

# Economist.

Take each man's censure but reserve thy judgment.—Hamlet.  
ELIZABETH CITY, N. C., FRIDAY, MARCH 10, 1899.

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## BOUND IN A PACKAGE

BUNDLES OF LIFE THE SUBJECT OF  
DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

The Great Preacher Draws Inspiration  
From a Homely Phrase—Life,  
Spiritual and Physical, is Divinely  
Protected.

[Copyright, 1899, by American Press Association.]

WASHINGTON, March 5.—Under the  
familiar image of a bundle Dr. Talmage  
shows in this sermon the things which  
go to make up man's earthly and heav-  
enly life; text, 1 Samuel xxv, 29, "The  
soul of my Lord shall be bound in the  
bundle of life with the Lord thy God."  
Beautiful Abigail, in her rhythmic  
plea for the rescue of her inebriate hus-  
band, who died within ten days, ad-  
dressed David, the warrior, in the words  
of the text. She suggests that his life,  
physically and intellectually and spiri-  
tually, is a valuable package or bundle,  
divinely bound up and to be divinely  
protected.

The phrase "bundle of life" I heard  
many times in my father's family pray-  
ers. Family prayers, you know, have  
frequent repetitions, because day  
day they acknowledge about the same  
blessings and deplore about the same  
frailties and sympathize with about  
the same misfortunes, and I do not  
know why, those who lead at household  
devotions should seek variety of com-  
position. That familiar prayer becomes  
the household liturgy. I would not give  
one of my old father's prayers for 50  
ecclesiastical applications. Again and  
again, in the morning and evening  
prayer, I heard the request that we  
might all be bound up in the bundle of  
life, but I did not know until a few  
days ago that the phrase was a Bible  
phrase.

Now, the more I think of it the bet-  
ter I like it. Bundle of life! It is such  
a simple and unpretending, yet expres-  
sive comparison. There is nothing like  
grandiloquence in the Scriptures.

While there are many sublime passages  
in Holy Writ, there are more homely  
and drawing illustrations from com-  
mon observation and everyday life.  
In Christ's great sermons you hear a  
hen clucking her chickens together, and  
see the photographs of hypocrites with  
a sad countenance, and hear of the grass  
of the field, and the black crows, which  
our heavenly Father feeds, and the salt  
that is worthless, and the precious  
stones flung under the feet of swine,  
and the shifting sand that lets down  
the house with a great crash, and hear  
the comparison of the text, the most  
unpoetical thing we can think of—a  
bundle. Ordinarily it is something  
tossed about, something thrown under  
the table, something that suggests gar-  
rets or something on the shoulder of a  
poor wayfarer. But there are bundles  
of great value, bundles put up with  
great caution, bundles the loss of  
which means consternation and despair,  
and there have been bundles represent-  
ing the worth of a kingdom.

**Blessed Bundles.**  
During the last spell of cold weather  
there were bundles that attracted the  
attention and the plaudits of the high  
heavens, bundles of clothing on the way  
from comfortable homes to the door of  
the mission room, and Christ stood in  
the snow banks and said as the bundles  
passed: "Naked, and ye clothed me,  
inasmuch as ye have done it unto one  
of the least of these my brethren, ye  
have done it unto me." Those bundles  
are multiplying. Blessings on those who  
pack them. Blessings on those who dis-  
tribute them. Blessings on those who  
receive them.

With what beautiful aptitude did  
Abigail in my text speak of the bundle  
of life! Oh, what a precious bundle of  
life! Bundle of memories, bundle of  
hopes, bundle of ambitions, bundle of  
destinies! Once in awhile a man writes  
his autobiography, and it is of thrilling  
interest. The story of his birthplace,  
the story of his struggles, the story of  
his sufferings, the story of his triumphs!  
But if the autobiography of the most  
eventful life were well written it would  
make many chapters of adventure, of  
tragedy, of comedy, and there would  
not be an uninteresting step from cradle  
to grave.

