

THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 11, 1899.

NO. 2.

CANCER IS DEADLY!

Results Fatally in Nine Cases Out of Ten—A Cure Found at Last.

This fearful disease often first appears as a mere scratch, a pimple, or lump in the breast, too small to attract any notice, until, in many cases, the deadly disease is fully developed.

Cancer can not be cured by a surgical operation, because the disease is a virulent poison in the blood, circulating throughout the system, and although the sore or ulcer—known as the Cancer—may be cut away, the poison remains in the blood, and promptly breaks out afresh, with new and violence.

A wonderful success of S. S. S. in curing obstinate, deep-seated blood diseases which were considered incurable, induced a few despairing sufferers to try it for Cancer, after exhausting the skill of the physicians without a cure. Much to their delight S. S. S. proved equal to the disease and promptly effected a cure. The glad news spread rapidly, and it was soon demonstrated beyond doubt that a cure had at last been found for deadly Cancer. Evidence has accumulated which is incontrovertible, of which the following is a specimen:



MRS. S. M. IDOL.

Cancer is hereditary in our family, my father, a sister and an aunt having died from this dreadful disease. My father may be imagined when the horror of the disease and its appearance on my side. It was a real heart Cancer, eating inwardly in such a way as to destroy great veins. The disease seemed beyond the skill of the doctors, for their treatment did no good whatever. The Cancer growing worse all the while. Numerous remedies were used for it, but the Cancer grew steadily worse, until it seemed that I was doomed to follow the others of the family, for I know how deadly Cancer is, especially when inherited. I was advised to try S. S. S., which, from the first day, forced out the poison. I continued its use until I had taken eighteen bottles, when I was cured sound and well, and have had no return of the dreadful affliction, though many years have elapsed. S. S. S. is the only cure for Cancer.—Mrs. S. M. Idol, Winston, N. C.

Our book on Cancer, containing other testimonials and valuable information, will be sent free to any address by the Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Georgia.

Send Him The Money.

AN OLD ADAGE EXEMPLIFIED.

A SOLDIER WHO WANTS TO MARRY A VIRGINIA RED-HEADED GIRL.

The War Department has received the following interesting letter from one of its volunteer officers recently mustered out, and is endeavoring to assist the young man the relief he so earnestly prays for:

—Missola, Mont., April 5, 1899.

—Hon. W. W. Brown, Auditor War Department, Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:—I suppose you have troubles of your own, and may be bored by my attempt to unload a portion of my troubles upon you, but as most men are willing to assist their brothers when they are in a fix, I will ask you to assist me in your power.

I was second lieutenant in the Third United States Volunteer Cavalry during the war, and spent my time fighting lice and lice at Camp Thomas, Ga. I was mustered out in September last and ordered home. At St. Paul, Minn., I was given certain blanks by Colonel Carey, paymaster U. S. A., to fill out, and he told me I had \$174.25 coming to me from the War Department as travel pay from Camp Thomas, Ga., to Missola, Mont. Early in October my claim was filed in your office, and later you sent me a receipt, dated December 20, 1898, showing that my account with the subsistence department was settled and balanced, so that there is nothing charged against me in any of the departments. Now, if I can get that money I can make a trip to Virginia and bring the sweetest red-headed girl back here with me that ever blossomed in old Virginia's flower garden. If I do not get my travel pay I will have to wait, maybe a year. In the meantime there is a blooming Britisher after my girl, and he is paying an every-night engagement, while I am 3,000 miles away. The girl herself is all right, but the old folks are favorable toward "Johnny Bull" and are "outing" him to win. You know how the dripping water wears a stone away. So I want you to help me get my travel pay, and then watch me skin that Englishman. If I can get this money I can win in a walk, so, if you will assist me in this matter of getting my travel pay quickly, I will be a star at a matrimonial ceremony back in old Virginia, and about two weeks after I get my travel pay I will call on you in Washington and show you the prettiest red-headed queen that old Dixie ever grew. I appeal to you to help me in my fight against the British empire, and my future mother-in-law. I ask you to treat this in confidence, because if the newspapers get hold of it it will lead off with me.

"Trusting that you will assist me and that I may have the pleasure of introducing you to the prettiest red-headed girl you ever saw, very shortly, I am, yours in suspense, etc."—New York Tribune.

THE BRAN' NEW CHURCH.

