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## **GAMBLING**

**By John B. Culpepper**

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### FROM THE GAMBLERS HOME

Dark is the night, how dark, no light, no fire,  
Cold on the hearth -- the last faint sparks expire.  
Shivering, she watches by the cradle side  
For him, who pledged eternal love to his bride.

Can he desert me thus -- he knows I stay  
Night after night, in loneliness to pray  
For his return -- yet he sees no tear--  
No, no, it cannot be -- he will be here.

Nestle more closely, dear one to my heart  
Thou'rt cold, thou art freezing, but we will not part.  
Husband -- I die. Father, it is not he,  
O God, protect my child; the clock strikes three.

They're gone, they're gone -- the glimmering spark has fled,  
The wife and the child are numbered with the dead.  
On the cold earth, outstretched in solemn rest  
The baby lay frozen on its mother's breast.

The gambler came at last, but all was o'er,  
Dead silence reigned around -- the clock struck four.

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## FOREWORD

To My Evangelist Friends, I appeal for help to distribute this tract. It is very imperfect in many ways, but there must be a place for it, and I beg of you to make an exception of this, if you don't ordinarily sell books in your meetings.

You have noticed what a world of trouble we have had of late in Florida over every form of gambling, of which cards have always been the base. You have seen that Western bankers are loaning money to the gambling sharks of Wall Street, until they have almost strangled the every day business calls of their communities. Something must be done. Please don't turn down my plea, but do this little towards staying this tide of thievery. Will you? And will you write me a word of promise, and a word of endorsement if you can.

To all the pastors, but especially to those I must have some sort of claim upon: Your church needs this tract; your women are not invulnerable, if they have not already been struck by this church idiocy. Won't you order these tracts by the scores, and give it away, or privately raise a small fund, and sow down your church with my sincere, if humble plea. It is for you, mainly that I have written. Let me help you help your church.

To our church women I call, if indeed I do not cry. Sisters, for God's sake help us save this nation from sweeping the last vestige of honesty from the earth. It is no time now to say you don't mean any harm. Stop! Think. A half dozen mad dogs are loose; the house is already on fire; the baby is now dying with membranous croup; your husband has appendicitis, and they have just rushed him to the hospital, and phoned back to find you and say hurry, for they are now operating, and already the appendix has burst. You were at a card party, and we lost considerable time trying to find you.

Here is a phone message which says your husband has died from heart failure-but wait -- your home doctor says your daughter has been attacked with the same thing, and if you will hurry they can save her.

All of this, and a million times more is happening, my sisters, and hence my appeal.

To Our Great Laymen, I appeal. You won't let it be in vain, will you? You are doing marvelous things for Civilization, and for our Holy Christianity, so I ask you to help me here. I wish you would write me a liberal check to help push the sale and distribution of my plea, but at least endorse me if you can, and speak the best word you can, after carefully reading my entreaty.

The tract sells for twenty-five cents each, and can soon be read. Won't you order a batch and circulate them?

Lastly. Many of you pray, and have at least suspicions that God has at some time answered you. Won't you offer one set, purposeful petition for this gambling tract -- that it find favor with God and the people?

I am sitting daily over my machine, pounding out two books, which I hope to be able to publish, but of them, later, if ever. It is of this I now beg the aid of distribution.

John B. Culpepper  
New Smyrna, Florida.

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A Postscript. To one and all. I may have said some hard things -- things which some sensitive nature can misapply, but as said elsewhere, I am only after those who need awakening, and to whom my words apply.

Such men, for instance, as Bishop Candler, often quoted by me, and much loved, and Dr. Hilburn, among my life friends, and one of the straightest and cleanest men I ever knew -- my words of criticism could not reach him. But all must feel the earnestness of my hour, and most men and an occasional woman will feel that God inspired me to write as I have.

If the tract does you good, can't you take time and a postal card, to encourage me? In prayer, I now commit this little baby of my soul to your kindness.

John B. Culpepper  
New Smyrna, Florida

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## GAMBLING

This monster criminal against God and man, self and others, is like Melchizedek -- without the beginning of years or end of days, and is lost in the chaos of some primitive midnight. As Ruskin says, in *Mythology*, the gods gamble. Our missionaries all say that no tribe of human beings have ever been discovered, who are not familiar with this universally corrupting art. John G. Paton, in his autobiography, says that in all his travels, he has never met an adult man who was not a proficient gambler. Voltaire, while condemning it in no easy-going terms, says it is as ancient as wicked and degrading.

"The Book of the Historical Documents of the Chinese Race" mentions this vile habit, which not only pervades every dispensation, generation and race, but all lines of business, all grades of intellect, all forms of government, and all sorts of politics, society and religion -- all except the real article of the latter. Card playing has always lost its lure without a little stake up, to imitate the "board of trade." Men and women have come to bet on nearly everything, and every passing phase of life.

Take Monte Carlo as a sample of what limits gambling may take its dupes. It is said to be a promontory, on the shores of southern France -- a promontory only eight miles square, but all critics of beauty say it is absolutely perfect -- by far the most beautiful little kingdom on earth, for a kingdom it is, with about fifteen thousand people. The capital has some four thousand inhabitants, and is capitalized at five million dollars. Since its start, in 1858, it has equaled, if not surpassed, Paris, in the magnificence of a number of its structures.

This place has been called "a garden of glory, bordered in blood." No prospect is lovelier, but no spot is viler. It has been said that under every leaf, a cobra coils, and beneath every cluster and square of this lovely landscape uneasily there lies a corpse. Indeed, it is as if every flower was growing out of the skull of some suicide, or one murdered.

But while the waters of this tideless sea washes its marble with perfumery of lemon, citron, and all kinds of fragrant flowers, men are groaning out their way to God, having around some decorated, gilded table, left every dollar, with every incentive to live and every hope for sons of despair. And it has been frequently said that not a day passes, when some one who has lost all, descends that well worn, familiar stairway, down, down, down -- when in the dark a pistol shot blots out a life which was once a mother's joy and a father's pride. The devil took Jesus up a beautiful mountain side and from its top tried to strike this same bargain, but in Jesus the devil lost, while at this one lovely looking place man loses out daily. Gambling is a young man's game. Monte Carlo is a young man's Mecca, and a young man's leap into midnight darkness and eternal woe.

Many and weird are the stories which have emanated from old Gilbert, the grave digger and cemetery keeper of Monte Carlo. He is eighty years old, and an infidel, or atheist.

