

The Press and Banner

By HUGH WILSON.

Wednesday, Oct. 1, 1890.

"Let it be instilled into the hearts of your children that the Liberty of the Press is the Palladium of all your Rights."

Twelve Pages.

Labor on a Strike.

Labor is strong, but capital is stronger. The one is pressed by present necessities, the other can live on accumulated wealth. With the one it is a question of bread for wife and children, with the other it is a question of profit. The late strike on the New York Central is a good illustration. Here was a powerful labor organization making war upon organized capital. Labor selected its own ground. It was absolutely unembarrassed in its choice of time and place. Yet the defeat was crushing. Capital listened to no compromise and offered no terms. If labor will learn to be more considerate and conservative; if capital will learn to be less exacting and oppressive then good will come out of evil.—Associate Reformed Presbyterian.

All well said; but there is a little more that might be said. The Railroads pay better prices for efficient labor, and skilled workmen than any other corporation on the face of the earth. The very circumstances make it incumbent on the owners of railroads to employ the most trustworthy and the most competent men in the respective departments of their work, no matter whether in constructing, maintaining, operating, or running. So in the employ of conductors, engineers, and trainmen. A single train as it goes skimming along represents a great estate in property, to say nothing of the immense liability for damage of life or person through the carelessness of its operatives. All these things make it necessary to have the best men of the country in their service;

On the other hand, we have one thousand or five thousand, or any other number banded together, to extort still higher pay, and to prevent other laborers from taking their places. As a matter of fact, we doubt if half of the recent strikers could go into any other business and earn half the money which they were receiving before the strike. They had a perfect right to resign their position. Nobody questions that fact. But they had no more right to prevent others from taking their places than had Reuben Burrows to "hold up" a train and at the face of a pistol demand the treasure of the company or passengers. The "holding up" of a train and an organized strike to extort money might be placed in the same penal chapter.

The laws of this country should punish strikers for organizing to prevent any corporation from hiring laborers at will. The train robber, and the striker against brother laborers, should be punished. There is neither justice nor reason in punishing one sinner and allowing another to go scot free. If strikers can organize against railroads, then the "holding up" of trains should be without let or hindrance as far as the law is concerned. Then the act of relieving express messengers and passengers of their treasure might be reduced to a fine art.

Bad Spelling.

A Correspondent of the of the *Palmetto Post* writes a letter, which is good enough in itself, but its merit is marred by the bad spelling, the following being a specimen sentence:

"There was delegashuns from both fack-shuns arter men. Sum ov em a seronidn with mouth organs and singin. 'Come down me boys, come down,' and sum a pitlin whiskey bottles at me, and a singin. 'Return to yer first juv, Johnny,' & all sich foldroy devilmint."

No man should intentionally misspell any word. Such words as "delegations," "factions," "some," "come," "loved," etc., are not pronounced differently when spelled "fack-shuns," "delegashuns," "sum," "com," "art," "singin," etc., then spell the words as it may be desired they should be pronounced. Under certain circumstances, provincialisms may be tolerated, but outrageous spelling of proper words is an offense against the language.

Bill Arp, Josh Billings, and other bad spellers of less renown, will have much to account for when they are brought to an accountability for their corruption of the English language.

Let each writer do the best he can, and there will still be errors enough to make him blush.

Why the Difference?

In quoting from the New York Sun in reference to the weather and the damage to cotton crops in the South by recent rains the *News and Courier* and the *Augusta Chronicle* run along very nicely together until near the close when the *News and Courier* says:

"Reports from the South mentioned heavy rains in Charleston and light rains at other points, but otherwise clear and clearing weather."

The *Augusta Chronicle* says:

"Reports from the South mentioned heavy rains in Georgia and light at other points, but otherwise clear or clearing weather."

Why the difference in locating the rains? Alliance men in this section don't understand it.

THE ALLIANCE WAREHOUSE AT GREENWOOD.

The Corner Stone is Laid—Wet Weather Prevented a Large Attendance of Friends.

Columbia Register.

GREENWOOD, Sept. 24.—Under a clouded sky the farmers laid the cornerstone of their warehouse to-day at 4 o'clock. Great preparations had been made for the occasion, but owing to the inclement weather the programme was not carried out in full. In the morning the public hall of the Stokes of Orangeburg and the Hon. M. L. Donaldson of Greenville addressed a small crowd.

