

# THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERMS:—\$1.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

VOL. XXX.

WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 15, 1895.

NO. 18.

### NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

#### Health Restored

ALL RUN DOWN  
No Strength nor Energy  
Miserable  
Hands COVERED  
with SORES.  
CURED BY USING  
Ayer's Sarsaparilla

"Several years ago, my blood was in bad condition, my system all run down, and my general health very much impaired. My hands were covered with large sores, discharging all the time. I had no strength nor energy, and my feelings were miserable in the extreme. At last, I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and soon noticed a change for the better. My appetite returned and with it, renewed strength. Encouraged by these results, I kept on taking the Sarsaparilla, till I had used six bottles, and my health was restored.—A. A. TOWN, Prop. Harris House, Thompson, N. Dak.

#### Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Admitted  
AT THE WORLD'S FAIR  
je 13 ly.

#### Sweet Dreams!

Excelsior Printing Company  
WELDON, N. C.  
Is turning out ARTISTIC PRINTING of Every Description.  
Letter Heads, Packet Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Statements, Hand Bills, Programmes, Hand Tickets, Etc., Etc.

#### THE SOUTHERN,

PETERSBURG, VA.  
ELECTRIC LIGHTS. ELECTRIC BELLS  
ACCOMMODATION 300.  
C. SNODGRASS, Proprietor, late of Butler, Pa.  
The only first class hotel in the city.  
Commercial rates, \$2. to \$2.50 per day.

#### DR. H. O. HYATT'S SANATORIUM,

KINSTON, N. C.  
ALL DISEASES OF THE EYE AND GENERAL SURGERY.  
82 ly.

#### Mrs. H. A. Vick

Has just received a fresh lot of CANDY, plain and fancy. Also raisins, mixed nuts, chestnuts, cocoanuts, apples, bananas, Florida oranges, plain and fancy cakes. Large assortment of  
nov 1 ly.

#### HOLIDAY GOODS.

Shon fly horses, wagons, carts, dolls, clocks, chamber sets, books by best authors, fine box paper, cigars, snuff, tobacco, and many fancy notions too numerous to mention.  
nov 1 ly.

#### PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

MULLIKEN DANIEL  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
WELDON, N. C.

#### DR. T. T. ROSS,

DENTIST,  
WELDON, N. C.  
Office over Emery & Pierce's store.  
10-19-ly.

#### DR. W. J. WARD,

Surgeon • Dentist,  
ENFIELD, N. C.  
Office over Harrison's Drug Store.  
dec 30 ly.

### Population of Hell.

#### A PRESUMPTUOUS MAN HAS TAKEN THE CENSUS.

In a late edition of an English Freethinker's magazine we find some curious statistics on the relative number of souls that have been saved and lost since the creation of the world.—They are very faulty, as well as rashly presumptuous (this latter remark refers to the probable number of souls lost during the date of the birth of Adam and that of Christ) but are queer and interesting nevertheless. The following is a synopsis of the article.

In round numbers the earth has a population of 1,300,000,000, of whom 300,000,000 are professed Christians, the other 1,000,000,000 being Mohammedans, Buddhists, Jews, pagans and heathens. The whole race was condemned to eternal punishment for the sin of Adam. This was the fall of man, and for which there was and is no redemption save through the death of Christ.

Biblical chronology gives the earth a period of 6,000 years. From Adam's time down to the date of the birth of Christ was 4,000 years; during which time all human souls were lost. The population of the globe during that 4,000 years averaged, we will say, 1,000,000,000. Three generations, or 3,000,000,000, passed away each century.

Forty centuries, therefore, consigned 120,000,000,000 human souls to eternal fire, and, if we are to believe the doctrine of eternal punishment, these souls must still be in hell. In the 1,900 years which have elapsed since the birth of Christ, 57,000,000,000 more of human beings have lived and died. If all the Christians, nominal and real, who have ever lived on the face of the earth have been saved, they would not number more than 18,000,000,000.

Now, if we deduct the latter number from the grand total of 177,000,000,000 the number which has been born since the creation, we find that 159,000,000,000 souls are now suffering the torments of hell fire against a possible 18,000,000,000 who have escaped. But this is not the whole truth. No one believes that over 10 per cent. of professed Christians are really such. The Calvinists say that the elect are very few. Say that 10 per cent. of the so-called Christians have been saved, which is very doubtful, then heaven contains a population of less than 1,800,000,000, while that of hell aggregates upward of 200,000,000,000.

