Job Printing In Its Various Branches.

.00 A YEA B IN ALVANCE.

loved to sing!

NO. 16.

SINGLE COPY, 5 CENTS.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, JANUARY 7, 1898.

SUMMER IN WINTER.

Summer time in winter-the birds were on the wing, The meadow dreamed of violets as sweet as

Summer time in winter—the daisies decked Late sprinkled with the silver frosts, and

Illies seemed to nod And send sweet messages of love to the blue realms of God

those of spring,
And all the birds remembered the songs they And all the world was beautiful, and all the

world was bright; The splendid day dreamed soft away to meet the restful night

That rippled from clear stars to earth its loveliness and light!

An Early Bird.

savagely. "Just when I'd screwed up | riedly. my nerves almost to the point of putting the question, and so settling my fate one way or the other, here he professed gallant, who nevermust come and upset everything with his confounded 'Our dance, Miss Bel-Pinger, I believe! Deuce take the

man and his dance, too!" My gaze followed the pair as they passed between the double row of palms toward the ballroom. For a mingling with it in my ears came the silvery ripple of Joan's laughter. Conconservatory swung to behind them.

I rose from the settee, frowned witheringly at a big hydrangea bloom and thought things not to be found in the category of polite proverbs. From Othis genial mood I was roused by the Trou-frou of a woman's dress and a tripping footfall which caused me to glance round quickly, half-expectant-But it was merely my sister Ber-

"What's amiss, Tom?" asked she merrily. "You don't look extravagantly amiable tonight.' 'Don't I, indeed? Well, I feel

even less cheerful than I look." "You couldn't, Tom, dear," Bertha protested, flippantly. "Come, now, what is it? Anxiety about Aunt Jane's health?"

"Oh, hang Aunt Jane!"

"Tom-Tom!" and Bertha's hands went up in simulated horror. "Your own blood relation, too. How utterly depraved of you !"

As a matter of confession I never honest sympathy where Aunt Jane's lect uncle's adage, that women are apt neurotic ailments were concerned. True, they were the only only relaxations the poor old soul allowed herself, but then she ever and inexorably crowd. My poor Tom, truly I pity worked them for all they were worth. | you!" Among other instances, whenever she felt one of her "attacks" coming on, her head she was gone. nothing would do but that she must have her favorite niece to wait upon her, hand and foot, from morning till by my 15-year-old cousin Harold in a night. It was precious hard lines on Bertha, maybe; yet it is the penalty a phenomenal. girl has to pay for being a gentler nurse than sister.

"Not Aunt Jane!" Bertha went on, after a pause. "Then it must be Joan. That was she I saw just now

what? "Quite the contrary. We were getting on famously together until know. that conceited jackanapes thrust himself forward and carried her off."

"Why, what can you complain of in that? I suppose he simply claimed the waltz she had promised him. What are parties and dances for?"

"The only rational use of them is to keep people out of the way of those who don't want to dance. Otherwise, they're nothing but stupid circuses, in my opinion."

"Tom, you're a grumpy beardownright morose, irritable, surly, rude person!-and I'm sorry uncle ever invited you down here at all. You've scarcely been 24 hours in the house yet, and already you show a temper —that—that — There, Joan must be an angel to have tolerated you for five minutes!"

I did not feel called upon to find fault with the classification. My quarrel was not with Miss Bellinger-

nor yet with Bertha. "Well," said I, quickly, "this swash-buckler fellow - this army bounder-who is he, anyway?"

"Captain Moston is nothing more than a gentleman," retorted Bertha, with what she considered an air of delicate irony. "He isn't one of your

sort at all, Tom." "Whoever he may be, he needs a Icason in manners," I rejoined hotly. 'The way in which he has been hanging round Miss Bellinger ever since I've been here is absolutely insufferable. Of course you haven't noticed it; you've been upstairs with Aunt stairs. Jane all the time. But I have, and by Jove! there'll be ructions soon if

> w I begin to understand,' sister, amusedly. ind blows, is it? Gracious me, aptain Mos-'t had an t yet."

