  
the men of one county accident-  
ally fired across the Doone gun  
at their allies from the other  
county. These, in resentment,  
returned the fire, and so friends  
in fighting friends were about  
to allow the robbers, the common  
enemy, to escape. Let there be  
no strife, Mr. Aycock plead, be-  
tween the Democrats and Popu-  
lists, while the Republican Party,  
with its infamous negro rule es-  
capes. Let the men of the west  
go to the aid of the east, and the  
east to the aid of the west, and  
unite in destroying the common  
enemy, redeeming the State and  
restoring its good name.

H. A. B.

## The Great and Only "Officially Sober Administration"

Charlotte Observer.

Populist State Chairman Thomp-  
son, in his speeches, thunders out  
with infinite self-satisfaction that  
the present fusion administration is  
"the only officially sober ad-  
ministration the State has ever  
had. Russell don't drink, he goes  
on to enumerate, "Walser don't  
drink, Hal Ayer is the only mem-  
ber of it that drinks, and he is a  
sober man." Then, of course,  
"everybody knows that good  
Father Worth doesn't drink.

Thus does this good man, keeping  
the law in all points, throw bou-  
quets at himself and his company—  
the "Sanctified Band" of North  
Carolina politics.

The very fact of this absurd so-  
briety on the part of Dr. Thomp-  
son and his confederates is reason  
for their greater damnation by the  
outraged public they govern. Is it  
possible that such sober men as  
these have won the reputation of  
giving North Carolina an admin-  
istration vile and more contemp-  
tible than the carpet-bag adminis-  
tration of reconstruction?

The criminally insane violated  
by an attendant physician; female  
convicts dragged down by "the  
old doctor" on one of the peni-  
tentiary farms; convicts allowed  
to escape by conniving guards,  
or, going to the other extreme,  
beaten to death by a bloodthirsty  
guard; expensive and malicious  
legal proceedings to annul a  
honestly-made lease to a great  
railroad; increase of public ex-  
penditures \$900,000 in the face  
of a promise to reduce; negroes  
put in power over the helpless  
white minorities of the east; the  
State's largest city at the mercy  
of robbers and rowdies; another  
city dominated by negro officials;  
the 100 white majority of still  
another city nullified by amend-  
ing its charter and placing it  
under black rule; a white lady  
slapped in the face by a negro as  
she passed along the street—  
these are a few of the evils the  
present sober fusion administration  
has to answer for.

With all their alleged drunken-  
ness Democratic administrations  
have managed, under God, to  
bless the State with the boon of  
good government.

But there is sobriety and  
sobriety, and there are more  
kinds of intoxication than one.  
The fusionist Governor of this  
State is reeling and reeking  
drunk with blind prejudice and  
passion and malice. The fusionist  
Secretary of State is intoxicated  
with Phariseism and egotism to  
the point of delirium tremens.  
And the whole bragged-of ad-  
ministration is drunk with greed  
for "pie."

When there is such a "putrid  
pi" within, it hardly becomes  
the fusionist Secretary of State  
to point with pride to the outside  
of this "whited sepulchre."

An Enemy to health is impure blood,  
as it leads to serious disease and great  
suffering. Hood's Sarsaparilla meets  
and conquers this enemy, and averts  
the danger.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to  
take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Cure  
all liver ills.

## OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

### THIS IS NOT A "DEMOCRATIC LIE," BUT COURT RECORD.

Gov. Russell Promptly Pardons a Negro  
Politician, Sentenced for a Heinous  
Offense, and Purely for Politics.

Are pardons granted by Gov-  
ernor Russell for political rea-  
sons, and does he turn loose con-  
victs in order that they may per-  
form party service?

These questions are asked be-  
cause a pardon has just been  
granted which has not been made  
public and which, it would seem,  
cannot be explained upon any  
other ground.

We refer to the pardon of  
Freeman Davis.

Freeman Davis is a negro  
school teacher and Republican  
politician of Duplin county.

He was tried in December term,  
1897, of Duplin Superior Court,  
upon an indictment charging the  
seduction of a girl, who was go-  
ing to school to him.

Judge Robinson, a Republican,  
presided, and Mr. M. C. Richard-  
son, a Populist, prosecuted as  
Solicitor, and Mr. W. R. Allen  
assisted the Solicitor in the pro-  
secution.

