Advertising is to Business what Steam is To Machinery—the GREAT PROPELLING POWER. If you want Business to go STEAM UP by putting a good advertisement in the GOLD LEAF.

GOLD LEAF.

Look at the Date on Your Address. The figures indicate the time to which you have paid up. If in arrears, you are respectfully, but urgently, requested to PAY UP AT ONCE.

THAD R. MANNING, Publisher. | "CAROLINA, CAROLINA, HEAVEN'S BLESSINGS ATTEND HER." | SUBSCRIPTION $1.50 Cash.

VOL. XIII. HENDERSON, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1894. NO. 23.

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The Old Friend

And the best friend, that never fails you, is Simmons Liver Regulator, (the Red Z)—that's what you hear at the mention of this excellent Liver medicine, and people should not be persuaded that anything else will do.

It is the King of Liver Medicines; is better than pills, and takes the place of Quinine and Calomel. It acts directly on the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels and gives new life to the whole system. This is the medicine you want. Sold by all Druggists in Liquid, or in Powder to be taken dry or made into a tea.

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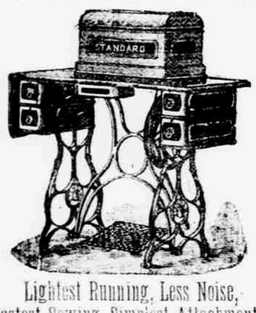

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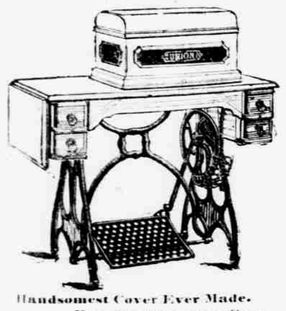

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25 varieties High-Class, Thoroughbred, Fancy Poultry; 15 Varieties Fancy Pigeons; Golden Fleece Ferrets; Pet Rabbits and Beserbed Poland China Swine. Send 10c. for a 164 page, Illustrated Descriptive Catalogue containing many useful Poultry hints, treatment of their diseases, etc., worth dollars to any one interested in Poultry.
ALBERT ASKEY, Ridott, Ill.

ODE TO THE CONFEDERATE DEAD.

BY OSCAR W. BLACKNALL.

Strong granite seek the skies!
Eternal stone arise!
To honor our Southern dead,
To honor the men who shed
Their life-blood for the right,
With retrospective eye
I see them throng to die
On fields their valor made
Names that can not fade
From history's greatest page,
Our precious heritage.
Not Glory holds the bay
But duty points the way
When at Carolina's call,
Their Spartan mother's call—
From cabin hearth and hall,
From station great and small
They gather to the fight,
They have resistless might.

Carolina, from thy breast,
Thy sturdy, rock-ribbed breast,
A fit memorial wrest
For these, thy sturdiest sons,
Thy dutious, gallant sons,
Who faced the hostile guns:
Who, at thy stern behest,
Forward to battle pressed,
Nor counted gain or loss
Beneath the starry cross,
Who fought and starved and bled
With all but honor dead
When Hope itself had fled—
Who more than won success,
Who won the deathless fame
That belongs to the spotless name.

Theirs the happy lot
From our name to wash the blot,
By envy cast of old.
Dispraise was put to shame,
Detraction hid its head
Before men of such mold,
Whom Lee with pride hath led,
Who under Jackson sped
From field to field of fame
And on the bloodiest field
Won their country's sword and shield.

Ah! not till they were low
Came victory to the foe!
From where against our ranks
The Northern hordes were hurled,
Till on Appomattox's banks
The starry cross was furled.
'Twas only o'er our dead,
Our own Confederate Dead.
That hostile foot could tread,
Could tread without recoil
The sacred Southern soil;
'Twas only over the graves,
The earth encumb'ring graves,
Of our uncoffined braves
That the invader came,
That we were put to shame.

