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VOL. XXVII. ELIZABETH CITY, N. C., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1898. NO. 36.

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DIVINE DIRECTION.

FOLLOW GOD'S GUIDANCE, SAYS THE REV. DR. TALMAGE.

For the Asking He Will Point Out Your Sphere of Usefulness—Do Not Bother About What Cannot Be Helped—A Child's Destiny.

[Copyright, 1898, by American Press Association.]

WASHINGTON, Nov. 13.—To all those who feel they have no especial mission in the world, this sermon of Dr. Talmage will come as a cheering revelation; text, John xviii, 37, "To this this end was I born."

After Pilate had suicided, tradition says that his body was thrown into the Tiber, and such storms ensued on and about that river that his body was taken out and thrown into the Rhone, and similar disturbances swept that river and its banks. Then the body was taken out and moved to Lausanne, and put in a deeper pool, which immediately became the center of similar atmospheric and aqueous disturbances. Though these are fanciful and false traditions, they show the execration with which the world looked upon Pilate. It was before this man when he was in full life and power that Christ was arraigned as in a court of oyer and terminer. Pilate said to his prisoner, "Art thou a king, then?" and Jesus answered, "To this end was I born." Sure enough, although all earth and hell arose to keep him down, he is today empalaced, enthroned and coroneted king of earth and king of heaven. That is what he came for, and that is what he accomplished.

By the time a child reaches ten years of age the parents begin to discover that child's destiny, but by the time he or she reaches fifteen years of age the question is on the child's lips: "What shall I do? What am I going to be? What was I made for?" It is a sensible and righteous question, and the youth ought to keep asking it until it is so fully answered that the young man, or young woman, can say with as much truth as its author, though on a less expansive scale, "To this end was I born."

There is too much divine skill shown in the physical, mental and moral constitution of the ordinary human being to suppose that he was constructed without any divine purpose. If you take me out on some vast plain and show me a pillared temple surmounted by a dome like St. Peter's, and having a floor of precious stones and arches that must have taxed the brain of the greatest draftsman to design and walls scrolled and niched and paneled and wainscoted and painted, and I should ask you what this building was put up for, and you answered, "For nothing at all," how could I believe you? And it is impossible for me to believe that any ordinary human being who has in his muscular, nervous and cerebral organization more wonders than Christopher Wren lifted in St. Paul's or Phidias ever chiseled on the Acropolis and built in such a way that it shall last long after St. Paul's cathedral is as much a ruin as the Parthenon—that such a being was constructed for no purpose and to execute no mission and without any divine intention toward some end. The object of this sermon is to help you to find out what you are made for and help you find your sphere and assist you into that condition where you can say with certainty and emphasis and enthusiasm and triumph, "To this end was I born."

Selecting an Occupation.

First, I discharge you from all responsibility for most of your environments. You are not responsible for your parentage or grandparentage. You are not responsible for any of the cranks that may have lived in your ancestral line and who 100 years before you were born may have lived a style of life that more or less affects you today. You are not responsible for the fact that your temperament is sanguine or melancholic or bilious or lymphatic or nervous. Neither are you responsible for the place of your nativity, whether among the granite hills of New England or the cotton plantations of Louisiana or on the banks of the Clyde or the Dneiper or the Shannon or the Seine. Neither are you responsible for the religion taught in your father's house, or the irreligion. Do not bother yourself about what you cannot help or about circumstances that you did not decree.

Take things as they are and decide the question so that you shall be able safely to say, "To this end was I born." How will you decide it? By direct application to the only Being in the universe who is competent to tell you—the Lord Almighty. Do you know the reason why he is the only one who can tell? Because he can see everything between your cradle and your grave, though the grave be 80 years off, and besides that he is the only Being who can see what has been happening in the last 500 years in your ancestral line, and for thousands of years clear back to Adam, and there is not one person in all that ancestral line of 6,000 years but has somehow affected your character, and even old Adam himself will sometimes turn up in your disposition. The only Being who can take all things that pertain to you into consideration is God, and he is the one you can ask. Life is so short we have no time to experiment with occupations and professions. The reason we have so many dead failures is that parents decided for children what they shall do, or children themselves, wrought on by some whim or fancy, decide for themselves, without any imploration of divine guidance. So we have now in pulpits men making sermons who ought to be in blacksmith shops making plowshares, and we have in the law those who instead of ruining the cases of their clients ought to be pounding shoe lasts, and doctors who are the worst hindrances to their patients' convalescence, and artists trying to paint landscapes who ought to be whitewashing board fences, while there are others making bricks who ought to be remodeling constitutions or shoving planes who ought to be transforming literatures. Ask God about what worldly business you shall undertake until you are so positive you can in earnestness smite your hand on your plow handle, or your carpenter's bench, or your Blackstone's "Commentaries," or your medical dictionary, or your Dr. Dick's "Didactic Theology," saying, "For this end was I born." There are children who early develop natural affinities for certain styles of work. When the father of the astronomer Forbes was going to London, he asked his children what present he should bring each one of them. The boy who was to be an astronomer cried out, "Bring me a telescope!"

