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THE BEST
WASHING POWDER

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LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

DR. TALMAGE COMFORTS THE SICK
AND HELPLESS.

Like Noah in the Ark, They Are Safe
From Outside Perils—Shut In by
the Lord For an All Wise Purpose.
The "Withouts" and "Withins."
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ciation.]

WASHINGTON, Dec. 11.—This dis-
course of Dr. Talmage, which is helpful
to all who find life a struggle, is es-
pecially addressed to a class of persons
probably never before addressed in a
sermon. The text is Genesis vii, 16,
"The Lord shut him in."

Cosmogony has no more interesting
chapter than the one which speaks of
that catastrophe of the ages, the submer-
sion of our world in time of Noah, the
first ship carpenter. Many of the nations
who never saw a Bible have a flood
story—Egyptian flood story, Grecian
flood story, of which Deucalion was the
Noah; Hawaiian flood story, New Zea-
land flood story, Chinese flood story,
American Indian flood story—all of
which accounts agree in the immersion
of the continents under universal rains,
and that there was a ship floating, with
a select few of the human family and
with specimens of zoological and or-
nithological and reptilian worlds, all
of which had been shut out of the ark and
drowned.

All of these flood stories represent the
ship thus afloat as finally stranded on a
mountain top. Hugh Miller, in his
"Testimony of the Rocks," thinks that
all these flood stories were infirm tradi-
tions of the Biblical account, and I be-
lieve him. The worst thing about the
great freshet was that it struck Noah's
Great Eastern from above and beneath.
The seas broke the chain of shells and
crystal and opened their clouds for fall-
ing columns of water which roared and
thundered on the roof of the great ship
for a month and ten days. There were
one door to the ship, but there were
three parts to that door, one part for
each of three stories. The Bible account
says nothing about parts of the door be-
longing to two of the stories, and I do
not know on which floor Noah and his
family voyaged, but my text tells us
that the part of the door of that particu-
lar floor on which Noah staid was
closed after he had entered. "The Lord
shut him in." So there are many peo-
ple now in the world who are as thor-
oughly shut in, some by sickness, some
by old age, some by special duties that
will not allow them to go forth, some
surrounded by deluges of misfortune
and trouble, and for them my sympathies
are aroused, and from them I often re-
ceive messages, and this sermon, which
I hope may do good to others, is more
specially intended for them. Today I
address the shut in. "The Lord shut
him in."

The Divine Hand.
Notice, first of all, who closed the
door so that they could not get out.
Noah did not do it, nor his son Shem,
nor did Ham, nor did Japheth, nor did
either of the four married women who
were on shipboard, nor did desperadoes
who had scoffed at the idea of peril
which Noah had been preaching close
to the ark and had in disgust gone
away. I will tell you how it was done.
A hand was stretched down from heaven
to close that door. It was a divine hand
as well as a kind hand. "The Lord shut
him in."

And the same kind and sympathetic
being has shut you in, my reader or my
hearer. You thought it was an acci-
dent, ascribable to the carelessness or
misdoings of others, or a mere "happen-
so." No, no! God had gracious design
for your betterment, for the cultivation
of your patience, for the strengthening
of your faith, for the advantage you
might gain by seclusion, for your eternal
salvation. He put you in a school-
room where you could learn in six
months or a year more than you could
have learned anywhere else in a life-
time. He turned the lattice or pulled
down the blinds of the sickroom, or put
your swollen foot on an ottoman, or
held you amid the pillows of a couch,
which you could not leave, or for some
reason that you may not understand,
but which he has promised he
will explain to you satisfactorily, if not
in this world, then in the world to
come, for he has said, "What I do thou
knowest not now, but thou shalt know
hereafter."

