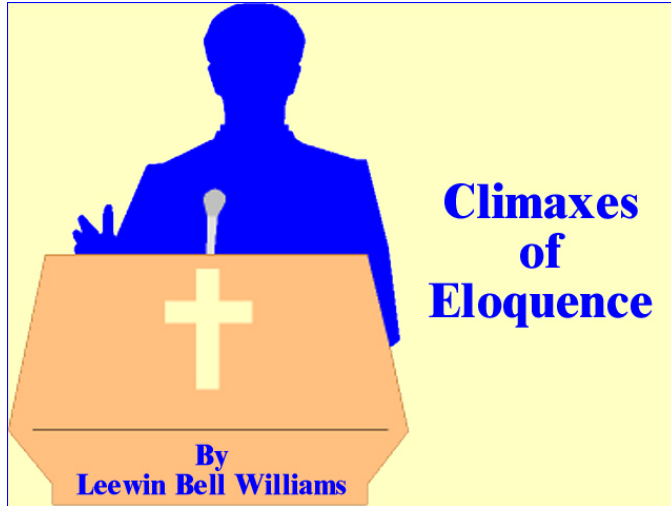


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CLIMAXES OF ELOQUENCE
Compiled and Edited
By Leewin Bell Williams



**High Points Of Great Speeches, Flights Of Oratory,
Inspirational Addresses, Patriotic, Educational, Pulpit,
After-Dinner Speeches, -- All Occasions, -- Spiced With
Humor And Epigrams, Wit And Sarcasm.**

Books By Leewin Bell Williams:
Striking Illustrations
Pungent Paragraphs
Financing the Kingdom
Etc.

Hon. Charles Curtis
Former Vice-President of the United States
Writes on "Campaign Speakers and Oratory"

Hon. Arthur Capper
United States Senator from Kansas
Writes on "The Power of Oratory"

Published By
Leewin B. Williams & Son
Washington, D.C.

1935

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1935

Printed In The United States Of America

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Digital Edition 05/23/08
By Holiness Data Ministry

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INTRODUCTION TO THIS DIGITAL FILE

This is an edited, digital version of the printed book. I have created the Table of Contents below. There was no Table of Contents in the printed edition of this book. I have omitted the Subject Index that was located at the end of the printed book, which connected some subjects to their item number and others to the page on which they were found. This digital edition has no pages. Thus Index items connected to a page in the printed book were of no use. Users of TXT version of this file can easily use the Search or Find function in their Text Programs to locate a desired Subject or Word. To locate subjects under the various letters of the alphabet, the user can search for: A--SUBJECTS, B--SUBJECTS, C--SUBJECTS, etc. There are no Q, X, Y, and Z Subjects. When doing the search, be sure to use ALL CAPS, then after the Letter of the Alphabet (directly connected to that Letter with no intervening space) place two dashes (--) followed directly by the word SUBJECTS -- thus: A--SUBJECTS. I have created hypertext Bookmark Links to the Letter-Subject divisions in the PDF version of the file. As can be easily seen in the Table of Contents, there are 400 Subject Items in the Main Body of the book and 25 more three Concluding Portions thereof. The printed volume had 319 pages. So, "Climaxes of Eloquence" is quite an extensive treatment of the subject.

Primarily, the book deals with Oratory, and therefore there are items in it that are not Biblical or Spiritual in nature. But, there are many good things in it on the subject of Oratory -- things which I hope those who read it will find useful. That said, I do not agree with everything that was expressed in all items of the printed book, but have decided to include most of them anyway -- removing only several portions of no great length that I felt were inappropriate for the HDM Library. I was particularly sorry to see in the printed volume quotations from the infamous infidel, Robert Ingersoll -- but, I have left them in this digital edition. Some of the most rank unbelievers have at times uttered some words of wisdom. I hope the quotations from him will be of some use. In conclusion, I advise the user of this file to exercise wisdom and discretion when reading the various items set forth -- as it were,

"eating the fish and leaving the bones." -- Duane V. Maxey, Surprise, Arizona, May 28, 2008.

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I. INITIAL BOOK ITEMS

* * *

A. PREFACE

This book is a harp of many strings, tuned by the masters of eloquence. Its chords pulsate in strains of love, pathos, liberty, patriotism, human woes and divine passion. Its notes have resounded in legislative halls, senate chambers, political platforms, church and lecture halls. Some of the selections contained herein have caused men in times of national danger to leave home and loved ones, shoulder arms, and go forth to battle for their country. Others have in times of peace crystallized the thinking of the nation on issues that affect the welfare of the people. The voice of eloquence, when employed in a worthy cause, will always have listening ears. Her voice lifts the lowly, dethrones the tyrant, pleads for the weak and ignorant, and soothes the pains and sorrows of humanity. The prodigal on earth's thorny pathway has heard her voice and turned his feet into paths of peace, home and heaven. Great is the power of eloquence! What public speaker would not gladly employ this instrument!

In gathering these gems of inspiration, it has been the compiler's aim to bring together in one volume, without approving or disapproving the sentiments expressed, the acme of great speeches. Orators seldom reach more than one or two great climaxes in an address. Busy men do not have time to read long speeches in order to get a small portion. The scope of these selections covers practically every line of thought. The politician, the minister, the lawyer, the business man, the educator, the student,--all will find herein ample material and thought-inspiring matter as models for building speeches. Very little of the old classic orations, with which every school boy is familiar, has been used. Certain qualities must be present in all great speeches. Daniel Webster defined these as, clearness, force and earnestness. These selections meet this test; and should, as one has said, "Fill the gallery of the imagination with statues and pictures, perfect in form and color; and enable the public speaker to bring to light the gold hoarded by memory -- the miser; show the glittering coin to the spendthrift -- hope; enrich the brain, ennoble the heart and quicken the conscience." The epigrams run at the head of pages instead of headlines, and the sprinkle of humor, will help to sharpen the wit of the speaker.

The author is very grateful to Honorable Charles Curtis, former Vice-President of the United States, and to Honorable Arthur Capper, Senator from Kansas for the articles they have contributed to this book. It is believed these contributions will be greatly appreciated by many readers. The author, also,

thankfully acknowledges the courtesy extended to him by the Librarian of the Congressional Library for granting a special permit for research in this vast library where much of the material was found. Permission to use some excerpts from orations of the Interstate Oratorical Association has been secured from Mr. I. M. Cochran, the Secretary.

The matter has been arranged alphabetically. However, some of the selections cover more than one subject and may be used in developing different themes. A general index has been provided, arranged according to subjects. By consulting the index one may find matter appropriate for the subject he wishes to develop.

Leewin B. Williams
Washington, D.C.

* * *

B. INTRODUCTION

It is not the purpose of this book to give instruction in the art of public speaking, but rather to furnish inspirational material for the speaker. It may not be amiss, however, to state a few of the fundamental principles which must be observed in all eloquent speaking:

Correct English

It is supposed that the speaker is able to use the English language with a reasonable degree of accuracy. If he must feel his way for fear of making grammatical errors, this will sap his inspiration. The truth of the message is often discounted in the minds of educated people by the speaker's errors in language and awkwardness of manner. "Why should I listen to him?" said a high school girl with reference to a minister, "he does not know his English, how do I know whether his theology is correct?" The youthful speaker, however, should not be discouraged; nearly all great orators make grammatical blunders when speaking extemporaneously. Mr. Beecher said, "When the English language gets in my way it does not have a chance."

The Voice

Some speakers have natural handicaps; such as, a high-pitched voice, a raucous voice, imperfect articulation, or a "nasal twang." These defects may be overcome. One may make the thought so impelling that his handicaps are largely overlooked. The girl with a homely face should compensate this by developing a brilliant mind and gracious manners. A writer says this of Rev. W. E. Munsey, one of the greatest pulpit orators the Methodist Church ever produced: "In preaching and lecturing Dr. Munsey had to contend with almost every disadvantage that can be

thought of in person, manner and voice. His body was long and gaunt, and the newest clothes hung on him without fitting at all. His face was sallow and bloodless; his head small, round and thinly covered with whitish hair. (Some say he pulled out his hair in his intense study). His voice was without the slightest trace of oratorical power. His gestures were usually made with the right hand, the fingers closed as if holding a pen. And yet, with all these drawbacks, his wonderful genius and his unrivaled power of word-painting held vast audiences in breathless suspense for hours together. We have no doubt that the happiest hours of his life were those in which he poured out his torrents of great thoughts clothed in the gorgeous robes of a resplendent rhetoric."

Dr. Munsey succeeded in spite of his handicaps, but it does not follow that anyone can. The student of public speaking should secure good books on voice culture and expression, then take himself in hand and work, study and sacrifice until he overcomes his defects. Get alone and read aloud. Speak at times before a large mirror and watch gestures and facial expressions. Invite friendly criticism from someone who is able to point out mistakes.

Pronunciation

By mispronouncing words a speaker soon advertises to an intelligent audience his lack of education. There is little excuse for this. A good dictionary should be a speaker's constant companion. Get the "dictionary habit." Learn the diacritical marks which indicate the sounds of the vowels and some of the consonants. Look up every word about which there is any doubt as to its pronunciation. Observe the accent and place it on the proper syllable.

General Rule

Speak slowly, clearly, distinctly.

Memory

In effective public speaking it is very necessary for one to have a good memory. It greatly detracts from the thought presented for the speaker to continually refer to a manuscript. He should lay all these "props" aside. Memory is a lazy faculty. It will put the work on the eye, the hand, or some other servant whenever it can. Hence, it makes one write down the list of articles he wishes to purchase. It wants the speaker to refer to his paper. The memory can be trained to be a very useful servant. If it is allowed to shirk, it will soon quit working. The prospective public speaker should memorize and recite many passages of great orations, not with a view of repeating the same words in a speech on some occasion, but to saturate the system with the rhythm of eloquent speaking. At times one catches himself humming or whistling a tune he has heard; in like manner, probably unconsciously, one will find his words flowing in poetic order. He will find that certain phrases, or combinations of words, may be used with slight variation in

different speeches. It is said that Demosthenes had a book containing fifty or more climaxes of orations which he used again and again. In this volume there is a great variety of such material. Make use of it continually, persistently, until the soul becomes vibrant with it.

Study Other Speakers

Listen to all the great speakers you can. Watch their actions and observe their words. Note how they walk onto the platform, take their seats, rise to speak. Observe every movement of body, tone of voice, gesture. Note carefully any awkwardness, and profit by their mistakes. The trained speaker will seldom say a lot of things before he begins to speak. Note particularly the first sentence, the first five minutes. Did he begin with a story, humorous or otherwise? How did he build up his climaxes? What effect did these have on the audience? When alone, repeat these "flights" in your own words.

Watch Your Climaxes

When you reach your climax -- stop. Do not continue to pyramid words until the whole topples over. When you draw a picture with beautiful words, do not spoil it by saying a lot of commonplace things about it. In other words, do not presume that your hearers are too dumb to interpret the picture. This is like the grocer who hung out a side of bacon, then wrote b-a-c-o-n across it. When a speaker sees that he has made a hit, the temptation is to shoot again in the same spot. Do not yield to the temptation. Let the shot "stay put"; go after other game. Repetition lengthens an address and makes it dull.

The climax may be either ascending or descending, more frequently it is ascending. The speaker cannot jump into a climax all at once. Great swelling words, or loud barnstorming does not necessarily make a climax. There must be some fundamental principle stated and carefully discussed. The voice usually increases in volume and the words come faster as the picture is developed. However, the descending climax frequently ends in a mere whisper. The true climax is often reached several words before the end of the paragraph. The nearer the end of the paragraph the better. The summer thunder-storm is an excellent illustration of climax. Write out a complete description of one, using the following outline, this will be found useful on many occasions:

"The clouds gather, the sun becomes darkened, the birds hush their singing, not a leaf moves; the clouds become heavier and darker, a flash of lightning is seen, the distant thunder is heard; the wind begins to sway the trees, the cattle sniff the air and run for shelter; louder and louder is heard the roar of thunder -- crash! -- bang! -- the storm in its fury breaks, while torrents of rain descend. Soon the fury of the storm is past, the rain falls more gently, the cloud passes over, the sun bursts through, a rainbow appears, the air is clear and fresh, the thirsty ground is slaked."

Attention

It has been said that a speaker succeeds or fails the first five minutes he speaks. This is not always true. But the speaker cannot succeed who does not at the outset gain the attention of the audience. Whether he holds the attention will be determined, in a large measure, by what he says the first five minutes. There may be, and frequently are, distractions over which the speaker has no control. Late-comers may be ushered to front seats, babies will cry, fire-bells ring, and the ventilation may be poor. The speaker must do the best he can under such circumstances without losing patience. Luther Benson, the Indiana temperance orator, in the matter of securing attention, was a crank. He would yell to the ushers, when late-comers arrived, not to let another person in at the door. Wherever he spoke the hall was usually crowded. Children would be seated on the steps of the platform. If one moved, he would stop and give him such a scolding that the little fellow would not dare to move again. The poor mother of the child would feel like dropping through the floor. Seldom can a speaker manifest impatience with his audience and succeed. By all means keep the good graces of your hearers.

Observe the Following

Do not make excuses. If ill do not try to speak. If not prepared, the audience will find it out soon enough.

Do not omit the final letter in words ending in "ing"; thus, goin', sayin', doin'.

Do not omit syllables; thus, gov'nor, reg'lar, Febr'ary.

Do not put in extra syllables; thus, griev-i-ous, Ca-na-an.

Do not speak too rapidly. The rapid speaker cannot increase his rate when the sentiment demands it. Listeners soon tire of a rapid-fire speaker and drop out of the race.

Do not repeat certain expressions until they become monotonous.

Drop your pet phrases; such as, "What I am trying to get you to see," "That reminds me," "That makes me think," "I'm here to tell you."

Do not introduce each subdivision by the same expression; such as, "Again, I want to call your attention." "I will have you notice." Vary these expressions.

Do not halt, hesitate or stammer. This is caused by a foggy state of mind.

If called upon to introduce a speaker, do not take it upon yourself to make a speech. Be brief. See No. 184.

Do not play with your handkerchief, or put on and remove your eyeglasses every few minutes.

Do not make an anvil out of the stand and a sledge hammer out of your fist. A boy refused to attend a Sunday school class because his teacher clinched her fists and shook them nervously toward her pupils when speaking.

Avoid eccentricities of all kinds -- unless this is your method of getting a crowd.

If you can control the matter, do not allow any mottoes, charts, signs, or other reading matter to be hung on the wall back of you. It is hard enough to hold the attention without having a lot of these things to divert the minds of your hearers.

Do not allow the voice to fall to a mere whisper at the close of each sentence.

Speak loud enough for those on the back seats to hear you, but do not bawl so loud you shake the rafters.

Do not keep your audience wondering what you will do next; your actions may so divert the attention that what you say has no effect.

If you mean to make a clown of yourself, join a circus.

Stop with your hearers wanting you to go on, not when they wish you would quit.

Advice to Ministers

A very successful minister of many years' experience gives the following advice to ministers:

If you have the Lord's message, deliver it; if not, hold your peace. Have short preface or introduction. Say your best things first, and stop before you get prosy. Do not spoil the appetite for dinner by too much thin soup. Leave self out of the pulpit, and take Jesus in. Defend the gospel, and let the Lord defend you and your character. If you are lied about, thank the devil for putting you on your guard, take care that the story shall never come true. If you do not want to "break," make your shirt collar an inch larger, and give your blood a chance to flow back to the heart. Do not get excited too soon. Do not run away from your hearers. Engine driving wheels fly fast with no load, but when they draw anything they go slower. It takes a cold hammer to bend a hot iron. Heat up the people, but keep the hammer cold. Do not bawl and scream. Too much water stops mill-wheels, and too much noise drowns sense. Empty vessels ring louder. Powder isn't shot. Thunder isn't

lightning. Lightning kills. If you have lightning, you can afford to thunder; but do not try to thunder out of an empty cloud.

Do not scold the people. Do not abuse the faithful souls who come to meeting on rainy days, because of others who do not come. Preach the best to small congregations. Jesus preached to one woman at the well, and she got all Samaria out to hear him next time. Ventilate your meeting room. Sleeping in church is due to bad air oftener than to bad manners. Do not repeat, saying, "As I said before." If you said it before, say something else after. Leave out words you cannot define. Stop your declamation and talk to folks. Come down from stilted and sacred tones, and become a little child. Change the subject if it goes hard. Do not tire yourself and everyone else out. Do not preach till the middle of your sermon buries the beginning, and is buried by the end. Look the people in the face, and live so that you are not afraid of them. Take long breaths, fill your lungs, and keep them full. Stop to breathe before the air is exhausted. Then you will not finish each sentence-ah, with a terrible gasp-ah, and so strain the lungs-ah, as if you were dying for air-ah, as some preachers do-ah, and never find it out-ah, because their friends dare not tell them-ah, and so leave them to make sport for the Philistines-ah. Inflate your lungs. It is easier to run a mill with a full pond than an empty one. Be moderate at first. Hoist the gate a little; when you are half through, raise a little more; when nearly done, put on a full head of water. Aim at the mark. Hit it. Shoot and see where the shot struck, and then fire another broadside. Pack your sermons. Make your words like bullets. A board hurts a man worse if it strikes him edgewise.

* * *

C. CAMPAIGN SPEAKERS AND ORATORY

Hon. Charles Curtis, Former Vice-President of the United States

It is not an easy matter to advise a campaign speaker because much depends upon the audience and conditions. I fear to give personal experiences or illustrations, as this may lead someone to try the same thing and get him into an embarrassing situation.

But the campaign speaker must always have a clear-cut issue and he must not try to cover too much ground in one speech. He should never attempt to make a long speech when others are on the program.

He must know his subject and be able to present it in a clear, forcible way so that his audience will understand it. In speaking to large crowds made up of friends and others who may not be believers in the cause he presents, he should avoid technical issues.

In a strenuous campaign the speaker must conserve his strength. Campaigning is hard work. Much travel and lack of proper sleep will soon tell on the speaker's body and mind. If his body is tired, his speech will not be the best.

Banquets and late hours will sap one's vitality. The speaker must be at his best mentally and physically at all times. He should take his place on the platform, at least several minutes before he begins to speak. Let the people look him over and satisfy their curiosity. This will also give the speaker an opportunity to survey the audience, the auditorium, quiet his nerves and get his wits about him.

The political speaker should remember that his audience may not be altogether sympathetic. Some may be hostile. Some come with open minds. The speaker's aim is to win votes. Treat all foes with the utmost courtesy. Respect the opinions of others. At times the speaker may be annoyed by the heckler. This is an individual who is hard to deal with. If one from the audience asks a question, the speaker does not know whether he is sincere or a disturber. If he asks a pertinent question, a civil answer should be given, and the matter will usually rest there. The nature of the question may determine whether the one who interrupts is an honest inquirer, or is trying to annoy the speaker. Sometimes a witty remark by the speaker will get the "laugh on" the disturber and that will deter him from further annoyance. If he persists, then an answer that will carry the audience against the heckler should be given.

When a speaker has been on the road for some days, his sentences may get as badly out of form as his body; his words like his clothes, get road-worn and dusty. The high polish of his speeches may wear off. The countenance may become hard and the speaker nervous, thus unfitting one for forceful speaking. The political speaker must guard against this tendency. He should read literature of a high grade and strive to improve his speeches.

The speaker does not know at times what subjects he will be called upon to discuss, nor how much time will be allotted to him. It may be that the committee in charge, in order to avoid repetition, will assign for discussion certain questions to certain speakers. The speaker should have his speech material so arranged that he can, on short notice, bring together the parts he desires to use. Whenever the time is limited, the speaker should be able to eliminate the less important parts and put in as many telling blows as possible.

The radio is now a very important instrument for campaign work. Until one becomes accustomed to speaking over the radio, it may be somewhat confusing. A speaker who has been accustomed to moving about the platform while speaking may forget himself and get out of range of the microphone. This sometimes happens. The speaker must learn to stand the proper distance in front of the microphone, and to speak into it. Of course, as large a hook-up as possible should be secured, and the time allotted for the speech should not be consumed with a lot of preliminaries.

John P. Altgeld, once governor of Illinois, said: "No age of the world's history ever offered such allurements to ambition, or such a field of usefulness, as this age offers to the orator.

These suggestions are made by one who has had forty years experience in political campaigns and has spoken in every section of the country in state and national political campaigns.

* * *

D. THE POWER OF ORATORY

By Hon. Arthur Capper Senator from Kansas

We might as well try to get along without poets and musicians as without orators. In fact, the orator is a combination of poet, musician and philosopher. It takes all of these qualifications to make one a great public speaker. He who has something to say, and can say it eloquently, will never need to take a tin pan and drum up a crowd. We may not at times agree with the sentiments expressed by the orator, but we enjoy word-pictures that excite the imagination and stir our emotions. In colonial days orators like Patrick Henry, with his "give me liberty or give me death" speech could so arouse the feeble colonies until these assumed the strength of a giant and dared to match arms with a mighty nation. Before we had the daily papers, the telegraph, the telephone and the radio, the early nation-builders resorted continually to the forum. The principles of the Declaration of Independence were largely written upon the minds and hearts of the people before they emerged from the council chambers of the Colonial Congress, or that Liberty Bell sounded the glad tidings.

With all our inventions and advancement we have never found a substitute for the public speaker. America, because of her free institutions, has carried oratory to its highest heights. One has said: "The golden ages of the world were the ages of democracy and oratory; and the most brilliant pages of our country's history were written when the voice of free discussion was heard in the land. No people ever reached a high development among whom this voice was not heard; and every people that strangled it soon sank into degradation and misery."

Oratory flourishes in a democracy; it dies in a despotism. May freedom of speech and of the press never be abridged in America. When our country was young, and constitutional government was largely an experiment, great orators like Daniel Webster, appeared on the scene and defended the Constitution. When it needed interpretation, John Marshall, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, another great orator, explained it. The speeches of these and other great orators were repeated by school boys throughout the land. The young Republic became firmly established on the principles of liberty and union. In those days constitutional tinkering had not become an indoor sport.

In looking through a volume of "Winning Orations" Published a number of years ago, one finds the names of Albert J. Beveridge, Robert M. LaFollette, Edwin Hughes, now bishop of the Methodist Church, and many other noted men who were

then college boys. These men not only won in their college oratorical contests, but they won the highest offices in church, state and nation. Their ability to speak eloquently had much to do with their advancement in their chosen professions. If one aspires to leadership, I know of no accomplishment that will better serve that purpose than to be able to speak eloquently. What victories have been won by the power of oratory! In a great national convention William Jennings Bryan, by his "Cross of Gold and Crown of Thorn" speech, won the nomination for the presidency. He thrice became the standard bearer of his party for the presidency, an achievement never equaled by any other candidate for that high office. Although he did not reach the presidency, his sincerity and great oratorical ability gave him a hold on the American people that few men have ever had.

In all great oratory there must be the man, the issue and the occasion. Without question one who is not physically handicapped can develop his powers of speech. Diligent study and hard work will produce great rewards. Issues are present on every hand. The weak need to be defended; the unscrupulous exposed; a nation needs to be aroused; and good government needs men with clear brain, warm hearts and strong lungs to give direction to the thinking of the people.

In this volume Mr. Williams has gathered and conveniently arranged a great amount of inspirational matter. The student of oratory, whether in college, the pulpit, on lecture platform, in legislative halls, or political forum will find here many models for other great speeches. I commend these to all prospective public speakers.

* * *

E. WINNING ORATIONS -- THEIR PREPARATION AND DELIVERY

The Subject

It is difficult to win in an oratorical contest unless the speaker has a subject that has human interest. Prof. Thomas C. Trueblood who trained many successful winners in oratorical contests, says: "A subject to be acceptable must be a live one, must have human interest. This does not mean that old subjects and old characters may not have human interest, but it does mean that the principles involved, and which certain great men stood for, may be applied vigorously to present day problems. At any rate there must be personal interest in the theme. There must be a careful searching of the heart to see if there is not some wrong to be righted, some high thought to be pressed home as a direct message, something that must be spoken; something that wells up in the heart for expression, something that comes, as Beecher used to say, 'Like a gushing fountain, not the pumping of a pump.'"

Let the would-be winner in an oratorical contest understand at once, that mere elocution, or beautiful phrasing, will not be sufficient to win. There must be thought presented that will excite the imagination, stir feelings of anger, pride,

admiration, indignation, resentment, patriotism, love or devotion. Of course, not all of these in the same oration.

To illustrate--

Several years after the Civil War a speaker chose for his subject "John Brown." The oration justified John Brown for his action in behalf of slavery, and made him a martyr to this cause. Whether one agrees with the sentiment expressed, the subject gave great opportunity for the display of feeling, and evidently the speaker knew that he would be speaking to a sympathetic audience and judges.

"The Loneliness of Genius" is another winning subject. This is a short oration, but a very beautiful one. The speaker brings in a number of well-known historical characters; such as, Bunyan, in Bedford jail; Milton, in his blindness; Dante, Socrates, the Prophet of Horeb, etc. This subject arouses interest as soon as it is announced. We give these two orations in full. See Nos. 32 and 124.

Current political subjects are live topics, but one can scarcely discuss such subjects without taking sides with one of the political parties -- this might be fatal -- Temperance and Prohibition are old issues, somewhat of a go-between and have been used many times. An old subject of this kind is very easily developed, as material new and old is near at hand. However, to win with such subjects, it will be necessary for the speaker to produce facts and figures that are out of the ordinary. There is a class of political subjects that no one party has any particular claim to; such as, "The Independence of the Philippine Islands," although the manner of treatment might be partisan.

The speaker should choose a subject consistent with his age and ability. For a boy to speak on some weighty subject of state would give the appearance that he was declaiming --that his oration was not his own. If one should choose a subject, though seemingly a misfit, but one which he could show he had had opportunity to study first hand, a happy surprise would result. A Negro boy won in a contest with white speakers on a subject relating to his race. A Japanese student did a similar thing.

The title should have some direct bearing on the question discussed. A lofty, dignified title should be chosen. Do not try to be "funny," or use some grotesque wording. The subject, ordinarily, should not be stated in the form of a question.

Gathering Material

The material for an oration must be gathered, digested, arranged. If one means to enter a contest, he should begin to gather the material long before the time for the event. Go to the libraries and read all the authorities possible on your subject. Keep your eyes and ears open. Take notes in systematic order. Get information from every source possible. Quotations are allowable, but an oration

cannot be made up of the words and thoughts of others. The speaker must make them his own. If one uses quotations he should tell the source, or use some word to let the audience know the statement is not original, -- the audience cannot see quotation marks. If this is not done, one would be guilty of plagiarism. The judges not only hear the speech, but they are supplied with the original, or a true copy of the speech. The manuscript, its composition, arrangement, neatness, etc. no doubt will be considered in the rating.

Writing the Oration

The main divisions of an oration are three:

1. The Introduction,
2. The Body,
3. The Conclusion.

The material under each division must, of course, be arranged in logical order. A winning oration cannot be written at one sitting. The paragraphs should be written and rewritten until one is satisfied with the arrangement. Then it may be a good plan to lay it aside for a week or two. Upon taking it up again, no doubt, one will discover places where improvements can be made. In re-writing and polishing one should strive for clearness, force, variety and rhythm. Make use of a good dictionary -- also a book of synonyms. Choose words that convey the exact meaning, giving preference to short, Anglo-Saxon words. The use of long words of difficult pronunciation may give a stilted effect. The nature of the subject discussed, of course, will determine in a measure the use of words.

The Introduction

Quoting again from Prof. Trueblood, "The purpose of the introduction should be to conciliate and arouse interest. Its length should be in proportion to the speech. It should not be drawn out so as to detain the audience from the discussion. In style it should be simple, concise, without figure or ornament. It should be neither argumentative nor persuasive, but rather narrative, historical, expository. The first sentence should be short, and calculated to catch the ear; the last may be longer, and may connect the introduction easily and logically with the main discussion. This may take the form of a question.

In the oration referred to above, "The Loneliness of Genius," the speaker begins thus: "Insects swarm; the lion forages alone. Swallows consort in myriads; the condor dwells companionless in the awful solitudes of the Cordilleras. Weakness wars with thousands; might battles a Goliath. Littleness is gregarious, greatness is solitary."

The first paragraph of the oration on "John Brown" is sufficient to win in almost any contest. Turn to this oration, No. 32, and study the clever introduction.

Here are the first sentences of some other winning orations:

"It has been said, that the shadow of riches is poverty; the shadow of power is slavery; the shadow of virtue is vice; and with equal justice it may be said that the shadow of belief is skepticism."

"The hero-worship of the world has made few mistakes. Party spirit may blind for a moment; the passions of men may sway the judgment for a time; but the verdict of history seldom errs."

"Ideas, not words, have filled the past with ruins. Rome was not destroyed by barbarians. True, they captured and pillaged and destroyed a city whose name was Rome, but the fair mistress of the world, the pride of her children, had long been dead; and when the lands of the North stretched out their strong arms to seize a bride, they embraced a corpse."

The Body of the Oration

The development of the oration usually hinges about two or three divisions, There may be a greater number of parts, but for the average oration three parts will be found to be a convenient number; the first, we will say, historical in character; and second, a setting forth of the present conditions; and third the outlook, in which it is always pleasing to the audience to have one take a hopeful view of things. Pessimism is poison to an audience or judge.

Here are presented the facts, arguments, illusions, examples and material of all kinds that go into the structure of the oration. Figures of speech come in for the purpose of making ideas clear, or forcible. Epigrammatic sentences give sparkle. Some speakers have a knack of putting a whipcracker at the end of sentences that is very effective. Example: "He is a blind leader of the blind and they will both fall into the ditch -- he undermost." "We were created a little lower than the angels, but sin made us little better than devils."

Strong comparisons are effective, but the thought must be in keeping with the comparison: Example: "When the sands of the ocean are numbered, when the vast space of the universe is measured; and when the limits of eternity are defined."

The Conclusion

This is the final appeal. Brief re-statements of facts previously presented may be made in epigrammatic style. Results that should follow policies advocated may be shown. Appeals for the righting of wrongs may be urged. Here is opportunity for the orator's greatest power of eloquence. Like a great general on the battlefield,

scattered forces must be marshaled for the final onslaught. The final drive is on. The speech usually accelerates in force and movement as the end is approached.

Delivery

After the oration has been re-written and polished until the speaker is thoroughly satisfied with it, do not make any more changes. Especially should this not be done after one has memorized it. If changes are now made, one is apt to blunder in the final contest. If memory fails one in the slightest, the prize will be lost.

The words once in mind, they should be given out so that all can hear clearly. The first sentence should be spoken so plainly, distinctly, forcibly, that this will give the speaker confidence in himself.

One should not lose enthusiasm in his subject; much practice sometimes causes this. The speaker must believe in his subject. It is difficult to become eloquent while advocating a cause of which one's conscience does not approve.

The speaker should not wear himself out in practice a few hours before the time for the contest. The body should have rest. Do not allow excitement, or improper eating, to upset the digestion. The mind takes on the nature of the body. The memory must be clear. Plenty of sleep should be had the night before the contest.

Gestures

Books on elocution and expression give many directions for making gestures. Some of these are hard to follow. One should secure a good text and make a careful study of the position of the body. Remember that gestures must be natural and mean something. Do not overdo this matter.

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II. MAIN BOOK SUBJECTS LISTED ALPHA-NUMERICALLY

(The following selections are arranged alphabetically according to subjects. Many related subjects will be found, indicated by the numbers in parenthesis.)

* * * * *

A--SUBJECTS

1. ABIDING. -- Our health may not abide; there is a griefless, graveless land, where the inhabitant never says he is sick; faith lifts her eye to heaven, and seeks it yonder -- not

here. Our wealth may not abide; and so one who, better than many, remembered its uncertainty, when remonstrated with for giving lavishly to the cause of Christ, replied, "Riches take to themselves wings and flee away and I think it best to clip them." Our children may not abide; the earth sounds hollow to the foot -- it is so full of graves. Few are the trees standing on this earth, from which time has not lopped off some goodly boughs. In this world have I not seen one and another stand bleak and branchless; and oh, how blessed for the father who has laid the last survivor in the dust, and returns from the saddest funeral to find God waiting for him in his desolate home! -- Thomas Guthrie.

2. ADORNMENT -- I have seen a child in ignorance of its great loss totter across the floor to its mother's coffin, and caught by their glitter, seize the handles, to look round and smile as it rattled them on the hollow sides. I have seen a boy, forgetting his sorrow in his dress, survey himself with evident satisfaction as he followed the bier that bore his father to the grave. And, however painful such spectacles, as jarring our feelings, and out of all harmony with such sad and somber scenes, they excite no surprise nor indignation. We only pity those who, through ignorance of their loss or inability to appreciate it, find pleasure in what should move their grief. -- Speaking to the Heart.

3. AFTER-DINNER SPEECH -- I had hoped to escape the watchful eye of our toastmaster this evening, as I am not in the habit of making public speeches; but it seems that I have been discovered at the very beginning of this feast. I am tempted to tell a story, although I am not certain that I can make the proper application. I heard of a gentleman who visited a county fair. In the livestock exhibit he noticed a number of very ordinary cows -- real scrubs -- that had been placed among the thoroughbreds. This excited his curiosity, he wondered whether these scrubs were placed among the others in order to show the thoroughbreds off to better advantage. He asked an attendant if that was not the reason. "No," replied the attendant, "we have these scrubs here to give milk to the calves of the thoroughbreds."

In view of the number of excellent speakers present this evening, I hope a scrub like myself will not be expected to furnish the entertainment for these thoroughbreds.

4. AGRICULTURE. -- We have the high authority of history, sacred and profane, for declaring that agriculture is a dignified and time-honored calling-ordained and favored of heaven, and sanctioned by experience; and we are invited to its pursuit by the rewards of the past and the present, and the rich promises of the future. While the fierce spirit of war, with its embattled legions, has, in its proud triumphs, "whelmed nations in blood, and wrapped cities in fire," and filled the land with lamentation and mourning, it has not brought peace or happiness to a single hearth -- dried the tears of the widows, or hushed the cries of the orphans it has made -- bound up or soothed one crushed or broken spirit -- nor heightened the joys of domestic or social life in a single bosom. But how many dark recesses of

the earth has agriculture illumined with its blessings! How many firesides has it lighted up with radiant gladness! How many hearts has it made buoyant with domestic hope! How often, like the good Samaritan, has it alleviated want and misery, while the priest and Levite of power have passed by on the other side! How many family altars, and gathering places of affection, has it erected! How many desolate homes has it cheered by its consolations! How have its peaceful and gentle influences filled the land with plenteousness and riches, and made it vocal with praise and thanksgiving!

It has pleased the benevolent Author of our existence to set in boundless profusion before us the necessary elements for a high state of cultivation and enjoyment. Blessings cluster around us like fruits of the land of promise, and science unfolds her treasures and invites us to partake, literally without money and without price. The propensities of our nature, as well as the philosophy of our being, serve to remind us that man was formed for care and labor -- for the acquisition and enjoyment of property -- for society and government -- to wrestle with the elements around him; and, that by an active exercise of his powers and faculties alone, can he answer the ends of his creation, or exhibit his exalted attributes. His daily wants, in all conditions of life, prompt him to exertion, and the spirit of acquisition, so deeply implanted in the human breast -- that "ruling passion strong as death," so universally diffused through the whole family of man -- is the parent of that laudable enterprise which has caused the wilderness to bud and blossom like the rose, planted domestic enjoyments in the air of the beast of prey, and transformed the earth from an uncultivated wild into one vast storehouse of subsistence and enjoyment. What can be more acceptable to the patriot or the philanthropist, than to behold the great mass of mankind raised above the degrading influences of tyranny and indolence, to the rational enjoyment of the bounties of their Creator? To see, in the productions of man's magic powers, the cultivated country, the fragrant meadow, the waving harvest, the smiling garden, and the tasteful dwelling, and himself chastened by the precepts of religion, and elevated by the refinements of science, partaking of the fruits of his own industry, with the proud consciousness that he eats not the bread of idleness or fraud; that his gains are not met with the tears of misfortune, nor wrung from his fellow by the devices of avarice or extortion; his joys heightened, his sorrows alleviated, and his heart rectified by the cheering voice and heaven-born influences of woman. Well may he sit down under his own vine and fig-tree without fear of molestation, and his nightly repose be more quiet than that of the stately monarch of the East upon his down of aigret, or the voluptuous Sybarite upon his bed of roses. -- Daniel S. Dickinson.

5. ALCOHOL. -- The evils of which I speak are not unknown to you, but have you considered them as things real? Have you fought them as present and near dangerous? You have heard the wild sound of drunken revelry mingling with the night winds; you have heard the shrieks and sobs, and seen the streaming, sunken eyes of dying women; you have heard the unprotected and unfriended orphans' cry echoed from a thousand blighted homes and squalid tenements; you have seen the

outcast family of the inebriate wandering houseless upon the highways or shivering on the streets; you have shuddered at the sound of the maniac's scream upon the burdened air; you have beheld the human form divine despoiled of every humanizing attribute, transformed from an angel into a devil; you have seen virtue crushed by vice; the bright eye lose its lustre, the lips their power of articulation; you have seen what was clean become foul, what was upright become crooked, what was high become low -- man, first in the order of created things, sunken to the level with brute beasts; after all these you have or may have said to yourself, "All this is the work of the terrible demon, alcohol." -- Luther Benson.

6. ALL MILKED OUT. -- A missionary was to address the congregation at the evening service, at which time it was customary to take an offering for missions. The pastor had the ushers pass the plates and take an offering for the church at the beginning of the service, leaving the missionary to get what he could at the close. When the address was ended, the speaker said, "I have heard the story of the small boy who was on his first visit to his uncle's farm. At breakfast he heard that the uncle's Jersey cow had been stolen during the night."

"'That's a good joke on the man who stole her,' was the boy's comment.

"'Why?' asked the uncle.

"'Cause, just before supper last night, the hired man took all the milk out of her.'

"I trust the joke will not be on me tonight," the speaker added.

7. AMBITION. -- Sir, the subjects of mere partisan controversy which have been chiefly discussed here and in the country, so far, are not the causes, but only the symptoms or developments of the malady which is to be healed. These causes are to be found in the nature of man and in the peculiar nature of our system of governments. Thirst for power and place, or preeminence, -- in a word, ambition, -- is one of the strongest and earliest developed passions of man. It is as discernible in the schoolboy as in the statesman. It belongs alike to the individual and to masses of men, and is exhibited in every gradation of society, from the family up to the highest development of the State. In all voluntary associations of any kind, and in every ecclesiastical organization, also, it is equally manifested. It is the sin by which the angels fell. No form of government is exempt from it; for even the absolute monarch is obliged to execute his authority through the instrumentality of agents; and ambition here courts one master instead of many masters. As between foreign States, it manifests itself in schemes of conquest and territorial aggrandizement. In despotisms, it is shown in intrigues, assassinations and revolts, In constitutional monarchies and in aristocracies, it exhibits itself in contests among the different orders of society and the several interests of agriculture, trade, commerce and the professions. In democracies, it is seen everywhere, and in its highest development; for here all the avenues to political place and preferment, and

emolument, too, are open to every citizen; and all movements and all interests of society, and every great question, -- moral, social, religious, scientific, -- no matter what, assumes, at some time or other, a political complexion, and forms a part of the election issues and legislation of the day. Here, when combined with interest, and where the action of the Government may be made a source of wealth, then honor, virtue, patriotism, religion, all perish before it. No restraints and no compacts can bind it. -- Clement L. Vallandigham.

8. AMBITION (Address to Students). -- The strongest temptation which will beset you is to live and act under the influence of ambition, and to sell your time, and effort, and yourself indeed, for human applause. There is no stream so sweet as that which flows from this fountain. But you little know the dangers which wait around the man who would drink here -- the archers which lie in ambush. There are so many things to diminish the gratifications which ambition bestows, that, were there no higher, no nobler end of existence, it would seem dangerous to pursue this. There are vexations, and certain disappointments, attending him who lives for the good opinion of men, which are unknown till they come upon you, but which are distressing in the extreme when they do come. That desire after fame which moves you, soon becomes feverish, and is constantly growing stronger and stronger. And in proportion to your desire for applause, and the good opinion of men, is your mortification deep and distressing when applause is withheld. If praise elates and excites you, the withholding that praise will proportionately sink your spirits and destroy your comfort. You are thus a mere football among men, thrown wherever they please and in the power of every man; for every man can take away your peace, if he pleases, and every man is more tempted to bestow censure than applause. If you set your heart on the applause of men, you will find that, if you receive them, the gift will not, and cannot, bestow positive happiness upon you, while the withholding of them will clothe you with certain and positive misery. A disappointed man of ambition is miserable, not because his loss is really so great, but because his imagination has for years been making it appear great to him. -- Rev. John Todd.

9. AMBITION, SELF-SACRIFICING. -- We need a loftier ideal to nerve us for heroic lives. To know and feel our nothingness without regretting it; to deem fame, riches, personal happiness, but shadows of which human good is the substance; to welcome pain, privation, ignominy, so that the sphere of human knowledge, the empire of virtue, be thereby extended: such is the soul's temper in which the heroes of the coming age shall be cast. When the stately monuments of mightiest conquerors shall have become shapeless and forgotten ruins, the humble graves of earth's Howards and Frys shall still be freshened by the tears of fondly admiring millions, and the proudest epitaph shall be the simple entreaty,

"Write me as one who loved his fellow-men."

Say not that I thus condemn and would annihilate ambition. The love of approbation, of esteem, of true glory, is a noble incentive, and should be cherished

to the end. But the ambition which points the way to fame over torn limbs and bleeding hearts, which joys in the Tartarean smoke of the battlefield, and the desolating tramp of the war-horse, -- that ambition is worthy only of "archangel ruined." To make one conqueror's reputation, at least one hundred thousand bounding, joyous, sentient beings must be transformed into writhing and hideous fragments, -- must perish untimely by deaths of agony and horror, leaving half a million widows and orphans to bewail their loss in anguish and destitution. This is too mighty, too awful a price to be paid for the fame of any hero, from Nimrod to Wellington. True fame demands no such sacrifices of others; it requires us to be reckless of the outward well-being of but one. It exacts no hecatomb of victims for each triumphal pile; for the more who covet and seek it, the easier and more abundant is the success of each and all. With souls of the celestial temper, each human life might be a triumph, which angels would lean from the skies delighted to witness and admire. -- Horace Greeley.

10. AMERICA. -- America, the eyes of the world are upon thee. Thou livest for the world. The new era is shedding its light upon thee, and through thee upon the world. Thy greatness and thy power dazzle me; thy responsibilities to God and humanity dazzle me -- I would say affright me. America, thou failing, democracy and liberty fail throughout the world. And now America, the country of our pride, of our love, of our hope, we remit for today and for tomorrow into the hands of the Almighty God under whose protecting aegis thou canst not fail, whose commandments are the supreme rule of truth and righteousness. -- Archbishop John Ireland.

11. AMERICA, THE DESTINY OF. -- We stand the latest, and, if we fail, probably the last, experiment of self-government by the people. We have begun it under circumstances of the most auspicious nature. We are in the vigor of youth. Our growth has never been checked by the oppressions of tyranny. Our constitutions have never been enfeebled by the vices or luxuries of the Old World. Such as we are, we have been from the beginning; simple, hardy, intelligent, accustomed to self-government and self-respect. The Atlantic rolls between us and any formidable foe.

Within our own territory, stretching through many degrees of latitude and longitude, we have the choice of many products, and many means of independence. The government is mild. The press is free. Religion is free. Knowledge reaches, or may reach, every home. What fairer prospects of success could be presented? What means more adequate to accomplish the sublime end? What more is necessary than for the people to preserve what they themselves have created?

Already has the age caught the spirit of our institutions. It has already ascended the Andes, and snuffed the breezes of both oceans. It has infused itself into the life-blood of Europe, and warmed the sunny plains of France, and the lowlands of Holland. It has touched the philosophy of Germany and the North, and, moving onward to the South, has opened to Greece the lessons of her better days.

Can it be that America, under such circumstances, can betray herself? that she is to be added to the catalogue of republics, the inscription upon whose ruins is, "They were, but they are not?" Forbid it, my countrymen; forbid it, Heaven! -- Joseph Story.

12. AMERICA, THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF. -- The Old World has already revealed to us, in its unsealed books, the beginning and end of all its own marvelous struggles in the cause of liberty. Greece, lovely Greece, "the land of scholars and the nurse of arms," where sister republics in fair procession chanted the praises of liberty and the gods, -- where and what is she? For two thousand years the oppressor has bound her to the earth. Her arts are no more. The last sad relics of her temples are but the barracks of a ruthless soldiery; the fragments of her columns and her palaces are in the dust, yet beautiful in ruin. She fell not when the mighty were upon her. Her sore were united at Thermopylae and Marathon; and the tide of her triumph rolled back upon the Hellespont. She was conquered by her own factions. She fell by the hands of her own people. The men of Macedonia did not the work of destruction. It was already done, by her own corruptions, banishments, and dissensions.

Rome, republican Rome, whose eagles glanced in the rising and setting sun, -- where and what is she? The Eternal City yet remains, proud even in her desolation, noble in her decline, venerable in the majesty of religion, and calm as in the composure of death. The malaria has but travelled in the paths worn by her destroyers. More than eighteen centuries have mourned over the loss of her empire. A mortal disease was upon her vitals before Caesar had crossed the Rubicon. The Goths, and Vandals, and Huns, the swarms of the North, completed only what was already begun at home. Romans betrayed Rome. The legions were bought and sold, but the people offered the tribute-money.

When we reflect on what has been, and is, how is it possible not to feel a profound sense of the responsibility of this republic to all future ages! What vast motives press upon us for lofty efforts! What brilliant prospects invite our enthusiasm! What solemn warnings at once demand our vigilance, and moderate our confidence! -- Joseph Story.

13. AMERICAN PROGRESS. -- Sir, public opinion scorns the presumptuous thought that you can restrain this growing country within the narrow sphere of action originally assigned to its nascent energies, and keep it eternally bound up in swaddles. As the infant grows, it requires a more substantial nourishment, a more active exercise. So the lusty appetite of its manhood would ill fare with what might satisfy the soberer demands of its youth. Do not, therefore, attempt to stop it on its onward career; for as well might you command the sun not to break through the fleecy clouds that herald its advent in the horizon, or to shroud itself in gloom and darkness as it ascends the meridian. -- Pierre Soule. -- From a speech delivered in the Senate Chamber of the United States, March 12th, 1852.

14. AMERICANISM. -- You are an American -- remember that; and be proud of it, too. It is the noblest circumstance in your life. Think what it means; the greatest people on earth -- to be one of that people; the most powerful Nation -- to be a member of that Nation; the best and freest institutions among men -to live under those institutions; the richest land under any flag-to know that land for your country and your home; the most fortunate period in human history -- to live in Such a day. That is a dim and narrow outline of what it means to be an American. Glory in that fact, therefore, your very being cannot be too highly charged with Americanism. And do not be afraid to assert it. -- A. J. Beveridge.

15. ANARCHY. -- (Supposed speech by a professional anarchist) --
"Comrades, I rejoice with you to-night that the hosts of degraded toil are mustering for war. We battle for the destruction of the system of wage-slaving. It is a fight for liberty, a fight for wife and child, a fight for bread. What is the monstrous wrong that in a land of gold dispenses lavish favors to the lazy few, and binds the millions of honest toilers with chains of penury and want? It is the curse of Private Property. Property is theft, because it enables him, who has not produced to consume the fruits of other people s toils.

"In the past twenty years the wealth of this country has increased over twenty billions of dollars, every cent derived from the labor of the working class. Into whose hands has this wealth found its way? Have you any of it? ('No,' says a voice in the crowd, 'but we helped to produce it.') I'll tell you where it is. In the three cities, New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, are twenty men who hold, as private property over \$750,000,000. In twenty years these aristocratic pickpockets have fleeced the people of that enormous sum, and only three cities and twenty robbers heard from. This is why, in a land of plenty, tramps and starvelings multiply their dismal hordes. This is the glorious land of millionaires and tramps. Your wages are reduced to the starvation point, and you are told the trouble is over-production. You produce too many shoes, therefore you must go barefooted. You produce too much clothing, therefore you must go naked. You produce too much grain, therefore you must starve. Men of toil, how long will you basely cringe, while the lash of avarice lays welts upon your backs? Do not hope for relief from the government. The law-givers are the hired hands of the property-class. They make laws only for the rich. Then capital goes to court and buys judge and jury. The whole machinery of law is geared for oppression. The government must be overthrown. Anarchy, the only law of liberty, must take its place.

"Comrades, the time for revolution has come. Our weapons -- torch, pistol, dynamite. Assert your rights at once, or you are cowards. Look at these great factories and massive blocks. Capital has stolen them from you. See the gilded palaces of luxury. You have built them for idlers, while your own families are homeless. Lift up your starving children. Let them look upon the tables of the rich heaped with viands snatched from their hungry mouths. Go forth to-night; take

back your stolen property. If you set afire the dwellings of the capitalist, or blow up his mill or factory, no matter; it is yours. You have earned it; he has taken it away from you. You have the right to burn what is your own. And if you chance to take a life or two, no matter; it is not murder to kill the pirate or the highway robber. In his greed he kills those dear to you. You strike for your rights. Your wife and children go cold and hungry. Sickness follows. No money for medicine or doctor. And so death comes. I knew such a man; only yesterday for the lack of money to hire the hearse he carried the rough coffin of his murdered child upon his shoulder to the grave; and on the street he met his heartless employer, with liveried lackeys, riding at his ease. Workmen, awake! Away with such infamy! The tocsin of war has sounded-death to the capitalist. (A voice: 'Down with the millionaires! Kill them to a man!') Let robbers and pirates meet the fate they deserve-death. Come up from the hovels of serfs, and take the torch for vengeance! Come out of the treadmills of despair, and sweep your slave drivers to destruction! Burn and kill! Hurl the plundering syndicate of capital to perdition!" -- From Oration by H. H. Russell on Mob and Law.

16. ANY BOUNTY. -- Alfalfa Ike -- "What happened to that tenderfoot who was out here last week?" Badger Pete -- "Oh, he was brushin' his teeth with some of that new-fangled tooth paste and one of the boys thought he had hydrophoby and shot him." -- Washington Evening Star.

17. APOSTASY, NATION'S. -- The hour of our temptation is at hand. Like Hercules, the young republic stands today at the parting of the ways. Empire and military glory lure us on; but above their siren songs methinks I hear voices of the past crying to us across the ages. From the shattered columns of the Parthenon, from crumbling Rome, and from the dust of Carthage, they speak to us. From dungeons, from martyr's stake, from all the battlefields that scar man's upward path, countless voices adjure us to be faithful to our trust. If we are true to the declaration of the fathers, true to ourselves, and true to God, then, when at length civilization is consummated, and a grateful world rears on the Saratoga of the past some memorial to the nations, no empty niche shall record this nation's apostasy. No, in one arch they will put the figure of the Jew, child of faith; he taught the world religion. In another, the Greek; he gave deathless art. In another, the Roman; he gave law and government. But fairer and more majestic than all, is the figure of Columbia; at her feet are broken chains, and on her brow the diadem of peace -- she made men free. -- Clarence E. McCartney in National Apostasy.

18. APOTHEGMS. -- Let us learn to be content with what we have, with the place we have in life. Let us get rid of our false estimates, let us throw down the god Money from its pedestal, trample that senseless idol under foot, set up all the higher ideals -- a neat home, vines of our own planting, a few books full of the inspiration of genius, a few friends worthy of being loved, and able to love us in return; a hundred innocent pleasures that bring no pain or remorse, a devotion to the right that will never swerve, a simple religion empty of all bigotry, full of hope

and trust and love, and to such a philosophy this world will give up all the joy it has.
..

Thinkers alone cannot make a great period. The glory of Christ was not that he knew much, but that he loved much.

A novel is the world's truth with a beautiful woman walking through it. . .

As the sky has a higher dome than St. Peter's, so has nature a greater architect than Angelo. . .

When a man pursues money only, his features become narrowed; his eyes shrink and converge; his smile, when he has any, hardens; his language fails of poetry and ornament; his letters to a friend dwindle down to a telegraphic dispatch; he seems to have no time for anything, because his heart has only one thing for which it wishes -- time. -- David Swing.

19. APPETITES, PASSIONS, CONSCIENCE. -- No argument need be urged to show how utterly unworthy of his education, of his friends, and of himself, he acts, who so degrades himself as to make the appetites and passions of his animal nature the object of life, and who looks to them for happiness. Let him know that there is not an appetite to be gratified, which does not pall and turn to an enemy the moment it has become his master. It makes him a slave, with all his degradation and sorrow, without any of the slave's freedom from thought and anticipation. You cannot give way to your appetite, without feeling instant and constant degradation; and he who sinks in such a way that he despises himself, will soon be a wretch indeed. Conscience can be deadened and murdered in no way so readily as by such indulgence: the mind can be weakened, and every intellectual effort forever killed in no way so readily as in this. If you would at once seal your degradation, for time and eternity, and forever blast every hope of peace, greatness, or usefulness, I can tell you how to do it all You have only to cultivate your appetites, and give way to the demands of your passions, and drink of those stolen waters which are sweet, and eat of that bread, in secret, which is forbidden, and you may rest assured that you have chosen a path which is straight -- but it is straight to ruin. -- Rev. John Todd.

20. ATHEIST, THE. -- There was a celebrated poet, who was an atheist -- or at least professed to be so. According to him there was no God. Very strange! A rude heap of bricks shot from a cart upon the ground was never seen to arrange itself into the doors, stairs, chambers, and chimneys of a house. The dust and filings on a brass-founder's table had never been known to form themselves into the wheels and mechanism of a watch. The types loosely flung from the founder's mould never yet fell into the form of a poem, such as Homer, or Dante, or Milton would have constructed. The rudest hut of Bushmen, the Indian's simple canoe -- fashioned by fire from a forest tree, the plainest clay urn, in which savage affection had enshrined the ashes of the dead, were never supposed to owe their form to the

hands of chance. Yet this man believed (if it is possible to think so,) that nature's magnificent temple was built without an architect, her flowers of glorious beauty were colored without a painter, and her intricate, complicated, but perfect machinery constructed without an intelligent mind. According to him there was no God -- the belief in a God was a delusion, prayer a base superstition, and religion but the iron fetters of a rapacious priesthood. So he held when sailing over the unruffled surface of the Aegean Sea. But the scene changed; and, with the scene, his creed. The heavens began to scowl on him; and the deep uttered an angry voice, and, as if in astonishment at this God-denying man, "lifted up his hands on high." The storm increased until the ship became unmanageable. She drifted before the tempest. The terrible cry, "breakers ahead!" was soon heard; and how they tremble to see death seated on the horrid reef-waiting for his prey! A few moments more, and the crash comes. They are whelmed in the devouring sea? No. They were saved by a singular providence. Like apprehended evils, which, in a Christian's experience, prove to be blessings, the wave, which flung them forward on the horrid reef, came on in such mountain volume as to bear and float them over into the safety of deep and ample sea-room. But ere that happened, a companion of the atheist -- who, seated on the prow, had been taking his last regretful look of heaven and earth, sea and sky-turned his eyes down upon the deck, and there, among papists, who told their beads and cried to the virgin, he saw the atheist prostrated with fear. The tempest had blown away his fine-spun speculations like so many cobwebs; and he was on his knees, imploring God for mercy. In that hour -- in that terrible extremity -- Nature rose in her might, asserted her supremacy, vindicated the claims of religion, smote down infidelity by a stroke, and bent the stubborn knees of atheism in lowliest prayer. -- The Gospel in Ezekiel.

21. ATTENTION. -- Attention, the giving heed to what is going on, marks the difference between failure and success. Attention is one of the basic facts of the mind. It may be absent, reduced considerably by routine, habit and constant repetition, as is unhappily the experience of most persons, or it may be intensified and alert. The difference between a captain of industry, a fairly successful man, a clerk, a clod-hopper and an indolent loafer is, after all, often measurable by their degrees of attention. -- Dr. H. L. Hirshberg.

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B--SUBJECTS

22. BANKRUPTCY. -- Great is Bankruptcy; the great bottomless gulf into which all Falsehoods, public and private, do sink, disappearing; wither, from the first origin of them, they were all doomed, for Nature is true, and not a lie. No lie you can speak or act but it will come, after longer or shorter circulation, like a bill drawn on Nature's Realty, and be presented there for payment, with the answer. No effects. Pity only that it often had so long a circulation -- that the original forger were so seldom he who bore the final smart of it! Lies, and the burden of evil they bring, are passed on; shifted from back to back, and from rank to rank; and so land

ultimately on the dumb lowest rank who, with spade and mattock, with sore heart and empty wallet, daily come in contact with reality and and can pass the cheat no longer. -- Carlyle.

23. BELIEVER, A. -- How happy, yet how strange a man is he. Those paradoxes by which Paul described him -- "Unknown, and yet well known; dying, and behold we live; sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; poor, yet making many rich; having nothing, and yet possessing all things" -- admit of important additions. Kill him, and he lives; bury him, and he rises; exalt him, and he is humbled; humble him, and he is exalted; curse him, and he prays for you; hate him, and he loves you; an orphan, he clings to a living father; a widow, she sleeps on the bosom of a living husband.

24. BELIEVING. -- Dr. J. R. Howerton used to tell his congregation in the South how old "Uncle Charlie" illustrated his faith in the Gospel of the cross for sinners. On his death-bed this former slave, who could not read, sent for Dr. Howerton, asked him to read John 3:16, and then said, "Marse Jim, sign my name to dat verse and lemme tech de pen." Uncle Charlie had had a cabin and lot deeded to him and understood the making of a contract. In delirium, when he was dying, the old Negro cried out, "I ain't got nothin' to do to be saved but to believe on de Lord Jesus Christ, and I done signed de Bible to show dat I do." -- Sunday School Times. [This story smacks of of the False Doctrine of "Easy Believe-ism" -- viz. a supposed faith for salvation accompanied by none of the "works meet for repentance" (Acts 26:20) which always accompany true saving faith. -- DVM]

25. BIBLE. -- No book has been so fiercely attacked in every age as the Bible. And after its teaching had conquered the civilization of the world, and that civilization became professedly Christian, that civilization went over to the Devil, and the church itself tried to burn up all the Bibles in the world; but Church and State, infidel and pagan, criminal and philosopher, have all failed to destroy it. The Bible is no feeble child begging in the streets of our Vanity Fair, but it is a lofty giant, his mother Love, his father God, and his strides over toppling thrones and down the ages have awakened the dead. He shakes thunder from his flowing hair, and his armor shines like the sun. The breath of God was the furnace blast, and Horeb's top the anvil, when Jehovah forged him helmet, breastplate and buckler; and the infant Jesus gave him a sword out of heaven's armory, and while John fell worshiping, the stars danced in the sky to the song of the angels, when he was commissioned to take the world. Kill him? Kill an archangel? Kill the Lord of glory again? Kill God? Priest and infidel, get out of the way! God's eternal truth owns the eternal years, and the Bible yet will be the code of all nations, the arbiter of all questions, the referee in all disputes, the grand court of appeal for the world, and the Bible and Jesus will be King of the world. Go on, blessed old Book! -- Let wicked men scoff. Go on, and teach the rich man how to use his wealth, the poor man how to be happy in his cabin -- teach all men the way of salvation; and when we die give us a promise and hope of immortality, and kindle a light in our graves

which all hell cannot blow out and you have done for us what all the world's philosophy never dreamed of. -- Rev. W. E. Munsey.

26. BOUQUETS, LIVING. -- When I quit this mortal shore, and mosey 'round the earth no more, don't weep, don't sigh, don't sob; I may have struck a better job.

Don't go and buy a large bouquet, for which you'll find it hard to pay; don't mope around and feel all blue -- I may be better off than you.

Don't tell the folks I was a saint, or any old thing that I ain't; if you have jam like that to spread, please hand it out before I'm dead.

If you have roses, bless your soul, just pin one in my button-hole while I'm alive and well -- today. Don't wait until I've gone away. -- Anon.

27. BOOKKEEPING, TRIPLE ENTRY. -- An employer was examining an applicant for the job of bookkeeping.

"Of course, you understand double entry?" he said.

"Oh, sure!" said the applicant. "The last place I had I kept the books triple entry: -- one set for the boss, showing the real profits, a second for the shareholders, showing no profits, and a third set for the income tax people showing a loss." -- Financial News.

28. BOYHOOD. -- Oh, the eagerness and freshness of youth! How the boy enjoys his food, his sleep, his sports, his companions, his truant days! His life is an adventure, he is widening his outlook, he is extending his dominion, he is conquering his kingdom. How cheap are his pleasures, how ready his enthusiasm! In boyhood I have had more delight on a haymow with two companions and a big dog -- delight that came nearer intoxication -- than I have ever had in all the subsequent holidays of my life. When youth goes much goes with it. When manhood comes much comes with it. We exchange a world of delightful sensations and impressions for a world of duties and studies and meditations. The youth enjoys what the man tries to understand. Lucky is he who gets his grapes to market and keeps the bloom upon them, who can carry some of the freshness and eagerness and simplicity of youth into his later years, who can have a boy's heart below a man's head. -- John Burroughs.

29, BRITISH INFLUENCE. -- Against whom are these charges of British predilection brought? Against men who, in the war of the revolution, were in the councils of the nation, or fighting the battles of your country.

Strange, that we should have no objection to any other people or government, civilized or savage, in the whole world! The great autocrat of all the Russias receives the homage of our high consideration. The Dey of Algiers and his

divan of pirates are a very civil, good sort of people, with whom we find no difficulty in maintaining the relations of peace and amity. "Turks, Jews, and Infidels," or the barbarians and savages of every clime and color, are welcome to our arms. With chiefs of banditti, Negro or Mulatto, we can treat and can trade. Name, however, but England, and all our antipathies are up in arms against her. Against whom? Against those whose blood runs in our veins; in common with whom, we claim Shakespeare, and Newton, and Chatham, for our countrymen; whose government is the freest on earth, our own only excepted; from whom every valuable principle of our own institutions has been borrowed -- representation, trial by jury, voting the supplies, writ of habeas corpus -- our whole civil and criminal jurisprudence. In what school did the worthies of our land, the Washingtons, Henrys, Hancocks, Franklins, Rutledges of America, learn those principles of civil liberty which were so nobly asserted by their wisdom and valor? American resistance to British usurpation has not been more warmly cherished by these great men and their compatriots -- not more by Washington, Hancock and Henry -- than by Chatham and his illustrious associates in the British parliament.

