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VOL. XIII. New Series--Vol. 2.

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1897.

NO. 49

THE EDITOR'S LEISURE HOURS.

Points and Paragraphs of Things Present, Past and Future.

The strike amongst the miners at Washington, Indiana, which has been on ever since last May, indicates that the race question is taking a definite and positive turn up there. Indeed it is kept alive by the race prejudice. The operators of the mines imported negroes from Kentucky, and the white miners who are out of work are on the point of suffering; and at this writing the trouble promises bloodshed. Perhaps before this reaches our readers the trouble will reach the crisis and violence against the negroes may be the end of it.

The opinions about foot-ball are as shifting as the scenes of the game itself. The same newspaper which announces that at Girard College the game is under ban and no more foot-ball will be played, also announces that at Princeton undergraduates and townspeople are becoming enthusiastic over the game. Even ex-President Cleveland takes an afternoon off occasionally to witness a game.

It is a brutal sport,—especially when there is a contest between teams from different places; and we think it should be discouraged.

Much has been said recently about the crowded condition of prisons in Virginia. The newspapers of the "Old Dominion" have discussed the matter right freely, and private persons have written letters to the State press calling attention to the matter. The Episcopal Convocation which recently met in Gloucester appointed a committee to memorialize the next Legislature of that State for relief in the matter. The State penitentiary seems to be the worst crowded prison, and the Richmond Dispatch has said editorially more than once that the crowded condition of the cells at night is a disgrace and a shame upon civilization and an outrage upon the convicts. It is all the more to be condemned when it is remembered that the State Treasury is right well helped by the money that is made for the State by the labor of the convicts. While we do not believe that convicts and criminals generally ought to be given such luxuries as North Carolina seems to be giving to penitentiary convicts; there ought not to be any inhuman treatment of them. Virginia is a good State to set an example to other States how to do such things; but the present system of confinement there should not be emulated.

People are not always as wise as they seem to be energetic. Everything that looks like progress is not true every time. There is a species of enterprise which is frequently a clog to progress rather than a help. This is especially true in the small towns of the country. In some places there seem to be some persons lying around waiting for some one else to suggest or start on something new and as soon as it is done they pounce down upon the new enterprise by setting up something like it. This is not progress, however much one may claim that it is enterprise.

Frequently some one in a town starts up a new business which promises well and would be successful and profitable if let alone. But no sooner than it is begun and promises success and profit than some one else starts up the same business in competition, fails himself and cripples the other business and makes both ventures a drawback rather than a help to the town or community. This is unwise and is the cause of many failures of which people incorrectly reckon, and the source of many disadvantages which few people properly estimate.

One establishment which thrives and makes good success is worth more to any town and community than half a dozen that are half attended to and barely make expenses. Let us all have an eye to the difference between progress and overdone enterprise.

There isn't room to draw a line between sympathy and snoot.

WE GIVE THANKS.

YES, FOR MANY THINGS.

A Layman's Thanksgiving.

BY "NEMO."

(Copyrighted by Dawe & Tabor.)

We thank Thee, who art Power unmeasured, that though perished and forgotten generations have sought to know Thee as Thou art, yet both Thy form and Thy dwelling-place remain as ever unknown and undescribed. Thus gratefully do we see that each generation, clamoring for life and feeling after light is prompted anew to reverent seeking, because Thou art still hidden among countless things that proclaim Thy handi-work and hint at Thy mighty power. And we thank Thee that the secret of the Almighty is least known by the froward who seek Thee flippantly, not being impelled by their souls' hunger.

But Thou who fillest endless space, And art by highest hosts adored, Leave us some light, Thyself to trace Let us should lose Thee, Lord.

Creator of all things, and Permitter of evil, we thank Thee for the world as it is, with its wrongs that need righting and its pangs that cry out for soothing. We thank Thee that things are not as they ought to be, for therein do we find justification for our existence and stimulus to effort. Created to be doers of deeds, we thank Thee that there is need of deeds, and that we are still called to be co-workers with all who in all ages have combated evil, and worked, blindly sometimes, to give Truth's light to the world.

But Thou who seest every sin, And sheathest still th'avenging sword, Let not the wicked always win, Let good grow weary, Lord.

Thou Tryer of men, from the depths of hearts distressed, we thank Thee for sorrows. Though smitten and disappointed in hopes that seem purest, we yet can raise a quavering note of praise to Thee, who seest the precious metal within where no human eye can trace it, and who increaseth afflictions that no dross may remain. In suffering we progress, and in feeling sorrow we learn sympathy. We thank Thee that we are deemed worthy of kinship with Thy greatest ones, molders of thought and saviors of nations, who have ever been led upward to usefulness through great tribulation.