Davis was examined as a wit-  
ness in his own behalf and ad-  
mitted improper relations with  
the girl, but denied the promise  
of marriage. A jury convicted  
him, and Judge Robinson sen-  
tenced him to serve a term of  
two years in the penitentiary.

Before judgment was pro-  
nounced an effort was made to  
induce the judge not to send him  
to the penitentiary upon the  
payment of a certain sum to the  
prosecutor, but the judge re-  
fused to agree to this and said  
the defendant ought to go to the  
penitentiary if any one should be  
sent there.

An appeal was taken from this  
judgment and the defendant gave  
a bond for his appearance, and al-  
though the appeal was never per-  
fected, the defendant was not taken  
into custody until August term  
1898, of Duplin court. At that  
term, it being removed that an ef-  
fort would be made to secure a  
pardon, a letter signed by M. C.  
Richardson, Solicitor, and W. R.  
Allen, assistant prosecuting attor-  
ney, was mailed, addressed to Gov.  
Russell, and asking him to notify  
W. R. Allen, at Goldsboro, before  
acting upon the application for a  
pardon.

No notice was given to Mr. Al-  
len and on August 30th 1898,  
within 21 days after he was sent  
to the penitentiary, Freeman Davis  
was pardoned.

After the pardon was granted  
Mr. P. M. Pearsall, of the New-  
burg Bar, at the request of Mr.  
Allen, called at the Executive of-  
fice and asked permission to see  
the papers upon which the pardon

was granted, when he was told that  
the papers were not public records  
and he was not permitted to see  
them.

The one redeeming trait for  
which we have hitherto given Gov.  
Russell credit in our estimate of  
the man, with his vagaries, vio-  
lence and altogether reprehensi-  
bleness, was that he had no sym-  
pathy for those who made assaults  
upon virtue—the virtue of women;  
that he would fitly punish all such  
outrages, whether the same were  
insidiously perpetrated, as in the  
instance above, or violently carried  
out, as in cases where lynchings  
mostly follow; but now even this  
oasis in the desert of his upas  
reign is swept away, and another  
shocking incident is added to his  
official acts, already sufficiently  
cumbersome in odiousness to sink  
him into eternal infamy.



Billionaires, dyspepsia, loss of appetite, disturbed sleep, nervousness, headache, giddiness and drowsiness, wind and pain or fullness of the stomach after meals, cold chills and flushings of heat, shortness of breath—these are the blank checks of physical bankruptcy. Take them to a physician and he will fill them up with the name of some more or less serious disease. Every time that you carry one of them to him you draw out some of your funds in the Bank of Health. Keep it up, and there will soon be no funds in the treasury. The man who suffers from these disorders and neglects them will soon be in the relentless grasp of some fatal disease. If he is naturally narrow chested and shallow lunged, it will probably be consumption; if his father or mother died of paralysis or some nervous trouble, it will probably be nervous exhaustion or prostration, or even insanity; if there is a taint in the family blood, it will be blood poisoning; if he lives in a new or a low, swampy country, it will be malaria; if he lives a life of exposure, it may be rheumatism. There is just one safe course for a man to follow who finds himself out of sorts and suffering from the symptoms described. It is to resort to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This medicine makes the appetite keen, corrects all disorders of the digestion, renders assimilation perfect, invigorates the liver, purifies and enriches the blood and builds firm, healthy flesh and nerve tissue. It cures almost all diseases that result from insufficient or improper nourishment of the brain or nerves. Bronchitis, throat and even lung affections, when not too far advanced, readily yield to it.

"I took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for Rheumatism," writes W. W. Barnhart, of No. 6 De Witt Street, Buffalo, N. Y., "and it completely cured me."

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Is further comment necessary?  
Read this article over again—  
Take in all the features of the  
case. The same political influ-  
ences that accomplished Davis'  
pardon were at work to thwart his  
conviction, but he was convicted  
in spite of them. An attempt was  
then made to palliate his punish-  
ment, but this was rejected by the  
indignant judge, who passed  
sentence upon him to the satisfac-  
tion of the righteous senti-  
ment of the community. An ap-  
peal was then taken—for what  
purpose the sequel illustrates.

Full notice was served upon  
the Governor by the State not to  
pardon this man without a hear-  
ing from other than the politi-  
cians—without a hearing from the  
outraged community, with-  
out a heed to the rights of the  
betrayed woman ruthlessly rob-  
bed of the priceless jewel of her  
life. But all in vain.