BY FRANK L. STANTON.

We started up a bran' new church—al- though the road looked rough. For a new church in a settlement whar people had nothg.

Thar wuz Baptists, Presbyterians—an' Methodists all told.

It kept the good Lord busy keepin' track of ever' fidd.

But some of us wuz sartin that a new church had to rise.

Throug salvation, like the rivers, wuz a flowin' full an' free.

We took the middle of the street an' talked it up an' down.

That the great deed of the nation wuz an- other church in town!

The Methodists said: "Come with us, an' happy will you go."

The Baptists said: "We'll take you in, an' wash you white as snow."

The Presbyterians sorter laid the others in the shade.

An' told us that they'd save us from the time the world wuz made!

But we'd done decided on it, that a new church had to rise.

With a bran' new bell, an' steeple p'intin' people to the skies.

We'll eta fat, to help it on—served ice cream right an' day.

An' ratted off more roses than the girls could tote away!

But the strangest part of all wuz this: The Baptists helped us long!

The Presbyterians took a hand an' "fined the widdin' song!"

The Methodists come troopin' in—a-work- ing with the crowd.

An' shoaled their shiny dollars out, an' shouted long an' loud!

An' the new church riz in glory! All they wanted for to know.

Wuz, "would seek the Rock of Ages," when the stormy tempest blow.

We differed some on doctrine—in the ways it wuz expressed.

But we all agreed that Canaan wuz a first- class place to rest!

Now, the Baptist brother comes along an' takes us by the hand.

He knows that we air steerin' for the same sweet promised land.

The Methodist shouts "Glory!" an' the Presbyterian—ho.

Knows the Lights air shinin' for us from the green shores 'round the sea.

Per no matter how we wander—throug the wuz air wild an' dim,

We'll all reach home together if we're only one in Him.

An' we'll know each other better when the stripes an' stars air past.

An' the happy Lights of Canaan lead us safely home at last!

Battle Of The Wilderness.

A SCENE OF HORROR.

IT WAS A UNIQUE ENGAGEMENT, SAYS GENERAL HORACE PORTER.

The Union losses in the battle of the Wilderness were found to be: Killed, 2,246, wounded, 12,037, missing, 3,383, total, 17,666. The damage inflicted upon the enemy is not known, but as he was the assaulting party as often as the Union army there is reason to believe that the losses on the two sides were about equal. Taking 24 hours as the time actually occupied in fighting and counting the casualties in both armies, it will be found that on that bloody field every minute recorded the loss of 25 men.

As the staff officers threw themselves upon the ground that night sleep came to them without coaxing. They had been on the move since dawn, galloping over bad roads, struggling along through forest openings, jumping rivules, wading swamps, helping to rally troops, dodging bullets and searching for commanding officers in all sorts of unknown places. Their horses had been crippled, and they themselves were well nigh exhausted. For the small part I had been able to perform in the engagement the general recommended me for the brevet rank of major in the regular army "for gallant and meritorious services." His recommendation was afterward approved by the president. This promotion was especially gratifying for the reason that it was conferred for conduct in the first battle which I had served under the command of the general in chief.

There were features of the battle which have never been matched in the annals of warfare. For two days nearly 200,000 veteran troops struggled in a death grapple, confronted at each step with almost every obstacle by which nature could bar their path and groping their way through a tangled, forest, the impetuous gloom of which could be likened only to the shadow of death. The undergrowth staid their progress, the upper growth shut out the light of heaven. Officers could scarcely see their troops for any considerable distance, for smoke clouded the vision and a heavy sky obscured the sun. Directions were ascertained and lines established by means of the pocket compass, and a change of position often presented an operation more like a problem of ocean navigation than a portion of military maneuvers. It was a sound and tough rather than a brilliant sight which guided the movements. It was a battle fought with the ear and not with the eye.

All circumstances seemed to combine to make the scene one of unutterable horror. At times the wind howled through the trees, mingling its moans with the groans of the dying, and heavy branches were cut off by the fire of the artillery and fell crashing upon the heads of the men, adding a new terror to battle. Forest fires raged, ammunition trains exploded, the dead were roasted in the conflagration, the wounded, roused by its hot breath, dragged themselves along with their torn and mangled limbs in the mad energy of despair to escape the ravages of the flames, and every bush seemed hung with shreds of blood-stained clothing. It was as though Christian men had turned to fiends and hell itself had usurped the place of earth.—General Horace Porter in Century.