The world has no statistics as to the
number of invalids. The physicians
know something about it, and the
apothecaries and the pastors, but who
can tell us the number of blind eyes,
and deaf ears, and diseased lungs, and
congested livers, and jangled nerves,
and neuragic temples, and rheumatic
feet, or how many took no food this
morning because they had no appetite
to eat, or digestive organs to assimilate,
or have lungs so delicate they cannot
go forth when the wind is in the east,
or there is a fog rising from the river,
or there is a dampness on the ground or
pavement because of the frost coming
on? It would be easy to count a street,
or the number of passengers carried by
a railroad company in a year, or the
number of those who cross the ocean in
ships, but who can give us the statistics
of all the multitudes who are shut in?
I call the attention of all such to their
superior opportunities of doing good.

Those of us who are well and can see
clearly, and hear distinctly, and par-
take of food of all sorts, and questions
of digestion never occur to us, and we
can wade the snowbanks and take an
equinox in our faces, and endure the
thermometer at zero, and every breath
of air is a tonic and a stimulus, and
sound sleep meets us within five min-
utes after our head touches the pillow,
do not make so much of an impression
when we talk about the consolations of
religion. The world says right away:
"I guess that man mistakes buoyancy

of natural spirits for religion. What
does he know about it? He has never
been tried." But when one goes out and
reports to the world that that morning
on his way to business he called to see
you and found you, after being kept in
your room for two months, cheerful
and hopeful, and that you had not one
word of complaint, and asked all about
everybody, and rejoiced in the success
of your business friends, although your
own business had almost come to a
standstill through your absence from
store or office or shop, and that you
sent your love to all your old friends,
and told them that if you did not meet
them again in this world you hoped to
meet them in dominions seraphic, with
a quiet word of advice from you to the
man who carried the message about the
importance of his not neglecting his
own soul, but through Christ seeking
something better than this world could
give him—why, all the business men in
the counting room say: "Good! Now,
that is religion!" And the clerks get
bold of the story and talk it over, so
that the weigher and cooper and back-
man standing on the doorstep say:
"That is splendid! Now, that is what
I call religion!"

Effective Sermons.
It is a good thing to preach on a Sun-
day morning, the people assembled in
most respectable attire and seated on
soft cushions, the preacher standing in
neatly upholstered pulpit surrounded by
personal friends, and after an inspiring
hymn has been sung, and that sermon
if preached in faith will do good, but
the most effective sermon is preached by
one seated in dressing gown in an arm-
chair into which the invalid has with
much care been lifted, the surrounding
shelves filled with medicine bottles,
some to produce sleep, some for the re-
lief of sudden paroxysm, some for stim-
ulant, some for tonic, some for anodyne
and some for febrifuge, the pale preach-
er quoting promises of the gospel, telling
of the glories of a sympathetic Christ,
assuring the one or two or three persons
who hear it of the mighty re-enforce-
ments of religion. You say that to such
a sermon there are only one or two or
three hearers. Aye! But the visitor call-
ing at that room, then closing the door
softly and going away, tells the story,
and the whole neighborhood hears it,
and it will take all eternity to realize
the grand and uplifting influence of
that sermon about God and the soul,
though preached to an audience of only
one man or one woman. The Lord has
ordained all such invalids for a style of
usefulness which athletics and men of
200 healthy avoirdupois cannot affect.
It was not an enemy that fastened you
in that room or sent you on crutches,
the longest journey you have made for
many weeks being from bed to sofa and
from sofa to looking glass, where you
are shocked at the pallor of your own
cheek and the pinchedness of your fea-
tures, then back again from mirror to
sofa, and sofa to bed, with a long sigh
saying, "How good it feels to get back
again to my old place on the pillow."

Remember who it is that appointed the
day, when for the first time in many
years you could not go to business, and
who has kept a record of all the weary
days and all the sleepless nights of your
exile from the world. Oh, weary man!
Oh, feeble woman! Was it the Lord who
shut you in? Do you remember that
some of the noblest and best of men
have been prisoners? Ezekiel a prisoner,
Jeremiah a prisoner, Paul a prisoner,
St. John a prisoner, John Bunyan a
prisoner. Though human hate seemed
to have all to do with them, really the
Lord shut them in.