It ought to be remembered, too, that the heart of the English people was with us. It was a selfish and corrupt ministry, and their servile tools, to whom we were not more opposed than they were. I trust that none such may ever exist among us; for tools will never be wanting to subserve the purposes, however ruinous or wicked, of kings and ministers of state. I acknowledge the influence of a Shakespeare and a Milton upon my imagination, of a Locke upon my understanding, of a Sidney upon my political principles, of a Chatham upon qualities which, would to God, I possessed in common with that illustrious man! This is a British influence which I can never shake off. -- John Randolph.

30. BROTHERHOOD. -- The glorious hymns of victory which Moses sang and Miriam echoed back on the shores of the Red Sea; the strains of Jeremiah, tear-steeped in the prophet's own sorrow; the heart-burst of grief from the trembling strings of David's harp; the rich melodies breaking forth from the lips of a Handel or Mozart, blending from a thousand voices from moorland and mountain sides, proclaim the brotherhood of song, and with mightier expression declare that impulses, wants and woes of humanity are as the impulses, wants and woes of one man. As culture advances, secrets unfold from nature, powers delved from the earth, wisdom drawn from the skies, conspire to break down barriers of prejudice and unite mankind in enduring fraternity. The philosopher who reads in nature the hand-writing of Deity; the metaphysician who reduces chaotic thought to principles; the poet whose harp is the universe, and who plays on the strings of a million hearts; the artist who visits the spirit land and brings down to our grosser sense its archetypes of ideal beauty, sit together as one family, joined in one unity of purpose to elevate the race, and together are throwing open the portals of learning for the oncoming nations. -- Oration by Thomas L. Coultas.

31. BROTHERHOOD. -- Man is preeminently a social being. His social nature is the result of the interaction of all his separate and distinct natures. It consists in

a balance of faculties. It is higher than all others, because it includes them all. The industrial nature, the political nature, the intellectual nature and the religious nature are only the materials out of which the social nature is constructed.

Friendship, fraternity is the watchword of the age. The human race is drifting toward brotherhood. All the forces of history -- religious, industrial, political and social, -- are drawing and binding men together. Never did the human heart know and feel a broader and deeper fraternal feeling. Touch the chord of sympathy, and it vibrates around the world. Reason may teach the unity of God, faith leaps to a trinity, but faith and reason declare the fraternity of man.

32. BROWN, JOHN, ORATION ON. -- Far up the wooded slope of one of the Adirondacks there is a lone grave. It is marked by no tall monument, and but for its very remoteness and seclusion there in the wildness of those enchanted hills, it might be passed unnoticed. An old mossy tombstone resting against a huge rock marks it. There are several inscriptions upon the stone. One faintly records the death of a Revolutionary patriot. Beneath it another, a strange companion for the former, reads: "John Brown, executed at Charlestown, Va., December 2d, 1859." At these words the bleak and cold Adirondacks vanish. The summits of the Blue Ridge appear in the distance. The Shenandoah winds dreamily through its fertile valley. Northward the heights along the Potomac are seen, and nearer, the village of Charlestown. And see! Beyond the village spires a gibbet arises against the blue sky, and from the gloomy prison an old man with flowing beard and hoary head, like a prophet of old, is led out to die -- John Brown, the traitor or the patriot, the murderer or the martyr -- which?

One generation makes history, the next records it. It is ours to collect the memorials of our Civil War. Every hamlet cherishes them; every city builds them in marble or bronze, but more universal than these is that dearer memorial of the heart which enshrines the heroes of that war. Time will erase all these, and the coming centuries will know but two characters as representatives of this period -- Lincoln the Emancipator, and Grant the Soldier. Yet there is another, who, from his peculiar part in the struggle, cannot be soon forgotten -- the grim, gray herald of the conflict. Before him we pause in doubt. His only monument is a gibbet, his epitaph, "traitor;" yet we seem to hear the war-cry of the Union armies marching to victory, led by that soul whose body lay moldering on the distant mountain.

The striking singularity of his life has made its outlines familiar. It seems taken from the chronicles of another page. It has no counterpart in American history. An old man, Brown left his wild home on the Adirondacks to take part in the Slavery struggle in Kansas. Impatient of the peaceful submission of the Free-State settlers, he at once resisted the depredations and outrages of the pro-slavery men, and began retaliatory measures. With a small band of men, among them his sons, he committed that deed known as the Pottawatomie murders, dragging from their homes at midnight five unarmed pro-slavery men and killing them in cold blood. In the border warfare thus begun he took so prominent a part that the very name of

"Old John Brown" was a source of terror to his enemies. When the struggle ended, he left Kansas and conveyed a number of slaves from Missouri to Canada. A few months later he made his startling appearance at Harper's Ferry; seized the national arsenal, held it for two days. Finally captured, he was tried, convicted, hanged.

Such is the brief story of his life as the world knows it; yet little of the man is revealed in these bare facts. Lives are measured by motives and results. His life was noble or base, great or insignificant, according as the motives inspiring it were noble or base, the influence exerted by it great or mean.

Many judge him wholly by these facts. To them his deeds are the plottings of a heart burning for revenge. He entered Kansas to avenge the wrongs of his sons, to fight Missouri, to incite war between the North and South. Urged by his blind insanity and frenzied hate he made the foolish and criminal attack upon Harper's Ferry, and was rightly adjudged murderer, insurrectionist, traitor. True, in the midst of his murderous deeds he avowedly sought the freedom of the slave. But assassins of presidents have pleaded the good of the country; and the anarchist, as he hurls his bomb, shouts for the liberty of the oppressed. Is Brown, then, for this the less a traitor, the more a patriot? If a crazed fanatic, under the pretext of a worthy end, may thus take the law into his own hands and execute it after his own insane idea, where is our protection against the outlaw and the mob? We were at that time in a critical position. But for this mad act the sectional chasm, by a few more delicately arranged compromises, would have been successfully bridged, thousands of lives and millions of dollars saved, and slavery quietly and peacefully removed. Others hold that his influence in bringing on the war was infinitesimal. Like other fanatics, he leaped beyond the defensive ramparts of common prudence, and falling, the conservative, the sensible men, were left to defend the principle and secure the object for which he foolishly and futilely became a martyr.

If, then, we measure his deeds by the standard of human law; if we view his life in its rugged exterior alone; if we estimate his influence by the unsuccessful end of his designs -- his character must be denounced, his life be termed a failure, and his whole public career be utterly condemned.

As great worlds course nightly through the skies unseen do they not reflect the light of a hidden sun? So the life of John Brown would long since have gone out in darkness did it not shine with the light of eternal right and moral heroism. The purpose which inspired his life was the emancipation of the slave, and behind that purpose was compassion for the oppressed -- a purpose born of the "Puritan idea," of freedom and justice, by his direct descent. Note the steps: His ancestors fled from Europe to America for individual liberty; his grandfather died in the war of the Revolution for the liberty of his countrymen; he was executed for the liberty of a despised race.

With a Puritan sternness he had more than a Puritan tenderness. See him as he sits watching through the long winter night by the bedside of that sick child.

Note the kindness with which he always treated his prisoners; the gentleness with which, when on trial, he met the curses of his foes, the rebukes of his friends; or see him as on his way to the gallows he stoops to kiss that Negro child. Can you believe that revenge could live in that heart? Ah! no. It was the wail of a race in bondage ever ringing in his soul that led him on.

The black night of Pottawatomie is past. Through the trees that border the creek the morning sun shines upon the mutilated and bloody faces of five stark bodies. Where is the murderer? A short distance up the stream in the cover of the forest a little band of roughly clad men are seated around a rude table. They are silent as one of their number, an old man with long, white beard, in low broken tones asks a morning blessing. There are blood stains on his folded hands. What a scene is this! Hypocrite? No. Here is the true man consistent with himself. He saw that dark deed necessary, and he did it. Without the shedding of blood there was no remission of this sin. Slavery was not to be talked, preached, or educated out of existence. Men had talked, but the slave ships only increased their loads. The slave territory was widening. With Kansas, more would be seized. What other means would answer? "Providence," said he, "has made me an actor, and slavery an outlaw." He took the law into his own hands, but for no personal interest. He struck, during a national crisis, upon the solid ground of real principle, in a cause not personal, not local, not even national, but human.

Fanatic, madman, fool, if you please; such have been the world's great reformers -- men who stake their lives on a principle. "Wise men argue questions; fools decide them." Our legislators had discussed and enacted compromises for forty years. They had now removed that old landmark -- the Missouri Compromise -- and the western territory, once secure, was again within the reach of slavery. With the foresight of a statesman, Brown saw, and said, that slavery and the Union could not exist together; but wiser and more truly patriotic than the statesman who cried, "The Union, slavery or no slavery," he said, "Down with slavery." Upon that conviction he raised his arm in Kansas. The ruffians halted; the Free-State men took courage; the territory was won for freedom.

We are not surprised, then, to find in that last heroic scene of his life, daring, with a handful of men, to meet a nation; facing an ignominious death, and, what is worse, an all but universal execration for a race which had no rights white men were bound to respect. Mad as his attempt may appear, it has glorious parallels in history. Leonidas at Thermopylae, Schamy! on the borders of Russia, Toussaint L'Ouverture in St. Domingo, failed as did he. Had we stood beside him in Charlestown prison on the evening of his capture, we might have said, "Yes, he failed;" but today we say, "He did not fail." His death made all men either the friends or foes of slavery. Between the North and the South stood John Brown's gibbet. Henceforth it was slavery or Union. Compromise was no longer possible. Had he succeeded, he must have failed. His failure was his success.

"For humanity sweeps onward; where today the martyr stands

On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his hands;
Far in front the cross stands ready and the crackling fagots burn,
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden urn."

Fearlessly, heroically, he met his fate. Hear him as he stands before the Virginia court to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon him: "I see a book kissed here which I suppose to be the Bible. That book teaches me that all things 'whatsoever I would that men should do unto me I should do even so to them.' I have endeavored to act upon that instruction. I believe that to have interfered as I have in behalf of His despised poor was not wrong, but right. Had I so interfered in behalf of the rich, the powerful, the so-called great, every man in this court would have deemed it an act worthy of reward rather than punishment. Now, if it is judged necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children and with the blood of millions in this slave country whose rights are disregarded by wicked and unjust enactments, I submit." Byron dying amid the marshes of Missolinghi, La Fayette bleeding at Brandywine, and shall I say Washington at Valley Forge, showed not such disinterested bravery, such generous devotion. Traitor? Then were the brave who fell at Lexington traitors. They taught us this, "that we may resist with arms a law which violates the principles of natural justice." Emmet did it in Ireland; Wallace, in Scotland; Garibaldi, in Italy, and we honor them; John Brown did it in America, the land of the free, and we hanged him.

Is this his fitting and final reward? The soaring shaft that stands by Potomac's stream answers, No. The monuments, which a grateful people have erected to the memory of those who died for the slave, say, No. The gratitude of millions freed from bondage, says, No. And the day will come when even the mountains of Virginia will echo back the answer, No. -- Oration by J. H. Finley, of Knox College.

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C--SUBJECTS

33. CALAMITIES. -- It has been said that there are three calamities which may befall one at birth, because any one of these three things will cause one to be spoiled. And these three things are: To be born comely, to be born rich, or to be the only child in the family. For if one is born comely, his comeliness will spoil him. If born rich, his money will spoil him. If the only child in the family, his parents will spoil him. -- Rev. J. B. Chapman.

34. CAPITAL AND LABOR, CONFLICT OF. -- Let the song of Bethlehem's star peal on, peal on, till its melody touches every troubled spirit; touches them in the vaults of greed, in the homes of the lowly, in the camps of sin -- touches and

soothes and wins. Let the bugles of conscience sound the truce of God through the whole world forever!

When the barriers of mutual trust have been leveled and they will be; when we have a sober, an intelligent, and a Christian people -- and we will have them--the sounds of this conflict will die away, as the distant thunders of a stormy night recede and die before the breaking of the summer's dawn. With confidence established, right-relations will result, labor and capital will join hands, and this problem will be solved.

"A glory shines before us
Of what mankind shall be--
Pure, generous, brave and free:
A dream of man and woman,
Diviner still, but human,
Solving the problem old,
Shaping the age of gold.
Ring bells, in unreamed steeples,
The joy of unborn peoples;
Sound trumpeters, far off blown,
Your triumph is your own."

-- Albert J. Beveridge, closing paragraph of oration.

35. CHRIST AND THE CHURCH. -- How sweet and fragrant is the atmosphere of that home which is kept in the odor of purity by a chaste wife! No matter how protracted the absence of her husband, her instinctive purity preserves inviolate the sanctities of the place; the modest dignity of her spirit removes her utterly from temptation; no lustful dalliance dares attempt her hand; evil avoids the threshold; even in his absence, her husband's name is another word for honor; no presence is allowed, no word is spoken, that would shame him if he were there. . .

I have seen a young man, the noble son of a noble sire, when he brought his bride home to his father's house; he had chosen her from among all the women in the world; he loved her with all the fullness of an uncorrupted heart; it was the mighty outgoing of a fresh, strong nature. She was fit to be the wife of such a man; she was as complete in her womanliness as he in his manliness; and now, at this supreme moment of her destiny, her whole nature, soul and body, had been fused into sensibility; her face was lit with the chaste warmth of bridal consciousness; her light, airy, elegant form was embodied gracefulness and poetry in every attitude, in every slightest movement; when she leaned upon her husband's arm, and looked up into his face, she was the picture of rapture in repose. The son had the full approbation of his father; of all the women he knew, he would have chosen this one to be the wife of his first-born.

What a day was that when her husband brought her home to his father's house! What preparations had been made to receive her! The house had been renovated, from top to bottom; the premises had been in an uproar for a week, making ready for the event; if it had been a queen that was coming, interest could not have been more intense; everything on the place had turned to heart; every nerve tingled a delicious welcome to the newcomer.

The day arrives, at last, and the hour; the bridegroom has come, with his bride; the welcome would be clamorous, if it were not so deep; the feeling of the younger children and of the servants has a touch of awe in it.

The father receives her with quiet dignity, but the respectful kiss is the seal of purest affection, and the deep bass of his voice, slightly tremulous, gives her a daughter's quiet consciousness in his presence at once; she looks into his face, and sees the glow of his countenance; from that hour her heart is at peace under his roof. The younger children come hesitatingly about her chair, and timidly finger the fringes of her garments; if she looks at one with a smile, he can scarcely contain himself for an hour; a kiss upon the forehead is enough to put him into ecstasies for a week. With what sensitive eagerness they speak to her, in tremulous undertone, calling her sister! The word never had such a meaning before, nor the syllables of it so sweet a sound; it is another word for tenderness and beauty. The very servants move about with unwonted activity and interest -- for there were black domestics in the house, born and bred on the place; they have caught the infection of love and interest and joy; everything the young mistress touches seems almost sacred to them; they sweep the carpet with greater care, because she is to tread upon it; the very stairway seems different after she has tripped up and down it once; everything seems different; a new expression is in everything; the light is purer, and as the sunshine from the window lies upon the carpet, you might imagine it to be the bright shadow of God's peace that came into the house with the bride.

After nightfall she walks to and fro over the greensward, under the shade trees and in the light of the full moon, leaning on the arm of her husband, and talking with him in low tones; the very moon looks purer, as it floats above her head, and the grass more brightly green after her robe has swept over it. There was never a joy so great or so diffusive in that house.

The day comes when the heavenly Bridegroom will bring his Bride home to the Father's house; he is there now, making ready -- preparing a place for her before he comes again to bring her away. That will be the day of days, even in heaven; it has been looked to from the dawn of creation; angel-ministers have been engaged in preparation; God the Father looks upon the Bride with approval; the last earth-stain has been washed from her garments by the blood of the Lamb; a vast concourse of the sons of immortality is coming to join the procession; the frame of nature throughout the universe is to be taken down and built anew, in more perfect forms of beauty and grandeur, in honor of the event; "the Lord himself shall

descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God." Then shall he return with the risen and glorified Church; the gates of the celestial city are in sight; they are thrown open; the family of heaven are grouped and waiting; a new feeling of tenderness and interest deepens the sensibilities even of that world; the Church, redeemed with blood, is coming home with her Redeemer, radiant with his glory; nearest his person, and most fully in his likeness of all created things, she is the centre of interest and in the place of honor; she was created from his side, and the glory of his nature is upon her brow; she enters, leaning on her Beloved; angels, quivering with delight, and eager to do her service, hover about her way; they will bear messages to and fro, swift as lightning; they will sweep the invisible dust of the golden pavement with their wings, before her white-shod feet shall pass; the celestial glory is heightened by the glow of her countenance, as she looks into the face of her Lord; her passing form is mirrored in the sea of glass; the princes and potentates of glory await her coming with their homage; she passes into the palace of the Great King, still leaning on her Lord; the Father smiles; she is at home; the Son takes the throne with the Father, the Bride is with him, throned at his side; all the harps and voices of heaven break forth with a new song, and the music deepens, swells, and vibrates, till the very thrones tremble to the melody; the crown is brought forth -- the crown of life; the triumphant hand of her Lord places it on her head; it is gemmed with diamonds, cut at ten thousand angles, every flaming facet flashing back and augmenting the celestial radiance; at the right hand of her King she sits, regnant in beauty, with the port of an empress and the heart of a bride, to reign with him forever; in the Father's house, like a child at home, she shall go in and out, diffusing beauty and love and blessedness.

The purposes of God are consummated; created being has reached its highest expression through the agony of the God-man; the Creator sees himself mirrored in the creature, and the glorified Church is the crown and joy of heaven. Even the angels come to a higher destiny in the household of the Bride; they find a deeper joy in her transcendent destiny, and through her find places nearer to the Lord.

Shall we be there, blood-washed, to sin no more? we, so weak, so polluted, now?

Yes, even we may have hope! But only the power of God can keep us against that day. -- From a sermon by Bishop E. M. Marvin.

36. CHRISTIAN, A TRUE. -- The world once boasted of possessing seven wonders; but a greater than any or all of them is, a true Christian. His feelings, enjoyments, aims and objects are such, that he is more than a wonder; he is a mystery which none but those initiated, like himself, in the mysteries of the faith, are able to comprehend. Dying, yea, by nature "dead in trespasses and sins," he lives; sorrowing, he rejoices; having nothing, he possesses all things; poor, he makes many rich; reversing the common proverb, that "seeing is believing," he believes more firmly in what he does not see than in what he sees; contrary to the

ordinary laws of nature, he is more powerfully attracted by distant objects than by near ones; his well, like Israel's of old, is a flinty rock; his bread grows on barren sands; his homeward path is at the beginning through a tumultuous sea, and at the end through a dark, roaring flood. He is confident of wanting nothing yet depends on the bounty of One who depended for His own bread on others, and had not a place where to lay His head; for his joys, he looks to One who was a Man of Sorrows; and expects a crown of glory from Him who wore no crown on earth but a wreath of thorns. -- Thomas Guthrie.

37. CHRISTIANITY, SHALLOW. -- When we survey the characteristics of our times, -- the unrighteousness, the untruthfulness, the avarice, the lustfulness, the crime, the hollow-heartedness, and the untold hidden iniquities which prevail in all circles of church, business and state; when we consider the wickednesses which are perpetrated by people who call themselves Christians, and the shameless worldliness of professors of religion, and the wreck of all distinctive doctrinal belief, and the prostitution of the house of God and the sacred desk itself to vanity, politics, selfishness, sensuality and base trickery in the name of Jesus; when we look at the insubordination which is left to run riot in the great majority of so-called Christian families, and the secret vices and concealed bloodguilty crimes of so-called Christian husbands and wives, and the utter moral emptiness and incontinence of the mass of the busiest and noisiest modern religionists; when we consider the goings forth of sin in these days, like Death on the pale horse, with hell following in its train, and come to count up the names of those in our congregations whom we can confidently set down as true and thorough saints of God, -- we are sometimes tempted, with the Psalmist, to say, "All men are liars," and to doubt whether God has not resigned His dominion over mankind, and abandoned them to be drifted, by the whirlwinds of their own passions, to irremediable ruin. But, with all the hard things which we are in honesty and fairness compelled to write against the present population of Christendom, God has not left Himself without witnesses, and still has His true people, who have not kissed their hands nor bowed their knees to the reigning idolatry of the times. -- Rev. J. A. Seiss.

38. CHURCH, THE. -- The Church stands for law and order, good government and good morals. It is the greatest force in America for righteousness. Its influence means more for our security than a million policemen. It restrains evil doers and is a dynamic force in the lives of our good citizens. Like our public school system, its presence enhances every piece of property in our city and nation -- bootleg joints excepted.

The Church is the outstanding, distinguishing mark of civilized people. Its presence makes for morality and decency. Its absence would mean moral and spiritual darkness and decay. If we should remove the church from our midst our great Christian civilization would disintegrate and collapse, for no building can stand when the foundation is destroyed.

Men who "knock" the Church are digging at the foundation of their own homes and happiness and security. Men who give no support to the Church, personal, moral, or financial, are living off of its blessings and repudiating its claims. Every such one is ungrateful. It is the moral duty of every man to give his presence, his purse and his prayers to the support of the Church. -- Western Christian Advocate.

39. CHURCH, THE. -- The Church has withstood the revolutions of time, and the mutations of fortune; the desolating tread of ages, and the disintegration and downfall of dynasties; the ravages of famine, and the wasting scourge of pestilence. It outlived the flood, the confusion of languages, the brickyards of Goshen; it outlived the temple, outlived the Jews, outlived the astrological lore of the Chaldeans, the mythology of Greece and Rome; it outlived the opposition, the ecclesiastical and political convulsions of the dark ages. In the very hour of its extremest discouragement when weeping piety thought all was lost and laughing iniquity thought all was gained, the sun of the Reformation shone from its sanctuary and illumined the world. It has been attacked by the Devil and demons, physics and metaphysics, learning and ignorance, genius and talent, stratagem and chicanery, intrigue and diplomacy, irony and ridicule, sarcasm and invective, books and presses, mails and rostrums, sabres and cannons, prisons and inquisitions; in fact, all that the human mind has been able to invent, human skill execute, and human wisdom employ, have been arrayed against it; but irresistible and plenipotent, it has pressed its foes from field to field, and driven its conquering chariot over their fallen armies.

It is advancing and placing itself in sublimer attitudes every day. It will extend wider, rise higher, and shine brighter, till deception and error will vanish from the horizon of man's night, and leave it ablaze with effulgent day. It will extend its triumphs till human pride and human obstinacy shall meekly kneel and kiss its sceptre; till creeds and theories shall lay their crowns at its feet; and all the governments shall be swallowed up and lost in its all-absorbing, overshadowing and universal theocracy; till the Hindu with his Shaster and Veda, the Parsee with Zendavesta, the Buddhist with his Bedagat, the Jewish Rabbins with his Talmud, the Mohammedan with his Koran, shall all come trooping up and pile the volumes of their faith in one grand pyre at its threshold -- angels will kindle it, and the curling flames wreathing away into heaven will announce to the universe the completion of its victories and the perfection of its glories.

Married to the Lamb, with the moon, emblem of mutation, under her feet, the Church is traveling to her coronation. She is attired like a queen, her robe woven of sunbeams, and twelve lustrous stars shine in her crown. And by and by, while heaven's orchestra thunders, and antiphonies harmonious and grand go pealing from bank to bank of the river of life, and every breath of celestial ether is tremulous with music paeans and praise, she will ascend the hill of God, approach the Father's throne and present all her children there, born in travail here below, receive the Father's blessing and welcome, and escorted by angels, her jeweled

hand resting in the crucified hand of the Son of God and of Mary, will mount the throne by His side and be a queen forever. Glorious Alma Mater! Beautiful, beautiful and blessed Mother! She fed us on the milk of the Word when we were babes -- and on meat when we were stronger. Who does not love her? Can we forget her? No, never, never, never. -- Rev. W. E. Munsey.

40. CLOSING REMARKS. -- I now think of the young Irishman who recently came to this country. He and his brother were passing a grocery store.

"What's the green things on that stand?" he asked.

"Persimmons," replied the merchant, "fine when ripe but those are green. I'll give you a few, put them in your pocket. Take them home and let them ripen."

But the immigrant boy couldn't wait. When a block or two away from the store slyly he took a persimmon out of his pocket and bit into it. A moment afterwards he touched his brother on the arm.

"Tim," he said with some difficulty, "is there anything I ought to say to you?"

"Why, I dunno," said Tim, "why do you ask that?"

"Because," said the immigrant boy with a, wry face, "if there is, it's got to be quick, because I am -- I'm closing up."

41. CONFIDENTIAL CHAGRIN. -- A certain bank takes on a number of young men during the summer. On their salary receipts is printed a legend something like this: "Your salary, is your personal business -- a confidential matter -- and should not be disclosed to anybody else." One of the new boys in signing this receipt added: "I won't mention it. I am just as much ashamed of it as you are."

42. CONKLING'S "TURKEY-GOBBLER STRUT". -- As to the gentleman's cruel sarcasm, I hope he will not be too severe. The contempt of that large-minded gentleman is so wilting; his haughty disdain, his grandiloquent swell, his majestic, supereminent, overpowering, turkey-gobbler strut has been so crushing to myself and all the Members of this House, that I know it was an act of the greatest temerity for me to venture upon a controversy with him. But, sir, I know who is responsible for all this. I know that within the last five weeks, as Members of the House will recollect, an extra strut has characterized the gentleman's bearing. It is not his fault. It is the fault of another. That gifted and satirical writer, Theodore Tilton, of the New York Independent, spent some weeks recently in this city. His letters published in that paper embraced, with many serious statements, a little jocose satire, a part of which was the statement that the mantle of the late Winter Davis had fallen upon the Member from New York. The gentleman took it seriously, and it has given his strut additional pomposity. It is striking; Hyperion to a satyr, Thersites to Hercules, mud to marble, dunghill to diamond, a singed cat to a Bengal tiger, a whining puppy to a

roaring lion. Shade of the mighty Davis, forgive the almost profanation of that jocose satire. -- from the debate of April 30th, 1866 in the United States Senate. -- James G. Blaine.

43. CONSERVATISM VS. RADICALISM. -- The present generation seeks new worlds to conquer. It penetrates the social and moral life of man, and there endeavors to rival the material world in startling revolutions. This invasion of unknown regions calls together men of energy and character, but it also gathers in reckless adventurers. Vandals have arisen in the very realms of thought, wielding the intellectual weapons with ruthless hands. They cry against those who counsel moderation. They declare war on what they call the bigotry of the past. To avoid conservatism they leap into fanaticism. Determined to reform society by a single stroke, they bid defiance to reason and produce their legitimate fruits -- Socialism, Nihilism and Rebellion. Is there truth in their doctrines? Is their method in their madness? Let the horrors of the French Revolution be your answer! . . . There doubtless is a place in the world for radical reformers, and without question they perform a grand work by arousing to activity the public mind. But victory has rarely perched upon the banners and their watchword has too often been changed from "principle" to "intolerance." The sands of time are red with the blood of their slaughtered victims; yet the result of their warfare has been extermination, not peace. The conservative men are the doers of the world. What reforms could bring about by violence and revolution they have accomplished by natural means. It is time to denounce the fanatical slander which is cast upon them. Malicious attack may dim the splendor of their successes, but it cannot affect the record of their achievements. Their eulogy is engraved upon the imperishable tablets of time. As long as civilization advances, as long as Liberty endures, their fame is secure. And if in the dim ages of the future their forces should ever be outnumbered, and the legions of wreck and ruin run riot, the tradition of the former civilization will yet remain a glorious monument to the memory of conservative men. -- Oration by E. C. Ritscher.

44. CONSTITUTION, THE. -- Parties and party men may deserve reprobation for their selfishness, their violence, their errors, or their wickedness. They may do our country much harm. They may retard its growth, destroy its harmony, impair its character, render its institutions unstable, pervert the public mind, and deprave the public morals. These are, indeed, evils, and sore evils; but the principle of life remains, and will yet struggle, with assured success, over these temporary maladies.

Still we are great, glorious, united, and free; still we have a name that is revered abroad, and loved at home -- a name which is a tower of strength to us against foreign wrong, and a bond of internal union and harmony -- a name which no enemy pronounces but with respect, and which no citizen hears but with a throb of exultation. Still we have that blessed constitution, which, with all its pretended defects, and all its alleged violations, has conferred more benefit on man than ever yet flowed from any other human institution -- which has established justice,

insured domestic tranquility, provided for the common defence, promoted the general welfare, and which, under God, if we be true to ourselves, will insure the blessings of liberty to us and our posterity.

Surely, such a country, and such a constitution, have chains upon you, my friends, which cannot be disregarded. I entreat and adjure you, then, by all that is near and dear to you on earth, by all the obligations of patriotism, by the memory of your fathers who fell in the great and glorious struggle, for the sake of your sons, whom you would not have to blush for your degeneracy; by all your proud recollections of the past, and all the fond anticipations of the future renown of our nation--preserve that country, uphold that constitution. Resolve that they shall not be lost, while in your keeping; and may God Almighty strengthen you to perform that vow! -- W. Gaston.

45. CONSTITUTION, THE FEDERAL. -- Our situation is peculiar. At present, our national compact can prevent a state from acting hostilely towards the general interest. But, let this compact be destroyed, and each state becomes vested instantaneously with absolute sovereignty. Is there no instance of a similar situation to be found in history? Look at the states of Greece? By their divisions they became at first victims of the ambition of Philip, and were at length swallowed up in the Roman empire. Are we to form an exception to the general principles of human nature, and to all the examples of history? And are the maxims of experience to become false, when applied to our fate?

Some, indeed, flatter themselves that our destiny will be like that of Rome. But we have not that strong aristocratic arm which can seize a wretched citizen, scourged almost to death by a remorseless creditor, turn him into the ranks, and bid him, as a soldier, bear our eagle in triumph round the globe. I hope to God we shall never have such an abominable institution. But what, I ask, will be the situation of these states, organized as they now are, if, by the dissolution of our national compact, they be left to themselves? What is the probable result? We shall either be victims of foreign intrigue, and, split into factions, fall under the domination of a foreign power; or else, after the misery and torment of civil war, become the subjects of a usurping military despot. What but this compact, what but this specific part of it, can save us from ruin? The judicial power -- that fortress of the constitution -- is now to be overturned. Yes, with honest Ajax, I would not only throw a shield before it -- I would build around it a wall of brass. -- Governor Morris.

46. CONSTITUTION, OBEDIENCE TO. -- Our forefathers held that the people had an inherent right to establish such constitution and laws for the government of themselves and their posterity, as they should deem best calculated to insure the protection of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; and that the same might be altered and changed as experience should satisfy them to be necessary and proper. Upon this principle the constitution of the United States was formed, and our glorious Union established. All acts of congress passed in pursuance of the constitution are declared to be the supreme laws of the land, and the Supreme court

of the United States is charged with expounding the same. All officers and magistrates, under the federal and state governments -- executive, legislative, judicial and ministerial--are required to take an oath to support the constitution, before they can enter upon the performance of their respective duties. Every person born under the constitution owes allegiance to it; and every naturalized citizen takes an oath to support it. Fidelity to the constitution is the only passport to the enjoyment of rights under it. When a senator elect presents his credentials, he is not allowed to take his seat until he places his hand upon the holy evangelist, and appeals to his God for the sincerity of his vow to support the constitution. He who does this with a mental reservation or secret intention to disregard any provision of the constitution, commits a double crime -- is morally guilty of perfidy to his God and treason to his country!

If the constitution of the United States is to be repudiated upon the ground that it is repugnant to the divine law, where are the friends of freedom and Christianity to look for another and a better? Who is to be the prophet to reveal the will of God and establish a theocracy for us?

I will not venture to inquire what are to be the form and principles of the new government, or to whom is to be entrusted the execution of its sacred functions; for, when we decide that the wisdom of our revolutionary fathers was foolishness, and their piety wickedness, and destroy the only system of self-government that has ever realized the hopes of the friends of freedom, and commanded the respect of mankind, it becomes us to wait patiently until the purposes of the Latter Day Saints shall be revealed to us.

For my part, I am prepared to maintain and preserve inviolate the constitution as it is, with all its compromises, to stand or fall by the American Union, dinging with the tenacity of life to all its glorious memories of the past and precious hopes of the future.

47. CONSTITUTIONAL LIBERTY AND THE AMERICAN UNION. -- This Union cannot expire as the snow melts from the rock, or a star disappears from the firmament. When it falls, the crash will be heard in all lands. Wherever the winds of heaven go, that will go, bearing sorrow and dismay to millions of stricken hearts; for the subversion of this Government will render the cause of constitutional liberty hopeless throughout the world. What nation can govern itself, if this nation cannot?

48. COUNTRY, THE. -- In the country is the idea of home. There you see the rising and setting sun; you become acquainted with the stars and clouds. The constellations are your friends. You hear the rain upon the roof, and listen to the rhythmic sighing of the winds. You are thrilled by the resurrection called spring, touched and saddened by autumn--the grace and poetry of death. Every field is a picture, a landscape; every landscape a poem; every flower a tender thought, and every forest a fairyland. In the country you preserve your identity -- your

personality. There you are an aggregation of atoms; but in the city you are only an atom of an aggregation.

49. COURAGE. -- "Fight one more round. When your feet are so tired that you have to shuffle back to the center of the ring, fight one more round. When your arms are so tired that you can hardly lift your hands to come on guard, fight one more round. When your nose is bleeding and your eyes are black and you are so tired that you wish your opponent would crack you one on the jaw and put you to sleep, fight one more round -- remembering that the man who always fights one more round is never whipped." -- James J. Corbett.

50. COURAGE, TRUE. -- There is a virtuous, glorious courage; but it happens to be found least in those who are most admired for bravery. It is the courage of principle, which dares to do right in the face of scorn, which puts to hazard reputation, rank, the prospects of advancement, the sympathy of friends, the admiration of the world, rather than violate a conviction of duty. It is the courage of benevolence and piety, which counts not life dear in withstanding error, superstition, vice, oppression, injustice, and the mightiest foes of human improvement and happiness. It is moral energy, that force of will in adopting duty, over which menace and suffering have no power. It is the courage of a soul which reverences itself too much to be greatly moved about what befalls the body; which thirsts so intensely for a pure inward life, that it can yield up the animal life without fear; in which the idea of moral, spiritual, celestial good has been unfolded so brightly as to obscure all worldly interests; which aspires after immortality, and therefore heeds little the pains or pleasures of a day; which has so concentrated its whole power and life in the love of Godlike virtue, that it even finds a joy in the perils and sufferings by which its loyalty to God and virtue may be approved. This courage may be called the perfection of humanity, for it is the exercise, result, and expression of the highest attributes of our nature. -- Dr. Channing.

51. COURTS OF JUSTICE. -- There is nothing in public affairs so venerable as the voice of Justice, speaking through her delegated ministers, reaching and subduing the high as well as the low, setting a defense around the splendid mansion of wealth and the lowly hut of poverty, repressing wrong, vindicating innocence, humbling the oppressor, and publishing the rights of nature to every human being. We confess that we often turn with pain and humiliation from the hall of Congress, where we see the legislator forgetting the majesty of his function, forgetting his relation to a vast and growing community, and sacrificing to his party or to himself the public weal; and it comforts us to turn to the court of justice, where the dispenser of the laws, shutting his ear against all solicitations of friendship or interest, dissolving for a time every private tie, forgetting public opinion, and withstanding public feeling, asks only what is RIGHT. To our courts, the resorts and refuge of weakness and innocence, we look with hope and joy. We boast, with a virtuous pride, that no breath of corruption has as yet tainted their pure air. To this department of government we cannot ascribe too much importance. Over this we cannot watch too jealously. Every encroachment on its

independence we should resent, and repel, as the chief wrong our country can sustain. Woe, woe to the impious hand which would shake this most sacred and precious column of the social edifice. -- William E. Channing.

52. CRASHING HEAVEN'S GATE. -- Jasper Jones dreamed that he died and went to heaven. He knocked at the gate and St. Peter called out, "Who is there?"

"This is Jasper Jones, may I come in?"

"Are you mounted?" asked St. Peter from within.

"No," said Jasper, "I am afoot."

"Well, you cannot come in here unless you are mounted," came the reply.

Jasper was greatly disappointed and started back down the hill. He had not gone far when he met his old pastor coming up to the gate.

"What is the matter, Jasper," greeted the pastor, "could you not get in?"

"No, sir, they will not let me in unless I am mounted."

"Well, that is strange, I am not mounted either."

"Then, it will be no use of your trying to get in," replied Jasper.

"I will tell you what we will do," suggested the pastor, "you get down on your all-fours and let me ride you, then we will both get in."

This was agreed to, and they proceeded to the gate. The pastor knocked and St. Peter asked who was there. The pastor told him, and then came the question "Are you mounted?"

"Yes, I am mounted," replied the pastor.

Then the voice came back, "All right, just hitch your horse outside and come in."

53. CROWN OF THORNS -- CROSS OF GOLD. -- My friends, we declare that this nation is able to legislate for its own people on every question, without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation on earth; and upon that issue we expect to carry every state in the Union. Having behind us the producing masses of this nation and the world, supported by the commercial interest, the laboring interest and the toilers everywhere, we will answer their demands for a gold standard by saying to them: "You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns; you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold." -- (Closing paragraph

of a speech by W. J. Bryan at the national convention at Chicago in 1896 which won him the nomination for president.)

54. CULTURE A BASIS OF BROTHERHOOD. -- The introduction of evil into the world brought countless woes, the dissolution of the human family following in their sad train. And, viewing man through the medium of history, as it unfolds his cold seclusiveness, and exhibits wild, warring, struggling, surging humanity coming up the path of ages, we are prone to say, the family relation will never be restored. To him who reads, but pauses not to reason; to him who sees humanity only as delineated on history's page, but knows nothing of the principles unfolded by ethics and philosophy, how dark and foreboding the picture! Despair possesses him as he reads the first page of human career, for in the first family is a murder, and the first soul entering heaven's gates is driven from earth by the hand of violence. Here are seen whole empires torn and rent in pieces; whole armies mown down on a thousand battlefields; thrones shaken to their foundations; hearts bleeding with sorrow; even the church, loaded with depravity's pestilential vapor, bearing the impress of evil, popes, prelates and priests, led on by the powers of hell, grappling the secular sword until "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain," under the dominion of human passion. Sad indeed is the picture; but we are not without hope. Culture -- her garments yet wet with the dew of dawning day, her face luminous with the hopes of triumph, unveiling to our astonished vision the measure of human possibility, on the basis of mental and moral attainment-proclaims the brotherhood of man.

Culture is bringing about a fraternity of minds. Cultured minds must commune with each other, for upon this depends the march of intellect. Miles and oceans cannot separate them, neither can centuries divide them. Thoughts expressed ages ago are thrilling the souls of millions today; and although the grave has long since opened to receive the speaker, he still lives, as human hearts beat in sympathy with his utterances, and human lips reiterate them again and again. In fighting the fierce battle of life, in walking up the same pathway, in entering into similar investigations, a harmony of sentiment, and identity of interests, have united the votaries of intellect into a brotherhood as sacred and consummate as the union of angels. Aristotle, in his scientific researches, investigated the wonders of animal life, unfolded many mysterious phenomena, and gave us more enlarged ideas of man's relations to nature, more exalted conceptions of the plans of creation. All this, too, did Agassiz. Hence, through the medium of science these two men communed with each other, and across the chasm of centuries clasped the hand of brotherhood. -- Thomas I. Coultas in an Oration of Culture, A Basis of Brotherhood.

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D--SUBJECTS (Not All Subjects In This Division Begin With The Letter "D".)

55. DAMON AND PYTHIAS. -- Two Greeks whom friendship had bound in the most endearing ties. One condemned to die for some offense, wishes, ere he leaves

the world, to go away that he may arrange his affairs, and see his family, and bid them a last farewell. In these circumstances, and with a love deserving such a garland as David, saying, "Very pleasant hast thou been unto me, my brother Jonathan; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women," laid on the grave of Jonathan-his friend undertook, in case he did not return, to suffer death in his stead. The offer was accepted; and was nearly attended with a tragic result. The day of doom arrives, but not the criminal. Nor was it till the very hour arrived, and the procession, with his surety ready to die, had reached the scaffold, that he, detained at sea, by adverse winds, appears; shouts to them from afar to stay the execution; and forcing his way through the crowd, leaps on the scaffold to push aside his substitute, and, like a brave, true man, bare his own neck to the sword. Touched by the display of such tender and rare affection-the joy of the one that he was in time to save his surety, the grief of the other that he had lost the opportunity of dying for his friend -- the people, yielding to a generous impulse, and in honour of such noble friendship, decreed that neither should perish. -- Speaking to the Heart.

56. DANGER TO THE REPUBLIC. -- The danger to the republic now lies in the mailed hand of centralized power, and the South will yet be the bulwark of American liberty. If you ask me why, I answer, it is the only section left that is purely American; I answer that anarchy cannot live on Southern soil; I answer that the South has started on a new line of march, and while we love the past for its precious memories, our faces are turned toward the morning. Time has furled the battle flags, and melted the hostile guns. Time has torn down the forts, and leveled the trenches and rifle-pits on the bloody field of glory, where courage and high-born chivalry on prancing chargers once rode to the front with shimmering epaulets and bright swords gleaming; where thousands of charging bayonets, at uniform angles, reflected thousands of suns; where the shrill fife screamed, and the kettle-drum timed the heavy tramp, tramp, of the shining battalions, as the infantry deployed into battle line, and disappeared in the seething waves of smoke and flame; where double-shotted batteries unlimbered on the bristling edge, and hurled fiery vomit into the faces of reeling columns; where ten thousand drawn sabers flashed, and ten thousand cavalry hovered for a moment on the flank, and then rushed to the dreadful revelry. -- Gov. "Bob" Taylor of Tennessee.

57. DANTE. -- Hear, fairest Italy! Arise! Shake off the dust from thy garments, and take thy place in the front rank of nations! "The spirits of thy sons are standing on every step of the temple of genius since the twelfth century." The children call thee blessed, for Dante, the immortal Dante, greatest of them all, sleeps in thy bosom. Ye streams that go dancing into the sea, sound his praise! Ye torrents, that thunder in your awful plunge! Ye soft skies, wreath yourselves in smiles and weep tears of joy! Ye silent voices of nature, whisper it to the winds! Ye winds, carry it upon your wings the world over! Ye purple hills, tell it to the stars! Ye fiery battalions that tread the celestial way, sing it to the music of the spheres! Dante's minister on trembling pinions wait to catch their master's last commands. Time, the tomb-effacer, covers up all things human. Empires rise and sink as waves of the

sea. The proudest works of man are short-lived, and "dust to dust" concludes the noblest song. The lofty marble and bronze will crumble and fall. The iron bands will burst asunder. The everlasting hills will sink into nothingness. The earth will vanish as a scroll. The burning orbs that gem the radiant brow of night will wander "rayless and pathless," and midnight, universal midnight, will reign.

But Dante ever lives, and his spirit grows brighter by time. He sang, impelled by the power that rules in Heaven, and then gave his golden harp into angel's keeping, and it awaits his master touch to answer in sweeter strains in the morning of the resurrection. -- From Oration, Dante, by J. Gerry Eberhart.

58. DAWNING, THE. -- At the dawning the darkness fades, the mist rises, and a glorious burst of sunshine heralds the advent of the new day. Resplendent in its radiant loveliness, it is a symbol of re-birth and a promise of reclamation -- the gift of Divine Providence to man.

Far too many of us have our backs turned on this panorama of beauty and inspiration that comes once in every twenty-four hours. Vainly, we attempt to penetrate the veil of yesterday's irreparable errors, of yesterday's fruitless longings -- wholly disregarding the utter futility of trying to retrieve the irretrievable.

Instead of gazing mournfully into a past that comes not back again, let us face the next Dawn, with Hope re-born and Courage renewed! Let us offer a prayer of thanksgiving to our Creator, Who in His infinite goodness and mercy, has so graciously accorded each of us the opportunity of beginning lives anew. -- F. D. Atwell.

59. DEAD, THE DEMOCRACY OF. -- In the democracy of the dead all men at least are equal. There is neither rank nor station nor prerogative in the republic of the grave. At this fatal threshold the philosopher ceases to be wise, and the song of the poet is silent. Dives relinquishes his millions and Lazarus his rags. The poor man is as rich as the richest, and the rich man is as poor as the poorest. The creditor loses his usury, and the debtor is acquitted of his obligation. There the proud man surrenders his dignities, the politician his honors, the worldling his pleasures; the invalid needs no physician, and the laborer rests from requited toil. Here at last is Nature's final decree in equity. The wrongs of time are redressed. Injustice is expiated, the irony of Fate is refuted; the unequal distribution of wealth, honor, capacity, pleasure and opportunity, which makes life such a cruel and inexplicable tragedy, ceases in the realm of death. The strongest there has no supremacy, and the weakest needs no defence. The mightiest captain succumbs to that invincible adversary, who disarms alike the victor and the vanquished.

60. DEATH. -- What can you prove about death? Just this: that death permits us to have a perfect body, free from all aches and pains, united forever with a perfect soul free from sin. When you see a grey hair, thank God; and when you see another wrinkle on your cheek, thank God; and when you feel another infirmity,

thank God. What does it mean? Why, it means that moving day is coming and that you are going to quit cramped apartments and be mansioned forever. -- Talmage.

61. DEATH, CERTAINTY OF. -- That which hath been is that which is to be. Willing or unwilling, fit or unfit to die, converted or otherwise, voyagers to a land of bliss or bound to misery, many in this have entered on their last year. Like time and tide, death -- regardless of his convenience and deaf to his prayers -- will wait on no man. If in past years God has set a mark on our houses, and turned the angel of death from our door, as by the blood of Egypt; that immunity cannot last forever. The more the years of our life, this one is the more likely to be that of our death -- the farther the tide recedes, the higher at the flow it throws its foaming waves on the beach; the longer the cloud is gathering, and thickening, and darkening before it bursts, the brighter the lightning flashes, the louder the thunder peals. -- Thomas Guthrie.

62. DEATH, ETERNAL. -- Two more dreadful words were never joined together -- Eternal -- Death. Each term rendered inexpressibly awful by the associated meaning of the other. It is the death of the soul eternalized. It is separation from God, the source of life, forever. It is separation from virtue and happiness, forever. It is separation from heaven, angels, and sainted ones, forever. It is separation from all that is beautiful, and good, forever. It is separation from all intellectual, social, and moral pursuits, which seem to accord with man's nature and destiny as an immortal being, and as the offspring of God, and it is separation forever. It is companionship with Satan, demons, and the damned, in hell, forever. It is bitter memories, tormenting remorse, and agonizing despair, forever. It is to be wicked without the hope or power of repentance, to be miserable without mitigation, to be both, forever. It is the utter subversion and destruction of the unity and harmony of man's nature, and the total failure of his life in the accomplishment of anything worthy of him, and both, forever. It is the aggregation of all sorrows, pains, woes, and horrors, mixed in one fearful beverage to be drunken, forever. It is to be lost in hell or lost in outer darkness beyond the circle of universal being, forever. Oh, that we could get rid of that little word, with a significance as high, wide, and deep as God, that little word, forever. My hearers, it is Death, and Death forever -- Eternal Death. -- W. E. Munsey.

63. DEATH, SUDDEN. -- Thousands die by what we call accident. They are cut off as in a moment; as by a lightning flash. Thousands more pass into the unseen world, not down the lingering declivities of disease, but by some sudden and swift departure. As I look back upon life's memories, I recall many an instance in which men and women have seemed to be in the usual health upon the very week, or even the very day, on which they died. They have had no misgivings, no intimation, no fore-gleam of the awful moment which was so close to them. The Shadow with the keys had awaited them on the broad roadside, and they have been unconscious of his presence until his icy touch has stilled their hearts. Their life ends as though a trivial everyday sentence should stop short without so much as a comma. They are

snatched away from the midst of their most ordinary avocations, feverishly busy about all things, save the one thing needful. -- W. F. Farrar.

64. DEBATER'S TRICKS. -- One of the tricks of an attorney with a weak case, it is said, is to heap abuse upon his opponent. The debater sometimes uses a witty story to divert the attention of his hearers from the arguments of his opponent, thereby gaining the sympathy of the audience, and with weaker argument wins the decision.

65. SCATTERING REMARKS. -- "My opponent," said the debater, "reminds me of the farmer's boy who was sent to a large woodland pasture at the close of the day to bring home the cows. The boy returned after an hour's absence without the cows." 'Why did you not fetch the cows home, my boy?' asked the father. 'Couldn't find 'em,' was the reply. 'That is strange,' said the father, 'where did you look?' 'Oh, I just looked everywhere.' 'Well tell me where you went,' sternly demanded the father. 'Well," said the boy, 'I first went up to the end of the lane, then I went out into the woods, and then I just scattered.'"

66. TRASH ON THE STOMACH. -- A minister became broken down in health and was told by his physician that it would be absolutely necessary for him to quit preaching until he had thoroughly regained his health. This greatly grieved the faithful minister who wanted to be about his chosen work. The physician made it very plain, however, that his life could be saved only by his having a complete rest. The minister reluctantly promised to cancel his appointment, although he was not sure that he could leave off preaching entirely. The physician's orders were faithfully obeyed for several weeks. A camp-meeting a few miles away was coming on, and a great desire was in his heart to be there. If he went, no doubt, he would be called upon to preach; if he preached, probably his old trouble that the doctor had been trying to cure would return. Sunday morning arrived, the lure of the camp-meeting was stronger than ever. Calling his old colored servant he ordered the horse and chaise brought out, doctor or no doctor, he meant to attend the camp-meeting. The old servant held his master in high esteem, and anxiously awaited until late at night for his return. When he finally arrived, the colored man took charge of the horse and chaise, and anxiously inquired, "Massa, how do you feel? . . . Quite well, uncle, quite well," was the reply. "Did dey call on you to preach?" he asked. "Yes, and I preached! I preached three times today, and never felt better in my life." "I knowed it, I knowed it!" shouted the old colored man, "jes what you needed, jes needed to get some of dat trash off your stomach!"

67. DECEITFUL, THINGS. -- The dark mossy sward is deceitful; its fresh and glossy carpet invites the traveler to leave the rough moorland track; and, at the first step, horse and rider are buried in the morass. The sea is deceitful. What rage, what furious passions sleep in that placid bosom! and how often -- as Vice serves her used-up victim--does she throw back the bark that she received into her wanton arms, a wreck upon the shore. The morning is oft deceitful. With bright promise of a brilliant day it lures us from home; ere noon the sky begins to thicken, the sun

looks sickly, the sluggish, heavily laden clouds gather upon the hill-tops, the landscape all around closes in; the lark drops songless into her nest; the wind rises, blowing cold and chill; and at length -- like adversities gathering around the grey head of age -- tempests, storm, and rain, thicken on the dying day. The desert is deceitful: it mocks the traveler with its mirage. How life kindles in his drooping eye, as he sees the playful waves chase each other to the shore, and the plumes of the palm waving in the watery mirror! Faint, weary, perishing with thirst, he turns to bathe and to drink, and, exhausting his remaining strength in pursuit of a phantom, finds, unhappy man! that he has turned to die.-Rev. Thomas Guthrie.

68. DELAY, POWER OF. -- Take a sapling, for example. It bends to your hand, turning this or that way as you will. When seventy springs have clothed it with leaves, and the sun of seventy summers, ripening its juices, has added to its height and breadth, who is stronger? Now, it scorns not your, but a giant's strength. Once an infant's arm could bend it; but, with head raised proudly to heaven, and roots that have struck deep in the soil and cling to the rocks below, now it braves winter's wildest tempests. They may break its trunk, they cannot bend it; nor is it but in death that it lays its head on the ground. Every year of the seventy, adding fibres to its body and firmness to the fibres, has increased the difficulty of bending it. That was less easy the second year than the first, and the third than the second; till, as time went on, what was once but difficult became impossible. Who, wishing to give it a peculiar bent, would wait till the nursling had become a full-grown tree, or stood in its decay, stiff and gnarled hollow in heart and hoar with age? None but a fool. Yet, with folly greater still, we defer what concerns our conversion, a saving change, and our everlasting welfare, till long years have added to the power, and strengthened the roots, of every wicked, worldly habit. Oh, that men were wise, that they understood this!-Speaking to the Heart.

69. DEMAGOGUES, POLITICAL. -- There never was a country in the world, from the days of Pericles to the present time, which furnished such unbounded scope for the demagogue as ours; and never was a country so cursed with demagogues. The demagogue and the courtier are but opposite poles of the same character. The demagogue perpetually tells the people that they are sovereign -- that there is no higher law than their will. Like the courtier he flatters and cajoles the sovereign, in order to mislead and rule him. What chance for a fair hearing has the honest friend of the people? It certainly cannot be said to be unnatural for men to confide in and yield themselves to the guidance of those who bow to their will, flatter their vanity, or minister to their passions. In point of fact, what public man dares resist the current of party opinion, and the demands of party discipline? What truths unpalatable to the popular taste, however vitally important to the public welfare, do the politicians of either party dare to tell the people? What popular errors, however dangerous, do they dare expose and denounce? From the political and party presses, controlled by demagogues, the people almost never hear the truth. Morning, noon, and night, they are fed on falsehoods, and nursed in prejudices, hatreds, and animosities. All considerations of truth, decency and

reverence, give way before the violence of party spirit; and the blind and bitter spirit of party is continually stimulated by provocatives addressed to the ignorance, the prejudices, and violent passions of the people; and in the midst of all their professed homage, love, and respect for the people, the demagogues show clearly enough to the discerning eye in what real contempt they hold the knowledge, the wisdom, and the virtue of the people, by the boundless impudence of the lies, flatteries and quackeries with which they seek to cajole and lead them.

And which way tends the political destiny of the nation under these influences of the party presses and of political demagogues? It tends to throw the absolute power of the nation into whatever party of demagogues, calling themselves friends of the people, can most successfully cajole and corrupt the people. It tends, in short, to a democratic absolutism -- the worst of all forms of absolutism, the most pervading and the least conscientious. Any party, supported by a popular majority, can at any time overbear the constitution, and absorb into itself all the powers of the state. -- Dr. C. S. Henry.

70. DEMAS, THE APOSTATE. -- Some men, as we might rashly say in our ignorance of the designs of Providence, die too soon; but some seem to live too long -- outliving not their usefulness only, which, however undesirable, a good man may do, but their honour and principles. Happy for Demas had his sun gone down at noon! Over one who had been his friend, companion, fellow-labourer, with whom he had often taken sweet counsel, Paul lived to weep; and to write this epitaph for his unhonoured grave, 'Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world;' a sentence that, like the scorpion, carries its sting in its tail -- "having loved this present world." Look at him! Ovid has fancied no metamorphosis more strange or horrible. The opposite of Paul, who fell a persecutor and rose an apostle, Demas, once an apostle, has changed into an apostate; once a martyr, now a renegade; a brave soldier once, now a base deserter; a traitor now; his arms raised to pull down the pillars of a church they had helped to build. May we not cry with the prophet, How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! Scripture is silent on this man's future course; the curtain falls where we see him as a dishonoured knight, with the spurs he had won hacked from his heels-as a deserter, with the facings plucked from his dress, and drummed out of the regiment. But if ancient tradition speaks truth, Demas, as might be expected, went from bad to worse, sank lower and lower, from one depth of wickedness to another; till he closed his infamous career as the priest of a heathen temple -- offering sacrifices to dead stocks and stones. What a fall was there? Unhappy man! whether he died amid the recollections of other and better days, stung by remorse and howling in despair; or died in sullen defiance of the Saviour, like Julian, when, overcome in battle by the Christians, he caught the blood from his fatal wound, and, tossing it up in the face of heaven, cried, expiring in the effort, The Nazarene has conquered! -- Thomas Guthrie.

71. DEPENDENCE, MAN'S. -- If Nature should intermit her course, and leave altogether, though it were but for a while, the observation of her own laws; if those

principal and mother elements of which all things in this world are made, should lose the qualities which now they have; if the frame of that heavenly arch erected over our heads should loosen and dissolve itself; if celestial spheres should forget their wonted motions, and by irregular volubility turn themselves any way as it might happen; if the prince of the light of heaven, which now as a giant doth run his unwearied course should as it were through a languishing faintness begin to stand and rest himself; if the moon should wander from her beaten way, the time and seasons of the year blend themselves by disordered and confused nature, the winds breathe out their last gasp, the clouds yield no rain, the earth be defeated of heavenly influence, the fruit of the earth pine away as children at the withered breasts of their mother no longer able to yield them relief; what would become of man himself? -- Hooker.

72. DESIRE, ONE GREAT. -- As a writer, I have only one desire -- to fill you with fire, to pour into you the distilled essence of the sun itself. I want every thought, every word, every act of mine to make you feel that you are receiving into your body, into your mind, into your soul, the sacred spirit that changes clay into men and men into gods. -- Thomas Dreier.

73. DESPAIR, NEVER. -- This should be the motto of every Christian; and how should it keep hope alive under the darkest and most desponding circumstances, to see God calling grace out of the foulest sin? Look at this cold and creeping worm! Playful childhood shrinks shuddering from its touch; yet a few weeks, and with merry laugh and flying feet, that same childhood, over flowery meadow is hunting an insect that never lights upon the ground, but-flitting in painted beauty from flower to flower -- drinks nectar from their cups, and sleeps the summer night away in the bosom of their perfumes. If that is the same boy, this is no less the selfsame creature. Change most wonderful! yet but a dull, earthly emblem of the divine transformation wrought on those, who are "transformed by the renewing of their minds."

74. DIPLOMACY WON. -- "This lady says you tried to speak to her at the station," said the judge.

"It was a mistake," replied the student. "I was looking for my room-mate's girl, whom I had never seen before, but who'd been described to me as a handsome blond with classic features, fine complexion, perfect figure, beautifully dressed, and. . ."

"I don't care to prosecute the gentleman," replied the fair witness, "anyone might have made the same mistake."

75. DIRT FARMER. -- Down in southern Missouri, Mose White, a colored farm hand, appeared at a neighbor's back door one morning, and asked for the loan of a mule to do his employer's plowing.

"Why, Mose," said the neighbor, "your boss has a good mule. Why not use him?"

"Well, suh," replied Mose, "dat mule sit in the shade all day. Jes' won't work."

"What's the matter with him? Is he sick?"

"No, suh," was the answer, "dat mule ain't sick. He jes' think he's a gentleman farmer." -- Harper's Magazine.

76. DISCUSSION, FREE. -- Important as I deem it to discuss, on all proper occasions, the policy of the measures at present pursued, it is still more important to maintain the right of such discussion in its full and just extent. Sentiments lately sprung up, and now growing fashionable, make it necessary to be explicit on this point. The more I perceive a disposition to check the freedom of inquiry by extravagant and unconstitutional pretenses, the firmer shall be the tone in which I shall assert, and the freer the manner in which I shall exercise it.

It is the ancient and undoubted prerogative of this people to canvass public measures, and the merits of public men. It is a "home-bred right," a fireside privilege. It hath ever been enjoyed in every house, cottage, and cabin in the nation. It is not to be drawn into controversy. It is as undoubted as the right of breathing the air, or walking on the earth. Belonging to private life as a right, it belongs to public life as a duty; and it is the last duty which those, whose representative I am, shall find me to abandon. Aiming at all times to be courteous and temperate in its use, except when the right itself shall be questioned, I shall then carry it to its extent. I shall place myself on the extreme boundary of my right, and bid defiance to any arm that would move me from my ground.

This high, constitutional privilege I shall defend and exercise within this house, and without this house, and in all places; in time of peace, and in all times. Living, I shall assert it; and, should I leave no other inheritance to my children, by the blessing of God I will leave them the inheritance of free principles, and the example of a manly, independent, and constitutional defence of them. -- Daniel Webster.

77. DIXIE, A TRIBUTE. -- I love to live in the land of Dixie, under the soft Southern skies, where summer pours out her flood of sunshine and showers, and the generous earth smiles with plenty. I love to live on Southern soil, where the cotton fields wave their white banners of peace, and the wheat-fields wave back their banners of gold from the hills and valleys which were once drenched with the blood of heroes. I love to live where the mocking-birds flutter and sing in the shadowy coves, and bright waters ripple in eternal melody by the graves where our heroes are buried. I love to breathe the Southern air, that comes filtered through jungles of roses, whispering the story of Southern deeds of bravery. I love to drink from the Southern springs, and Southern babbling brooks, which once cooled the

lips of Lee and Jackson and Forrest and Gordon, and the worn and weary columns of brave men who wore the grey. I love to live among Southern men and women, where every heart is as warm as the Southern sunshine, and every home is a temple of love and liberty.

I love to listen to the sweet old Southern melodies, which touch the soul, and melt the heart, and awaken to life ten thousand precious memories of the happy long ago, when the old-time black "mammy" soothed the children to sleep with her lullabies. But, oh, the music that thrills me most, is the melody that died away on the lips of many a Confederate soldier, as he sank into the sleep that knows no waking -- I'm glad I am in Dixie." -- Gov. "Bob" Taylor.

78. DO MORES. -- Do more than exist, live; do more than touch, feel; do more than look, observe; do more than read, absorb; do more than hear, listen; do more than listen, understand; do more than think, ponder; do more than talk, say something.