Ask God's Guidance.

And there are children whom you find all by themselves drawing on their slates, or on paper, ships, or houses, or birds, and you know they are to be draftsmen or architects of some kind. And you find others ciphering out difficult problems with rare interest and success, and you know they are to be mathematicians. And others making wheels and strange contrivances, and you know they are going to be machinists. And others are found experimenting with hoe and plow and sickle, and you know they will be farmers. And others are always swapping jackknives or balls or bats, and making something by the bargain, and they are going to be merchants. When Abbe de Rance had so advanced in studying Greek that he could translate Anacreon at 12 years of age, there was no doubt left that he was intended for a scholar. But in almost every lad there comes a time when he does not know what he was made for, and his parents do not know, and it is a crisis that God only can decide. Then there are those born for some especial work, and their fitness does not develop until quite late. When Philip Doddridge, whose sermons and books have harvested uncounted souls for glory, began to study for the ministry, Dr. Calamy, one of the wisest and best men, advised him to turn his thoughts to some other work. Isaac Barrow, the eminent clergyman and Christian scientist—his books standard now, though he has been dead over 200 years—was the disheartenment of his father, who used to say that if it pleased God to take any of his children away he hoped it might be his son Isaac. So some of those who have been characterized for their stupidity in boyhood or girlhood have turned out the mightiest benefactors or benefactresses of the human race. These things being so am I not right in saying that in many cases God only knows what is the most appropriate thing for you to do, and he is the one to ask? And let all parents and all schools and all universities and all colleges recognize this, and a large number of those who spent their best years in stumbling about among businesses and occupations, now trying this and now trying that, and failing in all, would be able to go ahead with a definite, decided and tremendous purpose, saying, "To this end was I born."

Paths of Usefulness.

But my subject now mounts into the momentous. Let me say that you are made for usefulness and heaven. I judge this from the way you are built. You go into a shop where there is only one wheel turning and that by a workman's foot on a treadle, and you say to yourself, "Here is something good being done, yet on a small scale," but if you go into a factory covering many acres and you find thousands of bands pulling on thousands of wheels and shuttles flying and the whole scene bewildering with activities, driven by water or steam or electric power, you conclude that the factory was put up to do great work and on a vast scale. Now, I look at you, and if I should find that you had only one faculty of body, only one muscle, only one nerve, if you could see but not hear or could hear and not see, if you had the use of only one foot or one hand, and, as to your higher nature, if you had only one mental faculty and you had memory but no judgment or judgment but no will, and if you had a soul with only one capacity, I would say not much is expected of you. But stand up, O man, and let me look you squarely in the face! Eyes capable of seeing everything. Ears capable of hearing everything. Hands capable of grasping everything. Minds with more wheels than any factory ever turned, more power than any Corliss engine ever moved. A soul that will outlive all the universe except heaven, and would outlive all heaven if the life of the other immortals were a moment short of the eternal. Now, what has the world a right to expect of you? What has God a right to demand of you? God is the greatest of economists in the universe, and he makes nothing uselessly, and for what purpose did he build your body, mind and soul as they are built? There are only two beings in the universe who can answer that question. The angels do not know. The schools do not know. Your kindred cannot certainly know. God knows, and you ought to know. A factory running at an expense of $500,000 a year and turning out goods worth 70 cents a year would not be such an incongruity as you. O man, with such semi-infinite equipment doing nothing, or next to nothing, in the way of usefulness! "What shall I do?" you ask. My brethren, my sisters, do not ask me. Ask God. There's some path of Christian usefulness open. It may be a rough path or it may be a smooth path, a long path or a short path. It may be on a mount of conspicuity or in a valley unobserved, but it is a path on which you can start with such faith and such satisfaction and such certainty that you can cry out in the face of earth and hell and heaven, "To this end was I born."