No doubt while on that voyage Noah
and his three sons and all the four ladies
of the antediluvian world often thought
of the bright hillsides and the green
fields where they had walked and of the
homes where they had lived. They had
had many years of experiences. Noah
was 600 years old at the time of this
convulsion of nature. He had seen 600
springtimes, 600 summers, 600 au-
tumn, 600 winters. He was not told
how old his wife was at this wreck of
earth and sky. The Bible tells the age
of a great many men, but only once it
gives a woman's age. At one time it
gives Adam's age as 180 years and
Jared's age as 162 years and Enoch's
age as 365 years, and all up and down
the Bible it gives the age of men, but
does not give the age of women. Why?
Because, I suppose, a woman's age is
none of our business. But all the men
and women that fessed in that oriental
craft had lived long enough to remem-
ber a great many of the mercies and
kindnesses of God, and they could not
blot out, and I think they had no dis-
position to blot out, the memory of those
brightnesses, though now they were
shut in. Neither should the shut in of
our time forget the blessings of the
past. Have you been blind for ten years?
Thank God for the time when you saw
as clearly as any of us can see and let
the pageant of all the radiant landscapes
and illumined skies which you ever
looked upon kindle your rapturous grati-
tude. I do not see Raphael's "Madonna
di San Sisto" in the picture gallery of
Dresden, nor Rubens' "Descent from
the Cross" at Antwerp, nor Michael
Angelo's "Last Judgment" on the ceil-
ing of the Vatican nor St. Sophia at
Constantinople, nor the Parthenon on
the Acropolis, nor the Taj Mahal of In-
dia, but shall I not thank God that I
have seen them? Is it possible that such
midnight darkness shall ever blast my
vision that I cannot call them up again?
Perhaps you are so deaf that you cannot
hear the chirp of bird or solo of canta-
trio or even organ in full diapason,
though you feel the foundations tremble
under its majestic roll, or even the
thunderstorm that makes Mount Wash-
ington echo. But are you not grateful
that once you could hear trill and chan-
cel and carol melody? I cannot think
and hear Jenny Lind sing "Gonna Through
the Rye," or Ole Bull's enchanted viol,
or Parepa's Bossa's brilliant voice over
many thousands of voices and many
thousands of instruments in the nation-
al peace jubilee of 33 years ago, all

these sounds accompanied by the ring-
ing of bells and the guns on Boston
Common, but can I ever have my ears
so silenced that I will not remember
that I did hear them? Are you chained
to your room now, your powers of loco-
motion all gone, or if coming to the
house of God every step is a torture?

Do you forget when, in childhood,
you danced and skipped because you
were so full of life you had no patience
to walk, and in after years you climbed
the mountains of Switzerland, putting
your alpenstock high up on glaciers
which few others ever dared and jump-
ed long reaches in competition and after
a walk of ten miles you came in jound
as the morning? O you shut ins, thank
God for a vivid memory of the times
when you were free as the chamois on
the rocks, as the eagle going straight for
the sun! When the rain pounded the
roof of the ark, the eight voyagers on
that craft did not forget the time when
it gayly pattered in a summer shower,
and when the door of the ark shut to
keep out the tempest they did not forget
the time when the door of their home
in Armenia was closed to keep out the
spring rains which came to fill the cups
of lily and honeysuckle and make all
the trees of the wood clap their hands.

Safe From Temptation.
Again, notice that during that 40
days of storm which rocked that ship
on that universal ocean of Noah's time
the door which shut the captain of the
ship inside the craft kept him from
many outside perils. How those wretch-
ed souls would like to have got their
wet hands on Noah and pulled him out
and sunk him! And do all of you of the
great army of the shut in realize that,
though you have special temptations
where you are now, how much of the
outside style of temptation you escape?
Do you, the merchant incarcerated in the
sickroom, realize that every hour of
the day you spend looking out of the
window, or gazing at the particular fig-
ure on the wall paper, or listening to
the clock's ticks men are being wrecked
by the allurements and uncertainties of
business life? How many forgeries are
committed, how many trust funds are
swamped, how many public moneys are
being misappropriated, how many bank-
ruptcies suffered! It may be, it is, very
uncomfortable for Noah inside the ark,
for the apartment is crowded and the
air is vitiated with the breathing of so
much human and animal life, but it is
not half as bad for him as though he
were outside the ark. There is not an
ox, or a camel, or an antelope, or a
sheep inside the ark as badly off as the
proudest king outside. While you are
on the pillow or lounge you will make
no bad bargains, you will rush into no
rash investments, you will avoid the
mistakes which thousands of men as
good as you are every day making.

