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"FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY, AND FOR TRUTH."

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### THE FLAG

Up with the banner of the free  
Its stars and stripes unfurl,  
And let the battle beauty blaze  
Above the startled world.  
No more around its towering staff  
The folds shall twine again  
Till falls beneath its righteous wrath  
The gonfalon of Spain.  
That flag with constellated stars  
Shines ever in the van!  
And, like the rainbow in the storm,  
Presages peace to man.  
For still amid the cannons' roar  
It sanctifies the fight,  
And flames along the battle lines,  
The emblem of the Right.  
It seeks no conquest—knows no fear;  
Cares not for pomp or state;  
As pliant as the atmosphere,  
As resolute as Fate,  
Where'er it floats, on land or sea,  
No stain its honor mars,  
And Freedom smiles, her fate secure  
Beneath its steadfast stars.  
Henry Lynden Flash, in New Orleans  
Times-Democrat.

### A MAN WON HER.

It's an awkward thing when master and man are in love with the same girl. One must give way, you see. And if the master is that one—it's apt to be bad for the man. Knowing this, John Adams and Emily Bolton resolved to keep their engagement to themselves for a bit, until they could start in life on their own account. Why the girl had fallen in love with the man instead of his master it would puzzle a conjurer to tell. I'm sure she couldn't have said herself. It was he, John Adams, who suggested secrecy, and Emily, after a little dispute, agreed. Emily accepted John about Christmas-time, and he urged that it would be ruin to be discharged in the slack time.

"We'll keep it to ourselves till the spring, my girl, and then we can snap our fingers at him," said John. But Emily had no desire to snap her fingers at Reuben Saunders. She was not built that way. She felt sorry for him, and wished him all manner of good things. Still she was in love with John, and consequently did as he told her. But long before the spring came—in fact, it was the middle of February—it began to be rumored about that John and Emily were engaged. Reuben heard the report, and went straightway to her father's cottage and asked to see Emily.

Mrs. Bolton opened the door. She stepped back and called up the stairs: "Emily, Emily! Here's Mr. Saunders wants to see you." And then she went about her work and left him standing at the open door. She for her part preferred Reuben to John as a husband for her pretty daughter. That she was the girl's mother and knew the value of money by its lack may account for her preference. Moreover, Reuben was as good a man as John, though not so handsome.

"I've only come to ask you a question, Emily," said Reuben humbly when at last the girl appeared. "Say on," said Emily, not quite at her ease, for there had been a time when she had given Reuben encouragement.

"I hear that you and John Adams are going to be married." And Reuben lifted his honest eyes and looked the girl straight in the face.

"I don't see what business that is of yours! I suppose we've rights"—began the girl angrily. But before she could finish her sentence Reuben said sadly, "I've got my answer," and turned away.

The girl's heart smote her. "Stay, Reuben, stay! It's not my fault. I did not want to keep it from you. But—John said—"

Emily stopped. The meanness of it all ashamed her.

"I know, I know! Adams judged me by himself, and thought I should turn him off as soon as I heard of it," said Saunders, bitterly.

Of course, John's sweetheart fired up at that.

"If you've got anything to say against John, you can say it to some one else, Mr. Saunders," she cried out.

"I haven't!" he shouted back, striding off down the little path to the front gate as Emily slammed the door.

"I'll give him a week's wages and turn him off," Reuben told himself passionately. Then Emily's sweet face rose before him. "I can't do it—I can't do it!" he muttered as he strode on, his hands deep down in his pockets, his head bent forward, a nobler man than himself.

John heard that and knew the next day and thereupon he had not seen Emily for a week. When he did to her, she said to him, "I've heard that you've got a new job. How do you like it?"

Which, strange to say, was not what she always thought about him in his absence. After their usual greeting they turned and walked on together. "The boss has been very civil to me this morning," said John, "called me into that little office of his and said he thought as he'd heard of a place as'd suit me. Kind of foreman's place down in the shires; a place called Burdock, I think he said."