First. Gambling produces nothing. In fact, it is a death stab to all simple, honest toil -- one of the fundamental laws of human life. He who increases the capacity of the soil, or improves the commodity accruing therefrom, is in so far, a benefactor. Likewise, he who enhances the moral and spiritual assets of the individual or commonwealth, is a benefactor, but if the entire race could gamble a year, not a dollar would have been added while they were eating up and wearing away the principal.

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#### ATTITUDES WHICH MAY BE TAKEN TOWARDS MONEY

**Taking by Force.** This is that most primitive way, and often practiced by one savage toward another, whether it were his wife, horse, dog or bread. He simply took possession because he was the stronger and a savage.

**Stealing.** This is more modern, but as hoary as wicked, and gave less chance to the owner of the purse or property than brute force.

**Speculation.** The speculator buys, holds and sells again, at a supposed advance. But while it is considered legitimate, it is capable of endless abuse. A man may buy property for a hundred

dollars or less, and if he within an hour disposes of it for ten thousand, he is considered fortunate or shrewd, but never called a wicked trader. Yet, he has most probably taken advantage of his neighbor's, or brother's ignorance, credulity or necessity. Booms are man made, oftener than natural products of increase in population.

I have seen here in Florida, lots bought at a few hundred, and when the boom was delivered, that property would soar until it brought ten and twelve and even twenty thousand dollars. This is speculation, and is full of selfishness, and groveling dishonesty.

I once heard a Methodist preacher say that he had just experienced a splendid piece of luck -- adding that a certain brother, another Methodist preacher, met him down the street and offered a fine horse, well worth two hundred dollars, for sixty -- saying, you know he is a valuable animal, but my mother is dying out in Texas and I must get to her, and this is my only chance. This brother said, I jumped at it, and let him have the sixty dollars, and felt that it was providential. Still another preacher said, how do you reckon the man with a dying mother looked at the providential side of the deal? Manifestly, there was something akin to covetousness, at least extreme selfishness, in the purchaser's heart.

Competition. This is called the life of business, and should be encouraged and consoled with reference to the general good, in every department of business, society, and even religion.

Monopoly. Here again, we reach the danger line in business. Men of the same craft, as in oil, combine against small concerns, and freeze them out. Railroads are doing the same, thus controlling prices, and making their own prices, so often to the discouragement and detriment of small holders and the day laborer.

Business. I use the word in its accepted sense, but truly, business is well called blind. It is an hourly, daily battle between men of the same line, and every man is for himself, too often, which is the same spirit -- the spirit of the gambler.

Co-operation. Here we strike the first absolutely safe term in men's economic dealings with each other, and the practice of which, if widespread and hearty, can bring good and only good to every department of life.

This is not alone humane, but it is the basis of all safe progress, and alone, has a gospel sanction. Thus, the doctor, without patients, would soon get a chance, through his overworked brother, and the bank, just starting and struggling, would have a gentle flow of business; and not only the worthy widow, or small merchant, would have trade shoved unostentatiously their way, would catch the spirit, and do likewise, bringing people to live among business men and women who love each other, but they would bring more trade, until villages shake off their swaddling clothes and become towns and cities.

But let me change, or narrow attitudes, and make only three, in all. There is Business. This is investment, for profit, and is recognized everywhere as legitimate and righteous. Then there is Charity. It is dispensed without expectancy of reward, or profits in kind. It is religion. You will see it practiced daily, where need is found, and is recognized by all as wise, proper, humane. The

other and only attitude you and money can assume towards each other is Crime. Money stands for what it will purchase. A man can take ten dollars, and spend the night in certain places, known everywhere, and three generations from now doctors and hospitals will be trying vainly to overcome the purchases of that one ten dollar bill. Wives, mothers, children, grandchildren are fighting diseases, weaknesses, tendencies purchased that night. O THE PURCHASABLE POWER OF A TEN SPOT.

In one of our Southern cities a fifteen-year-old boy accosted me on the street and, in a squeaky voice, asked me for a dime to buy some breakfast. Beholding him, I at once said, Son, you need something more than breakfast. You are sick. This he denied, but I approached him, lifted his eyelid, and said, You are sick, but met another denial. When I slipped up his coat sleeve, and in horror, I exclaimed, Why lie that way? One can't put down a finger on your entire body without contamination, or without touching a criminal sore. Where did you stay last night? He showed me a hotel near the depot. I said, yes, my poor doomed boy, and possibly some foolish country lad, without a blemish on his mother-cared body, will run away from a healthy home, occupy that same bed, and be giving women and children, doctors and nurses, husbands and wives, divorce courts and undertakers a loathsome practice; here, do you go yonder to the nearest hospital and stay there until you finish your poor, blasted life, which won't be long.

Now, somebody invested between one and ten dollars for that dose of poison, of her or them, who have it on sale, and I chanced to see one of the investments. O, THE PURCHASABLE POWER OF TEN DOLLARS.

I was in a great tent meeting in Augusta, Ga., and near its close, when one of the preachers proposed a Sunday night sermon by myself in the Red Light District of the city. Probably six or seven thousand people joined in the march down, which was added to at every corner, until I found myself on a barrel, surrounded by many of these women, peeping from every story of their houses, windows, doors, yards full -- apparently at least a thousand of God's strays from nice homes.

Just as I was about to address the vast crowd, a scream on my left attracted my attention, and looking, I saw a girl fall from a rock wall, and she came running around the corner and ran wildly in my direction, and chanced to come to bay within a few feet of where I stood. Stooping down, I said, little girl come here and tell me your trouble. She ran up and glancing back, said, "O, a Negro woman has been keeping me in there and making me be bad with white men." Stroking her trembling hand, I said, She shan't have you any more; how came you there? She said that her parents came to town trading about three weeks ago, and this woman came up to her and got her to go into another store to get some candy, and took her down stairs, grabbed her and shut her in a closet until night and then brought her there.

I stood partly up, but so as to hold her hand, and got the attention of the crowd. I briefly gave them the facts and told them I wanted some money to take care of the little fourteen-year-old girl, and get her home. Here, even wicked men are at their best, and soon I had to cry to them to stop. I asked for some woman to come and take charge of the girl and money, some one who would take her home as quickly as possible. A young lady in a regulation cap came and said, "Bro. Culpepper, I will take her, keep her in my room until morning, and take her home." Again I was

brought to realize the PURCHASING POWER OF MONEY. I said, and say now, that money is a sacred trust, and may not be thrown wildly about.

