

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, AUGUST 5, 1898.

VOL. IX.

FOOLISH QUESTIONS.

I saw a sweet young mother with Her first-born at her breast; "And what's the baby's name?" I asked Of her so richly blessed. She looked at me with pity, as She proudly poised her head: "We call him Dewey, sir, of course," In tender tones she said.

I met a dainty little girl Who led a kitten by a string, and as I stroked her head, I asked: "What do you call the pretty thing?" She looked at me with wide blue eyes, And as she went her way, "I call my kitten Dewey, sir," I heard her sweetly say.

I met a curly-headed boy Who had a brindle pup, "And what's your doggy's name?" I asked, As I held the creature up. He gazed at me in wonder, and He proudly cocked his head: "I call him Dewey, sir, of course," He pityingly said.

> I stopped beside a rustic stile, And heard a milkmaid sing a song: "And what's your bossy's name?" I asked The tassie as she came along. She looked at me in mild surprise, And as she strode away, "Why, Dewey is her name, of course," I heard the maiden say.

THE BOOK. BY BAYMOND JABBERUS.

"Poor dear man!" ejaculated Mrs. | life fresh and sweet, and who can tell Moneypenny, laying down the newspaper and looking at her small grand- influence of that book? Several pages langhter, "I must put him into the at the end were left blank so that Red Book." And she gave a gentle Mrs. Moneypenny could record whensigh as she spoke, for the names in ever her prayers brought forth visible the Red Book were already numerous. fruit. When such items could be hon-

"What has he done, granny?" Doreen Golding dropped the muchhated sampler she was working and pushed back the golden curls that would fall into her eyes. "Has he penny great perturbation. killed somebody, or drunk poison, or" -her blue eyes growing large with sudden interest-"has he been shipwrecked, and was he starving, and did he eat up all the other peoples in the boat one by one?"

"Doreen," said Mrs. Moneypenny, severely, "you are an extremely naughty little girl. If you were older I should almost think that you had been reading my newspapers. Contimne your work at once.

"I haven't read any old newspapers," answered Doreen in an injured walk, Doreen was heart-broken and tone of voice; "you told me yourself, agitated her old grandmother considgranny.

"I told you!" The old lady held idea

figure; "when you read anything in get lost. You are a mean old granny, the paper that makes you feel sorry you say 'Poor man!' or 'Poor woman!' and then you go on reading and begin thinking out loud, and you say, Fancy killing his poor little girl! Dear, dear! Just a fit of temper; or starving, dying of thirst; dear me! I You can pray much better than I can, might have done it myself; one never 'cos you are so old. Why can't you knows!' You tell me a bit about do what you told me to do, granny?" like to know what it means afore he

ask Sophie. Sophie always tells me she might be forgiven, Mrs. Moneyjust what I want to know." little girl indeed!" gasped the old and frets over the loss. Mem..... Indy, clutching hold of her newspaper To pray that it may be found and rewith both hands. "Sophie is a very stored to her keeping. good girl-she never reads the newspapers.' "Yes, she does, granny," asserted Doreen, gathering up a colony of dolls from the hearth rug as she spoke, "she loves it as much as you do. I always tell her when yon've read anything specially dreadful, and she says 'Law, Miss Doreen! I'll be sure to read it this very night.' What has the man done, granny?" "Nothing that is at all proper to tell little girls or servants," answered Snowflake was being prayed about Mrs. Moneypenny, stiffly. "You are properly and amused herself by imaga very strange child, not at all like what your dear mother used to be. Go away and play in the garden, Doreen.' Doreen hesitated and then obeyed, determined to find out what the man in the newspaper had done for Sophie as soon as possible. Mrs. Moneypenny lived toward the close of the nineteenth century, but she belonged in spirit to the eighteenth. standing in rather an isolated position She wore long silk mittens, a pucecolored silk dress that fell around her in voluminous folds and a cap with lace lappets that rested lightly upon her gray, corkscrew curls. She washed the china herself after breakfast and tea. She owned a stillroom and rejoiced in its mysteries. Her hall and sitting room were scented with potpourri and her linen press with Invender. Her bed was warmed every night with a warming pan, and when 2 had a cold she sat with her fe t in hot mustard and water and drank treacle-posset. Also, she wore go-loshes whenever it was wet and d d an immense amount of worsted needlework. Her grandchild was the offspring of the nineteenth century; so was Sophie, the maid of all work, Occasionally the two centuries disagreed and met in combat, but, owing perhaps to a certain stateliness in its representative, the eighteenth century more often than not drove the ninef the field. penny was old-fashioned e in prayer. She beso firmly that her | tells me. it also, which is

how far-reaching may have been the estly entered she was a proud old lady indeed.