"Oh, John, how good of him!" exclaimed the girl. "H'm," said John, with a conceited smile; "don't you see he wants to get rid of me—wants me out o' the way so he can come after you."

"No—no; he knows better." "He's a precious sight conceited to know better. Lor' I did laugh in my sleeve as I thanked him, and said as I'd be glad if he'd speak a word for me. If I get it we'll be married right away. Now you see how wise it was of me to insist on your saying nothing about our being engaged."

"You're quite wrong!" cried Emily, who had in vain tried to interrupt the flow of her sweetheart's words. "It's because he knows. He came and asked me yesterday and I told him!"

"You told him we was going to be married?" "Yes, I told him," repeated Emily. "Well, I'm blowed!" And John looked as if after that nothing would surprise him any more. Then after a few minutes' consideration: "He must be a fool!" he exclaimed.

To this Emily vociferously replied, so John, not exactly understanding her silence, changed the subject by saying: "Em, you've often wanted to go over the old Manor House, and you won't have many more chances if I get this place. Shall we go now?"

Emily agreed. She knew the caretaker, so there would be no difficulty in getting in.

III. They had wandered about the old place for twenty minutes, and had been everywhere except up in the towers, which was the oldest part of the house. It had been shut up from the public, as dangerous, for the last two years. John proposed that they should go up to the top and see the view. Emily was frightened, but he laughed her out of her fears, or out of the expression of them. So they went up, and John, who was in a teasing mood, insisted on their getting out on the roof, which was done by means of a short ladder, leading through a trap door.

Though the day was warm for the time of year, Emily soon felt bitterly cold, and said she must go down. John led the way, but had hardly got his foot off the last rung of the ladder when he felt the tower begin to rock.

With the impulse of a coward, scarce staying to give a hasty shout to Emily to follow, he rushed down the stone stairs and out of the place. A moment later there was a series of creaking reports, and three sides of the building fell with a crash to the ground, leaving Emily crouching down in a corner of the roof, which still hung to the remaining side.

Adams ran into the road shouting for a ladder. Soon a crowd was collected and the ladder was fetched. Too short! Another was found, and while willing hands were lashing the ladder together Reuben drove up in his cart.

When he heard what had happened he took John's place in binding the ladders together, saying: "You go and tell her what we're doing. I'll see to this."

Reuben had the habit of authority, so John went.

When the ladders were firmly bound Reuben and two others carried them through the iron gates into the little park where the crowd stood. A mixed crowd of men, and women and children stood breathlessly gazing up at the corner where Emily crouched, her face covered, not seeming to hear the encouraging words her lover was shouting up to her.

Reuben looked at the wall. "We must be quick," said he to the man next to him, "or it'll be down before we can get her off." Then after a moment he added: "It won't bear the weight of the ladder. Run and fetch the one off my cart."

This was done, and in a few minutes the third ladder was pushed through the rungs of the first about four feet from the top, making an isosceles triangle. Two men were placed at the foot of each ladder to steady it, and the whole reared sideways against the wall, the apex almost touching Emily and the upright reaching up above her head. John hadn't been of much help—he was like one distraught, but when all was ready Reuben turned to him and said:

"Now tell her to get on the ladder. Tell her to look up and catch hold of the frame above her head. Tell her she is quite safe."

John shouted up these instructions, but without more result than making Emily half stretch out her hand and shudderingly cover up her face again. The demon Funk possessed the girl. Then Reuben:

"It's all right, Miss Bolton. You just get on the ladder—quick, and you'll be safe enough. There's half a dozen of us holding it at the bottom," he shouted, encouragingly.

No answer. No movement.

### IV.

Reuben turned to John once more. "Look here, man," he said, "you must go up and fetch her." "Go up that ladder? It wouldn't bear the weight of both of us."

"Some one must fetch her down. If you can't, I must." "I'll hold the ladder." "Pshaw!" And Reuben turned away. Then suddenly turning back: "Mind you, if I get her down safe I try my luck again." And, shouting to the men to hold the ladder firm, he cautiously went up.