### PECULIAR FEATS.

#### DEATH TO A QUEER YOUNG MAN IN THE LOWER EDGE OF CABARRUS COUNTY.

(Concord Standard.)  
Parties coming in from the lower edge of the county tell of a young man's death under very peculiar circumstances. We could not learn his name, but the facts were about as follows:

The young man was affected by what he ate to such an extent that when he indulged in beef he would become restless, wander out and bellow like an ox, going down on his hands and knees to eat grass like a cow. After he partook of mutton his actions were those of a sheep, and he would bleat like a lamb. When he ate chickens he would go out and scratch for worms, which he devoured with apparent relish. His father killed some squirrels, of which the son ate heartily. He left the house followed by his father who saw his son jumping from limb to limb of a tree, barking like a squirrel. He called for him to come down, but to this only seemed to make the boy want to escape, and he attempted to jump from one tree to another. He missed footing fell to the ground and expired in less than five minutes.

The mother—"How do you know that he has ceased to love you?" Marriageable daughter—"He buttons my gloves twice as quick as he used to."

#### DEACON'S EYES OPENED.

Bishop Hardhead—Tell me exactly what you want. Do you want a minister or a preacher?  
Deacon Wayback—Why—er—we want both, you know.  
Bishop Hardhead—I can't give you both. Do you want a minister who will visit your homes, romp with the children, take the b-b-y's, pay compliments to the women folks, admire your pigs, praise your cattle, inquire about crops and on Sundays put you to sleep, or do you want a preacher who will shut himself up with his books, burn the midnight oil and Sundays lift your souls with oratorical bursts that would thrill the throngs at a cathedral? Take your choice.

Deacon Wayback—I guess, bishop, a minister will be nigher our size, and we'll promise to make no more complaints 'bout dull sermons. Send us a minister, bishop—send us one that can play the fiddle.

### FOR YEARS OVER FIFTY

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for children, while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. 25 cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" and take no other kind.

"I can forgive but never forget this whipping," said Tommy. "That is just what I want you to do," said his mother

### A Sigh For The Olden Times.

#### THE OLD TIME COURTESY HAS DIED OUT—THE OLD FASHIONED PREACHER HAS GONE AND THE OLD TIME STATESMAN HAS DEPARTED TOO.

(New Orleans Picayune.)  
The old-fashioned courtesy is dying out with the old-fashioned men and women, and the new style of artificial is not acceptably filling its place. The old-fashioned plays and actors were better than the new ones; not because there are not men of genius to write and act, but because the stages holds the mirror up to nature; the actor and dramatist give the present day people what they seem to want. The old-fashioned preachers used to give the gospel straight from the shoulder. He heaved to the line, regardless of where the chips fell. A newer class of fashionable preachers have come up and among them there are those who would sooner hurt heaven than hurt the feelings of the sinner who gives the most money for the gospel's support. The old-fashioned statesman has departed, never to come back again. Instead of the Clays and Websters and Calhouns and Searles and Sumners and Soules and Conkings in the senate, the place is now full of sharp little lawyers who have swapped and tricked and bought their way into what would be the grandest congress of the world, and they know more about rich trusts than they know of the country's constitution and needs.

The old town hall that used to be played on village greens by happy boys evolved into professional baseball, and the games must be played by tough young men, hired for the purpose—"ten thousand dollars beauties," and all that sort of thing—who use vile language and slug umpires in the presence of spectators. The dear old books we used to read, stringing in our minds pearls of thought from Irving, Emerson, Lowell, Holland and Curtis, have been put away to mould in cases, while the brain matter of the authors has turned to clay in tombs. The book of today, feverish and full of unrest, do not seem as satisfying to eager minds. The old-fashioned friends seem best. They are frank and steadfast.

The women of today are as bright and sweet to men as ever women were, but those among the swaggers set have brushed against the world. The blush on the rose has changed; the fresh dew-drop has fallen to the earth. And speaking of flowers, they are not the same as of old, neither in appearance or perfume.

