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THE HAPPY HOME
By John B. Culpepper

Author of:
Some Women I Have Known
Malice
Black Horse
Etc.

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Pickett Publishing Company
Louisville, Kentucky
Greenville, Texas

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Digital Edition 06/16/05
By Holiness Data Ministry

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DEDICATORY

To all the babies in Dixie -- in long dresses, is this volume inscribed. -- Author

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01 -- WHEN THE BABY CAME ALONG

I.

I thought 'twas hard -- the toilin' -- the tide a-pullin' strong,
But I shouted "Hallelujah!" when the baby came along!
He coaxed me back to youth-time -- made my life a livin' song:--
I was happy, folks, I tell you, when the Baby came along!

II.

For all the dreary winter -- for all the skies so dim,
I seemed to see my mother in the twinklin' eyes of him!
An' a thousand sweetest flowers in deserts seemed to throng,
An' I heard the birds a'singin' when the Baby came along!

III.

Lord bless that little Baby -- the best one in the ranch!
He'll be yet there, in Springtime -- just a-wadin' in the branch!
And God gives him the pleasure of the right above the wrong:--
We were happy, without measure, when the Baby came along!

* * * * *

02 -- A FOREWORD

I have dedicated this lecture, which I have given for twenty years or more, to the little Dixie Babies, in long dresses. This I have done (1) Because I love them all and welcome them all. (2) I want the mothers to love me and read my book, and thought to win them by making baby a present. (3) When I have gone to my Home in Heaven, I want my readers to know there was a man who loved them and prayed for them when they were such wee darlings. -- Author

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03 -- LIFE'S MIRROR

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

Give love, and love to your life will flow,
And strength in your utmost needs;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your work and deeds.

Give truth, and your gifts will be paid in kind;
Give song, and song will meet;
And the smile which is sweet will surely find
A smile that is just as sweet.

Give pity and sorrow to those who mourn,
You will gather in flowers again
The scattered seeds from your thoughts outborne,
Though the sowing seemed in vain.

For life is the mirror of rich and poor;
'Tis just what we are and do:
Then give to the world the best at your door;
And the best will come back to you. -- Selected

* * * * *

04 -- THE HAPPY HOME

There is no place on earth so much like Heaven as a happy, Christian home. Therefore, it must follow that no place is more like the other world, than an un-Christian and unhappy home.

God is not the author of the state or government, of which you hear so much, and for and to which so many devote their talents, and in patriotic fervor yield their lives; but He founded the home from which governments, in any form, must spring. So true is this that the home life of a people today accurately forecasts the public and national life of that people a few years hence. God did not build the church, primarily; but He erected the home, out of which the church comes, whatever her form or doctrine -- so that the home life of today will give us the church life of our citizens a few years to come.

In Gen. 2:8, we have these words: "And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there he put the man whom he had formed. (9) And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. (10) A river went out of Eden to water the garden; and from thence it was parted and became into four heads. The name of the first is Pison (overflowing), the name of the second is Gihon (rushing), and the name of the third is Hiddekel (agitation), and the fourth is Euphrates (sweet water)." This four-pronged stream, whose names imply much, show that God did His best at earthly home building, in the beginning of the race. It was not an old brier field, to be furrowed and ferried; it was not a forest to be felled and fenced; but a very garden, a place prepared. In many countries except America, the garden is the most beautiful plot about the premises. With us it is a "patch," for vegetables,

losing the classic thought of vines, sweet shrubbery, summer houses, courtship, promenades and plighted troth. The insect and animal have strong home instinct, but man has a reason for wanting and loving his. It has the imprint of divinity and eternity in every thing connected with it.

Did Adam find his home complete? You could have looked through the universe, and but one omission in order to perfect bliss could have been detected. This Adam's father soon supplied. Read Gen. 2:18: "And the Lord God said, it is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an help meet for him," not a help to eat meat, sister, but a help to make meat. A help, fit for him; (The Hebrew says, one to go before him). A complement, not a compliment. The latter has a sickly grin, a low, studied bow, a serape of the foot, his hair parted in the middle; hers, made into a brush pile. God's complement is a sensible man, presented with a sensible woman. A good woman is from the Lord. Equally so is a good man.

I will attempt no fairy sketch of this first pair or their garden home. I can't say how tall or large Adam was. I don't know how much he would weigh -- (if on earth today), nor how far his race has degenerated. I will not ask you to guess at the height of Eve, the color of her eyes or hair, the length of lash or arch of brow, the size of her waist or foot, (both sensibly large, I think) nor if she "made up" well. She was well made -- made a purpose. Can any of you who spend more time over the Delineator than you do in your closets, tell the one purpose God had in creating this help meet?

Not good to be alone. Equally true of both sexes. Men do ill when taken from under the restraining and refining influence of woman. Your club life shows that. How degeneracy swells into a torrent of corruption, when men run alone! The army life will generate corruption enough in five years to baffle closet and school room and pulpit for fifty years to follow. Men go to pieces very soon away from women. No comfort to you women, for you will go to pieces the first day before dinner, if some man is not on the ground. You will not cook dinner that day, or even dress your hair. Why all this disorder? Why so many machines standing idle? The man is out.

As I have frequently said, we have called you women angels, until some of you believe it. Don't forget that in this old Book, from which I take my text, every angel is a man. In all candor I don't think you women are as strong as the fourth of July orators would have us believe. For instance: If you wrap a foul smell up in a cabbage leaf, stick your hat on the side of your head, take a drink of brain-befuddling liquor, stick that cigar in your mouth, swagger down the streets, spit all over everything, take the name of God in vain, indulge in loud talk, there is not a man in town who will speak to you, even by moonlight. See? We force you to a decent life. It is behave or be damned socially. How about us? Why, we can do the very things I have mentioned, and go further, and you know it -- then ring your door bell and be welcomed into your parlor, or come 'round Sunday and see the best of you to church. Where is our standard, as left in your hands? We have held yours up -- you have let ours down. Women hold out no social inducement to men to be moral, or live nobly. Plain talk, you say. Plain subject, too, and plain facts. Virtue and vice are only other names for rewards and punishment. What reward do you good(?) women offer for masculine virtue? What punishment do you inflict for infractions of the social or moral life? I

know of none, unless it be to mate him to a woman who don't care what sort of a man is the head of her house and the father of her children and the arbiter of her destiny.

After three decades of pretty constant observation, I must say that the bird taken in the snare, the hen picked up to have its head wrung off, the sheep driven to the slaughter pen, the moth scorched by the lamp, are all wiser and display more self-respect and more of the sense of self-protection, than the average girl, who has decided to marry. She ranges from seven to seventeen. I challenge the lunatic asylums to turn out a better developed idiot. She will rave, too, if you cross her -- rave at her mother if she crosses her about her "fellow," rave at her father if he criticizes the idle or immoral habits of her "fellow;" rave at her brothers, if they don't praise her "fellow;" rave at the weather if it hinders the coming of her "fellow"; rave at the preacher if he descants against such a "fellow;" rave at God if He doesn't hurry and let her marry this "fellow." I don't over-draw the picture. She can't study at school, and won't work at home. In her disposition, she is in the home, a dish of kraut, calf-jelly and limburger cheese, spiked with horse-radish. What's the matter? Wants to marry. And no hound ever pursued dodging deer with greater eagerness or perseverance than she will trail after this "fellow." She will give up an education for him; she will break her church vow and chase him into the ballroom and dance, in order to win him; she will throw aside modesty and plan and consent to meet him alone and in the dark; she will forsake her mother and father and little baby brother or sister, leave her trunk and every friend and board a midnight train, and start, the devil only knows where, just to be with that "fellow." And probably this is the third or fourth time he has been run down and lass-o-e-d, and now has three or four living wives. Hear me, women! We have gambling fools among men, money fools, whiskey fools, fighting fools, political fools, boss fools, but none of them can equal this little "fellow" fool. Only two weeks since a woman came to rent a house of wife. Speaking of her family, she named its size and number. When she came to the largest girl, she said, "Well, I may as well tell the whole truth; she is going to get married." Wife asked how old she is. "About fourteen. I don't want her to marry, but if I don't give my consent she says she will run away, and she will, for I ran away myself, and I was no older than she is." How old is the man? "O, he is a widower, thirty-five years old."

The night of the marriage, wife and I walked down, thought we would take them a little token, reaching there about five minutes before the time set for the ceremony, and were apologetically informed that they had been married five minutes. An older girl and a different sort of girl would have arranged to be a few minutes, (say thirty), late, but this beautiful young lady was not going to risk being an old maid. She is a beautiful girl, would make a magnificent woman, but that she must bare a "fellow."

When a boy I heard a story running thus: A young lady had failed to catch anything in the many "caps" she had set, so fell to praying for a husband. One night, while on her knees thus pleading, an old owl chanced to light on the roof and in one of his nocturnal salutes, said, Who? ho! ho-oo-o, who-oo-o. The over-anxious girl jumped up and said, "O just anybody, Lord, so it's a man, and I get him soon." Do you know, I kinder think that thing happened. Worse things have occurred under my eye many times.

Praying for a husband. I believe in that, but I don't believe in taking the hooting of an owl, or even something less for an answer.

I heard of a girl of thirteen who stole a "fellow" of thirty and ran off with him. They went to the courthouse to secure a license and be married by some officer. The groom-elect had but seventy-five cents, which stalled the proceedings until a happy thought struck the blushing girl, when she stepped quickly forward and said, "Sir, please, couldn't you marry us seventy-five cents worth, and by the time that's out, we can have the balance and you can finish."

Well, that girl ought to marry, and here I will say if ever a preacher finds one of my little fellow-daft kids out bogeying round in the night with a man, I will thank him to tie the knot. Better not be too particular about age or nationality. I'm in for it! The luck is against me, and of several evils, I must choose the least. It is on this very principle that I have always married these little run-away sissies. Their name is legion, too. Can we hope for a "happy home," from such unions? No! They have not emerged from one, nor will they be likely to build one.

* * * * *

05 -- MARRIAGE -- HOME

Well does our discipline say: "This is an honorable estate, instituted in the time of man's innocency, signifying unto us the mystical union that is between Christ and His church; which holy estate Christ adorned and beautified with His presence, and the first miracle that He wrought in Cana of Galilee, and is commended of St. Paul to be honorable among all men; and therefore is not by any to be enterprised or taken in hand unadvisedly, but reverently, discreetly, advisedly, and in the fear of God. Therefore, if any can show any just cause why they may not be lawfully joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace... I require and charge you both (as ye shall answer at the dreadful day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed) that if either of you know any impediment why ye may not be lawfully joined together in matrimony, ye do confess it; for be ye well assured, that so many as are coupled together otherwise than God's Word doth allow, are not joined together by God, neither is their matrimony lawful."

This is a good formula, only it is too slack. I think the parents on both sides of the house ought to be at the marriage, and put through a course of questions-something like the following: (To the man) -- Do you know this boy's father? Was he ever drunk? Did he ever break his marriage vow? Was he ever contaminated by any immoral disease? Did he ever swear? Has he quit it? Does he drink, or use tobacco? Does this boy's father pay his debts? Was this boy brought up around an altar of prayer, and about a table where grace is said? Does this boy's father attend prayermeeting and pray when he is called on, and is he regular at church? Was this boy brought up to work? How many nights, up to the present, have you allowed him to sleep from under the home roof? Does he dance? Where did he get the idea of parting his hair in the middle and making it as sleek as a pane of glass? Does he smoke cigarettes? If so, can you produce in evidence, as a guarantee of your duty, the hide you have taken off him, in an effort to break him of the habit? Do you, from your knowledge of him, believe he will ever have another as good a suit of clothes as the one now on him? If he were not your son, please name the best and the worst thing you could say about him? (You can sit down, Sir.)

Madam: Is this your daughter? Is she truthful? Is she honest? How old is she? Who does the cooking at your house? Can your daughter milk? Did she ever do a day's washing? Does she make a good biscuit? Do you not, honor bright, attribute your own deplorable health to her poor cooking? Does she sing while at work? Can she make her own or her husband's clothes? How long has she been having sweethearts? Is this the first man to whom she has been engaged? (Be seated).

Now (to all of the parents), are these children sound in their bodies? Is there consumption, or any other hereditary trouble entailed upon them? Are they sound in their minds? Is there direct or remote insanity encroaching upon either of them? Have either of them failed to memorize the multiplication table, or conquer the rudiments of grammar? Are they fairly good readers? What sort of reading are they loudest of? What kind of joke will amuse them quickest, and what is their favorite pastime? Are they members of the church? Do you think they have been converted? (Be seated.)

Before putting the usual and threadbare questions, I want to ask you young people a few vital and up-to-date ones.

Sir, in the presence of your mother, I ask, have you been an obedient and reverential son? Did you ever leave her alone at night? Did your mother ever cut a stick of wood, after you were fifteen years old? Did you go with her to church and prayer-meeting, and sit with her? Did your sisters ever want for an escort when you were around? How many secrets and sins do you hide in your heart this minute which would surprise and grieve your mother if that heart was suddenly disgorged? Did you pray for a wife? Do you believe she is in answer to prayer, and to a manly purpose to make her a noble husband? Would you marry her if you knew she had been where you have and done what you have?

(To the girl.) What ideal of manhood did you have before you met the one by your side? Was it one of honor, truthfulness, soberness, purity? Was your ideal religious? Did you include fidelity to a wife should he ever marry? Do you think this man fills the bill? Should you find him a drunkard, a liar, impure and improvident, would you -- could you, love him? He has inquired around until he feels reasonably safe. What do you know of him? Have you had two or three on your string, and hardly knew which to take? If so, don't marry yet. Are you ready to be a wife and to be a mother, if God wills? Have you ever, for one hour, been under the haggery of Hell, which teaches a young wife to dodge the legitimate and real cause of marriage? Do you expect to put up a family altar and build a godly home?

These questions, or kindred ones, might make the ceremony a trifle long, and it might reduce the number of marriages, but they would bring us happy homes, and there would be fewer divorces following.

The poet says:

"A man can build a mansion,
And furnish it throughout;
A man can build a palace,

With lofty walls and stout;
A man can build a place,
With high and spacious dome;
But no man in the world can build
That precious thing called home."

The wife is a weaver, and a home is the product of her work, her life, herself. More serious than death itself, is the losing of your former self, in matrimony, and the adoption of a new self, in union with a man, who, like you, seeks to build a home. The step should be taken thoughtfully, and after prayer, and for God's glory. There are some things which a girl, contemplating marriage, should know about woman in general, and herself in particular. A sensible mother can teach you. Some good book treating of woman's anatomy, and the nature, relation and uses of every organ of the body, should be read, studied. She should know something of mankind in general, and this man in particular. He is to be more to you than a father or brother, or gentleman friend, or sweetheart. Truth is, he is a gift to you, either from the great God, or the great devil, and your present life and your destiny are wrapped up in the step you are now about to take. He is to be your husband -- your houseband. When you surrender to him, he is your head. Your very self-respect is gauged by the sort of man to whom you yield. What do you know of him? What have you tried to know? Don't be silly. Talk over the future with him. Know his plans, learn his views of government, society, home, religion. Don't marry a skeptic. Don't wed a pessimist. You propose to be a helpmeet for some man. Be sure you get a man to help. Study Col. 3:18, together. Wives submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as it is fit in the Lord. First, is he fit? Second, is he in the Lord? When he comes home compounded of an old pipe, "bust head" whiskey and onions, he is in the devil, and not the Lord. He is fit for the pigpen and not for your hearthstone or cleanly bed. The Bible doesn't say submit, and when it is silent, I shall venture no advice. If I consulted my feelings I would not submit to such a woman. But read the 15th verse: "Husbands, love your wives and be not bitter against them." There, now, women have the bad end of the bargain after all. It is not clear that you have to submit to us if we are not fit, and not in the Lord. If so, it can be done, even without affection; but there is no condition in that command to us. We have got to love you, try so anyhow, no matter how hateful you are! My! It takes grit and grace to love on a cold collar. If I had some women for a wife, I'd stick mighty close to the evangelistic work. A trip by home about once every year or two would suffice.