Grasp Opportunity.

Do not wait for extraordinary qualifications. Philip, the conqueror, gained his greatest victories seated on a mule, and if you wait for some caparisoned Bucephalus to ride into the conflict you will never get into the worldwide fight at all. Samson slew the Lord's enemies with the jawbone of the stupidest beast created. Shamgar slew 600 of the Lord's enemies with an ox goad. Under God, spittle cured the blind man's eyes in the New Testament story. Take all the faculty you have and say: "O Lord! Here is what I have. Show me the field and back me up by omnipotent power. Anywhere, anyhow, any time for God." Two men riding on horseback came to a trough to water the horses. While the horses were drinking one of the men said to the other a few words about the value of the soul, then they rode away, and in opposite directions, but the words uttered were the salvation of the one to whom they were uttered, and he became the Rev. Mr. Champion, one of the most distinguished missionaries in heathen lands, for years wondering who did for him the Christian kindness, and not finding out until in a bundle of books sent him to Africa he found the biography of Brainerd Taylor and a picture of him, and the missionary recognized the face in that book as the man who, at the watering trough for horses, had said the thing that saved his soul. What opportunities you have had in the past! What opportunities you have now! What opportunities you will have in the days to come! Put on your hat, oh, woman, this afternoon and go and comfort that young mother who lost her babe last summer. Put on your hat, oh, man, and go over and see that merchant who was compelled yesterday to make an assignment and tell him of the everlasting riches remaining for all those who serve the Lord. Can you sing? Go and sing for that man who cannot get well and you will help him into heaven. Let it be your brain, your tongue, your eyes, your ears, your heart, your lungs, your hand, your feet, your body, your mind, your soul, your life, your time, your eternity for God, feeling in your soul, "To this end was I born!"

Divine Direction.

It may be helpful if I recite my own experience in this regard. I started for the law without asking any divine direction. I consulted my own tastes. I filled lawyers and courtrooms and judges and juries, and reveled in hearing the Frelinghuysens and the Bradleys of the New Jersey bar, and as assistant of the county clerk, at sixteen years of age, I searched titles, naturalized foreigners, recorded deeds, received the confession of judgments, swore witness and juries and grand juries. But after awhile I felt a call to the gospel ministry and entered it, and I felt some satisfaction in the work. But one summer, when I was resting at Sharon Springs, and while seated in the park of that village, I said to myself, "If I have an especial work to do in the world I ought to find it out now," and with that determination I prayed as I had never before prayed, and got the divine direction, and wrote it down in my memorandum book, and I saw my life work then as plainly as I see it now. Oh, do not be satisfied with general directions! Get specific directions. Do not shoot at random. Take aim and fire. Concentrate. Napoleon's success in battle came from his theory of breaking through the enemy's ranks at one point, not trying to meet the whole line of the enemy's force by a similar force. One reason why he lost Waterloo was because he did not work his usual theory, and spread his force out over a wide range. O Christian man, O Christian woman, break through somewhere! Not a general engagement for God, but a particular engagement, and made in answer to prayer. If there are 1,600,000,000 people in the world, then there are 1,600,000,000 different missions to fulfill, different styles of work to do, different orbits in which to revolve, and if you do not get the divine direction there are at least 1,599,000,000 possibilities that you will make a mistake. On your knees before God get the matter settled so that you can firmly say, "To this end was I born."

Eternal Life.