The stone was laid by Hon. M. L. Donaldson in the Southeast corner of the house. Under the stone were placed two boxes; one contained a list of the officials of State and County Alliance, a copy of the alliance constitution and copies of the *Abbeville Press* and *Banner* and the *Cotton Plant*. In the other box were small packages of oats, rice, barley and wheat.

Some objection was made indirectly by some of the alliance men to the placing of the *Press and Banner* in the box, but it did no good.

A GOOD NEWSPAPER INDISPENSABLE.

No Family Can Afford to be Without the Best and Cheapest Educator in the World.

The boy or girl who is a regular newspaper reader will grow up to be intelligent, and will use good language, both in speaking and writing, even with a limited education. It is news, science, literature, grammar, history, geography and spelling combined.

The Golden Rod.

Nearly everybody has had something to say, or has read something, about the golden rod—the flower which some men desire to be adopted as a national flower. On the train one day last week as it was passing along the road, some one said something of the golden rod, when a passenger said: "That golden rod? When I was a boy, we called it snake root."

To Miss Vernon.

The richest rose, the rarest flowers, in Texas valley shining,
Can never match the absent one for whom my heart is pining.
My thoughts are with her day and night, nor can I from her turn my eyes,
Go where I will, I still behold the smiles of Nancy Vernon.

Ye balles of wealth, ye devotees of fortune's heavenly pleasures,
If to your stores you wish to add fair virtue's shining treasures,
Go seek the subject of my song, in her you'll quickly find them,
For every gem of soul and mind is found in Nancy Vernon.

I know 'tis said there never shone on earth a faultless creature,
That some slight shade must dim the brightest form or feature.
But if such shadows dwell with her I'm sure I can't discern 'em,
I own that others have faults, but none has Nancy Vernon.

But why should I her praises sing? poor worth my softest numbers;
Songs of mine can never wake the love that in her bosom slumbers.
Then take my harp and break its chords take my songs and burn 'em,
I prize them not since they can win no smiles from Nancy Vernon.

GRAINS.

The great secret of success in life is to be ready when your opportunity comes.

The assignment of false motives to others is the most seductive sin of the disputations.

If our religion does not make us wiser, better and happier every day it is of little worth to us.

Love is the greatest of human affections, and friendship the noblest and most refined improvement of love.

It is one of the most beautiful compensations of this life that no man can sincerely try to help another without thereby helping himself.

That peace is an evil peace that doth shut truth out of doors. If peace and truth cannot go together, truth is to be preferred, and rather to be chosen for a companion than peace.

Have you learned the lesson of yesterday or the infinite meaning of to-day? It has duties of its own; they cannot be left until to-morrow. To-morrow will bring its own work.

People are never so miserable as when engaged in strife, moved by envy, hatred, jealousy and ambition. They are never so happy as when united in loving ministries to one another.

It is not enough that the branch abide on the vine, it must abide in the vine. There must be a vital union with it. True Christian life manifests itself in growth, development and fruit.

Our Lord has a keen eye for all that is good. When he searches our hearts he never passes by the faintest longing, or desire, or faith, or love of any of his people. He says to each and all: "I know thy works."

Christ is a stumbling stone to those who will not believe upon him. They fall over him and are broken. It is believe and be saved, or reject him and perish. It is fearful to think of, but we must be faithful to tell the truth.

Our Sundays should be like hills in a journey, mounting which, now and then, we get enlarged views and are lifted to a higher range, on which we catch the divine sunrise, and whence we move on afresh, purer and braver for the kiss of the hem of the garment of God.

The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptations from within and without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is calmest in storms, and whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God, is most unflinching.

"Yet lackest thou one thing." A putting away of every thing that hides between the soul and God. In one case it may be wealth, in another pleasure, in another love of applause; but whatever it is must be gotten out of the way, or the soul can never enter the kingdom.

"Among the beautiful things of earth are the hands that do kind and useful acts for all about them. No eye is so beautiful as the one that drops a tear of sympathy over the sins and frailties of the tempted and the sweetest voice is the one that speaks kind and tender words to the friendless and forsaken. These little things will spring up in your pathway like amaranthine flowers that shed their beauty and fragrance over life's pathway, and even light up the portals of the grave."