Rise, granite shaft, and stand
A beacon in our way!
Rise granite shaft and hand
The example of that band,
That more than Spartan band,
Down to remost days.
Let not their fall be vain
From even this loss give gain;
Far more than victory,
Than laurels ever won,
Is the example of duty done,
Of men who would not shun
Even death when liberty
Called from her inmost shrine,
Called forth with voice divine,
Bade them her ransom give,
Bade them their heart's blood give,
Bade die that she might live,
And to the example high
(Ah, never let it die!)
Of the intrepid men in Grey
We owe that to this day
She still with us abides,
Still in our midst resides.
'Twas that that made us bold
Her garment's hem to hold
Through the dark and hopeless ways
Of reconstruction days.

Upon thy face, proud stone,
Nor name nor deed be shown;
Simply be it said
"To Our Confederate Dead."
Not all the shafts that rest
Unpurried in thy breast,
O, Mother state, could hold
In smallest characters told
Every worthy deed,
Of those who in thy need,
Who in thy sorest need,
Stood a living wall
Between thee and the foe
Which they might overthrow,
Which might perish, fall,
But which could not retreat,
Could not survive defeat.

Honor all as one!
Honor one as all!
Know neither great nor small,
Greater than patriot none,
Yea, patriot to the core
The humblest man who bore
A musket in the strife
And for conviction gave his life,
The highest could be no more,
Whether with breasts unscarred,
With hope as yet unmarred,
Beneath the banner barred
Fell most gloriously
When a battle meant a victory;
Or purged of every dross
Beneath the star strewn cross,
In deadly trenches pent
Their shattered frames were spent
Till wounds or fell disease
Gave their gallant souls release,
It reeks not how or where
That highest pledge was given,
Enough to know that there
A hero's life was riven.

And those other Southern Dead,
For whom no tear was shed,
No other stone has risen—
The Southern women true,
Give them their tardy due,
At heart! At heart! they bled;
At home as in a prison
They could only hear afar
The harrowing sounds of war,
In strife could take no part,
While every ball that sped,
Every ounce of Federal lead
Smote them full within the heart,
The man could die but once,
The woman a thousand times;
The body dies but once,
The heart a thousand times.

Those issues now are past;
Grave sank within the vast
And should no longer cast
Their shadow over our lives.
Let prejudice abate,
Away with sectional hate;
Honor the brave and true,
Whether in Grey or Blue,
But one point never yield,
One truth forever shield:
As sure as rolls the sun,
Or on the centuries run—
That these men, that they
Who with honor wore the Grey,
Were patriots every one.
That motives purer, higher,
More patriotic fire
Did never breasts inspire,
Nor men more true and bold
A juster cause uphold.

A man with a broken leg is liable to do a good deal of darning while the leg is knitting.

A Wet Blanket.

The Father—"He wants to marry you, does he? What do you know about him?"

The Daughter—"He is a sincere Christian."

The F.—"Has he any money?"

The D.—"He has a treasure laid up in Heaven."

The F.—"He has, has he? Then he can have you after he comes into possession of it."—New York *Press.*

Although it is not claimed that Ayer's Sarsaparilla cures every ill to which flesh is heir, yet, as a matter of fact, it comes nearer doing this than any other medicine ever compound. In purifying the blood, it removes the source of nearly all disorders of the human system.

HANDSOME TRIBUTE

TO NORTH CAROLINA'S GALLANT DEAD.

Capt. Mason's Eloquent Oration Delivered at the Laying of the Corner-Stone of the Confederate Monument in Raligh—A Graceful and Scholarly Production, and a Fine Contribution to History.

The following is the address, in full, of Capt. Thomas W. Mason, delivered at the laying of the corner-stone of the Confederate Soldiers' Monument on May 22nd:

Ladies and Gentlemen:

North Carolina bids us pause to-day and consider the memory of her soldiers—those whom she gave to the Confederacy.

I know that you are busy with your affairs, that the demands of duty press upon you. I fear that disappointed hopes and failing fortunes may distress some of you; I am sure that the weight of years is now laid upon those who have survived their comrades.