Just here I ask you to take a seat at this table with me. We will face each other and as I lay ten dollars down, you cover it, with the understanding that the winner takes the pile. But let me ask you if I can grant you the privilege of stealing from me, and I from you, if that would make it right or safe for society. I cannot steal or confer the power on others. Awhile ago I said that money, in business, is investment for profit. In beneficences it is charity or religion. But what is it in this act we are about to engage in? Manifestly, it is not INVESTMENT FOR PROFIT, for if ten men should be given a thousand dollars each and permitted to play, one or a few might soon have it all, but should they play a month or a year the ten thousand dollars would not accumulate one extra cent, while the time of each man was consumed, and their living and, possibly that of their families, must come out of what they are thus tossing gaily from hand to hand. Then, if what we are about to engage in -- if it is not business, if it is not charity -- it must be crime. We have withdrawn this ten thousand or this twenty dollars from the chance of accumulation or distribution. If I am about to try and get your ten dollars for nothing, I must be a rascal; if I am trying to give you ten dollars for nothing, I must be a fool; but as I am taking a chance at either, I seem to be both a fool and a rascal.

In growing a little orange grove in the Turnbull hammock, I bought some few hundred trees, helping the nurseryman and family. I hired some men to make mounds and divided up again; some men to set and water trees, and divided my pile again. I hired men to clear the land, and cultivate, and others to budd for me, and so drew on my pile again. And when time came to hoe, to prune, to spray, and then to pick fruit, and haul to market, I paid for this; paid for packing and shipping -- so that it looked as if five hundred men, women and children, counting the railroads, auctioneers at the New York end, the return of the money, if there should be any left -- this many had a little of my money. But had I but little left, I was helping to run the business of my section of the country.

One man asked me if I was not too narrow in my definition of the threefold attitudes of money -- Business, Charity and Crime -- saying what about legitimate fun? I said it comes under the head of business, for basket ball, base ball, and all forms of recreation, within bounds, is one of the very best of business investments.

Seven judges in my time have pronounced it a crime to play at cards, or any device for a consideration. Then, gambling is playing for a consideration, or taking a chance at making something for nothing, or taking something for nothing.

Steve Holcomb, the notorious gambler of the West, told me he had never found a gambler who would not cheat in the game. Kilgore said to me often, that he never saw an honest gambler, and said there were none, and could be none.

I charge that gambling is nonproductive of anything, of general good.

Gambling corrupts good manners -- -this, sooner or later, with both men and women. Gambling is an enemy to honesty.

Gambling tends to make any of its victims, plungers, or citizens of hazard.

Gambling gives a criminally low estimate of money, hence breeds extravagance.

Gambling destroys the moral value of money, and hence, the conscience of the victim.

Gambling destroys the highest self-respect. It is worse than plain stealing. Why?

Gambling is based on idleness, selfishness, and coveteousness.

Men of gambling habits are rated as untrustworthy.

Gambling is a confederate evil.

Gambling is destructive of that deep worth one first-class man would place in another.

No spiritual man or woman either can, or would gamble.

Gambling, then, is an individual, a home peril, a social peril, a church peril, a government peril, and leaves its victims weakened, if not wicked.

It is said that 90% of our boys play marbles for keeps; 70% of our men bet on base ball; 40% of our so-called society women gamble at cards; 25% of our church folks gamble in some form; 75,% of our professional gamblers, by actual poll, started with social cards, held in a woman's hands, and in a woman's parlor.

This is an age of money, of plenty, of leisure, of idleness, and all of this invites to the sporty side of life.

It is a day of overdone individuality, and what is called personal liberty, is wrought into a frenzy.

It is a day of the flask, of cigarettes -- hence nerves, or lack of them. Children are fathered, mothered, started in life in a sort of half dazed thrill, as it is called.

Children are pushed to the front, bragged on, put on dress parade, shown off, until they are a sort of human mess, to start off with.

It is a day of shallow thinking, little substantial reading; few stop to ask where does this road lead, and withal, the tether of the old home is gone.

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BEHOLD GOD'S UNIVERSE



It is founded upon a law of Equilibrium. Disturb this law, anywhere, and toppling anarchy sets in. The entire universe is under a law of COMPENSATIONS, found everywhere. When this law is violated there is lack somewhere, and excess somewhere else.

The entire universe is under a great law of RECIPROCITY.

The entire universe is under a marvelous law of REMUNERATION, which must be observed by every creature.

God's worlds also stand on great laws of EQUIVALENTS.

All morality, all civilization, all of God's kingdoms are thus founded, so far as we can understand His nature or read His writing.

The command is INEXORABLE -- to pay your part, tote your end, put down something if you wish to take up something; pay your part or get out, or be put out. The whole world -- all law-all common sense -- all progressive citizens brands the thing or the man who is trying to get something for nothing as a contemptible thief, as the man who is running round trying to give something for nothing, as a natural born fool.

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#### GOD COMMANDS ALL TO WORK

It is a law of life everywhere. He wants us all to be proprietors -- never made provision for a naked, hungry, homeless child, and there is ample provisions against such state. So He protects you by saying I shall not steal, or take without giving an equivalent. You are not at liberty to be idle, or squander your earnings, while God protects you against me, by commanding me not to even covet yours, but to love you as myself. GAMBLING, THEN IS UNLAWFUL IN ANY WORLD, AND IS SUBVERSIVE OF ALL REAL PROGRESS. It violates the law of the land; it violates the law of God; this is manifest when we look at God's laws of productivity, distribution, God-appointed regard for my neighbor.

Gambling is a confederate crime, as well as a confederate sin, whereas toil and its law is a confederate virtue.

Gambling is conducted according to lines of secrecy, shrewdness, deception -- all of which are in total disregard of God's and man's interests.

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#### IF HALF BE TRUE

If half of the charges which I have brought against this hoary criminal, this utter unprincipled monster and manipulator of men's money, time and affections, why is it so little is said against it in congress, and court, and church and school?

Pray tell me where lies buried the last Methodist preacher who raised or tried to raise a committee against card playing in our church, or even among our official women?

Where lies the man who preached one sermon -- set sermon against gambling and its confederates, and they killed him?