Some weeks previously the loss of

It was a favorite plaything of her granddaughter's and lived generally in Doreen's pocket with a string attached to its neck. When its small owner went for a walk the china hen went out as well and was bumped along every bit of grass that could be found; also, to give it a fondness for water, it was dipped in and out of every pond and puddle and was, in fact, such a companion that when one day the string was found to have lost its appendage in the course of a long erably.

"I told you!" The old lady held "You really might put my own dear up her hands in horror at the very Snowflake into your Red Book, granny," she had sobbed. "You pray "Yes, you did, granny," persisted for nasty old bad men and women, and Doreen, standing up, a defiant little my china hen never did anything but and I won't love you any more.

"You said, granny-you said I was to tell God 'bout everything and ask Him for everything-I think-I think you are very unkind not to tell Him a little girl has lost her dear china hen. everything, and I make believe the rest. When I can't make it all out I day. With au unspoken prayer that "So-you"

as yer might like to play with, missy," said the tramp after a moment's pause; fumbling in a dilapidated pocket. "It is a purty little thing wot I picks up in a ditch this morning," and he stood close to the wall and held something up to Doreen, who took hold of it rather gingerly.

The next moment she cried: "Why, it's my Snowflake! My own dear little white hen that ran away from me years and years ago! Did God tell you to bring it back to me, beggarman? I love you just enormously," and Do-reen beamed down on the tramp, cuddling her restored treasure close to her clean white dress, regardless that Snowflake was no longer white, but black, and had lost a wing during her wanderings.

The tramp scowled. "One good turn serves another, missy. What time do you and the servant girl go a-walkin' on Sundays?'

"We go after dinner when it is fine, as soon as Sophie has washed up, answered Doreen, still gazing in admiration at the china hen. When she looked down into the road again the tramp had disappeared, and the rector of Finch was turning in at the garden gate.

The next afternoon about 3 o'clock this same tramp stood listening outside a half-opened door in the hall at Holly Lodge, and as he listened the expression on his face changed strange-Fear was transformed into wonder, wonder into into incredulity, incredulity into belief, belief into some emotion impossible to classify. With a hitch up of his tatters, as if to make sure that they still clung together, he suddenly pushed open the door, entered the sitting room, set his arms akimbo, scowled at the old lady who gazed up at him in wonder from her knees and said harshly: "What's that ver been a-saying 'bout Sam Blake? Hurry up, missus-

It was not a dignified position, perhaps, in which to be caught by a burglar, but Mrs. Moneypenny maintained her self-possession, rose from her knees and faced the intruder boldly, still holding the red book.

"How dare you enter my house in this manner?" demanded the old lady after a slight pause, while she investigated him through her spectacles.

"Yer may thank yer stars, missus, as yer ain't a deader already, " said the man, roughly, coming close to her; "but when a chap hears his own name and facts 'bout his own life, he'd maybe

Sam Blake?" nre

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON. stone." Revelation 22, 15-"Without are SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED

DIVINE.

Subject: " "Self-Slaughter"-A Terrible Denunciation of Sulcide-Assassination of Others a Mild Crime Compared With Assassination of Yourself.

TEXT: "Do thyself no harm."-Acts

Here is a would-be suicide arrested in his deadiy attempt. He was a sheriff, and according to the Boman law, a bailiff himself must suffer the punishment due an es-caped prisoner; and if the prisoner break caped presser; and if the prisoner break-ing jail was sentenced to be endungeoned for three or four years, then the sheriff must be endungeoned for three or four years, and if the prisoner breaking jail was to have suffered capital punishment, then the sheriff must suffer capital punishment, then The sheriff had received especial charge to keep a sharp lookout for Faul and Silas. The government had not much confidence in bolts and bars to keep safe these two clergymen, about whom there seemed to be something strange and supernatural. Sure anough by miraculous nowar they be something strange and supernatural. Sure enough, by miraculous power, they are free, and the sheriff, waking out of a sound sleep, and supposing these ministers have run away, and knowing that they were to diefor preaching Christ, and real-izing that he must therefore die, rather than go under the executioner's are on the morrow and autor milded diagram and and morrow and suffer public disgrace, resolves to precipitate his own decease. But before the sharp, keen, glittering dagger of the sheriff could strike his heart, one of the unloosened prisoners arrests the blade by the command, "Do thyself no harm "

