

# THE ROANOKE NEWS.

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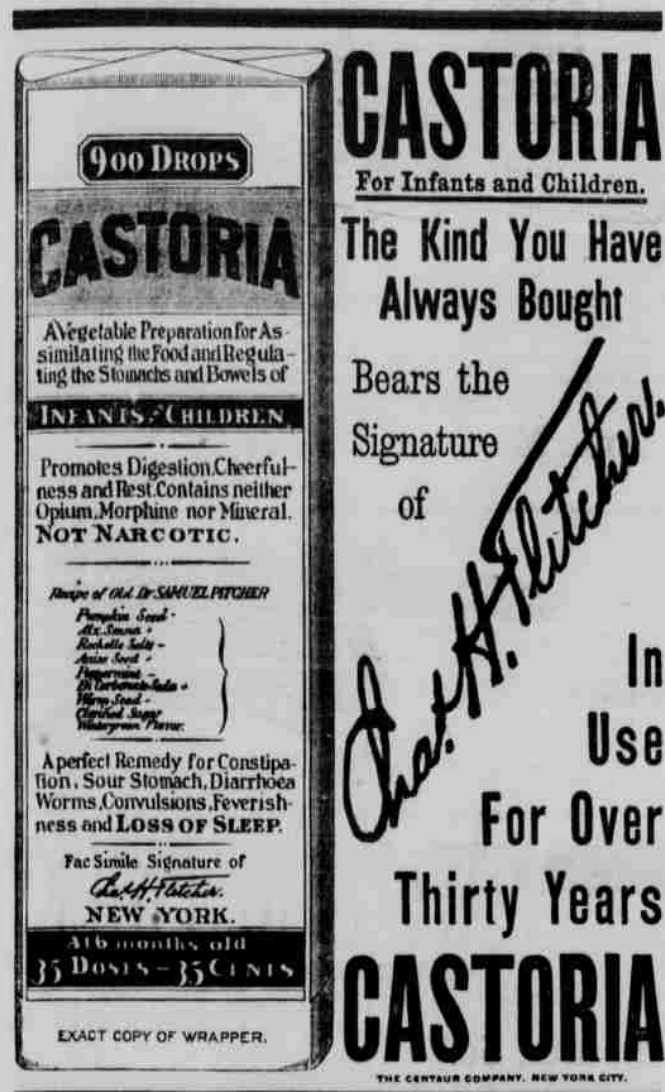
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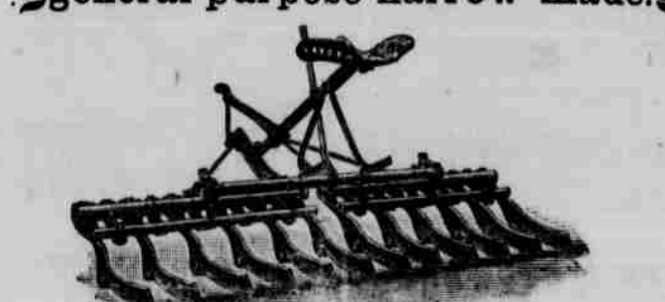
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**QUIET WORSHIP.**  
If You Wish to Come Up Into His Courts at the Time of the Evening Sacrifice with Glowing, Thankful Hearts, Ready To Receive Any Communication God May Make To You, Spend the Intervening Hours In Doing Good to Those Who Sit In Solitary Places.

"Now, Peter and John went up together into the Temple at the hour of prayer, being the ninth hour."  
The whole beauty of this paragraph is lost unless connected with the preceding chapter, which tells us of the marvelous outpouring of the Holy Ghost upon the waiting church. There has never been such a day in the church before or since. The spirit of that day was a spirit of ecstasy. Men had seen visions and heard voices and were thrilled by noble thoughts and purposes. The silver trumpet had sounded, and as the last shadows seemed to flee away the family of God were filled with ineffable rapture. Even the waiting property question fell out of sight. No man reckoned that anything he had was his own; "they had all things common." Life was raised to a higher level than had ever been attained before, and the people were praying God from morning till night. "They continued daily with one accord in the Temple breaking bread from house to house and eating their meat with gladness and simplicity of heart." Surely the millennium had come!