Surely, surely impeachment  
is not punishment sufficient for  
such a governor!

NOTICE!  
North Carolina Superior Court,  
Wayne County, Superior Court,  
Robert Sprull  
vs  
Marinda Sprull.

The defendant, Marinda Sprull, is  
herby notified to appear at the Oc-  
tober term, 1898, of the Superior Court  
of Wayne county, N. C., to be held at  
Gold State, on said date, on the 17th,  
18th, 19th, 20th, and answer or demur to  
the complaint herein; and the said de-  
fendant is further notified that this is an  
action brought by the plaintiff, Robert  
Sprull, for divorce from the bonds of  
matrimony on the ground of abandon-  
ment, and adultery of defendant with  
one John A. Herring, in July, 1898.

C. F. HERRING, C. S. C.  
Sept. 5th, 1898.

New Dental Rooms  
DR. CHAS. W. GRAINGER  
Has opened a suit of dental rooms over  
the National Bank, on West Court  
street, and offers his services to the  
public.

1793 Bingham School  
Established in 1793.  
M. B. HINDMAN,  
A. M., L. D., Sept.  
1898. Military: U. S. Army  
Office Building.

## SATURDAY SERMON.

For Sunday Personal and Every Day  
Guidance.

The Lord is at hand.—Phil., 4-5.

One of the strongest instincts of  
the human heart is the impression  
that there is to be reckoning. This  
is universal, it is the result of an in-  
tellectual apprehension, plus a nat-  
ural instinct. The instinct is born  
with man, and the apprehension is  
acquired by converse with those who  
have learned, and by personal knowl-  
edge derived from Holy Scripture.  
There is no doctrine of Scripture  
more definitely stated or more  
strongly insisted upon than this.  
There is nothing from Scripture  
surpassing this. The expression  
"nothing certain but death and  
taxes" should include "and judg-  
ment." We must believe in a final  
reckoning, not only because of our  
instinct, but because of our knowl-  
edge of God's revelation.

But this impression is not all con-  
fined to Christianity and to Chris-  
tians. Ancient Rome, in her night of  
Paganism, possessed it. Offerings  
and oblations were promised and  
presented in the temples of Jove,  
Venus, Mercury and Mars, to propi-  
tiate the angry deities and smooth  
the way for an easy judgment at  
their hands. Lrebus was the dark  
valley leading to the river Styx and  
Charon, the grim ferryman, who  
carried the trembling mortals across  
the river, while the hideous Cerberus,  
with his three terrible heads,  
barked and snapped furiously as he  
tore at his chain before the gates of  
hades. Happiness or torment awaited  
each soul at death. Egypt, too, had  
the same fixed idea of a reckoning.  
Osiris was the king of life, the king  
of gods, and on the judgment of  
Osiris in the "hall of double judg-  
ment," to which all the dead were  
led, depended the fate of the soul.  
In anticipation of this judgment the  
Egyptian priests, before their dead  
were buried, held trial over them, re-  
hearsing, as before Osiris, the "ritual  
of the Book of the Dead." These  
books were written by the priests  
and sealed up in the coffins with  
the mummied dead, where they are  
to-day found after thousands of  
years, closely rolled papyrus, contain-  
ing the virtues of the deceased, orna-  
mented with a seal of cartouche at  
the end, denoting his rank and fam-  
ily.

What will be the standard of  
judgment? Evidently not one and  
the same for Roman, Egyptian and  
Christian. This would be manifest-  
ly unfair, and the judgment or reck-  
oning to which all these look forward  
must be fair. St. Paul gives us light  
on this point: "For as many as have  
sinned outside the law shall be  
judged outside the law." Clearly,  
then, the Hebrew shall be  
judged by one law, the Pagan by  
another, the Christian by another.

But what constitutes a man am-  
enable to the Christian standard of  
judgment? It is quite evident that  
many in a Christian age and a Chris-  
tian land do not consider themselves  
under outside the law of Christian-  
ity at all as concerning a judgment.  
There are many who are like the  
man in the parable who received the  
one talent, and went and digged in  
the earth and hid his Lord's money,  
and then made for his excuse: "I  
knew thee that thou wast a hard  
man, and I was afraid to put my  
talent in an accountable position to  
thee." These men are in every com-  
munity. They will not undertake, they say,  
the obligations of baptism, church  
membership, etc., because the du-  
ties are too onerous, the responsi-  
bility too heavy, and it is quite clear  
that they do not consider themselves  
liable to the Christian standard of  
judgment.