Goethe, near the close of his life, said: "Tolerance comes with age. I see no fault committed that I myself could not have committed at sometime or another." We learn larger sympathy as we suffer, as we are tempted, as we fall and rise again amid struggle and sorrow. These conflicts—failure and loss and sorrow—as we grow older, are not to make us bitter and cynical, but more charitable, fuller of pity and love. That is a very doubtful kind of Christianity that does not keep a man or woman, as age comes on from being bitter and morose and uncharitable.

As we ripen for heaven, we ought to grow more sweet, tolerant and unselfish.—Cumberland Presbyterian.

Razzle—I understand that Robinson is a fluent French and German scholar.

Dazzle—He is. But the great trouble is that you can't tell where his German leaves off and his French begins.

A great mistake which is too often made, is thus presented by Arthur T. Pierson: "We build gorgeous gothic fane, furnished with the artist's pencil and chisel; then we secure for the pulpit the princes of oratory, and for the choir the star singers of the opera; then we multiply concerts and chorals, and fairs and festivals, entertainments and excursions; and by such allurements hope to draw the people and to 'evangelize the masses.' But the hope is found to be delusive."

The fundamental facts of the gospel must be preached over and over again—constantly iterated and reiterated. They form the soul and substance of the gospel, and should form the soul and substance of every gospel sermon.

Nashville Christian Advocate.

In a Crowd.

Round me, before me, behind me, People I do not know!
We meet and touch for a moment Then apart forever we go.
And what we have in common Who glance in each other's face,
And wait in the world together For only so short a space?

Ah! really we are not strangers Though our homes lie far apart,
But we meet in the world together Who keep us all in His heart!

And have we not much in common, To do, and perhaps to bear?
Regret for the years that are over, Sorrow, and pain, and care?
I know you have had to suffer, And oftener still to be glad,
For trouble is not forever, And no one is always sad.

But I know that the days have been dark enough,
For mine have been darkened too,
And a thought of neighborly sympathy Has stirred in my heart for you.

There are marks in most of your faces, And I see the sign of a cross
That is given to you to carry, But life is not meant for loss;
And I hear the sound of your laughter, And see the light in your eyes,
And perhaps there are little children To make you tender and wise.

For hold an stout was his spirit bright, And to each is given some love,
For gentle hearts are in every place, And the blessing comes from above.

So we wish God-speed to each other Though we enter it not alone,
We are brothers and sisters together, Though we only meet in a crowd.
Do we not work for the same good end, Loyal to truth and the right?
And look for a glorious future, And try to walk in the light?

What though we know not each other, Since the Father knows us all?
Perhaps we shall meet in the same dear home When the shades of evening fall!

Christian World.

A Poem Without an E.

John Knox was a man of wondrous might,
And his words ran high and shrill,
For he was a mighty soul,
And strong was his salt water will.
Kings sought in vain his mind to chain,
And that giant brain to control,
But naught on plain or stormy main
Could damp the mighty soul.
John would sit and sigh till morning cold
His shining lamps put out,
For thoughts untold on his mind laid hold,
But light at last on his soul was cast,
Away sank pain and sorrow;
His soul is gay, in a fair to-day,
And looks for a bright to-morrow.

A Week of Work.

On Monday we will wash our clothes,
And hang them up to dry.
On Tuesday we will iron them,
And mend each hole we spy.
On Wednesday we will make our bread,
And sometimes, too, a cake.
On Thursday we will receive our friends
And time for reading take.
On Friday we will sweep and dust,
As neatly as we can.
On Saturday, for Sunday's rest,
We'll cook and work and plan.
On Sunday we will learn at Church
How to be good—and then
On Monday cheerfully begin
Our week of work again.

A Chat with Girls.

It is just because of the things I missed knowing in my girlhood, that I want to have a chat with you, dear girls. Some of you have busy, weary mothers who have never learned the blessedness of living with you, instead of for you; some of you have none, and to you all my heart goes out in warmest affection and sympathy.

Not for what you are now, for I may not know that, but for what you may be, for the possibilities you hold in your hands.

I hope you will understand why I have chosen to speak to you, first, of your personal appearance.

I know "the spirit is more than raiment," and yet, as in a difficult and intricate problem, the first self evident facts are used as the foundation, so must we give due deference to the "outward and visible sign."