Repeating the message of our beloved State, I entreat you to come away from your cares and sorrows to-day; and let us stand with hearts aglow, and with uplifted heads, in the presence of our heroic past

The day invites us. It is our independence day. It is our day of glorious memories. Now, and through all the years to come, it is our Confederate Monument day. For this day, our mountains have given their fairest treasure into the hands of woman, and she has brought this treasure reverently into our midst. Our brothers have taken it gratefully from her hands, and laid the stone in its place. We watch and wait with swelling hearts. Voices fall upon the ear again that have been still since our camp fires went out. We feel the touch of elbows again; our lines are forming; our ensigns stream above us; our bugles are calling. The stone, which you have laid in place to-day, my brothers, shall be lifted up! And, by its side and from its summit, he shall look into our faces again—our comrade, our brother; "bone of our bones, and flesh of our flesh;" brave as he who followed the Eagle of Rome, or the Lilies of France; our Confederate brother; he who was first at Bethel; he who was nearest the foe at Gettysburg; he whose rifle gave the last salute to the flag which was folded with immortal honor,

We have waited long enough to-consecrate this stone. History approves and demands it. They who were our foes, but who are now our friends, ask that it be done. The passing years have laid their hands, in blessing, upon the head of our comrade, and deepened the halo about his name. If the courage of the soldier, untainted by evil purpose, is the noblest gift of time; if the memory of Grant is sacred; if the name of Lee is our priceless heritage; then, have we waited long enough to dedicate this stone to the memory of the North Carolina Confederate soldier.

What moved him to leave his plow in the furrow that he might struggle, unto death, with his brother of the North? Was he not happy at home? Did he not love his wife and children? Had he not hewn from the forests his fruitful fields? Were not his barns filled with rich harvests? Had he not altars at which to worship? Had he no name or history to love and cherish? Was he not taught to reverence the Constitution next to his Bible? Was he a disturber of the peace; a hater of his fellowman? Did not all the graces of a generous host adorn his fireside? Did the sun, in his course, shine upon a fairer land than his? What moved him to leave his hearth-stone and go forth, with darkened brow and compressed lip, to struggle and die? We know that no lust of power; no worldly gain; no pride of life moved him. He was never an aggressor. His keen sense of what was due to himself, made him careful of the rights of others. So careful was he; so regardful of his acts; so cautious in moving forward; so contented with the portion which God and his own right arm had given him, that his neighbors bantered him for his homely virtues, and likened him to the good-natured dutchman who was said to have fallen into a peaceful repose that he slept until the stock of his fowling-piece crumbled with decay at his side. And yet our good-natured sleeping comrade suddenly awoke to such deeds of valour that "the world wondered," and declared that he must take his place with heroes, while his neighbors were happy to share the glory of his deeds.

What moved this peace-loving, God-fearing, contented man, happy within the shadow of the vine that climbed about his cottage door, to go forth against his brother of the North? Let it not be said that in a moment of unreasoning haste, he tore asunder the ties of home and kindred, and rushed, like a madman, upon the sword of his adversary. His four years of hard endurance gives higher meaning to his courage. Rather, let it be said of him that he loved the union of these States. The blood which flowed in his veins, unmixed with alloy, had warmed the hearts of the men who struck the first blow for Independence. In the county of Alamance, hard by the old stage road that leads from Hillsboro to Salisbury, a stone has been planted and on it are engraved these words: "First battle of the Revolution. Here was fought the battle of Alamance the 15th of May, 1771, between the British and the Regulators." Here by this stone was poured out the first libation to American Independence. Four years thereafter, on the 20th of May, 17 5, the listening ear of North Carolina heard the cry that the men of Massachusetts had been slain at Lexington. And no more, save from hostile camps, did the ensign of Britain wave over her soil. Then, it was enough for her to know that the invader's foot was upon the soil of a sister State. Can the sons of Massachusetts ever forget how the battle cry of Lexington was answered? Can they ever forget how they and the sons of North Carolina locked their shields until King George, on the 20th day of January, 1783, calling each one by name, treating with each one of them, declared these States "to be free, sovereign and independent."