And this because they prefer a dif-  
ferent and a lower standard.

But in order to determine what  
constitutes a man's liability to  
Christian judgment, we must see the  
principle by which judgments are  
arrived at in secular things. This is  
in the nature of a law. The standard  
is the highest point so far attained.  
This is so in the mercantile world.  
The fortune of an hundred years  
ago would not be a fortune of to-  
day, for the standard has increased  
so far beyond that of those days.  
The fortune of fifty years ago would  
not be considered a fortune to-day,  
for the same reason. It is so in learn-  
ing. The scholar of to-day must be  
the master of at least one special  
subject, or thoroughly cognizant  
with a dozen, while the scholar of  
days gone by was the man who could  
read and write! It is so in art. The  
paintings of centuries ago are still  
the masterpieces of the world, be-  
cause those of present times fall  
short of the standard therein set  
forth, while architecture and sculp-  
ture of modern times falls short for  
the same reason. Nature is the test  
of art, and because modern falls  
short of the ancient in its natural-  
ness, it fails of the standard. The

principle, then, in religion, as  
in secular things, is this: Every man  
is judged by his own highest cap-  
acity, and that capacity is increased  
with every glimpse of Christ! Let  
us illustrate. Christ gives you some  
direct evidence of His presence, of  
His power, of His love. He lets Him-  
self shine, as it were, into your life.  
He vouchsafes, as in olden times, to  
manifest Himself unto you and unto  
the world. Every time you thus see  
the "light shining in darkness,"  
every time you thus see clearly the  
all-powerful hand of a Creator con-  
trolling the world, of a Saviour lov-  
ing the world, of a Sanctifier who  
would sanctify the world, your cap-  
acity is enlarged; that is, you have ad-  
vanced a little higher in the scale  
and the standard by which you are  
judged in God's sight is higher. This  
gives one with great spiritual knowl-  
edge grave responsibility, you see.  
The better one is, the harder the  
judgment, then! Undoubtedly.

Hard though it may seem at  
first, isn't it the rule we always ap-  
ply? We forgive the starving ignor-  
amus, whose moral sense is painfull-  
ly low, and condemn the cultured  
thief, whose education has been of  
the highest. "He knew better," is  
the world's verdict. So with others.  
The uncounted barbarian, who hacks  
his victim's head off with an axe, has  
much more sympathy than the pol-  
ished poisoner of polite society, who  
smiles as he administers the fatal  
drug.

And every man has his own self-  
registering standard which he can-  
not get away from. He has had lofty  
aspirations, high resolves; he has  
been noble, chivalrous, pure, honest  
in the past, and that past has set a  
mark, ineffaceable high up in the  
man's heart, and he sees that mark,  
he recognizes that standard, and he  
knows whether he is living up to it  
or not. There is not a man living  
to-day in his sober senses who, close-  
ly scrutinizing himself, will fail to  
see the high-water mark of his own  
capacity, and seeing, will not judge  
himself according to that standard.

Hear Hamlet as he soliloquizes  
over the plan to entrap his uncle:  
"Oh, what a rogue and peasant slave  
am I!" He contrasts the zeal of the  
actor with his own weakness, though  
having caused an hundred times  
greater to make him zealous. He  
sees the capacity he has, and how  
miserably he falls short of that cap-  
acity.

The Drama of Calvary stands out  
upon the scenes of life with blood-  
red distinctness. "If, if I be lifted  
up, will draw all men unto me!"  
The world is at His feet. You are there.  
What are your sensations, your im-  
pressions? "Oh, Christ, you say,  
"Thy love is great; it tears my heart  
in twain to see Thee suffer so!" All  
your heart cries out in love and ad-  
oration! Remember, as you stand  
before the scene, that your capacity  
to be moved is the measure of your  
capacity to do!

Venus di Milo and the frescoes of  
Michael Angelo are still the stand-  
ard of the world for statuary and  
mural decoration. It is so in music.  
The harmony of the sonatas of Beeth-  
oven and the symphonies of Liszt  
and Mozart find no rivals to-day;  
the standard therein attained has never  
been passed.