

THE COUNTY RECORD

KINGSTREE, S. C.

LOUIS J. BRISTOW, Ed. & Prop'r.

"LAND OF THE SKY."

Vanderbilt Buying Treasures for His Magnificent Home.

A special from Asheville, N. C., says: Many strange looking boxes, bearing foreign marks and labels, have been received there. Some are marked Paris, Rome, Naples, Vienna, and there were others from Athens, Greece.

As the queer looking boxes are unloaded from the Southern's cars, they are sent out to Biltmore, and a native says:

"Mr Vanderbilt has been a buyin' more of them old foreign things, and the daggers are cheatin' him because he's rich. Why, I can go down that Charlotte and buy brand new pictures, and new statues of the legislature and sculptural for half what he pays for old broken-up things that ain't got a whole arm or a leg to their heathen names."

And the mountaineer shakes his head and looks genuinely sorry for the young millionaire who is now in Europe picking up more treasures for his \$6,000,000 palace up here in the "Land of the Sky." It is the most wonderful private residence in the world, and today is dividing honors with western North Carolina's glorious climate and scenery which for years have been the salvation and delight of thousands of men, women and children who, broken in health, come here seeking rest, invigorating air and pure water. Mr. Vanderbilt himself selected this point for his home after traveling all the world over, because it had the most perfect climate to be found anywhere. The Southern railway officials say that this section is the most popular resort on their great system, and they attribute it to the air and the grandeur of the mountains.

The coast people have long been devoted to Asheville, Flat Rock, Waynesville and all this part of the country. There is a tonic in the air and water which puts new life into them because it riles new blood in their veins, a brighter color in their eyes, a ruddy glow or healthy brown on their cheeks. They are invariably the first to come and the last to leave. The exodus from the coast country is setting in now. In two weeks more the colonies from Savannah, Jacksonville and Charleston will be well installed, and right behind them will come the Macon, Atlanta, Columbus, Montgomery, Mobile and New Orleans contingents with their beautiful belles and aristocratic matrons. Later, the visitors will come from New York, Chicago and other large northern and western cities.

The best people in the South have been coming here so long that the summer colonies have a delightful time socially, and the season passes quickly for those who are fond of social gayeties. On the other hand the guest in the "Land of the Sky," if he prefers, may be as quiet as if he were in his own home. There are amusements and occupations for all tastes—riding, driving, golfing, climbing, trout fishing, tennis, gold mining, music, dancing, reading—everything to interest and amuse.

And around and about, and above all, stretching away farther than eye can reach, are the lowering mountains, clad in mantles of green and flimsy hoods of snow. This is a scenery sublime—the kind which speaks a various language "to him who has the love of nature hold communion with his visible forms." If what Byron called "the hum of human cities," is torture to your overstrained nerves, here is rest and calm. Here it is pleasantly cool when Georgians, Floridians and Alabamians are distressed by the mercury at 85 to 100.

Word comes that more of the fashionable than usual are coming up this season from Atlanta and other cities. A great feature in Asheville's growth is the Southern Railway's excellent train service and convenient schedules. The people here realize, and that the Constitution has assisted in bringing about conditions which are advantageous to all Western North Carolina. Connections are such that one can leave Macon, Savannah or Augusta after supper, or Atlanta at midnight, and be here the next morning for breakfast Jacksonville, Columbia, Montgomery, Mobile and New Orleans are all within an easy ride by this system's fast and luxurious trains.

Mr. Vanderbilt very graciously allows the public to visit his grounds and admire the palace, though it is not every one who gets a glimpse within the chambers where he has stored so many treasures of art and history. No king, no queen, nor prince, nor lord on this earth has such a magnificent palace as the quiet, stately, book and art-loving young bachelor has built for himself high up here among the mountains, just a short distance from Asheville. He has spent more than \$6,000,000 on it, and intends to put \$2,000,000 more into it, and if he lives to enjoy it, no doubt it will cost him all of \$10,000,000 before many years. He has 150,000 acres, and can travel thirty-five miles in a straight line from his door without reaching the boundaries of his estate. Mammoth driveways and cycle roads run everywhere and there are miles of them, carefully graded and kept smooth. Seldom does any one ever come here without going out to see Biltmore.