Bundle of memories are you! Boy-  
hood memories, with all its injustices  
from playmates, with all its games  
with ball and bat and kite and sled.  
Manhood memories, with all your strug-  
gles in starting—obstacles, oppositions,  
accidents, misfortunes, losses, successes.  
Memories of the first marriage you ever  
saw solemnized, of the first grave you  
ever saw opened, of the first mighty  
wrong you ever suffered, of the first  
victory you ever gained. Memory of the  
hour when you were affianced, memory  
of the first advent in your home, memory  
of the roseate cheek faded and of blue  
eyes closed in the last sleep, memory  
of anthem and of dirge, memory of great  
pain and of slow convalescence, memory  
of times when all things were against  
you, memory of properties that came  
in like the full tide of the sea, memo-  
ries of a lifetime. What a bundle!

I lift that bundle today and unloose  
the cord that binds it, and for a mo-  
ment you look in and see tears and  
smiles and laughter and groans and  
noontides and midnights of experience,  
and then I tie again the bundle with  
heartstrings that have some time vic-  
trated with joy and anon been drum-  
med by fingers of woe.

**Hopes and Ambitions.**  
Bundle of hopes and ambitions also  
is swept every man and woman, espe-  
cially, the starting. What gains he  
will harvest, what reputation he  
will achieve, or what bliss he will  
reach, or what love he will win. What  
makes college commencement day so  
entrancing to all of us as we see the  
students receive their diplomas and take  
up the garlands thrown to their feet?  
They will be Faradays in science; they  
will be Tennysons in poetry; they will  
be Willard Parkers in surgery; they  
will be Alexander Hamiltons in na-

tional finance; they will be Horace  
Greelys in editorial chair; they will  
be Websters in the senate. Or she will  
be a Mary Lyon in educational realms,  
or a Frances Willard on reformatory  
platform, or a Helen Gould in military  
hospitals. Or she will make home life  
radiant with helpfulness and self sacri-  
fice and magnificent womanhood. Oh,  
what a bundle of hopes and ambitions!  
It is a bundle of garlands and scepters  
from which I would not take one sprig  
of mignonette nor extinguish one spark  
of brilliance. They who start life with  
of bright hopes and inspiring ambi-  
tions might as well not start at all, for  
every step will be a failure. Rather  
would I add to the bundle, and if I open  
it now it will not be because I wish  
to take anything from it, but that I may  
put into it more coronets and hosannas.

Bundle of faculties in every man and  
every woman! Power to think—to  
think of the past and through all the  
future, to think upward and higher  
than the highest pinnacle of heaven, or  
to think downward until there is no  
lower abyss to fathom. Power to think  
right, power to think wrong, power to  
think forever, for, once having begun  
to think, there shall be no terminus for  
that exercise, and eternity itself shall  
have no power to bid it halt. Faculties  
to love—filial love, conjugal love, pa-  
ternal love, maternal love, love of coun-  
try, love of God. Faculty of judgment,  
with ceaseless diligence so might we  
be able to weigh arguments, weigh emo-  
tions, weigh worlds, weigh heaven and  
hell. Faculty of will, that can climb  
mountains or tunnel them, wade seas  
or bridge them, accepting eternal en-  
throne or choosing everlasting  
exile. Oh, what it is to be a man! Oh,  
what it is to be a woman! Sublime and  
infinite bundle of faculties! The thought  
of it staggers me, swamps me, stuns  
me, bewilders me, bewilders me. Oh,  
what a bundle of life Abigail of my  
text saw in David and which we ought  
to see in every human yet immortal be-  
ing!

**Carefully Wrapped Up.**  
Know also that this bundle of life  
was put up with great care. Any mer-  
chant and almost any faithful house-  
holder will tell you how much depends  
on the way a bundle is bound. The cord  
or rope must be strong enough to hold  
the knot must be well tied. You must  
not have rough hands, many toss that  
bundle. If not properly put together,  
though it may leave your hands in good  
order and symmetrical, before it reaches  
its proper destination it may be loosened  
in fragments for the winds to scatter  
or the rail train to lose.