In olden times, and where Christianity had not interfered with it, suicide was considered honorable and a sign of cour-age. Demosthenes poisoned himself when rold thest alarged told that Alexander's ambassador had de-manded the surrender of the Athenian orator. Isocrates killed himself rather than surrender to Philip of Macedon. Cato, rather than submit to Julius Cæsar, took his own life, and three times after his wounds had been dressed, tore them open and perished. Mithridates killed himself, and perished. Mithridates killed himself, rather than submit to Pompey, the con-queror. Hannibal destroyed his life by poison from his ring, considering life un-bearable. Lyourgus a suicide, Brutus a suicide. After the disaster of Moscow, Napoleon always carried with him a prep-aration of poison, and one night his servant heard the ex-emperor arise, put something in a glass and drink it, and soon after the groans aroused all the at-tendants, and it was only through utmost medical skill that he was resuscitated. medical skill that he was resuscitated. Times have changed, yet the American conscience needs to be toned up on the subject of suicide. Have you seen a paper in the last month that did not announce the passage out of life by one's own behest? Defaulters, alarmed at the idea of exposure, quit life precipitately. Men losing large fortunes go out of the world because they cannot endure earthly existence. Frus-trated affection, domestic infelicity, dyspeptic impatience, anger, remorse, envy, Jealousy, destitution, misanthropy, are considered sufficient causes for abscond-ing from this life by Paris green, by laudanum, by beliadonna, by Othello's dagger, by halter, by leap from the abutment of a bridge, by firearms. More cases of felo de se in the last two years than in any two

dogs and sorcerers and whoremongers and murderers." You do not believe the

and murderers." You do not believe the New Testament? Then, perhaps, you be-lieve the Ten Commandments: "Thou shalt not kill." Do you say that all these passages refer to the taking of the life of others? Then I ask you if you are not as responsible for your own life as for the life of others? God gave you a special trust in life, and made you the custodian of your life, and He made you the custodian of no other life. He gave you as weapons with which to defend it two arms to strike down assallants, two eyes to watch for invasion. assailants, two eyes to watch for invasion, and a natural love of life which ought ever to be on the alert. Assassination of others is a mild crime compared with the assas-sination of yourself, because in the latter case it is treachery to an especial trust; it is the surrender of a castle you were e. is the surrender of a castle you were e_{θ}^{a} . pecially appointed to keep; it is treason t_{ϕ}^{a} a natural law, and it is treason to God added to ordinary murder.

To show how God of the Bible looked upon this crime, I point you to the rogues' picture gallery in some parts of the Bible, the pictures of the people who have com-mitted this unnatural crime. Here is the headless trunk of Saul on the walls of Bath-shan. Here is the man who chased little David-ten feet in stature chasing four. Here is the man who consulted a clairvoy-ant, Witch of Endor. Here is a man who, whipped in battle, instead of surrendering his sword with dignity, as many a man has done, asks his servant to slay him, and when that servant declined, then the giant plants the hilt of his sword in the earth the sharp point sticking upward, and he throws his body on it and expires—the cow-ard, the suicide! Here is Ahitophel, the Machiavelli of olden times, betraying his best friend, David, in order that he may become prime minister of Absalom, and join-ing that follow in his attempt at parricide. Not getting what he wanted by change of politics, he takes a short cut out of a dis-graceful life into the suicide's eternity. There he is, the ingratel

Here he is, the ingrate! Here is Abimelech, pratically a suicide. He is with an army, bombarding a tower, when a woman in the tower takes a grind-stone from its place and drops it upon his head, and with what life he has left in his eracked skull he commands his armor-bearer: "Draw thy sword and slay me, lest men say a woman slew me." There is his post-mortem photograph in the Book of

Bander, But the hero of this group is Judas Iscarlot. Dr. Donne says he was a mar-tyr, and we have in our day apologists for him. And what wonder, in this day when we have a book revealing Aaron Burr as a pattern of virtue, and in this day when we uncover a statue of George Sand as the benefactress of literature, and in this day when there are betravals of Christ on the benefactress of literature, and in this day when there are betrayals of Christ on the part of some of His pretended apostles—a betrayal so black it makes the infamy of Judas Iscariot white! Yet this man by his hand hung up for the execution of all ages, Judas Iscariot.

ages, Judas Iscarlot. Ail the good men and women of the Bible left to God the decision of the earthly terminus, and they could have said with Job, who had a right to commit suicide if any man ever had, what with his destroyed property and his body all affame with insufferable carbuncles, and everything gone from his home except the chief curse of it, a pestiferous wife and four garrulous peo-ple pelting him with comiortiess talk while he sits on a heap of ashes scratching his scabs with a piece of broken pottery, yet "All th

which obliterated from this man's mind a appreciation of future retribution, he committed self-slaughter!