And now I come to the climacteric consideration. As near as I can tell, you were built for a happy eternity, all the disasters which have happened to your nature to be overcome by the blood of the Lamb if you will heartily accept that Christly arrangement. We are all rejoiced at the increase in human longevity. People live, as near as I can observe, about ten years longer than they used to. The modern doctors do not bleed their patients on all occasions as did the former doctors. In those times if a man had fever they bled him, if he had consumption, they bled him, if he had rheumatism, they bled him, and if they could not make out exactly what was the matter they bled him. Olden time phlebotomy was death's coadjutor. All this has changed. From the way I see people skipping about at 80 years of age I conclude that life insurance companies will have to change their table of risks and charge a man no more premium at 70 than they used to do when he was 60, and no more premium at 50 than when he was 40. By the advancement of medical science and the wider acquaintance with the laws of health and the fact that the people know better how to take care of themselves, human life is prolonged. But do you realize what, after all, is the brevity of our earthly state? In the times when people lived 700 and 800 years, the patriarch Jacob said that his years were few. Looking at the life of the youngest person in this assembly and supposing that he will live to be a nonagenarian, how short the time and soon gone, while banked up in front of us is an eternity so vast that arithmetic has not figures enough to express its length or breadth or depth or height. For a happy eternity you were born, unless you run yourself against the divine intentions. If, standing in your presence, my eye should fall upon the feeblest soul here as that soul will appear when the world lets it up and heaven entrances it, I suppose I would be so overpowered that I should drop down as one dead.

You have examined the family Bible and explored the family records and you may have seen daguerreotypes of some of the kindred of previous generations, you have had photographs taken of what you were in boyhood or girlhood, and what you were ten years later, and it is very interesting to any one to be able to look back upon pictures of what he was 10 or 20 or 30 years ago. But have you ever had a picture taken of what you may be and what you will be if you seek after God and feel the spirit's regenerating power? Where shall I plant the camera to take the picture? I plant it on this platform. I direct it toward you. Sit still or stand still while I take the picture. It shall be an instantaneous picture. There! I have it. It is done. You can see the picture in its imperfect state and get some idea of what it will be when thoroughly developed. There is your resurrected body, so brilliant that the noonday sun is a patch of midnight compared with it. There is your soul, so pure that all the forces of diabolism could not spot it with an imperfection. There is your being, so mighty and so swift that flight from heaven to Mercury or Mars or Jupiter and back again to heaven would not weary you, and a world on each shoulder would not crush you. An eye that shall never shed a tear. An energy that shall never feel a fatigue. A brow that shall never throb with pain. You are young again, though you died of decrepitude. You are well again, though you coughed or shivered yourself into the tomb. Your everyday associates are the apostles and prophets and martyrs, and most exalted souls, masculine and feminine, of all the centuries. The archangel to you no embarrassment. God himself your present and everlasting joy. That is an instantaneous picture of what you may be and what I am sure some of you will be.

Only a Little While.

If you realize that it is an imperfect picture, my apology is what the apostle John said, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." "To this end was I born." If I did not think so I would be overwhelmed with melancholy. The world does very well for a little while, 80 or 100 or 150 years, and I think that human longevity may yet be improved up to that prolongation, for now there is so little room between our cradle and our grave we cannot accomplish much; but who would want to dwell in this world for all eternity? Some think this earth will finally be turned into a heaven. Perhaps it may, but it would have to undergo radical repairs and thorough eliminations and evolutions and revolutions and transformations infinite to make it desirable for eternal residence. All the east winds would have to become west winds, and all the winters changed to springtides, and all the volcanoes extinguished, and the oceans chained to their beds, and the epidemics forbidden entrance, and the world so fixed up that I think it would take more to repair this old world than to make an entirely new one. But I must say I do not care where heaven is if we can only get there; whether a gardenized America or an emparadised Europe or a world central to the whole universe. "To this end was I born." If each one of us could say that we would go with faces shining and hopes exhilarant amid earth's worst misfortunes and trials. Only a little while, and then the rapture. Only a little while, and then the reunion. Only a little while, and then the transfiguration.

In the seventeenth century all Europe was threatened with a wave of Asiatic barbarism and Vienna was especially besieged. The king and his court had fled and nothing could save the city from being overwhelmed unless the king of Poland, John Sobieski, to whom they had sent for help, should with his army come down for the relief, and from every roof and tower the inhabitants of Vienna watched and waited and hoped until on the morning of Sept. 11 the rising sun threw an unusual and unparalleled brilliancy. It was the reflection of the sun on the swords and shields and helmets of John Sobieski and his army coming down over the hills to the rescue, and that day not only Vienna, but Europe, was saved. And see you not, O ye souls besieged with sin and sorrow, that light breaks in, the swords and the shields and the helmets of divine rescue bathed in the rising sun of heavenly deliverance? Let everything else go rather than let heaven go.