Of Course.

Moses Junior—Fader, a squireman in de shop wants to know if dat sil-wool nonshrinkable shirt will shrink?

Moses Junior—Does it fid him?

Moses Junior—No; id is too shrink!

Moses Senior—Yah; id vill bring!—Tid-Bits.

"Your wife has such a liquid voice," said Mr. Foedick to Mr. Tiff. "Yes, that's a pretty good name for it," replied Mr. Tiff. Mr. Foedick looked up inquiringly, and Mr. Tiff added: "It never dries up, you know."—Harper's Bazar.

Always be good-natured if you can. A few drops of oil will do more to facilitate the movement of the most stubborn machinery than rivers of vinegar.

"The world owes every man a living." "Yes, and we don't get it collected until we have almost learned to do without it."—Chicago Record.

A GENTLEMAN OF '76.

He cut a gallant figure
In bonnie buff and blue;
A goodly sight his buckles bright
And primly powdered queue!
A more courageous queer
Ne'er served Sultan nor Shah
Than he, my brave ancestor,
My great-great-grandpapa
And then in his elation
Did my forefather say,
Speak out the word he'd long deferred
For fear she'd say him "Nay,"
And when he saw how tender
Within her eyes the light,
He cried: "In your strenuous
I read—we win the fight!"
And when the freedom-pears
Swept, surge-like, through the dells—
A might clang whose echoes rang
From Philadelphia bells—
Loud from a stern old stepple
He hurried the proud hurrah,
The joy-peak to the people,



My great-great-grandpapa.
He held the brutal Briton
A "thing" beneath his scorn;
A Tory he conceived to be
The basest catfish born;
And not a neighbor wondered
He looked upon them so—
Forsooth, that was one hundred
And twenty years ago!
How true the happy presage!
In faith, how lead and true
Thy whole long life of love and strife,
Thou saint in buff and blue!
Beyond all touch of travail,
With great-great-grandma—ma,
Now flooding time, slips by in rhyme
For great-great-grandpapa!
—Clinton Scollard.

GRIGGSVILLE'S CANNON.

A Fourth of July Story.

GRIGGSVILLE was very sorry, indeed, but it didn't see how it was going to have a Fourth of July celebration. Not that Griggsville wasn't anxious to set off fireworks and have a balloon ascension, with fireworks in the evening. Quite the contrary, for the Fourth of July in the past had always been the greatest day of the year. Griggsville had thought it all over, remembering that crops were bad, that the times were hard and that taxes were high, and had come to the conclusion that it would need all the money it could get for winter fuel and buck-wheat flour and bacon.

All of the older folks agreed with this decision; not without many mournful shakes of the head, but the boys of Griggsville were much displeased.

"It's what I call a burning shame," sniffed Jack Morris when he heard the news.

"Yes," chimed in Ruddy Wilson, "Alden's Mills and Norcross and Simpson's Landing and nearly every town in the county is going to have a celebration, and now Griggsville has backed out."

"Course all of our games are off," remarked Dick Lansing, disconsolately; "no team will come here to play unless there is something going on."

Dick was the manager of the Griggsville Baseball Club and he felt the disappointment deeply.

For a moment all the boys were silent, as if the weight of the affliction was too great for expression. Presently Will Spencer blurted out:

"Let's have a celebration anyway. I've got a few dollars I'll put into it and we can get enough more among the boys to make something of a show at least—and we'll leave the old folks out of it, too."

"That's all very well," returned Dick, "but it's easier said than done," and there the matter dropped.

The next day when the boys met at the ball field Will came rushing up the street, evidently much excited. As soon as he was within hearing he shouted:

"I've got it, fellows, I've got it."

"Well, out with it, old man; don't keep us in suspense," replied Dick, who didn't think much of Will's many plans. For Will had only lived in Griggsville a short time and Dick was a little jealous of his popularity.