Notice also that there was a limit to
the shut in experience of those ancient
mariners. I suppose the 40 days of the
descending and uprising floods and the
150 days before the passengers could go
ashore must have seemed to those eight
people in the big boat like a small eter-
nity. "Rain, rain, rain!" said the wife
of Noah. "Will it never stop?" For 40
mornings they looked out and saw not
one patch of blue sky. Floating around
and amid the peaks of mountains Shem
and Ham and Japheth had to hush the fears
of their wives lest they should dash
against the projecting rocks. But after
while it cleared off. Sunshine, glorious
sunshine! The ascending mists were
folded up into clouds, which instead of
darkening the sky only ornamented it.
As they looked out of the windows
these worn passengers clapped their
hands and rejoiced that the storm was
over, and I think if God could stop
such a storm as that he could stop any
storm in your lifetime experience. If
he can control a vulture in midsky, he
can stop a summer bat that flies in at
your window. At the right time he will
pull the rain out of the cloud and the
deluge of your misfortunes will dry
up. I preach the doctrine of limitation,
relief and disenchantment. At just the
right time the pain will cease, the
bondage will drop, the imprisoned will
be liberated, the fires will go out, the
body and mind and soul will be free.
Patience! An old English proverb re-
ferring to long continued invalidism
says, "A creaking gate hangs long on
its hinges," and this may be a protract-
ed case of valetudinarianism, but you
will have taken the last bitter drop,
you will have suffered the last misin-
terpretation, you will feel the gnawing
of the last hunger, you will have faint-
ed the last time from exhaustion, you
will have felt the out of the last lancet,
you will have wept under the last
loneliness. The last week of the Noachi-
an deluge came, the last day, the last
hour, the last moment. The beating of
the rain on the roof ceased, and the
dashing of the billows on the side of the
ship quieted, and peacefully as a yacht
moves out over quiet Lake Cayuga,
Como or Luzerne the ark, with its il-
lustrious passengers and important
freight, glided to its mountain wharf-
age.

Cheer For the Sick.
Notice also that on the cessation of
the deluge the shut ins came out, and
they built their houses and cultured
their gardens and started a new world
on the ruins of the old world that had
been drowned out. Though Noah lived
350 years after this worldwide acci-
dent and no doubt his fellow passengers
survived centuries I warrant they never
got over talking about that voyage.
Now I have seen Dore's pictures and
many other pictures of the entrance into
the ark, two and two, of the human
family and the animal creation into that
ship which sailed between two worlds
—antediluvian world and the post-
diluvian world—but I never saw a pic-
ture of their coming out; yet their disem-
barkation was not more important than
their disembarkation. Many a crew has
entered a ship that never landed. Wit-
ness the steamer Portland, a few days
ago, with 100 souls on board, going
down with all its crew and passengers.
Witness the line of sunken ships, reach-
ing like a submarine cable of anguishes

across the ocean depths from America
to Europe. If any ship might expect
complete wreckage, the one Noah com-
manded might have expected it. But
no; those who embarked disembarked.
Over the plank reaching down the side
of the ark to the Armenian cliffs the
procession descended. No other wharf felt
so solid or afforded such attractiveness
as that height of Ararat when the eight
passengers put their feet on it. And no
sooner had the last one, the invalided
wife of Japheth, been helped down the
plank upon the rock than the other
apartments of the ship were opened, and
such a dash of bird music never filled
the air as when the entire orchestra of
robin redbreast, and morning lark, and
chaffinch, and mocking bird, and house
swallow took wing into the bright sky,
while the cattle began to low and the
sheep to bleat and the horses to neigh
for the pasture, which from the awful
submergence had now begun to grow
green and aromatic. I tell you plainly
nothing interests me more in that trag-
edy from the first to the last act than
the "exit" and the "exeat," than the
fact that the "shut ins" became the
"got outs." And I now cheer with this
story all the inmates of sickrooms and
hospitals, and those prisoners were men
and women are unjustly undesignated,
and all the thousands who are bounded
on the north and south and east and
west by floods, by deluges of misfortune
and disaster. The ark of your trouble,
if it does not land on some earthly
height of vindication and rescue, will
land on the heights celestial.