Pray tell, any who can, what bishop among us, for once got down off the popular stilts of "A Great Sermon" and told us common folks which way cards are headed. I sometimes wish it were a crime among our leaders to preach a great sermon. Why don't they expound the general rules and our faith, and if they must preach big, why not give us one broadside on the law of tendency, whether it lies in thought, speech or habit?

I think sometimes, of a story found in the biography, I think, of Bramwell. He knew a very fine preacher, almost equal to one of our modern bishops, or specialists. Bramwell, en route, I think, to a new charge, lay down after dinner to rest a little before resuming his journey, and dreamed that this identical popular preacher walked in looking very pale. Mr. Bramwell asked what the trouble was, and was answered thus: I died an hour ago, and am now in hell. I listened to flattery and preached to the applause of men, and I am undone forever.

Mr. Bramwell reached his nearest appointment next day, to learn that this preacher had died at that hour in which he appeared to him.

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#### AN ORGANISM, OR AN ORGANIZATION?

Which are we, or which is the church? If the latter, then to keep the machinery oiled and running is the main business of both officers and laity; but if it is an organism, like unto the human body, with Christ as the head, then relatively, entirely too much time, care and money is put on the mere running.

Morality is said to lie in motive. Selfishness is the base of covetousness, which is classed with idolatry and other elements of the carnal nature, and which call for a renewed nature which was the burden of apostolic preaching, but is not today. Covetousness is the base of gambling.

Theft is the motive in gambling, recognized or not, for it is an effort to get something without giving an honest equivalent. This gambling does, whether it be a horse race, a church fair, a bet on a rooster peck, a pair of vases, or a thousand dollar margin.

Whether gambling is classed as a crime, a disease, a sin, or a society fad, or just a pastime, it is stealing.

It matters not whether it is ancient or modern; whether practiced by men, women or children, it is stealing.

The size of the stake has nothing to do with the definition. If you gamble, you are among the thieves of industry, law, morality, society, the church.

It matters not whether the habit is inherited, just picked up, or purposely acquired; whether it is pursued for personal or relative ends; whether for fun or gain, whether from carnal or religious ends, you are among the thieves, according to every definition of stealing; and the amount taken, or method you adopt to get it, gambling is stealing, and you are a thief.

The highwayman, the dark mantled house thief, the yegg man, the genius of the "Jimmie," the card man or woman -- all are moved by the same motive -- viz., to get something for nothing. But that is stealing, and so you are a thief. That you enjoy it, enter the set and make a frolic of it, makes you all the more to be shunned as a thief.

The man who gets my money without my consent only hurts me so many dollars, but the man or woman who uses any sort of a lasso and draws me into game, bewilders my sense of right, causes me to follow a multitude to do evil, and so he or she got my purse, and with it my highest self-respect-my character. The gambler takes my time, my attitude, my co-operation, my consent, and finally my poor deluded soul. Then, the gambler is the big thief.

The man who murders me in the dark only deprived me of my life, but he who forced me into a duel, got my consent to kill, or be killed, and so sent me to God a suicide and a murderer; the wretch who in the dark makes the struggling girl the victim of his lust, harms only her body, while the wretch who accomplishes his purpose by the parlor route, secures her consent to her banishment from all of her associates and friends, and most probably to a life of perpetual shame and the loss of her soul in the end.

The gambler pursues these tactics who beguiles his intended victim into cards, and finally into gambling.

\* \* \*

## YOUR CHURCH

I take it that any church, and certainly any Methodist Church, is opposed to the card party, card table, card habit, and social cards are said to be at the bottom of the gambling of our country.

I do not accuse our women of being purposely against the church, for many of them love her service and communion, but they have never carefully thought of the wide extent of gambling, of its natural fascination for men, and of how easy it is for men to hide behind what nice women do, as a salve to their conscience, and when once thoroughly launched on this dangerous sea, the bulk of them never return. But if your church, your pastor would prefer that you refrain from cards, are you not prepared, for their sake, to forego any small pleasure, remembering that these are your spiritual guides, and have a Christ recognized right to your obedience to any custom or request which has for its end your good and the influence which every known act of your life brings to bear upon the entire membership, not to say the community at large?

When you come to the saddest of all hours -- death and judgment, you would be glad to know that your brethren and sisters were listening to truthful words from your pastor, who represented you as always at prayer meeting, a faithful attendant at Sunday school, a constant visitor among the sick, and a liberal supporter of the church in every way. This, I imagine, would please you should you be near and hear. But would you like for your pastor and brethren to set you forth, before the community as the deftest handler of cards, and as one who had won more prizes than any member of the church? In fact, when we are dying, is it not true that we would be glad of as little of this old world clinging to us as possible? Would your relatives and friends not be shocked if I were asked to write your obituary, and I should make prominent all of your worldly traits, and should minify the spiritual ones, as most of you have done who live close enough to the world as to make these amusements preferable.

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### BORDER LINES

The Lord ran off the land lines for ancient Israel and set bounds to the possessions of each, and said not to disregard them in all their generations, nor to remove them.

Let me draw a commonly seen picture. A man is cutting wood, or felling trees to take in other farming land. A neighbor comes along and reminds him that he is just over the line, which he may or may not know, but it is his duty to retire across to his own premises.

Most of the difficulties, law suits, as well have grown out of infringements which began on the border. It is here that mistakes are easily made, and it is here that one can plead ignorance and non-intention. These border line rights are always fraught with delicacy and danger. But in the social and moral world border practices, when not sins, easily become such. Kissing, for instance, would be characterized, not as a special crime or sin, but it lies over on the border if it is another man's wife or daughter. And it is easy, so easy as to be almost natural, to move further over and cut more wood, and still further, until all of the line trees have been felled, and it would take an expert surveyor to re-establish that which was once very plain.

From kissing, one may ask to call and take another man's wife to the picture show, and as such things are common on the borders, no one will suspect; but kisses have cousins, as the Negro bishop said, and elopements, secret loves, infidelity may all follow once one tree has been cut which belonged to another. You are now clearly over on your neighbor's land, and over there all sorts of sins are committed and all sorts of sorrow reaped.

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### CALL CARDS A BORDER ACT

Yet, sister, you are not prepared to say that women don't have influence in the social world, nor can you say that your playing has not been, nor ever will be the cause of some one playing who will go further than you have gone or ever will go. Then, if you can offend the spiritual or sensitive conscience of many members of your church, because you do not mean to

hurt, may not others break the Sabbath, or do other things which seem to them to be as harmless as cards look to you?