As soon as Will recovered his breath he unfolded his scheme. It was to go down to Sullinger's Hole and find the cannon and muskets that were supposed to lie hidden in its depths. During the war the part of Missouri in which Griggsville is located had been overrun by roving bands of marauders belonging to both the Confederate and Union armies, and it was on one of these raids that the Southerners had pounced down upon a quantity of stores and ammunition held at Griggsville, and, being unable to get entirely away with their plunder, they had dropped it into Sullinger's Hole. All this had been long known to the boys of Griggsville, whose fathers and mothers often told of the wild day of the raid, and pointed out the bullet-furrows in their homes. And they knew, too, all about Sullinger's Hole. It lay at the end of a tangled path among the hazel brush and prickly ash at the bottom of the bluff which sheltered Griggsville. It was a quiet, glassy pool with a harmless little stream trickling into it, but no outlet that any one knew about. Grass and weeds and a few yellow water lilies grew close around its edges, but at its centre, it was said, no one had ever

UNCLE SAM'S FOURTH OF JULY BICYCLE.



found bottom, although more than one of the men of Griggsville had sounded the pool. The earliest settlers in the county had called it the "haunted pool," but ever since old man Sullinger had scoffed at the idea and had gone bathing in its waters, never to return, it had been known as Sullinger's Hole. All these things the boys knew and they avoided the dark pool. They neither skated on it in winter nor swam in it in summer, although a few of the braver ones had fished around its edges and caught big, lazy, old bass and pickerel. It was, therefore, not at all surprising that Ruddy Wilson shrugged his shoulders and laughed when Will made the suggestion.

"None of that for me," he said.

"Oh, well, you needn't go along unless you want to," responded Will, impatiently. "All this talk about Sullinger's Hole being haunted is foolishness. I've caught a good many fish there, and it's a beautiful place. May be the old cannon and muskets were never dumped in there at all, but if they were it would be a great thing to drag 'em out and have a parade with 'em on the Fourth and fire the cannon early in the morning. I tell you, boys, it would be the biggest celebration that Griggsville ever had."

Will was very much excited, and several of the boys at once grew interested. Will didn't know as much about Sullinger's Hole as the other boys, and so he was less afraid.

"I'd help," said Dick Lansing, "if I was sure there was any way of doing it."

"All right, Dick, we'll show 'em," put in Will, whose eyes fairly glowed with excitement. "We'll have the old guns all up here by the Fourth and it will be a celebration worth seeing."

When Dick went over, all of the doubters except Ruddy went with him. The company was pledged to the greatest secrecy, and work was to begin at once. The baseball practicing was forgotten, and seven boys set off down the narrow pathway that led to Sullinger's Hole.

That night and the next evening

had all expressed their intention of going there often to fish.

The next night Will was handling the drag rope. Suddenly it began to pull, and, assisted by Jack, he drew it carefully in. At the end was a mass of snags.

"What's that?" shouted Dick, suddenly.

Will pulled the rope nearer, and Jack lifted out a long, narrow object. It was a gun barrel, rusted beyond recognition. The stock was wholly gone, but it had evidently been broken off in raising it from the bottom, because there were the marks of a fresh fracture.

Forgetting that he was on a raft Will threw up his cap and shouted at the top of his voice:

"We've found 'em! we've found 'em!"

But although they dragged an hour they could bring up nothing else.

"I don't see how we can ever get the things up even if they are there," said Dick.

"Dive," answered Will, quietly.

The other two boys looked at him with horror. But when they parted for the night Will had expressed his firm intention of diving to the bottom to see if he could find the cannon. And the next day all seven of the boys came back very much excited. The finding of the gun barrel had reassured them. Carefully they poled out so as not to make the water muddy, and then Will stripped and stood poised for a moment on the edge of the raft. Dick had insisted that he tie a rope around him. The word was given, and with a look at the clear sky above Will splashed head-first into the Sullinger's hole. They saw his white body go down and down through the water and then fade out of sight. No one moved nor uttered a sound; every muscle was strained and every eye was fixed on the water. It was a critical moment. What would Will find? Would he be sucked down to his death as Sullinger had been?

But the rope had ceased to spin through Dick's hands. Then it pulled



"A HUNDRED WILLING HANDS DRAGGED THE OLD CANNON."

they dragged or rolled a number of big dry logs and poles down to the edge of the pool. These they cut off into equal lengths and fastened together in the form of a huge raft that would support a dozen or more boys.