Now, I have to tell you that this  
bundle of life is well put together—the  
body, the mind, the soul. Who but the  
omnipotent God could bind such a bundle?  
Anatomists, physiologists, physi-  
cians, logicians, metaphysicians, declare  
that we are fearfully and wonderfully  
made. That we are a bundle well put  
together I prove by the amount of jour-  
neying we can endure without damage,  
by the amount of rough handling we  
can survive, by the fact that the vast  
majority of us go through life without  
the loss of an eye or the crippling of  
the limb or the destruction of a single  
ounce of body or faculty of mind. I sub-  
scribe for this trial that man in yonder  
village 70 or 80 years of age, and ask him  
to testify that after all the storms and  
accidents and vicissitudes of a long life  
he still keeps his five senses, and though  
all the lighthouses as old as he is have  
been reconstructed or new lanterns put  
in he has in under his forehead the  
same two lanterns with which God  
started him, and though the locomotives  
of 60 years ago were long ago sold for  
old iron he has the original powers of  
locomotion in the limbs with which God  
started him, and though all the electric  
wires that carried messages 25 years  
ago have been torn down his nerves  
bring messages from all parts of his  
body as well as when God strung them  
75 years ago. Was there ever such a  
complete bundle put together as the  
human being? What each other in that  
landmark that you sent the other day to  
that shivering home, through whose  
roof the snow sifted and through whose  
broken window pane the night winds  
howled. It was sanctified irony and holy  
sarcasm that Elijah used when he told  
the idolaters of Baal to pray louder,  
saying that their god might be asleep or  
talking or on a journey or gone a-hunt-  
ing. But our God is always wide awake  
and always hears and is always close by  
and to him a whisper of prayer is  
loud as a trumpet, and a child's  
"Now I lay me down to sleep"  
is as easily heard by him as the prayer  
of the great Scotchman amid the high-  
lands when pursued by Lord Claver-  
house's mercenaries. The Covenanters  
said, "O Lord, cast the lap of thy  
cloak about these children of the cov-  
enant," and a mountain fog instantly hid  
the pursued from their bloodthirsty pur-  
suer. I proclaim him a God close by  
and to him we are tempted to do wrong,  
when we have questions of livelihood  
too much for us, when we put our dar-  
lings into the last sleep, when we are  
overwhelmed with physical distresses,  
when we are perplexed about what next  
to do, when we come into combat with  
the king of terrors, we want a God  
close by. How do you like the doctrine  
of the text, "Bound in the bundle of  
life with the Lord thy God"? Thank  
you, Abigail, kneeling there at the foot  
of the mountain, uttering consolation  
for all ages, while addressing David.  
No wonder that in after time he invited  
her to the palace and put her upon the  
throne of his heart as well as upon the  
throne of Judah.

Know, also, that this bundle of life  
is properly directed. Many a bundle has  
missed its way and disappeared because  
the address has dropped, and no one can  
find by examination for what city or  
town or neighborhood it was intended.  
All great carrying companies have, so  
many misdirected packages that they  
appoint days of vendue to dispose of  
them. All intelligent people know the  
importance of having a valuable package  
plainly directed, the name of the one  
to whom it is to go plainly written.  
Baggage master and expressman ought  
to know at the first glance to whom to  
take it.

**A Valuable Package.**  
This bundle of life that Abigail in  
my text speaks of is plainly addressed.  
By divine penmanship it is directed  
heavenward. However long may be the  
earthly distance it travels its destina-  
tion is the eternal city of God on high.  
Every mile it goes away from that di-  
rection is by some human or infernal  
hand practiced against it. There are  
those who put it on some other track,  
who misplace it in some wrong convey-  
ance, who send it off or send it back by  
some diabolic misarrange. The value  
of that bundle is so well known all up  
and down the universe that there are  
1,000,000 dishonest hands which are  
trying to detain or divert it or to for-  
ever stop its progress in the right di-  
rection. There are so many influences  
abroad to ruin your body, mind and  
soul that my wonder is not that so  
many are destroyed, but that so many  
are saved. What a valuable package  
and the next, but that there are not more  
who go down irretrievably.