Amid all this excitement the words of the text appear in the nature of a surprise. What quiet, commonplace words they are! "Now, Peter and John went up together into the Temple at the hour of prayer." We learn from this that the ecstatic hours of life should be succeeded by quiet worship, for thus alone can the heart be truly nourished. Men cannot live in ecstasy. God grants to His church times of refreshing and hours of high enthusiasm; but, after all such solemn manifestations of His power and grace, He expects us to go up into the Temple and pray. Visions are apt to make a life ordinary and common. Life is made up of duties, not excitement. Bread, not dainties, sustain life and energy.

But were not these men inspired; had they not seen great signs, heard holy voices and actually received into their hearts the Holy Ghost? Yes, verily they had! Yet these two men, friends and former partners in trade, went up quietly together into the Temple at the hour of prayer.

The clock was not altered; the time appointed of Heaven was not changed. The great Pentecostal storm had raged across the heavens, yet left behind it showers of blessings.

Still as the quiet hours rolled on to the time of the offering of the evening sacrifice neither Peter nor John were so transported by rapture as to forget their daily and customary engagement in God's house. Any inspiration that makes us careless or contemptuous of ordinary religion is duty may well be suspected. If any man had reason to think that they could dispense with ordinary routine and worship, Peter and John were such. They might have said: "We take no note of time now, we have received the Holy Ghost. To us all days are Sabbath days; we live the higher life." But we read nothing of the kind. On the contrary, like many unexcited worshippers, "they went up to the Temple to pray." Inspiration never lessens duty; true inspiration ennobles and enforces it. Young men, beware of any influence which leads you away from Apostolic practices. You may be tempted to think that you need not take on you the yoke of religious custom; your place is by the brook or in the fields to study God in nature. When such temptation allures think upon and follow the example here given. If holy Peter and the loving heart of John needed these helps in their heavenly journey, can you afford to ignore them?

It does every man good to be now and then in a crowd. Standing alone a man may seem very important and independent and complete; it is when he enters a crowd that he realizes his humanness and his littleness. Yet there is a greatness that comes of that contraction of individuality. It does a man good to go up to the Temple at the hour of prayer to pray with others. Peter and John did this immediately after that great day of Pentecost under the joyous realization of the newly-given Spirit.

What is prayer? Is it not communion with God? Our conception of prayer has fallen. Few men can pray all the day. Never say or think that prayer can be ordinary. It cannot be in true, earnest prayer. To pray is to redeem any day and hour from the commonplace. To have one quick, flashing view of God makes even common time and place sacred.

If you wish to come up into His courts at the time of the evening sacrifice with glowing, thankful hearts, ready to receive any communication God may make to you, spend the intervening hours in

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**IN THE AFTERNOON OF LIFE.**

**ROY FARRELL GREENE.**  
When a feller's eyes are fallin' an' his hair's a turnin' gray Some folks allow there's danger of his gettin' in the way Of younger people's pleasures an' aside he order stand, When youth and laughter are marchin' hand in hand, They say when starts the fiddle that he shouldn't have the chance Of showin' those around him "how the young folks used t' dance."

In truth he ain't expected any spirit t' display When he finds his eyes are fallin' an' his hair's a turnin' gray. They say that with his youthful pranks a man should beat 'outs' And quit by the time he's forty-five, or thereabouts, They wouldn't let a feller have the honest sort o' fun An' jolly good excitement when a pair o' horses run A mighty even quarter, on the race track at the fair. In fact, they say there's no excuse for one a bein' there An' layin' dignity aside, a man at home should stay, When he finds his eyes are fallin' an' his hair's a gettin' gray.

Now, mebbe I'm peculiar, but it's jes this way with me: I'm going to look for pleasure jes as long as I can see! A few gray hairs won't stop me from a feelin' good, I know; I'm sure I'd laugh as often if my head was white as snow. There ain't no sense in bein' with enjoyment out-o'-tune Because the sun sinks lower in your manhood's afternoon; One order plan some system t' be happier each day When he finds his eyes are fallin' and his hair's a gettin' gray.

**COSTLY ADVICE.**  
As a Private Citizen He Knew All About Him, But as the Court He Didn't Know Anything About the Witness.