79. DREAMERS. -- Too much has been written about great dreamers. Men of vision are not great dreamers, they are wide awake. When Isaac Newton lay under that tree and watched the apple fall he was not dreaming. He had all his faculties bent upon the apple, and he was trying to find out as hard as he could with a very great intellect why the apple fell down instead of up. It is a mistake to think that some world builders have been dreamers and the others doers. Don't think you can do it by dreaming. The dreamer is a person with a brain full of hodge-podge. The healthier and more worth while he is the more he dreams and the more he acts.

80. DUTY. -- The sphere of Duty is infinite. It exists in every station of life. We have it not in our choice to be rich or poor, to be happy or unhappy, but it becomes us to do the duty that everywhere surrounds us. Obedience to duty at all costs and risks, is the every essence of the highest civilized life. Great deeds must be worked for, hoped for, died for, now as in the past. -- Samuel Smiles.

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E--SUBJECTS

81. EARTH'S FUTURE. -- A grand destiny awaits this world of sins and sorrows. This earth, purified by judgment fires, shall be the home of the blessed. The curse of briers and thorns shall pass away with sin. "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree." Of the thorns of that curse Jesus' crown was woven, and he bore it off upon his head. Under laws accommodated to the new economy, the wild world shall become one Eden, where, exempt from physical as from moral evils, none shall shiver amid arctic frosts, nor wither under tropic heat; these fields of snow and arid sands shall blossom all with roses. From the convulsions of expiring -- or rather the birth-pangs of parturient nature -- a new-born world shall come, a home worthy of immortals, a

palace befitting its King. The blood that on Calvary-dyed earth's soil shall bless it, and this theater of Satan's triumph, and of a Saviour's shame, shall be the seat of Jesus' kingdom, and the witness of his glory. -- Thomas Guthrie.

82. ECONOMICS OF LIFE. -- To save money is wholly commendable, so long as one's mind is fixed, not on the pennies saved, but on the dollars to be later spent. To conserve one's health is praiseworthy, so long as one's thoughts are centered, not on one's pulse and breathing and digestion, but on the longer and more effective service that a sound body can give to the world. Economics in household and town and State are the very basis of human welfare, provided they have as their unvarying object the conservation of social good and the" destruction of social evil. But to save money on things that make for health, -- physical, mental and moral; to save money when to spend is to secure the sound education of boys and girls for their highest usefulness as citizens, parents and human beings; to save money on those city and town improvements which make for the efficiency and well-being of all the people; to save money on measures that safeguard the young and the weak against temptation; to economize on anything which, if maintained and encouraged, would lift boys and girls, men and women, one single step nearer to the high and, as yet, far-off deals of civilization, is to sow dragon's teeth that are certain to breed a vast army of prolific, physical and moral evils requiring incalculable future struggle to subdue. -- J. P. Munroe.

83. EDUCATION, COMPULSORY. -- The question of compulsory education is settled so far as nature is concerned. Her bill on that question was framed and passed long ago. But, like all compulsory legislation, that of nature is harsh and wasteful in its operation. Ignorance is visited as sharply as willful disobedience -- incapacity meets with the same punishment as crime. Nature's discipline is not even a word and a blow, and the blow first; but the blow without the word. It is left to you to find out why your ears are boxed. -- Thomas H. Huxley.

84. EDUCATION, MODERN. -- The learned professor had lectured for one hour on the subject of the Fourth Dimension. At the close he asked if there were any questions. A young lady held up her hand.

The professor looked in her direction, and said, "What is your question?"

"Professor," she said, "I thoroughly understand the fourth dimension, but what I would like to know is, what are the first, second and third dimensions?"

85. ELIXIR OF LIFE FOUND. -- A doctor advertised a wonderful medicine that he had discovered. One drop would make one five years younger, two drops would restore ten years; in fact, a very little of it would make the aged young again. An old gentleman heard of this wonderful restorative, and made a visit to the office of the doctor. The doctor assured him that the medicine would do all that he claimed for it. The old man began to see vision of childhood and youth. He asked what the medicine would cost. "Five hundred dollars a drop," was the reply. "Five hundred

dollars a drop!" cried the old man, "I can never pay such a price as that." "But that is just what it will cost you," insisted the doctor. Just then the doctor's telephone rang and he stepped into an adjoining room to answer it. Once the doctor was out of the room, the old man seized the bottle of medicine and drank the entire contents. When the doctor returned, he looked about for the old gentleman but did not see him. The bottle was laying empty on the table. Then glancing up he saw a monkey hanging by the tail to the chandelier. -- Told by Rev. Bud Robinson.

86. ELOQUENCE. -- In common conversation observe the advantage which the fluent speaker enjoys over the man that hesitates and stumbles in discourse. With half his information, he has twice his importance; he commands the respect of his auditors; he instructs and gratifies them. In the general transactions of business the same superiority attends him. He communicates his views with clearness, precision, and effect; he carries his point by his mere readiness; he concludes his treaty before another man would have well set about it. Does he plead the cause of friendship? -- how happy is his friend! Of charity? -- how fortunate is the distressed! Should he enter the legislature of his country, he approves himself the people's bulwark! -- J. Sheridan Knowles.

87. ELOQUENCE. -- Directness, plainness, a narrow range of topics, few details, few but grand ideas, a headlong tide of sentiment and feeling; vehement, indignant, and reproachful reasonings -- winged general maxims of wisdom and life; an example from Plutarch; a pregnant sentence of Tacitus; thoughts going forth as ministers of nature in robes of light, and with arms in their hands; thoughts that breathe and words that burn -- these vaguely, approximately, express the general type of all eloquent speech. -- Rufus Choate.

88. ELOQUENCE. -- Oh, thou mighty spirit of eloquence, teach us still the lesson of thy life. Teach us to reverence high resolve, and resolute endeavor, and noble achievement. Teach our lawyers to plead for justice and truth. Give to our statesmen a steadfast incorruptibility, a far-seeing vision, and an eye single to the interest of the State. Help us all, each in his own sphere, to labor for the welfare and the advancement of humanity. -- Closing paragraphs of an oration by Harry M. Hyde in reference to Webster.

89. ELOQUENCE, BACKWOODS. -- "Gentlemen of the jury," said a backwoods attorney in the last meshes of tangled eloquence, "you sit in that box as the great reservoir of Roman liberty, Spartan fame and Grecian polytheism. You are to swing the great flail of justice and electricity over this immense community in hydraulic majesty and conjugal superfluity. You are to ascend the deep arcana of nature and dispose of my client with equiponderating concatenation and reverberating momentum. Such, gentlemen, is your sedative and stimulating character; my client is only a man with domestic eccentricities and matrimonial configuration, not permitted as you are, gentlemen, to bask in the primeval and lowest vales of society; he has to endure the red-hot sun of the universe, seated on the heights of nobility and feudal eminence! He has a wife of matrimonial

propensities that henpecks the remainder of his days with soothing and bewitching verbosity. He has a family of domestic children that gather around the fireside of his peaceful domicile in tumultuous consanguinity and cry with screaming and reverberating momentum for bread, butter and molasses. Such, gentlemen, is the glowing and overwhelming character and deference of my client, who stands here indicted by this prosecuting pettifogger of this court, who is as much inferior to me as I am exterior to the judge, and you, gentlemen of the jury. This borax of the law has brought witnesses into this court, who swore my client stole a firkin of butter; but I say they swore to a lie, every one of them, and the truth is concentrated within them, and I will prove it by a learned expectoration of the principles of law.

"Now, butter is made of grass, and it is laid down in St. Peter Pindar in his principles of subterraneous law, pages 18 to 27, inclusive, that grass is couchant and levant, which means, in our obicular tongue, that grass is of a mild and free nature, and therefore you see that my client had a right to grass and butter both. Again, butter is made of grease, and Greece is a foreign country, situated in the far-off emaciated country of Liberia and California, and therefore my client is out of the benediction of this court and cannot be tried in this horizon.

"I will now bring forward the Ultimatum respondenti and cap the great climax of logic by quoting an inconceivable maxim of law laid down in Latin in Hannibal, Hudabras, Blackstone and Sangrado. It is this: heck, hock, morus, multicalus emensa et thoro guta bega sentum; which means in English, that ninety-nine men are guilty where one is innocent. It is therefore your duty, gentlemen, to convict ninety-nine men first, then you come to my client, who is innocent, and acquit according to law.

"If these great principles shall be duly appreciated by this court, then the great north pole of liberty that has stood so many years in pneumatic tallness shall continue to stand the wreck of the Indian invasion, the pirates of the Hypoborian seas, and the marauders of the Auroro Bolivar. But, gentlemen, if you convict my client, his children will be obliged to pine away in a state of hopeless matrimony, and his beautiful wife will stand alone and deserted like a dried-up mullen stalk in a sheep pasture."

90. ELOQUENCE, BURIED. -- The Mayor had just laid the foundation stone of the new wing for the hospital, and the spectators awaited his speech. "What can I do?" cried the harassed Mayor to his wife. "I've laid the stone on top of it." -- Pearson's Weekly.

A builder who was speaking in public for the first time said: "I am unaccustomed to public speaking. My proper place is on the scaffold." -- Christian World.

91. ELOQUENCE, NATURE OF TRUE. -- When public bodies are to be addressed, when great interests are at stake, and strong passion excited, nothing is

valuable in speech farther, than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force and earnestness, are the qualities that produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech; it cannot be brought from far: labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil for it in vain. Words and phrases may be marshaled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man; in the subject, in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it; they cannot reach it. It comes, if it comes at all, like the outbreking of a fountain from the earth or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments, and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, their children and their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then, words have lost their power; rhetoric is vain; and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself, then, feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then, patriotism is eloquent: then, self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception outrunning the deductions of logic; the high purpose; the firm resolve; the dauntless spirit, speaking from the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object; -- this, this is eloquence; or rather it is something greater than all eloquence; it is action; noble, sublime, god-like action. -- Webster.

92. ELOQUENCE, THE ELEMENTS OF. -- No act indicates more universal health than eloquence. The special ingredients of this force are clear perceptions; memory; power of statement; logic; imagination; or the skill to clothe your thought in natural images; passion, which is the heat; and then a grand will, which, when legitimate and abiding, we call character, the height of manhood. As soon as a man shows rare power of expression, like Chatham, Erskine, Patrick Henry, Webster or Phillips, all the great interests, whether of state or of property, crowd to him to be their spokesman, so that he is at once a potentate, a ruler of men. -- Ralph Waldo Emerson.

93. ELOQUENCE, TANGLED. -- A scholarly advocate with a defective memory electrified his listeners with the following eloquent appeal: "Gentlemen of the jury, it is better that ninety-nine innocent men should escape than one guilty man should be punished. Uh, -- I mean that it is better that ninety-nine guilty men should be punished than that one innocent man should escape. Well, gentlemen, you read your Bibles and know what I mean."

An attorney referring to the great mass of testimony contained in the printed case said: "There are a great many important questions of fact in this case. It would be impossible to make your honor understand them all; and for that reason, we ask that the nonsuit be set aside, and that the case be submitted to the judgment of twelve intelligent men."

"Gentlemen of the jury," said an impassioned lawyer, "the case for the court is a mere skeleton -- a mere skeleton, gentlemen; for, as I shall presently show you, it has neither flesh, blood nor bones in it."

A western attorney eloquently said, "Your honor sits high upon the adorable seat of justice, like the rock of Gibraltar; while the eternal streams of justice, like the cadaverous clouds of the valley, flow meandering at your feet."

"Gentlemen of the jury," said a Scotch barrister, "having shown to you that the case made for the plaintiff is absolutely impossible, I shall now proceed to prove to you that it is in the highest degree improbable."

94. END OF THE YEAR. -- Happy those who did not see the old year die with unforgiven sins on its grey head, nor dread meeting it again at God's bar of judgment. Happy those whom it found in a state of enmity, and left at peace with God. Happy those who, on taking stock and striking a balance, if I may so speak, find themselves poorer in spirit and richer in grace -- who, on examining into their position, find that though nearer the grave they are riper for heaven, nearer to glory; and that a year which, making many wives widows and children orphans, turning some hopes into fruit and blasting others in the flower, has wrought many changes, has changed them to the better -- chastened and sanctified them; so that they say, "we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." -- Thomas Guthrie.

95. ENGLAND'S DRUMBEAT. -- Every encroachment, great or small, is important enough to awaken the attention of those who are entrusted with the preservation of a constitutional government. We are not to wait till great public mischiefs come, till the Government is overthrown, or liberty itself put in extreme jeopardy. We should not be worthy sons of our fathers were we so to regard great questions affecting the general freedom. Those fathers accomplished the Revolution on a strict question of principle. They saw in the claim of the British Parliament a seminal principle of mischief, the germ of unjust power; they detected it, dragged it forth from underneath its plausible disguises, struck at it, nor did it elude either their steady eye, or their well-directed blow, till they had extirpated and destroyed it to the smallest fiber. On this question of principle, while actual suffering was yet afar off, they raised their flag against a power to whirl, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared; a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts; whose morning drumbeat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth daily with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England. -- Daniel Webster.

96. ENTANGLING ALLIANCES. -- Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political; peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none. -- Thomas Jefferson, from his first Inaugural Address, March 4th, 1801.

97. EQUALITY IN AMERICA. -- Equality is the central idea with our people, and I dare say that in this large audience there are many benevolent persons who would make all equally rich; but it would come to about the same to make all equally poor. The rich man would not do the menial work of another rich man, and the rich woman would not wash and cook for the rich man's wife; the poor man will not brush the shoes of another poor man who can give him no pay, and all the social wheels would be blocked. Equality before the laws we can have; equality of condition is impossible. -- From an oration at Yale, June 22nd, 1874. -- Edwards Pierrepont.

98. ETERNITY OF GOD. -- Duration without beginning or end; Existence without bounds or dimensions. Life without birth or death. Present without past or future. To-day without yesterday or to-morrow. Youth without infancy or old age.

99. EULOGY, DEATH OF HAMILTON. -- "How are the mighty fallen!" And, regardless as we are of vulgar death, shall not the fall of the mighty affect us?

A short time since, and he, who is the occasion of our sorrows, was the ornament of his country. He stood on an eminence, and glory covered him. From that eminence he has fallen: suddenly, forever fallen. His intercourse with the living world is now ended; and those who would hereafter find him, must seek him in the grave. There, cold and lifeless, is the heart that just now was the seat of friendship; there, dim and sightless the eye, whose radiance and enlivening orb beamed with intelligence; and there, closed forever, are those lips, on whose persuasive accents we have so often, and so lately, hung with transport! From the darkness which rests upon his tomb, there proceeds, methinks, a light in which it is clearly seen, that those gaudy objects, which men pursue, are only phantoms. In this light, how dimly shines the splendor of victory: how humble appears the majesty of grandeur! The bubble, which seemed to have so much solidity, has burst; and we again see, that all below the sun is vanity.

True the funeral eulogy has been pronounced, the grand and solemn procession has moved, the badge of mourning has already been decreed, and presently the sculptured marble will lift up its front, proud to perpetuate the name of Hamilton, and rehearse to passing traveler his virtues; (just tributes of respect, and to the living useful;) but to him, moldering in his narrow and humble habitation, what are they? How calm! how unavailing!

Approach, and behold, while I lift from his sepulchre its covering! Ye admirers of greatness! ye emulous of his talents and his fame, approach and behold him now. How pale! how silent! No martial bands admire the adroitness of his movements; no fascinating throng weep, and melt, and tremble at his eloquence! Amazing change! A shroud! a coffin! a narrow, subterraneous cabin! -- this is all that now remains of Hamilton! and is this all that remains of Hamilton? During a life so transitory, what lasting monument, then, can our fondest hopes erect!

My brethren! we stand on the borders of an awful gulf, which is swallowing up all things human; and is there, amidst this universal wreck, nothing stable, nothing abiding, nothing immortal, upon which poor, frail, dying man can fasten? Ask the hero, ask the statesman, whose wisdom you have been accustomed to revere, and he will tell you. He will tell you, did I say? He has already told you, from his death-bed; and his illumined spirit, still whispers from heaven, with well known eloquence, the solemn admonition: "Mortals hastening to the tomb, and once the companions of my pilgrimage, take warning and avoid my errors; cultivate the virtues I have recommended; choose the Saviour I have chosen; live disinterestedly; live for immortality; and would you rescue any thing from final dissolution, lay it up in God." -- President Nott.

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F--SUBJECTS

100. FAITH. -- Faith is the silver thread upon which the pearls of the graces are to be strung. Break that, and you have broken the string -- the pearls lie scattered on the ground; nor can you wear them for your own adornment. Faith is the mother of virtues. Faith is the fire which consumes sacrifice. Faith is the water which nurtures the root of piety. If you have not faith, all your graces must die. And in proportion as your faith increases, so will all your virtues be strengthened, not all in the same proportion, but all in some degree. -- C. H. Spurgeon.

101. FAITHFULNESS OF GOD. -- The voice of every storm that, like an angry child, weeps and cries itself to sleep -- the voice of every shower that has been followed by sunshine -- the hoarse voice of ocean breaking in impotent rage against its ancient bounds -- the voice of the seasons as they have marched to the music of the spheres in unbroken succession over the earth-the scream of the satyr in Babylon's empty halls -- the song of the fisherman, who spreads his net on the rocks, and shoots it through the waters where Tyre once sat in the pride of an ocean queen-the fierce shout of the Bedouin as he careers in freedom over his desert sands -- the wail and weeping of the wandering Jew over the ruins of Zion -- in all these I hear the echo of this voice of God, "I the Lord have spoken, and I will do it." These words are written on every Hebrew forehead. The Jew bartering his beads with naked savages -- bearding the Turk in the capitol of Mohammedan power -- braving in his furs the rigor of Russian winters -- over-reaching in China the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire -- in Golconda buying diamonds -- in our metropolis of the commercial world standing highest among her merchant princes - - the Hebrew everywhere, and yet everywhere without a country; with a religion, but without a temple; with wealth but without honor, with ancient pedigree, without ancestral possessions; with no land to fight for, nor altars to defend, nor patrimonial fields to cultivate; with children, and yet no child sitting under the trees that his grandsire planted; but all floating about over the world like scattered

fragments of a wreck upon the bosom of the ocean -- he is a living evidence, that, what the Lord hath spoken, the Lord will do. -- Thomas Guthrie.

102. FAMILY, HEAVENLY. -- Happy the family of which God is the father, Jesus the elder brother, and all the "saints in light" are brethren -- brethren born of one Spirit; nursed at the full breast of the same promises; trained in the same high school of heavenly discipline; seated at the same table; and gathered all where the innocent loves of earth are not quenched, but purified; not destroyed, but refined! To that family circle every accession forms a subject of gratitude and praise; and every new-comer receives such welcome as a mother, while she falls on his manly breast, gives her son, or as sisters, locked in his arms, with theirs entwined around him, give the brother whom they have got safe back from wreck and storm, or the bloody fields of war. So when, on returning home after weary journeys and a tedious absence, we have found that the whole household was moved, and that all, down even to the tottering babe, with outstretched hands, and beaming faces, and joyful welcomes, were at the door to meet us, we have thought, it shall be thus at the gates of glory. What a meeting there of parents and children, brothers and sisters, and death-divided friends! What mutual gratulations! What overflowing joy! And when they have led our spirit up through the long line of loving angels to the throne, what happiness to see Jesus, and get our warmest welcome from the lips of him who redeemed us by his blood, and, in the agonies of his cross, suffered for us more than a mother's pangs -- "the travail of his soul." -- Thomas Guthrie.

103. FAMINE IN IRELAND, THE. -- There lies upon the other side of the wide Atlantic a beautiful island, famous in story and in song. It has given to the world more than its share of genius and of greatness. It has been prolific in statesmen, warriors, and poets. Its brave and generous sons have fought successfully in all battles but its own. In wit and humor it has no equal; while its harp, like its history, moves to tears by its sweet but melancholy pathos. In this fair region God has seen fit to send the most terrible of all those fearful ministers who fulfill his inscrutable decrees. The earth has failed to give her increase; the common mother has forgotten her offspring, and her breast no longer affords them their accustomed nourishment. Famine, gaunt and ghastly famine, has seized a nation with its strangling grasp; and unhappy Ireland, in the sad woes of the present, forgets, for a moment, the gloomy history of the past.

In battle, in the fullness of his pride and strength, little concerns the soldier whether the hissing bullet sing his sudden requiem, or the cords of life are severed by the sharp steel. But he who dies of hunger, wrestles alone, day after day, with his grim and unrelenting enemy. He has no friends to cheer him in the terrible conflict; for if he had friends how could he die of hunger? He has not the hot blood of the soldier to maintain him, for his foe, vampire-like, has exhausted his veins.

Who will hesitate to give his mite, to avert such awful results? Give, then, generously and freely. Recollect, that in so doing, you are exercising one of the most godlike qualities of your nature, and at the same time enjoying one of the

greatest luxuries of life. We ought to thank our Maker that he has permitted us to exercise equally with himself that noblest of even the Divine attributes, benevolence. Go home and look at your family, smiling in rosy health, and then think of the pale, famine-pinched cheeks of the poor children of Ireland; and you will give, according to your store, even as a bountiful Providence has given to you--not grudgingly, but with open hand; for the quality of benevolence, like that of mercy.

"Is not strained;
It droppeth like the gentle rain from Heaven,
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed:
It blesses him that gives, and him that takes."
-- S. S. Prentiss.

104. FAULTFINDING. -- "It was my custom in my youth," says a celebrated Persian writer, "to rise from my sleep, to watch, pray, and read the Koran. One night, as I was thus engaged, my father, a man of practised virtue, awoke. 'Behold,' said I to him, 'thy children are lost in irreligious slumbers, while I alone wake to praise God.' 'Son of my soul,' said he, 'it is better to sleep than to wake to remark the faults of thy brethren.'" -- Family Circle.

105. FEAR. -- Fear is man's arch-enemy, the supreme obstacle in the way of happiness and progress. Fear poisons and congeals the stream of thought, resulting in mental lethargy, bodily paralysis and spiritual stagnation. It is the foul fountain from whence flow the noxious streams of hate and envy, of jealousy, revenge and greed. It is the parent and offspring alike of a thousand ills, the end whereof is death. Fear indeed hath torments. Only cast fear from the mind, and the stream of thought flows as freely and triumphantly as the river flows to the sea. It flows straight from its eternal source, clear, peaceful and transparent, refreshing and revitalizing the desert places of life, ever broadening and deepening in its ceaseless progress. Upon its bosom it bears the rich fruitage of Revelation -- of ever unfolding truth, and the peace and strength which are born of truth. -- A. S. Lehr.

106. FEELING, FROM HEART TO HEART. -- Others may be blessed by one who is not blessed himself. It is what comes from the heart of the preacher that reaches the heart of the hearer. Like a red-hot ball from a cannon's mouth, he must burn himself who would set others on fire. The ministry of men who are themselves strangers to piety has been the curse of the church in all ages. It were a poor refuge to seek exemption from such an evil, even in the ministry of angels; because, while man may not feel what he preaches, angels could not. How could they? They never felt the stings of conscience; they never hung over hell's fiery gulf, and saw the narrow ledge they stood on crumbling beneath their feet, and sent up to heaven the piercing cry, "Lord save me, I perish;" they never felt the power and peace of Jesus' blood; pursued by a storm of wrath, they never flew to the Rock of Ages, and folded their wings in the sweet and safe serenity of its welcome clefts; they never thirsted

for salvation; in an agony for pardon, they never felt ready to give a thousand worlds for one Christ; they never, as we have done, trod the valley of humiliation, and walked with bleeding feet and weeping eyes its flinty path; they never knew what it is, between them and their home in heaven, to see death's gloomy passage, and, more appalling still, a sight which makes the saint grasp his sword with a firmer hand, and lift up his shield on high -- Satan, the enemy posted there, and striding across the passage to dispute the way -- never knowing what it is to have been in bondage, having neither country nor kindred here, how could they preach like Paul? how could they burn with apostolic fire -- "I could wish that I myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh?" -- Gospel in Ezekiel.

107. FELLOWSHIP. -- We are told that William Penn, clad in simple garb, stood in the center of a company of Indian chieftains and said, "My friends, we have met on the broad pathway of good faith. We are all one flesh and blood. Being brethren, no advantage shall be taken on either side. Between us there shall be nothing but openness and love." Jumping to their feet these Indian chiefs replied, "While the rivers run and the sun shines, we shall live in peace with the children of William Penn." Although no record of this treaty was made on parchment, yet the war whoop of the Indian was not heard again in Pennsylvania for more than seventy years.

108. FIRE BELLS AS DISTURBERS OF THE PEACE. -- Where there is abuse, there ought to be clamor; because it is better to have our slumber broken by the fire bell than to perish, amidst the times, in our bed. -- Edmund Burke.

109. FIRE OF RELIGION. -- Religion is a fire which warms, so hot it melts the nature, and the stream of life frozen up to its bottom, till it was motionless, in the Christian is melted, and flows on, singing over its pebbles till it empties into the ocean of God. Religion is a fire which consumes the carnal, the sensual, and all the dross, and purifies the nature, and fuses into one harmonious life all man's varied powers. It does more: it melts the soul, till it flows into, and is one with the ocean of God's eternal love -- and God through Christ is all in all. Religion is a fire, whose first flames pour a flood of light throughout the courts and chambers of the temple of conscience, till not an impurity or sin, though small as an atom, can float in the obscurest corner without instant discovery. It illuminates the whole character, till the man is morally transfigured. He is like a city built on a hill. He is like a sun -- he shines. O, Christian, you need more fire. -- William Munsey.

110. FLAG, THE. -- Raise the flag of our fathers! Let southern breezes kiss it! Let southern skies reflect it. Southern patriots will love it. Southern sons will defend it, southern heroes will die for it! And as its folds unfurl beneath the heavens let our voices unite and swell the loud invocation: Flag of our Union! Wave on! Wave ever! But wave over free men, not over subjects! Wave over states, not over provinces! And now let the voices of the patriots from the North and from the East and from the West, join our voices from the South and send to heaven one universal

accordion chorus! Wave forever! Not over a despotism of lords and vassals but over a Union of equals; not over a land of anarchy, oppression, and strife, but over a land of law, of liberty and of peace. -- Benjamin H. Hill.

111. FLAG, A PRESENTATION. -- Today I give you a toast to the flag of our country -- the flag that has set the whole world free.

I give you this flag with all its history. The flag of the first republic on earth to make the people superior to the State and to declare that all men are free and equal under the law. The first flag to cleanse its folds from the dark stains of human slavery, in the blood of its heroes. The first flag to sail the seas, free and unmolested. The first flag to go journeying forth, across the broad prairies beyond the Mississippi, to ripple out in all its glory from the lofty, snow-clad peaks of the Rockies, and to blazon in the sunshine of the great Northwest along the trail of Fremont and Clark. The first flag to float over enfranchised Cuba and Hawaii redeemed. The first flag to greet the silent dawn in the vast, interminable wastes of the North Pole.

I give you this flag with all its symbols. Its red, as the blood of heroes, living and dead, who loved it and defended it. Its blue, as the sheen on the restless seas, that encompass it and protect it. Its white, as of the clear day, the union of all the colors of the spectrum; the peaks of all transcendent mountains and the drifting snows of her prairie wastes-aye, white clear through I The flag that reached into the heavens, plucked the field of azure and the stars for symbols and then set the American eagle above it, to watch, with tireless and searching eye, that not a star be dimmed or desecrated.

I give you, Americans, the world over -- the Flag, our Flag, the Flag of a free people. The Flag of an undying union of sovereign states joined together in the yet greater sovereignty of a Nation. I give you this Flag with its history, its achievements, its ideals. The Flag of the United States of America.

112. FLAG, NATIONAL. -- All hail to our glorious ensign! courage to the heart, and strength to the hand, to which, in all time, it shall be entrusted! May it ever wave in honor, in unsullied glory, and patriotic hope, on the dome of the capital, on the country's stronghold, on the entented plain, on the wave-rocked topmast!

Whenever, on earth's surface, the eye of the American shall behold it, may he have reason to bless it! On whatever spot it is planted, there may freedom have a foothold, humanity a brave champion, and religion an altar! Though stained with blood in a righteous cause, may it never in any cause be stained with shame! First raised in the cause of right and liberty, in that cause alone may it forever spread out its streaming blazonry to the battle and the storm! Having been borne victoriously across the continent and on every sea, may virtue and freedom and peace forever follow where it leads the way! -- Edward Everett.

113. FOREIGN WAR AND DOMESTIC DESPOTISM. -- The Senator from Michigan was right when he said that our fears were to be found at home. I do fear ourselves. Commit our people once to unnecessary foreign wars, -let victory encourage the military spirit, already too prevalent among them, -- and Roman history will have no chapter bloody enough to be transmitted to posterity side by side with ours. In a brief period we shall have reenacted, on a grander scale, the same scenes which marked her decline. The veteran soldier, who has followed a victorious leader from clime to clime, will forget his love of country in his love for his commander; and the bayonets you send abroad to conquer a kingdom will be brought back to destroy the rights of the citizen, and prop the throne of an Emperor. -- Jeremiah Clemens.

114. FORCE, RIGHTLY USED. -- It may be the naked right of the United States to stand thus idly by. I have the legal right to sit in my comfortable parlor, with my loved ones gathered about me, see a fiend attacking a helpless woman, and I can legally say that it is no affair of mine -- it is not happening on my premises; and I can turn away, take up my little ones in my arms, and, with the memory of their sainted mother in my heart, look up to the motto on the wall and read, "God bless our home." But if I do I am a coward and a cur, unfit to live, and God knows, unfit to die. And yet I cannot protect or save the woman without the exercise of force. Nor can we intervene and save Cuba without force. And force means war, and war means blood. But it will be God's force. When has a battle for humanity and liberty ever been won except by force? What barricade in justice, wrong and oppression has ever been carried except by force? Force compelled the signature of unwilling royalty to the great Magna Charta; force put life into the Declaration; force beat down the naked hands upon the iron gateway of the Bastille and made reprisal in one awful hour for centuries of kingly crimes; force waved the flag of revolution over Bunker Hill and marked the snows of Valley Forge with blood stained feet; force held the broken lines at Shiloh, climbed the flamed-swept hills at Chattanooga and stormed the clouds on Lookout Heights; force saved the nation, force kept the stars in the flag. Others may hesitate, others may procrastinate, others may plead for further diplomatic negotiations, but for me, I am ready to act now, and for my action I am ready to answer to my conscience, to my country, and to my God." -- John M. Thurston in U. S. Senate, A Plea for Cuba.

115. FORGETTING. -- The art of forgetting, within reasonable bounds, is as desirable an accomplishment as the development of a keen memory. All of us have rough bumps and heartaches in life. If we weren't able to forget them, existence would be dismal, drab. Memory has to do with the past. The man with keen memory has anchored back yonder. Quite the reverse with the man with the ability to forget; he has rung down the final curtain on the past; is living in the present and for the future. Forgetting is not an accident, it's an effort of the will power. The stronger our will power, the easier to blot the past from our conscious minds. The jovial healthy person with the art of forgetting has a great advantage. He may not be able to entirely ignore the unpleasanties of life as they come along, but he at least doesn't

meet them with a magnifying glass. A good memory is most valuable accompanied by a good forgettory.

116. FORGIVENESS. -- To forgive man in any circumstances costs us nothing. Say that he has defrauded me; injured my reputation; attempted my life; and suppose such an enemy in my power; what does it cost me to forgive him? Let us see. To reduce him to poverty would make me no richer; to destroy his peace would not restore my own; to hurt him would not heal me; to break his heart would not bind up mine; to cast a blot on his reputation would restore no lustre to my name; to take his life, saying "Nothing smells so sweet as the dead body of an enemy," would not insure me against the stroke of death, nor lengthen my life by a single hour. It is no great proof of love after all for you or me to forget an injury and forgive the injurer. To pardon a criminal may smooth the cares and soothe the sorrows of a royal pillow, but adds none to them; it may augment but cannot diminish the luster of a crown. It is a happy memory that remembers kindness, and forgets offences. It is a far nobler thing to conquer one's passions than to crush a foe; and sweeter than gratified revenge are his feelings who, when his enemy hungers, feeds him; when he thirsts, gives him drink. -- Thomas Guthrie.

117. FRATERNALISM. -- When we consider the antiquity of -- (Fraternity) -- the dangers through which she has successfully passed, the persecutions of bigotry, superstition and fanaticism which she has met and repelled, and behold her today with the glory of the centuries clustering about her brow, and the years of useful labor resting so lightly upon her unbowed form, standing upright and stately with all the vigor of her early youth -- her feet as quick to run errands of mercy, knees as supple to bend in prayer for a brother's need, breast as faithful to receive and keep a brother's confidence, hands as strong and ready to support a falling brother, and lips ever whispering words of cheer and comfort to the ear of distress - - we stand with unshod feet and bared head to her mystic portals, and fain would lay the laurel wreath of well-earned fame upon her brow.

The flight of time has not dulled her ardor nor made sluggish the blood that richly courses through her veins. The finger of the ages has been powerless to mark the flight of years upon her beautiful face. Her form unbent by the burdens she has borne, her eye as quick to catch the sign of distress, and her ear to hear the plaintive cry of need. -- Albert Pike.

118. FREEDOM AND EDUCATION. -- The free school is the promoter of that intelligence which is to preserve us as a free nation. If we are to have another contest in the near future of our national existence, I predict that the dividing line will not be Mason and Dixon's, but between patriotism and intelligence on the one side, and superstition and ambition and ignorance on the other. Now in this Centennial year of our existence I believe it a good time to begin the work of strengthening the foundation of the house commenced by our patriotic forefathers

one hundred years ago, at Concord and Lexington. Let us all labor to add all needful guarantees for the more perfect security of free thought, free speech, free press, pure morals, unfettered religious sentiments, and of equal rights and privileges to all men, irrespective of nationality, color, or religion. Encourage free schools, and resolve that not one dollar of money appropriated to their support, no matter how raised, shall be appropriated to the support of any sectarian school. Resolve that the State or Nation, or both combined, shall furnish to every child growing up in the land the means of acquiring a good common-school education, unmixed with sectarian, pagan, or atheistic tenets. Leave the matter of religion to the family altar, the church, and the private school supported entirely by private contributions. Keep the Church and State forever separate. With these safeguards I believe the battles which created the Army of Tennessee, will not have been fought in vain. -- From an address to the Army of the Tennessee, at its reunion, September 29th, 1875, at Des Moines, Iowa. -- Ulysses S. Grant.

119. FREE SPEECH IN PARLIAMENT AND CONGRESS. -- During the War of the Revolution, when the infant colonies of this country were struggling for existence, every member upon this floor knows what terrible anathemas were hurled against the British Government by Chatham, Burke, Fox, Sheridan and other distinguished orators in the British Parliament. Their language has never been equaled in severity by anything that has been said by any Member on this floor, and yet who ever heard of a resolution introduced for their expulsion? . . .

Sir, in a free country like ours is no latitude of debate to be allowed, is not discussion to be as broad as it is under a monarchical government, in the Parliament of Great Britain? Sir, there is no subject on which a people are more sensitive than that of free speech. It is regarded, and justly so, as one of the bulwarks of liberty, and any attempt to abridge it -- and especially in these halls--must be, as it ought to be, condemned by the American people. -- From a speech in the House of Representatives, April 12th, 1864, against expelling Congressman Long, of Ohio. -- James Sidney Rollins.

120. FROM EAR TO EAR. -- A small Negro boy went to a physician to be treated for a painful sensation in one of his ears. Upon examination the ear was found to be full of water.

"How did it happen?" he was asked after the ear had been drained. "Been going in swimming?"

"Nah, suh," said the little fellow, "been eatin' watermelon!" -- The Haversack.

121. FUNERAL SENTIMENTS. -- The loved and loving brother, husband, father, friend died where manhood's morning almost touches noon, and while the shadows still were falling toward the west. He had not passed on life's highway the stone that marks the highest point; but, being weary for the moment, he laid down by the wayside and, using his burden for a pillow, fell into that dreamless sleep that

kisses down his eyelids still. While yet in love with life and raptured with the world, he passed to silence and pathetic dust.

Yet, after all, it may be best-just in the happiest, sunniest hour of all the voyage, while eager winds are kissing every sail, to dash against the unseen rock, and in an instant hear the billows roar above the sunken ship. For whether in mid sea or 'mong the breakers of a farther shore, a wreck must mark at last the end of each and all. -- Robert G. Ingersoll, at his brother's funeral.

The "King of Terrors" comes with noiseless step, shod with wool, stealthily, silently, with bated breath; he is not seen, he is not heard, he is not suspected, till all at once his cold shadow falls upon us, and his dark form stands between us and the light of the living world. -- MacMillan.

By a grave one learns what life really is -- that it is not here, but elsewhere -- that this is the exile, there is the home. As we grow older the train of life goes faster and faster; those with whom we travel step out from station to station, and our own station too soon will be marked. -- Max Mueller.

Every ache and pain and wrinkle you see stamping itself on the brow, every accident which reveals the uncertain tenure of life, every funeral bell that tolls, are only God's reminders that we are tenants, at will and not by right: pensioners on the bounty of the hour -- His, not ours. -- Robertson.

"And now to you who have been chosen from among the many men he loved, to do the last sad office for the dead, we give his sacred dust."

* * *

G--SUBJECTS

122. GENEROSITY. -- I have known men who would entrust their wives with their hearts and honor but not with their pocketbooks-not with one dollar. When I see a man of that kind I always think he knows which of these articles is the most valuable. Think of making your wife a beggar. Think of her having to ask you every day for a dollar or for two dollars or fifty cents. "What did you do with that dollar I gave you last week?" Oh, I tell you if you have but one dollar in the world and you have to spend it, spend it like a king-spend it as though it were a dead leaf and you the owner of unbounded forests! That's the way to spend it!

123. GENIUS, THE CAPACITY FOR WORK. -- The education, gentlemen, moral and intellectual, of every individual, must be, chiefly, his own work. How else could it happen that young men, who have had precisely the same opportunities, should be continually presenting us with such different results, and rushing to such opposite destinies? Difference of talent will not solve it, because that difference is very often in favor of the disappointed candidate.

You will see issuing from the walls of the same college-nay, sometimes from the bosom of the same family, two young men, of whom the one shall be admitted to be a genius of high order, the other scarcely above the point of mediocrity; yet you shall see the genius sinking and perishing in poverty, obscurity, and wretchedness, while, on the other hand, you shall observe the mediocre plodding his slow, but sure way, up the hill of life, gaining steadfast footing at every step, and mounting, at length, to eminence and distinction, an ornament to his family, a blessing to his country.

Now, whose work is this? Manifestly their own. Men are the architects of their respective fortunes. It is the fiat of fate from which no power of genius can absolve you. Genius, unexerted, is like the poor moth that flutters around a candle till it scorches itself to death. If genius be desirable at all, it is only of that great and magnanimous kind, which, like the condor of South America, pitches from the summit of Chimborazo, above the clouds, and sustains itself, at pleasure, in that empyreal region, with an energy rather invigorated than weakened by the effort.

It is this capacity for high and long-continued exertion, this vigorous power of profound and searching investigation, this careering and wide-spreading comprehension of mind, and those long reaches of thought, that:--

"Pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom line could never touch the ground,
And drag up drowned honor by the locks."

124. GENIUS, THE LONELINESS OF. -- Insects swarm; the lion forages alone. Swallows consort in myriads; the condor dwells companionless in the awful solitudes of the Cordilleras. Weakness wars with thousands; might battles a Goliath. Littleness is gregarious; greatness is solitary. The grandest realization of civilized society is the man of genius. His individuality is of the most distinctive type, and by its very intensity necessitates his insulation. But what is genius? What is life? Call it transcendent mental power; intensity of the intuitive and inventive faculties; say that it is of the heart, innate, soul-born, incommunicable. But is that all?

The mind perceives, the heart feels, and the whole being vibrates with the pulsations of the great truth or strong passion, struggling mightily to the birth. Then genius, by a common instinct of nature in travail, withdraws from the multitude, and in silence and in solitude, enswathes the bright children of its soul. Not in courts nor palaces nor classic halls nor coteries of the learned are deepest emotions felt or embodied, grandest truths discovered, or sublimest conceptions begotten or born; but from Sinai's slopes and the shores of Gennesaret, from the chamber of blindness in London and the felon's cell at Bedford, have come the revelations that bless mankind.

Emerson says, "Veracity derives from instinct and marks superiority in organization." So we may say, loneliness derives from nature and marks superiority in endowment and delicacy in organism. These we conceive to be the main factors in the loneliness of genius, and shall so consider them.

Superiority of endowment -- the first and chief cause of loneliness in men of genius.

An almost necessary concomitant, the peculiar charm of lofty intellects, as of mountain-peaks, is solitariness. Were the hundred Alpine summits equally elevated, Mont Blanc would little engage the poet's pen or the tourist's eye. But peerless and cloud-wrapt, he towers in cold sublimity to companionship with the stars. So genius, upborne by a faith that gazes upon the ineffable, holds lofty communion with the universal Soul above and around it.

Think of the Prophet at Horeb; the royal Buddha in the caves of India; the divine Dante wandering like the shade of an unburied Greek; Gibbon weaving his chaplet of immortelles by the lonely waters of Leman, and Byron gathering on the deserted shores of the Aegean the jewels which today glitter in the diadem of his fame. Oh, the solitude of great minds! How they shun the crowd and seek peace and inspiration amid the solemn beauties and lone sublimities of nature! They wander through "the pathless woods;" they linger on the wave-washed beach, awed and thrilled by the deep anthems of the sea; they stand alone upon the mountain-tops and hear unterrified the voice of storms. 'Tis a voice of nature -- they know it well. Like the eagle, the Oioros -- the "lone-flyer" -- of the Greeks, they gaze with undimmed eyes upon the sun of truth. This is the loneliness of genius; or rather it is the expression, the outward symbol, of an inherent isolation, which often is hidden, yet is part as well as characteristic of all genius. Like Burns, the man of genius may mingle in the busiest scenes of life -- at the plow with simple peasants, at the board of Edinburgh's nobility -- yet his soul is ever "like a star, and dwells apart." He stands

"Among them, but not of them: in a shroud
Of thoughts which are not their thoughts."

Neither craving their applause nor fearing their displeasure, he is self-contained without arrogance, elevated without haughtiness, learned without pedantry, superior yet without vanity. Beings of a nobler faith, they seem ambassadors or visitors from the courts of a higher sphere, and are estranged from the world by the peculiarity of their nature and their mission. The laureate of loneliness was the youthful Shelley. His eye caught the light of a coming dawn, and his soul the freedom of a looked-for age. His life was wed to the interpretation of the soul within, and the grander soul around him. He worshipped nature, oftentimes heard "the still, sad music of humanity." Beside him place the unpoetic, tender-hearted Lincoln. His deep, sad eyes and pensive hours gave many a token of a loneliness, hidden from

the popular eye, yet real and pathetic beyond expression. His was a character grandly simple. Unconscious and spontaneous, yet vigorous and brave, it is the most unique, solitary, beautiful in our history.

The peculiarly delicate mental constitution of genius, especially if environed by unpropitious influences, is another and a frequent cause of intense lonesomeness.

Lord Byron's misanthropy and alienation illustrates this. His life was made up of the widest and wildest extremes and antagonisms. His nature warred with its environments, and his environments mocked his nature. The springs of his life were early embittered, and he felt alone in a hostile world. Born amid enemies, he died amid strangers. A lyre so finely strung could not be so roughly swept and no string be broken. Think of our wandering Pleiad of poesy, the Byron of America. With the temperament of a delicate girl he struggled with the coarse natures of a great city. He was a frail and beautiful exotic amid the sharp thistles, stunted pines, and gnarled oaks of a northern dime -- a trembling fawn among the uncouth denizens of the farm-yard. Early and sadly Poe died as he had lived -- alone; and the brightest star in American literature went out in darkness.

But these men of genius are insulated more by their fineness of mental mechanism and their superlative sensitiveness than by the rough treatment of the world. And this utter absence of sympathy is often their heaviest and keenest grief. Gray's epitaph says, "He gained from Heaven -- 'twas all he wished -- a friend." Ah! that is it! Admirers, patrons, flatterers -- they all have these; but how few have friends! And without intelligent sympathy genius is as much alone in the thoroughfares or parlors of a metropolis, as by the sullen crater of Aetna or the voiceless shores of the Arctic sea.

But isolation not only results from the nature but also enhances the power of genius. It concentrates and matures intellect and imagination; it deepens and intensifies every motion; it makes the soul self-centered and self-directed, and it counteracts the enervating and dispersive influence of society. The one law of society is "Conform," and against it the unconscious spontaneity of genius must rebel.

Society discusses grave topics flippantly, or considers trivial subjects seriously. Only to itself does the soul tell its inmost thoughts, convictions, and emotions. Moore and Coleridge, and Dickens, by joining too often in the dissipations of society, undoubtedly diminished the strength and vigor of their genius, and brought their grand careers to an untimely close.

Although the influence of mental isolation is highly favorable to intellectual development, it is often detrimental to disposition and character. Melancholy is the form it commonly assumes. To the youthful genius the tendencies to doubt and despondency are almost irresistible. His mind at first forceful, buoyant, and

original, soon feels the conservatisms of the world pressing upon and confining it like the fabled iron shroud. He fancies himself a young Enceladus beneath an Aetna of out-grown forms. If he submit as to the inevitable he sinks into a gloomy pessimism in whose firmament there shines no star. If he resist, his misfortune begets a bitter defiance of mankind and a scornful indifference to their affairs. He is the cynic or the misanthrope, the Diogenes or the Timon.

But it is when men of genius escape these phases of solitariness, and reach the sphere of a grander, nobler, purer loneliness, that they attain to the ideal. When, forgetting the enmities of the present, they calmly await the glory of the future; when they exchange the mantle of selfish loneliness for the garb of philanthropy; when, from the misery, the exile, the dungeon, or the scaffold, to which an ungrateful people has consigned them, there comes a voice of prayer. "Forgive them, for they know not what they do," ah then their genius transcends humanity -- becomes divine. How sublime their silence before their accusers! What can they say to the ignorant and the superstitious? Stand by Socrates and Bruno and feel the utter folly of speech: "And when He was accused of the priests and elders he answered nothing, insomuch that the governor marveled greatly."

One closing thought seems voiced from the subject we have discussed: it is the ministry of genius to the children of men. Not useless are these God-made men on whom abides "the light that never was on sea or land." Though dwelling companionless and high, yet are they apostles of good to the millions who tread the lowest vales of earth. The else too somber web of life they brighten with threads of purple and gold. Into dull souls they breathe a quickening spirit. To the groveling and earth-bound they are angels of a nobler and better life. Interpreters of deeper mysteries, they hold ajar for us the doors of the ineffable. Heralding all grander truths, they are the pioneers of civilization, the exponents and prophets of that Golden Age for which humanity waits. -- Oration y E. A. Bancroft, of Knox College.

125. GOOD NIGHT. --

Sleep sweetly in this quiet room
O thou, who'er thou art,
And let no mournful yesterdays
Disturb thy peaceful heart,
Nor let tomorrow scare thy rest
With dreams of coming ill;
Thy Maker is thy changeless friend,
His love surrounds thee still.
Forget thyself and all the world,
Put out each glaring light:
The stars are watching over thee;
Sleep sweetly, then
GOOD NIGHT! -- Anon.

126. GOSPEL. -- The gospel is accommodated to our nature; its light is adapted to our darkness; its mercy to our misery; its pardon to our guilt; its sanctification to our impurity; its comforts to our griefs; and in substituting the love of Christ for the love of sin, in giving us an object of love, it meets our constitution, and satisfies the strongest cravings of our nature. It engages our affections, and in taking away an old heart, supplies its place with a new one and a better one.

127. GOSPEL OF CHRIST, THE -- Is the one adequate, remedy for every need and condition of mankind. It has given birth to spiritual kingdoms. It has laid the cornerstone of our highest civilizations. It has founded institutions of learning. It has inspired our best literature. It has emancipated the slave. It has conserved childhood, dignified womanhood, and glorified the home. Among all people and in all lands, it has accomplished social and moral transformations which to the human viewpoint have seemed impossible. There is just one sufficient explanation for the triumphs of Christ's Gospel: "It is the power of God unto salvation." The world's hope is to be found only in the Saviourhood and Lordship of Christ.

Men may call as long and earnestly as they will on Confucius or Mohammed or Plato or anybody else for salvation, but there will be no answer. Let a man honestly call on Christ for forgiveness and deliverance from the guilt and power of sin, and Christ answers, and the man knows Christ answers. The man goes his way with the joyful cry, "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see." Christ in human experience is the crowning glory of His Gospel. He enlightens the mind. He arouses the conscience. He awakens the will. He dissolves our doubts, puts away our difficulties, girds us with a power above our own which power gives us triumph over sin and sorrow and death. No destructive criticism can finally shake our confidence in the Bible because in that God-given Book we find revealed our own experience. It is God's mirror reflecting the spiritual image of every one who looks into it. In one week the people of any community see enough demonstrations of the power of Christ's Gospel in human experience to send them out as personal workers, to preach without hesitation or reserve the glorious sufficiency of His Gospel for every need, of every human being, for time and for eternity. -- George W. Truett.

128. GOVERNMENT BY THE GALLOWS. -- Whether hanging ever did, or can, answer any good purpose, I doubt; but the cruel exhibition of every execution day is a proof that hanging carries no terror with it. The multiplicity of our hanging laws has produced these two things: frequency of condemnation, and frequent pardons. If we look to the executions themselves, what examples do they give? The thief dies either hardened or penitent. All that admiration and contempt of death with which heroes and martyrs inspire good men in a good cause, the abandoned villain feels, in seeing a desperado like himself meet death with intrepidity. The penitent thief, on the other hand, often makes the sober villain think that by robbery, forgery, or murder, he can relieve all his wants; and, if he be brought to justice, the punishment will be short and trifling, and the reward eternal. -- Sir W. Meredith.

129. GRAVITATION. -- While substances and places and seasons limit the action of many material agencies, there is a power -- that which England's greatest philosopher discovered-which neither substance, nor place, nor season limits. Universal in its action, it is everywhere, affecting everything. It determines the movements of the motes in a sunbeam and of the planets in the firmament. It shapes the tear on your infant's cheek and has given its rounded form to the sun. It makes the raindrops fall to the earth and prevents the stars from dropping out of the sky. Most powerfully affecting every atom of matter on earth and every plant and sun in heaven. Amid all the agencies which science studies, art employs, and God has established, gravitation alone extends its empire from the center to the circumference of creation. In a subordinate sense, indeed, we may say of it what is said of God, "It reigneth over all." -- Thomas Guthrie.

130. GREAT, THE UNKNOWN. -- These now sleep in secluded and unhonored graves, with their pallid faces turned toward the tips of daisies, and no epitaphs to mark their last resting-places, all bear witness to the great fact that the world now worships principles and not men.

131. GRIEF. -- Pliny the younger tells us that when the eruption of Vesuvius, which buried Pompeii, had covered with a pall of blackness the whole heavens, and the earth, rocking beneath successive and tremendous earthquakes, had no other light at broad noonday than the blaze of the burning mountain and broad flashes of lightning that occasionally penetrated but added to the effect of the gloom, -- Pliny the younger tells us that people thought, not only that nature was dissolving, but that the very gods were dying. And if a god had died, the terror and grief could hardly have exceeded that I once saw in the case of a mother who had set her affections too exclusively on the child we had met to carry to the grave. Seated at the head of the coffin, she seemed a statue; the grand work of some master hand, to represent the deepest, blackest grief. No tears were on her bloodless cheek. Fixed on the coffin, her eyes never left it. She neither moved nor spake, as on her face one could read these words, "My heart is withered like grass." Absorbed in sorrow, it mattered as little to her as to the dead who went out, or who came in. At length the moment came to remove the body. Then, as when the heavens that have been gathering blackness break out into a blaze of flame and roar of thunder, burst the storm. The form that had looked more like lifeless marble than one animate with life, now sprung up, threw itself on the coffin, clung to it with wails to pierce a heart of stone; and, when gentle force was employed to unloose her arms, she walked to the door-patting the poor coffin; and saw it borne out of her sight with an expression of agony, which, as she fell back fainting into the arms of kind neighbors, seemed to cry, "Ye have taken away my god, and what have I more!" -- Speaking to the Heart.

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H--SUBJECTS (Not All Subjects In This Division Begin With The Letter "H".)

132. HABIT, THE POWER OF (Above Niagara) -- "Young man, ahoy."

"What is it?"

"BEWARE! BEWARE! THE RAPIDS ARE BELOW YOU!"

Now you see the water foaming all around. See how fast you pass that point! Up with the helm! Now turn! Pull hard! Quick! QUICK! Pull hard for your lives! Pull till the blood starts from your nostrils and the veins stand out like whipcord upon your brow! Set the mast in the socket! Hoist the sail! ah, ah! it is too late! Shrieking, howling, blaspheming, over they go!

Thousands go over the rapids of intemperance every year through the power of habit, crying all the while: "When I find out that it is injuring me, I will give it up!" - John B. Gough.

133. HARD TIMES. -- A French portrait painter sat in his favorite cafe sipping his wine. His first small bottle finished, he was about to order a second, when his eyes fell on a headline of a paper, "Hard Times Coming," so instead of ordering his usual second bottle he called for his check.

"Is there anything wrong with the wine?" asked the owner of the cafe.

"The wine is good, but I did not"order a second bottle because hard times are coming and we must economize," explained the artist.

"Hard times," said the cafe owner. "Then my wife must not order that silk dress we planned, but must take one of cotton."

"Hard times," repeated the dressmaker when the order was canceled. "This is no time to expand. I must not make the improvement I had planned in this place."

"Hard times, eh?" said the builder, when the dressmaker canceled the plans. "Then I cannot have my wife's portrait painted."

So he wrote the artists and canceled the order.

After receiving the letter the artist went again to his favorite cafe and ordered a small bottle of wine to soothe him. On a nearby chair was the paper in which he had read of hard times two days before. He picked it up to read more closely and found that it was two years old. -- Fireman's Fund Record.

134. HARD TO AROUSE. -- A group of men, one after another, were telling jokes. All laughed heartily -- except one. Not a smile could they get from him. After all efforts seemed to have failed, one of the jokers turned to the silent one and said, "Now, my friend, we have all told our jokes it is your time."

"I do not know that I have a joke," was the reply, "but I have a conundrum."

"Well, give us that."

"My conundrum is this: What is the difference between me and a turkey?"

"Give it up," came a chorus of voices.

"The difference between me and a turkey is this; they usually stuff the bird with chestnuts after it is dead. I am alive."

135. HATE. -- The hate habit is a mental monopolist. It occupies the mind exclusively when indulged in. It sours the spirit and injures the health. You can let people hate you all you like; their hate it not likely to hurt if you keep reasonably on guard. But you cannot hate them in return Without making yourself unhappy and unwealthy and unwise. Better watch that hate habit!

136. HEAVEN.--

Think of standing on a shore
And finding it heaven!
Of taking hold of a hand
And finding it God's hand!
Of breathing a new air
And finding it celestial air!
Of feeling invigorated
And finding it immortality!
Of passing from storm and tempest
To an unknown calm!
Of waking and finding--
"I am home!"
-- Unknown.

137. HEAVEN. -- BELLS OF MOSCOW. -- Last summer I saw Moscow, in some respects the most splendid city under the sun. . . After examining nine hundred cannons which were picked out of the snow after Napoleon retreated from Moscow, each cannon deep cut with the letter "N," I ascended a tower of some two hundred and fifty feet, just before sunset, and on each platform there were bells, large and small, and I climbed up among the bells, and then as I reached the top, all the bells underneath me began to ring; and they were joined by the bells of fourteen hundred towers and domes and turrets. Some of the bells sent out a faint tinkle of sound, a sweet tintinnabulation that seems a bubbling of the air, and others thundered forth boom after boom, boom after boom, until it seemed to shake the earth and fill the heavens -- sounds so weird, so sweet, so awful, so grand, so charming, so tremendous, so soft, so rippling, so reverberating -- and they seemed to wreath

and whirl and rise and sink and burst and roll and mount and die. When Napoleon saw Moscow burn, it could not have been more brilliant than when I saw the fourteen hundred turrets aflame with the sunset; and there were roofs of gold, and walls of malachite, and pillars of porphyry, and balustrades of mosaic, and architecture of all colors mingling the brown of autumnal forests and the blue of summer heavens, and the conflagrations of morning skies, and the emerald of rich grass, and the foam of tossing seas. The mingling of so many sounds was an entrancement almost too much for human nerves and human eyes and human ears. I expect to see nothing to equal it until you and I see heaven. But that will surpass it and make the memory of what I saw that July evening in Moscow almost tame and insipid. All heaven aglow and all heaven a-ring, not in the sunset, but in the sunrise. Voices of our own kindred mingling with the doxologies of empires. Organs of eternal worship responding to the trumpets that have wakened the dead. Nations in white. Centuries in coronation. Anthems like the voice of many waters. Circles of martyrs. Circles of apostles, Circles of prophets. Thrones of cherubim. Thrones of seraphim. Throne of archangel. Throne of Christ. Throne of God. Thrones! Thrones! The finger of God points that way. Stop not till you reach that place. Through the atoning Christ, all I speak of and more may be yours and mine. Do you not hear the chime of the bells of that metropolis of the universe! Do you not see the shimmering of the towers? -- T. DeWitt Talmage.

138. HEAVEN, ENTERING. -- Now, just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked after them, and behold, the City shone like the sun; the streets also were paved with gold, and in them walked many men with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps to sing praises withal . . . And after that they shut up the gates; which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them. -- Bunyan.

139. HEAVEN, FITNESS NECESSARY. -- I have read of a man who had amassed great wealth, but had no children to inherit it. He lost the opportunity, which one would think good men would more frequently embrace, of leaving Christ his heir, and bequeathing to the cause of religion what he could not carry away. Smitten, however, with the vain and strange propensity to found a house, or make a family, as it is called, he left his riches to a distant relative. His successor found himself suddenly raised from poverty to affluence, and thrown into a position which he had not been trained to fill. He was cast into the society of those to whose tastes, and habits, and accomplishments he was an utter and an awkward stranger. Did many envy this child of fortune? They might have spared their envy. Left in his original obscurity he had been a happy peasant, whistling his way home from the plough to a thatch-roofed cottage, or on winter nights, and around the blazing faggots, laughing loud and merry among unpolished boors. Child of misfortune! he buried his happiness in the grave of his benefactor. Neither qualified by nature, nor fitted by education, for his position, he was separated from his old, only to be despised by his new associates. And how bitterly was he disappointed to find, that, in exchanging poverty for opulence, daily toil for luxurious indolence, humble friends for more distinguished companions, a hard bed for one of down, this turn in his fortunes had flung him on a couch, not of roses, but of thorns! In his case, the

hopes of the living and the intentions of the dead were alike frustrated. The prize had proved a blank; a necessary result of this fatal oversight, that the heir had not been made meet for the inheritance.

Is such training needful for an earthly estate? How much more for the "inheritance of the saints in light!" -- Thomas Guthrie.

140. HEAVEN, A PLACE OF ACTIVITY. -- I could hardly wish to enter heaven did I believe its inhabitants were to idly sit by purling streams, fanned by balmy airs. Heaven, to be a place of happiness, must be a place of activity. Has the far-reaching mind of Newton ceased its profound investigations? Has David hung up his harp, as useless as the dusty arms in Westminster Abbey? Has Paul, glowing with godlike enthusiasm, ceased itinerating the universe of God? Are Peter and Cyprian and Edwards and Payson and Everett idling away eternity in mere psalm-singing? Heaven is a place of ceaseless activity, the abode of never-tiring thought. - Beecher.

141. HEAVEN, GOING THERE. -- People talk strangely of going to heaven when they die; but what gratification could it possibly afford a man whose enjoyments are of a sensuous or sensual nature -- whose only pleasure lies in the acquisition of worldly objects, or the gratification of brutal appetites? You hope to go to heaven! I hope you will. But, unless your heart is sanctified and renewed, what were heaven to you? an abhorrent vacuum. The day that took you there would end all enjoyment, and throw you, a castaway, upon a solitude more lonely than a desert island. Neither angels nor saints would seek your company, nor would you seek theirs. Unable to join in their hallowed employments, to sympathize with, or even to understand their holy joys, you would feel more desolate in heaven than we have done in the heart of a great city, without one friend, jostled by crowds, but crowds who spoke a language we did not understand, and were aliens alike in dress and manners, in language, blood and faith. -- Thomas Guthrie.

142. HEAVEN, ITS JOYS FOR THE HOLY. -- What, for instance, were the most tempting banquet to one without appetite, sick, loathing the very sight and smell of food? To a man stone-deaf, what the boldest blast of trumpet, the roll of drums, stirring the soldier's soul to deeds of daring valor, or the finest music that ever fell on charmed ear, and seemed to bear the spirit on its waves of sound up to the gates of heaven? Or what, to one stone-blind, a scene to which beauty has lent its charms, and sublimity its grandeur -- the valley clad in a many colored robe of flowers, the gleaming lake, the flashing cascade, the foaming torrent, the dark-climbing forest, the brave trees that cling to the frowning crags, the rocky pinnacles, and, high over all, hoary winter looking down on summer from her throne on the Alps' untrodden snows? Just what heaven would be to man with his ruined nature, his low passions, and his dark guilty conscience. Incapable of appreciating its holy beauties, of enjoying its holy happiness, he would find nothing there to delight his senses. How he would wonder in what its pleasures lay; and, supposing him once there, were there a place of safety out of it, how he would long to be away,

and keep his eye on the gate to watch its opening, and escape as from a doleful prison! Such an inheritance were to such a man like the gift of a noble library to a plumed, painted savage. As, ignorant of letters, he stalked from hall to hall amid the wisdom of bygone ages, and rolled his restless eyes over the unappreciated treasures, how he would sigh to be back to his native forests, where he might sit among his tribe at the council-fire or raise his war-whoop, or hunt down the deer! -- Thomas Guthrie.