> > Tinn Bel-

"Bother the fellow!" I muttered | Moston doesn't?" Bertha put in, hur-

> "Oh, I've come across the type before-the irresistible, self-complacent, Flushing scarlet, Bertha stamped

her foot angrily.

"I won't listen to you. It's disgraceful! He is-he is- At all events, I know Joan likes him-is very fond of him, in fact. She told me so herself. And if she had to moment the music swelled higher, and | choose between you and him, I'm perfeetly certain which she would favor.' Here Bertha broke out into another fusion seize the clown!-he seemed to high-pitched giggle. "Really, Tom, have the knack of amusing her, if I'm almost sorry for you. If you wish nothing else. Then the door of the to cust Captain Moston, I can assure you you'll have to get up very early in the morning."

> This outburst was indeed a facer for me; but I did not intend that my torment of a sister should note its effects.

> "I wish you wouldn't be so slangy, Bertha," I said, reprovingly, shows shocking bad form in girls."

"Thanks for the benefit of the example, "retorted she, airily. "Only I didn't mean it for slang, either. It's a piece of advice to be taken literally. I'll explain-though you don't deserve any such consideration from me, really. Now listen to this. Every morning, before breakfast, Joan wanders off by herself through the park toward the shrubbery, and soon afterward, by an odd coincidence, Captain Moston also strolls away, but invariably in the opposite direction. Now, doesn't that strike you as being somewhat significant? While you are lazying in bed -unless you have amended your habits of late-no doubt he is improving could bring myself to a due state of the golden opportunities. You recolto guage a man's affection by his persistence, especially wherethe waltz is over, and here comes the

And with a mock-solemn shake of

I mooned up into the billiard room. where subsequently I was badly beaten "hundred up" game. His flukes were

"Say, Tom, you're a bit off color tonight, aren't you?" he exclaimed pat-ronizingly. "Never saw you make such a rotten show in my life. But what d'you think of my play, eh? I've with Captain Moston, wasn't it? come on a lot lately, haven't I? Fact Have you and she been falling out or is. Captain Moston's been tipping me a few wrinkles the last day or two. Jolly clever chap, the captain, you

> I offered no comment-audibly. The youngster entered into a glowing enlogy of the captain's many splendid accomplishments and good qualities, rattle to which I had neither the desire nor the patience to hearken. Incidentally, however, he happened to mention that the bedroom of the gentleman in question opened out of the same gallery as mine-was, indeed, next but one to it. Later, when I passed this particular room on my way up to bed, I chanced to observe that the key projected from the lock on the outside of the door. Ere I fell asleep I had settled upon a ruse de

> guerre. Waking soon after daybreak, I dressed hastily and slipped out into the corridor. Listening at the captain's door, I could hear his heavy, regular breathing within; he was still fast asleep. My fingers sought the protruding key, and softly, warily, I turned it, the bolt sliding into its socket without a sound. Now, I well knew that all the apartments in my uncle's house were fitted with patent fastenings, each one having its special key, no one key opening any other lock than its own, and I flattered myself upon the tactical use to which had been enabled to put my knowledge. Of a certainty there would be no Captain Moston at the rendezvous that morning. Chuckling over the success of my stratagem, I thrust the key into my pocket and hurried down-

Half an hour afterward, from the embrasure of the library window, I stood and watched Joan issue from the stone porch, cross the terrace and wend down by the shrubberiesexactly as I had been led to expect, Myself unseen, I followed after, until she entered the ornate wooden chalet that. Just near the tennis court. In a few minrting with ntes she reappeared with a bicycle, which she trundled down to the level gravelly path beyond. Here she waited, tapping the ground vexedly hom he with the toe of her boot, glancing this way and that at intervals, with growing impatience. I thrust through the

bushes behind her, "How late you are!" she cried, turnanguland at the noise; then, seeing estapamered confusedly: "Oh,

Mr. Varcoe, I-I expected-I thought it was some one else!