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mitted self-slaughter!" Have nothing to do with an infidelity so cruel, so debasing. Come out of that bad company into the company of those who believe the Bible. Benjamin Franklin wrote: "Of this Jesus of Nazarath I have to say that the system of morals He left, and the religion He has given us are the best things the world has ever seen or is likely to see." Patrick Henry, the electric champion of liberty, says: "The book worth all other books put together is the Bible." Benjamin Rush, the leading phys-iologist and anatomist of his day, the great medical scientist-what did he say? "The only true and perfect religion is Christianimedical scientist-what did he say? "The only true and perfect religion is Christiani-ty." Isaac Newton, the leading philoso-pher of his time-what did he say? "The sublimest philosophy on earth is the philos-ophy of the Gospel." David Brewster, at the pronunciation of whose name every scientist the world over bows his head-David Brewster, saying: "Oh, this religion has been a great light to me a very event scientist the world over bows his nead-David Brewster, saying: "Oh, this religion has been a great light to me, a very great light all my days." President Thiers, the great French statesman, acknowledging that he prayed when he said: "I invoke the Lord God, in whom I am glad to be-lieve." David Livingstone, able to conquer the lion, able to conquer the panther, able to conquer the savage, yet conquered by this religion, so when they find him dead they find him on his knees.

Salmon P. Chase, Chief Justice of the Su-preme Court of the United States, appoint-ed by President Lincoin, will take the wit-ness stand. "Chief Justice Chase, please to state what you have to say about the book commonly called the Bible." The witness replies: "There came a time in my life when I doubted the divinity of the Scriptures, and I resolved as a lawyer and judge I would try the book as I would try everything else in the court-room, taking evi-dence for and against. It was a long and serious and profound study, and using the same principle; of evidence in this religious matter as I always do in secular matters, I have come to the decision that the Bible is a supernatural book, that it has come from God, and that the only safety for the human race is to follow its teachings." "Judge, that will do. Go out back again to your pillow of dust on the banks of the Ohio." Next I put upon the witness stand a Presi-dent of the United States-John Quincy Adams. "President Adams, what have you to say about the Bible and Chris-tianity?" The President replies: "I have for many years made it a practice to read through the Bible once a year. My cus-tom is to read four of five chapters every many in a star of the star of the star of the star morning immediately after rising from my bed. It employs about an hour of my time, and seems to me the most suitable manner of beginning the day. In what light so-ever we regard the Bible, whether with reference to revelation, to history or to morality, it is an invaluable and inex-haustible mine of knowledge and virtue." naisticle mine of knowledge and virtue." "Chancellor Kent, what do you think of the Bible?" Answer: "No other book ever addressed itself so authoritatively and so pathetically to the judgment and moral sense of mankind." "Edmund Burke, what do you think of the Bible?" Answer: "I have read the Bible morning, noon and night, and have ever since been the happier and the better man for such

reading." Young men of America, come out of the circle of infideis-mostly made up of cranks and inbeciles-into the company of intellectual giants, and turn your back on an infidelity which destroys body and

penny wrote down in her book: "My "Doreen! You are a very naughty granddaughter, Doreen, has lost a toy

> Since then nothing more had been seen or heard of the china hen. Every Sunday Doreen reminded Mrs. Moneypenny that it had not come back, till the simple-hearted old lady grew anxious lest the child's faith should suffer and prayed as earnestly for the restoration of the toy as she did for the human woes that filled her book. She need not have been anxious, however, for Doreen was a trusting little soul. She was quite content now that

ining what sort of adventures the china hen was enjoying.

When dismissed from her grandmother's sitting room Doreen ran off to a shady corner of the garden overlooking the main road. The main road was neither very broad nor very important, for it merely led from the village of Hurst to the village of Finch, Mrs. Moneypenny's cottage between the two. Doreen's favorite seat was on the top of the low wall that bounded the garden, and on the afternoon in question, after scrambling aloft, she deposited her disreputable array of dolls amidst the ivy with various slaps and bumps.