Every human being is assailed at the  
start. Within an hour of the time when  
this bundle of life is made up the as-  
sault begins. First of all there are the  
infantile disorders that threaten the  
body just launched upon earthly exist-

ence. Scarlet fevers and pneumonias  
and diphtherias and influenzas and the  
whole pack of epidemics surround the  
cradle and threaten its occupant, and  
infant Moses in the ark of bulrushes  
was not more imperiled by the monsters  
of the Nile than every cradle is imperil-  
ed by ailments all devouring. In after  
years there are foes within and foes  
without. Evil appetite joined by out-  
side allurements. Temptations that  
have utterly destroyed more people than  
now inhabit the earth. Gambling sa-  
lons and rummages and places where  
dissoluteness reigns supreme, enough  
in number to go round and round and  
round the earth. Discouragements, jeal-  
ousies, revenges, malcontents, disap-  
pointments, swindlers, arsonists, confra-  
gations and cruelties, which make contin-  
ent existence of the human race a woe-  
derment. Was any valuable bundle  
ever so imperiled as this bundle of life?  
Oh, look at the address and get that  
bundle going in the right way! "Thou  
shalt love the Lord thy God with all  
thy heart and soul and mind and  
strength." Heaven with its 19 gates  
standing wide open with invitation.  
All the forces of the Godhead pledged  
for our heavenly arrival if we will do  
the right thing. All angelhood ready  
for our advance and guidance. All the  
lightnings of heaven so many drawn  
swords for our protection. What a pity,  
what an everlasting pity, if this bundle  
of life, well bound and so plainly di-  
rected, does not come out at the right  
station, but becomes a lost bundle, cast  
out amid the rubbish of the universe.

**Two Treasures.**  
Know also that a bundle may have  
in it more than one invaluable. There  
may be in it a photograph of a loved  
one and a jewel for a caracant. It may  
contain an embroidered robe and a Dore's  
illustrated Bible. A bundle may have  
two treasures. Abigail in my text re-  
cognized this when she said to David,  
"The soul of my Lord is bound in the  
bundle of life with the Lord thy God."  
And Abigail was right. We may be  
bound up with a loving and sympa-  
thetic God. We may be as near to him  
as ever were emerald and ruby united  
in one ring, as ever were two deeds in  
one package, as ever were two vases on  
the same shelf, as ever were two valu-  
ables in the same bundle. Together in  
time of sorrow. Together in time of  
joy. "Together on earth. Together in  
heaven. Close companionship of God.  
Hear him, "I will never leave thee, nor  
forsake thee." "For the mountains  
shall depart and the hills be removed,  
but my kindness shall not depart from  
thee, neither shall the covenant of my  
peace be removed, saith the Lord that  
hath mercy on thee." And when those  
Bible authors compared God's friend-  
ship to the mountains for height and  
firmness and to the anchorage of rocks  
and to the companionship of a friend,  
writing about, for they well know what  
mountains are. All these leads are  
mountainous. Mount Hermon, Mount  
Gilboa, Mount Gerizim, Mount Engedi,  
Mount Horeb, Mount Nebo, Mount Pis-  
gab, Mount Olivet, Mount Zion, Mount  
Moriah, Mount Lebanon, Mount Sinai,  
Mount Golgotha. Yes, we have the di-  
vine promise that all those mountains  
shall melt with the discharge of rocks  
and move away from the earth before  
a loving and sympathetic God will  
move away from us if we love and trust him.  
Oh, if we could realize that according  
to my text we may be bound up with  
that God, how independent it would  
make us of things that now harass and  
annoy and discompose and torment us!  
Instead of a grasshopper being a bur-  
den, the pillars of Jehovah's throne  
would fall, and the foundations of the  
eternal city would crumble, and infinite  
poverties would dash down all the  
chances and close all the banqueting  
halls, and the river of life would change  
its course, sweeping everything with  
desolation, and frost would blast all the  
gardens, and immeasurable sickness  
slew the immortals, and the new Jeru-  
salem become an abandoned city, with  
no chariot wheel on the streets and no  
worshippers in the temple—a dead Pom-  
peii of the skies, a buried Herculaneum  
of the heavens. Let any one should  
doubt, the God who cannot lie smites  
his omnipotent hand on the side of his  
throne and takes affidavit, declaring,  
"As I live, saith the Lord God, I have  
no pleasure in the death of him that  
dieth." Oh, I cannot tell you how I  
feel about it, the thought is so glorious.  
Bound up with God. Bound up with  
infinite mercy. Bound up with infinite  
joy. Bound up with infinite purity.  
Bound up with infinite might. That  
thought is more beautiful and glorious  
than was the heroic Abigail who at  
the foot of the crags uttered it, "Bound  
in the bundle of life with the Lord thy  
God!"