As early on the afternoon of the third day as possible the seven slid quietly out of the town and down the hill to the pool. They carried with them ropes and a crowbar or two and a number of long poles cut in the woods, besides hammers and nails and other implements. On reaching the shore of the pool they mounted the raft and pushed it out. They all whistled and shouted and sung until the birds of the woods, unused to being so disturbed, flew away much frightened. Every one of the workers felt just a little nervous in spite of the bright warm sunlight and the clear sky overhead. Once out on the pool they poled themselves along until they were about twenty feet from the shore.

One of the ropes with a big iron hook on the end was let down in the water and dragged back and forth. Suddenly it pulled against something hard. Half shivering with excitement Dick and George Merton pulled away on it. The raft swayed and lurched, and the other boys came to help them. At last a big, dark object came to the surface, and they saw that it was only the limbs of a big dead tree. As long as there was light they poled about the edges of the pond with their drags, but with the exception of snags and weeds and mud they could find nothing at all.

After two more discouraging afternoons of work "Lank" Everson said he wasn't going to waste any more of his time.

Three of the boys agreed with him, but Will Spencer was able to persuade Dick and Jack to make one more trial. By this time they had got over most of their awe of the pool and they

again and a dozen feet away from the boat a wet head popped out of the water. Will shook himself, sputtered and shouted:

"It's there, it's there; I touched it."

Then he struck out for the raft, dragging something along in his hand. When he crawled out he laid an old, worn, rusted musket on the logs. All the boys were wild with excitement. Dick insisted on stripping and making a dive, and he, too, brought up a musket. Then Will went down with one end of a small rope in his mouth. This he ran through the fork of the cannon. A larger rope was dragged down, and before dark the boys were on shore ready to begin pulling in their prize. But it would not stir. It was too deep in the mud.

The next afternoon they came down with Tom Fisher's old white-faced team, fastened it to the rope, and with one strong pull the cannon came loose and then it was no trouble to pull the battered and rusted and wholly worthless old piece of artillery out of the water.

Somehow, in spite of all the boys could do, the news spread about like wild-fire, and every one in town came out to see what Sullinger's Hole had given up to the light of day. A hundred willing hands dragged the old cannon to the top of the bluff, and on Fourth of July morning it was loaded with powder—but that is getting ahead of the story. For when Griggsville heard what the boys had done Will Spencer became the hero of the hour, and the money for a great celebration was quickly subscribed. And on the morning of the great day Griggsville was out in her best with flags waving and firecrackers popping and anvils booming. The news of the great find had spread, and men and women and children came from all over the country to help Griggsville celebrate and to see Will Spencer.

And Dick Lansing's ball team won two games.

About the old cannon? When it was fired it split from end to end, but Griggsville still keeps it as a proud trophy. And she is probably celebrating around it to-day, for Will Spencer made the dive which brought him fame all over Missouri many years ago.—Chicago Record.

"THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."

A Little Boy Was the First Person to Sing the Spirited Song.

In Lossing's "Pictorial Field Book of the War of 1812" it is recorded that the "Star-Spangled Banner" was first sung in a restaurant in Baltimore, next door to the Holliday Street Theatre, by Charles Durango, to an assemblage of the patriotic defenders of the city, and after that nightly at the theatre.

This statement is slightly inaccurate, and though it is one of no great historical importance it involves a matter of sufficient interest to justify a correction. The first person to sing that spirited song—which, though given a foreign air and commemorating a single episode in our country's history, has filled millions of hearts with patriotic devotion—was a lad of twelve years of age, the scene of his childish effort being neither a restaurant nor a theatre, but the open street in front of Captain Benjamin Edes's printing office in Baltimore, the second day after the bombardment of Fort M'Henry. It is worthy of record, too, that the person who first "set up" the song, printed it and distributed it to the citizens of Baltimore was also a boy—an apprentice of Captain Edes—the whole thing being done while the gallant captain was still out of the city with his regiment, the Twenty-seventh Maryland Infantry, which three days before had acted with conspicuous bravery at the battle of North Point.

The name of the apprentice boy, then seventeen or eighteen years old, was Samuel Sands. He lived a very much respected citizen of Baltimore to a very old age. The little singer was James Lawrenson, who afterward, for nearly seventy years, was connected with the Postoffice Department, and also employed, for probably half that time, as a writer for the National Intelligencer, the Philadelphia Ledger and the Baltimore Sun. He died nearly ninety years old, at his home in Baltimore, universally loved and honored.