But lets turn to Eph. 5:25-33. It reads, "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave Himself for it; that He might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word, that He might present it to Himself a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish. So ought men to love their wives as their own bodies. He that loveth his wife loveth himself. For no man yet ever hated his own flesh, but nourisheth and cherisheth it, even as the Lord the church. For we are members of His body, of His flesh and of His bones. For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother and shall be joined unto his wife, and they two shall be one flesh. This is a great mystery, but I speak concerning Christ and the church. Nevertheless, let every one of you in particular, so love his wife, even as himself; and the wife see that she reverence her husband."

I offer no apology for this long quotation. It makes marriage the divinest thing on earth also shows that it is not complete in serving earthly ends, but is the index finger pointing to higher and spiritual relations. In these symbols, Christ would say to every sinful man, "Do you see the toilsome and unselfish and devotional love of that Christian husband? Well, that feebly illustrates my love for you." He would point every unsaved woman to the Christian wife and say, "That is how I want you to respond to my love, and submit to my guidance." He would point the unsaved world to the sanctified home and say, "That family is my definition of my holy church; come and let me make you a member."

"Husbands, love your wives." Ah! If there is mystery, this is the key. Love makes it all easy, natural, plain, divine. Love has no bitterness. Of all the bitter found in the home, I think the bitterness of neglect is the most bitter. Some men are like a frog -- as cold in August as in December. While courting, they are all attention and candy and flowers. You would suppose that girl was never to know where the water she drank came from; that she would scarcely be allowed to make a track in sifted ashes. But now that he has her, everything has a sort of "Come-on-Sal" jerk to it. Before marriage, he would not have come to hear me lecture to men only, saying, "Darling, I can't go where you are not admitted, and I don't want to hear what you can't." He went with her to prayer-meeting, sat in the choir and actually sang. Now, where is he? At the club. Yes, and these clubs are only another way of spelling neglect. Some of you men have not kissed your wives for years. And they have become accustomed to living with an old steer, so that if you should pay them a little attention, they might think you had gone back to drink.

"There is a spot of earth supremely blest;
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest;--
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and scepter, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened look benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, father, friend.
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers, the narrow way of life."

* * * * *

05 -- NEGLECT

If some women grow tired of an old, dry, take-for-granted life, and gently complain that you are not as you once were, you at once say, "Well, don't I support you? Have you ever gone hungry yet?" No, brother, you don't support her. Yes, brother, she has gone hungry often, for that which is more to a woman than bread or money. She could have hired a colored man to cultivate an acre in cotton, and made her a "support." She could have gotten a support from a sewing-machine, or poultry-yard, or wash-tub. But, sir, you told her you loved her -- she believed it. You said she was pretty, and sweet, and that you could not be happy away from her. She craved love and longed for companionship, and you deceived her and led her to think it was in you. No, you don't support her. You are starving her. A true, tender woman doesn't reverence money, or intellect, or position. Your wife surrendered to what she thought was unselfish, undying love.

In Ware county, Ga., many years since, I heard an old man say, "Forty-two years ago, I told my old woman I loved her, and she said she loved me -- so we believed each other and got married, and neither one of us has ever doubted it, or mentioned the matter since."

Well, I enter here my doubt as to whether he ever loved, or she either. I used to think they were the driest two old sticks I ever saw. That's take-for-granted love, for forty years on a stretch. Why, Mellie expects me to court her over about every two or three months. When I am away she doesn't let me send her many postal cards, or short, business cut letters, without a reminder that a little milk poured over the toast would keep it: from being so dry. Not long since, we were walking on the railroad track, and we came to a turn-table. That reminded us of one afternoon, nearly thirty years before, when, coming upon a turn-table in a walk on the Brunswick and Western railroad in Alapaha, Ga., I remarked, "Well, here is the turn-table, which I suppose means we should turn -- so let's turn together, and agree to walk ever together." O, neither of us remembers the exact words, but she loves to hear about it, and if you must know, I love to tell it.

"My home! my home! oh, ever dear
Thy hallowed scenes shall be;
In joy, or grief, in hope or fear,
My spirit clings to thee.
I deem my home an emblem meet
Of that endearing last retreat,
From pain and passion free,
Where peace shall fix her bright abode,
And yield her flowers up to God."

* * * * *

06 -- COMPANIONSHIP

"Not good that the man be alone." God would have said the same of the woman had she been first made. Old uncle John Knight, of Georgia, used to say, God did not drive the woman out of the garden, but He drove the man out and the woman, God bless her, she went tagging on out after him.

Well, women, I must say that is the life of my sex. If you don't tag us, we will drift, unclaimed, to ruin. The wife should not only be a partner, but should be so recognized. That man is not wise or good who never lays his business plans before his wife. I tell my wife that she may have ninety-five cents in the dollar, if she will be the woman. I will take the other nickel, and feel that I have the best end of the bargain. Some men will treat to cigars, as well as smoke, and drink, too, then come home and complain if they find a little cold bread in the slops, or if the partner's bill in the store is one dollar more than they imagined it would be. Yes, and he will embarrass his wife before the children, and belittle her. Did you know that half the women in this country are afraid to ask their husbands for money? She will, in the most cautious manner approach him, and, while scared and tugging at her dress, like a girl making her first speech, she

will summon all the wiles known to the sex and use all of the arts known to be pleasing or winsome to him, and will begin, something like this:--

"Er-darling, can you, er, could you, er, if it is convenient, er would you mind letting me have just a little change, er, if you please, and don't mind it, sir?" Hands in pockets, his sagged left shoulder dropped six inches, left leg stove up into his body six inches, right leg bent like a pair of pot-hooks, nostrils dilated, white around the mouth, perspiration beading his rigid brow, eyes looking very hungry, and squinted down upon this sweet, silent partner, he speaks as if to some one thirty yards off and says, "Well, how much do you want? Make haste, for I'm in a hurry." Why -- er -- I'd like to have a -- er, quarter, sir, if you will be so good and sweet, just like you are." "Name of sense, what do you want with that much? I ain't made out of quarters." "Why, I wanted to get Johnnie's shoes and school books, I want to get our sweet little girl that is so much like her handsome papa, a dress, and the drug bill from your sickness is due -- then there is the rent, and the grocery bill, and, if there is any over, I did want to get the handsomest man in the county a present." With a look, such as he dared not let her know he was capable of during courtship, he jerks out and jobs at her, the desired amount, saying, "Here! Where is that quarter I let you have week before last?" Before she can thank him for this, or tell him how she had to hammer the other one out till it was as large as a cart-wheel, to cover the expenses, he is gone. She stands and looks after you, you little, stingy, parsimonious, piggy, possommy, foxy, mean, pusillanimous, lilliputiany merozite. Yes, and if she just had it back she would not marry you to save you from the whipping-post.

Another thing right here. If you were to turn the running of the home over to that wife, she would feed and clothe the family better, and keep out of debt. At least, make her what she is, a partner.

"The pilgrim's step in vain
Seeks Eden's sacred ground;
But in home's holy joys again
An Eden may be found.
A gleam of heaven to see,
To man on earth is given;
And yet a happy family
Is but an earlier heaven."

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07 -- HAPPY HOME

Do husband and wife make a complete home? No!! Here I must speak very plainly, in the interest of truth and home and happiness. If I address those to whom God has denied children, bow to His will, ask for grace to bear this reproach, and don't consider yourself included in any words of mine which may fall with the burden of a rebuke. The divine purpose, divine command, as well as the natural order of marriage, brings these precious little creatures, called babies, into our hearts, arms and homes. A home without them is very unfinished.

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08 -- GOD'S COMMAND

Turn to Gen. 1:22, and you will find the Creator speaking to the newly-made creatures of earth, water and air, saying, "Be fruitful and multiply." In the 28th verse we read that the first thing he said to Adam and Eve, was, "Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth." These words seem to have broken the silence of eternity, in so far as this world was concerned. Read Psalm 127:3, 4, 5. "Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord: and the fruit of the womb is His reward. As arrows are in the hands of a mighty man; so are the children of the youth. Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them: they shall not be ashamed, but they shall speak with the enemies in the gate."

It has been said that a home without children is like a brook without water, a vine without grapes, a candlewick without a candle. God commanded man and woman in their innocency, to be fruitful and multiply. When the flood was over and fallen man came forth from the Ark, the word reads, "And God blest Noah and his sons, and said unto them, Be fruitful and multiply. and replenish the earth... And you, be ye fruitful, and multiply, bring forth abundantly in the earth and multiply therein." Gem 9:1-7.

God would, if you please, risk losing souls, rather than leave this well-fitted home unoccupied, or heaven unpeopled. This makes the birth of children to wear God's highest estimate. Did God order the peopling of the world? If so, is he or she who dares to interfere with His plans, less than wicked?

When Esau met Jacob, strangely pacified by divine interference, he said, "Who are those with thee?" Jacob said, "The children which God hath graciously given thy servant." Then when Jacob, grown old, visited Joseph in Egypt, he said, "Who are these?" Joseph answered: "They are my sons whom God hath given me in this place." Gen. 48. Jacob, on his deathbed, recounted points in his life to Joseph. He said, "God almighty appeared unto me at Luz, in the land of Canaan, and blessed me and said unto me: Behold; I will make thee fruitful and multiply thee, and will make of thee a great multitude of people." In Leviticus 26:9, we have these words, "For I will have respect unto you, and make you fruitful, and multiply you."

It seems from this that God doesn't respect a man or woman who is not fruitful, or full of child-fruit, when He has made it possible. Psalm 128, first four verses runs: "Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord; that walketh in His ways; for thou shalt eat the labor of thine hands; happy shalt thou be, and it shall be well with thee. Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine by thine house; thy children like olive plants around thy table. Thus shall the man be blest that feareth the Lord."

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09 -- CHILDLESS HOMES

It is high time for the pulpit and religious press to speak out against this widespread evil, when historians are taking note of it, and when the President of the American people feels led to write and speak as Mr. Roosevelt has of late. God has shown His love of life-life abundant, life various, life numerous, by the many kinds of insects, birds, land animals and water denizens created, all with the instinct of procreation implanted, reaching the climax in man, commanding, by multiplying his kind, to subjugate all of these.

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10 -- TITLE EVIL

First. It is a sin against God, in that it is a violation of His first and fundamental command. This should settle the question forever. If God, in nature, has spoken His mind as to how many children wife and I should bless the world with -- say ten -- and we decide that we will, by some sort of preventive contrivance, stand at the portals of life and defy God, in revelation and in nature, and in creative complement, and refuse to admit but five of these immortal beings to the stage of earthly action, who can prove that we have not murdered five children? If so, we could not plead, "I was drunk, I did it in a heat of passion, it was done in an effort to save my own life," just out of a selfishness that calls for the curse of heaven and earth.

Second. It is a sin and crime against your country. The question with us is, shall this country be peopled by the legitimate propagation of our own species, or by immigration. It has been said that to keep up pure American stock, our homes must have four births into each of them, whereas, the facts show that less than three is the average.

If patriotism is the sincere love of one's country, and if after all, the love of our country means the love of our country mere then patriotism is at a low ebb with us. It is not the house and yard and office and barn which make home, but the living forms -- the parents, the children. So, it is not these plains and mountains, the trees and vines, but an endeared citizen which fans our patriotism. But do we really love our kind, if we are not willing to bear our part in bringing them into existence?

My contention is, that these childless homes, and almost childless homes, are high treason of the most far-reaching type.

But many women, even so-called Christians, think more of their forms of the fashion plates and of their convenience and comfort than they do of their country or their country's God. What care they that the foreign woman marries and comes here, or comes here and marries, and does more for her adopted country, than she, to the manor born? There are considerably more than fifty per cent more foreign than native American births -- not that the foreign mother is more fruitful, but she is less a murderess. I am not speaking before thought, but deliberately, when I charge wholesale murder, by every sort of infernal preventive device, upon more than half the American homes. Let her who is entirely innocent, write me, or dispute my position. As for the guilty -- I don't respect your rage. The blood of your unborn babes haunts me and cries unto me from many a criminal covert.

Third. You sin also against the unborn. If it is something to take old rags and work them into paper, and build libraries, and make them to speak in epistolary love, and embalm in them our best thoughts and feelings and make them the custodians of our most sacred possessions; if it is something to take the unsightly ore from our hillside, run it into "pig-iron," and then shape it into every valuable implement, from a hatchet, or Bessimer razor, to a mogul engine or a Brooklyn bridge; if it is a commendable work to grind and burn common clay into fine bricks, transforming it into pillars, buttresses, aqueducts, dwellings, then why not say that it is a glorious work upon the part of our God to pick up a clod of this same clay, and shape it into lovely human form, breathe eternity and infinity and local omnipotence into it, put His own image and superscription upon it and bid it swing among the stars, call Heaven's domes His footstool, and order the angels? Is it not glorious! Is not the work divine! But suppose one who enjoys being thus lifted into conscious and divine and eternal life, should refuse to let others come and enjoy the same great boon; and suppose God should command them, after graciously making them His partners in creation, and they heed not the cry of the unborn, and utterly disregard the word and wish of Him who has done all for them? Is there direr rebellion, or fouler murder

Fourth. It is a sin against the one or two children, accidentally or begrudgingly admitted into the world. The best preserved nation was noted for large families. How unlike them is this modern mincing, prancing parody. John Wesley's mother was the 24th child. She in turn had 19 children. Numbers of you pinch-waisted, dancing, theater-galloping excuses for a genuine woman of God, don't like what I say. Sister, I will bide my time. I expect to hear you wish, in panic, that I had preached this same sermon to your great-grand-mother. I will ask you to go home, kneel down, and look God in the face and tell Him what you now have in your hearts.

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11 -- LOVE'S PRISONER

Within the hushed bedchamber
I lie and feel at rest
And thoughts of happy girlhood
Days so often called the best,
Come stealing softly o'er me,
In my prison, white and gold,
For I am in love fettered
To my darling ten days old.

They speak of girlhood's freedom,
Of good times one has had,
Of girlish pranks and girlish loves,
When we were lass and lad,
But I would not change my prison
Nor Kathleen's baby face,
For any joy that tempts one
Away from such a place.

What strange new love in mother's heart
The little one does bring,
The deep soft light in papa's eyes,
He is the baby's king.
The finding each day something new,
To study in our pet,
The days of girlish happiness
Have for me no regret.

And so the long day passes
Into night and then to dawn,
The doctor's orders all obeyed,
The time has come and gone,
And tomorrow, nothing failing,
My prison door shall ope,
And mamma and her baby,
Enter the land of Hope.

-- The Nero Mother

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12 -- ROOSTER AND HEN

Did you ever see a barn yard with just one old rooster and one old hen? Crow, crow, crow. Cluck, cluck, cluck. Eat, eat, eat. That's all Moons wax and wane, but that's all. What that crowing and clucking and eating is for, who can tell? Just getting a little older, a little tougher, and a little more of a nuisance each day. That's all. Yes, sir, that's all. You may "hunt hens' nests" but that's all. Well, did you ever see an old rooster, an old hen, and just one little "biddie?" This is net much improvement, or none. It is a year, yeap, yeap-eat, eat, eat, and the old hen flutters and clucks and squalls enough for a dozen. Two chances to one, that chicken will die before it is large enough to broil. Why? Fed to death. Had too much attention. An old hen, with one feather in her tail, and one little stuffed chicken, over which she makes very much ado, after spoiling a nest of eggs, excites thoughtful disgust.

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13 -- EARNED IT

I was riding along once and came upon a beautiful black hen by the roadside. She paid no attention to me, as I sat on my buggy and counted thirty-five bright little chicks with such eager eyes, watching every movement of that busy mother, as she made leaves and chunks fly. I, in unfeigned admiration, lifted my hat and said: Go it, old lady, you have a right to scratch, and you have my welcome to every bug you can uncover.

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14 -- MUTUAL HELP

Why, sister, if you have one child, you need another to keep it company. If you have two, you need one to part them when they get to fighting. If you have three, you need one to run and tell, when these get untangleably mixed up. Thus the necessity keeps pace -- always room for one more, till we reach the precious grand-children.