"Emily," said he, as he touched her. "We must change places, my girl." She looked at him, her eyes wild with fright. "That's right! You keep looking at me and doing as I tell you, and you'll be as safe as a trivet," said he, cheerfully, though his heart was working like a steam engine. How he managed to change places with Emily he never knew. He always said it was her trust in him that did it. When she was safe on the ladder and he clinging to the fragment of wall he said, impressively:

"Go down the ladder as quickly as you can I'll follow. In two minutes the whole place'll be down."

Emily gave him one swift look that sent the blood tingling through his veins, and in less than a minute she was on the ground. John, who had not been allowed to hold the ladders, tried to put his arm round her, but she pushed him from her as she breathlessly watched Reuben's descent. Then, turning on him:

"Go!" she cried. "Go! When I marry, I'll marry—I'll marry a man!" After that she fainted.

She did marry a man. His name was Reuben Saunders. John Adams got the foreman's place in the shires. —Brooklyn Standard-Union.

### Bicycle Heat.

Several well-known cyclists have lately, it is said, been rejected as unfit for military service by reason of hypertrophy and other diseases of the heart. Medical men will be rather surprised that the numbers are so small. There must be few of us who have not seen the ill-effects of over-exertion on a bicycle. The commonest is palpitation and temporary dilatation; but even this is sometimes very difficult to cure. In a case which occurred recently a lady, ordered for a fortnight's change of air after influenza, chose to spend it in bicycling about fifty miles a day. As a result, she has had, ever since that time—now nine months ago—a pulse which on the least exertion rises to 120, though she has not ridden again. That temporary dilatation occurs is enough to show the great strain put upon the heart, and it is an added danger that the sense of fatigue in the limbs is so slight. The rider is thus robbed of the warning to which he is accustomed to attend, and repeats or continues the strain upon the heart. As in other similar cases, the effect is to render that dilatation permanent, which was at first but temporary, and to cause an increase in the muscle of the heart by repeated exertion. The heart produced is of large dimensions and of thick walls—a condition which may, perhaps, give little uneasiness to its owner, but which a medical man will view with considerable distrust and apprehension. Weakly and elderly people cannot be too often told that no exercise is more easily abused, though if taken in sensible measure few are more healthful or enjoyable. —British Medical Journal.

### Harness Bells.

While they are still by no means common, there has been in the past three months a considerable increase in the use of harness bells in this city. They are attached chiefly to the harness of horses driven to carriages. While this increase may be due in some measure to the following of custom, the purpose of the bells is to give warning of the vehicle's approach, such warning having become more and more necessary owing to the greatly increased use of rubber-tired wheels, and rubber-padded shoes for horses, following the widespread increase of asphalt pavement. When all these causes combine the approach of horses and vehicles is made comparatively noiseless. The bells are as yet chiefly used on private carriages, but they are occasionally seen on public carriages, mostly hansom.

The bells most commonly used are like those made for sleighs and gilt-finished or silver-plated to match the furniture of the harness. In pair horse harness the bell is buckled to the coupling links that attach the harness together; in single horse harness it is attached to the hame chain or martingale ring.

The use of harness bells is far more common in Paris and London, in both of which cities it is required by law. —New York Sun.

### The Military Spirit.

"I have just come from the oil regions," remarked the Casual Caller to the Snake-Editor, "and I find that the war feeling has got into the petroleum producing business."

"How is that?" "Drilling is going on actively." —Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

### DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

#### SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: "Making the Best of Things"—Advice About Looking at the Bright Side—Blessings in Misfortune's Gaiety—Bereavements Fortify Our Spirit.

Text: "And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds."—Job xxxvii, 31.

Wind east. Barometer falling. Storm-signals out. Ship reefing masts! Awnings taken in. Prophecies of foul weather everywhere. The clouds congregate around the sun, proposing to abolish him. But after awhile he assails the flanks of the clouds with flying artillery of light and here and there a sign of clearing weather. Many do not observe it. Many do not realize it. "And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds." In your hearts, are you not men looking for storm, when there is one looking for sunshine. My object is to get you and myself into the delightful habit of making the best of everything.