But Thou who sendest pain and care And dost each trusting sigh record, Give us not more than we can bear, Let our faith falter, Lord.

Thou Giver of will, thou Fashioner of individuality, we thank Thee for standards of morals, varying with nations, yet existent everywhere as a boundless gulf between ourselves and the brutes. We thank Thee for the double nature within us, warring unceasingly the lower against the higher. We thank Thee that our lower natures are strong and insistent, causing us ever to be watchful warriors within the citadels of our own hearts, and above all we thank Thee for every soul that learns the secret of victory over self and thus gains power to help the weaker fight his weary battle.

But Thou who seest right and wrong, Lake day and night, in clear discord, Hold not the twilight over long, Let us mistake them, Lord.

Thou Unimaginable One, whose breath is the life of our nostrils, since we can dream of nothing higher we call Thee, LOVE. For human love and love Divine, we thank Thee. Born by the soft movements of the wings of affection we rise further and further from the discord and selfishness of the dark places of the earth, into the calm of the heavens, where peace reigneth and the view is broad like Thine. For the heaven-on-earth that human love can bring, and for the glorified earth in heaven which our love-enlightened fancies picture, we thank thee, Giver of sex.

But Thou, whose highest name is "Love," Who givest it as our reward, Let it come ever from above, Let it degrade us, Lord.

Thou Judge of peoples, whose vast hand is but lightly burdened with our teeming millions, we thank Thee for our nation, restless, impulsive, hopeful. For its faith in itself as set apart and destined for great testings in self-government; for its development, remote from threatening neighbors, so that

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backward steps can be blamed only upon ourselves; for the national spirit firmly holding to the belief that beneath the tossing waves on the surface of our federated life, there still moves forward a mighty, unruined current sweeping toward ultimate national glory and righteousness: for these with loud voice we thank Thee.

But Thou who hast upon our land, A flood of liberty outpoured, Let us its limits understand, Let license flourish, Lord.

For one human nature that is never content with things attained, but moves ever forward to new fields of action; for our enquiring minds in an enquiring age; for the progress of intellect—until we weigh the stars and trace them to their wondrous courses—until we wrench secrets from nature, hidden through all the ages; for the conquest of earth by diminutive man, so that the rocks are rent and rivers turned to suit our needs as monarchs of matter; for the material records of our racial progress; for all these things we thank Thee, Thou giver of dominion.

But Thou who givest to the race, A wealth of garnered wisdom, stored, Let us not win too high a place Let pride beset us, Lord.

For the growing understanding of heredity, that makes "a little child" now lead us into new educational fields; for the union of men and women on increasingly equal terms in the thought of these later days, directing us by gentler paths into more peaceful life than when men uncurbed, ravaged the world; for these we thank Thee. For our enforced sojourning here, and the conviction that life's experiences must not perish at death; for being a little lower than the angels in that we can grow in grace and fight the good fight, we thank Thee, Thou God of battles. Lord of life and of death, of earth and of heaven, of never-ending ages and of our own little fleeting moment, WE THANK THEE THAT WE ARE!!

The Newspaper in the Schools.

Norfolk Virginian.

This is an age of newspapers, and the Chattanooga Tri-Educational Journal which favors the reading of the newspaper in the schools, takes the position that it is just as essential that the child be taught to read newspapers intelligently as that he be taught history or any other subject in the course of instruction. If the teacher be met with the objection of some old fossil that newspaper literature is not a branch of scholastic concern, he may be disarmed by calling the exercise "newspaper geography."

The plan of teaching is simple, and may be described as follows: A member of the class is selected who, under the direction of the teacher, places the headlines of important foreign and domestic dispatches on the board, and the members of the class who have already studied the morning and evening (or, if in the country, the weekly) papers, proceed to discuss the news, and with map in hand, locate and describe the places and countries whence it comes.

Imagine if you will says the Journal those pupils of the higher grades scanning the foreign dispatch which told of the excitement produced by the bursting of a bomb, August 18, along the route of President Faure, who had started for St. Petersburg. From one corner of the room comes the question: "Who is President Faure?" Another pupil asks: "Why would any one desire to take his life?" And so, question is added to question until the political and social condition of France is considered. President Faure's route of travel to the Russian Capital is pointed out, and among other things, something is learned concerning Russia, the Czar and Czarina.

By this means, the association of an event with a locality not only makes the exercises pleasant and agreeable, but fixes, by the principle of association, both the event and the locality permanently in the memory. Certainly the well conducted newspaper of today is in every sense an educator, and its introduction in the schools as a part of the daily exercises would doubtless be a benefit both to teacher and pupil.

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A Little Pilgrim.