A Persian Fable.

BY MAJ. CHAS. W. HUBNER.

THE ULTIMATE POWER OF A RAINDROP IS BEYOND THE SCOPE OF OUR APPREHENSION.

"Alas!" exclaimed a drop of water, as it fell out of a cloud into the sea, "what an insignificant creature I am in this vast wilderness of water. My existence is of no consequence to the universe. I am almost nothing. I am the least of the works of God!"

The fable goes on to relate that this raindrop, which had such a humble opinion of itself, fell into the mouth of an oyster, which happened to gape at the moment. The drop lay a long time in the shell, growing hard, until by degrees it ripened into a pearl. A diver found the shell, brought it to the surface and removed the pearl, which, after many adventures, finally became the most precious gem in the crown of a Persian monarch.

How beautifully this tender Persian fable illustrates the power often hidden in "little things!" It teaches us to look with loving regard upon what may seem to be, in our opinion, the most trifling in God's universe. We know not the mighty force, the glorious beauty, which an atom may contain.

In the material world nothing is insignificant. A particle of matter may not have appreciable value in its tangible form, but it may become the generator of a living thought that shall ascend the majestic diapason of nature, till its full close be found in the Eternal Mind. The ultimate power of a raindrop, even, is beyond the scope of our apprehension, and in its tiny globe may hold mysteries not less wonderful than the resplendent spheres of the heavens, which are "Forever singing as they shine, The hand that made us is divine."

Twilight Thoughts.

HENRY BLOUNT IN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

WE MAY WIN FAME, POSITION AND WORLDLY HONORS, YET IF WE HAVE NOT THE HOPE OF IMMORTALITY, WE HAVE NOTHING.

Energy is the heart throbb of success. Inaction is much better than misguided reason.

The pathway of duty is a fragrant avenue of cheerfulness.

It is the silent watchers of the night that render alarm clocks unnecessary.

Never judge by appearances, for a shabby coat may cover a heart in full bloom and fragrant with sweetest impulses.

The gout may be said to be a beacon light on the rock of sumptuous living and put there to give warning of coming danger.

Bride your tongue, or it will run with wild and reckless fury through the biggest and rankest pastures of harm and mischief.

The best and sweetest way to keep your credit good is to use it sparingly. It is one of the very few things in this life that grows better and brighter and more valuable by not using it too much.

Reverence is the ladder, and trials and sufferings are the rounds on which we climb away from the sorrow shaded scenes of earth to brighter climes of peace and joy in the "Better Land."

Twilight is that unseen and noiseless mariner who pilots our thoughts on tender seas of memory, and sails us around those precious isles of the blessed past on which the purest flowers of happiness once blossomed and distilled their sweetest perfume.

In the green meadows of reciprocal affection, watered by the dews of honied endearments and warmed by the sunbeams of pure devotion, can be found blooming in all their beauty and fragrance the rarest and sweetest and fullest blossomed flowers of congenial peace and happiness.

There is on earth but one single thing that can give us perfect peace and perfect happiness, and that is the precious hope of blissful immortality. We may win fame and position and riches and all worldly honors, and yet, if we have not this precious hope, we will have nothing but thorns and briars to rest our heads upon when life's burden is heaviest and rest is most needed.

Some men move through life like a band of music, moves down the street, flinging strains of good cheer to all in their reach. Some women fill the air with their sweetness as the air is filled with the delicious perfume of ripened fruit. Some cling to their homes like the honey-suckle over the door, and like it, fill all the regions around them with the subtle and exquisite fragrance of their charms and their goodness. What a comfort and what a blessing it is to so hold the royal gifts of the soul that they shall be music to some, and fragrance to others, and blessedness to all.

A man's truest wealth—the wealth that stands all the vicissitudes of fortune and adversity is duty to God and the good we do for the betterment of our poor fellow travelers to eternity. And it will not only purchase for us here cheerful ease and precious comfort and resting hope and sweetest solace, but in the Great Hereafter, where money has lost its power and its value and its all seductive and intoxicating fascination will bring us that blessed peace—"passeth all understanding," and it will enable us to purchase that fadeless crown of imperishable glory which angels wear amid the glittering courts of blissful immortality.