Let it be said of our comrade that he loved the Union, but, let it also be said of him, his proud lineage taught him that his own beloved State and her sister States were sovereigns. He remembered how those, whose name he bore, had refused to enter the Union, under the Constitution until the sovereignty of North Carolina and the liberties of her citizens had been assured. In all the years of peace, while he tilled his fields and reared his children, he had been taught to guard this treasure committed to him with that supreme devotion with which the sons of Israel guarded the walls about their sacred city. In all these years of peace, he rejoiced in the strength and glory of the Union as it broadened toward the setting sun. By the fireside he had heard his sire tell of 1812, and of Lundays Lane, and how he marched against the Indians with the warrior Jackson, whom North Carolina gave, with many other noble gifts to her fair daughter beyond the mountains. He, himself, had marched with the star-spangled banner and cheered it as it waved in triumph, over the halls of the Montezumas.

Let it be said of him that he loved the Union; that he loved the arts of peace; that he loved repose; but, let it also be said of him, his repose was never so profound that the tramp of the advancing host failed to arouse him.

In 1861, as in 1775, his sensitive ear caught the first foot-fall of the foe upon the soil of the State that holds the ashes of Washington. It was enough. The plow stood still in the furrow; the unuttered good-bye was said with quivering lips and straining eyes; the door of his home closed behind him, and he went forth to battle. By his side, through all the firey struggle, be it said, was one whose love for him was as the love of Jonathan for David; given him strength and comfort; caring for the stricken ones whom he had left behind; guarding the honor of the cause for which he bled; and when all seemd lost, save honor, leading him by wise counsels, away from the sorrows of war to the victories of peace. We would that this one were with us to-day. How our hearts would burn within us to hear his voice and look into his face again! But he sleeps well where we have laid him, with our love for him as lasting as the mountains that guard his resting place—our great war governor and leader; but, as we tenderly think of him now, our comrade and brother, Vance!

It was strange and terrible to see these men of the South and of the North, shed each others' blood. They spoke the same language; they worshiped at the same altars; they had been school-boys together; they had shouted together in the shock of battle; and, together they had filled the world with their victories of peace. No ray of light touched the glory of their country, that did not fall, with its benediction, upon them both. And yet, above the contentions of the White and Red Rose; of Cavalier and Round-Head; of Bourbon and Jacobin, there was a solemn grandeur in their struggle. Can the Union live by force? The North answered, yes; the South answered, no. And this momentous question of government was to be settled in the stormy comitia of arms. Each thought he had "his quarrel just," and thus thrice-armed they strove. Two millions of men of the North stood to arms; six hundred thousand of the men of the South stood to arms. How grandly they strove, shaking the ocean with the tramp of monitor and ram, and teaching new warfare to the nations of the earth!

How they strove, while the storm of battle howled up the valleys, and over the mountains, and across the plains, shrieking and hissing into the ear of the pale wife as she knelt by the bedside of her children, and prayed for the husband upon whose breast the pitiless storm was breating! How they strove, while their flocks and harvests perished, and their homes were consumed, and want and hunger came, and, through the dreary watches of the night, and widowed wife sat looking, with wan and weary face, upon the dying child in her arms, while the currents of its life ran dry in her aching breast! Brave women of our land, what tongue can tell your devotion! There was no soldier's arm you did not nerve; there was no soldier's couch of suffering you did not pillow with your gentle hands; there is no soldier's grave your love has left unblest!

If history shall say of that man of the South and of the North that they sinned in going to battle against each other, it will be sure to say also that their rich offering of blood has opened wide the everlasting mansions of glory for the cause each fought for.

How did our comrade bear himself in this supreme test of virtue? Let us follow his shining lance, and see the grim face of war radiant with the sublime, courage of the soldier. History startles us with its record. A military population of one hundred and fifteen thousand men; an army of one hundred and twenty-five thousand men! In all the annals of the earth is there a nobler record of heroic endeavor?