Now, my hearer and reader, appreciate  
the value of that bundle. See that  
it is bound up with nothing mean, but  
with the unmeasured and the immeasur-  
able, with the noble of the shifting beach,  
but with the kohinor of the palace;  
not with the fading regalia of earthly  
pomp, but with the robe washed and  
made white in the blood of the Lamb.  
Pray as never prayed before that by  
divine grace, prophesy written all over  
your nature may be properly addressed  
for a glorious destination. Turn not  
over a new leaf of the old book, but by  
the grace of God open an entirely new  
volume of experience and put into prac-  
tice the advice contained in the peculiar  
but beautiful rhythm of some author  
whose name I know not:

If you've any task to do,  
Let me whisper, friend, to you.  
Do it.

If you've anything to say,  
True and needed, yes or nay,  
Say it.

If you've anything to love,  
As a blessing from above,  
Love it.

If you've anything to give,  
That another's joy may live,  
Give it.

If some hollow creed you doubt,  
Though the whole world boot and shout,  
Doubt it.

If you've any debt to pay,  
Rest you neither night nor day—  
Pay it.

If you've any joy to hold,  
Near your heart, lest it grow cold,  
Hold it.

If you've any grief to meet,  
At a loving Father's feet,  
Meet it.

If you know what torch to light,  
Guiding others in the night,  
Light it.

chase in all its beauty of color and pro-  
portion. Well, what a day it will be  
when your precious bundle of life shall  
be opened in the "house of many man-  
sions," amid saintly and angelic and  
divine inspection! The bundle may be  
spotted with the marks of much ex-  
posure, it may bear inscription after in-  
scription to tell through what ordeal it  
has passed, perhaps splashed of wave  
and scorched of flame, but all it has  
withstood undamaged of the journey. And  
with what shouts of joy the bundle of  
life will be greeted by all the voices of  
the heavenly home circle!

**Welcome Awaits.**

In our anxiety at last to reach heaven  
we are apt to lose sight of the glee or  
welcome that awaits us if we get in at  
all. We all have friends up there. They  
will somehow hear that we are coming.  
Such close and swift and constant com-  
munication is there between those up-  
lands and these lowlands that we will  
not surprise them by sudden arrival. If  
loved ones on earth expect our coming  
visit and are at the depot with carriage  
to meet us, surely we will be met at the  
shining gate by old friends now sainted  
and kindred now glorified. If there  
were no angel of God to meet us and  
show us the palace and guide us to our  
everlasting residence, these kindred  
would show us the way and point out  
the splendors and guide us to our cele-  
stial home, bowered and fountained and  
arched and illumined by a sun that  
never sets. Will it not be glorious, the  
going in and the setting down after  
all the moving about and upsets of  
earthly experience? We will soon know  
all our neighbors, kindly, queenly, pro-  
phetic, apostolic, seraphic, archangelic.  
The precious bundle of life opened amid  
palaces and grand marches and acclama-  
tions. They will all be so glad we  
have got safely through. They saw us  
down here in the struggle. They saw  
us when we lost our way. They knew  
when we got off the right course. None  
of the 32 ships that were overdue at  
New York harbor in the storm of week  
before last was greeted so heartily by  
friends on the palace as the steam tug  
that went out to meet them at Sandy  
Hook as we will be greeted in the heav-  
enly world if by the pardoning and pro-  
tecting grace of God we come to cele-  
stial warfare. We shall have to tell  
them of the many wrecks that we have  
passed on the way across wild seas and  
amid Caribbean cyclones. It will be  
like our arrival some years ago from  
New Zealand at Sydney, people sur-  
prised that we got in at all, because we  
were two days late, and some of the  
ships expected had gone to the bottom,  
and we had passed delirics and aban-  
doned crafts all up and down that awful  
channel—our arrival in heaven all the  
more rapturously welcomed because of  
the doubt as to whether we would ever  
get there at all.