"That's a little disappointing for both of us," I answered, biting my "It was some other person you hoped to see-eh?"

"I said-expected." "Don't you think it amounts to about the same thing," I hazarded

suavely, "under the circumstances?" "Not at all-why need it? Still, I must confess I wish you had not come just now. I didn't want to see you, nor you to see me."

I swung round as if to leave her. "A girl never looks her best when learning to cycle," she went on. "One always feels so helpless, so awkward, so very ridiculous an object at first, That's why I practise out here before the other folks are astir. And now you've found it out and have come to laugh at me."

"I declare not," said I, returning to her side. "I hadn't even the faintest idea that you were qualifying for a feminine Ixion-

"There! Isn't that poking fun at me? Really, it's too bad! Why, Bertha told me that you yourself were au enthusiastic cyclist - almost as expert a rider as Captain Moston, You ought not to chaff or discourage a beginner -for I do so want to learn.

Again she peered round in search of him who, to my certain knowledge, would never put in an appearance that morning.

"How annoying!" she ejaculated, pursing up her lips. "What can be keeping him? I wouldn't have given him those three dances last night if I had thought he would have failed me now. That was the condition."

"A pleasurable one, surely," I murmured, trying vainly to recollect more than one of the three dances mentioned. "To be of service to you in any way, to be with you, alone, and

"Oh, must it not be delightful?" cried Joan, in ecstasy. "I can imag-

ine nothing more glorious!" The exclamation struck me as being somewhat incredible. Looking up in surprise, I found that she had not been paying heed to my words at all; her lips parted, she stood gazing with sparkling eyes across the greensward to where the carriage drive wound down beneath the elm trees toward the park gates. Along this stretch of road a tandem bicycle was being ridden at a hot pace.

"Great Casar!" I cried, on catching sight of the distant scorchers; "that's Bertha, isn't it? And the other-no, it can't be-

"Is Captain Moston," interposed Joan, eagerly. "Every morning they go for a spin as far as Bralesley and back. Mustn't it be just glorious? The sense of freedom, of buoyancy, of swift joy, of life and power, of-of-Oh, how I envy them!"

"Every morning?" I repeated, confusedly. "Bertha and Captain Moston? I don't think I quite under-

"Hasn't Bertha told you? She and Captain Moston have been great friends ever so long, and they have become But, there, now, I'm betraying strict confidences. I ought not to have said a word about it, but I made sure she would have told her own brother."

"That's her way of informing me of the fact," replied I, pointing toward the flying figures. "And, all things considered, she might have chosen a worse method. Bertha possesses more tact than I ever gave her credit for. I only hope I may hit upon an equally pleasant and original plan for acquainting her with my engage-

"Your engagement,!" marmured Joan, with a manifest effort to control herself that set my heart thumping with joy. "You-engaged?"

"To teach you eyeling." "Oh! I thought you meant-some-

thing else." "Since it's clear your regular instructor will not be available today, may I ask you to consider my proposal,

Joan? "It's good of you to offer, Tom. I'm afra d you'll find me a terribly backward pupil, and I know I shall never be able to get on by myself."

"Then allow me to help you. First, you place your right foot on the pedal -so; now I lift you to the saddle and keep you there firmly, securely-

"Oh, but I didn't mean that, you stupid boy! And need you hold me quite so tightly? My other teacher

did not. "By George, I should hope not, indeed! He couldn't put his whole heart and soul into the matter as I can -that is, if I am to consider myself definitely engaged."

"Well, not definitely, Tom; say temporarily, until I see how you suit." "With any prospect of a permanen-

cy, Joan?" asked I, unsteadily, "I'm serious now; you cannot have misunderstood -"Oh, Tom-hold me! I'm go-go-

There, you nearly let me tumble over that time! Why, I don't believe you're a bit abler instructor than the other one, after all. You may be stronger and have better theories as to- Why, here's Harold himself! Now, fisn't that tiresome? Just when we were managing so nice-

ly, too!" As Joan spoke, my uncle's young more nuggets than not hopeful came lyping along the path, scup!-Chicago Tribune.

breathless and spent with the haste he had made.