Again you say that you see no harm in cards. Is that a substantial, or even a worthy argument. Is it not possible that you know next to nothing of the widespread hurt of cards? Have you ever tried to post yourself on the matter? Then, is it not risky to follow your preference, your taste, your frivolous friends, where you have been asked not to go, and where you are warned that many have found the quicksands there, from which they were never extricated?

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### TAKE A STAND IN YOUR PARLOR

If cards are ever innocent anywhere, I suppose it is where none participate except the home folks, and they never care to play elsewhere. One remove from the card table to the right, and it would be reading of good books, family prayers-out to prayer meetings, and other community religious exercise, and on, on, possibly, with some through the mission fields, and on to heaven. But to return to the home card table -- one remove to the left, and you invite in your double first cousins, then your ordinary cousins, then your real nice friends, and then you go out to the most choice families, and take a game, and a few weak concomitants, but cards are cards, and you now love them for their own sake, and the more frequent and the stronger refreshments, while you are less careful as to where you play or who you play with -- since cards are cards, and scruples are strangled. But pursue this first step to the left -- on, on, down, down, but you will not reach the bottom in this world, for listen, there is not a low down Chinese, English, French, Italian, Negro dive in the world where you will not find cards and the dance and, strange as it seems to you, they seem to be more at home here. I, myself have seen Negroes and whites in entire nudity, sitting promiscuously about card tables with their ears entirely deaf to every sound except the policeman's whistle. Now, my sisters, my Methodist sisters, who do we, why do you have to go down there and take the devil's own pasteboard stuff, and wash and scour it, and perfume it, and give it semi-respectability, and bring it up here into social, civil, cultured, even religious circles, and from it get your entertainment?

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### DEAD LINES

Society, and especially church society, has always had danger signals up for her women, beyond which no woman dare go, and nice women did not care to go. But these danger signals were never so plain for men. A man can go into first-class society and play, and return to you and your circle -- then jaunt down to second and third class groups, and yet return to you, and marry in your circle -- all due to the fact that we keep up each other's standard, as men and women, and men say you nice women shall not go there and return, while you say we will let you go as far as you please and come back to us at your own good will. Am I not right? Then, whether it is looseness or tightness in us men, we do what we do because you act at least as if you care nothing for our morals, while to us your morals and good name is everything. But why go there -- out there-down there? Can't we invent some better way of linking up, than to link down, ever?

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## FLAVORS

If we take a good, sweet orange tree, all properly grafted or budded, and plant it out among wild oranges, it will be almost as sour in taste as those of native growth. Why? Simply because the bees, the distributors of the fertilizing pollen, come from hundreds of trees which are sour, and dust that sour pollen into the blood of that one sweet tree. They do not change nature of it, at least at once, but the flavor is much affected if not temporarily destroyed. You get the sour orange effect, from the sweet orange tree. Do you get my meaning?

Ah me! Here you come to your Sunday school class, to the prayer meeting, to the revival, to the sick room with all the flavor of the card table on your breath. It is no longer a matter of your opinion; you need not stand there and say you don't see any harm in it; you need not argue that you never play for a consideration; you need not claim that all of your nice friends play; you need not talk like an idiot and say there are worse things than cards, and if you never do anything worse than that, that you will be all right. There you are with all the flavor of the world on you, when you are about to engage in the service of him who says love not the world, neither the things of the world. If you have any influence, you have put it as far from Jesus as possible, and you can't believe that as engaging a thing as cards has no moral quality, not even of flavor. Then, to face every Methodist preacher clear back to John Wesley, and say I'll do as I please -- whatever you may say -- this, to say the least is plucky on your part, and discovers more of the deserting than the loyal soldier.

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## OUR GOD WHO KNEW US

He laid down as fundamental: That we shall love Him with all our mind, heart, soul, strength. He knew it would take all this to wean and hold fickle humanity from the idolatry and worldliness by which they were surrounded. But have you ever, for one day, tried to be at your best in loving God with all of you -- mind, soul, strength? Have you tried it for just one day? If so, you discovered that it is a man's or a woman's job; that you did not need to mingle with the chaff of this world, but live aloof from it. And remember, this is just the beginning of the career of a candidate for God's favor.

Then, as the Master said, the second is like unto it -- thy neighbor as thyself. Jesus stopped and explained that it is the down and out person who is our neighbor. It is the one, even who is not related to us, nationally or religiously, but just a man or woman in need. Not better than yourself, but as yourself. You are here called upon to consider the man or woman who may have grown away from you, or even been born away from you, but are not away from Jesus, but Jesus will need you and all your drawing power to help get that down and out fellow to an Inn -- the church, or your own home, sister, and maybe into your own comfortable family circle. Are you going to feed this man on cards between times? Do you not realize that most probably he lost his money, his standing, his job, his character over these same tools of hell? Can't you think now that he doesn't

need that, and if you are to be of any service to Jesus just here you had better put those symbols of the vilest life out of the sight of this man?

If you don't care what your pastor says, or what your church thinks of you, you must admire that preachers have had their shoulders under your home, and schoolhouse and society, trying to make a good place for you and yours here, and they have taught you much of the world to come, and they met you at the marriage altar, if indeed, not at the christening font, they received your vows, and carried them to God, and had them registered there by your request that morning when you voluntarily forsook the world, flesh and devil, so that you would no longer be led by, or follow them. You remember this, don't you? Yes, I am sure you do, and when the baby was so sick, and the doctor whispered that he had reached human limit, and you saw your pastor coming -- did not your heart leap? And he acted as if it was his own little darling panting its life away. O, he was so tender in his prayers, and seemed to know the high way up. You remember, don't you?

And if the little one died, who but the preacher, who better than the preacher to talk so assuringly about heaven -- a real heaven, a know-them-again heaven. You remember that he talked as if he had been there, and somehow you felt that he had, and on this particular trip you feel till yet as if you went along and peeped over his shoulder and saw your darling in the arms of such a beautiful mother angel -- oh, well, you have never gotten over that one trip to heaven with your pastor. You remember it, don't you? I thought you did.

That trip, to your sad heart and home, may be repeated when your husband dies, or your grown son, and then when the curtains are more closely drawn, and they say our mother is gone -- O, that will be you, sister, and won't it be nice to have lived a high, level Christian life? Here, the you of you will crop out through all you ever did or said. Now you don't want them to put your cards in the coffin, do you sister? And those vases and other things which you won, just like any black-leg wins your husbands or your boys' dollars -- same gaming spirit and all. But, tell me plainly, shall I have these as trophies of your exploits, as representatives of the you of you, as the signs of your shrewdness and ability to outwit your neighbor woman -- shall I slip these in to represent you, when we will need all the favorable evidence we can secure?