### THIS WAS IN HARD TIMES.

A story was recently told of how a preacher tested the effect of the hard times upon his congregation. At the conclusion of one of his sermons he said, "Let everybody in the house who pay their debts stand up."  
Instantly every man, woman and child, with one exception, arose to their feet. He seated the crowd and then said: "Let every man who is not paying his debts stand up."  
The exception noted was a care worn, hungry looking individual, clothed in his last summer suit, slowly assumed a perpendicular position and leaned upon the back of the seat in front of him.

"How is it, my friend?" inquired the minister, "that you are the only man in this large congregation who is unable to meet his obligations?"  
"I publish a newspaper," he meekly replied, "and my brethren here, who have just stood up, are my subscribers, and—"  
"Let us pray!" exclaimed the minister.

### STICKS TO HIS OLD FAITH.

"Say, boss," said an old darkey this morning, looking at the spot where the Seventh Day Adventists had their tent, "dem people is gone, is dey? I heard 'em three or four times, but I told 'em dey was wastin' breth tryin' to get these people heer to change dere faith and wrap off dere Sunday for an the day. I told 'em dey couldn't get a foot nigger to believe dat kind of preaching, much less white folks. Talk to me about all dese here folks keepin' de wrong day for Sunday all dese years! Why, boss, it am de wast foolishness I ever heard. My ole missus and master and all my people kep de day we are still keepin' and dey are in Heben and bless God I'm not going to change my belief at dis late day—not much." and the old fellow drove toward home, humming "Dere is a Fountain Filled With Blood," etc.—Greensboro Record.

### FOOLING A FOREIGNER.

#### HE PAID TAXES ON HIS SIDE WHISKERS AND TROUSERS.

"I have been in America but two days," said the talkative foreigner, "but already I have become impressed with some of the strange customs of the country."  
"Indeed! What particulars customs do you refer to?"  
"Well, for one thing, I had not been ashore more than an hour when a spruce, official looking man came up to me. He showed a silver badge of some sort and said he was a collector of the internal revenue. He asked me if I had paid my side whisker license yet. I told him that I didn't know that side whiskers were taxed in America. He said they were and that the tax was \$4 per year. He added that I might consider myself lucky that he didn't add 25 per cent. for costs of collection, because it was my duty to report at City Hall and pay tax, without putting the nation to the expense of sending after the money."  
"You paid him, did you?"  
"Oh, yes, and I was quite glad that I did not wear a full beard. He said that the assessment on full beards was \$10 per chin. Why do you have such odd taxes in America? Is it so very expensive to run a republican government?"  
"It costs quite a good deal. But was that your only experience?"  
"No, it wasn't. About two hours later another man approached me, asked me if I had yet procured the Government permit entitling me to wear trousers of such a wide stripe as I'm had on. It was the same pair I'm wearing now. I asked what the blamed Government would do if I refused to pay for such a permit. He replied that the fee for the permit was so excessively small that no one thought of trying to evade payment. It was only \$2, he said. The penalty was the confiscation of the trousers, and it would be his painful duty to take me to the nearest police station and take possession of my garments in the name of the United States Government if I hesitated about producing the \$2. As I did not want a scene, I paid him the money and he left."  
"You would have done well to let him take you to a police station."  
"Why?"  
"You could have told your story and would have been looked up on a charge of swindling."  
"Do you mean to say he was not an official of the Government?"  
"That's what I mean."  
"But he said he was."  
"I am afraid he didn't speak the truth."  
"But how about the other?"  
"He was a fraud, too."  
"But he showed me his badge."  
"That cuts no ice."  
"I beg pardon! It doesn't do what?"  
"I said it cuts no ice. I mean that was no significance. Thieves can get badges when they deem it necessary to use them in their business."  
"But who are the officers who issue permits to wear striped trousers and who receive the tax on side whiskers?"  
"There are no such officers."  
"And no such taxes?"  
"No."  
"Then they both lied?"  
"Yes."  
"Well, I never would have thought it. Do you suppose others will try to do me up in this way?"  
"It would not surprise me in the least."  
"Allow me to thank you for putting me on my guard, sir. I pay no more taxes except at the City Hall. Good day, sir."

### Always Rejoicing.

#### THROW DISMAY TO THE WINDS, TAKE A BRIGHT AND CHEERFUL VIEW OF LIFE. THAT KIND OF RELIGION IS WORTH HAVING AND ITS PRICE IS FAR ABOVE RUBIES.