"Awfully sorry I'm so late, Miss Bellinger," gasped he. "Some silly idiot fastened me into my bedroom this morning, and it took me a beastly long time to screw off the lock with my penknife. I've half a notion it

was one of Captain Moston's jokes." "Captain Moston?" said I, my hand going instinctively into my pocket, where lay the incriminating key.

"Yes; our rooms are close together, you know-his two rooms to the right of yours, just as mine is two doors to the left. But I'll find some dodge to pay him out for this lark before I'm a day older, you bet. And now, Miss Bellinger, if it isn't too late to

"I rather fancy it is, Harold," I hastened to put in.

"For me, you mean?" exclaimed he, grinning. "Well, I guessed something of the sort when I saw you here. I'd better clear out, eh? So I'll ta-ta now and leave you. Go ahead, old chap! I never like to spoil sport." -Chambers' Journal.

WHEN THE STARS FELL.

Meteoric Shower Followed by a Season of Beligious Activity.

The recent eclipse was discussed in a crowd of old-timers the other day, and it was unanimously a lmitted that whenever anything unusual occurred in the heavens it impressed the beholder more than any other phenomenon. From the subject of eclipse the conversation turned to comets and meteors, and the big shower of falling stars in November, 1833, was referred to by one of the talker's.

"I remember it," said Colonel George W. Adair. "At that time I was only a small boy, but the spectacle was one not to be forgotten in a hurry, and the agitation and alarm of the older people around me impressed it upon my mind.

"It was the night of November 13, 1833, when the stars fell. I was then living out in the country, in Henry county, and was fast asleep when the

shower came.

"My father had gone that night to a corn-shucking, and knew nothing about the trouble until he started home. He was with a friend, named Jones, a man of religious turn of mind, and when the stars commenced cutting up their capers my father was anxious to reach home as soon as possible. But Jones was frightened out of his wits, and got down on his knees by the side of the road to pray. It was no use reasoning with him, Every hundred yards or so he collapsed and dropped on his knees. He had a powerful voice, and his lamentations and shouts made the woods ring and added to the horrors of the night.

"Finally my father got home, and he lost no time in waking my mother and myself, I shall never forget the scene spread out before me when I went out into the yard. It was indescribably grand and awful, and the heavens seemed to be filled with millions of skyrockets. Streams of fire rolled in every direction, and the stars, or meteors, fell like flakes of snow.

"Nothing like it had ever been seen by the people then living, and they were badly scared. The colored people set up the most unearthly yells and howls, and from every cabin might be heard snatches of prayer and religious songs. Many of the spectators believed that the world was coming to an end, and they were in a frenzy of terror and excitement.

"The next day everybody felt relieved, but there was very little work done. Naturally everybody got into a religious frame of mind, and for weeks after the preacher had large congregations, and a crowd of old sinners joined the church.

"It was a wonderful sight, and I never expect to see anything like it again."-Atlanta Journal.

Remarkable Ear of Corn.

An ear of corn which Patrick Cullen believes to be worth a small fortune is being carefully preserved by that individual, who recently found his prize on Farmer Upright's place at Merion square, Montgomery county. To the ordinary city man there is really nothing remarkable about the ear of corn, Its kernels are not of solid gold, nor are there any diamonds concealed about the cob. Its value lies in the fact that somewhere at some time or other some agricultural society offered a reward of \$1000 to any one who would find a perfect ear of corn with the kernels growing in an uneven number of rows. It has always been found that the rows are even, say ten, twelve, or fourteen to a cob. This ear which Patrick Cullen found, however, shows thirteen rows around the butt and eleven around the middle of the cob. Many farmers to whom Cullen showed his prize assured him that the ear was as perfect as it could be, and that it was really a curiosity. Cullen is now looking for the agricultural society which offered the \$1000 reward -Philadelphia Record.