When in a certain country district a month ago, says a business man, having an idle hour, I strolled into the country court room, where I witnessed an amusing scene. The justice, a big, pompous official, with a voice like a trombone, took it upon himself to examine a witness, a little, withered old man, whose face was as red and wrinkled as a heron.

"What is your name?" asked the justice.  
"Why, squire," said the astonished witness, "you know my name as I know yours."  
"Never you mind what I know or what I don't know," was the caution given, with magisterial severity. "I ask the question in my official capacity and you're bound to answer it."

With a contemptuous snarl the witness gave his name; and the questioning proceeded.  
"Where do you live?"  
"Wal, what next?" ejaculated the old man. "Why," he continued, appealing to the laughing listeners, "I've lived in this town all my life, and so's he," pointing to the justice, "and to hear him go on you'd think—"

"Silence!" thundered the irate magistrate. "Answer my question or I'll fine you for contempt of court."  
Alarmed by the threat, the witness named his place of residence and the examination went on.  
"What is your occupation?"  
"EH?"

"What do you do for a living?"  
"Oh, git out squire! Jus as if you don't know that I tend gardens in the summer season and saw wood in the winter!"

"As a private citizen I know it, but as the court I am not supposed to know anything about you," explained the presiding justice.  
"Wal, squire," remarked the puzzled witness, "if you know somethin' outside the court room and don't know nothin' in it, you'd better get out an' let some body try this case that's got some sense."

The advice may have been good but it cost the witness 40 shillings.

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**A WARNING.**  
Remember Above All That The Truest Thing Ever Said of Strong Drink Is That it is "A Mocker."

Henry Ward Beecher, whose sermons on temperance every young man should read, said this:  
"If you say, 'Yes, I have a natural craving for it,' and then to you I say, 'That is the very reason why you should not take it. If you have no craving for it why should you peril yourself by it? And if you have such a craving, surely, if you are wise, you will not put yourself in danger by indulging it.'"

Look at the thing from the viewpoint of your own interest.  
If you had to employ young men to work for you you would avoid drinking men.  
Then don't drink whiskey yourself. Don't give every successful, conservative man the best of reasons for mistrusting you.

Very often moral cowardice underlies the beginning of a drunken career. There are ideas of good fellowship associated with drinking.

A hundred thousand young men drink every day because they are afraid people will think they are not "good fellows." Have the courage to be a good fellow of the kind that is not pickled in whisky. When a man wanders at your ordering some harmless stuff, something free from alcohol, point to the drunkard at the other end of the bar and say:

"That man once thought that a bracer would not hurt him. I am modest enough to believe that what hurt him may hurt me. I shall need all my feeble ability to compete with such geniuses as you offer follows. Therefore I propose to keep in tact my brain and the mucous membrane that lines me."

Remember above all that the truest thing ever said of strong drink is that it is "a mocker."  
Every sensation that comes from whiskey is a mockery. Every promise based on whiskey is mockery. The strength of whiskey is mock strength.

The friendships of whisky are mock friendships. How often have you seen such hideous mockeries of friendship—drunken men with arms around each other protesting friendship eternal? Whisky mocks hideously all the sacred feelings in life, and it destroys them all.

Has whisky no work to do? Yes, it has an important work. It is the policeman, the executioner among human beings. It wipes out the useful and softens the pain of their destruction. It wipes out families unfitted to survive. It shortens the harmful career of the spendthrift and of the man squandering inherited money. It has its place in medicine, along with strychnine, arsenic and the other poisons. It has no place in the constitution, the daily life, the social pleasures of a normal, self-respecting man.—New York Journal

**DON'T YOU?**  
Don't you feel like dreamin' In this drowsy weather—say? With the south-winds just a-blowin' All the lilies in your way, An' April flinnin' blossoms 'Erst the garden wall of May?

Don't you feel like dreamin' With the meadow-daisies stay An' the cattle bells are ringin' Far away—far away— With a green hill for a pillow, An' a rosy bed all day?

**THE WAY OF IT.**  
A rural philo-sopher sings of money in this fashion:  
"With lots of cash to spare All life is joy and laughter; Folks can raise the devil here And strike him sore hereafter!"

