

The Abbeville Press and Banner.

BY HUGH WILSON.

ABBEVILLE, S. C., WEDNESDAY, MAY 11, 1887.

VOLUME XXXI. NO. 46.

Christian Neighbor.

BY REV. SIDI H. BROWNE.
Of the South Carolina Conference.

An Unhappy Old Age.

As years pass the illusions of youth are of necessity dispelled—the eye, quickened by experience, penetrates the thousand shafts that deceive the unwary, and men are prone to cry, "All is vanity!" As this experience broadens, and one fully after another is discovered to be such, many become embittered, and quickly learn to despise the world and the men that make it. As age advances they become more bitter, until there is no man, no enterprise, no motive that is above suspicion. No conversation of these haters of their kind is free from gibes—morning, noon, night, at home, on the street, in business hours, always, everywhere, the same harshness characterizes them. Other men with better balanced minds—minds made "even" by high and holy purposes—may penetrate as deeply the shafts of the world, yet remain sweet minded and gentle, quite untouched save by pity for the deluded. These may see quite clearly that the man they are dealing with is a knave and will cheat them if he can, yet have the power to remain unruffled by the unpleasant knowledge.

This evenness of temper is by no means synonymous with weakness. Its possessors can be as decided, as positive, as determined as the violent man, and can accomplish as much with less mental strain to themselves and those associated with them than the man who rages and swears. It may be with only a "wooden oath." Violent minded men as they grow older find themselves deserted by relatives and friends—this by no means tends to improve their tempers. None will of choice seek the company of those who invariably indulge in suspicions and hate—matters not where one finds them, the theme is sure to be the rascality of the world in general and of some man in particular. Though none should adopt the belief that all men are knaves till they prove themselves honest men, yet the discovery of deception and fraud makes no necessity for the cultivation by any man of chronic hate toward all the world, and habitual harshness of speech. The evil increases with years, and before the man realizes it he reaches a loveless old age—avoided by all save those whose hard duty it may be to try to love the lovable.

We are in receipt of the "Prospectus of the first Annual Inter-State Farmers Summer Encampment, to be held at Spartanburg, S. C., beginning Tuesday, August 2nd, 1887, at 8 o'clock, A. M., and continuing until Saturday, August 6th, 1887. Under the auspices of the patrons of husbandry of the States of Alabama, Tennessee, Georgia, North Carolina and South Carolina."

We know but little of what is hoped for in this movement, and of course know less as to what good will come of it, but we have a vague suspicion that it will follow "immigration," "fish culture," "civil service reform," and kindred enterprises.

Dr. E. J. C. Wood, Aiken, April 26, writes favorably of the Methodist Church in that town and of Bro. Dunnean, the pastor. The church is much in advance of what it was twelve and ten years ago, yet but few now remain of those who were members then. The pastor's reports at the Quarterly Conference indicate prosperity in the juvenile and adult departments of the church. The family of our friend, Dr. Wood, also his venerable mother, had been much afflicted. The Lord bless those friends whose kindness during our pastorate there has not been forgotten.

Many over a hundred times we have thought of mustering up sufficient courage to request the publishers of eight-page journals to cut the leaves so as to save the trouble of turning in and out, and out and in, &c., but as often has our heart failed—the Neighbor being only a four-page and rather under size at that. If we ever should make such a request it is hoped that the "big brothers" will not think "little Benjamin" is impudent.

Ex-President Davis and Gen. Beauregard, of lottery fame, are at logger-heads over some exploits in the late war. It is rather seldom that one of the more prominent heroes in a war is loved to death by his yoke fellows in arms and honors. Very few people will care much about any quarrel between these two gentlemen.

We must thank the committee for an invitation to the "Basket Picnic to the Employees of the Walker, Evans & Cogswell Company," Midland Park, May 11. The day would be a pleasure to us, and we can only regret our inability to attend.

John M. McBride, president of the South Carolina College has accepted the offer of the presidency of the University of Tennessee at Knoxville.

Davis—Mrs. Harriet Roach Davis was born in Georgetown, S. C., and died at Macbeth, Berkeley County, S. C., on the 7th instant, from burns received on the 6th. She united with the M. E. Church, South, many years ago. She resided in Marion, where she was much esteemed. Her life was not free from much sorrow, for she drank its cup to the dregs; but in the final hour she was able to engage in prayer and praise with the writer, who committed her body to the grave by the side of her sister, Mrs. A. A. Markley, at Rehoboth Church. She leaves an only child, Mrs. A. B. Dennis, who tenderly cared for her and now laments her loss, though she weeps not as if she had not the hope that her mother is now in Paradise to await the resurrection of the just. May we all who survive our departed sister "so number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

Conference—2d Session—Concord—One Day.