Put Your Trust in God.
If you have put your trust in God,
you will come out in the garden of the
King, among orchards bending with 12
manner of fruits and harvests that wave
in the light of a sun that never sets. As
the eight passengers of that craft of
Captain Noah never got over talking
about their seafaring experiences, so
you who have been the shut ins of earth
will add unbounded interest to the
conversation of heaven by recalling and
reciting your earthly experiences, and
the rougher those experiences were, and
the thrilling will they be to yourself and
others who listen. As when we sit amid
a group of soldiers and hear their story
of battle or a group of sailors and hear
their story of cyclones we feel stupor
because we have nothing in our life
worth telling, how uninteresting will
be those souls in heaven who had smooth
sailing all their lives and no accidents,
while Noah tells his story of the deluge
and Lot his story of escape from de-
stroyed cities and Paul his story of the
Alexandrian corn ship and you tell your
story of the days and nights and years
of the times when you were shut in!
You will be interesting and sought after
in heaven in proportion as you are mar-
tyrized of persecution and pain on earth.
And surely you do not want to get the
advantage of heavenly association and
consideration without yourself adding
some interest to the interview. I hail
all the shut ins because they will be the
come outs. Heaven will be all the
brighter for your earthly privations and
environments. For a man who has al-
ways lived in a mansion and walked in
fine gardens and regaled his appetite on
best fruits and had warm furs for
winter attire and coolest linens for Au-
gust heat and brilliant earthly sur-
roundings heaven will not be so much
a change of scene. He will be disposed
to say: "Why, I am used to this! Don't
show me the gardens! Why, I was
brought up at Chatsworth. Don't invite
me into a chariot; I always had a splen-
did turnout. Don't invite me to the
feast. I have been accustomed to Bel-
shazzarian banquets. It would be a re-
lief to me if I could leave heaven a lit-
tle while and rough it in some other
world."

But what a heaven it will be for those
whose limbs were so rheumatic they
could not take a step when they get
wings! What a heaven it will be for
those who were always sick, when they
are always well, and after 20 years of
pain to have millions of years of health!
What a light will be the light of heaven
for those who on earth could not see
their hand before their faces! And
what will the music of heaven be to
those the tympanum of whose ears for
many years had ceased to vibrate! De-
nied on earth the pleasure of listening
to Handel and Haydn and Mendelssohn's
symphonies, at last reaching a world
where there has never been discord,
and hearing singing where all are per-
fect songsters, and oratorios in which
all the nations of heaven chant! Great
heaven! It will be for all who get there,
but a hundred times more of a heaven
for those who were shut in.

Divine Sympathy.
Meanwhile you have all divine and
angelic sympathy in your infirmities.
That sympathy thoroughly understood poor
human nature was evidenced when in
plotting to make Job do wrong the great
master of evil, after having failed in
every other way to overthrow the good
man, proposed physical distress, and
then the evils came which made him
sore right out. The mightiest test of
character is physical suffering. Critics
are impatient at the way Thomas Car-
lyle scolded at everything. His 70 years
of dyspepsia were enough to make any
man scold. When you see people out of
patience and irascible and lacrymose,
inquire into the case, and before you
get through with the exploration you get
hypercriticism will turn to pity, and to
the divine and angelic sympathy will
be added your own. The clouds of your
indignation, which were full of thun-
der, will begin to rain tears of pity.