You may have wondered at the statistics that in the year 1875, there were over nineteen thousand people slain by wild beasts, and that in the year 1876 there were in India over twenty thousand people destroyed by wild animals. But there is a monster in our own land which is yearning for more than that. It is the old bear of melancholy, and with Gospel weapons I propose to chase it back to its midnight caverns. I mean to do two sums—a sum in subtraction and a sum in addition—a subtraction from your days of depression and addition to your days of joy. If God will help me I will compel you to see the bright light that there is in the clouds, and compel you to make the best of everything.

In the first place, you ought to make the very best of what you have. During the panic years ago, or the long years of financial depression, you all lost money. Some of you lost it in most uncountable ways. For the question, "How many thousands of dollars shall I put aside this year?" you substituted the question, "How shall I pay my butcher and baker, and clothier, and landlord?" You had the sensation of rowing hard with two oars, and yet all the time going down stream. You did not say much about it, because it was not polite to speak much of financial embarrassment; but your wife knew. Less variety of wardrobe, more economy at the table, self-denial in art and tapestry. Compression; retrenchment. Who knows the necessities of life? My friend, did you make the best of this? Are you aware of how narrow an escape you made? Suppose you had reached the fortune told which you were rapidly going? What then? You would have been as proud as Lucifer.

How few men have succeeded largely in a financial sense and yet maintained their simplicity and religious consecration! Not one man out of a hundred. There are glorious exceptions, but the general rule is that in proportion as a man gets wealth, his world he gets poorly off for the next. He loses his sense of dependence on God. He gets a distaste for prayer meetings. With plenty of bank stocks and plenty of Government securities, what does that man care for the man-of-war? He reads his daily bread? How few men largely successful in this world are bringing souls to Christ, or showing self-denial for others, or are eminent for piety? You can count them all upon your eight fingers and two thumbs.

One of the old covetous souls, when he was sick, and sick unto death, used to have a basin brought in—a basin filled with gold, and his only amusement and the only relief he got for his inflamed hands was to rub them down with the gold and turning it up in the basin. Oh, what infatuation and what destroying power money has for many a man! Now, you were sailing at thirty knots the hour you were describing your worldliness what would you do if you were to be taken to the same divine hand that crushed your store-house, your bank, your office, your insurance company, lifted you out of destruction. The day you honestly substituted in business made your fortune for eternity.

"Oh," you say, "I could get along very well myself, but I am so disappointed that I cannot leave a competence for my children. My brother, the same financial misfortune that is going to save your soul will save your children. With the anticipation of large fortune, how much industry would your children have—without which habit of industry there is no safety. The young man would say, 'Well, there's no need of working hard; my father will give me money, and then I'll have just what I want.' You cannot hide from him how much you are worth. You think you are hiding it; he knows all about it. He can tell you almost to a dollar. Perhaps he has been to the deeds and mortgages, and he has added it all up, and he has made an estimate of how long you will probably stay in this world, and is not as much worried about your rheumatism and shortness of breath as you are. The only fortune worth anything that you can give your child is the fortune you put in his head and heart. Of all the young men who started life with seventy thousand dollars' capital, how many turned out well? I do not know how many. The best inheritance a young man can have is the feeling that he has to fight his own battle, and that life is a struggle into which he must throw body, mind and soul, or he is disgracefully worsted. Where are the burial places of the men who started life with a fortune? Some of them in the potter's field; some in the suicide's grave. But few of these men reached thirty-five years of age. They drank, they smoked, they gambled. In them the best destroyed the man. Some of them lived long enough to get their fortunes, and went through them. The vast majority of them did not live to get their inheritance. From the gin-shop or house of infamy they were brought home to their father's house, and in delirium began to pick off lions and reptiles from the embroidered pillow to fight back imaginary devils. And then they were laid out in highly upholstered parlor, the casket covered with flowers by indulgent parents—flowers suggestive of a resurrection with no hope.