New York Herald.  
Rejoice in the Lord always; again I say, rejoice.—Philippians, iv., 4.  
It is true that a man may be good natured without being in the slightest degree religious; but certain it is that a man cannot be truly religious without taking a bright and good natured view of life.

The habit of fault finding, of looking on the dark side, is just as truly opposed to the genuine religious spirit as is infidelity or atheism, and, indeed, may be regarded as a species of infidelity.

If you see the Lord in the right light you must needs also see whatever happens to you in the right light, and the right light is always the brightest light which the circumstances allow.

We cannot be mistaken in declaring that religion was intended to produce happiness, to put the soul into the best possible relations with the events, both joyful and sorrowful, which must inevitably occur, and if this result is not produced you may be sure either that what you call religion is not genuine or that there is some radical fault in you which renders it ineffectual.

A soul, like fresh milk, may become sour. There is a difference, however, and a serious one, for sour milk has its uses, while a sour soul has not. If a man is contented with nothing, there is no place either on earth or in heaven where he can feel at home. We like the sour of a lemon, because the Lord made it to be just what it is; but when a man becomes a lemon we like him not. He is unpalatable in his conversation, rasping in his continual criticism, and as disagreeable as it would be to cut into an orange and find therein a lemon taste.

The discontented soul is, first of all, at odds with itself, and there is nothing more demoralizing spiritually than to cultivate the tendency to find the 'back spot' on everything that happens. It is even possible to make one's self chronically miserable by cherishing and thus developing this tendency, and to spend one's time in making a jangling discord of events which if rightly considered would afford a modicum of happiness. The man with a lemon soul is sour in himself as well as to others. He is a one-sided creature, whose talk is as unedifying as the tones of a harp whose strings are broken or out of tune. There is no beauty in the landscape because the wind is east, no joy in the sunshine because it will be cloudy tomorrow, no sublimity in the heavens because the full moon blots out the stars, no grandeur in the ocean because the tide is going down. There is a shadow on everything, for he always sees the sea of lead in the bar of silver, the side of the flower, and the black feather in the white bird's wing. Tell him of an honest man and he shrugs his shoulders; tell him of a pure woman, and he arches his eyebrows.

Not only is this all wrong but it is positively criminal. No man has a right to make the worst of things, but, on the other hand, it is his duty to make the best of them. There is a great deal of truth and love and loyalty in the world, and you are guilty if you ignore the fact. While it is true that there is plenty of evil, you are not only bound to believe that the devil is waging a losing warfare, but you must contribute to his defeat by your personal efforts. If God will surely win, then will the millennium come some time. If you sulk in this fight, if you lift up your voice in disagreement, you are on the devil's side, even though you punctually attend church and nod your assent to all the creeds in Christendom. What God wants is large hearted, brave and hopeful soldiers, not men who go to sleep in the rear and sit passive the generalship and the tactics of the hour. God has no use for a man who thinks he will lose the battle, for that man, however devout and prayerful he may be, is a half traitor.

What, then, is religion and what is its object? What is the gist of the matter as Christ taught it and illustrated it in His short public life? What can religion do which it is desirable to have done?

Well, it is full of good cheer and comfort and brightness and peace. It does not deny that some paths are very hard to travel, that some experiences require all the fortitude you possess; that some trials wring the heart to the point of rebellion and bitterness. "My yoke is easy," but still it is a yoke; "my burden is light," but it is still a burden. Yokes and burdens abound, and not even religion can make you quit them.

How shall you bear and endure? In such ways as to make the worst or in such ways as to make the best of events. The lemon soul, which thinks everything wrong, makes its burden heavier, while

### Always Rejoicing.

#### THROW DISMAY TO THE WINDS, TAKE A BRIGHT AND CHEERFUL VIEW OF LIFE. THAT KIND OF RELIGION IS WORTH HAVING AND ITS PRICE IS FAR ABOVE RUBIES.

New York Herald.  
Rejoice in the Lord always; again I say, rejoice.—Philippians, iv., 4.  
It is true that a man may be good natured without being in the slightest degree religious; but certain it is that a man cannot be truly religious without taking a bright and good natured view of life.