Klondike Callnary Note. Proprietor (of Dawson City restaurant) - What's the matter with that chap down there at the other end of

Waiter-He's kickin' because there's more nuggets than noodles in his

SERMONS OF THE DAY.

RELIGIOUS TOPICS DISCUSSED BY PROMINENT AMERICAN MINISTERS.

"Self-Heroism" is the Title of the Fifth of the New York Herald's Competitive Sermons-By a New Jersey Minister-Talmage on "God Among the Fishes." "Be strong, and quit yourselves like men."

-I. Samuel, iv., 9. Reputation is what a person seems to be; character is what he is. A man's real self is within, not without; and any permanent progress must proceed from the centre loward the circumference of his life. What is on him or around him cannot determine his value. The aristocracy of character includes the members of the rea! nobility of earth. Such are they who fight the bravest battles and win the most valiant

Real glory Springs from the silent conquest of our-

seives, And without that the conqueror is naught But the first slave.

victories.

My sermon is dedicated to these victors, and my subject is their namesake, "Self-Heroism"—the heroism of self-examina-tion, the heroism of self-preparation, the heroism of self-concentration, the heroism of self-perpetuation.

I.—The Heroism of Self-Examination.

Nothing is insignificant. There is a divine meaning in the existence of everything. No life can infringe upon another's right of way in living; for the legitimate property of no two lives lies along exactly the same track. Each life is a monopoly in itself; for to each has been given the sole permission to exercise certain exclusive powers. The author of my being has made a mistake or my life is of tremendous made a mistake or mylife is of tremendous significance. Introspection partakes of the heroic. Ignorance of seh-knowledge is the reef upon which many of the conquerors of the world have been wrecked. They knew others, but did not know themselves. They guided others, but failed to guide themselves. They mastered others, but could not master themselves. The failed upon which they were victors lay fields upon which they were victors lay beyond themselves; the fields upon which they were victims lay within themselves. It self-examination were an applied science, I venture the opinion that some who are now in the pulpit would be behind the plough; some who are at the bar would be in the blacksmith shop; some who are in Congress would be in the cornfield; some who sit in faculties would lie in fossil beds, and others would awake to their native right and riches and put honor upon lives divinely gifted. Whoever you are, wherever you are, be brave enough, be honest enough to get intimately and accurately acquainted with yourself, and with Jean Paul Richter be enabled to say: "I have made as much out of myself as could be made of the stuff, and no one can require

more."
II.—The Heroism of Self-Preparation. Gibbon tells us that every one has two educations—one which he receives from others and one which he gives to himself. The popular idea of education seems to be the art of allowing others to do as much for us as we have the capacity of receiving. "He is not capable of receiving an education" is a suggestive expression. True education is a suggestive expression. It must find something within you, or it brings nothing out of you. It converts your possibilities into practical powers. The richer a nature the harder and slower its self-preparation and development, To-day the noblest figure in Europe stands erect under the snows of more than fourscore winters, and because of his rigid, righteous self-preparation through all these years the "Grand Old Man" is the freshest in thought and maturest in wisdom of all who meet in the councils of men. Patient preparation is permanent power. In an age that lacks composure men are apt to mature too quickly and decay too soon. Reserve power should be greater than spent power. By self-preparation deposit each day for future drafts, and then you are not apt to overcheck your ac-

III .- The Heroism of Self-Concentration. A life often falls to make a lasting impression because of its diffusion. What we call genius is frequently only the child of application. To attempt any thing and to accomplish nothing is a fatal folly. While we are striving to know something about everything we must zealously try to know everything about something. The higher and more unselfish the end toward which we direct our lives the greater is the demand for intense and ceaseless concenmand for intense and craseless concentration of our noblest powers. Focus your best powers upon the details of your life work. These may seem to be trifles; but remember the wise words of the painstaking artist: "Trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle." Like the fabled bird in the Oriental legend which that the triple learn to east in your slept on the wing, learn to rest in your labor, but never rest from your labor Contemplate! Concentrate! Consecrate