Let us follow our brothers, as they pour over the James, thirty thousand of them, in the June days of 1862 encircling Richmond with their dark gray lines, near one third of those who had gathered for its defense; standing with their faces to the North; waiting for the struggle of the Seven Days to begin; waiting for Jackson, the Eagle of the army to swoop down from the mountains; waiting for Lee to speak, whose voice in battle was, to them from that day forward, as the voice of God; and when he told them to go forward, see how they and their comrades twist McClellan's army, with their strong grapple, back and forth across the Chickahominy, striking him blows of iron, day in and day out, until sore and weary, as the day closed upon the field of Gaines' Mill, he sat down and wrote to his Government that he was beaten, and that his only hope was to escape from his fierce pursuers; and five days thereafter, Lee rode back from Malvern Hill, praising his soldiers and regretting that he had not captured the Union Army. See how they go, on the morning on the 17th of September, 1862, double-quicking from the right to the bloody left, at Sharpsburg; sweeping proudly into line, and staying, like a wall of granite, the torrent of the battle as it comes rushing in over the dead bodies of Hood's brave Texans. See how the foe recoils from the deadly blast of their rifles; see how they drive him back with yells of defiance, restoring our lines, and standing in their ranks, through the day and through another day, as firmly as the solid earth beneath them. Read the record of their daring at Chancellorsville, the death-bed of Jackson, in the early days of 1863: One hundred and thirty-one Confederate regiments under fire; twenty-five of them from North Carolina; ten thousand two hundred and eighty-one Confederates killed and wounded; two thousand nine hundred and forty-eight of them from North Carolina. See how they move their torn battle flags above the crest of the struggle, at Gettysburg, as it moves along its track to death, up the slopes of Cemetery Hill, urging forward with the throbbing of their hearts; and when the fateful storm is over, when the crest of the battle rose highest, there lies our comrade by the side of him, of the North, whom the peace of death has made again his brother. As we look into their faces, side by side, the one clad in gray, the other in blue; each aglow with the spirit that has brought them thus together, to the open portals of immortality, can we say of either that he has sinned? Shall we follow our brothers, as they hold in check the unbending will and mighty forces of Grant, through the fire and smoke of the wilderness, in the trenches at Petersburg, along the sullen retreat, until the end came, and Lee bade them adieu, with his blessing that has followed them, and made them, patient and heroic in peace as they were great in war?

Shall we measure the glory of our comrade by the treasure of his blood? Then read this record: Fifty-two thousand nine hundred and fifty-four Confederates killed in battle; fourteen thousand five hundred and twenty-two of them from North Carolina; twenty-one thousand five hundred and seventy Confederates died of wounds; five thousand one hundred and fifty-one of them from North Carolina; fifty-nine thousand two hundred and ninety-seven Confederates died of disease; twenty thousand six hundred and two of them from North Carolina. Forty thousand two hundred and seventy-five sons of North Carolina gave lives to the Confederacy, more than one-third of her military population; nineteen thousand six hundred and seventy-three of the sons were killed in battle or died of wounds, more than seventeen per cent of the military population, while the average loss of the Confederate armies was ten per cent., and of the Union armies five per cent. Read this record of the 26th North Carolina regiment of Pettigrew's Brigade, at Gettysburg, the conflict of the century. It carried into action over eight hundred men, eighty of them were left, and history has declared: "This loss of the 26th North Carolina, at Gettysburg, was the severest regimental loss during the war," in which seven hundred and sixty four Confederate regiments and two thousand and forty-seven Union regiments were engaged. Read the thrilling story of Capt. Tattlis company, on this same field of death, that the last of all its officers and eighty-three out of eighty-four of its men killed and wounded; and of Capt. Bird's Company C. of the Eleventh North Carolina, of this same noble Brigade, that lost two of its officers and thirty-four out of thirty-eight of its men killed and wounded, in the engagements of the first two days; and these four who remained took their places in the historic charge of the 30th of July; and when his flag-bearer was shot down, "the Captain brought out the flag himself."