The habit of fault finding, of looking on the dark side, is just as truly opposed to the genuine religious spirit as is infidelity or atheism, and, indeed, may be regarded as a species of infidelity.

If you see the Lord in the right light you must needs also see whatever happens to you in the right light, and the right light is always the brightest light which the circumstances allow.

We cannot be mistaken in declaring that religion was intended to produce happiness, to put the soul into the best possible relations with the events, both joyful and sorrowful, which must inevitably occur, and if this result is not produced you may be sure either that what you call religion is not genuine or that there is some radical fault in you which renders it ineffectual.

A soul, like fresh milk, may become sour. There is a difference, however, and a serious one, for sour milk has its uses, while a sour soul has not. If a man is contented with nothing, there is no place either on earth or in heaven where he can feel at home. We like the sour of a lemon, because the Lord made it to be just what it is; but when a man becomes a lemon we like him not. He is unpalatable in his conversation, rasping in his continual criticism, and as disagreeable as it would be to cut into an orange and find therein a lemon taste.

The discontented soul is, first of all, at odds with itself, and there is nothing more demoralizing spiritually than to cultivate the tendency to find the 'back spot' on everything that happens. It is even possible to make one's self chronically miserable by cherishing and thus developing this tendency, and to spend one's time in making a jangling discord of events which if rightly considered would afford a modicum of happiness. The man with a lemon soul is sour in himself as well as to others. He is a one-sided creature, whose talk is as unedifying as the tones of a harp whose strings are broken or out of tune. There is no beauty in the landscape because the wind is east, no joy in the sunshine because it will be cloudy tomorrow, no sublimity in the heavens because the full moon blots out the stars, no grandeur in the ocean because the tide is going down. There is a shadow on everything, for he always sees the sea of lead in the bar of silver, the side of the flower, and the black feather in the white bird's wing. Tell him of an honest man and he shrugs his shoulders; tell him of a pure woman, and he arches his eyebrows.

Not only is this all wrong but it is positively criminal. No man has a right to make the worst of things, but, on the other hand, it is his duty to make the best of them. There is a great deal of truth and love and loyalty in the world, and you are guilty if you ignore the fact. While it is true that there is plenty of evil, you are not only bound to believe that the devil is waging a losing warfare, but you must contribute to his defeat by your personal efforts. If God will surely win, then will the millennium come some time. If you sulk in this fight, if you lift up your voice in disagreement, you are on the devil's side, even though you punctually attend church and nod your assent to all the creeds in Christendom. What God wants is large hearted, brave and hopeful soldiers, not men who go to sleep in the rear and sit passive the generalship and the tactics of the hour. God has no use for a man who thinks he will lose the battle, for that man, however devout and prayerful he may be, is a half traitor.

What, then, is religion and what is its object? What is the gist of the matter as Christ taught it and illustrated it in His short public life? What can religion do which it is desirable to have done?

Well, it is full of good cheer and comfort and brightness and peace. It does not deny that some paths are very hard to travel, that some experiences require all the fortitude you possess; that some trials wring the heart to the point of rebellion and bitterness. "My yoke is easy," but still it is a yoke; "my burden is light," but it is still a burden. Yokes and burdens abound, and not even religion can make you quit them.

How shall you bear and endure? In such ways as to make the worst or in such ways as to make the best of events. The lemon soul, which thinks everything wrong, makes its burden heavier, while

### Always Rejoicing.

#### THROW DISMAY TO THE WINDS, TAKE A BRIGHT AND CHEERFUL VIEW OF LIFE. THAT KIND OF RELIGION IS WORTH HAVING AND ITS PRICE IS FAR ABOVE RUBIES.

New York Herald.  
Rejoice in the Lord always; again I say, rejoice.—Philippians, iv., 4.  
It is true that a man may be good natured without being in the slightest degree religious; but certain it is that a man cannot be truly religious without taking a bright and good natured view of life.

The habit of fault finding, of looking on the dark side, is just as truly opposed to the genuine religious spirit as is infidelity or atheism, and, indeed, may be regarded as a species of infidelity.

If you see the Lord in the right light you must needs also see whatever happens to you in the right light, and the right light is always the brightest light which the circumstances allow.