IV.—The Heroism of Self-Perpetuation. Great and good men are not half living when they are alive! Their best and truest life on earth comes after they walk no longer on earth. In their day Moses and Paul were not near so influential as they are to-day. Truth, like a seed, does not bear its fruit in a day, and the richer the truth and more precious the seed the long-er the full fruition is delayed. Great principles and great lives, like great bodies move slowly. A man's self becomes a part of the truth to which his life is wedded, and as this truth passes beyond the limit of his visible existence and takes its endless course through the ages the best part of the man is perpetuated. Each life is a contribution to history; but few lives have their historians. Heroic lives are oftentimes written anonymously upon the tab-lets of time, and coming ages never recall by name their greatest benefactors. Some men are dead while they are living; others are living while they are dead. Think much of your post-morten life among men. Maintain an uncompromising enmity to-ward the false, an invincible friendship toward the true. Cultivate a practical faith in the living God. Accept Christ as your ideal and Redeemer. This is the hidden spring of self-heroism. It crowns man's life with the truest success; and when the vall is lifted by about in the living God. Accept Christ as veil is lifted he shall stand erect in the light of a giorified manhood.

H. ALLES TUPPER, JR., D. D., Pastor First Baptist Church, Montelair

FINDS GOD IN THE FISHES. Rev. Dr. Talmage Discourses on the Ichthyology of the Bible, TEXT: "And God said, Let the waters bring

forth abundantly the moving creatures that hath life."—Genesis i., 20. Is it not strange that the Bible imagery is so inwrought from the fisheries, when the Holy Land is, for the most part, an inland

The world's geography has changed. Lake Galliee was larger and deeper and better stocked than now, and, no doubt, the rivers were deeper and the fisheries were of far more importance then than now. Besides that, there was the Mediter

ranean Sea only thirty-five miles away, and the fish were salted or dried and brought inland, and so much of that article of food was sold in Jerusaiem that a fish market gave the name to one of the gates of Jernsalem nearby, and it was called the Fish

So important was the fish that the God Dagon, worshipped by the Philistines, was made half 2sh and half man, and that is made haif 3sh and haif man, and that is
the meaning of the Lord's indignation
when in 1st Samuel we read that this
Dagon, the fish god, stood beside the ark
of the Lord, and Dagon was by invisible
hands dashed to pieces, because the Philistines had dared to make the fish a god.
Layard and Wilkinson found the fish
an object of idolatry all through Assyria
and Egypt. The Nile was full of fish and

and Egypt. The Nile was full of fish, and that explains the horrors of the plague that slaughtered the finny tribe all up and down that river, which has been and is now the main artery of Egypt's life. The fish has priority of residence over every living thing. It preceded the bird, the quadruped, the human race. The next thing done after God had kindled for our world the golden chandeller of the sun, and the silver chandeller of the moo was to make the fish. The first motic the principle of life, a principle that the thousands of years since have not been able to define or analyze, the very first stir of life was in the fish to confound the scientists. It does not take the universe to prove a God. A fish does it. No wonder that Linnaeus and Cuvier and Agassiz and the greatest minds of all the centuries sat enraptured before its anatomy. Oh, its

beauty, and the adaptedness.

The Lord, by placing the fish in the second course of the menu in paradise, making it precede beast and bird, indicated to the world the importance of the fish as an article of human food. We mix up a fantastic food that kills the most of us before thirty years of age. Custards and whipped sillabubs and Roman punches and chicken salads at midnight are a gauntlet chicken sainds at midnight are a gauntier
that few have strength to run. We put on
many a tombstone epitaphs saying that
the one beneath died of patriotic service,
or from exhaustion in religious work,
when nothing killed the poor fellow but
lobster eating at a party four hours after
he ought to have been sound asleep in bed.
No man or woman ever amounted to anything who was brought up on floating