In this earthly life, so frequently swept by the storms and whirlwinds of sin and passion, perfect peace and perfect rest cannot find the couch of eternal bliss and enjoy the unbroken repose and perfect tranquility. The sea, even when the winds are gone and the storms are asleep, and when the greatest calm that earth can give has folded its vicerious wings upon its throbbing bosom and hushed the roar of its billows and brushed away its foam crested furrows, even then will show in the ripples of its ceaseless pulsings unmistakable signs of trouble and commotion, and it teaches the lesson that perfect rest and perfect peace can only be found in the quiet harbor of eternity and under the bliss fit skies of immortality, where storms have never been, and winds are never heard.

If you really want to work for God, you will never be out of employment.

Beauty is the first present Nature gives to women and the first it takes away.

Many of our cares are but a morbid way of looking at our privileges.

Here's Your Mule.

A BRASS MULE CURE.

A GREAT SCHEME IN CHINA FOR THE RELIEF OF ALL HUMAN ILLS.

In one of the fabled corners of Peking the natives have an established method of curing even the most deadly diseases by an application of the brass mule.

You will not find this remedy in the pharmacopoeia, and local physicians will probably tell you that the panacea, which it really seems to be, is something unfamiliar to them. But that the brass mule cure is real and lasting no one who has watched its effects can doubt.

Dr. P. H. Rodman, one of the most reputable physicians of New York, has returned from a two years' sojourn in China and vouches for the efficacy of the brass mule cure.

In a temple outside of the city gates is to be found a brass mule. It is of life size and supposed to have wonderful healing properties. Patients suffering from every imaginable disease seek this temple to obtain a cure. The method pursued is as follows: Suppose you suffer from sciatica. You go with all speed to the famous temple, and, having discovered the particular part of the brass mule corresponding to the painful region of your own body, you rub the animal a certain number of times and then, with the same hand, shampoo your own disabled member, and then—well, then the pain goes.

The special feature of this method of cure is its delightful simplicity. Is your tooth aching? Just scrub the mule's teeth and afterward your own, and presto! the cure is complete. Have you an ulcer of the cornea? Pass the tips of your fingers to and fro over the particular eyeball of the mule, and then, with well regulated pressure, rub repeatedly the afflicted eye.

The mule has unhappily lost his sight during the many years he has been engaged in his benevolent work, the eyeballs, we are told, having been gradually worn away as the result of constant friction, and now you have only the empty orbits to operate upon.

The animal is patched in all directions with fresh pieces of brass, put on to cover holes produced by the constant friction of eager patients, and a new, perfectly whole mule stands ready at hand, awaiting the day when his old colleague, having fallen to pieces in the service, shall give him an opportunity of likewise benefiting others.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Know Your Bible.

THE GOOD OLD CUSTOM.

HERE IS A LIST OF PASSAGES WHOSE LOCATION SHOULD BE FAMILIAR TO ALL.

The good old custom of "learning by heart" has fallen out of use in our Sunday schools and families, and passages of the Bible are no longer memorized by the rising generation. But we should at least be able to find a passage, even if we cannot recite it. Here is a list of passages whose locations should be familiar to every Christian:

The Lord's Prayer—Matthew 6.
The Commandments—Exodus 20.
The Beatitudes—Matthew 5.
Paul's Conversion—Acts 9.
Christ's Great Prayer—John 17.
The Prodigal Son—Luke 15.
The Ten Virgins—Matthew 25.
Parable of the Talents—Matthew 25.
Abiding Chapter—John 15.
Resurrection Chapter—1 Cor. 15.
Shepherd Chapter—John 10.
Love Chapter—1 Cor. 13.
Tongue Chapter—James 3.
Armor Chapter—Ephesians 6.
Traveler's Psalm—Psalm 121.
25th Study Psalm—Psalm 119.
Greatest Verse—John 3:16.
Great Invitation—Revelation 22:17.
Isiah 41.
Rest Verse—Matthew 11:28.
Worker Verse—2 Timothy 2:15.
Psalm 126:6.
How To Be Saved—Acts 16:31.
Should I Confess Christ?—Rom. 10:9.
Teacher's Verse—Daniel 12:3.
The Great Commission—Mark 16:15.
Christian's Last Command—Acts 1:8.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for children, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures 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.

NOT AN OBSERVANT MAN.