Dear Neighbor: Friday, April 29, before breakfast, the P. E. and the P. C. boarded the train for Leesville, thence per buggy to F. A. Warren's for breakfast.

No need to say that this section had wind that day and the next—Never before had I seen such clouds of dust and sand as the wind lifted from the fields and roads and carried them whithersoever it listed.

After a capital sermon by Dr. Jones came the Conference—eleven of the sixteen officials present. In the course of the prescribed routine of business John D. Rikard and H. Thompson Rikard were licensed to exhort; George A. Fulmer and D. D. Mitchell were elected delegates to the District Conference; A. S. Bounknight and F. A. Warren were chosen as Resolvers.

Amount raised during the quarter for the ministry something in advance of what it was this time last year. In addition to this \$18.15 was reported on last year's claim—paid out *pro rata* to the ministry, P. E. and P. C. last year. The session was pleasant and harmonious all through.

We dined together at John W. Spann's, and after some church business, at 5 p. m. the P. E. left with J. A. J. Mitchell, en route to hold Conference with pastor Vaughan and his people. I bided still with friend John. At night-meeting "Uncle" Joel Warren [exhorter] gave the people an appropriate talk. We were all glad to hear words from the venerable servant of God as he sat [a part of the time] in his chair.

Preaching by the pastor on Saturday. Walked home with uncle J. W. to dinner. His wife has not been able to get to meeting since I have been her pastor. These dear old people speak hopefully of their future home.

At 5 p. m. the old gentleman walked with me to the public road where Willie Mitchell took me in his buggy. On our way to his home we called to see "Uncle" John Miller who was quite sick; and further on we turned in to see Bro. Batson, who also was in bed sick. A pastor should give preference to the sick, the poor, the widows "in affliction" and the aged and the infirm. It was nearly dark when we reached Willie's home where he has a mother, a sister, and a "better-half" recently and happily added. This trio of ladies will help to keep their Willie straight—though I think he is already one of my straightest members. Returning to church Sabbath morning I learned that the sick friends were "about the same." The Sunday School exercises were of interest. The congregation was unusually large—rather suspect some of them had expected to hear the P. E. Rev. E. O. Watson came up unexpectedly to me just at preaching time, but he declined to preach for me or in the shoes of the absent P. E. But consented to preach at 5 p. m. which he did—and we were all glad to hear what he said. The communion, following the morning sermon, brought many to the table.

A quarterly meeting does not look like one without the Presiding Elder, but we all tried to do toward the best we could after Dr. Jones left us.

I dined Sabbath with that stirring turpentine farmer, Mr. Cook, or rather with him and his family, and then slept four minutes before the "chaps" and I drove a mule down to the church. Said mule was safe and good looking but seemed as unwilling to go to meeting that evening as some members of the church. Somehow things fell out so that sundown found me at Tom Warren's taking tea, and, rather contrary to the calculations of Tom and "John" they, as aforesaid, gave me a pleasant ride to Leesville—this time by moonlight.

Thinking back on the quarterly meeting, one among other pleasant facts remembered is that of the face of my friend Mack Mitchell among the hearing worshippers on Sabbath morning.

The End of a Dog's Quarrel.
One day a fine Newfoundland dog and a mastiff had a sharp discussion over a bone, and warred away as angrily as two boys. They were fighting on a bridge; and the first they knew, over they went into the water. The hanks were so high that they were forced to swim some distance before they came to a landing place. It was very easy for the Newfoundland; he was as much at home in the water as a seal. But not so poor Bruce; he struggled and tried to swim, but made little headway. The Newfoundland dog quickly reached the land, and then turned back at his old enemy. He saw plainly that his strength was fast failing, and that he was likely to drown. So what should the noble fellow do but plunge in, seize him gently by the collar, and keeping his nose above water, tow him safely into port? It was funny to see these dogs look at each other as they shook their wet coats. Their glance said as plainly as words, "We'll never quarrel any more."

Another Blow at Honesty and Fair Dealing.
[Spartanburg Herald.]
This is another blow at honesty and fair dealing and will enable many a rascal and thief to avoid paying honest debts. We are glad to see that Judge McGowan at least, dissented from this opinion.

COMMONS.

Disarmament.

"Put up thy sword!" The voice of Christ once more.

The Christian Way to Kill an Enemy.