A Four-Legged Fire Extinguisher.

I guess most boys think all the fun of the Fourth is to light firecrackers, but the writer had a dog named Democrat who had lots of fun putting out firecrackers as they exploded. He was a plucky bull-terrier, and earned the title of "four-legged fire-extinguisher" in this way. After an exciting day with him, when he had put out many crackers with mouth and paws, we were on the lawn, watching the fireworks, when the thin dress of a child caught fire from a smoldering cracker, and Democrat saw the blaze and put it out before the older people had noticed it.

We first discovered his taste for fire-fighting when he jumped and took a lighted match from my father's hand. He finally burned his throat while putting out a blazing paper, and died, much missed by all the boys in the neighborhood.—Chicago Record.

Costly Displays of Fireworks.

The cost of a finely managed display of fireworks is no small consideration. At the Presidential inauguration at Washington March 4, 1885, \$5000 was paid to one company for fireworks, and I was shown one check for \$11,000, which was given for a similar but more extensive display at the Centennial of Washington's inauguration, April 30, 1889. Paris and London have always been exceedingly lavish in this regard. As early as 1697, \$60,000 were spent in London on fireworks to celebrate the peace of Ryswick. In 1814 an even larger amount was spent to celebrate in St. James Park the 100th anniversary of the reigning family; and at Crystal Palace, where fireworks are frequent, three tons of quick-match are sometimes let off in a single evening.

The Prisoners' Holiday.

Once a year, on the Fourth of July, the prisoners at the Wisconsin State's prison at Waupun have a half-holiday. They are let out of their dark cells into the prison yard. They can't have firecrackers, but they are so glad to get out that the time goes away quickly. They have boxing, wrestling, running, races, ball playing and all kinds of games. On the Fourth two years ago one old man, who was a little bit crazy, wanted to make a stump speech, so he got on top of an old windmill tower and began to shout. He was very much excited, and some of the men turned the hose on him. He was wild with anger, and could think of nothing more to say.

An Epitaph.
Stop, traveler, and weep for him
Who's lying here below.
He filled his cannon to the brim—
That's all you'll ever know.

Here He is Again.

Some professors of religion are like the young moon that shines feebly above the horizon for an hour or two, and then goes down. The true Christian should be like the full moon that sheds its steady beams the whole night through. Clouds may occasionally float across and hide it; spots on the surface can be detected with the naked eye. But in spite of all these blemishings, the steady orb is there, reflecting the glory of the sun of righteousness, and shining on and on until it is swallowed up in the glorious day-dawn of heaven. To be all that is within the possibility of every soul, even the humblest and most tempted, if that soul will simply continue in the light and love of Christ.—Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D.

My God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee:
Amid a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of thy highest love.

Be earth with all her strife withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the soul,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

Be not a Stranger.
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IN THE QUIET HOURS.

PREGNANT THOUGHTS FROM THE WORLD'S GREATEST AUTHORS.

The Trials and the Reward—When Duty Becomes a Pleasure—A Prayer—Turn Thine Eyes—Be Frequently Alone With God—Levage of Love—Not a Stranger.

For the joy set before thee—
The cross.
For the gain that comes after—
The loss.
For the morning that smleth—
The night.
For the peace of the victor—
The fight.

For the white rose of goodness—
The thorn.
For the Spirit's deep wisdom—
Men's scorn.
For the sunshine of gladness—
The rain.

For the fruit of God's pruning—
The pain.
For the clear bells of triumph—
A knell.
For the sweet kiss of meeting—
Farewell.
For the height of the mountain—
The steep.
For the waking in heaven—
Death's sleep.

—Christian Commonwealth.

When Duty Becomes a Pleasure.