Near the town of Winchester, in Virginia, they set apart a Soldiers' Resting-place, after peace had come; and when those of our sister State, who loved the memory of the brave, had brought thither the soldiers of the Confederacy who had fallen near their homes, lo, the dead of North Carolina held so large a space, among their comrades of other States, that this silent witness moved their hearts to renown; and they sent here for our beloved comrade, Vance, to come and speak to them of these men whose noble dust gave honor to the soil of Virginia.

Shall we say of the Confederate soldier that he died in vain? Shall we say of his mighty struggle that it has no higher meaning than defeat? Shall we stand above his grave and declare that all was lost but honor? From the smoking altar of his sacrifice, is there no incense to virtue? Does the world bless him only who wears a crown of laurel? Is there no beauty on the brow that wears a crown of thorns? Were the oracles of God lost to men when his chosen people passed under the yoke of Rome? Were the laws and language of Rome lost to the world when the Goth struck down her Eagles? Was Cromwell lost to Britain when the Stuart came back to her throne?

The Confederate soldier has not died in vain. History will tell the story of his death and passion, that men may be lifted up by the example of his devotion to the memory of his fathers. If they did not die in vain who fell at Moore's Creek Bridge, at King's Mountain, at Guildford, at Germanton, at Brandywine, at Princeton; then their sons did not die in vain who fell at Bethel, at Manassas, at Richmond, at Sharpsburg, at Fredericksburg, at Chancellorsville, at Gettysburg, and on every field, where they sealed with their blood, the covenant made with their fathers, that this should be a Union of Sovereign States, with a Government of expressed powers limited by the letter of the written compact. For this covenant they died. That no sinful hand might be laid upon it, they took up arms. That no jot or tittle of it might fail, they drew the sword. The cause, for which they died is not the lost cause of a dead Confederacy; but it is the vital cause of a living Union, its soul and strength; its only hope of future life, and without which, it will dissolve and pass away like the smile of a dream upon the wrinkled face of time.

The Confederate soldier has not died in vain. The lesson he has left us is the only counsel that can save the life of our Union. When history shall call the names of those who have been truest to their trust, in the ranks of war, the men of the Gray-Union will uncover to their names and take their places in the world's Legion of Honor.

My brothers, the memory of your comrade will not fade. In the twilight of the years to come, it will be as the luminous star which led the Eastern worshipers, where a new life had come to abide among men, long enough to teach them how to live like heroes and die like martyrs. The daughters of North Carolina will point our children and our children's children to that star. They will never turn their faces from the Confederate soldier. They gave you your battle flags wet with the dew of their tears, and in that sign and with their prayers, you made the name of North Carolina noble. With each returning spring time, the grave of your comrade blooms out afresh as they lay their hands upon it. To-day, they have embalmed his memory in stone. They have given you this token of their love that shall not fail. Let us lift up this token of their love, my brothers! The light of the morning will bless it; the glory of the evening will hallow it; the patient stars will watch over it; and the calm face of our comrade will teach us courage for the day and hope for the morrow.

Ye men, who wore the Gray, you have been brave in peace as you were strong in war. You have lifted North Carolina up in your arms, and made her as true to our Union as the bride is true to her marriage vows. By your patience, peace and order and hope are ours. Elsewhere, in our Union, there is trouble. Social disorder vexes the son of the patriot, and the cry of distress pains the heart of him who loves his fellowman. Teach others the lesson of your patience. Teach them to right the wrong, as you have done, by the wisdom of the law and the purity of its administration. Teach them to be true, each to his sovereign State, as you are to North Carolina. And, by this shrine which her daughters have consecrated with their love, let us to-day renew our vows to our Sovereign Queen, the brightest jewel in whose crown is the memory of her soldiers whom she gave to the Confederacy.

An old citizen in a country village being asked for a subscription toward repairing the fence of the graveyard, declined, saying: "I subscribed toward improvin' that buryin' ground nigh unto forty years ago, and my family hain't had no benefit from it yet."

Work Well Done.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.—I suffered with dyspepsia and disordered liver and would frequently throw up bile. I procured a bottle of Simmons Liver Regulator, and, after using half of it was completely cured. One of my lady customers told me the other day that Simmons Liver Regulator completely cured her of sick-headache.—D Olds.