As you sat this morning at your breakfast table, and looked into the faces of your children, perhaps you said within yourself, "Poor things! How I wish I could start them in life with a competence! How I have been disappointed in all my expectations of what I would do for them!" Upon that sense of pathos I break with a psalm of congratulation, that by your financial losses your own prospects for heaven and the prospect for heaven of your children are mightily improved. You may have lost a toy, but you have won a palace. Let me here say, in passing, do not put much stress on the treasures of this world. You cannot take them along with you. At any rate, you cannot take them more than two or three miles; you will have to leave them at the cemetery. Attila had three coffins. So I would be of this life that he decreed that first he should be buried in a coffin of gold, and that then that should be inclosed in a

coffin of silver, and that should be inclosed in a coffin of iron, and then a large amount of treasure should be thrown in over his body. And so he was buried, and the men who buried him were slain, so that no one might know where he was buried, and no one might there interfere with the treasures. Oh, men of the world, who want to get your money with you, better have three coffins.

Again, I remark, you ought to make the very best of your bereavements. The whole tendency is to brood over these separations and to give much time to the hanging of mementoes of the departed, and to make long visitations to the cemetery, and to say, "Oh, I can never look up again; my hope is gone; my courage is gone; my religion is gone; my faith in God is gone! Oh, the wear and tear and exhaustion of this loneliness!" The most frequent bereavement is the loss of children. If your departed child had lived as long as you have lived, do you not suppose that he would have had about the same amount of trouble and trial that you have had? If you could make a choice for your child between forty years of annoyance, loss, vexation, exasperation, and bereavements, and forty years in heaven, would you take the responsibility of choosing the former? Would you snatch away the cup of eternal bliss, and put into your child's hands the cup of many bereavements? Instead of this child has been lifted, would you like to hold it down to the risks of this mortal state? Would you like to keep it out on a sea in which there have been more shipwrecks than safe voyages? Is it not a comfort to you to know that that child, instead of being beset and flung into the mire of sin, is swinging clear into the skies? Are not those children who are kept in the point of celestial bliss which you expect to reach by a pilgrimage of fifty or sixty or seventy years they reached at a flash? If the last 10,000 children who had entered heaven had gone through the average of human life on earth, are you not glad that those children would have finally reached the blissful terminus? Besides that, my friends, you are to look at this matter as a self-denial on your part for their benefit. If your children want to go off in a May-day party; if your children want to go on a dowsy and musical excursion, you consent. You might prefer to have them with you, but their jubilant absence satisfies you. Well, your departed children have only gone out in a May-day party, and flowery and musical entertainments, and musical and musical excursions, you consent. You might prefer to have them with you, but their jubilant absence satisfies you. Well, your departed children have only gone out in a May-day party, and flowery and musical entertainments, and musical and musical excursions, you consent.

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So it ought to be that you could make the best of all bereavements. The fact that I have so many friends who have lost loved ones, and who are so cheerful, makes your own departure very cheerful. When you are going on a voyage, everything depends upon where your friends are—if they are on the wharf that you leave, or on the wharf toward which you are going to sail. In other words, the more friends you have in heaven the easier it will be to get away from this world. The more friends here, the more bitter good-byes; the more friends there the more glorious welcomes. Some of you have so many friends in heaven, that you are in heaven, that I do not know hardly how you are going to crowd through. When the vessel came from foreign lands, and brought a Prince to New York harbor, the ships were covered with bunting, and you remember how the men-of-war were broadsides; but there was no joy there compared with the joy which shall be demonstrated when you sail up the broad bay of heavenly salutation. The more friends you have there, the easier your own exit. What is death to a mother who has children in heaven? Why, there is no more grief in it than there is in her going into a nursery amid the romp and laughter of her household. Though all around may be dark, see you not the bright light in the clouds—that light that irradiates the faces of your glorified kindred?