We cannot be mistaken in declaring that religion was intended to produce happiness, to put the soul into the best possible relations with the events, both joyful and sorrowful, which must inevitably occur, and if this result is not produced you may be sure either that what you call religion is not genuine or that there is some radical fault in you which renders it ineffectual.

A soul, like fresh milk, may become sour. There is a difference, however, and a serious one, for sour milk has its uses, while a sour soul has not. If a man is contented with nothing, there is no place either on earth or in heaven where he can feel at home. We like the sour of a lemon, because the Lord made it to be just what it is; but when a man becomes a lemon we like him not. He is unpalatable in his conversation, rasping in his continual criticism, and as disagreeable as it would be to cut into an orange and find therein a lemon taste.

The discontented soul is, first of all, at odds with itself, and there is nothing more demoralizing spiritually than to cultivate the tendency to find the 'back spot' on everything that happens. It is even possible to make one's self chronically miserable by cherishing and thus developing this tendency, and to spend one's time in making a jangling discord of events which if rightly considered would afford a modicum of happiness. The man with a lemon soul is sour in himself as well as to others. He is a one-sided creature, whose talk is as unedifying as the tones of a harp whose strings are broken or out of tune. There is no beauty in the landscape because the wind is east, no joy in the sunshine because it will be cloudy tomorrow, no sublimity in the heavens because the full moon blots out the stars, no grandeur in the ocean because the tide is going down. There is a shadow on everything, for he always sees the sea of lead in the bar of silver, the side of the flower, and the black feather in the white bird's wing. Tell him of an honest man and he shrugs his shoulders; tell him of a pure woman, and he arches his eyebrows.

Not only is this all wrong but it is positively criminal. No man has a right to make the worst of things, but, on the other hand, it is his duty to make the best of them. There is a great deal of truth and love and loyalty in the world, and you are guilty if you ignore the fact. While it is true that there is plenty of evil, you are not only bound to believe that the devil is waging a losing warfare, but you must contribute to his defeat by your personal efforts. If God will surely win, then will the millennium come some time. If you sulk in this fight, if you lift up your voice in disagreement, you are on the devil's side, even though you punctually attend church and nod your assent to all the creeds in Christendom. What God wants is large hearted, brave and hopeful soldiers, not men who go to sleep in the rear and sit passive the generalship and the tactics of the hour. God has no use for a man who thinks he will lose the battle, for that man, however devout and prayerful he may be, is a half traitor.

What, then, is religion and what is its object? What is the gist of the matter as Christ taught it and illustrated it in His short public life? What can religion do which it is desirable to have done?

Well, it is full of good cheer and comfort and brightness and peace. It does not deny that some paths are very hard to travel, that some experiences require all the fortitude you possess; that some trials wring the heart to the point of rebellion and bitterness. "My yoke is easy," but still it is a yoke; "my burden is light," but it is still a burden. Yokes and burdens abound, and not even religion can make you quit them.

How shall you bear and endure? In such ways as to make the worst or in such ways as to make the best of events. The lemon soul, which thinks everything wrong, makes its burden heavier, while

### Always Rejoicing.

#### THROW DISMAY TO THE WINDS, TAKE A BRIGHT AND CHEERFUL VIEW OF LIFE. THAT KIND OF RELIGION IS WORTH HAVING AND ITS PRICE IS FAR ABOVE RUBIES.

New York Herald.  
Rejoice in the Lord always; again I say, rejoice.—Philippians, iv., 4.  
It is true that a man may be good natured without being in the slightest degree religious; but certain it is that a man cannot be truly religious without taking a bright and good natured view of life.

The habit of fault finding, of looking on the dark side, is just as truly opposed to the genuine religious spirit as is infidelity or atheism, and, indeed, may be regarded as a species of infidelity.

If you see the Lord in the right light you must needs also see whatever happens to you in the right light, and the right light is always the brightest light which the circumstances allow.

We cannot be mistaken in declaring that religion was intended to produce happiness, to put the soul into the best possible relations with the events, both joyful and sorrowful, which must inevitably occur, and if this result is not produced you may be sure either that what you call religion is not genuine or that there is some radical fault in you which renders it ineffectual.