143. HEAVEN, MEETNESS FOR. -- On the day when he was raised from the dead, Lazarus had two things to thank Christ for. His gratitude was due for what Jesus did without human instrumentality, and also for what he did by it; both for the "Lazarus come forth!" that rent the grave, and for the "Loose him and let him go!" that rent the grave-clothes; not only for life, but for the liberty without which life had been a doubtful blessing. Doubtful blessing! What enjoyment had there been in life so long as the face-cloth was left on his eyes, and his limbs were bound fast in the cerements of the tomb? He emerges from the grave's black mouth a living, yet a startling, hideous object, from whose appalling form the crowd reels back, and terror-stricken sisters might be excused for shrinking. Shrouded like a corpse, smelling of the noisome grave, with the yellow linen muffling eyes and mouth, every door had been shut against him, and the streets of Bethany cleared of flying crowds by such a frightful apparition. Who would have sat beside him at the feast? Who would have worshipped with him in the synagogue? A public terror, shunned by his dearest friends to him life had been no boon; but a burden-a heavy load from which he had sought relief, where many a weary one has found it, in the deep oblivion of the tomb. Had Christ done no more than bid Lazarus live, I can fancy his unhappy friend imploring him to resume the gift, saying, Take it back; let me return to the quiet grave; the dead will not shun me; and I shall say to corruption, "Thou art my father; and to the worm, Thou art my mother and my sister." -- Thomas Guthrie.

144. HEAVEN, TO THE SINNER. -- It is the curse of vice, that, where its desires outlive the power of gratification, or are denied the opportunity of indulgence, they become a punishment and a torment. Denied all opportunity of indulgence, what would a drunkard do in heaven? Or a glutton? Or a voluptuary? Or an ambitious man? Or a worldling? One whose soul lies buried in a heap of gold? Or she, who, neglecting quite as much the noble purpose of her being, flits life through, a painted butterfly, from flower to flower of pleasure, and wastes the day of grace in the idolatry and adornment of a form which death shall change into utter loathsomeness, and the grave into a heap of dust These would hear no sounds of ecstasy, would see no brightness, would smell no perfumes, in paradise. But, weeping and wringing their hands, they would wander up and down the golden streets to bewail their death, crying -- "The days have come in which we have no pleasure in them." On that eternal Sabbath-from which nor fields, nor news, nor business would afford escape -- what would they do, who hear no music in church bells, and say of holy services, "When will they be over?" Oh, the slow, weary march of the hours of never-ending Sabbath devotions! Oh, the painful glare of a never-setting Sabbath sun! Than go down to hell, than perish in the coming storm,

they would turn their prow to heaven; but only as the last refuge of a sinking bark -- a safe, it may be, but yet a friendless shore. Unlike the happy swallows which David envied, thy altar, O God, is the very last spot where many would choose to build their nests! -- Thomas Guthrie.

145. HEAVEN, NEW JERUSALEM. -- As opposed to sin and its consequences, heaven and holiness are pictured forth in the Bible in colors that glow upon the canvas, through the emblems of every thing we hold more dear and desirable. Raise your eyes, for example, to the New Jerusalem. Gold paves its streets, and around them rise walls of jasper. Earth holds no such city, nor the depths of ocean such pearls as form its gates; no storms sweep its sea; no winter strips its trees; no thunder shakes its serene and cloudless sky; the day there never darkens into night; harps and palms are in the hands, while crowns of glory flash and blaze upon the heads of its sinless inhabitants. From this distant and stormy orb, as the dove eyed the ark, faith eyes this glorious vision, and weary of the strife, longing to be gone, cries, "Oh that I had the wings of a dove, that I might fly away and be at rest!" -- Thomas Guthrie.

146. HEAVEN-VICTORY. -- O the blessedness, the peace, the comfort, the everlasting satisfaction, which is the portion of the Palm-bearers! Our souls thrill with the mere contemplation of it! What must it be then to possess it -- to feel it to be our own -- to enjoy it without let or hindrance forever! A home so happy, a rest so glorious, a place so high, a bliss so exquisite and enduring, would not be too dearly purchased at a cost of all the pains of the great tribulation. It is verily the very mount of transfiguration to which we are carried by this theme. We feel ourselves overshadowed by the cloud of brightness. We cannot open even our drowsy eyes to the scene, but our lips mutter: "Lord, it is good for us to be here." Fain would we set up our tabernacles where we might ever contemplate the blaze of living glory. Here would we sit forever viewing bliss so great, so true, so high. This glorious Lamb! This glorious throne! These glorious ones with their glorious crowns! This effulgence of gracious Godhead! These sinless splendors! These eternal consolations! These holy services! These smiles of favor beaming from the King! These never-withering palms! These ever-shining robes! These ever-thrilling songs! These joy-speaking eyes which never weep, and singing lips which never thirst, and uplifted hands which never tire, and comforts from God as a mother would comfort the child she loves, and sorrow and sighing forever fled away! O blessed, blessed, blessed contemplation! -- Rev. J. A. Seiss on Rev. 7:9-17.

147. HECKLERS, SQUELCHING THE. -- Political speakers, and sometimes others, are often beset by the heckler. This is a pest that is hard to deal with. The speaker cannot know at times whether the one who interrupts is an honest inquirer or a disturber. If the one interrupting is honest and his question is pertinent, courteous consideration should be given him, and the matter will usually rest there. The nature of the question may reveal the purpose of the one who interrupts. If the speaker manifests embarrassment at being questioned from the audience, this sometimes encourages the heckler to further disturbance. The sympathy of the

audience is usually with the speaker, but the speaker will do well to handle the matter himself so far as he can, and not allow the audience to "throw him out." If the speaker can get the "laugh on" the disturber by some witty remark, this frequently deters those so inclined from further annoyance. Police officers are sometimes necessary where the hecklers are persistent. This is an extreme measure. After the nerves of an audience have been unstrung by a rumpus, it is difficult for the speaker to get back to serious business.

148. HIS READY TONGUE. -- In one of Lord George's early campaigns some one threw a brick through the window, and it fell on the platform at his feet. Picking it up, he cried: "Behold the only argument of our opponents!"

From the gallery, a sullen fellow kept calling out "Rats! Rats!" in one of his meetings. "Will someone take that poor man his dinner?" was the witty and effective reply.

Once when he was talking on home rule, he said: "I want home rule for England, for Scotland, for Wales, for Ireland" -- At this point some one shouted, "Home rule for hell."

"That's right," he shot back, "every man for his own country."

In another gathering a man shouted, "Oh, you're not much. Your dad used to peddle vegetables with a donkey and cart." "Yes;" said the orator, "that is true. My father was a very poor man. The cart has long since disappeared, but I see the donkey is still with us."

149. REBUKING DISTURBERS. -- "I am always afraid to expose those who misbehave in church," said a minister, as he paused in his sermon on account of some young people who were talking and giggling. "Some years ago as I was preaching, a young man who sat before me was laughing, talking and making uncouth grimaces. I paused and administered a severe rebuke. After the service a gentleman said to me, 'Sir, you made a great mistake. That young man whom you reproved is an idiot.' Since then I have been afraid to rebuke those who misbehave for fear of making the same mistake."

150. A CENTER SHOT. -- A member of a congregation becoming angry at a sermon the minister was preaching, wrote the single word "Fool!" on a sheet of paper and had it delivered by an usher to the minister in the middle of the sermon. The minister opened the paper and read what was written, then he said, "An unusual thing has happened. A member of the congregation has signed his name without writing the letter."

151. REPAID IN LIKE MEASURE. -- (This is an old one and may be changed to suit your politics or religion.) During a national campaign a Republican orator became quite exasperated at the remarks of an old farmer who continued to annoy

the speaker by saying, "I am a Democrat." "And why, sir, are you a Democrat, may I ask?" thundered the orator. "My father was a Democrat, and his father before him was a Democrat," replied the farmer. "Well, now," asked the orator, "suppose your father was a fool, and your grandfather was a fool, what, under your line of argument, would you be? . . . I'd be a Republican," replied the farmer.

152. HEROISM, IRISH. -- If I were a sculptor, I would chisel from the marble my ideal of a hero. I would make it the figure of an Irishman sacrificing his hopes and his life on the altar of his country, and I would carve on its pedestal the name of Robert Emmet.

If I were a painter, I would make the canvas eloquent with the deeds of the bravest people who ever lived, whose proud spirit no power can ever conquer and whose loyalty and devotion to the hopes of free government no tyrant can ever crush. And I would write under the picture "Ireland."

If I were a poet, I would melt the world to tears with the pathos of my song. I would touch the heart of humanity with the mournful threnody of Ireland's wrongs and Erin's woes. I would weave the shamrock and the rose into garlands of glory for the Emerald Isle, the land of martyrs and memories, the cradle of heroes, the nursery of liberty.

Tortured in dungeons and murdered on scaffolds, robbed of the fruits of their sweat and toil, scourged by famine and plundered by the avarice of heartless power, driven like the leaves of autumn before the keen winter winds, this sturdy race of Erin's sons and daughters have been scattered over the face of the earth, homeless only in the land of their nativity, but princes and lords in every other land where merit is the measure of the man. -- Robert L. Taylor.

153. HOLINESS. -- In the university of heaven, whose president is God, and whose catalog is the Bible, the course of study is plainly laid down. We may say without fear of successful contradiction that God's Word has majored on holiness! It breathes in the prophecy, thunders in the law, murmurs in the narrative, whispers in the promises, supplicates in the prayers, sparkles in the poetry, resounds in the songs, speaks in the types, glows in the imagery, voices in the language, and burns in the spirit of the whole scheme, from the alpha to the omega, from its beginning to its end. Holiness! holiness needed, holiness required, holiness offered, holiness attainable, holiness a present duty, a present privilege, a present enjoyment, is the progress and completeness of its wondrous theme. It is the truth glowing all over, welling all through revelation, the glorious truth which sparkles and whispers and sings and shouts in all its history, and biography, and poetry, and prophecy and precept and promise and prayer, the great central truth of Christianity. -- Bishop Foster.

154. HOME. -- What beautiful and tender associations cluster thick around the word Home! Compared with it, house, mansion, palace, are cold heartless terms.

But home! that word quickens the pulse, warms the heart, stirs the soul to its depths, makes age feel young again, rouses apathy into energy, sustains the sailor on his midnight watch, inspires the soldier with courage on the field of battle, and imparts patient endurance to the worn-down sons of toil! The thought of it has proved a seven-fold shield to virtue; the very name of it has been a spell to call back the wanderer from the paths of vice; and, far away, where myrtles bloom and palm trees wave, and the ocean sleeps upon coral strands, to the exile's fond fancy it clothes the naked rock or stormy shore, or barren moor, or wild Highland mountain, with charms he weeps to think of, and longs once more to see. -- The Gospel in Ezekiel.

155. HOME, DESOLATE. -- A home in which is no sound of women's garments as she comes down the stairs, nor the come-and-go touch of a woman's white fingers on piano-keys, nor the bird-song rising swift and unpremeditated from a woman's heart, nor the fair figure of a woman standing at the door of springtime evenings with a whole world of welcome in her eyes and smiling on her face, -- a home devoid of this is desolate, a poor ruin of what was meant to be a home. -- William A. Quayle.

156. HOME, LONGING FOR. -- Home! to be home is the wish of the seaman on stormy seas and lonely watch. Home is the wish of the soldier and tender visions mingle with the troubled dreams of trench and tented field. Where the palm-tree waves its graceful plumes, and birds of jeweled luster flash and flicker among gorgeous flowers, the exile sits staring upon vacancy; a faraway home lies on his heart; and borne on the wings of fancy over intervening seas and lands, he has swept away home, and hears the lark singing above his father's fields, and sees his fair-haired boy brother, with light foot and childhood's glee, chasing the butterfly by his native stream. And in his best hours, home, his own sinless home -- a home with his Father above that starry sky -- will be the wish of every Christian man. He looks around him -- the world is full of suffering; he is distressed by its sorrows, and vexed with its sins. He looks within him -- he finds much in his own corruptions to grieve for. In the language of a heart repelled, grieved, vexed, he often turns his eye upwards, saying, "I would not live here always." No. Not for all the gold of the world's mines -- not for all the pearls of her seas -- not for all the pleasures of her flashing, frothy cup -- not for all the crowns of her kingdoms -- would I live here always. Like a bird about to migrate to those sunny lands where no winter sheds her snows, or strips the grove, or binds the dancing streams, he will often in spirit be pruning his wing for the hour of his flight to glory. -- Thomas Guthrie.

157. HOME, NO NEED OF. -- A real estate salesman tried to sell a house to a pair of newlyweds. Said the wife: "Why buy a home? I was born in a hospital ward, reared in a boarding school, educated in a college, courted in an automobile, and married in a church; get my meals at a cafeteria, live in an apartment, spend my mornings playing golf, my afternoons playing bridge, in the evening we dance or go to the movies; when I'm sick I go to the hospital, and when I die I shall be buried

from an undertaker's. All we need is a garage with bedroom." -- Watchman-Examiner.

158. HOME TRAINING. -- Peggy had been to the circus and mother thought to impress a lesson.

"When dogs and ponies and monkeys obey so well, don't you think a little girl ought to obey even more quickly?" she said.

"So I should, mummy," was the instant reply, "if I'd been as well trained as they have."

159. HOME, TRUE. -- Heir of grace! thy estate lies there. Child of God! thy Father, and Saviour, and brethren, and sisters, are there. Pilgrim to Zion, be ever pressing on and ever looking up! thy true home is there; a home above these blue skies, above sun and stars; a sweet, saintly, glorious home -- whose rest shall be all the sweeter for the pelting of the storm, thy rugged path, the sorrows and the tears of earth -- and whose light shall be all the brighter for that "valley of the shadow of death," from which thou shalt pass into the blaze of everlasting day. Believer! I congratulate thee on thy prospects. Lift up thy cast-down head; let thy port, man, be worthy of thy coming fortunes. Bear thyself as one who shall wear a holy crown; as one who, however humble thy present lot, is training for the highest society. Cultivate the temper, and acquire the manners, and learn the language of heaven; nor let the wealth or poverty, the joys or sorrows, the shame or honors of thy earthly state, ever make thee forget "the inheritance which is incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you." -- Thomas Guthrie.

160. HOPE. -- We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of our unreplying dead there comes no word; but in the night of death hope sees a star, and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing. He who sleeps here, when dying, mistaking the approach of death for the return of health, whispered with his latest breath, "I am better now." Let us believe in spite of doubts and dogmas and tears that these dear words are true of all the countless dead. -- Robert G. Ingersoll.

161. HOPE. -- Hope presided at all our births; and in yonder mother whose busy fancy is weaving a bright future for her child, she rocks the infant's cradle. Other pleasures, like streams which summer dries or winter freezes, fail us; hers never -- like the waters of the smitten rock, they follow us to the close of life. Constant as the emblem of God's presence to the wandering host, the pillar that was a cloud by day and a fire by night, she accompanies us to the end of our pilgrimage. Hovering like an angel over the bed of death, she often stays when physicians leave; and lingering in the bosoms of beloved ones while there is breath to move a feather, only departs with the sigh as if unwilling to part. She throws her bow on the stormiest cloud, and kindles her star in the darkest sky; for the deadliest malady she has a medicine, and for the deepest wound a balm. It is under

her flag the exile sails; and beneath her banner that the soldier fights. By her lamp the pale student pursues his midnight toils. In husbandmen it is she who ploughs the wintry fields, and in seamen the watery deep. Hers is the brightest beam that shines into the captive's dungeon; and hers the hand that smooths life's thorniest pillow. She brings the wanderer home; she gives back the fallen one to a mother's arms, and to the eyes of a father mourning a long-lost son, she presents a vision of the wreck, though broken and shattered, steering to its haven -- the returned prodigal weeps on his father's bosom, the fatted calf smokes on the board, music wakes up that long-silent house, and floors shake to the dancers feet. This world's good Samaritan, Hope, pours her wine and oil into the wounds of humanity; and, approaching the miserable in the mercy and might of him who came to Jericho, she casts a healing virtue into misfortune's bitterest springs. This world without Hope would be a world without a sun. -- Speaking to the Heart.

162. HUMAN GLORY, THE EMPTINESS OF. -- The crumbling tombstone and the gorgeous mausoleum, the sculptured marble and the venerable cathedral, all bear witness to the instinctive desire within us to be remembered by coming generations. But how short-lived is the immortality which the works of our hands can confer! The noblest monuments of art that the world has ever seen are covered with the soil of twenty centuries. The works of the age of Pericles lie at the foot of the Acropolis in indiscriminate ruin. The ploughshare turns up the marble which the hand of Phidias had chiseled into beauty; and the Mussulman has folded his flock beneath the falling columns of the temple of Minerva.

Neither sculptured marble nor stately column can reveal to other ages the lineaments of the spirit; and these alone can embalm our memory in the hearts of a grateful posterity. As the stranger stands beneath the dome of St. Paul's, or treads with religious awe, the silent aisles of Westminster Abbey, the sentiment which is breathed from every object around him is, the utter emptiness of sublunary glory. The fine arts, obedient to private affection or public gratitude, have here embodied, in every form, the finest conceptions of which their age was capable. Each one of these monuments has been watered by the tears of the widow, the orphan, or the patriot. But generations have passed away, and mourners and mourned have sunk together into forgetfulness.

It is by what we ourselves have done, and not by what others have done for us, that we shall be remembered by after ages. It is by thought that has aroused my intellect from its slumbers, which has "given luster to virtue, and dignity to truth," or by those examples which have inflamed my soul with the love of goodness, and not by means of sculptured marble, that I hold communion with Shakespeare and Milton, with Johnson and Burke, with Howard and Wilberforce. -- Dr. F. Wayland.

163. HUMAN NATURE, THE DIVINITY OF. -- You are a man; you are a rational and religious being; you are an immortal creature. Yes, a glad and glorious existence is yours; your eye is opened to the lovely and majestic vision of nature; the paths of knowledge are around you, and they stretch onward to eternity; and,

most of all, the glory of the infinite God, the all-perfect, all-wise, and all-beautiful, is unfolded to you. What now, compared with this, is a little worldly renown? The treasures of infinity and of eternity are heaped upon thy laboring thought; -- can that thought be deeply occupied with questions of mortal prudence? It is as if a man were enriched by some generous benefactor almost beyond measure, and should find nothing else to do but vex himself and complain, because another man was made a few thousands richer.

Where, unreasonable complainer, dost thou stand, and what is around thee? The world spreads before thee its sublime mysteries, where the thoughts of sages lose themselves in wonder; the ocean lifts up its eternal anthems to thine ear; the golden sun lights thy path; the wide heavens stretch themselves above thee, and worlds rise upon worlds, and systems beyond systems, to infinity; and dost thou stand in the centre of all this, to complain of thy lot and place? Pupil of that infinite teaching -- minister at nature's great altar-child of heaven's favor -- ennobled being-redeemed creature, -- must thou pine in sullen and envious melancholy, amidst the plenitude of the whole creation!

In that thou art a man, thou art infinitely exalted above what any man can be, in that he is praised. I would rather be the humblest man in the world, than barely be thought greater than the greatest. The beggar is greater, as a man, than is the man, merely as a king. Not one of the crowds that listened to the eloquence of Demosthenes and Cicero-not one who has bent with admiration over the pages of Homer and Shakespeare-not one who followed in the train of Caesar or of Napoleon, would part with the humblest power of thought, for all the fame that is echoing over the world and through the ages. -- Dr. O. Dewey.

164. HUMAN WEAKNESS. -- Viewing man through the medium in history as it unfolds his cold seclusiveness and exhibits wild, warring, struggling, surging humanity coming up the path of ages, we are prone to say, the family relations will never be restored. To him who reads, but pauses not to reason, how dark and foreboding the picture. Despair possesses him as he reads the first page of human history, a murder in the first family, and the first soul entering heaven's gates is driven from earth by the hand of violence. Here are seen whole empires torn and rent to pieces; whole armies mown down on a thousand bloody fields; thrones shaken to their foundations; hearts bleeding with sorrow; even the church loaded with depravity's pestilential vapor, bearing the impress of evil; popes, prelates, and priests, led on by the powers of hell, grappling the secular sword until "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain," under the dominion of human passion. Sad is the picture; but we are not without hope. -- Wm. E. Munsey.

165. HYPOCRISY. -- Hypocrisy is the homage that vice and wrong pay to virtue and justice. It is Satan attempting to clothe himself in the angelic vesture of light. It is equally detestable in morals, politics, and religion; in the man and in the nation. To do injustice under the pretense of equity and fairness; to reprove vice in public and commit it in private; to pretend to charitable opinion and censoriously

condemn; to profess the principles of beneficence, and close the ear to the wail of distress and the cry of suffering; to eulogize the intelligence of the people, and plot to deceive and betray them by means of their ignorance and simplicity; to prate of purity, and peculate; of honor, and basely abandon a sinking cause; of disinterestedness, and sell one's vote for place and power, are hypocrisies as common as they are infamous and disgraceful. To steal the livery of the Court of God to serve the Devil withal; to pretend to believe in a God of mercy and a Redeemer of love, and persecute those of a different faith; to devour widows' houses, and for a pretense make long prayers; to preach continence, and wallow in lust; to inculcate humility, and in pride surpass Lucifer; to pay tithe, and omit the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy and faith; to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel; to make clean the outside of the cup and platter, keeping them full within of extortion and excess; to appear outwardly righteous unto men, but within be full of hypocrisy and iniquity, is indeed to be like unto whited sepulchres, which appear beautiful outward, but are within full of bones of the dead and of all uncleanness. -- Albert Pike.

166. HYPOCRITES. -- The hope of the hypocrite is like a spider's web. Like the spider, the hypocrite weaves his web, his hope out of his own bowels. It is the creature of his fancy, spun from the materials of self-righteousness. He may call it a garment to hide his shame, but it is a mere web, unfit to cover a naked soul, and easily rent. He may call it a house, but it is unavailable to "hide from the storm or cover from the tempest." He may hold fast by it, but it shall fall, and he perish in the ruins. There certainly can be no shelter, safety, nor security, in the cobweb of self-righteousness. If not stripped off in this world, it will be swept away by the first breath of eternity.

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I--SUBJECTS

167. IDEALS. Ideals are like stars; you will not succeed in touching them with your hands, but like the sea-faring man on the desert of waters, you choose them as your guides, and, following them, you reach your destiny. -- Carl Schurz.

168. IGNORANCE AND SUPERSTITION. -- We are not to make pilgrimages, my friends, in search of ignorance. It lives in our lives, and dwells in our dwellings. Who can tell how many there are, even in our own enlightened age and country, who can still discover the movements of embattled and bloody hosts in the harmless coruscations of the northern aurora? How many are still the dupes of the absurd pretensions and impositions of judicial astrology? How many miserable lunatics, pretending to be rational, still see, in an eclipse of the moon, nothing but the sickening effect of some enchanter's influence? How many who are still firm believers in unlucky days? How many who still draw disastrous omens from the commonest events in nature; who can pick letters out of the wick of a burning candle; brew a quarrel by spilling a little salt at the table; sever love and friendship

by the present of a pair of scissors; and hear the death-warrant of a friend in the ticking of an insect, or the flapping of a dove's wing at the window? How many who still believe that the earthly interests of a new-born infant absolutely require that it should first be carried up stairs, before it is brought down? How many grown-up children are still cowards in the dark? How many who still people an imaginary world of their own creation, with hosts of spectres, hobgoblins, and brownies? Nor let the educated flatter themselves that all the current ignorance of the period is confined to the circle of the uninstructed. For who can tell how many of the Augustuses of our day confidently expect ill-luck, if a stocking be put on with the wrong side out, or the left shoe be put on to the right foot? How many of our Luthers see the hand of the devil in every meteoric phenomenon? How many of our Johnsons are believers in, or are themselves gifted with, the "second sight?"

But, my friends, ignorance does not do the whole or the worst of her work, by shackling with idle fear and superstitious belief the free mind of man. She does more than this. When the mind is occupied with error, truth cannot enter; and when the heart is filled with superstition, it becomes the habitation of cruelty. Faith is the foundation on which conduct builds; and her banner, be it pure or be it bloody, is sure to float over every conquest made in her name. Under the lead of ignorance, persecution takes the field, and destroys with fire and with the sword. The earth is filled with violence, and the powers of universal nature are moved in elemental war, to satisfy the wrath of man. -- D. D. Barnard.

169. ILLS. -- An old-fashioned philosopher, meditating on what ails the world, gave the following list of ills: "Too many diamonds and not enough alarm-clocks. Too many silk shirts and not enough red-flannel ones. Too many pointed-toed shoes and not enough square-toed ones. Too many serge suits and not enough overalls. Too much décolleté and not enough aprons. Too much of the spirit of 'get while the getting is good,' and not enough old-fashioned Christianity. Too much discontent that vents itself in mere complaining and too little real effort to remedy conditions. Too much class consciousness and too little common democracy and love for humanity." -- Frank Herbert Sweet.

170. IMMORTALITY. -- I can not believe that earth is man's abiding-place. It can't be that our life is cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves and then sink into nothingness; else why is it that the glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts are ever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and clouds come over us with a beauty that is not of earth and then pass on and leave us to muse upon their favored loveliness? Why is it that the stars, which hold their festivals around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And, finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our views and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread before us like islands that slumber on the

ocean, and where the beings that pass before us like a shadow will stay in our presence forever. -- Dr. Bushnell.

171. IMMORTALITY. -- What is life? What is death? Today we hear a bird singing in the treetops. They tell us that is life. Tomorrow the bird lies cold and stiff at the root of the tree. It will sing its song no more. They tell us that is death. A babe is born into the world. It opens its glad eyes to the light of the day and smiles in the face of its loving mother. They tell us that is life. The child wanders from the cradle to the sweet fairyland of youth, and dreams among its flowers. But soon youth wakes into manhood and his soul is set afire with ambition. He rushes into the struggle of real life and soon the lightning begins to flash from the gathering clouds of war; live thunder begins to fall around him, but he stands like a lion at his post, and when the shadow of an invisible wing sweeps across his pillow, a pallor comes over his face, his heart forgets to beat; there is only a gasp, a whispered "I am tired," and tired eyelids are drawn like purple curtains over tired eyes; tired lips are dosed forever, tired hands are folded on a motionless breast; and the mystery of life is thus veiled in the mystery of death. -- Robert L. Taylor.

172. IMMORTAL LIFE. -- The hope of the Christian is immortal life -- the purchase of a Saviour's blood, -- the boon which God that cannot lie promised before the world began. It is begun on earth, for in the germs and seeds of it, he that believeth, as the Bible says, hath eternal life -- much as the tree has the leaves and flowers of next year wrapped up in the buds of this. Commenced at the new birth, and consummated in the hour of death, it is enjoyed in that world where there is neither woe, nor want; nor griefs, nor graves; nor sickness of body, nor sorrow of heart; nor cares, nor sighs, nor sin; where the crown hides no thorn, and the heart bleeds from no secret wound; the sky wears no cloud, and day never darkens into night. Such blessedness has their God and Saviour laid up for all those that love him. Instead of being reluctant, the wonder is that we are not impatient to depart, saying, as we raise our eyes to those realms of bliss from this chequered and sinful world, Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away, and be at rest. -- Speaking to the Heart.

173. INCONSISTENCIES. -- It is not easy to be always consistent. The caddy who was going the rounds of a golf course in Scotland with an English visitor, was surprised to hear the golfer all at once break out into a lively whistle. He stood it for a while and then threw down the golf clubs and quit. The Englishman, in great surprise, asked him what was the matter. "What's the matter?" said the caddy, crimson with righteous anger. "Do you expect me to carry for a mon who whistles on the Sawbuth?" And we recall the story of the bandits near Mexico who, after staging a highway robbery and sitting down afterwards to eat the lunch which they had stolen, paused all at once and threw it away because they were sandwiches, and they were too pious to eat meat on Friday.

We laugh at these examples, but it may be that we ourselves are not very much better. How many believers in a high tariff will smuggle to escape it? How

many men who are ready to fight for freedom of speech are willing to accord it to their wives? How many teachers who insist on their scholars doing some studying are themselves students? How many preachers who think that their congregations should do what they say, are willing to live out their own teaching? How many editors, who insist on perfect freedom of utterance, are willing to accord the same to their correspondents?

There are few men whose creeds do not contain elements which are mutually contradictory. It is well for us to examine ourselves sometimes and see if we are really living out our creeds, whether religious, political, or financial. -- Onward.

174. INDIAN, AS HE WAS AND IS. -- Not many generations ago, where you now sit, circled with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your heads, the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on that same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate.

Here the wigwam-blaze beamed on the tender and helpless, the council-fire glared on the wise and daring. Now they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy lakes, and now they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred; the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death-song, all were here; and when the tiger-strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace.

Here, too, they worshipped; and from many a dark bosom went up a pure prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written his laws for them on tables of stone, but he had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of nature knew not the God of revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowledged in everything around.

And all this has passed away. Across the ocean came a pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you; the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native. Two hundred years have changed the character of a great continent, and blotted forever from its face a whole peculiar people. Art has usurped the bowers of nature, and the anointed children of education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant.

As a race, they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council-fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war-cry is fast dying to the untrodden West. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave, which will settle over them forever. -- G. Sprague.

175. INDIANS, THE FATE OF. -- There is, indeed, in the fate of the unfortunate Indians much to awaken our sympathy, and much to disturb the sobriety of our judgment; much which may be urged to excuse their own atrocities; much in their characters which betrays us into an involuntary admiration. What can be more melancholy than their history? By a law of their nature, they seemed destined to a slow, but sure, extinction. Everywhere, at the approach of the white man, they fade away. We hear the rustling of their footsteps, like that of the withered leaves of autumn, and they are gone forever. They pass mournfully by us, and they return no more.

Two centuries ago, the smoke of their wigwams and the fires of their councils rose in every valley, from Hudson's Bay to the farthest Florida -- from the ocean to the Mississippi and the lakes. The shouts of victory and the war-dance rang through the mountains and the glades. The thick arrows and the deadly tomahawk whistled through the forests, and the hunter's trace and the dark encampment startled the wild beasts in their lairs.

But where are they? Where are the villages, and warriors, and youth -- the sachems and the tribes -- the hunters and their families? They have perished. They are consumed. The wasting pestilence has not alone done the mighty work. No; nor famine, nor war. There has been a mightier power, a moral canker, which hath eaten into their heart-cores; a plague, which the touch of the white man communicated; a poison, which betrayed them into a lingering ruin. The winds of the Atlantic fan not a single region which they may now call their own. Already the last feeble remnants of the race are preparing for their journey beyond the Mississippi. I see them leave their miserable homes, the aged, the helpless, the women, and the warriors, "few and faint, yet fearless still."

The ashes are cold on their native hearths. The smoke no longer curls round their lowly cabins. They move on with a slow, unsteady step. The white man is upon their heels, for a last look of their deserted villages. They cast a last glance upon the graves of their fathers. They shed no tears; they utter no cries; they heave no groans. There is something in their hearts which passes speech. There is something in their looks, not of vengeance or submission, but of hard necessity, which stifles both; which chokes all utterance; which has no aim or method. It is courage absorbed in despair. They linger but for a moment. Their look is onward. They have passed the fatal stream. It shall never be repassed by them -- no, never! Yet there lies not between us and them an impassable gulf. They know and feel, that there is for them still one remove further, not distant, nor unseen. It is to the general burial-ground of the race. -- Joseph Story.

176. INDIAN, THE POOR. -- Poor Indians! Where are they now? Indeed, this is a truly afflicting consideration. The people here may say what they please, but, on the principles of eternal truth and justice, they have no right to this country. They say' that they have bought it. Bought it? Yes: -- of whom? Of the poor trembling natives, who knew that refusal would be vain; and who strove to make a merit of

necessity, by seeming to yield with grace what they knew that they had not the power to retain.

Poor wretches! No wonder that they are so implacably vindictive against the white people; no wonder that the rage of resentment is handed down from generation to generation; no wonder that they refuse to associate and mix permanently with their unjust and cruel invaders and exterminators; no wonder that, in the unabating spite and frenzy of conscious impotence, they wage an eternal war, as well as they are able; that they triumph in the rare opportunity of revenge; that they dance, sing, and rejoice, as the victim shrieks and faints amid the flames, when they imagine all the crimes of their oppressors collected on his head, and fancy the spirits of their injured forefathers hovering over the scene, smiling with ferocious delight at the grateful spectacle, and feasting on the precious odor as it arises from the burning blood of the white man.

Yet the people here affect to wonder that the Indians are so very unsusceptible of civilization; or, in other words, that they so obstinately refuse to adopt the manners of the white men. Go, Virginians, erase from the Indian nation the tradition of their wrongs; make them forget, if you can, that once this charming country was theirs; that over these fields and through these forests their beloved forefathers once, in careless gaiety, pursued their sports, and hunted their game; that every returning day found them the sole, the peaceful, and happy proprietors of this extensive and beautiful domain. Go, administer the cup of oblivion to recollections like these; and then you will cease to complain that the Indian refuses to be civilized. But, until then, surely it is nothing wonderful that a nation, even yet bleeding afresh from the memory of ancient wrongs, perpetually agonized by new outrages, and goaded into desperation and madness at the prospect of the certain ruin which awaits their descendants, should hate the authors of their miseries, of their desolation, their destruction; should hate their manners, hate their color, their language, their name, and everything that belongs to them! No; never, until time shall wear out the history of their sorrows and their sufferings, will the Indian be brought to love the white man, and to imitate his manners. -- William Wilt.

177. INDIAN TRIBES, THE. -- The Indians allowed us to abide by our own council-fires, and to govern ourselves as we chose, when they could either have dispossessed or subjugated us at pleasure. We did remain, and we gradually waxed rich and strong. We wanted more land, and they sold it to us at our own price. Still, we were not satisfied. There was room enough to the West, and we advised them to move farther back. If they took our advice, well. If not, we knew how to enforce it. And where are those once terrible nations now? Driven, alternately, by purchase and by conquest, from river to river, and from mountain to mountain, they have disappeared with their own gigantic forests; and we, their enlightened heirs at law, and the sword, now plough up their bones with as much indifference as we do their arrows. Shall I name the Mohegans, the Pequots, the Iroquois and the Mohawks? What has become of them, and of a hundred other independent nations which dwelt on this side of the Mississippi when we landed at Plymouth and at Jamestown?

Here and there, as at Penobscot, and Marshpee, and Oneida, you may see a diminutive and downcast remnant, wandering, like troubled ghosts, among the graves of their mighty progenitors. Our trinkets, our threats, our arms, our whiskey, our bribes, and our vices, have all but annihilated those vast physical and intellectual energies of a native population, which, for more than a hundred and fifty years, could make us quake and flee at pleasure, throughout all our northern, western and southern borders. Gone is the mighty warrior, the terrible avenger, the heart-bursting orator! Gone is the terror and glory of his nation; and gone forever, from our elder states, are the red men, who, like Saul and Jonathan, "were swifter than eagles, and stronger than lions;" and who, with the light and advantages which we enjoy, might have rivaled us in wealth and power, in the senate and forum, as I am sure that they would have surpassed us in magnanimity and justice. -- Dr. H. Humphrey.

178. INFLUENCE. -- When the sun disappears below the horizon he is not down. The heavens glow for a full hour after his departure. And when a great and good man sets, the west is luminous long after he is out of sight. A godly man who lives unselfishly and disinterestedly, can not die out of this world. When he goes hence, he leaves behind much of himself -- sometimes that which thousands of years have not worn out. The world is richer yet by Moses and the old prophets than by the wisest statesmen. -- H. W. Beecher.

179. INHERITANCE. -- What is inheritance? The pay of a soldier is not inheritance; neither are the fees of a lawyer or of a physician; nor the gains of trade; nor the wages of labor. Rewards of toil or skill, these are earned by the hands that receive them. What is inherited, on the other hand, may be the property of a new-born babe. True, the ample estate, the noble rank, the hereditary honors were won. But they that won them are long dead; "their swords are rust, their bodies dust;" and underneath tattered banners, once borne before them in bloody fight, but now hung high in the house of God, the grim old barons sleep in their marble tombs. The rewards of their prowess and patriotism have descended to their successors; who, holding these, enjoy honors and estates, which we do not grudge them, but which their wealth never bought, and their courage never won.

Thus the saints hold heaven. In the terms of a court of law, it is theirs, not by conquest, but by heritage. All eyes are fixed on Jesus; every look is love; gratitude glows in every bosom, and swells in every song; now with golden harps they sound the Saviour's praise; and now, descending from their thrones to do him homage, they cast their crowns in one glittering heap at the feet which were nailed on Calvary. Look there, and learn in whose name to seek salvation, and through whose merits to hope for it. -- Thomas Guthrie.

180. INSTITUTIONS, AMERICAN. -- Who is there among us, that, should he find himself on any spot of the earth where human beings exist, and where the existence of other nations is known, would not be proud to say, I am an American? I am a countryman of Washington? I am a citizen of that republic which, although it

has suddenly sprung up, yet there are none on the globe who have ears to hear, and have not heard of it—who have eyes so see, and have not read of it -- who know anything, and yet do not know of its existence and its glory? And, gentlemen, let me now reverse the picture. Let me ask, who there is among us, if he were to be found to-morrow in one of the civilized countries of Europe, and were there to learn that this goodly form of government had been overthrown—that the United States were no longer united -- who is there whose heart would not sink within him? Who is there who would not cover his face for very shame?

At this very moment, gentlemen, our country is a general refuge for the distressed and the persecuted of other nations. Whoever is in affliction from political occurrences in his own country, looks here for shelter. Whether he be republican, flying from the oppression of thrones—or whether he be monarch or monarchist, flying from thrones that crumble and fall under or around him -- he feels equal assurance that, if he get foothold on our soil, his person is safe, and his rights will be respected.

We have tried these popular institutions in times of great excitement and commotion; and they have stood substantially firm and steady, while the fountains of the great political deep have been elsewhere broken up; while thrones, resting on ages of prescription, have tottered and fallen; and while, in other countries, the earthquake of unrestrained popular commotion has swallowed up all law, and all liberty, and all right together. Our government has been tried in peace, and it has been tried in war; and has proved itself fit for both. It has been assailed from without, and it has successfully resisted the shock; it has been disturbed from within, and it has effectually quieted the disturbance. It can stand trial -- it can stand assault—it can stand adversity -- it can stand everything but the marring of its own beauty, and the weakening of its own strength. It can stand everything but the effects of our own rashness and our own folly. It can stand everything but disorganization, disunion, and nullification. -- Daniel Webster.

181. INTEMPERANCE. -- Drink has drained more blood, hung more crepe, sold more homes, plunged more people into bankruptcy, armed more villains, slain more children, snapped more wedding rings, defiled more innocents, blinded more eyes, twisted more limbs, dethroned more reason, wrecked more manhood, dishonored more womanhood, broken more hearts, blasted more lives, driven more to suicide and dug more graves than any other poisoned scourge that ever swept its death-dealing waves across the world. -- Evangeline Booth.

182. INTEMPERANCE. -- The Prince of the Power of the Air has lifted the lid of perdition from ocean to ocean. Whisky and war, beer and Beelzebub, drink and dictators are taking the world for a ride on the "pale horse of death." The pagan deities of Mars, Venus and Bacchus are back in the saddle, and the whole country is suffering from a beer clot on the brain. The world has gone off on a drunk. Russia is drunk on vodka, Japan is drunk on sake, Italy is drunk on wine, France is drunk

on champagne, England is drunk on 'alf and 'alf, Ireland is drunk on whisky and the United States is drunk on them all. -- Clinton Howard.

183. INTERRUPTIONS. -- An author was vainly trying to write one morning, when he was repeatedly interrupted by his six-year-old son. "If you ask me one more question," the harassed writer declared, "I will go out and drown myself."

"Father," came the small voice, "may I come out and see you do it?" -- Dublin Evening Herald.

184. INTRODUCTIONS. -- Long-drawn out introductions are usually a bore. The German mayor had the right idea. He was called upon to introduce Senator Spooner. When it came time for the speech to begin the mayor said:

"Mine frents, I haf asked been to introduce Senator Spooner, who is to make a speech, yes. Vell, I haf dit so, und he vill now do so."

185. INTRODUCTIONS. -- It is said that "Marse" Henry Watterson of Kentucky had a habit of going to the cash drawer and extracting therefrom "car fare" from time to time, with the result that his bookkeeper was never able to balance his books. The bookkeeper on one occasion as Mr. Watterson's hand was in the till, spoke up and said: "I have been with you for twenty-five years, but I am ready to quit unless, after taking money, you deposit in the box a note setting forth the amount extracted."

To this Mr. Watterson agreed. Not long afterward the bookkeeper again found his accounts out of balance with the cash, looking in the drawer he found a note, which read: "I took it all."

The speaker which preceded me has such a habit of taking it all that I am completely out of balance, and will therefore take my seat.

186. INTRODUCTORY REMARKS. -- (If necessary to make a statement before beginning the speech, the words should be brief. Whatever is said should aim to gain the sympathy of the audience. When the occasion and subject will permit, speakers often begin with a humorous story that has a direct bearing on the subject. See under "Debater's Tricks.")

It would be presumptuous, indeed to present myself against the distinguished gentleman to whom you have listened if this were a mere measuring of abilities; but this is not a contest between persons. The humblest citizen in all the land, when clad in the armor of a righteous cause, is stronger than all the hosts of error. I come to you to speak in defense of a cause as holy as the cause of liberty -- the cause of humanity. -- William Jennings Bryan.

Judge Jeremiah S. Black prefaced his oration on "The Right to Trial by Jury" with these words:

"May it please your Honors: I am not afraid you will under-rate the importance of this case. It concerns the rights of the whole people. Such questions have generally been settled by arms. But since the beginning of the world no battle has ever been lost or won upon which the liberties of a nation were so distinctly staked as they are upon the results of this argument. The pen that writes the judgment of the court will be mightier for good or for evil than any sword that was wielded by mortal man."

Henry W. Grady began his great after-dinner speech on "The New South" by making a quotation:

"'There was a South of Slavery and secession -- that South is dead. There is a South of union and freedom -- that South, thank God, is living, breathing, growing every hour.' -- These words, delivered from the immortal lips of Benjamin H. Hill, at Tammany Hall, in 1866, true then, and truer now, I shall make it my text tonight."

It would be difficult for you to gauge my embarrassment in addressing this select body. I have talked throughout the land for years, but I want to announce right here that I will refuse to entertain or answer any question by the humblest of this audience.

As the date of addressing you came nearer, I felt like the darky down South who had been found guilty of murder. When arraigned before the Judge, His Honor spoke: "John Johnson, you have been found guilty of the crime of murder in the first degree, and the sentence of the Court is that on the first day of August you be taken to a spot contiguous to the county jail and there hung by your neck until you are dead. Have you anything to say? . . . Well; no, Your Honor, I don't guess I've got anything to say, 'cept one thing, Your Honor. You don't mean this coming August, do you?"

My August has come!

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J--SUBJECTS

187. JESUS CHRIST, THE PERFECT ONE. -- His zeal never degenerated into passion, nor his constancy into obstinacy, nor his benevolence into weakness, nor his tenderness into sentimentality. His unworldliness was free from indifference and unsociability, his dignity from pride and presumption, his affability from undue familiarity, his self-denial from moroseness, his temperance from austerity. He combined childlike innocence with manly strength, absorbing devotion to God with untiring interest in the welfare of man, tender love to the sinner with

uncompromising severity against sin, commanding dignity with winning humility, fearless courage with wise caution, unyielding firmness with sweet gentleness.

He is justly compared with the lion in strength and with the lamb in meekness. He equally possesses the wisdom of the serpent and the simplicity of the dove. He brought both the sword against every form of wickedness, and the peace of the soul which the world cannot give. He was the most effective, and yet the least noisy, the most radical, and yet the most conservative, calm, and patient, of all reformers. He came to fulfill every letter of the law; and yet he made all things new. The same hand which drove the profane traffickers from the Temple, blessed little children, healed the lepers, and rescued the sinking disciple; the same ear that heard the voice of approbation from heaven, was open to the cries of the woman in travail; the same mouth that pronounced the terrible woe on hypocrites, and condemned the impure desire and unkind feeling as well as the open crime, blessed the poor in spirit, announced pardon to the adulteress, and prayed for his murderers; the same eye which beheld the mysteries of God, and penetrated the heart of man, shed tears of compassion over ungrateful Jerusalem, and tears of friendship at the grave of Lazarus. -- Philip Schaff, D.D.

188. JESUS, THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD. -- The coal, which we raise from the bowels of the earth, once grew upon its surface. Some ten or twenty thousand years ago, it formed the giant forests where mighty monsters ranged at will over an unpeopled world. After this rank vegetation had incorporated into its substance these elements of light and heat which the sun poured down from heaven, God, provident of the wants of a race not yet created buried it in the earth; and thus furnished the earth with ample stores of fuel for the future use of man. So, when the stars have come out in the sky, and the door is shut, and the curtains are drawn, and peace and happiness smile on the bright family circle, it is sun-light that shines from the lusters, and sun-heat that glows on the hearth. But whether that speculation of science be true or false, to Jesus we can trace all the light direct or derived, which illuminates the world. Heavenly fountain of the love that warms and the truth that enlightens mankind, he rose like a sun on this cold benighted earth; and will be the center around which heaven itself shall roll when tides have ceased to flow below, and suns to shine above. -- Thomas Guthrie.

189. JEW, THE WANDERING. -- Hunted, tortured, exiled, the Jew has survived all. Armies have power, governments have power, human hate has power, but there is a power greater than all these, an unshaken faith in an Almighty God. His hand in God's hand as trusting as a child, the Jew has been led through every danger, over every obstacle, past breaking empires, falling civilizations and he alone has outlived them all. . . The bitter cup of sorrow so long pressed to the lips of the Jew, shall be dashed aside. The Jew shall be an outcast no longer. The son of a hundred generations of hunted men shall walk the way of life with the free sunlight of Heaven above his head. Suffering and wrong still live and will long give battle in the darkened places of the world; but God rules, and truth and justice and the love of man shall triumph at the Inst. -- Leonard Sneed.

190. JOAN OF ARC. -- A peasant girl, shepherdess, dreaming on the hills of France, feels her simple heart burn with the story of her country's wrongs. Its army beaten, shattered and dispersed; its fields laid waste; its homes pillaged and burned; its people outraged and murdered; its prince fleeing for life before a triumphant and remorseless foe. Hope for France was dead. Heroes, there were none to save. What could a woman do? Into the soul of this timid, unlettered mountain maid there swept a flood of glorious resolves. Some power, unknown to man, drew back the curtains from the glass of fate and bade her look therein. As in a vision, she sees a new French army, courageous, hopeful, victorious, invincible. A girl, sword in hand, rides at its head; before it the invaders flee. She sees France restored, her fields in bloom, her cottages in peace, her people happy, her prince crowned. -- John M. Thurston.

191. JUDGMENT, THE. -- Still the solemnity rises. If it shall be a solemn thing to find ourselves face to face with the dead, how much more solemn to stand face to face with the great Judge both of the quick and dead. We have read-we have often thought of Jesus Christ, till we felt as if we saw him. We have followed him in fancy's vision through the checkered scenes of his earthly history -- along his rough and bloody path, from the night that angels sang his advent, to the day when they returned to escort the conqueror home. We have seen his form stretched out -- for want of a better bed -- upon the dewy field, or wrapped up in coarse boat-cloak as he lay buried in slumber amid the storm on Galilee. We have seen the eyes of pity he bent on the weeping Magdalene-the expression of reproachful love he cast on a recreant disciple -- that dying look, so full of fond affection, which he turned on a fainting mother. We have seen him standing calm and collected before a prejudiced and time-serving judge, patient and self-possessed beneath the bloody scourge, mute and meek before the frenzied multitude; and as we watched the successive events of the cross, we have seen the joy -- typified by the passing away of this eclipse -- that gleamed in his dying eyes as he raised them to heaven and cried, "It is finished." We have often in fancy seen him. When our dust revives, and the grave that is now awaiting us shall give up its dead, with these very eyes we shall see him -- by the light of a world in flames we shall see him, a God enthroned for judgment. -- Thomas Guthrie.

192. JURISDICTION, YOUR. -- There was once an Indiana judge who was proud of two things: his zeal in upholding the law and his belief in the fighting ability of his son. The judge's farm was on the Ohio boundary, and one day he was sitting on the fence that separated the two states. As he sat there, his son and a neighbor's boy came along, quarreling violently, and when they came up to the judge, they began to fight. The judge straightened himself to his full official dignity, and cried: "In behalf of the majesty of the law, and in the name of the sovereign State of Indiana, I command you to keep the peace." Just then the rail upon which the judge was sitting gave way and dropped him on the Ohio side of the fence. Instantly recovering himself and leaping to his feet, he shouted, "Give it to him, Jim, I'm out of my jurisdiction."

193. JURY, ADDRESS TO. -- John J. Crittenden, the eloquent Kentucky lawyer, was once defending a murderer. Every one knew the man was guilty, but the eloquence of Crittenden saved him.

"Gentlemen," said Crittenden, at the end of his great plea, "'to err is human, to forgive divine.' When God conceived the thought of man's creation, he called to him three ministering virtues, who wait constantly upon the throne -- Justice, Truth and Mercy -- and thus addressed them:

""Shall we make man?"'

""O God, make him not,' said Justice, sternly, 'for he will surely trample upon Thy laws.'

""And Truth, what sayest thou?"'

""O God make him not, for none but God is perfect, and he will surely sin against Thee.'

""And Mercy, what sayest thou?"'

"Then Mercy, dropping upon her knees, and looking up through her tears, exclaimed:

""O God make him; I will watch over him with my care through all the dark paths he may have to tread.'

"Then, brothers, God made man and said to him: 'O, man, thou art the child of mercy; go and deal merciful with all thy brothers.'"

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K--SUBJECTS

194. KEEPING RIGHT. -- A pious brother sat on the front pew during the Sunday morning sermon. Presently he began to remove one of his shoes. This unusual procedure in the midst of a church service caused those who could see him to smile and lose interest for the time in the sermon. But the brother then proceeded to remove his sock. This caused so much distraction that the preacher stopped in his discourse, and asked the brother if there was something unusual the matter.

"No," said the disturber, "I just noticed that one of my socks was on wrong side out."

"Well, my brother," chided the minister, "could you not wait until the service is over to make the change?"

"No, sir," was the reply, "when I find I am wrong I always proceed at once to get right." -- Told by Rev. J. B. Chapman.

195. KNOWLEDGE, CAPACITY OF PEOPLE FOR. -- The mass of the people, it is said, can go to the bottom of nothing; and the result of stimulating them to thought, will be the formation of a dangerous set of half-thinkers. To this argument, I reply, first, that it has the inconvenience of proving too much; for, if valid, it shows that none of any class ought to think. For who, I would ask, can go to the bottom of any thing? Whose "learning" is not "little?" Whose "draughts" of knowledge are not "shallow?" Who of us has fathomed the depths of a single product of nature, or a single event in history? Who of us is not baffled by the mysteries in a grain of sand? How contracted the range of the widest intellect! But is our knowledge, because so little, of no worth? Are we to despise the lessons which are taught us in this nook of creation -- in this narrow round of human experience -- because an infinite universe stretches around us, which we have no means of exploring, and in which the earth, and sun, and planets, dwindle to a point? We should remember, that the known, however little it may be, is in harmony with the boundless unknown, and a step towards it. We should remember, too, that the gravest truths may be gathered from a very narrow compass of information. God is revealed in his smallest work as truly as in his greatest. The principles of human nature may be studied better in a family than in a history of the world. The finite is a manifestation of the infinite. Great ideas are within the reach of every man who thirsts for truth and seeks it with singleness of mind. The laboring class are not now condemned to draughts of knowledge so shallow as to merit scorn. Many of them know more of the outward world than all the philosophers of antiquity; and Christianity has opened to them mysteries of the spiritual world, which kings and prophets were not privileged to understand. And are they, then, to be doomed to spiritual inaction, as incapable of useful thought? -- Dr. Channing.

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L--SUBJECTS

196. LABOR, THE CAUSE OF. -- There is a difference between a labor organization and a trust. There is a difference between a labor organization and a combination in restraint of trade. There is a difference between a labor organization and a monopoly of resources of human life. There is a difference between an organization to preserve and safeguard natural inherent rights, and an organization to monopolize and prey upon the vital necessities that sustain life. There is a difference between men organizing for the lawful purpose of securing employment, and to claim the right of all men to labor, to live, and to enjoy the fruits of that labor, and men organized as a trust, a combination in restraint of trade, a monopoly to control the vital resources of human life, the very inception of which is unlawful, the

very existence of which is unlawful, and the very object and purpose of which is contrary to law and in violation of the natural inherent right of men to live.

Notwithstanding the fact that all the progress of the human race and all the grandeur of civilization have been due to labor, labor in every clime and in every age, has been the poorest paid, and the least respected. When the curtain rose on the first dawn of civilization, it revealed labor in the chains of slavery. Historians tell us that practically all the ancient governments practiced slavery in some form, and it was declared that its origin was divine, the classes usurping to themselves the right to exploit labor to the end that a few might live in idleness and luxury at the expense of the toiling masses. For countless years labor was held subjected, without even the right of marriage and property and without legal and political rights. For centuries the laborer slaves were told they were on the level with the beasts of burden, and should be content to serve their lords and masters without complaint.

Beginning in this condition, labor has been working its way up, up, toward the mountain tops of equality for 5000 years and more. The cause of labor received its greatest stimulus with the proclamation that man was made in the image of God, which blasted forever the blasphemous teaching of those who were exploiting man -- that he was on the level with the beast of the field and had no soul.

The curtain has descended on the era of greed, and in arising is revealing the beginning of an era of humanity and the brotherhood of man. The day when a Member of Congress needs apologize for espousing the cause of labor is gone, and gone forever. -- Part of speech by Congressman Clyde H. Tavenner of Illinois.

197. LABOR, THE NOBILITY OF. -- Why, in the great scale of things, is labor ordained for us? Easily, had it so pleased the great Ordainer, might it have been dispensed with. The world itself might have been a mighty machinery for producing all that man wants. Houses might have risen like an exhalation,

"With the sound
Of dulcet symphonies, and voices sweet,
Built like a temple."

Gorgeous furniture might have been placed in them, and soft couches and luxurious banquets spread by hands unseen; and man clothed with fabrics of nature's weaving, rather than with imperial purple, might have been sent to disport himself in those Elysian palaces.

But where, then, had been human energy, perseverance, patience, virtue, heroism? Cut off labor with one blow from the world, and mankind had sunk to a crowd of Asiatic voluptuaries.

Better that the earth be given to man as a dark mass whereupon to labor. Better that rude and unsightly materials be provided in the ore-bed, and in the forest, for him to fashion in splendor and beauty. Better, not because of that splendor and beauty, but because the act of creating them is better than the things themselves; because exertion is nobler than enjoyment; because the laborer is greater and more worthy of honor than the idler.

Labor is heaven's great ordinance for human improvement. Let not the great ordinance be broken down. What do I say? It is broken down; and it has been broken down for ages. Let it, then, be built again; here, if anywhere, on the shores of a new world -- of a new civilization.

But how, it may be asked, is it broken down? Do not men toil? it may be said. They do, indeed, toil; but they too generally do, because they must. Many submit to it, as in some sort of degrading necessity; and they desire nothing so much on earth as an escape from it. This way of thinking is the heritage of the absurd and unjust feudal system, under which serfs labored, and gentlemen spent their lives in fighting and feasting. It is time that this opprobrium of toil were done away.

Ashamed to toil! Ashamed of thy dingy workshop and dusty labor-field; of thy hard hand, scarred with service more honorable than that of war; of thy soiled and weather-stained garments, on which mother Nature has embroidered mist, sun, and rain, fire and steam -- her own heraldic honors! Ashamed of those tokens and titles, and envious of the flaunting robes of imbecile idleness and vanity! It is treason to nature; it is impiety to heaven: it is breaking heaven's great ordinance. Toil -- toil, either of the brain, of the heart, or of the hand -- is the only true manhood, the only true nobility! -- Dr. O. Dewey.

198. LAND OF LIBERTY. -- O Land of Liberty! Thy children have no cause to blush for thee. What though the arts have reared few monuments among us, and scarce a trace of the muse's footstep is found in the paths of our forests, or along the banks of our rivers; yet our soil has been consecrated by the blood of heroes, and by great and holy deeds of peace. Its wide extent has become one vast temple and hallowed asylum, sanctified by the prayers and blessings of the persecuted of every sect, and the wretched of all nations.

Land of Refuge -- Land of Benedictions! Those prayers still arise and they still are heard: "May peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy palaces! . . . May there be no decay, no leading into captivity, and no complaining in thy streets! . . . May truth flourish out of the earth, and righteousness look down from heaven!"

199. LAUGH.--

**Laugh a little now and then,
It brightens life a lot;**

You can see the brighter side
Just as well as not.
Don't go mournfully around
Gloomy and forlorn;
Try to make your fellowmen
Glad that you were born. -- Anon.

200. LAUGHTER. -- Laughter is that mysterious tide of sentiment that flows from soul to soul that cannot be expressed in words; it ebbs and flows from heart to heart and breaks into peals and silvery foam on the troubled shores of human life; it turns the humblest home into a palace; it makes the pauper a king. Wherever its rapturous billows roll, we are tossed to and fro on the sweetest waves of passion that heaves the human breast. Happier is he who tickles the ribs of his fellowman and charms laughter to the lips of trouble, or dries a tear on the cheek of sorrow with the sunshine of a smile, than he who stabs his fellowman between the ribs with the tongue of malice and bitterness and thus crucifies laughter on the lips of joy, or drowns the sunshine of a smile beneath a flood of tears. -- Bob Taylor.

201. LAW OF COMPENSATION. -- "Yes," said the self-made philosopher, "I believe in the law of compensation. Things are generally made even somewhere or someplace. Rain always follows a dry spell, and dry weather follows rain. I have found it an invariable rule that when a man has one short leg the other is always longer."

202. LAW OF SERVICE. -- If America is to be saved for humanity, the school must more and more become the center from which there will radiate that democracy taught by the greatest of all the statesmen, the founder of Democracy.

And by the Founder of Democracy, I do not refer to Washington, who was 'first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen;' I do not refer to Jefferson who upheld the banner of democracy when those of little faith sought to establish a monarchy. The Founder of Democracy was the man who spake as never man spake; the man that the common people heard gladly; the man who taught the simple gospel of righteous living; who drove the money changers from the Temple - the Carpenter of Nazareth. And He made the law of service the foundation of His social teaching, which must more and more become the corner-stone of this nation, and the end of all education. -- Dr. Maynard L. Daggy.

203. LIBERTY. -- No, it is not necessary to be great to be happy. It is not necessary to be rich to be generous. It is not necessary to be powerful to be just. When the world is free this question will be settled. A new creed will be written. In that creed there will be but one word, "Liberty." Oh, Liberty, float not forever in the far horizon, remain not forever in the dream of the enthusiast, dwell not forever in the song of the poet, but come and make thy home among the children of men.

I know not what thoughts, what discoveries, what inventions may leap from the brain of the world, I know not what garments of glory may be woven by the years to come, I cannot dream of the victories to be won upon the field of thought. But I do know, that coming from the infinite sea of the future there shall never touch this bank and shoal of time, a richer gift, a rarer blessing, than Liberty. -- Robert G. Ingersoll.

204. LIBERTY OR DEATH. -- Three million people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submissions and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable; and let it come; I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace! -- but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but for me, give me liberty, or give me death! -- Patrick Henry.

205. LIBERTY AND UNION. -- I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bond that unites us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counselor in the affairs of this government, whose thought should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed. While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, to us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in the heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?"

nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first and Union afterwards;" but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart -- Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable! -- Daniel Webster in his Reply to Hayne.

206. LIBERTY OF THE PRESS. -- As the advocate of society, therefore, of peace, of domestic liberty, and the lasting union of the two countries, I conjure you to guard the liberty of the Press, that great sentinel of the State, that grand detector of public imposture! Guard it, because, when it sinks, there sinks with it, in one common grave, the liberty of the subject, and the security of the Crown! -- John Philpot Curran.

207. LIFE. -- A life and brain born in a beautiful body with a beginning that makes all equal -- it's a storehouse of good and evil, love and hate -- even as you and I. Bigger and bigger the body grows with wisdom and ironies of fate until at last adulthood sweeps everything into the busy ocean of life -- to absorb or be absorbed by the ideals such as we have.

If the shell is strong enough to withstand the ravages and gnawing of the thirsty leeches -- the goal of satisfaction is reached -- for a time -- but, there is something that makes the ambitious want to see what is beyond. On, it beckons until life slowly sinks into the west. And when at last the searching rays of history sweep over the raised mound of earth, the only thing that glitters is the dreams of youth that were made real in old age. But, what of the life that began, grew and withered -- where did it come from, and where is it going when it leaves a maltreated body -- kismet -- we know not, but we trudge aimlessly on, on and on -- enjoying one minute and suffering the next -- such is this life.

208. LIFE, A BEAUTIFUL -- I have seen the gleam from the headlight of some giant engine rushing onward through the darkness, heedless of opposition, fearless of danger; and I thought it was grand. I have seen the light come over the eastern hills in glory, driving the lazy darkness before it, till leaf and tree and blade of grass glittered in the myriad diamonds of the morning ray; and I thought that was grand. I have seen the light that leaped at midnight athwart to storm-swept sky, shivering over chaotic clouds, 'mid howling winds, till cloud and darkness and shadow-haunted earth flashed into midday splendor; and I knew that was grand.

But the grandest thing, next to the radiance that flows from the Almighty Throne, is the light of a noble and beautiful life, wrapping itself in benediction around the destinies of men, and finding its home in the bosom of the everlasting God. -- John Temple Graves in eulogy of Henry W. Grady.

209. LIFE EPITOMIZED. -- Did it ever occur to you that a man's life is full of crosses and temptations? He comes into the world without his consent and goes

out of it against his will, and the trip between is exceedingly rocky. The rule of contraries is one of the features of the trip.