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15 -- WHETTING UP

Did you ever notice a little bird, sharpening its little bill on some harder substance? Thus it is with a child. It must know where fire goes when it goes out, what makes smoke float and chunks roll. A little boy said to his father, "Papa, did God make the day?" Yes, son. "Did He make it white?" Yes. "Did He make the night?" Yes; "Did He make it dark?" Yes. "Well, papa, before God made any day or any night, what was the color of things?" I'd like to hear you grown people try your hand on that. Another child could answer it satisfactorily. I was once rambling through the forest with a couple of small, bright boys, when one observed a spider web, extending from near the top of a tall pine, across to another, fully forty-five yards away. He called my attention to the silver web, glistening in the morning sun, and asked me how the spider got across there. I was wrestling with the problem, when the other little fellow said, "Why, shucks, I know that myself; he just happened across; I saw one happening over one day myself." See? I venture you never knew before how that thing was done.

At breakfast over in Georgia, one of my little boys said: Papa, does water contract or expand when it freezes? This was Burke. Marvin was older, and laid some juvenile claims to scientific proficiency, so he spoke quickly and informed his brother that the particles always adhere more closely, when frozen. Burke said, how is it, Papa. I said, "You sure got me." "How is it, Mama?" "I'm keeping company with papa." "How is it, sister?" She had a diploma, but they don't always melt ice, so she said, "I don't know, either." Burke said: "Well, papa, I think brother is wrong, for all of them pipes burst about here, when the water freezes."

"Good," I said. "I had not thought of it, but that is good reasoning, if not point-blank proof."

Well, Esther must off to her history, Marvin to science, and Burke to chemistry, each bent on the solution, while wife and I sat there and enjoyed a quiet breakfast. See how a large family of children take care of each other? I am sorry for a barn-yard with but one chicken.

"What care we for outward seeming,
Fickle fortune's frown or smile;
If around us love is beaming?
Love can human ills beguile,
'Neath the cottage roof and palace,
From the peasant to the king,

All are quaffing from life's chalice
Bubbles that enchantment bring.
Grates are glowing, music flowing
From the lips we love the best;
O the joy, the bliss of knowing
There are hearts wherein to rest!

Hearts that throb with eager gladness--
Hearts that echo to our own,
While grim care and haunting sadness
Mingle ne'er in look or tone.
Care may tread the halls of daylight,
Sadness haunt the midnight hour,
But the weird and witching twilight
Brings the glowing hearthstones dower.
Altar of our holiest!
Childhood's well-remembered shrine!
Spirit yearnings -- soul revealings--
Wreaths immortal round thee twine."

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16 -- MULTITUDE

The suffix "rude" once ran through my mind on this wise: The Moravians are fortitude; the Catholics are promptitude; the Congregationalists are platitude; the Baptists are exactitude; the Hardshells are disquietude; the Presbyterians are rectitude; the Campbellites are certitude; the Episcopalians are latitude; the Adventists are attitude; the Colored people are aptitude; the Universalists are exemptitude; the Methodists are multitude.

It seems to have been a prophecy of our vastness when God called Susannah Wesley nineteen times to embrace maternity. God says "the fruit of the womb is His reward." He also says the crown of old men is their children. While you would weave you a crown of gold your Lord would crown you with Grandpapa, or Grandmamahood.

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17 -- A TYPICAL METHODIST FAMILY

I want you to go with me into one good home. I will take you to the base of oak and pine mountain, in old Talbot county, the last circuit I ever served. We are on a farm. These people eat breakfast by lamp-light Have a seat with this father, mother, and a teen of children. They look like mountain sprouts. They are all healthy and hungry. Pass the bread, I don't mean this old wasp-nest stuff, which you handed in from the bakers. I mean old Georgia corn-bread, made from meal ground fine, from white corn. The dough is soft, and is manipulated into a "pone," about the length of your mother's hand, of an oval shape, made flat on bottom, by falling into the

oven. But it is delicious, and is genuine, for it has the trade mark (your mother's finger prints) on it. Pass the tray, containing it; each hungry son and daughter will break half or a third of the "pone." Now the meat. Each piece is nearly as large as your hand. Pass the grits. I will say that this is, par excellence, a Georgia dish, made from corn, ground into very coarse meal, cooked, with water, in a pot. They will each take two very large spoonfuls of this. Now pass what Georgians call "gravy," what Virginians call "sop." They don't put flour in it, malting putty, but pour water or milk into the hot, salty grease, which has come from that meat. About two spoonfuls of this. Let them repeat all of this, at least once. Bring on the biscuit. I don't mean your little beaten, town biscuit, with back and front so close together that you can't tell one from the other, I mean a good, healthy country biscuit, so large that you would have thought the cook aimed to make but one from that batch of dough. (I don't mean one of these little fellows you need a spoon to dip up.) Pass them three or four times. Then, there is that long string of sausage coiled up there. Set it around. As the preacher is here, there is abundance of fried chickens and fried eggs. My! how they disappear! Well, let them go, but pass the waffles and preserves. No jar ever survived the first meal in a country home. This is all washed down by two or three cups, of coffee, (no after-dinner make shift) holding as much as a small bowl, strong enough to "tote" double and kick up. Now let them have two glasses of buttermilk, and they are ready to pass out and go by the water pail and kinder fill up.

The sun is rising upon fields of fleecy cotton, golden corn, pastures of pearl, winding streams and majestic mountain. We will walk to the front door. Some of the boys have gone to ginning cotton; some are packing a bale; some of them have taken hired hands and gone with a team, to picking it from the fields; some more of them have taken a load and gone to market; others still have gone to plow in wheat; still others have gone to cut and haul up the cane to make syrup, while another batch is bringing in wood to "boil the syrup." The lesser boys have called the dogs and gone to drive up the calves.

Some of the girls have gathered up the "dirty clothes" and gone to the spring to wash; some have gone to gather vegetables for dinner; another group have thrown the bedding over in the sun, put on a pot of water, and are preparing to chase British Americans from bedstead to wall, and from cellar to garret. Three or four have caught up the "piggins" and gone to the cow-pen, to milk. Now, stand with me here, and listen to the music of "Home, sweet home." Just listen!! When I hear the whinny of the horses, the braying of the mules, the rattle of those chains, the creak of those long-armed levers, the clatter of the wagon, over the mountain rock, the lowing of the cows, the bleating of the sheep, the yelp of the dogs, the whoop of the calf boys, the cahowing of the peacock, the gobble of the turkeys, the cackle of the geese, the crowing of the barnyard boss, the matchless trill and warble of the inimitable Southern mocking bird on yonder apple tree, as free as this October air -- punctuated with rustic repartee, bandied from lad to lassie, from cart-tongue to cow-pen gap, all interlined with an occasional couplet caught up by one of these happy boys, such as "Work for the night is coming," finished up by a blushing, beautiful girl at the spring, under the hill, the boys up the mountain-side gathering wood, those in the cotton-field, and all about, having joined in the chorus of the song they learned in the Talbot valley Sunday-school, now given new life, sung and sung here. Listen to the music! It is all music. Listen! The notes come like doves to their windows! Do listen! What a marshaling of sounds! The crisp air is music; the music is martial! The choir has gathered -- the orchestra peals! How they treble on the Heart, Home, Heaven! Where are we? O, sir, just "away down in

Dixie." We have only let you peep in and witness the opening of a day in a country home. But, do you know, I think there is more genuine living in one such week, than there is in ten years of your little puckered up town existence.

"Pleasant smiles and glances bright
Are like pure and fragrant flowers,
Shedding round them loving light,
Cheering many weary hours.

Deeds of kindness, done in love,
Diamonds are in settings rare;
In fine realms of bliss above
There the gems the blessed wear.

Words of love, from hearts sincere
In this world of care and woe,
Are like springs in deserts drear
Giving life where'er they flow

Let us cherish them with care,
Looks and words and deeds of love;
Each the other's burden bear,
Traveling to our home above."

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18 -- COUNTRY LIFE

If you choose, live, or stay in the crowded city, on Tight street, or Hampered avenue, just between old Sister Critical and old man Suspicion. As for me, I prefer the wild flowers, the roar of the mountain torrent, the old mill-pond mirror, the thrum of the woodpecker, the song of the omni-throated mocking bird, the scream of the eagle, the majestic swoop of the hungry hawk, the flight of the fox and eager pursuit of the bawling, long-eared hound, followed by a dozen beardless, sun-browned cavalymen, on layered steeds, whose ears point in the direction of the bristling chase, turning quickly with every turn of the bushy-tail chicken-lifter, showing them off as partners in the fray, while lazy buzzards float safely out over the cultivated valleys, the squirrels scamper away from the nut trees, all permeated by ozone of mountain birth, and sheened by beam coming through moteless medium -- bearing me on fairy wings, back from the fifties, winging me through the thirties, the twenties, until I am a boy again, and at home.

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19 -- MEMORIES OF THE OLD KITCHEN

"Far back in my musings, my thoughts have been cast
To the cot where the hours of my childhood were passed.

I loved all its rooms, to the pantry and hall,
But that blessed old kitchen was dearer than all.
Its chairs and its tables, none brighter could be,
For all its surroundings were sacred to me,
To the nail in the ceiling, the latch on the door;
And I loved every crack in that old kitchen floor.

I remember the fireplace with mouth high and wide,
The old-fashioned oven that stood by its side,
Out of which, each Thanksgiving, came puddings and pies
That fairly bewildered and dazzled our eyes;
And then, too, St. Nicholas, slyly and still,
Came down every Christmas, our stockings to fill;
But the dearest of memories I've laid up in store
Is the Mother that trod that old kitchen floor.

Day in and day out, from morning till night,
Her footsteps were busy, her heart always light;
For it seemed to me then that sire knew not a care,
The smile was so gentle her face used to wear.
I remember with pleasure what joy filled our eyes
When she told us the stories that children so prize;
They were new every night, though we'd heard them before
From her lips, at the wheel, on the old kitchen floor.

Tonight those old visions come back at their will,
But the wheel and the music forever are still;
The band is moth-eaten, the wheel laid away,
And the fingers that turned it lie moldering in clay;
The hearthstone, so sacred, is just as 'twas then,
And the voices of children ring out there again;
The sun through the window looks in as of yore,
But it sees stranger feet on the old kitchen floor."

But does a happy home depend on plenty? Read Luke 12:15. "And He said unto them, Take heed and beware of covetousness, for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."

This unearths a difficulty. It is not so much what we seed as what we want. Our sons and daughters must dress like those of our neighbors.

We know that money largely makes circumstances, and we think circumstances make us happy. I saw but today, where the wife of Dowie, the fraud, is the envy of all of the spendthrifts of France. He is here contesting a receivership for Zion City. She is abroad. The world calls her happy. But God says they who crave riches shall not be satisfied with riches. Money won't buy the favor of God; it won't buy the real favor of earth; it won't give you an easy conscience; it

won't soften your pillow in the dying hour; it won't purchase the respect of your children, or give you a happy home.

From Prov. 15:17 we learn that "Better is a dinner of herbs, where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." Solomon was good authority on the value of these things as a source of satisfaction. He had tried it all. It would have bankrupted a good-sized town to board him a week. The conclusion of the whole matter is, that love is the principal ingredient in serving a good meal or in making a happy home. Riches have ruined thousands, where they have permanently helped dozens. Set not your heart on them, for they will elude you, decoy you, ruin you. It is said that if Adam had lived until now and saved \$150 a day, he would have less than Rockefeller. Yet Rockefeller is not satisfied. He is said to have offered a million dollars the other day for a sound stomach. Had he had a sound mind or heart when he began to rush after these millions, he today might have had health and happiness.

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20 -- MARRYING FOR LOVE

I always said I must love the girl I ask to walk across the country with me to the cemetery. I always said, too, that I would not marry a girl who had more than I did. I had nothing, and wife nothing and a half, so to speak. As a consequence, we have never had any financial disturbance. I would prefer that my girls marry an honest man of toil, if he is capable of deep, tender, manly love. You see, Love never faileth, girls. It will bridge every panic, every ravine, every sick-bed, defy the encroachments of crow-footed eyes, wrinkles, age and decrepitude, and will just love on.

Let me give you a couple of incidents which will serve to emphasize my meaning. On a circuit I served when a boy preacher, there lived a man who married well, but was already bent on the accumulation of a fortune. And he succeeded, too, but at a fearful cost. His children thought him overbearing, his wife pined for something in her life which growing riches had seemed to drive further away. She wanted some of his time; she wanted a companion; she wanted love. The more he prospered, the poorer he felt. The more he made, the more he toiled, until his children felt and looked hard. His wife had a sad face and a sadder heart. This miser's health failed, so that he had to take to his bed. He ran his business from this sick-room, until his strength forbade it. Finally death came. While lying there, he imagined that certain of his neighbors were after his money, then all of them were forbidden to come. Next he drove out his boys. The girls, in turn, were the objects of his suspicion. Then his lawyer was censured and ordered not to return. Next he accused his wife of trying to steal the gold he had in a chest by the bed. She had to quit the room. This left only the doctor, who all the afternoon and night watched by him. The next morning this poor man, who once thought money was the material out of which to construct a happy home, asked the patient doctor to take the key fastened about his wrist and unlock that chest. It was done. He said, "Now, lay all of those sacks in the bed here with me." This was done. "Now, prop me up in bed." It was done. "Now, Doc, give me that gun in the rack over the door." The physician took it down, fumbled about and got the caps off and laid it across the poor man's lap. Then, clutching at the triggers, though too weak to lift it, he said to the doctor, "Now, if you don't get out, I will kill you." He saw the glare of death in his eyes; he saw

the spotted sweat of death on his forehead; he noted the tremor of breaking cords in the convulsed state of his muscles; he heard the gurgle of death in his throat. He said, "All right, Mr. _____," and stepped outside the door, remained a few moments, looked in and found this poor, deluded man had pillowed his head on a sack of gold and was dead and gone to hell, a pauper.

"My thoughts on awful subjects roll,
Damnation and the dead--
What horrors seize the guilty soul
Upon a dying bed."

If our homes were built; upon more simple plans, sad we led more simple lives in them, it would be well with our children.

I heard a man say to Sam Jones: "Mr. Jones, we lived out in the country, on a farm, were religious and happy. We made money. God blessed us with several children. This caused us to break up and move to town, to educate them. Here we have lost our simple home life, here our family altar has gone down; the children have callers at night, or are out calling, so that we have no time together; they get up too late for breakfast, so that we have no more old time table talk; our children have outgrown the Sunday-school, and ere ten omit the eleven o'clock Sunday service. This is not all. They are drifting away from all of the home ideals of my ancestors. Just the other night, my girls came down dressed, or not dressed, when I said -- what's up girls; where are you going? 'Over to Judge somebody's, to some sort of a do'. But, girls, you are not going out in that sort of a fix, are you? 'Why Papa! Yes -- this is the style here.' But where is the neck and sleeves of the thing? 'O, they don't have any now.' I could but say, My God! I am an old country man, but I would not like very much of going out that near naked: Do you clear yourselves up stairs, and pull them things off. I laid them behind the fire. I told my wife this morning Sat before she and my daughters should go to hell through my pocketbook, I'd give away all I had, except enough to buy fifty acres of land, mule and two cows, and we will move back to the country and try this thing over again. Now Mr. Jones, you can check on me for one, two or three thousand dollars, just when you feel like it. I will honor the draft, and will not ask what it is for."

That man was awake to the fascinations and pernicious fashion. When the mother yields to the seductive influence of society; permits her daughters to dress according to the dictates of modern and immodest society, that home is already dismantled. The tongue is not the only thing that talks. Money talks. That may be why they put the face of a woman on a dollar. Yes money talks; your eyes talk; you talk with the nod of the head and shrug of the shoulder; the company you keep talks for you; your dress talks. You talk with your money, your company, your dress. Now I often wonder what a woman is trying to say through scanty dress. I don't want to think you vile; I don't want to think you a fool; but it is not much better to say you are thoughtless or careless. A woman careless about the exposure of her person! A woman careless about the effect she produces on her masculine friends! But, what, I ask are you trying to say to men, by exposing your beautiful arms and bosom? You may be ignorant, but I don't believe it. I know your mothers are not. When girls go out, they ought to be dressed up -- up to their chin. They ought to be dressed down -- down to their feet. Amen! Amen!