"That man will be the death of me yet," said Paul Levering. He looked worried out, Dick Hardy? "Yes," "What has he been doing to thee now?" asked the questioner, a Friend, named Isaac Martin, a neighbor.

"He's always doing something, friend Martin. Scarcely a day passes that I don't have complaint of him. Yesterday one of the boys came and told me he saw him throw a stone at my new Durham cow, and strike her on the head."

"That's very bad, friend Levering. Does that knock why he did this? Was thy Durham trespassing on his grounds?"

"No, she was only looking over the fence. He has a spite against me and mine, and does all he can to injure me. You know the fine Bartlett pear tree, that stands in the corner of my lot, adjoining his property?"

"Two large limbs, full of fruit, hung over on his side. You would hardly believe it, but it's true; I was out there just now, and discovered that he had sawed off those two fine limbs that hung over on his side. They lay down upon the ground, and his pigs were eating the fruit."

"Why is Dick so spiteful to thee, friend Levering?" "He doesn't annoy me. What has thee done to him?"

"Nothing of any consequence." "Thee must have done something. Try and remember."

"I know what first put him out—I kicked an ugly dog of his once. The beast, half starved at home, I suppose, was all the while prowling about here, and snatched up everything that came in his way. One day I came upon him suddenly, and gave him a tremendous kick, and sent him howling through the gate. Unfortunately, as it happened to be passing along the road, he saw he swore at me was dreadful. I never saw a more vindictive face. On the next morning, a splendid Newfoundland, that I had raised from a pup met me shivering at the door, with his tail out. I don't know how I have felt so badly. Poor fellow! I had no proof against Dick, but have never doubted as to his agency in the matter. In my grief and indignation I shot the dog, and so put him out of sight."

"There was lusty in that, friend Levering," said the Quaker.

HOUSE AND FARM.

A Cure for Diphtheria.

R. Munch, proprietor of a drug establishment in Leipzig, Saxony, publishes in the *Pharmacist*, a medical paper, a remedy for diphtheria, which has had surprising success. He urgently presses all physicians to try it for the benefit of all patients suffering from the disease, and requests the press to publish it.

He says: "My little daughter, seven years of age, has had diphtheria twice within some weeks, with severe fever—about 105° Fahrenheit. We gave with great success rectified oil of turpentine (*oleum terebinthinae rectificatum*). Dose, one teaspoonful in the morning and the same at evening."

Adults should take one teaspoonful. Afterward drink a little lukewarm milk to allay the burning in the throat. For children the second dose may be mixed with milk, which will render it easier to take.

The result is really marvelous. The inflammation of the abnormal diphtheritic spots in the throat grows lighter at the edges, and in this way they gradually shrink until in twenty-four hours they disappear entirely, leaving no sign.

To quiet the inflamed tonsils the throat was gargled at first every two hours, and then every three hours with the following gargle: One ounce chlorate of potash to forty ounces of distilled water.

This remedy has been used with perfect satisfaction both by adults and children, not one case ending fatally. The Milwaukee *Volksblatt* quoted this remedy from a German paper, and afterward received a letter from a subscriber, Mr. Mitchell, Iowa, saying that "a child in the writer's family was attacked by diphtheria, treated by local physicians, and died; then four other members of the same family were similarly attacked, treated by this remedy, and, I am happy to tell you, all recovered."

A New Method with Pansies.
Last season I tried growing pansies in a new manner, at least it was new to me. We sowed a large quantity of seed quite early, but the drought came on before the plants had attained much size, and all through the summer they just managed to live, and that was all; indeed, they would have died long before fall came with the long deferred rains, had we not watered them daily.

But the water we applied did not seem to produce the same results that follow the application of moisture in a natural manner, and the young plants stood still. But when it began to get cooler, and an occasional rain came, the plants began to grow. I wondered what effect pinching back would have on them. They were inclined to make a growth of one or two branches only when they got started. So I went to work and pinched off the ends of all of them. This induced other branches to start and these grew pinched off when they had grown a few inches. In this way I had some compact little plants rather than the usual slender, sprawly specimens.

Why Arctic Animals are White.
Wherever all the world around is remarkably uniform in color and appearance, all the animals, birds, and insects alike necessarily disguise themselves in its prevailing tint by the color of their bodies. It does not matter in the least whether they are predatory or defenceless, the hunters or the hunted; if they are to escape destruction or starvation, as the ease may be, they must assume the hue of all the rest of nature about them. In the arctic snows, for example, all animals, without exception, must needs be snow-white. The polar bear, the milk-white brown arctic hare, would immediately be observed among the unvaried ice-fields by his expected prey, and could never find a chance of approaching his quarry unperceived at close quarters.