I would not have you over nice or fastidious, but I would wish you to be dainty. Why? Because it is elevating, refining and ennobling; because it will cultivate your ideas to a liking of beautiful things—things that we may have in this life, if we will.

Because, too, of the benefits others will receive, even if unconsciously, from seeing often before them a bright, tidy, dainty little woman, who is desirous of making the best of what she has.

Scrupulously perform each duty of the toilet necessary to make you absolutely cleanly; you will soon grow to enjoy the incomparable comfort of knowing you are clean throughout, from dainty ear to feet, and from undergarments to pocket handkerchief.

Be neat, too, about your own private room. Take pride in knowing that closets and bureau drawers will, at any time, bear close inspection.

In buying new clothing, make a strong effort to get the best, even if you have to darn and mend the old ones a little longer to wait for more money. You will find it the best economy in the end. A strong point, too, is to select pretty and becoming colors. So much depends on a girl's taste in dress, that it is really worth while to attach a little importance to it. No one denies that personal beauty appeals very strongly to most natures, and it is only natural and right that girls should desire to look as well as may be. God made the world beautiful; let us follow his footsteps by showing a proper amount of interest, untiring with vanity, in our personal appearance.

If the dress is but calico, it may be durable, and of fast and becoming color. Then if daintily and becomingly made, the effect is all that could be desired. The same degree of care is necessary in working with better and richer materials. Be sure to have them becoming and well made, and of durable material.—Woman's Work.

Great Magazine Editor—We are very short of matter. All the great generals, notorious politicians, famous lawyers, eminent physicians and prominent scientists seem to be too busy to write for us just now.

Assistant (meditatively)—Perhaps we might get some articles from literary men.

Great Editor—Good idea! I'll make a tour of the poor-house to-morrow.

Farmer: "Come out here to the barn, Miss Beacon Street, I want to show you my new Jersey calf." Miss Beacon Street (enchanted): "O, what a lovely little cow! Now, I suppose that is the kind that gives the condensed milk, isn't it?"

A mosquito is never asked to "call again" when he presents his bill.

Got Even with the Teller.

The autocratic paying teller of a certain Nassau street bank had an unpleasant experience one day. A tall young man with whiskers trimmed as though they had been laid out by a landscape gardener hurried up to the window and presented a check for \$250.

"Please let me have it in"—he began.

"Mind your own business," snapped the red headed autocrat within. "I'll give you what is convenient."

The tall young man followed this advice, took the money handed him and started away. In a moment he returned. "You've made a mistake," he said mildly.

"Not responsible for any mistakes after leaving the window," responded the paying teller sharply.

"But you"—

"We make no corrections; move on."

"Oh, very well," said the tall young man cheerfully, waving a bill at the grating. "I was only going to tell you you had given me \$50 too much, but I can stand it if you can," he added as he turned away.

The change that came over the red headed teller was extraordinary.

"Hey there, hold on," he called.

"Mind your own business. I shall suit my own convenience."

"But wait a moment," called the teller, growing more and more agitated as he hastily unlocked the window and thrust out his head.

"Don't grow excited," responded the overpaid young man soothingly; "we never make corrections after leaving the window."

"Oh, don't mind that; come back here," pleaded the head from the window beseechingly.

By this time the dialogue was attracting attention, and the tall young man stepped up to the teller and said sharply:

"I have come to you again and again with checks to be cashed for the firm, and you are always grumpy, ungentlemanly and disobliging. To-day you thought you had underpaid me and you were going to let me suffer. Instead of that you gave me \$50 too much and I have got you just where I want you. If you will apologize for your meanness and agree to be pleasant and obliging hereafter you can have the \$50 back, but under no other condition."

Those who listened did not hear what the paying teller answered, but his meek tone and the return of the \$50 bill told a sufficiently plain story.

New York Tribune.

A Roman Girl and Her Doll.

In May last the workmen who are digging the foundation for the new law courts in Rome discovered a sarcophagus buried thirty feet below the surface. Immediately the telephone called to the spot the members of the Archaeological Commission, scientific and literary men who watch with jealous care all the excavations made in the Eternal City. Under their direction it was carefully raised and opened.

Within lay the skeleton of a young girl, with the remains of the linen in which she had been wrapped, and some brown leaves of the myrtle wreath with which, emblematic of her youth, she had been crowned in death.