Like a quivering crystal bubble

Floating on the summer air,
Is a maidens fame for virtue--
Jewel of all jewels rare.

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21 -- HAPPY IN POVERTY

I knew a family during the civil war, with three boys large enough to wear the only neat shirt in the house. On Sunday morning, it was a question of who could get up first and get to the shirt. The other two played not very well, and remained at home. Well, I have watched with interest the career of those boys. They have lived, made honorable and religious men, two of whom have large and religious families. Another proof that money will not make a home.

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22 -- HAPPINESS DESTROYED

It can be done by one person. Take the wife, for example. Prov. 21:19 reads, "It is better to dwell in the wilderness than with a contentious and an angry woman." Solomon had seven hundred wives, and three or four hundred sometimes wives -- a regiment of women. I know, brethren, that some of you who have failed to get along with one, are in profound sympathy with this over-cropped king. To say the least, he had experience. Then, let's learn of him.

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23 -- CONTENTIOUS WOMAN

I once read of a man who said to his wife, "Pass the shears, please." As she handed them to him she said, "They are scissors." He said, "Wife, they are too large for scissors." She said, "They are too small for shears." It went on until he grew angry and said, "Wife, if you call those clumsy things scissors again, I will stick your head into that tub of water." She at once, with a voice that went whack, said "Scissors!" (He might have known she would.) Good as his word, he held her head under the water. When she got out, as the spray flew in every direction, she shouted and strangled out "Scissors!" Not to be outdone, he put her back and held her until she thought she would drown -- so she held her hand high, and using the front finger and one next to it, she made the motion of cutting cloth with the instrument of contention. Scissors, in the water or out; scissors, whether she could say it, or sign it out; scissors, though it cost her her life -- scissors.

Now, young man, Solomon, who I insist ought to know, said if you get such a wife as this, you had as well pack your grip and take to the woods, for there is no help or hope. Strong language, but Solomon ought to know.

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24 -- AN ANGRY WOMAN

I have but little comment here -- only to say, as an uncaged lion, as the breaking of pent-up waters, as a scourge, so is a woman in a rage. It is as if the order of nature were reversed. Men will never be guided, governed or helped by an angry woman. If you can't learn to control your temper and choose sober words, you will never have a happy home.

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25 -- BEAUTIFUL BUT INDISCREET

In Prov. 11:22, you find these words: "As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman, which is without discretion." Let me read that out. It means, "As a piece of gold in a hog's nose, so is a pretty woman, who has no sense." Facial beauty is oftener a curse than otherwise. I would have you put beauty of form before that of face; beauty of carriage, beauty of intellect, beauty of manners, beauty of spirit, -- then that word "make up," which you women so often use in describing each other. A woman doesn't "make up" well, if you leave native modesty out, good manners, piety, sense.

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26 -- SNARED

When a young woman goes out into the world, presuming on a pretty face, she won't go far before some man will pit flattery or money against that face. If you but stop to hear him, you are soiled, and can never more be quite the same.

In a tent meeting in Cochran, Ga., the pastor asked me to speak to a young woman kneeling at the penitent form, with others. I dropped into a vacant seat by which she wept in audible agony. "What is the matter, sister?" said I. "Oh, I don't know, I don't know." Said I, "Look up; let me see your face." She looked up, bright woman. I said, "Now, sister, some people might not know their difficulty, but I am sure you do, for your face shows your intelligence; cease your wailing and meet the trouble, and let's have it out." "Oh, sir!" she exclaimed, "you are exactly right -- I do know my trouble; that's it, that's it! Sir, I heard you preach in Orlando, Fla. I live there. Sir, I have such a Christian husband and two sweet little girls. My husband thinks I am a good woman -- I am not -- but, oh, sir, it was poverty, poverty, that did it!" The real picture was as plain before my eyes as it was later, when she sought a private interview and asked my advice as between herself and deeply injured husband.

She was beautiful, easily persuaded that the "world owed her more than she was getting out of it." She bartered that sweet face for the pelf of unrighteousness, dressed gaily, eased her conscience because she divided ill-gotten gains with her righteously-gotten husband and children. See?

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27 -- THE MAN WITH A CROWN

Let me turn here to Prov. 12:4. "A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband: but she that maketh ashamed is as rottenness in his bones."

That bright and beautiful girl out there feels that the young man to whom she is engaged is worthy to be a king, little dreaming that she is ordained of heaven to weave and place the insignia on his brow -- yea, that every word and act of her wifely life is to go into a crown which he will wear with pride and distinction. The wife creates the atmosphere in which her husband lives. She often steps in and does or undoes the work of the mother. The permanent success or failure of a mother's training is never settled until you see the kind of woman he marries. While the man is appointed head, the woman is equally the acknowledged heart. Though a man be rough, destitute of sentiment, selfish, yet if he marries a hearty woman, who is willing to become nurse or teacher, he will eventually walk the streets a very king.

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28 -- A VIRTUOUS WOMAN

It is said that this world, at different times, and among different nations, has stood for bravery, strength, purity. The word character has been well chosen to cover the meaning.

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29 -- A WOMAN OF CHARACTER

She must not be all head or all heart. She has rights and must insist that they be respected. She should so cultivate her mind and her conscience, that her opinion and her convictions would go at par in any market, and be at a premium at home. I think some of their opinions and convictions ought to crop out during the courtship. If I were a young lady, I'd have a pair of contracts made in the blacksmith shop, that my husband is to do his work in field, or shop, or store, in daylight, and be at home with me and the children of evenings. If he can't make you a living between suns here, he'd starve in any other country. It is not good that the wife be alone in caring for the little ones. You need your husband; the children need their father. Be worthy of his company, then claim it.

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30 -- HEAD AND NECK

A man once said to his wife, "Julia, I'm the head of affairs here, and you know the head rules." She replied, "Yes, but, Will, I'm the neck, and you know that turns the head."

A sport once remarked to three of his "welcome rowdies," whom he had been entertaining in his home, over cards and wine, "Oh, no, boys, don't go yet; it's only eleven o'clock. Have another drink; I'm a regular Julius Caesar on these premises. You've nothing to

fear; have another drink, and let's enjoy another game." About that time a little pale-faced woman entered, flashed her withering eyes upon the three late-outs, and said, "I think it high time gentlemen who have self-respect and a family were with them. As for Julius Caesar, I will take him upstairs with me." And she did, too. Sister, don't your little Juliuses need you?

'Tis home where'er the heart is
Where'er its loved ones dwell,
In cities or in cottages,
Through haunts or mossy dell.

The heart's a rover over,
And thus on wave and wild,
The maiden with her lover walks,
The mother with her child.

'Tis bright where'er the heart is;
Its fairy spells can bring
Fresh fountains to the wilderness,
And to the desert spring.

There are green isles in each ocean,
O'er which affection glides;
And a haven on each shore,
When love's the star that guides.

The heart gives life its beauty,
Its glory and its power--
'Tis sunlight to its rippling stream,
And soft dew to its flower.

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31 -- PRESENTABLE

Make home attractive; make your children neat; keep your person as much in line with your husband's known tastes as circumstances will allow -- then expect him.

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32 -- INDEBTED

Steele said it was a liberal education to have loved Elizabeth Hastings. To have loved is to have taken advanced steps in mental and moral development. You have then done much for the man whom you have brought to intelligently and cordially bestow a sweetly reciprocated love upon you. He is your debtor. You should know it. It gives you a deeper self-respect. Don't press your claim, but don't throw it away. Men don't help each other deeply; men repel each other in

file realm of tender affection. I had about as soon kiss a puppy as another man. Why? Well, kissing is a ceremony of imbibing. It is a barter of juices from responsive lips. Well, you see, I have all of the man in me that I need. My hear looks to my daughter, sister, mother, wife. See?

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33 -- BEST CHANCE

You, as a wife, have the best chance. First, you know him best. A man's real character comes out in the home. Second, he has acknowledged affection and allegiance to you, which give you superior claims. Third, you are with him more intimately. Fourth, you have a legal claim on him, which not even his mother can boast. Fifth, you have a lifelong contract. Sixth, God will help you as He will none other. All of this is why God says the wife will either crown her husband as a king, or make him wobble about like he had no bones in his legs.

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34 -- BUILDER OR PLUCKER

This is why God says, Prov. 14:1, "Every wise woman buildeth her house, but the foolish plucketh it down."

The house is hers; she alone can build it; she alone can pluck it down. I mean this: I might elope with some woman -- the startling news would break my wife's heart and shock my children, but the home will be there. The wife will hold it together. Reverse it, and leave me there, and I and the home would go to pieces in short order.

Luther said, "The utmost blessing God can bestow on a man is the possession of a good and pious wife, with whom he may live in peace and tranquillity -- to whom he may confide his whole possessions, even his life and welfare."

Here was a man Crowned. Here was the head and front of the Reformation.

Edmund Burke said, "Every care vanishes the moment I enter under my own roof."

No wonder Luther said of his wife, "I would net exchange my poverty with her, for the wealth of Croesus without her."

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35 -- WOMEN CARPENTERS

Jesus Christ and a woman have made what we call home. This is the most delicate, the most difficult, the most divine of all buildings. In part, everything else is but an imitation or off-shoot of it.

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36 -- OLD OAKEN BUCKET

I have seen somewhere that when Samuel Woolworth wrote this immortal poem, he was living in New York.

Walking in one hot day, he took a drink of cold water, remarking, "How refreshing; but how much more so, if it had come from the old oaken bucket I left hanging in my father's well at home." His wife said, "Selim, that would be a good subject for a poem." He seized his pen and wrote the words which most of all transport a country boy back to the scenes of his childhood.

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37 -- NETS -- CAGES

Girls are said to be adepts at making nets and catching men, but should study the art of making a home to keep him. Make home bright. There is something to do besides kiss and "look nice," much as there may be in that. After a few months your husband wilt rarely comment, mentally, even on your pretty face, but your manners and all the enduring qualities of the true wife will be up for recognition every day and often every hour. I would rejoice at being able to reveal to wives the silent, but irresistible influence they have over the manners and over the morals of their husbands and how, through their husbands, they affect the entire household -- yea, tread the marts of business and elevate or degrade society and even take an invisible, but most potent part in framing and executing the laws of the nation, all according as she projects her own life upon low or high levels. De Tocqueville said of his own Marie: "Of all the blessings which God has given me, the greatest of all, in my eyes, is to have lighted on her. You cannot imagine what she is in great trials. Usually so gentle, she then becomes strong and energetic. She watches me without my knowing it; she softens, calms and strengthens me in difficulties which disturb me, but leave her serene. I cannot describe to you the happiness yielded in the long run by the habitual society of a woman in whose soul all that is good in your own is reflected naturally, and even improved. When I say or do a thing which seems to me to be perfectly right, I read in Marie's countenance an expression of proud satisfaction which elevates me. Although I have great power over her mind, I see with pleasure that she awes me; and so long as I love her as I do now, I am sure that I shall never allow myself to be drawn into anything that is wrong."

Sir Samuel Romilly, in his autobiography, said of his wife: "For the last fifteen years my happiness has been the constant study of the most excellent of wives -- a woman in whom a strong understanding, the noblest and most elevated sentiments and the most courageous virtue are united to the warmest affection and to the utmost delicacy of mind and heart." Perhaps you have read Tom Hood's letter to his own true wife, who had stood by him in a life-long sickness and made him brave and useful, too: "I never was anything, dearest, till I knew you, and I have been a better, happier and more prosperous man ever since. Lay by that truth in lavender, sweetest, and remind me of it when I fail. I am writing warmly and fondly, but not without good cause. First, your own affectionate letter just received, next, the remembrance of our dear children, pledges -- what darling ones; of our old, familiar love; then a delicious impulse to pour

out the overflowings of my heart into yours; and last, not least, the knowledge that your dear eyes will read what I now write. Perhaps there is an afterthought that, whatever may befall me, the wife of my bosom will have the acknowledgment of her tenderness, worth, excellence -- all that is wifely or womanly -- from my pen."

Building yourself into the house -- weaving yourself into the crown your husband is to wear.

My precious women, as nothing so convinces us of God's love as His gift; as nothing so satisfies us of the love of Christ as the putting of His comfort, His self into our salvation -- so nothing wins and holds a true woman's love like the manifest willingness of a wife to share his sorrows and burdens. If you live each day with such ideals before you, your husband will say at last to the angels: "She put sunshine into love, ethics into politics, love into religion and gave me and the children a little heaven to come to heaven in."

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38 -- CAN ONE PERSON PREVENT HAPPINESS? -- THE MAN

I speak now to husbands and fathers of home. Men are expected to fell forests and make farms, erect school-houses and educate communities; muster armies and resist encroachments; roll up majorities at the polls and shape governments; mount the hustings and mold nations -- but all of this machinery is turned by one great waterwheel -- home. Keep this wheel unobstructed and turning and the world goes and goes well. Medical men tell us that many diseases, so-called, are only symptoms. Some of them say, look on the brain as central and vital, give it vigorous constitutional treatment and all disease will succumb. Some say the liver; some the kidneys, while some say the stomach is at the foundation of all sickness or health.

I consider the home the one vital organ. Divorce, hundreds of thousands; licentiousness, many thousands more; drunkenness, growing at the rate of one hundred thousand a year; perjury (composing over one-half of all who testify on oath); profanity, that foul-mouth legion; dishonesty, that army of thieves; politics, the man who tinkers at law and government, through selfishness -- all -- all can be cured and prevented in the home -- of which, sir, you are the divinely constituted head. I recognize your superiority. God has honored you -- I gladly follow suit. You are great. You are a monarch of no mean claim. Your wife is a queen. Your children are subjects. You own a realm. That realm is your home. Your earthly and eternal interests are congregated here. You may pass out from mahogany, ivory and brussels, by flattering mirrors, bowing clerks and grateful dependents, receive the kiss of the bewitching zephyr, touch the lever of your own automobile, pass a thousand envious and friendly eyes, but you will not feel at ease, you will not feel quite independent, until you press those loyal lips of wife -- kiss mother, throw your baby into the air, pop your finger at the dancing pug, take from the ready hands of your servant the waiting glass of water, put on your slippers and dropping into "papa's chair," let your old heart sing "home, sweet home." I congratulate you.

You may be among the thousands who file out of the chilly mines -- too late to get a gleam of sunshine -- smutty, hungry, tired. You don't own a house or hold a dollar ahead in bank.

Very few people know you or can take much interest in you, but never mind, for just around the bend yonder, in a rented, two-room cabin, awaits you a woman and three children, who would not swap you and that cabin for the president and palace. Cheer up, brother, and quicken your pace for they are all waiting for you and it is home. I congratulate you.

You may have buried your wife; your children may be small and expensive, while your salary is low. You are tired and sick and heart broken as your aching feet press the pavement, yet, brother, there are dear ones to whom you are all the world. Cheer up, for you will soon enter the dearest spot -- home. I congratulate you.

Your bleeding feet may press strange and unfriendly stones, you may not look tonight into a familiar face, memory may forget and remind you of the home you left and lost through prodigality; mother is gone; the old house of your birth and your boyhood may be burned; you may be a thousand miles from those childish haunts; you may sleep in a garret or cellar, or barrel, tonight, uncovered and unsung, but, welcome garret or barrel, for it brings respite-it is a retreat -- it is yours, for now, at least, and this far it is home, for it serves to revive the home instinct. This instinct is more universal than religion, reaching throughout the animal and instinct kingdoms. It is more prevalent among men and women than religion and often stronger.

The purest feelings of the heart
Still cluster round our home.
'That hallowed word is ne'er forgot,
No matter where we roam;

This feeling is emphasized by all the force of reason and habit. Its charm is more than magic. The incendiary's torch is quenched in the memory of mother. The highwayman's spring is arrested by the thought of sister. A nation is but the parliament of homes.

Not from the mountain, but from the cradle has been quarried every edifice and condition of prosperity and progress -- up to our "many mansions" above. The doctors all first practiced on the doorstep, the fence corners, the shrubbery, at home. The sculptor and painter had for their first critic a mother; every senator made his maiden speech at home; our preachers first had the "old folks at home" as their audience. The Sahara desert, which lies between the bloodthirsty cannibal and the highly civilized gentleman, is spanned by a single angel guarded arch -- the Christian home.