On the other hand, the arctic hare must equally be dressed in a snow-white coat, or the arctic fox would too readily discover him and pounce down upon him off-hand; while, conversely, the fox himself, if red or brown, could never creep unsuspectedly, which would defeat his purpose. For this reason, the ptarmigan and the willow grouse become as white in winter as the vast snow fields under which they burrow; the ermine changes his dusky summer coat for the expensive wintry suit beloved of British Thémis; the snow-bunting acquires his milk-white plumage; and even the weasel assimilates himself to the snow by the use of the unvarying garb of arctic nature.

SCHOOLS.

On the Gift of a Cent.

It is a bright and shining thing that good things will buy; therefore not despite the coin, this is my gift—
"I would buy a pen, wherewith to write
A volume for the press;
"I would buy a tract, with truth enough
Some erring soul to bless.
"I would buy a pencil, to work out
Great problems on the slate;
"I would buy an egg, wherewith a boy
Might make a fortune great.
"I would buy a nail, to stop a leak
Some erring soul to bless.
"I would buy a stick, by grasping which
Some drowning boy might float.
"I would buy a piece of wholesome bread,
Some starving child to bless.
"I would buy a pin, wherewith to save
Some article of dress.
"I would buy, 'I would buy, I can not say
How many things 't would buy;
"I'll therefore not despise the gift
Of a bright new cent—not I."

The biographer of William Wirt says of the Swiss aunt who mothered the young lawyer after his own mother died, that, although she was a firm and successful disciplinarian, she had "a tender disposition to excuse," for which all children feel deeply grateful.

"A Disposition to Excuse."

This "tender disposition to excuse" on the one hand, balanced on the other by firm control, makes the most perfect motherhood in the world. Do the two things seem incompatible? O, be sure they are not; the control must be the wheels upon which family government moves, but a readiness to forgive and forget may be the springs upon which the family rides smoothly.

A Good Experience.

God knows me better than I know myself. He knows my gifts and powers, my failings and my weaknesses, what I can do and cannot do. So I desire to be led, to follow Him; and I am quite sure that He will thus enable me to do a great deal more in ways which seem to me almost a waste of life, in advancing His cause, than I could in any other way. I am sure that, intellectually, I am weak; in scholarship, nothing; in a thousand things, a baby. He knows this, and so He has led me, and greatly blessed me, to my church and fellow-men. How kind, how good, how compassionate art Thou, O God! O my Father, keep me humble! Help me to have respect toward my fellow-men, to recognize these several gifts as from Thee. Deliver me from the diabolical sins of malice, envy, or jealousy, and give me hearty joy in my brother's good, in his work, in his gifts and talents, and may I be truly glad in his superiority to myself, if God be glorified. Root out weak vanity, all devilish pride, all that is abhorrent to the mind of Christ. God bless my prayer, Grant me the wondrous joy, humility, which is seeing Thee as all in all.

End of the Christian's Trials.

The time is coming when thy heart shall be as thou wouldst have it; when thou shalt be discharged of all these cares, fears, and sorrows, and never cry out, O my hard, my proud, my vain, my earthly heart, my move! When all darkness shall be vanishing from thy understanding; and thou shalt clearly discover all truths in God, that crystal ocean of truth. When all vanity shall be purged perfectly out of thy thoughts, and they be everlastingly, ravishingly, and delightfully entertained and exercised upon that supreme goodness, and infinite excellency of God, from whom they shall never start any more like a broken bow. And as for the pride, passion, earthliness, and all other members of thy complaint and trouble, it shall be said of them, as of the Egyptians to Israel, "Stand still and see the salvation of God." These corruptions thou shalt see to-day, henceforth thou shalt see no more forever—when thou shalt lay down thy weapons of prayers, tears and groans, and put on the armor of light, not to fight, but triumph in.

A Double Edged Hint.

Our pastors in our cities and towns should be examples of neatness in apparel. Simplicity in a preacher is a great hindrance to usefulness. He should always wear a clean collar and shiny boots, and his toilet should always be so neatly adjusted as to give no offense to people of taste. His clothes should never be ragged or offensively coarse. Now, if you want your pastor to fill this bill, furnish him the means. If you want the bricks, furnish the straw. If you are miserably and illiberal, do not grumble if your pastor's steady appearance causes you to blush when he enters the sacred desk.

Power of Evil.