Unconscious that a tramp was watching from the other side of the road, Doreen played with her dolls for several minutes, until a harsh voice close to her said abruptly, 'You've got a big fam'ly up there, little missy.

Doreen looked down into the road, studied the man's villainous face and tattered clothes a minute in silence. Then, with a friendliness born from the security of her position above him, she answered: "Yes, beggarman, I have a very large family, and every one of my children is desperate wicked."

"Wicked, be they?" and the tramp showed all his toothless gums in a grin. "I've a little gal at 'ome what has a fam'ly same as you, missy; but her fam'ly's powerful good, she allas

"Oh," remarked Doreen; then, anxious to be polite, she added, "P'raps as as methodyour little girl likes good childrens. I don't. I like them to be wicked; then prayed I can punish them. They're all being eard a w or punished now," waving her hand toward the forlorn group in front of her. the . "They've all got their legs where there's most tickly things, earwigs and spiders and snails and beetles, and they are being tickled frightfullythey are screaming like I scream when granny combs my hair. It's dreadal anxious work having childrens to ing up properly."

ties as she

swered Mrs. Moneypenny, understanding as people do sometimes in sudden emergencies. "You are the Sam Blake that nearly killed his wife, that starved his children and broke into a jeweler's shop 15 years ago. I know you very well, Sam Blake, for I have prayed for you and your miserable family every Sunday afternoon for 15 years. I am very glad you heard me, Sam Blake, Now what do vou want?"

"Wot ver done it for?" asked Sam Blake, still scowling.

"Because you were wicked enough to require a good many prayers, and, my friend," Mrs. Moneypenny smiled a quaint, shrewd smile, "unless you are going to murder me, which would be but a simple matter, as you see I am old and alone in the house, I shall continue to pray for you."

"You're a game 'un, you are!" growled Sam Blake, half-approvingly. Tve a mind to let yer off this time, blowed if I ain't. Look a-here, missus, if I don't knock yer over the head as I had a mind, nor take that diamond ring o' your'n in charge for yer, yer must hand over what money yer has in the 'onse and give us a feed afore yer little 'un comes back. Look spry, old 'un, and maybe us won't quarrel after all."

Mrs. Moneypenny measured the man with her eyes, recognized his strength and her weakness, realized there was nothing to 'do under the circumstances but obey, unlocked her dispatch box and handed its contents to Sam Blake, who was pleasantly surprised, the nearness of rept day not having entered into his calculations, and treated her unwelcome guest to as good a meal in the kitchen as the larder could provide.

"Let's have a look at that book of your'n," said Sam Blake, as he made Mrs. Moneypenny fill up his glass again with beer.

He studied the neat entries in silence and then banged his fist down on the table with such force that Mrs. Moneypenny started. "Of all the rum 'uns you're about the rummest!" he exclaimed. "There, shake hands, missus-you needn't be aleared for your diamond, though it's a mighty fine 'un, as word was passed down to me, sure enough. I guess that yet book 'all be full afore you goes under, eh, miscus?"

"I am afraid it will, Sam Blake?" began Mrs. Moneypenny, racking her brain for a suitable word in season, but just jat that momenta, child's merry laugh sounded in the distance. Sam Blake shoved half a loaf into his pocket a d made a bolt out of the kitchen, the door slammed, and Mrs. Moneyponny was left alone to tidy her deperdered kitchen with hands that and deuly trembled as she realized for the first time that the Red Book years of the world's existence, and more in the last month than in any twelve months. The evil is more and more spreading.

A pulpit not long ago expressed some doubt as to whether there was really any-thing wrong about quitting this life when it became disagreeable, and there are found in respectable circles people apologetic for the crime which Paul in the text arrested. I shall show you before I get through that suicide is the worst of all crimes, and I shall lift a warning unmistakable. But in the early part of this ser-mon I wish to admit that some of the best Christians that have ever lived have committed self-destruction, but always in dementia, and not responsible. I have no more doubt about their eternal felicity than I have of the Christian who dies in his bed in the delirium of typhoid fever While the shock of the catastrophe is very great, I charge all those who have had Christian friends under cerebral aberration Christian friends under cereprat aberration step off the boundaries of this life, to have no doubt about their happiness. The dear Lord took them right out of their flazed and frenzied state into perfect safety. How Christ feels towards the insame you may know from the way He treated the de-monies of Gadara and the solid innation moniac of Gadara and the child lunatic, and the potency with which He hushed tempests either of sea or brain. Scotland, the land prolific of intellectual