When he is little, the big girls kiss him; when he is big the little girls kiss him. If he is poor, he is a bad manager; if he is rich, he is dishonest. If he needs credit, he can't get it; if he is prosperous; every one wants to do him a favor.

If he is in politics, it is for graft; if he is out of politics, he is no good to his country. If he doesn't give to charity, he is a stingy cuss; if he does, it is for show. If he is actively religious, he is a hypocrite; if he takes no interest in religion, he is a hardened sinner. If he gives affection, he is a soft specimen; if he cares for no one, he is cold-blooded. If he dies young, there was a great future before him; if he lives to an old age, he missed his calling.

210. LIFE'S JOURNEY. -- Like travelers whose road, passing over a mountainous district, now climbs to the summits of the hills, and now plunges into their gloomy gorges-some meet many "ups and downs" in life; they come out of one difficulty to encounter another; their home is saddened by successive bereavements; misfortune follows on misfortune, as do the billows on each other that come swelling in with foaming crests to break, and thunder on the beach. On the other hand, some who enjoy the peace of God and a good conscience, have so little in their outward circumstances to give them trouble, that their life, like a river flowing by wooded banks and through fertile fields, glides smoothly on; and they are in considerable danger of loving the world too well, of forgetting a better one, amid so much in this to gratify their desires. But, long or short, bordered with flowers or beset with thorns, life is but a pathway which has, for all the crowd that travel it, in the cradle a common beginning, and in the coffin a common end. The grave is the end of all men. Here all things earthly -- the grandest schemes, ambition's ladder, love's torch, the marriage altar, the conqueror's sword, the poet's laurels, the rich man's gold, the poor man's sorrows, woman's beauty, and manly strength -find their tomb. -- Speaking to the Heart.

211. LIFE, VALUE OF. -- If a man will give all that he hath for the life that now is, much more should he part with all for the life to come.

212. LIMIT, THE. -- "It is high time," said the reformer, "that we had a moral awakening. Let us arise in our might. Let us gird our loins. Let us take off our coats. Let us bare our arms. Let us. . ." "Hold on there!" exclaimed a tall, thin woman near the platform. "If this is to be a moral awakening, don't dare to take off another thing." -- Tit-Bits.

213. LINCOLN, ABRAHAM. -- Abraham Lincoln, the great white soul of America, what more shall I say of you? When you were living at your greatest, you once said to a friend, "After all, the one meaning of life is simply to be kind. I have tried to be. I have not done much, but this much I have done -- wherever I have found a thistle growing, I have tried to pluck it up, and in its place I have planted a

flower." And so today we would bring forth our tribute to your greatness, to your goodness; and, as we thank God for your life, resolve that we too will endeavor to change our nation's great moral thorns into flowers, believing that He who has made the desert to blossom as the rose, will ever aid us in this great work. -- Lewis B. Bates.

214. LINCOLN, EULOGY OF. -- Reviled as the Man of Galilee, slain even as the Man of Galilee, yet as gentle and unoffending, a man who died for men! Roll the stone from the grave and what shall we see? Just an American. The Declaration of Independence his Confession of Faith. The Constitution of the United States his Ark and Covenant of Liberty. The Union his redoubt, the flag his shibboleth. -- Henry Waterson at unveiling of Lincoln's statue at Frankfort, Ky.

215. LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG SPEECH. -- Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation -- or any nation so conceived and so dedicated -- can long endure.

We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who have given their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our power to add or to detract. The world will very little note nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here, to the unfinished work they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the PEOPLE, by the PEOPLE, and for the PEOPLE, shall not perish from the earth.

216. LITERATURE, AMERICAN. -- We cannot honor our country with too deep a reverence; we cannot love her with an affection too pure and fervent; we cannot serve her with an energy of purpose or a faithfulness of zeal, too steadfast and ardent. And what is our country? It is not the East, with her hills and her valleys, with her countless sails, and the rocky ramparts of her shores. It is not the North, with her thousand villages, and her harvest-home, with her frontiers of the lake and the ocean. It is not the West, with her forest-sea and her inland isles, with her luxuriant expanses, clothed in the verdant corn, with her beautiful Ohio, and her majestic Missouri. Nor is it yet the South, opulent in the mimic snow of the cotton,

in the rich plantations Of the rustling cane, and in the golden robes of the rice-field. What are these but the sister families of one greater, better, holier family-our country?

If, indeed, we desire to behold a literature like that, which has sculptured, with such energy of expression, which has painted so faithfully and vividly, the crimes, the vices, the follies of ancient and modern Europe; if we desire that our land should furnish for the orator and the novelist, for the painter and the poet, age after age, the wild and romantic scenery of war; the glittering march of armies, and the revelry of the camp; the shrieks and blasphemies, and all the horrors of the battlefield; the desolation of the harvest, and the burning cottage; the storm, the sack, and the ruin of cities; if we desire to unchain the furious passions of jealousy and selfishness, of hatred, revenge, and ambition, those lions that now sleep harmless in their den: if we desire that the lake, the river, the ocean, should blush with the blood of brothers; -- if we desire that these, and such as these -- the elements, to an incredible extent, of the literature of the old world -- should be the elements of our literature, then, but then only, let us hurl from its pedestal the majestic statue of our Union, and scatter its fragments over all our land. But, if we covet for our country the noblest, purest, loveliest literature the world has ever seen, such a literature as shall honor God, and bless mankind; a literature, whose smiles might play upon an angel's face, whose "tears would not stain an angel's cheek;" then let us cling to the union of these states, with a patriot's love, with a scholar's enthusiasm, with a Christian's hope. In her heavenly character, as a holocaust self-sacrificed to God; at the height of her glory, as the ornament of a free, educated, peaceful, Christian people, American literature will find that the intellectual spirit is her very tree of life, and that union her garden of paradise. -- Grimke.

217. LORD, THE GLORIFIED. -- If a sublimer conception of Divine and glorified humanity, (Rev. 1:13-17) so true to the Saviour's office and work, ever entered into the imagination of man, I have never seen it, and never heard of it. And when I recall the magnificent portraiture, the human form, walking majestically amid golden furniture, clothed with the garment of royalty, girded with gold, crowned with flowing locks that reflect the light and purity of heaven, having a glance of electric power, feet glowing with the liquid splendor of melted brass, a voice of majesty at which the earth and heavens shake, the right hand lit with starry jewels, a mouth whose words carry their own execution in them, and a countenance as glorious as the noonday sun; -- when I survey such majestic lineaments, and such mighty power, and hear the possessor of them say: "I am the First and the Last, and THE LIVING ONE; and I was dead, and behold, I am living forever and ever; and I have the keys of death and hades;" -- I say, when I bring all this before me, and try to realize it in my imagination, I am almost overwhelmed with the sublimity of the picture, and with the goodness, and grace, and power, and might with which the eternal Father hath invested the person of Jesus Christ. In the Gospels even, I see him mostly as a man of sorrow, persecuted unto death, and laid in the grave, though raised again in vindication of his righteous goodness. But here I see him

lifted up to the right hand of power, and clothed with all majesty, that creation's knees might bow at his feet, and creation's tongue confess his greatness and proclaim his praise. Here I see Godhead in manhood, unhumbled and unalloyed by the union; and humanity transformed and exalted to the sphere of the worshipful and Divine; and, all to give greatness to the lowly, and strength to the feeble, and honor to the despised; and to bring the lofty neck to obedience, tear away the marks of falsehood, and enforce the rule of heaven on the earth. I do not wonder at the effect of the vision produced upon the exiled apostle as it burst upon him in his lonely solitude. -- Rev. J. A. Seiss in The Apocalypse.

218. LOST SOULS. -- Can you get a faint idea of the measureless depths of meaning in these two small words? What oceans of tears! What overwhelming bursts of wailing and gnashing of teeth! What eternities of despair! Irredeemably lost. No chance for the light to shine out on the devil-begirt, furnace-heated, pall-shrouded, downward, outward, hellward pathway. Lost to God and the redeemed! Lost to heaven and hope! Lost and no hope of ever being found. Not one dim, distant hope of ever being anything but more hopelessly, ruinously, despairingly lost, during all eternities to come! From woe to more woe; misery to more misery; ever, always lost because they will be lost! Lost while their bosom friend was found! Lost while Jesus was seeking them, and found them lost; but they would not be found. They might have been found but would not. They gained the shadow and lost the substance; gained the brier and lost the flower; gained famine and lost plenty; gained foes and lost a Friend; gained eternal damnation and lost eternal life. The judgments and providences of God warn you. Shall you and your loved ones be lost? -- Vivian A. Drake.

219. LOT'S WIFE. -- More enduring monuments than these of sin and of its punishment have perished amid the wrecks of time. For long ages, the stony form of a woman, dug from no quarry and cut by no sculptor's chisel, stood with its cold gray eyes turned on the sea that entombed the sinners but not the sin of Sodom. Lonely and awful figure, on her the traveler who skirted the shores of the Dead Sea, and shepherds tending their flocks on the neighboring mountains, gazed with wonder and terror; and never did living preacher deliver such a sermon on the words, No man, having put his hand to the plough and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God, as that dumb statue. But time, the destroyer of all earthly things, has not spared even it; travelers have searched in vain for a relic more valuable and impressive far than the finest marbles of Greece and Rome. There is not a vestige of it to be found. She who, loving the present world too well, looked back on Sodom, has ceased to exist in stone, but she still lives in sacred story; and amid this world's temptations we would do well to think of and often to recall the words, "Remember Lot's wife." -- Thomas Guthrie.

220. LOUDER, SIR, LOUDER. -- Mr. President, on the last day, when the angel Gabriel shall have descended from the heavens, and, placing one foot upon the sea and the other upon the land, shall lift to his lips the golden trumpet and proclaim to the living and the resurrected dead that time shall be no more, I have no doubt, sir,

that some infernal fool from Buffalo will start up and cry out, "Louder, please, sir, louder!" -- From a speech at Buffalo, denouncing a malicious interruption. -- Thomas F. Marshall.

221. LOVE. -- There is one grace, however, that will shine with the same bright glow in heaven's world that it does now. That grace is love. In fact love includes all the other graces for it is the image of God himself. "God is love." Joy is just love looking in upon itself. Peace is love in repose. Longsuffering is love enduring. Gentleness is love's elegance and grace as it moves among men. Goodness is love's reflection. Faith is love's wings. Meekness is love's response to praise. Temperance or self-control is love's kingly poise under pressure. No wonder the great apostle Paul cries out in the passion of his soul, "The greatest of all these is love."

222. LOVE. -- Love is the only bow on life's darkest cloud. It is the morning and the evening star. It shines upon the cradle of the babe, and sheds its radiance on the quiet tomb. It is the mother of art, the inspirer of the poet, the patriot, the philosopher. It is the air and light of every heart, builder of every home, kindler of every fire on every hearth. It is the first to dream of immortality. It fills the world with melody, for music is the voice of love. Love is the magician, the enchanter that changes worthless gold to joy, and makes right royal kings and queens of common clay. It is the perfume of that wondrous flower -- the heart. And without that sacred passion, that divine swoon, we are less than beasts-but with it, earth is heaven and we are gods.

223. LOVE, MANIFESTATIONS OF. -- Of this tenderest and strongest passion, what beautiful illustrations lie, shining like diamonds, in Bible story! In Rizpah, lone woman, who by seven gibbets guards the bodies of her sons, nor rises by night or day for weeks but to scare away the vulture or front the hungry wolf, love forgets herself -- her only care the rotting dead. In Judah, yonder, she pleads for Benjamin, and offers, so he be set at liberty, to wear a brother's bonds. In that wronged though guilty mother, who, on seeing her babe in the hands of the executioner, raises a piercing shriek, and, casting herself at the king's feet, cries, O my lord, give her the living child, and in no wise slay it, love consents to part with her dearest object to save its life. Nay; in David, who forgetting all Absalom's crimes at the news of his death, bursts into this cry of wildest, deepest grief, O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son! love would buy another's life at the expense of her own. In the graves of the dead she buries all their crimes, and waters with her tears the memory of their virtues. In the garden where Peter sees his Lord betrayed, beset and ready to be bound, she takes no count of numbers; but, casting prudence to the wind, rushes on the foremost foe, striking for her master. In Paul her hand trembles while she writes the doom of the ungodly, her eyes blot the page with tears, and she is willing to be herself accursed from Christ, so that countrymen and kindred are saved. One example more! You have anticipated it, and your thoughts, outrunning my words, have fixed on that amid whose transcendent glory

these all are lost -- like stars swallowed up in the blaze of day. Love, perfect, divine, hangs on the Cross of Calvary; and speaks in him who, turning an eye of pity on his bloody murderers, cries, Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do. Well may Paul say, Now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity. -- Thomas Guthrie.

224. LOVE OF THE WORLD -- It is another part of that lament which best suits this case of Demas -- "How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!" He was laid in an apostate's grave-not excepting a drunkard's, the most hopeless of any; and, ere we close it over him, let us, like soldiers marched at a military execution by the dead body of a comrade who has been shot for treachery, take a last look of this unhappy, guilty man. He loved the world; and what has it brought him to? What is that world to him now, for which he denied his Saviour and forsook his servants? What now profits him a world, for which he bartered his immortal soul? He was a preacher; nor the last who has turned back in the day of battle, and abandoned his principles when they had to be suffered for. He had been a preacher, perhaps an eloquent one; but he never preached a sermon such as he preaches now -- himself the sermon, and these words his text, Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. -- Speaking to the Heart.

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M--SUBJECTS

225. MACHINE AGE, THE. -- Picture an early nineteenth century prophet viewing the completed handiwork of James Watt. Imagine him visualizing the industrial revolution in the wake of mechanical invention. Hear him proclaiming the machine to be the emancipator of the race. The curse of Eden is lifted. Man will become the master and nature the slave. No longer will grinding toil be repaid with scant subsistence in a miserable hovel. His work will become a delight, his standard of living higher than that of ancient kings. He will cease contending with his fellow for a portion of earth's increase. New forms of transportation will bring the products of the world to his door; swift modes of communication will unite all mankind in a fraternal fellowship. From his back will be lifted the burden of the world. He will have leisure to think with Bacon, to revel in the drama of life with Shakespeare, to thrill to the mighty music of Beethoven. No longer will he slave in ignorance. Now he will learn the truth and the truth will make him free.

But this is the year of our Lord 1933, and the vision is unfulfilled. That we have failed miserably to utilize the machine for the realization of human happiness is a travesty on our intelligence, a sad commentary on our idealism. We have produced in abundance -- ample to provide for physical needs and to satisfy aesthetic desires. But in the midst of plenty, we live in poverty. Our granaries are filled to bursting, but our breadlines are never-ending. Iowa farmers burn corn for fuel while six million children go hungry to school. "Destroy every third row of

cotton," advises our government, while city streets throng with half-clothed, shivering men and women. "Overproduction," cries the shoe manufacturer, while chafed feet trudge sidewalks and highways in tattered shoes. FOR RENT is the conspicuous sign of the American landlord, but eviction of American families recalls the rule of the English landlord in Ireland. Meat packers groan, "Business is poor," while men and women compete with rats for choicest morsels on city garbage heaps. With ample means to give every family a comfortable living, we allow millions of our people to live below minimum standards of health and decency. -- Ralph Bonacker.

226. MAN, THE MEASURE OF. -- The place to take the true measure of a man is not in the darkest place or in the amen corner, nor in the cornfield, but by his own fireside. There he lays aside his mask and you may learn whether he is an imp or an angel, cur or king, hero or humbug. I care not what the world says of him: whether it crowns him, boos or pelts him with bad eggs, care not a copper what his reputation or religion may be; if his babies dread his home-coming and his better half swallows her heart every time she has to ask him for a five-dollar bill, he is a fraud of the first water, even though he prays night and morning until he is black in the face and howls hallelujah until he shakes the eternal hills. But if his children rush to the front door to meet him and love's sunshine illuminates the face of his wife every time she hears his foot-fall, you can take it for granted that he is pure, for his home is a heaven and the humbug never gets that near the great throne of God. He may be a rank atheist and red-flag anarchist, a Mormon and a mugwump; he may buy votes in blocks of five, and bet on the elections; he may deal 'era from the bottom of the deck and drink beer until he can not tell a silver dollar from a circular saw, and still be an infinitely better man than the cowardly little humbug who is all suavity in society but who makes home a hell, who vents upon the helpless heads of his wife and children an ill nature he would inflict upon his fellow men but dares not. I can forgive much in that fellow mortal who would rather make men swear than women weep; who would rather have the hate of the whole world than the contempt of his wife; who would rather call anger to the eyes of a king than fear to the face of a child. -- W. C. Brann.

227. MEMORIAL. -- The past rises before us. We hear the roar and shriek of the bursting shell. The broken fetters fall. There heroes died. We look. These heroes died for liberty -- they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willow, the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine and of storm, each in the windowless palace of rest. Earth may run with other wars -- they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for the soldier living and dead-cheers for the living and tears for the dead.

228. MEMORIAL. -- Memories crowd fast upon the mind as the circling months bring us again to this memorable anniversary. There is not one in this presence who does not have some personal interest in the great events upon which

the occasion it commemorates placed the seal of finality. For some of those who are here today, that interest is tinged with profound sadness, and yet it is a proud sorrow and borders on the realms of joy. For since all must die, how noble and beautiful a thing it is to die for an undying cause and under the approving eye of history. So fell those from whom our hearts mourn today, and history has no fairer or more inspiring page than that which records the splendor of their devotion and the completeness of their sacrifice.

229. MEMORIAL. -- (Our Heroes Shall Live) Oh tell me not that they are dead -- that generous host, that airy army of invisible heroes. They hover as a cloud of witnesses above this nation. Are they dead that speak louder than we can speak, and a more universal language? Are they dead that yet act? Are they dead that yet move upon society, and inspire the people with nobler motives and more heroic patriotism?

Ye that mourn, let gladness mingle with your tears. He was your son, but now he is the nation's. He made your household bright; now his example inspires a thousand households. Dear to his brothers and sisters, he is now brother to every generous youth of the land. Before, he was narrowed, appropriated, shut up to you. Now he is augmented, set free, and given to all. Before he was yours; he is ours. He has died from the family, that he might live to the nation. Not one name shall be forgotten or neglected; and it shall by-and-by be confessed of our modern heroes, as it is of an ancient hero, that he did more for his country by his death than by his whole life. -- Beecher.

230. MEN NEEDED. -- In these times it is well for us to remember that we come of a hardy stock. The Anglo-Saxon race, with all its strength and virtues, was born of hard times. It is not easily kept down; the victims of oppression must come of some other stock. We who live in America and constitute the heart of this Republic are the sons and daughters of "him that overcometh." Ours is a lineage untainted by luxury, uncoddled by charity, uncorrupted by vice, uncrushed by oppression. If it were not so, we could not be here today. -- David Start Jordan in *The Nation's Need of Men*.

231. MERCY. -- I saw old mothers with white locks and wrinkled brows swoon at the governor's feet every day. I saw old fathers with broken hearts and tear-stained faces, and heard them plead by the hour for their wayward boys. I saw a wife with seven children, clad in tatters and rags and barefooted in winter, fall upon their knees around him who held the pardoning power. I saw a little girl climb upon the governor's knee and put her arms around his neck, and I heard her ask him if he had little girls; and then I saw her sob upon his bosom as though her little heart would break, and heard her lead for mercy for her poor, miserable, wretched, convict father. I saw want and woe and anguish unutterable pass before the gubernatorial door, and I said, "Let this heartless world condemn, let the critics frown and rail, but he who hath power and doth not temper justice with mercy will

cry in vain himself for mercy on that great day when God shall judge the merciful and the unmerciful. -- Bob Taylor.

232. MEXICO, WAR WITH. -- Sir, I scarcely understand the meaning of all this myself. If we are to vindicate our rights by battles, in bloody fields of war, let us do it. If that is not the plan, why then let us call back our armies into our own territory, and propose a treaty with Mexico, based upon the proposition that money is better for her and land is better for us. Thus we can treat Mexico like an equal, and do honor to ourselves. But what is it you ask? You have taken from Mexico one-fourth of her territory, and you now propose to run a line comprehending about another third, and for what? I ask, Mr. President, for what? What has Mexico got from you for parting with two-thirds of her domain? She has given you ample redress for every injury of which you have complained. She has submitted to the award of your commissioners, and, up to the time of the rupture with Texas, faithfully paid it. And for all that she has lost (not through or by you, but which loss has been your gain), what requital do we, her strong, rich, robust neighbor make? Do we send our missionaries there, "to point the way to heaven?" Or do we send the schoolmasters to pour daylight into her dark places, to aid her infant strength to conquer freedom, and reap the fruit of the independence herself alone had won? No, no; none of this do we. But we send regiments, storm towns, and our colonels prate of liberty in the midst of the solitudes their ravages have made. They proclaim the empty forms of social compact to a people bleeding and maimed with wounds received in defending their hearth-stones against the invasion of these very men who shoot them down, and then exhort them to be free. Your chaplain of the navy throws aside the New Testament and seizes a bill of rights. He takes military possession of some town in California, and instead of teaching the plan of the atonement and the way of salvation to the poor, ignorant Celt, he presents Colt's pistol to his ear, and calls on him to take "trial by jury and habeas corpus," or nine bullets in his head. Oh! Mr. President, are you not the lights of the earth, if not its salt?

What is the territory, Mr. President, which you propose to wrest from Mexico? It is consecrated to the heart of the Mexican by many a well-fought battle with his old Castilian master. His Bunker Hills, and Saratogas, and Yorktowns are there! The Mexican can say, "There I bled for liberty! and shall I surrender that consecrated home of my affections to the Anglo-Saxon invaders? What do they want with it? They have Texas already. They have possessed themselves of the territory between the Nueces and the Rio Grande. What else do they want? To what shall I point my children as memorials of that independence which I bequeath to them, when those battlefields shall have passed from my possession?"

Sir, had one come and demanded Bunker Hill of the people of Massachusetts -- had England's lion ever showed himself there, is there a man over thirteen and under ninety who would not have been ready to meet him, -- is there a river on this continent that would not have run red with blood, -- is there a field but would have been piled high with the unburied bones of slaughtered Americans, before these

consecrated battle, fields of liberty should have been wrested from us? -- Thomas Corwin.

233. MILITARISM. -- We have learned to talk glibly about naval tonnage, and naval prestige, and to admire fourteen. inch guns, and to publish pictures of battleships even in religious papers. They do that way in Europe! We have begun to send our boys to summer military camps, and are considering the advisability of introducing military instructors into our colleges and making target practice a part of the high school curriculum. We have caught the fever. We are in the race. And now Europe, being in torment calls to us: "O Republic of the West, do not follow our example! There are ways which seem right to a nation, but they lead down at last to the chambers of death. Do not believe the creed which we have long accepted. Armaments are not guarantees of peace. They are not insurance. They are not instruments of reason or righteousness. They create first suspicion then hatred, and last lead young men by the million to the fields of blood. Do not choose the path which we have followed. Work out your destiny along a different line. Make the new world different from the old. Beware of guns. Banish the implements of hate from your eyes. Take your mind off the machinery of slaughter. Cease to delight in the engines of destruction. Trust in reason. Have faith in brotherhood. Believe in love. Build your civilization on the principle of good will. Bind all the nations of the Western Hemisphere into a federation which by its fidelity to the law of kindness and its devotion to the Prince of Peace shall become at once the inspiration and hope of the world!" -- Dr. Charles E. Jefferson.

234. MILITARY GLORY. -- The idea of Honor is associated with war. But to whom does the honor belong? If to any, certainly not to the mass of the people, but to those who are particularly engaged in it. The mass of a people, who stay at home and hire others to fight, who sleep in their warm beds and hire others to sleep on the cold and damp earth, who sit at their well-spread board and hire others to take the chance of starving, who nurse the slightest hurt in their own bodies and hire others to expose themselves to mortal wounds and to linger in comfortless hospitals, certainly this mass reap little honor from war. The honor belongs to those immediately engaged in it. Let me ask, then, what is the chief business of war. It is to destroy human life, to mangle the limbs, to gash and hew the body, to plunge the sword into the heart of a fellow creature, to strew the earth with bleeding frames, and to trample them under foot with horses' hoofs. It is to batter down and burn cities, to turn fruitful fields into deserts, to level the cottage of the peasant and the magnificent abode of opulence, to scourge nations with famine, to multiply widows and orphans. Are these honorable deeds? Were you called to name exploits worthy of demons, would you not naturally select such as these? Grant that a necessity for them may exist; it is a dreadful necessity, such as a good man must recoil from with instinctive horror; and though it may exempt them from guilt, it cannot turn them into glory. We have thought that it was honorable to heal, to save, to mitigate pain, to snatch the sick and sinking from the jaws of death. We have placed among the revered benefactors of the human race, the discoverers of arts which alleviate human sufferings, which prolong, comfort, adorn, and cheer human life, and if

these arts be honorable, where is the glory of multiplying and aggravating tortures and death? -- Dr. Channing.

235. MODERNISM. -- What has Modernism done for the world? Nothing whatever to meet and supply its needs. It has no remedy for the ruin of sin; no peace for its tumults and unrest; no balm for its heartache; and no hope for its despair. It genders doubt where faith is needed and boldly challenges the Word of God, denying its authorship and authority. It makes Creation's wondrous story unbelievable and ridiculous, and substitutes for it the conjectures and vagaries of men vain in their imaginings. It sneers at the thunderings of Sinai; beclouds the visions of the Prophets of God; substitutes the jazz of sensuous desires for the Song of the Angels; and makes the Creator of the Universe the illegitimate son of the woman whom God has honored above all others. It robs the redeeming, shed blood of God's only begotten Son of its value and power to impart life and peace. It insists that the seal placed upon the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea is yet unbroken. It has padlocked the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem and filled the bottomless pit with doubts in mad desire to find a way of escape for mortal man from his hell-deserving misdoings. Its philosophies offer no adequate remedy for the world's confusion and unrest. It has produced divisions and strife in the Church and marred her beauty and robbed her of her influence and power. Instead of solving the problems of governments it is adding to their confusion and intensifying their enmities. It is essentially and radically at variance and in conflict with the religion of our Lord and Saviour, and unquestionably Satanic. -- L. W. Munhall.

236. MONEY. -- Money, no doubt, is a power; but a power of well-defined and narrow limits. It will purchase plenty, but not peace; it will furnish your table with luxuries, but not you with an appetite to enjoy them; it will surround your sick-bed with physicians, but not restore health to your sickly frame; it will encompass you with a cloud of flatterers, but never procure you one true friend; it will bribe into silence the tongues of accusing men, but not an accusing conscience; it will pay some debts, but not the least one of all your debts to the law of God; it will relieve many fears, but not those of guilt -- the terrors that crown the brows of Death.

237. MONEY TALKS. -- It certainly does! It whispers in legislative halls. It croons of love in gifts for dear ones. Sometimes it screams. Sometimes it speaks in silvery tones. It shouts across continents and oceans. It testifies in starving Armenia, plague-stricken India, ignorant Africa, superstitious China, as to the meaning of Christianity. It commands the ears of multitudes, even when possessed by bores and boors.

238. MONEY, WHAT IT SAYS OF ITSELF. -- It would have us understand what it is, why it is, how to use it rightly, and how not to use it. Listen as the several pieces of money speak: "We are money. We are the gift of God. He created the substance from which we are made. 'The silver is mine and the gold is mine,' saith Jehovah. He is the owner of us all. We should be gained, saved, spent and shared in accord with his ownership and desires. Many lies are told about us. We have

been called filthy lucre, and condemned as the root of all evil. Many otherwise truthful people thus slander us, falsely giving the Bible as their authority. Remember that when the apostle spoke of men greedy of filthy lucre, he referred to the greediness of those who gain possession of us in filthy ways or use us for filthy purposes. We are always clean just as God made us. Any filthiness about us is only superficial, due wholly to contact with filthy and greedy-minded folks. The apostle says 'The love of money is the root of every kind of evil,' but this 'love of money' is in the hearts of men and women, not in us. Covetousness is an improper attitude toward us and what we will buy; but we are innocent. The evil is in the ungodly minds that bestows on us love and honor that belongs to our Maker -- God, thus violating the first commandment and becoming guilty of the terrible sin of idolatry.

"God, who gives only good things, made us to bless humanity. Man should appreciate us properly, earn us honestly, hold us in a Christian spirit, use us in accordance with the desires and purposes of God, direct us where we are most needed, distribute us in accord with the Golden Rule and the needs of humanity -- remember we were created to help bring in a better world, not a richer world.

"If you keep us, or spend us on yourselves, in larger measure than you really need; we may choke your life, corrupt your ideals, undercut your fullest happiness, absorb your energies in guarding and worrying about us. We will even rob you of peace, corrode your conscience and endanger your eternal welfare. We are spiritual poison when over-used or wrongly used, insidious and gradual, but deadly.

"We covet your interest, your respect, your fair dealing, your understanding of our potential powers. We must be used while you live, for we are as valueless in heaven as we are in hell." -- Albert F. McGarrah.

239. MORAL INFLUENCES. -- There are single passages in the writings of Daniel Webster that will exercise more influence upon the youth of America than all the statutes of this Union. There are songs written by men whose names are now forgotten that are more to the American people than a regiment of bayonets. "Let him who will make the laws of a nation, if I may but make its sons," was well and truly said. The apparently trifling song of Lillibullero was the chief cause of the downfall of James II. How much influence do you imagine the songs of our own country are exerting? Do you imagine that we should make a profitable bargain in case of a new war, by exchanging the song of Yankee Doodle for fifty thousand foreign soldiers led by a field marshal? This is a kind of property you can not trade away with profit. You cannot profitably part with your lofty thoughts and noble sentiments any more than we can profitably part with our own souls. -- From a speech delivered in 1855. -- Albert Pike.

240. MOTHER. -- No mathematician's brain can compute the good they have done in the world. Their influence is hallowed, their examples are worshipful. As flowers purify the air we breathe, so mothers purify the moral atmosphere around them. Did you ever follow the hearse as it nodded its dark plumes toward that

mother's grave? Did you ever stand upon its brink and listen to the "clods of the valley" as they rumbled mournfully upon the coffin? If so, then you have sounded the depths of your love for her. Although the grave may rob you of her body, yet, glorious thought, it cannot rob you of her memory, it is embalmed in your heart and photographed on your soul forever. Were it not for praying mothers, the world would be sunk in deeper degradation. O Mother! your influence will be known only in the ceaseless ages of eternity. -- James P. McTeer.

241. MOTHER. -- She is the first to welcome us into this world and the last to forsake the new-made grave when God sees fit to take from her the little one whom she loved so well. She is the great doctor, who through all the long watches of the night, sits at the bedside of the loved one, and sacrificing her own pleasure and rest, nurses it back to life and health. She it is who stamps the coin of character. The grandeur, the tenderness, the everlasting and divine significance of the mother is but too faintly appreciated by the human race. The future of any country is dependent upon the mothers of the children who are to be its future custodians. The mother's trust is even greater than that of our statesmen. When we praise one of our great statesmen, he is only reaping the reward of the everlasting care of his mother.

If it were in my power to gather together all the laurels of victory and chaplets of fame of the eternal ages, I would make them all into one beautiful wreath of appreciation, love, and praise, and I would place that wreath upon the brow of the patient, self-sacrificing, loving mother -- the uncrowned queen of the centuries. -- John M. Beck.

242. MOTHERS, PILGRIM. -- Mothers, the better half of the Yankee world -- at whose tender summons even the stern Pilgrims were ever ready to spring to arms, and without whose aid they never could have achieved the historic title of the "Pilgrim Fathers." The Pilgrim mothers were more devoted martyrs than were the Pilgrim fathers, because they not only had to bear the same hardships that the Pilgrim fathers stood, but they had to bear with the Pilgrim Fathers besides. -- Joseph H. Choate.

243. MUSIC. -- Music is well said to be the speech of angels; in fact, nothing among the utterances allowed to man, is felt to be so Divine. It brings us near to the Infinite; we look for moments across the cloudy elements into the eternal light, when song leads and inspires us. Serious nations, all nations that can listen to the mandate of nature, have prized song and music as a vehicle for worship, for prophecy, and for whatsoever in them was Divine. -- Carlyle.

244. MUSIC. -- Every great event in the drama of life is celebrated in music. At the marriage service and at the solemn service for the dead, the strains of music are heard; at the one the jubilant notes of the wedding march; and at the other the doleful tones of the dirge. Music is the handmaid of religion and the exponent of patriotism. It voices the holy aspirations of the pious, and the agonizing appeal for

liberty of the oppressed. It speaks a universal language comprehended alike by the cultured and the ignorant. It turns the tears of the afflicted into a shower of pearls and weaves the exultant shouts of the happy into a garland of roses. -- Edith Frank.

245. MUSIC. -- The spirit of music, like an archangel, presides over mankind and all visible creation. Her afflatus, divinely sweet, divinely powerful, is breathed on every human heart and inspires every human soul to some nobler sentiment, some higher thought, some greater action.

O music, sweetest, sublimest ideal of Omniscience, firstborn of God, fairest and loftiest seraph of the celestial hierarchy, muse of the beautiful, daughter of the universe!

In the morning of eternity when the stars were young, her first grand oratorio burst upon raptured Deity and thrilled the wondering angels; all heaven shouted; ten thousand times ten thousand jeweled harps, ten thousand times ten thousand angels' tongues caught up the song; and ever since, through all the golden cycles its breathing melodies, old as eternity, yet ever new as the flitting hours, have floated on the air of heaven. -- Bob Taylor.

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N--SUBJECTS

246. NAPOLEON. -- A little while ago I stood by the grave of the old Napoleon. It is a magnificent sepulchre of gilt and gold, fit almost for a dead deity. I gazed upon the sarcophagus of rare and nameless marble in which rests the last ashes of the restless man. I leaned upon the balustrade and thought of the career of the greatest soldier of the modern world. I saw him walking upon the banks of the Seine contemplating suicide. I saw him quelling the mob in the streets of Paris. I saw him at the head of the army in Italy. I saw him crossing the bridge of Lodi with the tri-color in his hand. I saw him in Egypt in the shadow of the pyramids. I saw him conquer the Alps, and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the crags. I saw him in Russia, where the infantry of the snows and the cavalry of the wild blasts scattered his legions like winter's withered leaves. I saw him at Leipsic in defeat and disaster, driven by a million of bayonets, clutched like a beast, banished to Elba. I saw him escape and retake an empire by the magnificent force of his genius. I saw him on the frightful field of Waterloo, where Chance and Fate combined to wreck the fortunes of their former king, and I saw him a prisoner on the rock of St. Helena, with his arms calmly folded behind his back gazing steadfastly out upon the sad and solemn sea.

And I thought of all the widows and orphans he had made; of all the tears that had been shed for his glory; of the only woman who had ever loved him torn from his heart by the ruthless hand of ambition. And I said, I would rather have been a poor French peasant and worn wooden shoes, I would rather have lived in a hut

with the vines growing over the door and the grapes growing purple in the amorous kisses of the autumn sun, with my loving wife knitting by my side as the day died out of the sky, with my children upon my knees and their arms about my neck; yes, I would rather have been that poor peasant and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust, than to have been that imperial impersonation of force and murder known as Napoleon the Great. -- Robert G. Ingersoll.

247. NEGLECT, DANGER OF. -- None are beyond the reach of redemption, whom to awaken to a sense of their condition would only be to torment before their time. Men are going to ruin; but not like the boat that was seen shooting the rapid, and had reached a point above the cataract where no power could stem the raging current, To the horror of those who watched it shooting on to destruction, a man was seen on board, and asleep, The spectators ran along the banks. They cried; they shouted; and the sleeper awoke at length to take in all his danger at one fearful glance. To spring to his feet, to throw himself on the bench, to seize the oars, to strain every nerve in superhuman efforts to turn the boat's head to the shore, was the work of an instant. But in vain. Away went the bark to its doom, like an arrow from the bow. It hung a moment on the edge of the gulf; and then, is gone forever. -- Thomas Guthrie.

248. NEGRO, THE. -- When a Negro appears before a white audience, he is usually met with a humorous reception. Everyone smiles. He is expected to dance a jig or cut some capers. He is either a smiling Sambo, a lazy bones, or a razor-toting Rastus -- anything, but an intelligent, serious-thinking human being. From the black face of the comedian, the darky-skit of the radio, the Rastus-jokes of the speaker, to the Sambo cartoons of the newspapers, the Negro has become an overloaded pack-horse for ridicule and humor. But, I assure you that I have no chickens under my coat; watermelon season has long passed; and I will not degenerate this assembly by starting a crap game. It is a strange thing to see a Negro before a white audience playing an intellectual role, for when he assumes a cultural pose, he faces that American philosophy: "Nigger, stay in your place; this is a white man's country." -- William McClain.

249. NEGRO, RACE SUPERIORITY. -- Race superiority is not such a desirable thing that one race must be deprived of its rights and privileges, vouchsafed by constitution and decree. White supremacy is not such a sweet morsel that a race must be kept in the shackles of wanton ignorance and consigned to the murkiest darkness. Anglo-Saxon domination is not such a craven prize that we must break our laws, dump our morals, and scrap our religion in order to maintain it. If we must, what an exorbitant price we pay! -- William McClain.

250. NEW BIRTH. -- The babe before coming into this world lay entombed, nor saw, nor heard, nor breathed, nor loved, nor feared, nor took any more interest than the dead in all that was happening around it! Alive, yet how like death its state has been. Having eyes, it saw not, and ears it heard not, and feet, it walked not, and hands, it handled not, and affections it felt not. But now, its eyes follow the light,

with its hands it is acquainting itself with matter, sounds are entering its ears, it learns a mother's voice, and it loves and is loved. What a change! Now, just because the change wrought in the soul in conversion is also great, and introduces its subject into a new and delightful existence, it borrows a name from that change. That is the first, this is the second birth; aye, and infinitely the better one. Better! because in this a son of man is born but for the grave, whereas in this a son of God is born for glory. Better! because the march of these little feet is along a rough path between a cradle and a coffin; whereas, the way of grace, however full of trials, toil, and battle, is from the pangs of birth onward and upward to a crown in heaven. Happy for you if you are heaven-born and heaven-bound. It may be that a stormy life lies before you; but let storms rage and tempests roar -- however rude the gale or high the rolling billows -- a heaven-born passenger in a heaven-bound bark, you cannot miss the haven. -- Gospel of Ezekiel.

251. NEW YEAR. -- They have a quaint old custom in Scandinavia; the people open their doors five minutes before midnight on the last night of the year and wait in silence until the last stroke of twelve tells each of the assembled families that the old year has gone out and the new year has come in. Here in our country many of us repair to our churches and wait in prayer silence, or sit musingly before the fire in our homes until the magic moment comes.

252. NO DEFICITS. -- Henry Watterson told of a speech he heard between Lincoln and Douglas, illustrating Lincoln's humor. He looked Douglas in the eye, and said: "This tariff, Judge Douglas, should be logical -- just tariff enough -- just tariff enough, so that we can make these things at home without lowering our wages. In fact, Mr. Douglas, this tariff should be a good deal like a man's legs -- just long enough!"

Douglas had little short legs reaching Lincoln's coat-tail, and, turning to Lincoln, he said: "Now, Mr. Lincoln, you are a little indefinite. How long should a man's legs be?"

"A man's legs, Mr. Douglas," said Lincoln, with mock gravity, "should be just long enough to reach -- from -- his -- body -- to -- the -- ground -- no surplus, no d-e-f-i-c-i-t!"

253. NOT A CHANCE. -- "Judge," cried the prisoner in the dock, "have I got to be tried by a woman jury?"

"Be quiet," whispered his counsel.

"I won't be quiet! Judge, I can't even fool my own wife, let alone twelve strange women. I'm guilty." -- Houston Post.

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O--SUBJECTS

254. OLD AGE. -- It is in the form of one bending beneath the weight of years, and advancing with feeble steps, that Solomon paints man travelling to the grave; and, though done with a trembling hand, how graphic and true his touches? "The keepers of the house shall tremble" -- the arms that held the plough, or plied the shuttle, or wielded the sword, shake with palsy; "the strong men shall bow themselves" -- the limbs, those pillars of the frame, shrunk and shrivelled, totter beneath it, weight; "the grinders cease" -- the teeth decay, and drop from their sockets, warning man that he himself shall soon drop into his grave; "those that look out of the windows be darkened" -- the eye, that window where the soul sits looking out on the world, grows dim with years, and man enters the shadow of the tomb before he enters itself; "he shall rise up at the voice of the bird;" -- the sleep of the cradle is calm, that of robust youth long and deep, but old age brings broken slumbers, and wakes with the birds that sing in the dawn; "the daughters of music shall be brought low" -- deafness swells the train of infirmities, and amid the cheerful circle the old man, cut off while alive from communion with the living, sits with furrowed brow and snowy head in a solitude which only religion can cheer; "they shall be afraid of that which is high" -- with heart enfeebled, he leaves others to breast heights and hills, and, staff in hand, creeps along the fiat shore or the level sward; "the almond tree shall flourish" -- his head is white as its blossoms, with the frost of age; "the grasshopper shall be a burden"-such his weakness, though as the tiny insect leaps from blade to blade, the grass hardly bends beneath its weight; and, last of all, "desire shall fail" -- the very wish for pleasures dies with the power of enjoying them. A miserable existence, unless where holy desires survive the decay of nature, and the saint longs for the hour when the dissolution of his old, crazy, earthly tabernacle shall set him free for his flight to heaven! -- Speaking to the Heart.

255. OPPORTUNITY. -- He taught a solemn truth who painted Time as an old man, with wings on his shoulders, scythe and hour-glass in his hands, and on his wrinkled forehead one lock of hair. All bald behind, and offering us no hold when it is past, let us seize Time by the forelock. Be saved this hour! That hoary preacher addresses you, as he shakes a glass where the sands of some of us are well-nigh run, and points his finger to the grave which, a few years hence, shall have closed over all this living assembly. Like other preachers, he shall die. Death himself shall die; but we never. Blessed or cursed with immortality, we shall live to wish we had never lived, or to rejoice that we shall live forever. And, whether they fall late or early, happy then and happy now, such as, not ignorant that there were gray hairs on them, guilt in their lives, and sins on their consciences, sought salvation in Jesus Christ -- washing their stains away in that atoning blood which both cleanseth from the vilest sins, and is free to the worst of sinners! -- Thomas Guthrie.

256. ORATION. -- The orator is an artist, and sees everything, as Donatello saw his marble, as material for his art. If he is only an orator, he must make his

sentences plangent as an ocean roll under a moonlit sky. The music of every orator lies in his personal rhythm. When this rhythm gets the upper hand, it simply dominates everything.

Shall we have no orators? Eloquence has its unique and momentous service to civilization. The orators of each age created public sentiment; and lately, with the printing press, in the history of civilization, they have given life and form to public opinion, which, in other ages, has crystallized, out of their agitation, into great State Papers, like the Treaty of Wedmore, Magna Charta, Mayflower Compact, Declaration of independence and Emancipation Proclamation. The end consecrates the instrument. -- Frank W. Gunsaulus, D.D.

257. ORATOR, THE -- The great orator idealizes the real, transfigures the common, makes even the inanimate throb and thrill, fills the gallery of the imagination with statues and pictures perfect in form and color, brings to light the gold hoarded by memory the miser, shows the glittering coin to the spendthrift hope, enriches the brain, ennobles the heart, and quickens the conscience. Between his lips words bud and blossom.

258. ORATORY, THE VALUE OF. -- So long as there are wrongs to be redressed, so long as the strong oppress the weak, so long as injustice sits in high places, the voice of the orator will be needed to plead for the rights of man. He may not, at this stage of the republic, be called upon to sound a battle cry to arms, but there are bloodless victories to be won as essential to the stability of a great nation and the uplifting of its millions of people as the victories of the battlefield.

When the greatest of modern political philosophers, the author of the Declaration of Independence, urged that, if men were left free to declare the truth the effect of its great positive forces would overcome the negative forces of error, he seems to have hit the central fact of civilization. Without freedom of thought and absolute freedom to speak out the truth as one sees it, there can be no advancement, no high civilization. To the orator who has heard the call of humanity, what nobler aspiration than to enlarge and extend the freedom we have inherited from our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, and to defend the hope of the world? -- Edward A. Allen.

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P--SUBJECTS

259. PARDON. -- History relates the story of a man, a sagacious and far-sighted man, whose example it is our safety, our salvation to follow. He had committed heinous crimes against his sovereign and the state. He knew his life to be forfeited; and that if, allowing events to take their course, he waited to be tried, he was certain to be condemned. The case is exactly ours. In these circumstances he repaired to the palace to fling himself at the feet of his sovereign, and making full

confession of his crimes, to beg for mercy. Through the clemency of his king, and the intercession of a powerful friend at court, he found mercy; and, with a full pardon in his bosom, signed by the king's own hand, left the royal presence a happy man. In course of time, the day of trial arrives, gathering a great concourse of people. He repairs to the place. Ignorant of his secret, anxious friends tremble for his fate; and the spectators wonder at his calm and placid bearing as he passes the scaffold where they think he is so soon to die, and enters the court, certain, as they fancy, to be condemned. He steps up to the bar as lightly as a bridegroom to the marriage altar; and, to all men's surprise, looks boldly around, on the court, his judges, and his accusers. At this, however, they cease to wonder when, after listening unmoved to charges enough to hang twenty men in place of one, he thrusts his hand into his bosom to draw forth the pardon, to cast it on the table, and find himself, amid a sudden outburst of joy, locked in the happy embraces of his wife and children. -- Thomas Guthrie.

260. PARDON AND PURITY. -- Justification is binding the "old man;" Sanctification is casting him out and destroying his works. Pardon and Purity are the two wheels to the chariot of New Testament salvation, while faith and love are the celestial steeds that draw this chariot along the King's highway to heaven. Pardon and Purity are the two posts on which the gates of pearl swing back to admit us to the city of light. Pardon removes all guilt of violation of the law of God; Purity, the violation of the image of God. Pardon takes away all guilt of sinful acts; Purity takes away the uncleanness of sinful tempers and desires which are often not shaped into acts. Pardon sweeps away from my soul all of my responsible sin; Purity sweeps from my soul all my irresponsible sin. Pardon wipes out the moral evil I have accumulated; Purity wipes out the moral evil that I inherited. Pardon will publish itself in the actions of a man; Purity, to the keen inner feelings of the heart. Pardon harmonizes me with the law of God, Purity with the character of God. Pardon introduces me to the kingdom of peace; Purity introduces me to the kingdom of power. Pardon reveals Jesus as my substitute; Purity reveals Him as my heaven-enthroned King. Pardon puts into my hand a title deed to heaven; Purity gives me the moral fitness for heaven. Pardon takes away my night and gives me day; Purity takes the mist out of the air and gives me cloudless sunshine. Pardon and Purity are the two wings on which perfect love can soar and sing its way to the high mountain of God. Pardon and Purity are both received by separate acts of receptive faith; are both instantaneously wrought by acts of the Divine Will; are both attested by the Holy Ghost; are both retained by constant submission, unwavering trust and obedience to all our spiritual light; are both requisite to a happy life and both absolutely essential to admission into heaven. -- Rev. George D. Watson, D.D.

261. PATHOS -- HIS LAST ORDER. -- (This is an excellent selection for drill in pathetic speaking.) "I have ..taken my last order; I am going home," he said as the clock struck the midnight hour.

The nurse looked at the doctor with a significant glance and whispered:

"His mind wanders."

Presently he lifted his feverish head from its pillow. "Any letters from the house?" he inquired. "There ought to be letters here."

Then he slept, and in his sleep he was a boy again-babbled of fishing streams where the trout played, of school hours and romps with his mates. Soon he suddenly awakened.

"All right," he called in a strong voice, "I'm ready!"

He thought the porter had called him for an early train. The doctor laid a soothing hand upon his head and he slept. In his sleep he murmured:

"Show you samples of our goods. I'm going off the road now. This order closes me out. The house has called me in. Going to have my first vacation, but I shall lose time -- time-time!"

He drowsed off and the doctor counted his pulse. Suddenly the sick man started up.

"Give me a letter from home. Ellen always writes me here. Dear girl, she never disappointed me yet-and the children. They will forget me if my trips are too long. I have only a few more towns to sell -- I promised to be home Christmas -- I promised -- to be home -- I promised. . ."

He slept again, and again awakened with a start.

"No word from the House yet?"

He was going fast. The doctor bent over him and repeated in a comforting voice:

"In my Father's House are many mansions. If it were not so I would have told you."

"Yes, yes," said the dying traveler faintly. "It is a clear statement. It is a good house to travel for. It deals fair and square with its men."

The chill December morn dawned -- the end was very near. The sick man was approaching the undiscovered land from whose bourne no traveler returns.

"I've changed my route," he murmured faintly. "The house is calling me in -- write to Ellen and the children that I'm on my way home -- it's in my sample case -- without money and without price -- a good house -- fills all orders as agreed. Call

me for the first train -- I am going to make the round trip and get home for Christmas."

They laid his head back on the pillow. He had made the round trip. He had gone Home for Christmas. -- Mrs. M. L. Rayne.

262. PATHOS -- GETHSEMANE. -- This garden was to me holy ground; here, if ever, I felt like taking off my shoes from my feet. Yonder, on Calvary, Christ's body was crucified; but here in Gethsemane was the crucifixion of his soul. Yonder He gave up his life; here he yielded His soul in sweet obedience to the Father's will. There the letter of the law was satisfied; here the weight of the law, in its spiritual import, fell on the soul of Christ. In this garden His "own familiar friend betrayed Him." Here the Captain of our salvation experienced the truth that the soul of His suffering was the suffering of His soul. And here in the quiet of my own heart, at evening's holy hour, I strive to dedicate myself afresh in unswerving loyalty to my crucified Lord, and in unceasing love for the souls of men for whom He died. -- Robert Stuart MacArthur.

263. PATRIOTISM. -- Like all other forms of devotion, patriotism is not merely a fine sentiment,-not dilating with pleasurable emotions when the American flag is unfurled; not rising to our feet when the Star Spangled Banner is sung; not sending off firecrackers on the Fourth of July. It manifests itself in service -- in service that neither doubts, nor counts the cost, nor asks recognition. In peace or in war, the patriot serves his country joyfully, because it is the natural thing to do.

264. PATRIOTISM. -- The high, the exalted, the sublime emotions of a patriotism which, soaring towards heaven, rises far above all mean, low, or selfish things, and is absorbed by one soul-transporting thought of the good and the glory of one's country, are never felt in his impenetrable bosom. That patriotism which, catching its inspirations from the immortal God, and, leaving at an immeasurable distance below all lesser, groveling, personal interests and feelings animates and prompts to deeds of self-sacrifice, of valor, of devotion, and of death itself, -- that is public virtue; that is the noblest, the sublimest of all public virtues! -- Henry Clay.

265. PEOPLE'S VOICE. -- When the mighty Voice of a mighty People speaks forth the principle of truth, tolerance, justice and freedom, it reaches the uttermost boundaries of the world. It brings new people to our gates to be poured into the melting pot of Democracy. This mighty voice is heard in the wilderness and chaos of the human maelstrom and is the siren song calling men to the land of the free. -- Luella F. Phelan.

266. PICTURE INCOMPLETE. -- Colonel Fisk was showing Mr. Travers over his yacht, The Plymouth Rock. The Colonel proudly showed the various rooms and the furnishing. As they came down a stairway leading from the upper deck the Colonel pointed to two large oil paintings, hanging a little apart on the wall in front

of them. One of the pictures was that of Colonel Fisk himself and the other of Jay Gould. "There," said the Colonel, "what do you think of that?"

"They are good, Colonel, very good; you hanging on one side and Mr. Gould on the other. First rate. But, Colonel," continued Mr. Travers, buried in deep thought, "where is our Saviour?"

267. PIONEERS OF THE PACIFIC COAST. -- We can look back and see, in the dim distance, the slowly-moving train; the wagons with their once white, but now dingy covers; the patient oxen, measuring their weary steps; men travel-stained and bronzed by exposure; women with mingled hope and care depicted upon their anxious faces; and children peering from their uneasy abodes, and wondering when their discomforts will cease. These are pioneers on their way to the promised land. Moons wax and wane, again and again; but day after day the toilsome march is resumed. Sometimes there are Indian scares and depredations; unbridged streams are encountered; rugged ascents and steep declivities occur; teams give out and wagons break down: but finally, through "moving accidents by flood and field," and when the year has glided into the gold and russet of autumn, they reach the long-looked-for end of their journey. To some, all this did not happen; to others, more than this happened. And there were those who looked back with sad hearts, and remembered where they had left the wild winds to chant their funeral requiem over a lonely and deserted grave.

When the pioneers arrived here, they found a land of marvelous beauty. They found extended prairies, rich with luxuriant verdure. They found grand and gloomy forests, majestic rivers, and mountains covered with eternal snow; but they found no friends to greet them, no homes to go to, nothing but the genial heavens and the generous earth to give them consolation and hope. -- From an address delivered at Portland, Oregon in March 1895. -- George H. Williams.

58. PITY. -- On one occasion a party of soldiers happened to enter a cottage that stood on ground which had been occupied by an enemy whom they were driving before them at the point of the bayonet. An infant's cries attracted their attention, and they turned to look on a spectacle which, inured as they were to scenes of horror, woke their tenderest pity. A father's corpse lay stretched across the threshold where he had fallen, bravely fighting to protect those within; on the floor, amid a pool of blood, lay the mother, dead; and on her bosom an infant, all unconscious of its loss, wailed and cried as it sought to draw nourishment from her empty breast. Time was when its feeblest cry roused her from deepest slumbers; but there it cried, and there she lay unmoved, -- her ear was heavy, that it could not hear. And had not God directed thither the steps of those brave men, and had not they, touched with pity, and gilding with so bright an example of humanity war's lurid clouds, wrapped up the creature tenderly, and borne it away through the smoke and fire of battle to be the child and care of their regiment, it had perished in a mother's arms, on a mother's bosom; -- her hand was shortened, that it could not save. -- Thomas Guthrie.

269. POLITICS ON THE BENCH. -- The Constitution does not allow reasons of state to influence our judgments. God forbid it should! We must not regard political consequences, how formidable soever they might be; if rebellion was the certain consequence, we are bound to say, "Fiat justitia, ruat coelum." We are to say what we take the law to be; if we do not speak our. real opinions,, we. prevaricate with. God and our own consciences. -- Chief-Justice Mansfield, in the case of Wilkes.

270. POLITICAL KNAVE, THE. -- The lowest of politicians is that man who seeks to gratify art invariable selfishness by pretending to seek the public good. For a profitable popularity; he accommodates himself to all opinions, to all dispositions, to every side and to each prejudice. He is a mirror, with no face of its own, but a smooth surface from which each man of ten thousand may see himself reflected. He glides from man to man, coinciding with their views, pretending their feelings, simulating their tastes; with this one, he hates a man; with that one he loves the same man: he favors a law and he dislikes it; he approves and opposes; he is on both sides at once, and seemingly wishes that he could be on one side more than both sides.

As a man, he means to be veracious, honest, moral; as a politician, he is deceitful, cunning, unscrupulous, -- any thing for party. As a man, he abhors the slimy demagogue; as a politician, he employs him as a scavenger. As a man, he shrinks from the flagitiousness of slander; as a politician, he permits it, smiles upon it in others, rejoices in the success gained by it. As a man, he respects no one who is rotten in heart; as a politician, no man through whom victory may be gained can be too bad.

For his religion he will give up all his secular interests; but for his politics he gives up even his religion. He adores virtue and rewards vice. Whilst bolstering up unrighteous measures, and more unrighteous men, he prays for the advancement of religion and justice and honor! I would to God that his prayer might be answered upon his own political head; for never was there a place where such blessings were more needed! What a heart has that man, who can stand in the very middle of the Bible, with its transcendent truths raising their glowing fronts on every side of him, and feel no inspiration but that of immorality and meanness!

If the love of country, a sense of character, a manly regard for integrity, the examples of our most illustrious men, the warnings of religion and all its solicitations, and the prospect of the future, cannot inspire a man to any thing higher than a sneaking, truckling, dodging scramble for fraudulent fame and dishonest bread, it is because such a creature has never felt one sensation of manly virtue; it is because his heart is a howling wilderness, inhospitable to innocence. -- H. W. Beecher.

271. POSSIBILITIES. -- The would-be scientist, noting the triumphs of science, how during the past century she has delved into the earth, soared into the

air, and laid her riches at our feet, how she has unlocked the doors of nature's shrines revealing wealth and treasures, complains that already all secrets have been divulged, that in the realm of science there is naught to discover. And likewise the would-be lawyer contents himself with the melancholy view, and never strives to attain, or aspire to climb. The would-be literary man, standing on the graves of Shakespeare, Homer and Milton disdain to shine as a lesser light. The would-be orator, listening to the echoes of Cicero and Demosthenes, exclaims that today oratory is dead, and voice of a great orator will never again thrill the world. The would-be great, lingering in the shadows of the luminaries who have lit the old world with their glories towering above the common head as light-houses above the sea, overestimating their powers, undervaluing their own, never waken the latent possibilities of their own hearts and lives.

272. POVERTY. -- Poverty is uncomfortable, as I can testify; but nine times out of ten the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard and compelled to sink or swim for himself. -- James A. Garfield.

273. POWER, LATENT. -- There are latent in every heart, songs as yet unsung, anthems as yet unheard, chords that if but struck, would fill this old world of ours with music, thrill the soul of men with joy, string his nerves with strength, exalt his life with hope, sweeten it with gladness and set his whole being a-tingle with nobleness and love. There are fruits as yet unplucked sweeter than the honey of Hybea, and more beautiful than the sight of sun-kissed clusters of purple grapes. There are books yet unread and leaves yet uncut in the life of every man. There are chaplets awaiting the brows of every man who conquers difficulties, utilizes his talents and invests his untold wealth. For all who will but strive, who will but use untried forces, unknown energies, there are ungathered riches, unheard harmonies, unwoven crowns, yea, the unrevealed heaven.

274. PRAYER. -- Would you see true prayer-would you know what prayer really is? step into this Egyptian palace where Benjamin stands bound -- his amazed and trembling brothers grouped around the lad? Judah advances. He bows himself before Joseph. His heart is full. His lip trembles. The tear glistens in his manly eyes, and now, with tenderness thrilling in every tone, he pours forth this plea of surpassing pathos -- "Oh my lord, let thy servant, I pray thee, speak a word in my lord's ears, and let not thine anger burn against thy servant: My lord asked his servants, saying, Have ye a father, or a brother? and we said unto my lord, We have a father, an old man, and a child of his old age, a little one; and his brother is dead; and he alone is left of his mother, and his father loveth him." Thus on he goes; and every sentence goes like a knife into Joseph's heart. And then he closes and crowns his appeal with this most brave and generous proposal, "Now, therefore, I pray thee, let thy servant abide instead of the lad, a bondsman to my lord; for how shall I go to my father, and the lad be not with me, lest I see the evil that shall come on my father?" Joseph's heart, which has been swelling with emotion, is now ready to burst. He can stand it no longer; nor any wonder. That is prayer. -- Thomas Guthrie.

275. PRAYER, A. -- God, make the door of this house we have raised to Thee wide enough to receive all who need human love, fellowship and fatherly care; and narrow enough to shut out all envy, vain pride and hate; make the threshold smooth to be no stumbling block to childhood weakness, or straying feet, but rugged and strong enough to turn back the tempter's power. God make the door of this house to many souls the gateway to Thy everlasting kingdom.

276. PRAYER, IMPORTUNATE. -- NOW turn from that Egyptian (Judah's plea before Joseph) to this Hebrew palace. There also is prayer. Two women stand before King Solomon. In the darkness of the night one has crept, with noiseless step, to her neighbor's bed, and while the mother slept, and the babe slept in her bosom, softly, cautiously, she steals the living child, and leaves her own cold, dead infant in its place. They carry the dispute to Solomon -- each claiming the living, and each repudiating the dead. With a skill that earned him his worldwide fame, the wise monarch summons nature as a witness. Horrible to hear, he orders the living child to be divided. The sword is raised -- another moment, and each mother gets a quivering half-another moment, and interference comes too late. One stands calm, firm, collected, looking on with a cruel eye. With a bound that carries her to his feet, and a shriek that rings wild and high over all the palace, the other-the true mother -- clasps her hands in agony, and cries-"Oh, my lord, give her the living child, in no wise slay it." That is prayer. That cry, that spring, that look of anguish -- all these proclaim the mother -- how different from the cold, callous unimpassioned frame in which, alas! the best too often present themselves at the throne of grace, as if, when we are seeking pardon, it were a matter of supreme indifference whether Our prayer were or were not answered.

277. PRAYER REFUSED. -- The patient was on the operating table. "Your minister is here, do you want to see him before we begin the operation?" asked the surgeon. "No, sir," replied the patient, "I do not want to be opened with prayer."

278. PRAYER, ANSWER DELAYED. -- But does God never make his people wait? He does. Faith and patience are put upon their trial; there is no answer, nor reply, nor relief. God is silent, and the church is left to cry, "How long, O Lord, how long?" All true. Jesus addresses to his Bride the language he of old used to his mother, "Woman, my hour is not yet come." But let us need present help, and you shall see that he is "a very present help in time of trouble." Let the disciple be sinking amid the waves of Galilee, crying, "I perish" -- let the prophet be on his knees in the depths of the sea, in the dark belly of a whale -- let the widow's last mite, and the barrel's last handful have come -- let the confessor be descending into the lions' roaring den-let the queen have her brave hand upon the door, with these words of high resolve upon her lips, "If I perish, I perish" -- let the trembling host have the waters of the Red Sea roaring in their front, and the chariots of Egypt pressing on their rear-let God's people have reached such a crisis -- let them stand in any such predicament -- and his answer anticipates their prayer. The supply is on the road before the want is expressed; the door opens before the hand has struck

it; while prayer is traveling up the one line, the answer is speeding down the other. Hear the voice of the Lord, "It shall come to pass; before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking, I will hear." -- The Gospel in Ezekiel.