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## THE GOOD SAMARITAN

I briefly called your attention to the first and second commands into which we must put all our time, heart and strength, if we at all measure up to them. There is not a human being, but we must stand to the good Samaritan act with him or her. It will take our very dead level best to be what Jesus taught here, and what he is to all of us.

In prophecy, sacrifice, angel salutation, stable birth, ladship to our own needy sons and daughters, mature man and preacher, or sweating blood over us, or dying for us, or rising again, or commissioning our forefathers, or sending the Holy Ghost upon them and us -- He was and is always -- that Good Samaritan. He told that quizzing lawyer to go and do likewise. To each one who would take the highest possible relationship, for and in Him, He very definitely says, "If any man would be my disciple, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow me." Then

self-denial is here as at the giving of the law, is the first step, and is essential to all satisfactory experience or service.

But, we all know that cards are a means of self-gratification, and not self-denial. Now, I am not asking you if you will quit. I doubt if you have enough real woman left in you to walk in and say, here, Bro. Culpepper has convinced me that I can and should spend my time differently-I am done with cards. No, you are not woman enough to stand by your convictions, when some little flip blazes out on you. You know Jesus did not say He had to have you in His business; He can run this world and the next without you, and I warn you that you may force Him to do it. He simply says, choose as to what you prefer, but if you will be His and go all the way with Him, self-denial is the word and the principle. Can you meet it? Can you deny it? Have you a worthwhile argument on the other side? Is your practice among the things which perish with the using? Where is the cross in gambling, or as you prefer, a game of cards? Where does Jesus stop, when you are following Him, where does He pause at a card party? Could you stand outside and look through a window, in a strange city, and tell the difference between a group of society church officers, playing for stakes, and a gang of fallen women at the same business? The difference is this -- after the game and possibly drinks, you, God knows, I hope will hurry home to be with your husband and babies, while these other women will hurry off to meet your boy, brother, or husband. I warn you, sister, that this is the devil's territory, and you should not cut kindling over there and, in order to be safe, shun all border transactions.

I don't know why you want to be a church member at all, or why you will belittle the standards of office by taking it upon yourself. Why don't you say, No, I am not much of a Christian -- not a strong woman, and I therefore decline to lower the standards of my church by bearing it, for it would trail in the dirt when I took it to these worldly functions, which I just am not woman enough to turn loose.

I don't know why you want to remain in a church which for long was perfectly free from all such membership, and all such world mix ins. Nor do I know why some pastor doesn't rise up and bring you to trial, and I don't know why some presiding elder doesn't bring complaint at conference against your putty preacher, and I don't know why at least one of our bishops doesn't preach along here, and by a handshake, after much prayer, and after much searching for the old paths, commit our conferences back to Methodism and Apostolic usages.

We have a rather new word in business called spiritual assets and frozen assets. The frozen assets are those which are tied up so that they cannot be realized on. They may be good sometime, but now they are lying in refrigerators. Am I too pointed, if I say our leaders are not spiritual in the sense of flowing? I fear that they are running on spent force, if indeed they are not already slowed down, in all those things for which God ordained His church in Abraham, if not at the gate of Eden, and for which He called out Abraham and parceled a portion of the land to them and made them His peculiar people. Let us read the law of Moses again, study anew the incarnation, the quiet but prophetic life of Christ among men, His training of this chosen few, and their ordination, His death, the descent of the divine Spirit, the manifested signs, wherever. these men preached or talked or died. Let us pause long enough in our multiplying of machinery and its manipulation to ask if next to no machinery were the days of our greatest achievements for the



world's salvation, are we not now getting far too little for our investment? Indeed, are we making much, if any, headway against evil?

And, my sisters of the church, are you not conscious of having lost something from your experience, or that you stopped short of the acquisition of the all-important matter? Are you not the owner of far too much or many frozen assets for your good or that of your church and friends?

Safety First. If this is a good device anywhere, where more so than in our standing in Christ, and in the confidence of those among whom we move?

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### NO PARKING HERE

You see this sign in many places, and it is regarded; but I notice that any old Lizzie can drive right into our territory and park and stay indefinitely. Women who would resent quickly and sharply, even to a call for help, any undue familiarity on the street, and cry out, no parking here, will allow men and women to drive onto their most sacred church reserves and expect to be greeted and made welcome, when they should be ordered to move on. Why is this? How have you allowed yourself and church, and your sacred influence thus encroached upon?

\* \* \*

### THINGS SACRED

Do you hold yourself sacred to the man you have married, or aim to marry? Of course you do. Thus far and no further, is written large. But sister, are you not the bride of Christ? And is anything more sacred than your pledged fealty to Him? And since you never did get drunk, and swear and kill, what does He mean to you, if not that He will resent any approach of the world, and any liberties taken with you, from that quarter?

And remember the cards represent the largest block of sin, crime, ruin, to be found among all nations and all grades of humanity, however much their lovers try to minify their use, in its effects on them privately, or the public generally. Some things which are invisible, or almost so, are most dangerous and are to be guarded against most assiduously, for instance, yellow fever germs or the sleeping disease. What, my brethren, do we mean by a patriot, if it is not that he loves his country above all lands, and that she is constantly in his mind's eye, and that he would surrender his life in her interests.

Breathes there a man, with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land,  
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,  
As home his footsteps he hath turned,  
From wandering on a foreign strand?  
If such there breathe, go mark him well;

For him, no minstrel rapture swell;  
High though his titles, proud his name,  
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim--  
Despite these titles, power and pelf,  
The wretch, concentrated all in self,  
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
And doubly dying, shall go down  
To the vile dust, from which he sprang,  
Unwept, unhonored and unsung.

We easily make these noble words our own, but how soon we forget that we too are citizens of a great country -- yea, verily of two, our blessed church and the heaven she is preparing us for, if we are reaping what she has so lavishly sown for us.

I once lived near the Andersonville stockade, where many Federal prisoners were kept, and where they died, daily. Prisoners were exchanged almost daily, and a very young Northern soldier who was sick with the epidemic which was sweeping many out daily -- he was home sick, and got up, and walked slowly towards the exchange office, to put in his application. He had to pass the tent where his brother stayed, and who suspected he was going to make an effort to get home, asked him if he knew he would have to swear never to take up arms against the confederacy again. He said, yes, brother, but I am dying. His brother reached up to where he had the union flag concealed and took it out before the sick boy, who stood a moment, then said, Brother, tell mother that I died for the old flag.