giants, had none grander than Hugh Miller. Great for science and great for God. - He was an elder in St. John's Presbyterian Church. He came of the best Highland blobd, and was a descendant of Donaid Roy, a man eminent for piety and the rare gift of second sight. His attainments. climbing up as he did from the quarry and the wall of the stone mason, drew forth forth the a-tonished admiration of Buckland and Murchison, the scientists, and Dr. Chal-mers, the theologian, and held universities spellhound while he told them the story of what he had seen of God in "The Old Red Sandstone." That man did more than any other being that ever lived to show that the God of the hills is the God of the Bible and he stuck his tuning-fork on the rocks of Gromarty until he brought geology and theology accordant in divine worship. His two books, entitled "Footprints of the Creator" and "The Testimony of the cks," proclaimed the banns of an ever-Insting marriage between genuine science and revelation. On this latter book he tolled day and night, through love of nature and love of God, until he could not sleep and his brain gave way, and he was foun dead with a revolver by his side, the cruel instrument having had two bullets—one for him and the other for the gunsmith, who at the coroner's inquest was examining it and fell dead. Have you any doub of the beatification of Hugh Miller after his hot brain had ceased throbbing that winter night in his study at Portobello Among the mightlest of earth, among the mightlest of heaven.

No one doubted the piety of William Cow-per, the author of those three great hymns, "Oh, For a Closer Walk With God," "What Various Hindrances We Meet," "There is a Fountain Filled With Blood"-William Cowper, who shares with Isaac Watts and Charles Wesley the chief honors of Christian hymnology. In hypochon-dria he resolved to take his own life, and rode to the Biver Thames, but found a man seated on some goods at that very point from which he expected to spring, and rode back to his home, and that night threw himself upon his own knife, but the blade broke; and then he hanged himself

to the ceiling, but the rope broke. While we make this merciful and rightcons allowance in regard to those who were plunged into mental incoherence, I declare that the man who, in the use of his reason by his own act, snaps the bond between his body and his soul, goes straight into perdition, Shall I proveit? Revelation 21,8-"Murderors shall have their part in the "Seems as if I've got somethin' 'ere had daved her life, if not her money. lake which burneth with fire and brim-

appointed time will I wait till my change omes.'

Notwithstanding the Bible is against this evil, and the aversion which it creates by the loathsome and ghastly spectacle of those who have furled themselves out o life, and notwithstanding Christianity is against it and the arguments and the use ful lives and the illustrious deaths of its disciples, it is a fact alarmingly patent that suicide is on the increase. What is the cause? I charge upon infidelity and agnosticism this whole thing. If there be no hereafter, or if that hereafter be bliss-ful without reference to how we live and how we die, why not move back the fold-fng doors between this world and the the ing doors between this world and the next? And when our existence here be-comes troublesome why not pass right over into Elysium? Put this down among your most solemn reflections. There has never been a case of suicide where the operator was not either demented, and therefore irresponsible or an influe. therefore irresponsible, or an infidel. I challenge all the ages and I challenge the universe. There never has been case of self-destruction while in f appreciation of his immortality and of the fact that that immortality would be glori ous or wretched according as he accepted Jesus Christ or rejected Him. You say it is a business trouble,

OF YOU say it is electrical currents, or it is this, or it is that, or it is the other thing. Why not go clear back, my friend, and acknowledge that in every case it. is the abdication of reason or the teaching of infidelity, which practically says: "If you don't like this life get out of it, and you will land either in annihilation, where there are no notes to pay, no persecutions to suffer, no gout to torment, or you will land where there will be everything glorious and nothing to pay for It." Infidelity has always been apologetic for self-immolation. After Tom "Age of Reason" was published and widely read there was a marked in-crease of self-slaughter.

A man in London" heard Mr. Owen de liver his infidel lecture on socialism, and went home, sat down, and wrote these words: "Jesus Christ is one of the weakest characters in history, and the Bible is the greatest possible deception," and then shot himself. David Hume wrote these words: "It would be no crime for me to divert the Nile or the Datube from its natural bed. Where, then, can be the crime in my diverting a few drops of blood from their ary channel?" And having write ary channel?" And having written the essay he loaned it to a friend, the friend read it, wrote a letter of thanks and admiration, and shot himself. Appendix to the same book.