VITAL RELIGION.

What it is and How We are to Practice It.

[New York Herald.]

Pure religion and undefiled before God and the father.—James, 1:27.

No more succinct statement of what is essential in the formation of a religious character was ever made.

We are told in simple language, which the humblest can understand, that God's requirements are few; that this life can be made worth living, and the other life anticipated with pleasure, by obeying two injunctions—namely, being helpful to those who are struggling with adversity and keeping our souls clean and wholesome.

If "pure religion and undefiled," embodied in our daily actions, will insure the approval of God, and if it consists in doing all the good that lies in our power and in making for ourselves a record of impregnable honesty, then we must agree that religion is indispensable and we can no more afford to live without it than we can live without a roof over our heads or food for our table.

If the Church will pardon us for the criticism, we should like to say that it has taught men to look at life from the wrong standpoint. It tells us that we must believe certain doctrines before he can lead a certain kind of life. These doctrines are of a complex character and sharp controversy arises. If we must believe before we can live, then unless we believe we cannot live, and many a noble soul has lost its grip on the higher life because it could not make the doctrine intelligible or even reasonable. That is a misfortune of the gravest kind and one to be greatly deplored. When the Church says to a man, you must accept this and that dogma, and accept it with the shade of meaning which I ascribe to it, it makes religion too much of an intellectual process, while the spiritual process is lost. If a man rejects the dogma he is apt to think that dogma is an essential element of religion, whereas in very truth it is nothing of the kind. That mistake may prove to be fatal, and his whole life may be blighted.

On the other hand, when a man is told that since this is God's world, and he is God's child, he must therefore seek the approval of God by being of service to his fellows—encouraging the weak, lifting up the downtrodden, defending the oppressed, setting an example of honorable dealing which will be attractive to others—there is no room for controversy, and the whole debate possible is as to the best way of accomplishing these results. He may begin this work without any dogmas whatever, may not know that there is such a document as a creed in existence, but you cannot deny that he is a loyal follower of the Christ. He need not hesitate to carry his pure motives, his uprightness, his self-sacrifice to the foot of the Throne and need have no fear that he will not be welcomed by angelic hosts.

Moreover, he cannot long pursue such a course without becoming, in its best sense, a firm believer. He may not accept all the Thirty-nine Articles, but that is of no consequence. He will accept the general principles on which the earthly career of Jesus was based, and the moral law which He proclaimed in such startling phrases that we can hardly resist calling it a revelation.

He will not only believe in a God who rules the world wisely and justly, and in a Providence which overlooks the experiences which come to each one of us, but will perforce reach the conclusion that this God has arranged things in a fatherly way.

When he is seeking for an ideal life, the best conceivable life, the life after which it would be perfectly safe to model his own, he will find it in the Christ, and the record of it in the New Testament. The great example will impress itself on his mind, and his respect for the Nazarene will grow to admiration, and his admiration will increase until it becomes worship.

Further than this, he will see at a glance that there is a right and a wrong in the universe. He does not know how evil originated, neither does he care. It is sufficient that it exists and that he must avoid it if possible. It is plain to him that the right enlarges the soul and makes it strong, healthy and happy, while wrong hampers his action and makes him cowardly. It does not take long then to discover that it is always better, even though it be at great cost, to maintain the right than to surrender to the wrong.

Once more he sees that no man completes his work in this life, and as incompleteness is an anomaly in a wisely governed world, he reaches the conclusion that beyond the confines of the present there must be a future; that death is only another name for change, and that he has nothing to dread when that change comes.

He began by living a good life but while living it he has gradually acquired a series of beliefs which constitute his greed. It is not the creed of the Church, but it is quite sufficient for all his purposes. No Church can afford to reject him for he stands where St. James stood when he wrote the words of our text, and where Christ stood when He preached the Sermon on the Mount.

He has in his soul all the essentials of a vital religion, is equipped to live and prepare for immortality.

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