N. C. Christian Advocate.  
(This anecdote in rhyme has a history the half which I cannot tell. It was picked up by an old man in my district, much worn; he read it, and with God's blessing it did him real good. He read it to a dying woman and through it she was led to the Saviour. It came into my hands and I had it printed and 142,000 copies have already been circulated. Many pleasant letters have been sent me, telling glad tidings of its usefulness. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."—J. Rennie.

One summer's evening, ere the sun went down,  
When city men were hastening from the town,  
To reach their homes—some near at hand, some far—  
By snorting train, by omnibus or car,  
To be beyond the reach of city's din—  
A tram car stopped, a little girl got in;  
A cheery looking girl, scarce four years old;  
Although not shy, her manners were not bold;  
But all alone! one scarce could understand.

She held a little bundle in her hand—  
A tiny handkerchief with corners tied,  
But which did just some bread and butter hide;  
A satin scarf, so natty and so neat,  
Was o'er her shoulders thrown. She took her seat,  
And laid her bundle underneath her arm,  
And smiling prettily, but yet so calm,  
She to the porter said, "May I be here?"

He answered instantly, "O yes, my dear."  
And there she seemed inclined to make her stay,  
While once again the train went on its way.  
The tall conductor—over six feet high—  
Now scanned the travelers with a business eye;  
But in that eye was something kind and mild

That took the notice of the little child.  
A little after and the man went round,  
And soon was heard the old familiar sound  
Of gathering pence, and clipping tickets too—  
The train was full and he had much to do.

"Your fare, my little girl?" at length he said,  
She looked a moment, shook her little head,  
"I have no pennies, don't you know?" said she,  
"My fare is paid and Jesus paid for me."  
He looked bewildered—all the people smiled;

"I didn't know. And who is Jesus, child?"  
"Why don't you know he once for sinners died,  
For little children and for men beside,  
To make us good and wash us from our sin—  
Is this his railway I am traveling in?"  
"Don't think it is: I want your fare you know."

"I told you Jesus paid it long ago.  
My mother told me just before she died  
That Jesus paid when he was crucified;  
That at the cross his railway did begin,  
Which took poor sinners from a world of sin.

My mother said his home was grand and  
I want to go and see my mother there—  
I want to go to heaven, where Jesus lives.  
Won't you go too? My mother said  
he gives  
A loving welcome. Shall we not be late?

O, let us go before he shuts the gate;  
He bids little children come to him."  
The poor conductor's eyes felt rather dim,  
He knew not why—he fumbled at his coat,  
And felt a substance rising in his throat,

The people listened to the little child,  
Some were in tears, the roughest only smiled—  
And some one whispered as they looked amazed:  
"Out of the mouth of babes the Lord is praised."

"I am a pilgrim," said the little thing;  
"I'm going to heaven. My mother used to sing  
To me of Jesus and his Father's love,  
Told me to meet her in his home above,  
And so today when aunt went out to tea,  
And looking out I could not Father see,  
I got my bundle, kissed my little kit,  
(I am so hungry, won't you have a bit?)  
And got my hat, and then I left my home,

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A little pilgrim up to heaven to roam;  
And then your carriage stopped, and I could see  
You looked so kind, I saw you beckon me,  
I thought you must belong to Jesus' train.  
And you are not going home to heaven again?  
The poor conductor only shook his head;  
Tears in his eyes—the power of speech had fled.  
Had conscience, by her prattle, roused her fears,  
And struck upon the fountain of his tears,  
And made his thoughts in sad confession whirl?  
At last he said: "Once I'd a little girl,  
I loved her much; she was my little pet:  
And with great fondness I remember yet  
How much she loved me. But one day she died."  
"She's gone to heaven," the little girl replied;  
She's gone to Jesus—Jesus paid her fare.  
Oh, dear conductor, won't you meet her there?  
The poor conductor now broke fairly down  
He couldn't have borne the harshest look or frown,  
But no one laughed, but many sitting by  
Beheld the scene with sympathetic eye.  
He kissed the child, for she his heart had won.  
"I am so sleepy," said the little one,  
"If you will let me, I'll lie here and wait  
Until your carriage comes to Jesus' gate  
Be sure you wake me up, and pull my truck  
And at the gate just give one little knock!  
And you'll see Jesus there." The strong wept.  
I could but think as from the car I stepped  
How oft a little one has found the road,  
The narrow pathway to that blest abode,  
Through faith in Christ has read its title clear  
While learned men remain in doubt and fear.  
A little child; the Lord of us such touch,  
To break or bend, the stoutest heart to touch,  
Then by his spirit bids the conflict cease,  
And once forever enter into peace.  
And then along the road the news to bear,  
We're going to heaven—that Jesus paid our fare.

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