279. PRAYER, AVAILABLE. -- Prayer flies where the eagle never flew; and rises on wings broader and stronger than an angel's, It travels further and faster than light. Rising from the heart of a believer, it shoots away beyond that starry sky, and, reaching the throne, enters into the ear of God. So soon as the heart begins to work on earth, it moves the hand of God in heaven; and, ere the prayer has left the lips of faith, Jesus has presented it to his Father, and secured its answer. It is a telegraph stretched not between shore and shore-the mother country and her distant colonies, the seat of government and the far-off scene of battle -- but its extended lines connect heaven and earth, man and God, the sinner and the Saviour, the humblest home of piety and a throne of grace. -- Thomas Guthrie.

280. PRAYER AND PROVIDENCE. -- In this situation of the assembly, groping, as it were, in the dark, to find political truth, and scarce able to distinguish it when presented to us, -- how has it happened, sir, that we have not hitherto once thought of humbly applying to the Father of Light to illuminate our understanding? . . . I have lived, sir, a long time; and the longer I live, the more convincing proofs I see of this truth, -- that God governs in the affairs of men. And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without his aid? We have been assured, sir, in the Sacred Writings, that "except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it:" I firmly believe this; and I also believe that, without his concurring aid, we shall succeed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel; we shall be divided by our little, partial, local interests; our projects will be confounded and we ourselves shall become a reproach and a byword down to future ages. And, what is worse, mankind may hereafter, from this unfortunate instance, despair of establishing government by human wisdom, and leave it to chance, war, and conquest. -- From a speech in the Constitutional Convention of 1787. -- Benjamin Franklin.

281. PRAYER, EFFECT OF. -- Prayer moves the hand that moves the world. It secures for the believer the resources of Divinity. What battles has it not fought! what victories has it not won! what burdens has it not carried! what wounds has it not healed! what griefs has it not assuaged! It is the wealth of poverty; the refuge of affliction; the strength of weakness; the fight of darkness. It is the oratory that gives power to the pulpit; it is the hand that strikes down Satan, and breaks the fetters of sin; it turns the scales of fate more than the edge of the sword, the craft of statesmen, or the weight of scepters; it has arrested the wing of time, turned aside the very scythe of death, and discharged heaven's frowning and darkest cloud in a shower of blessings. -- Thomas Guthrie.

282. PRAYER, UNANSWERED. -- God will grant or deny our requests as is best for his glory and our good. And who that knows how we are, in a sense, but children, would wish it otherwise? My little child is angry when I pluck a knife from

his hands; he doubts his father's love because he does not always kiss, but sometimes corrects him; and, turning away his head from the nauseous drug, he must be coaxed -- sometimes compelled to drink the cup which, although bitter to the taste, is the restorative of health. Who that sees the child seek meat when he needs medicine, eagerly clutch at tempting but unripe fruit, prefer play, and go weeping to school, reject simple but healthful fare for some luscious, but noxious luxury, who, I say, does not feel thankful that God reserves the right of refusal, and makes his answers correspond to our wants rather than to our wishes? This limit to prayer may make poverty our lot; may bind us to a sick bed; may leave us to suffer and bleed under the stroke of an impending calamity; but -- while we will get as much of earth as we need on earth -- for the pardon of sin, for peace of conscience, for purity of heart, for growth in grace, for all that we need to make us meet for heaven, and at length, for insuring heaven itself, prayer secures to us the help and hand of Omnipotence. -- The Gospel in Ezekiel.

283. PREJUDICE. -- Prejudice is born of ignorance and malice. One of the greatest men of this country said that prejudice is the spinner of the mind. It weaves its web over every window, over every crevice where light can enter, and then disputes the existence of the light it has excluded. That is prejudice, Prejudice will give the lie to the other senses. It will swear the northern star out of the sky of truth. You must avoid it. It is the womb of injustice, and a man who cannot rise above prejudice is not a civilized man, he is simply a barbarian.

284. PREJUDICES. -- I am not at all surprised that when the red-hot prejudices of aristocrats are suddenly plunged into the cool element of reason they should go off with a hiss. -- From a speech at Bristol. -- Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

285. PRESIDENTIAL ACTS, THE RIGHT TO DISCUSS. -- The gentleman has referred to the contest to be fought between liberty and power; and I say, that if the contest did not originate here, it is made when we are not permitted to speak of the administration in terms that we believe to be true, without being denounced for it. The President of the United States certainly demands a degree of forbearance from his political opponents; but am I to be told, that one can only allude to him in the humble language of a degraded Roman senate, speaking of the emperor with his Praetorian guards surrounding the capitol? Am I to be told, when he came into power on principles of reform, after "keeping the word of promise to our 6at, and breaking it to our hope." -- am I to be told that I must close my lips, or be denounced for want of decorum? Am I to be told, when he promised to prevent official influence from interfering with the freedom of elections, that I must not speak of the broken promise, under pain of the displeasure of his friends? Am I to be told, when he came into power as a .judicious tariff man, after advocating his principles and aiding in his election, -- believing at the time in his integrity, though I did not believe him possessed of intellectual qualifications, -- am I to be told, after pledges that have been violated, promises that have been broken, and principles that have been set at naught, that I must not speak of these things as they are, for fear of being denounced for want of courtesy to the constituted authorities? Why, to

what pass are we come! Are we to be gagged-reduced to silence? If nothing else is left to us, the liberty of speech is left, and it is our duty to cry aloud and spare not, when the undenied, admitted, and declared fact before us is, that these pledges have been made and have been violated. This administration is about to end, and if gentlemen can succeed in preventing us from complaining of being deceived -- if they can reduce us to abject slavery, they will also have to expunge the history of the country, the President's written and recorded communications to congress, and the most ardent professions of his friends, when fighting his battles, before they can conceal the recorded fact, that he has made pledges which he has violated, and promises which he has repeatedly broken. If they succeed in reducing us to slavery, and closing our lips against speaking of the abuses of this administration, thank God, the voice of history, trumpet-tongued, will proclaim these pledges, and the manner in which they have been violated, to future generations.

Neither here nor elsewhere will I use language, with regard to any gentleman, that may be considered indecorous; and the question not easily solved is, how far shall we restrain ourselves in expressing a just and necessary indignation; and whether the expression of such indignation may be considered a departure from courtesy? That indignation, that reprobation, I shall express on all occasions. But those who have taken upon themselves the guardianship of the Grand Lama, who is surrounded by a light which no one can approach, about whom no one is permitted to speak without censure, have extended that guardianship to the presiding officer of this house. Gentlemen are not permitted to speak of the qualifications of that officer for the highest office in the government. Shall we, sir, because he is here as presiding officer of this body, keep silent when he is urged upon the people, who are goaded and driven to his support, lest we be guilty of an indecorum against those who are the constituted authorities of the country? Thank God, it is not my practice to "crook the pliant hinges of the knee, that thrift may follow fawning."

This aggression of power upon our liberties, sir, and this tame submission to aggression, forebode evil to this nation. "Coming events cast their shadows before them," deepening and darkening, and, as the sun sets, the shadows lengthen. It may be the going down of the great luminary of the republic, and that we all shall be enveloped in one universal political darkness! -- William B. Preston.

286. PROCRASTINATION. -- A boy was let down over a cliff in the Hebrides to gather seabirds' eggs, and while he stood on a ledge of the precipice the rope swung out of his grasp. What should he do? Above him was the sheer cliff; before him the swaying rope; beneath him the shattering fall and the cruel sea. The rope still swung; if he sprang to it as it came nearest him he might be saved; an instant more and it would be too late. It was one of those instants on whose tremendous resolution depends our fate, and whose blood-curdling agony in one moment turns the young hair white. There was no time to think. He sprang and he was saved; but the chances were ten thousand to one that he would have fallen; that, paralyzed with fright and agony, he would have found impossible the grim resolve. Would you like to leave all to the horror of such a moment? Will you risk all on that dangling

rope of death-bed repentance when you stand alone on the precipice of death, and have to leap the awful chasm which is cleft between this world and the world beyond the grave?-W. F. Farrar.

287. PROFESSION VS. POSSESSION. -- Our religious profession is not always a test of our state. It may be a test in certain circumstances. Look, for example, at two men on parade! They wear the same dress and arms: and both, the result of drill and discipline, have acquired such a martial air that you cannot tell which is the hero and which the coward. But change the scene! Leave the parade ground for the field of battle! and when, as bugles sound the charge, I see, through clouds of smoke and amid the clash of arms, the sword of one flashing, and his plume dancing in the very front of the fight, while his comrade, pale and paralyzed with fear, is only borne forward in the tumult like a sea-weed on the rushing billow, - how easy now to tell beneath whose martial dress there beats a soldier's heart? -- Speaking to the Heart.

288. PROGRESS. -- It is a long road from the savage to the civilized; from the den to the mansion; from leaves to clothes; from a flickering rush to an arc light; from a hammer of stone to a modern machine. A long distance from the pipe of Pan to the violin, the orchestra; from the floating log to the steamship; from the sickle to the reaper; from the flail to the threshing machine; from a crooked stick to a plow; from a spinning wheel to a spinning Jenny; from a few hieroglyphics on the skins of beasts, or bricks of clay, to the printing press and to the library; a long distance from knives and tools of stone to those of steel; from echo to phonograph -- the phonograph that buries in indented lines and dots the sounds of living speech, and then gives back to life the very words and voice of the dead. The distance may have been long, yet the human race has gone forward in mighty triumph, unlocking the secrets of nature. With the vast store of human wisdom now possessed, may the generations yet to come not move forward with greater strides.

289. PROGRESS. -- It is not enough that we have chosen a road for travel. It is not enough that we behold the shining towers of the goal toward which we strive. The curse of man has ever been his failure to summon his own power to action. Let us tarry no longer in the bondage of a mercenary life. Above the murmur of machines, above the sordid selfishness of men, above the shadows of a groping world -- clear sound the trumpets of the dawn. With our goal determined, with this new and beckoning ahead, let us strike our tents and take up the march. -- Alois F. Kieler.

290. PROGRESS, LACK OF. -- He who is silent is forgotten; he who abstains is taken at his word; he who does not advance falls back; he who stops is overwhelmed, distanced, crushed; he who ceases to grow greater becomes smaller; he who leaves off, gives up; the stationary condition is the beginning of the end. -- Amiel.

291. PUBLIC BENEFACTORS. -- It has been the lot of all men. in all ages, who have aspired to the honor of guiding, instructing, or amending mankind, to have their paths beset by every persecution from adversaries, by every misconstruction from friends; no quarter from the one, -- no charitable construction from the other! To be misconstrued, misrepresented, borne down, till it was in vain to bear down any longer, has been their fate. But truth will survive, and calumny has its day. -- Lord Brougham.

292. PUBLIC OPINION. -- We think that nothing is powerful enough to stand before autocratic, monarchical, or despotic power. There is something strong enough, quite strong enough, -- and, if properly exerted, will prove itself so, -- and that is the power of intelligent public opinion in all the nations of the earth. There is not a monarch on earth whose throne is not liable to be shaken by the progress of opinion, and the sentiment of the just and intelligent part of the people. It becomes us, in the station which we hold, to let that public opinion, so far as we form it, have a free course. Let it go out; let it be pronounced in thunder tones; let it open the ears of the deaf; let it open the eyes of the blind; and let it everywhere be proclaimed what we of this great Republic think of the general principle of human liberty, and of that oppression which all abhor. -- From a speech in 1852. -- Daniel Webster.

293. PUBLIC SPEAKING. -- "Did you ever do any public speaking?" asked the man in the largest rocker. "Well," replied the chap on the three-legged stool, "I once proposed to a girl in the country over a party line." -- Toronto Globe.

A colored man was asked if he had ever had any experience in public speaking. "Oh yessah, I'se had experience," he replied. "What did you say? . . . I said, 'Not guilty.'"

The self-made man was speaking. He said: "My father was a raiser of hogs. There was a large family of us -- " And then his voice was drowned by the applause. -- Life.

294. PURPOSE, A NOBLE. -- Thousands of men breathe, move and live, pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more -- why? They do not partake of good in the world, and none were blessed by them; none could point to them as the means of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke could be recalled; and so they perished; their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal? Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the stream of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love and mercy, on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact, and your deeds will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as the stars of heaven. -- Dr. Chalmers.

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R--SUBJECTS

295. REAPING WHAT YOU SOW. -- A man living in Kansas tells that when a young man, a godly neighbor living on a farm adjoining his father's once offended him. In order to get revenge, he went several miles away and got some Johnson grass, a very obnoxious grass that when once started on a farm, it is almost impossible to get rid of, and one night sowed this neighbor's field with this grass. In a short time the grass came up, and greatly damaged the farm. A few years later this man fell in love with one of the daughters of this farmer, and married her. When the farmer died, he willed this farm to this daughter. Now for thirty years this man said he had been fighting that Johnson grass. Reaping what he had sown. -- Rev. R. T. Williams.

296. REDEMPTION, COST OF. -- That cross on Calvary, which mercy raised for you, cost more love, and labor, and wisdom, and skill, than all yon starry universe. With the earth its emerald floor, its roof the sapphire firmament, the sun and stars its pendent lamps, its incense a thousand fragrant odors, its music of many sounds and instruments, the song of groves, the murmur of the streams, the voices of winged winds, the pealing of thunder, and the everlasting roar of ocean, Nature's is a glorious temple! Yet that is a nobler temple, which, with blood-redeemed saints for its living stones, and God and the Lamb for its uncreated lights, stands aloft on the Rock of Ages-the admiration of angels and the glory of the universe. Earth wears on her bosom no blossoms so white and pure and sweet of fragrance, as the flowers of a garland on a Saviour's brow! Is Magdalene, is Manasseh, is Saul are a thousand and a thousand others in glory yonder, a wonder to angels, and an astonishment to themselves? But great as is the work begun on earth and consummated in heaven, how much greater is the worker? Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in his apparel, traveling in the greatness of his strength? He comes; hell flies his presence. He appears; all the angels of God worship him. He speaks; the tempestuous sea is calm. He commands; the grave gives up its dead. He stands on this sin-smitten world, "in praises, doing wonders;" the visible image of an invisible God. Angels celebrate his advent and attend his departure-hovering alike over the manger of Bethlehem and the crest of Olivet; and when he has left the grave to ascend the throne, hark to the cry at the gate of heaven, Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in. Within, they ask, Who is this King of Glory? The gates roll open, and, greeted with shout and song, the procession enters, as his escort answers, The Lord of Hosts, he is the King of Glory. With such honors and gladness may he be received into our hearts! Holy Spirit, throw open their gates! Jesus ascend their throne! that, holding Thee whom heaven holds, we may have a heaven within us; and, washed in thy blood and renewed by thy Spirit, may present in ourselves -- what sin has forfeited but grace restores -- a visible image of the invisible God. -- Thomas Guthrie.

297. REFORMERS, THE TRUE. -- To the rightly constituted mind, to the truly developed man, there always is, there always must be opportunity-opportunity to be and to learn, nobly to do and to endure; and what matter whether with pomp and eclat, with sound of trumpets and shout of applauding thousands, or in silence and seclusion, beneath the calm, discerning gaze of heaven? No station can be humble on which that gaze is approvingly bent. No work can be ignoble which is performed uprightly, and not impelled by sordid and selfish aims.

Not from among the children of monarchs, ushered into being with boom of cannon and shouts of revelling millions, but from amid the sons of obscurity and toil, cradled in peril and ignominy, from the bulrushes and the manger, come forth the benefactors and saviours of mankind. So when all the babble and glare of our age shall have passed into a fitting oblivion, when those who have enjoyed rare opportunities and swayed vast empires, and been borne through life on the shoulders of shouting multitudes, shall have been laid at last to rest in golden coffins, to molder forgotten, the stately marble their only monuments, it will be found that some humble youth, who neither inherited nor found, but hewed out his opportunities, has uttered the thought which shall render the age memorable, by extending the means of enlightenment and blessing to our race. The great struggle for human progress and elevation proceeds noiselessly, often unnoted, often checked and apparently baffled, amid the clamorous and debasing strifes impelled by greedy selfishness and low ambition. In that struggle, maintained by the wise and good of all parties, all creeds, all climes, bear ye the part of men. Heed the lofty summons, and with souls serene and constant, prepare to tread boldly in the path of highest duty. So shall life be to you truly exalted and heroic; so shall death be a transition neither sought nor dreaded; so shall your memory, though cherished at first but by a few humble, loving hearts, linger long and gratefully in human remembrance, a watchword to the truthful and an incitement to generous endeavor, freshened by the proud tears of admiring affection, and fragrant with the odors of heaven! -- Horace Greeley.

298. REPUBLIC, OUR. -- Our hopes and aims united, our differences forgotten, our wounds healed, we live today in a land where every citizen is a sovereign, and every man, woman and child is free to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience; a land whose inventions lead the world; where the printing press and the church follow close upon the march of empire; where caste is ignored; where the humblest child of poverty may aspire, unrebuked, to the highest place in the gift of the Nation.

Men from the worn-out monarchies of Europe can but discern that the noblest trend of human progress lies in the direction of republics. In this form, the latent possibilities of the human race may best find expression, and America will stand before the nations of the world forever to exemplify the life and strength of this the greatest of all republics, and the name and works of Abraham Lincoln, emblazoned upon the page of our country's history, will forever be handed down to a grateful posterity and be applauded by the generations that are to people this

continent in ages to come, as the greatest instrumentality that the world has ever seen in the dissemination of the principles of universal liberty. -- From a speech in the House of Representatives by Martin B. Madden on Abraham Lincoln.

299. REPUTATION. -- Reputation is seeming; character is being. Reputation is manufactured; character is grown. Reputation is your photograph; character is your face. Reputation is what men say you are; character is what God knows you are. Reputation is what you need to get a job; character is what you need to keep it. Reputation is what comes over you from Without; character is what rises up from within. Reputation is what you have when you come to town; character is what you have when you go away. Reputation is what is chiseled on your tombstone; character is what the angels say about you before the throne of God. -- E. A. Stow.

300. RESURRECTION. -- A drop of water lay one day in the filth of the gutter, stained, soiled and polluted. Looking up into the clear blue sky it began to wish for purity, and to be made crystalline. The sigh was heard by the great sun. With warm, gentle fingers the sun lifted it out of the filth of the foul gutter into the pure, sweet air. Higher and higher it was carried until it found its home with its fellows in the bosom of a snow-white cloud. May it not be so in the resurrection of the just?

301. RESURRECTION. -- Risen Lord! we rejoice in thy resurrection. We hail it as the harbinger and blessed pledge of our own. The first to come forth, thou art the elder brother of a family, whose countless numbers the patriarch saw in the dust of the desert, whose holy beauty he saw shining in the bright stars of heaven.

The first-born! This spoils the grave of its horrors, changing the tomb into a capacious womb that death is daily filling with the germs of life. The first fruits! This explains why men called the churchyard, as once they did, God's acre. Looking at these grassy mounds in the light of that expression, the eye of faith sees it change into a field sown with the seeds of immortality. Blessed field! What flowers shall spring there! What a harvest shall be gathered there! In the neighboring fields "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap;" but here how great the difference between what is sown amid mourners' tears, and what shall be reaped amid angels' joys; between the poor body we restore to the earth, and the noble form that shall spring from its ashes. Who saw the rolling waves stand up a rocky wall; who saw the water of Cana flow out rich purple wine; who saw Lazarus's festering corpse, with health glowing on its cheek, and its arms enfolding sisters ready to faint with joy, saw nothing to match the change the grave shall work on these mouldering bones. Sown in corruption, they shall rise in incorruption, mortal putting on immortality. How beautiful they shall be! Never more shall hoary time write age on a wrinkled brow. The whole terrible troop of diseases cast with sin into hell, the saints shall possess unfading beauty, and enjoy a perpetual youth; a pure soul shall be mated with a worthy partner in a perfect body, and an angel form shall lodge an angel mind. There shall be no more death, nor sighing, nor sorrow, for there shall be no more sin.

302. RIGHT, TRIUMPH OF. -- People who trust in God may sometimes lose battles, but if they are faithful they will always win the war. Short-lived man is likely to account a matter finished when with God it has just begun. All the nations which oppressed the ancient Israelites have disappeared from the earth, but the Jews remain. Rome has fallen, but the Church she persecuted lives on. And when time shall have sung the funeral requiem of every skeptic and every opposer of Christ, He will rule from the rivers to the ends of the earth and all those who trust in Him will be members of His conquering army. A new heaven and a new earth will replace the order that now is and God will dwell with His people forever more. -- Rev. J. B. Chapman.

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S--SUBJECTS (Not All Subjects In This Division Begin With The Letter "S".)

303. SAFETY FIRST. -- A country minister was driving a spirited horse through a village when he overtook the local doctor and offered him a lift.

Ten minutes later the horse bolted, upset the carriage and spilled both men. The doctor rose to his feet and turned angrily toward the clergyman.

"What do you mean by inviting me to ride behind such an animal?" he demanded.

"Well," replied the minister, mildly, "it was luck that this time there were no bones broken, but I always like to have a doctor with me when I drive that horse."

304. SARCASM. -- I should dislike to think that Uncle Sam has expended his substance nurturing a job-lot of ridiculous cads who are incapable of realizing that the daughter of the humblest laborer between the two oceans, if endowed with purity and intelligence, is the equal of the "first lady of the land." I can scarcely conceive of soldiers who have been proud to recognize as their commander-in-chief a rail-splitter, a tanner and a mule driver, ostracising a fellow officer for having wedded the beautiful and cultured daughter of a subordinate. But if the story be so much as founded on fact; if a sentiment so rankly un-American exists in army circles, Uncle Sam should read his upper-servants a lesson they will remember to the last day of their lives. His discourse should run somewhat as follows: Fair gentlemen, I educated, clothed and fed you at my own expense. I pay you fat salaries for looking pretty. When you are scarce past middle life I retire you on half pay-relieve you of the arduous duty of doing nothing. Should you chance to rupture a blood-vessel while striking a particularly martial pose on dress parade or get kicked in the head by a marauding nightmare, I pay you or your heirs a liberal pension. Once in about thirty-five years some misguided nation treads on the narrative of my star-spangled Albert Edward and the controversy calls for ball cartridges. At such time I need you to drill my citizen soldiery and direct its strength. Occasionally a commissioned officer gets killed; but, take it one year with

another, there's no better life insurance risk on earth. In time of actual war your occupation is neither so arduous or dangerous as that of a railway employee or a metropolitan fireman. But should a stray bullet spoil your nobby uniform, your name is embalmed in song and story as a hero, your grown-up orphan children amply provided for and a grateful nation bedecks your monument with flowers and bedews your grave with tears; while forgetting the fireman who falls in a contest with a mightier foe, showering neither sympathy nor shekels on the family of the locomotive engineer who sacrifices his life for other's sake. Hundreds of the constabulary are done to death every year; where are the new-made graves of my petted and pampered army officers? You are always ornamental but seldom useful. You dance divinely, are in much demand at social "functions" and have sufficient tankage to hold your own for the glory of the service at the banquet board; but don't get puffed up with false pride. You are not the pillar upon which rests this Republic -- else would it have been in desperate plight when the better part of you slipped from under it in 1861. In every scrimmage thus far I've had to rely upon officers who didn't know an echelon from an ichthyosaur, a casemate from a cattle guard; but they got there just the same -- there or thereabout. In a pinch I've had to commission men who had never heard of the tactics of General Hardee. Now, sweet gentlemen, don't try any iron-clad social distinctions while serving your Uncle Samuel. -- Brann.

305. SARCASM. -- (Writing about a public office-holder): He is so "brilliant" that in a time of profound peace he is able to increase the national debt and precipitate a panic; so "honest" that in a few years of office-holding he has accumulated a stupendous fortune; so "courageous" that the leaders of his own party, the men to whom he owes his election, have dubbed him "that obstinate ass." Future historians will do justice to him. They will place him by the side of -- and write upon their sarcophagi "here lies a lineal descendant of Balaam's ass." -- Brann.

306. SARCASM. -- The greatest burden which labor staggers under consists of would-be political economists and self-constituted "reformers,"-men with lower-case brains and large cap mouths, these are ever inducing labor to bump its head against a brick wall. -- Brann's Iconoclast.

307. SARCASM -- RICHES. -- When a man gets chock full of the grace of God he cannot freeze to great wads of long green while in the city babies are put to bed hungry and women are dying of want. He does not build himself an ante-mortem monument in the shape of a college, nor set aside so much per annum to provide a home for antiquated cats or to carry hymnbooks to Timbaktu, hoping thereby to purchase a passage to heaven and acquire a corner lot on the fifth avenue of the celestial city; or to see himself continually referred to in the "Daily Slobber" as a triple-plated philanthropist and public. spirited citizen. When you see a man smoking a dollar cigar, and a tramp trailing him around to "shoot the snipe;" when you see him clad in purple and fine linen and picking pate de foie gras out of his teeth while famished children fish a breakfast out of his garbage barrel; when you

see him stabling his horses in a parlor while human beings are huddled like swine in a comfortless hovel, you can gamble that what he considers religion is only a torpid liver. -- Brann.

308. SATAN, A FOE. -- Men have taken up arms against the greatest odds; and fighting on their own thresholds, with wives and children at their back, bleeding patriots have wrung victory from superior numbers. But, suppose a foe able to make themselves invisible; able to pass in a moment over leagues of country; able to live without sleep, to march without wearying, to work without food; who seldom fought but to conquer, and though repulsed often, were never destroyed; who pitied none, spared none; and regarding neither sex, nor innocence, nor age, dragged off their unhappy captives to horrible and nameless tortures -- who would take the field against these? Such an enemy has no place in the pages and horrid annals of war; nor did man ever find such a foe in man. True, but he has such a foe in Satan. That you do not see him is nothing; you never saw the pestilence which it is death to breathe. That you do not see him makes him not the less, but all the more formidable. Victory over a foe like this I could neither expect nor dream of, but for such promises as these: "Fear not, thou worm Jacob, and ye men of Israel; I will help thee, saith the Lord, and thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel: . . . How should one chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight, except their Rock had sold them, and the Lord had shut them up? . . . Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet: . . . Fear thou not, for I am with thee: be not dismayed, for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." Courage! A little child with God at his back, is mightier than the devil and all his angels. He that is with us is greater than all that be against us. -- Speaking to the Heart.

309. SCIENCE AND RELIGION. -- Science and religion must join hands upon a common level, not contradictory, but vindictive, one of the other; not by lowering religion to man's former conception of science, but by lifting our conception of science to the plane of spiritual and divine truth. The final religion and the final science will own brotherhood. While religion will stand forth better understood, shining out in clearer lines, science will be heard saying, "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof." -- Oration by Thomas I. Coultas.

310. SCIENCE AND RELIGION. -- We are told in no modest terms that this is the age of science; that science is the light of the world, before which the penny rush-lights of religion must inevitably pale into insignificance. What, then, is this mighty science? Science is what man knows of sensible things and their relations, and its utmost bounds are man's capacity to know. With indomitable courage science has gone forth to meet the mystery that confronts it. From star to atom it has left no field untried. Measuring illimitable spaces or gauging a molecule, calculating the age of a planet or an insect, it is ever persistent, and daring. No nook of visible creation has escaped its penetrating eye. Its ambition knows no bounds. To build a pyramid from whose lofty summit the whole domain of

knowledge might be surveyed has ever been its cheering and inspiring hope. In pursuance of this design individual facts are classified; classes are systematized and united in the idea of unvarying law. Here science ends. And what is law? . . . Does the law of gravitation keep the planets in their orbits and maintain the harmony of the spheres? Does the law of evolution generate genus and species? Law is but the method of force. Beyond the law there must be the real impelling force, and of this science gives no explanation. All science falls short of the final explanation of things. Astronomy ends with the nebular hypothesis; chemistry, with the atomic theory; and geology fades into the illimitable ages of the past. Physical science reaches out in every direction, and is met at all points by a blind, impenetrable infinity. It is indeed a torch in the night, but as it grows brighter it only renders more palpable the darkness beyond.

If science is unable to solve the problems of the physical universe, how shall it answer the questions of a higher existence? Astronomy may calculate the almost infinite path of a comet, but what science the dying emperor's question, "Whither goest thou, oh my soul?" Chemistry may resolve the physical universe into its elements, but what magic art has analyzed a single human emotion? Biology may trace the descent of species and reveal a plausible evolution, but who has found the germ of being? In the depth of every human soul, in the dreams of sleep, in every flower that lifts its head to heaven, in every senseless, useless clod is lodged a mystery far transcending scientific skill to comprehend. -- From Oration by George L. Mackintosh on "The Unity of Science and Religion."

311. SECRETARY, THE POOR. -- Says our anonymous secretary: If the secretary writes a letter, it is too long. If he sends a postal, it is too short. If he sends out a notice, he is a spendthrift. If he doesn't send a notice, he is lazy. If he attends a committee meeting he is butting in. If he stays away, he is a shirker. If the attendance of members is slim, he should have called them up. If he does call them up, he is a pest. If he duns the members for dues, he is insulting. If he fails to collect the dues, he is slipping. If the meeting is a big success, the officers are praised. If it is not a success, the secretary is blamed. If he asks for advice, he is incompetent, and if he does not, he is bullheaded. If he writes his minutes complete, they are too long, and if he condenses them, they are incomplete. If he talks on a subject, he is trying to run things, and if he remains quiet, he has lost interest in the organization.

Ashes to ashes,
Dust to dust,
If the others won't do it,
The secretary must.

312. SECTIONALISM. -- The gentleman complains that in order to erect this monument, we want to take money out of the treasury of the United States. In the name of God, Mr. President, are we down South not a part of the United States? Have we not been ever since this country was colonized, except for four short years

when we were not? Our forefathers built this union together. The South furnished its share. When American liberty wanted a pen, Thomas Jefferson furnished it; and when it wanted a tongue, Patrick Henry gave it; when it wanted a sword George Washington wielded it; when the newly adopted constitution needed a great intellect to stabilize it by legal decisions, John Marshall was the man who did it. And later on when we struck our enemies upon the stricken fields of battle, the heroes of that war as leaders were Winfield Scott and Zachary Taylor, both Southerners. The only victories won in the War of 1812, on land, were won by Scott at Drury Lane and Andrew Jackson at New Orleans. I am not boasting; I am merely answering the blind assumption, if you please, that a man can refer to the people of the United States now in the year of 1912 and forget that the people of the South were and are no part and parcel of the people of the United States. Whose money is this in the treasury if it is not proportionately ours as well as yours? Who placed it there? The people who bore the taxes placed it there. It is no more your treasury than mine. I never fired a shot in the war between the states; I never smelt gunpowder. I was not eleven years old until after Johnson's surrender. I have no doubt that if I had been born in time, there would have been a different result. But like the honorable gentleman, I served in the "infantry in arms." -- Part of a Speech by Senator John Sharpe Williams on a bill to provide a monument to Confederate soldiers, which bill was objected to by Senator Heyburn of Idaho.

313. SECTIONAL PRIDE. -- Mr. President, I despise sectional jealousy, I abhor sectional animosity, but I do believe in sectional patriotism. I do not fall out with the East for believing that the aurora borealis is the reflection of the fires of Eastern furnaces and factories, nor with the West for believing the sunset glow is the reflection of Western fields of grain; and why should they fall out with me for entertaining the opinion that the Milky Way is only the picture of the sky of the rice and cotton fields of Dixie? -- Bob Taylor in U. S. Senate.

314. SECURITY. -- Two houses stand on the banks of the same stream. Under a cloudless sky, amid the calm of the glen in a summer day, with no sound falling on the ear but the bleatings of the flock, the baying of a sheep-dog, the muffled sound of a distant waterfall, the gentle murmur of the shallow waters over their pebbly bed, each house in its smiling garden offers, to one weary of the din and dust of cities, an equally pleasant and, to appearance, an equally secure retreat. But let the weather change: and after brewing for hours, from out the darkness that has deepened into an ominous and frightful gloom, let the storm burst! Suddenly, followed by a crash like that of falling skies, a stream of lightning, dazzling the eye, glares out: and now the war of elements begins. Peal rolls on peal: flash follows flash: and to the roar of incessant thunders is added the rush of a deluge, and the hoarse voices of a hundred streams that leap foaming from hill and rock down into the bed of the river. Red, rolling, swelling, it bursts its dikes, overflows all its banks, and, attacking the foundations of both houses, breaches the walls of one, and at length tumbles the whole fabric, all of a heap, into the roaring flood: and while the houseless family that had fled from its rocking walls gather, shivering, on a neighbouring height to see where once stood their pleasant home only the rush and

hear only the roar of waters, -- how easy, as we look on the other, erect, and defiant in this wide-spread sea, to know that the one had been built on sand, but the other founded on a rock. -- Speaking to the Heart.

315. SECURITY, FALSE. -- It is a dreadful thing to see the happiness of a human being, like a brittle vase, shattered at a blow; the fair fabric collapse in an instant into a heap of ruins. It is more painful still to have to strike the blow. With reluctant steps I have approached the house of a young wife to communicate tidings of her husband's death. There is not a cloud in that summer's sky; nor, as she thinks, in hers. The air rings with songs of happy birds, and the garden amid which her home stands is full of smiling beauty; and fair as the flowers and happy as a singing bird comes that bride forth, rushing out to bid me welcome to her sunny home. With such tidings I felt like an executioner. I thought of victims going with garlands to the sacrifice. With Jephthah, when his child came forth with dances and delight to meet him, I was ready to cry, "Alas! my daughter;" and when the truth was told, the knife plunged into her heart, and she, springing to her feet, with one wild, long, piercing shriek, dropped on the floor at mine, a senseless form, I felt it hard to have such offices to do. I could not give her back her dead, nor at her wild entreaties unsay the dreadful truth, or admit, poor soul! that I was but playing with her fears. But how happy would I esteem myself to break in on your false security? Here to dream is death, but to wake is life; as yonder, when you break in on the baseless visions of a prison, and showing an open door to the felon who has woken to the miserable consciousness of his doom, bid him rise and flee -- saying, Behold, I have set before thee an open door!

316. SEEKING THE LORD EARLY. -- Our highest interests, our present, and future and eternal happiness lie in yielding implicit and immediate obedience to the call, "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found." How does the lapse of years, the close of every day, enforce this? The setting sun; the clouds that, like the infirmities of age, gather round his sinking head; the fading light; the workman wending homeward, the peasant leaving his plow in the furrow, the weaver his shuttle on the loom; the larks that have dropped out of silent skies; the birds setting mute on the branches; the flowers with their eyes closed and leaves folded up; the tenants of lone cottages and crowded cities retiring to rest; and by and by the silence of a world wrapped in darkness and sleep -- these are suggestive to a thoughtful mind of the close of life, the sleep of death, and our bed beneath the grassy sod. And each night that sun, whose lines go throughout all the earth, and his words to the end of the world, with the heavens for his pulpit and the world for his audience, seems as he leaves us to say, "Work while it is called to-day, seeing that the night cometh when no man can work."

317. SELFISHNESS. -- When competition follows the Golden Rule, when Monopoly recognizes that "the love of money is the root of all evil," when Wealth loves its neighbor as itself, when men are brothers in the Christian sense, then, and not till then, will selfishness be annihilated, and social problems be solved.

Economic law will be disenthralled and free to work the public weal, and to its salutary operation will be added the blessings of brotherhood. -- Fred E. Morgan.

318. SETTLED OUT OF COURT. -- "Judge," said Mrs. Staven to the magistrate who had recently come to board with her. "I'm particularly anxious to have you try this chicken soup."

"I have tried it," replied the magistrate, "and my decision is that the chicken has proved an alibi." -- Montreal Star.

319. SEVEN (SINS). -- Some one has said that the seven deadly sins of society are these: Policies without principles; wealth without work; pleasure without conscience; knowledge without character; commerce and industry without morality; science without humanity; worship without sacrifice.

320. SHAKESPEARE. -- Shakespeare lived the life of savage men. He trod the forest's silent depths, and in the desperate game of life he matched his thought against the instinct of the beast. He knew all crimes and all regrets, all virtues and their rich rewards. He was victim and victor, pursuer and pursued, outcast and king. He heard the applause and curses of the world, and on his heart had fallen all the nights and noons of failure and success.

He knew the outspoken thoughts, the dumb desires, the wants and ways of beasts. He felt the crouching tiger's thrill, the terror of the ambushed prey, and, with the eagles, he had shared the ecstasy of flights and poise and swoop, and he had lain with sluggish serpents on the barren rocks, uncoiling slowly in the heat of noon. He sat beneath the bo-tree's contemplative shade, wrapped in Buddha's mighty thought, and dreamed all deems that light, the alchemist, had wrought from dust and dew and stored within the slumberous poppy's subtle blood. He knelt with awe and dread at every shrine. He offered every sacrifice, and every prayer; felt the consolation and the shuddering fear, mocked and worshipped all the gods; enjoyed all heavens and felt the pangs of every hell. He lived all lives, and through his blood and brain there crept the shadow and the chill of every death; and his soul, like Mazeppa, was lashed to the wild horse of every fear and love and hate.

Shakespeare was an intellectual ocean, whose waves touched all the shores of thought; within which were all the tides and waves of destiny and will; over which swept all the storms of fate, ambition and revenge; upon which fell the gloom and darkness of despair and death, and all the sunlight of love and content; and within which was the inverted sky, lit with the eternal stars -- an intellectual ocean -- toward which all rivers ran, and from which now the isles and continents of thought receive their dew and rain. -- Robert G. Ingersoll.

321. SILVER PURCHASING ACT. -- What, then, is the pathway of duty? The unconditional repeal. That will either give relief or not. If not, then we must try something else, and the sooner the better. It is a matter of deep regret to all

sensible men that we have delayed so long. Men are to-day struggling almost against fate and praying for relief. The banks are strained almost to the point of breaking. It is such a pity that we had to waste so much time in this weary welter of talk.

We stand in a very peculiar position, we Republicans today. (laughter.) The representative of the Democratic party just chosen President of the United States finds himself powerless in his first great recommendation to his own party. Were he left to their tender mercies the country would witness the spectacle of the President of its choice overthrown by the party charged with this country's government. What wonder then that he appeals to the patriotism of another party whose patriotism has never been appealed to in vain?

Never, I say, in vain! The proudest part of the Republican party has been its steadfast devotion to the cause of sound finance. When this country was tempted to pay its bonds in depreciated money the Republican party responded with loud acclaim to that noble sentiment of Gen. Hawley, that every bond was as sacred as a soldier's grave. It cost us hard fighting and sore struggle, but the credit of this country has no superior in the world. When the same arguments heard to-day were heard fifteen years ago, sounding the praises of a depreciated currency and proclaiming the glories of fiat money, the party of Abraham Lincoln marched steadily towards specie payments and prosperity.

What we were in our days of victory the same are we in our days of defeat -- champions of true and solid finance. And when the time comes, as it surely will come, for us to lead this land back to those paths of prosperity and fame, which were trodden under Republican rule for so many years, we shall take back with us our ancient glory undimmed by adversity; our ancient honor, unsullied by defeat. -- From Speech of Thomas B. Reed.

322. SILVER PURCHASING ACT, REPEAL OF. -- (Affirmative) Now, sir, I believe in bimetallism, the use of both gold and silver as the standard money of the world, and I expect to see that system come in time. I believe that bimetallism is possible, however, only by international agreement, and I am in favor of every honest effort to bring about that agreement. The United States having been on a gold basis substantially for sixty years past, debts have been contracted on that basis, and prices fixed all over the world on that basis, I am opposed to any measure that would either suddenly or gradually put us on a silver basis. I am in favor of any needed measure for the expansion of the currency that will put behind every dollar issued the guaranty that it shall be equal in purchasing and in debt-paying power to every other dollar.

I believe, with the President of the United States, that this is a question which rises above the plane of party politics. Good men will laugh to scorn threats of party outlawry and treat with the contempt that they deserve low appeals in party interest. This question can be settled, but it must be settled by each man in the domain of

conscience enlightened by patriotism. The interests at stake involve the financial future of this great people; they are the interests of country, and country is above all. This is a proposition that will meet with commendation wherever patriotism is regarded as a virtue. But it is especially true with us.

Why, sir; with a pomp and circumstance of peace more glorious even than the pomp and circumstance of war, all nations and peoples and kindreds join today to celebrate the discovery of this western continent. In a city whose marvelous growth, wealth, and enterprise outrun the extravagance even of an Oriental imagination, the first fruits of the ripest civilization have been gathered to do honor to the name and rejoice in the achievements of the courageous mariner whose sublime faith carried him across unknown seas to unlock the gateway of the globe's richer half.

In this, the harvest of four hundred years of American History, it is not hard to discern the richest amongst all the golden sheaves. From the treasures of art and science and literature, from the charms of music, from the glories of architecture, from the gathered wealth of genius, and labor, with thanksgiving in our hearts, we turn to the colossal Republic, that, founded in self-denial, maintained by struggle, purified by blood, sanctified by the graves of brave men, first and alone in all the annals of time, has demonstrated man's capacity for self-rule and in which under the folds of that flag all men are equally entitled to enjoy the blessings of liberty under law. -- From Speech of John Dalzell.

323. SILVER PURCHASING ACT, REPEAL OF. -- (Negative) But, gentlemen, you deceive yourselves as to the temper of the people on this subject if you imagine that you can pacify them by shallow declamations about a dishonest dollar. If the present silver dollar is not an honest one, the people are willing to make it so, according to any reasonable provision that can be proposed, and all they ask of you today is an opportunity to fairly test the matter. Will you deny them this? Dare you do so in the face of your platform? If you do, then when you come again to ask their confidence and their support they may answer you with the bitter words of Macbeth about the weird sisters:

And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense:
That keep the word of promise to our ear
And break it to our hope.

You may go on, and in a blind obedience to the commands of the rich and powerful, you may strike down the money of the people and destroy the coinage of the Constitution. You may forget the millions who toil in the workshops and fields of this land, but they will not forget you. They are patient and long suffering, but they can not endure all things, and when the heartless exactions of avarice have ground their faces into the dust, and aggravated their burdens beyond their capacity to bear them, they will arouse themselves to a consciousness of their

strength, and then, when it may be too late, you will find what it is, having sown the wind, to reap the whirlwind.

If you do this work faithfully and well, the people will bless the memory of this Congress for generations and generations to come. If you do it ill, they will undo what you have done, and they will not only sweep from the statute book the unjust law which you have written there, but they will drive forever from power and place the recreant representatives who have betrayed their confidence and disappointed their hopes. -- From Speech of Joseph W. Bailey.

324. SIN. -- Sin is like the descent of a hill, where every step we take increases the difficulty of our return. Sin is like a river in its course; the longer it runs, it wears a deeper channel and the farther from the fountain, it swells in volume and acquires a greater strength. Sin is like a tree in its progress; the longer it grows, it spreads its roots the wider; grows taller; grows thicker; till the sapling which once an infant's arms could bend, raises its head aloft, defiant of the storm. Sin in its habits becomes stronger every day -- the heart grows harder; the conscience grows duller; the distance between God and the soul grows greater; and, like a rock hurled down from the mountain's top, the farther we descend, we go down, and down, and down, with greater and greater rapidity.

325. SIN. -- Look now at sin; pluck off[that painted mask, and turn upon her face the lamp of the Bible. We start: it reveals a death's head. I stay not to quote texts descriptive of sin; it is a debt, a burden, a thief, a sickness, a leprosy, a plague, a poison, a serpent, a sting-everything that man hates it is; a load of evil beneath whose most crushing, intolerable pressure, "the whole creation groaneth." Name me the evil that springs not from this root -- the crime that lies not at its door. Who is the hoary sexton that digs man a grave? Who is the painted temptress that steals his virtue? Who is the murderess that destroys his life? Who is the sorceress that first deceives then damns his soul! -- Sin. Who, with icy breath blights the sweet blossoms of youth? Who breaks the hearts of parents? Who brings grey hairs with sorrow to the grave? Who, by a more hideous metamorphosis than Ovid ever fancied, changes sweet children into vipers, tender mothers into monsters, and their fathers into worse than Herods, the murderers of their own innocents? -- Sin. Who casts the apple of discord on home hearths? Who lights the torch of war, and carries it over happy lands? Who, by divisions in the church, rends Christ's seamless robe? -- Sin. Who is this Delilah that sings the Nazarite to sleep, and delivers the strength of God into the hands of the uncircumcised? Who, with smiles on her face, and honied flattery on her tongue, stands in the door to offer the sacred rites of hospitality, and when suspicion sleeps, pierces our temples with a nail? What Siren is this, who, seated on a rock by a deadly pool, smiles to deceive, sings to lure, kisses to betray, and flings her arms around our neck, to leap us into perdition? -- Sin. Who petrifies the soft and gentle heart, hurls reason from her throne, and impels sinners, mad as Gadarene swine, down the precipice, into the lake of fire? -- Sin. Who, having brought the criminal to the gallows, persuades him to refuse a pardon, and with his own hand to bar the door against the messenger of

mercy? What witch of hell is it, that thus bewitches us? -- Sin. Who nailed the Son of God to that bloody tree? and who, as if it were not a dove descending with the olive, but a vulture swooping down to devour the dying, vexes, grieves, thwarts, repels, drives off the Spirit of God? Who is it that makes a man in his heart and habits baser than the beast; and him, who was once but little lower than an angel, but little better than a devil? -- Sin. Sin! Thou art -- a hateful and horrible thing; that "abominable thing that God hates." -- Rev. Thomas Guthrie.

326. SIN. -- Sin is the greatest folly, and the sinner the greatest fool in the world. There is no such madness in the most filthy lunacy. Think of a man risking eternity and his everlasting happiness on the uncertain chance of surviving another year. Think of a man purchasing a momentary pleasure at the cost of endless pain. Think of a dying man living as if he were never to die.

327. SIN. -- -Sin is an immense river running through secret channels from hell's seething ocean, till it broke out upon this world in the garden of Eden. There at the foot of the tree of knowledge of good and evil is its source -- a noisy spring bubbling with the escape of baneful gases, in whose tenebrious depths a serpent lives. Ever enlarging, this river flows all round the world. Onward it sweeps. Upon its bank no flowers grow, no foliage waves, but perpetual desolation pitches its pavilions upon the sterile strand, relieved here and there by bald and scoriac rocks, upon which weeping spirits sit and curse the day that they were born. In all the universe there is no river so wide, so deep, so swift as this. Its floods are black, its waves are towering, and it goes surging and roaring on to the bottomless lake, everlasting lightnings penciling every billowy crest with angry fire, and Hell's terrific thunders bounding from bank to bank and bursting with awful crash and strewing dread ruin all around.

Surely such a river might roll on forever unvisited by mortal man. But, oh, alas! climax of all wonders! quintessence of all marvels! its shores are lined from source to mouth with human wretches. They crowd to gain its edges, all sexes, all conditions, all classes. The mother decks her daughter's brow, and side by side they leap into the boisterous flood. Into its boiling current the young maiden runs laughing, and passes from sight in a moment; the old man following, his hoary locks streaming in the wind like the shredded canvas of a storm-ridden ship, reeling upon the foamy summit of a stupendous wave that washes heaven, but to be hurled the next moment by the driving blast into the raging vortex below, and be swallowed up forever. Between every human being and this fearful river there is a bleeding body and a bloody cross, and angels posited on every height and hovering over every head and shouting "STOP!" -- "in the name of God, pause but for a moment." -- but disregarding the angelic warning and trampling upon both body and cross, with gory feet they spring far out into the murky tide, and join their fellows, till every wave is freighted and instinct with human souls, and all together carried onward and in one eternal roar poured over the boundaries of human probation into Acheron's fiery sea, forced downward by the plunging floods to perdition's deepest dungeons, to rise far out from shore upon flaming waves

unquenchable to scream forever with unmitigated and ceaseless woe. -- Rev. W. E. Munsey.

328. SINK OR SWIM, LIVE OR DIE. -- Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there's a divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest, for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the Declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life and his own honor? -- Daniel Webster (Attributed by Him to John Adams).

329. SLANDERERS AS INSECTS. -- Not that they wound deeply or injure much; but that is no fault of theirs; without hurting they give trouble and discomfort. The insect brought into life by corruption, and nested in filth, though its flight be lowly and its sting puny, can swarm and buzz and irritate the skin and offend the nostril, and altogether give us nearly as much annoyance as the wasp, whose nobler nature it strives to emulate. These reverend slanderers, -- these pious backbiters, -- devoid of force to wield the sword, snatch the dagger; and destitute of wit to point or to barb it, and make it rankle in the wound, steep it in venom to make it faster in the scratch. -- Lord Brougham.

330. SOCIALISM, EFFECT OF. -- Equalize conditions and every motive to effort dies. No sweat of brow, no sweat of brain, never a glorious deed nor work of genius if improved condition does not reward it. Better the whirlwind of enterprise than the dreamless sleep of such equality. Voiceless yet would be the golden harp of Shakespeare, silent the song of Milton, still the fiery fingers of Mozart, unfilled with westward winds Columbus's sails, unrequited our temples of learning, and wrapped in the shadows of a dream undreamt this mighty civilization, but for the magic touch of private enterprise.

No, not equality of condition, equality of privilege is the principle of justice. Equal privilege to build fortunes if one can, to lead armies if one can, to be an Humblot, if one can. This principle it was that gave us liberty; that handed the instant lightnings down to Lincoln; that stormed those heights at Lookout -- equality of privilege -- and the tattered battle flags, torn by the shells at Yorktown, at Shiloh, at Gettysburg; the monuments of those who fell upon the furrowed fields where our heroes fought for the rights of men, call upon us to preserve that principle forever! God grant that the day may never dawn when socialism attempts to execute its theory, for the sun of that day will set red amid the roar of cannon, and upon the ruins of our Republic some Caesar may build his throne! -- Oration by Albert J. Beveridge.

331. SOLDIER-HERO, A TRIBUTE. -- He was thinking of eternity and eternal things, and hereafter as well as heretofore. He was thinking of the great God, who stands out on the brow of nothing and holds this "Old exiled orb" in the palm of his hand. He was thinking of the Jerusalem above, of her jasper walls, her pearly gates and streets of shining gold. He was thinking of the myriads of angels and archangels that go flitting o'er the glory fields of Eden singing and shouting "The Lord God omnipotent reigneth." "My God," he was thinking of the great Being who watched with an all-seeing eye those shining worlds that glitter along the golden hills of heaven and who owns and controls those little stars away yonder on the outskirts of creation that will shine on for untold ages. At His bidding yon blazing comet flies away to sparkle for awhile in the trackless void and returns again to tell man the wonders of its azure home. He was thinking of the Great I am, whose powerful hand swept a haughty nation from the earth and leveled the proud walls of Jericho with the dust. His great finger marked out the path through eternal space in which this beautiful world of ours has traveled six thousand years. "MY God," (this soldier wrote on the fly leaf of his Bible) What did that imply? It implied that he was an heir of glory and that his inheritance was "incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." He did not shudder and recoil at the wild leap in the dark but he died gloriously, like a soldier, like a hero, like a Christian. -- James P. McTeer in *My Country, My Mother, My God*.

332. SORROW FOR THE DEAD. -- Sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal: every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open: this affliction we cherish, and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother that would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved, and he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal, would accept consolation that was to be bought by forgetfulness? No; the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection, when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness, who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud even over the bright hour of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it even for a song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry? No; there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song: there is a recollection of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh, the grave! the grave! It buries every error; covers every defect; extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that ever he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him!

The grave of those we loved-what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy: there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene: the bed of death, with all its stifled griefs: its noiseless attendance: its mute, watchful assiduities: the last testimonies of expiring love: the feeble fluttering, thrilling (Oh! how thrilling!) pressure of the hand: the last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence: the faint, faltering accents struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection!

Ay, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited, every past endearment unregarded, of that being who can never, never, never return to be soothed by thy contrition!

If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent; if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth; if thou art a friend, and has ever wronged in thought, word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee; if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart that now lies cold and still beneath thy feet; then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, wilt come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul: then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear: more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret; but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living. -- Washington Irving.

333. SOUL POWERS. -- You say that the soul is nothing but the resultant of the bodily powers? Then, why is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter on my head, but eternal springtime in my heart. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. -- Victor Hugo.

334. SOVEREIGNTY OF INDIVIDUAL MANHOOD. -- The great truth which was promulgated by the Declaration of Independence, and established by the War of the Revolution, and made the distinguishing characteristic of our nationality, was that all legitimate power resides in, and is derived from, the people. This sublime truth, to us so self-evident, so simple, so obvious, was before that time measurably

undeveloped in the history of the world. Philosophers, in their dreams, had built ideal governments; Plato had luxuriated in the happiness of his fanciful republic; Sir Thomas More had reveled in the bright visions of his Utopia; the immortal Milton had uttered his sublime views on freedom; and the great Locke had published his profound speculations on the true principles of government; but never, until the establishment of American independence, was it, except in very imperfect modes, acknowledged by a nation, and made the corner-stone and foundation of its government that the sovereign power is vested in the mass. -- From a speech in 1855. -- D. Uhlman.

335. SPEECH, FREE. -- What patriotic purpose is to be accomplished by this expunging? Is it to appease the wrath, and to heal the wounded pride of the Chief Magistrate? If he really be the hero that his friends represent him, he must despise all mean condescension, all groveling sycophancy, all self-degradation and self-abasement. He would reject with scorn and contempt, as unworthy his fame, your black scratches, and your baby lines in the fair records of his country. Black lines! Black lines! Sir, I hope the secretary of the Senate will preserve the pen with which he may inscribe them, and present it to that Senator of the majority whom he may select, as a proud trophy, to be transmitted to his descendants. And hereafter, when we shall lose the forms of our free institutions -- all that now remains to us -- some future American monarch, in gratitude to those by whose means he has been enabled, upon the ruins of civil liberty, to erect a throne, may institute a new order of knighthood, and confer on it the appropriate name of The Knight of the Black Lines.

But why should I detain the Senate, or needlessly waste my breath in future exertions? The decree has gone forth. It is one of urgency, too. The deed is to be done -- that foul deed, like the blood-stained hands of guilty Macbeth, all ocean's water will never wash out, Proceed, then, to the noble work which lies before you, and like other skilled executioners, do it quickly. And when you have perpetrated it, go home to the people, and tell them what glorious honors you have achieved for our common country. Tell them that you have extinguished one of the noblest batteries that ever thundered in defense of the Constitution, and bravely spiked the cannon. Tell them that henceforth, no matter what daring or outrageous act any President may perform, you have forever hermetically sealed the mouth of the Senate. Tell them that he may fearlessly assume what power he pleases, snatch from its lawful custody the public purse, command a military detachment to enter the hall of the Capitol, overawe Congress, trample down the constitution, and raze every bulwark of freedom; but that the Senate must stand mute, in silent submission, and not dare to raise its opposing voice; that it must wait until a House of Representatives, humbled and subdued like itself, and a majority of it composed of the partizans of the President, shall prefer articles of impeachment. Tell them, finally, that you have restored the glorious doctrine of passive obedience and non-resistance; and if the people do not pour out their indignation and imprecation, I have yet to learn the character of American freemen. -- "The Expunging Resolution." -- Henry Clay.

336. SPEECH, PERSUASIVE. -- Actions, not law or policy, whose growth and fruits are to be slowly evolved by time and calm; actions daring, doubtful but instant; the new things of a new world -- these are what the speaker counsels; large, elementary, gorgeous ideas of right, of equality, of independence, of liberty, of progress through convulsion -- these are the principles from which he reasons, when he reasons -- these are the pinions of the thought on which he soars and stays.

Then the primeval and indestructible sentiments of the breast of man-his sense of right, his estimation of himself, his sense of honor, his love of fame, his triumph and his joy in the dear name of country, the trophies that tell of the past, the hopes that gild and herald her dawn -- these are the springs of action to which he appeals -- these are the chords his fingers sweep, and from which he draws out the troubled music, "solemn as death, serene as the undying confidence of patriotism," to which he would have the battalions of the people march!

337. SPEECHES. -- (These addresses should be adapted to the occasion.)

ADDRESS OF WELCOME. -- Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: I consider it an honor that the (committee) has bestowed upon me, in that I am asked to extend to you words of welcome. The small boy's definition of "fellowship" was two fellows in the same ship. A community of interests has brought us together. We are engaged in the work of promoting _____, and I am sure I voice the sentiment of each member of our local (organization) when I say that it gives us great pleasure to have you in our midst. One reason we are glad to have you here is that it has saved us time, trouble and expense in going elsewhere! I do not care to penalize or punish you by an extended speech, we have others here for that purpose that we will want to hear; but let me say, we want to make this a pleasant and profitable occasion. We want to renew old acquaintances and make new friends. Let this be a meeting where no one is a stranger. When you meet a fellow (member, delegate) simply say, "My name is _____ what is yours?" No further introductions will be necessary.

(If citizens entertain delegates in their homes)

We welcome you to our homes, the latch-string is on the outside. Our citizens are glad to extend to you the comforts of their homes, and we are sure our homes will be made more pleasant by your spending these few days with us.

(If in a town or city)

As they did in olden times, we would like to turn the keys of the city over to you. You will find our city officials kind and courteous. If some police officer should thoughtlessly arrest you, telephone us and we will see that you are bailed out as soon as possible; also that proper punishment is meted out to the policeman!

We want you to enjoy yourselves while here, and while you do this, I believe you will properly attend to the work that has been mapped out for this (convention).

If I could speak a bigger word than that of WELCOME, I would gladly do it; but since my vocabulary is somewhat limited, the best I can do is to repeat the same word, WELCOME, thrice WELCOME.

338. RESPONSE TO ADDRESS OF WELCOME. -- Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: If a long speech were ever in order it seems to me that after listening to the hearty welcome which has just been extended to us, it would take a lengthy speech to adequately convey our appreciation. I am sure I voice the feeling of each (delegate) present when I say, we greatly appreciate this cordial greeting. The speaker and his local (society) may have been saved the time, trouble and expense in going away from home on this occasion, but we have had the pleasure of new scenes, and are saved the trouble of entertaining! We are on your hands; and promise, so far as we know how, to behave ourselves while in your midst. We shall strive to keep out of the toils of the law; but realizing the frailties of humanity, it gives us real pleasure to know that we are among our friends!

We are glad to have a part in the work of the great organization which we represent. It is a worthy cause. The (societies) which we represent will expect us to do our work well. If our meeting on this occasion will give us, and we believe it will, a greater vision of our undertaking; a better knowledge of our task; more enthusiasm and devotion to the work; then, I am sure, this meeting will be time well spent.

Again, let me say, we thank you for the cordial welcome we have received and assure you that we appreciate your hospitality.

339. PRESENTATION OF GIFT. -- I cannot understand why some of the pleasant things of life fall to my lot, while someone else does the tedious, grinding work. It may be on the same principle expressed by the Irishman who got a job soon after he arrived in this country. A friend asked him how he liked his work. "Well really," he said, "it's no work at all. I just carry the brick and mortar and the other men do all the work."

(Addressing the one to receive the gift.)

Mr. A, a very pleasant duty has been assigned me, that of expressing the hearty appreciation of valued services rendered. As the spokesman of this (Society, club) I cannot tell you how delighted I am to be the means of conveying the expression of our united love. What we offer is but a poor symbol of our feelings, but we know it will be received kindly, and as a simple indication of the attachment which each one of us cherishes for (our retiring officer, faithful servant, new

officer.) We ask you, therefore, to receive this (name the gift) as a (modest) token of the esteem with which you are held by this (society).

(Other paragraphs which may be used.)

Mr. Blank, it gives me great pleasure to present to you this (gift) as a token of our appreciation of your affiliation with us. You have greatly endeared yourself to us by your amiable character, your earnest devotion to duty, and the hearty interest you have always manifested in our welfare.

We request that you accept this gift, not as a reward for your services -- for I am sure you find that in the approbation of your own conscience -- but as a memento of our appreciation of your loyal services. We believe you will prize this gift for its association, not for its intrinsic value. It represents feelings and sentiments which time can no more change or dim, than it can impair the lustre of the diamond. Let it remind you of the high esteem in which the givers hold you.

With a deep sense of your many benefactions, those assembled here have requested me, in their name, to present you this (gift) as a token of our increasing admiration and esteem for yourself and of our gratitude for your labors in our behalf.

340. STATESMAN, A NOBLE. -- On the banks of a noble river, overlooking a splendid city which bears his name, stands a lofty shaft of purest marble, reared by a grateful people in memory of a simple Virginia gentleman. They rise heavenward from the dust -- the monument from that of earth -- the man from that of history -- pure, serene, sublime. The monument stands, as the man once stood, in the broad open daylight, challenging criticism. The cenotaph is man's best work; the man, God's. The stately column, marked by simplicity, solidly and in grandeur, is a fit memorial of him whose life was given as the foundation stone of American manhood. Its marble blocks, a tribute to his greatness from states and nations in every clime, speak with dumb but eloquent lips of the glory and majesty of Washington.

341. STONEWALL JACKSON, DEATH OF. -- Even the soldiership of Lee could achieve nothing. The form of Jackson had vanished from the scene; that king of battle had dropped his sword and descended into the tomb; from that moment the star of hope, like the light of victory, seemed to sink beneath ebony clouds. As I think of it now the past comes crowding into the present. Listen! that is the sound of a great column on the march. Hush! there is the bugle -- that sound like the rushing of wind through the forest is the charge of Stuart and his horsemen. See the banners yonder, how their splendid colors burn, how they flaunt and wave and ripple in the wind. Is that distant horseman with his old yellow cap, his dingy coat, his piercing eyes, the man of Port Republic and Chancellorsville? Is that burning sound the cheering of the "foot cavalry" as they greet him? See that vivid dazzling flash! Is it lightning or the glare of cannon? Hear that opening roar of battle like the

burst of thunder! No, it is only a dream -- the banner, the shoutings, the exultant cries of victory give place to the sad and stern reality. A body laid in state in the Capitol at Richmond, a coffin wrapped in the pure white folds of the newly adopted Confederate flag; a great procession, moving to the strains of the Dead March, the hearse, and the war horse of the dead soldier; then the thunder of guns at Lexington; the coffin borne upon a caisson of his own battery to the quiet grave -- that was the last of Stonewall Jackson. DEAD, HE WAS IMMORTAL. -- John E. Cooke.