On her hands were four rings, of which one was the double betrothal ring of plain gold, and another with "Filetus," the name of her betrothed, engraved upon it. A large and most exquisite amethyst brooch in Etruscan setting of the finest work, carved amber pins, and a gold necklet with white, small pendants were lying about.

But what is most strange, as being almost unique, was a doll of oak wood, beautifully carved, the joints articulated so that legs and arms and hands move on sockets, the hands and feet daintily cut with small and delicate nails. The features and the hair were carved out in the most minute and careful way, and the hair waving low on the forehead, and bound with a fillet.

On the outside of the sarcophagus was sculptured her name, Tryphena Creperia, and a touching scene, doubtless faithfully representing her parting with her parents. She is lying on a low bed, and striving to raise herself on her left arm to speak to her heart-broken father who stands leaning on her bedstead, his head bowed with grief, while her mother sits on the bed, her head covered, weeping.

It seems but yesterday, so natural is the scene, and yet it was nearly eighteen centuries ago that these stricken parents laid so tenderly away their dearly beloved daughter, with her ornaments and her doll.

Youth's Companion.

How SHE MANAGED IT.—A young couple in an English village had been courting for several years. The young man one day said to the young woman:

"Sal, I canna marry thee."

"How's that?" said she.

"I've changed my mind," said he.

"Well, I'll tell you what we'll do," said she. "If folks know that thee has given me up, I shanna be able to get another chap; but if they think that I've given thee up, then I can easy get another chap. So we'll have the wedding day comes the parson will say to thee, 'Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?' and thee must say, 'I will,' and when he says to me, 'Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?' I shall say, 'I winna.'"

The day came, and when the minister said, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" the man answered, "I will."

Then the parson said to the woman: "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" and she said, "I will."

"I know that," said the young woman, "but I've changed my mind since."

The most prosperous people are not always the most thankful. There is danger that, like a bough broken from the parent stem by the weight of its own abundant fruitage, the prosperous person will allow the very blessings so richly bestowed upon him to divorce his heart from Him who gave them.

"If She Only Would."

If she only would strictly obey rules, all would go well enough with a girl at school, for in these days any school of reputation has good regulations and "suggestions."

If she only would believe it, the average strength and health of a girl does not stand in the way of "the higher education of women."

If she only would invariably go to bed at ten o'clock instead of sitting up "just a few minutes longer," a girl would awake next day alert, and with a clear head, and those educational bugbears, "nervousness," "lassitude," "irritableness," and "insomnia," would never follow upon hard study.

If she only would not make haste at table, but sit willingly and sociably through the time allotted for meals, "indigestion," another of the school-girl's bugbears, would never put in an appearance. Steaks, chops, and roasts should be both "well-chewed and well-chatted."

If she only would forego little lunches and midnight spreads, eat only at table, never touch a nut, a cake, candy or fruit, "between meals," those other terrors of the girl student—"dyspepsia," "biliousness," "loss of appetite," would not make her their prey.

(The girl careful in all these matters will be sure to have inviolable rules for her baths and her out-of-door exercise.)

If she only would, furthermore, hold it to be "bad form" to indulge during school-life in formal calls, the theatre, dances, correspondence and making acquaintances with gentlemen, and the reading of current fiction—then, great ease and simplicity of living, and time to rest, would be possible to her, together with a tremendous concentration of the mind upon study; she would find herself, day after day, full of "attack," "pursuit," "corps d'esprit," "love of investigation," "mastery," and all the other high vitalities of brain and blood that make the "hard pull and long pull" of a school-course an enthusiasm and a joy.

Wide Awake.

ONLY A CHILD.—"Only a child," "Only a baby," many will say as the funeral cortege passes, and from the hearse it is indicated that a child is being borne to its burial. But not so, not thus speaks the mother. Ah! the host of mothers, who have known what it is to see the little, blithesome, happy child, who made sunshine in the home, who brought joy and peace and comfort to all hearts, sickened and suffer, and die.

What desolation then takes possession of the mother's heart; oh, what a vacancy there is in the home! How the presence of the older children seems as nothing compared to the absence of that one of which the mother is everywhere conscious. How their mischievous voices grate harshly on the mother's sensitive heart, and how soon all the world and its attractions seem to dwindle into utter insignificance, when the child of her love, which nestled in her bosom, which opened her laughing eyes in the cradle by her side to gladden every morning with their beams, whose merry laugh was music to her ear, the patter of whose tiny footsteps heralded a joyful welcome, has gone away from her forever.