But how few of our members are as true to our church banner as this brave, homesick soldier was. God help us -- God wake us up.

\* \* \*

## WE ARE AMBASSADORS FOR CHRIST

We are all familiar with that term also, and know that we send our most competent and reliable men, to represent us abroad, and we want to be sure that he is never off watch for the home land and home interests. Such representative has to negotiate the most delicate and often dangerous matters, when the slightest blunder might cause estrangement between leading powers and lead to the most disastrous results.

But we are all of that and very much more, as the ambassadors of Christ -- more because relations are already estranged, and we are sent on a peace embassy. Sinners are not friendly towards your country, and your great ruler, which makes your duties all the more delicate, and makes it all the more important that you be ever on guard, and keep the home office advised of all happenings,

Why dwell longer here? I know that you understand that it is the duty, and the Christlike privilege of every professed follower of the author of our own salvation, to literally invade the kingdoms or country of darkness, and persuade all over whom we can wield influence, to move

across into our blessed Canaan, and become citizens thereof. But, as is natural, they will want to ask questions, and we must tell them all of the good which our King does for us, and guarantee a like treatment in each and every case, where they come to make home. But if we are living like unto the people of this foreign land, they will not hear us, and our mission will be abortive of real results. Am I plain?

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## TRET

At the Indian Springs camp meeting several years ago, I told a story of a man who had a small flock of sheep on the Alpine mountains, and in the midst of a snow storm, with the aid of his faithful dog Tret, he succeeded in folding all but two. This he communicated to his wife after they had retired, and added that the poor dog is tired, but I can't sleep, and so he went to the door and called her from her kennel and pups, around the corner. He threw his finger on the fold, and on the storm-swept mountains. His faithful animal hesitated but a moment, and with a cheerful bark bounded away, and in a couple of hours there was a cheerful whine and he found she had one of the nearly frozen lambs. He patted her and put it in a basket near the fire, and Tret went to her brood. The storm waxed more violent, until the man said to his wife, I shall have to send out the dog again. It is that motherless lamb that our little Nellie played with before she died, and noticed after she was oblivious to everything else. So he called his dog and threw his finger on the fold and then on the storm rocked range. She gave him an incredulous look, which said, Master, I have worked all day and now over half the night -- can't you let me rest with my little ones as you do yours. But with tears in his eyes he repeated the signs. She whined and trotted towards the peaks, snow covered and wind swept.

About day there was a faint noise at the door, and there was Tret with the nearly frozen pet. He took it and petted his dog, who staggered towards her brood. In the morning he started with a warm plate of food for his dog, but found her within four feet of the kennel, stiff in death, and her four pups vainly hunting for a warm breakfast on a frozen mother. She gave all. This incident so affected me that I walked all around it and viewed it from all angles, and said, after all, in that final day I had rather be that four-legged Tret, if my great Master would call me from dog oblivion, and for one minute, while judging my Master, should lay his divine hand on my dog head and say, sink back again, Tret with my blessings; you are all I made you to be -- I would prefer that blessing and that blessed hand pressure, to what awaits millions of human beings, of our cultured circles, and our churches-endowed as they are, with superior intelligence but with a low grade of loyalty and self-denying love.

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## AN AMUSING COMPROMISE

In a few weeks after I related the incident about Tret, one of our neighbor men who was in attendance on the camp meeting and heard me, told my son that he had never cared anything for dogs until he heard that about Tret, and he at once resolved to own a dog, and that he now had one which he thought would be splendid. There you are. I was trying to get church members to measure

up to the height of dog fidelity, at least, but only pulled this man up to where he wanted a dog which would be faithful to him, instead of setting out to be faithful to his human calling.

This tract has already gone beyond the strength of my purse, and so must end; yet I am loath to say the last word. How can I convince thoughtless, hardened men and women beyond their desire to know the whole truth. Many who, I trust will peruse these pages, are already beyond the region of argument or persuasion, and live in the realm of passion, preference, ready to take medical advice from one who is no doctor, agricultural counsel from one who never made one crop, book suggestions from one who can't read, instructions as to our high calling from those who have never themselves heeded a call, and heavenly prospects from those who have no well founded hope of that great country.

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### A LAST WORD TO OUR PREACHERS

Brethren, one and all, this gambling spirit soon produces the habit of a cut-across-lots, in other things, and assures you of an inferior degree of consecration in any who indulges. You must seek a deep conviction on the subject. You are not dependent on any such members for anything in the long run. You must save them, or save yourselves from them. It is useless to listen when they say I'll go to the Episcopal or Presbyterian Church; they will have me and glad of the chance. Let them go, if they are bishops' daughters and presiding elders' wives. You can't afford to take your church book with you to judgment and have Jesus point out the hurt of these men and women. Don't take a fright at their mouths and mouthing. They are as light as a feather, in soul and brain matters, on which the Son of God is relying. One old snaggle-toothed country woman with Tret loyalty to you and God will outweigh a whole cow-pen full of them. Who are they -- these spawns of Monte Carlo? Who are they -- these society sissies that they should presume to dictate to you or your godly members, or the son of God, Himself as to the what and how and why of the church? If cards are not coarse things, then everything is refined. The best checker player in the world is a metal man in New York, and the best live checker player and carder was a Negro who lived in West Point, Ga., and was an idiot, but could win the pile, or outwit the best who went up against him. And as before said, there is not a race, house or individual on earth, too low down in any scale of depravity not to play cards. Why then do you wait longer? Is it for an episcopal deliverance? They are figuring on the other end, while taking startling dinners in these society homes, baptizing the children, and smoking with the husbands and big boys. Don't wait for the bishop longer, for it is high time we were awake.

Are you waiting for the presiding elder? He is only a financier, not yet approved in approved business circles, and is looked on by over half of the laymen as a sort of fifth wheel. Very few of modern presiding elders are any real help where you need real help. What, then, do you wait for? Is it for some leading pastor, from some of our leading churches to declare themselves against cards, as instigators to gambling, and as a nuisance in Methodism? Then wait no longer, for if ever there was a physical, moral, intellectual set of cowards, you will find them high up in ecclesiastical booths. Nothing reforms or lives again from the top. Grass dies at the top; forest trees die at the top; fruit trees die at the top; flowers die at the top; Methodism is dead at the

top, and it will take much of what is known as skin grafting, with special germ soap and frequent applications to check the down flow of death.