Bousseau, Voltaire, Gibbon, Montaigne, vere apologetic for self-immolation. delity puts up no bar to people rushing out from this world into the next. They teach us it does not make any difference how you live here or go out of this world; you will land either in an oblivious nowhere or a glorious somewhere. And infidelity holds the upper end of the rope for the suicide, and sims the pistol with which a man blows his brains out, and mixes the strychnine for the last swallow. If infidelity carry the day and persuade the maforRy of people in this country that it does fortex of people in this country that it does not make any difference how you go out of this world you will land safely, the Potomay would be so full of corpses the boats would be impeded in their progress, and the crack of the suicide's pistol would be no more alarming than the rumble of a

I have sometimes heard it discussed great dramatist was a Chris-He was a Christian. In his whetherithe tinu or no last will and testament he commends his soul to God through the sacrifice of Jesus Christ.

Wonlde ad that the coroners would be brave in a case of irresponsibility they say: "While this man was demented he took his life," in the other case say: "Having read infidel books and attended infidel lectures,

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Ah! Infidelity, stand up and take thy sentence! In the presence of God, angels and men, stand up, thou monster! Thy lip blasted with blasphemy, they cheek scarred with uncleanness, thy breath foul with the corruption of the ages! Stand up, Satyr, filthy goat, buzzard of the nations, leper of the centuries! Stand up, thou monster, Infidelity. Part man, part panther, part reptile, part dragon, stand up and take thy sentence! Thy hands red with the blood in which thou hast washed, thy feet crimson with the human gore through which thou hast waded, stand up and take thy sentence! Down with thee to the pit, and sup on the sobs and groans of those thou hast destroyed, and let thy music be the everlasting miserere of those whom thou hast damned! I brand the forehead of infidelity with all the crimes of self-immolation for the last century on the part

of those who had their reason. My friends, if ever your life, through its abrasions and its molestations, should seem to be unbearable, and you are tempt-ed to quit it by your own behest, do not consider yourself as worse than others. Christ Himself was tempted to cast Him-self from the roof of the Temple, but as He resisted, so resist ye. Christ came to medicine all wounds. In your trouble I prescribe life instead of death. People who have had it worse than you will ever have it, havegoue songfully on their way. Re-member that God keeps the chronology of your life with as much precision as He keeps the chronology of nations, your grave as well as your cradie. Why was it that at midnight, just at midnight, the de-Why was it stroying angel struck the blow that set the Israel'tes free from bondage? The four hundred and thirty years were up at twelve o'clock that night. The four hundred and thirty years were not up at eleven, and one c'clock would have been tardy and too late. The four hun ired and thirty years were up at twelve o'clock, and the de-stroying angel struck the blow, and Israel was free. And God knows just the hour when it is time to lead you up from earthly bondage. By His grace make not the worst of things, but best of them. If you must take the pills, do not chew them, Your everlasting reward will accord with your earthly perturbations, just as Calus gave to Agrippa a chain of gold as heavy as had been a chain of iron. For the ask-ing you may have the same grace that was given the Italian martyr, Algerins, who, down in the darkest of dungeons, dated his letters from "the delectable orchard of the Lecourse prison." And remember that this brief life is surrounded by a rim, a very thin, but very important rim, and close up to that rim is a great eternity, and you had better keep out of it until God breaks that rim and separates this from that. To get rid of the sorrows of earth, do not rush into greater sorrows. To get rid of a swarm of summer insects, leap not into a jungie of Bengal tigers.

There is a sorrowless world, and it is so radiant that the noonday sun is only the lowest doorstep, and the aurora that lights up our northern fleavens, confounding astronomers as to what it can be, is the waving of the banners of the procession come to take the conquerors home from church militant to enurch triumplant, and you and I have ten thousand reasons for you and I have ten thousand reasons for wanting to go there, but we will never get there either by self-immolation or impeni-tency. All our sins slain by Christ who came to do that thing, we want to go in at just the time divinely arranged, and from a couch divinely spread, and then the clang of the sepulchral gates behind as will be concerned by the clange of the us will be overpowered by the clang of the opening of the solid neuri before us. O God! Whatever others miy choose, give me a Christian's life, a Christian's death, a Christian's burial, a Cariatian's immore