thing who was brought up on floating island or angel cake. The world must turn back to paradisale diet if it is to get paradisale morals and paradisale health. The human race to-day needs more phosphorus, and the fish is charged and surcharged with phosphorus. Phosphorus that which shines in the dark without burning! What made the twelve Apostles such stalwart men that they could endure anything and achieve everything? Next to divine inspir-ation, it was because they were nearly all fishermen and lived on fish and a few plain ishermen and fived on fish and a few plain condiments. Paul, though not brought up to swing the net and throw the lash, must of necessity have adopted the diet of the population among whom he lived, and you see the phosphorus in his daring plea before Felix, and the phesphorus in his boldest of all utterances before the wiseacres on Mars Hill, and the phosphorus as he went without fright to his beheading, and the phosphorus you see in the lives of all the phosphorus you see in the lives of all the apostles, who moved right on undaunted to certain martyrdom, whether to be decapitated or flung off precipices or hung in capitated or flung off precipies or hung in crucifixion. Phosphorus, suining in the dark without burning! No man or woman that ever lived was independent of ques-tions of diet. Napoleon lost one of his great battles through an attack of indiges-tion. The cook in kitchen, or encamp-ment, has decided many of the great bat-

The fools who become infldeis because they cannot understand the enguliment of the recreant Jonah in a sea monster might have saved their souls by studying a little natural history. "Oh," says some one, natural history. "Oh," says some one, "that story of Jonah was only a fable." Say others, "It was interpolated by some writer of later times." Others say, "It was a reproduction of the story of Hercules devoured and then restored from the monster." But my reply is that history tells us that there were monsters large enough to whelm ships. The extinct ichthyosaurus of other ages was thirty feet long, and as late as the sixth century of the Christian era, up and down the Mediteranean, there floated monsters compared with which a modern whale was a sardine or a herring. The shark has again and again been found to have swallowed a man entire. A fisherman on the coast of Turkey found a sea monster which contained a woman and a purse of gold. I have seen in museums sea monsters large enough to take down a prophet. But I have a better reason for believing the Old Testament account, and that is that Christ said it was true and a type of His own resurrection, and I sunpose He ought to know. In Matthew xii., 40, Jesus Christ says: "For as Jonas was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, so shall the Son of Man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth." And that settles it for me and for any man who does not believe Christ a dupe and ar

God help us amid the Gospel Fisheries, whether we employ hook or net, for the day cometh when we shall see how much depended on our fidelity. Christ himself declared: "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a net that was east into the sea and gathered of every kind, which, when it was full, they drew to shore, and sat down and gathered the good in the vessels, but cast the bad away; so shall it be at the end of the world, the angels shall come forth and separate the wicked from the just." Yes, the fishermen think it best to keep the useful and worthless of the haul in the same net until it is drawn upon the beach, and then the division takes place, and if it is on Long Island coast, the moss-bunkers are thrown out and the bluefish and shad preserved; or, if it is on the shore of Galilee, the fish classified as siluroids are huried back into the water or thrown up the bank as unclean, while the perch and the carp and the barbel are put in palls to be carried home for use. So in the church on carth, and the saints and the hypocrits, the generous and the mean, the chaste and the unclean, are kept in the same membership, but at death the division will be made, and the good will be gathered into heaven and the bad, however many hely communions they may have celebrated, and how many rhetorical prayers they may have offered, and however many years their names may have been on the church rolls, will be cast God forbid that any of us should be the "cast away." But may we do among the "cast away." our work, whether small or great, as thoroughly as did that renowned fisherman, Rev. Dr. George W. Bethune, who spent his summer rest angling in the waters around summer rest angling in the waters around the Thousand Islands, and heating at their own craft those who piled it all the year, and who, the rest of his time, gloriously preached Christ to the people of Philadelphia or Brooklyn, and ordering for his own obsequies: "Lay me out in my pulpit gowns and bands, with my own pocket Bible in my right hand. Bury me with my mother, my father and my grandmother, Isabelia Graham. Sing also the hymn I composed years ago:

composed years ago: Jesus, Thou Prince of Life; Thy chosen cannot die. Like Thee they conquer in the strife, To reign with Thee on high."

Six Chicago Chinamen ride bicycles and furnish amusement to the other wheelmen.