An American was traveling in Japan. Meeting one of her leading statesmen, he said to the American "Have you seen it yet?" "What?" "Ah! you have not seen it yet, or you would not ask what. It is our beautiful mountain. It makes our Japan." Some few years afterwards this same man was touring America. He traveled much, looking for our it. He was amazed at our vastness and wondered if that was it. Our long and wide and deep Mississippi caught his eye and he said "Maybe this is the American it." Our great railroad system, our vast farms, the wilderness of tall buildings in our cities in their turn made him ask if he had found the American it. Being in a Christian home one night, he was asked to join the family in prayer. The next morning he closely observed the well-worn Bible from which was read; he looked and listened while the daughter played and all sang,

"And now we early rise
And view the unwearied sun;
May we set out to win the prize
And after glory run."

He listened while all devoutly knelt and followed the patriarch in a fervent thanksgiving and prayer. With bedewed eyes he said: "Ah, sir, I will go back and tell my people, I have found it, and I will tell them that while the it of my country points toward heaven, the it of your country is your Christian home, and reaches heaven."

My husband and father, hear me. If you want to realize your wealth and feel your responsibility, all in one, walk softly into your bedroom some night, up to your bed, stoop down and kiss the holy mother of your baby boy, about three months old, so curiously and cutely looking up at you.

"Who can tell what a baby thinks?
Who can follow the gossamer links
By which the mannequin feels his way
Out from the shores of the great unknown,
Blind and wailing and alone,
Into the light of day?
Out from the shores of the unknown sea,
Tossing in pitiful agony--
Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls,
Specked with the barks of little souls;
Barks that were launched on the other side,
And slipped from Heaven on an ebbing tide?
What does he think of his mother's eyes?
What does he think of his mother's hair?
What of the cradle roof that flies
Forward and backward through the air?
What does he think of his mother's breast,
Seeking it ever with fresh delight--
Cup of his life and couch of his rest?"

That mother, sir, the mother of your child, has breathed a prayer which may chisel that lump of prattling clay into a colossal character, who may become the master of assemblies. Her prayers will bridge, if unhindered, every difficulty, scale every mountain, fell every foe before this coming warrior, and pontoon death's cold stream and order a convoy of angelic attendants to the home above. But did it ever occur to you that you can make or mar all of this?

This republic is an experiment. All others have been only such in part. The world looks nervously on. These boys and girls in the nursery are soon to drive this chariot of state. Our children of today are called the preface to the next volume of our nation's history. All living substances are protected in their first stages by some guardian. You are such to these nation

builders, growing up about your hearth. If you mistreat, or neglect their mother, they will If you are careless with your person or premises, they will be. If you are boisterous or peevish, they will catch the spirit. If you can't speak of the casual or stirring scenes about you in well tempered language, they will quarrel in the playground and act ugly at the table and misbehave in company, and make weak or worthless citizens in the end. (An incident.) I once heard of an old maid, (God bless the fraternity), who had gotten up to where they wear all the gay colors, especially red. She had a parrot given her. When she would come down of mornings, Poll would invariably say, "I wish to the Lord you was dead." That was just what the sister didn't want to hear. So hearing of a parrot out a few miles in the country, at a parsonage, she drove out and borrowed it "to train hers by." She came home after dark, and hung the cages with their silent inmates together. The next morning, on walking in, her parrot, as usual, said, "I wish to the Lord you was dead." On hearing this, the preacher's parrot snapped out "Amen!" So it is with your boys, papa. They will Amen about anything you do or say.

One of your first duties is to train your child to respect and honor his or her mother. It is with you to make all of your children feel what the poet wrote:

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39 -- THE OLD ARM-CHAIR

I love it, I love it! and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
I've bedewed it with tears, and embalmed it with sighs.
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
Would you learn the spell? A mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old armchair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallowed seat, with listening ear,
To gentle words that mother would give
To fit me to die and teach me to live.
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer
With truth for my creed and God for my guide;
She told me shame would never betide,

I sat and watched her many a day,
When her eye grew dim and her locks were gray;
And I almost worshipped her when she smiled,
And turned from her Bible to bless her child.
Years rolled on, but the last one sped--
My idol was shattered, my earth-star fled;
I learned how much the heart can bear

When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

'Tis past, 'tis past! but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow;
'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died;
And memory flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it, and can not tear
My soul from my mother's old arm-chair.

If every footfall makes the whole solar system to vibrate; if the rock you threw only appeared to stop, while in reality a molecular motion is kept up forever, undulating into electrical currents, swelling the mighty tides which go to bombard the very stardomes -- what are you not doing in all you say and do in your home?

When a man gets a virtuous wife,
He thinks he's forever blest;
He feels his comfort and his joy,
And finds his mind at rest.

But let him dare to vex her once,
And he will find it's so--
That bridal bits won't her hold in,
And spurs won't make her go.

If your wife and children see a tooth-brush on your toilet stand; if you respect your mouth and their noses by keeping clear of that nasty habit-tobacco; if you hang up your hat; if you always slip on a coat on going to the table; if you bear in mind that the manners and conduct which won your wife were the holy ideals of her beautiful girlhood, and that they are inalienable; if you take your courting ways into your home, your wife will be a bride from the altar to the grave; your sons will be model little gentlemen; your daughters will be -- mama again; your home will be a vine-clad cottage on the outer walls of Heaven.

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40 -- HOME AND ROME

If you visit that natural phenomenon, the Mammoth Cave, you may be dazzled by stalagmite and stalactite, but you can't forget that the fishes have no eyes; that you stand on the banks of the river Styx -- so suggestive and when you emerge from these mysterious caverns, you have the chill of death on you. How like some homes!

The wonderful Luray Cave, in Luray county, Virginia, is brilliantly lighted and a journey through it is a delight, No river Styx; no blind fish; no abortions of nature, but as you pass from one scene of delight to another, you will come suddenly upon eight rocken arms, pointing out,

and slightly downward, which are like the keys of a piano. They are toneful and very responsive. You are electrified and grow reverential as some pianist of the touring party begins to play "Home, Sweet Home. How like some Christian homes!

Ah me, How we play home! You may have moved to the city, changed your style of dress, and line of business. I would not know you unless I run up suddenly some quiet evening and find you on your city stone-front alone. Here I find your thoughts reaching out to the old days -- beating home, sweet home.

Our cities are but the transference of our country ways and country days. Every country father and mother is apt, sometime, to be in the city -- in their children. It was home there and should be home here.

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41 -- PLAYING HOME

I have sat in the quiet gloaming on a Sabbath eve, in the crowded city. My thoughts slipped cable and when I found them, they were back down in old Georgia dirt, the kind God used in making me--where I had my first trousers; where I found my first "hen nest," and got my first bee sting; where I set my first trap, and twisted my first rabbit out of the "holler;" where I owned my first dog and treed my first "possum;" where I made my first mud pies and waded in the branch; where I first went to the woods hunting "huckleberries," and gathering violets; where I heard the first owl hoot, and saw my first ghost; where I learned to swim and went to mill by myself; where I rode my first bull yearling over the pen, and over the fence, often to the confusion of my sister, the milkmaid; where I owned my first pony and had my first sweetheart; where I owned my first gun, brought down my first squirrel and brought on my first dog fight; where I took my first lessons in "rastling," and had my first fight with the "black boys;" where I learned the multiplication table and to chew tobacco; where I went to Sunday school and walked with my first girl; where I first heard about grave yard rabbits and lay awake nearly all night from it; where I heard my black mammy tell the first ghost tale, which brought the curfew law into force a little after sunset; where I wore my first jacket and red-top boots; where father prayed and mother sang at family prayers; where I found that if a "screech owl" "hollered" at night nearby, it was a sign somebody would die; where, if a hen crowed, somebody would be sure to die; where, if the milk clabbers too soon, it shows that the witches are after the cows; where I became awakened and gave my heart to God; where I got license to preach, and another pair, to marry Mellie Harper; where I quit my home but took the photograph with me in my rambles through life

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42 -- HOME -- HOME -- PLAYING HOME

Whether in country or town; whether in business or politics; sitting alone in the corner and in decrepitude or in the circle of gaiety; whether in the temple of God, or in the debauchery

of sin -- ever and anon we run up against the keys of the old family Luray, and in crushing sobs, we bang, or in inspired cadences, we beat -- home, my home.

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43 -- THE SON -- HELPING OR HINDERING?

My Dear Boy -- I want to talk to, and of you. The King of Greece said: "This little boy rules all Greece; that is, he rules his mother, and she rules me and I rule Greece." There are a thousand things you may or may not do, but one thing of which I am sure. You are going to help make a happy or miserable home. You may be your father's pride, your mother's idol, or at the mention of your name your father may groan, your sisters grow pale and your mother weep. Which shall it be? I finished the pages of this lecture in the town of _____ in Virginia. A family of national notoriety lived here. They were the envy of the "Old Dominion." All that money could bring, they had. One morning a son mounted his horse and rode off into these mountains. The horse with his rider's overcoat on the horn of the saddle, was found, but where was the rider? A search was instituted. This town turned out to look for that boy. The men from an immense business elsewhere, were brought and two thousand men organized and scoured these mountains and thickets, in vain. He left in October. Next May he was found in a tree top, six miles away. His pistol was nearby. The Coroner's jury said -- Suicide. The family moved away. That boy ruined that home.

When Burke and I were in Bristol, Tenn., we stopped in the princely home of Maj. Reynolds. When we left there, he said, "I hope when you go to _____, you will be in the home of my friend _____." When we went to that town, that big-hearted, business, but unchristian man said to the pastor, "I am not prepared to take these men to my house, but I want them to be my guests at _____ Hotel." So it was. There were two sons -- both dissipated. Only recently the younger was shut in with a Negro, somewhere. Shots were fired. The Negro died in eight minutes, so rumor said. A thick gloom settled down on the town, thickest about that father and mother. Only today that boy was missing for a good while. When found he was in an our-of-the-way place, drunk, or strangely possessed and saying, "Go away, I came here to die; let me alone." Here is a home of distinction, of wealth and honor, ruined by the boys. The father is an "old Virginia gentleman." The mother is, no doubt, justly proud of her ancestry. But they have no home, any more.

I took Charlie Tillman and went to _____, Texas, for a meeting. We were put in a home of culture, consisting of an Irish gentleman of the very highest type, his wife and one (sick) daughter. I reveled in the piety and erudition of that grand Irish Methodist, but I felt that the wife did not like me, or approve of my preaching. She never smiled, never cried, rarely spoke in a fault-finding way. I did not understand her, and did not appreciate her chilly way. Just at the close of the meeting, I preached on the "prodigal son." As we left church, she dropped back into my company; speaking tearfully, she said: "You broke my heart tonight. I can cry and I want to talk. I owe you an apology, for I have not treated you right, or felt very kindly towards you. Come in the parlor." I followed. "Will you hear my sad story?" "More than willingly." "We lived in Ireland, wealthy, happy. Our boy drank. It began to crush us. He was mortified, beyond expression and said he would reform, if we would quit the country. We threw our handsome

property on the market and came to America. For awhile he was sober. Then fell and went lower than before. Again he said, 'Take me away and I will quit.' We threw our business and home on the market, at another great loss, and landed in Houston, Texas, my husband going into a small business. He fell again, and went still lower, but again he proposed to quit, if he could get into a new place. We sold again and went to Dallas. My poor boy fell again, and was a poor drunkard of the lowest type for some months, when again he said, 'If I only were where no one knew me, I'd try and quit.' What little we had we disposed of and came here. My dear husband, old, penniless and crushed, could find nothing he could do. Our other daughter went out to teach school, and is now, but our boy left in a few days and for two years we have had no tidings of him. Sir, we asked for you that we might get the pittance for your board. This is his picture, and his name is George. Look at it good, and if you ever see him, do tell him I am dying to see him. Will you, sir?" I took her hand in promise. I guess she looked in vain for his return till God took her. Broke up his home, didn't he, boys?

Your home has claims upon you which you can not shirk. Be a gentleman within these sacred precincts. Obey your mother, let her have her way with you, and as you grow towards manhood, be her lover and escort. It will make her so proud, so happy! Read good books, read to her, and let her read to you. Find which is her favorite flower and lay it first on her work-table, or pin it upon the bosom which has sheltered you from a thousand storms. Never let your sister want for a lover and escort. If you "go with" her, it will attract the notice of the best young men. Hereby you confer a greatest favor on yourself, and entitle yourself to the esteem of all. What is more beautiful than to see brother and sister happy in each other's society, and together helping to make a happy home?

* * * * *

44 -- THE FATHER

One word more. Be respectful to your father. Be obedient, too. You owe it to him. God keeps books on you along here, and promises you long life if you are obedient. Honor him, and let him know it. Don't call him "the old man." He may seem rough, but he has a tender heart, and would shed all of his blood for you.

* * * * *

45 -- POOR OLD DAD

Ye kin scarce pick up a paper
An' it's "poets' corner" greet,
'Cept ye'll see er pirty poem
'Bout the mother, saintly sweet;

But ye'll have a time a-sarchin'--
Eyes will be er-achin' bad
Ere ye'll overtake er poem
At this time for poor ole dad!

No, it isn't willful in em--
Them that write of mother dear--
That thar's never notice taken
Of her husband settin' near;

No, it's never meant to slight him,
But hit looks a little sad--
All the bouquets made for mother,
Not a bloom for poor old dad!

True, our mother watched above us
Till her dear old eyes would ache,
But ole dad, he humped to feed us
Till his back would nearly break,

Mother crooned above the cradle,
Gave devotion all she had;
Still, that wasn't any circus
At this time for poor ole dad!

Do not take one line from mother
When ye write the soul-sweet song,
But, if that's a word for father
Now and then it won't be wrong.

Poor old soul! He's bent and wrinkled,
An' I know 'twould make him glad
If, while you are praisin' mother,
Somethin's sed for poor ole dad!

* * * * *

46 -- HOME -- THE GIRL

My Daughter -- You came as a budget of sunshine into the most heavenly place this side of Heaven-the home. You are not an accident there, you are a home maker, or a home breaker. Your father, called a strong man, may often wish, as you run cut to meet him, or play about him, that he was only half as strong as you, in your innocence and purity. Your weakness, your innocence is a tower of strength. It is with you to help keep home bright, and stir the pride in your father, as he sees his own sweet bride, blooming out again in this fragrant flower of daughterhood. Or the sadder, but more important work of winning father back to mother and home, if, by any means, he has declined in attention or love. You, like the little spider which climbs higher than a King can sleep, have spun your gossamer web, which is as hard to break as a cable.

Then, what you are, your younger sister and brothers will be largely. You will give your brothers their first and most lasting views of girlhood and womanhood. If you are gentle and winsome, they will love you and profoundly respect womanhood. If you are very respectful to father, and never disobey him, your brothers will fall in and it will be you who saved the home. It will be a sad day for your brothers and for your home when they know you keep secrets from your parents and disobey them. Often you will be the only link between your restless brother and an open rupture, and a sad home-leaving. Much -- so much, will depend on the books you read and discuss; on whether you are worldly or religious. I pray for grace to see yourself a very Esther, come to the throne for this very time.

Again, daughter, cultivate habits of industry. They will keep you from the evil thoughts and the temptations which come to the idle, as well as form in you those habits which fit and adorn you for any station to which you may be called. Watch your mother. She is growing old; she has been a faithful servant. Help her. Save her every step possible. Besides saving her precious body, it refreshes her mind and gladdens her heart as she has this practical proof of a daughter's love.

* * * * *

47 -- HAVE YOU A SLAVE MOTHER?

Daughter, don't let mother do it;
Do not let her slave and toil
While you sit, a useless idler,
Fearing your soft hands to soil.
Don't you see the heavy burdens
Daily she is wont to bear
Brings the lines upon her forehead,
Sprinkle silver in her hair?

Daughters don't let mother do it;
Do not let her bake and broil
Through the long, bright summer hours,
Share with her the heavy toil;
See, her eye has lost its brightness,
From her cheek the ruby glow,
And the step that once was buoyant
Now is feeble, weak and slow.