So also, my friends, I would have you make the best of your sicknesses. When you see one move off with elastic step and in full physical vigor, sometimes you become impatient with your lame foot. When you see an object a mile off, you cannot see it at all, you become impatient of your dim eye. When you hear of a well man making a great achievement you become impatient with your depressed nervous system or your dilapidated health. You are impatient with your lame foot, your dim eye, your depressed nervous system, your dilapidated health. You are impatient with your lame foot, your dim eye, your depressed nervous system, your dilapidated health. You are impatient with your lame foot, your dim eye, your depressed nervous system, your dilapidated health.

Which of the Bible men most attract your attention? You say, Moses, Job, David, Jeremiah, Paul. Why, what a strange thing it is that you have chosen those who were physically disordered. Moses—I know he was nervous from the blow he gave the Egyptian. Job—his blood was vitiated and diseased, and his skin distressfully eruptive. David—he had a running sore, which he speaks of when he says, "My sore ran in the night and ceased not." There was enlargement of the spleen. Who can doubt it who read Lamentations? Paul—he had lifetime sickness which the commentators have been guessing about for years, not knowing exactly what the apostle meant by "a thorn in the flesh." I do not know either; but it was something sharp, something that stung him. I gather from all this that physical disorder may be the means of grace to the soul. You say you have so many temptations, so many ailments, and if you were only well you think you could be a good Christian. While your temptations may be different, they are no more those of the man who has an appetite three times a day, and sleeps eight hours every night, than yours are. I have heard I judge that invalids have a more rapturous view of the new world than well people, and will have a higher renown in heaven. The best view of the delectable mountains is through the lattice of the sick room. There are trials running every hour between pillow and throne, between hospital and mansion, between bandages and robes, between crutch and palm branch. Oh, I wish some of you people who are compelled to cry, "My head, my head! My foot, my foot! My back, my back!" would try some of the Lord's medicine! You are going to be well anyhow before long. Heaven is an old city, but has never yet reported one case of sickness or one bill of mortality. It is ophthalmitis for the eye. No pneumonia for the lungs. No pleurisy for the side. No neuralgia for the nerves. No rheumatism for the muscles. The inhabitants shall never say, "I am sick." "There shall be no more pain."

From this you ought to make the best of life's finality. Now, you think I have a very tough subject. You do not see how I am to strike a spark of light out of the flint of the tombstone. There are many people who have an idea that death is the submergence of everything pleasant by everything dolorful. If my subject could close in the upsetting of all such preconceived notions, it would close well. Who can judge best of the features of a man—his head, his eyes, his nose, his mouth, his back, his feet? My foot, my foot! My back, my back!" would try some of the Lord's medicine! You are going to be well anyhow before long. Heaven is an old city, but has never yet reported one case of sickness or one bill of mortality. It is ophthalmitis for the eye. No pneumonia for the lungs. No pleurisy for the side. No neuralgia for the nerves. No rheumatism for the muscles. The inhabitants shall never say, "I am sick." "There shall be no more pain."

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or whether they are repulsive? You? You are not so far off. If this man get judgment as to what really the features of death are, I will not ask you; I will ask those who have been within a month of death, or a week of death, or an hour of death, or a minute of death. They stand so near the features, they can tell. They give unanimous testimony, if they are Christian people, that death, instead of being demonic, is cherubic. Of all the thousands of Christians who have been carried through the gates of the cemetery, gather up their dying features, and you will find they nearly all bordered on a jubilate. How often you have seen a dying man join in the psalm being sung around his bedside, the middle of the verse opening to let his raptured spirit feel—long after the lips could not speak, he looking and pointing upward.

Some of you talk as though God had exhausted Himself in building this world, and that all the rich curtains He ever made He hung around this planet, and all the flowers He ever grew He has woven into the carpet of our daisied meadows. No, this world is not the best thing God can do. This world is not the best thing that God has done.

One week of your year is called blossom week—called so all through the land because there are more blossoms in that week than in any other week of the year. Blossom week! And that is what the future world is to which the Christian is invited—blossom week forever. It is as far ahead of this world as Paradise is from Eden, as far ahead as the flowers He ever grew He has woven into the carpet of our daisied meadows. No, this world is not the best thing God can do. This world is not the best thing that God has done.

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