It may call for surgery in places, and it will call for a transfusion of new blood, if we are not to die. All generation is by the way of the blood; all degeneration is by the way of the blood; all regeneration is by the way of blood. It took this same transfusional downpour to give the world hope some two thousand years ago. But the patient is anemic again, and needs more of that same precious fluid. Don't forget that there is yet a fountain filled with blood drawn from Immanuel's veins. Get your sickly members on the table and ask Jesus to renew their life quickly.

Dear men, who are members of the church, disallow and disavow cards from this hour. It can't be harm not to play. Then quit, and sing--

And am I only born to die?  
And must I suddenly comply  
With nature's stern decree?  
What after death, for me remains?  
Celestial joys or hellish pains,  
To all eternity.  
How then, ought I on earth to live,  
While God prolongs the kind reprieve,  
And props the house of clay?  
My sole concern, my single care,  
To watch and tremble and prepare  
Against that fatal day.

Men -- millions of splendid but thoughtless youths are coming over this same road of life, and many of them will try to pattern after you. Then be at your best.

Readers of my books will find it recorded elsewhere that many years ago, on opening up a tent meeting in Jacksonville, Fla., I found a boast from the women, of the profits accruing from a wine room, and a lot of society ruffraff, which I punctured. The nicest ladies anywhere were involved, and they wrote me many nice letters, explaining the innocence of social cards and disavowed any substantial connection with the wine room, which was mainly true.

But each attack on society brought fresh batches of letters, in which they spake kindly of my preaching, but assured me that I was mistaken as to the hurt of social cards.

One Sabbath night when there were some eight thousand people in and around the tent, and a fresh shower of disclaimers had come from the ladies, I called aloud for attention, and having it from thousands, I held up these letters and explained that they were from Jacksonville's nicest ladies, but they insisted that social cards do not lead out at the back gate and out into more worldliness, and often to blackleg gambling, and that I wanted an honest test of it there.

So I asked that every man present who considered himself a blackleg gambler -- a down and out, a bankrupt in morals and in purse, but who truth would compel to say that he started with

social cards, at home or with some nice lady friend, and that he had no intention, at the start to make a gambler, and but for these social cards he would not have struck bottom where he did, and that no one could have led him into the card habit but some nice lady. Going over it until all listeners understood, I asked for any whom my call included to come in and give me their hand and stand there at the front.

Presently a ragged sort of fellow came down the aisle, and none doubted what he was. He was followed by another, and on until I think fully fifty-seven came, and I lined them along, having promised that if the police grabbed any of them I'd see him through and pay his fine. Several had no hat, and some were shoeless, and all were poorly clad, and had the odor of the barrel, the back alley, with that furtive glance that criminality, in its last stages brings her devotees to. I took them, one at a time, as they faced the audience, and I remarked upon the original capacity and providential bent of each one, as to what they might have been, characterizing them from the honest plow handles to the governors' or presidents' chair.

I then said, Sisters, here are the men, and you hear what they say as to the cause of their downfall. Of course, you don't want to accept their statement, and you won't have the woman to quit, and if one of these poor fellows was to knock at your back door in the morning you would fly to your phone, if he simply asked for a cold potato, and in a few minutes he would be behind the bars -- yet it is more than a gamble, to borrow a word from your vocabulary -- it is more than a gamble, that most or all those ruined men started in with your mother, or with you.

Perhaps you recognize most of them, but it would not do for you to admit that, as it would lower you in your false and hypocritical standing. You, however, will not be persuaded or warned by me, that from your card parlors men strike a bee-line for poverty, stealing, robbery, murder, the penitentiary, the gallows and hell. No, you won't quit. But this is the last letter I will receive from you, while trying to reform and save this rotten river town.

If I had a lot of such women as I am talking about, in my church, I would not know what to nominate them for, after the asylums were run over.

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## LOYALTY TO WHAT

I once heard of a man who married and, after a proper time, entered his wife's room and partially undressed, then sat for a long while in the dark, casting occasional rueful looks to where, on a nearby table, lay an upper and lower set of artificial teeth, a very brown and curly wig, a cork foot and a cork hand. On being asked why he sat there he said, My sense of loyalty has received a shock -- so much so that I don't know what part I promised the preacher I would keep me only unto, but I feel that I will be justifiable in redressing and going at once to enter a suit for justifiable divorce, without alimony.

Before any woman, man or church member says I am not elegant in my figures and use of language, I ask them to bear in mind that I am dealing with the coarsest subject, and the coarsest men and women out of reform institutions, and please bear in mind that the men and women I

characterize are an affront to all real intellectuality, and an offense to the heart which beats true to the highest wishes of the church or ministry.

I have found you the hardest to get down to real soul saving work, all my life, and when you made any pretense of claiming an experience of grace, your witness to it, when obtainable, was painfully brief, dry, ungrIPPING. I have heard more complaint from you and your sisterhood -- by far -- criticisms of preacher, choir, length of sermons -- with general dissatisfaction at the running of the church, so that I unhesitatingly say that of all classes of members the card-playing, dancing fraternity are least useful, and are the soonest offended and the readiest to go to some other church.

But my argument is now made; my entreaty I now commit to popular judgment, claiming only good intent in all I have said.

When the last picture is painted,  
And the tubes are twisted and dried--  
When the oldest colors have faded,  
And the youngest critic has died.

We shall rest, and sure we shall need it--  
Lie down for an eon or two--  
Till the Master of all good workmen  
Shall set us to work anew.

And they that are good shall be happy  
And sit in a golden chair.  
And splash at a ten league canvas--  
With brushes of comet's hair.

And we shall have real saints to draw from,  
Magdalena and Peter and Paul,  
And shall work an age at a sitting,  
And never grow weary at all.

For only the Master shall praise us,  
And only the Master shall blame,  
For no man shall work for money,  
And no man shall work for fame.

But each for the joy of working,  
And each in his separate star,  
Shall draw things as he sees them  
For the God of things as they are.

I bid you an affectionate adieu, confidently believing that in your presence I will be called to account for what I have said herein, and you for the manner in which you receive and weigh and dispose of my message.

John B. Culpepper  
New Smyrna, Fla.

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THE END