**ALL THE SAME TO HIM.**  
"What's yer dolly doin' these days?"  
"Well, when he ain't a-fishin' he's a-lyin' round an' when he's a-fishin' he's a-lyin' anyhow!"

**AT LAST.**  
Yonder is a mockin'bird Primpin' for te sine, An' there's a little towhead In a honeysuckle swing; An' a million blooms are kissin' The rosy cheeks of Spring!

**NO LOSS OF TIME.**  
I have sold Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for years, and would rather be out of coffee and sugar than it. I sold five bottles of it yesterday to threshers that could go no farther, and they are at work again this morning.—H. R. Phelps, Plymouth, Oklahoma. As will be seen by the above the threshers were able to keep on with their work without losing a single day's time. You should keep a bottle of this Remedy in your home. For sale by W. M. Cohen, Druggist.

Most of our duties are too plain to be attractive.

**UNAWARES.**

THEY said: "The Master is coming To honor the town today, And none can tell what house or home He may choose wherein to stay." Then straight I turned to toiling, To make my home more neat; I swept and polished and garnished, And decked it with blossoms sweet.

But right in the midst of my duties A woman came to my door; She had come to tell me her sorrow, And my comfort and aid to implore, And I said: "I cannot listen, Nor help you any today; 'I have greater things to attend to.' So the pleader turned away.

But soon there came another— A cripple, thin, pale, and gray— And said: "O let me stop and rest A while in your home, I pray." I said: "I am grieved and sorry, But I cannot keep you today; I look for a great and noble guest." And the cripple went away.

And the day wore onward swiftly, And my task was nearly done, And a prayer was ever in my heart That the Master to me might come,

I thought I would spring to meet him, And treat him with utmost care, When a little child stood by me, With a face so sweet and fair— Sweet, but with marks of tear drops— And his clothes were tattered and old; A finger was bruised and bleeding, And his little bare feet were cold.

And I said: "I am sorry for you; You are solely in need of care, But I cannot stop to give it; You must hasten elsewhere." And at the words a shadow Swept o'er his blue-veined brow, "Some one will find and clothe you, dear, But I am too busy now."

At last the day was ended, And my toil was over and done; My house was swept and garnished, And I watched in the dusk alone. I waited till night had deepened, And the Master had not come. "He has entered some other door," I cried, "And gladdened some other home!"

Then the Master stood before me, And his face was grave and fair; "Three times today I came to your door, And craved your pity and care. Three times you sent me onward, Unhelped and uncomfited, And the blessing you might have had was lost.


And your chance to serve had fled." "O Lord, dear Lord; forgive me; How could I know it was thee?" My very soul was shamed and bowed In the depths of humility. And he said: "The sin is pardoned, But the blessing is lost to thee; For, failing to comfort the least of mine, You have failed to comfort me."

It is the right of every child to be well born, and to the parents it must look for health and happiness. How inconceivably great is the parents' responsibility, and how important that no taint of disease is left in the blood to be transmitted to the helpless child, entailing the most pitiable suffering, and marking its little body with offensive sores and eruptions, catarrh of the nose and throat, weak eyes, glandular swellings, brittle bones, white swelling and deformity.

How can parents look upon such little sufferers and not reproach themselves for bringing so much misery into the world? If you have any disease lurking in your system, how can you expect well developed, healthy children? Cleanse your own blood and build up your health, and you have not only enlarged your capacity for the enjoyment of the pleasures of life, but have discharged a duty all parents owe to posterity, and made mankind healthier and happier.

There is no remedy that so surely reaches deep-seated, stubborn blood troubles as S. S. S. It searches out even hereditary poisons, and removes every taint from the blood, and builds up the general health. If weaklings are growing up around you, right the wrong by putting them on a course of S. S. S. at once. It is a purely vegetable medicine, harmless in its effects, and can be taken by both old and young without fear of any bad results.

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WELDON, N. C.  
Has qualified as administrator of Ambrose Hawkins all persons having claims against his estate are hereby notified to bring them to me duly verified on or before 15th day of February 1902. All persons indebted to him are requested to make immediate settlement. This Feb. 27 1899.  
C. M. HAWKINS,  
Adm'r. Ambrose Hawkins, dec.  
mar 9 02