Daughter, don't let mother do it,
She has cared for you so long;
Is it right the weak and feeble
Should be toiling for the strong?
Waken from your listless languor,
Seek her side to cheer and bless,
And your grief will be less bitter

When the sods above her press.

Daughter, don't let mother do it;
You will never, never know
What was home without a mother
Till that mother lieth low;
Low beneath the budding daisies,
Free from earthly care and pain.

Daughter, before I pass, let me say that all pure wifehood and all blessed motherhood was once folded in the tender embrace of a sweet girlhood. Then, be industrious. You will need it some day. Keep your own room well. Let it be entered at any reasonable hour by your brothers without a blush on your part. Sew buttons on your brothers' clothes; tie their cravats, now and then making them one. Darn their socks and show them your work. Do it well. Make many or all of your own clothes. Romp with your brothers, have a good time with them; discuss everything but sweethearts. Leave that until you are through school. Romp out doors. It will do you good. Be glad you are a young woman. You are great. God made you. He leaves you to finish up yourself. Be modest; be sweet in temper and gentle in speech. Be careful of your brothers. I mean don't dress carelessly before them. They should never see any woman in a low-neck dress, much less their sister, whom they wish to think perfect. Keep out of corsets until you find that your weak minded mother (made weak by tight lacing) will go to the asylum if you don't wear one. Then ever let it fit loose. I am loath to leave you. You will be snell a power for good or evil. Be brave; be very prayerful; be noble!

I have four sweet daughters. We are sweethearts. They don't deceive me. We talk over all things together boys and all. I tell you this, to prove my rightful interest in you. Let these words be yours concerning the Bible and one day I will see you in our final Home.

* * * * *

48 -- MY MOTHER'S SACRED BOOK

A thousand times I hail thee,
O precious Book divine!
And to my heart, how lovely
Is every page of thine.
I had a faint idea,
Before I walked apace,
That mother's Bible was a thing
All sacred to the race.

More comely are thy pages,
With all their corners turned,
Than all the gilded edges,
With clasps of gold confirmed;
No disrespect did stain thee,

Nor cold neglect o'erlook;
The household's noblest treasure,
Was this old sacred Book,

Thy pages in the morning,
And also every night,
My father read, and worshipped
In this, our altar-light.
But ah! death came one evening,
My parents dear he took,
Just I alone remaining,
With this old sacred Book.

I well remember mother,
When under trials sore;
And how she drew her comforts,
And strength from thee of yore;
When tossed with grief and anguish,
She always found a nook,
Where peace supreme was flowing
From this, her sacred Book.

Ah, Is there any mortal,
In guise of sacred line,
Who would withhold forever,
This Holy Book of mine?
O never dare to part us,
My soul you thus o'erlook;
My heart is bound forever
To this old sacred Book.

She gave me this, when dying
How sweet her last request,
"He this now on thy bosom,
And wear upon thy breast!"
The stake I'll gladly cherish,
I'd die in seas of flame;
Before I would forsake thee,
Thou Holy Book of fame.

-- Anon.

* * * * *

Have some time on which all of the family come together and talk -- always courteously, never selfishly. Keep a good, new book on hand. In some way dish its contents out to all. Take a good paper. Above all, let Christ reign in your hearts and home. Don't try to raise a family without a family altar. Don't read too much Scripture at one sitting. Bring all the children up to pray, as well as ask a blessing at the table. Sometimes, a sentence or two by each one is well, then one can lead. Vary both reading and praying. Have nice company in your home occasionally. It has a restraining and refining influence over the home. Teach all to respect worthy servants, if any are about the place. Speak occasionally of your precious dead to the children. It will do them good in many ways. Hang your walls and hearts with good mottoes. There are plenty of them. Have your preacher come and take bread with you and break bread of Heaven to you.

That is not home, where day by day
I wear the busy hours away;
That is not home, where, lonely night
Prepares me for the toils of light.
'Tis hope and joy and memory give
A home in which the heart can live.
It is a presence undefined
O'ershadowing the conscious mind;
Where love and duty sweetly blend
To consecrate the name of friend;
Where'er thou art is home to me,
And home without thee can not be.

* * * * *

50 -- WHEN THERE'S LOVE AT HOME

There is beauty all around,
When there's love at home;
There is joy in every sound,
When there's love at home.
Peace and plenty here abide,
Smiling sweet on every side
Time doth softly, sweetly glide,
When there's love at home.

In the cottage there is joy,
When there's love at home.
Hate and envy ne'er annoy,
When there's love at home.
Roses blossom 'neath our feet,
All the earth's a garden sweet,
Making life with bliss replete,
When there's love at home.

Kindly heav'n smiles above,
When there's love at home.
All the earth its blessings prove,
When there's love at home.
Sweeter sings the brooklet by,
Brighter beams the azure sky,
O, there's One who smiles on high,
When there's love at home.

-- Anon.

* * * * *

51 -- PRIVATE TO PARENTS

Flowers quit blooming, rivers shrivel into stagnant eddies; oceans will cease to breathe; the stars will slip from their watch-towers; the earth will slip cable and the heavens will split and roll together and blister into ashes, but that boy will live on and live forever. You have more than a century plant in this girl -- you have an immortelle. Mind what you are about. Watch yourself and watch them. Don't talk too much, but when the time comes, speak. Don't let them know it, but dare be suspicious. Keep together if you can on the question of discipline, family duties and society, but if you differ don't let the children know it. It often proves fatal for the child to learn that while father opposes certain things, the mother favors them. They will always side with those who side with wrong.

Another thing. God says train your child. He recommends punishment. The switch has been in some sense the mother and father of us all. Don't delay to correct, yea whip your child. It is not pleasant, neither are the chisel chips to the marble, but it takes it to bring out the angel.

A brilliant orator was introduced to a large and expectant audience as a self made man.

"My friend is mistaken," he said, as he arose to speak, "I am mother made." The audience cheered. "But," said his friend, "you were always studious."

"Wrong, my old schoolmate; my mother read to me recited before me, lectured me, coaxed me, whipped me into knowing my lessons."

The audience cheered for mother again. "Well, I know you were always truthful."
"Wrong again, If I told a falsehood my mother would go with me to correct it and apologize for it, whether to a child, a humble servant, or herself-then she would pray with me, have me pray for myself, aloud, take me back, wash my mouth out with sand, soap and a cloth, while she would occasionally look into my mouth to see if that lie was all washed out -- then take me back and wear me out for it." The audience was uproarious with laughter.

"Well," said his embarrassed friend, "I know I am right in one thing, you were always honest."

"Wrong again. The first day I ever peddled apples my mother showed me how to arrange them on the baskets. I changed them, put all the specked and small ones out of sight, all the fine ones on top. Passing along she discovered what I had done, took me to the house, lectured me and so forth -- especially the so forth. From that time to this all the good apples are in the bottom of my basket. No, sir! I am mother made."

His friend sprang to his feet and exclaimed: "Let me take back what I said and call for three cheers for the woman who has raised this man." They were given.

My son, when a little fellow, had a fight with his cousin -- older and larger than himself. It distressed my wife, who wrote me about it. On going home I took those two boys before their mother and aunt and after she promised to send me a telegram if they ever fought again, I said:

"Now, son, I don't care what Jim does or says; Jim, I don't care what this boy says, if either of you ever strike the other, I will tie up my meeting if it is in Hong Kong, and come home and lay you across a barrel and paddle you good."

They knew I meant it. At the table, on my next visit home, my son asked, "Papa, did you get a telegram?"

I asked, "From where?"

"From mama about Jim and me."

"Why, no, son."

He then said, "Papa, it is real easy to live right when you have to, ain't it?" I smiled and he added:

"Papa, the day you left Jim and I started out in the yard and I said, 'Jim, I guess that's the barrel papa will lay us across if he gets a telegram.' Then Jim saw a barrel stave and said, 'I guess that's the thing he will paddle us with,' but we have got on all right."

Now, that barrel business has been worth much in my home.

If you parents are neglecting firmness and the birch when needed, correct yourself before it is too late. Be like an old North Carolina Baptist was, who, on the front bench, right before the preacher, began to pull off his shoes and socks. It attracted the notice of people and speaker, who ventured to ask if anything serious was the matter.

"Why, yes," he said, "I see I put my sock on wrong side out and I jess discovered it."

"Well, but can't you wait until later to change?"

"O, no sir! When I find I'm wrong I change then and that!"

Change now and here if you are letting your children raise you instead of you raising them.

* * * * *

52 -- GOOD TIME

I think children should have something to play with. It makes them contented, useful and enables you to find them. When we had lived in two or three parts of Macon, Ga., so that our children had too many acquaintances, we moved into the suburbs, bought a house with an acre garden. I bought Marvin an old mule and a wagon and plow to play with; bought Burke some hoes, pitch-fork and rake. They would get out there and plow up dirt and laugh, and rake up dirt and laugh, and set out strawberries, and cabbage and beets and have fun to the astonishment of the neighbors.

Fun! I guess we have seen it. One year I rented several acres of ground and let my boys play down there. I taught them a new game -- that of raking the earth into long, straight ridges. We called it playing potatoes.

One would laugh, then make a hole in the ground, break out into a laugh, make another hole about a foot from the other. This he would do from end to end of the row and from side to side of the patch. O, it was funny. Then just to hear another boy break out into a laugh and stick a potato down in that hole, push a little dirt to it, give a whoop and take off after the boy who was making holes, while the girls who love fun were running up and down squealing and laughing and pouring water from the spring on these fresh-set plants -- all so red faced and full of frolic that their mother and I would catch the spirit and join in just out of pure fun. The potato market opened at two dollars and closed at fifty cents, giving my boys two or three hundred dollars which they would spend just as they pleased under certain parental directions.

Girls ought to have fun. I bought mine some Jersey cows. You ought to see my girls go out among the cows and get into a frolic with them and come back with six or seven gallons of milk. It would do you good to see my daughter get hold of a small stick, the other end going into a churn, and then jump up and down and shoot that stick up and down until two pounds of yellow Jersey butter rolled out. I loved to hear my daughter play on the piano -- No! perform on the stove until some of the sweetest music -- No! some of the best batter cakes rolled off. When my oldest daughter was sixteen she could perform on the organ -- I mean the sewing machine, to the clothing of her brothers and sisters, the making of her graduating and wedding clothes and comfort and help of mother. Yes, I reckon we have seen more fun than most folks.

* * * * *

53 -- THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED

By J. D. Robinson

I am all alone in my chamber now,
And the midnight hour is near,
And the fagots crack, and the clock's dull tick
Are the only sounds I hear;
And over my soul, in its solitude,
Sweet feelings of sadness glide;
For my heart and my eyes are full when I think
Of the little boy that died.

I went one night to my father's house,
Went home to the dear ones all,
And softly I opened the garden gate,
And softly the door of the hall;
My mother came out to meet her son,
She kissed me, and then she sighed,
And her head fell on my neck, and she wept
For the little boy that died.

And when I gazed on his innocent face,
As still and cold he lay,
And thought what a lovely child he had been,
And how soon he must decay,
"O Death! thou lovest the beautiful!"
In the woe of my spirit I cried,
For sparkled the eyes and the forehead was fair
Of the little boy that died.

We shall all go home to our Father's house--
To our Father's house in the skies,
Where the hope of our souls shall have no blight,
And our love no broken ties;
We shall roam on the banks of the River of Peace
And bathe in its blissful tide;
And one of the joys of our heaven shall be
The little boy that died.

And therefore, when I'm sitting alone,
And the midnight hour is near,
And the fagot's crack and the clock's dull tick
Are the only sounds I hear,
Oh! sweet o'er my soul in its solitude
Are the feelings of sadness that glide,
Though my heart and my eyes are full when I think
Of the little boy that died.

* * * * *

54 -- THE HAPPY HOME -- HOW?

By L. L. Pickett

Bro. Culpepper talks to us as only he can about the happy home. I have been thinking over the matter a little and the question comes to my mind, How can we make our homes happy? Surely everybody would like to see the family life pleasant and yet the average home is not full of sunshine; indeed, it is generally far from it. Reader, how about yours? Does the sunshine of joy abound there? If not, why not? There is a reason for the lack of joy and happiness in the home circle. Is it not selfishness that mars? There is no pleasure in any atmosphere where the BIG I, the obtrusive SELF is on the throne. Every member of a household should vie with every other to manifest the spirit of helpfulness, of good cheer, the unselfish spirit. Husband and wife should never give up love making -- in a happy home the courtship never ends, the honeymoon never sets or ceases to be at the full. That is a foolish custom that sets a two weeks' or six months' limit to the honeymoon.

Brother, lay down the book right now and make love to your wife -- just as the day you stood before the preacher and joined hands and hearts for life's journey. The sunny smile, the word that drips with honey, the affectionate embrace ought to be as ceaseless in your home as the ever-recurring sunrise. Then, sister, remember that your husband can be conquered, controlled, restrained, led by love much better than by words. You can't drive the average man in virtue's path, into ways of right and religion, but you can lead him, woo him, win and pet him into many noble things. Many men go to the saloon, the club, the lodge for an idle hour because there is no good cheer, no sunshine in the home. On the other hand, many men are bears, rude, coarse, quarrelsome, stormy with the little woman whom they once promised to love and cherish. Friend, death will break in on that home circle some day and the harsh word that now stabs another heart will rankle in your own. O, cultivate the tender spirit, the kind word, the loving look and touch at home with wife, with husband, with every member of the household.

Then there are the children. Like the poor dumb brutes they can have nothing to say; you, parents, make or mar their lives. So many child-hearts are starved for lack of affection. Father, do you kiss the children, play with and fondle them? Mother, do you tuck them away in bed and seal the loving "Good night, darling," with the kiss of affection? Some time you will wish you could fold them to your bosom and say the words that would make them happy.

The home makes the man, molds the woman and lays the foundation of the state. Give us holy home-builders, happy firesides, pure as the unsullied snow, chaste as ice, but warm as summer day, warm with the heart's blood of a deathless affection, lit up with the glow of love divine and angels will vie with each other in keeping watch over this household.

Don't overlook the aged grandfather and grandmother. Life is with them largely a memory. The dear ones of other days have passed on before. The heart ever turns back, often with sadness on days that were dark with trial or marred by folly. Now children, do your best to

make the closing days cheerful for grandpa and grandma, for auntie and uncle. As the sun of life nears its setting do your best to make it cloudless.

The fact is, your own happiness is largely dependent on the joy and gladness, the peace and comfort you can make for others. If you bless others it will rebound in blessing on yourself. You cannot walk in the darkness while scattering sunshine over those about you. We call your attention in closing to the following beautiful lines from the Ladies' Home Journal:

* * * * *

55 -- IF I HAD KNOWN

By Beulah C. Clement

If I had known your eyes would turn away
From smiling into mine, that I -- alone--
Should stand beside your silent form today,
I should have been more tender, had I known.
I would not hear the silent waters creep
Close to your feet, or I (you know it, dear?)
Would not have said those words that made you weep,
Nor left unsaid the words you longed to hear.

So many years I saw you in your place,
I never dreamed that you could steal away--
That I should lose the rare and gentle grace
Of your sweet presence in my life some day.
The word unspoken, kindness left undone.
These rise in tears of vain regret today.
I knew your worth and loved you, gentle one
Would I had told you ere you went away!

* * * * *

56 -- A SERMON

By Burke Culpepper

I. THE GREATNESS OF SALVATION

How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation? Heb. 2:3.

Salvation is the greatest and grandest fact in the universe today, this stupendous and ever-widening system of creation not excepted.

'Twas great to speak a world from naught,

'Twas greater to redeem.

The medical experts tell us that the beating tides of old ocean are linked with the health and comfort and life of this whole world. The scientists tell us that the tides of old ocean are linked to the moon; the astronomers tell us that the moon is geared to the sun and solar system; and that this in turn is belted to some mightier and stabler center. The Christian economist has learned what that center is, viz., Calvary -- a center upon which is turned the eyes of Jehovah Himself, of every angel, of every fallen being and this whole groaning creation. Well did the apostle say, "All things were made for Christ and that without Him was not anything made that was made."