342. SUICIDE, A REMEDY FOR. -- A colored man was asked why it was that so few colored men commit suicide. "Well, suh," the colored man replied, "when you white folks has got trouble, you sit down and think them over, and the more you think about them the wusser they get, till at last you jes' can't stand it no longer and you go to work and kill yo'self. But with us colored people, when we've got trouble we sit down and think them over, and we think and think, and you know what happens when a colored man sits down and tries to think. He jes' naturally goes to sleep." -- Fush and Lang Circular.

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T--SUBJECTS

343. TAXATION. Permit me to inform you, my friends, what are the inevitable consequences of being too fond of glory: taxes upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under foot; taxes upon everything which is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell or taste; taxes upon warmth, light and locomotion; taxes upon everything on earth, and in the waters under the earth; on everything that comes from abroad, or is grown at home: taxes on the raw materials; taxes on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man; taxes on the sauce that pampers man's appetite, and the drug that restores him to health; on the ermine which decorates the judge, and the rope which hangs the criminal; on the poor man's salt, and the rich man's spice; on the nails of the coffin, and the ribbons of the bride; at bed or board, couchant or levant, we must pay.

The schoolboy whips his taxed top; the beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle, on a taxed road; and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine which has paid seven per cent., into a spoon that has paid fifteen per cent., flings himself back upon his chintz bed which has paid twenty-two per cent., makes his will on an eight pound stamp, and expires in the arms of an apothecary, who has paid a license on an hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then taxed from two to ten per cent. Beside the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble; and he is then gathered to his fathers -- to be taxed no more. -- Edinburgh Review.

344. TAXATION WHEN UNNECESSARY A ROBBERY. -- Will you collect money when it is acknowledged that it is not wanted? He who earns the money, who digs it from the earth with the sweat of his brow, has a just title to it, against the universe. No one has a right to touch it without his consent, except his government, and that only to the extent of its legitimate wants; -- to take more is robbery; and you propose by this bill to enforce robbery by murder. Yest to this result you must come, by this miserable sophistry, this vague abstraction of enforcing the law, without a regard to the fact whether the law be just or unjust, constitutional or unconstitutional! -- John G. Calhoun.

345. TAXES. -- It is impossible for me to send you a check. My present condition is due to the effects of federal laws, state laws, county laws, corporation laws, by-laws, brother-in-laws, mother-in-laws, and outlaws, that have been foisted upon an unsuspecting public. Through the various laws I have been held down, held up, walked on, sat on, flattened and squeezed until I do not know where I am, what I am or why I am.

These laws compel me to pay a merchant's tax, capital stock tax, income tax, real estate tax, property tax, auto tax, gas tax, water tax, light tax, cigar tax, street tax, school tax, syntax and carpet tax.

I am suspected, expected, inspected, disrespected, examined, re-examined, until all I know is that I'm supplicated for money for every known need, desire or hope of the human race, and because I refuse to fall and go out and beg, borrow and steal money to give away, I am cussed and discussed, boycotted, talked to, talked about, lied to, lied about, held up, held down and robbed until I am nearly ruined so the only reason I am dinging to life is to see what is coming next. -- A writer in Pentecostal Herald.

346. TAXES. -- From the beginning of civilization, necessity has forced society to make rules and regulations for the orderly conduct of its business. One of its most important duties is that of making adequate provisions for the protection of its members, and one method of securing that protection has been through the division of labor and the assignment of specific duties to certain individuals. To compensate for such services it has naturally devolved upon the other members of society to furnish the funds. Acting upon that principle, communities, cities, states and nations have proceeded to specify and collect these necessary funds by various means of taxation. Assuming that each member pays in proportion to the services received, such a procedure is recognized as fair and just. But these tax gathering systems have grown, till today they are out of all proportion to their justification. Our governing bodies, like our citizens, have been on a big parade with reckless spending in the forefront, followed by luxury, installment buying, war, preparations for war, government graft, mortgages, and ending with insolvency, foreclosures, bankruptcy and unemployment. We have been swept into the parade by martial music, political pressure and paper prosperity. Like children on a merry-

go-round, we have had a grand ride, but where have we been, and what is our reward? Taxes! More taxes! -- Wesley C. Haraldson.

347. TEMPTATION, POWER OF. -- In old times the sailors, a race given to superstition, told among other stories of the sea one of a strange island that lay in waters where no breakers beat, nor storms blew on its quiet shores. Yet they give it a wide berth whenever they, as they supposed, approached its neighborhood, holding it in greater dread than the rugged coasts of our stormy climes. It rose from the deep a mass of magnetic ore, with powers of attraction fatal to the mariner. Once within their influence, the ship was drawn nearer and nearer; at first slowly, silently, gently, almost imperceptibly, but with ever-increasing speed; till, on a close approach, every iron bolt drawn from her timbers, without a crash, or sound, or anything to alarm the waking, or to wake the sleeping, she fell into a thousand pieces; and the whole fabric dissolved, crew and cargo sank together -- down into that quiet sea. Fable as that was, so goes the religion, such as it is, of him who, drawn to the world, yields up his heart to its fatal attractions. It draws him on and on, further and faster on, till at length the catastrophe arrives -- his principles give way before some great temptation, and he is lost. -- Thomas Guthrie.

348. THINKER, THE JOY OF THE. -- No man has earned a right to intellectual ambition until he has learned to lay his course by a star which he has never seen -- to dig by the divining rod for springs which he may never reach. In saying this, I point to that which will make your study heroic. For I say to you in all sadness of conviction, that to think great thoughts you must be heroes as well as idealists. Only when you have worked alone -- when you have felt around you a black gulf of solitude more isolating than that which surrounds the dying man, and in hope and despair have trusted to your own unshaken will -- then only will you have achieved. Thus only can you gain the secret isolated joy of the thinker, who knows that, long after he is dead and forgotten, men who have never heard him will be moving to the measure of his thought -- the subtle rapture of a postponed power, which the world knows not because it has no external trappings, but which to his prophetic vision is more real than that which commands an army. And if this joy should not be yours, -- still it is only thus that you can know what you have done what it lay in you to do, -- can say that you have lived, and be ready for the end. -- Oliver Wendell Holmes.

349. THOUGHT IN AMERICA, INDEPENDENCE OF. -- Every thing here is propitious to honest independence of thought. Such an independence is the presiding genius of all our institutions; it is the vital spirit that gives life to the whole. Without this, our constitutions and laws, our external forms of equality, our elections, our representation, our boasted liberty of speech and of conscience, are but poor and beggarly elements, shadows without substance, dead and worthless carcasses, from which the living soul, the grace, the glory, the strength, have forever fled.

That restlessness of enterprise, which alike nerves the frontier settler to the toils and adventures of the wilderness, and kindles the young dreams of the

political aspirant, which whitens the ocean with our canvas, drives the railroad through the desert, and startles the moose at his watering-place, or scares the eagle from his high solitary perch with the sudden beat of the steamboat's wheels -- that one and the same ardent, restless spirit ruling our whole people, can have little communion with that abject prostration of intellect, that makes man crouch before his fellow, submitting his reason and his conscience to another's will. It is our happy fate to know nothing personally of the severer tyranny of power over the conscience. History can alone teach us what this is, and how to estimate duly our political advantages in this respect. What then is the history of human opinions but a long record of martyrdom for truth, for religion, for private conscience, for public liberty? Every monument of antiquity in the Old World, like that one of "London's lasting shame," "The Traitor's Gate, miscalled, through which of yore Past Raleigh, Cranmer, Russel, Sydney, More," -- every vestige of the past recalls some remembrance of the "lifted axe, the agonizing wheel," the scaffold, the stake, and the fagot, on which the patriot poured out his life's blood, and where the martyr breathed forth in torture his last prayer of triumphant, forgiving faith. But, traveller, stop not there to mourn. Rejoice rather, for these are the monuments of the victories of truth, of the triumph of the self-sustaining, immortal mind, over the impotence of transient power. The martyrs have conquered. Their sentence is reversed. Their tyrants have passed away with names blackened and branded by universal scorn. The cause for which they died has now mounted the seat of worldly empire, or else is enthroned still more regally in the hearts of millions. -- Gulian C. Verplanck.

350. TIME TO QUIT. -- A man took a job at a siding running wagons down an incline. There was only a sleeper at the bottom to stop the wagons, and the manager told him to be careful and keep the brake on. On the third day four wagons went down at a terrific speed, jumped the sleeper and plunged into the canal. The manager, his face wrathful, rushed from the office. The man forestalled him. "You needn't come grumbling at me," he said, "I've left." -- Montreal Star.

351. TIME TO SPARE. -- A retired colonel advertised for a manservant, and an Irishman came after the job.

"What I want," explained the colonel, "is a useful man-one who can cook, drive a motor, look after a pair of horses, clean boots and windows, feed poultry, milk the cow, and do a little painting and paperhanging."

"Excuse me, sor," said the applicant, "but what kind of soil have ye here?"

"Soil?" snapped the colonel. "What's that got to do with it?"

"Well, I thought if it was day I might make brick in me spare time." -- Montreal Star.

352. TOAST. -- The story is that three members of the Black Hand fraternity wrote a letter to a gentleman informing him that if he did not leave \$5,000 under the church steps at nine o'clock the next evening they would kidnap his wife. The man who received the letter went to the church steps at the time appointed and deposited an envelope. When he got out of sight, the three members of the Black Hand fraternity appeared, withdrew the envelope from its hiding place, and on opening it found a note which read: "Gentlemen: I have no \$5,000, but I am in sympathy with your undertaking." -- Prof. Emory R. Johnson.

353. TOLERANCE. -- If religion can not persuade men to live together whether they have kinky hair, pigtails, slant eyes, or hook noses, then it has failed in its essential purpose. If education can not teach men to judge one another by the worth of character and the power of personality, and not by color, then it is valueless. If laws do not help men in their social relationships, then it would be better that chaos and anarchy reign. -- William McClain.

354. TOLERANCE. -- When the time came to lay the cornerstone of the great American Republic, there was witnessed in Philadelphia a spirit of liberty combined with tolerance such as the world has never seen. Where did these men learn tolerance? There were churchmen there, and Puritans that hated the church; there were Calvinists there, and Armenians who were antagonistic to Calvinists; and there were Quakers who had little in common with any of these in religious faith and practice. But a new force had arisen; a new idea had come into control. The adoption of the American Constitution signaled the coming into flower and fruit of that tolerance of which the Renaissance in Europe was the bud in blossom.

The spirit of tolerance took enduring form in the immortal words:

"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for redress of grievances."

If ever the sun should go down for the last time upon this nation, the greatest glory of our people would be left in these imperishable words. Then, for the first time in the history of the world, tolerance was written in the fundamental law of the nation, now grounded and guided by that priceless principle.

355. TOO MUCH OF EVERYTHING. A gentleman once brought some Eskimos to London. He wished to amuse and at the same time astonish them, with the magnificence of the metropolis. He took them out one morning to walk through the streets of London. They walked several hours in silence; they expressed neither pleasure nor admiration at anything they saw. When their walk was ended, they appeared uncommonly melancholy and stupefied; as soon as they got home, they sat down, with their elbows upon their knees, and their faces between their hands.

The only words they could be brought to utter were, "Too much smoke -- too much noise-too much houses -- too much men -- too much everything."

356. TRAITORS. The wreck of a human soul is always pathetic, but most sad when, like an angel, it plunges as a star from its zenith down into utter darkness. So Benedict Arnold fell from the fairest heights of human glory to the deepest gulf of infamy and shame. . . There are Benedict Arnolds among nations. A man who forsakes his ideals is a traitor; and a state if it forsakes its principles, ignores justice, and squanders its liberties, is recreant to humanity. Yet this is an old story of the world. That empire shall rise and fall, that civilization shall flourish and decay, is the law of history. The oppressed become the oppressor; the haters of despotism become its slaves; and the liberties for which the fathers died, bequeathed to degenerate sons, soon sink into licentiousness, and are trampled under the foot of a despot. Freedom, glory, wealth, corruption, barbarism -- these are the five stages in the history of every nation of the past.

357. TROUBLE. -- I have told you of the man who always put on his spectacles when about to eat cherries, in order that the fruit might look larger and more tempting. In like manner I make the most of my enjoyments, and, though I do not cast my eyes away from troubles, I pack them into as small compass as I can for myself. I never let them annoy others. -- Robert Southlee.

358. TRUTH. -- The truth cannot be burned, beheaded or crucified. A lie on the throne is a lie still, and truth in a dungeon is truth still; and the lie on the throne is on the way to defeat, and the truth in the dungeon is on the way to victory. -- William McKinley.

359. TRUTH. -- Force of thought may be put forth to amass wealth for selfish gratification, to give the individual power over others, to blind others, to weave a web of sophistry, to cast a deceitful lustre on vice, to make the worse appear the better cause. But energy of thought, so employed, is suicidal. The intellect, in becoming a pander to vice, a tool of the passions, an advocate of lies, becomes not only degraded, but diseased. It loses the capacity of distinguishing truth from falsehood, good from evil, right from wrong; it becomes as worthless as an eye which cannot distinguish between colors or forms. Woe to that mind which wants the love of truth! For want of this, genius has become a scourge to the world; its breath a poisonous exhalation; its brightness a seducer into paths of pestilence and death. Truth is the light of the Infinite Mind, and the image of God in his creatures. Nothing endures but truth. The dreams, fictions, theories which men would substitute for it, soon die. Without its guidance, effort is vain, and hope baseless. Accordingly, the love of truth, a deep thirst for it, a deliberate purpose to seek it and hold it fast, may be considered as the very foundation of human culture and dignity. Precious as thought is, the love of truth is still more precious; for without it, thought wanders and wastes itself, and precipitates men into guilt and misery. -- Dr. Channing.

360. TRUTH, THE WARFARE OF. -- The awful and murderous operations of military power can only be justified when directed against a foreign invader, or domestic conspirators attempting to obtain possession of the government by force of arms:-even in such cases they must be allowed to be in themselves great evils, and are only tolerated because necessary to to put down still greater evils. They cannot be rightfully employed as the means of enlarging the liberties, or reforming the abuses, of any nation or community.

The horrors and cruelties of civil and intestine war, the bloodshed and the barbarism of the battlefield, the furies and the crimes attendant upon massacre, conflagration, and pillage, can never be made to prepare the way for the blessing of liberty, peace, and equal rights, to enter and take up their abode in any land. They serve only to bind upon it still more firmly the burden and the woes of slavery and sin. "All they that take the sword," that is, select and adopt it as the means of improving their social or political condition, "shall perish with the sword." But truth is mighty, reason is mighty, conscience is mighty, the spirit of human and of Christian benevolence is mightier than them all, and the most despised minority, the most trampled victims of oppression and slavery, if they make these the weapons of their warfare and wield them in faith, patience and perseverance, will be sure to conquer, for God will be their ally. And the strongest and fiercest giant who comes to the field with a spear, and with a sword, and with a shield, will be sure to fall before the merest stripling who meets him in the name of the Lord. -- C. W. Upham.

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U--SUBJECTS

361. UNCLE SAM. -- Away back yonder in the dying hours of the eighteenth century, when monarchs held their sway beyond the seas, and when the spirit of revolution had sounded the tocsin of war upon our shores, there strode out from the flame and smoke of Bunker Hill a colossal figure that stood on the horizon of human hope, casting his shadow around the world. His eagle-like visage was surmounted with a bell. crowned plug hat of fur, and his chin whiskers swept down like the tail of a comet over a vest bespangled with stars; his claw-hammer coat was as blue as the sky, and his tight-fitting pantaloons of red and white stripes were held down with straps under his boots. The earth trembled under his tread and the angels named him Uncle Sam. -- Anon.

362. UNDER THE LOAD. A farmer boy driving a wagon loaded with hay ran into a deep gutter and overturned his load. A man came out from a house nearby and asked the boy if he needed some help to put the hay back on to the wagon. The boy gratefully accepted the proffered assistance.

"It is just our dinner time," said the man, "suppose we go in and get something to eat before we begin this work."

"I thank you very much," said the boy, "but I am afraid my father would not like for me to do that."

"Oh, that will be all right," replied the man, "your father will not care if you eat your dinner with us. After some persuasion the boy consented to go along. "But, I fear father will not like this," he repeated. When dinner was over, the man came out onto the front porch, sat down in a chair and offered the boy a chair.

"I do not want to sit down," said the boy, "I'm afraid my father will not like this."

"What makes you think your father will object to this?" asked the man.

"Well, you see," said the boy, "father is under that load of hay."

363. UNEXPECTED SPEECH. -- I must confess that a call upon me for a speech on this occasion is unexpected. I am reminded of a story I have heard of an overgrown boy, late from the hill country. The town boys did not receive him very cordially; in fact, he was made the butt of many jokes and pranks by the village gang. On one occasion, while playing on the village streets, a dispute arose and one of the town boys bluntly said, "I do not care for you or for your ancestors."

"I haven't got any ancestors," retorted the country boy.

"Of course you've got ancestors," echoed a chorus of voices from the gang.

"I know I haven't got any ancestors," stoutly insisted the boy.

"We'll prove it to you; go into the drug store and ask Doctor Wade, he'll tell you whether you've got any ancestors or not."

The gang followed the boy into the drug store to hear the decision.

"Say, doctor, these boys say I've got ancestors, I haven't got any, have I?"

The doctor, with a twinkle in his eye, looked the boy over carefully.

"Yes, my son," replied the medical man, "you certainly have got ancestors."

"Well," replied the boy, "I didn't have any on me when we moved to this town."

"If there is a speech in me tonight, I must insist I didn't have any on me when I came here."

364. UNION. -- We are weary of the unreal and untrue existence we are forced to lead; we are weary of the emptiness of routine, weary of the false coin of reputation that passes current in the market of vanity fair. We are weary of the lower standards by which actions are judged, and to which, to our dismay, we perceive our actions insensibly conform. But the pressure of social influence about us is enormous, and no single arm can resist it. We must needs band together, then, if we would achieve a higher life, we must create for ourselves a purer atmosphere if any rare virtues are to flourish in our midst. We must make our public opinion, to buoy us up in every loftier aspiration. Fellowships we want that will hold, not religion as a duty, but duty as a religion. -- F. Adler.

365. UNION, THE. -- But a few days since, I visited the hall where the immortal Washington, after carving out the liberty which we, in common with millions of our fellow-beings, this day enjoy, with a victorious, yet unpaid army, who adored him, under his command, surrendered his commission and his sword voluntarily to the representatives of a few exhausted colonies. That sublime occasion yet imparts its sacred influences to the place, and there is eloquence in its silent wails. But where, said I, are the brave and patriotic spirits who here fostered the germ of this might empire? Alas! they have gone to their rewards, and the clods of the valley lie heavily on their hearts; while we, their ungrateful children, with every element of good before us, forgetting the mighty sacrifices they made for their descendants, trifle with the rich blessings we inherited and are ready, with sacrilegious hands, to despoil the temple of liberty which they reared by years of toil and trial, and cemented in blood and tears. Oh! could we not have deferred this inhuman struggle until the departure from amongst us of the revolutionary soldier, with his bowed and tottering frame, and his once bright eye dimmed? Ask him the cost of liberty, and he will "shoulder his crutch and tell how fields were won," and tell you of its priceless value. And yet we are shamelessly struggling in his sight, like mercenary children, for the patrimony, around the death-bed of a common parent, by whose industry and exertion it was accumulated, before the heart of him who gave them existence had ceased to pulsate. Amid all these conflicts, it has been my policy to give peace and stability to the Union, to silence agitation, to restore fraternal relations to an estranged brotherhood, and to lend my feeble aid in enabling our common country to march onward to the glorious fruition which awaits her. I have opposed, and will hereafter oppose, the monster disunion, in, any and every form, and howsoever disguised, or in whatsoever condition -- whether in the germ, or the stately upas, with its widespread branches; whether it comes from the North or the South, or the East or the West; and whether it consists in denying the South her just rights, or in her demanding that to which she is not entitled. The union of these states, in the true spirit of the constitution, is a sentiment of my life. It was the dream of my early years; it has been the pride and joy of manhood; and, if it shall please Heaven to spare me to age, I pray that its abiding beauty may beguile my vacant and solitary hours. I do not expect a sudden disruption of the political bonds which unite the states of this confederacy; but I greatly fear a growing spirit of jealousy and discontent and sectional hate, which must, if permitted to extend itself, finally destroy the beauty and harmony of the fabric, if it does not raze it to its

foundation. It cannot be maintained by force, and majorities in a confederacy should be admonished to use their power justly. Let no one suppose that those who have been joined together will remain so, despite the commission of mutual wrongs, because they have once enjoyed each other's confidence and affection and propriety requires them to remain united. A chafed spirit, whether of a community or an individual, may be goaded beyond endurance, and the history of the world has proved that the season of desperation which succeeds is awfully reckless of consequences. But woe be to him by whom the offence of disunion comes! He will be held accursed when the bloody mandates of Herod and Nero shall be forgiven; and be regarded as a greater monster in this world than he who, to signalize his brutal ferocity, reared a monument of thousands of human skulls; and, in the next, "The common damned will shun his society, and look upon themselves as fiends less foul." -- Daniel S. Dickinson.

366. UNITY, BRETHREN IN. -- We have had in this controversy everything that was nauseating, everything that was sickening to the public taste, brought in and harrowed up by the discussion; the invasion of bleeding Kansas; John Brown and the capture of Harper's Ferry; the entry of Boston by Federal troops to capture or kidnap Burns; the riots in New York; the destruction of the orphan asylum, and Governor Seymour's speech to his "friends; and some gentleman spoke, I believe, in a serio-comic way of the invasion of the sacred soil of Pennsylvania by George Washington to suppress the whiskey riot. I would suggest to my venerable friend from Pennsylvania (Mr. Wright) that when an appropriation is asked for the Washington monument, he should not let that pass until he has George Washington's conduct in that matter fully investigated.

When I heard, Mr. Chairman, the bugle call of the gentleman from Ohio (Mr. Garfield) to his "skirmishers," and when I saw him gracefully bow his shoulder that that "chip" might fall off, if perchance some Democratic champion did not knock it off, and when I heard the gentleman from Mississippi (Mr. Chalmers) in a regretful manner complain that the Confederacy had been shot to death, and saw him gallantly fire a parting shot at John Brown, as the soul of that patriot went marching on; and then when I looked to my right and saw the gallant commander of that grand march to the sea sitting on this floor, and on hastily looking around saw sitting in my rear the greatest living commander of the late forces of the Confederacy, -- it was the first time he was ever in my rear -- I must confess to you I felt the martial spirit rising again in my breast. I could almost hear the shout of the victor and the roar of the musketry. I "felt that stern joy that warriors feel in foemen worthy of their steel." But I controlled my feelings, Mr. Chairman, and reflected that of late years the distinguished commander who led the Union forces to the sea and the distinguished gentleman from Virginia (Mr. Johnston) have both taken anew the oath of allegiance to the Constitution, and are both drawing handsome salaries under the same Government, payable in greenbacks. Then that blessed quotation came into my mind: "How good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." -- From a speech of April 2nd, 1879, delivered in the House of Representatives on the Army Bill." James B. Weaver.

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V--SUBJECTS

367. VALUES, MISPLACED. -- Young people are little monkeys and parrots; and they use as their model -- the adult. And so, little children play at being generals rather than research chemists for the same reason that adults erect gigantic memorials of military victories but carve little busts of college presidents. The younger generation defies the Red Granges, Babe Ruths, and Jack Dempseys instead of the Dr. Mayos, Horace Manns and Fritz Kreislers for the same reason that the older generation endows with riches the captains of industry, the manager of pugilists, while it leaves the teachers, authors, musicians, artists and educators to struggle along on meagre pittance. How can I justly express surprise at the irrational values of children when we ourselves display such an utter lack of sensible standards? We shower praise, glory and luxury on those who least deserve it, and leave the most deserving unhonored and unsung. -- Ernest Grunwald.

368. VISION. A vision, in which that in the future is pictured as now to be seen: "And bending down humbly as Elisha did, and praying that my eyes may be made to see, I catch the vision of this Republic -- its mighty forces in balance, and its unspeakable glory falling on all its children -- chief among the federation of English-speaking people-plenty streaming from its borders, and light from its mountain tops -- working out its mission under God's approving eye, until the dark continents are open, and the highways of earth established, and the shadows lifted -- and the jargons of the nations stilled and the perplexities of babel straightened -- and under one language, one liberty and one God, all the nations of the world hearkening to the American drum beats, and girding up their loins, shall march amid the breaking of the millennial dawn into the paths of righteousness and peace!" -- R. E. Pattison Kline.

369. VISION OF JESUS. -- The dimness of sin impairs our vision, but were we to see Jesus, as we shall see him in heaven, I think it would happen to us as once it happened to a celebrated philosopher. Pursuing his studies on the subject of light - - with a zeal not too often consecrated to science, but too seldom consecrated to religion-he ventured on a bold experiment. Without protection of smoked or colored glass, he fixed his gaze steadily for some time on the sun -- exposing his naked eyes to the burning beams of its fiery disc. Satisfied, he turned his head away; but, strange to see! -- such was the impression made on the organ of sight -- wherever he turned, the sun was there; if he looked down, it was beneath his feet; it shone in the top of the sky in the murkiest midnight; it blazed on the page of every book he read; he saw it when he shut his eyes, he saw it when he opened them. It was the last object which he saw when he passed off into sleep; it was the first to meet his waking eyes. Happy were it for us if we get some such sight of Christ, and this glory

of that Sun of Righteousness were so impressed upon the eye of faith that we could never forget him, and ever seeing him, ever loved him.

370. VOICE, THE. -- A good voice has a charm in speech as in song; sometimes of itself enchains attention, and indicates a rare sensibility, especially when trained to wield all its powers. The voice, like the face, betrays the nature and disposition, and soon indicates what is the range of the speaker's mind. Many people have no ear for music, but every one has an ear for skillful reading. Every one of us has at some time been the victim of a well-toned and cunning voice, and perhaps been repelled once for all by a harsh, mechanical speaker. The voice, indeed, is a delicate index of the state of mind.

These are ascending stairs -- a good voice, winning manners, plain speech, chastened, however, by the schools in correctness; but we must come to the main matter, of power of statement -- know your fact; hug your fact. For the essential thing is heat, and heat comes from sincerity. Speak what you do know and believe; and are personally in it; and are answerable for every word. -- Ralph Waldo Emerson.

371. VOICE OF AMERICA. -- The great voice of America does not come from the seats of learning. It comes in a murmur from the hills and woods and farms and factories and mills, rolling and gaining volume until it comes to us from the homes of common men. Do these murmurs echo in the corridors of the universities? I have not heard them. The universities would make men forget their common origins, forget their universal sympathies, and join a class -- and no class can ever serve America. I have dedicated every power there is in me to bring the colleges that I have anything to do with to an absolutely democratic regeneration in spirit, and I shall not be satisfied until America shall know that the men in the colleges are saturated with the same thought, the same sympathy, that pulses through the whole great body politic. -- Woodrow Wilson.

372. VOICES FROM THE GRAVE. -- It is not the will of God that liberty, which is his word, should be silent. Citizens! The moment that triumphant despots believe that they have forever taken the power of speech from ideas, it is restored by the Almighty. This tribune destroyed, he reconstructs it. Not in the midst of the public square -- not with granite or marble; there is no need of that. He reconstructs it in solitude; he reconstructs it with the grass of the cemetery, with the shade of the cypress, with the gloomy hillock made by the coffins buried in the earth -- and from this solitude, this grass, this cypress, these hidden coffins, know you, citizens, what proceeds? There comes the heart-rending cry of humanity--there comes denunciation and testimony -- there comes the inexorable accusation which causes the crowned criminal to turn pale--there comes the terrible protest of the dead! -- Victor Hugo.

373, VOLUNTEERS. -- And now let us drink to the volunteers, to those who sleep in unknown graves, whose names are only in the hearts of those they loved

and left -- of those who only hear in happy dreams the footsteps of return. Let us drink to those who died where hopeless famine mocked at want -- to all the maimed whose scars gave modesty a tongue, to all who dared and gave to chance the care and keeping of their lives-to all the living and all the dead.

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W--SUBJECTS

374. WAR. -- War, at its best, is horrible. Yet this can be said even for war-it reveals elemental and eternal things. In peace, men reckon action, plan and purpose from the central point of self-interest. War comes, and the same men are conscious of the thing which cannot be measured by yardsticks, nor weighed in scales, nor listed on the stock market; and yet a thing for which they go to the grave as to a bride -- glad, grand, masterful, in a savage unselfishness. That wonderful thing which makes men welcome death is principle. In war's light they see it. And as we today realize the same truth, how transient and foolish some men's plans for power and place! How they dissolve into nothingness and only the true, the beautiful and the good remain!

For us who remain in the world of opportunity, with our character still plastic as clay in the hands of the sculptor, the message of the young lives sacrificed to duty and principle is too plain to be disregarded. The golden bars of sunset, though tender in their softness, are impenetrable, impassable. They mark God's record of a day past recall. They are the lower signal lights warning youth of the danger of delay. They are beacon fires, set in the blue of the western heavens as our call to duty. They urge a full-statured manhood and womanhood, the product of a worthy and noble creed:

"To love justice, to long for the right, to love mercy, to pity the suffering, to assist the weak, to forget wrongs and remember benefits; to love the truth, to be sincere, to utter honest words, to love liberty, to wage relentless war against wrong of every kind; to love wife and child and friend; to make a happy home; to love the beautiful in art, in nature; to cultivate the mind, to be familiar with the mighty thoughts that genius has expressed, the noble deeds of the world; to cultivate courage and cheerfulness; to make others happy; to fill life with the splendor of generous acts, the warmth of loving words; to discard error, to destroy prejudice, to receive new truths with gladness, to cultivate hope, to see the calm beyond the storm, the dawn beyond the night; to do the best that can be done and then to be resigned."

375. WAR AND MILITARY CHIEFTAINS. -- War is not the customary business of nations. It is abnormal. War is frenzy and it brings with it pain, poverty, and destitution. Peace is happiness, and brings in its train wealth, civilization, education, morality, religion. It was the arts of peace that the colonists would

cultivate. They were wise men and selected the best instrumentalities for the purpose. This was the Golden Age of American history.

After the late War of the Rebellion, the same conditions existed that followed the Revolutionary struggle. As the colonists honored Washington, so a grateful nation properly honored General Grant, -- one was the hero of the first great war, the other the hero of the second. Each has been honored alike. The fame of Washington is secure. The fame of Grant will be best secured by following the example of Washington. It is enough for any man that his honors are equal to those of Washington; the ambition that seeks for more may well be doubted.

The questions affecting our interests now are questions of political economy. They belong to the statesman and not to the soldier. When we are sick we call in the physician; when our rights of property are in dispute we call upon the lawyer; when wars prevail and armies are to be commanded, we need the soldier; but when great commercial or financial problems are to be solved, we should appeal to the statesman. If there be anarchists, socialists, and labor reformers in the land, they are the outgrowth of the hard times which invariably follow upon the heels of war . . . To remove these complaints is the work of statesmen. The military chieftain is as little qualified to treat such disorders as he is to treat the wounded soldiers upon the battlefield of his victories. -- From a speech made at Chillicothe, Missouri, against a third term in the presidency. -- John B. Henderson.

376. WAR, CRUELTY OF. -- It seems to me that Bruce Barton is right -- "Let's advertise this hell." War has ceased to be an outdoor sport indulged in by a limited number of young men of various nations. When the New England farmers took down their squirrel guns from over their fireplaces, scampered out behind the stone walls and took pot shots, that was something akin to sport. There were few men involved and the casualties were light. But today Mars smears his bloody finger over two-thirds the surface of the globe and the entire youth of many nations dig holes in the mud and fire at an enemy they cannot even see. Shells fired miles away tear to pieces, mines erupt men and mud from beneath, bombs from above mangle them, poison gases that produce horrible deaths creep across the barren land to stifle life from retching bodies.

We, the youth of the nation, face that end. We will have our arms or legs shot off or be blinded, if we are lucky. We will strangle, or be riddled with hot lead and lie rotting in the mud, or be blown into bits. One of us may be the next Unknown Soldier. Our fate is certain if we do not advertise the slaughter that is war. -- Wesley Carty.

377. WAR, EXPENSE OF. -- Of all the innumerable uses to which tax money is applied the most stupid and least valuable is that for war. Seventy-five cents out of every national tax dollar goes to pay for past wars or to prepare for future war. We talk peace but spend incomprehensible sums for war. Armaments of the world have increased 70% since the outbreak of the World War. The United States spends

\$700,000,000 each year on its army and navy, while congressmen, powder manufacturers, steel corporations, Rear Admirals, and Navy Leagues urge bigger and better appropriations. For what? To increase their profits; to precipitate another war; to build battleships to protect the property of those millionaires who choose to leave American industries undeveloped and American men out of work in order that they might exploit foreign resources. Armies and Navies cannot protect a starving world! It needs food! -- Wesley C. Haraldson.

378. WAR, HORRORS OF. -- Science and revelation concur in teaching that this ball of earth, which man inhabits, is not the only world; that millions of globes like ours roll in the immensity of space. The sun, the moon, "those seven nightly wandering fires," those twinkling stars, are worlds. There, doubtless, dwell other moral and intellectual natures, passing what man calls time, in one unfired pursuit of truth and duty; still seeking, still exploring, never satisfying, never satiating, the ethereal, intellectual thirst; whose delightful task it is, as it should be ours, to learn the will of the Eternal Father -- to seek the good, which to that end, for them and to us who seek, hides; and finding, to admire, to adore, and praise, "Him first! Him last! Him midst and without end."

Imagine one of these celestial spirits, and led by chance to a European plain, at the point of some great battle; on which, to human eye, reckless and blind to overruling heaven, the fate of states and empires is suspended.

On a sudden, the field of combat opens on his astonished vision. It is a field which men call "glorious." A hundred thousand warriors stand in opposing ranks. Light gleams on their burnished steel. Their plumes and banners wave. Hill echoes to hill the noise of moving rank and squadron -- the neigh and tramp of steeds-the trumpet, the drum and bugle call. There is a momentary pause -- a silence like that which precedes the fall of a thunderbolt -- like the awful stillness, which is precursor to the desolating rage of the whirlwind. In an instant, flash succeeding flash, pours columns of smoke along the plain. The iron tempest sweeps, heaping man, horse, and car in undistinguished ruin. In shouts of rushing hosts-in shock of breasting steeds -- in peal of musketry -- in artillery's roar -- in sabers' clash-in thick and gathering clouds of smoke and dust, all human eye and ear and sense are lost. Man sees naught but the sign of onset. Man hears naught but the cry of "onward."

Not so the celestial stranger. His spiritual eye, unobscured by artificial night, his spiritual ear, unaffected by mechanic noise, witnesses the real scene, naked in all its cruel horrors.

He sees lopped and bleeding limbs scattered; gashed, dismembered trunks, outspread, gore-clothed, lifeless; brains bursting from crushed skulls, blood gushing from sabered necks, severed heads, whose mouths mutter rage amidst the palsy of the last agony.

He hears the mingled cry of anguish and despair issuing from a thousand bosoms in which a thousand bayonets turn; the convulsive scream of anguish from heaps of mangled, half-expiring victims, over whom the heavy artillery wheels lumber and crush into one mass, bone and muscle and sinew, while the fetlock of warhorse drips with blood starting from the last palpitation of the burst heart on which the hoof pivots.

"This is not earth"-would not such a celestial stranger exclaim? -- "this is not earth, this is hell! This is not man, but demon, tormenting demon."

"Thus exclaiming, would he not speed away to the skies -- his immortal nature unable to endure the folly, the crime, and the madness of man? -- Robert Hall.

379. WAR, THE MORAL CHARACTER OF. -- A nation, in declaring war, should be lifted above its passions by the fearfulness and solemnity of the act. It should appeal with unfeigned confidence to heaven and earth for its uprightness of purpose. It should go forth as the champion of truth and justice, as the minister of God, to vindicate and sustain that great moral and national law, without which life has no security, and social improvements no defence. It should be inspired with invincible courage, not by its passions, but by the dignity and holiness of its cause. Nothing in the whole compass of legislation is so solemn as a declaration of war. By nothing do a people incur such tremendous responsibility. Unless justly waged, war involves a people in the guilt of murder. The state which, without the command of justice and God, sends our fleets and armies to slaughter fellow-creatures, must answer for the blood it sheds, as truly as the assassin for the death of his victim. Oh, how loudly does the voice of blood cry to heaven from the field of battle! Undoubtedly, the men whose names have come down to us with the loudest shouts of ages, stand not before the tribunal of eternal justice condemned as murderers; and the victories, which have been thought to encircle a nation with glory, have fixed the same brand on multitudes in the sight of the final and Almighty Judge. -- Dr. Channing.

380. WAR, PRICE OF. -- There is first the human heritage of war, its effect upon the race. War, to the biologist, is the selection of the unfit for survival. The finest of mankind, the healthiest, the pick of the nation's youth is taken for cannon fodder. Left behind because of their failure to measure up to the warrior standards physically and mentally, the civilian population breeds the coming generation. The sex ratios are upset with considerable social and economic consequences. The birth rate is dislocated and the death rate rises behind the lines as well as from actual battle casualties. The modern war of attrition cuts deeply into the daily bread of the peoples. The war generation, as Germany has shown, suffers as much from the lack of a balanced diet as from curtailed supplies. Nervous exhaustion, "war weariness," extends throughout the population showing its effect upon the soldier and civilian alike. Disease, in epidemic form, stalks amid the worn populations. Crime waves sweep the nation, law and order is openly and boldly flaunted. The

"war boom" in business leads to a resulting severe economic depression. Men with families dependent upon them face the future without bread and without work. Long lines of people, many homeless, all poorly clad, stand in the rain for a bowl of soup, a chunk of bread and a cup of coffee. "No Help Wanted" signs face the men who left homes and families to fight the "war to end wars" -- and diplomats, with full stomachs, sit around mahogany tables in richly furnished offices and talk of the "next war." The assaults on victor, vanquished and neutral alike are part of the larger price of war paid by humanity in our inseparably socialized world of nations. - Wesley Carty.

381. WAR, SPIRIT OF. -- Did the Maker create the eye, that it might take better aim on the field of battle, give him skill that he might invent methods of slaying by the thousand, and plant a thirst in the soul, that it might be quenched by the blood of men! Genius has ever sat at the feet of Mars, and exhausted his efforts in preparing exquisite offerings. Human thought has never made such gigantic efforts as when employed in scenes of butchery. Has Skill ever been more active and successful--has Poetry ever so kindled, as when the flames of Troy lighted her page? What school-boy is ignorant of the battleground, and the field of blood, where ancient and modern armies met and tried to crush each other? Has Music ever thrilled like that which led men to battle, and the plume of the desert-bird ever danced so gracefully as when on the head of the warrior? Are any honors so freely bestowed, as cheaply purchased, as those which are gained by a few hours of fighting? See that man, who, so late, was the wonder of the world, calling out, marshaling, employing and wasting almost all the treasures of Europe, for twelve or fifteen years. What multitudes of minds did he call to the murderous work of war -- minds that might have blessed the world with literature, with science, with schools, and with the gospel of peace, had they not been perverted from the great and best object of living! -- Rev. John Todd.

382. WAR, SOLDIERS LEAVING HOME. The past rises like a dream. Again we are in a great struggle for national life. We hear the sound of preparation--the music of the boisterous drums, the silver voices of heroic bugles. We see thousands of assemblages, and hear the appeals of orators; we see the pale cheeks of women and the flushed faces of men; and in these assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part from those they love. Some are walking for the last time in quiet woody places with the maidens they adore. We hear the whisperings and the sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles, kissing babes that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessings of old men. Some are parting with mothers who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing; and some are talking with wives, and endeavoring with brave words spoken in the old tones to drive from their hearts the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the door, with the babe in her arms--standing in the sunlight sobbing; at the turn of the road a hand waves -- she answers by holding high in her loving hand the child. He is gone -- and forever. -- Robert G. Ingersoll.

383. WAR, SUFFICIENT CAUSE OF. -- What are sufficient causes of war, let no man say, let no legislator say, until the question of war is directly and inevitably before him. Jurists may be permitted with comparative safety to pile tome upon tome of interminable disquisition, upon the motives, reasons and causes of just and unjust war; metaphysicians may be suffered with impunity to spin the thread of their speculations until it is attenuated to a cobweb; but for a body created for the government of a great nation, and for the adjustment and protection of its infinitely diversified interests, it is worse than folly to speculate upon the causes of war, until the great question shall be presented for immediate action: until they shall hold the united question of cause, motive, and present expediency, in the very palms of their hands. War is a tremendous evil. Come when it will, unless it shall come in the necessary defence of our national security, or of that honor under whose protection national security reposes, it will come too soon: too soon for our national prosperity: too soon for our individual happiness: too soon for the frugal, industrious and virtuous habits of our citizens: too soon, perhaps, for our most precious institutions. The man, who for any cause, save the sacred cause of public security, which makes all wars defensive, the man who for any cause but this, shall promote or compel this final and terrible resort, assumes a responsibility second to none, (nay, transcendently deeper and higher than any,) which man can assume before his fellow-men, or in the presence of God, his Creator. -- Birney.

384. WAR, SURVIVORS OF. -- Let us not forget the men who, when the conflict of counsel was over, stood forward in that of arms; yet let me not, by faintly endeavoring to sketch, do deep injustice to the story of their exploits. The efforts of a life would scarce suffice to paint colors of sublimity and woe, of agony and triumph.

But the age of commemoration is at hand. The voice of our father's blood begins to cry to us, from beneath the soil which is moistened. Time is bringing forward, in their proper relief, the men and the deed of that high-souled day. The generation of contemporary worthies is gone; the crowd of the unsignalized great and good disappears; and the leaders in war as well as council, are seen, in Fancy's eye, to take their stations on the mount of remembrance.

They come from the embattled cliffs of Abraham; they start from the heaving sods of Bunker's Hill; they gather from the blazing lines of Saratoga and Yorktown, from the blood-dyed waters of the Brandywine, from the dreary snows of Valley Forge, and all the hard-fought fields of the war. With all their wounds and all their honors, they rise and plead with us for their brethren who survive; and bid us, if indeed we cherish the memory of those who bled in our cause, to show our gratitude, not by sounding words, but by stretching out the strong arm of the country's prosperity to help the veteran survivors gently down to their graves -- Edward Everett.

385. WAR, TAXATION FOR. -- If taxes should become necessary, I do not hesitate to say the people will pay cheerfully. It is for their government and their cause, and would be their interest and duty to pay. But it may be, and, I believe, was said, that the nation will not pay taxes, because the rights violated are not worth defending; or that the defence will cost more than the profit.

Sir, I here enter my solemn protest against this low and "calculating avarice" entering this hall of legislation. It is only fit for shops and counting-houses, and ought not to disgrace the seat of sovereignty by its squalid and vile appearance. Whenever it touches sovereign power, the nation is ruined. It is too short-sighted to defend itself. It is an unpromising spirit, always ready to yield a part to save the balance. It is too timid to have in itself the laws of self-preservation. It is never safe but under the shield of honor. Sir, I only know of one principle to make a nation great, to produce in this country not the form but real spirit of union, and that is, to protect every citizen in the lawful pursuit of his business. He will then feel that he is backed by the government; that its arm is his arms, and will rejoice in its increased strength and prosperity. Protection and patriotism are reciprocal. This is the road that all great nations have trod. Sir, I am not versed in this calculating policy, and will not, therefore, pretend to estimate in dollars and cents the value of national independence or national affection. I cannot dare to measure in shillings and pence the misery, the stripes, and the slavery of our impressed seamen; nor even to value our shipping, commercial, and agricultural losses under the orders in council and the British system of blockade. I hope I have not condemned any prudent estimate of the means of a country, before it enters on a war. This is wisdom; the other, folly.

-- John C. Calhoun.

386. WARNINGS. -- In old times our Nether Bow port and the gate of old London Bridge were often garnished with human heads; and on these, in days of tyranny and wrong, many a good, praying, and patriot head was spiked, alongside those of notorious criminals, to bake and wither in the sun. This, which we now consider a barbarous and offensive custom, was continued, after a fashion, down to our own age. Years ago, yet in our time, you could see, in sailing on the Thames, certain strange and fearful objects, close by the shore and standing up within tide-mark between you and the sky. They were gibbets, with dead men hung in chains. This spectacle, though repugnant to modern tastes and notions, had a good object in view; it accomplished something other and better than merely frightening those who, passing there by night, might hear the wind whistle through the holes of the empty skull, and the rusty chains creak as the body swayed round and round. Piracy, with its horrible atrocities on men and women, was then much more commonly practised by seamen than it is now, and as their ships dropped down the river, past these monuments of that crime and its punishment, the sailors carried away with them a salutary warning. They saw the abhorrence with which society regarded, and the vengeance with which justice pursued the perpetrators of so great a crime. Paul says, "Them that sin, rebuke before God, that others also may fear;" and these pirates were hung up before all for that good end. But the lesson, though striking, and well adapted; perhaps, to the rough men of rude time, was not

perpetual. The work of decay went on, till bone dropping away from bone left only empty chains; and thus, mother earth hiding in her bosom the last relics of a guilty child, the criminal and his crime were both forgotten. -- Thomas Guthrie.

387. WORDS, USE SIMPLE. Aspirants for literary advancement should religiously eschew polysyllabic orthography. The philosophical and philological substructure of this principle is ineluctable. Excessively attenuated verbal symbols inevitably induce unnecessary complexity and consequently tend to exaggerate the obfuscation of the mentality of the casual peruser. Conversely, expressions which are reduced to the furthestmost minimum of simplification and compactness, besides contributing a factor of realistic verisimilitude, constitute a much less onerous handicap to the reader's perspicacity. Observe, for instance, the unmistakable and inescapable expressiveness of onomatopoeic, interjectional, monosyllabic utterances, especially when motivated under strenuous emotional circumstances. How much more appealing is their euphonious pulchritude than the preposterous and pretentious, pomposity of elongated verbiage and rhetorical rhodomontade.

388. WASHINGTON. -- There is a modest, private mansion on the bank of the Potomac, the abode of George Washington. It boasts no spacious portal, nor gorgeous colonnade, nor massy elevation, nor storied tower, No arch or column, in courtly English or courtier Latin, sets forth the deeds and the worth of the Father of his Country; he needs them not; the unwritten benedictions of millions cover all the walls. No gilded dome swells from the lowly roof to catch the morning or evening beam, but the love and gratitude of united America settle upon it in one eternal sunshine. From beneath that humble roof went forth the intrepid and unselfish warrior -- the magistrate who knew no glory but his country's good; to that he returned happiest when his work was done. There he lived in noble simplicity; there he died in glory and peace. While it stands, the latest generations of the grateful children of America will make their pilgrimage to it as to a shrine; and when it shall fall, if fall it must, the memory and the name of Washington shall shed an eternal glory on the spot. -- Edward Everett.

389. WASHINGTON, FAME OF. -- The Republic may perish; the wide arch of our raised Union may fall; star by star its glories may expire; stone after stone its columns and its capitol may molder and crumble; all other names which adorn its annals may be forgotten; but as long as human hearts shall anywhere pant, or human tongue shall anywhere plead, for a sure, rational, constitutional liberty, those hearts shall enshrine the memory and those tongues shall prolong the fame, of George Washington. -- At the laying of the cornerstone of the Washington monument. -- R. C. Winthrop.

390. WATER. -- Sweet, beautiful water! -- brewed in the running brook, the rippling fountain, and the laughing rill -- in the limpid cascade, as it joyfully leaps down the side of the mountain. Brewed in yonder mountain top, whose granite peaks glitter like gold bathed in the morning sun -- brewed in the sparkling

dewdrop: sweet, beautiful water! -- brewed in the crested wave of the ocean deeps, driven by the storm, breathing its terrible anthem to the God of the Sea-brewed in the fleecy foam, and the whitened spray as it hangs like a speck over the distant cataract -- brewed in the clouds of heaven; sweet, beautiful water! As it sings in the rain shower and dances in the hail storm-as it comes sweeping down in feathery flakes, clothing the earth in a spotless mantle of white -- always beautiful! Distilled in the golden tissues that paint the western sky at the setting of the sun, and the silvery tissues that veil the midnight moon -- sweet, health-giving, beautiful water! Distilled in the rainbow of promise, whose warp is the raindrop of earth and whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven-sweet, beautiful water! -- John B. Gough -- From his temperance lectures.

391. WELL-ROUNDED PROGRAM. -- "My boy," said the magnate to his son, "there are two things that are vitally necessary if you are to succeed in business."

"What are they, dad?"

"Honesty and sagacity."

"What is honesty?"

"Always -- no matter what happens or how adversely it may affect you-always keep your word once you have given it."

"And sagacity?"

"Never give it." -- Boston Evening Transcript.

392. WHITE SUPREMACY. -- In the eighteenth century the world began to be color-conscious. It finally became colorblind. There was written into our ethics, our customs, and even our religion the one and only virtue -- whiteness. Everything that embodied superiority, purity, beauty and honor was white. All that symbolized superstition, ignorance, inferiority and dishonor was black. White men were supermen; black men were beasts of burden. White men were Gods; black men were devils. Heaven was a pearly white city; hell was a black dismal pit. We finally became believers in the divine-rights theory -- "the king, a white man, can do no wrong." This philosophy is read into our constitution and is interpreted from our laws. It is the gospel of the Twentieth Century! It has its priests; it spreads its propaganda. Hence, one rushes to the inevitable conclusion: "Lynch the damn nigger, keep him in his place, this is a white man's country." -- William McClain.

393. WIT. Private John Allen won, by a happy turn of wit, his first seat in Congress over the Confederate General Tucker, who had fought gallantly in the Civil War and served with distinction two or three terms in Congress. They met on the stump. General Tucker closed one of his speeches as follows: "Seventeen years ago last night, my fellow citizens, after a hard-fought battle on yonder hill, I

bivouacked under yonder clump of trees. Those of you who remember as I do the times that tried men's souls will not, I hope, forget their humble servant when the primaries shall be held."

That was a strong appeal in those days, but John raised the General at his own game in the following amazing manner: "My fellow citizens, what General Tucker says to you about the engagement seventeen years ago on yonder hill is true. What General Tucker says to you about having bivouacked in yon clump of trees on that night is true. It is also true, my fellow citizens, that I was vedette picket and stood guard over him while he slept. Now then, fellow citizens, all you who were generals and had privates to stand guard over you while you slept, vote for General Tucker; and all of you who were privates and stood guard over the generals while they slept, vote for Private John Allen."

394. WIT. -- The "maiden speech" of John Allen delivered in Congress proved to be a lucky one. The river and harbor bill was up. John wanted to offer an amendment making an appropriation for Tombigbee River. The chairman of the committee had promised him time and had forgotten it. John then asked unanimous consent to address the House, and the chairman tried to help him, but some one objected, whereupon John, with tears in his voice and looking doleful as a hired mourner at a funeral, said with melancholy accent, "Well, I would at least like to have permission to print some remarks in the 'Record' and insert 'laughter and applause' in appropriate places." This hit at one of the most common abuses of the House -- "leave to print" -- so amused the members that he secured unanimous consent to speak. At the close of his speech he said, "Now, Mr. Speaker, having fully answered all the arguments of my opponents, I will retire to the cloakroom for a few moments to receive the congratulations of admiring friends."

395. WOMAN'S INFLUENCE. -- The influence of the female character is now felt and acknowledged in all the relations of her life. I speak not now of those distinguished women, who instruct their age through the public press; nor of those whose devout strains we take upon our lips when we worship; but of a much larger class; of those whose influence is felt in the relations of neighbor, friend, daughter, wife, mother. Who waits at the couch of the sick to administer tender charities while life lingers, or to perform the last acts of kindness when death comes? Where shall we look for those examples of friendship that most adorn our nature; those abiding friendships, which trust even when betrayed and survive all changes of fortune? Where shall we find the brightest illustrations of filial piety? Have you ever seen a daughter, herself perhaps timid and helpless, watching the decline of an aged parent, and holding out with heroic fortitude to anticipate his wishes, to administer to his wants, and to sustain his tottering steps to the very borders of the grave?

But in no relation does woman exercise so deep an influence, both immediately and prospectively, as in that of mother. To her is committed the immortal treasure of the infant mind. Upon her devolves the care of the first stages of that course of discipline which is to form, of a being perhaps the most frail and

helpless in the world, the fearless ruler of animated creation, and the devout adorer of its great Creator. Her smiles call into exercise the first affections that spring up in our hearts. She cherishes and expands the earliest germs of our intellects. She breathes over us her deepest devotions. She lifts our little hands, and teaches our little tongues to lisp in prayer. She watches over us, like a guardian angel and protects us through all our helpless years, when we know not of her cares and her anxieties on our account. She follows us into the world of men, and lives in us, and blesses us, when she lives not otherwise upon the earth. -- J. G. Garter.

396. WORLD, GROWING BETTER. -- I have a dream that the world is growing better and better every day and every year; and that there is more charity, more justice, more love every day. I have a dream that prisons will not always curse the earth; that the withered hand of want will not always be stretched out for charity; that finally wisdom will sit in the legislature, be controlled by liberty and love, justice and charity. That is my dream, and if it does not come true it is not my fault.

397. WORLD, AN ORDERLY. -- The glorious firmament which smiles above us would not be complete without even the smallest star that glimmers in remote obscurity. The commingled light of all the heavenly hosts, their heat and force of gravity are essential to the universal order, harmony and beauty. "Not one faileth" in its appointed orbit. If one should fail, the equipoise of the universe might be disturbed, -- its order disarranged, its harmony and beauty marred. God made them all, and each is part of his infinite design. He made the sun rule the day, and the moon the night; "He made the stars also."

In the vast creation of the solar system each has its place, the greatest sun, the smallest star. The smaller was not made for the glory of the greatest, but each for the glory of the Creator. They move and shine, not by their own but by the Creator's power and light. The sun was not made to dazzle and eclipse his smaller neighbors; the stars were not made to pay tribute to the sun and moon, -- they ALL were made for HIM.

So it is with the teeming millions of men, God made them all, and each is needed in his infinite Plan. As in the solar system, so in the social order, each has his place. The greater was not made to lord it over the smaller; the smaller not to pay tribute to the greater. Each was made to serve each, and ALL to serve and glorify the Creator. He made the small to shine and serve in their appointed place. -- Albert S. Lehr.

398. WORLD, THE END OF. -- When the first day of judgment happened, that of the universal deluge of waters upon the old world, the calamity swelled like the flood, and every man saw his friend perish, and the neighbors of his dwelling, and the relatives of his house, and the sharers of his joys, and yesterday's bride, and the new-born heir, the priest of the family; and the honor of the kindred, all dying or dead, drenched in water and the divine vengeance; and then they had no place to flee unto, no man cared for their souls; they had none to go unto for counsel, no

sanctuary high enough to keep them from the vengeance that rained down from the heavens; and so it shall be at the day of judgment, when that world and this, and all that shall be born hereafter, shall pass through the same Red Sea, and be all baptized with the same fire, and be involved in the same cloud, in which shall be thunderings and terrors infinite. Every man's fear shall be increased by his neighbor's shrieks and the amazement that all the world shall be in, shall unite as the sparks of a raging furnace into a globe of fire, and roll upon its own principle, and increase by direct appearances and intolerable reflections. And that shriek must needs be terrible, when millions of men and women, at the same instant, shall fearfully cry out, and the noise shall mingle with the trumpet of the archangel, with the thunders of the dying and groaning heavens, and the crack of the dissolving world, when the whole fabric of nature shall shake into dissolution and eternal ashes! -- Jeremy Taylor.

399. WOODROW WILSON, COURAGE OF. -- On Saturday last, Mr. Speaker, the distinguished gentleman from New York entertained the House with a revival of that sterling old American melodrama entitled "Twisting the British Lion's Tail," with himself in the stellar role of tail twister-in-chief. As a curtain raiser for the main event he gave us "Me and Woodrow Wilson." "Twisting the British Lion's Tail" is high tragedy, but "Me and Woodrow Wilson" is low comedy. "Twisting the British Lion's tail has always been a prime favorite with political vaudevillians. In our father's time it was used as a companion piece for that other political melodrama entitled "Waving the Bloody Shirt." The present generation has seen little of it, and when the distinguished gentleman from Kansas dragged it out of the attic of discarded issues the other day, it seemed to me that the odor of moth balls clung around it still. James G. Blaine once tried to win the presidency with it. Roscoe Conklyn essayed the leading role on one or two occasions, but statesmen who valued the golden opinion of posterity, rejected it as something unworthy of their talents. Let us emulate their example.

I would remind the gentleman and his associates on the other side of the aisle that the distinguished gentleman who now occupies the White House is the same Woodrow Wilson, who as President of Princeton University tore down the walls of caste and drove snobs and snobocracy from that great institution of learning. This is the same Woodrow Wilson who, as Governor of New Jersey risked his whole political career to drive a corrupt boss from the councils of his party. This is the same Woodrow Wilson who, when the Underwood Tariff Bill was under discussion in the House, overthrew the Sugar Trust and the Woolen Trust, the twin trust that for half a century had been so powerful that the mighty Theodore never dared to raise a finger against them; and Taft confessed him, self impotent in the presence of their influence.

The gentleman on the other side of the aisle prayed for a panic with more ardor than the farmers of Kansas ever prayed for rain. But the panic did not come, and in despair they have turned their attack on the administration's policy. Like the poor devil who seeks water in Death Valley, they have pursued every mirage which

could be fashioned by brains unbalanced by hope "too long deferred." And on each occasion, just as their fever-cracked lips were about to touch the limpid stream which flowed down a grassy bank beneath the shadow of a great rock, the vision vanished and they have been left to perish in the sands of disappointment. -- From a speech in Congress by Edward Keating of Colorado.

400. WORRY. -- It is an insanity to get more than you need, Imagine a man, an intelligent man, say with two or three million coats, eight or ten million hats, a vast warehouse full of shoes, billions of neckties; and imagine that man getting up at four o'clock in the morning in the rain and snow and sleet, working like a dog all day to get another necktie! Is not that exactly what the men with twenty or thirty million or with five million does today? Working his life out that somebody may say, "How rich he is." What can he do with his surplus? Nothing. Can he eat it? No. Make friends? No. Purchase flattery and lies? Yes. He can make all his poor relatives hate him. And then what worry! Nights of nervous torment until his poor little brain becomes inflamed and you see in the morning paper, "died of apoplexy." This man finally began to worry for fear he would not have enough neckties to last him to the journey's end.

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III. CONCLUDING BOOK ITEMS

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A. SPEECHES FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS

401. -- OUR HERITAGE FROM PIONEERS

Three hundred and more years ago there was a group of men and women numbering one hundred and twenty pioneer souls who, on approaching the New England Coast, formed in the name of God a compact which marked the beginning of democracy on a new continent.

Surely these people were pioneers. They were inspired by the "pioneer of life." They were in a frail vessel, the Mayflower. For weeks this frail bark had borne them across the ocean, moving slowly towards America, the land of their dreams and their hopes. They sailed in the name of Christ and for humanity. Every day they committed their destinies into the hands of God.

Most of them had originally come from a little country community at Scrooby, Nottinghamshire, England. It is not easy for us to understand their difficulties and problems. An act of Uniformity had been passed which curtailed the liberties of all those not conforming to the doctrines and practices of the established church. In the later years of the sixteenth century several cultured ministers of the Puritans had been put to death.

Persecution was so determined that the whole congregation of the little church at Schooby decided to move to Holland and after much difficulty and opposition, all the members of the group were established at Amsterdam. But there was not much sympathy, and soon contentions arose. The group then moved to Leyden. Here they felt the impact of a foreign atmosphere. Their children were growing up and learning another language and the ideals of this race were not the ideals to which they were committed. They were not able to open their hearts as they would have liked; and filled with a pioneer spirit they decided to leave for America.

When the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth they found a very austere country. They were certainly pioneers. No one can read the diary of Governor Bradford without being greatly touched. Half their number died the first winter. These were true and valiant souls, men of high conviction and deep piety.

What sought they thus afar? Bright jewels of the mine? The wealth of seas, the spoils of war? They sought a faith's pure shrine. Ay, call it holy ground, the soil where first they trod! They have left unstained what there they found; freedom to worship God.

Where is the pioneer spirit today? All who are filled with the same purpose, the same ideals, the same gleam of vision, the same readiness to sacrifice all for conviction -- in these is to be found the pioneer spirit still, even today, in spite of its ease and comfort.

If we could sum up the elements which have come to us as our heritage, they could be easily summed up in the words of the preamble to the constitution to the effect that liberty, equality and the pursuit of happiness are the unalienable rights of all men. Liberty to worship God as one chooses is the background for all real liberty. There can be no liberty when the soul is trammelled. Freedom cannot be found where the life must reach out through defined lines, out of which it dare not stray. But that outreach for liberty produced the whole fruitage of our national liberty, the liberty of this nation, such a liberty as the world had never even dreamed of heretofore. Political liberty, freedom from servitude of all kind, the greatest type of liberty is ours. Dearly has this been bought, but the seed of liberty was conceived at Plymouth, cradled at Lexington, enjoyed its youth at Saratoga, reached its young manhood in 1812, and came to its maturity at Appomattox. This is our inheritance. What is it worth?

Need I suggest that equality is a secondary growth from this day of pioneers. They dared not listen to rank, save rank of ability. They had no place for an aristocracy, save that of service. He had the highest rank who best conserved the community; he was the greatest aristocrat who manifested the wisest leadership. And we today find that attitude in every corner of the land. We own no superiors save that of ability; the nation has no aristocrats save those who serve. No place is

closed to any citizen of the nation; the door of opportunity is ever flung widely open, and all stand on the common level of opportunity, if not on the common level of ability. We today look the world in the face and call the dukes and counts, the nobles and lords by their common names. They to us are, Hail fellow, well met; provided they stack up and deliver the goods, and not otherwise. For we have found that some of the philosophy of Bum's has come over with the pioneers, and we today say,

The rank is but the guinea stamp, A man's a man for a' that.