I do not know why it is, that by the constitution of the universe, evil has so much more power than good to produce its effect and to perpetuate it. One drop of foul will pollute a whole cup of fair water; but one drop of fair water has no power to appreciate or improve a cup of foul. Sharp pain present in a tooth or a toe will make the whole man miserable, though all the rest of his body be easy; but if all the rest of the body be suffering, the easy tooth or toe will cause no perceptible alleviation.—*Dr. Boyd.*

The licentiate of Princeton Seminary were in the habit of preaching some distance from that place. Christian slave, who, on his return home, would tell his mistress what he could remember of the sermon, would complain that the students were too deep for him. One day he said that a poor untutored old man, like himself, had preached who was hardly fit to preach to white people; but he was glad he came, for he could remember everything he had said. Sam's "Unlucky" preacher was Dr. Archibald Alexander, who, when he heard the compliment, said it was the highest compliment ever paid to his preaching.

The selfish man has the most precious gift of mind. He never forgets himself.

Nothing is more expensive than peevishness; nothing more anxious than carelessness; and every duty which is hidden to wait returns with seven fresh duties at its back.

HOUSE AND FARM.

A Safe House to Sleep In.

A lawyer of high reputation in the city of Philadelphia was traveling in one of the Southern States, and being belated one evening, after a long day's ride, he was compelled to turn into a house on a solitary plantation and ask for shelter and hospitality for the night. His request was granted. In the course of the evening he thought he observed something reserved in the master of the house which awakened his suspicions. He was at length conducted to his chamber, which was adjoining the family room. There he dwelt on the circumstances that had alarmed him till his excited imagination was filled with thoughts of nightly robbery and assassination. He proceeded to barricade the room as well as he could. He fastened down the windows; against the doors he piled up tables, chairs, every thing that was movable in the room. While thus engaged, words uttered in a low voice caught his ear and increased his alarm. He placed his ear at the key-hole. The man of the house was engaged in prayer—in family prayer. Among other objects of intercession, he was praying for "the stranger whom the providence of God had unexpectedly brought to lodge beneath their roof that night." When he got through our traveling friend arose from his stooping posture. Imagine the change in his feelings. All his fears had vanished. Though no Christian himself, he knew that the prayers of Christians are like guardian angels to the abode in which they are offered up, and went to bed and slept soundly and sweetly, feeling that the house where God was reared and worshiped was a safe house to sleep in.—*Worker.*

A Good Experience.

God knows me better than I know myself. He knows my gifts and powers, my failings and my weaknesses, what I can do and cannot do. So I desire to be led, to follow Him; and I am quite sure that He will thus enable me to do a great deal more in ways which seem to me almost a waste of life, in advancing His cause, than I could in any other way. I am sure that, intellectually, I am weak; in scholarship, nothing; in a thousand things, a baby. He knows this, and so He has led me, and greatly blessed me, to my church and fellow-men. How kind, how good, how compassionate art Thou, O God! O my Father, keep me humble! Help me to have respect toward my fellow-men, to recognize these several gifts as from Thee. Deliver me from the diabolical sins of malice, envy, or jealousy, and give me hearty joy in my brother's good, in his work, in his gifts and talents, and may I be truly glad in his superiority to myself, if God be glorified. Root out weak vanity, all devilish pride, all that is abhorrent to the mind of Christ. God bless my prayer, Grant me the wondrous joy, humility, which is seeing Thee as all in all.

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Power of Evil.

I do not know why it is, that by the constitution of the universe, evil has so much more power than good to produce its effect and to perpetuate it. One drop of foul will pollute a whole cup of fair water; but one drop of fair water has no power to appreciate or improve a cup of foul. Sharp pain present in a tooth or a toe will make the whole man miserable, though all the rest of his body be easy; but if all the rest of the body be suffering, the easy tooth or toe will cause no perceptible alleviation.—*Dr. Boyd.*

The licentiate of Princeton Seminary were in the habit of preaching some distance from that place. Christian slave, who, on his return home, would tell his mistress what he could remember of the sermon, would complain that the students were too deep for him. One day he said that a poor untutored old man, like himself, had preached who was hardly fit to preach to white people; but he was glad he came, for he could remember everything he had said. Sam's "Unlucky" preacher was Dr. Archibald Alexander, who, when he heard the compliment, said it was the highest compliment ever paid to his preaching.

The selfish man has the most precious gift of mind. He never forgets himself.

Nothing is more expensive than peevishness; nothing more anxious than carelessness; and every duty which is hidden to wait returns with seven fresh duties at its back.