I stood in a store the other day when a boy came in and applied for a situation.

"Can you write a good hand?" was asked.

"Yaas."

"Know the city well?"

"Yaas."

"That will do—I don't want you," said the merchant.

"But," I said when the boy had gone, "I know that lad to be an honest, industrious boy. Why don't you give him a chance?"

"Because he hasn't learned to say 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir.' If he answers me as he did when applying for a situation, how will he answer customers after being here a month?"

What could I say to this? He had fallen into a bad habit, young as he was, which turned him away from the first situation he had applied for.—Ex.

How TO SPOIL A CHILD.—1. Begin young, by giving him whatever he cries for. 2. Talk freely before him of his great cleverness. 3. Tell him he is too much for you—that you can do nothing with him. 4. Let him learn to regard his father as a creature of unlimited power, capricious and tyrannical; or a mere whipping machine. 5. Let him learn (from father's example) to despise his mother. 6. Do not care who or what his companions may be. 7. Let him read stories about pirates, Indian fighters, and so on. 8. Let him roam the streets in the evening and go to bed late. 9. Devote yourself to making money, remembering always that wealth is a better legacy for your child than principles in the heart and habits in the life, and let him have plenty of money to spend.—Exchange.

There is lots of difference in men. There are some workmen in every town who make from one to two dollars per day to maintain families, buy homes and pay for them, simply by saving a penny whenever and wherever they can. There are others who make much more money, and at the end of a year, if they could go to New York for five cents, they would not have enough money to stand near the railroad and see the trains go by. There is lots of difference in women too. Some women will lay up by little hundreds of dollars out of their husband's wages; others will run up bills for him without any reference to his income.

Socrates, finding himself in great emotion over a slave, said: "I would beat you if I were not angry."

Peter the Great made a law that if any nobleman beat or ill-used his slaves, he should be looked upon as insane, and a guardian appointed to take care of his person and of his estate. This state monarch once struck his gardener, who, being a man of keen sensibility, took to his bed, and died in a few days. Peter, hearing of this, exclaimed, with tears in his eyes: "Alas! I have civilized my own subjects, I have conquered other nations, yet I have not been able to conquer or civilize myself."

Presbyterian.

The Title "Reverend."

We are willing to reverence the aged pastor, and we did not hesitate to give that title to our beloved friend, George Rogers, just in the same way we use the term "the venerable Bede," or "the judicious Hooker," but we are not prepared to reverence every strapping who ascends the pulpit; and, moreover, if we thought it due to others to call them reverend, we should still want some reason for their calling themselves so. It seems rather odd to us that a man should print on his visiting card the fact that he is a reverend person. Why does he not occasionally vary the term, and call himself estimable, amiable, talented, or beloved? Would this seem odd? Is there any valid objection to such a use of adjectives after the fashion is once set by the use of the word *reverend*?

If a man were to assume the title of reverend for the first time in history, it would look ridiculous, if not presumptuous or profane. It may be said that the title reverend is only one of courtesy, but then so was the title of Rabbi among the Jews, yet the disciples were not to be called Rabbi. It is at any rate a suspicious circumstance that among mankind no class of persons should so commonly describe themselves by a pretentious title as the professed ministers of the lowly Jesus.

Peter and Paul were right reverend men, but they would have been the last to have called themselves so. No sensible person does reverence us or not more because we assume the title. It certainly is in some cases a flagrant misnomer, and its main use seems to be the pestilent one of keeping up the unscriptural distinction of clergy and laity.

We wonder when men first sought out this invention, and from whose original mind did original sin emanate? We suspect that he lived in the Roman Row of Vanity Fair, although the Rev. John Bunyan does not mention him. One thing is pretty certain, he did not flourish in the days of the Rev. Paul, the Rev. Apollos, or the Rev. Cephas.

C. H. SPURGEON.

Who Does It?

Who does what? who fasts? What layman, man and woman, does this thing? What officary trustee, class-leader, exhorter, local preacher, or steward? What preacher in charge, presiding elder, Bishop, who habitually or occasionally observe the self-denying ordinance of fasting? We would like to know if the race is extinct, the duty obsolete. Can the number who do it be reckoned in order, or out of order? Are they countless because of number, or for lack of number?</