A soul, like fresh milk, may become sour. There is a difference, however, and a serious one, for sour milk has its uses, while a sour soul has not. If a man is contented with nothing, there is no place either on earth or in heaven where he can feel at home. We like the sour of a lemon, because the Lord made it to be just what it is; but when a man becomes a lemon we like him not. He is unpalatable in his conversation, rasping in his continual criticism, and as disagreeable as it would be to cut into an orange and find therein a lemon taste.

The discontented soul is, first of all, at odds with itself, and there is nothing more demoralizing spiritually than to cultivate the tendency to find the 'back spot' on everything that happens. It is even possible to make one's self chronically miserable by cherishing and thus developing this tendency, and to spend one's time in making a jangling discord of events which if rightly considered would afford a modicum of happiness. The man with a lemon soul is sour in himself as well as to others. He is a one-sided creature, whose talk is as unedifying as the tones of a harp whose strings are broken or out of tune. There is no beauty in the landscape because the wind is east, no joy in the sunshine because it will be cloudy tomorrow, no sublimity in the heavens because the full moon blots out the stars, no grandeur in the ocean because the tide is going down. There is a shadow on everything, for he always sees the sea of lead in the bar of silver, the side of the flower, and the black feather in the white bird's wing. Tell him of an honest man and he shrugs his shoulders; tell him of a pure woman, and he arches his eyebrows.

Not only is this all wrong but it is positively criminal. No man has a right to make the worst of things, but, on the other hand, it is his duty to make the best of them. There is a great deal of truth and love and loyalty in the world, and you are guilty if you ignore the fact. While it is true that there is plenty of evil, you are not only bound to believe that the devil is waging a losing warfare, but you must contribute to his defeat by your personal efforts. If God will surely win, then will the millennium come some time. If you sulk in this fight, if you lift up your voice in disagreement, you are on the devil's side, even though you punctually attend church and nod your assent to all the creeds in Christendom. What God wants is large hearted, brave and hopeful soldiers, not men who go to sleep in the rear and sit passive the generalship and the tactics of the hour. God has no use for a man who thinks he will lose the battle, for that man, however devout and prayerful he may be, is a half traitor.

What, then, is religion and what is its object? What is the gist of the matter as Christ taught it and illustrated it in His short public life? What can religion do which it is desirable to have done?

Well, it is full of good cheer and comfort and brightness and peace. It does not deny that some paths are very hard to travel, that some experiences require all the fortitude you possess; that some trials wring the heart to the point of rebellion and bitterness. "My yoke is easy," but still it is a yoke; "my burden is light," but it is still a burden. Yokes and burdens abound, and not even religion can make you quit them.

How shall you bear and endure? In such ways as to make the worst or in such ways as to make the best of events. The lemon soul, which thinks everything wrong, makes its burden heavier, while

### Always Rejoicing.

#### THROW DISMAY TO THE WINDS, TAKE A BRIGHT AND CHEERFUL VIEW OF LIFE. THAT KIND OF RELIGION IS WORTH HAVING AND ITS PRICE IS FAR ABOVE RUBIES.

New York Herald.  
Rejoice in the Lord always; again I say, rejoice.—Philippians, iv., 4.  
It is true that a man may be good natured without being in the slightest degree religious; but certain it is that a man cannot be truly religious without taking a bright and good natured view of life.

The habit of fault finding, of looking on the dark side, is just as truly opposed to the genuine religious spirit as is infidelity or atheism, and, indeed, may be regarded as a species of infidelity.

If you see the Lord in the right light you must needs also see whatever happens to you in the right light, and the right light is always the brightest light which the circumstances allow.

We cannot be mistaken in declaring that religion was intended to produce happiness, to put the soul into the best possible relations with the events, both joyful and sorrowful, which must inevitably occur, and if this result is not produced you may be sure either that what you call religion is not genuine or that there is some radical fault in you which renders it ineffectual.

A soul, like fresh milk, may become sour. There is a difference, however, and a serious one, for sour milk has its uses, while a sour soul has not. If a man is contented with nothing, there is no place either on earth or in heaven where he can feel at home. We like the sour of a lemon, because the Lord made it to be just what it is; but when a man becomes a lemon we like him not. He is unpalatable in his conversation, rasping in his continual criticism, and as disagreeable as it would be to cut into an orange and find therein a lemon taste.

The discontented soul is, first of all, at odds with itself,