* * *

This Salvation Is Great, First In Its Author

Its very conception is divine, for in this it is as much above the inventive genius of man as in its application to his varied wants it is superior to the concocted schemes of Buddha, Bramah, Confucius, et cetera.

Mohammed would offer to the man, kneeling at his penitent form, a dozen virgin slaves for his Heaven-provided he glutted his sword on the blood of his enemies. Christ says love your enemies, and exalts woman to companionship.

Yes, this salvation is great in its Author. I see a piece of music upon the piano by which I chance to be standing, and I say to the young lady near me, "Will you please play it for me?" As her deft fingers sweep the keyboard and the music and melody rises and fills the room, I exclaim in my ecstasy, "Miss, who composed that grand production?" She glances to the right hand side of the page, and says, "Paderewski." "Oh," I say. "Of course it is grand and inspiring. It has a great author." On one occasion, Dore, the French artist, was passing from one country to another and had to present his "pass" before he was allowed to cross. Running his hands hurriedly through his pockets, he found he had left his permit. He tried to persuade the man that it was accidental, and that he really had one at home. In vain did he try to induce the man to let him pass. Said he, "Sir, I have a very important engagement and have not the time to return for that card." The man said, "Who are you, any way?" My name is Dore, sir." "The French artist?" queried the astonished man. "I am he," replied Dore. "Wait a minute," said the man, as he hurriedly ran into the house and returned holding a piece of paper in his hand. "If you are Dore," said he, "draw that landscape yonder." With a few touches of that trained hand, Dore laid upon that paper the beautiful landscape with its blooming flowers and gurgling streams and distant mountain. "Go ahead," said the man, "no one but Dore could do that." He was a great author. Now, look at this old world in its grandeur and beauty. How wonderful! Why surely "the heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth His handiwork." Who made it? "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." The very God who made the sun, the moon and the stars; who clothes the field, the hilltop and valley with singing birds and purling streams and scent-laden flowers; who said away back yonder in the past "Let us make man," is the Author of this blessed salvation.

* * *

Again It Is Great In Its Sacrifice

It cost God something to redeem man. It robbed Heaven of its chiefest jewel, snatching it from its golden setting. I think the grandest expression of love extant is recorded in John 3:16, showing the highest sacrifice on record: "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." He clothed himself with humanity that we might understand divinity. He suffered the ignominious death of the cross that we might be saved. If the good God had had a thousand sons and had given one, it would have been great, but He had only one, and He was much beloved, and yet, to redeem man, poor, fallen man, He gave Him to die. "Oh, for this love let rocks and hills their lasting silence break." I read the other day of a Japanese mother who had a son who could not go to the war as he was compelled by the law to stay and support her. The mother was so anxious to assist her country that she committed suicide, leaving a note telling her son to go and fight for his country. That was sacrifice for love of country.

Now, go to Bethelhem's manger and see the boy, Jesus. Follow Him through babyhood and boyhood, and watch Him as He enters upon His holy, sacrificing mission of redeeming man. Hear Him sadly say, "The foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." See Him as He daily feeds the hungry, heals the sick and blesses all who come to him, and, yet, at evening when the throngs go to their homes, He climbs the mountain and, while the stars keep sacred watch, He talks to God about fallen man. And one morning they take Him out to Calvary and there nail huge spikes through His tender, quivering bands and feet and pinion Him to the cross. Lifting that cross up, they carry it to where they have dug a hole, six feet deep for it to drop in. Look at Him as the blood drips from His brow where the cruel thorns are piercing! See them: they are raising that cross to drop it in that hole. Hear them; One -- two -- three-drop. Did you hear it fall? My! what pain. Stop that man, there! What is he going to do? Merciful God! He is piercing His precious side. The sun hides his face and darkness prevails over the whole earth. Oh, listen! He is talking: "Father forgive them, they know not what they do." What love and amazing sacrifice!

Think of it a moment. He had to be born in a manger because there was "no room in the inn." Misunderstood and cruelly criticized while living. Beat and spit upon and abused and taken out and crucified. Had to be wrapped in another man's shroud and laid in a borrowed tomb, and with spears and swords they even watched His dead body lest it get away from their blood-thirsty hands. What sacrifice! O, sinner, it cost God something to redeem man. I don't see how one could read the thrilling story of His life and His tragic death which completed redemption without feeling God's love for the sinner and His hatred for sin.

* * *

This Salvation Is Great In That It Gives Us Divine Recognition

Let me tell you what I mean in a little illustration. I was once passing through the city of St. Louis, on my way to an engagement in the state of Illinois, when I found I didn't have money

enough to get me there. I wrote a check, signed my name to it and walked up to a bank and handed it to the cashier and asked him to let me have the money. He took the check, looked at it a moment, then said, "What is your name, sir?" I replied, "My name is Culpepper, as you see on the check." "Why, Mr. Culpepper," said he, "I am not acquainted with you and unless you can bring some friend here who knows you and can endorse you, I can't let you have the money." I said, "Sir, I am a minister, and am only passing through, and I don't suppose I know a single person in the city, and then, I haven't the time to hunt them up, if I did, as I must reach my engagement before Sunday and I will have to take the next train to do so. But I assure you the check is not bogus." "It may be all right, and it may not," said he, "but I am not at liberty to accommodate you unless I knew you." He turned and began writing and left me standing there. I didn't know what to do, but I was compelled to have the money. I picked up a directory and looked through the list of ministers' names until I came to a familiarly sounding one and taking the car, I rode out to where he lived. I hated to go to him with it, as I knew every book agent and tramp always went to the preacher when in trouble, and I knew, from experience, he would be suspicious at once, as I often had been when any one came to me with a tale of woe.

I rang the bell and an elegantly dressed gentleman came to the door and I knew this was the preacher, and I saw I didn't know him. I said, "Sir, my name is Burke Culpepper, and I am passing through the city and _____" "Are you the son of John B. Culpepper?" "Yes, sir," I hastened to reply (and let me say right here I was never as proud to be the son of John B. Culpepper as I was then,) and I then proceeded to explain my situation. "Why," said he, "I will be glad to assist John B. Culpepper's son any time; come ahead, we will go now." It happened he carried me to the same bank which had refused to honor my check. The cashier recognized me and smiled. When the preacher introduced me to him, he opened the little window and extended his hand and I gave it a hard squeeze, took the money and went on my way rejoicing. I have often thought of the incident since. When we stand before the great God at last to be judged for our sins, if Jesus steps up and says, "Father, I know him; I will endorse him," O, how happy we will be. Sinner, remember there is but one name given under Heaven whereby you may be saved and that is the name of Jesus. O, get acquainted with Him today and then at last you will have this divine recognition, without which you will never pass through the pearly gates or walk the golden streets. "Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem Him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted. But He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed."

* * *

This Salvation Is Great In Its Adaptability

It is the only religion that suits all mankind, all conditions and phases of life, any and everywhere. Take this great, grand country of ours, with its telegraphs, telephones, and hundreds of thousands of miles of railroads; its coal fields, its silver beds, its lead veins and its gold mines -- her vast system of creeks that turn thousands of merchants' mills, her great rivers that whirl a million cotton spindles; out to her Pacifics and Atlantics which have been literally transformed into a bee-hive of commercial industry, challenging at once the envy, admiration and wonder of the world; with her thousands of cities, drawing into their embrace the best brawn of the world,

springing into the air like magic and climbing heavenward like a thing of life -- full forty stories high. Better still, her educational system, reaching from the Southern cross to rock-ribbed Alaska and the Philippine Islands in the East -- a navy of teachers afloat upon our seas; our teaching infancy in line and on the march -- a vast army; our cavalymen of supervisors and commissioners in the saddle, charging every redoubt of ignorance and superstition which flies before their flashing steel like darkness before the rising sun. But, rising above all this in grandeur and sublimity, like Alaskan peaks over the gently undulating foothills of the West, rises the malleable cross of the Son of Mary, the Son of God, beaten into a family altar here, where the widow finds comfort for her bleeding heart and bread for her fatherless children; overarching the portals of business with the golden rule; lifting the common clay of our street and stones from our quarries into temples of worship, where bell peals to bell, spire gleams to spire, chorus answers to chorus, chanting the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man -- bringing special promise to the bereaved and outcast, enabling the tottering octogenarian to sing

"E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love."

and literally commanding a convoy of celestial attendants through the swamps of Jordan and to the home of God, where the whole world will sing

Jesus, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

* * *

This Salvation Is Great In The Sweep Of Its Pardon

Not only is it adapted to all mankind and to all conditions of life, but it is great in the sweep of its blessed pardon as it saves the individual, enabling him to sing

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
That saves a wretch like me.
I once was lost, but now I'm found;
Was blind but now I see.

It can take the drunkard, the gambler, the liar, the thief, the adulterer, and make them a new creature in Christ Jesus, causing them to love the things they once hated and to hate the things they once loved. When my father and I were in a West Virginia city, holding a series of meetings, I saw a man converted, which will illustrate what I mean. When we reached the city, the pastor said, "Brethren, one of you will stop at Mr. ____'s home and the other will stop just across the street." We wondered why they separated us, but soon found out. When I was introduced to my hostess, she said, "As soon as you have time, I wish to speak a word with you in the drawing room." I said, "I will be down as soon as I can bathe my face and brush the train dust off my clothes." When I came down stairs, she said, "Brother Culpepper, you may think it

strange that we have separated you and your father, but I have an unsaved husband, and two wicked boys, and I felt that if I could get one of you men in my home, that maybe we could get them saved." I replied, "I will do all I can to assist you." That night at supper I met her husband and two sons. I saw they were "on to the racket," by the way they acted, but I said nothing, only prayed that I might be led to say something which would, at least, cause them to be friendly with me. You know before you can have a rabbit pie, you must first catch the rabbit.

I went with his wife to church that night, as they said they couldn't go. Of course, I knew they could have gone if they had desired to have done so. The boys were nice young men. I felt really sorry for them. They were following their father, step by step, and I knew it would be an easy matter to reach them, could we but get him. The next morning a thing happened which embarrassed me very much indeed. I overslept myself, and when I waked up. I saw Mr. _____ in my room making a fire, or rather striking a match and lighting the natural gas. I said, "What are you doing, Mr. _____? I can make that fire. You needn't bother about me --" "O, lie down, Culpepper, I thought you might be feeling bad and I have brought you your breakfast," and before I could say a word or get out of bed, he had a nice silver waiter lying across my lap, and, running to the bath room, brought me a towel, and said, "Here, bathe your face and hands." Going out of the room, he said, "Let us know if you need anything." Well, I was mortified. I knew he thought I was lazy and I thought I saw a peculiar smile on his face as he walked out. His boys asked that day at dinner if I was feeling better. Then, of course, I knew their opinion of me. Well, the next morning I was up early and when I heard Mrs. _____ come down stairs, I walked out, and said "Mrs. _____ get breakfast ready as quick as you can." I told her there was but one thing to do to get even, and put myself on an even footing with them, and that was to take his breakfast up to him, just as he had done me. She didn't like the idea at first, but finally I persuaded her to let me.

She caught the spirit of the occasion and hurried lest he get up and thereby thwart our plan. She took the same waiter and fixed a nice hot breakfast, and, giving it to me, told me the room in which I would find him. Going up the stairs and opening his room door quietly lest I wake him, I saw him lying in bed, fast asleep. Setting the waiter on a table near the bed, I took a match out of my pocket and struck it, making it pop along the tiling so as to awaken him. It had the effect. He roused up and said, "What's the matter?" "O, nothing," I said. "I have just brought you your breakfast. Thought maybe you were feeling badly and didn't care to get up." "Get out of here, Culpepper." But before he could get out of bed, I had the waiter on his lap and a hot towel with which to bathe his face and hands. He saw he was caught and began to laugh. I said to him as I walked out, "What you sow, you will reap."

That night he and his two sons were at church and I saw they were deeply convicted. The next night they were there, and after my father had preached his sermon on the black horse of sin, they remained to the after service. I asked the two boys to go forward for prayer, and maybe their father would come also. Tom said, "I will go if papa will." "I will, too," said E. I walked back to where old man G. was standing and said, "Sir, I appreciate the hospitality you have shown me in your home, but I must be faithful to you. I then told him that he knew he was standing in the way of his sons, and that for him to start, meant that they would. He said, "Tell them to come here." When they reached his side, he said, "Boys, your father has not led the life he should before you and I am sorry and if you will follow me to Christ, come ahead." Down the

aisle of that fashionable church this rich merchant and his two sons came, and knelt at the altar. In a few minutes Tom jumped up and said, "Mother, I have found Jesus." He turned to his brother, and it was but a little time before he had shown him how to accept the Savior. Mr. _____ continued to kneel there. I said to him, "Sir, you are rather heavy, kneeling so long on your knees. Suppose you sit there on the bench and let me talk with you." He looked up into my face, and said, "Let me alone, sir. I want to kneel here until I can again feel as innocent as I did when I knelt at mother's knee and prayed

"Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray Thee Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take."

I left him kneeling, not for long, for he soon rose, and if you ever heard a happy man shout, he did. Running to his wife, who looked like an angel had melted a panful of rainbows and poured over her face, he said, "O, wife, I will go with you to heaven now." As they were taken into the church the next Sunday and promised to forsake the world, the flesh and the devil, I said to myself, "Thank God for the sweep of the pardon of the love of the Son of God."

I was once far away from the Savior,
And as vile as a sinner could be;
I wondered if Christ, the Redeemer,
Could save a poor sinner like me.

I wandered on in the darkness;
Not a ray of light could see,
And the thought filled my heart with sadness
There's no hope for a sinner like me.

And, then in that dark, lonely hour,
A voice whispered sweetly to me,
Saying, Christ the Redeemer has power
To save a poor sinner like me.

No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is now shining on me.
And now unto others I'm telling
How he saves a poor sinner like me.

When life's journey is over,
And I the dear Savior shall see,
I'll praise Him for ever and ever
For saving a sinner like me.

-- C. J. Butler

* * *

This Salvation Is Great In That It Is A Salvation Of Peace

The world today is hunting peace. Ask that merchant what he is after and he will tell you he is trying to make money enough to rest in his old age and enjoy peace. Ask the lawyer, the physician, the banker, what is their goal, and the answer will come back, "We hope to get peace in the end." Every avocation beckons with outstretched arms to all who pursue her way and whispers, "I will give you peace." But there is but one thing in this wide world that gives peace, and that is this great salvation. Look today at the millionaires whose hairs are turning gray, as they struggle for just one more dollar. You can see every week or so where some great money fool has committed suicide. The man who has not money thinks that all he needs to be happy is to be rich. He is mistaken. The rich are not happy. You will find more genuine, unadulterated hell among the rich than you will find dissatisfaction among the poor. It was Vanderbilt, who, when dying, said, "Wife now sing, 'Come Ye Sinners Poor and Needy.'"

Neither will intellectual superiority bring peace. Look at the greatest poet that ever lived. How did he die? In a drunken debauch. I today challenge the world to produce a single man who is responsible who can say he has peace of heart and mind outside the peaceful religion of Christ. But, thank God, the One who said to this sin-cursed world, groaning 'neath its mighty load, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest," is abundantly able to do so.

A man was told by his physician he could live but a few hours longer. "Well," said the man, "may I be carried out to my flower garden and see the flowers one more time before I die?" The physician said it would not hasten his death, but he was tenderly carried out by loving hands to his beautiful flower garden. One of his friends, standing near, said, "It's mighty hard to leave your sweet wife and children and lovely home, and your beautiful flowers, isn't it?" The sick man said, "My friend, don't you think for one moment I wanted to come out here because I was unwilling to leave them. I wanted to kinder cultivate my senses, for, if what the doctor says is true, in a few hours, I expect to inhale the fragrance of the 'Rose of Sharon,' and the 'Lily of the Valley.'" O, he had the peace of God in his heart and what cared he for dying? Out West on one occasion, I was called to the bedside of a dying woman. I said to her, "Sister, you are dying; how is it with your soul?" She looked at me a moment and then, with a smile on her lips, she said, "It's all right, sir. I am not afraid to go." You remember it was Patrick Henry, who, when his physician said to him, holding a vial containing a very dangerous drug, "There are nine chances against you, for one in your favor, for if this don't save you, it will kill you." Patrick Henry said, "Wait a minute." Turning away, he breathed a prayer and said, "Doctor, I will take the one chance." He took the drug. The physician waited near him to see the result. In a very few seconds Patrick Henry noticed the blood curdling under his finger nails, and said, "Doctor, is this death?" "Yes," said the physician, "you will die." "Well, then," said this great man, "let me show you how a Christian can die."