What a strange thing it must be to feel oneself born to an earthly crown, but you have been born for a throne on which you may reign after the last monarch of all the earth shall have gone to dust. I invite you to start now for your own coronation, to come in and take the title deeds to your everlasting inheritance. Through an impassioned prayer, through heaven and all of its raptures.

What a poor farthing is all this world can offer you compared with pardon here and life immortal beyond the stars unless this side of them there be a place large enough and beautiful enough and grand enough for all the ransomed! Wherever it be, in what world, whether near by or far away, in this or some other constellation, hail, home of light, and love and blessedness! Through the atoning mercy of Christ, may we all get there!

A Monument For Winnie Davis.

Subscriptions are invited by the United Sons of Confederate Veterans to a fund for the erection of a suitable monument to the memory of Winnie Davis, the "Daughter of the Confederacy." The object is one which will appeal to the people of the south, and the desired sum will probably be raised within a short time.—Savannah News.

Unexplored Territory.

Throughout the entire world there are about 20,000,000 square miles of unexplored territory. In Africa there are 6,500,000 square miles; arctic regions, 3,600,000; antarctic regions, 5,300,000; America, 2,000,000; Australia, 2,000,000; Asia, 200,000, and various islands, 900,000.

WAYS OF THE BLUE CRAB.

Some of Its Peculiarities as Observed at New York's Aquarium.

While the blue crab is not commonly thought of as a swimmer and does in fact spend the greater part of its time on the bottom, yet it can very easily sustain itself in the water and swim at a very fair rate of speed. It swims endwise, and when swimming it carries one big claw thrown forward and bent back at the middle joint, making a point projecting at that end of the body, while the other big claw trails straight out astern. If it changes direction, it crooks the claw it had been carrying straight and lets the other go free. If it sustains itself in the water without progressing, it carries its big claws in front of itself as it would naturally do under ordinary circumstances on the bottom, but it has to keep its little claws in motion to sustain itself, and in swimming the little claws are kept actively at work. Besides making a good degree of progress through the water in swimming the blue crab can change its course or swim to a higher or lower level with facility. When frightened, the blue crab moves off sideways, but when moving about at home and undisturbed it may move straight forward. Its body may be inclined at any angle to the line of progress, but its motion still be forward, the big claws carried crooked around in front. It may be seen moving thus in one of the larger tanks at the aquarium, in which there are blue crabs, lobsters and other things. The temperature of the water now just suits the crustaceans, and they are very lively. Blue crabs may be seen swimming here, and also walking about, stepping down from stones that are as high as they themselves are wide with perfect dignity, if not grace of manner, and walking or carrying their claws before them.—New York Sun.

The First Teacups.

Even after tea was introduced into Europe and had come into general use teacups were scarce. At the same time coffee was introduced; but, apart from Constantinople, the first coffee cups in Europe date back only as far as 1645 in Venice, 1659 in Paris, 1652 in London and 1694 in Leipsic. From the first, however, the conventional oriental coffee cup, without stem or handle, was little used, and in Germany not at all. The Chinese teacup was used for tea, coffee and chocolate as well. Specimens of porcelain were undoubtedly introduced into Europe in the middle ages, yet not till the sixteenth century were cups imported from China in any great quantities, and even then it was as articles of vertu. Most of those found their way back into China again, as collecting porcelain is a lasting fad there, and high prices are paid for good specimens. The collection of Chinese porcelain, if only the genuine specimens are desired, requires immense study and knowledge, as the Chinese are skillful imitators and put numerous falsifications on the market.

Dear.

It is natural for a rich man to become familiar with a professional man he hires and to address his physician as "My dear doctor." But to his solicitor he would not say "My dear lawyer!" although the legal man's fee would be quite as good.—New Orleans Picayune.

The use of coal for house heating is not nearly so general in Europe as in this country.

Does Your Back Ache?

In constant pain when on your feet?

Is that dragging, pulling sensation with you from morn till night?

Why not put the medicine exactly on the disease? Why not apply the cure right to the spot itself?

You can do it with

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Immediately after the Plaster is applied, you feel its warming, soothing influence. Its healing remedies quickly penetrate down deep into the inflamed tissues. Pain is quieted, soreness is relieved and strength imparted.

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