The public school system is the greatest example of the truth of this heritage possible for us to discover. Few, indeed, of the citizens to be of this land, but pass through its portals. And if they fail to so journey, too often in later years a lack of democracy is discovered among those who have not had the privilege of the public school. The rich and the poor, the high and the low, the white and the black, the red and the tan, the city and the country, the manufacturing centers and the agriculturists all find a common ground in the public schools of this land. And one of the great ideals of those pioneers was education-today we enjoy that privilege.

And the third element of the constitution is that the fight to happiness belongs to every man. What makes happiness? Why these very elements we have been suggesting. And because of them, every man can attain to happiness. Work, certainly, but when his work is done, he is master of his own castle, and can sit at his own fireside. Someone has said that America is a nation of homes. One thing is certainly true, and that is that more American families own their own homes than any other nation on the earth. And that is one of the first essentials to happiness. To have your own roof, to plough and plant your own garden, to care for your own place and to learn to love it and enjoy it is a very large commencement in the pursuit of happiness. What pictures we see in the city and the country as men come home from their toil, content to reach their own doorway and be greeted by love and laughter. This is enjoyment and true happiness.

But it goes deeper still, for America is the only nation that has exalted service as the key to character. Its commerce is dominated by service clubs, who seek to make the world of commerce something more than a mere money grabbing concern, and instead compel the consideration of the needs of the whole community and the whole nation. America gives largely, Red Cross, Near East, Community Chests, this project and that are aided by the great American people, This means that they are learning the lesson of the pioneers, who gave up all that they might enjoy the best. To be happy, to seek happiness is not only the unalienable right of every American, but his if he but chooses to obtain it.

Is not there something more? Behind it all the great heritage we enjoy is that of religious freedom. We can either be religious or irreligious. Perhaps that may not seem to be such a heritage, but it must be remembered that the right to worship God as we choose gives to the other fellow the privilege of refusing to worship if he

chooses. We fail to see how he can in reality logically accept that attitude or that position, but it only strengthens our own privilege, that of voicing our hymns and praises to God in the strains of our own choice. We have a great heritage. It is ours. The danger lies in us, that we fail.

The other day a great speaker said, "I am not concerned about the immigration problem, nor yet the great numbers of alien faces that have landed on the shores of this country. Their children will reach out for the best, and win for themselves the highest. What I am concerned about is the youth of American people, the children of those men and women who boast of their ancestry, that these children shall cease to believe in the reality of their heritage as followers of the pilgrims of the Mayflower. Here lies the secret of our disease today. Too many are saying, "What's the use," and giving themselves over to a blase yawn and an aimless existence while others step in and reach the heights possible to all.

You remember the story of the two sacks of wheat entrusted to two farmers while the owner was on a journey. On his return, the one took him to the granary and said, "There it is," pointing to a rotten sack of mildewed grain. The other said, "there it is," and pointed to the fields with a rich promise of harvest. "Well," said the owner, "when the grain is harvested, give me but my sack; the rest is thine."

Our heritage will avail us little unless it becomes living and real. Implanted within the heart, it bears fruitage; kept within the pages of history, mildew robs it of its glory and ruins its possibilities. Cherish these sacred gifts which have come to us from the past for:--

New occasions teach new duties;
Time marks ancient good uncouth;
We must upward still and onward,
Who would keep abreast of Truth.

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402. THE SPIRIT OF CHIVALRY -- Man is a sublime egotist. In his opinion all investigation and knowledge owe their chief value to the relation which they sustain to him-his origin, progress, needs, happiness, and destiny. It is especially important to study the various steps by which he has attained civil, social, and moral excellence. No other study is so interesting as that of human character and life.

History is not a patchwork like the motley garb of a harlequin, but possesses essential continuity and unity. Each successive period has borrowed much from that which went before, and it is strictly true that our own time is the "heir of the ages." Few studies impress us more clearly with this fact than the investigation of the ideals of personal excellence suggested by the word "chivalry." The term long since ceased to suggest, what its etymology indicates, a body of horsemen; but the associations which gather about it, because of its connection for centuries with the

highest ideals of personal values, cause it to shine with undimmed luster. There is no man who would not be proud to be called chivalrous, and to designate any act as chivalric is the highest praise.

No other word includes in its meaning a brighter array of virtues and accomplishments than is found in the term "chivalry." Courage, magnanimity, honor, purity, aspiration, respect for women, courtesy, and reverence are all embraced in the ample meaning of the word.

There has been in every age some attempt to realize this lofty conception of personal worth. Three of these ideals are particularly noteworthy, as represented by the hero of antiquity, the knight of the Middle Ages, and the gentleman of modern times.

The hero of antiquity was by no means a perfect character, but he illustrated for that time the highest conception of individual excellence, and displayed some, at least, of the characteristics of chivalry. Jonathan's loyalty to David, David's forbearance toward Saul in the cave of Adullam, were chivalric.

Nor was chivalrous conduct confined to men. The beautiful queen of Ahasuerus displayed the highest courage and purest patriotism when she uttered the words, 'And if I perish, I perish!' The steadfastness and devotion of Ruth have secured her lasting remembrance.

Alexander showed a chivalric friendship for his favorite physician when he drank before him the potion he had prescribed, and immediately showed him a letter which stated that the draught was poisoned. Caesar displayed a knightly sense of honor, when, after the battle of Pharsalia, he burned unread the captured correspondence of Pompey, which would have revealed the names and plans of his enemies; and his tears at the sight of the gory head of his rival were worthy "The foremost man of all the world."

Medieval chivalry was aristocratic; modern chivalry is democratic. The former presented an ideal for the few; the latter offers possibilities of exalted excellence for the many. The former held sharply to the limitations of rank, and the boundary lines were never crossed by yeomen, farmers, serfs, or slaves. The latter breathes the spirit of human equality and brotherhood. It proudly declares with Robert Burns:

The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

Not only is modern chivalry distinguished from that of a former time by the democracy of its spirit, but the field for its display is far more varied and beneficent. That was an institution of courts and camps; this may dignify and ennoble the

humblest sphere of life. The knight was indissolubly associated with rank. The chivalrous gentleman may have a sooty face and hands begrimed with toil. Thus much for social evolution. It was not long since contrary to law as well as custom in England for one who labored or engaged in trade to appropriate the name "gentleman." Our own time is in nearer accord with the doctrine of intrinsic excellence declared in the words, "Man looketh at the outward appearance, but God looketh at the heart." John Maynard was chivalrous. The doctors and nurses who went to cholera, stricken Memphis were chivalrous. The lad who rode in front of the Johnstown flood to warn the people was knightly. Ida Lewis and Clara Barton possess the fine spirit of Boadicea and Joan of Arc. Brakemen, engineers, life-savers by the sea, firemen, and multitudes of others make chivalrous conduct the frequent, but not less noble, record of our daily life. A great steamer was making her first trip across the ocean, her ponderous lever snapped, and like a mighty flail was fast beating a hole through the bottom of the ship. Scalding, hissing steam filled the engine room and extinguished the light. The brave engineer crawled, blinded and breathless, just out of reach of the Titanic blows, and at length grasped the lever with firm hand and stopped the machinery. Was not this a knightly act?

The most perfect specimens of chivalric deeds in the Middle Ages have been more than matched in even the unwritten history of our own time. Let us pause to consider a few illustrations from the civil war. Would you ask for a delicate sense of honor? Is it not shown in what follows? During the Chattanooga campaign, on the eve of a great battle, in the morning, before the forward movement had begun, General Sherman desired to unmask the batteries which might have been placed in position by the Confederates during the night. A railroad ran around at the foot of the mountains. Sherman said to a locomotive engineer, "Can you run your engine round the curve? . . . Yes," said the brave man, and turning to a companion handed him his watch, pocketbook, and the address of his wife, for he never expected to see her dear face again in his little cottage by the river. He then stepped aboard, and pulling open the throttle valve, away, away, sped the engine. From many an ambushed battery shot and shell were fiercely hurled at the flying locomotive. The keen-eyed general marked the positions thus unwittingly revealed, while round the curve the engine disappeared and its fierce whistle was heard no more. The general turned sadly to his officers and said, "I'm afraid we have lost him;" but it was not long before the engine came into sight again, snorting its defiance. Cheer after cheer rose from the army as the engineer, wiping his sooty face, patted his noble steed, saying, "Good girl! good girl!" A few days after he chanced to enter the office of the paymaster, who said, "I have five hundred dollars placed to your credit." "Who put it there?" the man asked. "O, the general," was the reply. "I will not take it," he said, "it would look as if I did it for money. Tell the general if he will write on a piece of paper that I did it, I will send it to my wife, and that is all I want." The general wrote the paper, and to his signature was added that of General Grant, Secretary Stanton, and President Lincoln, and it now hangs on the wall of a humble home in Ohio.

In this very practical age it is well for us to dwell sometimes upon those elements of character which are more than mere utilities.

Let us consider some of the chivalric virtues:

Physical courage is the birthright of the Teutonic race, but moral courage is a rarer endowment. That fine spirit that conquers a rebellious body, that masters weakness and infirmities, controls temper, subdues, passions, and marches straightforward in the path of duty against known odds, this, according to Browning, is chivalry.

The chivalry
That dares the right and disregards alike
The yea and nay o' the world.

Courage finds many an opportunity for its display other than on a battlefield. We have seen for months past a young man of wealth, liberal education, and aristocratic associations fearlessly championing the cause of temperance in the great metropolis.

Thousands of saloons could not daunt Theodore Roosevelt; curses, threats, and flattery alike were of no avail. "I shall enforce the law without fear or favor," was the language of the President of the Police Commissioners of New York City. The saloons were closed and the sanctity of the Sabbath sustained. Such a victory in the interest of good morals in a great city fills us with confidence that we shall yet witness the triumph of other important municipal reforms. This chivalry gentleman has said that any man who has kindred dependent upon him owes his service to them; while a man who is independent by virtue of wealth owes his labors to society and his country. In such a scheme of life there is no place for luxurious idlers, and he furnishes a good illustration of a manly and fearless performance of civil duties.

Magnanimity is a knightly virtue. It scorns to take advantage and despises the mean and underhanded. It is generous. It was displayed by the French Officer who charged upon the commander of an English regiment, but when he discovered that his enemy had no sword arm he saluted him and gallantly rode away. Magnanimity is slow to take offense, but prompt to forgive. It almost pales one's power of belief that an Irish earl could think it possible that honorable gentlemen in a friendly international contest could be guilty of unmanly trickery.

"Honor" is one of the choice words in the vocabulary of a gentleman. Our fathers pledged it in the Declaration of Independence as their most sacred guarantee -- their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor. Honor sometimes enforces the observance of those requirements which no law could compel a person to obey; it is therefore often of higher authority than mere statutes. Washington wrote to Robert Morris, asking him to borrow a large sum of money

which the army sadly needed. Morris appealed to a wealthy Quaker. "What security canst thee give me? . . . My word of honor." "Thee can have the money," was the reply.

General Grant paroled thirty-one thousand prisoners after the surrender of Vicksburg, and it has never been charged that any of them broke their word. The honorable man is a law to himself.

After the battle of Pavia Francis the First wrote to the queen regent, his mother: "All is lost save honor;" and many a fine spirit has felt with him that honor saved is more than all else that might be lost.

The white robe which was donned by the candidate for knighthood was an emblem of the white life which he promised to live. How fine a thing is a pure manhood! How it shone in the person of Joseph in the court of Pharaoh! There is no greater enemy to society than he who stains the imagination and corrupts the heart of youth. The crime is no less heinous if it be done in the name of art. Pen and pencil have too often been prostituted to this base purpose; literature, pictorial representation, and the drama pander too much to the baser passions of the soul. Alas, for the man with a corrupted imagination; he may strive to rid himself of it, but will find that he is as helpless as Hercules when he strove to tear off the poisoned tunic; the virus has entered his veins and cannot be eradicated. "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God."

The fifth of the knightly virtues is a desire for worthy achievement. Never before were the opportunities of life so ample as they are today. No artificial distinctions, in this free land, restrict and cripple the aspiring soul. Knowledge, wealth, position, political influence, are all offered to those who are willing to earn them. The prizes of scholarships are usually secured by such as feel the necessity to labor. Our history abounds with the record of successes obtained under apparently the most adverse circumstances. The mother of Andrew Jackson was almost without a shelter for her babe, but this child, born in the direst poverty, developed into a man of indomitable energy, and possessed withal such elegance of manner that he would have adorned any court in Europe. The greatest character of the nineteenth century was nurtured among the most unpropitious environments. Our country and institutions appeal to the individual, and summon each to do his best. In a republic like ours no one has a right to enjoy its blessing and shirk its responsibilities.

There are many indications that the spirit of modern Christian chivalry may render war impossible. But yesterday the passions of great nations were terribly stirred and we were plunged into one of the most dreadful conflicts that the world has ever seen. Then the conservative force of Christian teaching made itself felt. A great popular expression in favor of peaceable settlement of difficulties by arbitration demanded and received recognition from cabinets and rulers. Had it not been for this, for aught we know, our skies might ere this have flared with the blaze

of burning cities and we he suffering the desolations of war. A better spirit has prevailed. Wise and temperate words have been spoken in favor of peace. It is not too much to hope that the prophecy expressed in the words of Longfellow may yet be fulfilled:

The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease,
And like a bell with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"
Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies,
But beautiful as songs of the immortals
The holy melodies of love arise."

* * *

403. CLUB PURPOSES AND IDEALS -- Dear Friends: We are engaged in worthwhile achievements. Our club has definite purposes and ideals. We have visions of accomplishments; and vision has ever been the guiding angel of mankind; throughout history it has always been the man of vision who has led. No progress has ever been made without it and a nation's greatest assets are its men of vision, whether educators, statesmen, inventors or industrialists.

Higher! It is a word of noble import. It is an impulse of tremendous lifting power. It lifts the soul of man from low and groveling pursuits to the achievement of high and great purposes.

Senator Bailey, who held the senate and its galleries full of visitors spellbound for three hours while speaking on a subject ordinarily dull, laughed at a friend who congratulated him. "No," said Bailey, "I did not lift myself by my bootstraps; I lifted myself by my aspirations."

Nothing else will so surely save one from failure as a complete surrender to a passion for excellence -- to a lofty ideal! This is the steam engine. It is the pilot at the wheel!

Darwin's suggestion as to the evolution of the eagle is an instructive one. The desire to ascend was there before the wings, and through countless ages of development the process of formation and adaptation went on, until at last with mighty pinions the eagle soared aloft toward the sun.

Of us it may be said that every well-meant trial and intention and effort is part of a great process. Each starts some feather and develops some muscle in the eagle's wing. It is he who aspires highly who highly achieves.

I have only time to indicate and barely touch upon a few of the many IDEALS OF OUR CLUB:

1. Let me begin with FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship is the world's deep need. Friendship is always mutual. It is not enjoyed -- indeed it does not exist -- until it is returned as well as given. It is never patronage--your splendid condescension to somebody else's felt insufficiency. As it takes two to quarrel, it takes two to touch the glory of friendship.

Friends meet face to face, look one another in the eyes; their smile is eloquent of a precious thing shared; they gladly give themselves away to one another. And that is what friendship means. The difference between a friend and an acquaintance is that to the one you open your heart, and to the other you do not.

Friendship is built on respect for human personality. There is no trace of contempt in it; there is no desire for mastery in it, that secret love of ordering other people about, the desire for power, which hides deep down even in the best of us. Well, you cannot be top dog and friend to the same person. Friendship means holding that other personality sacred, respecting it as such. Friendship is not possible under any lower conditions.

The reality of friendship is seen in the choice and selective qualities of life. Nothing reveals more clearly what a man really is than a knowledge of the friends he chooses, and those whom he avoids, Dr. Weir Mitchell once said:

"Show me his friends and I the man shall know."

The choice of friendships is ours. We are thrown with our companions; we are blessed and compelled with our relatives, but we choose our real friends, and the choice of our friends evidences the greatness or littleness of the soul.

Friendship, in its truest sense, is next to love, the most abused of words. One may call many "friend" and be still ignorant of that sentiment, cooler than passion, warmer than respect, more just and generous than either, which recognizes a kindred spirit in another, and claiming its right, keeps it sacred by the wise reserve that is to friendship what the purple bloom is to the grape, a charm which once destroyed can never be restored.

A true friend is somebody who can make us do what we can.

Friend hath the skill and observation of the best physician; the diligence and vigilance of the best nurse; and the tenderness and patience of the best mother.

Friendship is a strong and habitual inclination to promote the good and happiness of one another.

Kingsley says: "A friend is a human soul whom we can trust utterly; who knows the best and worst of us, and who loves us in spite of all our faults; who will speak the honest truth to us; who will give us counsel and reproof in the day of prosperity and self-conceit, but who will comfort and encourage us in the day of difficulty and sorrow."

When friendships are real, they are not glass threads or frostwork, but the solidest thing you know. The golden finger of divinity reaches out and touches me; it reaches out and touches you; I clasp your hand and the club is complete.

2. Of course such FRIENDSHIP NATURALLY LEADS to COOPERATION.

There is a very old story of a father who had seven sons. These sons were continually quarreling among themselves. One day the father called them together. In his hand he held a bundle of sticks. Handing it to the eldest son, he requested that it be broken. It was then handed to the next younger, and so on down until it had reached the youngest son. Each had strained every muscle in his body but he could not break the bundle. It was then handed back to the father, whereupon he took his knife, cut the strings that held the sticks together and broke each one separately. Then the son exclaimed simultaneously: "Easy enough to do it so." To which the father replied: "My sons, in this incident there is for you a lesson. Each of you separately will be able to accomplish little in life, but if you will hold together as this bundle of sticks did before the string was cut, you will multiply your strength many fold."

This old story made such an impression upon me that I have never forgotten it. Cooperation means the uniting of forces; the contributing or throwing together of all the force and power that one controls.

Every workman thinks he has the most important job.

The old quarrel between the boy who in the old days, pumped the organ, and the young organist who sat at the keyboard is a parable.

The boy insisted his work was most important and the organist declared it was she who made the music. The boy refused to pump and sure enough the music stopped. The organist would not touch the keys and the music was mute. Paradoxically and simply enough both the boy and the organist were right, and both wrong. Only by co-operating at the organ could either or both make music.

A fine lesson for us. Each man's task is of fundamental importance, but he can only do it if he co-operates with all other workers in their tasks. It does no harm to think your own task is the chief one, if you will work with others. In the watch, the

hairspring and mainspring must work together and no one can say which is greater and it does not make a particle of difference.

Co-operation often means sacrifice. It became necessary for both North and South to make tremendous sacrifices in order to maintain the integrity of the Union. It took a bloody war and a great loss of life to teach us the lesson. But out of that terrible disaster was born a new nation, each state now cooperating as a whole, and making our country the strongest nation on the face of the earth.

The human body is one of the best examples of co-operation. Nature has her own way of telling us when any one organ is not doing its full duty. And how happy we are when, in full health, every organ in the body is co-operating and functioning as it should. The result is that we can accomplish much more and our labors become a pleasure instead of a drudgery.

Loyalty and an ability to co-operate with others, both in olden times and modern times, are absolute essentials in the progress of society. Indeed, President Warren G. Harding defined Americanism to consist of "loyal, co-operative living." In every country, in every community, in every organization, business, fraternal, religious, or social -- the club member worth while is he who measures up to the test of loyal, co-operative living.

Rudyard Kipling says:

It ain't the guns nor armament, nor funds that they can pay,
But the close cooperation that makes them win the day--
It ain't the individual nor the army as a whole,
But the everlastin' team-work of every single soul.

3. Where FRIENDSHIP and CO-OPERATION exist, there will be SERVICE to MANKIND.

Why should a man serve? To pay his debt! In some cases, you "pay as you enter." But in many cases you do not, Who ever paid for a sunrise or a sunset? Who ever paid for a mother's love, or a father's toil? Who ever paid for the love of any noble woman, or for the friendship of any good man? And the contributions which other generations have made to the intellectual and spiritual heritage of the race, who today pays for them?

We do not pay for all, or even most, that we get. Certainly we do not pay for life's greatest gifts, nor can we; but surely we are under heavy obligation to make at least some return.

On a western trip, taking a look at scenes he had never before had the time to visit, was a retired railway engineer. He carried letters from the high officials of his road who commended him for the fine record he had made through the many years

of his service. He had never had a wreck, he had finely maintained his time schedule, he had done numerous excellent things, and there were no demerit marks against him. He had pulled several special trains, on one of which rode the President of the United States, on another General Foch and other notables, always with high satisfaction to the company and to the passengers. His letters contained commendation for the steady, smooth movement of his trains. The proudest man on that western journey was this retired engineer. He had accomplished a good and useful life. His evening was full of joy.

The press was telling the other day of a veteran railway conductor who had been forty years on the same run. Week after week, day after day, he went on the way of his duty until the retirement age of seventy laid him off. Persistent and constant fidelity had made him a person of character and achievement. His railroad company delights now to pension him. He has earned his honors and his living. Never to the end of his life will he be overlooked on pay day. He, to be sure, is denied the satisfaction of managing his train, but not the happiness of esteem and comfort.

The vocation of every member of this club is to serve other people.

We should give all we can for what we get, instead of getting all we can for what we give.

Success can lie only where there is real service performed for the benefit of your community, your state, or your nation.

The old Negro's prayer was a wise one -- "O Lord, gib me de henfoot religion." What do you think he meant? He explained that hens could not walk backwards, their feet were so made that they must either go forward or turn right round. So let us "go forward," too.

This is a glorious age. We face glorious opportunities! And the fact remains that with all these opportunities, we have the mental, physical, spiritual, mechanical, and every other ability necessary. As Rupert Brookes, the soldier poet said, speaking of the war in which he gave his life: "Now God be thanked, who hath matched us for an hour like this."

Mind cannot fathom, tongue cannot utter, nor can man conceive the boundless possibilities which await in the pathway of the future. It is Our pathway; into it we shall enter, its glories we shall make or mar; and on us is given the task of transforming the vision into the reality. We desire glory! But the glory which faces us is not the glory of wealth, power of dominion, but the glory of FRIENDSHIP, CO-OPERATION, SERVICE, all resulting in a higher SELF-DEVELOPMENT.

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404. ABSTRACT EDUCATION -- The single thought that I desire to impress is that our real success in life lies much closer to us than we are apt to suppose, and that we are in constant danger of missing it by trying to do some great thing and by assuming that we can only be successful in some great work. The great majority of men strand themselves in the effort to reach beyond the scope wherein success lies. Most of those who seek wealth wreck themselves in the effort to acquire a greater fortune than they have capacity to rightly use if acquired. Most of those who seek fame strip themselves in the mad race for an empty bubble of those very qualities to which otherwise they would have been entitled, and which might have won for them the good will of their fellows. What the world most needs is men of simple tastes, of honest effort, and contented mind. The man of real power is an unpretentious man, a man who does the duty lying nearest him; does it quietly, patiently, imperfectly, it may be, but still he does it. In him there is an entire absence of all that is intended for mere show. He may not have much learning. As a rule, he has not. His principal secret may be that he has applied himself to learn thoroughly one thing and as a result has accomplished that.

One great element of success is practical knowledge or tact. To know how to use the knowledge acquired and thereby make it practical for practical purposes, is of more importance than is its acquisition. It is not knowledge that is power but knowledge in action. There is something about a book which abstracts, and it is only by continuous effort to appropriate to useful purpose what we learn in books that this tendency is overcome. Homer sang his immortal Iliad not for fame but to arouse his country, and to win the bread and lodging which his blindness rendered him ill able to otherwise win. So with every great and enduring work. It was wrought out for a practical purpose and generally with little thought of fame. The men most valuable to the world are not those who advertise themselves as reformers. The women whose loss would be most keenly felt are not those who clamor for broader suffrage, and higher sphere, and more rights generally, but, rather, those whose sphere is the home and whose kingdom the heart of that ever-widening circle to whom their sunshine and their influence like a benediction ever comes. The average boy is practical and deals with the actualities of life. If you undertake to strip him of all that is bad and to fit him for a special position, you will generally fail. A better plan is to study his bent of mind and to direct his work as closely in that direction as may be safely done. [This advice is good only if it includes the effort to help the boy rid himself of all evil, outwardly and inwardly, through the grace of Christ. -- DVM] It is not so much by repressing the bad as by developing the good that hope of his future is given. Men are not unlike boys, and what is studied or found out incidentally, and without the sense of its being a matter of study, constitutes the greatest part and also the most useful part of knowledge. Milton says: "To understand the common things of life, this is the prime wisdom."

Tact is not what the world ordinarily calls shrewdness or sharpness. It is simply the capacity to understand and do in a given direction -- not in every direction -- the right thing at the right time and in the right place. Some of the masters of this art in one direction have been correspondingly lacking in all others.

Witness Machiavelli, the master of all the trick and strategy of politics, a failure in domestic finance; Adam Smith, teaching nations economy and failing in the economy of his own house; Robert Morris, the great financier of the Revolution, dying in a debtor's prison; Grant, the head of the greatest army and the chief magistrate of the greatest people, with so little knowledge of business affairs after he became president as to not know when a check was properly stamped. Sherman said of him that his success beyond that of other generals was not so much in knowledge or experience as in the fact that he was never troubled, as they were, by groundless apprehensions as to the movements of the enemy.

The average young man expects to make a success in life, but at the threshold of his career, as' he looks out on the future hopefully, he is so enchanted by his ideal world springing up from created fancy, clad in beauty, that he is continually liable to undervalue practical knowledge and practical sense in the use of the same. He will not believe that the plain, common people about him know a great deal more of what is of value than he does. His danger is not always that he may not aim high enough. There is even more danger that he may overlook the very things upon which his success depends. Socrates asked the young man who came to him to study oratory double price, because he said he had to teach him two sciences -- the one how to speak, the other how to be silent. Education is the development of mind and cultivation of heart. The most practical development of mind is often indicated by its power to discover the myriad forms of beauty which have lain hidden from the gaze of the world by reason of their seeming insignificance. Invention and discovery, starting at the very little things in life, reached out to results which have revolutionized all forms of labor and crowded into half a century a condition of progress which the wisdom of untold centuries failed to find. The falling of an apple was to Newton the discovery of the value of the great law of gravitation. The noise of a simmering kettle to another discovered the steam power, with all its wonder of development and civilization.

In the world of mind and thought a like principle of progress is found. The early philosophers undertook to explain and define the essence of mind and the mode by which thought is produced. Now they only attempt to understand what the mind does, what the results of its processes are. The balance is conceded a mystery. The practical results of education illustrate the same distinction. In business life the men who fail are usually the dreamers, the adventurers -- those who dream of great gains in the future, without any realizations in the present. They neglect the legitimate trades for some splendid scheme of making money by other than the usual means. The successful business man applies common toil, common prudence, and ordinary economy, and builds up his fortune right alongside of the other, not by reason of great shrewdness or great foresight, as the world says, but by reason of ordinary care, common prudence, and common sense. In politics the failures are those who promise a remedy for every complaint. They build the platform too high. The few individuals who do succeed in climbing to its giddy height are blown off by the first rude shake of public opinion, and down goes the structure and buries in a forgotten, if not an ignominious, grave its own architects.

The best cultivation of heart leads to the exercise of charity where it is most needed -- toward the distressed and unfortunate of our race.

The young man who reaches the best results in education must come in contact with the masses and will derive his best inspiration and development from his contact with the life of the people. Those who in every land are guiding the state and directing the life of the people have come up from the ranks. The difference between the two classes is not so much the edict of nature as the result of education, it is a kind of education which books and colleges sometimes fail to furnish. It is the cultivation of the human heart by means so simple as to be understood by everyone, but so unpretending as to often be overlooked by the ambitious student and the lettered collegian.

This principle that the higher progress comes from the simpler method runs through all human effort. It is illustrated by the works of the great men in literature -- as Herodotus in history, Plutarch and Boswell in biography. So in Bible history, Moses, the lawgiver; David, the warrior, states. man, and musician; Job, the great man of the East, with his wealth and misfortunes, and out of the latter his greater and broader manhood. So in New Testament history the advance of the church in the hands of the few unlettered fishermen and their companions, everywhere illustrating the truth that "foolish things of the world were to confound the wise" and "the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty."

As a man rises from the mental and moral degradation imposed by his fall he will more closely resemble his primal self. As he advances in achievement he will get farther away from the pomp and show which mislead him and will more nearly approach that simple grandeur which distinguished him when first he came from God -- when the Divine Author fashioned him after His own likeness, placed upon him the stamp of deity, and sent him out to drink in the sunshine and forever repose amid the glad scenes of Eden's untarnished beauty. He has been in search of this simple freedom for six thousand years. He has here reached a land and started a civilization where better than elsewhere he may attain this, his high goal.

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405. FELLOWSHIP -- Necessarily, in the course of nature, there are now many who formerly gathered with us to engage in this great fraternal work who have now joined the vast majority and gone to their eternal reward, but their places have been filled by their sons and by other new members who are equally loyal to the original idea of this organization. This alone is a great tribute to the continuance of friendship and a monument of their good fellowship of which we so proudly boast.

We have heard much within the past few years of the growing selfishness of the community, of the jealousies, rivalry and competition, which to some extent and on some occasions serves to separate us into hostile groups and we often get the idea that good fellowship and unselfish companionship has largely disappeared.

This, however, is untrue. There was never a time when good fraternal association and healthful fellowship was more prosperous than now and the more we have of this fraternal love, the more we drink from the cup of kindness, the more we find we are in need of its exhilaratory influence. College and school fraternities are today more prevalent than at any other time in the history of human progress and no one will dare deny that these organizations are playing a great part in our national and social life. Our meetings from week to week only serve to demonstrate this fact for us. I have always felt that after each meeting we go to our homes ennobled and enriched by the association therefrom.

Let us here exalt our fellowship and patriotism, loyal to ourselves and to our country, so that should our posterity of necessity on some future occasion-bear the stars and stripes upon some field of battle, that no other purpose will be looked forward to except to gain the freedom of mankind and to promote love and justice for all humanity. Let us here and now sow the seeds of human kindness and reap a harvest of the golden grain of fellowship.

When God saw fit to set us here on earth, He certainly had a purpose in mind. When He communed with Abraham and told him that his seed should be the chosen people of God, there was certainly some purpose to fulfill. When He saved little Moses there was the purpose of bringing these chosen people out of Egyptian bondage. When He sent Christ to us there was the great purpose of extending brotherly love to humanity and salvation to our souls, Certainly there is no greater command than, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Does this not command us to be our brother's keeper? Let us strive to love one another and "so fulfill the laws of Christ."

Daniel Webster once remarked that the Ten Commandments, the Golden Rule and the Law of Love was a potential part of the common law of our land, and it is these principles that have so firmly bound us together that we can never be other than the greatest people of the globe. It was these principles of freedom and fellowship that caused the scheme of our government to begin in the cabin of the Mayflower. It was these principles that caused our sturdy forefathers to proclaim, "We will form a government of just and equal laws," that later evolved into the Declaration of Independence and finally crystallized into the Constitution of the United States, the greatest document ever penned by mortal man -- the proclamation of emancipation that sets us free indeed.

When you get to know a fellow,
Know his joys and know his cares,
When you've come to understand him
And the burden that he bears,
When you've learned the fight he's making
And the troubles in his way,
Then you find that he is different
Than you thought him yesterday.

You will find his faults are trivial
And there's not so much to blame
In the brother that you jeered at
When you only knew his name.
You are quick to see the blemish
In the distant neighbor's style,
You can point to all his errors
And may sneer at him the while,

And your prejudices fatten
And your hates more violent grow
As you talk about the failures
Of the man you do not know,
But when drawn a little closer,
And your hands and shoulders touch,
You find the traits you hated
Really don't amount to much.

When you get to know a fellow,
Know his every mood and whim,
You begin to find the texture
Of the splendid side of him;
You begin to understand him,
And you cease to scoff and sneer,
For with understanding always
Prejudices disappear.

You begin to find his virtues
And his faults you cease to tell,
For you seldom hate a fellow
When you know him very well.
When next you start in sneering
And your phrases turn to blame,
Know more of him you censure
Than his business and his name;

For its likely that acquaintance
Would your prejudice dispel,
And you'd really come to like him
If you knew him very well;
When you get to know a fellow
And you understand his ways,
Then his faults won't really matter,
For you'll find a lot to praise.

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406. THE FAMILY REUNION -- The love, sympathy and cooperation prized so highly by our people properly begins in a family group. From there it extends to larger organizations. The occasional coming together of families in a social way will tend to develop a family pride. The members of the family who have made unusual success in business or in the professions or in religious activities naturally will be brought forward and serve as ideals and inspirations to the younger members of the group. So also will the lives of the great pioneer fathers and mothers, if there be any in the family, tend to become idealized. But more than all else it will enable every member of the group to know every member of the group; and to know each other, generally means to love each other. It will make the family name sacred, and thereby be a source of strength to all who bear it.

A family reunion tends to develop family loyalty -- a pride in the family name; it inspires determination to "Honor thy Father and thy Mother," and to secure the promised blessings. It invites closer association of all family members and offers opportunity to celebrate family events -- such as birthdays and wedding anniversaries or other family historical events.

The reunion may be held at a home, the ward hall, a resort, or in a canyon.

A carefully prepared program should be arranged with different branches of the family participating. Games and activities should be arranged for both children and adult members of the family, that all might partake of the congeniality of the occasion.

Suggested Program for Family Reunion:

Part 1 should include the more formal features such as: -- a. Singing. Prayer. b. Family statistics -- births, marriages, deaths. c. Who's Who and Where (Significant items concerning the whereabouts and accomplishments of various family members). d. Excerpts from old diaries, or early family reminiscences. e. Round table discussion relative to a desirable project to be undertaken by the family during the coming year. f. Two-minute talks on subjects such as: "My proudest moments as a (Brown)." "Why I married a (Brown)," given by in-laws. "What I loved most in grandfather." "What I loved most in grandmother." "Looking backward and forward," (Courtship and social customs of the past, present and future). "What I hope to contribute to the (Brown) name." g. Music interspersed throughout the program.

Part 2 should be informal in its nature and include such things as: -- a. Refreshments. b. Anecdotes. c. Games (for adults and children).

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407. FAREWELL REMARKS -- This is my last meeting with you for perhaps many years, for when the sun ushers in a new day, I will be on my way to tempt fortune's smiles and brave her frowns in another field of labor. You call for a few farewell remarks from me. I wish I could do justice to this occasion, could dwell with lingering cadences on a retrospective of the many good times we have together enjoyed while welding those links of friendship which, let us hope, distance cannot entirely sunder. But farewells admit of no fine speech making.

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408. A BEAUTIFUL FAREWELL SENTIMENT -- I am about to leave you; I regret the going, but duty calls me to other fields where I hope to find friends as true, companions as pleasant as those I leave behind. If I do I shall be blessed above the majority of men. The instincts of social human nature are not confined to one spot of the globe, and kindly, genial companions may be found wherever earth's children assemble; but no matter what new ties may be formed wherever business or duty may lead me, wherever I may roam, under whatever skies I may dwell, whatever soil my feet may tread, in joy or in sorrow, in fortune high or fortune low, I assure you I shall remember the good fellows here with gratitude for their kindness, and will never cease to recall with pleasure the jolly times we have spent together. "Never can my soul forget the friends I found so cordial-hearted."

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409. A MINISTER'S FAREWELL TO HIS CONGREGATION -- A chapter in our history closes today. Never again shall I in this church as its pastor proclaim the Gospel. My mission in this pulpit is ended, my task is done; the record is closed, not to be again unsealed till the great day when the book shall be opened. I have stood as a watchman on this tower. With wonderfully unbroken health, through God's mercy, I have been permitted to speak the truth. I have witnessed the power of the old Gospel -- to which I cling as tenaciously as ever -- to convert, to comfort, to save. God has blest this pulpit far beyond what I had any right to expect. I believe He sent me here. Equally do I believe that He is now calling me elsewhere. He gave me a mission to this place; He gave me a work to do, and, sadly imperfect as its execution has been, I feel I may venture, through His grace, in some sense to say tonight, "I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do."

To you I have given the best part of my life, and this church must always be dear to my heart. You have shown me kindness and forbearance far beyond what I deserved. You have generously given me credit for unwearied effort to feed and edify you. I thank you for all your indulgence and your love.

I pray that whoever may take up the ministry which I now lay down, that these walls may never echo to aught but the largest and most spiritual preaching of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and that here, in far larger measure than in the past, men may be led into the true fellowship of Christ, and that those who know Him may

know Him more and more, "not after the flesh, but after the spirit," and that so in their hearts may grow the life that is spiritual and therefore eternal.

And now I commend you to God and to the Word of His grace. Look to yourselves that we lose not those things which we have wrought, but that we receive a full reward. I charge you, brethren, be true to God and true to one another; endeavor to carry on to perfection the works I have been allowed to begin among you, and then, I pray you, take care, that if you should never meet me again on earth, you, every one of you, meet me in heaven. Finally, brethren, farewell. Amen.

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410 -- CORNERSTONE LAYING -- Advancement is the price for the retention of our present civilization. There is no middle course, either the human race advances or it retreats. The same is true of a community. Out in Nevada there are countless little villages consisting of two and three houses, which formerly were great silver mining centers. The Silver ran out, and because there had not been developed a spirit of community co-operation, which would have a tendency to keep the residents in that community, and utilize their energies along other lines, the greatness departed.

Our National history marks important stepping stones of progress, and each community which has developed to any extent, can turn back the pages of its own individual history, and show dates, epochs and events, which show the division of its progress.

We make holiday today for such progress in our own city. We boasted of our Library, true it was small, but it had one redeeming virtue, and that is that it was used by our citizens, our citizens believed in using that which they had, it came into being through the liberality, and public spirit of our citizens, who not only fostered the library building, but the old city hall building as well. But what a change today, we have left our swaddling clothes and put on a new pair of pants and like the little boy we hardly know if we are us, however we saw them put on, and are pretty confident that we are us.

Just look at the evolution of our fire fighting equipments. First there was the wagon, that Fred, John and Bill used to pull to the conflagration, and then we got a little bigger, and we put a new dress on Elizabeth, painted her nose and put on a new pair of hose and chugged away but the old lady got behind the times and we had to lay her on the shelf, and now we have a new engine with chemicals, pump and what not. You all remember the day it arrived. Then arose another difficulty. The floor of our old building was sufficient to carry Elizabeth but it would not support the weight of the new engine. Therefore the continued advancement of our community demanded that we should have such Municipal Buildings as were worthy of her. You all remember the committees that were appointed to look after this matter, and here before you, you have the evidence of their faithfulness.

Today, then we lay the cornerstone of the structure. The Corner stone of our republic lies in the constitution, and the force of the constitution lies in the citizens of the country. Likewise this corner stone represents the constituents of this community who have and are standing behind the program of community development, which it represents.

Today marks a red letter day in our local history, and it is hoped, too, that the vision of this generation shall be the impetus for those of later year, that they may also give of their ability, their wealth, and their mental foresight that a greater and wider community spirit may pervade in our borough.

Therefore assembled here this afternoon we with proper ceremonies proceed to the laying of the corner stone. We have found the stone to be square, symbolic, with the ideals which we hope will characterize the relationships of those who occupy this building. We find it to be level, and feel confident that such transactions taking place here will be in accord, and as we discover the stone to be plumb, bear evidence that uprightness of character prevail within our city. We place within this stone those remembrances of this day, that future generations may know our ways and days. And this corner stone having thus been placed into its true and proper place, on behalf of our citizens and with a fitting sense of honor that is mine in so doing. I now declare this stone of the municipal building well and truly laid.

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411. A DEDICATION ADDRESS -- Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

In the beginning of my remarks I want to express my appreciation and pay my tributes to the sterling qualities of the people of this community. I am sure that they are not surpassed in honesty, industry, or intelligence by any nation under the sun.

An ignorant man announced himself as a candidate for the Legislature. "But you can't make a speech," objected a friend. "Oh that doesn't make any difference," innocently responded the candidate, "for the House always elects a speaker." Now I wish lodges could elect a speaker and relieve a bashful man from the embarrassments of such occasions as this.

This building stands here as a monument to the vicinity. This building speaks to us of the past, the present, and the future, representing a past cooperation, a present loyalty, as well as high ideals for the future. So there are at least three reasons why we are here on this occasion:

1. Because of cooperation.
2. Because of loyalty.

3. Because of a vision of high ideals.

On these three points I shall briefly speak:

1. Cooperation. Cooperation means organization and brotherhood. Organization means construction, and construction means order and method; and no society or business will prosper without order and method.

The one hope of successful undertakings lies in the disposition of all hands to work together. One who has arrayed all others against him must fail. His ideas may be the best but a too arbitrary insistence upon them estranges his associates and leaves him alone to carry them out. He needs first to secure approval; then he will have cooperation.

2. The second point I want to emphasize is loyalty. Loyalty to each other, to our town and to our country. This means willing service to each other.

Ever hear the story of the two spoons? Maybe it's an old one but it carries a lesson, so here goes:

It seems that somebody had given the bride two fine silver spoons. Since, as usual on such occasions, there was a plenitude of such gifts, only one of the spoons was put into actual service. The other was carefully wrapped in its red plush container and stored away in a drawer. Just before being put away, the one spoon said to the other: "I'm sorry for you, comrade. You'll be used every day and all that nice gloss will wear off, and you'll be an awful-looking thing pretty soon. I'm lucky, I am. I'm going to be put away, and a year from now, when you're about worn out, I shall be as spic and span and bright as ever. I'm sorry for you, really." "Oh, that's all right !" said the other spoon. "I guess I'll have enough to do to keep me from worrying about appearances." And so the one spoon was put to work and the other to rest. A year later, the spoon that had been carefully put away was dug out of its hiding place with the idea of being put to work. And, oh, what a sorry-looking spoon it was. Its once shiny surface had turned to a greenish yellow. It was, indeed, a far different spoon from its former self. "Hello!" said a friendly voice, as the sorry-looking spoon was placed on the kitchen table. And there was the other spoon-the one that had been working hard every day during the year. Its surface wasn't quite so shiny as it had been, but then it had a healthy color, and it was wearing a most contented smile. Pityingly it looked at its companion. "Well, your rest doesn't seem to have done you much good," it said simply. "No," replied the other spoon sadly; "I suppose I would have been better off if I had been put to work as you were."

Isn't the moral plain? We must work in this life, we must serve, we must be useful, if we would succeed. Say it with "Service."

Now just a word about our future hopes of this building. We want it to be an inspiration to future generations. We want them to find shelter and protection under this roof and within these walls.

In this new building is the evidence that the people are awake to the responsibilities of civic duty in the world's greatest republic. And from this civic center will radiate lines of power and influence that will make this a greater city and its people better fitted for the privileges and duties of twentieth century citizenship . . . I thank you.

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412. MY FAMILY REUNION -- Every few years I try to attend our family reunion. I miss many of the old faces that I used to shake hands with--they are gone, some to the gallows, some to the pen and some to the legislature -- so it behooves us to be wise and prepare for them all!

A great many of my ancestors were self-made folks, which relieved the Lord of much responsibility.

You know that a lot of kids are brought up to think that they have blue blood in their veins until someone lands on their nose -- then they see its true color.

Cousin "Loosy" once said: "Oh, I'm the flower of my town, all right!" Sam Slicker replied: "I know now what that fellow meant the other day when he said that you are 'a bloomin' idiot'."

One of my uncle ancestors was a delegate to a church conference. The members were signing their names, each one with a degree such as D.D., Ph.D., LL.D., etc. Uncle wanted to keep up the family reputation so he registered, Dave Dinger, R.F.D. number two.

Uncle Dave was an Evangelist. One Fall he was riding through a section of the country where custom forbade innkeepers to take pay from preachers who stayed with them. Uncle Dave took supper without prayer, and ate breakfast without prayer or grace, and was about to take his departure when "mine host" presented his bill. "Ah, sir," said he, "I am an Evangelist! . . . That may be," responded the landlord, "but you came here and smoked like a sinner, ate and drank like a sinner, and slept like a sinner; and now, sir, you shall pay like a sinner."

One of the outstanding characters of our family reunion is Uncle Ezra. He stutters and has no legs, -- only two wooden pegs. He applied for a job in a big boarding house in New York City. They gave him plenty to do. They bake about a thousand pancakes in that boarding house every morning. So they tied big pieces of bacon to the lower end of his pegs and started him skating on top of the kitchen

stove to grease the lids in order to bake the pancakes. The balance of the day, they usually kept him busy mashing potatoes:

Uncle Ezra is noted for his shrewdness in making a bargain. One day the cook sent him out to buy four turkeys. He stopped at a grocery and inquired -- "How m-m-many t-t-t-turkeys have you g-g-got? . . . Eight, sir," replied the grocer.

"T-t-tough or t-t-t-tender? . . . Some are tender and some tough," was the reply. "I k-keep b-b-b-boarders," said the new customer. "Pick out the f-four t-t-toughest t-t-turkeys, if you p-p-please." The delighted grocer very willingly complied with the unusual request, and said in his politest tones, "These are the tough ones, sir." Then Uncle Ezra coolly put his hand upon the remaining four, and exclaimed -- "I'll t-take th-the-these!"

Uncle Ezra says he always stutters more in New York City than he does in any other city, because New York City is the largest city in the country.

After our reunion dinner is over, Uncle Simon always insists on making an after-dinner speech. Last year he had to have an operation on his nose; it was getting so that he could hardly talk through it. His mouth reminds me of a coat hanger.

One year while Uncle Simon was making his annual speech, he was instantly seized with an intense pain in his stomach. He had eaten too many pigs' feet for dinner. He nearly died. In fact he got no relief at all until cousin Guy who is studying medicine, gave him a two-ounce package of Allen's Foot Ease.

Before telling you anything about my aunts, sisters-in-law and nieces I must pay my regards to my lazy brother-in-law. They call him Speed. He thinks that he can make footprints on the sands of time by sitting down. Speed won't meddle with industry.

If it took any effort to go from today to tomorrow, Speed would still be in yesterday, He really ought to wear a tail-light to keep folks from bumping into him. If he ever makes his dreams come true, he will have to wake up!

Speed got a job in a small-town store. A customer came in and after waiting about five minutes finally called out to Speed who sat sleepily in the rear of the store: "Say, can't you come and wait on me? I'm in a hurry." Speed shifted his position slightly and drawled: "Couldn't you come in sometime when I'm standing up?"

We like to see a man reasonably quiet and peaceable, but when he stands in one place long enough for the wasps to build a nest in the seat of his pants, he ought to be kicked into some sort of resistance.

Our family reunion would not be complete without Auntie Stout. She looks like a load of hay! She is taller when she lies down!

She mounted the scales in a drug store and dropped a penny in the slot. There was some wait, and the clanking and rattling of the inwards of the contraption, and the pointer finally came to rest somewhere not far from the 400 mark. There was an unseen witness in the ceremony, and, as Auntie woefully contemplated the result, the voice of a wee small boy piped up from behind: "Say, Missus, how many times did it go around?"

She went to the Zoo and was watching the lions feed. "'Pears to me, mister," she said, "that ain't a very big piece of meat for such an animal." "Madam," said the polite attendant, "I suppose it does seem a small piece of meat to you, but it's big enough for the lion."

A few years ago, Auntie was a witness at a trial. The Judge asked her: "How old are you?" she said: "I'm seventy-three, Judge." The judge said: "You don't look that old." After a few moments the Judge was interrupted by Auntie. She said: "Judge, I was wrong when I said that I am seventy-three years old -- that's my waist measure!"

In contrast to Auntie Stout we always have present my tall skinny cousin, Lena Long. She is really so tall that when she gets her feet wet in September, she does not get a cold in her head until Christmas! One look at her always reminds me of a famine.

She bought a new Louis XIV bed. It was too short for her, so she sent it back and asked for a Louis XXII -- that sounds like a lot of bunk! She used to boast that she always had two good beaus -- they were elbows. When a man succeeds in kissing her they say he has "gone up."

Cousin Lena's hair is so red that whenever she goes 'out in the back yard at night, the roosters take it for sunrise, and they all begin to crow.

Perhaps you have heard of my Aunt Lizzy, who was deaf, and whose son had accumulated a friend named Specknoodle. Coming home one day the son brought Specknoodle with him. Undertaking to introduce him to his Mother, the boy made heavy work of it. In a loud tone he said: "Mother, this is Mr. Specknoodle." Aunt Lizzy looked wildly at her son and said "What did you say? . . . "I say," said the son in a still louder voice, "this is Mr. Specknoodle." Cupping her hand to her ear the old lady again said: "Would you please say that again, son? I didn't get it, I fear." Bracing himself and lifting his voice to a yell, the blushing young man again announced: "This is Mister Specknoodle!" Aunt Lizzy shook her head sadly and said: "Son, we'll just have to give it up. I can't make a thing out of it but Specknoodle."

I cannot take time now to tell you any of the peculiarities of the other four hundred personalities who usually attend my family reunion. Some of us are pessimists, some optimists and a few are peptomists... I have usually been classed with the latter.

My Friends -- we like to have our fun, and should have it, but after all, the family reunion is a good thing, and it is a source of great satisfaction to know that the number of family reunions is increasing every year, and that their value is being more and more appreciated. This is as it should be. The family institution, ordained by the hand of the Creator of all things, is the oldest institution on the face of the earth. It is basic to all other. Upon this foundation rests all the activities of mankind. The strength of a community and of a nation rests upon the stability and security of the family.

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413 -- THE DOUBLE FISTED WOMAN -- I came here on a street car. The car was crowded and I had to stand. Pretty soon I discovered a woman standing on my right foot and I said: "Will you please get off my foot?" "Why don't you put your foot where it belongs," she replied shortly, and she gave me a look that would sour the milk in your springhouse and informed me that just before she left home she hit her husband with a chair. Pray tell me, why did you do it? I said. "I did it," said the lady, "because I could not lift the table."

After looking the passengers over in the street car, she asked me, "Can you tell me who that horrible looking man is back there?" I can, I replied, that is my brother. "Oh, I beg your pardon," she stammered, "How silly of me not to have seen the resemblance!" I asserted that even if I am not handsome, I am not double-faced either. She said, "No I wouldn't accuse you of that -- if you had another face I think you would surely wear it."

I don't know why but she wanted to know whether I ever lived on a farm. Then I had to confess that my only culture was agriculture. I told her that I am sure that dumb animals have a sense of gratitude. One day I found a calf stuck in the mud, while its mother was crying for help. I lifted the calf out of the mud, and the mother gratefully licked the calf, and then licked my hand. That cow had a soul. "Oh, I don't know," said my new-found friend, "perhaps the cow thought she had twins."

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414. TEACHING COUNTRY SCHOOL -- I spent a few of the most interesting years that I can recall teaching school. Strange as it may seem to you, a few of those boys and girls have "made good."

It seems that some young men of this generation have their own opinion of lady teachers. One of these young blades wanted to take a vacation and was

advised to take an ocean trip on one of the slow liners. This idea did not appeal to him because he had heard that these boats were always filled with school teachers, whom he pictured to be a bunch of lifeless, blue-nosed spinsters. However, he changed his mind and took the trip. On board the boat the first day out, he found himself standing alongside a rather pallid young lady, and feeling that, as a matter of courtesy, he ought to begin a conversation, asked, "Are you a school teacher?" The young lady visibly agitated, shook her head. "No, no!" she replied, "I'm just seasick."

One day a scantily educated mountaineer led his gawky, overgrown son to the schoolhouse. "This here boy's arter larnin'," he announced. "What's yer bill o' fare? . . . Our curriculum, sir," I replied, "embraces geography, physiology, arithmetic, algebra, Trigonometry. . ." "That'll do," interrupted the father. "That'll do. Load him up heavily with triggernometry. He's the only poor shot in the family." Well, after he had been on that course of study for a few weeks; his Dad asked him how he liked me. The boy said: "Oh, he's all right, only first he says that two and two make four and then he changes his mind and says that three and one make four."

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415. THE GAME CALLED POLITICS -- As I was coming here I was given a lift by a farmer who said: "I'm ruther curious to know what your perfession might be, friend." "You hain't got no pillbox, so I calculate you're no doctor and you hain't told me no lies, so I know you're not a lawyer. What might be your perfession?" Me, oh I'm a politician! "That ain't no perfession," exclaimed the farmer, "that's a disorder."

The fair daughter of David Lloyd George is a noted political speaker. In a recent campaign, a heckler tried to make fun of her claim of being an agriculturist. "How many ribs has a hog?" he yelled. "I don't know," replied Miss Lloyd George. "Come up here and let me count them."

Dad liked to tease the Democrats by telling the story of the Kentuckian who had seventeen children, all boys. When they came of age they all voted the Democratic ticket -- all except one boy. The father was asked to explain this evident fall from grace. "Wall," he said, "I've always tried to bring them boys up right, to be good Democrats to the bone; but John, the ornery cuss, got to readin'."

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B. THE ART OF PUBLIC SPEAKING

By Albert J. Beveridge Former Senator from Indiana
and one of America's Famous Public Speakers.

416. First of all, speak only when you have something to say. Be sure that you have a message to deliver. Have ever m mind Carlyle's dictum that nobody has

a right to speak in public unless he is so charged with the subject, and the time and occasion are so ripe for the hearing, that every word will be fruitful of a deed -- that is, conviction and action on the part of those who listen.

This means, of course, utter sincerity. Never under any circumstances or for any reward tell an audience what you yourself do not believe, or are even indifferent about. To do so is immoral and worse -- it is to be a public liar. Even from the lowest point of view, to speak against convictions, is fatal to the speaker. Sooner or later the public "gets on" to the situation and the speaker's influence is impaired.

The practice in high schools and colleges of appointing, debating teams to support or oppose propositions, regardless of what the debaters believe, is questionable -- indeed, bad, I think. It merely teaches intellectual dexterity while inducing moral indifference. Might it not be better to let students study the subject and select the side they believe to be right and sound?

Above all else, the public speaker is a teacher. The man or woman who presumes to talk to an audience should know more about the subject discussed than anybody and everybody in that audience. Otherwise why speak at all? How dismal an uninformed speech! When coupled with sincerity, how pitiable! -- and how poisonous -- for that very ingenuousness often causes the hearers to believe, for the time being, that the speaker knows what he is talking about.

So, the speaker must master his subject. That means that all facts must be collected, arranged, studied, digested -- not only data on one side -- all of it. And be sure that they are facts, not mere assumptions or unproved assertions. Take nothing for granted.

Having assembled and marshaled the facts of any problem, think out for yourself the solution those facts compel. Thus your speech will have originality and personal force -- it will be vital and compelling. There will be you in it. Then write out your ideas as clearly and logically as you can.

And condense, condense. It is surprising how much can be cut out which, at first, seems to be indispensable. Bear in mind and apply to public speaking the meaning of Von Moltke's final instructions to his officers at the beginning of the Franco-Prussian War; "Remember, gentlemen, that any order which can be misunderstood, will be misunderstood."

Make every sentence so plain that the dullest or most uninformed person in the audience cannot fail to understand the meaning of what is said. This means that big or uncommon words must be avoided. Refrain from what is called rhetoric. Never try to be eloquent. Eloquence is the natural product of full knowledge, simple statement, deep feeling, and ripe occasion -- it comes spontaneously, and is not to be manufactured like a hat or a shovel.

To the supreme end of being understood, stick to the subject. Do not go off on side-issues. Digression is perilous. It distracts attention which is hard to recover and sometimes is never recovered. Side-remarks may be diverting but are obstacles in the current of argument.

Unless you are naturally witty and have a gift for story telling, do not try to be funny or tell an anecdote. When a story must be told, make it brief; not over one minute at the very outside. And do not laugh or chuckle over your own jokes -- to do so is as if you should stop and clap your hands at what you consider one of your eloquent passages.

This does not mean that you should be stolid and dry as dust. Quite the contrary. In oratory, as in conversation, dullness is one of the unpardonable sins. Let your remarks be bright and pointed. In fact, the audience wants nothing of the speaker so much as that he shall get to the point.

Of even greater importance, if possible, than the rule of dearness and simplicity is that of fairness. The speaker must be so just that his strongest opponent will admit that he is fair. State the other side as well as its ablest advocate could present it, and then give your reasons against it.

Personalities have no place in the speech of a gentleman -always you must be that. So avoid personalities-at best they are cheap, and besides, the use of them gives your audience the impression that you are prejudiced. When that happens, you have lost an asset.

Let your first words be conversational, quite as if you were talking to a friend. Indeed, the whole speech should be made in that tone and manner, unless genuine feeling compels you to speak more loudly and with greater physical force. But keep a stiff bit on that emotion-yield to it when you feel you must, but never let it get the upper hand of you.

It is not necessary to shout in order to be heard. Perfect enunciation will carry your words farther than all the roaring and straining of vocal chords you can do will carry them. Words and sentences should be spoken neatly, not snapped off, not even clipped, mind you, but neatly and with precision.

So be as brief as you are simple, as plain as you are fair, and content with a good job well done, stop when you are through.

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C. ADDITIONAL HUMOROUS ILLUSTRATIONS

417. GOOD JUDGMENT. -- One morning, when a lawyer returned to his office, his clerk informed him that a gentleman had called and wanted him to undertake a

case. "Ah! and did you collect the retaining fee? . . . I only collected twenty-five dollars, sir." The regular fee was fifty dollars, and the lawyer said, "That was unprofessional, very unprofessional." "But, sir," said the clerk apologetically, and anxious to exonerate himself, "I got all he had." "Ah! said the lawyer, "that was professional, very professional."

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418. A MAN DOESN'T HAVE TO STAY PUT. -- "Did you ever watch oranges being assorted in a packing plant? . . . They are dumped into a conveyor, and carried along over a series of holes. Gradually each orange finds its particular-sized hole and disappears from the picture. Only a few of abnormal size reach the end.

"It's like that with men. They go humping along through life on the great conveyor called Time. One by one they are dropped into grooves, and only a few reach the big goal.

"But a man has this advantage over an orange: he doesn't have to remain in the groove into which he has been dropped unless he wishes to. By the exercise of his brain, his grit, and his determination, he can so increase his girth that he is forced out of his groove, is caught up again by the conveyor, and deposited into a hole better fitting to his new size.

"Thus a man sets his own limitations. He doesn't have to stay put. And he alone is to blame if he is permanently dumped from the conveyor before he reaches his goal." [This illustration strikes me as poorly-suited to the point. A person's size has little to do with his or her reaching the goal of life -- unless it is one's moral and spiritual size. -- DVM]

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419. ECONOMY PROGRAM. -- Told at a salesmen's get-together in a "cut-your expense" effort.

A salesman representing a well-known national line in Texas was ordered to Minnesota at a season when overcoats were a necessity in the latter state though not needed in Texas. The salesman purchased the coat and included it in his expense account. When the salesman called at the home office, the president congratulated him upon the splendid amount of business he had obtained. But he added: "Why the overcoat in your expense account?" The salesman promptly replied that overcoats were not necessary in Texas, which was his regular territory, and had he remained in Texas he would not have had to purchase one [but that one was needed in Minnesota, which is cold much of the year -- DVM]. The president replied: "Sorry, old man, but we will have to cut that out." The next year the same salesman was again called upon to go to Minnesota. When his work was completed, his expense account was submitted. Calling at the home office, the president

warmly congratulated him upon his fine record and remarked: "Well, I don't see that overcoat in your account this time." "No," replied the salesman, "you don't see it, but its there." [This story could be used to illustrate how some people don't see holiness in the Bible: They don't see it, but it's there -- and it is very necessary. -- DVM]

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420. RESPECTING HIS WISHES. -- Said a lawyer, "Your uncle makes you his sole heir, but the will stipulates that the sum of one hundred dollars must be buried with him." "That's all right," replied the heir feelingly, "I know the old man was eccentric, but his wishes must be respected of course, I'll just write out a check for the amount."

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421. SCOTCH ACCURACY. -- A prosperous farmer married a widow possessing ten thousand dollars in her own right. Shortly after the wedding a friend met the farmer and observed, "You did a good thing on that wedding, Matthew, it means ten thousand dollars to you." "Not quite that, Jim," said the farmer, "Not quite that; I had to pay two dollars for a marriage license."

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422. TROUBLE BOTH WAYS. -- An Australian barrister tells of a fellow charged in a country town with stealing. His solicitor decided to put him in the box to give evidence on his own behalf. The magistrate, being doubtful if he understood the nature of an oath, undertook to examine him on the point.

"Jacky," he said, "you know what will happen to you if you tell a lie?"

"My oath, boss," replied Jacky, "me go down below, burn long time."

"Quite right," replied the magistrate. "And do you know what will happen if you tell the truth?"

"Yes, boss. We lose 'em case." -- Sydney Herald.

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423. BUT ON THE OTHER HAND. -- A barrister who was sometimes forgetful, having been engaged to plead the cause of an offender, began by saying: "I know the prisoner at the bar, and he bears the character of being a most consummate and impudent scoundrel."

Here somebody whispered to him that the prisoner was his client, whereupon he continued: "But what great and good man ever lived who was not calumniated by many of his contemporaries?" -- Troy Times Record.

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424. IN A NEW HAT. -- "I'll give you thirty shillings for that pup."

"Can't be done, sir. That pup belongs to my wife, an' she'd sob 'er 'art out, but I tell yer what -- spring another ten bob an' we'll let 'er sob!" -- London Opinion.

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425. HOWLING. -- Clarence Darrow was chatting with some New Dealers the other night. In the party were some AAAers and some dog fanciers. Darrow told this yarn for the benefit of both:

"You can tell who a dogs owner is by the characteristics of the dog.

"I went hunting once with three bird dogs, one a merchant's one a banker's, one a farmer's dog.

"The merchant's dog got right down to business and sighted the bird each time so I could shoot. The banker's dog then ran ahead and devoured it. But the farmer's dog just sat back on its haunches and howled!"

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THE END