The old man in the shaggy covered overcoat mentioned something about Kansas in his talk, and the Bostonian leaned over toward him and asked: "Did you say you were from Kansas?" "No, sir, I just came from there." "Then I want to ask you a few questions. How are 'tums out that way?" "I dunno." "Is money plenty or tight?" "Can't say." "But don't you know how the farmers are feeling?" "No." "Is business good or bad in the towns?" "I didn't ask anybody." "You are not an observing man," said the Bostonian.

LEFT THEIR CARDS.

"John," said the sick author to the hired man, who was hanging on in the hope of getting his salary some day "John, any callers this morning?" "Three, sir—just three of 'em." "Ah!" exclaimed the sick author, with evident satisfaction, "they're gradually finding out I'm sick! There'll be a great rush after awhile. I'm pretty well known, John—I'm pretty well known! Left their cards, did they?" "Yes, sir—(they left 'em. Shall I read 'em to you, sir?" "Yes, John; read them, while I'm reclining on this velvet cushioned sofa." "The first one reads, sir, in this fashion, 'If you don't get out of that bed and settle my bill, I'll give you something to be sick for when I see you again! And the second one reads—'" "Never mind the second one, John," interrupted the sick author, "but go over to the restaurant man and see if you can stand him off for my dinner, and admit no more callers. John; they're a damned ungrateful set!"

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I sell Garrett & Co's very fine Chassoyote wines.

I keep the best of every thing in my line. Give polite attention to all at Kay's, 103-21 R. R. Shed, my 21 R.

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The Best of Everything in Season! over 100 Yr.

PROF. JAMES HARVEY, A SPECIALIST AND AUTHORITY on all Chronic Diseases.

All who are suffering with any BLOOD TROUBLE, would be wise to call on or address by mail, Consultation free and medicines compounded to suit each particular case. When writing to me please enclose stamp for reply.

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THE DUTY OF CHEER.

HELPING THE WORLD.

NO ONE CAN BE HAPPY WHO IS NOT A GIVER AND TRANSMITTER OF HAPPINESS.

A happier world is always a better world; and if it be the true man's duty to make the world better, so far as in him lies, there rests upon him an obligation to promote the happiness of the world also.

This he can do only if he be happy himself. You might as well expect a snowball to warm a room as an unhappy man to cheer others. Happiness, then, is really a personal and Christian duty; first, to be happy one's self, and then to make others happy. Let us see how this sunshine of cheer makes the world better, and by humanizing it helps to Christianize it.

No one can be happy who is not in a thoroughly good physical condition. So the first step of cheer-making is to establish good health, in himself and in others. Some writers claim that if only the race were filled with euphoria—that grand sense of perfect physical well-being—there would be no need of religion, for we should all be saints! Perhaps this is going too far, but, at all events, we know that good health promotes morality. So by making men happier through making them healthier, the missionary of cheer is surely bettering the morals of the world.

Again, happiness is impossible without a clear conscience. The eager maker must wash the windows of the soul, and make it clear as crystal before the inward eye can look out upon a world sparkling with sunshine. Let the outward circumstance be what it may, no soul can be happy which is not at peace within. So the man who brings joy into the world brings cleansing for the inner life, brings spiritual adjustment and harmony with truth and right. Once more, no one can be happy who is not a giver and transmitter of happiness.

A lonely happy man never was. Even the notes dance together in the sunshine. You must share your joy in order that you may keep it. So the apostle of cheer is always preaching those great Christian virtues of unselfishness and brotherhood. He is the most effective of all teachers of the Golden Rule, for when people learn that doing unto others as they would have others do unto them is the very coin that buys the greatest measure of personal blessedness, they will do good by the operation of a natural and inevitable law.

Here then are three very vital ways by which you may better the world by such an agreeable method as happiness. But your happiness and the happiness you advocate must be genuine. No mere wild roistering and outward show of mirth shall count for deep Christian happiness. There is a sting in every seeming joy which is not clean and sweet and peaceful.

The revel and the carouse are not genuine pleasure. They make a show of mirth—that is all. Afterwards their fruit is ashes on the tongue. But the healthful, blameless, joy-giving joy—that is one of God's ministers. And you, if you believe and accept the duty of cheer, are helping the world heavenward.—Zion's Herald.

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Chas. H. Fletcher

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