By a strange providence, for which I
shall be forever grateful, circumstances
with which I think you are all fami-
liar, I have admission through the
newspaper press week by week to tens
of thousands of God's dear children
who cannot enter church on the Sab-
bath and hear their excellent pastors
because of the age of the sufferers, or
their illness, or the lameness of foot, or
their incapacity to stay in one position
an hour and a half, or their poverty, or
their troubles of some sort will not

let them go out of doors, and to them
as much as to those who hear me I
preach this sermon, as I preach many
of my sermons, the invisible audience
always vaster than the visible, some of
them tossed on wilder seas than those
that tossed the eight members of Noah's
family, and instead of 40 days of storm
and five months of being shut in, as
they were, it has been with these in-
valids five years of "shut in," or ten
years of "shut in," or 20 years of
"shut in." Oh, comforting God! Help
me to comfort them! Give me two
hands full of love for their wounds.
When we were 300 miles out at sea,
a hurricane struck us, and the lifeboats
were dashed from the davits and all the
lights in the cabin were put out by the
rolling of the ship and the water which
through the broken skylights had poured
in. Captain Andrews entered and said
to the men on duty: "Why don't you
light up and make things brighter, for
we are going to outride this storm?
Passengers, cheer up! Cheer up!" And
he struck a match and began to light
the burners. He could not silence either
the wind or the waves, but by the
striking of that match, accompanied by
encouraging words, we were all helped.

Light in Darkness.
And as I now find many in hurricanes
of trouble, though I cannot quiet the
storm, I can strike a match to light up
the darkness, and I strike a match.
Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.
I strike another match. "Weeping may
endure for a night, but joy cometh in
the morning." I strike another match.
"We have a great High Priest who can
be touched with the feeling of our in-
firmities, and he was in all points tempt-
ed like as we are." Are you old? One
breath of heaven will make you ever-
lastingly young again. Have you aches
and pains? They insure Christ's presence
and sympathy through the darkest
December nights, which are the longest
nights of the year. Are you bereft?
Here is a resurrected Christ, whose
voice is full of resurrection power.
Are you lonely? All the angels of heav-
en are ready to swoop into your com-
panionship. Here is the Christ of Mary
and Martha when they had lost Lazarus,
and of David when he had lost his son,
and of Abraham when he had lost Sarah,
and of your father and mother when in
time of old age they parted at the gates
of the tomb. When last I was in Savan-
nah, at the close of the Sabbath morn-
ing service, I was asked to go and see a
Christian woman, for many years an in-
valid. I went. I had not in all that
beautiful city of splendid men and gra-
cious women seen a face brighter than
hers. Reaching her bedside, I put out
my hand, but she could not shake
hands, for her hand was palsied. I said
to her, "How long have you been down
on this bed?" She smiled and made no
answer, for her tongue had been palsied,
but those standing around said, "Fif-
teen years." I said to her, "Have you
been able to keep your courage up all
that time?" She gave a very little mo-
tion of her head in affirmation, for her
whole body was paralyzed. The sermon
I had preached that morning had no
power on others compared with the
power that silent sermon had on me.
What was the secret of her conquest
over pain and privation and incapacity
to move? Shall I tell you the secret? I
will tell you. The Lord shut her in.

Let her Faith.
There is a good deal of fanaticism
abroad about the recovery of the sick,
but if we had as much faith as Martin
(Continued on Fourth Page.)

Did you ever See a Snow Storm in Summer?

We never did; but we have
seen the clothing at this time
of the year so covered with
dandruff that it looked as if it
had been out in a regular snow-
storm.
No need of this snowstorm.
As the summer sun would
melt the falling snow so will
**Ayer's
Hair
Vigor**
melt these flakes of dandruff in
the scalp. It gets further than
the roots of the hair. Thin hair be-
comes thick hair; and short hair be-
comes long hair.
And it does even more; it
feeds and nourishes the roots
of the hair. Thin hair be-
comes thick hair; and short hair be-
comes long hair.
We have a book on the Hair
and Scalp. It is yours, for the
asking.
If you do not obtain all the benefits
promised from the use of the
Vigor, write the doctor with your
name, and we will send you
another bottle free of charge.
Address,
J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.