**God's Promise.**

Once there it will be found that the  
safety of that precious bundle of life  
was assured because it was bound up  
with the life of God in Jesus Christ.  
Heaven could not afford to have that  
bundle lost because it had been said in  
regard to its transportation and safe ar-  
rival, "Kept by the power of God  
through faith unto complete salvation."  
The veracity of the heavens is involved  
in its arrival. If God should fail to  
keep his promise to just one ransomed  
soul, the pillars of Jehovah's throne  
would fall, and the foundations of the  
eternal city would crumble, and infinite  
poverties would dash down all the  
chances and close all the banqueting  
halls, and the river of life would change  
its course, sweeping everything with  
desolation, and frost would blast all the  
gardens, and immeasurable sickness  
slew the immortals, and the new Jeru-  
salem become an abandoned city, with  
no chariot wheel on the streets and no  
worshippers in the temple—a dead Pom-  
peii of the skies, a buried Herculaneum  
of the heavens. Let any one should  
doubt, the God who cannot lie smites  
his omnipotent hand on the side of his  
throne and takes affidavit, declaring,  
"As I live, saith the Lord God, I have  
no pleasure in the death of him that  
dieth." Oh, I cannot tell you how I  
feel about it, the thought is so glorious.  
Bound up with God. Bound up with  
infinite mercy. Bound up with infinite  
joy. Bound up with infinite purity.  
Bound up with infinite might. That  
thought is more beautiful and glorious  
than was the heroic Abigail who at  
the foot of the crags uttered it, "Bound  
in the bundle of life with the Lord thy  
God!"

Now, my hearer and reader, appreciate  
the value of that bundle. See that  
it is bound up with nothing mean, but  
with the unmeasured and the immeasur-  
able, with the noble of the shifting beach,  
but with the kohinor of the palace;  
not with the fading regalia of earthly  
pomp, but with the robe washed and  
made white in the blood of the Lamb.  
Pray as never prayed before that by  
divine grace, prophesy written all over  
your nature may be properly addressed  
for a glorious destination. Turn not  
over a new leaf of the old book, but by  
the grace of God open an entirely new  
volume of experience and put into prac-  
tice the advice contained in the peculiar  
but beautiful rhythm of some author  
whose name I know not:

If you've any task to do,  
Let me whisper, friend, to you.  
Do it.

If you've anything to say,  
True and needed, yes or nay,  
Say it.

If you've anything to love,  
As a blessing from above,  
Love it.

If you've anything to give,  
That another's joy may live,  
Give it.

If some hollow creed you doubt,  
Though the whole world boot and shout,  
Doubt it.

If you've any debt to pay,  
Rest you neither night nor day—  
Pay it.

If you've any joy to hold,  
Near your heart, lest it grow cold,  
Hold it.

If you've any grief to meet,  
At a loving Father's feet,  
Meet it.

"Come Here, Sir."  
It was during evening "prep." Jones  
minor was always getting into mischief,  
and the master had his eye on him in  
consequence.  
"Jones minor, you're talking," said  
he suddenly.  
"Yes, sir," replied Jones, meekly.  
"What were you saying?" Pause.  
"Well, I'm waiting. What was it you  
said?"  
"Come here and I'll tell you, sir,"  
answered Jones.  
"We started aghast at our companion,  
and wondered what would happen next.  
The master looked as if he had not heard  
right."  
"What did you say?" he said, slow-  
ly.  
"Come here and I'll tell you, sir,"  
ventured Jones again.  
"We were on the tiptoe of expectation.  
Such daring as this was unparalleled,  
even for Jones. The master rose from his  
chair. His anger was terrible to see.  
"Leave the room!" he thundered, stid-  
ing toward the trembling culprit.  
"Why, sir?" faltered Jones.  
"Why, sir?" sputtered the irate peda-  
gogue. "When I ask you what you  
were talking about you ask me to come  
to you and you'll tell me! Why, in-  
did!"  
"Yes, sir. But that's really what I  
did say," the boy replied. "Mebbe  
asked me what the exercise was, and I  
said, 'Come here and I'll tell you.'"  
Then the band played.—Buffalo  
News.

**A Siamese Swell.**  
One of my neighbors was an interest-  
ing creature, and evidently well pleased  
with himself. He wore long finger nails,  
and seeing the look at him spread out  
his left hand