If we go on in the course which God intends, there will come a time when, just as the soldier becomes inspired with intense patriotism, just as the physician realizes the dignity and solemnity of his profession, so the Christian enters into the largeness and fulness of divine things, and then there is an ardor, a zeal, an enthusiasm, a positive joy, in doing the will of God which transform and transfigure the whole man. Duty, which before was like the piping and iron work intended for an illumination, but which was black and cheerless, flames out with a light and beauty all its own; obedience which before was like a dewdrop in the darkness of the night, catches the flashes of the morning sun, and has a radiance surpassing any diamond; devotion, which before was like a windmill moving with fitfulness, now has the beat and steadiness of an engine; faith, which before crept like a vessel through a fog, now sweeps on a mighty steamer in the cloudless day; prayer, which before hardly dared to rise from the earth, now as on eagles' pinions travels the measureless sky. A glorious transformation has been effected. The body no longer dominates the soul. The mind, the heart, the spirit, are under the spell of the unseen, and the life which the man lives in the flesh is lived by faith in the Son of God.—J. Wesley Johnston, D. D., in "The Creed and the Prayer."

A Prayer for Knowledge.

Aimighty God, we would rest in thine eternity, in our Father's sovereignty, in the throne of the one Majesty, because the Lord reigneth; the earth should be all sunshine and song and joy and worship. The riches of Jesus Christ are unsearchable riches, therefore we can never be poor and weak. Father, we would know the mystery of living wholly in thee and so dwelling in the world as to live apart from it. Even this miracle lies within the scope of thine almighty power. The Lord's own spirit, more beautiful than light, be with us; an inward glory, a lamp shining on the hidden parts that we may know what is right, not only in conduct but in thought, and live that interior, profound life, which the ever blessed spirit himself most approve. In our Saviour's name, infinite excellency, we ask great things. Lord, if our prayers be great, thy throne is greater, thy cross is infinitely more. Amen.

Turn Thine Eyes to the Day.

My soul, art thou in doubt about thy future? Art thou searching for a testimony of Christ on the nature of angels? Thou art looking too far. Not His testimony, but His life, shall be thy light. No man by searching can find the ivory gate that leads to immortality. There is no method but the method of Jesus—life. He came to the crown when He was following the cross; He found the gate of heaven when He was seeking the door of earth. So shall it be with thee. O my soul, is the ivory gate dim to thee? Do not strive to clear thy sight. Forget the gate in the going. Turn thine eyes to the day and to the dust. Turn thine ears to the cry in the desert. Turn thy hands to the wants of the toiling. Turn thy heart to the wants of the weary. And lo! in the unexpected some of the ivory gate shall shine. The door to God shall open through the dust; the road to Olivet shall glitter in the gloom; and where the rivers of humanity meet, thou shalt find the way to Paradise. To live the life of Jesus is thy only light.—George Matheson, D. D.

Too Little Alone with God.

We are far too little alone with God; and this I am persuaded, is one of the very saddest features in our modern Christian living. It is work, work, work—at the very best some well-meant, Martha-like serving; but where are the more devoted Marys, who find the shortest, surest way to the heart of Jesus by ceasing very much from self-willed, self-appointed toils and sitting humbly at His feet to let Him carry on His blessed work within their souls? If the soul is to be carried out more, it might as well be considerably the amount of work apparently accomplished, but it would incomparably enhance the quality. What though we should lose a hundredweight and get instead of it only a pound—if the hundredweight lost were only lead and the pound gained were pure gold?—Methodist Times.

The Levage of Love.

To win and hold a friend we are compelled to keep ourselves at his ideal point, and in turn our love makes on him the same appeal. All around the circle of our best beloved it is this idealizing that gives to love its beauty and its pain and its mighty leverage on character—its beauty, because that idealizing is the secret of love's glow, its pain, because that idealizing makes the constant peril of its vanishing; its leverage to uplift character, because this same idealizing is a constant challenge between every two, compelling each to be his best. "What is the secret of your life?" asked Mrs. Browning of Charles Kingsley: "tell me, that I may make mine beautiful, too." He replied, "I had a friend."—Rev. W. C. Gannett.

True Christian Like Full Moon.

Some professors of religion are like the young moon that shines feebly above the horizon for an hour or two, and then goes down. The true Christian should be like the full moon that sheds its steady beams the whole night through. Clouds may occasionally float across and hide it; spots on the surface can be detected with the naked eye. But in spite of all these blemishings, the steady orb is there, reflecting the glory of the sun of righteousness, and shining on and on until