Nothing but religion can make a man die that way. A poor boy was shot down on the battle field and knew he could live but a little while. His bunk-mate, said, "George, can I do anything for you?" "Yes," he said, "Bob, I wish you would look in my grip there and get out the

Testament mother gave me the morning I left home." When he got it for him, he said, "Now read over there in the fourteenth chapter of John, please. That is where it says to 'Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions, if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself that where I am ye may be also.' That will do," said the dying soldier boy. "Just put that Bible under my head and if you see mother, Bob, tell her I went home with Jesus."

Peace, peace, sweet peace
Wonderful gift from above.
O, wonderful, wonderful peace.
Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

-- Cooper

* * *

This Salvation Is Great In That It Puts A Bottom In The Grave

What would the sad, heart-broken mother do when she kisses her dead baby good-bye if she didn't expect to meet it again?

We have all lost loved ones. Our hearts have bled as we followed our departed dead to the silent, sleeping city, and laid them beneath "the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust." But as we walked away, something whispered, "You will see them again where there will be no more sin, no more sorrow and no more separation."

Voltaire and Renan and Gibbon would have us believe when we bury them here, we will never see them again, but Jesus, who is the resurrection and the life, tells us to sing to our loved ones as we are leaving this sin-blighted world,

On the happy golden shore,
Where the faithful part no more,
When the storms of life are o'er,
Meet me there.

Where the night dissolves away
Into pure and perfect day,
I am going home to stay.
Meet me there.

-- E. E. Hewitt

What would the poor widow who has struggled all alone trying to rear her children righteously do, if there were no family reunion beyond the grave? "Earth has no sorrow that

heaven can not cure," since Christ put a bottom in the grave. O, thank God we will meet our loved and lost some sweet day! Death robs us all here There none ever die.

I want to go there, I do;
There loved ones will never again say "Good-bye."
I want to go there, I do.

When my father was sandbagged by the whiskey scoundrels and thought to be dying, he called his children to his bedside and said, "My dear family, the doctors think I will die. I want you all to promise papa that you will live right and be true to God and meet me up yonder." (As he said, "Up yonder," he pointed with his index finger toward the skies.)

As my brother and I went to our room that night, thinking he was going to die, we said to each other, "Papa has religion and we know he will go to Heaven." All that night in my dreams I saw his finger pointing Heavenward and saying, "Meet me up yonder." While he didn't die then, he will die some day, but, bless God, we children will know where to find him when he is gone. Won't that be a sweet day when we all meet around the throne of God? We love to have reunions here on earth and to talk to each other, face to face, but think of that reunion

"When we all get home to that beautiful land,
With its beautiful streets of gold;
When we all have passed over the river of death
And are safe in the heavenly fold."

* * * *

II. THE NEGLECT OF SALVATION

If all I have said be true, let me ask you a question: How shall you escape if you neglect so great salvation?

Neglect is the biggest thief on earth. You expect to be a Christian some time, but not now. Neglect, neglect. The condemnation against the five foolish virgins was not one of wickedness, but they just neglected to have oil in their lamps. How shall you escape if you neglect so great salvation? If the farmer neglects to sow his seed in the spring time and avail himself of the gentle showers and warm sunshine, he can't escape want and distress later on. If the lawyer neglects to look after his work, soon will be heard no more the clients' footsteps crossing his threshold seeking his advice. If the youth neglects to study and apply himself diligently while his mind is fresh and susceptible, he will come to manhood's estate poorly prepared to grapple with life's sterner conflicts.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these, It might have been."

I once heard of a drunken man who caused the death of men, women and children in a very peculiar way. An opera house was packed with eager listeners who were suddenly panicked

by the cry of "Fire," from one of the actors. The vast audience arose and started to leave the building, when a drunken man shouted out, "That's part of the play; you needn't leave." Thinking they had acted hastily, they sat down again, laughing at their supposed folly. In a few seconds, however, another one of the performers ran to the platform and screamed, "Get out. You will be killed!" Again they arose and started to leave, when this man again said, "Oh, that's part of the play. I have seen it before." Again they sat down and in a little while the building collapsed, killing many innocent men and women. Sinner, don't think it a part of the play as I preach to you tonight, for hear me, you can not escape if you neglect so great salvation.

Over a drawbridge in one of our Northern states this sad incident occurred not many years ago. The bridge-keeper received a telegram, telling him to keep the bridge closed as a special would be down most any time. A friend of his ran up in a little yacht and said, "Hello, Harry, let me through." "I can't," replied the man. "I am looking for a special in a few minutes." "O, it won't take me long to run through, and you haven't heard it blow yet; let me through." The man said, "All right; make haste." And drawing the bridge, his friend passed through. But my! He saw that train coming round the bend, and before he could possibly get the bridge back and locked, it swept down and into the open and crash! crash! it leaped wildly into the river many feet below. As the bridge-keeper from the dizzy heights above saw strangling men, bloody, screaming women and dying children, and knew his neglect of duty was the cause, his brain reeled and in a second he was crazy. Pressing his head with his hands, he would walk up and down looking at his helpless victims below and would cry out, "My God, I wish I hadn't! I wish I hadn't. O, my God, I wish I hadn't! I wish I hadn't!" Sinner, if you neglect this great salvation which is able to save you, and at last break into hell, you will walk the burning marl of damnation and cry out in bitterest wails, "O, my God, I wish I hadn't! I wish I hadn't!" No longer neglect this proffered salvation but give your heart to God tonight. Listen sinner, listen.

In the silent midnight watches
List thy bosom door.
How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh, evermore.
Say not 'tis thy pulse is beating;
'Tis thy load of sin--
'Tis Jesus knocks and crieth,
"Rise and let me in."
Death comes on with reckless footstep
To the hall and hut;
Think you death will tarry knocking
Because the door is shut?
Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth,
But the door is fast;
Grieved, away thy Savior goeth--
Death breaks in at last.
Then, 'tis thine to stand entreating
Christ to let thee in;
At the gate of heaven beating,
Waiting for thy sin.
Nay, alas, thou guilty creature--

Hast thou then forgot?
Jesus waited long to know you--
Now he knows you not.

And I want you to remember that you don't have to be a big sinner to be lost. The text doesn't read, how shall you escape if you swear, or drink, or gamble or steal or lie, but it reads, "How shall you escape if you neglect so great salvation?" Turn to God tonight, I beg you, before it is too late.

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III. THE ESCAPE OF SALVATION

Escape what? Escape the sinner's life. Of all lives most unsatisfactory, it is the sinner's life. Escape what? Escape the sinner's death. How awful to die without God. A poor sinner lay dying and just as he breathed his last, he cried out, "O, wife, can't you help me?" She said, "What do you want, my husband?" "O," cried the poor fellow, "I am lost, lost, lost. You can't help me now, I am going to hell." How horrible, I say, is the sinner's death. A young man was working on one of the piers of the bridge which spans the Missouri river at Kansas City, when an accident occurred which cost him his life. Just before he died, he was carried to a little tent near by, and laid on a cot. When told he must die, he requested that some one pray for him, but no one seemed to be able to pray. He asked if they would read to him from the Bible. They searched about a little and couldn't find one. "Then," said the dying man, "boys, can't you sing me a song about Jesus?" They told him they didn't know any. "O me," said he, "must I die away from home, without a prayer, a song or a verse of Scripture?" But thus he died.

Escape what? Escape the sinner's awful doom. How indescribably terrible to hear God say, "Depart ye cursed, I never knew you." My text declares in the very question it propounds that it will be impossible to escape, if you neglect this great salvation.

I once heard of a man who had been sentenced to ninety-nine years in Sing Sing prison. He remained there one year, but his life was so miserable and unbearable that he determined to escape. He began the hard task of tunneling out. Each night when the guards thought he was sleeping, he was silently and slowly but surely getting further away from his cell where he had managed to file through the wall. The poor fellow worked hard all day with a guard with whip in hand, standing over him, and then at night he would take his little short hand pick and dig for liberty. One night he was made jubilantly happy as he stepped out and saw the electric lights twinkling in the city nearby. He at once began to run, stopping here and there, only to get food and sleeping in old barns in the day and traveling at night and avoiding all towns where he would likely be arrested again and taken back. He finally reached St. Louis. From St. Louis he went to California and from California he came back to St. Louis and from there he went to Florida. Twelve years had gone by, and he concluded he had thrown the police off his track and that he was safe. He had changed his name and had married and was the father of two sweet little children. One morning a keen-eyed man walked into his place of business and when he had purchased some article, leaned over the counter and very quietly whispered, "Sir, what is your real name?" The man turned very pale, and catching his breath very quickly said, "My name is,

or, who are you, sir, and what do you want?" "I want you to put your hands in these handcuffs, sir, or I will blow your head off," replied the Pinkerton detective. The man burst into tears and said "Wait a minute, please. O, sir, I can't go back, I can't, I can't. If you will let me go free, I will give you every cent of money I have, and you know the reward is only five thousand, while I am worth at least fifteen thousand dollars:" "You will go back, sir," said the detective. "O, for God's sake, spare me, man. I have married a sweet girl and have two lovely children and it will blight their lives. Let me go, let me go." The detective only replied, "Come with me. You may go and tell your family good-bye, for we must leave on the next train." As the poor wretch walked up to his once sweet little cottage home, there was his queenly wife and little budgets of sunshine, George and Helen, waiting for him to come to dinner. He raised his pinnacled hands and cried out, "O, wife, haven't I been a good husband to you?" "Why, yes, what's the matter, Will?" "Children, haven't I been a good papa to you?" "Yes, papa," cried Helen, "make that man take those things off your hands," and she ran up to him and began to pull at the cuffs. "Madame," said the officer, "it becomes my sad duty to tell you that instead of marrying a Christian gentleman, as you thought you did, you married an escaped prisoner from Sing Sing, and it becomes my sad duty to break up your happy home by taking him back to serve the sentence he justly deserves for the murder of an innocent man." I guess he could have preached a pretty good sermon from my text, "How shall you escape?" You can not even escape down here where justice is often tardy; then do you think you can escape yonder where "judgment is brought to the line and righteousness to the plummet?" God has said in holy writ that your sins will find you out, and that "the wicked shall be turned into hell and all the nations that forget God." How can you then hope to escape?

Let me draw a picture. I will say that I am living in your town and working in one of the banks here. Your banker has utmost confidence in me, in fact, trusts me with his fullest confidence. One day he says to me "Culpepper, I am going to Florida for a little vacation with my family and I will leave everything in your hands while I am gone. If you need my advice, you may wire me at Tampa, Fla., where I will be for several weeks." Now, I will say I am in love with the prettiest girl in your town and she with me. One day as I step into the vault for some special paper or note, I see fifty thousand dollars in one package which has not been opened. I think to myself, how easy it would be for me to steal that money and cross the ocean and live like a prince and die like a king. As I go back to work the thought continues to present itself to me and something says to me, "Why don't you do it? Mr. Jones, the president, is in Florida, and no one will question anything you do as they know everything was left in your hands." I decide to do it. I go to my girl and say, "Marguerite, I have got to go to New York on bank business, and while there I may have to cross the ocean, and if I do, wouldn't it be a fine bridal trip? Let's get married secretly this afternoon and go. After a little begging she consents and the preacher makes us man and wife. I go to the bank and take the fifty thousand dollar package and put it in my grip and say, "Boys, I will have to go to New York on business, and will trust you fellows to run things straight while I am gone." We take the fast train from here to St. Louis and from St. Louis we take the B. & O. to New Jersey. Now doesn't that train run? Sixty miles an hour. How happy I am as I sit there and look into the blue eyes of my blushing seventeen-year-old bride. We go into the dining car and have a sumptuous meal. As I sit there with my bride by my side and the fifty thousand dollars in my grip, eating from silver dishes as we sweep around this curve and through that tunnel and over that culvert, I say to myself, "What fools those folks are in Jackson, Miss. Many a man has worked all his life and never gotten a thousand dollars ahead, but I have

with one stroke got fifty thousand dollars. I will be a king and my wife shall be a queen. She shall have a dapple span to drive and be dressed in silks and satins. Thus I think and plan till the Pullman porter tells us we are nearing New York. He brushes us off and I pitch him a \$5 bill. Why not? Am I not rich and isn't this my bridal tour? When we step from the Pullman and start down that long platform to the waiting room, my bride is leaning gently on my proud arm, while in the other hand I hold that treasured grip. I see three men who seem to be eyeing us rather closely and I at once become a little nervous as we draw nearer. Just as we pass through the gate one of them takes me by the arm and says, "Sir, are you from Jackson, Miss.?" I say, "No, sir; yes, sir," and before I can move he covers me with a revolver, while the others take my grip. My wife faints. When she comes to consciousness she demands to know what it means. They tell her what I have done and how I have deceived her.

Then with the tears dropping from her beautiful blue eyes, she cries, "O, you have ruined my life." I say, as I am covered with shame and mortification, "Gentlemen, how did you catch me? I have been coming sixty miles an hour." "Sir, while you were enjoying yourself as you sat in the dining car or reclined in the beautiful upholstered palace Pullman, with the girl of your choice by your side and the fifty thousand dollars in your grip, if you had looked out of the window you would have seen some little electric wires, running along the track, which told the tale. Your sin traveled faster than you did." Sinner, you think that because you may be having an easy time now and maybe a pleasant one, that you have out-run your wicked record, but when you step across the river of death and stand before the just God, you will find your sins have gone on ahead of you and registered, and are now awaiting to accuse you, in the presence of your loved ones, and assembled universe and all hell. You can not escape. There is an instrument which is placed on an engine which will tell the exact speed it makes, the stops and the amount of steam used. You do not have to ask the engineer at what rate he came or how much time he lost, or anything at all, but just look at the chronometer attached to the engine and you will have an exact record which is infallible. How God has placed within every man a little record-keeper which will tell the truth just as it is. When God throws the searchlight of truth on your conscience and memory, you will be so dumbfounded as you see things exposed you had forgotten years ago and thought no one knew, you will be speechless and cry out, "I am lost! I am lost!" How shall you escape if you neglect so great salvation?

I will close with this illustration. A poor tramp was walking down the streets of Chicago when he stumbled and fell right in front of a runaway team, and would have been run over, but a very handsomely dressed man jumped and caught him, and as he helped him up, he brushed the dirt from his ragged clothes and said kindly to him, "I am glad you didn't get hurt, my friend; here, take this dollar. You may need a little money." The tramp was staggered and stunned by such kindness. He was accustomed to kicks and oaths, but this was a new experience. He watched the kind-hearted man as far as he could see him and said, "He is surely a good man." He took the dollar, however, and walked into a saloon and bought liquor and was soon drunk. While drunk, he committed a crime and was locked up to await his trial. Imagine his surprise when he was led into the court room to find seated on the bench the man who had jerked him from the runaway horse several days before. A smile came over his face, which seemed to say, "I am not afraid of that prosecuting attorney and jury, for the judge is my friend. But he was filled with consternation when the jury brought in a verdict of "guilty" and the judge said, "Sir, I sentence you to twenty years' hard work in the penitentiary of Illinois." The condemned man sprang to his

feet and said, "O, judge! I thought you were my friend, for several days ago you rescued me from death and--" "Silence, sir. Several days ago I was your friend, but today I am your judge." O, sinner, Jesus is your friend today. He is the tender, loving Shepherd, who welcomes you to His fold, but up there, when you stand to be judged for your sins, He will no longer be a tender, loving Shepherd, but will be the "Lion of the tribe of Judah," and will sentence you to hell, Where "the smoke of your torment will ascend forever and forever." Give your heart to God tonight and then you can exclaim, in joyous accents, "O, Galilean, thou hast conquered!"

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THE END